

The setting sun sent a shiver of depression through the already anxious man as Josh tried to determine his plan of action. Normally, he was used to long treks into the woods. As a seasoned entomologist, even for his younger age at 29, he often spent days in the bush, looking for specimens in remote areas. Yet, in this undocumented area he was investigating, resources would only last so long if he had no inkling of how he was going to escape.

Not only was it dark, but his GPS was unable to make heads or tails of the surroundings. It was almost as though some sort of electrical field was preventing it from doing so, something about this space interfering with its operation. Even if he still had the light of day, the several-hour hike from an already remote base camp might as well have been miles away. Worse, the uniform terrain made it impossible to find the way he had come. There was nothing to do for it now that it had become dark, and Josh decided to rest under a sizable tree, figuring it would give him as much cover as anything else from the elements.

Resting now, Josh found himself cursing for relying on technology when there were multiple low-tech ways to mark his trail. Marking tape, crushing the brush, hell, even *breadcrumbs* would have been better than nothing at all! Though modern tech was wonderful, Josh had come to rely on it *too* much, to his detriment.

Still, part of the trek had been worth it for the potential discoveries to be made here. The terrain really had been like something out of a sci-fi or fantasy novel, an alien planet on earth if there ever was one. Josh was shocked to discover the wondrous sight of magnificently tall trees, gargantuan flowers, and fruits the likes of which he had never conceived of before. He wanted to collect samples but soon realized his predicament and decided to put off such pursuits for the time being. Still, the presence of such things, even in this remote jungle, was absolutely stunning. Strangest of all, the flowers emitted a pale orange glow close to the ground, making their vines visible as they stretched far up into the trees. How such an ecosystem could persist in such a place, Josh was unable to say. Be it in better conditions, Josh could spend a lifetime studying it!

Unbeknownst to the unsuspecting human, the tree in which he decided to rest housed a secret hidden from human civilization. A creature, as much an alien as the vegetation that its presence created, became aware of the vibrations triggering its vine network. They were a sign of the presence of a larger, bipedal, and possibly intelligent being, given its artificial coverings. Perhaps one that could be converted, if the King Moth attempted to do so.

Curious, the King Moth flapped its wings, spreading its bizarre orange powder into the air, falling gently from the tree and spreading over the ground. The soft power prickled against Josh's skin like dust as it settled over him in mighty waves. It was as though the tree was pollinating, though the speed of which defied his understanding. He sneezed a little as he reflexively breathed in, making Josh a little dizzy as he did so. Soon, Josh felt extremely

lightheaded, finding it hard to think at the moment. As though the spores from some brain-altering parasite, Josh got the sudden compulsion to climb the tree, which was still shedding powder over the forest like rain. He knew not why he desired to do this, only that scaling the bark was the most admiral thing in the world for him to do at the moment.

The climb itself was relatively safe, the massive tree full of footholds that even the bulkiest of humans could scale with ease. In his semi-suggestive dream-like state, Josh continued his ascent, passing thinner branches though not being hindered by the height or the dizzy sensations themselves. Being covered with more powder all the while, the chemical eventually reacted to his clothes, as though a corrosive acid. Massive holes started to tear in the fabric before it loosened in places, his jacket, shirt, and even pants becoming precarious against his frame. First, his pack fell from the tree, followed by his protective layers. Even his boots and underwear were not spared, but Josh was remiss to care, the powder acting as some kind of protective covering over his form from the branches and other things that might scrape his skin. Though he was coated in raw nectar, bits of wet moss, and the powder, he was not deterred in the slightest, the covering protecting him from the harm of the climb.

The closer he got to the top, the more a powerful voice started playing in his thoughts, as though speaking to him directly. **<YES...COME...JOIN ME...LET ME SEE YOU...>** Hissed a presence, though Josh could hardly understand the words beyond some instinct that was compelling him forward. It was almost like a hypnotic suggestion on repeat in his mind, said over and over to the point that Josh could not distinguish the words from his own. Though, he was in no position to care, simply compelled upward, hopelessly ensnared by the King Moth's compulsions.

At last, Josh reached the canopy of the tree, not prepared for the sight that awaited him. It looked like a giant moth, only different, foreign, an impossible creature out of his wildest nightmares. It was not much larger than his human self, though much of its girth was made up of the massive flapping wings, the obvious source of the pollen that had coated him. Thousands of orange and red hairs covered its furry body, and it held itself up by six massive red legs, twin claws at the tip of each. Its abdomen seemed coated in numerous bony protective protrusions, quivering and pulsating as it respired. It looked into Josh with dead compound eyes, clicking purple mouthparts moving in tandem to denote some sort of eagerness. Yet, he could tell there was an intelligence there, something that made him filled with an excitement and anticipation that defied his understanding.

Though Josh felt he should have been terrified by the visage of such a creature, the compulsion in his mind left him calm. Though he was naked and coated with the sticky fuzz, he was more comfortable and relaxed than he had ever felt. The being, he knew instinctively, would

not hurt him. It had, in fact, found Josh interesting enough to bring to his presence, which was an honor in and of itself.

<YOU ARE AN IMPRESSIVE SPECIMEN. A HANDSOME INDIVIDUAL AND WORTHY OF MY PRESENCE. COME, SEE ME CLOSER,> Said a voice in his head, deep and powerful. Josh could hardly find a reason not to get closer, the being quivering in excitement as Josh approached. He wasn't sure what sort of sight such a creature possessed, and he didn't want to deny him the chance to be inspected closer as was the being's wish.

It was when Josh came within feet of its wriggling mandibles they suddenly parted, twenty writhing tendrils bursting outward, slithering towards Josh. Their touch caused a warm sensation wherever they came into contact with the skin. Yet, Josh was not disgusted, only slightly shocked by their presence. He was comforted once more as they gently started to explore his form, covering it with sticky saliva but otherwise causing him no harm. It seemed that the King Moth was enjoying the sensations, and Josh felt giddy, elated that such an impressive and commanding being saw it fit to find Josh fascinating.

Despite the bizarre nature of the situation, Josh couldn't help but feel relaxed as the being continued to rub every inch of Josh's skin with its probing tendrils. At that, Josh felt his penis coming to full attention. It was almost to the point of leaking fluids, as though he was eager for what the being would do to him next. Soon, one of the tendrils discovered his erection and wrapped gently around it, almost as though fascinated by the object. It even began to stroke him off gently, making Josh moan into the pleasure that the King Moth was giving him.

Lost in the pleasant reverie, Josh was hardly aware as the moth's tongue worked its way out between the tendrils. It stopped right before Josh's penis as though regarding it with some curiosity. The tip was massive, a three-petaled bulb opening up like a flower blooming. From the fleshy mass sprang forth three minute injector tentacles, small enough that they caused little pain when forcibly prodded into Josh's leaking urethral opening, wriggling their way inside as the petals closed over it gently. Even if Josh had been inclined to be pained or to cry out, the voice in his head comforted him, compelling him to give in to whatever ministrations the moth had in store for him.

<DOES THIS NOT FEEL NICE? ENJOY OUR GIFT, ALLOW MY TOUCH...YES...JUST RELAX...>

Soon, the injector tentacles started gently stroking the human off while the rest continued rubbing the pollen into his skin. All the while as pleasurable waves washed over him, making Josh moan as he stood there, allowing his entire body to relax into the sensation. Even the tendrils diving into his urethra weren't enough to cause him pain, and Josh allowed his thoughts

to drift into the blissful voice. Given the pleasure granted him, it took him no time to reach climax, blowing his load as the tendrils pulled out with a few blasts of cum. Josh felt himself fall backward, though the tentacles around him held him up, allowing him to fully indulge in the release.

The King Moth, for his part, felt a hidden virulence in the meek man, tasting it in the released seed. Though initially, he had found the man a curiosity, now, there was some quality that he could sense that made him a worthy candidate for becoming a King Moth himself. Pulling back his injector tentacles, he waved his tongue in front of the man's face as though preparing to strike. Already in his clutches, it took little time for the King Moth to whisper words of suggestion to have him open his mouth.

<YES...RELAX...PREPARE YOURSELF...YOU ARE WORTHY...YOU WILL MAKE AN EXCELLENT EQUAL...>

Seeing their opening, the injector tentacles were slowly slid down Josh's gullet. The tongue-bulb's petals gripped the human's face, allowing him to breathe but only just. Though the injectors were covered with residual slime, Josh was not allowed to gag, the voice in his head telling him to relax into the sensations. Forced as far down his esophagus as possible, the King Moth allowed his secretions of special royal jelly to pump through his tendrils, flowing through to the pointed tips and forced into the gullet of the host to do their work. Josh, for his part, could do naught but allow his belly to be filled with the sickly sweet fluid, relaxed as the Moth's words echoed into his head.

<YES, TAKE IN MY SUPPLY OF ROYAL JELLY. LET IT FILL YOU, NOURISH YOU. THE START OF YOUR GLORIOUS RESURRECTION. YOU WILL ACHIEVE A NEW FORM, A POWER BEYOND YOUR SPECIES' ABILITY TO COMPREHEND. ALLOW YOURSELF TO BE A VESSEL FOR THE PROMISE OF WHAT I OFFER YOU>

Eventually, the King Moth deemed the infusion of royal jelly sufficient and prompted the tendrils to retract. Josh, feeling impossibly full, almost collapsed from the exhaustion of the orgasm and the force-feeding. Though, the King Moth's tongue was there to hold him up, pulling out of his mouth and spraying more royal jelly over the man's slick skin. Each of the tendrils and injectors moved over his form more vigorously, slathering the man in a combination of jelly and a newly secreted silk from the ends of the feeler tendrils.

Soon, sufficiently quantities of silk had been rubbed over the human's form, forming a semi-stiff cocoon around the man's body. The King Moth's soothing words kept the human still and content. In fact, his arousal grew once more as the royal jelly worked through his system,

preparing him for the metamorphosis to come. The human's fate was sealed as the change came over him, sealed shut by a sticky secretion as the King Moth waited for the results of his work.

<YES, SOAK YOURSELF IN MY ROYAL JELLY...ALLOW YOURSELF TO CHANGE, TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL, WORTHY IN BODY AS YOU ARE IN SPIRIT,>
The being echoed into his head. Though Josh was already relaxed, unconcerned that he was in a cocoon that was preparing to alter him in ways inhumanly possible.

Josh was hardly aware of it, but slowly, the royal jelly was digested by his being, imparting precious nutrients and genetic information to initiate a total metamorphosis to match the form of his benefactor. Only a slight burning and throbbing could be detected from his organs as they reformed and shifted, almost melting within into a viscous goo. Though the cocoon and the infusion of royal jelly kept him alive during the process, his consciousness was whited out as his organs developed into simplistic circular systems that would comprise more insectoid physiology he would wear for the rest of his life.

Still, Josh was only aware of an itching as orange and scarlet fur started to erupt from every pore of the human's chest, spreading over his form in a wave as it tickled down his legs, arms, and across his back and ass. Former human pores were subject to burst forth with moth fur, impossibly soft and fine in texture. What felt like the growth of a beard across his face and lips created a faux beard of moth fur. Even when Josh felt that it should have been impossible to grow more fur, the rush of growth continued, resulting in a ravishingly thick and protective coat over his body.

Yet, the sensation of itching was soon forgotten from the onset of a sopping, sucking sound altering Josh to his penis being drawn inward towards his groin. Its tip oozed jelly from the sheer quantity injected into him in the first place. His testes, scrotum, and shaft were all pulled inward as two fleshy lips emerged on either side of what was becoming a new hole to envelop his genitals. Eventually, what remained was pulled inside the moist, gushing folds, the lips closing around them as Josh tried to let out a gasp from the sensation.

Yet, the strange sensations were not to stop there, a series of swellings that Josh could not quell no matter how much he tried to adjust himself within the cocoon. While there was no pain, a mounting pressure grew in his former penis, the tip seeming to peel downwards as though one half of it was pulled away from the other, tearing all the way down to where he felt the base to be. The twin organs seemed to rub against the inner skin as a series of numerous bulbous ridges popped from the surface. They twitched and writhed, sending shivers of pleasure through the reformed organs of the man's body.

Drunkenly, Josh tried to look down at his furry form to perceive what was happening to him. A protective slit was present where his genitals once sat, closed once they had subsumed his human penis. Though the mounting pleasure finally prompted the lips around the surface to part, a pair of deep purple insectoid penises emerged. They were covered with slime and the jelly-like substance that had been forceably injected into him, now seemingly able to be secreted from his own physiology. Though his perception was hazy, given his lusting state, the sensitivity of both his penises, as well as the hairs that now adorned his form, allowed him to perceive the contours of his twin members. The tip of each was split into multiple edges, flaring outward like the toxic appendages of a spider or scorpion. Spongy, scarlet nubs lined the surface of each shaft, and his twin urethras had grown out into bulging bulbous suckers. The sensations of throbbing against his newer, sensitive anatomy were enough to make him cum from the sheer undulations, his semen as thick as the royal jelly that had been infused with his being.

<YES...THAT'S IT...RELEASE THE LAST OF YOUR HUMAN SEED...ALLOW A SUPERIOR MALENESS TO REPLACE IT...SO MUCH MORE PLEASURABLE THAN ANYTHING BEFORE...ALLOW YOURSELF TO GROW, TO CHANGE...> Called the voice within Josh's head, and Josh gave into the sensations, squirming for every inch of sensual pleasure that the process could grant him. It did indeed feel that the last of his testicular contents were spilling. Though he hardly possessed human testes any longer, squeezed of their contents and preparing to be repurposed into something suitable to the insectoid physiology that he was rather rapidly developing.

Lost in the sensation of orgasm, Josh was hardly aware that his ass cheeks were swelling, the fleshy sides of each fusing together as though made of something more malleable than human skin. Though his rectum still persisted, it was shoved down to the apex of his fused backside before a series of cracks and pops emanated from his entire ass. It seemed to be growing impossibly fast, meat and muscle shoving into the malleable flesh as it quadrupled in size, pushing at the back of the cocoon he was currently entrapped in. A shock raced through his form as it throbbed up and down and the area between his ass and his torso started to section off. It was forced down into a thinner, motile partition and made his abdomen a separate part of his lower body. Pulsating protrusions formed lines of small, hardened nubs under its surface, though went largely unnoticed for now.

The bizarre changes were not to stop there, however, as small hardened nubs started to protrude from the underside of his torso, between his arms and legs. They, too, were largely unnoticed by the force of the growth in his abdomen, and the sudden, gut-wrenching crunches that began to rise from his arms. Much like the section between his torso and abdomen, several points of articulations burst through the bones, muscles, and tendons in his arms and legs. With his limbs in a broken state, the underlying anatomy changed forever towards a more lepidopteran configuration.

A grunt escaped Josh's lips as his rib cage started to balloon outward, expanding towards the edges of the cocoon as it rose to the size of his abdomen. Though it felt like his bones could have pierced the soft flesh, the dissolution of his internal organs, largely unfelt, made it easy for his anatomy to shift without internal harm. Those systems for respiration, digestion, and circulation had broken apart and divided their usages throughout his carapace. Bone structures once needed to support them melted away into their calculi and mineral composites as soon as the firm exoskeleton took shape over his skin. The new outer covering supported the amalgamation of separated organs that composed insectoid internal anatomy. Though something that should have pained him, his nerves were among the first things the royal jelly deteriorated. Josh was left to feel only a numb discomfort over a process that would ultimately not end with his death but change him into something objectively superior.

Josh was largely unaware of the internal changes, still in somewhat of a daze and now more focused on two protrusions between his arms and legs centered squarely and pulsating. The boils ruptured violently, and two new limbs burst forth, each the size and thickness of his arms and completed with two clawed digits. With the same points of articulation his current limbs now possessed, they crawled out of his sides as though being birthed. The level of queasiness over their development was largely ignored, however, in the dream-like state Josh was in, allowing such alien alterations to encroach over him without fear or panic.

His broadening back continued to itch all the while as the new expansion of the exoskeleton was covered in soft moth fur. The same hairs spread over his new legs as the wet material covering his limbs rapidly dried from exposure to the air. Four rather large points of pressure started to erupt from his back, the only spaces left bare from hair. They twitched a little, the itching triggered an awakening in Josh's mind as the hazy thoughts started to wake from their dream to find a living nightmare happening to his body.

As clarity started to return to the changing human, Josh gasped at the sensation of several dozen bony nubs along the sides of his abdomen bursting forth, drawing in air through what were now insectoid spiracles, causing it to pulse and quiver like mad. The sensation prompted him to look down, and a blood-curdling scream escaped his lips at the eldritch sight of his inhuman form. It was impossible for him to fully contemplate the abomination that had become of his body. He was changing into something that could only be like the moth that had cocooned him!

A strange swimming sensation in his head prompted him to reach up. Disgusted, he realized that the jellied remnants of his hair pulled from his scalp, and he started rubbing frantically in the hopes that he was simply imagining it. Yet, the terror of losing his hair could hardly compare to the stiffening of his digits, forced into a v-shape before the skin between them started to melt together, fusing and sticking and losing any mobility they once had. Soon, the

skin and bone had melted away, thin dual-claws erupting out of the fingertips, much like the one that adorned the middle legs he now possessed. A stiffness in his toes seemed to denote the same changes, though Josh could be remiss for not looking down, not wanting to see his legs altering the same way. Yet, he was still able to feel the cracks and pops of more dual claws pop out from each all the same.

Though, the concurrent changes would not relent enough for Josh to adapt to one alteration before the next started to take over his former humanity. Inside his massive, broad back, the pressure was building to a crescendo, causing a dull ripping sensation that still made Josh cry out. The wet burst of skin finally allowed developing wings to emerge, and though he couldn't move them, there was no denying the sensation of them unfurling down his back, the sensitive hairs he possessed detecting every inch of them. They hung around his body like a cloak, and Josh felt the urge to unfurl them to allow them to dry, though was unable with his current confinement within the cocoon.

By this point, Josh was impossibly disgusted, his mind now clear from the stunning dizziness. Nausea and heartburn started inflating his chest, more discomforting than anything he had ever recalled feeling. Disgusted, horrified, and wrenching at the thought of what was happening to him, Josh felt he was about to vomit. Yet, his attempts were met with failure, only now aware that his saliva had congealed. It was thick and almost the jelly-like consistency of the fluid that had been force-fed to him. Josh gagged, trying to scream but only producing more of the surprisingly sweet-tasting fluid.

Inside his changing mouth, a strange throbbing started playing over his tongue and esophagus. Tongue swelling, Josh was soon aware of the sensation of numerous wiggling appendages growing from within up and struggling out of his mouth. The sheer terror of what was happening made him attempt to vomit in fear once more, though, again, only royal jelly came from his former ability to produce saliva. The jelly seemed to dissolve the structures within his mouth, his teeth included, though they were hardly missed with all the changes thus far. The ability to regurgitate royal jelly, little did he know, was a sign that his transition into a King Moth was coming to completion!

For now, however, the sensations of being downed in royal jelly grew to the point that it felt like he was able to choke on his own tongue. However, the pressure was soon relieved as what appeared to be serpentine tentacles burst forth from his mouth, slithering from an opening that was not quite the size to allow their distention. The pressure was measured as though the tendrils were pushing away the jelly in their search for freedom. They seemed to wriggle of their own accord, the sensation of their mobility against his will powerfully disconcerting.

<YES, LET THEM OUT, LITTLE ONE...> Came the voice in his head, as though the King Moth was aware of every change that was overcoming the poor man. Josh wanted to struggle, but the hypnotic suggestion allowed him to relax into the writhing tendrils and their literal birth on his form.

Once more, a swelling sensation intensified in his tongue, and the urge to gag returned in full force. Yet, at the moment that it felt too much for him to bear, what had to be his altered tongue erupted from his mouth, pushing the opening far wider than should have been comfortable. Though, given the changes that Josh was undergoing, it was hardly an inconvenience for his mouth to open just a little more to allow the tendrils to subside and his lepidopteran tongue to emerge in its new form. Though his vision was limited, he could perceive numerous egg-like ridges covering its surface, its tip altered into a bulb-like structure.

Off guard from the strange sensations, Josh's brain was almost rocked by an electrical surge as he realized he could control the new tendrils, tongue, and bulb. Josh was caught unaware of the three fleshy petals unfurling before his face. A deep purple fang popped out of the end of each, and in the center, three long, slick injectors slid effortlessly out of what was perceived to be a sphincter-like opening. There was an understanding in Josh's mind that this structure was used to make more moths, how he had been changed and how he could change others in kind. Now freshly turned, the tongue slithered out more as it gained further room in his mouth, teeth now absent to allow the space that his tongue required.

Yet, the discomfort of the change and the hybrid form he now possessed prompted Josh to struggle to get free. There was every chance that the cocoon he was in was the source of his changes, in tandem with the royal jelly. He wanted desperately to spare himself from the rest of the transformation that was taking over his human form. He wriggled frantically, though so much of his body was already taken from him, little left before he was a King Moth himself. Yet, the voice of the King Moth in his mind was ever-present, and there was nothing he could do to escape its clutches this close to total assimilation.

<SOON, LITTLE ONE, YOU WILL EMERGE AND BE REBORN. EXTINGUISH YOUR DOUBT, SNUFF THIS FRUITLESS HESITATION> The voice commanded, and Josh felt himself relax at that. It was hard to struggle against a being so eager to see him change and grow, to become his best self in a way that defied human understanding. It made him desire to be the moth that the King wanted him to be, if not simply to show off what he could be and how his destiny might unfold.

Josh was hardly aware as the remaining changes encroached over him. Two massive antennae burst forth wetly from his withering forehead. Fully formed and covered with hairs, they began wriggling atop his head, vibrations running through them that made Josh squirm in

discomfort. The sensations almost eclipsed the itching of moth fur covering his jaw, neck, and throat, the last vestiges of his human skin robbed from him. The beard of fur, in tandem with his sideburns, erupted into a forest of moth fur, obscuring the rest of his features as he continued to grow and change.

In terror, Josh tried to scream once more, fighting the voice in his head with the last bits of his strength. Yet, the sound of his voice soon devolved into what could only be called a series of alien screeches. Soon, his ability to cry out was lost to the clicks, hisses, and clacks, sounds that would be impossible for the human him to make. With the dissolution of his vocal cords came the loss of hope for continued human speech. As though to cement his facial changes, his jaw continued to reshape itself, massive mandibles parting from a split in his lower lips, with sharp thorny ridges forming across their exterior. Two smaller mandibles burst out from the sides of the former lips before becoming lined with sharp, pointed ridges of their own. They started clicking in unison, as though his body was excited to be nearly that of the moth that had turned him.

The same separation between thorax and abdomen thinned his former neck to what should have been unable to support his expansive head. The hard chitinous exoskeleton that made up his skin soon hardened into place all over his form. Though, in the case of the King Moths, such skin was thicker than armor, impenetrable to all but the most potent penetrations. One of the final changes to overtake his humanity, his eyes started to balloon outwards, even as Josh clicked and hissed his protests and rage. They were nearly half the size of his face by the time they were done, and his vision blurred several times as the colors of the world started to alter drastically. It was as though the dials on an old television had been adjusted, giving him a different spectrum of ultra violets that were lost on the former human. To complete his look, human pupils devolved into horizontal slits, as soulless as the King Moth's that had infected him with change.

Nothing remained of the former human's visage as his body quivered with the need to escape his prison. At this point, the powerful tingles of change seemed to subside, and Josh's squirming legs felt the cocoon around him start to weaken. It was clearly designed for him to burst out of as soon as the change was over. Fearful, he tried desperately to struggle with his claws, though it was more to escape and get away rather than to greet his maker.

Yet, the King Moth had other ideas, hypnotic tones playing in the man's head as he tried to calm the human down. **<UNLEASH THE MOTH, REVEAL YOUR NEW SELF...>** The moth said soothingly to his protege, making the squirming Josh freeze. No matter how much he tried to resist, the mental calming effect sank into his mind, making him still.

<YOU'LL BE SO BEAUTIFUL, SO MAGNIFICENT. THE PERFECT MATE,> cooed the voice, and at the notion of mating, Josh felt his cocks slide out of his new genital lips, wriggling and leaking jelly in anticipation. He wanted to mate, wanted to fuck and be fucked. More than that, he wanted to be continually praised by such a powerful, lovely being. One that cared for him even though he'd been changed into this monstrosity...

At that, the newly changed creature's mandibles clicked in excitement with a series of chitters and hiss, and Josh started to push to allow himself to break free of his prison. Yet, now, rather than escape, he wanted to show off his form to his maker and potential mate, to prompt the male moth to help him quell the urges in his mind.

<HATCH! SHOW YOUR TRUE SELF!> The moth called out, and with that, a slick rip resounded over the canopy as Josh pushed his way out of the cocoon, flexing his body to shake off any of the jelly that still clung to his luxurious moth fur. Instinctively, his wings unfurled, still wet with goo and fluids, and Josh knew that they would quickly dry and allow him the ability of flight. They would also produce the life-giving pollen that would help transform the world around him into that of the moth's home planet.

Reveling in his creation, the King Moth beckoned him towards the base of the tree which was oozing viscous nectar. The newly minted King Moth seemed to take to the sweet fluid, suddenly starving from the energy required to change. Extending their tongues, the two moths started to eat in unison, Josh unable to resist the urge to feed. The more he consumed, the more his thoughts continued to simplify, and by the time he was done, what remained of his human identity was slowly stripped away.

With that, the needs in his cock soon came to the forefront of his thoughts. Now, once nourished, he was eager to expel their contents. The other King Moth, aware of this, turned around and exposed his pulsating rectum, his own twin cocks vibrating against the branch they were alighted on. His hindquarters were open, the same lip-like slits keeping it closed before it started to open, quivering as much as his abdomen was as the prospect of being mating.

Josh could feel his own anus quivering, though, in the moment was being offered the chance to fuck and rut his King Moth equal. Instincts strong in his head, Josh climbed up on the back of the moth. The creature's wings stiffened to make room as Josh's twin penises penetrated his anus, engulfed by the pulsating folds and taken inside like a glove. Within the undulating rectal walls, it took no time for the newly-minted King Moth to spell a load of slimy semen as the two copulated and came in tandem. The other Moth spilled his sweet-smelling semen onto the tree, some of it fertilizing more of the alien plants that adorned it.

With the act of orgasm, the human's mind was no more, lost in the sentience of the King Moth that he had become. Though there was some awareness that he had been a lesser creature, once, with the name Josh, it no longer mattered now. He had been elevated into something more powerful, a virulent and faithful brother to the King Moth that had gifted him this body. And, he was eager to enjoy the new form to the fullest, frequent copulations with his male mate to quell the urges that pulsated from his twin penises...

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It was sometime after that first change that the being formerly known as Josh sensed the vibrations within the forest of vines that denoted the presence of another being. Though it was familiar, Josh thought it best to deal with it all the same, converting it into a moth like himself. King Moths did not tolerate any threats to their habitat, things large enough to cause a disturbance to the natural order that their pollen and spores inflicted on their lands.

The creature was large, bipedal, the visage of a human being coming to the forefront of Josh's thoughts. Though he was hardly aware of how he knew such things, or why he was to care. Part of Josh found him wondering if the creature would be worthy of him, to be assimilated and changed as he had once been. Though, there was little point in concerning himself with such things. Both King Moths were a mated pair, and although they did not reproduce, save to convert others as Josh had been, they did not need another to join their ranks as Kings. A simple conversion into a servant moth would do.

The sounds of a scream resonated through his antenna, but Josh was remiss to care, descending on his prey with a spray of pollen and an impressive gust that almost knocked the prone man over. It seemed as though the man wanted to run, though Josh knew instinctively that he would not be able to in a few moments. The pollen was already coming into contact with him and would soon burn into his clothes, soaking into his skin and prompting the man to do exactly as Josh willed him. And, at the moment, Josh only required the human to stay still as he performed his work.

Though it was difficult to tell, the words 'lost' and 'researcher' came to the forefront of his thoughts as his tongue pushed outwards and the three-pronged bulb opened up to cover the being's mouth. It was something from a past life, a mental image of the creature he once was rather than the perfect Moth he had become. Compelled as he was to create servants, his tongue was rapidly slid down the creature's throat, though not with the expulsion of royal jelly that he had been fed. Rather, this fluid was thicker, enough to change the human but not into a King Moth like himself. A lesser being to serve their needs now that he and his benefactor were a mated pair. Part of his hoard of servant moths that he would start with this one human.

Quickly and precisely, Josh slid his tongue down the human's throat, filling him completely with this new jelly variant. Part of him knew that this strain was far more virulent, and pumped the human full until the excess was leaking from his lips. Josh then withdrew his tongue to view his work. The human fell over on his stomach, quivering violently as though trying to expel the foreign material from his body. Though it was already too late, and he soon lost the ability to even gag, still sputtering and trying to cry out. His skin was wriggling intently, something being pushed outward and trying to break through. The flesh began to tear wetly, leaving a white, wet substance with no blood or tendons. Josh knew that all of the human's internal organs were dissolving, as Josh's had, to become a simply insectoid circulatory system.

The man's torso continued to tear, the skin underneath wrinkled and segmented, like that of the insect he was becoming. From each segment wetly burst a nub towards the lower side, undulating with the movements of his body. It seemed as though his body wished to shed the human skin as it expanded underneath. The pressure started to rip away at the man's clothes until he was left bare of the garments along with his human skin.

Crawling out of his pants, it was obvious that his anus was being pushed towards the apex of his rear. Two paired appendages burst from the tops of his ass, twitching of their own and shaking off the fluids that came from them. His legs and arms flopped to the sides, almost vestigial as they started to crack and pop and wither away into nothing. In terror, the man tried to move his fingers before a series of wet pops eliminated them from his frame. Soon, little remained of the former appendages, save for the dissolved stumps that were clearly on their way to becoming the same nubs that persisted on the rest of his bulging segments.

One human aspect that remained was a semi-erect member that forced the man to move on his side just slightly to alleviate the discomfort assailing it. A groan escaped his clogged lips as his cock started spasming a little and blew out a decent-sized load of cum. Soon, the viscosity increased until what looked like clumps of jelly were being ejaculated along with the remnants of human sperm. With that, his pulsating cock was pulled back inside him, forming those same lips that comprised Josh's own. Though his penis would alter, it would not emerge again until the second stage of metamorphosis occurred.

By this point, little was left of the human's torso as the rest of his insectoid body squeezed out from under his skin. His wriggling torso started to pulsate faster as spiracles opened, allowing him necessary gas exchange. The sack-like skin prickled intensely until millions of minute soft hairs burst through, covering him in a velvety coat. The man tried to squirm against the sensation but could only move forward slightly, unable to escape the vermiform body he now possessed.

All that remained of his human form was his head, though his neck was already fattening to connect it with the larval body he now possessed. His human hair fell away, loosed from his sockets as a tuft of caterpillar fur burst out from the spot, complete with thick strands to indicate the poisons and chemicals within his thin skin.

In a last bit of effort, the human tried to open his mouth to scream, clearly gagging though no longer possessing the ability. Yet, soon, his mouth was forced open by the presence of several dozen wriggling tendrils, smaller than Josh's own and coated with the jelly. His tongue, too, rolled out of his mouth as his lower jaw split into two serrated mouthparts. The tip of it ballooned outward into a fleshy three-pronged petal, a sucking instrument inside that he would use to feed on nectar as part of his preparation.

Only a series of hisses and clicks escaped the larvae's mouth as his eyes clouded over, more compound than Josh's own as his face swelled with the same rubbery flesh that comprised the rest of his form. Soon was nothing left of the former human as the newly-minted larvae crawled towards the base of the tree he was close to and began expending his tongue to feast on the leaking nectar. That tree, like all those in the vicinity, had been blessed by King Moth pollen, producing nourishment for moths and their progeny.

Josh looked with pride at his creation. The new larvae would feed and grow, shedding several times until finally gaining enough nutrients to form a cocoon of his own. He would turn into a servent moth, albeit a smaller one than Josh, unable to reproduce by changing others. Its purpose would be to tend to the King Moth's flowers and tree and provide sexual acts to pleasure its masters. It was the first Josh had made but would not be the last. As their domain expanded, they would encounter more and more humans to change into glorious moth servants, converting the world to suit their needs...