

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

Well, not a dungeon, precisely. It was his own home; he at least knew that much. He supposed that the surroundings should have been a relief; better his home than an actual dungeon, after all.

Teo hadn't expected to wake up in his basement, either.

Something wasn't right. Something made his surroundings much less comfortable than they should have been. Something more than just the confusion at his being there.

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 the heart to throw away, and just enough light to see them. For the most part, everything was normal.

The restraining table was new, though.

He was on his back, with his hands near his head, such that he could just barely scratch an itch on his cheek 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 table itself was padded, and he thought it was suspiciously large for just one person—more a firm bed with straps in the middle than a table—but he couldn't move enough to look around and confirm. He struggled against the bonds, but they were stronger than he was.

He was naked, too. Sleeping without clothing was normal for him, admittedly, but sleeping without clothing while strapped to a table in his basement definitely was not. At least the room was warm enough; 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 in his own basement, or why, or even how. Even with his memory failing, though, he knew logically that the only other person who lived there was his sister, and she—

"Oh, are you awake?"

A voice. He knew that voice.

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 walked with no sense of urgency whatsoever. She even had an amused grin, which she held as she 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 the room being warm enough not to need covers, but it was too late. She looked. She wouldn't stop looking, and he was powerless to prevent it. She absorbed her brother's every anatomical detail with her eyes, and he could do nothing but utter a humiliated squeak.

Had she done this? The very thought shocked him. They had always gotten along well, as siblings and as friends. They had even been living together, happily, for years. Either her actions were part of some sort of grandiose prank, or this was an outright betrayal. Why, though? What reason would she have to—

"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 he expected to happen after excessive partying, but that couldn't have been it. He didn't even 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 single cup of tea made with an entire gallon of honey. "Sweetie?" He pressed against the table, as if attempting futilely to back away. 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—"

She laughed. Cackled, even. He flattened himself against the table again.

"Oh, you poor, poor dear," she said. 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 obviously so. He knew what she had intended, but he couldn't prove it, and she could still deny it if asked. "In due time," she added.

The longer she prolonged his capture, the more exposed he felt. This had gone on quite long enough, he thought, and she really should let him up. She would eventually let him up, after she finished having her fun at his expense, wouldn't she? How much longer would he unwillingly have to offer every inch of his naked body to his own sister's curious gaze?

The worst 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 that she had touched on some secret exhibitionist streak in him, or that he had wanted to display himself so openly. She hadn't, and he hadn't. The sensation was purely 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, claimed him at his very core.

Lust.

He didn't understand what was happening, but the effect was impossible to deny. Some sort of glitch or crossed wires in his brain? The mixed signal of being naked in front of a reasonably attractive woman, even though 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, he found it disturbingly easy to get lost in the panic. It was powerfully humiliating, but it was powerful, and a part of him almost wanted to let it consume him. In truth, having her see him in such a state was embarrassing, but not the sort of thing that should have raised his heart rate as much as it had. For his subconscious mind to be playing up the dilemma as much as it was, and for it to force out the frightened whimpers he was emitting, there had to have been more to it than that.

His hesitancy caused his body to react before his conscious mind could, and before he even realized what was happening, his loins started to stir. This only intensified the awkwardness; having her see him naked was one thing, having her see him naked and erect quite another.

Once the process had started, though, 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 equally deeply aroused by his embarrassment.

"Y-you really should let me up, now," he said. His voice was quiet, almost inaudible. He could barely think straight, let alone remain articulate. He needed to escape, before his penis led him into any more trouble than it already had.

"In due time," she said.

He whimpered. "At least tell me 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 embarrassing moments of melting whenever anyone so much as bumped into him a certain way. His ears were a particularly potent weakness, and she apparently knew it.

"You want answers, then?" she asked.

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

"Well, all right," she added, mercifully distracting him before the sensations became too much.

She let go of his ear, and walked. He initially thought that she had started to circle around his table again, but she proved him wrong by just as quickly stopping again. She had only moved a few steps, just enough to place her 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 did not deter his awkward arousal at all.

Then, just as he started to suspect the situation couldn't get any less comfortable, she groped him with both hands.

He cried out, but not from pain; the feeling of her hand on his shaft was as intensely pleasurable as he would have expected. If anything, his reaction was a release, a catharsis. Nervousness and apprehension 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. That effect was powerful, it was a small wonder it hadn't come with an orgasm.

Actually, no, he obviously wouldn't have climaxed; she had barely touched him. He was sensitive, yes, but that didn't mean he had any sort of premature release issues.

Still, in his already overwhelmed state, he doubted anything she did or any effect it had could surprise him anymore.

She pulled down, working to expose his glans. He had been blessed with an overabundance of foreskin, so much that he normally bore a drooping overhang past his tip, even when fully erect. However, if he had hoped to keep at least that one small part of him covered, her efforts quickly proved him wrong; nothing could remain hidden underneath her careful scrutiny. She rolled the skin down in handfuls, 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 so close to his freshly uncovered tip that he could feel her breath on it.

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

Her tone was calm, in contrast to his frantic whimpering. He struggled to cope with the sensations, from her hands on his length to the cool basement air on its exposed head. He clenched his jaws and 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 her own brother was routine for her.

She then stopped again. She let go of his shaft skin, and it quickly returned to its original position. 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, of course, died as soon as she removed 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, a part of his sister's body he normally would not, should not be viewing.

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 fluid 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 it him feel better about his predicament and about being exposed to her, or worse.

She did not appear to share his hesitancy or his concerns. Instead, she welcomed her brother's dumbfounded gaze, as if it were perfectly natural. 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 easily made it impossible for him to look away. Easily as large as the tip of her thumb even in that state, with the potential to grow even bigger as she grew more aroused, it instantly commanded his full attention.

As a result, it took him much longer than it should have to notice the slight bulge in her belly, as if she had eaten recently, or were in a very early stage of pregnancy.

"S-Sara?" he asked.

She tilted her head, as if she saw no reason for his alarm. "Yes?"

"Um...." He blinked. He somehow wasn't expecting her to prompt him, and he found himself at a loss for words. The sight of her naked body didn't make it any easier for him to concentrate, of course. "What are you doing?" he finally managed.

"Oh, you'll see." She beamed.

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.

He almost thought that she had spontaneously grown a penis; with the creature half-emerging from, half-remaining inside her, the appearance suggested a tapered, fluid, wriggling shaft, like that of a sea mammal. It wasn't any harder to believe than the thought that his sister was harboring ... things in her womb, at least.

It couldn't be, though. The creature squirmed more than he would have expected from even a fully prehensile shaft under its owner's control. It wriggled entirely of its own accord. It was alive.

Suddenly, he regretted having thought that she couldn't surprise him anymore.

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, and he was naked because he was always naked in his own bed. The idea that his subconscious would fill his sister with worms and set her on him was bizarre, to say the least, but at least that was all it was. Right?

No. He opened his eyes again, and she and her lavender intruder 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 snake, 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, and 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. Placing the substance on his nose had made it impossible to avoid the strangely alluring scent, and as soon as he took it in, all other thoughts in his mind derailed.

The scent was a mostly sweet but with a slight spiciness to it, something he perhaps would have enjoyed as a vaguely pleasant alternative air freshener, but something ran deeper than that. A pheromone-induced effect, perhaps? He couldn't consciously identify any specific scent to it, 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 anything he could about the substance and its strange appeal. By the fourth, he had given up trying, and simply accepted that it was good, 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 own surprise over its origin. It didn't matter. It was good. Everything was good.

He heard Sara's voice first, before he bothered to open his eyes again 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 added. She drew out and accentuated the last word, in a soothing whisper. Her very voice itself forced a small pleased whine out of him, before he had even processed what she had actually said.

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

She caught it with one hand, and then quickly passed it to the other. Teo did not have long to view his sister 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, then remained in its position, shifting and writhing to sense the air and the room around it, just as the first had.

How many of them was she harboring, exactly? Was that why she bore that small bulge in her figure?

He took another deep breath, as contradicting thoughts raced through his head. The mysterious scent was not only deeply, almost unnaturally relaxing, but it also aroused him. A part of him knew that something was deeply wrong, that having a worm-infested sibling make sexual advances at him was not a common or accepted practice. His own reservations compelled him to resist, but they faced a losing battle. Every breath he took filled him with more of that scent, which only heightened the urge to submit to it. Every second he succeeded in holding out only made the next one even harder.

"Just relax," she said, in response to his confused whimper. "Enjoy it."

She accentuated the command by placing her hand on his erection once again. It had grown intense almost to the point of aching under her pheromone-assisted teasing, and 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 didn't know what his goal was anymore.

He felt a dull heat, and then a mild tingling on his shaft. The slime. She had coated her hand with it when she had caught the emerging creature, and then she had applied it to him with that grope. He hadn't noticed the feel of it when she had placed some on his nose, as the scent had been at the forefront of his mind, but it quickly became apparent after she had placed it on such a sensitive area. It was strange and wonderful, and he had little doubt in retrospect that she had coated her hand and rubbed it into his shaft on purpose, like some sort of obscene alien massage oil.

He moaned. That sort of heavy petting would have been pleasurable enough under any circumstances, but with the bizarre enhancements she had provided, he found himself especially sensitive to her touch. Something in the slime? The more he breathed it, and the more she rubbed into his shaft, the more it flooded his senses with pleasure, and with an increasingly irresistible urge to submit.

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

She stroked him, but only for a moment. With how thoroughly she had captivated him, it would have been laughably easy to bring him to climax, but she apparently wasn't finished with him yet.

Instead, she climbed up on the table. She straddled him, facing away. Her knees were at his sides, around the area between his hips and ribs, and her lower legs rested on top of his arms as they extended upward, toward his head. Her tail draped over his head, and he could see little else.

He had a sudden but keen awareness of how distracting her position was. Her folds hovered just over his face, with her giant clitoris and the wormlike intruder almost close enough to touch his muzzle. Her body blocked his view of almost everything else, almost forcing him to take in the strange, forbidden, alarming, yet alluring sight of his sister's occupied entrance.

He had one alternative, but it was no less distracting. The way she straddled and knelt over him left her feet so close to his head that they almost touched. She had undergone a lifetime of conditioning, including deliberate barefoot exercise over rough terrain, and it showed. Her feet were clean, well groomed, but almost rock hard, even tougher than what her rodent heritage would normally have explained.

Her feet had been a source of confusing thoughts for as long as he could remember. They were something he had noticed and appreciated before he had even understood why, and then they became something he attempted futilely to ignore after learning what a fetish was, and how having an attraction to a family member wasn't right. Once she had crossed that line for him, though, he found every stray thought he had ever repressed suddenly returning. Those well-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 the strap arrangement had placed 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, but he hadn't expected complete domination of his senses on top of that. Any attempt to resist would have required freeing himself from distractions, and turning toward some neutral sight to help him not think about sex, but that was no longer possible. Closing his eyes only heightened his awareness of the scent and feel of the gel on him, but when he opened them 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, but that was nothing compared to when he felt the creature itself on his shaft.

Her hand was on the base of his penis, but her intent wasn't merely to fondle it. No, she was holding it steady, so that the creature could ascend it.

The creature inched its way along his shaft in a tight spiral pattern, leaving a trail of that strangely arousing gel behind as it slithered around and upward. Once it had climbed his erection, it started to writhe and feel around his covered glans.

He thought at first that the affections were random, and that it was simply spreading more of its secretions into him. It certainly was accomplishing that, after all, and the effect on him was impossible

to deny. However, he realized that it had other motives when it found the end of his overhanging foreskin, parted it, and started to work its way inside.

He grabbed her feet. Not out of lust, or at least not at first, but because they were there, and his hands needed to hold something. Of course, once his hands found their targets, the lust belatedly manifested itself. The firm texture of her soles, which he had long admired from afar but only now got to feel, beckoned to him.

His rational side tried to stop, to list reasons why he shouldn't give in to such thoughts, but he had already lost that battle. If there were any barriers governing appropriate or acceptable behavior between him and his sister, she had already broken them. If there were any reservations about desiring her, the creatures' influence had already erased them.

Well, no. 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 held the power to like or dislike what was happening to him. To claim otherwise would have been a poor excuse, and even in his current state, his conscience would not allow him to blame alien mind control for something he had already wanted to do.

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

The creature on his penis inserted itself underneath his foreskin, and coiled up around his glans. The overhang closed behind it, and his erection almost looked normal again, but for a suspicious bulge around its head. Inside, though, the feeling was beyond words. The creature had direct access to his most sensitive region, and it made sure he knew it. He felt secretions along every part of his tip, from its topside to its underside, and even a surprisingly large amount of attention directly along the slit that denoted his urethral entrance.

The second creature, the one occupying her, 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. The second worm wasn't merely poking around his penile slit. It was trying to crawl inside him, just as the first had reentered her.

His eyes shot open in panic, but it was too late, and he wouldn't have been able to move enough to intervene even if it weren't. 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 bonds held him easily, and his sister sat over him and pinned him. He couldn't even see the worm working its way inside him, even if the feeling was unmistakable.

He screamed, loudly, though it was more from fear than 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 like that swimming the wrong way up his shaft would hurt, would it not? There was a dark waiting, a fearful anticipation for the imminent pain, and that terror alone forced had guided his reaction.

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

He eventually realized, much to his surprise, that the pain he expected wasn't coming. He felt the creature move a third time, and then a fourth, and he had expected at least one of those movements to hurt, but they hadn't.

If anything, they reminded him of some experimentation he had done with improvised sounding rods. He had never made it very far into that realm, as even he couldn't afford the actual devices and even he knew better than to risk something so sensitive with cheap and breakable substitutes, but he remembered having enjoyed the attempt. It was an intriguing world to him, something that promised all sorts of pleasure if he could only find a way in.

A way that the wriggling intruder seemed to offer him.

Oh, it was the gel. Of course. That was why it felt so good. With how much it soothed yet aroused him when applied 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 as something to make him feel good and accept it. The battlefield in his mind quickly changed fronts, and became the fear of the invader versus the pleasure it brought. Obviously, he didn't want any parasites inside him, but ... the feeling was everything he had ever wanted, wasn't it?

He squeezed her feet 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. That mixed-up signal included his sister's feet, of course.

His last squeeze had mostly been an attempt to hold on and steady himself, but his current one wasn't. He turned his head as much as the straps would allow, and openly stared at one foot while he traced his thumbs over her soles. 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 he kept it up. If she liked it, and it made her happy, then that made his decision easier, and put more of his ever-waning reservations at ease.

As he continued to stare and rub, his erection throbbed, and that movement caused the partially inserted worm to stir. I made every part of its presence inside him known all over again, rubbing almost lewdly against his urethral walls as it struggled to hold its position.

He should have worried more. Something was crawling up inside him, after all. The very thought of that that had been enough to make 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 object anymore, and he had far too many sexy sights surrounding him to pay attention to anything else.

The distraction was so complete, in fact, that he didn't even notice the worm she harbored reemerging until it landed on his nose. It remained there just long enough to give him a more concentrated secretion, and then quickly withdrew again. The scent flooded his mind, and it drew an openly lusty moan from him.

"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 set.

"Good girl," she said.

He whined, happily, and tried in vain to press his hips upward. He liked 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 if that were true when she had said that, then it was definitely further along than that after its movement. Technicalities didn't matter, though. All that mattered was how wonderful it felt as it pressed along his walls, deeper and deeper down into him.

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

"Yes...." He whined.

"Good girl. Join me. Join us. Let them have you."

He relaxed, and the worm immediately increased its speed. It was if his acceptance had opened a barrier, and it had become freer to move as it pleased within him. Whether that was physically true, or whether that was what had actually happened, he didn't know, but he certainly felt it respond to his silent assent, regardless.

Deeper, deeper the creature went, invading more and more of his passage, and coating more and more of it with that special lubricant. Each movement drew a louder moan than the one before, and he no longer cared how much of that 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.

"Yes...!" he rasped.

He felt the end of its tail rubbing along his glans, and he knew it was almost fully inside. 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, of course, but even just in non-practicable theory, something felt different so long as at least part of the creature remained outside. Someone could still grab it, and stop it. 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.

He gasped as he felt his urethral slit close behind the invader. He whimpered, from fear and pleasure alike, as he felt it complete its descent. The walls within his shaft slowly became free and empty once more, though not for the reason he had expected. He felt its tail twitching around the root of his erection, then another movement, then nothing.

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

No, that wasn't possible. It must have just receded into some part of him that he couldn't feel, or maybe it changed tactics from inducing pleasure to numbing once it was fully inside him, or ... something. He wasn't exactly an expert in alien parasite biology.

He felt a dull, very mild, even perhaps slightly pleasurable ache around his groin, like the soreness after particularly memorable sex, but even that was impossible to identify as anything more specific than that general area. That was all he felt, though. No obvious signs of the intruder. His shaft was empty again, and—

"How does that feel?" she asked, at the same time he struggled to understand his confusing thoughts. She saw his worried look, and heard his small, feral squeak, and she understood. "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. You did fine, too."

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 nothing to see save for some leftover slime coating its surface. The creature had almost 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, and one hand idly traced its 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 much more effective at calming him than it should have been, 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, and then became the ball of the foot gently pressing against his forehead, and finally her entire sole gliding over his hair. She repeated the motion several times, and he gave a pleased sigh at each.

"This part is your reward," she said. "Your treat. You're in control, now. Nothing happens unless you want it to."

To illustrate her point, she started to release 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 downright 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 whatever shred of dignity he may yet have held. Being a prisoner to strange worm parasites and his sister's incestuous affections was one thing, but taking 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 was only giving him his own deep, dark desires, he had still been able to alleviate his shame by pretending the situation had been out of his control. She tied him up and did that to him, so it couldn't have been his fault, right? Giving control back to him served little more purpose than to rob him of his excuse. Even the fact that she had set him free only made her victory over him 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 emptiness. He knew it wouldn't, though. There was only one thing that would, and she had it, but.

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

She smiled, and then, without warning, she then 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 direct and efficient way of doing 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 held his shaft, and pulled the foreskin down, uncovering his glans. She then pointed it toward her entrance, and slowly started to descend.

There was parity between the two of them. He couldn't tell whether it was because his glans was naturally small when compared to the otherwise average-sized shaft, or because her clitoris was so impressively large, but there was. When she held the two erectile heads next to each other, they were almost the exact same size. The thought of his sister being as big as he was down there should have been strange to him, but then again, everything that had happened to him should have been strange to him. Instead, it was strangely appealing.

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

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

He whined, more from desire than fear this time.

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

The worm formed a bridge between the two of them, still partially inside her but close enough to him to rub his exposed glans. He moaned. She smiled, and let go of his shaft. His foreskin 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 shut his eyes. He couldn't meet hers, even knowing that she had fallen just as far as he had, and even knowing that she was only teasing him to induce his arousal. 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 opened his eyes and assessed what had happened, she was on her back, and he was over her, straddling her. She must have grabbed him and rolled him over, placing him on top.

"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 had not yet penetrated his slit. Perhaps he needed to be closer.

He guided his erection toward her entrance. Each area was wetter than it had ever been in its owner's life, due to the mixture of arousal and the worms' secretions.

He pushed, not quite firmly enough to penetrate, but firmly enough to press against her. With both ends touching, the worm became completely covered, invisible to any outside appearance, but its presence remained unmistakable to both siblings.

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, wasn't it? Before he could think about it, something ran over the topside of his glans, while something else brushed the bottom. Either the worm's bottom half had had coiled around him, or....

More movement confirmed his theory the instant he had it. Something brushed along the left side of his tip, something else tickled the right, and he distinctly felt at least two narrow-bodied heads 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, just as much as it was exhilarating. He was essentially sticking his penis into an alien parasite worm colony's nest. How would they respond? Would they reciprocate and attack it?

God, he hoped so.

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

The worms wasted no time in claiming their prize. As soon as he had presented himself to them, they swarmed. Countless worms squeezed and caressed his shaft from all angles, while 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 moaned as well.

Everything that happened was silent and internal. There was no need for thrusting; in fact, Teo was afraid of somehow damaging the surrounding creatures or himself if he tried. The siblings instead remained together, unmoving, as the chaotic mass assailed each of them from within. Their breathing

was ragged, their eyes closed, their arms holding each other in what was more an attempt to cling for dear life than it was a gentle embrace.

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 eventually reached her clitoris. He massaged it as gently as he could with how frantic both of them felt, his finger tracing around and occasionally over the hood. She cried out, and roughly pulled him even closer.

Innumerable worms shifted from her body into his. Most entered individually, though some of the smaller ones were able to squeeze in two or three at a time. None was as long as that first one had been, and quite a few were as short as his claw, but they made up for individual size with their sheer numbers. There were easily enough of them to stretch his passage to capacity, with more waiting in line.

Then, finally, the stimulation became too much for both of them. She was the first to climax; his attention to her clitoris added to the effects of the gel and the writing inside her, and their combined force easily carried her over her edge. Her grip intensified, until she was squeezing him hard enough to affect his breathing, and pulling fistfuls of his fur almost painfully. Her inner walls responded, as well, and clamped down hard around his shaft.

He wasn't far behind her. The sudden squeezing and pulling, along with the worms' actions, was 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 blocking his passage simply prevented it from getting out. Perhaps they were absorbing it. Perhaps Sara wasn't the one who needed or had plans for 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.

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

He had set everything, and willingly fallen asleep on the table the previous evening, fully aware that he would awake with no memory. It was not even the first time he had made such an arrangement. Far from it, in fact. That table was one of the most regularly used pieces of furniture they owned.

"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, like the accomplished and well-earned tiredness after a successful workout.

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, which he had helped fertilize with his orgasm. He knew that the parents would quietly dissolve inside him, leaving nutrients for the eggs behind. Once they had developed, he would lay them inside Sara, would then host the maturing worms until they were ready 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.

"Yeah." He smiled.

Teo and Sara had been in the worms' service for ages, and had quickly established themselves as one of the swarm's most reliable breeding pairs. A closed loop such as theirs lacked the "take over the world" ambition of spreading the infestation, of course, but so long as their goals were survival and

reproduction, the siblings offered them guaranteed success, in exchange for 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. His first taste of the strange and forbidden sensations had been his most delectable, and now it was his, forever. The wipe had even allowed him to restart his feelings for his sister, as if first dipping his toe into the exotic and alluring incest taboo, despite their having been a couple for over a decade. That, too, was the parasites' gift.

"I'm glad," she said. "I suppose I need to decide what I want for my next turn, then, 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. 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.

"You, too."

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