

I woke up to a pounding headache, wanting desperately to erase the fog that had enveloped my thoughts. Where was I? Why had I... oww! A sharp pain cascaded my thoughts whenever I tried to focus. I wasn't even sure if the pain was physical or mental. Either way, it really fucking hurt!

I tried my best to piece together what little bits and pieces I recalled. Yet, most of the images were a blur. I knew I had gotten up this morning, had headed in for a doctor's appointment to get some of my shots updated for a job interview. And the needle had gone into my skin and...

What had happened? Surely, I hadn't been kidnapped or the like. The clinic was in a well-lit, busy strip mall. There was no way I'd been taken out of there unconscious or against my will. But wherever I was now, it was *not* where I'd entered. Then, where the fuck was I?

A quick look around the room seemed to confirm my kidnapping suspicions. It seemed to be a massive, square cell of some kind, with white walls, and no windows. There was the faint outline of a door at one end, and the floor was slanted slightly with a grate in the center. No sink or toilet was present, much to my disdain.

To my surprise, I wasn't alone here. There was another man, one of modest stature and casual dress, still unconscious in the corner opposite mine. It wasn't someone I knew, sadly.

I figured I should wake him, but I quickly realized there was little point. It was unlikely that he had any better idea than I did what was going on if he was in here with me.

Worst of all, even with the outline of the door, I didn't see any handle or other device that would allow me to escape from this side. We were stuck here for the duration, it seemed. What kind of sick fucks had put us in here?!

"Ah, wonderful, wonderful! I see you're awake and alert! That's important for the experiment, after all!" Said an eerily creepy voice. It seemed to come from everywhere at once. Other than the voice sounding perhaps male, there was little I could discern about it.

"What the hell? Who are you!? Where the fuck am I?!" I yelled, with perhaps more bravado than I should have, given the circumstances. I was completely at this person's mercy, after all. Still, I wanted to maintain some modicum of control over the situation, even though it was a false one.

"W-what? Who the hell are you? What the fuck?!" Said another voice, this one obviously in the room with me. I turned to look at the other man, who was just getting out his feet to survey his surroundings.

“Ah, yes, good, my second subject. It’s important to have both of you awake and alert. This kind of experiment takes two, after all,” continued the voice, seemingly unconcerned with our outbursts.

“What experiment?” I asked, a little more calmly this time. I wasn’t curious, not exactly. But I didn’t want to be in here without knowing what sort of thing he had in store for me. For us, I quickly realized.

My cellmate seemed more nervous than I, rubbing his arms as though cold. He was shorter than me, I soon realized. Probably in his twenties or maybe early thirties, like myself. It was hard to tell just at a glance. Caucasian, like me. Otherwise nothing remarkable about him, physically.

Noticing I was looking at him, the guy turned to study me in a similar fashion. I averted my eyes, not wanting to trigger him or anything. He did the same, and we both went back to scanning the room, to see if there was anything we might have missed. There wasn’t, not to my surprise.

The man on the other end seemed indifferent to what we were doing, moving right along with his explanation. “The specifics aren’t your concern, or at least beyond the necessary parameters of the test. I wouldn’t want to tell you too much before the process begins. After all, good science requires as few uncontrolled variables as possible to achieve the proper result. But I digress.”

“You will be exposed to a modified pathogen that will elicit extreme alterations in your physiology. It is a mixture of an agent that easily culminates in the bloodstream, combined with a non-terrestrial component. Then, to accompany the progress, you’ll be subject to a series of hypnotic stimuli to better accustom you to the situation. Don’t worry about the terminology. You’ll soon understand what I mean.”

“I’m sure you’re wondering why it is you in here today. Truth be told, we need as many test subjects as possible, and unfortunately, the likelihood of getting volunteers is near zero. Therefore, we need to procure test subjects wherever we can, and today is your lucky day!” The man continued as if placing people in the cage in some underground prison was the most normal thing in the world.

“I don’t understand what you said. What are you doing to us?” I demanded, needing a more concrete answer and willing to tone down my responses in order to get one. There was every chance he might tell us something we needed to know in order to escape. I didn’t want to let the opportunity slip by. Best to keep him talking.

“Are you going to kill us?” The other man asked, rather nervously. I hadn’t even thought about that possibly. It didn’t seem likely, but the word ‘pathogen’ did stick out in my mind. There were worse things they could do to us, certainly. But I didn’t still want to die!

“No, no, of course not! You will be treated with the utmost care and consideration for your new forms! Many have already undergone the procedure, and we have a happy and thriving community here. Personally, I would undergo the process myself, but I still have too much work to do that I cannot currently entrust to others!”

“But, enough talk. That’s all I need to tell you, for now. It's important to keep our subjects as in the dark as possible to eliminate any variables that might arise. The scientific method really is wonderful!”

“Still, you’ll understand the process soon enough. Any of your questions will be answered, or, at least, while it's still important for them to have them!”

“What the fuck are you talking about! Let us go!” I yelled, pissed off that he would give us so little information. There was no point in further niceties if he wasn’t going to tell us anything more. My release of anger was cathartic, at least!

My cellmate remained quiet, tears running down his face as he tried to cover it with his hands. I felt really bad for him. His reaction made perfect sense. I was afraid, too. But I didn’t want to show it in the same way.

There was no point ignoring the poor guy. He and I were in this for the long haul, it seemed. I walked over to the other man, reaching out to offer him my hand as I did so. “Hey, I’m Jake. Sorry, I’m meeting you like this,” I said, politely.

I was still shaking from the anger that I couldn't fully hide. It wasn’t directed at my cellmate, mind you. It wasn’t his fault we were in here. Well, as best as I could tell. But, I wasn’t in a place to make those kinds of assumptions.

“Tobias,” he said, taking the hand and shaking it slightly. “I take it you’re not a fan of being in here?” He asked, a slight chuckle in his voice. I had to admit, I was already a fan of the personality and sense of humor, especially in the face of the current circumstances.

“Well, Tobias, why don’t we see if there is another way out of here. In case it's some Saw kind of shit and there’s an exit we have to solve a trap for,” I said, regretting the words as soon as I did. I didn’t want to scare the poor man any more than he was. Or myself, for that matter. What would happen if it was a trap? Maybe we were better off staying put? Fuck, I had no idea!

Tobias was silent for a moment, likely thinking over the possibilities in his mind. “He can probably hear and see everything we do. So, there’s no point of whispering or planning anything together,” he said, as though it wasn’t obvious.

We instead decided to comb the room, looking for anything that could lead to an exit. The walls felt weird, emitting a sort of static that made the hairs on my arm stand up. But, other than that, they were uniform. The only thing of note was the grate in the center of the floor and the lines of a door, neither of which had an evident way for us to escape. The light from beyond the lines was the only way we could even determine it *was* a door.

The hiss of something coming from the walls suddenly caught both of our attention, and looking up we saw that some vents had been opened in the wall. I didn’t see anything coming from them, but the fair odor of mothballs soon entered my nose, and I coughed, trying reflexively to eliminate it.

It was then that I realized what it was. We were being gassed! I tried to get down lower to the floor to try and avoid it. Yet, I soon realized in this relatively small space with no other form of ventilation, there was no point. That, and the fact that I’d smelled it already meant it was likely already in my system. But, I still had to try something to avoid whatever was in that gas.

I soon had my shirt off, placing it over my mouth and trying to use it as a filter. Tobias started to do the same after seeing my attempt. I doubted it would actually help much, but trying was better than nothing. I wasn’t going to willingly let this guy gas us with God knew what kind of chemical!

After a few moments, the vents closed, though the faint odor was left to hang cloyingly in the air. My shirt, poor filter that it was, could not hide the thick, musty aroma of the gas. I hoped it wasn’t poison, even though the doctor had assured us that it wasn’t intended to end our lives. Eventually, we both gave in and breathed freely, hoping that whatever gas it was has dissipated in the oxygen of the room enough that it wouldn’t hurt us. I felt a little off, but there was no point trying to cover my mouth if we were still breathing it in any way. Besides, my shirt was really starting to smell!

Boredom soon set in with the voice apparently not interested in talking with us further. We tried shooting the shit as best we could, talking of homes, jobs, friends, movies, sports. But there was only so much that we could discuss before we ran out of conversation topics. Admittedly, there was an element of fear about exposing too much of ourselves, lest we earned the man’s ire or gave away too much information. Not like it mattered, not really. None of that was pertinent knowledge, as best as I could tell.

I kept my shirt off, not caring about preserving my modesty. It was starting to get hot in here, and I was sweating up a storm. I was soon covered in sticky fluid, some of it seemingly thicker than I'd liked to admit. It was as if all the chemicals in my skin were rising to the surface to join with the salt and sweat. I'd never sweat so much out of my body before!

I could tell the same was happening with Tobias. He wasn't complaining about it, likely copying my faux stoicism. It looked as though he was just as overheated as I was. Fluids were leaking from his skin, glistening in the light.

The heat was starting to become unbearable. Yet, worse, there were soon aches and pains bubbling up through my body that I could not seem to ignore. One was coming from my sides, a dull throbbing as though something was poking from underneath. I figured they were just bruised or something, maybe from when I'd been knocked out to be brought here. Yet, why didn't I notice it before now?

A careful examination showed that the skin was red, as though inflamed. I tried not to rub at it too much, worried that I would make it worse. That, and I didn't want to make Tobias uncomfortable if I could help it at all. His own sides were just as red.

After a few moments, I was suddenly aware of a similar ache coming from my backside, right around my tailbone. Reaching back, I winced slightly as I rubbed an unexpected sore spot. It felt as though the surface had expanded, like a bruise or blister. Though, this one took up far more space than I thought it should have for a bruised tailbone. Aside from the dull throbbing, none of the pain usually accompanied such an injury.

To my surprise, the familiar sensation of bone was absent through the growth. It was as though my spine was gone, or at least the protrusion was too thick to actually feel its presence. It was hard to tell anything else through my pants, but it seemed to be swelling, pressing tightly through the fabric.

I could see Tobias squirming as well, as though he was being assaulted with the same sensations in his backside. He looked at me with pleading eyes, as though he wanted to rub the area directly by taking off his pants in front of me. Yet, knowing such things were taboo, he dared not caress his ass, despite how much it seemed to be irritating him!

I knew what he was feeling. The thing was getting thicker in my pants, impossibly beyond what a simple welt or injury should be able to support. It was starting to get uncomfortable as it continued to grow, far faster than anything like this had a right now.

I soon became more alarmed by a peculiar itching playing over the growth, as though something was poking out through the skin. I almost thought it was hair, reminiscent of the sensation of forgoing shaving for a few days. But these hairs, if that's what they were, almost felt akin to little spears poking from my flesh. It didn't hurt, not exactly. Rather, it itched terribly, like a dozen bug bites playing over my form. They were much larger hairs than I'd ever grown before!

Convention be damned. We both needed to rub the itching growths and I was taking charge of the situation. I reached out with my hand to pull down my pants, pausing for a moment before realizing what I was about to do. I didn't want to see the thing that was pressing so painfully against my jeans. I didn't want to see the hairs that were poking from the skin. Yet, ignorance would not be bliss for long if the growth got so bad that it tore from my pants!

Come hell or high water, I needed to see what was happening to me. To us. Bracing myself for the worse, I quickly pulled down my pants, before they got too tight to allow it. Tobias was watching me with bated breath, just as nervous as I was. He was evidently forgoing the pain he must have been feeling in his own pants from the embarrassment of exposing himself.

Nothing I could have conceived of would have prepared me for the sight of my ass, or what was once that. The growth out of my backside had swelled outwards, even larger than my ass cheeks. It was covered with thick, black hairs that continued to grow in between darkening skin. They were sparse at the moment, though more were growing if the constant prickling was any indication. I shivered for a moment as I suddenly realized how *sensitive* they were, as though even individual molecules in the air were enough to make them move. To my horror, they seemed to sway this way and that, slightly motile at the base just enough to move.

Worse was the sight of my hips and ass cheeks, or what was left of them. It was as though the swelling growth was steadily eliminating them, sucking in their fat to increase its own mass. All that remained was my asshole, though even that was being reorientated by the growth. I could feel my anus pucker against the fabric of my underwear. It was disgusting!

Exposure to the air seemed to be a catalyst for the changes as my ass, or what was becoming of it. It quickly began to swell outward at double the speed. It didn't hurt, not exactly. Yet, there was a numbness in the area that was staggering. What the hell was it? Some kind of impossibly aggressive cancer?

Tobias was sweating now, seemingly in pain as his own growth was pushing painfully against his jeans. It was far too late for him to remove them as the growth started tearing at the back end of the fabric, swelling with muscle and meat as it grew to an impossible size. His pants stood no chance as they came apart at the seams, causing an echoing *rip* to sound through the air.

Uninhibited now, the growth continued to extend, tearing away the rest of his pants as its expansion sped up as I had. It was easier to tell what was happening when viewing it to someone else. As scared as I was, the fear from ignorance was worse than the fear of what was happening. I watched, transfixed, as Tobias's ass swelled to impossible proportions. The skin was darkening, like mine evidently was. But, worse was the hairs springing forth from it. They were grotesque! They almost looked like the hairs of a...

Suddenly, the room lit up, as though through a screen coming to life. A familiar electrical tingle ran over me, though particularly through the hairs over my ass. I shuddered, the sensation making me uncomfortable as my ass continued to extend. It was almost the size of my torso now, and it was still growing as I tried to adjust to its girth. It was unfathomable such a thing was a part of me now. This had to be a sick dream. But the sensations trailing through the hairs made me sure it was real.

The lights from the display started swirling in slow motion, a series of spirals seemingly on repeat. I found myself staring at them, their motion entrancing. It had been so dull looking at the plain room for as long as we had been. And, best of all, it took me away from the sensation of growth that was bothering me. It was nice, to have even that brief reprieve...

It took over a few minutes to realize that whatever I was seeing had me enraptured. I shook my head a few times, trying to break the trance I was evidently in. But, the hypnotic series of swirls had my complete attention, and it was a Herculean task to even maintain my awareness that it was some sort of distraction.

Even as I struggled, I wasn't expecting a voice to come over the speaker. It wasn't the person who had talked to us before. It was a woman's voice, one that was soothing and calm. It seemed to meld into the swirling textures of the wall, making it even harder for me to focus on anything else.

"That's it. Just relax. Just feel yourself growing. Yes, that's it. Your cock is so hard, isn't it? It aches so much... just touch it... touch yourself for me... get rid of that human seed. You don't need it anymore... you just need to expel it..."

The words kept repeating themselves, like some sort of mantra. It would have made me disturbed in any other circumstance. The voice was literally telling me to touch myself! Yet, with the swirling lights and the steady vibration channeling through the hairs on my... abdomen? Was that what that was? Fuck, it was so hard to think...

It took the sensation of something against my underwear on the other side to bring me enough out of the trance and realize what was happening. My hand was subconsciously rubbing my cock

through my undies, its fluid leaking through them in a massive, damp stain. My penis was at full attention, apparently having gotten hard at the words compelling me to do so. How were they having such an effect on me?

The more I tried to rationalize the effect of the words, the harder I found it to think about it. It was easier to relax, to let my stressors melt away. It was an almost impossible task to try and fight against them. And why was I bothering? The voice wanted me to touch myself, after all. And what was wrong with that? I was so horny. And I was being given permission...

A brief recollection brought me back to the present, and to the man that I was left with was still in the chamber. I looked over to call out for Tobias when the sight of him made me gasp. He had his cock out of his pants, unlike me, and was stroking furiously, as though desperate for release. The sight of it should have disgusted me. After all, he was touching himself in here with me, and I barely knew the guy.

But, the words were playing over and over again in the background. I understood the siren song that was compelling him to pull his turgid cock from his underwear. To stroke the shaft in a slow, steady rhythm to match the words that were allowing him permission to do so. To spill that human seed...

Somewhere, in the back of my mind, I was aware of what I was doing. I knew I was touching myself. I knew that my hand had taken my cock out of my underwear and that I was stroking off in front of another man, one that I had never met before today. Yet, it didn't matter.

All that I could focus on was how fucking *good* it felt to stroke my cock, how much pent-up need I seemed to have. A moan escaped my lips as I ran my hand up and down my shaft, faster and faster. No consideration for enjoyment was given, overcome as I was by a primal need to come. It was almost maddening!

The texture and shape began as familiar but soon shifted into something alien as I continued to stroke with fervor. It was as though my penis was shifting in my grasp, like my hands were melding it into something completely different. The already-hard flesh of my shaft seemed to thicken at my touch, gaining linkages or ridges along the base, the distance between them lengthening down towards the base.

I tried reflexively to reach down and touch my balls, hoping to bring myself even more pleasure. But, nothing was present. Unable to take my one hand off my cock, I nonetheless kept looking for my testicles with the other. Yet they seemed to have retracted into my form, perhaps into the massive abdomen-like structure that had replaced my backside!

But, lost in the moment, I couldn't bring myself to worry. Besides, they were still present in my anatomy, somewhere. I could still feel them swelling with seed as I stroked myself closer and closer to completion.

The sounds of moaning brought my attention to see that Tobias had reached his own release. His inhuman member was spasming up and down, as though it was a loaded shotgun. The smell of sex and cum entered my nose as Tobias shot was seemed to be an impossible amount of semen onto the floor. Hand still dripping, he seemed undeterred as he stroked himself faster, trying to coax as much from his new penis as possible.

I should have been terrified. I should have tried to run away or fight. But I was just too horny. And I was already so close to cumming that I couldn't hold off even if I wanted to.

“AAGGAAAHGGHHH” I yelled as my new cock spasmed and I unleashed what felt like my entire testicular contents onto the floor. Never had I felt an orgasm last for so long or feel this good!

The siren words were playing in my head all the while, making it all the more pleasurable for me to release my load. As though watching us, the words echoing through the chamber started to change.

“Good, good, that's it. No more human seed for you.”

Eventually, I started panting, my balls evidently empty from the intense orgasm. I looked up into the flushed face of my companion, who clearly had the same expression. It was one of release, but also that of shame and embarrassment.

“W-what did we just do?” Tobias asked, making me instantly embarrassed. I'd needed it so bad at the time, but now...

“Oh my gosh! Your sides!” Tobias yelled out suddenly, and I was immediately drawn to the red welts from earlier. As I reached out to touch them, however, something thick and pointed met my grasp. I shouted from shock before looking to see they were expanding before my eyes, in a similar manner to the thing on my ass.

“No, no, no, no!” Tobias yelled, reaching down to rub a similar set of welts on his own chest. The skin was extending, pressing outward from a red lump that appeared darker the more it extended. Pushing straight out of his body, they seemed to be over two inches now and still growing. Yet, the tapered points were what had me concerned. I was not expecting to see their

ends move! Each formed a joint right above where the point melded into the rest of the limb. It seemed like it was a wrist of its own as it started to flex back and forth.

I stared, transfixed by the sight of what looked like legs continuing to burst from his body. They were wriggling now, forming more segments as they continued to stretch and thicken before my eyes. They were nearly the size of his arms, though horrid and black in comparison.

It was then the mental image hit me. The massive ass, the extra arms, the hard, black skin, and the hair covering it. It looked too much like attributes you would see on some kind of bug. Were we being turned into giant bugs?

I hardly had the wherewithal to protest our evident fates as my own growths sprang forth with a vengeance. It didn't hurt, thankfully. It created a series of pins and needles and major discomfort, but it didn't *hurt*, which I suppose was only a small blessing in the grand scheme of things. But the simple fact I could feel them growing out of me was enough to leave me stunned and panicked.

Soon, they were over two feet long and continued to grow, nearly to the size of my own arms and as stiff as boards. I knew that was soon to change as a light crack echoed in the room and the tapered tips started to pop and rotate of their own accord. I couldn't feel it; evidently, whatever nerves necessary were absent. But the new meat and muscle that now comprised them seemed to be able to make the damn things move as they explored the range that my new joints were giving them. It was powerfully disconcerting. I nearly threw up right there!

A series of soft *pops* echoed from the skin as the new limbs started to add additional joints that began rotating as though joyful for the new experience. There were seven in all, allowing the arachnoid-like limbs an incredible range of motion. I might have been fascinated if they hadn't now been a part of me!

By the time I was done, I was gifted with a second set of arms, looking much more in place on a spider or cockroach than anything a human should sport. The skin seamlessly translated from its pale human on my chest to the horrific black on the limbs, their flesh harder than anything on my body should be. The tips were tapered and pointed, but if I looked closely, the ends were tipped with what looked like dozens of tiny suckers, likely to keep me stable when I... skittered...
Fuck!

The reality of what was happening began to sink in. We would not be human anymore if the changes kept up like this. I would be a bug, either something on earth I was unaware of, some horrific hybrid, or something from somewhere... else. At the moment, I didn't care. I didn't want to be some kind of giant goddamn bug!

“Fuck... Not this... Why...” Tobias moaned, struggling and crying from the changes overcoming his body. I wanted to weep too, though even as I struggled, I couldn't quite form any tears. It was like something out of a nightmare!

“Just let the changes happen... You're coming along so beautifully... You both look so handsome, becoming bugs... You'll like being a bug... You'll make excellent members of the hive...” came the voice on the speaker, with that same hypnotic tone as before.

“Fuck you! I'm not some goddamn bug!” I yelled, startling even myself. But, I was determined to hold onto my anger. It was all I had at the moment!

The voice did not respond to me, at least not directly. Yet, as the swirling lights continued to play over our senses, it soon became clear what its intention was.

“Yes, just let yourself be bugs... Good members of the hive... It feels good, doesn't it... Let yourself change... Enjoy your new bodies... Just being bugs...”

“Those new senses... It feels good to be bugs... Explore your new selves...”

The voice continued to replay over and over, the hypnotic null making it hard to focus on anything else. I tried to close my eyes and cover my ears, the only way I could think of to even begin to drown out the monotonous tone. It was maddening!

“Tobias, don't listen!” I yelled, trying to make my voice heard over the cacophony. It gave me just enough focus to keep my sanity by calling out to my buddy. I couldn't yell loud enough to drown the voice out, but didn't I have to try?

Yet, the more I forced my eyes closed, the more it became harder to do so. It was like my lids were slowly peeling back against my will. I tried desperately to keep them closed, to retain what little obliviousness I had to the outside world.

But the pain from keeping them closed was soon too much to bear. Suddenly, my eyes were forced open, as though the lids were no longer there. I tried to shut them once more, but the muscle didn't respond to me. I couldn't close my eyelids anymore simply because I didn't have them. My eyes were wide open in a permanent stare, just like a bug!

The world that greeted my eyes was not the same one that I'd been viewing just moments ago. The colors were far too bright, their spectrum all over the place from what I recalled. My vision was almost gone! And I was letting it happen!

My new friend was almost impossible to make out. I was thankful for that. It was bad enough to see my co-captive going through the change, but to know that I was undergoing the same process was maddening! Ignorance was indeed bliss as long as it lasted!

Soon the blurred, far too bright images before me started to shatter, as though I was looking at them through a series of lenses. It started as a split in four, but, soon, the lenses continued to splinter around me, fracturing into fractals that seemed to go on forever. It was impossible to comprehend the sheer number of pictures that my world was now composed of!

The fractured images would have made my human head dizzy. Yet, the images started to make more sense the more I stared at them. Each of the thousand points of view was slightly different, allowing me a level of detail of each individual section that was beyond my human understanding.

It was more intense than simply allowing thousands of levels of focus. A hazy fog seemed to hang in the air around Tobias, one that I recalled could have correlated with where he had moved from before. It was like a heat trail of sorts that was visible in the air around him. I could see into the spectrum far beyond the ability of my human eyes, and the information it gave me was almost fascinating!

It seemed impossible that I was actually starting to enjoy the range of visual acuity I now possessed. My open eyes never tired. The colors swirling from the hypnotic maze were more intense in a measure of thousands from what the human me had perceived. It was impossible not to get caught up in the beauty that was presented before me!

I struggled with the alien thoughts, not wanting to become enveloped in them lest I changed faster. I had to fight! Yet, my efforts seemed to be fruitless. Trying to resist was akin to torture. I couldn't want my eyes to be like this. I couldn't want to be a bug! No matter how much information my new eyes gave me...

Even with all the diversions, my eyes still honed in on the changes to both of our forms. My massive domes could see almost all around me, even as my body was writhing uncontrollably with change. The skin on my back was starting to split apart, more of those thick hairs poking up from the chitinous flesh. Each vibrated from the echoes of sound still droning from whatever speakers were. The level of vibration from my hair was so specific that I could still understand the words in a semblance of English. They were picking up the vibrations even more sharply than even my ears could!

“Yes, enjoy those new senses... You can see so much better, can’t you... Just like a bug... Just like a member of the hive...” The voice continued with that droning null making it so hard to focus. I wanted to fight but... fighting was hard. Listening to the words and enjoying the changes were far less frightening prospects...

I tried to shake my head to remove the intrusive words. Yet, I was still picking them up through both my human ears and the hairs that were continuing to pepper my body. There was no way to block out the sounds that continued to repeat themselves in my head. I couldn’t even close my eyes to brown out the swirling colors, now more intense with the level of visual acuity that I possessed.

I became momentarily distracted as something itched and tingled atop my head. Two alien growths erupted between the hairs that I could feel were falling from my scalp, soon replaced by that relentless chiton. Possessing the same number of articulated joints as my new pair of limbs, the new growths started to move rapidly this way and that, reacting to the echoes of vibration in tandem with all the hundreds of stiff hairs that I now possessed!

Stranger than that, however, were the other molecules that my antenna seemed to be plucking from the room. It was subtle, at first. But I soon realized that I could smell, sort of. At least, my brain interpreted what I was detecting as odors. It was more of a combined sense of taste, I realized. I could taste the sweat and fear in the air, as well as other molecules that made up my former human self and my buddy. The level of detail was astonishing!

At that moment, I didn’t even care that I was turning into a bug. I couldn’t want to be a bug, it was impossible. But I was so damn excited by how my senses were lighting up. It was absolute bliss to view the world as a bug. And the voice was permitting me, after all. I was a good bug, enjoying my new senses...

I was hardly aware when the words began to change, though their tone remained the same. “Yes, that’s it... You’re a good bug... You’ll soon be ready to join the hive... Just a few more changes to go, and then you’ll be a bug... You want to join the hive, don’t you...”

The words continued uninterrupted, their tones waving in my field of view as much as the swirling lights around the room. I knew instinctively that I had to fight, but... It was so much easier to give in, to allow myself to relax and enjoy my new senses...

Wriggling excitedly like a snake, I could now see that my tongue was starting to stretch long enough that I couldn’t keep it in my mouth even if I tried. It was being pulled outward, twisting this way and that as the muscle within became more flexible.

The sensation of dripping saliva as well as the sight of it swirling in front of my hundreds of eyes finally caught my attention. To my absolute horror, I could feel the tip of my tongue start to open, as though it was a mouth of its own. Thickening daggers started to tease through the circumference of the muscle as the entire organ opened all the way through with a hollow tube. Several protrusions started to poke through on either side, moving of their own accord. No longer recognizable as a tongue, it was like a new organ of its own, one likely made for eating in a very different way than my human self.

I struggled with straining instincts, horrified I possessed such an appendage now. I had to get away... change back... I couldn't have a tongue like that to eat with for the rest of my life... I couldn't be a bug...

So many of the anatomical structures once needed for my body were simply gone at this stage. I had no nose; the structure had flattened into my face as its passages closed off. I shouldn't have been able to breathe, but somehow, I could. It felt like air was being drawn into indents on my new legs, but I couldn't be certain. I hadn't even noticed it yet, but reaching up with my still-human hand, but I no longer had any ears. They were gone completely, hole and all.

I knew I should have been terrified. I should have been disgusted. But the voices in my head were continuing to drone on, telling me that I should enjoy being a bug. Sensing the world from a bug's point of view. That I was a bug. That I liked it. And how could I not...

I tried to shake my head then, realizing that the words were getting to me, and making me want this. I was changing onto a goddamn insect! I had compound eyes, extra arms, and a fucking abdomen. And I was being forced to love it...

Yet, my head couldn't even move, as though my neck was stiff and the joints to move it was gone. There was simply a thin space that was thickening as my head became attached to my body. It was like a fucking spider!

More of the grotesque insectoid hairs continued to pepper my former scalp. They were preceded by a layer of hard skin that removed the pinkish shade of my own. It was a stiff material, only made motile by the different layers that spread over each other. Many of them had minute holes, nearly invisible had I not had the visual acuity of the bug that I was becoming. Were they through how I was breathing?

"Yes, let yourself change... Just be a bug... It feels good, doesn't it... Yes... Explore yourself... Explore your friend..." said the voice, droning on as my changes continue to overtake me.

The words played over my mind like a mantra, making me more and more susceptible to the changes I was going through. I was no longer afraid of the being I was becoming. I was fighting it simply out of stubbornness at this point. And even that level of resistance was starting to wane...

Tobias was in the same state of change as I was. His head no longer looked human, like mine. His proboscis was swirling around eagerly, tasting the air in tandem with his waving antenna. I was sure he could see me as well as I could him. We almost looked funny with mostly human torsos, hands and legs, and insectoid ends and fronts.

The more I changed, the more that I wanted to become a bug. The more I wanted to give in to the voice on repeat and the swirling colors that left me in a hypnotic trance. I wanted to be a bug...I wanted to join the hive... whatever that entailed...

I tried to push through the fog that seemed to envelop my thoughts. I was human, damnit! Yet, it felt almost like a dream I had once had. I was a bug now, I always had been. Right? It was so hard to think...

I hardly noticed it at first, but soon I realized that Tobias's cock was erect once more. It seemed to be rotating back to where I knew where his anus was. I suddenly felt my own cock come to life, moving towards the end of my abdomen as though on a slider, clenching up and down as it did so. The minute the flesh touched the former area of my ass, it seemed to sink inside, like a lock and key. My genitals were to become part of my rectum, it seemed!

Yet the pleasure I felt in my phallus quickly erased any disgust I have harbored from the realization. It started pumping back and forth, the interlocking segments spasming of their own accord. I wanted to touch myself, but there was no way to reach with my ass and cock so far away. Worse, I couldn't bend my torso and abdomen in any meaningful way in order to achieve that goal. It was maddening!

The pheromones wafting onto my antenna signaled something alluring in the air, coming from the direction of my buddy. I could still see his cock shooting up and down in its own desperate bid to reach orgasm. He was in the same state as I was, unable to touch himself and looking as helpless as I.

The scent that made my own cock jerk frantically was clearly coming off his backend. I didn't know why it was so arousing, but my antenna seemed eager for more as they waved frantically in the air. Already on my hands and knees, I started to move towards it, vibrating frantically from desperation. The fact that it was another male I was moving towards meant nothing as I honed in on my goal with reckless abandon.

I wasn't sure how I knew what it was I was doing. The instincts were strong in my mind by this point as I continued to change. My fingers felt sticky, as though they were releasing some kind of resin that held them together. A series of wet cracks along their surface signaled that they were turning into limbs akin to my middle ones, but I didn't care at the moment. It would only serve to make it easier to move!

So horny at present, I was hardly aware that the words around me had started to change. "Yes, that's it... So horny... Such a horny bug... Such a tight penis... Full of seed... You need to mate... For the hive... Help extend the hive... Just breed your mate... Be a good bug.... For the hive..."

More than happy to oblige the voice now, I continued crawling towards Tobias, who had turned around with his abdomen on display. I'd never had any inkling towards males before, but something in the pheromones wafting off his form told me he was more than just male. The same smell was wafting off my own body. Were we both hermaphroditic beings? The notion didn't bother me as it should have. I was too horny to care!

The lights of resistance in my mind seemed to extinguish themselves bit by bit as the last vestiges of change swept over me. If it felt this good to be a bug, then... But I was already a bug... So was my mate... Needed to mate... To join the hive...

My fingers on both hands had fused together at this point, the black chiton having spread from the articulating joint attached to my bulbous body. My elbows and wrists comprised only two of the seven joints that now made up my former human arms. The bones had already seemingly turned to mush, the chiton now used to protect my innards. The same sucker-like structures formed on the ends where my former fingertips once were. All the hair and nails and fingerprints were gone, unneeded for my new form.

My legs were undergoing a similar transition, cracking with soft wet pops in several places as my toes fused similarly to become the single clawed feet I would soon own. Thankfully, the process was painless as my entire leg snapped like a twig, turning towards an angle in line with the rest of my limbs. The sensation was strange, though not entirely unwelcoming as I felt my third pairs of limbs hit the floor.

My abdomen had been dragging on the floor as I crawled towards Tobias's rear. But, with the third pair of limbs to support me, I could easily lift it. Though the floor was not uncomfortable, it was still preferable to carry it by my own power, to show my pride for being a bug in the hive!

“Yes... That’s it... What a good bug... Mate... Continue the hive...” The voice commanded, and I diligently obeyed. Nothing else mattered but the bug before me, not my former humanity, not my resistance, nothing...

It was no effort for me to stretch my legs and crawl up over my mate’s body. My mate... Tobi... what was his name... Did it matter... He was mate... He was hive...No, *they*, I corrected myself. Gender was not a concept in the hive.

I couldn’t speak to them anymore. My tongue did not allow me to elicit any sounds of the sort. But I didn’t need such an ability in my new body. The odors our scent glands produced told me all I needed to know. My mate was willing, they needed to breed as much as I needed to breed with them. The segments at the end of their abdomen were held upward, waiting to be taken and bred. Their own penis was on full display, but there was a hole behind it, one that seemed to ache and pulsate with need. That was where I was to find my mark.

My body lowered itself easily of its own accord as I felt the tip of my cock plunge into their depths. It was a sublime sensation to mate in such a fashion, sending waves of pleasure over my form as I did so. My cock dove into and out like a jackhammer, hitting their soft inners and eliciting a trembling of vibrations that I knew were a similar ecstasy. They were enjoying this as much as I was!

“That’s it... Join the hive... Be a good bug... Mate... Breed...”

I no longer needed the words to encourage me to plunge my cock in and out of my mate like a drill. The various segments of my penis were in ecstasy, being rubbed together as they worked up and down.

The only thing that distracted me was an ache in my backside, right under my phallus, where I knew I must have been stimulating my mate. I knew deep down that I would need to assume the other position soon. But now, it was time to release my seed inside them...

Nothing in my former life could compare with the ecstasy of unleashing torrents of my reproductive juices into my mate’s hole. My phallus spasmed harder than I thought possible as my fluids flowed freely. I was pumping them full of my virile seed, making sure their eggs were fully fertilized. Just as they would make sure mine would be...

The actual mating act took very little time, but to me, it lasted an eternity. I only dismounted when it felt like my entire reservoir of semen had been drained into my mate. But, I knew it would not take long for me to refill my internal reserves. I would need to breed with all of my new hive-mates, after all!

“Yes... Keep mating... Be good bugs... Serve the hive and lay eggs... Mate with each other... Then join the hive...”

I found I could still think in human terms, but those thoughts were getting distant. It was more akin to a dream that I had once experienced, long ago. I had been human once, and it had mattered to me then. But now I was a bug, a member of the hive. It was my duty to mate and lay eggs with all of my hive mates. And I would do so joyously.

I tensed as my hive-mate climbed on top of me, thrusting his segmented phallus up and down for my genital pore. The pleasure of being penetrated forcefully was far different than being the one on top. But it was no less sublime and filled me with just as much purpose. My own phallus was still out, receiving the same external stimulation as it had while I was the one on top. A mirror experience, cementing the duality of the creatures we had become.

My torso was already starting to swell from growth as my internal organs reorientated or dissolved. I knew I didn't have a heart, lungs, or stomach anymore. My internal physiology was much simpler, fluids running through a circular system that served all of those functions. My torso expanded somewhat, rounded and compact, and nearly seamlessly joined into my head. The thick chitin replaced any need for bones and was peppered with the same thick hairs that allowed me so much awareness of the world.

At last, my hive mate blew their life-giving seed inside me and dismounted, both of our phallus's contracting back into our bodies. My sex felt warm and full, leaving me content in a way that I had never known, but in a way that I felt was the norm for my form. It was hard to imagine any life other than being a bug, serving the hive as I laid my...

Pressure started building up in my genital pore, making my backside quiver in anticipation of what was to come. Several segments at the very end detached and lowered towards the floor, pulsating as though preparing for something. I could tell that my hive-mate was doing the same, getting ready to expel...

“Yes, lay your eggs... Serve the hive... Be good bugs... Join the hive...Spread your spawn...”

The pulsating pleasure was like nothing I could have prepared myself for as my abdomen pumped out a rounded, gooey egg that sat gently on the floor. Quivering and vibrating, it was soon joined by another, each one filling me with a sense of satisfaction that was beyond my understanding. Soon, three, four, five, then more were laid by my gyrating abdomen, each giving me waves of orgasm at a level that only left me needing more.

As though a final bit of change, extra, thickening hairs started sprouting from my back legs. Feeling the last of my gooey eggs ejecting from my backside, I lowered myself, backing up as they started to collect on the bristles. Soon, I could see that each had become attached there, protected by my underside until I rubbed them in suitable soil, making them weight enough that they would fall off and collect in the nest that I would dig.

The instinct to nest was overwhelming as I skittered around the room, my hive-mate doing the same thing as they collected their own brood. But beyond this space, there was nothing. No soil, not warmth, no hive...

“There you good... Collect your brood... Join the hive...” The voice repeated, though I needed no encouragement at this stage. I was happy with the knowledge that I was a bug and that the hive was close. But, were they? I couldn’t sense their presence in this confined space. It was maddening!

My hair bristled at the sound of a door opening, and I was immediately assaulted with the thing that had been missing ever since my conversation was complete. The pheromones that washed over me were almost overwhelming. I could taste the presence of more than several dozens of my kin beyond that door.

I skittered eagerly towards it, wanting nothing more than to see my hive. For that’s what they were, dozens more like me, each with whom I would mate with and have mate me in turn. Each who I would lay eggs with to ensure the maximum genetic diversity for future generations. This was the hive I had been compelled to join ever since the process began. I was home.

The scientist looked on at the colony he had created, seeing the two newest insects had joined with relatively little issue. Within twenty minutes or so, they were mating with the other members of the colony, laying more eggs and acclimating with their thirty or so new hive-mates.

The species was like nothing on earth. It could live in most climates but seemed to prefer arid, sandy wastelands. Perhaps it came from mars, but there was no way to be certain. The DNA had come from a meteor, so it was hard to trace the exact planet of origin. Perhaps one day, when mankind had traveled the stars.

But that might not be necessary if his true plans came to fruition. The species that he had turned his subjects into had extremely durable bodies. Even bullets did not penetrate the hard shells they had acquired. They could live on essential nothing, using even converted dirt and detritus as fuel

to further their efforts. The only reason for delaying their propagation was the limited space they had and the reluctance to allow them to expand beyond the confines of the research facility!

For the most part, all they did while not sleeping or eating was to mate with one another. None seemed to have any preference for particular mates; all the colonists mated with each other randomly and frequently. Of course, eggs came from this union, but most were collected and put into storage before they could come to term. The doctor always wondered if this was why they were compelled to lay so many, but it did not seem to have an adverse effect on their health, so he had the practice continue.

Changing one into a bug, as they were referred to by the team, was an easy endeavor. One egg carried enough DNA to make an entirely new bug from a human being, one genetically distinct from others in the hive. To break it down into a gaseous form was the best way to begin the transformation, though other methods could work as well. The DNA seemed to mingle with only an intelligent organism, working only on apes and humans as best as they could tell. Though, apes often went mad and injured themselves beyond repair. Therefore, human subjects were best.

Earlier trials had shown some resistance to the new form, so the hypnotic method was soon employed to prevent self-destructive events from harming any of the subjects. It seemed to work well enough until the instincts to mate developed. Hypnotized individuals also seemed to integrate into the collective much better, making the process favorable. They were still in the earlier stage of testing, after all. It was why so many subjects were needed!

To his surprise, the beings that became of the former humans were relatively intelligent, having IQs and problem-solving skills that even surpassed regular humans in some instances. But, other than the trials that were put before them, they seemed to have little interest in anything of the sort. For the most part, they were content to rest and eat and mate, having no cares beyond that.

Thousands of eggs remained in cryo storage, all laid by the bugs in the habitat. Some were allowed to come to term, becoming self-independent minute versions of the adults. None had reached maturity in the time since the project had begun. Still, they were allowed to stay in the habitat, eating and existing with the adults that had been changed from former humans.

The doctor looked back at the habitat, sighing. What he wouldn't give to be out there among them. One of the hive, intelligent, but only driven to mate and feed and propagate the species. What pleasure they must all feel! He would be there soon enough, once his plans came to fruition. As would the rest of the human race, consenting or no.

An entire world, together as one being. A collective mind, mating together, and living on the bare minimum of resources while the planet recovered. More than 7 billion new members and

there would be unity among humanity for the first and final time in its history... Someday soon, all would join the hive...