

Abyssal Queen
by Quixerotic

At the press of a button, the automated blinds rolled back, opening up the balcony and giving Thalissa a view of the ocean beyond. She had felt the sun kiss her skin for a full Tuscan summer, watched the warm glow of light pulse through the holiday nights in Prague, and sipped ten thousand dollars per pour champagne at Paris restaurant on her honeymoon. She could go her whole life without seeing any of those wondrous things again, but not the ocean. The doors of the massive balcony opened with the quiet hiss of pneumatic levers. The overcast sky helped to highlight the low set lamps that spilled out orange glow across the balcony deck. In the middle, a private pool rippled slightly, a dim echo of the vast expanse of water beyond. Thalissa smiled and wrapped her arms around her chest as she felt a reprieve, even if momentary, from the dreary thoughts that plagued her during their travel.

In the room behind her, Kenneth pressed several bills into the hand of the bag attendant. The tip wasn't in gratitude, but impatience. Thalissa knew her husband wasn't a generous man. The sooner the servant was paid off, the sooner Kenneth would be free of him. While her husband finished up getting them settled, Thalissa drifted around the expansive suite. It wasn't the usual type of place that Kenneth took her. Part of her hoped it was a sign that Kenneth was finally going to make an effort to understand she didn't always want to be surrounded by sycophantic snobs hoping to scoop up some of her husband's money.

The resort was still extremely exclusive, but it lacked the stodgy elegance of many of the places he took her. The ambiance wasn't elegant, but cute. The usual types of places that Kenneth took her were the kinds of places the elite of the elite went to sip wine and talk about croquet or politics or some other dull thing. Thalissa didn't understand the point of being rich if it meant being boring. She'd expected her star to rise after the marriage, but two years later, she'd lost almost half a million followers across her social media imprint. People didn't want to see pics of yet another dinner that cost the same as their mortgage payment. The people wanted to see her half naked on a beach with her gorgeous husband, both of them visibly tipsy and dancing.

The door clicked shut behind the retreating staff. Kenneth crossed the open room to the bar that ran parallel to the balcony doors. He picked out a glass and a bottle of incredibly expensive scotch that he'd clearly ordered for the room. "Drink?" he asked.

"Yes, but not that," Thalissa replied. "Isn't there something sugary and fruity? We're on an island, aren't we?"

"You can get a *daiquiri* later. I'll make you a Cape Cod." Kenneth said both drinks with the disdain of someone who thought them juvenile, but he reserved a special hate for the rum based drink. She also didn't know another soul who called a vodka cranberry by its actual name. She'd never realized how deep and expansive his classism ran until half a year through their marriage.

At the time, Kenneth arranged to meet with an investor at the man's club, and Thalissa went along under the impression they could also have fun. While he talked, she drank and danced. When her husband concluded his business, he pulled her off the dance floor, slid a hand

down the front of her skirt, and let his fingers press into her. Mouth close to her ear, he told her that “rum is a drink for loose whores to feel better about themselves. You’re my wife now, so stop acting like a slut and remember that this pussy gets wet for me and me alone.” She learned her lesson, and not to test her husband’s temper.

She glided over to the bar and took the drink he offered her. She felt a moment of victory as his eyes lingered on her low cut top, but it faded as she realized he was merely appraising another commodity. They married when she was twenty-three and Kenneth was thirty-seven. At the time, Thalissa thought he was mature, sophisticated, and very fucking rich. She knew he didn’t see her as his equal or his partner, but that didn’t bother her. He loved her body, and that was enough to catapult her into the next phase of her life. She knew they would divorce, and hoped it would be before her hotness turned to weathered beauty. Taller than average at five foot ten, Thalissa had dyed blonde hair streaked with golden highlights that matched the near luminescent glow of her skin. People often assumed her breasts were fake, but they were amazingly real, and while her butt was naturally small, she spent enough time in the gym to add a little to it every few months. She knew other women were often plagued by insecurities over their looks. She had no such problem. Thalissa knew she was gorgeous because of how hard she worked to stay that way. Her marriage depended on it.

For his part, Kenneth was devastatingly handsome. He came by most of it naturally, one of the benefits of old money swinging genetics in his favor. What shortcomings he had were easily smoothed away by extensive beauty treatments. He wasn’t fit like many of the guys Thalissa met through social media, the gym bro and life coach sort of ripped, but Kenneth maintained a prime physique all the same, crafted for health and strength rather than showing off. His dark complexion was inherited from his mother, another strand of beauty woven into his lineage before divorce separated his parents, but the rest of him was fair colored. If he grew his hair out, it would be blond, but he kept it close cut such that only the tips lightened from the color at the root. His beard, though, was allowed to grow into his iconic shag of blond bristles that were slowly welcoming white strands to their number.

Kenneth took a sip of his drink and fished in his pocket. He pulled out a small, circular case. Thalissa’s brow knit, “Why do you have my birth control?”

“I gave you two years,” Kenneth said. He opened the case and showed her the full month of pills. “Lucky timing,” he said with a smirk. He’d clearly planned the entire vacation around her cycle. He moved to the bar sink and started popping the pills out of the foil. They ticked against the basin like a mocking clock. “Two years of flying around the world was our agreement. Tonight, we’re going to start a family. I’m aging, and you’re nearly geriatric by pregnancy standards. To wait any longer for you to play party girl and drink *daiquiris* would be irresponsible and selfish.”

The words snapped at her, each tick of the pills worsening her dread. The idea of getting pregnant horrified her. If she played it right, she might be able to parlay the pregnancy into a social media boost, but at the end of it, she would have a kid. Rule one of being an influencer: Kids are fucking leeches. They steal all the attention, and the mother suffers identity death for

fifteen years minimum. A night out drinking wouldn't be celebrated, but condemned by bitchy breeders who followed her, harassed her for leaving the kid with the nanny, and slowly bled away her other followers who didn't want the negative vibe. Not to mention the havoc it would cause to her body. Her boobs would sag, her ass would turn to a wide, flabby nothing, and she'd probably have to fight to regain her bladder control after a kid punched its way out of her vagina.

Thalissa kept her face as neutral as possible. Kenneth wanted her to react so he could write her off as emotional. "I remember the agreement, Kenneth. You don't have to be so dramatic. Normal couples simply have a conversation when it's time to conceive. They don't arrange a whole vacation to ceremoniously dump out birth control pills."

He smirked back at her as he tossed the empty package into a nearby bin. The pills swirled around in the tap's water before vanishing down the drain. "It's not the only reason we're here. I have a meeting at the summit. Carrow Yoshida and her husband invited me to lunch. They're sending a helicopter."

"Why didn't you tell me? It's almost eleven, I'll need to change."

"You're not going. The Yoshidas value upbringing more than beauty. You'd be out of place. I'll be back this evening. I'll order a late supper, and then we'll fuck. You enjoy that part, at least."

Thalissa once wondered how people could hate their spouses enough to get a divorce. That was before she knew how cruel a man could be. When she found out where they were going, she had prattled on about going up to the plateau of the island's mountain. She'd told Kenneth all about how great the pics would be for her. Now he had a chance to take her, and he was intentionally leaving her behind. Her gaze fixed on him. He wasn't the only one who could be cruel, "You think I'll let you fuck me after this little tantrum show? You had to wait two whole years to stick a baby in me, so you think you have a right to be more manipulative and evil than usual? Fuck you, Kenneth. Our bargain was two sided, and it was conditional you not being such a fucking prick to me. So if you want your precious heir so badly, you better play nice. There's plenty of ways to scrape your spawn out of me that don't involve pills."

She grabbed her sunglasses and her phone and stormed past him. "I'll be on the beach drinking *whatever-the-fuck* I want. Enjoy your lunch. Gosh, I hope the helicopter doesn't crash. That would be just *awful*." She hesitated at the door for a moment, hoping to see him irritated or wounded. He merely laughed, pulled out his phone, and sipped his drink. Furious, Thalissa headed for the beach.

Thalissa stopped at the bar on her way to the beach and ordered the most rum sounding drink she could. It tasted like someone had poured coconut milk over a bag of sugar, but she forced herself to drink it out of spite. She heard the distant thump of propellers lifting off. The mountain sat in the distance like a sleeping tortoise, benevolent or indifferent. She turned away

from it, focused on the water, and made her way down the well maintained path to the beach. On the way, she passed a middle aged couple who waved at her, but otherwise saw no one except resort staff. She knew the place was exclusive, but it seemed unlikely they could turn a profit if they were too exclusive to have customers.

Steps marked the drop off to the sandy beach. A young woman, likely the same age as Thalissa, stood in front of a small hut. She wore khaki shorts that sat high on her long legs, a turquoise top, wide framed sunglasses, and no shoes. She turned to Thalissa, offered a boilerplate greeting, and personalized it with, “My name is Kira. You must be Mrs. Montgomery.”

“Thalissa is fine,” she answered.

“I’m here if you require anything. A fresh drink, a novel to read, or any recommendations. Whatever you need, I am more than happy to assist. Anything at all.” Kira smiled a little too earnestly and dug her toes into the sand. She gave a quick nod and scurried off into the hut.

Thalissa wasn’t good at many things, but she was excellent at knowing when someone wanted to fuck her. It was how she’d landed Kenneth, and he was nothing more than the latest in a long line of men who gave her things because they wanted to get between her legs. She’d donned her swimsuit for the beach, an orange colored bikini top and a g-string bottom covered by a loose silk skirt with a floral pattern. Kenneth would have thought it too touristy as he sat in his custom made swim trunks, but he was flying up a mountain and Kira apparently liked her women rich, busty, and reeking of coconut. Thalissa lingered long enough to catch the attendant’s eye again and gave her a wink. If it was her last day before being chained to the marital bed, she didn’t see why she couldn’t spend it flirting with the staff.

She spied a lounge chair on the far end of the beach close to where a rock outcropping disrupted the waves into foamy surf. Figuring it would make a good spot for pictures, she made her way to it, dropped her drink at a small side table, and started working out what position would highlight her profile the best. The island curved into a horseshoe to make a lagoon with gentle waves that lazily crawled up the sand. The water was sapphire at twenty feet and clear at arm’s length. The beach was freshly raked and free of debris except for a few leaves and an odd purplish blob that Thalissa assumed to be a beached jellyfish. If the sun were out, things would have been perfect. The clouds necessitated a filter. She took roughly thirty different pictures before settling down in the chair to hunch over her phone and find the best ones to go on her story.

The blob moved. After eons of dormancy, the thing inside of the blob sensed a potential host. It squirmed, forcing itself along the sand until it reached the leg of Thalissa’s chair. The goo stuck easily to the weathered wood, rolling up it like a slug until the thing sensed body heat and the rich wealth of chemicals available in human flesh. But skin did the creature no good. An innate instinct warned it away from haplessly glomming onto bare skin. Instead, the oozing matter returned to its journey. It curled around the chair leg and crawled along the underside of

the seat.

Thalissa had scooted to the front of the chair for better light. Though her knees pushed together, a small gap remained between her legs and the floral wrap remained bunched under her butt. The blob narrowed its girth to a sliver, shying away from the heat of her skin until it sensed an even warmer environment. A thin patch of fabric blocked it from its goal. The blob attached to the front of the g-string with glue like adhesion and pulled, shifting the covering ever so slightly to the side. Thalissa unconsciously shifted her weight, but did not investigate further. A tendril emerged from the blob, craning around the opening. The blob's pilot, a small round dot of purple similar in size and shape to a tadpole, moved up the extension. It shot from the tip and landed on Thalissa's outer labia where it gripped with microscopic protrusions akin to centipede legs and skittered into her opening.

Thalissa once again made a brave attempt to take a drink. As the scent of alcohol neared her, a wave of revulsion hit her, one strong enough to force her up to her feet gulping for air. Her insides coiled as though her body was rapidly filling with panicked snakes. She slowed her breathing and tried to gain her composure. She noticed the lifeless blob directly under the chair where she'd been sitting. *Maybe it stung me*, she thought. She glanced down at her legs, looking for any splotchy skin where she might have brushed the inert stingers she imagined in the blob. She found nothing, and the panic subsided as a warm bloom flowed through her body.

Her mood shifted in an instant as a wave of optimism washed over her. She gathered her things, headed down the beach to a sunnier spot, and settled down with the intent to monitor her post for likes. Instead, the moment she sat down, her mood shifted again, fatigue gripped her, and she fell into a deep sleep.

Thalissa woke as someone nudged her shoulder. Climbing out of the depths of sleep was agony, but as she surfaced the fatigue and drowsiness peeled off and fell behind, leaving her alert. She moved with a jolt, putting distance between her shoulder and the hand only to see Kira gently ease back. "Sorry," the attendant said, "I wanted to check on you. You'd been out for a while, and the sun can barbecue you even on cloudy days." She punctuated it with a bright smile. Rather than leave, she lingered hopefully.

"Oh, thank you," Thalissa answered mechanically. The sudden lurch to consciousness had left her disoriented. She felt strange, as though all her muscles and bones had been shifted around in her sleep. She'd had similar hangovers, but that couldn't be the reason. Instead, she jumped to the standby excuse for all travelers, "Jet lag."

"Of course. Long flight?" Kira moved to the nearest chair and sat down.

The beach was still deserted except for them. Thalissa checked her phone. She'd been sleeping for nearly an hour. Nothing from Kenneth, not that she expected it. The attendant was looking at her expectantly. The woman wanted small talk. Except, an unusual certainty pressed into Thalissa's thoughts. *This woman wants more. I should give it to her.* The signs of flirtation

remained apparent, but somehow Thalissa knew that she had been the sole occupant of Kira's thoughts since arriving on the beach. Almost like she could scent the desperate attraction radiating from Kira's skin. "Not the longest. My husband has a private plane. The crew makes things as comfortable as possible. We're not even that far out of our usual time zone."

When she mentioned Kenneth, the other woman's posture shifted. Unease filled Kira with tension. Thalissa felt an urgent need to correct her mistake. "We take these trips as a way to get away from each other while together, if that makes sense. Sounds awful, but we like to have our own separate playtimes. He's currently up on the mountain with a beautiful couple, and I'm left here to find my own diversions all day." To finalize her point, Thalissa moved her hand to the other woman's knee, playful enough to be dismissed while clear enough to be an offer. As her fingers touched the other woman, a bevy of bizarre information rattled around inside Thalissa's head. She knew Kira was on the verge of full arousal, not yet wet, but simmering on the edge. Elevated heart rate, slightly dilated eyes, and a rapid processing of hormones that hit Thalissa's thoughts like someone speaking a foreign language at breakneck speed. It all stopped the second she took her hand away.

Kira grinned at her as the tension slipped away, taking her professionalism with it. Her body grew languid and sensual as she answered, "I've been told that I can be entertaining."

"Oh?" Thalissa swiveled out of her reclined position, letting her body move close to Kira. She reached out and took the woman's slender hand. "It would be wonderful to get out of the sun for a while. I need a nice cool shower, but I hate going back to our room. It's empty. We travel too much, so no where feels like home."

Their fingers curled together. "I stay on the island. Employee long term lodging, but it's nice. Wonderful shower, actually."

With a deft movement, Thalissa unfastened the wrap and stood up, letting the covering stay behind in the chair. She did it suddenly enough to put her barely covered crotch extremely close to Kira's surprised face. Without waiting, Thalissa turned and bent at the waist to pick up her things, giving the other woman a full view of her g-string clad ass. She felt Kira's breath on her cheeks. Thalissa's body hummed with pleasure as she realized her ass looked good enough to almost cause a woman to throw away all decorum and bury her face in it. After a pause to make sure Kira got the idea, she turned back to her new friend, "Which way?"

The employee lodging was on the bottom floor of the resort. As they walked hand in hand to Kira's rooms, the attendant explained that the resort was currently at quarter staff for exclusive days. It was a time the resort used to refurbish, restock, update, and so forth while making up the lack of customers by selling premium packages to people like Kenneth who valued the lack of other guests more than money. It also meant that so long as the guests got everything they needed, no one bothered to supervise any of the employees. It was Kira's way of communicating that no one would come looking for her, a promise that she could be *entertaining* for as long as Thalissa liked.

The room itself was meager, but practical and well kept. Kira had done her best to add a layer of comfort over the austerity of functional housing. Thalissa was slightly surprised to find so many pink and frilly things. She held up a pillow with stripes of pink and orange fur and looked at Kira with a quizzical expression. Kira gently took the pillow and hugged it. “I can’t say I came by it honestly. It started because I thought most girls liked stuff like this. So, if I ever got the chance to get one back to my room, they wouldn’t feel out of place. Dumb, right? Eventually, I figured out that I had none of the signalers for other lesbians. But, I was a fucking jackpot for straight girls looking to piss off daddy.”

Thalissa followed her back to the bedroom, happy to find it bathed in a warm, low light. “How many of them have you kicked out of bed questioning their straightness?”

“Couldn’t say,” Kira answered as she turned on a light in the attached bathroom. “But more than a few of them broke up with their boyfriends after giving them a frank assessment of their pussy eating skills. C’mon, shower’s in here.”

Thalissa allowed herself to be guided into the small bathroom. Kira turned on the shower and let it warm. Then she moved close to Thalissa. The bikini top came away with the pull of a single string. The bottom slipped over her hips and fell to her ankles. Kira’s hands rested on Thalissa’s hips and their lips met in a deep kiss. Not to be left out of visual treats, Thalissa unbuttoned Kira’s shorts while Kira frantically worked at the buttons of her top. Every time they touched, the overload of information returned to thunder in Thalissa’s head. The kiss was so loud that it turned into incoherent noise, but the grazes of fingertips let a few things resolve into salient thoughts. *Healthy tissue*, one said. *Compatible*, came another. If the expert fingers on her skin weren’t providing such a distraction, Thalissa would have questioned the thoughts more closely. They were like echoes of her own inner monologue, or perhaps passive thoughts forced to the active part of her mind. Observational data meant to be ignored, yet somehow deemed important enough to elbow their way to the forefront of her thoughts.

Any worry about alien thoughts dissipated as Kira led her into the shower. It was small, but big enough to allow them to move while remaining in constant contact. The water eased the myriad of thoughts even further. Thalissa let herself fully relax. Kira washed her body gently while paying gratuitous attention to her breasts, ass, and pussy. Thalissa mechanically did the same thing in turn, fascinated by how much she wanted the other woman. She’d had plenty of dalliances with other women, but she fell firmly into the category of straight looking to prove daddy wrong. In this case, she figured Kenneth assumed the role of authority figure who deserved to be taken down a peg. Later, she planned to tell him about her day riding the tongue of some random woman who got her off more easily than he ever could. He would fume, and she would leave him to use the image of her fucking another woman as fuel to spill his cum in his hand rather than her pussy.

By the time they gently toweled one another off, the strange signals from Kira’s body were like air raid sirens inside Thalissa’s head. They moved into the bedroom and fell into the soft blankets. Kira worked quickly, moving her fingers into Thalissa’s slick folds while sucking eagerly at Thalissa’s ample breasts. They delighted in each other’s bodies until both women

were feverish with need. “I want you to ride my face,” Kira said in a hoarse, lusty whisper. She didn’t wait, rolling to her back and hooking an arm around Thalissa’s thigh.

With her leg swung over Kira’s body, Thalissa tentatively hovered over the woman’s mouth. Kira’s hands groped desperately, pressing her fingers hard into the softness of Thalissa’s ass. As Thalissa relaxed her thighs to lower her body, she felt a strange tug at the base of her skull. Her head locked in position, the world faded into a blur of white, and her mind was thrown into an abyss of pure pleasure.

Kira moaned with eagerness as the lush pussy lips pressed down. Her tongue lapped ravenously into the folds, probing deeply as she took her fill before focusing on bringing her partner pleasure. With her arms wrapped around Thalissa’s thighs, Kira felt the other woman vibrating. At the point where she started to grow concerned, Kira slowed her tongue, trying to peer up at Thalissa or at least get a look at the glorious underside of the magnificent, full breasts. Her mouth remained agape, drawing in breath, and providing a target for the thing which shot suddenly into her mouth.

Leg’s flailing, Kira tried to throw off the other woman out of sheer shock, but Thalissa’s strength and leverage kept Kira pinned to the bed. The thing emerging from Thalissa’s womb was a long slender tube of muscle surrounding a hollow tube. It wedged itself into Kira’s throat before it split. New tendrils crawled up through her nasal cavity, blocking off her ability to breathe. Other, more slender tentacles slithered out of Thalissa’s pussy, they slid against Kira’s cheeks as they crawled into her ears. Kira wanted to scream, but she had no breath. As the tendrils punched through her eardrums, the world went silent other than the rapid thump of her heart.

More of the horrible things inched up her face. Her panic worsened as she saw them getting closer to her eyes. They stopped short, just far enough away for her to see the tips of them open. Little purple dots poured out, wriggling their way across the short distance of her cheek. She clamped her eyes shut only to feel them nudging insistently into the corners. More movement came from her scalp, other tentacles slithering through her hair. These latched on to her eyelids and pulled them. Her last sight was of the purple dots pouring into her eyes.

Through it all, Thalissa felt nothing but pleasure. She was trapped, frozen in time as wave after wave of a ceaseless orgasm rocked her toward numbness. She knew nothing of the swarm of tentacles slithering out of her pussy except for the delight of their pleasure as they squirmed around her clit and pushed against her inner walls. Kira’s body took in thousands of the creature’s offspring. Each tentacle pumped them into her, emptying the massive clutch that had been created in the hours since it found a new home in Thalissa’s womb. The creatures spread through Kira’s body, each driven by an instinctive purpose. They squirmed into Kira’s brain matter, bridging her synapses between them and shifting her thoughts from fear and confusion to the same blissful pleasure that Thalissa was experiencing. Others moved to change their new host to better suit the creature’s goals.

The layers upon layers of survival instincts that drove the creature thundered orders

through the hive thought of its multifaceted body. A time would come for more stable reproduction, but first survival was paramount. When put under duress in a hostile environment, the creature's instinct was clear — make a swarm. The near tiny to microscopic purple tadpoles each carried a single purpose while lacking complex design. They served to overwhelm other creatures and repurpose them into living factories that led to a self replicating spread of the creature's influence.

Kira's body continued to writhe underneath the grasp of tentacles holding her face. Her breasts swelled, the skin darkening in hue. They grew rounder as they surged upon narrow, but solid trunks of flesh. They rose off her body like the root of coral polyps crowned by thick, tube like nipples. More flesh warped and distended around the edges of the areolae. They wriggled out like charmed snakes, taking on solid forms of slender, purple flesh dotted by suckers. Further down her torso, the skin buckled and swelled. When the first fresh batch of tadpoles surged out the engorged openings in her nipples, they slithered down the melon sized breasts to join a sluice of liquid between them. It flowed down her body, giving the little agents of change a new path to corrupt her. When they reached a clear section, they burrowed into her skin, fueling the metamorphosis.

A second set of breasts bulged into existence followed by a third. Kira's torso swayed as though caught in a warm current as her six breasts grew larger, the first set pushing against Thalissa's thick ass to claim their territory. The creatures weren't finished, though. Strands of purple flesh threaded between her legs and toes, stitching her bilateral body together. While the span from her ankles to the toes became a type of tail, the rest was more real estate for the obscene alien-spewing bulbs. Over and over, Kira's body pinched together before bulging outward, new sets of tits erupting down the length of her body until eighteen bulbous breasts stuck out of her like mushrooms dotting a dead limb. Each of them pulsed as they churned out more and more of the corrupting creatures.

Finally, Thalissa breathed again. She wobbled from fatigue as the tentacles slithered back into her carnal depths. She dismounted from Kira's face, found her swimsuit and dressed. Feeling awkward, she went back to Kira's bedroom, looked at the creature on the bed as it oozed out small trickles of parasite infested goo and lashed its still lengthening tentacles wildly, and said, "I had a really nice time. I needed this. You're absolutely gorgeous. Maybe we can hook up again before I leave." She waited, but Kira didn't respond. Thalissa made a final wave of her fingers and left.

In the hall, she nearly ran into a broad chested young man. He blushed as he realized how little clothing she had on. Thalissa smiled up at him. She went to move on, but her body didn't listen. Instead, it told her the best thing to do was to pull that man's ear close and tell him a secret. She did. As he politely resisted, she moved close enough to whisper, "My friend in there, Kira, just spent an hour eating my pussy, but she didn't want me to return the favor. She said she wanted a thick, fat cock to pour cum into her cunt, and that she would fuck the first guy she saw." She ended the tantalizing opportunity with a slow lick along the ridge of the man's ear. As her tongue flicked along the curve, a small, purple thing lurched from her tongue to the man's ear, quickly disappearing into the canal.

Thalissa left him dumbfounded and strode away. The man watched her go, admiring the wide curve of her ass, before barging in to Kira's room. He knew he should scream as he saw the monster on Kira's bed. Instead, he walked over, knelt down, and let the tentacles wrap around his head as his mouth closed over the gushing nipple.

Thalissa didn't fully rouse from the feeling of pleasure until she was once again at the bar. One minute, she'd been in the shower with Kira, excited and aroused, and in the next, she'd ordered a virgin daiquiri. The time between the two moments wasn't missing, but felt compressed. She recalled going to the bed, the feeling of Kira's body pressing against hers, their tongues twinning together as they each groped hungrily at the other, and lowering herself onto Kira's eager tongue. And then...

Before marriage, Thalissa spent more than a few nights getting black out drunk as a party girl. Waking up the next morning was always like being shoved into the middle of a crime drama and having to work out the past twelve hours from clues and rumors. Her time with Kira felt like one of those periods. She knew they'd had sex, but, outside of the foreplay, she didn't know exactly what had happened. Instead her mind filled in the blank spaces with fabricated memories, belaying her panic by completing the narrative with an expected story. After riding Kira's tongue to an earth shattering orgasm, she'd clearly turned to lower her mouth to the other woman's sex and returned the favor, letting Kira's thighs hug her cheeks as she forced the resort worker to writhe in pleasure. Still, even with this conjured memory, Thalissa remained unsettled.

Her drink arrived. She tasted it and reveled in the sugary fuel while not exactly knowing why she requested no alcohol. She carried it over to a nearby table so she could look out at the lagoon and try to piece together her memory. As she thought back through the events, she noticed the couple she'd passed on the way to the beach earlier.

They had taken up a spot at a nearby table and, likely over the hours since Thalissa first saw them, filled it with a collection of straws harvested from their drinks. They stole glances at Thalissa when they thought she wasn't looking. The wife would nudge her husband to look and then chatter in his ear as a continuation of some ongoing disagreement. In response, the husband would take another drink and shake his head before emphatically replying while making a point to touch his wife with compassion. Thalissa would have considered it odd on a normal day, but the strange compulsions and invasive thoughts chose that moment to return.

One thought in particular distracted her because it hooked to a physical issue. Her bikini top was tailored exactly to her cup size, but since she'd put it back on in Kira's room, it stretched awkwardly and barely covered her nipples. In truth, it didn't cover them entirely, leaving the edges peeking out much to the distraction of the bartender. The strings dug into her shoulder and side. Tying it wrong wasn't an option due to the way the strings worked in the back. The only way it could have gotten tighter was if her breasts had suddenly grown. As soon as the idea entered her head, she realized the string of her bottom was cutting into her hips. Glancing down, she thought she might have added two inches to her hips on either side. That

was impossible.

“Excuse me,” a woman’s voice said. The wife of the strange couple had approached while Thalissa was lost in thought. “Do you mind if we join you?”

Thalissa smiled blankly back at them. Her mind was in turmoil, but company struck her as a wonderful idea. “No, please, pull up a seat.” She glanced behind the woman to see the husband looking like he was standing on the gallows. “I’m Thalissa.”

“That’s such a pretty name. I’m Bess and this is my husband, Tom,” the woman said. “We saw you headed to the beach this morning and told one another in the same breath that we’d never seen such a pretty young thing. Are you here with someone?”

The couple settled down as Thalissa explained about Kenneth. They asked benign questions and made small talk, most of it urged on by Bess while Tom looked more and more uncomfortable with every passing second. Still, Thalissa noted when he did manage to look at her that his eyes went straight to her breasts. Bess, too, though it was harder to determine if her gaze was out of lust or envy. Thalissa didn’t have trouble returning the seductive glances. Tom was likely Kenneth’s age or slightly older, so it wasn’t a stretch for Thalissa to imagine herself with him. He wasn’t as well groomed or fit as Kenneth, but Tom clearly took care of himself as best he knew how. He also had a weathered look about him that made him earthy and real.

On the other hand, Bess was a chilling glance at the years ahead. She was beautiful, but dimmed, a tragedy in the making. Thalissa knew the type, and she thought it fit perfectly in the couple’s fascination with her. Ten years ago, Bess could have probably turned every eye in a room by picking up a penny. Time had dulled her features. Her breasts remained pert and heavy, and her ass was defiantly holding back the moniker of fat in lieu of plump or curvy. But, she teetered on the edge, ready to cascade into the collapse of age while having learned nothing to do it gracefully. When that time came, someone would offer her a lifeline. A little tuck here, a little lift there, and soon enough, Tom would be married to a skeleton wearing a plastic mask instead of a woman.

Bess finished an anecdote with a laugh and touched Thalissa’s arm. A sudden surge of information thrummed through Thalissa’s thoughts. Once again it came through as a nonsense burst of noise that slowly resolved into several digestible concepts. Bess was nervous, hopeful, and ready to fuck. This left Thalissa confused until Bess did her the favor of saying it out loud, “Now, hon, we don’t want to come off as too forward, but Tom and I take these vacations as a way to put the spark back in our sex life. Have you ever hear the term ‘cuckqueen’?”

Tom, who’d barely said a dozen word, looked ready to throw himself to the mercy of the ocean. Thalissa guessed the man hadn’t fucked anyone other than his wife since they married. However, her body told her exactly what it wanted her to do. “Oh, yes, actually. It’s when a strong, confident woman loves her husband so much that she finds younger women to appease him. She often watches and plays as well.” She ended the explanation by curling her tongue around the straw of her drink and sucking, not aware that her tongue was considerably longer

than it should have been. It sent Tom into a coughing fit.

The conversation apparently bolstered Bess's confidence. She reached into her bag and pulled out a room key. "The Orange Suite. We'd love to have your company if your husband can spare you."

Thalissa smiled and took the key from the table before standing up and walking away. Tom found enough courage to call after her and ask where she was going. Thalissa let her wrap drift low enough to show the top of her ass. "Your room. I don't like to keep queens waiting." She sauntered away, enjoying the sound of the couple scrambling to follow.

"For a man whose wife picks out women for him to fuck, you seem unusually nervous," Thalissa said. They had traversed the resort to the couple's room. It was lavish, but not quite as much as Kenneth's. Theirs lacked the private pool and provided only a partial view of the ocean with the other half blocked by the craggy outcroppings that formed the lagoon. Bess left Thalissa alone with Tom while she went to freshen up, but heavily encouraged the two of them to get started without her. All they'd achieved was sitting together awkwardly on the bed after Tom took off his shorts.

"We're still new to the scene," Tom admitted. "And I can't actually believe you'd agree..."

Thalissa didn't understand it either. Sleeping with Kira was one thing, and her various trysts since marriage fell into the same category, but going back to the room with some swingers with nothing more than a ten minute chat was an unusual choice. She tried telling herself that it was unrelated to the bizarre thoughts pushing against her, but they were getting worse. When she spotted herself in the mirror, she confirmed that her body had definitely swollen to obscene proportions. It was no wonder Tom couldn't believe she'd fuck him. While he was a solid eight for his age, Thalissa's newly luscious ass alone made her a fifty. Even Kenneth wasn't worthy to fuck her on looks alone.

This didn't stop her from feeling a deep sense of wrongness about her reflection. The reasons for it bubbled to the surface of her thoughts in the same arcane nonsense that she experienced when touching another person. Unfortunately, they eventually distilled into concepts she did comprehend while not giving her understanding. "*Not wriggly enough*" and "*My egg sac should be bigger*" were not beauty standards that made any sense, yet she keenly felt them. Shoving all of that out of her mind, she attempted to focus on the moment. "Why wouldn't I agree?" she said. "You and Bess are nice. You're handsome, she's pretty, and she obviously wants you to be happy. I like making people happy, so we're a perfect fit."

He smiled sheepishly. The look didn't fit him. Somehow she knew he had wolfish tendencies, but perhaps he was subduing them to not frighten her off. Or because she was a much bigger wolf. "C'mon," he said gesturing at her body, "if you only want to make someone happy, you could go to bed with any guy on the island. They'd walk away from their wife for a

chance at you.”

Thalissa shrugged. “But that would make someone miserable. Bess picked me because she wants to give you everything. That’s exciting to me. I wish I loved someone enough to give them everything.” She leaned closer and slid her hand onto his bare thigh. His cock responded instantly, swelling to tent his boxers in only a few heartbeats. *Aroused. Compatible. Willing. Diverse genetic material. Useful.* The concepts hit all at once and grew clearer as Thalissa brought her lips to Tom’s, drawing him into a sultry kiss. They broke apart reluctantly. “Bess wanted us to get started. How far do you think she would mind us going before she comes back?”

The wolfish side of Tom finally rose to the surface. As his hands slid against Thalissa’s hips, she felt his arousal intensifying and pushing down his doubts and hesitations. Seconds earlier he might have thought fucking Thalissa would ruin his marriage, but now the prize was too tempting, her body too soft and too inviting. She pushed him further by stripping off his undershirt and running her hands across his chest. She shifted her body with a jiggle causing her tits to bounce in the constraints of her top. The small patches covering her nipples slid up, letting the hard buds pop free, and Tom’s fingers found them.

She moaned into his ear as he pulled her onto his lap. Every inch of her buzzed with excitement and something darker, a need that bordered on hunger. His hands moved to the tie and pulled, dropping the flimsy garment away. His mouth descended on her breasts, worshipping them with his lips and tongue. Her pussy was soaking wet and grinding against the rock hard bulge of Tom’s cock. She needed him inside of her more than anything. She kneaded her hands through his hair and pulled tight at the roots, jerking his head back as she drove her tongue into his mouth. As hers curled around his like a constrictor, she felt the pulse of his cock grow to a new level of desperation.

The boxers remained in the way, but to get them off she would have to dismount. Her own bottom was a pathetic failure at concealing anything. Swollen pussy lips pushed around the small flap of material, nearly swallowing it into her, while the string that ran up her ass crack was entirely lost in the deep cleft between her gravid cheeks. She didn’t notice as it snapped in two, pulled apart by the creature slowly emerging from within her.

She did, however, feel the tentacles crawling out of her womb. They coiled around each other as they slowly emerged from her pussy. It didn’t shock her. If anything, she felt a sense of pride at the number and thickness of her pussy tentacles as they wove into the flap of Tom’s boxers. Confusion flickered across his face, but she stopped any fear or worry by renewing the vigor of her tongue in his mouth. She tasted his fear and willed it to go away. *Can’t he understand that he’s perfect, that I need him, that his genetic material will proliferate our species.* A wave of confusion and alarm broke through the thoughts right before Thalissa’s consciousness was once again subsumed by the rising pleasure.

Tom groaned with pleasure as tentacles wrapped around his cock. They squeezed as more of them spread around the base of his cock and circled his balls. Others plumbed deeper

nudging their way toward his ass. The lead tentacle narrowed itself to the width of a hair before sliding into Tom and rapidly ballooning inside of him. He experienced a moment of bizarre confusion before the invading appendage pressed against his prostate and sent him into the most intense orgasm he'd ever felt. Thalissa chose that moment to shift her hips and plunge downward as the tentacles holding his manhood pulled up. Together, they stuffed his throbbing erection deep into her tight pussy right as he erupted. The creature drew in all the unfortunate man's cum, and once the flow stopped, it demanded more.

Lost in his pleasure as much as Thalissa was lost in hers, Tom didn't feel the next tentacle sliding into his cock, but he did feel the intense pangs of orgasm crashing into one another as wave after wave of cum flowed out of him until he ran dry. Sated for material, the creature set about seeding its next vessel. Dozens of the immature tadpoles pumped into Tom's body, flowing into his ass and down the length of his cock. By the time her tentacles withdrew, the creature's infestation had filled Tom's whole body. The process took minutes and left Tom with no thoughts other than to serve his maker.

Thalissa slumped against him. She felt drained, but content as her mind surfaced from the pleasure haze. Her tentacles released their hold on Tom's cock. As she moved back from him, she admired the new purple veins covering his length. She'd not looked at his cock before fucking him, but guessed he wasn't nearly as thick and long before her body pumped him dry. His balls had darkened to an eggplant hue, and she could see tiny ripples moving through the distended sac as the creature's offspring roiled against one another in their work restructuring Tom's body.

Dimly, Thalissa knew she should be horrified, but instead she only felt jealousy. Her body had grown more seductive, and her tentacles didn't fully retract any longer, their tips wriggling around like the tendrils of sea anemone, but she still felt incomplete. The limbs extruding from her pussy and anus probed at the air. As she looked at them, a deep sense of attachment and oneness cascaded through her body. She wanted them to grow because she wanted to grow stronger. Her musings stopped as a clang of coldness struck through her body. *Alert. Danger. Convert.*

Spinning around, Thalissa saw Bess standing in the bathroom doorway. She'd put on a teddy and heels, likely intending to strike a pose in the doorway. Instead, she stood limp and dumbfounded as she gazed at her husband. When her eyes moved to the nest of otherworldly things probing outward from Thalissa's body, Bess covered her mouth. *She's upset*, Thalissa thought. *She picked me for Tom because she thought she still compared, but now she sees that she doesn't even hold a candle to me. Her body is so plain. She looks ridiculous without pussy tentacles. What man would want her?*

As the thoughts clicked in her head, Thalissa's left arm rapidly softened. Her bones dissolved into cartilage as suckers formed on the underside. In a fluid movement, the new arm lurched out and wrapped around Bess, lifting her effortlessly as the woman blindly flailed. Thalissa moved Bess through the room to position her over Tom's enormous cock. Thalissa's head cocked to the side as her freakish arm lowered the woman toward her husband's dick. Once

Tom's body sensed the warmth of his wife's pussy, the transformed man seized the opportunity. Tentacles shot out of the tip of his widened cockhead, spearing into Bess's body. Her alarm dissolved into guttural moans as Tom came to life and wrapped his arms around her body, pulling her down onto his obscene girth.

Thalissa unwrapped her tentacle and immediately put it to another purpose. It slithered in between the narrow cheeks of Bess's ass and pressed into her. The instinct spoke again. The parasitic tadpoles served one purpose, but the creature's species was more complex than simple replication. A branching structure appeared in Thalissa's thoughts, a single organism with different forms and castes, all controlled by the central queen. More complex forms required eggs and dual genetic backgrounds. Smiling at the idea, Thalissa felt new packets of mutating enzymes coalescing inside her. The size of a fist, they moved along the thick arm until they squelched into Bess's ass one after the other. Her head thrashed around as her husband pumped viciously in and out, his cock tentacles keeping hold of her insides despite his thrusts.

Bess's body rippled with rapid change as Tom ravaged her. Her head craned back, jaw stretching farther than humanly possible, and her tongue jutted up. It throbbed and grew to a thick stalk. At the top, a bulb swelled until thickened skin peeled back and an eye peered out at the world. A wheezing sound of otherworldly madness ratted out of Bess's throat as her human eyes rolled in their sockets. Her back warped and twisted, small fissures appearing as her flesh trembled. The fissures grew into wrinkled mounds of flesh that split open to reveal plush depths of velvety warmth.

Thalissa grinned at the abomination as a dozen new pussies opened up along the woman's back. Withdrawing from Bess's ass, she willed her tentacle arm to split, dividing again and again until eight different "fingers" wavered in the air. Each formed a thick, bulbed head before plunging into the carnal heat Bess's body offered. A shiver of wild pleasure tore through Thalissa's mind, and she realized that whatever had been controlling her had fully melded with her thoughts. Tentacle fucking the back pussies of her third creation wasn't obscene or outlandish any longer. It felt right in every sense of the word. Bess was finally beautiful, and she would stay that way forever.

Tom groaned as his still swelling cock pumped a fresh batch of genetic material into his wife. Thalissa withdrew her multi-pronged arm after the eye stalk jutting from Bess's mouth glared at her. It was an odd sensation of having two halves of the same mind judging one another. Tom flipped his wife's body over and dropped it on the bed, never withdrawing from her. His torso collapsed down and more tentacles, long dexterous feelers, emerged from his chest. They reached out and stroked along the folds of the various pussies as though they were tending a garden. Tom's ballsack continued to grow. It no longer fit in front of his legs at all, but jutted out from behind. His body melded it to him, creating a firm trunk of connection as it grew to the size of small boulder. Inside, six things built from the idea of a testicle by the creature worked to rapidly create the equivalent of sperm. Each of these new constructs was roughly the size of a car tire, each rapidly stringing together strands of protein to fuel the proto-broodmother impaled on his cock.

Thalissa stepped closer and stroked Bess's eyestalk with her hand. Others had started to grow out from Bess's deformed face, each of them watching carefully for threats or opportunities. As Thalissa enjoyed the sight of her creation, she saw Tom's tentacles gathering around one of the pussies. They pulled back the thick labia with gentle caresses until a translucent egg emerged. It rose on its own until enough of it was out for the tentacles to take over. They scooped it away and moved it to Thalissa's outstretched palm. Inside, a purple ball of exponential life writhed, eager to find its host.

Smiling, Thalissa watched as eggs began to crown from the other eleven, fertile cunts.

The sun had set by the time Thalissa left Tom and Bess behind. An uneasy silence lay over the resort. The usual thump of bar music, the chatter of guests by the main pool, and the shuffling sounds of workers going about various tasks were all absent. A sense of yearning gripped Thalissa, but she couldn't understand what she desired. Driven by latent muscle memory, she traversed the grounds toward her own room. She moved slowly, experiencing the world through new senses and struggling to take all of it in. Her body felt so inadequate, even with the addition of her new arm. Like an overeager dog, it roved over the environment, drawing in as much sensory information as it could. She passed by a bar and recoiled from the spilled alcohol, but found the sliced fruit and slurped all of it into her body through a spontaneously generated mouth. A few steps along her path later, she spat out several bits of rind.

Climbing the steps toward her suite, she looked out over the curve of the adjacent beach. Several dark masses writhed, making their way slowly toward the water. The ocean called to her, a part of the complex sense of yearning she felt, but she couldn't go to it yet. Turning her attention back to the steps, she sensed another presence. In a wild sweep, her arm gripped a nearby shrub and tore it away. In the gap left behind, a young woman cowered, her face stricken with terror.

Thalissa looked the woman up and down, feeling as though she was looking at a past self. The body lacked elegance. It was devoid of creativity or function. *She's upset because she's so plain*, Thalissa thought, feeling something akin to a mingling of pity and contempt. She wrapped her arm around the woman's head until a sucker alighted with the woman's mouth. Smaller tentacles delved into the bystander and created a tunnel down her throat that flooded with potent agents of change. Thalissa withdrew as new appendages burst out of the woman's back. Long, spindly arms tipped with razor sharp claws. They extended to twenty feet by the time they lifted the woman's limp body. The crab-like thing prowled away silently, no longer afraid. Smiling, Thalissa continued onward.

Her suite looked the same as when she had left it other than a few additional lights being on. As she stepped into the main room, she heard Kenneth's voice yell out. "About fucking time. Come out here."

She glided through the suite to the balcony doors before spying her husband. He was waist deep in the pool. An empty glass sat on the edge alongside the bottle of scotch. He didn't

turn to look at her, but kept his attention on his phone. Curious about her connection to this creature, she willed her arm back to a human shape, further accentuated her breasts and ass, and stepped around to his field of view. Her naked, sensual body didn't draw his attention as she slipped into the water. He didn't acknowledge her at all until her hand brushed against his inner thigh.

“Changed your mind?” he asked, finally looking up at her. His demeaning gaze faltered as he took in her beauty and saw something terrible and dangerous in it. The pause lasted only a single breath before his face returned to one of possessive ownership. “Are you drunk?”

“No,” she answered. Her body trilled with impatience, beneath the water things shifted and changed.

“Didn't spend all day swigging down cheap booze and flirting with old fucks?”

“I let a woman named Kira eat my pussy, then I fucked a man named Tom while his wife watched. I fucked her, too. I claimed them, gave them my spawn to fill their bodies.” She spoke with a wetness to her words, like speaking with a mouth full of water.

Kenneth narrowed one eye at her. “What? I swear, Thalissa, if you're doped up on something, I will take it out of your hide if I have to. I've been a patient man. More than patient. But, I am entitled to a wife that obeys and provides me children. Can you get that through your dumb skull? That means no more spending all day drunk or taking pills from a stranger. It means taking care of your body and making sure your stuffed full of my cum long enough to get pregnant. So, are you going to be a good girl? If not, I can arrange for you to spend some time in a very private rehabilitation center that encourages marital visits. I don't care if you have to be strapped to a fucking table for nine months because —”

She pushed a finger against his lips. “Good material,” she said as her hand touched his cheek. “Genetic diversity. Appealing physical form. Vocal expression unnecessary.”

“The hell are you talking about,” he garbled around her finger. He didn't press the question as his trunks were stripped away. It didn't occur to him that both of Thalissa's hands were visible above the water. He met her eyes and found a strange paleness in them. “Did you take something? What are —”

Her legs wrapped around him, pulling him to her in the shallow water as they anchored to the edge with their arms. The confusion and mistrust in Kenneth faded as her body pressed against him and flooded him with warmth. The more she touched him, the murkier his thoughts became. She raised from the water enough to present her dripping wet breasts to him. Wrapping her arms around his head, she pulled him into her chest, burying any other protests in the joy of her supple flesh. After a second of being pressed between the heavy orbs, Kenneth came alive with desire, licking and kissing every inch he could reach until his tongue swirled around her nipple.

He thought his own mind was slipping. Her breasts shouldn't have been so big. As he let go of the edge to take hold of her hips, he was shocked to feel his hands sinking deep into plush flesh. It drew out a groan of intense desire as she dragged his head up from her breasts and into a passionate kiss. He sensed the change in temperature before he felt anything else. The head of his cock pushed into her warm folds easily, the water failing to inhibit the intense desire they shared between them. In a weightless thrust, he buried himself fully inside her blazing warmth. He brought a hand up to her neck with the intent to grasp and dominate her, to remind her that this was the proper way she should act, but then he felt the wriggling of things inside of her as they cinched tight around his cock.

While Kenneth had been lost in the pleasure of her breasts, her body had unfurled, born anew from the thigh down. A coiling mass of appendages churned the water, slowly drawing a web around her husband. Kenneth's eyes went wide as thick, purple limbs slid out of the water on all sides. He jerked, trying to separate himself from his wife, but stopped as the lack of touch caused his body to sear with agony. Reflexively, he pressed back against her, desperate to have as much skin to skin contact as he could. Her arms wrapped around his shoulders, pushing him into her torso as more of the slithering limbs bound him to her.

Thalissa's top half went limp and leaned back. Beneath her perfect breasts, a line of wrinkled skin formed between her sternum and naval. With a wet tearing sound, the line split open, and an eye gazed at Kenneth with disinterest. The black slit of its pupil was an unending void surrounded by star bursts of purple and white. Kenneth opened his mouth to scream, but only provided entry to another of the groping tentacles.

Thalissa's new body rose from the pool. Above the eye, her old self remained. Her ass reshaped and protruded out as a cephalic sac behind the expansive eye. Her vaginal opening issued forth long thin strands of feeling tentacles that ended in arrowhead shaped flesh. One moved in front of Kenneth's shocked face, and he saw an opening on the underside ripple as soft tissue moved. With horror, he realized that was how he'd entered her in the first place. The chemicals leeching into his skin hijacked his mind, shoving his crude, ape-like thoughts down as primal needs drove him to surrender. At the same time, new nerve endings gave him a picture of what was happening beneath the water. The tentacle attached to his cock had widened, enveloping his whole length and more. It had swallowed his balls before hooked suckers dug into his flesh. The tight canal squeezed around him, milking out his cum with ease.

Dragged by the tentacle, Kenneth slid under the surface. The one covering his mouth withdrew, and he found that he could breathe. Gills opened along his ribs while translucent film covered his eyes. Beneath the water, he could see the mass of tentacles that formed Thalissa's lower body. They interwove like overcrowded roots. The pool made it worse by being far too shallow for the creature. Still, he saw other tentacles amid the mass ending in the same slit opening, each one destined to claim and milk other men for their genetic material.

Drawn up by the largest of her legs, her whole bulk left the water, splaying across the balcony. Her human torso moved languidly at the top, a macabre vestige of her former self left jutting from the massive creature like a figurehead stuck on the bow of a derelict ship. The

massive eye peered out at the world with discerning intelligence. Beneath the eye, the purple-black of her body's trunk extended downward to where the larger of her legs branched out. Behind him, concealed and protected, the other tentacles drew up Kenneth's body until he was tucked tightly against the interior wall of her legs.

Pleasure drowned the remaining vestiges of his mind. Part of him understood that he was being repurposed, cell by cell, protein by protein — his entire body being reconstituted as either fuel for reproduction or becoming one with Thalissa's glory. Dimly, he saw the pulsing orifice from which the other tentacles protruded and took in the concept that his space would soon be crowded with other men. It was an odd jolt to feel hopeful she would find others suitable. Then, with a final trill of pleasure through his dissolving consciousness, Kenneth was gone.

The titan poured forth from the balcony and scaled down the front of the resort. In her wake, the structure crumbled, tearing open as a goddess emerged. With two tentacles bracing her against the ground and another two clinging to the side of the hotel, Thalissa's human head tilted back as her throat opened in a high pitched wail that tore through the night. A few seconds later, similar cries rose from all around the island. She moved toward the beach to await her brood.

It took some time for the creature's spawn to gather. They arrived in small groups, slowly pulled away from their coupling or feeding by the peculiar need to obey a consciousness not fully their own. Thalissa didn't mind. She was patience incarnate. Besides, much remained on the island to be taken. The woman who had been huddled behind a bush gathered the surviving humans. She spread her crab-like mutations to two others, hurrying the shepherding of human life to the beach. Walking on spindly limbs, the three monsters tore apart the island and scooped out the maddened humans one by one. They corralled them in a pit scooped out of the beach under Thalissa's baleful watch.

By the time the creature's full exodus from the recesses of the island began, eighty-seven humans had been dropped into the pit. They screamed and shouted and wailed with madness as the nightmares prowled around the edges of their enclosure. With all humans accounted for, Thalissa draped her body across the open trap. Staring up, the trapped men and women saw Kenneth's body recessed in the gooey folds of tentacles. He looked back at them with a vacant bliss that terrified them as much as the wriggling orifice where he was trapped. Harvester tentacles shot out, certain of their targets. The fear in the chosen humans melted away as they lifted out of the huddle mass, rising to join Kenneth in bliss as Thalissa absorbed their essence.

Other creatures came with their own harvested acolytes. The things that had been Tom and Bess arrived with seven mostly-humans in tow. Five of these converts had once been female and two had been men. The eggs Bess had produced needed further incubation, and Tom had been dutiful in finding homes for them. The men and women had distended bellies rivaled by swollen, leaking breasts. Their stomachs glowed with an eerie purple bioluminescence. Perhaps they had taken convincing at first, but now they fought for who would get the next egg. As walking incubators, birth was a secondary concern to getting the eggs inside them. Driven by their warped instincts and their deformed anatomy, the women took the offered eggs and shoved

them inside their pussies, orgasming intensely as the gooey orbs of wriggling change slid into their wombs. The men required a greater alteration. Their penises distended into massive fleshy sleeves that slurped up eggs like an elephant's trunk, taking them into their hollowed out abdomens until the things hatched and crawled out of the men's throats.

The thing Kira had become came, too. At a glance, she resembled a stretch of coral polyps embedded upon a slug. Her trunk inched along in short writhes of motion. Four other things flanked her, one undoubtedly the man Thalissa had sent to his doom with a lick of his ear. This honor guard moved on serpentine bodies with human torsos. Their faces had caved in, replaced by a round void lined with tentacles. As Kira neared the pit, the flow from her breasts intensified. It was painful to Thalissa to see such waste of infectious agents. They dribbled down the sides of Kira's overflowing breasts as the four attendants moved to the edge of the pit. From inside came maddened calls demanding to be brought out. The monsters obliged, hauling up one person after the next as though they were priests picking virginal sacrifices. Once the humans climbed free of their prison, they didn't run for freedom or fight or scream. Their eyes fixed on Kira's spurting breasts before running to the monster, stretching their mouths over the whole of the churning breast's opening, and clamping down to be flooded by the blessing of change.

Other creatures, in some ways progeny and in other ways an extension of a single entity, joined the menagerie attending Thalissa. Their presence fueled some unrealized need, and Thalissa's bulk grew. By the time she felt all her brood gathered, she was large enough to rival a battleship. The few remaining humans looked up and saw a thing beyond their understanding. Screams tore from them, driven out not by something so rational as fear, but from a deeper instinct of primordial survival that knew it had failed. They watched Hell pass over their heads, indifferent to their existence. No relief came to them even as the horrid sounds of the horde stopped and only the lapping tide remained. They collapsed into rambling mumbles to wait for their doom, whether it be in the return of the impossible terrors, the collapse of their prison, or its flooding by the rising tide.

A few miles from shore, the titan's black shape peered up at the moon. The water was too warm this close to the surface, Thalissa knew. It would make a poor place for her true eggs. The first clutch of fully independent leviathans in millions of years would require the cold dark of the abyssal layer. She dipped below the waves, her colossal eye widening to see her brood descending at a lazy pace, following the rolling bed toward a shelf miles in the distance. Her body propelled ahead, cutting through the water to the head of the migration, and took her place at the head of the procession as queen.



Written under commission from Anonymous.