

SLIME INVASION



By Bewci

“I need to call 911! I need to-to OH...” Ian’s murmurs trailed off as the slimes invaded into his orifices, slurping against his sensitive flesh. Overwhelmed by the biological urge, he arched his back, letting the creature dig deeper into his ass. His eyes widened as he realized his mistake, the satisfaction turning to agony as the alien tore through his flesh and opened a new cavity to enter his scrotum.

A few weeks ago, during the time of the fall, Ian was out alone on the outskirts of Florida, living in a secluded house for his digital detox trip. The woods near his house drew him to do some exploration. The lush greenery offered him solace from the hustle and bustle of his scheduled corporate life. Whenever he could steal a moment away, hiking trails became his sanctuary.

One fateful night, while gazing at the stars from his balcony, Ian witnessed a meteor streaking across the sky, its fiery tail illuminating the darkness. Entranced by the celestial display, Ian watched as the meteor plummeted towards the earth, disappearing beyond the treeline before a loud explosion thundered across the ground. Ian desired to visit the site, but he knew the woods were unsafe during nighttime.

Ian couldn’t sleep because he was eager to investigate. As dawn hit, he walked out in search of the space rock.

Fueled by curiosity and excitement, he made his way through the forest, guided by the memory of the meteor's trajectory. As he neared the spot where he believed the meteor had fallen, his heart quickened with anticipation.

Ian felt a sense of disappointment upon reaching the clearing where the meteor was supposed to land. The rock from the sky was missing. Nothing remained but a scorched patch of earth and lingering heat.

"Where could it go?" Ian muttered to himself, searching around for any clue. Out of nowhere, movement caught his eye—a strange, pulsating blob of purple slime oozing from behind a bush, as if peeking at him. Intrigued yet cautious, Ian approached the mysterious substance, his senses on high alert. "What in the world..." Ian whispered as he knelt beside the strange blob.

Ian reached out a trembling hand towards the pulsating blob of purple slime. His heart pounded in his chest, fear mingling with curiosity as he watched the strange substance undulate before him.

As his fingertips contacted the cool, gelatinous surface, Ian recoiled in reflex. "What are you?" he whispered, his voice trembling with uncertainty.

To his surprise, the slime responded with a gentle hum, vibrating beneath his touch in what almost seemed like a comforting gesture. Ian blinked in astonishment, his fear giving way to intrigue as he reached out once more.

As if sensing his apprehension, the slime emitted a soft rumble, its movements becoming more playful and animated. Ian couldn't help but let out a nervous chuckle, his initial unease melting away in the presence of this mysterious entity.

"Okay, you're not so scary after all," Ian said as he observed the slime's friendly demeanour. As time passed, he grew more at ease with the peculiar slime. It nuzzled against his hand, radiating a soothing warmth that dispelled any lingering traces of fear. "Oh, you're so cute!" he said as he laughed.

Without hesitation, Ian decided. Scooping up the slime in his hands, he cradled it against his chest as he made his way back home. Ian knew he had discovered something extraordinary. He opted to keep the creature a secret, not reporting to any authorities during his trip.

"What should I feed you?" Ian asked to himself, wondering in his kitchen. He poured milk into a bowl, but the slime did not respond. Then he pulled out a can of tuna, yet it showed no interest. Confused, Ian placed

the purple blob on the ground to ponder. Suddenly, it climbed up his leg and settled on his lap.

A warmth of intense affection fluttered Ian's heart. The slime's baby-like coo stirred unfamiliar emotions within him. "From today, your name is Bubble!" The slime appeared content, as did Ian. Since that day, Ian didn't set a foot outside the house. He preferred staying inside, taking care of his personal companion, which needed little except a constant state of being in touch with his skin. It never let go, always sitting on his shoulder or arms or crawling around his body as Ian went through doing his chores. "Aww, are you scared? Don't be!" he said to the purple blob as it purred and waved one of its tentacles at him. He didn't mind it latching onto him as it made him feel the sweet feeling of being a parent. Marriage and having a baby were never on his mind at 39. But now, for some reason, he urged for babies.

Weeks passed, and Ian welcomed fifteen alien visitors over that time, crawling in from the woods into his house. What had started as a tentative interaction between two beings from different planets had blossomed into a parasitic bond. However, Ian felt an overwhelming sense of warmth and contentment that he had never experienced before. Wrapped in the embrace of the amorphous creatures, Ian felt affection

welling up within him, a primal instinct to nurture and protect. He found solace in the rhythmic pulsations of the slimes against his skin, each gentle throb lulling him into a state of blissful tranquillity. The thought of leaving the cute purple blobs to government authorities, who might experiment on them or even kill them, made it impossible for him to return to his city. He made the stay longer by paying the landlord upfront.

Lost in these newfound sensations, Ian paid little heed to the subtle changes unfolding within his body. It started as a subtle weakness, a passing dizziness that he chalked up to dehydration or him skipping meals to attend to his alien babies. Ian noticed his muscles atrophying as he laid on his bed for days, his once-strong physique dwindling away to nothing more than half of its previous size. He watched in detached fascination as his height shrunk, inches slipping away with each passing day. Even his body hair seemed to vanish, leaving behind smooth, unblemished skin in its wake, glazing with the secretions of the slimes.

But Ian remained calm, his mind shrouded in a fog of blissful ignorance. It seemed like a veil had descended upon his mind, protecting him from the harsh truth of his declining state. Meanwhile, the alien slimes continued to thrive, unbeknownst to him, the secretions

from the creature altering his physiology, reshaping him in ways beyond his comprehension.

It was a fateful day when Ian walked out of his bedroom. He stumbled upon his reflection in the mirror of his washroom and gasped, watching the stranger looking back at him. “Wait, what?” he said under heavy breaths as panic set in. Longer streaks of greasy blonde hair covered his head, trickling down to his shoulder. His face looked similar, yet different, more like that of a woman. His skin on his chest sagged, forming tiny breasts. Ian noticed his sunken stomach, followed by the wider hips stretching his boxers. “B-Bubble, what’s happening to me?” he asked to the slime sitting on his chest.

Ian froze, his heart pounding in his chest as he stared at the alien slime. The once-affable creature now exuded an aura of malevolence, its amorphous form pulsating while it seemed to stare at him despite lacking eyes.

Ian watched Bubble emit a series of high-pitched chirps, sending ripples down his body. Something was wrong—terribly wrong—and Ian knew he had to escape before it was too late. But before he could make a move, Ian felt his hand stuck on the washroom sink. Bubble had stuck itself like glue to the sink, holding on to Ian’s right hand.

Ian's eyes widened in horror as he realized Bubble had summoned its brethren, calling upon them to aid in its sinister collusions. They sneaked into the bathroom, with some crawling on the walls and doors, while others gripping onto Ian's feet and hands, making it impossible for him to move.

Desperation clawed at Ian's mind as he fought against the relentless onslaught, his limbs thrashing against the slimy restraints that bound him in place. But try as he might, he could not break free from their grasp, each struggle only tightening their grip. "I-I need to call 911! I need to-to... Ohh..." Ian's murmurs trailed off as Bubble released his grip from the sink and slid into his shorts, aiming into his asshole.

"Oh, God!" With a sickening realization, Ian understood the true extent of Bubble's betrayal. It had never been his friend—it had been a predator, luring him in with false promises of companionship only to ensnare him in its gooey trap. But the intense tingles of Bubble's damp arms grinding against the sensitive prostate button urged him to bend forward and let out a soft moan. The rim of his asshole tightened, pulling the entire alien into his anus. "Ohhh!" Ian screamed, feeling the tear forming between his ass and his scrotum.

Ian's limbs stopped struggling from exhaustion, and soon the slimes loosened their hold, creeping up onto him and entering his other orifices. As the slimes converged upon him, his screams of terror echoed off the tiled walls of the washroom. One wrapped around his neck, choking him, while another shoved itself into his mouth, silencing him. Meanwhile, Bubble splurged into his penile tract, reshaping his innards to fulfil its purpose. The tip of his penis widened, letting another slime enter his crotch.

With a disgusting squelch, the slime inside Ian's mouth drained fluid that emanated a corrosive stench, burning his nose. He whimpered and struggled to stand as he saw the other slimes slipping through his every orifice with a horrifying ease. He writhed and convulsed, powerless to stop the inexorable advance of his alien assailants as they wormed their way deeper and deeper into his flesh.

Agony lanced through Ian's body as the slimes in his widening womb burrowed into his skin, their corrosive secretions burning like acid as they melded with his very being. He gasped for breath, his vision swimming as he felt his consciousness faltering from one moment to another. His hand trembled as it ventured downwards, only to recoil in disbelief after touching the sizzling

cavity that occupied the space where his testicles were located.

To Ian's disbelief, the slimes continued to show their grotesque display of alien vitality. A pair of them congregated around his small tits, forming two cups of pulsating mass, each one oozing with purple secretions that seeped into his chest. Two arms formed within the alien jelly like substance, drilling into his sore nipples. "Ah! Ah! Please!" Ian hunched over, his bones cracking as his modest bosoms gained weight with each pump of the same corrosive fluid. "Agh!" Ian shouted in a higher voice as the slime around his neck assimilated into his skin. Piles upon piles of bubbling jelly settled into his undulating breasts, his skin stretching beyond its limits.

Ian's heart pounded in his chest as the slime's tendrils snaked in and out of his engorged nipples, stimulating him to fall back to the hypnosis of maternal instincts. Ian, however, wasn't ready to give up yet. He convulsed in defiance, making all efforts to not get overwhelmed by the pleasure. The udders drooped down, getting bigger than his head and heavier than a bowling ball. He couldn't help but lean on to the sink, sighing in relief as the sink eased the strain on his back. The slimes absorbed into his breasts, giving them a final busty push. "Ah... I should've seen this coming... Fuck!" Ian

threw his head back and let out a shameless moan, squeezing a nipple to let out the pent-up tension. Viscous, purple fluid oozed from his stretched areolas and the meaty protrusion, leaving a trail as it dripped down his veiny mammaries. The buzzing in his globular curves grew, as Ian couldn't help but knead and caress his fist into the plush and supple breasts. "Oh, God, they feel so full! They feel so good! No! No! I need to fight this!"

Ian's mind reeled with a primal instinct for survival, a desperate plea for salvation echoing through the recesses of his soul. But his cries fell upon deaf ears, drowned out by the deafening chorus of the slimes' sinister symphony to breed. Ian felt a wetness seeping in the back of his head, but he didn't pay any heed, as he was busy massaging his curves. Memories not of his own, but of thousands of queen mothers dawned upon him. The mothers of a civilization destined to dominate the universe. "Oh, God, this is glorious! I see it!" Ian said in awe as his eyes widened upon realizing the grand scheme of things. More slimes attached onto his body, some merging into his butt cheeks, some pressing against his trembling hips. The more of them immersed in him, the more Ian surrendered himself to the fresh memories.

Ian's screams echoed through the corners of his mind as the slimes penetrated his body, their otherworldly essence seeping into his very being with a relentless inevitability. He felt his consciousness slipping away, consumed by a maelstrom of devotion and duty as the slimes claimed him as their own. Ian's gaping orifices overflowed with thick purple goo like that of the extraterrestrials he sheltered. The lavender fluid encompassed him while his hands milked his curves. His hair took on a slimy texture, dissolving into long purple vines, while his skin glistened the same hue, craving for the touch of his babies. The viscous slimes splattering onto the floor that emerged from his breasts and genitals wobbled around, searching for their mother until they discovered him. They clanged to his skin, triggering the hormones. Ian's heart fluttered with the same love he felt for Bubble on the first day, urging him to keep birthing more of them.

In the warm embrace of the alien slimes, Ian lost his humanity forever, his identity consumed by the relentless tide of their insatiable hunger to breed more of their species. And as the last vestiges of his humanity faded into oblivion, he knew he was forever bound to reproduce slime offsprings. A duty which he had to fulfil for the slime's sinister plan to propagate and invade planet Earth.



Ian stayed on his knees, writhing on the cold tile floor, his body now nothing more than a vessel for the alien slimes to produce more of them. In the silence that followed, there was only the sound of his laboured breathing and soft moans as he pushed another baby from his slit. "Oh, Bubble," Ian whispered. A sudden smile spread across his face as the thought of his alien slime pet caused his upper wall of his vagina to quiver in excitement. His eyes widened in delight as he felt Bubble emit a series of vibrations, rewarding him with the most intense sensations he had ever felt. "Oh, Bubble! You're still here!" Ian exclaimed, dipping two fingers into his sensitive void and petting the slimy protrusions. Shockwaves of strong contractions coursed throughout his body, forcing out multiple spawns out of his birthing holes at a time. "Oh, fuck!" The most intense orgasm engulfed Ian's extraterrestrial body, making him more obedient to the cause.

As Ian kept plopping out the purple blobs, he felt weaker and hungrier. "Mmm, I need food... I'm craving... oh, rocks?!" Ian said. He lifted himself off the floor and walked out of the house. Noticing the pebbles on the pavement, he sat down, pushing them one after another into his mouth. "Mmm, they taste delicious!" Ian said, as he felt rejuvenated in just a few minutes. Ian chuckled, realizing why there were no space rocks left

on the trail that day. He continued to produce offspring and nursing them for a while before letting them run wild in every direction.

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