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It had been several days since the incident of the containment breach inside the facility, but while the rest of the world were unaware of the danger that lurked there were quite a few that did. The second that the call had gone out that Project Wyrm had been compromised the entire building had been completely sealed off so that no one, not even any management that happened to be inside, could escape from it until they could mount a response. Within the week a number of military vehicles and trucks came onto the campus and put up a giant tent around not only the building but also the operations facilities that were around it in order to keep any prying eyes from seeing what they were doing. The fact that the project that was currently contained in the facility was beyond illegal meant that special care had to be taken, that care being a team to go into the quarantined facility and downloading the hard drives before activating the sterilization procedures to remove any physical evidence Project Wyrm existed.

For Lesharl that meant a quick and hopefully quiet entry, the black and purple dragon pouring over the blueprints to prepare a swift breach into the special tunnels that only the highest of management and now the quarantine team knew about, and a secure download before telling the facility to self-destruct. Naturally there were bonuses for the extraction of any other files or samples but the briefing had told them that any creatures they found were to be considered casualties, not captured. “Got done reading the files they gave us on Project Wyrm,” a voice said next to the dragon, Lesharl looking up to see the wolf man that was his second in command toss a stack of papers that were heavily blacked out with only a few words exposed. “Informative as always, at this point they could just save the toner and say that it’s need to know and we don’t need to know.”

“It’s so they can say that we are aware of the risks when we down there in case we don’t make it back up,” Lesharl replied, which caused the wolf to fidget. “Riggs, calm down, you’re going to make the rest of the team start to get antsy. We’ve done this before, we just need to go in and get the data, make a sweep for survivors, and then leave.”

“Survivors?” Riggs said in slight shock. “I thought this thing devastated the entire base, I heard total loss.”

“They always write these things off as that,” Lesharl grumbled in response. “Just tell the others to get suited up and we’re going to get ready to breach in fifteen. Make sure everyone goes to the bathroom too because once we’re in there they’re sealing us back up and not letting us out until the mission is complete.”

The wolf just nodded and went back to where the rest of the team was gathered, and as Lesharl turned back to the blueprints he sighed and lowered his head. He hadn’t been entirely true with Riggs at that moment; the company had told them that there would be no need to look for survivors, but the dragon knew someone inside that he wanted to find and hopefully save. While it would be a long-shot considering they were using hermetically sealed skinsuits to go in, which meant some sort of chemical or biological contaminant, he had specially gotten on this team once he had heard this facility was the one that went dark. He just hoped that it wasn’t as bad as it looked as he went over to the rest of the group and frowned when he saw what they were holding.

“We don’t need the security restraints,” Lesharl said as the others attempted to hide them from the view of the dragon. “This is a sanitation mission, not a retrieval.”

“Yeah… but…” the tiger woman said as she held up the rather larger bridle with muzzle lock. “You never know?” As the others just grinned sheepishly the dragon looked to each of them before he motioned for them to fess up on what they were doing. “Alright, don’t be mad, but Dez may have snuck a peek in the management server and saw something very interesting.”

“Damnit Dez, again?” Lesharl said with a snarl as she looked at the python man. “You know that’s the entire reason that you’re down in quarantine clean-up instead of in IT like you were, right? If they find out you did this then you’re going to be going on the next run completely naked!”

“Whoa, wait, before you get too upset I want to tell you what I found,” Dez said with a big grin on his face as he looked around before handing Lesharl a tablet. “They were talking about the facility and I happened to catch wind of it, apparently they are lamenting the loss of something that they have codenamed Hive King, and there were talks to try and capture it. Now ultimately they went against it because whatever this Project Wyrm is seems to be bad news, but I opened a back channel and they said that if we can capture this Hive King then he will make sure that he makes it worth our while.”

“All I just heard was that we’re dealing with some sort of insects or something like that,” Lesharl said with a sigh as he put his hand against his head. “Is there any sort of reference or other picture that we can go off of?”

The rest of the group looked at Dez, who chuckled sheepishly and scratched the back of his head. “Unfortunately I may have corrupted the file that had the picture,” Dez admitted, causing the two sets of eyes on the dragon’s head to roll. “But it’s some sort of dragon, and I guess it has on rubber? Just keep a look out and I’ll tell you for sure.”

“A dragon… wearing rubber…” Lesharl said as eh looked down at himself, which with their sealed suits over their armor gave them all a shine since the material was synthetic in nature and suctioned in to prevent anything from getting in. The others laughed at that as they put on their helmets and connected the air tanks that were attached to their backs as Lesharl looked at Dez. “Don’t worry, I’ll definitely keep a look out for any other dragons, whether rubber or otherwise.”

The python just sighed and shook his head before he put on his helmet as well and joined the rest of them towards the steel door that led down into the facility. Along with the dozen in the squad they also had a few moving container units that would follow behind which contained extra ammo, gear, and the restraints that they had shoved in there to capture the Hive King. It was unlikely they were even going to see such a creature, Lesharl thought as they saw the doors begin to open and everyone raised up their weapons. The only thing that exited was plumes of smoke from the incinerator sprays that were used to clear the area and allow them to go inside unhindered.

When everyone and everything was inside the door slowly closed once more, and once it was sealed shut Lesharl gave the signal for everyone to move ahead. As the dragon took point he noticed that much of the tunnel looked rather normal aside from the charred concrete, and thankfully the facility still had power which allowed them to see. He hoped as they reached the secondary doors and opened them that the run would be this smooth the entire way down as they waited for the metal to move back. Once again it revealed nothing but the main lobby of the facility and as they walked inside and did a comms check the tension of the mission started to falter.

Several wondered if maybe it had been a false alarm, though Lesharl was quick to counter that they wouldn’t do a full-scale quarantine unless they had checked. Everyone continued to keep their guard up as he went over to a thermostat and popped it open, revealing the control pad underneath and punching in the code. The bookshelf that had been next to it fell over with a loud crash that caused everyone to turn and raise their weapons again, only to hear a collective sigh of relief as Lesharl went into the tunnel followed by the others. As they went down the seemingly endless staircase the dragon gritted his teeth as the next door would expose them again even if it was a short jaunt to the server room.

When they got to the bottom and Lesharl put in his code the dragon was surprise to find that despite the display being green the doors refused to open for him. He tried two more times and on the last the door did manage to open a crack, only to have some sort of glowing green goo ooze out of it. Everyone immediately backed away and when Lesharl looked at the rest of the opening he could see thick strands of a shiny substance that looked like some sort of rubber stretched across it. Beyond that it was hard to see and with the door unable open it snapped shut instead.

“Oh gross,” one of the squad members said. “There’s something moving in the puddle.” When Lesharl knelt down he noticed that there were small rubber creatures that were slithering about, all of them glowing a similar hue as the slime they were coated in. Though he wasn’t a biologist the dragon thought they looked a bit like worms, something that caused several to make a noise of disgust as they seemed intent on trying to get towards them.

“Alright, looks like the direct path is blocked,” Lesharl said with a sigh. “If what we saw right here is indicative of the rest of the lower levels then we’re going to have to assume any alternate routes will be compromised as well. Looks like we’re going to be taking a more traditional tour of the facility, so make sure to keep your eyes open and guns up.”

The others nodded and made their way up the rickety metal stairs towards the entrance while Lesharl heard several of them say that the hunt was on. That mattered little to him but as he looked at the shiny goo, which started to solidify, he felt the chances of finding his friend dropping significantly. There was something more here than just some biological contaminant and without more information on Project Wyrm they were going to be going in blind. All they really knew was that they had to wipe the evidence and destroy the project, and if anything else that was what Lesharl intended to do as he caught up to the others.

As they climbed all the way back there was some speculation among the squad on just what they saw and what Project Wyrm could have been, at least until Lesharl told everyone to keep the comms clear. No doubt there would be private channels still open amongst them though and the dragon found himself speculating on what it could be. Shiny goo and worms… combined with the fact they were wearing hermetically sealed suits made him wonder if this wasn’t some sort of plague. He had heard of some pretty terrifying ends with such things and made him want to be in the facility even less as everyone got back to the lobby.

The squad took a second to regroup and as several pulled out tablets in order to look at the map downloaded on them several others decided to check just a bit ahead despite the orders to stay in the lobby. As Lesharl looked at his own map he saw that the way down to the server room through the facility itself was anything but straightforward and would take them through several areas that were marked with a deep red that indicated extreme contamination. Even avoiding the worst spots meant taking extra time for the detours, but as the dragon began to plot a route that would be patched into the visors on their helmets a loud scream suddenly caused them all to look up. Everyone grabbed their weapons and quickly but cautiously made their way through the hallway that they had heard the noise from.

As they rounded the corner and got into the main atrium Lesharl stopped everyone, though most did so on their own as they looked down the long hallway. The dragon’s eyes squinted almost as if he couldn’t believe them as he saw the two that had defied his orders being carried in the arms of a huge behemoth creature whose skin glinted in the light. While he considered himself to be rather big he could tell even with the distance between them that he would have to tilt his head up significantly in order to meet them eye to eye. It was clear that the creature was also very strong as he held the squirming soldiers despite their best efforts to escape with one arm each, but as they began to head towards the elevator shaft it snapped Lesharl of his shock and ordered the squad to move forward and fire with any clear shots they had.

The atrium suddenly became filled with the echos of gunfire as the other squad members switched to single fire and fired off several rounds into the back of the creature while making sure not to hit the others. Though it was hard to see at first as they closed the distance between them they found that their bullets were hitting the behemoth, but it failed to stop him as he lumbered towards the elevators that were covered in goo. When the creature got there he held out the first soldier and Lesharl gasped as he knew what was about to happen, but before they could get halfway across the atrium another rubber creature dropped down and let out a loud roar that caused them all to stop. This new monster briefly stood on all fours before rising up, its muscular body completely smoothed over with rubber to the point that it lacked most features save for the toothy maw and long gooey tongue as well as thickly clawed hands it brandished at them.

Lesharl looked past the new threat just as the chimeral creature dropped the first soldier down the chute. He could hear the other one shouting for them to shoot it but with the other creature advancing the dragon directed all fire at the one that was bearing down at them. With a soldier still down field they continued to single fire into the black rubber skin of the monster, and while at first the holes that were being created in his body didn’t matter to him eventually it seemed to be enough to deter him from advancing. The creature jumped back up into the vents that it had been hiding in and as Lesharl looked back both the soldiers and the behemoth had disappeared.

“Wha… what the hell were those!?” Dez shouted as Riggs and Lesharl went up to the pool of fluid that had leaked out of the monster they shot, both of them nodding to one another as they stood back up.

“There’s worms in the blood… fluid… whatever is in these creatures,” Lesharl conferred to the others. “I think that whatever Project Wyrm was supposed to be about has created these monsters, perhaps maybe some sort of parasite. Whatever it is it’s everywhere, so now more than ever its important to keep your suits sealed and your eyes peeled.”

The rest of the squad nodded and though the idea of a rescue mission didn’t come up the group knew that they were going to try and recover those that they had lost. With the route to the server room incomplete Lesharl brought up the mini map and the group made their way to the stair well, the dragon ducking down to avoid hitting the large horns he had that were the only things uncovered by the suit he wore. Since it wasn’t living tissue he would have to decontaminate them later as the rest of his body was stuffed into the suit, and though it always pinched his wings he was grateful for it as they started to see signs of the strange rubber growing in tendrils over the wall. The corruption is quite prolific, the dragon thought to himself, as they made their way downwards past the first said of containment doors it was only getting worse.

“So much for those,” Riggs said as they went under the completely coated doorframe. “Maybe there would have been some survivors if people actually thought to enact protocol.”

“I’m sure they did the best they could,” Dez replied as he looked around. “This place is giving me the creeps, like we stepped on some sort of alien planet.”

“Maybe that’s the plan,” Lesharl commented, which caused the other two to look at her. “What, we don’t know what the actual purpose for Project Wyrm was, maybe this is the intended purpose after all.”

The others just shook their heads and continued down until they reached the bottom of the stairs, which was the entrance of the actual secret facility that would have harbored Project Wyrm. Dez was correct in one aspect, if the doors had gone down it was likely that they would have stopped the progress of the infestation into the upper levels where more mundane research was happening. That was where his friend worked, Lesharl mused, but given the level of damage he was fairly certain that they were just like all the others in this place. As they began to walk through the first testing hallway everyone stopped talking and slowly made their way forward, the tension in the group rising as their eyes nervously scanned for any more of those creatures.

So when the lights of the nearby containment room lit up it caused many of them to jump and back away from it, though they all had the trigger discipline not to fire. Once the initial shock had past they were shocked to find that the two squad mates that had been captured were inside, one of them restrained against the wall while the other was on the floor. They were both naked and when they tried to bang on the glass they found that they didn’t hear anything, but as the one on the floor looked up it was clear that the cheetah could see them. Since they had line of sight Lesharl typed a message on his tablet that they would find a way in and to hold tight, but as he pressed it against the wall a tube could be seen coming down from the ceiling that cause the two inside of it to be concerned.

It stopped about a foot away from the cheetah’s stomach and as the others began to try and chip away at the class they could see the panic on the feline’s face as something slid down the tube. “I wouldn’t bother,” a voice over the intercom said that caused the squad to look around. “It would take you hours to even chip that barrier, and in a few moments you wouldn’t want too anyway. The other door is locked too, so just relax and watch the demonstration that I have set up for you on how basically Project Wyrm works, since you’re so interested.”

The creature has been listening to their comms, Lesharl gathered as he told the others to stand down to conserve their energy. While he wasn’t sure of the sentiency of these creatures the fact that this one spoke meant that it was quite possibly the Hive King that management was talking about, though at the moment all he could do was stare as the cheetah was clearly shouting for help as the rubbery worm quickly darted down to his groin. It left a trail of goo in its wake as it slithered over the exposed maleness of the soldier, and when the feline tried to wiggle it off it seemed to stick there. Once the cheetah stopped moving the squad were a bit surprised to see that he had started to get hard, and as the worm coiled up to the tip several turned away as the cheetah stared wide-eyed as it began to slide into the tip.

Lesharl was unable to tear his eyes away as the back of the cheetah arched and his hips jutted up in the air as the rubber worm began to push inside of him. The other soldier in the room, a fox man that the dragon knew was his friend, began to struggle in earnest as the feline continued hump upwards either in pleasure or from the bizarre penetration. Though it felt like it took ages the creature seemed to slip inside him in a matter of seconds, the bulge traveling all the way down and swelling out the goo-covered flesh until finally it reached the base. The intercom kicked on again at this point and the voice explained that once a creature has been infested like this it usually doesn’t take long before the host begins to feel an increased sense of euphoria as the worms reproduce rapidly inside of him.

With no sound coming out Lesharl assumed that the wide-open mouth was a moan of pleasure as he could see the fuzzy orbs underneath the throbbing cock, which had grown completely hard, started to swell. Creatures could clearly be seen writhing within and the struggles of the cheetah were beginning to cease the bigger his sack grew. It didn’t take long though before he was rocking his hips upwards again, this time with something coming out of his shaft as the same goo that the worm had began to spurt out. As it hit his fur it seemed to melt it like it was some sort of acid, though once it got to the flesh it seemed to spread out in a patch as his balls were practically on the floor and his maleness had grown in size.

By then the cheetah had started to pant and Lesharl saw that the goo on his groin began to spread, and as it did to coat the outsides they could see something happening to the feline. He began to shift in his restraints again as the areas of his body that were coated with rubber allowed them to see the worms moving up into the rest of them. The infestation worked fast and while the dragon hadn’t been timing it they only could have been standing there for a few minutes before they saw swells and bumps shifting upwards. As the cheetah’s eyes went wide the voice on the intercom explained that this was the clarity stage, where they realize they are part of the hive and how wonderful it was. As the dragon and the others watched more than just rubber began to leak out of the cheetah’s cock as worms began to emerge from it, and as his body convulsed in pure pleasure he could see them moving up into his neck before more of the green goo began to leak out of his nostrils and ears.

As the rubbery parasites clearly reached the cheetah’s brain the feline seemed to have an orgasm, his cock pointing back and spraying himself with more of the alien rubber as well as a handful of worms before he flopped down on the floor. For a while he remained that way until his fingers and toes began to twitch, which the intercom voice stated that there was a short term of paralysis or sluggishness as the mind was assimilated but that the cheetah should be feeling right as rain right about then. At that point the restraints retracted from his body and as the creature slowly sat up a thick stream of drool followed by one of the cock worms inside of him dropped out from his slackened mouth. The rubber was quickly converting the rest of his body and as he slowly got to his feet they could see his muscles thickening while his fingers twitched from the claws that grew from them.

Lesharl let out a snarl and turned to the intercom, shouting at the voice to stop this immediately. “Oh, but we’re about to reach the best part,” the voice on the intercom said with a chuckle. “These particular cock worms have been bred to be very fast acting, and with it comes the instincts of the hive to spread. Now since the two were friends I’m sure that it’s possible that he can convince him to not be infested himself.”

The other members of the unit let out various gasps of shock and horror as the infested feline slowly turned towards the fox, whose jaw had dropped at the other man’s transformation and were glued to their crotch were goo and worms still dripped from it. Most of the spotted fur had turned to blue rubber and where the spots had been assimilated it was a bit darker as his body continued to grow bigger. The fox was saying something, most likely telling his friend not to do it, but whatever his words were they were clearly falling on deaf ears. One of the squad members suddenly backed up and shouted they weren’t going to let this happen, but before he could stop him the guy fired a bullet that ricocheted off the glass and around the hallway.

The group scattered to avoid the bullet and Lesharl found himself falling into a thick patch of rubber that was near the corner, which immediately seemed to cling to his suit along with the worms that were within. Fortunately the suit prevented any sort of incursion and as everyone got to their feet there was one on the team that shouted he was hit. Their medic quickly went over to him and as she examined them they heard a hissing sound that they quickly identified as their air tank. When they turned it around they saw a fissure that had been caused by the bullet and the medic quickly applied a patch to it to seal it back up.

As Lesharl was about to berate the squad member for being so stupid they heard the intercom voice once more direct them towards the containment room once more. The group turned and saw that the cheetah was now directly in front of the fox with a finger pressed against his lips, and as they saw the mouth of the vulpine quivering his eyes slowly rolled back into his head. As they looked down they saw that the increasingly girthy cock had pressed against the fox’s, which was completely erect and starting to swell along with his sack as they could see the bulge of the worms slithering within. Since this was more than one it seemed to expedite the infestation and as the rubber cheetah leaned forward and slid his tongue into the maw of the fox soldier bright red goo and worms poured out of his mouth while his stomach became distended from the creatures being pumped into him.

It didn’t take long for the fox to start humping into the cheetah’s cock, but as Lesharl let out a growl and banged a fist against the glass all he could do was watch as the alien creature slid his growing member off and pushed it up into the already rubberized tailhole of the infested fox to pump even more into him despite several already wiggling out of his ears, nostrils, and even his nipples while also sliding out of his completely shiny red cock. “What was the point of this?!” Lesharl shouted at the intercom.

“To show you what you are in for,” the voice replied. “And to give you a choice. You can either choose to get rid of those ridiculous suits that won’t protect you anyway, join the hive, and help me break the quarantine to spread my gift to the world, or you can try and do you mission to sanitize this facility and end up joining the hive anyway.”

Though Lesharl was angry at whomever was on the other end of the intercom a cold pit had also started to form in his stomach. They were essentially trapped down here with some sort of parasite and from the looks of it the infestation meant that they were under the control of the hive, which meant that if he got them all it was possible that they could be used to break the quarantine. If that happened Project Wyrm would no longer be a containment mission to prevent litigation and bad press, it would become a potentially global infestation that would be next to impossible to stop. It didn’t help that this place was probably filled with those creatures just like the one that had been used to capture the two for the demonstration, but he wasn’t willing to give up and tossed his gun to Riggs before he went to one of the drone-propelled cases and pulled out the heavy ordinance.

“How about this?” Lesharl said as he opened the chambers and began to load them with the shells that were also in the case. “These are thermite rounds, and while your bodies may be resistant to bullets I bet that one of these bad boys would cut through you, and if you can control the hive then I bet you can feel everything that happens too. So if you don’t let us pass I’m going to burn your gift and take you down with us regardless of activating the sterilization protocols.”

As the dragon and the rest of the squad waited for a response they didn’t find one, though as they turned back to where the transforming fox and infested cheetah were they saw that the room was empty. Two more problems to deal with, Lesharl thought to himself as he ordered the others to move forward, and there was enough knowledge in either of them that could make this a problem. All they could do though was move forward and hope that they could get to the server room before he ran out of shells as he took point. Everyone began to follow suit with the medic making sure that the one hit by the bullet didn’t suffer any actual damage, and the soldier just waving her off as he brushed the goo off from where he had fallen before trailing the rest of the group while smacking his hand against his helmet.

Chapter 2:

The group continued their way down into the facility, Lesharl taking the lead with the others covering her and watching their flank. The threat of being incinerated seemed to keep the beasts at bay but as they walked he could feel their eyes watching them. It didn’t help that he knew the creature had control not only over the creatures within but also the systems within the lower levels of the structure. Given its proximity to the server room it meant that they were going to have to probably face her in order to complete their quest. There was also the problem that the rubber creatures had not been idle during their time between the first infestation and their arrival as they saw a number of pods and cocoons that they passed by.

“I hate this place,” Dez said as he continued to stick close to Lesharl along with the wolf and tigress that comprised their front line. “We’ve been to quite a few places but I have to say that this one is the worst. I didn’t think that after the one where you got turned inside out that it could get any worse but becoming a host to rubber parasites and transformed into a monster might definitely be up there.”

“Your grievance has been noted,” Lesharl replied with a slight growl.

“You’re really comparing this one to that job we had a year ago?” the tigress spoke up. “I would take this fate over being turned completely inside out.”

“Are you sure?” Dez shot back. “At least once that happened it was over, this seems like you are infested forever, and who knows how long that is with those rubber bodies? They have super strength, what other abilities they have?”

“Dez, if you don’t stay quiet I will take your helmet and have you ask them personally,” Lesharl said as he looked back at the python, though he did he saw the one in the back stagger slightly and grab onto the wall to steady himself that caused the dragon concern. “Medic, are you sure that he’s alright?”

The medic turned back and saw their squad mate grabbing onto his chest, which prompted her to go over and plug a device into a port in his suit. “This is not good,” The medic said as she looked at the screen. “Everything is spiking across the board, if we don’t get him medical attention soon he might go into shock. He must have gotten hit and didn’t even know, even his vitals scan the first time showed he was green, I swear!”

“Damnit, this it the last thing we need at the moment,” Lesharl said as he handed the grenade launcher to Riggs before pulling out his tablet and looking at the screen. “Alright, there is a medical bay one floor down, we need to double time it and hope that it doesn’t look like the rest of this place. If we’re lucky it should be sealed as per the quarantine protocol.”

The other members of the squad just looked at one another before they helped to move the man down a level and to the medical bay. While it was a detour away from the server room that they were supposed to be heading towards Lesharl didn’t feel like loosing any more members of his squad to these parasites, especially since they would have to be left here for the sterilization protocols. Part of him wanted to call the management team and ask if they could just leave this thing sealed, but given the amount of rubber and parasites that were already down there it was likely they didn’t want to give the creatures within this facility any more time to fester. It wasn’t the first time that he lost crew on a mission, but as they got to the medical ward they hoped that it would be the last for this mission.

To their relief the medical ward had been completely sealed off and as they looked inside it was a welcome respite to the rubbery alien hallways that they had been walking down this entire time. There was also a decontamination room that they had to go through and as the process happened they could see the rubber and worms fall of their bodies and get trapped in the containment vessels below. Considering they had just spent an hour carefully navigating through the hallways of this place Lesharl decided that this would be a good time for everyone to take a break and recompose themselves as they got into the main room of the medical bay. It was divided into two major sections and the medic told those that were helping the distressed soldier to go into the ward where she can start to perform a diagnostic on him.

Lesharl sighed and watched them strip the suit off of his body so that he could be scanned, which by this point the snow leopard seemed to have lost consciousness. Their medic also pulled off her helmet to reveal her cervine head, putting it to the side as she got the machines ready. Once the two were done taking the suit off of the feline she told them to go into the other room so that she could render the environment sterile. As the dragon watched them come back holding the suit he just sighed and sat down at the desk with his head against his hand.

As several of the others had taken off their helmets as well since they knew what the biological contaminant was and it wasn’t in the ward Lesharl could hear them talking about what they had just witnessed. It caused him to shake his own head; he had been replaying the mental image in his own mind over and over and though he knew he couldn’t have done anything about it the fact that it was down here caused his frustration to grow. They were trapped in a facility by literal monsters infested with some sort of parasite and not only did the higher-ups know about it but they were thinking about making them try to capture one of them for study. If it wasn’t for the fact that he knew it wouldn’t see the light of day Lesharl had half a mind to expose Project Wyrm to the world, though for the moment his focus was getting the rest of his squad out of here alive and uninfested.

As he sat there deep in his own thoughts he felt a hand press against his shoulder and looked up to see Riggs standing there. “Hey, you can take your helmet off you know,” Riggs said with a small grin, watching the dragon nod and pull the hardened metal away from his swept back horns to reveal his two sets of red eyes and allowed the fin that ran down his head to finally extend out. “I’m surprised that you can fit all that under there.”

‘I’m surprised any of us are breaking our seals after what we had just seen,” Lesharl said with a sigh.

“Yeah, that was pretty messed up,” Riggs stated with a nod. “I probably won’t be taking a leak anywhere around here but the suits seem to work and your threat has been keeping them at bay so far.”

“Until we get to the server room probably,” Lesharl said. “Even if we do get all the way down there they won’t let us activate the sanitation measures, at that point the company could roast them all at any time. I also don’t know if this grenade launcher is going to do the damage that I said it would do, but I’m just glad that they think it might.”

Lesharl just nodded and looked at the grenade launcher that he had as well as the cargo boxes that they still had following them. While it had been a bit hard for them to navigate amongst the thick layer of rubber that was on the floor they had managed to get their supplies down with them so far, and with the pause in action she decided to check out the map to see where they needed to go. After they got back on track there were still two floor beneath them that they had to go and one of them had a path that led through the mess hall, which was a wide open space with a lot of potential ambush points and a chance for the creatures to spread them out. As he looked for an alternate way to get through though he heard some of the squad members speaking up about something that caused his head to look over and ask what was up.

“We were just looking to see if we could salvage the suit for extra parts even if there was a bullet hole in it,” the one squad member said as he held up the black material. “But we’ve been looking for the breach point and haven’t found it.” The news caused Lesharl to get up from his chair and examine the air tank himself, which as he turned it over saw that they were right and there was no exit point. As he brought it up to his ear he found himself swallowing hard as he shook it, and while he could hear something rattling around inside it sounded like it was sticking to the walls…

“Riggs, get everyone up and ready now!” Lesharl said as he pointed to the ward. “Get the medic out now, we have to get moving!”

Meanwhile in the room the deer woman had finally gotten everything ready to do the scan as the air was being sanitized to aid with preventing infection, but just as she was about to turn the machine on she felt a hand grab her wrist that caused her to jump. When she turned down she saw the snow leopard was awake, but as his lips moved and it sounded like he was trying to say something his voice was so soft that he couldn’t hear what he was saying. She told him that he was in the medical bay and had already given him an injection to stabilize his vitals, but that just caused him to shake his head and motion for her to come closer. As she did the snow leopard’s voice only got slightly louder and finally she was leaning in close enough that she could feel his breath on her ear, though as she looked up while she tried to listen she saw the others in the next room running before Lesharl turned and banged on the ward window.

Before she could do anything though she felt the hand of the snow leopard grab her by the other side of her head as something pushed inside, the feline creature below letting out a hiss as his rubberized tongue wiggled into her ear and was pushing in deeper. She tried to pull away but even with one hand the snow leopard could keep her there as something began to bulge out the base of the altered appendage, his lips turning rubbery as flecks of the shiny liquid began to fly out of his maw. With the tongue sliding impossibly deep inside of her it stunned her enough to stop moving, which allowed her to see the others as they attempted to override the sanitation lock and get into stop her. But as the bulge in the snow leopard’s tongue reached her head and pushed inside the look of shock immediately turned vacant, then shifted again to one of the euphoria before she slid to the ground as the infested snow leopard stood up from the medical bed.

On the other side of the door Dez was about to activate the override when Lesharl shouted at him to stop, keeping the python from hitting the last few buttons as the dragon announced that it was too late and they needed to leave. With the sanitation lock still in place the two couldn’t get out, though he wasn’t sure for how long as he could see the snow leopard already bulking up as the alien liquid rubber ran down his chin and dripped onto his chest. The worms could already be seen squirming around in his head as it was being transformed, a pair of fangs forming from his maw as he let out a roar and his tongue hit the window. Those that were closest nearly jumped back as they saw that the tip and blossomed out like a flower and was hollow on the inside as it began to pump out slugs against the window.

Lesharl once again impressed upon them the urgency of their departure but as the others finished putting on their helmets and checking the cargo haulers a shadow passed by the window that caught the dragon’s attention. For a second he couldn’t believe his eyes but as he took a step closer he could see that it was a dragon, and not just any one either. “Nyxt?” Lesharl said, though as he tried to look out there was another bang at the ward door that caused her to turn.

The deer had already gotten up and was banging against the glass door just like the snow leopard was, but as she still had on her suit that kept them from seeing her rubberization they could see other things happening to her body. The worms that were in her skull had already started to multiply and could be seen wiggling down her neck and some pushed their way out of her nostrils and ears. It was clear to Lesharl that having them in direct contact with her brain had made her part of the hive quicker, but what drew his attention as well as that of several others was that the armor of her chest had popped off and her breasts were starting to grow bigger. With the containment suit confining them they could still see the outlines of worms crawling out of her nipples and as they continued to try and break down the door they saw something in her crotch growing too.

“Now there’s something you don’t see every day,” Riggs commented as the deer let out a gurgled cry of pleasure as the growing bulge of the synthetic suit between her legs finally tore and let the huge appendage flop out. It was definitely not a normal cock and looked more like a rubber tentacle, though it was accompanied by a swelling sack that was filling with even more cock worms like the snow leopard next to her. While the feline had a rubberized, swollen version of his own maleness though the deer’s practically slithered in the air as her tongue pushed out from her maw and did the same. While the medic wasn’t the smallest of the group her rapidly expanding frame filled with enough muscle to make most of the others envious as the rubber on her hands pierced through the containment door and ripped it away.

“Time’s up!” Lesharl said as he ran towards the containment door. “Move move move!” When he got to the control panel to open it the dragon frowned as he saw the monsters had triggered the quarantine alarms, which locked down the doors. “Great, now it works… quick, you two brace the door with whatever you can find while we figure out how to open this.”

The two that the dragon had pointed too immediately went over to block the door as Lesharl looked around for something that he could use. “Dez, don’t suppose you could over ride that,” Lesharl asked, the python shaking his head. “We’re going to have to blow our way through, did we bring any door breachers?”

“Yeah, two, but that’s not going to be enough to get through the medical bay doors,” Riggs said. “This place was previously untouched for a reason.” There was a loud bang and everyone turned to see that the two had wedged a cargo hauler in the door and had nearly been thrown forward as the snow leopard and medic had thrown their weight against the door. The rubber had completely covered their bodies by this point and what remained of the deer’s uniform were in tatters on her shiny deep purple body, more of it falling away as she clawed into the door only to hunch over as a pair of bulges began to push out from her shoulders.

“They’re… evolving…” Lesharl said in shock before he snapped out of it and turned to Riggs. “Look, we’re just going to need a bigger bang for a buck then. Luckily we’re in a medical ward.”

The wolf looked at the dragon in confusion until Lesharl went and grabbed an oxygen tank from the storage area and brought it over to the door, then quickly followed suit. They put four of the tanks up against the door while Dez got the breaching charges from the cargo hauler from the one that was bracing against the monsters, which the two told him to hurry as they put their backs against it to keep the two from getting in. “Lesharl, we got another problem,” Riggs said. “We have to find away to direct the explosion against the door.”

“Well I’m making this up as I go Riggs,” Lesharl replied as he scratched his helmet. “Wait, the cargo hauler should do it, get it up against the tanks now while I prime the charge!”

Lesharl could see the look on the face of the wolf and knew what he was thinking; between the one that was holding back the two infested and the one that would likely be incapacitated when they blew it up they were going to be out the supplies that were inside. The others in the squad were also aware of what this meant and as they took out extra clips of ammo and anything else they could it was brought up against the door after the dragon had set the charge. Once everything was in place everyone hopped behind the medical desk and he hit the detonator, which caused a huge explosion that caused the entire room to practically shake. When they looked up they saw the smoke being vented out to reveal the doors had been blown into the decontamination chamber.

There was still the matter of the outer doors but it was much quicker for them to reset it, save for dragging the damaged cargo hauler into the chamber. The second everything was in place with the remaining four tanks the group went behind the wall and Nyxt clicked the detonator again, blowing the second door out into the hallway and allowing them to pass. With the way clear Lesharl gave Riggs the grenade launcher again and told him to take point while he helped those that were holding the door. The others quickly filed out of the medical wing as well while the dragon motioned for the two to leap forward.

Even with the cargo hauler being disabled in front of the door the two mutated creatures had managed to nearly push inside, and as the two squad members endured another slam they quickly used the momentum to push forward towards Lesharl. One of them managed to get out of the way but before the second could get away from the door area something shiny slithered underneath the gap in the hauler and had wrapped around his waist. The man shouted in shock as he saw the face of a serpent on the end of a long tentacle, which as the dragon quickly traced it back he saw that the silver and blue spotted rubber appendage was actually the tail of the infested snow leopard! The other man attempted to run back and try to pull him away but as Lesharl told him to stop they saw the mouth of the snake tail rip away the suit to reveal the scaly crotch before those rubber lips latched onto it.

The squad teammate shouted that the tongue was inside his slit as he fell backwards to try and get it off of him, and as he did the cargo hauler shifted and the former medic squirmed through and pounced on the other member of the squad before he could run away. It all happened so fast that Lesharl could hardly process what was happening as the cervine creature had a pair of tentacles with what looked like suction cups in the shape of leaves on her back. She also had a pair of extra arms that had morphed out of her sides that she used to tear away the suit of the one that she had pinned up against the wall while the top pair ripped his helmet off.

Lesharl found himself at a loss for what to do and as he watched the outline of the first man’s member swell out the serpentine snout of the snake maw he could already see worms slithering into it. With each one that slid into the tip of his cock it seemed to grow longer and as the rubber began to appear on his groin the squad member finally flopped onto his back and wiggled from both the insertion and the pleasure that it gave as claws could be seen pushing out of his gloves and boots. The one trapped against the wall was still trying to squirm out of the grasp of the one that held him there but there was nothing he could do, and as the lower set of rubber arms stroked his junk it was already starting to get hard from the stimulation before the tentacle cock slid its tip over the already impressive equine endowment. But that wasn’t the only place that he was going to get invested as the thicker tail of the muscular creature whipped around before pushing itself into the tailhole of the horse man, bulges already racing towards the new entrance as her back tentacles pushed up against his ears and her slithering tongue pushed into his long snout.

“Join us…” the voice caught Lesharl off guard and when the dragon turned his head he gasped as he saw that the snow leopard monster had already managed to get through into the ward as well, though he just stood there and seemed to look at him. “Lesharl… you can experience the pure bliss that comes from my gift, you just need to accept it.”

“So you know my name, it’s not that impressive,” Lesharl said as he looked into the eyes of the monster even as his snake tail continued to pump worms into the lizardman on the floor, who even with his suit on he could see that his internal testes had started to push out the increasingly shiny scales of his legs. The horse on the other hand had completely went limp and his eyes rolled back into his head as his throat could be seen swallowing more of the worms while the ones in his cock was quickly inflating it to the point where it was almost inside the fawn that was infesting him. “You can’t think that any of us would want this.”

“You’d be surprised,” the snow leopard replied with a grin growing on his muzzle. “We’re all connected, we all feel the pleasure, our bodies all grow stronger. You saw these two, we are adapting, evolving, and all you have to do is let it in and we can change you too, you can become a part of something that Project Wyrm only dreamed about.”

There was a loud bang and Lesharl jumped as the snow leopard suddenly recoiled from taking a bullet in the shoulder, the dragon looking over to see that Riggs was back as he switched from his pistol to the grenade launcher. “I think the time for chatting is over,” Riggs said as the two monsters roared at him, which turned to three as the snake detached from the huge rubber cock of the one it had been sucking off and allowed the rubberized lizardman to stand up and take off his helmet to reveal his more serpentine face. “Let’s go Lesharl!”

Lesharl looked at the two that had stood up and saw that the lizardman was still transforming, a second cock emerging from his slit with both of them dripping worms as liquid alien latex dripped form his maw. When he glanced over the deer turned rubber tentacle creature had pulled away from her prey as well, whose stomach was so swollen it looked like he was pregnant as his body quickly rubberized from the number of worms in him. The dragon was quickly finding himself outnumbered and nodded to the wolf and backed away as the sound of the horse’s groans grew deeper, his suit quickly tearing as his body bloated with the cock worms that were slithering inside of him to make him into another behemoth. The other three just stood there and watched them leave, and once they were clear of the medical bay Riggs prompted Lesharl to run until they got back to the other four.

“Where were you?” Dez asked as he watched the computer screen he had hooked up to one of the panels in the room.

“Oh, our leader was just having a pleasant chat with one of the monsters,” Riggs said as he handed the grenade launcher roughly back to the dragon. “Are you insane? Any one of them could have infested you and then you’d be joining them to pump us full of those cock worms or whatever they called them.”

“Yeah, sorry, it’s just…” Lesharl said as he looked back down the hallway. “I’m starting to think it’s not the grenade launcher that’s keeping them from attacking us, I think they’re letting us go down to the server room even though they know what we’re planning to do.”

“I don’t think so considering we just lost half our squad,” the tigress said as she looked around nervously.

“Well, they may have been opportunistic,” Lesharl stated. “I think this Hive King or whatever they want to call it is trying to show us that we shouldn’t blow up the facility.”

There was a moment of silence as the rest of the group looked at one another, Dez standing up and scratching his helmet. “Um, Riggs, we sure she doesn’t have one of those worms in her?” the python asked, which prompted the wolf to snap his head to look at him. “Listen, I’m just saying that he’s talking crazy! We’re fighting for our lives down here and it sounds like he wants us to go down there and just have a little chat!”

“It’s more than that!” Lesharl said with a snarl, the others recoiling slightly as the dragon realized that he had overdone it and pulled back. “We’re thinking of these creatures as feral monsters incapable of thought or speech, but what if they’re sentient enough to form an actual community? We still have no idea what Project Wyrm was supposed to do, so what’s to say that despite the way they’re acting that all these creatures in here are still who they were, just… different?”

As the rest of the squad looked at one another worriedly Riggs motioned for them to hold tight and had Lesharl step to the side with him. “Lesharl… there is something else going on here besides you wanting to preserve a species that just turned half the squad into monsters,” Riggs said in concern. “Now I know that you had volunteered for this task as well, so what is going on here that you’re not telling me?”

“It’s… someone that I knew,” Lesharl said finally with a sigh. “We were best friends and they worked here, so when I found out that this place had gone dark naturally I went in to try and save them. Now I know what you’re going to say and I had written them off too, but while we were in the medical bay I could have sworn I saw them walking by before all hell broke loose. Then… when the two transformed and I froze, I saw that they weren’t moving to attack me and it made me wonder…”

“Lesharl… are you saying that you think that your friend might be the Hive King?” Riggs asked, the dragon sighing and nodding as the wolf looked back to the others. “Alright, if that’s true that means it’s not that they’re not attacking us, it’s that they’re not attacking you. Keep close to us and be our shield to get to the bottom level and maybe we can get out of this in one piece without any extra passengers, just make sure that you don’t tell the others this since they already think that you might be one of them.”

The dragon just nodded in response and as they went back to the group the python let out a hiss of success as the screen turned green before the doors opened. When Lesharl asked what they were doing Dez explained that he had noticed that there was a trunk line that ran through here which might be connected to something, and if that was the case they could potentially patch into the servers without having to bet here. It also was a more secure route then having to go down and pass through the mess hall, and as the dragon just gave a thumbs up and followed them he already was having his doubts. If Nyxt was trying to guide them down to the main control room then he wasn’t going to do something like leave a backdoor open that would bypass their meeting…

Chapter 3:

The door that Dez had opened for the group led through an ancillary hallway that would have been a private lounge area for special guests as well as the management team. It was normally locked off but thanks to their python hacker they made their way through the door and into a large room that looked like it belonged more in a mansion than it did in the middle of an underground research facility, or at least it did. The pool table that was in one side of the room was absolutely covered with rubber and so were a number of the walls and furniture on the other side. Some sort of massive infection happened here with a lot of people, Lesharl thought to himself, or perhaps just a few that were infested in a very large way.

They were creatures that the dragon hoped they wouldn’t meet as Dez took out a device and began to scan the walls while the other five formed a perimeter around him. The python explained that while direct server access would usually be needed in order to start the download and activate the sterilization procedures the VIPs in this area enjoyed similar connection access and stated that they were probably directly over the server room right now. That just meant that he had to find the connection port they used or in more likelihood make one of their own if they could find the trunk line. Riggs just prompted him to stop explaining and hurry up and after about ten minutes of scanning he let out a cry of success and told them to move the huge couch that was in the way.

It was covered in rubber and when the other five grabbed it and tossed it to the side they saw the same shiny worms from before slithering out, with these being a bit bigger than the other ones as the fox took out a tool and began to saw into the wood paneling. “They are everywhere,” Riggs said as he watched them wiggle about. “Could you imagine if even one of these creatures got out full of those things?”

“I’d rather not right now,” the tigress said as she went with another of the squad. “I’m just trying not to think of the others getting filled with them. Did you see what happened to the medic?”

“I think we all saw what happened to the medic,” Lesharl replied. “Let’s keep the chatter to a minimum guys, there are only two ways into this place and I want to make sure that they’re both covered.” The others nodded and as he and Riggs took up a spot near the pool table he could feel the anxiety rising. If Dez could pull off what he boasted he could do then they were one more step closer to getting out of there, which considering the only supplies they had on them were the ones that they carried on their back after the haulers were destroyed was a good thing.

As they watched the door Riggs asked Lesharl if there was a time limit on this mission, and though the dragon said no he knew that there probably was one even if they didn’t specify it. Those people that sent them down here knew that Project Wyrm was this dangerous and decided to send them in blind anyway as he gripped the barrel of his gun. It cost him half his squad and there was still no guarantees that they were going to make it out alive themselves. In all likelihood as soon as the team above gets the signal that they can sanitize the facility they’re going to do so, which meant that their lives were forfeit the second that they stepped into the facility.

So what was even the point of all this?

To save the reputation of a company that was probably going to kill them all anyways?

There was a loud snap and Dez pulled back the panel that he had just cut mostly through, cracking the wood and exposing the inside of the wall. As Lesharl looked back he could see the massive bundle of fiber optics that connected the server to the remote relay dish that was on the surface, which the second the lockdown came into effect would have severed. With the trunk exposed the hacker reached into his bag and came out with a screen and a number of wires with gator clips attached, and when the dragon asked how long it was going to take for him to do his magic the python said that it would be touch and go. The data they were told to grab would be on different servers so he would have to make the connections to each one as he went and just told the rest of them to cover him as he pushed himself into the hole.

About half a minute later they heard a muffled voice of Dez say that they were in and the download started, and as Lesharl watched the hallway with Briggs he couldn’t help but feel a sense of unease. It was too quiet; the infested creatures knew where they were and even though they closed the door behind him it was clear they had already gotten in the first time, yet as they stood there nothing seemed to happen. Was the threat of the grenade launcher really enough to keep them back, or did Nyxt the Hive King have something else in mind for them? With only six people left Lesharl found himself needing to be sure and moved forward, waving off Riggs when he asked what he was doing and went to the door that led outside.

Lesharl took a deep breath when he got to the panel and as he held up the grenade launcher he pushed the open button and immediately backed away, only to find that the hallway beyond was empty. As he poked his head out he saw that the entire area was completely vacant with not a monstrous soul in sight, and as Riggs came up behind him and looked out as well he let out a small huh. “Where are they?” Riggs whispered despite not needing too.

“That’s what I’m worried about,” Lesharl replied as they went back in and closed the door again. “There were what, maybe a couple dozen researchers and staff that worked down here? I have eight shots with this thing and the rest of the shells are back in the medical bay, not to give them any ideas but if they wanted to swarm us they could and I doubt we could stop them.”

“You think they’re preparing something else,” Riggs said. “But if we get the sterilization protocol active then it’s all over for them, do you really think that we may have tricked them? That they don’t know we can access it from here?”

“No… Nyxt is too smart to just let us sit on our laurels and allow us to plan,” Lesharl said as they walked back into the lounge. “Plus it seems like he’s either absorbed or has access to all the knowledge of the creatures that he’s infested, which means he would know about this lounge and probably the trunk line too.” Lesharl sighed and looked at the other two guarding the other entrance and the one that was guarding Dez before he let out a growl. “Screw this, we’re out of here.”

The order caught the wolf by surprise and as Lesharl went over the comms to say it Riggs stopped him. “You know what’s going to happen if we call an abort,” Riggs said. “Especially when we’re this close, if the company finds out that a team didn’t finish their mission when they were near the finish line it’s not just going to be our jobs that we lose.”

“Look around Riggs!” Lesharl practically shouted as he gestured to the rubber that seemed to writhe and squirm at his voice. “We’re not leaving this facility alive! The second that we turn on the sterilization protocols they’re going to bury us along with the rest of Project Wyrm! If they want to get rid of this evidence so bad then management can come down here themselves and activate it; Dez, pack it in, we’re out of here.”

When there was no response from the python both Lesharl and Riggs turned to where they had left their hacker, and as they saw him half-exposed lying in the hole the dragon slowly brought up the grenade launcher and went over to where he was. The other squad member turned and suddenly brought up his gun as well, which quivered slightly as the dragon slowly reached down. He grabbed the boot of the other man and dragged him out of the hole, and as he did the python turned around and let out a shout of surprise that prompted the other two to do the same. As Lesharl pointed the grenade launcher away he could hear the music that was coming out of his helmet and just rolled his eyes and told him to get up.

“Alright squad, listen up,” Lesharl said as he gathered the others around the pool table, none of them trying to touch it. “It’s time to get out of here. Now we all know what happens to squads that abort missions and I’m afraid our situation is probably a little more dire, so the second that we get up I’m going to have Dez use the data that we’ve secured so far in order to try and barter our way to get the blast doors open. How much did you get on the download?”

“About twenty percent,” Dez said.

“Alright, and I assume that you targeted the Project Wyrm files first because that’s the kind of snake you are?” Lesharl asked.

“I… well, yes,” Dez stated with a sheepish grin. “Aren’t you glad that I did though?”

Lesharl rolled his eyes along with the rest of the team before the dragon got their attentions once more. “Anyway, I’ll keep the data down here with me until you five can escape,” Lesharl explained. “Once you guys are clear of the quarantine then I’ll try and finalize the deal, but you guys aren’t going to wait for me, got it?”

“I can tell you know that they won’t honor a deal like that,” Riggs stated. “Even if we escape they’ll make sure you don’t, the second they have that data you’re as good as dead.”

“I know… that’s why I’m going to be making another deal with the Hive King,” Lesharl said, causing the others to gasp slightly. “I don’t know what’s going to happen but these creatures can clearly augment themselves, and while it may not be a guarantee I’d rather go down swinging with a body full of parasites rather than taken out to the back like a dog and shot.”

“So just like that?” Dez asked. “You’re going to make a deal with the devil twice?”

“Well I’m hoping that the second deal will be made with a friend,” Lesharl said with a sigh. “But I’ll take my chances and I’m getting you all out of this mess.”

As Lesharl looked at the others they started to hear a laugh, one that grew in volume as the python took off his helmet and tossed it to the side. “We’re so glad to hear you say that Lesharl,” Dez said, though as Lesharl noticed that his air hose had been disconnected from his tank he realized that it wasn’t just the python they were talking to as he smiled at them. “I’m sorry for listening in, but if you’re making plans to defect I can offer you more than just a fleeting chance at survival.”

“No way!” Riggs said as he brought up his weapon, the others doing the same save for Lesharl. “You get out of him right now!”

“But he’s having such a good time,” the creature within Dez said as they saw his eyeridge bulge out slightly as the grin widened. “But if you insist I’ll let him speak for himself as a testimonial, and if you want to shoot your friend in the head afterwards then that’s on you. Be wary though, I always protect the hive.”

The gleam that was in the eyes of the python disappeared and the smug grin turned to one of surprise as he grabbed his head and leaned forward against the table. The others continued to train their guns on them and as Riggs asked if he was Dez the other man looked confused for a second before he put his hands to his stomach. “Oh, I can feel them inside me…” Dez said, his voice sounding like he was in a slight daze as he went up to his collar and stripped the suit from his scaled body before going back to his stomach where the others could clearly see something wiggling around. “It’s strange, feeling them wiggling around, but it’s… nice?”

“I doubt that,” Riggs said as he looked to Lesharl. “I think it’s time to go, we’ll have to leave Dez here.”

“Wait!” Dez said, holding out his hand as the scales of his fingers bulged slightly. “The Hive King knows what’s waiting for you, he wants us to stay and join, he said that he can give us amazing abilities thanks to this facility and the power of these worms.” The python let out a groan and the others watched his hemi-penis slide out of his slit, which had not only completely turned to rubber but also had started to drip with the shiny fluid as he turned to the tigress. “C’mon Tessa, don’t you want to stay down here with me like we planned?”

The others turned to the tigress, who seemed frozen in shock before she shook her head. “Dez… you’re sick, you’re not thinking straight,” Tessa said before she turned to the group. “Those files, maybe if he can resist them long enough there’s something to purge them from his system or something. Dez, just fight them, we can find a solution to this!”

“Why would I fight something that is making me so clear-headed?” Dez replied, huffing slightly as patches of rubber could be seen as his skull began to swell in several areas, the scales around his mouth and ears becoming glossy as the python suddenly had a look of surprise on his face. “Oh… they’re doing something to me, I can feel them making me even smarter! It’s like I can think of multiple processes of thought at once, figuring out algorithms to… oh… ahh…”

The mouth of the python remained open and as the others backed up even further they saw his eyes look up and his fingers go to his head where rubber scales started to emerge in the middle of his forehead. It wasn’t just assimilating them, it looked like they were growing and causing his head to widen as a divot formed between his nostrils. More of the shiny fluid began to pour out of his mouth as his entire body began to quiver, and while his frame began to expand from the rubber and the cockworms within all eyes were on his head as he let out a hiss of pleasure. His skull continued to widen and as it did the split that formed in his upper and lower latexified lips began to spread, his muzzle dividing in half as the fork in his rubber tongue grew bigger as well.

The others could only watch in horror as the mutations progressed and with his muzzle opened wide in euphoria they could see the worms wiggling around within his throat as the fissure reached his bigger head and continued, and as they pulled apart more and more the rubber of his jaws reformed and a second pair of eyes grew in the flat expanse of space that had grew there before the split divided the two sets of eyes apart. Soon there were two rubber python heads instead of one, forming a base at his lengthening neck that was similar to his hemi-penis that had grown prehensile and was rubbing against one another. “Yesss… this works for me,” Dez said from both his mouths at the same time as they looked at Riggs. “Now when you call me two-faced you can really mean it.”

Riggs shouted for everyone to run, but as he pushed at Lesharl to leave they heard loud bangs that came from both ends of the lounge. The monsters had returned it seemed, the dragon thought to himself as he watched the transforming two-headed python grow, patches of rubber forming on his scales before small tentacles emerged from them as he slowly moved towards the tigress that hadn’t moved an inch yet. With the five remaining creatures boxed in he didn’t know what to do, and as he looked over to see the tigress not resisting as her helmet was taken off he had a sinking feeling that it was about to become four. When Riggs shouted at her asking what she was doing the feline just said that the two were right; the company would punish them regardless if they could escape this, and she wanted to stay with her lover as she reached up and stroked one of the cheeks of the rubber python.

As one head kissed the tigress deeply while stripping her out of her suit the other looked right at the remaining four, his eyes glowing with a green light instead of the purple that Dez had. “See how much better it is when you don’t resist,” the creature speaking through Dez’s other head said as the naked feline was bent over the pool table. “There is a sublime joy that comes from the infestation, knowing that your part of something much greater than yourselves. After all, if you can’t beat them, then join them.”

As Dez began to push both his cocks into the pussy and tailhole of the tigress they could already see that their kiss had resulted in a cock worm slithering down her throat where she swallowed it. When the two finished their kiss they could see that the feline’s mouth had already been completely converted to rubber and as she began to pant they saw her tongue growing, but not in the way that they had seen the others. As she panted heavily from being penetrated her shiny tongue continued to swell and grow, stretching out her lips just like the python was doing to both her holes. With where Lesharl was positioned she could see that the squirming members were already pumping cockworms into her as the corruptive fluids were starting to already drip from her stretched tailhole and pussy.

As her stomach began to fill and push up against the table the two squad members that were nearby made a run for the door, and though Lesharl shouted for them to stop they went and opened them only to be stopped by a thickly-muscled rubber bull with a massive erection pointed right at them. The balls of the creature nearly rubbed against the floor and before the two could turn around the monster let out a bellow and his cock practically spasmed before firing at them like a fire hose. The one closest to the door was thrown up against the wall and as the rubber cum completely encased him it seemed to dry instantly, causing the soldier to squirm as cockworms could be seen slithering around inside of it. At first it seemed like his suit would protect him but as the wiggling intensified Lesharl could see one of them move to the outline of his cock before disappearing inside it while the shaft started to swell from the insertion before more followed suit.

The second soldier had managed to get out of most of the blast but was still partially covered in the rubber as he slipped and felt to his hands and knees. The huge bull lumbered up to him and before the other man could turn around and fire his gun the creature knocked it out of his hands and then ripped off his helmet. The exposed head of the horse had a look of terror on his face and he tried to crawl back into the lounge only to be caught and brought to his knees before his head was tilted back and the tip of his muzzle was pressed against the slit of the bull’s massive member. There was a muffled grunt of surprise as the hand around the base of his neck pushed upwards and shoved the entirety of his head inside, Lesharl and Riggs seeing the outline of the trapped soldier in the thick rubber as well as the cock worms that immediately began to push themselves inside his mouth and even stretched out his nostrils and ears to get into the new host.

There was a loud bang and both Riggs and Lesharl turned to see that the other side was compromised as well, though Riggs continued to hold up the grenade launcher and threatened to turn this lounge into an incinerator if they got any closer. The creatures stopped at that but as the wolf looked at the dragon they knew their odds were not good, especially as they saw the shiny belly of the tigress swelling out like she was heavily pregnant as the python behind her continued to slide both of his swelling, writhing cocks still thick with parasites into her pussy while a second and third rubber tentacle were stretching out her rubber maw. The soldier stuck on the wall had stopped struggling and was instead clearly starting to grow bigger, his lines of his suit starting to show cracks as his bloated form accepted more worms from his cock and his tailhole. The horse with his head entirely in his cock had also been swallowed up down to the neck as the slit suctioned against it, though with his body leaned back they could see that his own equine endowment was bursting through his suit before it finally did and practically rippled with new growth while it started to fire jets of rubber cum and cockworms everywhere from the melon-sized squirming sack beneath it.

“I think it’s time we meet face to face,” the python’s head with the green eyes said. “Stay right there, I’ll get ready for you both to drop right in.” The wolf and dragon looked at each other in confusion until the floor rumbled underneath their feet, and just as Lesharl remembered that the monsters had access to ordinance the carpet ripped as the concrete fell away to drop them both down into the next room.

Chapter 4:

As the sound of falling debris could still be heard Lesharl groaned as he felt his senses returning, looking up to see the large hole that he had fallen through to get into the room he was now in. Just from the chill in the air and the hum of electricity he could guess that he was in the server room, which was confirmed as he looked around and found rows of servers that went down the entire length. When he slowly sat up he found that his hands squished slightly in the ground and realized that there was a thick pile of latex beneath him that likely cushioned the blow, though he quickly pulled his hands back when he remembered what dwelled within. One thing he didn’t find as he got up was his helmet, which when he looked around he found was completely gone.

“I thought that it would be better if we could talk face to face,” a voice said that caused Lesharl’s eyes to widen, looking over to see an old friend standing there, or what used to be one. While the overall body shape of the dragon hadn’t changed much their bodies were completely rubberized to have a green-tinted black rubber with brighter green around the ear fins, eyes, claws, and especially his maw and groin where it practically glowed. “I was hoping that you would be the first to awaken, your friend here seems to be quite the stubborn type when it comes to what I have to say.”

Lesharl glanced over to see that the dragon had someone in his clutches, Nyxt pressing against the wolf whose body was slumped forward. While he still had on his suit Riggs was completely naked and as he began to stir his eyes fluttered open to find that he still had one piece of suit on, a piece of the seal wrapped around his muzzle so that he couldn’t speak. “Please, don’t hurt him,” Lesharl said as he stood up.

“Lesharl… do you really think I would have actually hurt anyone?” Nyxt asked. “Everyone in this facility has been freed by me and the gift that they forced upon me. They didn’t deserve the fruits of Project Wyrm, so I took it for myself and then made sure everyone here was given the same thing so that they could realize just who they have been working for.”

Lesharl could see the distain on the other dragon’s face and knew that they were getting upset, which given what he had just said made sense. “I understand what you think you’re doing,” Lesharl replied as he could see the wolf starting to struggle as he motioned to him to try to calm down. “After what you did to Dez and how he spoke of them I can imagine that it’s a very liberating experience, but don’t you think that maybe the parasites are just having you think that so you will willfully spread them to others? Look at this facility, you turned everyone within, not to mention my team, into these rubber infested monsters.”

“So, you still see them as monsters,” Nyxt said as he looked over at the wolf that she continued to pin against the wall. “I think it might be time for a proper demonstration of what Project Wyrm can do, and since I’m doing this for you we only have one other volunteer. Ready my dear wolfie?”

Though from the look on his face Lesharl knew there were other things that Riggs wanted to say the only thing that he could get out was a snarl and a look of contempt for the one that had trapped him. While he wanted to do something to save him it was clear that the power of the parasites inside of the other dragon had made him exceptionally strong and any attempt to grapple him would probably just end with his own infestation. It didn’t stop him from getting to his feet but without the grenade launcher and any other weapon he could only watch as his friend began to stroke his own glowing member before putting the tip against the sheath of the wolf. As Riggs looked down his eyes widened and he tried to wiggle his hips out of the way, but the other hand of the dragon kept his hips steady as his tapered cock slipped inside and began to push in deeper.

Nyxt’s groin immediately began to ripple and shift from the cockworms that were within as they made their way down his shaft, something that clearly caused the infested dragon great pleasure as his head tilted back and his tongue slid out of his maw in pleasure. The hand that was pressed against the furred chest of the wolf kept Riggs in place and as those first worms reached the tip of the dragon’s cock that was inside him those lupine eyes practically bugged out of his head. The furry sheath immediately began to pulsate and swell with the new life that was being stuffed into it, and with the dragon’s cock practically stretching out the opening there was nowhere for his own member to go even with the pleasure begin given to it. All it could do was remain inside its fleshy prison as the worms around it were no doubt already slithering inside, causing Riggs to spasm in pleasure as Lesharl watched him get infested.

Unlike most of the others Nyxt was clearly more in control with how fast the transformation happened, and even as more of the worms began to push out the fur of the sack beneath and caused it to twitch there weren’t any changes that were happening to the wolf that Lesharl could see. “I know that look on you Lesharl,” Nyxt said as he brought the other dragon’s attention back to him. “You’re wondering if you shouldn’t have picked up a rock or something and tried to save Riggs from his fate, or perhaps tried to run while I was sheath deep in your friend just to save your own skin.”

“I suppose… you could say something like that,” Lesharl replied.

“But you didn’t, and that’s why I always intended on saving you for last,” Nyxt said as the grin spread on his face as Lesharl frowned. “Oh don’t be coy, even when I first took this job you were uncomfortable with the fact that I was working at a facility like so many others that you’ve had to either infiltrate or sterilize in the past. I’m sure the only reason you didn’t try to talk me out of it was because you knew that I was working in the front company portion… though as you can see it didn’t exactly work out for me, or perhaps it did as I got quite the sizable promotion.”

Though Lesharl tried to thin of what he was going to say his eyes continued to remain focused on the swelling sheath that was growing squirmier by the second. The hips of the wolf were starting to swell as well and there were so many cock worms that were inside of it that it was distorting the shape of his junk. The toes of the wolf were practically curling in response to the pleasure he was getting as even while Nyxt talked he was still humping his cock into the other male. If it wasn’t for the piece of suit around his muzzle he probably would have been groaning loudly as the worms spread inside of him just underneath his fur.

“Alright… I suppose that you’ve won this anyway the second that you took over our hacker,” Lesharl said, which he suspected would have caused the eyes of his second in command to glare at him if they weren’t practically rolling in the back of his head while his head did the same. “So what are you going to do to me now?”

“Patience,” Nyxt said as he held up a finger. “I want to make sure that our friend here is good and ready and doesn’t change too quickly so that he ruins the surprise. Once I’m done with him I’ll be sure to take care of you next, until then why don’t you go ahead and take off that suit of yours in order to make things easier.”

Lesharl frowned at that but at this point the dragon had found themselves accepting his fate, which at least gave him a reason to finally release his wings as he took the stuffy suit and ripped it off of his body. As the deep purple membrane and black scales glinted in the light he could see Nyxt looking him over while licking his lips. It seemed to strange; while his friend acted almost normal at the moment the fact of the matter was that he was made of rubber and his body was filled was these cock worms dwelled within him. Were the parasites in control of him and making him spread throughout the facility, or was what he was saying true and he really was the Hive King?

Once he had gotten the entirety of his suit off it seemed that Nyxt was ready for him as well, the dragon letting the wolf slide to the floor before walking over to him. In the time that he hadn’t been paying attention to the two Lesharl saw that the sheath of the wolf had swollen to a massive size and was continuously squirming nas he held onto it. “Lesh… arl…” Riggs gasped as his hands moved from it to his stomach where the swarm was moving upwards. “I… they’re… they’re doing something… to me…”

“What did you do to him?” Lesharl said with a growl as he looked at Nyxt, who had closed the distance between the two of them.

“I just wanted to show you the type of control that I had over the parasites that you think are the ones running things,” Nyxt said as Lesharl found himself taking a step back as the glowing green claws of the dragon’s hand reached out to him. “Perhaps it’s best if you stop thinking of them as parasites. While that may have been the intention of Project Wyrm I have since found them to be far more amicable to me ever since using them to facilitate my escape from the autopsy room and eventually incinerator, in essence we help each other out with me providing them a body to replicate in exchange for them leaving my psyche intact and giving me all the added benefits of their alien physiology.”

Once again Lesharl found Nyxt to be just as elegant and charming as he usually was, but could he really believe what he was saying when his second in command was on the floor complaining that he can’t even get hard? As he watched Riggs continue to massage his sheath it was only serving to spread the cockworms deeper into his body as he could see them moving into his pectorals and down his thighs while he squirmed in pleasure. Once more he found his attention brought back to the dragon in front of him and felt those shiny lips press against his. The smooth texture was unlike anything he had ever experienced before and he closed his eyes as he knew that this was it and at least if he couldn’t save his squad he was about to join them…

…except that nothing happened. As their kiss continued Lesharl found one of his two sets of red eyes opening when he didn’t feel anything slither inside of him, and when he did he saw the green irises staring right back at him that glowed ominously against the shiny black sclera. When the black and purple dragon pulled his head back he brought his fingers up to his lips and found that there was nothing there either and that Nyxt hadn’t infested him at all. “I… don’t know what to say,” Lesharl said. “Why didn’t you do it?”

“To show you I didn’t have to,” Nyxt replied with a grin. “Don’t get me wrong, the urge to put a worm in you and watch you transform like Riggs is strong, but it’s not what I’m looking for. I don’t just want a friend, I want someone by my side helping me to get revenge on the company that did all this.”

“You want… another Hive King,” Lesharl said. “That’s why you wanted me to come down here, you wanted me to stand by your side and share the power you wield.”

“I’m a scientist, not a tactician,” Nyxt aid as he went over to Riggs, who was starting to squirm from the pleasure even more as his fur was starting to stretch from his muscles growing and his body mutated even though it was all internal at the moment. “I saw the way you worked to get your squad out of that medical bay, the quick lightning strike before that to get to the server room, these are all things that the hive needs. I have something that I’ve been preparing inside of me for quite some time and I want to give it to you but you have to ask me for it, and if you choose not to accept it then I will allow you to put your suit back on and leave this place without any sort of interference to try your chances with the company.”

Once more Lesharl found himself frowning as he knew how that was going to end. As the sole survivor he would likely be interrogated and detained even if they didn’t believe that it was his fault for the loss of his squad and they would send in another team with likely heavier ordinance than what they had. He had also heard tales of missions that had failed and that the site was remote enough that they just hit the entire facility with a small scale nuclear weapon to blow it off the map. While they were somewhat close to a population center that also meant they were even more desperate to get this under wraps before it had a chance to get there.

This scenario was just getting stranger by the second and with every second that he thought about it the more that Riggs was changing as well. The worms could be seen moving up into his chest and neck and his fingers looked like they were lengthening, except that the tips were becoming pointed like claws even though he already had a set that were being pushed back by them. This was unlike any of the transformations that he had seen so far and it was like Nyxt was demonstrating his control to him to show just how powerful the link to the hive was. Not a single strand of fur had turned on the wolf yet and it looked like something was growing inside of him more than just the hive of worms that his host body had become, but as he started to beg to be allowed to cum and release his cock it was clear the infested dragon wasn’t going to let the transformation progress much further until he got his answer.

“I already mentioned once that I would rather be infested with these cock worms then have to deal with the company,” Lesharl said as he pressed a hand against his exposed slit, feeling his cock starting to stir within. “The situation hasn’t really changed much that would make me consider otherwise. Go ahead my friend, give me this gift that you are so keen on sharing with me.”

The infested dragon smiled and nodded before he took Lesharl’s hands and pulled them away from his groin, whispering that he already knew how this was going to happen and they were going to have fun doing it. The bright green rod of the other dragon looked like a glowstick dildo and as the tip of it began to slide up between his legs Lesharl had an idea of what was going to happen, which if he hadn’t jus tseen it happen himself he would have been surprised as the tip was being pushed against his slit. Lesharl let out a huff as he could feel it start to slide inside him, which with the stimulation already being provided he would have started to emerge soon anyway. Nyxt was not going to let that happen and with his hands wrapped around Lesharl’s wrists the dragon found himself at the mercy of the infested creature that held him.

While it wasn’t the first time he had played with the sensitive opening the fact that his friend was having his entire cock start to push inside of it was causing him to wiggle. He realized it was the same kind of pleasure tha the had fed to the wolf mere minutes before and as he started to pant he felt himself getting pushed back. At first he thought that he would be feeling cold stone against him but instead it was soft rubber that had enveloped the debris to make it comfortable for him to lay on as he felt the other cock pushing in deeper. While it wasn’t as invasive something going inside his tailhole there was something more intimate about it, especially as Nyxt continued smile down at him and stroke his face as breath came out in increasingly short gasps.

Soon Lesharl realized what Riggs had been talking about as his black ridged length was getting hard, but with the green one already getting its head inside him there was no room for it to push out. He was stuck and the more erect he got the deeper that Nyxt seemed to be getting into him. Soon the scales around his slit began to bulge a bit outward from having twice as many cocks inside it as it was supposed to have and when the base of the glowing green member began to swell he realized that soon it was going to get even tighter. For the first time the infest dragon’s composure broke and an intense look of pleasure appeared on his face as whatever was inside him was slowly slithering down inside of his shaft.

Lesharl’s eyes widened as he saw the huge cock worm starting to slither its way through the infested dragon’s shaft and into his slit, which was already causing him to kick and squirm as Nyxt made it impossible to feel anything but growing pressure inside it. As that glowing green shaft began to move back and forth he thought that possibly he was finally going to get release, only to have it push in deeper and start to slide against his own trapped erection and bulge him out even further. He wasn’t going to let him out that easily, Lesharl realized, and with his arms trapped and his legs unable to do much but kick out all he could do was brace himself as the tip of the creature disappeared into his already swollen sheath.

As soon as he could feel it starting to wiggle into his slit Lesharl let out a snarl as he was being invaded once more, his gasps becoming even more ragged as his mounting pleasure was second to the feeling of the impending infestation. His slit was already starting to leak the shiny black substance that he assumed was the cum of the infested dragon and when Nyxt let out a roar he could feel the cock worm had slid out of him and was looking to make his new home. This was insane, Lesharl thought to himself, and when he did manage to catch his breath he asked if perhaps he could rethink his life choices. The infested dragon just smirked at him and pulled back his cock just enough to let the worm slither around inside his slit before it started to push inside.

Both sets of Lesharl’s eyes widened as the tip of his cock was penetrated while still stuck in his slit, feeling his organ swell even more than it already had. The pleasure was so intense it was almost torturous and there was nothing he could do but let it happen as the parasite continued to squish itself into him. Though he was not like his friend the parasite eventually managed to get inside of him and with his cock unable to get out of its slit there all he could do was feel it as it began to travel up inside his body. It happened, he had finally gotten infested and as he laid back panting he found that even though the build up had faded his lust and desire were still very potent and Nyxt didn’t seem to be ready to vacate out of his slit anytime soon.

As the pressure in his stomach built there was a loud groan that came from next to them and both dragons turned to see that Riggs was on all fours panting loudly while pawing at his sheath. The worms in his body had already reached his head as Lesharl watched he could see them slithering around in his face and head. As he whimpered and begged for release his voice sounded strange and the way his body looked was no longer lupine as parts of his fur were stretched out. Nyxt just grinned and asked how badly he wanted release from that furry prison, and in a display of need that Lesharl had never seen Riggs practically shouted that yes, he wanted release and would do anything to get it.

At that moment there was a loud rip and as Riggs turned to his side he saw that the base of his tail that had become incredibly swollen with the rest of the appendage following suit had torn, exposing shiny black flesh underneath it as the rip grew brighter. When that happened the floodgates seemed to open and more tears formed into his fur where the stretching was greatest, the wolf’s back arching up several times as the hump that had formed there suddenly tore open to reveal a pair of black and green leather wings. As the fur began to fall off of his body the one that was quickly pulled away was the lupine sheath to reveal a bright green rubber cock that slithered about in the air that had emerged from a shiny black rubber slit. No way, Lesharl thought, at first he thought that maybe it was just the form that Riggs was taking but as his groans of pleasure grew louder and his head tipped back he saw a very familiar draconic snout pushing its way past the lips of the wolf’s muzzle.

Nyxt had turned Riggs… into another Nyxt.

As the draconic tail thrashed back and forth the only thing the new dragon was concerned about was getting off, even as the wolf head sloughed off of him and glowing green claws burst through his fingers it was all lost in the effort to finally cum. When Lesharl looked back down at his own predicament he was still locked into his slit by the dragon on top of him, which was becoming increasingly rubbery by the second as his purple scales were turning shiny as well as a deeper hue. He had already known that he was infested but instead of replicating like the others this one seemed to be keen on slithering around inside of him. The scales of his sides briefly bulged out before the lump got to his spine, and as it did Lesharl found himself twitching and convulsing involuntarily as Nyxt held him and reassured him everything was going to be alright.

Eventually the parasite that was introduced into him through his cock had made it all the way up into his skull, and as he could feel the pressure of it pushing up he felt Nyxt start to thrust into his slit. The bottom set of his eyes rolled up but the second half remained focused on the dragon in front of him as the pleasure threatened to overwhelm him. As he could feel the parasite integrating with his mind he realized that it was doing more than just integrating him with the hive where Nyxt could absorb his knowledge and memories, it was giving him the ability to do it. Other than the Hive King he found himself able to tap into the others, going from the two-headed python that was still plowing the pussy and tailhole of the rubber tiger while massaging her parasite-swollen stomach and breasts to the former doe that was prowling about using his two sets of arms to crawl about the hive patrolling for more potential prey to coil up in her tentacles while her snake-tailed feline counterpart shared parasites with themselves.

Lesharl could feel all of them, and as he looked over to where Riggs was he found that he had disappeared, only to suddenly his body being lifted up with another Nyxt standing right behind him. Though he could sense the wolf within it was Nyxt’s personality that was running the show as both infested dragons nuzzled against his own while a fleck of rubber dripped from his nose. “All hail the new Hive King,” the Nyxt behind Lesharl said as the dragon began to feel a cock identical to the one in his slit start to push up into his tailhole.

“I can feel it…” Lesharl said, though he had to swallow multiple times from the pleasure as the two Nyxt’s began to thrust into him in unison. “You were right Nyxt, this is incredible. These creatures, they were supposed to just turn enemies into rubber zombies to spread over an area, this… you’ve got completely different here.”

“We’ve got something completely different,” Nyxt said as he wiped the droplet of liquid rubber away. “That parasite was filled with a copy of all the knowledge that I and only I have, not even that darling dragon copy behind you knows of that. Now the reason that I’m not infesting you completely is-“

“-the quarantine is still in effect and the blast doors are still closed,” Lesharl finished, stroking the head of the former wolf as his tailhole was stretched enticingly over that throbbing shaft. “I know what you’re thinking and why Riggs looks like this, there’s just one thing that I want to do before we go.” Both Nyxt’s turned their heads in question before Lesharl leaned down and grabbed the shaft that was blocking her slit, which with the new prehensile nature of his cock took the new tapered tip and shoved it into the head of the dragon that caused Nyxt to groan loudly while the outline of his cock bulged the shaft out. “Time for a little revenge of my own.”

Meanwhile at the surface of the facility those in hazmat suits as well as soldiers walked around the area just outside of the tunnel that led down to the blast doors. While the squad going down into the facility had been given no set time limit there were already calls from the management team impatiently asking when this mess was going to be cleaned up and those that knew could tell that soon there would be a completely different set of calls made. Those that worked directly with the company’s clean-up team knew that if the crew didn’t come back and the sterilization protocols didn’t go into effect by twelve hours it probably wasn’t going to happen at all, which means that brand new plans would have to be made. As the ones that monitored the cameras at entrance began to see movement however people quickly scurried about as they saw someone in one of the squad’s suits dragging a very large rubber dragon in restraints up to the door.

“I have the data and the Hive King!” Lesharl said into the camera. “If you want them you’re going to have to open the door!”

Though it was against protocol to open the blast doors while the sterilization protocols were still off there were calls made and chats had, and as Lesharl waited there he suddenly heard the sound of machinery activating as he put the grenade launcher behind his head. As the doors slowly opened it revealed a firing line of nearly twenty soldiers that were pointed right at them while those in hazmat suits told them to come forward past the door. The dragon tugged on the leash and led the infested creature forward before putting the grenade launcher aside and putting getting on his knees at the behest of the guards that were ready to kill him. As one of the hazmat team scanned the hallway past them for any potential monsters another did the same to both the Hive King and him.

“Lesharl looks… looks clear,” the hazmat guy said as Lesharl took off his helmet and sighed. “No parasites detected.”

“This one is full of them,” the other one on Nyxt said. “We could easily recreate an entire hive with these and they’re still producing. Are we sure that this is contained.”

“As contained as can be,” Lesharl said as he showed not only the muzzle seal on Nyxt’s muzzle but also the containment cage around his slit and the plug that was in his tailhole. “It’s not fool-proof but with close enough supervision he can’t infest you like he did the others. Now if you don’t mind I need to talk to headquarters about my promotion and pay increase, make sure to leave the doors open too because the rest of my squad will be behind me soon with more specimen containment jars.

As Lesharl grabbed his grenade launcher and began to walk over to the logistics tent he suddenly found himself with a shadow, one of the soldiers breaking off from the line that continued to stand ready in case any of the creatures tried to leave. “What do you think you’re doing?” the ocelot said as he went up next to the dragon. “Not only did you not engage in the sterilization protocols but you also captured one of the creatures of Project Wyrm without authorization?”

“Considering that you just opened the door for me I think that management is fine with the little change in mission parameters,” Lesharl replied with a smirk as she went into the tent where all the remote controls were, including the blast doors and cameras that currently displayed the entrance where the two were doting on the captured infested dragon while waiting for the rest of the squad. “They may have initially wanted to bury Project Wyrm but there is way more down there than any of us could have possibly realized, these creatures that become infested are something that you’re going to have to see for yourself.”

“You know that sucking up to the company will only get you so far,” the soldier replied with a slight smirk. “They might accept the Hive King there but there’s no way that they’re going to let anything about Project Wyrm see the light of day.”

Lesharl found himself tapping on his snout with the grenade launcher, then just shrugged and put his hand to his hip. “You know what, you’re probably right,” Lesharl said as he pulled out his knife. “Let’s change that together, shall we?”

Before the ocelot could react the dragon took the blade and sliced the waistband of his pants and underwear, causing them to drop to the ground before he took the grenade launcher and slid the barrel over his maleness before pulling the trigger. There were no shells in the weapon anymore, instead were rubber-encased parasites that had the membrane sliced by the modified firing mechanism and allowed the cock worms to slither towards their target. The ocelot let out a shout and pulled away, but as he did he already had one that had pushed into his cock and was already sliding up the shaft while another had started to slither between his legs. When the others looked over to see what was going on Lesharl took the knife and sliced open the suit of the one that was in control of the doors before dumping the rest of them inside.

The creature within began to writhe on the floor and as he rotated the barrel to the next parasite-filled chamber the cameras showed those in hazmat suits starting to panic and run back out the door. As the real Nyxt barreled out of the entrance the soldiers began to fire only to get knocked over by the behemoth that came charging out right after. Lesharl heard the soldiers start to call to close the doors but the one that would have done it was groaning and gurgling as the creatures slithering around in his suit stuffed themselves into every orifice they could find. As the dragon left he just patted the infested ocelot soldier who continued to look down at his own maleness in shock, holding onto it as his balls started to swell while the fur of his stomach began to stretch with the parasites multiplying within it.

Back outside the decoy Nyxt was being set free by several of the creatures that had emerged while the real one sauntered over to him, folding his wings back as the chaos of the quarantine area continued to intensify. “Nice job, my fellow Hive King,” Nyxt said as Lesharl tore away his suit to reveal his body that was becoming increasingly rubberized despite the lack of parasites. “But you’re looking a little empty. Let’s let the others have their fun, once we breach this quarantine zone there will be nothing that can stop us from moving to the city.”

“I’m looking forward to it,” Lesharl replied as he pounced on Nyxt, his naked body pressing on top of his as they locked in a kiss, though as they Nyxt could feel something happening where their rubberized groins touched. “What, it looked like so much fun that I thought I would try it.” Nyxt just chuckled as the glowing purple dragon shaft pushed its way into his slit, causing it to bulge not only with both hardening cocks but also the parasites that were leaking out of the green one. “I’m sure you can still fill me up.”

As the parasites moved up the shaft of Lesharl to make him into a proper Hive King the battle that raged on around them was quickly lost. Those that hadn’t been infested in the initial valley quickly found themselves outnumbered as the creatures from the facility poured out into the campus, joined by a thickly muscled rubber ocelot with wings and huge clawed hands along with a number of others in tattered hazmat suits that came out of the logistics tent. It wouldn’t be long until the containment dome was breached, and once it was the site would lose all control. As the cameras that were posted inside and outside the facility watched the infestation spread a TV elsewhere that displayed the feed was turned off.

“It appears that Project Wyrm is becoming far more of a problem then we had anticipated,” the dark silhouette that was displayed on one of the screens said. “What are the chances that we can regain control of the situation?”

“Minimal,” another silhouette on a different screen replied. “Even if we were to do a tactical strike on the entire facility it would not ensure the destruction of the parasites, and even if it did there is still the fact that the files are now out of containment and may already be uploaded somewhere. Once these parasites reach the city we’re looking at a potential global catastrophic catastrophe if we don’t do something immediately.”

“You’re talking mass containment,” a third silhouette said.

“I’m talking about keeping this breach down to one city,” the second silhouette said. “If we act now and hope that they head towards the city instead of just scatter we could put up a energy grid around the perimeter of the city.”

“That grid is for deflecting energy attacks and missile strikes,” the first silhouette stated. “Are you sure it could contain these creatures?”

“It has too,” the second silhouette stated. “Otherwise Project Wyrm isn’t just a PR nightmare, it will be a global catastrophe of biblical proportions. So what will it be, try to save the city and fail, or sacrifice the city and maybe get out of this with the shirts on our backs?”

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