

THE HIVE RIDER GANG CHAPTER 7

The sun rose and marked a new day. Rob gradually opened his eyelids. He shoved NG who lay in his embrace to the side as he rose awake.

Last night was one sweet hell of an experience for Rob. He came back to the base greeted with surprise. He had commanded the rest of the gang to fetch him a bed before he went to Singed's parents' place. And they came back not only with the bed he wanted but also brought back two captives. Rob didn't care how they got the bed, but the two captives took his attention.

Two blonde white women were bound by rope in pillars not far from each other. A young teenage girl and someone who seemed to be her mother. Their look wasn't head stunning level like some of the bitch in Rob's stable but by no means they were ugly. They were solid 7 out of 10 on the appearance scale. The young girl was your typical girl's night door, she was a petite girl standing at 5'3 and only had B-cup breasts. Meanwhile, the older woman looked like someone in her late 30s or early 40s. She was a smart-looking woman with her blonde hair tied in a messy bun. She was 5'6 feet tall with natural D-cup tits, her face might be so so but from her body alone, many would consider her a MILF. They were stripped to their underwear. Rob could see several claw marks all over their body.

"Who are they?" Rob asked.

Hag moved forward and told Rob about their experience, "The young girl is Ilsa Jones and the old one is Gertrude Jones, as the name implies they are mother and daughter. Long stories short, with our limited way to procure and transport a bed. We decided to ransack the nearest nice house we could find around. Unfortunately for them, we picked their house as they have one of the nicest-looking houses in the area. Mother Lena had taken care of the man of the house, The husband was probably already dead in a fatal car crash accident by this time after Mother Lena suggested that he should drive

recklessly without any care for safety. Nightmare and Blaze had played around with these two to shut their mouth from making unnecessary noises. These two seemed to scare them shitless ”

“A pair mother and daughter, huh? Have you asked them about their background?”

Hag shook her head, “Not yet, boss.”

“Fine, leave it to me, you bitches can play with each other first in the other room. I will call you bitches later.”

Hag and others walked out of the room, leaving Rob with the pair of mother and daughter.

The two captives looked at Rob with fear.

“I want to talk with you,” Rob said.

“Please don’t hurt us,” the mother pleaded.

“Relax, I will not hurt you, why should I hurt a member of my gang?”

“W-what do you mean?” Gertrude replied. Her face was unsure of how to respond to what Rob said. She had witnessed how a member they called Mother Lena somehow could control his husband and send him to his death.

Would the man ask Mother Lena to force her and her daughter to join his gang? Would it be better to agree to join him voluntarily?

“Let’s put it aside for now, you will understand later. Next, I have a question for you that I want you to answer honestly; what is your job? Do you have any special skills or expertise?”

“I’m a high-school teacher,” Gertrude answered

“A teacher you say? How about your daughter, what major did she take in college?”

“She just graduated from high school, but she will enroll in a law school later.”

“Unfortunately for you then, I don't need a teacher or law school student in my gang, so you two will be just a gang slut. I heard that Nightmare and Blaze scared you shitless, it may be a good idea to make you two bond with them. Your girl probably will appreciate Blaze’s knowledge, she was a law school student before she decided that school didn’t matter anymore and become my gang bitch ”

Both Gertrude and her daughter still couldn't fully comprehend what Rob meant, would he make those two harass them once again? Before they were brought here, Nightmare had sexually harassed Gertrude by inserting a can of beer into her pussy. Not only that, the punk girl also clawed her tits with her talon-like nail.

Gertrude reflexively shook her head in refusal. Rob ignored her refusal and placed his hand on her head, the alien hive quickly entered through her orifice and took control of her brain.

“What are you doing to my mom?! Release her right now!” Ilsa gathered her courage and lashed out.

“Fear not, girly, your mom’s fine, I just changed her to fit my gang's aesthetic. Didn't I say that you two will be members of my gang? This is how I recruit members to my gang; by assimilating them to the hive mind and altering their bodies to suit the role I had in mind. After I take over and change your mom, next is your turn, young lady, now just enjoy the spectacle,” He gave the young girl a cruel smirk before working on changing Gertrude.

Gertrude's hair untied from her bun, before some portion of her hair fell to the floor in clumps, leaving her with a side shaved hairstyle. The change to her hair finished with its color turned pink. Next, her face seemed to be younger and younger until she looked barely older than her daughter. Numerous pink-colored plastic piercings appeared on her face; from snakebite piercings on her lips, spikes piercing on both her nostrils, and some pairs of piercings between her eyebrows. The amount of piercing adorning her face was comparable to what Nightmare had.

It was not only her face that got younger, her body regained its vigor of youth, and all the bruises she had before were healed in a matter of seconds. Her already big breasts ballooned even further to cantaloupe-sized fake tits. Just a few inches below her navel, a tramp stamp that read 'Nightmare's Bitch' appeared.

After her physical transformation finished, next was her clothes, her bra and panties melted into black slime before climbing back to her body and forming a new set of clothes for her. When it finished, she sported a sexy black fishnet mesh top. Underneath her top, she had white skull-shaped pasties covering her nipples. She got a tartan red plaid micro skirt and a black thong for her bottom. Fishnet stockings and leather boots clad her legs. And last, like most members of the gang, she got her gang jacket.

"You are T.D. pronounced Tiddies. Forget about teaching, you aren't smart enough for that now. You are a bimbo, but you are totally smitten with Nightmare, thus you adopt her style, making yourself a punk bimbo. You are Nightmare's personal bitch, you adore her so much. Aside from me and nightmare, others may play with you but you will never be able to cum from it."

Ilsa witnessed how Rob changed her mother. Her eyes still couldn't believe that her mom looked younger and younger, and then she heard Rob begin to spout nonsense like her mom was a punk bimbo named Tiddies who was madly in love with the one that violated her before.

The young girl watched in horror when the light got back in her mom's eyes and the first word she heard from her mom was, "Hey, Boss, thank you for accepting me to the gang, I never felt this good ever since twenty years ago. Thank you for making me young again, Boss! I'd like to offer my holes to thank you for this blessing."

"Mom, what are you saying? He did something to your mind! Please snap out of it, Mom!" Ilsa cried.

"Oh, I know well what he did to me, and I love it. I no longer feel stressed about stuff, and my body feels so light. You will understand when the boss assimilates you. Oh, another thing I need to say, I am not your mom, I am just a copy of her mind."

"No, what do you mean you aren't my mom? I don't understand what are you saying."

"It's faster to show you than explain it with words," Rob interjected and then moved toward her.

"No...no, get away from me," the young girl yelled in fear as Rob approached her. Rob placed his palm on her cheek and let the hive spread. Ilsa noticed silver streaks coming from Rob's palm and the silver streak began to spread to her face like string worms crawling under her skin.

He's a monster. Ilsa thought before the hive took control of her mind.

"I will let you keep your name, as it reminds me of some character with an ice power, but you prefer to be called Icey. If Blaze is a fiery passionate little slut, you will be her counterpart, a cold-hearted emotionless bitch who doesn't bat an eyelid when fucking someone's life. You are incapable of feeling strong emotions like anger or joy. You are the gang free-use slut that will go drop on your knee on request; whether it is a blowjob, cunnilingus, anal, pussy penetration, or tribadism, it's all the same in your eyes, for you it is no different than someone asking you to borrow your pen for a few moments, but

instead of a pen, they borrow your body to vent their sexual need. You feel emotionally detached from it; you will do what they request with haste and utmost efficiency, and just go on to the next thing after you finish the request. You don't feel anything when you have sexual activities with others aside from freezing cold when something is inserted in your pussy. But it's different if I or Blaze are the ones who have sexual activities with you; when you saw my cock, your cold exterior will melt. You will try to keep up the cool front, but you will be self-conscious of yourself; around me, you aren't the unfeeling gang enforcer slash fucktoy named Icey, but Ilsa the little clueless inexperienced girl, a schoolgirl who experiences love for the first time. When you get my cock inside any of your holes, you will feel a comfortable warm feeling wash your body and you love the feeling very much. You crave it and will do anything to experience the soothing warm feeling, meanwhile, a kiss with Blaze or eating her pussy will make you feel fiery hot as if your inside is burned by fire, you hate the feeling because it brings your pain, but you can't get enough of it." Rob smirked triumphantly as he transformed Ilsa to be a slut with a messed-up head. He felt pleasure in corrupting the soon-to-be law school student

Ilsa's long golden blonde hair turned into icy blonde. Her healthy complexion became alabaster pale. A dominantly blue makeup caked her face. Her lips were coated with icy blue lipstick. She grew taller from 5'3 to 5'6'. Her once petite body become voluptuous as her tits expanded to D-cup and she gained some meat on her buttock.

Her top mirrored what Blaze had but with a changed color scheme; instead of a red cropped tube top, she had a blue one. Instead of denim pants, Ilsa wore a metallic blue flare micro skirt without any underwear underneath it to give others ease of access to her lower holes. She had blue thigh-high boots to contrast with Blaze's red boots.

Icey regained her awareness as Rob finished changing her.

"Ah, I know understand what my 'mom' said that she only a copy of her mind. The me before was no more and the me right now was only a hive-mind copy that had her memory," she mumbled stoically, her face devoid of expression.

Icey stoic expression changed into a flushed one once Rob unzipped his pants and took out his big dick. Like a switch being turned on, Ilsa got her expression and desire back.

“Only one of you gets to fuck me tonight, you need to decide which one of you will I fuck,” Rob said. He wanted to see how the pair would decide who get the honor to be his fuckhole.

The two newly minted gang bitch faced each other.

“Hear me, Icey, I’m your mommy, so let me fuck the boss,” said Tiddies.

“Didn’t you say that you aren’t my mom? Why do you claim to be one now? Just look at you, you look barely older than me,” Icey replied with a jeer.

“Tch, you are no fun, so how do you want to decide who will fuck boss? you can’t make the boss keep waiting.”

“Of course, the boss should fuck a genuine nubile young cunt like me, I’m also a virgin to boot, my pussy is still tight and will give the boss the utmost pleasure.”

“Right, a virgin, that means you are inexperience, a lousy lay, a frigid bitch like you will not offer much aside from a few seconds of cherry-popping experience.”

“Okay, that’s enough, Tiddies give a sound argument, but it makes me want to take Icey’s virginity. So, this is what I want you to do; Tiddies, as Ilsa’s mother, I want you to offer your daughter to me, assist your inexperienced little bitch so she could serve me like a jaded whore. Do good enough, and I will reward you for your effort. And as for you, Ilsa, you will be fully self-conscious of your inexperience, so you will let Tiddies guide you,” Rob intervened and gave them his new command.

The two swiftly got into the role Rob requested.

“Boss, I want you to give you the honor of popping her cherry, my daughter’s pussy is ripe for the taking,” said Tiddies while pushing Ilsa toward Rob.

“That’s not the right attitude to have when asking someone to fuck your daughter, you should beg me to show your sincerity, your bitches should know your position.”

Tiddies dropped to all four and then prostrated toward Rob, “This bitch is sorry for not knowing her place, please forgive me. I want to offer my worthless virgin daughter as your fucktoy. Please take my daughter’s virginity. It's the only value that my worthless daughter has.”

“Yes, that’s a proper begging, so, I’ll take your offer. But before I take her virginity, I want you to prep your daughter for my cock by licking her pussy,” Rob commanded.

“Yes, Boss.” Tiddies stopped prostrating and then kneeled before Ilsa.

“Spread your legs wide,” Tiddies commanded the girl.

As Ilsa didn’t wear any panties, once she spread her legs, Tiddies got direct access to her pussy. Without hesitation, the now youthful mother kissed her daughter’s lower lips. Her tongue danced inside Ilsa’s pussy.

The young girl shivered. In an instant her ‘former’ mother’s tongue went inside her pussy; she felt that a block of ice was jammed into her cunt. But despite her feeling her pussy was freezing cold, she was drenched down there as her juice leaked like a broken faucet.

Tiddies stopped licking her daughter’s cunt after she thought she was wet enough. She wouldn’t want to risk making her daughter cum before the boss took her cherry, “I’m done, Boss, her pussy was slick and ready for your cock, now,”

“Thanks for your work, Tiddies, now I want you to act like Gertrude and masturbate while watching me fuck your daughter, I still want you to cheer and give commentary on how your daughter can do better. As for you, Ilsa, I want you to sit on my lap and impale your pussy on my cock, I won’t move so it’s entirely your job to make me cum.”

“Yes, boss,” the two said in unison.

Tiddies moved to the side and picked a spot where she still could see Rob fucking her daughter. She removed her skirt and thong, then sat down on the floor before starting to rub her cunt.

Meanwhile, Ilsa moved toward Rob and climbed on his lap. The girl impaled herself on his cock. As Rob stated before, the man didn’t move a bit and let Ilsa do the job. The girl moved up and down on his cock. Her hymen broke and virginal blood began to leak down Rob’s cock.

“Be more energetic, don't be such a lazy ass, show your enthusiasm!” Tiddies yelled from the sidelines. Her eyes were glassy with tears; Rob had commanded her to act like Gertrude, so she had brought Gertrude's personality back. Right now, she was not Tiddies, Nightmare's bitch but Gertrude Jones, the mother of Ilsa Jones but with all other Rob's commands intact. Her tears came from the motherly side of Gertrude who was saddened to see her daughter offering her virginity to Rob, but she couldn't say or even think to stop them. The words that came out of her mouth were only encouragement for her daughter to serve their gang leader better.

“Yes, hump your pussy harder on his cock like that, show the boss that even an inexperience girl of the Jones family is a natural-born whore.”

Rob chuckled, and asked the girl who was busy humping her pussy to his cock, “How do you feel when your mom called you a natural-born whore?”

“I feel proud, she’s right, I am a whore,” Ilsa moaned. The girl kept her hips moving up and down on Rob’s cock, but her speed began to slip and became gradually slower.

Rob could feel that Ilsa was on the verge of cumming. Using the Hive’s power, Rob synched her pleasure with Gertrude before letting the two cum.

“Oh no, I can’t hold it anymore, I’m cumming.” Ilsa orgasmed.

At the sideline, seeing her daughter cum, Gertrude felt a sudden electrifying jolt of pleasure from her clitoris which then quickly spread all over her body. Gertrude orgasmed a moment later as the jolt of pleasure hit her brain.

“Have you already done your best, bitch? I’m still far from feeling that I will cum,” Rob teased.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry that I’m a lousy lay that is unable to make you cum,” the girl realized what she had done and started to cry.

“You mother and daughter should be ashamed; the daughter cum before making me cum, and the mother still cum knowing well that her daughter’s performance is lackluster. I have a punishment for you two; Tiddies, from now on, you will borrow a strapon from Nightmare every night and will have sex with Icey except if there are any tasks from me that you need to complete. When you fuck her, you will assume the role of Gertrude Jones instead of Tiddies; Icey, instead of acting nonchalant like what you did when servicing others, when you have sex with Tiddies, you will remember that you failed to make me cum, and feel very self-conscious of your failure, so, you will be extra passionate and eager when having sex with Tiddies.”

After he finished playing with the two new additions to his gang, Rob called the rest of his gang to the room. The gang bitches entered the room in various states of undress. Rob had told them to play with each other before and so, each member found a partner to release their sexual tension. aside from Singed and Lena who was lesbian, none of the members was originally a lesbian before, they still weren't lesbians now, but have no problem engaging in sexual activities with each other if Rob wanted them to, in a way, all the gang bitches was practically bisexual now even though they didn't feel any romantic feeling with the same gender. Lesbianism, for most of them, was only a way to make Rob feel entertained.

“I think some of you owe me a fuck, I have worked hard in transforming you to this current form of yours, but I have yet to fuck most of you because of how occupied I was by the need to grow this gang. So, tonight, we will have a fuck train where all of you will take turns to offer yourself to me.”

That night, Rob had almost non-stop fuck with all the gang bitches he created except for Cruela and Officer Paulina whose not reside in the abandoned church. Even with the recovery ability from the Hive. Rob was made to admit that having a fuck-train with all his gang bitches was a bad idea. He was spent and exhausted. The hive lord inside him even seemed to intervene and shut down his consciousness to save Rob's life energy.

When I fall unconscious, it seems the hive lord also put those bitches in a dormant state. Rob looked at the rest of the gang who were sleeping soundly in various positions all over the room.

“Alright, bitches, enough sleep, it's time to wake up,”

Like a bunch of computers being restarted, these women woke up from their dormant state after Rob's command.

The first who regained her consciousness was Lena, the sexy nun. The 'nun' was naked aside from her wimple and veil.

Rob recalled what he did last night with her, he was fucking Lena in the pussy while asking her and Singed to kiss each other, of course, he also fuck Singed later that night after he cum inside Lena's pussy.

"Morning, Boss, what shall we do today?" Lena asked. Her naked state didn't bother her.

"We will be visiting some 'friends'. Our first target for today is the mechanic that Hag said, we will see whether they will fit our gangs or not."

Rob and his gang rode their motorcycle to the workshop Hag said. It was still early in the morning and only a few people were present in the workshop. Rob and his gang's arrival caught their attention.

A bulky middle-aged man wearing an oil-stained one-piece blue jumpsuit greeted Rob, his eyes were full of wary, "Welcome, I'm Mike, the owner of this workshop, if you want some service on your ride, I can help you, but if you want to make trouble, I advise you to leave, I have my shares of trouble-maker like you."

"Well, Mike, I need some mechanics and I want to recruit you to my gang," Rob said.

"No thanks, I'm content with what I have right now,"

"You say that, but you have been checking my bitches," Rob sneered.

"Honey, why do you still humor him? I don't like how those bitches look," said a bespectacled lady in a black suit.

"So, Is the receptionist your wife?" Rob asked.

“I warn you to not have any funny thoughts about my wife!” Mike barked at Rob.

“So, what will you do if I have some funny idea about your wife?”

“I will kick your ass out of here.”

Mike swung his wrench at Rob, but Rob readily fought back. The hive-bonded Rob had superb reaction speed and was more experienced in fights. Like when he fought the guard before, all Rob needed was a few punches laced with the hive, and Mike was defeated and was now dazed with a blank mind.

“What are you doing to my husband!?” Mike’s wife yelled and moved to shield him from Rob.

“Worry not, soon you two will be reunited,” Rob quickly choked the bespectacled lady. The Hive took over her body in a matter of seconds

“Bitches, take care of the onlookers,” Rob commanded his gang to take action.

When the gang left the workshop, they had an additional three members.

The first one was Mike or now, Michelle. Rob hated that Mike dared to stand up against him, so as punishment, he effeminate her. Gone was his bulky muscle, now Michelle's body was soft and lithe. His hair was now long to his back, If somebody looked from behind, they would easily mistake him as a girl. Rob made Michelle wear a miniskirt and a girl-sized black tank top which was too small for him. Rob still let Michelle keep his 7-inch cock which was now dangling freely underneath his miniskirt. He kept Michelle’s cock intact so others could play with him while Rob was too exhausted like last night. If it was not for the gang jacket he wore, nobody would expect a sissy like Michelle to be a dangerous biker gang member.

Personality-wise, Michelle was a submissive boy who would obey even the submissive Doll. He changed his preferences on women, now, a strong, musclebound, dominant bitch like Singed or a violent, cruel, mature bitch like Hag could make him almost cum just by talking with them.

Rob kept his intellect and knowledge about machinery intact, and even shared it through the hive with other gang members, so now from Blaze to Icey have preliminary knowledge on how to fix their motorbike. Despite that, Michelle would still be the one who handled the bike repair most of the time unless in an emergency as the others were too busy playing their part or fucking Rob.

The second new member was Mike's wife – former wife now, Sidney or Sid now. If Rob effeminated Mike, Sidney was now an Amazonian musclebound beauty. She was as muscular as Singed, only having 5 percent body fat in her body. Sid looked like she was in her mid-20s now compared to her actual age which was 33 years old. Rob kept her long blonde hair to make her similar to her former husband. The former husband and wife now looked like they could be sisters, but while Michelle had no tits, Sid had tits as big as volleyball like some other gang bitches.

Sid was no longer in her black professional suit but was now clad in an oily, sweat-stained one-piece denim jumpsuit which her former husband used to wear but she wore it without anything underneath. Her sweaty big tits were spilling out of the jumpsuit. Her gang leather jacket was more of a mechanic jacket than the standard gang leather jacket others wear.

She rode her motorbike with Michelle on the back. Rob altered their relationship a little. As Michelle's body was now effeminate, Sid was now his assistant who did the rough and heavy job. Their cordial relationship stopped at that point. Rob still kept Sidney's dominant personality but lowered her tolerance of things, thus as she kept being ordered around by Michelle who was far weaker and submissive than her, she couldn't help to hate her former husband. Sid would ridicule her former husband as weak and

useless. She would tease him, knowing that Michelle's new preference was a big, strong girl like her and some others in the gang, but would never let him near his pussy ever again. Sid would fuck others except his former husband.

The last addition to the gang was a boy named Owen. Owen was an intern at Mike's workshop. When he watched Rob transforming the workshop boss and his wife. He confronted Rob and by his initiative, asked Rob to change him too.

Rob recalled what happened several minutes ago.

“Sir, can you change me too?” Owen asked.

“Who are you? And why do you want me to change you?” Rob asked the boy, he was puzzled that there was someone who jumped in front of him, asking to be changed.

“I'm Owen, I'm an intern in this workshop. I want you to change me because I am bored of this life.”

Rob shook his head, “Gen Z, you are still young and already bored of life. That isn't a strong reason for me to recruit you to my gang. Let me ask a simple question, what value will you bring to my gang?”

“I can help with the bike.”

“Mike here is more experienced than you.”

“Ughh...How about I introduce you to my mother and sister, they are both stunning ladies; you will not regret taking them to be your slut.”

“You are an interesting and vile boy, Owen. Usually, people want to protect their loved ones from my grasp, and here you are offering them to me, your relationship with them isn't the best one I guess.”

Owen looked ashamed, and threw his gaze on the floor, “Yes...you can consider me the black sheep of my family; and my relationship with them isn’t the best one. I’m the less successful one and often compared to my sister, you may have heard the name Gillian Dennings before, that is my sister. ”

Gillian Dennings. Rob mulled and tried to recall where he heard the name

“Ah, the fashion model, Gillian Dennings,” Rob finally recalled who was Gillian Dennings.

“Yes, the sexy fashion Model, Gillian Denning. My mom is less famous than my sister but she isn’t less stunning despite her being older, she is a high-ranking manager in a big investment firm in the city.”

“Alright, kids, this time your offer got my attention, so, I will make a compromise and welcome you to my gang.”

Rob then touched the boy's shoulder and let the hive assimilate him.

“Sorry, boy, I forgot to tell you, that when I change someone, they cease to exist. You won’t be the one enjoying this new life, but a hive copy of Owen will.”

The boy's clothes ripped as he gained some new muscle mass. He wasn’t as muscular as Singed or Sid though. Owen’s face looked older. His overall body build and appearance now resembled young Arnold Schwarzenegger when he played the Terminator. Even his attire now resembled what Arnold wore in the movie, there was a little difference in detail like his leather jacket now had Rob’s gang logo on it.

“I will call you Zero, you will be our group's perfect thug and also a fuck robot for the bitches. Not a literal robot, but when the bitches want a man to help with sexual frustration, you will readily offer them whether they want to use your cock as a replacement for a vibrating dildo or whether they want you to lick their cunt. Of course,

you will only offer your service If it isn't again my command or when I am not in the mood to fuck them, do you understand?"

"Yes, boss," Zero said robotically.

A few hours after the gang had gone from the workshop, a woman in a black robe arrived at the area. She called someone after seeing that the workshop was ransacked, and saw a few people lying unconscious.

"We are late, My lord, I think a hive lord is one step earlier than us and assimilated Mike and his wife first before I arrived here."

"Alright, thanks for your report, Aaliyah, check whether my car was still there or not."

A few moments later, the lady in a black trench coat named Aaliyah replied. "It is still there, my lord."

"Too bad, we lost Mike, thus I can't ask him to reinforce my car with an additional bulletproof plate. Aaliyah, your job now is to retrieve the car and bring it back to me," said the man on the other side of the phone.

"Yes, Lord Abdul."

To be continued in the next chapter.