Texotic awoke with a sharp gasp, feeling his chest expand with the sudden breath as his head shot up from the pillow. Someone else had joined the hive, another falling to the lust of the Bal’Kar that was contained inside the facility. Even though he couldn’t interpret what had just happened or see what they were thinking the psychic tremors that radiated from their hive link caused him to wake up every time. At first they were only small ripples that merely caused the fur on the back of his neck to stand up or, he thought with a slight blush, cause his groin to twitch slightly. But that was only for the first two… as others fall to the lure of the tentacle creature not only did the sensations become more frequent but stronger as well to the point where he had to wipe his fur from the sweat that had dampened it.

Once he had taken a few seconds to compose himself he looked at the time and realized that he had overslept and was about to miss his meeting with Dr. Winters. He quickly got dressed, pulling a pair of loose-fitting shorts and a t-shirt over his dark blue fur before heading out to the facility. As he walked through the hallways to the office of the head facilitator he tried his best to avoid other people. Though it wasn’t strong being a psychic he could pick up on the feelings and involuntarily glimpse surface thoughts, and given the nature of people in the facility after the lockdown and losing several researchers he knew that it would just make him despressed.

That mood did not improve when he got into the tiger’s office and Dr. Winters told him to take a seat, not needing to read his mind to see what was on it as he sat down as well when the wolf did. “So, Texotic…” he said as he opened a file on his desk. “We had brought you in to Starpoint because of the belief that there might be a connection shared between the Bal’Kar that is on a psychic wavelength ever since we saw the communication between Serathin and the hive on the train. I’m wondering if perhaps you made any progress in finding out what this neural network is and how to potentially shield against it?”

“Got any tin foil?” Texotic replied with a small grin, though it quickly disappeared when he saw the tiger’s frown deepen on his muzzle. “Just kidding. You were right that they are definitely sharing some sort of spiritual or psychic connection between all of them, but it’s not like what you think.”

“Oh?” August replied as he leaned back. “So it’s not psychic?”

“No no no, not like that,” Texotic quickly attempted to correct. “It’s really just the nature of how they communicate to one another through psychic means that is what’s interesting. What I sensed was that they weren’t using the same energy I was, it was something far different than what I’m used to and it’s causing a few problems in how I can interpret such things. Think of it like I’m trying to talk to them in English and they’re speaking back to me in Japanese, if I’m going to be able to communicate through this link they have I’m going to have to find a means of interpretation.”

The tiger nodded slowly through the explanation, stopping only to take a sip from his mug. “Do you think that this aura is affecting others?” August asked. “Ever since we brought the Bal’Kar in we’ve had increased reports of… disturbance in the facility and as I’ve mentioned to you before we thought that they might have some sort of means to corrupt someone in that manner.”

“Not directly,” the blue-furred lupine mused as he sat back. “At least not without being in front of those Controller tentacles that radiate a tremendous amount of their particular psychic energy. I do think that it’s indirectly affecting everyone given the nature of the energy.”

“And just what is the nature of this energy you keep talking about?” August asked.

“Lust,” Texotic replied simply. “It’s a raw, primal emotion they communicate through, using it just like we’re using words right now. So if those disturbances you were talking about happen to be sex related then they’re just picking up on the language that the Bal’Kar are using.”

“Well I can see now why some of our researchers are starting to look into joining themselves,” August said with a sigh as he turned to his computer. “I’m going to have you do a risk assessment of all base personnel in order to see how susceptible they are to this psychic lust aura that these creatures exude. I know enough about the Controllers from the Sarkov file to not need any further investigation there and to be honest I would rather not lose my only psychically-inclined person because they happened to look to long into them. Instead I want you to try and find a way to protect and counteract against this… lust radiation that they seem to give off, the sooner we can get back to studying them the better.”

Texotic nodded and discussed the situation a little further before he was dismissed, walking back out of the office to let the tiger do his work. Thought swirled around in his head on what he was going to possibly do… what Dr. Winters wanted was pretty much impossible, he was only one wolf and to try and create some sort of psychic shielding for all the remaining facility members against even the passive energy of such creatures was impossible. The only way he was going to be able to try and help people block out the creatures was if he was able to find the wavelength that they were operating on so that he could attempt to neutralize it. As he walked through the hallway a potential solution did enter his mind, and it involved something that he had to do anyway…

A few hours later he had met up with the acting head of the human resources department, which was needed after their former one joined the Bal’Kar, and managed to get a few of the potential high-risk people in so that he could study them. With not a lot to go on the blue-furred wolf decided to go with those that had been cited the most for lewd behavior within the facility, which turned out to be quite a few names on the list that was printed out for him. He decided to start the search the next day, instead turning to his usual meditation to help him focus his energy for the task at hand. As he got back to his room and sat down to do so he huffed slightly and tried to ignore the growing erection in his pants as he did so…

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The next day Texotic sat waiting in the office that he had been given in order to conduct the interviews, sitting on the overstuffed chair feeling more like a psychologist than a psychic. The first two that he had in were complete busts; the first one had only racked up so many demerits because both she and her husband that worked there were a bit of thrill-seeking exhibitionists, while the second one had exhibited such behavior well before he had gotten to the Starpoint facility. Already the wolf was starting to feel a headache coming on as he gave the bright blue lines of fur on his head a rub while he waited for the next person to come in.

“Oh, hey Tex,” the equine said as he entered into the office, the slightly larger male giving him a nod as he sat down in the other chair. Texotic recognize him as Fennel, one of the maintenance workers of the facility that worked primarily in the observation deck and surrounding utility areas which boded well for the wolf. “Didn’t think you were the one conducting these interviews.”

“Just some in particular,” Tex replied. “Others are being scheduled for later on for those… I mean, I’m doing my own research and just trying to get a bit of a sample size.”

“So you’re using that mind juju of yours to get in our heads?” Fennel replied with a chuckle as he rapped a knuckle against his skull. “Not going to find much up here I reckon, but if you want to give a poke around feel free to. Just make sure you don’t look under any beds or at the bottom of any closets if you can.”

Texotic restrained the urge to roll his eyes at the corny joke and gave a cursory glance over the mental state of the creature while asking his questions. From even a cursory examination however it turned out that the equine was exactly what he needed; not only had Fennel been extremely horny to the point where he had started to stroke himself through his pants in public, which was one of the reasons he got so many flags in the first place, but the normally subdued male had a clear increase in his lustful nature ever since the Bal’Kar came to stay and it showed in the fluxuations in his thought patterns every time he mentioned them.. It meant that his theory was starting to hold water and that he may have the perfect candidate to go further into his observations.

“I would like to try something with you,” Tex said as he put the tablet he had been using down to the side. “It seems like you’ve been affected more by the influence of the Bal’Kar and I think I can get a better grasp on what’s happening not only to you but everyone else, so what I want you to do is put you under a light state of hypnosis and see where it goes from there. What do you think?”

The equine looked away slightly as Tex sensed a bit of nervousness from the other male, but then finally nodded in approval. “Hey, if you can find out what’s going on both me and my employee file will thank you for it,” Fennel said. “So what do you need me to do? Count to ten or something?”

“My techniques are a little more sophisticated than that,” The wolf replied with a chuckle before moving his chair forward so that he was closer to Fennel and placing his hands against his head. “All I need you to do is to focus on my eyes and notice that they are different. One of them is green, and the other is blue. Do you see the difference? One green… one blue…”

Texotic watched as the horse’s eyes flickered back and forth between his dichromatic eyes and as he did so his eyelids began to droop on his command. With the aid of his psychic power he told Fennel to slowly relax, let his muscles droop as the rather muscular form of the male began to succumb to his hypnotic power. There wasn’t a lot of resistance to be found and that was good, it meant that Fennel trusted him, and after a short while he was able to sync up their resonance until he could get a read on the equine. On first impression it appeared that what the horse had said earlier was somewhat true as Texotic could see that he fancied the simple pleasures of life and didn’t have much complexity on purpose… which made the wolf wonder if that was one of the reasons why the Bal’Kar affected him so strongly.

With their minds tethered to one another Texotic could see that there were some altered areas of his psyche that were not natural. Most times when someone changed their behavior it was in response to an external influence, but something like a car crash or getting a gift. This was far more subtle and therefore devious in nature, seeing where the corruption of the creature had started to infiltrate the relatively weak-will of the equine. It didn’t appear to be enough to transform him and when he looked at the thoughts of the male there was little to no desire to become a Bal’Kar himself, but the lupine began to wonder if the others that had taken the plunge started out in similar situations… or perhaps they had already an interest in joining before they were corrupted and this pushed them over the edge.

Just as he began to go deeper to see if he could possibly find a source of the lust stain left on Fennel’s psyche he felt something that caused him to pause before he could bring the horse down deeper. At first he thought that it was just the shifting of his clothing or something but when he tried to get back into the zone to entrance Fennel further he felt it again more strongly. Finally he had to break his concentration to look down and see what was happening, only to have his eyes widen when he saw those thick fingers playing with the nipple rings he had on under his work shirt. The combination of surprise and pleasure caused the lupine to pause, he had definitely not told Fennel to start doing that and when he finally did regain his composure he pushed up one of his eyelids to see his eyes were still glazed over and he was still in trance.

“Fennel, I need you to relax your hands and put them back at your sides…” he said, one last jolt of pleasure running through his entire body as Fennel’s fingers gave them a gentle tug before falling back down. Once he was sure they were back at the horse’s sides Tex took a breath to steady himself before getting back into it. “What was the reason that you decided to reach up and grab me like that?”

There was a moment of pause as the blue-furred lupine’s words slipped past the conscious part of the horse’s brain and down into his sub-consciousness. “They… he told me to,” the horse responded in his tranced state. “He said that you looked a little stressed and that something like this would calm you down. If you want I can rub a different area in order to help out, he’s sure that there are plenty of places on that pierced form of yours to do so.”

It was very clear that Fennel was not speaking as himself, at least not totally as Texotic became wary of his situation. Though it was hard to believe it appeared that putting the equine into trance not only allowed him to speak and see through Fennel’s psyche but allowed the Bal’Kar to do so as well. A cursory check though revealed the stains on his aura had not grown much bigger, which meant that he was right in the idea that unless they have their controllers present they couldn’t push any creature over the edge themselves. But what he had on his hands was still a frightening perspective… at least until he thought of a way that he could possibly utilize it to his advantage.

“Fennel… I want you to ask the others that you’re talking to tell me what their hive mind network is,” Tex told the horse. “Tell me how we can talk and help me to understand how they work.”

Once more Tex waited for the response, but it wasn’t one that he was expecting as he heard the horse chuckle. “You think I can’t guess what your intentions area?” a voice said, one that sounded like Fennel but definitely wasn’t him. “Why don’t you come inside his head and we can have ourselves a little chat.”

For a brief second the lupine considered breaking the connection completely and bringing Fennel out of his trance-like state, but from what he could see there was no harm coming to the other male other than what was likely a bit of friction from the growing tent in his pants. On the other hand, he reasoned as he heard the words of Dr. Winters echo in his head, this could be a clever trap set by the Bal’Kar in order to ensnare the only psychic in the base. After a bit of back and forth Texotic finally made his decision and sighed as he closed his eyes and used the conduit he established to enter Fennel’s psyche. It was normally something he preferred not to do since it would be a peek into the inner dimensions of another person, but when he looked around he found that it wasn’t the mental space of the equine that surrounded him as he quickly gathered that he wasn’t alone.

“I was wondering if you were going to take me up on my little offer,” the voice of the draconic sabrewolf said as he sat there in a chair similar to the ones Tex and Fennel were sitting in the real world. “Why don’t you have a seat and we can see about answering those pesky questions your kind love to indulge yourselves in. Of course if you really want a direct pipeline you could just join us, would be far easier that way.”

“I’ll pass,” Tex said as he walked over to the chair and sat down.

“Just thought I’d offer,” Serathin replied with a shrug. “I mean it’s going to happen anyway so I thought that I would just get you ahead of the curve.”

As the lupine sat down he grasped just how different this space was from when he normally entered a mind like what he was doing. The first thing was that he never had such visual ques that he had here, most of the time he saw hazy interpretations of the deeper thoughts of the minds he was attempting to probe. This was something else entirely and though he could still sense his own power in the mix it was clear that the Bal’Kar had a hand in it as well.

“Alright then,” Texotic said as he looked intently at the hybrid. “You got me here, now tell me how you’re doing it.”

“Doing what?” Serathin replied coyly.

“How you’re getting everyone riled up,” Texotic explained. “I know this is a rather remote facility but the number of recorded hook-ups in this place are far beyond the norm and it started when you came to town. Now we’ve had nearly half a dozen here becoming Bal’Kar with more toying with the idea. How did you manage to get your psychic network to influence their minds?”

“I’ve done nothing of the sort,” Serathin said. “My fellow brethren and I are contained in the caverns that Dr. Winters so graciously accommodated us in. What you and your kind fail to understand is when it comes to lust it’s like a virus, the more it spreads the more people get infected with it and the cycle continues until it becomes maddening. It’s a raw, primal, physical thing and to think that we’re somehow manipulating that gives us more credit than we deserve.”

The lupine took a second to digest the information he was given and formulate a thoughtful response. If what the Bal’Kar was saying was in fact truthful, which at this point Serathin had said he had no reason to lie and to his recollection hadn’t been disproven, then it was just the Bal’Kar themselves that were making everyone horny by being there. “Your entire psychic network is strands of pure lustful emotion that are connected to one another,” Texotic tried to reason. “Are you really saying that you don’t use anything like that to effect the others in this facility, even Fennel that clearly had your taint in his aura?”

“I’m saying that what your kind yearn for is a connection to us, not the other way around,” Serathin stated. “Some are more drawn than others, just like there are some who are drawn to having metal in their bodies more than others. And from the look of it you are like a moth to a flame.”

Texotic looked at Serathin in slight confusion before he looked down at himself and let out a loud yelp. With this being the first time he had experienced things in such a tactile manner he hadn’t thought about what he was going to materialize as and he saw that his toned form was completely naked. He quickly recovered and put his tail over himself to prevent the glowing green eyes from examining him any further. “That was a dirty trick,” Texotic scolded as he got himself comfortable once again.

“I’m actually rather surprised that you hadn’t noticed it before,” Serathin said as he looked at his claws. “Most realize that they’re naked right away, part of the lust that they feel coming from their bodies when they communicate with us like this. You have quite the resiliency in you, especially since you still haven’t mentioned the… other thing that’s happening.”

Tex quickly examined himself to see if he was turning into some sort of tentacle monster like the others had described, but didn’t see any difference in his patterned fur. As he continued to focus more on himself he did feel something that caused him to pause, a light sensation on his member that he recognized. When he turned to Serathin he just smirked and motioned that perhaps he should run along and go see what it was. Even though the wolf had more questions he knew something was going on and took himself out into the real world…

…looking down to see an equine muzzle buried deep against his crotch with his pierced cock nearly lodged into his throat. How long had Fennel been sucking him off while he talked in his head, Texotic wondered briefly before the other male drew his lips up along the sensitive flesh of his shaft and caused him to nearly fall off of his chair. He closed his eyes and let out a gasp as Fennel, who definitely knew what he was doing down there, continue to swirl his tongue around the throbbing shaft. When the horse’s tongue flicked against the ring of metal at the tip it caused him to nearly orgasm right there.

Even though he knew that he should stop Texotic found it hard to stop, especially with Fennel giving him the bedroom eyes as he bobbed his head up and down. Had he been infected with the lust that Serathin was describing? At that point it didn’t matter, if they weren’t sporting glowing green eyes and drooling similarly colored extract it meant that they weren’t actually infected with anything. At this point he decided to just go into the skid and once more grabbed the equine by the head and began to guide his movement. Fennel seemed more than willing to let the wolf take control as the two males let their passions take hold.

The chairs beneath Tex’s body creaked as he rocked back and forth, creating smooth, slow thrusts into Fennel’s muzzle with his hips that were aided by the control he had on his head. At the same time Fennel was rubbing his own crotch with both hands as he seemed to become completely absorbed in the pleasure, letting the lupine take the lead and use his warm maw. The two continued this way until Texotic felt a familiar tension in his muzzles and pushed Fennel’s muzzle down to the base as he came. The slightly surprised horse’s eyes shot open in surprise but continued to take the cock in his maw like a pro as the wolf’s cum was quickly and eagerly swallowed.

Once Texotic had finished with his orgasm Fennel slowly drew off of the thick member and looked sheepishly at the wolf before apologizing and standing back up. Without making eye contact Fennel asked if he could leave, which Texotic granted and watched the equine shuffle away while pawing at his groin. At first he thought he was just trying to adjust his erection before he caught a glimpse of a blotch of wetness that was likely the horse’s own orgasm. With the wet fabric Texotic could see that the maintenance worker was packing some serious meat down there, licking his lips slightly as he idly wondered what it would look like out in the open before he stopped himself.

Even though he went through the rest of the interviews Texotic didn’t go as deeply as he did with Fennel, but at that point it didn’t matter. He had gotten the baseline of whatever lust resonance the Bal’Kar were using in order to communicate and after finding a few more people with the same taint on their psychic signatures he believed he had enough to at least try to neutralize them. The only problem was that the meeting he had with the leader of this particular sect of monsters left him a bit shaken in his ability to control them. Not only had they managed to create a psychic manifestation that felt real but the lust had been so overwhelming that it ended in getting a blowjob from the horse they were communicating through.

“If this was what the others were experiencing…” Texotic said to himself as he felt a shudder of desire to be in that situation again. “Then I can understand how they would succumb to such instincts. It also shines a light on why there’s been so much sex being had to try and scratch such an itch, without my understanding of how this works they probably would think that it was just an increased libido.”

Texotic sat at his computer and typed up the status report for Dr. Winters on his findings, though he knew at this point in the night he was likely sitting in Nate’s room doting over him. With his psychic nature it wasn’t hard to sniff out that the tiger had a boyfriend that he was constantly distressed about and when he heard Nate had gone ill it was a matter of putting two and two together. He kept the secret to himself though; no need for the tiger in charge to stress over something else when he already had so much on his plate.

The blue wolf sighed and rubbed his hands against his face as he finished up and sent off the report, wondering if he had done the right thing when he omitted the part with Fennel and him being driven by lust onto one another. Though he knew that the Bal’Kar weren’t in his head it still bothered him that he had been tricked by Serathin into that meeting, even if it was just something innocuous. He wasn’t like the other Bal’Kar that were mentioned in the various reports that he had read, unlike those that seemed to have a singular focus in spreading and converting others this one had far more cunning and patience… much like a slow and steady rutting rather than hard and fast…

Texotic let out a loud groan and pressed his palms against his eyes as he realized that his thoughts had turned towards a more lewd nature again, pushing them aside once more as his fingers traced down to the thick metal ring that hung between his nostrils. Though it was a source of pleasure as well it was different than what he felt from the Bal’Kar and thus helped him realign his thoughts to the task at hand. What he realized he needed was a plan of attack, something that he can do in order to figure out how to protect everyone in the facility from the creatures that threatened to turn the whole thing into one big orgy. But that would be a matter for tomorrow, the lupine thought to himself as he settled into bed for the night, he just hoped that his sleep wouldn’t be interrupted by yet another joining the hive.