

Helix Parasita

by Boardom

Dr. Martinez's Diary (Excerpt)

Dated 17/OCT/XX

The *helix parasita*, the parasitic slug that latches and mutates its host to reproduce. A bizarre but beautiful creature, the object of my scientific fascination ever since I first laid my eyes on it. There's just no other animal like it in all the known worlds. The way it gives up its own autonomy to become part of someone else in order to produce a single batch of eggs is fascinating. Romantic, even, in a weird kind of way.

It has been observed to successfully meld with a myriad of species. The process takes around a month, beginning with its accidental ingestion by the host or, more rarely, by the *parasita* sliding its way in through the mouth, the genitals, or the anus. Once inside, the slug alters the host's biology to make it suitable for its offspring, with the most extreme changes occurring in the reproductive organs, which are altered so as to continuously produce *parasita* eggs. At the very end of the transformation, the parasite –now fully merged into the host body– releases a single load of sperm, fertilizing the only viable batch of eggs it will ever produce before completely relinquishing itself to its host.

I've observed this process many times in countless mammal species, and it never ceases to amaze me how successful the *parasita* is at making any host work. However, its effects on humans has never been observed. I've proposed a controlled study many a times but to no avail. The fear of the yet unknown reaction that the human body may have to the *helix parasita* has seemingly stopped the scientific curiosity of even my most inquisitive colleagues, even more so than the ethical concerns. Though I am, indeed, also afraid, I believe this to be a thing that's imperative to document and study, not only for when the inevitable happens and we're forced to face it for the first time, unprepared, but also to get a better of understanding of the slug's incredible transformative abilities and their possible scientific and medical applications.

With this resolution, I've thus decided to take it upon myself to discover, first hand, what the *helix parasita* will do to the human body, my body. I hope that, by this reckless act, the floodgates of human experimentation will be finally opened so as to expedite scientific progress.



Dr. Martinez's Diary (Excerpt)

Dated 23/NOV/XX

Today I've laid my second batch of eggs. Just like the first time, it was not painful at all but, rather, quite pleasurable. The feelings of inadequacy and shame that I've been struggling with in regard to my changed body seem to disappear completely to give way to satisfaction and pride when I lay my eggs. It is uncomfortable to admit that, but I've vowed to document all of my changes here after all, even the mental ones.

I've also tested the eggs and confirmed that, as expected, they aren't fertilized like the first batch. Though it was quite obvious already, I've also officially confirmed that I can no longer bear human offspring. I thought I wouldn't mind being infertile but knowing that I'll continue to lay *parasita* eggs that will never hatch saddens me whenever my mind wanders to that fact. I hope I can get over that with time. For now, it soothes me to tend to my beautiful, growing spawn. They, of course, take after their father and will soon grow into strong, adult slugs like he was. I still haven't decided what I'll do when that happens, though. It doesn't feel right to subject them to any kind of testing, nor to deprive them of a fulfilling, natural life. I would like to let them free, in all honesty, but I know I shouldn't.

In terms of my physical changes, they seem to have finally stopped. My arms and legs still feel very much alien but I figure it's a matter of getting used to them, although the dexterity of human hands and fingers will definitely be missed. I think

I'm slowly growing accustomed to seeing myself in the mirror. I'm grateful that my face and body are still clearly humanoid. My changed body is still hard to accept but I'm trying to think of my spawn whenever I feel down about it and, though it still feels unnatural and gross most of the time, sometimes, when I really hold onto the memory of bringing them into the world, I find a certain pride in it. I wonder if that will grow or wane in time. My body may not be beautiful anymore, but I find beautiful the life that it has created.

