

Additions to the Hive

By Nickylion

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The jungles of South America are home to many wonders. Flora and fauna as yet undiscovered lurk in the heart of the jungle, dangling the carrot of mythical cures to all forms of disease before the noses of biologists worldwide. And yet the jungle is not without it's share of mysteries. The endless jungle has swallowed civilizations over the centuries along with a fair share of explorers, archeologists, and treasure hunters. Despite all the hazards, every year expeditions were mounted by professors and corporations, each hoping to be the one to break through the wall of vines, trees, heat and rain to find some fabled breakthrough medicine or lost civilization. And every year one or two of these expeditions went missing, swallowed up by the uncaring jungle.

"Ya know, when I signed up for this internship I wish I'd have known I'd be stalking around in a damn jungle for my summer break," the voice making the complaints belonged to a young muscled rat. His surplus army pants clung to his body along with what two weeks ago would have been a white undershirt, now ripped, torn, and smudged by the trek through the jungle floor. He had stopped for a moment to make the comment and gulp from his canteen, only to be patted on the back by his compatriot, a mid-aged lemur.

"Oh quit complaining Alphonse," the lemur snagged the canteen away from the rat and took a gulp as well before slinging it over his shoulder, "Internships like these are what make your archeological career. And if this place is really the temple to the Inca Spider God Collud, just think about how much experience you'll have to take back with you for next semester. I mean, when I was an undergrad like you I'd have killed to get selected for something like this."

The rat's eyes narrowed and he hefted his machete, "Experience, huh? You mean like hefting packs and heavy instruments through miles of heavy jungle trying to keep pace with an insane anole? Yeah, I'm thrilled." Alphonse shook his head and shouldered his pack, trudging onwards down a crude path of hacked clear brush and vines. If you looked hard enough, you could see the red bandana of the anole the rat spoke of, busily and slowly clearing the way through the brush in a westerly direction.

The lemur shook his head, and turned to an middle aged dragon who had yet to look up from his book, "Professor, how much further til we hit the dig site?" The dragon continued walking past him, somehow managing to navigate the rough path while never looking up, "Professor?"

Professor Huong blinked and looked up, "What did you ask, Maxwell?"

The lemur simply smiled and shook his head, “I asked how much further til we get to the dig site? Alphonse was asking and I can’t get Marcello to give me a real straight answer when he’s not cackling and hacking away at brush.”

The dragon pushed his further up his muzzle and looked around the jungle, “We’ve made good progress so far. At the rate Marcello’s going we’ll hit the dig site by dusk.” He nodded and continued walking, carrying his own pack as though it were little more than a school backpack. Maxwell wiped his brow in a vain attempt to clear his fur of the mix of sweat and rainwater that soaked it, and trudged on in relative silence.

True to the Professor’s expectations, Marcello broke through the underbrush into a widened clearing just about at dusk. As the trio of Professor, Undergrad and Graduate student filed out into the clearing, they looked up at the sight before them. Three tall ziggurats stood before them, all but one still covered with a centuries worth of vines and plant matter. At the base of the uncovered temple was a small grouping of tents and gear.

As the group got closer to the tents, Marcello’s joyful cackling ceased, and he held his machete out to the sides. Acknowledging the signal, Alphonse and Maxwell quietly dropped their packs and picked up their own machetes, following the anole silently through the tents, looking for any sign or presence of the advance team that Professor Huang had sent a month ago.

“Where’d they all go?” Alphonse’s eyes were wide in the fading light, “It’s like they just...vanished. I mean fuck,” he pointed to the generator, which was still quietly humming along providing power to several of the floodlights around the camp, “they haven’t been gone long at all. Whatever took them did so recently.” Maxwell nodded, and then motioned for the professor, who had grabbed both of their packs and dragged them into camp on his own.

“Well Professor? Everyone’s missing, what should we do?” The lemur turned towards the older dragon, who put a claw to his chin.

“We make camp tonight and go in search of them at first light. We’ll check the ruins first then fan out around the jungle. If we haven’t found them by the end of tomorrow, we sat-phone it in and head back for base camp.” The lemur nodded in agreement while the rat grumbled warily, but offered no other opinion.

“Hey Marcello, give me a hand with these?” Alphonse yelled over at the anole, who chuckled and stopped tending the cooking fire long enough to come over and assist the annoyed rat with the brain-breaking puzzle that was the last of the collapsible tents.

“Silly rat,” the anole’s trademark sing-song voice intoned, “why so glum? Is it not good to be out here amongst the trees tonight?”

The rat shook his head, “Are you freakin kidding me? We’re out here, alone, with something off in the woods that took an entire TEAM of scientists, and the professor and Max just decided to up and wander off five minutes after we find out they’ve vanished, leaving you and I to make camp and food. I’m so sick of this shit...” he started to grumble nervously again, and was stopped by a finger to his muzzle.

“Oh, old Marcello know all that,” the anole never stopped smiling, “but he is sure that they all will show up. The jungle is funny like that, she is.”

Alphonse shook his head, and brought the mallet he had been using to stake the tents down onto the last pole with a slam, “Man, you’re crazy. I...I need me some space before I start talking like you. I’m gonna wander over to the tree line and take a piss. Be back in a few.” Without even waiting for the anole’s acknowledging giggle he trudged off, carrying his machete in one hand.

Upon hitting the edge of the treeline, Alphonse looked up and couldn’t help but marvel. Six months ago this had all been trees as tall as the rest of the temples, but without warning over the course of a month, the entire area had been cleared of trees. Some freak accident, he assumed, maybe a lightning strike. Satellites had been the first to notice the clearing, and somehow Professor Huong had found out about it. And now here he was, fly down pissing into a bush that was probably filled with something ready to jump out and kill him. The rat shook his head, sighing as he tucked his dick back in his pants. It wasn’t until he zipped it back up that he realized something.

The omnipresent sounds of the jungle around him weren’t there. In their place was a soft sort of whispered buzzing. Nervously, the rat backed away, hand straying towards where the machete should have been. As his hand groped about for the weapon, something soft and gooey impacted his chest with a quiet ‘splat.’ Horrified the rat looked down to see what could only be described as a glob of white webbing sticking to his chest. He glanced back toward the machete, but was too late as he was roughly pulled off his feet with a yelp into the understory of the rainforest before him.

The rat came to a stop with a thud and a gasp. Struggling and disoriented, he looked about, but in the night, dangling some distance above the ground, not sure whether he was upright or upside down, he could only manage a terrified flailing. Soft yet firm hands comforted him, calming him down just enough to make him yelp again when something hard bit suddenly into the back of his neck.

“Shhhhh little rodent,” the voice was odd. Almost feminine, but somehow masculine too, and with a set of glistening compound eyes to go with it, “Just relax. We want to make sure we enjoy thisss,” the horrified rodent struggled more but each second that ticked by made his flailing less and less noticeable. His vision began to fade around the edges, but not before he was able to get a good look at his captor’s face as it pressed

it's muzzle into his muzzle, soft fleshy mandibles pushing the rat's limp muzzle open in a kiss. The kiss broke and Alphonse giggled, the terror fading in favor of a warm glow of arousal. The rat leaned in for another kiss, his consciousness fading into that venom induced sleep when his unknown assailant responded in kind, pressing a 'tongue' into the rat's mouth that went much deeper. Another sting at the back of the rat's throat occupied Alphonse's last thought before the blackness claimed him.

Maxwell sighed and reclined against the side of the uncovered temple. He had just watched the professor climb to the top and vanish inside before giving into the scent he'd been detecting since the group had made camp. He first noticed it when they had approached the temple. One of the advance team must have also been a lemur, a female lemur, and had been in heat. Really in heat. The scent had hit Maxwell so hard he'd had to fight the urge to drop his pants in the middle of camp and start jerking off.

At least here, in the quiet of the jungle he could relax and enjoy himself. The lemur unbuttoned his pants and let them fall to his ankles, resting his body against the carved stone blocks and looking out at the treeline. His erection immediately sprang forth from his tented underwear, fully engorged and throbbing. Maxwell wrapped his paw around his rod and began to stroke quickly, eager to relieve the tension.

The lemur was so enamored with his engorged dick that he didn't hear the soft buzzing that wound its way through the night. He didn't notice the figure alight on some of the stone steps behind him. To Maxwell, his entire universe was focused onto stroking, fondling, and caressing that one organ. The hand upon his shoulder made him yelp, only briefly before his muzzle was silenced with a kiss and lightning strike shock of pain. The kiss continued as a new paw wrapped around the lemur's cock and began to caress and stroke, easing the suddenly wobbly lemur into the blackness that surrounded the corners of his vision.

The kiss broke with a pinch in the back of Maxwell's throat, letting the groans and moans of a pleasure addled lemur loose into the jungle night, "That's it Maxwell, give in to the pleasure. Give in to us," compound eyes reflected the lemur's own slack visage. A moment later the lemur complied, giving into the blackness that surrounded him. His vision clouded, and one last ditch surge of white-hot pleasure rattled through his mind and down his spine. He was unconscious by the time the remnants of his climax hit the floor.

The floor of the temple was dry, but the air bore the moisture of the jungle. Professor Huong moved slowly, each foot measured and carefully placed to avoid any traps. Practiced hands traced ancient hieroglyphs, seeking out any difference in depth that might reveal a secret passage. The dragon was so intent on his careful exploration

that he completely failed to notice the anole standing a fair distance further in, watching the dragon with an amused curious expression.

“There are no traps this far into the temple professor.” The sudden broken silence sent the professor several feet into the air and garnered a yelp from the startled dragon.

“Oh, Marcello, you startled me!” The anole cocked his head slightly, then grinned.

“Sorry Professor. Your aides are eating my stew,” the anole paused for an oddly timed chuckle, “But I wanted to show you something that the team found inside the temple. I believe it to be relevant to their disappearance.”

The dragon’s posture tensed, “Well show me then dammit! I want to know what happened to my team.”

The anole turned into darkness and beckoned, flipping on a flashlight that the professor hadn’t noticed him holding, “Come along then.”

The pathway through the temple began straightforwardly enough. A single pathway lead to the center, then split into four separate corridors. The guide stopped, looked about and then pressed his paw into a nearby hieroglyph. A soft click and grinding of stone followed as the center tile of the intersection depressed and rolled aside to reveal a spiral stone staircase. The guide turned to the dragon, who nodded wordlessly, and then proceeded down into the darkness.

“You knew this was here the entire time?” The professor’s voice was hushed, yet still carried much further down into the darkened hallway.

“My people have known of this temple for a long time,” the anole was sounding oddly serious now, “we had words for this place. You would call it a temple. We would call it a hive.” Professor Huong faltered briefly in his walk.

“A hive? What,” he paused to consider, “what do you mean?”

“We knew that what resided here were not gods. We knew that what resided here was one creature spread among many.” The anole continued walking quite casually into the darkness. The spiral had gone deep into the ground and opened as it went. The corridors had also gone through subtle changes, widening, becoming more round and smooth. After about five minutes of walking round in circles the corridor widened into a large central tunnel.

“We’re not far now, professor,” the anole’s voice was an odd detached calm, “Soon you’ll see what they saw.” As the dragon approached the end of the tunnel, a soft glowing green light filled the room. What he saw there drew a look of horror over his features.

His entire team occupied the central chamber. Each bound hands above their head, legs spread wide apart, naked with some sort of chitinous material forming a bond that coated their midsection. A few of them twitched to notice his arrival, but most remained motionless. Some even spotted distended stomachs, others had their genitals covered over in what appeared to be a tube that pulsed and throbbed in time with the glow of the chamber.

“My god....Marcello...what’s going on?” The dragon took a step back, just in time to see the anole reach up and remove his dew rag, revealing a small black bump that writhed and throbbed in the dim light of the chamber.

“We wished to meet you, Professor Huong. You who thought you knew us will know us now in much deeper ways, much more,” the anole began to advance upon the dragon, who found himself slowly backing up, “intimate ways.”

The dragon turned to run, but was stopped cold by two creatures that might have resembled wasps if not for their size. Each wasp possessed four arms that ended in three fingered hands. Each finger tipped with needle-like claws. The pair gazed at the professor and advanced slowly upon the quivering dragon. Behind them, the slumped and nude forms of Maxwell and Alphonse could be seen draped against the side of the tunnel.

“Don’t worry, Professor,” the anole’s hands were on his shoulders now, holding the dragon with surprising strength, “We’ll make sure you enjoy it. We all enjoy it.” One hand strayed to the back of the dragon’s slender neck, and the briefest pinch of pain followed by an slow warmth began to flood through his body. Marcello released the dragon, who stumbled forward and fell to his knees, only to be lifted up by one of the wasps.

The warmth began to grow and grow, until warmth gave way to heat. The dragon’s torn shirt lay cast aside, then his pants a moment later. The dragon’s muzzle lolled open, tongue hanging to one side as the professor’s once brilliant and analytical mind was consumed by wave after wave of sexual heat. Holding him in two of its four arms, the wasp used it’s extra appendages to lift up the sex-addled dragon’s muzzle, then placed its own muzzle to the dragon’s. Professor Huong’s jaw parted with a soft click of the wasp’s mandibles, and the thick proboscis tongue extended far down the throat of the wasp’s most recent victim. Another pinch, and the feeling of something small but substantial being disgorged into the back of his throat accompanied the professor’s mind into oblivion.

Darkness, a soft green glow, and the feeling of cool moist air sent their eyes fluttering. One by one, each of the expedition's member's opened their eyes to survey their surroundings.

What's going on? Professor Huang? Maxwell? The rat thrashed about in his bonds, trying his best to pull at the chitinous resin that caked his wrists and stomach.

Ughh, my head...such a nice dream, but man, what a lousy way to wake up.

Maxwell, is that you? Are you okay? The lemur pulled experimentally at his own situation.

I think so. Alphonse are you okay? I'm stuck I can't get out of this goop.

Me either. What do you remember? The last thing I remember was....oh god oh god oh god they were bugs! Giant bugs and they, they....stuck something down my throat. Oh god it's like that movie! We're all gonna have some creepy bug thing burst outta our chests and kill us and ---

CALM DOWN! The rat blinked and nodded meekly, slumping down in his bonds and glancing at the dragon who was staring harshly at him despite the restraints holding him in a similar position to the others.

It will be cold reason and logic that see us through this moment. We must be calm and look for a way out of these restraints. Our captors appear to have left us alone for the moment. Can either of you budge the restraints on your muzzles or arms? The dragon blinked, then looked down his snout at the chitinous coating that had formed an open muzzled gag. *Wait...how is it that I am even talking to you?*

The rat and lemur both blinked with a start, and the lemur turned to look at the dragon. *I..we..wait you're right how are we doing this? It must be some sort of -*

- mental link. Finished the rat. The thing they stuck inside me – us, must link us together somehow. Maybe we can use this to our advantage. Unless -

- they can hear us too. The dragon was staring at him. Over the link, Alphonse could feel a sense of confusion. *Was that you thinking that professor? Or me? I...it's hard to tell.*

As it should be. You will all join with us, be one with us. A large wasp stepped out of the shadows, flanked on either side by a pair of slightly smaller wasps. The largest approached the dragon, its claws caressing the exposed scales and flesh of the dragon's arms and belly. *You have already begun the process. You can already hear our thoughts. Our brood is inside your heads, helping you understand. Helping you become one with us. Open yourselves to us. Join us.*

Each captive began to struggle and moan in their bonds as the wasps continued to stroke and caress their bodies with an almost loving tenderness. *Obedience and openness is rewarded.* Heat and arousal flushed through the three captives, eliciting more moans. *Be open, relax, submit to the hive. Join us.*

More feelings flushed through the captives. Feelings of joy, acceptance, relaxation, each made just a little more real by the soft touches of the wasps to their bodies. *I, oh god this feels so -* the rat moaned into his gag – *good, so wonderful, so open* – the lemur struggled uselessly in his bonds, the feelings of heat and arousal playing on his body just as they had before – *Got to focus, both of you. We can beat this, we can* – *ohhh.* The dragon stiffened up as the smaller wasps began to stroke and fondle their charges now throbbing erections.

We...we can feel each other. The dragon rolled his head back and forth. *Alphonse I can feel you I...we can feel how good you feel.* His brow furrowed, trying to imagine a wall around the feelings when a shock of pain rippled through his body.

Resistance will be punished. Be open. Be relaxed. Be rewarded. The pain subsided, replaced with more feelings. Openness, relaxation, acceptance. *We wish you only pleasure. Only to be one with us. Join us.* The dragon opened his eyes and glanced over at his fellow captives, seeing them, feeling them in his head, feeling their lust and desires pushing at his own mind. The wall in his head began to crumble, tears forming in his eyes.

I..please don't kill us. The largest wasp blinked it's compound eyes, then reached down with surprising tenderness and stroked the captive dragon's cheek. There was a soft buzzing, as though the wasp were cooing, trying to hush it's captive, to quell his worries.

We do not kill. You will join with us. Your bodies will remain like this, flush with pleasure. Your flesh will shelter our young until they are ready to be born, and then they will be replaced with more brood. You will breed generations of us. The dragon's eyes opened, pupils wide and unfocused as he stared up at the wasp who continued to touch and stroke the dragon's now also throbbing erection.

Your minds will join with our minds. You will see all we have seen, all we see. You will be everywhere at once. You will know our history, be a part of our history. All you need to do – strokes down the rigid shaft continued – *is to give in and open your mind. Alphonse, Maxwell, we are already in here. The rest of your advance team is here too. Join with us, relax, submit.* The words started to come in a litany, and the dragon could feel each mind within his own, as though receiving hugs and affection of a great many one at a time. The wall crumbled and the dragon cried out. His erection throbbed and bucked in the wasp's grasp, leaking it's clear pre-cum out over the chitinous grasp.

Yes, we can feel you now. The wasp leaned it's head back in sympathetic pleasure. *We can feel how close you are, how nice you feel, how you want to be played with,*

touched, stroked. We can feel how much we want to submit. We want it. We need it. Give in. Now. The dragon's body began to writhe and buck helplessly as it entered the throes of passion, white ropes of cum beginning to spurt as wave after wave of bliss surged through the dragon and wasps and rat and lemur. The climax was followed by two similar waves of bliss, each just as intense as the last as lemur and rat began to empty their own balls into the hands of their wasp attendants.

Several minutes later, the three newest converts stirred, eyes opening glassy, relaxed, and ready to obey. *We are ready. We are ready to receive our brood.* The wasps nodded knowingly and spread their legs, ovipositors emerging from just below their abdomen. Each wasp leaned forward, pressing their ovipositors against their captive's spread thighs, brushing against the fur and scales, making their converts shiver and moan softly. Slowly the three wasps pressed themselves against their converts' spread ass cheeks. As though on cue, the ovipositors began to leak a slippery fluid, and the wasps wrapped a hand over the organ, smearing the fluid over the length of the organ.

Their converts lay there, feeling the pleasure flowing over them, the feeling of extending an ovipositor inside their willing rectums and filling them with an egg. The wasps pressed up against their converts' spread puckers and began to press inside, drawing unconscious groans from each of the three.

The rat was the easiest to open up. His wasp clacked it's manacles in pleasure as the ovipositor slid inside and began to slowly thrust back and forth, in and out, stretching out the rat's rear. Renewed pleasure began to flood the hive, and with it feelings of renewed relaxation. These feelings helped the dragon to open and relax his muscles, letting the largest of the ovipositors into his rear. *Yesss.* The group mind moaned. *Let us in, relax. Open. Accept our brood.*

The lemur's ass opened with a moan, letting the invading organ slowly grind inside him. The wasps paused for a moment once all had begun to accept their gift, letting their insides adjust to the girth of the wasp's organs. Then slowly they began to thrust in and out, working themselves further and deeper into their converts. The pleasure that washed over the hive with each thrust sent a fresh wave of moans through the trio. The air was thick with pheromones as the slow rocking rhythm slowly spread the puckers wide of their converts wide, each thrust just a bit deeper, a bit wider than the last.

At long last the dragon's rear gave in, the sensitive flesh beneath the scales sliding wide to accept the egg that would be their life for the next several months. Each captive gasped as the wasps plunged deep within each of them as the wasps' ovipositors disgorging their eggs alongside copious amounts of wet sticky goo. Six pairs of eyes closed in quiet satisfaction and a shudder of bliss began to weave through the hive. Each mind shared in the warm glow that was the knowledge of three more drones and three more converts to share with all the rest.

The wasps pulled out of their converts slowly, letting the eggs to settle into place inside the abdomens of the three. Months from now, a new generation would be born from the loins of these three. Born to expand the hive, to find and seduce more hapless investigators who in turn would become more converts, more hosts. Each convert bore a blissful smile, eyes halfway lidded and bodies limp and motionless. The wasps looked to one another, and nodded, each slowly weaving a cocoon around their chosen convert. The threads and chitin would care for them, protect them, and nurture the brood within them. Soon each captive, each convert, would be nothing more than one giant egg mound within the hive, indistinguishable from the walls or the rest of the chamber.

And outside, in the darkness of the temple, one anole drone replaced his bandana and began the rigorous task of cleaning up the campsite. His gleeful cackles joined with the rest of the jungle for a time. And as night fell, a soft buzz and hush fell upon the templ. Activity within would cease for a time, until the next batch of archaeologists or tourists happen upon this place.