

"Life Cycle"
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Teo had not expected to wake up in a dungeon that morning.

Well, it wasn't a dungeon, precisely. It was his own home; he at least knew that much. The surroundings should have been a relief, he supposed; better his home than an actual dungeon.

He definitely hadn't expected to wake up in his basement, though.

Something wasn't right. Something made his surroundings much less comfortable than they should have been. There was the confusion at his being there, of course, but there was also something more than that.

From what little he could see from his position, the rest of basement looked the same as it always had. The room remained plain, but functional, with its usual painted concrete floor. The walls held various tools, useless presents no one had been willing to throw away, and just enough light to see them all. For the most part, everything was normal.

The restraining table was new, though.

He was on his back. His hands were near his head, such that he could just barely scratch an itch on his cheek, but only if he stretched his fingers out. He was otherwise unable to move; straps bound his ankles, wrists, waist, neck, just below his knees and elbows, and at three points along his tail. The surface itself was soft, padded, and suspiciously large for just one person, more a firm bed with straps in the middle than a table.

He was also naked. Sleeping without clothing was normal for him, admittedly, but not while strapped to a table in his basement. At least the room was warm, though. Without the ability to move or get up, he'd have been in trouble if he had needed a blanket.

He had no recollection of ... anything, really. He didn't know who had tied him up, why, or how. Without his memory, he had to rely on logic. He was in his own house, which narrowed down the list of suspects. The only other person who lived there was his sister, and she—

"Oh, are you awake?"

A voice. He knew that voice.

His sister, Sara, walked down the stairs and entered the room. He briefly hoped for rescue, but that hope died as soon as he saw her. She strolled in with no sense of urgency whatsoever. Whatever attacker had done this to him, it was apparently no concern of hers. She even wore an amused grin, and paced a slow and calm circle around the table. His predicament entertained her.

Was it his state of dress? He wasn't used to exposing himself in front of her; she was his sister, after all. He reflexively tried to cover himself, but he still couldn't move. He changed his mind about not needing covers, but it was too late.

She looked. She saw everything. She even held her gaze, and he could do nothing to make her turn away. Her eyes absorbed her brother's every anatomical detail, and he could only offer a powerless, humiliated squeak in return.

Was she responsible for this? The thought shocked him. They had always gotten along well, and he considered her his friend as well as his sister. They had been sharing their house, happily, for years. Either her actions were part of some sort of grandiose prank, or they were an outright betrayal. Why, though? After all they had been through, what cause would she have to turn on him?

"You look confused," she said. "Not to mention in a bit of a bind." There was that grin again. "Rough night?"

He blinked. Had it been? He had no way of knowing, which itself puzzled him. Why couldn't he remember anything? It was the sort of situation one normally encountered after excessive partying, but that couldn't have been it. He didn't have a headache, or any other physical symptoms. Furthermore, he didn't drink.

"I ... I don't—"

"No, of course you wouldn't remember." She shook her head. "Poor thing. Are you scared?"

He quirked a brow. "Should I be?"

"Of course not, sweetie. You know your dear sister will always look out for you."

Her words bore an almost musical tone, far too saccharine to be appropriate, like a cup of tea made with too much honey. 'Sweetie?' He pressed against the table, as if attempting futilely to back away, but his bonds were stronger than he was. She noticed his reaction, and grinned again. The off-putting effect had been deliberate, then. Was she teasing him?

"So, um, do you think you could let me up?" he asked. "Or at least get me some clothes, or a blanket? Or tell me what happened, and why—"

"Shh." She walked around the table again, and stopped behind his head. She ran her hand along his hair and head fur, and he gave an uncomfortable whimper. Her gesture was too sensual to be a common head-ruffle, but not so blatant that she couldn't deny it if questioned. "In due time."

The more she prolonged his capture, the more exposed he felt. This had gone on quite long enough, he thought, and she really should be letting him up. She would eventually let him up, wouldn't she? How much more fun was she going to have at his expense? How much longer would he remain there, helpless, and unwillingly offer his naked body to his own sister's curious gaze?

The most alarming part about his predicament, though, was the effect it had on him. Even with his fur masking the blush, he could feel the heat in his own face. He tried closing his eyes, but he could still hear her, and he knew she was still there. Still watching. He had never felt more awkward or vulnerable, and yet....

It wasn't as though she had uncovered some secret exhibitionist streak, or that he had wanted to display himself so openly. She hadn't, and he hadn't. The sensation was intensely humiliating. He could feel the awkwardness in the very air around him, and it made his throat tighten.

However, uncomfortable as he was, the sensation also touched on something else inside him. Something deeper. Something that, against all logic and reason, existed at his very core.

Lust.

He didn't understand what was happening, or why, but the effect was impossible to deny. Some sort of glitch or crossed wires in his brain? The result of being naked in front of a reasonably attractive woman, even if that woman was his sister? The heat from his blush somehow transitioning to heat elsewhere? Some sort of humiliation fetish, of which he had previously been unaware?

Whatever the cause, his body reacted before his conscious mind could. Before he had even realized what was happening, his loins started to stir. This only intensified the awkwardness; having her see him naked was one thing, but having her see him naked and erect was quite another.

It was suspiciously easy for him to lose himself in his panic. It was humiliating, powerfully so, and a part of him wanted to let that power consume him. Why, though? Having her view him in such a state was embarrassing, yes, but it shouldn't have quickened his pulse as much as it had. His subconscious mind was overhyping the dilemma. There had to have been more to it than the situation itself.

Once the process had started, he found it impossible to control or stop. Whatever strange power his humiliation held over his other urges, it also drew from the reaction it had caused in him. He eventually fell into a sort of cycle, deeply embarrassed by his arousal, but just as deeply aroused by his embarrassment.

"Y-you really should let me up, now," he said. His voice was quiet, almost inaudible. He couldn't think clearly at all, let alone remain articulate. That wasn't important at that moment, though; he could decipher his confusing feelings later. The first step was to get out of that situation, get away from Sara, and get dressed, before his penis could lead him into any more trouble.

"In due time," she said.

He whimpered. "But, why? I still don't know what hap—"

"Shh."

She took one of his ears in her hand, in a gentle hold. He gasped. He had always been vulnerable to physical affection, and had long since earned a reputation for it. He seemingly would melt whenever anyone so much as bumped into him. His ears were a particularly potent weakness, though, and she apparently knew it.

"You want answers, then?" she asked.

Before he could answer, she started to rub. She held the sensitive rodent ear between two fingers and a thumb, and she slowly and gently rolled its flesh between them. He instantly shut his eyes, and gasped. He tried not to moan, but maintaining his composure proved difficult.

"Well, all right," she added, and mercifully let go of his ear.

She walked, but only for a few steps. She then quickly stopped again, just as soon as she stood over....

Oh, no.

Just as he feared, she stood directly over his erection. Just as he feared, she looked at it with an inquisitive head-tilt, as if studying his anatomy. Just as he feared, the attention failed to deter his awkward arousal at all.

"What's this?" she asked, as if weren't obvious to both of them. She just wanted to call his attention to it. She just wanted him to know that she knew.

Then, once he started to doubt the situation could get any less comfortable, she groped his erection with one hand.

He cried out, but not from pain; the feeling of her hand on his shaft was intensely pleasurable, just as he would have expected. If anything, his reaction was a release, a catharsis. Nervousness had been building ever since she had entered the room, and the touch provided a catalyst and a channel for it, like a superheated liquid finally allowed to boil. The effect was so powerful, it was a small wonder it hadn't induced an immediate orgasm.

Actually, no, he obviously wouldn't have climaxed; she had barely touched him. He was sensitive, yes, but he had never suffered from any sort of premature release issues. Still, in his already overwhelmed state, he doubted that anything else she did, or any effect it had on him, could surprise him anymore.

She pulled her hand down, working to expose his glans. He happened to have an overabundance of foreskin, and thus bore a drooping overhang past his tip, even when he was fully erect. However, if he had hoped to keep that part of him covered, then her efforts quickly dashed that hope; nothing could remain hidden underneath her careful scrutiny. She rolled the skin down, bunching it near the base of his shaft, until she exposed her prize.

With a soft "ah," she drew closer toward the lavender-colored glans. Her muzzle was dangerously close to his freshly uncovered tip, so much so that he could feel her breath on him.

"Yes, this will work nicely," she said.

Her tone was calm, in contrast to his frantic whimpering. He still couldn't get used to her hand on his shaft, let alone the cool basement air on its exposed head. He clenched his jaws, panted, and even squirmed against his bonds, and she dismissively ignored his struggling. She handled and inspected him almost casually, as if nothing was wrong with the situation. As if tying up and molesting him were somehow perfectly normal.

She then stopped again. She let go of his shaft, and the skin quickly returned to its position over the head. She took a step back.

He grunted, but he wasn't sure why. Relief? Disappointment? Both?

Any impression that she might have been done with him, though, died as soon as she started to remove her clothing.

Her shirt was the first to go. She pulled it over her head and unceremoniously tossed it aside, revealing her bare chest. She had no bra, as she had never been busty enough to need one; even as an adult, her chest was as flat as his was. Still, it was a something he ordinarily did not experience. It was a part of his sister's body he normally would not, should not see.

She was topless, but she didn't give him very long to process that realization; she apparently wasn't done yet. She unzipped her shorts, hooked her thumbs underneath her waistband, and pulled down, removing her shorts and underwear in one single motion. She stepped out of them, and tossed them vaguely toward her discarded shirt.

With that, she was suddenly just as naked as he was. He wasn't sure whether that made him feel better about his predicament, or worse.

She did not appear to share his hesitancy or his concerns. Instead, she welcomed her brother's dumbfounded gaze. She even smiled, brought a hand downward, and rubbed herself just above her entrance, deliberately drawing attention to it.

Not that she had needed to advertise that region, of course; even if the twisted allure of such a rare, forbidden sight hadn't been enough to captivate him, her clitoris made it impossible for him to look away. It was easily as large as the tip of her thumb, even in that state, and it had the potential to grow even bigger with further arousal. Its size instantly commanded his full attention.

"S-Sara?" he asked.

She tilted her head, as if she couldn't understand his alarm. "Yes?"

"Um...." He blinked. He somehow hadn't expected her to prompt him, and he found himself at a sudden loss for words. Seeing her didn't make it any easier for him to concentrate, either. "What are you doing?" he finally managed.

She beamed. "Watch."

Before her brother's quickly widening eyes, a small, elongated creature started to emerge from her vagina. It was long but thin, like a narrow finger, and lavender in color. Its body resembled that of a snake or eel, but if it had a head or facial features, it disguised them too well for him to see them. Some sort of worm, perhaps? It wasn't like any worm he had ever seen, though.

He almost thought that she had spontaneously grown a penis; with the creature only half-emerging from her, its appearance suggested a tapered, fluid, wriggling shaft, like the flexible organ of a sea mammal. Impossible? Perhaps, but it still wasn't any harder to believe than the alternative, that his sister was harboring ... things in her womb.

The shaft couldn't be hers, though. The wormlike creature squirmed too much. Not even a fully prehensile penis would wriggle like that. It moved entirely of its own accord. It was alive.

Suddenly, he changed his mind about whether she could still surprise him.

He squeezed his eyes shut, tightly, and breathed through clenched jaws. Perhaps if he rejected the situation strongly enough, he would wake up. That was the truth behind his predicament, wasn't it? He was dreaming. He had to be. He couldn't move because of sleep paralysis, he guessed, and he was naked because he was always naked in his own bed. The idea that his subconscious would conjure up a basement dungeon, vaginal worms, and his own sister was certainly bizarre, but at least none of it was real. It was all just a dream. Right?

No. He opened his eyes again, and she and her lavender guest were both still there.

"It's a little much to take in all at once, I know," she said. "Here, maybe this will help."

She moved a hand down to the worm, or whatever it was, and gave it one slow stroke. It secreted a gel-like substance, the same color as itself, and she collected some on her fingertips. She then reached toward her brother, and smeared the gel directly over his nose.

He yelped. He threw himself against his bonds in a valiant, but ultimately unsuccessful attempt to move. "S-Sara! What are...?"

She didn't have to silence him; whatever she had applied to him did that for her. Its scent was strangely alluring, and impossible to escape. As soon as he took it in, all other thoughts in his mind derailed.

The scent was mostly sweet, but with a slight spiciness to it. He would have enjoyed it as a vaguely pleasant air freshener, perhaps. Something ran deeper than just that scent, though. Some sort of pheromone-induced effect? He couldn't consciously identify any specific factor, but he instantly felt its effect on him. It was captivating, and he wanted more.

The first breath he had taken had been a surprise to him. The second and third were mostly curiosities, futile attempts to identify the substance and its strange appeal. By the fourth, he had given up trying to understand, and simply accepted that he wanted it, whatever it was.

His eyes slowly drifted closed, and for the first time since he had initially awoken, he relaxed. Breathing in more of that substance became his only concern, to the point that he had forgotten his surprise over its origin. Where it had come from didn't matter. It was good. Everything was good.

He heard Sara first, before he bothered to open his eyes and see her victorious grin.

"That's right," she said. Her voice was quiet, and even though she still held him captive, there was a surprising amount of warmth to it. "Good girl." She drew out and accentuated the 'girl,' which surprised but also enticed him. Apparently, he liked when she called him that. How had she known about that weakness, when even he hadn't been aware of it? Still, however she did it, her voice and words forced a small pleased whine out of him.

The creature finally emerged from her. It was pencil-like in length as well as girth, and it bore the same bright, almost glowing lavender color all along its body. The slime Sara had applied to him also coated the creature, and it glistened even in the basement's dim light.

She caught it with one hand, and then quickly passed it to the other. Teo didn't have long to view her in a state resembling "normal," though; no sooner had the first creature left her than a second emerged. It slid what he assumed was roughly halfway out, and then stopped. It shifted and writhed to sense the air and room around it, just as the first had.

He took another few breaths. The mysterious scent was not only strangely relaxing, but also strangely arousing. A part of him knew that something was deeply wrong. Obviously, siblings were not supposed to make sexual advances toward one another, even in the most mundane circumstances. He imagined polite society would frown upon worm parasite infestations, as well. Therefore, he knew he should reject this. His reservations faced a losing battle, though. Every breath he took filled him with more of that scent, which only heightened the urge to submit to it. Every second he held out was a temporary victory, at best, and only made the following seconds even harder.

"Just relax," she said, in response to his confused whimper. "It's all right. Enjoy it."

She accentuated the command by placing her hand on his erection again. It had grown intense, almost to the point of aching, under her pheromone-assisted teasing. Even the slightest touch made him moan. She wasn't making it any easier for him ... unless she was. It depended, he supposed. Easier for him to what? He wasn't even sure what his goal was anymore, much less hers.

He felt a dull heat, and then a mild tingling on his shaft....

The slime.

She had coated her hand with it, probably when she had caught the emerging creature. She had then rubbed it on him with that grope. When she had placed some on his nose, the scent had been too distracting to notice the feel. With the application to his shaft, the sensation became much, much more

obvious. It was strange and wonderful, almost irresistibly so. She had to have known the effect it would have on him, and applied it to on purpose, like some sort of obscene alien massage oil.

He moaned. That sort of fondling would have been pleasurable enough under any circumstances, but with the bizarre enhancements she had provided, he found himself even more sensitive to her touch. Something in the slime? The more he breathed it, and the more she rubbed into him, the more it flooded his senses with pleasure, and the more he wanted to submit.

The chemicals were taking effect. He couldn't decide whether he wanted them to, but they were, regardless.

She continued to stroke him, but only for a few more moments. With how thoroughly she had enraptured him, it would have been laughably easy to bring him to climax, but she apparently wasn't finished with him yet. She wasn't about to let him off that easily.

Instead, she climbed up on the table. She straddled him, facing away. She placed her knees at his sides, around the area between his hips and his ribs. Her lower legs rested on top of his arms and extended upward, and her tail draped over his head.

He had a sudden, yet strong awareness of how distracting her position was. Her folds hovered just over him. Her giant clitoris was almost close enough to touch his muzzle, as was the wormlike intruder extending from her entrance. Her body blocked his view of almost everything else, and essentially forced him to take in the strange, forbidden, alarming, yet alluring sight of his sister.

He did have one alternative, but it was no less distracting. Her position had placed her feet very close to his head, so much so that they almost touched. He knew that she had undergone a lifetime of conditioning those feet, including deliberate barefoot exercise over rough terrain just to toughen them, and it showed. Her feet were clean and well groomed, but almost rock hard, even more so than what her rodent heritage would normally have suggested.

For as long as he could remember, her feet had always been a source of confusing thoughts for him. He had noticed and appreciated them before he had even understood why. Once he had learned what a fetish was, they became something he attempted futilely to ignore. Having an attraction to a family member wasn't right, after all. Once she had him on that table, though, every stray thought he had ever suppressed suddenly returned. Those armored soles were right there, right in front of his eyes. He could almost....

Actually, he could reach them with ease; even with his arms and wrists bound, her feet rested exactly where his hands were. Had she arranged that on purpose? He had wondered why she had strapped his hands by his cheeks, of all places. He supposed that he had found his answer. Exactly how much forethought had she put into this?

He had no escape. Physically, that had been true since he had woken up on the table, of course. However, he hadn't expected her to dominate his senses on top of that. Any attempt to resist would have required freeing himself from the distractions, and turning toward some neutral sight to help avoid thinking about sex. He tried, of course, but the feat quickly proved impossible. Closing his eyes only heightened his awareness of the gel, and the effects its scent and feel had on him. When he opened his eyes again, temptations assailed his view from all angles. He couldn't look away; there was no "away."

He couldn't see what she was doing, because he couldn't see anything except her groin and feet, but he could feel it. He felt her hand on his erection again, and he felt the substance her hand brought with it. Then, he felt the creature itself climb onto him.

Her hand was on the base of his shaft, but her intent wasn't merely to fondle him. No, she was holding his organ still so the worm could ascend it.

The creature inched its way along his shaft in a tight, curled pattern. As it slithered around and upward, it deposited a trail of that strangely arousing gel. Then, once it had climbed to the top of his erection, it started to writhe and feel around his glans, and it released some slime there as well.

He thought at first that its attention was random, and that it was simply wandering and leaving its secretions behind. However, he soon realized that it had other motives. It revealed them when it found the end of his overhanging covering, parted it, and started to work its way inside.

He grabbed her feet. Not out of lust, at least not at first, but because they were there. The worm had surprised him, and in his panic, he needed to hold something. Of course, once his hands found their targets, the lust then belatedly manifested itself. He had long admired the firm texture of her soles from afar, but only at that moment was he finally able to feel them. The opportunity beckoned to him, and urged his instinctive grabbing reflex to become something more.

His rational side tried to stop him, to list reasons why he shouldn't give in to such thoughts, but it had already lost that battle. Whatever rules had existed governing appropriate behavior between siblings, she had already broken them. Whatever reservations had prevented him from desiring her, the creatures' influence had erased them.

Well, no, that wasn't true. The situation was out of his control, but his thoughts were still his. The secretions augmented fetishes, but it didn't invent them. Bound and restrained, he was physically at his sister's mercy, but he still chose to like or dislike whatever happened to him. To claim otherwise would have been a poor excuse, and even in his current state, he couldn't blame alien mind control for something he had already wanted.

It did make it a lot easier to give in, though.

The first worm, the one on his penis, inserted itself into his foreskin. It coiled up around his glans, and the overhang then closed behind it. His covering thus housed the intruder as well as his tip, as if he were docking with it. He then felt its secretions along every part of his tip, from its topside to its underside, and even directly along the slit that denoted his urethral entrance.

The second creature, the one occupying Sara, started to recede. As it sank back into her depths, she moaned, clearly just as vulnerable to the induced pleasure as he was.

Then, he connected what he saw with what he felt. Seeing her worm reenter her, as his probed his penile slit....

Oh, God. It wasn't merely poking around. It was trying to crawl inside him, just as the second had crawled back inside her.

His eyes shot open in panic, but it was too late. He felt a pressure, then his slit parting, as the worm pushing against his urethral entrance finally broke in.

His entire body tensed, and he threw whatever feeble might he had against his bonds, but he was helpless. The straps held him with ease, and on top of those, his sister sat over him and pinned him. He couldn't even see the worm burrowing its way inside him, even if the feeling was unmistakable.

He screamed, loudly, though it was more from fear than from pain. There was a dread in his mind, not only of the thought of those creatures infesting him, but also of the physical process of it. Surely something swimming the wrong way up his shaft would hurt, would it not? There was a grim waiting, a fearful anticipation of the surely imminent pain, and that terror alone guided his reaction.

The creature moved again, and he squeezed Sara's feet. They were there, after all, and he needed to channel the tension. It didn't accomplish anything, but having something to hold did make him feel slightly better.

He eventually realized, much to his surprise, that the pain he had expected failed to manifest. He felt the creature move forward a third time, and then a fourth, and the feeling was unexpectedly benign. He had expected at least one of those movements to hurt, but none of them did.

If anything, the sensation reminded him of some experimentation he had once done, when he had toyed around with homemade, improvised sounding rods. He had never made it very far into that realm, as he couldn't afford the proper devices, and even he knew better than to take chances with cheap, breakable substitutes. Still, he remembered having enjoyed the attempt, as brief as it may have

been. It was an intriguing world to him. It had promised all sorts of pleasure, if only he could find a way in.

The wriggling intruder seemed to offer such a way.

Oh, it was the gel. Of course. That was why it felt so good. With how much it soothed and pleased him outside his shaft, releasing it directly inside him must have....

Another movement, another dab of gel, and he openly moaned.

The creature was making its way deeper, using its secretions as both a lubricant and an arousing distraction. The battlefield in his mind quickly changed fronts, and became the fear of the invader versus the pleasure it brought. Obviously, he shouldn't want any parasites inside him, and he didn't, but ... that feeling was everything he had ever wanted, wasn't it?

He squeezed again. The panic was gone, but in its place was confusion and awkward worry, the struggle to cope with liking something he knew he shouldn't. Touching his sister's feet only exacerbated his mixed-up thoughts, but he did it anyway.

His previous squeeze had mostly come from a need to hold on, but his current one hadn't. He turned his head as much as the straps would allow, and openly stared at one foot. He traced his thumb over the sole. The motion was exploratory, almost experimental. After secretly craving them for so long, he wanted to absorb their every visual and tactile detail.

She gave a low, but obviously happy groan at that. He smiled, and kept it up. If she liked it, then that put more of his ever-waning reservations at ease. He had always wanted to make her happy, of course, and that remained true even in such unusual circumstances.

As he continued to stare and rub, his erection throbbed, and that movement caused the partially inserted worm to stir. It managed to hold its position, and it rubbed almost lewdly against his urethral walls in its struggle.

He should have worried more. Something was crawling up inside him, after all. Something that had the tenacity and determination to resist, and even overpower his body's attempts to dislodge it. The thought of that invasion had made him scream just moments before, hadn't it? However, the gel had taken hold of his senses, and it kept him subdued. After he had absorbed enough of it, it simply felt too good to resist anymore.

"That's it," Sara said. He almost hadn't heard her over his own moan, but he was glad he had; her town was low, soft, and somehow even more soothing than the gel was. He wanted to melt into that voice. "This is nice, isn't it? You like this."

"Yes," he uttered, only half-consciously aware of what he had said.

"Good girl," she replied.

He whined, happily, and tried in vain to press his hips upward. He loved being a good girl.

"Feel that?" she asked. "It's about halfway in, now."

The creature shifted again. He still couldn't see it, but the visual didn't matter. All that mattered was the feeling of it gliding along his walls, deeper and deeper into him.

"You want this, don't you?" she asked. "You want it all the way."

"Yes...." He whined.

"Good girl. Relax. Let it take you."

He relaxed, as commanded, and the worm increased its speed. It was as if his acceptance had opened a barrier, and the worm had become freer to move as it pleased. Whether that was physically true, he didn't know, but he certainly felt its response to his silent assent either way.

Deeper, deeper it went, invading more and more of his passage, and coating more and more of his insides with its special lubricant. Each movement drew a louder moan than the one before did, and he no longer cared about its source. He no longer cared how much of it was from the gel, and how much was his own longing. He felt its head inside the root of his shaft, the point at which it joined the rest of his body. Then, he felt it move deeper, and cried out in ecstasy.

"Yes...!"

He felt the end of its tail writhing against his glans. It must have been almost fully inside, then. He panted, as another critical decision loomed over his head. Technically, the invasion was still reversible. He couldn't move and he highly doubted she would stop it, of course, but even just in non-practicable theory, the situation felt different before and after that line. So long as any part of it remained outside him, someone could still grab it, and stop it from moving further. Someone could still pull it out, after he had had his fun. As long as it didn't sink all the way inside—

It sunk all the way inside.

His urethral slit closed behind the invader, and he gasped. He whimpered, from fear and pleasure alike, as he felt it complete its descent. He felt its tail twitching around the root of his erection, then another movement, then nothing.

Wait. Nothing? The worm hadn't disappeared, had it?

No, that wasn't possible. It must have just receded into some deeper part of him, somewhere that he couldn't feel. If not, then perhaps it had changed tactics once it had fully entered him, from inducing pleasure to numbing him. If not that, either, then ... something. He wasn't exactly an expert in alien parasite biology.

He felt a dull, mild, perhaps even slightly pleasurable ache around his groin, like the pleasant soreness after particularly memorable sex, but even that was impossible to identify. He couldn't distinguish any specific part as being the source; it was the entire general area. That was all he felt. No other obvious signs of the intruder. His shaft was empty again, though not for the reason he had expected.

"How does that feel?" Sara asked. She heard his small, confused squeak, and she chuckled. "Oh, of course. You want another one, don't you?"

His eyes shot open. "U-um—"

"Don't worry. I won't hurt you. You made it through the hard part already, and you did fine."

She pulled away from him, and turned around. She remained on the table, but instead of sitting on her knees while straddling his chest, she sat on her haunches, off to the side. He now had a free view of his own erection, though there was no longer anything to see. Some leftover slime coated his shaft, and it was the only visible evidence that anything had happened; the worm had otherwise literally disappeared into him. To his right, she sat and faced him, smiling. Her feet were on the table, knees in front of her chest. She idly traced her fingers' claws along his knee.

"See? The tough part's over. That's it. Good girl...."

He whined, softly. Her voice was far too soothing, and it calmed him far more than it should have, given what she had just done to him.

She stroked his head with her foot. Her toe carefully traced along the area between his eyes, the ball of the foot gently pressed against his forehead, and finally, her entire sole glided over his hair. She repeated the motion several times, and he gave a pleased sigh at each repetition.

"This part is your reward," she said. "Your treat. You've been so good, that you get to be in control, now. Nothing happens unless you want it to."

To illustrate her point, she started to unfasten his straps, one at a time. Freedom! He needed wait only until she had let him go, and then—

"Of course," she said, with a malicious grin that instantly nullified the sweetness in her tone, "that means that if you want something, you'll have to ask for it."

He was oblivious enough not to notice the catch, at least for a moment. Why was she grinning like that? Wouldn't having control be a good thing for him?

Wait.

Oh.

Oh!

Oh, no.

Humiliation. She knew what he wanted, and she knew that he wanted it. This was merely a game, a way to rob him of his last remaining shreds of dignity. Being a prisoner to strange worm parasites, as well as his sister's incestuous affections, was one thing. Indulging in it of his own free will was quite another. There were no deep, dark cravings anymore; he had to bring them to the surface. He had to confess his perversions. He had to beg for them.

Even if she had only given him his own desires, he had at least still been able to play the victim, and pretend that situation had been out of his control. There was less shame in liking it if she had captured him, right? It wasn't his fault, at that point.

Giving control back to him only robbed him of his excuse. Untying him only made her victory more complete. He could walk away at any moment, but they both knew that he wouldn't. They both knew, but he had to say it.

His shaft twitched and flexed at nothing in particular. It was empty, and never before had he been more painfully aware of that fact. He used his newfound freedom to raise his hips slightly, and make a small thrust into thin air, as if he expected that to assuage the void. He knew it wouldn't, though. There was only one thing that would, and she had it.

"Please," he admitted, barely audible. "I ... I need more."

She smiled, and then, without warning, she rested her feet against his face. One sole covered his eyes like a blindfold, and the other covered his nose and muzzle tip. Her touch was just light enough to allow him to breathe, yet insistent enough that every breath carried her inescapable essence. She then groped his erection, which caused him to release a muffled moan against her foot.

She pressed, firmly, and pushed herself backward, until she had placed herself just above his knees. Had she just used him as a push-off point, just to scoot into position? There had to have been a more efficient way to do that, though he doubted efficiency was her goal with that maneuver.

She raised herself onto her knees and straddled him again, this time facing toward him. She pulled his foreskin down, and uncovered his glans. She then pointed it toward her entrance, and slowly started to descend.

There was parity between the two of them. It could have been because his glans was naturally small, at least when compared to his otherwise average-sized shaft. Alternatively, it could have been because her clitoris was so impressively large. Whatever the cause, though, the result was obvious: when she held the two erectile heads next to each other, they were almost the exact same size.

His sister was as big down there as he was. That thought should have been strange to him, but then again, a great many thoughts should have been strange to him. Instead, like everything else that had happened to him, he found it exotic and appealing.

Of course, his true prize was the worm that slowly emerged from her folds, as if summoned by her actions and his eagerness. His shaft pulsed, longingly.

"These creatures will corrupt you, you know," she said.

He whined, more from desire than from fear.

"You don't know what's happening to you," she added. "You don't know what they'll do to you. You just know that they're invading you. Infesting you. Making your body theirs."

The worm remained partially inside her, but drew close enough to him to rub his exposed glans, thus forming a bridge between the two of them. He moaned. She smiled, and let go of his shaft. His covering returned to its position, and the overhang enveloped the worm.

"Is that what you want?" She asked. "To belong to them? To let them claim you?"

"Yes...." He looked away. Even though she was every bit as impure as he was, and even though she was only teasing him to arouse him, he still couldn't bring his eyes to meet hers. The humiliation may have been a game, but it was a very effective one. "Please...."

He felt himself hoisted into the air, and he yipped from surprise. By the time he could assess what had happened, she was on her back, and he was on top of her. She must have grabbed him and rolled him over.

"Then accept it," she said, barely above a whisper. "Take your place as their host. Give yourself to them."

The worm connecting them had somehow held on, despite the jostling and rolling over, but it had not yet penetrated his slit. Perhaps he needed to be closer.

He guided his erection toward her entrance. Both of them were slick, due to the mixture of their arousal and the worms' secretions.

He pushed, not quite firmly enough to penetrate, but just enough to press against her. With both ends of the bridge touching, the siblings had completely covered and hidden the worm from view, but its presence remained unmistakable to both of them.

He was moments away from mating with his own sister, and from having another worm crawl inside his shaft. Both thoughts should have repelled him. Both thoughts instead made him throb in anticipation.

Then, the anticipation ended. In one simultaneous movement, he entered her as the worm entered him.

Both siblings gasped. The worm stretched out, and gifted more of its gel inside each of them. Both moaned.

Teo suddenly felt something else brushing against his tip. It couldn't have been that worm; it was already working its way inside him. Before he could identify the sensation, something ran over the topside of his glans, while something else brushed the bottom. Either the worm's bottom half had coiled around him, or—

Something brushed along the left side of his glans, something else tickled the right, and he distinctly felt at least two narrow-bodied heads at his tip, forcing their way inside his overhanging foreskin.

Oh, God, there was a whole swarm in there. How many of them was she harboring, exactly? He had no way of knowing, and that thought terrified, yet excited him.

"Go on," she whispered.

He swallowed. Proceeding struck him as dangerous and foolhardy, even if it was exhilarating. He was essentially approaching an entire alien parasite worm colony's nest, and sticking his penis directly into it. How would they respond? Would they reciprocate and attack it?

God, he hoped so.

"A-all right," he uttered. The last of his fleeting survival instinct yielded to his twisted urges, and he plunged forward. He buried himself as deep as he could, until his hips touched hers. He truly gave himself to the worms, in spirit as well as a particularly delicate portion of his body.

The worms quickly claimed their offering. They squeezed and caressed his shaft from all angles. The ones near his tip worked their way inside. The writhing surrounding him was enough to make him moan, even before they added their secretions. With those included, Sara cried out as well.

Everything that happened was silent and internal. There was no need for thrusting. In fact, Teo was afraid of injuring the worms if he tried, so he sunk in slowly and carefully and then held still. The siblings remained together, unmoving, as the chaotic mass assailed each of them from within.

Their breathing was ragged, their eyes closed. They embraced each other, in what was mostly an attempt to cling for dear life.

Since he wasn't thrusting, he instead moved a hand down between their bodies. He had to struggle to make room between their tight clinging, but he persisted, and his hand eventually reached her clitoris. He massaged it as gently as he could; even with how frantic both of them felt, his fingers still traced delicately around and occasionally over her hood. She gasped, and pulled him even closer.

Innumerable worms shifted from her body into his. Most entered individually, though the smaller ones squeezed in two or three at a time. No worm was as long as that first one had been, and few were any larger than his claw was, but they made up for their individual size with their sheer numbers. There were easily enough of them to stretch his passage to capacity, with even more behind them, waiting for their turns to invade him.

Then, finally, the stimulation became too much for both of them. Sara was the first to climax; his attention to her clitoris, along with the effects of the gel and the writhing inside her, easily carried her over her edge. She squeezed him hard enough to affect his breathing, and her grip was enough to pull fistfuls of his fur. Her inner walls responded, as well, and clamped down hard around his shaft.

He wasn't far behind her. The squeezing and pulling, the worms' secretions, and her sudden tightness were more than enough to induce his climax. He leaned forward and thrust, his only penile movement since he had first penetrated her, and....

Well, he expected to ejaculate, but nothing came out. Perhaps the worms were too effective at blocking his passage, or perhaps they were absorbing what he would have offered. Perhaps Sara wasn't the one who needed his seed.

No matter. All the sensations of his orgasm were still present. It was still a release, with or without the fluids. The waves of pleasure washed over his mind, flooded his senses, and removed every other distracting thought. All was bliss, and there was nothing else.

At least, not until he suddenly remembered everything.

The table. His waking there. The obviously preplanned setup with his sister.

Of course!

He had done this. He had done it to himself.

He had prepared everything, and willingly fallen asleep on the table the previous evening, fully aware that he would awake with no memory. It was not the first time he had made such an arrangement, either. Far from it, in fact. They used that table quite regularly.

"Ooh...." Sara stretched and sprawled beneath him. She still held him, but more gently; he was now her blanket. "That was good." She licked her lips. "How are you feeling?"

"Great." He pointed his ears forward, and smiled. "That may have been the best one, yet."

"You think so?"

He shifted his weight around, assessing himself. His entire lower region felt mildly distended and sore, but that was to be expected. It was a pleasant ache.

"Yeah." He smiled.

The worms had finished their descent down his shaft, and had disappeared deeper into his body. As always, they had each carried their eggs inside them, and he had helped fertilize them with his orgasm. He knew that the parent worms would quietly dissolve inside him, leaving nutrients for their eggs behind. Once they had developed, he would lay them inside Sara, who would then host the growing young. Finally, once they had matured, she would allow them to invade and impregnate him again. The infested siblings had repeated this cycle several times before, and each reiteration had only grown more rewarding with practice.

Teo and Sara had been in the worms' service for ages, and had long since established themselves as a reliable breeding pair. A closed loop such as theirs wouldn't spread the infestation, of course, but the worms didn't need to take over the world. So long as their goals were merely survival and reproduction, the siblings offered them guaranteed success. In exchange, the worms offered them pleasure beyond imagination.

The memory wipes were their newest experiment, and he had to say, they were a tremendous success. Teo could now freely preserve the novelty of his original corruption. They had kept his memories safely hidden away, allowed him to have his fun, and then returned them unharmed once he

had finished. His first taste of the infestation had been his most delectable, and with their assistance, he would always have it available to him. He could have as many first times as he wanted, forever.

The arrangement even allowed him to revisit his feelings for his sister, and re-explore the exotic and alluring incest taboo, despite their having been a couple for over a decade. That, too, was the parasites' gift to them.

"I'm glad," she said. "I suppose I need to plan my next turn, now, don't I?"

He laughed. "Well, the table is adjustable, and you don't have to do the memory wipe if you don't want. I know the first time angle is more my thing than yours. Anything you want, though, I'll set it up for you. Any position, any setting, any flavor, just let me know."

"I'll think about it." She placed her hand under his jaw, and ran her thumb over his cheek. He closed his eyes, and gave a happy sigh.

"Love you," he said.

"Love you, too."

The siblings kissed, and then finally climbed off the table and exited the room. They would need to shower, of course, and Teo would need to rest while the worms settled in him. Sara would have her turn, soon, and then Teo again. Life would go on for the pair, in its corrupted way, as it always had. So long as this was the siblings' reward, the swarm could continue to count on their loyal service for years, and generations, to come.