The Vermin God

Spinel could not forget the mocking eye of the demon before she shot him straight in the face. Even after the shot he grinned, his malicious grin sending a chill down her spine. “Finally, a new successor. You are worthy if you could best me. I hope you receive my gift well…” Before he could continue Spinel shot a couple more bullets to his face, silencing him. She knew he was dead from the first shot. Her countless battle experience and honed combat instincts told her that. She was wasting her bullets for no good reason, she thought. Still, the demon’s mocking tone had left a disturbing mark on her. Successor? Gift? Had it been part of his grand scheme, so that his own death was all part of his plan? And she being worthy? Demons existed to corrupt; did he succeed in doing so by letting her kill him? Then what was the point of her travelling all the way down to this demonic dungeon?

Out of anger and frustrations, Spinel kicked hard the lifeless body of the demon. He was of an insect kind, looking like a monstrous amalgamation of cockroach, fly, mosquito, and other disgustingly looking bugs. His face was completely that of an insect, with long antennae sprouting from its upper part. Then there were huge fly-like red multi-faceted eyes and gibbering mandibles constantly drooling black ooze. On the middle of the mandible sprouted a long thin proboscis drenched with reddish fluid, presumably blood. On his back sprouted four glossy transparent wings that buzzed and made a very distracting sound, the one that makes your body hairs stand, exactly like that of a mosquito buzzing in the middle of the night. His torso looked like that of a cockroach, covered with hard brownish chitins and attached with multiple ‘legs’ thrashing madly to and fro. On his lower side there were two legs like a humanoid, but between the two legs there was a bloated abdomen which had a pointy flesh that looked like a stinger, but more oval-shaped and leaking copious amount of thick whitish fluid. The smell was offensively dizzying, almost burning her nose. The monster was a thing that was not meant to be, made possible only by the forbidden dark powers of the depth below. And it was Spinel’s duty to make sure that such beings existed only in the most twisted imaginations, not alive in the real world.

He had introduced himself as the ‘Vermin God’. A fitting name, Spinel thought. Swarms of flies and mosquitoes buzzed near him, and small cockroaches and other insects crawled the ground he was standing on. When she had killed him after a short battle, the bugs all disappeared in a sudden poof, leaving Spinel weirdly uncomfortable. And the demon had been killed too easily; she was expecting more. Not out of battle-lust, but more of a cautionary measure; the Lord of this demonic place could not fall that easily. Again, his last words echoed inside her head. A gift… worthy successor…

She was panting heavily. This won’t do, she thought. Quickly she closed her eyes and tried to breathe manually, meditating to find if the demon’s curse did take effect. Unfortunately, it was. She was immediately greeted with an intense sensation right above her private part, in lower part of her belly. Just as she thought; this demon’s obscene body told her that his influences were mostly about carnal desires; pleasure of the flesh, so to speak.

“Ugh…no…” Her panting was not just merely from physical exertion. Her face became flush with a reddish hue, and her hands moved on its own, already skirting around the edge of her underwear which felt sticky. In a just short moment the arousal spell was already working, making her hastily remove her lower garments and squatting on the floor. Copious amounts of fluids were leaking from her nether regions. With a dread Spinel noticed a strange symbol in her belly where her uterus was located. A curse symobl looking like a heart pierced by male genital, left by the insect demon that mocked her… And it was making her damn horny!

“Uh…I shouldn’t…but…” Her body was already betraying her hesitant words. With her underwear gone and legs spread wide her pussy was clearly visible, puffy and glisteningly wet. In a moment her hands started rubbing furiously her clit and then occasionally sticking a finger or two inside her folds. “No…! Nnghh… too good…” Her closed eyes and slightly open mouth belied her quickly draining willpower, replaced by the curse-fueled desire to explore her body to the fullest. “Oh….damn…hah…” The splattering sound of her fluids splashing on the floor frightened her a bit, thinking she could not possibly produce so much; yet when she looked down she found out she was almost like taking a piss with so much coming out as her hands regularly touched her clit and then massaged her insides. Speaking of which, her engorged clit stood higher than she had previously observed, oscillating like a long reed in the wind. And that too felt extremely good to Spinel, making her lose to the pleasure to the moment, stimulating it further.

She continued to masturbate for a while. It must’ve been no more than a few minutes, but beneath her there was already a puddle formed out of her fluids. When she tried to stand up she discovered that her nipples too stood high from all the arousals, peeking their parts out from the comfortable utilitarian chest piece she wore whenever she had to explore dungeons and kill monsters. She involuntarily winced and moaned as her sensitive nipples brushed against the fabric she was wearing. She thought they might go down after a while, along with her upright clit, but just looking at her body filled her with arousal, the curse working its influence again. In a short while she was down on the floor again rubbing her nether regions and breasts at the same time, her hands touching, twisting, rubbing, and applying pressure to her enlarged tips.

“Nooo…Unnngh…can’t stay here…” Spinel realized the longer she stayed here, the more danger of her fully succumbing to the curse. Already she was masturbating without a care in the world, not thinking about the possible stray monsters and demons that might try to avenge their master’s death. Most would be weakened and eventually destroyed without the master demon’s influence imbuing their unholy presences, but you could never be sure when dealing with demons. Some of the more powerful minions could still finish her to avenge their master’s death.

Spinel quickly removed the remaining clothes. Her body was now feeling extremely warm anyway, the touching fabric on her skin feeling too ticklish and arousing. Her magic spells and weapons were enough to keep the remaining monsters at bay. Or so she hoped.

While retracing her steps back to the labyrinthine passages, Spinel discovered another source of annoyance. First she heard faint buzzing sounds. Then the sounds grew louder, until she realized that it was not her own imaginations or echoes from distant location that ringed in her ears. She could see them anyway, small swarm of insects flying near her, bees, mosquitoes, flies, and other flying bugs. At first she burned them to a crisp with her magic whenever a group came near, but soon she had to give up, for the insects seemed to appear constantly. The constant successive usage of her spells quickly drained her mana, and that left her dangerously open to the potential bigger threats that might emerge later.

And it was not just the flying ones. On the floor there were small blackish dots crawling around her, and when one started to creep towards her toes she gave a startling cry, trying to brush the insect off. With its brown-tinted carapace and legs with small spikes Spinel it was a cockroach. Of course, a seasoned explorer as her wouldn’t just go crazy over seeing that bug. It was disgusting, and the thought of being around that bug dismayed her spirit, but Spinel had faced worse, and she wasn’t just about to continue freaking out right now just because a damn bug had touched her skin.

Still, the bugs bugged her as they seemed to follow her whenever she went. At one point she even decided to cautiously move through a fire-enchanted passage just to shake off those annoying little vermin. It worked while she had to go through the fiery corridor that threatened to burn her had she was not applied with fire-resistant barrier spell, but as soon as she was back to the regular dungeon floor the bugs appeared again, seemingly out of thin air.

Then Spinel remembered the demon’s name. Vermin God… the insects surrounding her were like the ones that lingered around that demon. The curse must have had more than just arousing her, she thought. But what else was there? Sending a presumably magically sustained insect swarms so that she found it really annoying? Still, she had to move on. She could ponder about the curse later.

Even when she was masturbating (for now she had to stop occasionally not to be completely overcome by the sexual curse that still held a firm grip on her; actually, the sign on her stomach seemed to shine brightly in a greenish glow, as if the image was etched directly on her tender belly scale) the insects were there, buzzing and crawling, and some even floated around the fluids she produced. But that was the least of her worries; her body was changing. There was no denying that. One could easily miss it, but she knew that her clits were now constantly poking out from its place as big as her thumb (thankfully it wasn’t as thick as her finger…). Strangely, her nipples seemed to be go inside her breasts despite her body feeling incredibly horny, getting squished whenever her hands played around her teats. For a moment her finger seemed to go inside her breasts through the slightly gaping nipple-hole, making her look at the sight in an utter disbelief.

“No, no, no…this can’t be happening. Ugh… Fuck. What did that..nggh… fucker did to me?” Even her speech now was constantly interrupted with her moans and sighs from her overly sensitive body being touched. “Damn. I gotta get out…Ah!” Her swollen gaps made her difficult to concentrate. Already her hands were back to the damp and warm inside of her pussy, trying to satisfy that itch that never truly went away. Her hands smelled of her folds and sexual fluids, and that smell too added to her arousal. The curse must’ve made her nose perpetually receptive to her smell of arousal; she never got tired of smelling her own body going into heat, sitting down on the floor and touching her body every time it happened.

Eventually when she thought she could go no further that day, she decided to call a day off. Her years of spending times in such dungeons made her capable of falling asleep just on a stone floor, and she was damn tired from walking and masturbating anyway. She hadn’t encountered any monsters so far, just the insects around her posing a grim warning for what she was to become. Not that she knew at this moment, so Spinel fell asleep, finally able to shut down (or to be more accurately, too tired to care) the constant sounds the insects made.

Yet even in her sleep the arousal was clearly affecting her. Her pussy leaked fluids again, begging to be touched. Spinel moaned while she slept, the curse sign glowing brighter in the darkness, and that made the bugs respond, as if acknowledging a certain sign. Spinel didn’t even wake up when bugs started to crawl on her skins.

The bugs found the chance they were waiting for, when she was most vulnerable and was down on her guard. To her agape mouth there went a couple cockroaches, and to her anus swollen with arousal went several millipedes. With its increased size just like her pussy engorged with arousal, and the curse working even in her sleep, Spinel didn’t feel a thing. Plump maggots crawled into the now clearly visible slits formed within her breasts, starting to leak fluid that was not milk, but the same substance as that coming out from her pussy. Then her wet vagina attracted flies and bees drawn to the ‘honey’ her flower offered.

Once inside, the bugs wasted no time in becoming a conduit for the curse to take further effect. The first part of her body that was subject to the change was her uterus, right beneath the magical symbol on her belly. Already the flying bugs were there. Their abdomens were all bloated with thick viscous liquids oozing out from their hole. Soon with a slurping sound their hole was agape, and unto her womb the eggs and ooze started to fall, forever defiling the once pristine chamber and making it suitable for vermin offspring Spinel would now give birth to. The clean transparent walls were splattered with dark green slimes, with tendrils starting to grow to hold the countless tiny eggs the flies and bees were raining down upon the spacious hall. The fluid coming out from her labia was now getting darker with the ooze slithering out from her womb, a sign that her egg chamber was forever infested with the vermin soon to follow her command.

Elsewhere it was much the same; the small bugs that had entered her insides began to spew out and secrete sticky slimes and oozes, making her body a suitable host for all the eggs that she was now going to hold. Inside her digestive system crawled small creatures that began to attach themselves in to the walls and slowly be absorbed into her body, filling her inside with their own digestive juice so that she could consume almost anything and contribute it entirely to support her numerous future offspring. Her lithe and long tail began to increase in its volume and length, with hard chitins slowly appearing on the surface and the inside flesh hollowed out to make room for slime-filled wet chambers to store more eggs.

Spinel’s breasts were facing the same fate, its inside ready to be filled with eggs via gaping nipples that were now essentially a pair of chest-pussy invitingly open ajar, leaking vaginal fluids constantly. As some of the bugs dissolved to provide the necessary elements to transform the dragon’s body, Spinel’s inside changed further and further, becoming more of that of an insect and irreparably changed beyond any restoration spells. As she slept her dreams reflected her change, her somnific sexual experiences becoming more and more bestial; in her dreams her body was swollen to an obscene degree and her lovers sprouting antennae, wings, and multiple limbs, chittering maddeningly and piercing her multiple egg chambers all at once. And so she responded with her own mandibles clicking, her entire body exuding a thick layer of pheromones like an actual fog.

When Spinel woke up, she knew something was wrong. Very, very wrong, as she found her vagina leaking fluid and ooze none-stop and her tail suspended in one position, covered in thick brownish chitin and leaking the similar sticky substances at its end; her tail had become like an abdomen!

“Ahhhhh….! No…. Ngghh!” When she touched her breasts Spinel was horrified (but also greatly aroused at the same time) to discover that her whole hands easily slipped inside the nipples that were no longer nipples but worked very much like a vagina; the liquids kept flowing out from her two folds and their smell were much like those coming out of her nether region.

“Ughh….what…happened..to…ah…my body…” Spinel tried to stand up as she heard another sound from the distance. It was the same buzzing sound as the insects around her, but it was louder. But before she could move her hands were already on her body again, her body responding and filling with a momentary satisfaction that paralyzed her remaining reasoning. Her whole body was under the influence of the insects that were insider her, her blood now mingled with the oozes they secreted, her inside mostly seeped with their juices and slimes as well.

When the source of the sound appeared Spinel shivered in both fear and arousal combined. The large bee-like monsters surrounded her, and where their stinger should’ve been they sprouted a hefty-looking tentacular penis with veins on its surface, already leaking pre and fully erect.

“Yes…ah…ngh…no…no…” Just like her contrasting emotions battling inside, Spinel’s facial expression was a mixture between euphoria and horror. The sight and smell of such virile-looking cocks had almost put a grin on her face for a moment, big enough to satisfy her itching body and fill her inside completely. But that meant that her body would be transformed further; both her original instinct and experience were furiously shouting her to run away before she would be changed beyond recognition.

“Ah…but…but…” Her ‘new’ instinct began to exert its presence within her mind, the vermin inside her messing with her hormones and chemistry processes, affecting her mental state. *It’s already too late, look at your body. Your breasts are now like two wombs with nipples for cunts. Your two holes down there leak fluids like a broken tap. Your tail is no longer a tail but an insect’s abdomen just begging to be filled*. The sweet poisonous voice whispered to her until it began to grow louder and crowd out her remaining senses. She knew even if she could somehow succeed in escaping form this situation that her former comrades and other dragon-folks wouldn’t accept her, now that her body was transformed beyond repair; she knew she was done.

So she chose the most reasonable action, calming the raging battle inside her. One path was to deny the pleasure of the flesh and to seek painful end. Another path promised untold and unabated ecstasy without the pains and sorrows she were sure to face were she to choose the other way.

As the bee monsters drew close with their dangling genitals, Spinel just moved her body to be on all fours, invitingly wiggling her butt and breasts as if the bugs were male suitors trying to please her. They were her suitors in a way, Spinel thought, trying to fill her body with their seeds. And Spinel’s partially corrupted and infested mind began to welcome that expected sensation.

“Ah…please…come…fuck me…fill me…please! Ahhhhh!”

They certainly didn’t need additional encouragements. They were all on her before she could blink, their penises feeling the newly formed slits that her body offered; her breasts, abdomen, mouth, vagina and anus; multiple cocks squeezed into each hole, and her inner muscles held them tight, massaging them with little fleshy bumps. And the direct contact and injection of the monsters’ sexual fluids dramatically accelerated Spinel’s transformation, now changing the exterior of her body.

Her moaning grew less, replaced with strange chittering sounds. With a loud crack her mouth ripped open, revealing a set of mandibles that clicked and produced sounds that urged the males to ejaculate their cum so that her insides could be filled with properly fertilized eggs. On the center of where her mouth used to be, now there sprouted a long proboscis that greedily sucked the insect cocks pumping full of cum. Her horn became leaner and covered with chitin, until it became a pair of antennae.

Her eyes too, were now starting to show monstrous changes, a sure sign that her entire body was now becoming that of a giant insect not just on the inside. Becoming multi-faceted and glossary just like the demon she had killed a day ago, her now insect eyes bulged outwards; her whole face was looking like that of a giant fly.

Her breasts and belly suddenly inflated with not just incredible amount of cum flooding inside, but her own flesh expanding to make room for her multiple wombs to hold all the eggs. The more space, the better; the thought of being filled with countless eggs and laying them filled lust-addled Spinel’s mind with delight and pride, finally able to form her own brood. Her mind was certainly accepting her transforming body. On her lower belly shined the curse symbol, now fully inscribed onto both her mind and body.

“Urgh…rrgh….rrrrak….” Her newly figured mandibles made it almost impossible to form words, just grunts and chittering sounds discernible only to other insects and insect-demons. To them she was constantly yelling how content she was, mated with multiple males so potent with their seed…

Her scales, both soft and hard ones, were now being covered with malleable chitins that squished upon touch, sending pleasurable electrical signals through her body. Her each arm split in two, becoming thin limbs with scythe-like claws attached at the end, while her legs remained mostly in its original shape, though still covered in brownish chitins. Behind her back a buzzing sound came, her own transparent membrane wings buzzing with a hard cover at the top. Her torso looking like a cockroach, her body was reflecting the insects that had entered her body, a chimera formed of insects. Her swollen abdomen was like that of a bee, its end now filled with multiple cocks from the bee monsters buzzing around her.

As her whole body was impaled by the cocks on many fronts the transformation neared its completion. For a moment her eye caught the sight of many monsters assaulting her, as well as her monstrously bloated and changed body configured in the multiple images that her insect eye was now processing. Almost no trace of the beautiful female dragon could be found, perhaps except for the fact that the insect monster she had become was largely bipedal in structure. She wasn’t a complete insect, but something akin to it, and being much more than a mere bug; she was the Vermin God, after all, mother of all the insect vermin, the supreme demon lord of this realm…yes… this dungeon was her home now, the image of a vast slimy halls and chambers all suited for her breeding and conquering purposes appearing before her, making her sigh happily. She could make that dream a reality, just as she had fulfilled her sexual breeding fantasy she once had in her dream…

Then the feeling hit her all at once, the males cumming and shooting out their loads, finally scratching the itch that she was having. The momentary doubt and fear were gone, replaced by a feeling of content and satisfaction, her empty egg sacs filled with fertilizing seeds. Her chittering sounds and grunts grew to a crescendo, echoing the dungeon halls, proclaiming herself as the new Vermin God and the master of this dungeon.

Spinel could already feel the eggs filling inside her body, each egg chamber holding at least hundreds of eggs; the thought of laying those eggs from all holes, and the current male cocks still ejaculating more cum sent her to an edge, as her multiple holes leaked more slime and ooze on the floor, making the dungeon a fitting place for the Vermin God and her insect demons to inhabit and infest.

So this is the gift, Spinel thought, her mind fully accepting her role as the successor of the previous ‘deity’. Unlike her predecessor, she could produce her own offspring and mate with them again to create even more of her minions. For all the monsters she had slayed in the past, she was now ready to give life to countless more. And she felt she had to spread her gift towards others… such a wonderful feeling of being filled, and having her consorts catering her every little whim and desires… She could probably give birth to insect demons resembling her own form, of walking on two legs, and possessing an ability to think… The future promised a terribly wonderful vision for her and her ever-expanding brood.

But for now, she was content with continuing the mate with her males, as more buzzing sounds began to echo in the distance. A new fresh batch of seed was coming, and the Vermin God welcomed the additional potential eggs to grow into her lovely vermin.