

THIS ZINE IS STRICTLY INTENDED FOR  
AN ADULT AUDIENCE.

THE FOLLOWING CONTAINS EROTIC  
ILLUSTRATIONS, WRITING AND  
COMICS. FEATURING ORIGINAL  
CHARACTERS FROM A COLLECTION OF ARTISTS  
WHOSE WORKS INVOLVE TABOO KINKS AND  
DARK THEMES.

**CONTENT WARNINGS:**  
NON-CON, DUB-CON, INCEST,  
BONDAGE, MONSTERS, GANGBANGS,  
FREE-USE, PREGNANCY,  
MINDBREAK, CANNIBALISM



the  
**Worm**  
presents

|. ABDUCTION

**18+**  
CONTAINS  
ADULT  
CONTENT



THESE ARE WORKS OF FICTION, THEY  
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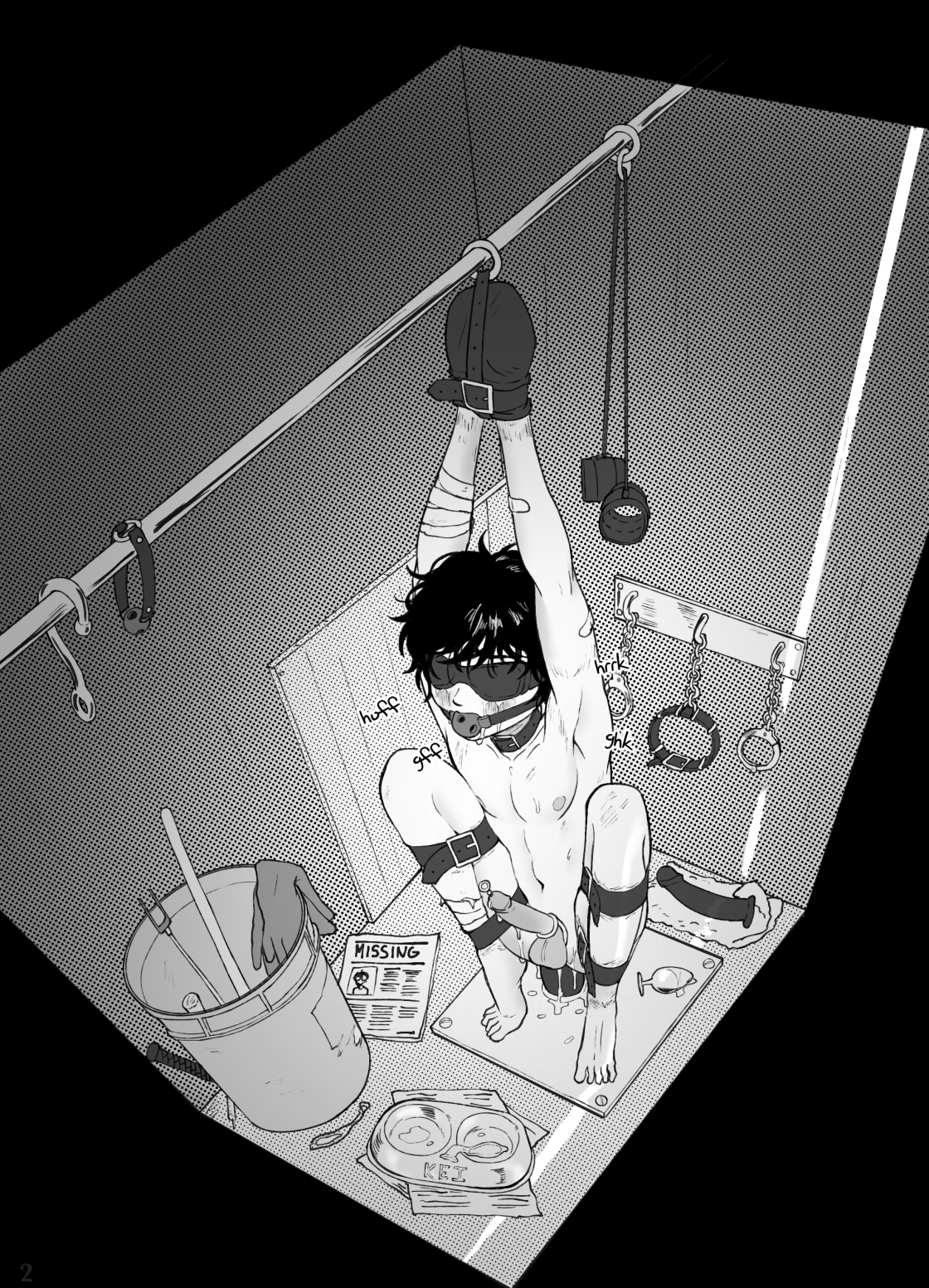
ISSUE 01  
I. ABDUCTION  
NOVEMBER 2023

COVER ARTIST - AGIToola\_CRIMES

# the Worm presents

AN EROTIC  
NONCON ZINE





vampyre\_bat

The vampire was captured by a rowdy group of vampire hunters, but they didn't kill him like they were supposed to do. Instead they forced a muzzle on him and tied him up in an old, dark basement where they teased and tortured him whenever they came down there.

He didn't know for how long they would keep him here, exposed, starving for blood and constantly mocked and hurt.



# FREEDOM CUMS WITH A PRICE

BY SQUIDY

Freedom was Silver City's number one hero, and right now they were depending on him to protect them from the evil machinations of his archnemesis, Shadow. For someone so petite, Shadow managed to cause a shit ton of trouble everywhere he went. This was a bit more than trouble though. Shadow had dropped a strange bomb on the downtown core, and from the epicentre glowing blue liquid had burst forth, spreading quickly through the streets and buildings. Everything it touched seemed to freeze in place, cars, birds, people – all frozen. Everything was slowly turning blue.

"SHADOW! GET OUT HERE AND FIGHT ME!" Freedom roared.

There was no answer. In fact he hadn't seen him at all, not even when the bomb dropped. The only reason he knew it was him was because it was the same glowing blue of the lights he used to create shadows for him to manipulate. There was no doubt in his mind that this was his handiwork.

He heard more screams of alarm, and he swore as he flew towards the cries for help. A few people had gotten trapped on a bit of pavement, the glowing liquid surrounding them, with no way for them to escape.

"Freedom!" a woman cried as she spotted him. He flew over, and picked them all up in his strong arms, and carried them away from danger.

"Thank you! Thank you!" the woman cried, the others echoing her sentiment. He said the usual 'It's my job' and took a step back so he could fly away once more, needing to help more people, when he sensed movement, and then something cold and heavy locked around his neck.

Freedom fell to his knees, all his strength stolen from him, and suddenly the people he had rescued started to laugh, before melting away into shadows on the ground.

Fear strangled him as he realised...he had fucked up.

"Yes, 'thank you Freedom' for making capturing you so damn easy."

He knew that voice. He heard it in his nightmares. Shadow...his archnemesis was here, and he had gotten one over on him.

"Hello darling. Did you miss me? You kept searching for me so frantically that I thought maybe you were worried you wouldn't get to see me again," Shadow cooed. Freedom bore his teeth at him, even as he struggled to keep his own head up. "Poor thing. You've been working so hard lately, I thought you could use a little break." Shadow let out a small laugh, gripping Freedom's hair and forcing his head up with a vicious yank.

"You won't get away with this," he panted. He had never felt so weak. He couldn't seem to lift so much as a finger. "The others will... stop...you..." He felt so tired.

"Oh, they already tried. I came for you last," Shadow told him, his smug smile turning sharp and vicious. "Now, no more chit-chat. We'll have plenty of time for catching up once we're away from here."

Freedom growled at him, trying to struggle anew, but it was useless. He couldn't move. Shadow then did something he had never seen him do before, and he removed a glove, and placed his bare hand against Freedom's cheek. He was about to ask what he was doing when the world went black for a moment, a terrible twisting, swirling sensation making his stomach turn, and when the light returned... and he was someplace else.

"Welcome to my home. I've been meaning to have you over for ages now," Shadow said. "I've made a few improvements lately that I think you'll really love."

Freedom wasn't listening...he was panicking. This was bad. If Shadow was right then he was the last hero standing, and now he was in the belly of the beast, with no strength, and no access to his powers. He kept trying to use them, and it was like they were locked away from him.



“What do you want from me?” he managed to ask at last. “Didn’t I tell you already? You needed a break,” Shadow said before letting out a deranged laugh. “You know I didn’t appreciate you going to Gala City for a month without so much as informing me. I had to play with those imbeciles you call coworkers. They’re no fun at all. It’s not even a challenge. Though...I do have to thank you. It allowed me to infiltrate your unit, and made my little scheme here so much easier. I’ll have to thank Captain Earthquake for dropping that bomb for me earlier. He’s so strong – of course not as strong as you.”

Oh god...Shadow had...when? How had he not noticed that he had somehow corrupted them?

Was he somehow controlling them by using his powers? He couldn’t imagine Captain Earthquake, icon of sunshine and rainbows and everything good in the world, choosing to help him.

“So, this is your punishment for leaving without telling me... and to make sure you get enough rest so you can keep me entertained,” Shadow continued.

“This isn’t a game!” Freedom yelled. “Let the people of Silver City go!”

Maybe he could just...talk him down? It seemed unlikely but he had to try, right?

“Come on, just let them go. It’s me you’re angry at, isn’t it?” he asked, softening his tone as much as he could manage. Shadow seemed to contemplate it, which gave him hope that was quickly dashed away when he smiled. It wasn’t a nice smile at all.

“No, I don’t want to. Though...let’s play a game. If you can withstand what I’m about to put you through without begging me... then I’ll let you go, and free the city,” Shadow said.

Freedom thought about that. He could withstand torture...if that was what it took to free Silver City, then he’d do it. Shadow as an evil genius, and this would probably be worse than the usual, but he’d manage. He had plenty of training to shut out pain after all.

“And if I fail?” he asked.

“Hm? Then I get to keep you here with me forever...but I’ll still free the city. After all, I can’t terrorise a frozen city, now can I?” Shadow said, as he condescendingly patted Freedom’s cheek.

“What?! So the only difference is whether or not I’m free?” he asked.

“Looks that way,” Shadow said, grinning, as if he too had only just realised that.

“And all I have to do is ‘not beg’?” he asked, making sure he was getting it right.

“Correct. So, do you want to play with me, Freedom?” Shadow asked. Torture was easy. There wasn’t any pain he couldn’t withstand for his people. He would also use this to his advantage.

“Heh. I’ll play your twisted game, and when I win, you have to turn yourself in,” he countered.

“Oh? You think a prison can hold me? That’s adorable! But you know what, I’m in a much better mood now, so I agree,” he said. Shadow took his hand, and he felt some sort of energy run up his arm, and through his spine.

“What was that?” he demanded, instantly suspicious.

“Something to insure neither of us reneges on our deal,” he said. “After all, I’m hardly a man of honour, and I don’t really trust you to keep your promise I’m afraid. I know you far too well after all, being your number one fan and all that.” Shadow let out a giggling laugh that grated against his nerves.

Before he could ask more questions, Shadow used his powers and moved him into another room. He was surprised to see a bed of all things, though it wasn’t exactly a bedroom either. Shadow placed him on it, and looked down at him, seeming pleased. That did nothing to quell his fear.



He watched as the villain stepped away from the bed, and he tried to follow where he was going but he couldn't move his head. It didn't matter though. A moment later he returned with a knife. So that was it, was it? He braced himself, but all he heard was a ripping sound.

"You wear too many layers," Shadow huffed as he cut through his armoured uniform. What sort of knife was he using? His armour could almost stand up to the power of a nuke, and yet he was cutting through it like it was the slightly irritating packaging on a toy.

"I don't get you," Freedom snapped.

"What don't you get, darling?" Shadow asked, as if discussing the weather over breakfast.

"Why are you doing this?! Why hold the city ransom just to get to me? Why not just come to me directly?" he demanded. None of this made any sense to him. Shadow never made any sense to him.

"But you wouldn't have agreed to play if I hadn't. Besides, they're fine! For now. It's not like I'm going to kill them after all...well, not unless you do something very naughty. But you're such a good boy, so I'm sure that won't be an issue," Shadow said, tone bright and cheerful.

"Alright, let's say I believe all of that," which he didn't, "Why do you want to 'play' with me so badly?" he asked.

Shadow paused in his cutting, and Freedom had a moment to realise that he was almost entirely naked now. He tapped the blade against his chin, as he contemplated his answer.

"You're the only one I like," Shadow said.

"Like...? Is this how you treat people you like?!" Freedom couldn't understand anything about this. Shadow 'liked' him? Ridiculous!

"Of course! If I hated you I would have already killed you," Shadow said. "You're the only one who can keep up with me. I haven't been bored since you came onto the scene. But then you went away for a month...and do you know what I realised?" Freedom didn't really care, but maybe if he kept him talking it would give him some time to think, to try and figure a way out.

"No. I don't. Why don't you tell me?" he gritted out.

"I realised," he said, as he removed the last shreds of Freedom's armour and clothing. "That I really can't tolerate you acting on your own like that, ignoring me, leaving me alone with those second rate heroes. It just won't do at all. So...remember now, if you beg me, even once, you'll remain here with me forever," he said.

Oh god. So that was it. He was obsessed, and was trying to force him to remain by his side no matter what.

If he tried to escape, if he even could escape...would he kill everyone just to punish him? He had already answered that though, hadn't he? That he would only kill them if he was naughty. There was also whatever he had done to seal their deal between them...he only had one choice: withstand his torture. He took some deep breaths and tried to get himself into the mindset for dealing with pain.

"Is there a time limit on this?" he asked. It would help to know how long he needed to stay strong for.

"An excellent idea! That makes it even more exciting, doesn't it?" Shadow said. "I think five hours should be enough."

What? That was it? He could easily withstand five hours of torture.

"Alright. Do your worst," he said, feeling a bit of confidence return to him.

"Oh no, darling. I'm going to do my very best," Shadow said. Freedom ignored him, and calmed his mind as best he could. It was only five hours.



He'd been through three solid days of torture once on a mission. This would be nothing.

He gritted his teeth, and trained his eyes on the ceiling above him. He could hear Shadow moving, and wasn't sure what to expect, but then he saw him approach, and something was being placed over his eyes. The world became dark as he used a blindfold on him. Great...now he wouldn't be able to see him coming.

The bed shifted, and then his legs were being moved apart. He didn't know what to expect, what he might be holding, what he might be preparing to do. He took a deep breath. He needed to concentrate, and remain calm or he would lose.

"You know Freedom, you really are an attractive man. I'm surprised you never remarried," Shadow said.

He had been so focused on calming himself down that it took him a moment to process that. How did he know he had been married? That information was top secret, all traces removed once he became a registered superhero to protect his ex-wife.

"It's a shame things didn't work out though. Cindy is so beautiful, and she really gives back to the community, you know? I'm surprised you two didn't last. On the other hand, her new husband Trip, and their three kids look pretty happy, so maybe it's for the best. Especially since you'll never be leaving this place."

*Fuck. FUCK! He knew? HOW?! There was no way right?* Except... he had infiltrated their unit...if he knew who she was, then he also knew Freedom's true identity. Even if he survived and escaped...his life as a hero would be in jeopardy.

His heart rate was picking up, his breathing becoming a bit erratic. Maybe he didn't know that much? He felt hands on his skin, and he tried to jerk away, but of course he couldn't thanks to the thick collar around his throat.

He was too panicked, he needed to calm down or the torture would break him...he made himself think of military drills, accounting, math equations - anything other than this!

Fingers touched his cock, and his mind stilled, before running through scenarios. Would he use electricity? Cutting? Castrating?! He felt something soft and warm touch the tip, and his breath caught as he waited for the pain. It wasn't pain that awaited him however. He whined as he felt Shadow's hot mouth surrounding his cock, a soft tongue dragging along the bottom, from root to tip.

*No. No, no, no, no, no...this couldn't be happening.*

"Ah, Matt - I figure I can use your first name now, since we're moving into this intimate moment - has anyone ever told you what a deliciously perfect cock you have?" he asked.

"What -?" He couldn't think. This wasn't what he had prepared himself for. He didn't know how to withstand pleasure.

"I could just gobble it right up," Shadow continued with a soft coo. Somewhere in his panicked mind he registered that he did indeed know his real name. Suddenly he wasn't Freedom the superhero, he was Matt Cooper, ordinary guy, and he was at the mercy of an obsessed supervillain.

Shadow's mouth descended once more onto his cock, and he whimpered as he was enveloped in hot, wet suction.

His enemy's fingers began to stroke him, and toy with him, and he felt himself growing hard in his mouth. This wasn't real. This was a nightmare. He was trapped in a terrible nightmare, and any minute he would wake up.

"You know Matty, Cindy didn't really get you...but I get you. I know exactly what it is you need," Shadow said.

"Shut up! You don't know shit about me," he growled. It came out far too strained, far too frightened.



"I know a lot about you, darling. I know where you grew up, the names of your parents, and siblings, your first pet. I know it all. But all that isn't really important. No, it's all of our fights together that have taught me the most. You're stubborn, to the point of foolishness, self sacrificing for a city that will happily turn on you the moment you make even the tiniest of mistakes," Shadow said.

Matt winced. He wasn't exactly wrong...on either of those accounts. He had recently gotten into trouble for making a joke that a few people willfully misinterpreted and it had started a huge online campaign full of slander, and made up 'encounters' with him. He had ended up not working for almost two months before someone else pissed off the public and the attention moved away from him.

"I know you resent that, resent that after all you've done for them, saving them time after time, after time, that one single quip was enough for them to try and destroy you...I know sometimes you think about quitting it all, and living a normal life, and I know that it is primarily guilt and shame that keep you from doing so," Shadow said.

"That's not -" He had started to argue, but then...it was true. It was all true. How? Did they know each other in person? Was Shadow someone in his personal life? No...no that wasn't it. He was just observant.

"Shh, I know, it's hard to admit," Shadow said, as he stroked his cock. He burned with shame as he felt arousal pooling between his legs, hot desire for pleasure making him rock hard. "Do you know what I'm really offering you, darling?" Shadow asked. He didn't, and he was too afraid to ask. "I'm offering you...freedom."

The words were said softly, right next to his ear, and it seemed to echo within his mind. This wasn't freedom though, this was becoming a prisoner...he didn't want this!

"If you want to offer me freedom, then remove the collar," he countered.

"Sure," Shadow said. He felt a small pressure and the collar slipped away. He felt shocked. He hadn't expected him to take it off, and soon he was able to move his body again. Some of his strength returned, but not the strength that came with his powers, and he knew something was wrong.

"My powers -" he started, panicking a bit.

"Hush, Matty. They'll come back once you're ready," he said. "Now...do you need me to tie you up, or can you be a good boy?" he asked.

There was something wrong with him, his cock throbbing at his words.

"I made a deal. I don't need to be tied up," he said, his face warm with humiliation.

"Good boy," Shadow cooed. He went back to sucking his cock, his hot mouth licking and bobbing up and down, drawing him closer and closer to an orgasm. His hips started to rut up without his permission, little moans and whines escaping him. No one had touched him like this in years. He was always too busy with work. He was so close - so close -

Shadow released him, and he whined in protest, before snapping his mouth shut. He had almost gone over. He was so close to cumming...

"So cute, rutting your hips like a puppy..." Shadow sighed. "Now for the really fun part!" he said. He felt something hard slide around his cock, and he gasped as it squeezed down on his erection, and felt something surround it, trapping it in its hardened state. Shadow had put it into some form of stasis like with the people in the city. He was caught on the brink of orgasm, but unable to cum.

Once more he felt a shift in the bed, and heard the sound of Shadow's boots on the cement floor. Then a click, and something whirring to life. What was that? His head jerked in the direction of the sound, and his breathing picked up as he struggled to hold still.



He wanted to rip off the blindfold, but...that seemed like it would be against the rules of this game.

He didn't have to wait long to find out however, as something vibrating was wrapped around his cock, and started to stroke it up and down. Matt let out a keening cry as it ratcheted up his arousal so fast it hurt. His hips thrust up, wanting to cum, his cock fucking the sex toy. Except he couldn't cum...the power wrapped around his cock was keeping him from ejaculating. He could feel it all, but it only made things so much worse, the need to cum as painful as it was blissful.

"There you are. You look like a wild animal, desperate to breed. Maybe if you're a really good boy for me, I'll let you have exactly what you need," Shadow said. Matt whimpered as the toy stopped. The arousal didn't ease up to match though. It remained trapped at that height. What would happen to him if he didn't cum for the next five hours?

Over and over, Shadow brought him deeper into maddening arousal. He felt like he was going insane, the desire to cum so overwhelming he was losing all sense of reason. It hurt. Why? Why was he enduring this? For what purpose? It didn't help that Shadow was taunting him the entire time, reminding him that all he had to do was beg and he could feel better, could finally cum, and have the pleasure he so deserved. Matt couldn't do that though...not if he wanted to escape him.

"H-how long?" he gasped. Surely it had been a few hours.

"About an hour and forty minutes," Shadow said.

What?! He wasn't going to make it.

This was worse than any torture. He couldn't take this - he ... he had to though. He had to endure or he would be bound to their agreement...He'd never leave, and Shadow would - would what? Would they have sex? Would he make him feel good like this again? Would he get to cum finally?!

"You know, I'd love to spend our time together with me showering you with pleasure," Shadow said. He had removed the toy, and Matt wasn't sure if he should be grateful or not. On the one hand the pleasure wasn't increasing, on the other hand, with no stimulation all that was left was a throbbing need. He tried to ignore the things Shadow was saying. "You wouldn't have to fight, wouldn't have to work, or do anything really, other than feel pleasure, getting release after release. You could relax, spend time on yourself for once..."

He needed to shut that line of thinking out. He couldn't ponder that, couldn't give in to the temptation of being free from his superhero life. Sure, it was difficult, but...but the greater good? Or something...

"If...if I stop being Freedom...who's going to entertain you?" he groaned.

"What a silly question! You'll still entertain me, you'll just do it here, and I won't have to hunt you down, or find out that you left for a month to go play with those bastards over in Gala City," Shadow said, his tone a bit sharp as he spoke of his time away. "Honestly, I'd love to spar with you outside of battle, but it's a bit hard to invite a superhero out to do that."

That...was surprising. Despite his best efforts, the idea painted images in his mind, of him lounging around, getting blowjobs, sometimes sparring with Shadow, both of them going all out, just for fun...a silly idea...God, when was the last time he had fun though? Shadow was evil...all of this was a trick to break him...surely he wouldn't really be offering him that...it was just to make him beg... and he couldn't do that!

Except...why couldn't he? Everyone would be saved regardless...and he would disappear... they might even say he was dead, died as a hero saving the city...

No! No, he couldn't give in! But what difference did it make? The people would live either way, and why shouldn't he get to feel good? Was it so wrong to want to relax, to have fun again?



If he resisted, would all the pleasure building inside him go away too? He didn't want that. He wanted the release...he wanted...god, he wanted so much.

"You know, now that I've seen this glorious cock of yours, I'm just dying to try it out for myself," Shadow said, a strange hunger to his voice. He was about to ask what he meant, when he felt movement, and then the blindfold was lifted, and he could see for himself. It took a moment for his eyes to adjust to the sudden light, but when he did his breath was stolen away by what he saw.

Shadow was naked, and standing over him, his feet on either side of Matt's legs. He really was petite, his body all lean muscle from hard training, and not much taller than five feet. He was an attractive man, handsome and beautiful in equal parts.

Shadow's firm pecs led down to his impressive abs, and just below that was a plump, and dripping cunt. Matt's mouth went dry for a moment, and all he could do was stare, his cock throbbing between his legs, desperate to bury itself in that perfect cunt, to finally find some damn release -

He watched, entranced, as Shadow slowly lowered himself down, resting just above Matt's cock, his cunt glistening with his own excitement. He couldn't tear his eyes away, as the man rubbed his slick lips against his aching cock, wrapped in glowing blue. A horrible, needy, desperate whine ripped itself from Matt's throat, his hips trying to move, but held in place by Shadow's knees. Shadow lowered himself, little by little, and he felt the tight heat of his entrance as his cock started to ease in. He whimpered, thrashing his head from side to side. Shadow took him in, a tiny bit at a time, but then stopped, and started to pull off.

"No! No!" Matt cried in frustration. Why? Why did he keep stopping?!

"You know, darling, there's a really fast way to get exactly what you need right now," Shadow said.

"To feel my wet, hot cunt around your poor abused cock...to release all that cum inside me...finally getting to feel all that pleasure, making all that suffering worthwhile? In fact you could have my cunt every - single - day," he said. He lowered a bit, and he could feel how tight he was, how hot and wet, and ready to be fucked -

"All you have to do is beg, and you'll be free," he said, his heat lowering onto him once more.

He couldn't take it. He couldn't! What did it matter anyway, so long as the city was fine? They didn't even care if it was him or someone else saving them, and...Shadow was right...he was tired, and he needed a break. Maybe...maybe this was his way out? Didn't he deserve to feel good too? Wasn't Shadow offering to save him from himself?

"Please," he said, his voice cracking.

"What was that, darling?" Shadow asked, sounding genuinely surprised.

"Please...please...just..please..let me cum...let me feel you...please...I'm...I'm begging you," he sobbed. He didn't want to fight this anymore. He just wanted to feel good for once.

"My good boy," Shadow growled. The possessive praise made his toes curl, and his eyes grew wet as he whined, his hips struggling to rut up into him. He didn't need to worry though, as Shadow lined them up, and slid right down, taking him to his base.

All ability to think left him, and Matt howled in pleasure as Shadow rode him like he was trying to win a horse race.

"That's it! You're mine now!" Shadow cackled. "Mine to hold, to have, to fuck whenever I want. Oh yes, you and your perfect cock!"

"Please - cum...I need to...I need to cum!" Matt wailed.



“Call me Master,” Shadow demanded.

Matt was too far gone, too deep into this madness to stop anymore. It didn't matter. Nothing mattered except getting to cum.

“Master,” he gasped.

“Again! Louder! Beg your Master to allow you to cum!” Shadow roared.

“Master! Master please! Please, let me cum! Please, Master! Please, I need you, need your perfect cunt, need to cum for you!” he sobbed. He would surely die if he didn't get to fuck him. He had never wanted anything more in his entire life. God, why did it feel so good? Why did breaking like this feel...feel so freeing. Maybe he would regret it later, but right then he felt truly alive for the first time in years.

“Yes. Yes! You perfect little whore. God, I really do love you, Matty. Go on, cum for me! Cum for your Master!” Shadow cried. The ring on his cock finally released, the spell broken, and Matt screamed as he came, his cock buried in his Master's cunt. All the pleasure rushed through him at once, so overwhelming made his vision go white and then dark around the edges as he came, his balls emptying themselves inside his Master. He couldn't catch his breath, but then Shadow was there, kissing him, still rocking against him, his cunt squeezing out every last drop of wonderful bliss. The world melted away, peace, filling him, and all that was left in his mind was the idea of them.

Matt didn't recall what exactly happened after that, but he was pretty sure he had passed out.

“We've just received word that there are no traces of the strange blue substance that affected the city for four hours last night, but so far there don't appear to be any side effects.

Doctors are asking for volunteers to come forth for studies, to test for any changes caused by the strange blue substance. Police say they suspect this to be the work of the criminal genius, Shadow, and ask that anyone who has any information to come forward.

In tragic news, parts of the body of 'Freedom', Silver City's favourite superhero, were found this morning near the device that experts say freed the city from the blue substance that left our fair city paralysed. The public has already been seen bringing flowers to the site, and are demanding a statue be raised in his honour. The mayor has said that a public funeral will be held. Forensic experts have stated that it appears that when the device was activated, and thereby removing the blue substance from the city, that it then exploded. Freedom gave his life to save us all.

Oh! This just in. The site is showing signs of radioactivity, and mourners are being cautioned to remain at a safe distance. We will report more on this story as more information comes to light. Back to you Jeff -”

The tv was turned off, and all Matt could do was stare. Freedom was dead, and Matt was free to be Matt again.

“There. That's not such a bad ending, now is it?” Shadow asked.

It all came back...the fight, the deal...the sex. He blushed, and buried his face in his hands with a groan.

Shadow laughed, and continued to pet his hair. It felt...nice, which might have annoyed him, but he honestly felt relieved. He didn't have to be Freedom anymore. He hadn't thought it would feel so good to just be Matt...who now belonged to a Supervillain.

“Wait...how did they find pieces of my body?” he asked. He wiggled his fingers and toes, but he didn't seem to be missing anything...



"That? Oh, that was easy! I used your DNA to make some... we'll call them meat cubes...and then I just sprinkled them about. And don't worry, the area isn't actually radioactive. Mirage owed me a favour for bailing her out last time, so she made an illusion for us, to keep people from being able to look too hard at things. Well, there you go. The city is safe, I got what I really wanted, and you got what you wanted too," he said.

"So...it would seem," he said. He was kind of in awe of the whole thing. All that effort just to have him all to himself...Shadow really was strange. "Um...do I still call you Master?" he asked.

"Of course!" Shadow said. "Though, I will tell you one secret, as a reward for being so good," he said. He leaned in and whispered against Matt's ear, his breath warm and tickling. "My name is Carmine," he said.

Matt blushed. Right now they weren't Freedom and Shadow: enemies. They were Matt and Carmine: Master and...he wasn't sure what he was...

Something jingled as he sat up, and he touched his neck. There was a collar there, like one might give a pet, with a small bell and what he could only assume was a name tag. He blushed, feeling the soft leather under his fingers. He could also feel that his powers hadn't returned, but he could still move.

"Don't look so confused," Carmine said. "You're mine, aren't you? I'd be a terrible owner if I didn't put a collar on you."

"My powers..." he said.

"I told you already. They'll come back when you're ready. Right now you're on vacation, and need to rest," he said.

Oh. That...that was kind of nice actually. He rested his head back on his lap, and smiled as he realised he knew what he was after all. He was his Master's pet. In some strange way Matt finally felt like he was free.

Give up,



no one is looking for you.







## Stats Card for Peaches

By @VYRSM\_TXT. Blank charts and more at [tinyurl.com/madebyvyrsm](http://tinyurl.com/madebyvyrsm)!

[illegible]

## Stats Card for Vee

By @VYRSM\_TXT. Blank charts and more at [tinyurl.com/madebyvyrsm](http://tinyurl.com/madebyvyrsm)!

[illegible]



# WORMS

BY DERIPMAVER  
(COMPANION PEICE TO TEREVIN)

The test subject had been a fighter on his home planet, Cendrax knew. It was all in his file from when he'd been brought to the nursery, writhing and spitting like those darling videos of animals from Earth that the Gaelor found so delightful - cats, they were called.

Cendrax sometimes thought it might be nice to have a little pet cat in his home, a real earth creature to snuggle cutely by his side, though he knew his wives would not approve.

Most of the test subjects had been fighters, partly because they were all the more likely to be in space in the first place, in little exploratory vessels the Gaelor could pluck from the endless void like an unwanted hair, and because their bodies had the prime physical attributes that made them excellent hosts.

This test subject was no different, with the pretty, rosy blush on his shoulders, his chest, the soft curves of his ass indicative of the red blood that kept his heart pumping even here, even tied down with his legs spread on the nursery table, still spitting and writhing like he could break the space-age polymer bindings pressing his knees and calves together.

His blood really was a beautiful ruby red, though Cendrax regretted drawing it. He consoled himself with the knowledge that scoring his claws along that pristine, blush-pink skin on his shins and thighs had been necessary in wrestling the test subject down for incubation - he had not taken well to Cendrax ripping his clothes from his toned and slender body, ripping away his pants and underwear to reveal a bright red cunt, blood-flushed pussy lips quivering as Cendrax had torn the fabric away from them, a little wet spot where the underwear had pressed right between his legs.

Humans leaked endlessly, didn't they? Cendrax could not imagine walking around with a dripping, throbbing cunt, needing fabric to sop up the evidence of its wetness, but somehow humans did it!

Still, this test subject mewled and spat at Cendrax, even with his pussy exposed, forced back onto the nursery bed. His pussy lips glistened, hairless and slick with his own wetness, and when Cendrax spread them with one clawed finger, his twitching cunt dribbled helplessly down the curve of his ass and onto the soft polymer table beneath him.

Human anatomy was still so foreign to Cendrax. This one had a vulva, as they called it - a rosy red flower opening up to a deep, twitching hole that stretched so beautifully beyond what seemed possible with it closed like this, a smaller dot of a hole, and of course the nub of the clit, such a fascinating little organ that Cendrax and his fellow Gaelor couldn't help but be obsessed with. Humans reacted so excitingly when it was stimulated, when it was rubbed, and teased, and licked, and smacked, growing redder and redder, growing bigger a little like a cock.

The thought that a species could orgasm, gushing slick, with no reproductive value - it was a game some of them played, seeing how many times they could torture that little, twitching clit to orgasm before the human begged for them to stop, before the human passed out from sheer pleasure, weeping and coming in a little puddle beneath them.

Cendrax regretted that wouldn't be the case today - unless, of course, his wives wished for it. Today was all about them.

The test subject's eyes widened in horror when Cendrax's first wife - the beautiful, slender Aela - wrapped around his wrist, nuzzling at the back of his hand affectionately. She really was such a lovely example of the females of their species - an iridescent periwinkle, muscular little body undulating and writhing with power, with adoration. He was so happy to give this human specimen to her, and to all her sisters, to incubate their clutch.

Cendrax spread the test subject's swollen pussy lips, ignoring his mewls, his whines of terror - he was fluent in the Earth language English, of course, but listening to earthlings beg for them to stop was something he'd long since learned to tune out.

Aela slithered in anticipation, caressing those dripping, flushed folds with her soft body, making approving purring, clicking sounds as she poked her head first into the wide-open entrance of his wet cunt, then slithered up the sides to nuzzle against the hard, red bud of the test subject's clit, making him jolt in surprise and terror.

Cendrax was surprised, then, to see that Aela's interest was focused primarily on the tiny little dot of a hole right below the test subject's clit, and she swirled around it with sweet curiosity, poking her head at its entrance, just barely wide enough for her body to fit into.

The test subject had been thoroughly cleaned out, of course - the one downside of humans was the way their bodies ejected waste, more like that of an animal than that of a civilized space faring species. For all the incubation period, they would remain empty, fed and waste expelled through more civilized means, their twitching holes existing only for the clutch of eggs that would be deposited inside them.

"You like there, my dear?" Cendrax purred, watching his wife wriggle inside that tiny little entrance, the swollen, pink skin of it flushing and stretching to accommodate her body. Then, in the test subject's tongue, he laughed, "Seems it's taken a liking to this hole."

The test subject was begging now, so sweetly. They weren't supposed to speak to them, because the human capacity for manipulation was particularly high, but to hear the sobbing, the begging - "No, please, take it out, take it out, it's stretching me, don't go inside there, please, I can't stand it!"

Aela's tail disappeared just inside the tiny dot of the test subject's urethra, the glistening pink entrance closing back up around it as she stretched the length of it, likely settling into the dark, wet warmth of his empty bladder. It would be more difficult to inseminate the clutch of eggs inside there, as opposed to in his womb, but if this was where she wanted to be, Cendrax would do what it took to satisfy her.

Aela's head emerged, and she clicked sweetly, nuzzling at Cendrax's extended finger. He swirled his claw around the twitching pink of the test subject's hole, careful not to prick the sensitive skin there, while the human begged and sobbed. Then, with great interest, still stretching along that tiny, tender passage, Aela nudged once more at the flushed, hard clit right above her. She, too, was intrigued by them, especially when the mere brush of her head against it made the test subject stifle a sob, made his gaping, empty pussy drip.

With a devious wriggle of her body, Aela latched onto the throbbing, swollen clit. The test subject squealed, arching back off the bed, pushing his dripping, puffy pussy up closer to Cendrax in his attempt to unlatch Aela from him. She bit down harder - not enough to hurt, but enough to cause a continuous suction against his clit, her mouth on the hypersensitive underside of it, suckling and nibbling and making him moan and sob in terror, in arousal.

As she latched, and tormented, his exposed, sensitive clit, she began to thrust herself in and out of that barely too-small hole, fucking it like a cunt, the entrance of it growing puffy and swollen as she fucked in and out of him. She must have been hitting the walls of his bladder with each thrust, from the way this test subject screamed and sobbed and writhed.

"Take it out!" he begged, weeping openly now, "Take it out, please, it's stirring me up inside, I can't, I can't-"

Aela fucked him, her body slamming against the sensitive walls of his bladder, stimulating the internal structure of his clitoris, as he gushed and gushed. Her mouth abused his clit gleefully, while Cendrax dipped one clawed finger between his gushing folds to pull up the velvety pink of his hood, exposing his sweet little bud further, and Aela purred as she latched even harder.

"Make it stop," the test subject begged, writhing, writhing like an animal, spreading his legs wide and bearing down on Aela inside of him as though to push her out.



It brought his bright red, gushing cunt closer again to Cendrax, and he couldn't help but pat it gingerly, noting how red, how slick with sweat and wetness it was, how his clit twitched like its own living being as it was abused, "Make it stop, please, I can't take it anymore, it hurts-"

If Cendrax measured the pleasure receptors on this test subject, he knew he would see it pulsing in deep waves, see how his pussy was driving him mad with lust. He would be able to see that slow, delightful build of his orgasm, the way this one singular pleasure organ was tortured into oblivion by Aela's nibbling, suckling mouth - as it were, he saw the test subject writhe and sob harder, he saw the way his clit swelled with arousal under the onslaught, saw the way his urethra stretched and began to drip just like his cunt as Aela fucked into it, widening it, each thrust of her body backwards making him wail and toss his head from side to side.

"Stop," the test subject begged again, "You're stretching me so wide, it hurts, my insides, I'm going to come, I'm going to come, please, don't make me come-"

They begged like this, sometimes, which Cendrax didn't understand. Didn't humans enjoy coming? Didn't they enjoy the way their body tensed, and clenched, and pulled back like a rubber band, before-

The test subject screamed, arching all the way back, pushing hard as though trying to send Aela shooting out of where she slammed against his bladder, where she suckled his clit with her tiny, painless little teeth and mouth - he came, hard, fluid gushing both out of his cunt and out of that other tiny little hole, drenching Aela, who clicked gleefully. She suckled on his clit harder, coated in his come, drawing the orgasm out of him as he begged, begged for it to end, for her to get out of him, please, make it stop, it hurts, my clit hurts, it's so sensitive, I can't-

Drool dribbled down his chin, his eyes huge and white in terror, his empty cunt clenching on nothing while Aela continued to wriggle around inside his bladder, along his sensitive urethra, suckling against that hard, throbbing, blood-swollen clit.

This human leaked just like all the others, the edge of his pussy lips drenched, the tiny little dot now swollen like a pair of lips around Cendrax's wife's slender body.

"W-wait," the test subject stammered, as Aela continued her torture of his clit, the little bud and the swollen internal glands of it, which she stimulated from the walls of his urethra. "Wait, stop, I've already come once-"

There was little for Cendrax to do at this stage. That would come later. Instead, he prepared for the rest of the incubation, listening to those sweet mewls and screams as Aela abused his clit, her mouth never leaving it.

"Stop," he was begging again, "Stop, I'm going to come again, please don't make me come again, it hurts-"

The test subject was screaming again, the sound sweet music to Cendrax's ears as he brought out the tank full of Aela's writhing, purring sisters, the rest of his pretty little wives.

Then, higher pitched, the test subject losing himself entirely to the torture against his clit, "No! No! I just came again, it hurts so much to have you keep going when I've just come, please, let me rest, I'm getting you, stop sucking on my clit, I can't take it-"

"Darling Aela," Cendrax crooned, swirling his hand into the tank of worms, "Are you ready for the rest of them to join you?" The test subject shrieked, "The rest of them?"

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The test subject did not like the speculum - not one bit. Granted, it was difficult to tell how much his shaking, shrieking sobs were from the speculum itself, and how much from the growing, hypersensitive discomfort as Aela unrelentingly sucked and nibbled on his clit. He came as Cendrax inserted the tip of the speculum into his dripping, swollen hole, wailing as he did so, slick gushing all over the warm, buttery-soft silicon polymer mesh.

His clit grew under Aela's ministrations, just barely, the tingling warmth of her saliva stimulating it to swell to the size of one of his puny human thumbs. It twitched and throbbed, agonizing in how hypersensitive it must be, but the more slick he produced the more comfortable Cendrax's wives would be in their cozy little den inside him.

Cendrax spread the points of the speculum, watching the tender way the test subject's walls stretched, slick dripping stickily in little strands inside him. He squealed and writhed, clenching his pussy, his urethra as though he could push the speculum - and Aela - out. His pussy lips swallowed up the speculum like a wet, wanting mouth, fat and puffy around it, the flared opening of the speculum keeping it firmly in place.

Despite his squealing, the speculum had gone in easy, and Cendrax had a niggling thought that the test subject's begging was not quite from pain. Certainly, this one was one of the loudest Cendrax had the pleasure of breeding, though he worried privately that his noises would be too much for his wives' poor sensitive ears.

As the speculum stretched the test subject's cunt wide open, Cendrax took a moment to observe the winking, clenching point of his cervix, a swollen red tulip deep within him, its opening just barely larger than that of his urethra. His lovely, velvet red walls were blushed with arousal, sucking at the speculum eagerly.

"No!" the test subject was sobbing again, writhing so hard against his restraints Cendrax was worried for a moment he might hurt himself, "No, no, don't make me come again, please, leave my clit alone, I can't take it-"

Cendrax watched, eagerly, as another orgasm was forced through this beautiful host. His clit was a bright, cherry red, swelling even further, and his cervix - it seemed to swallow as the orgasm shuddered through him, twitching and clenching on nothing, as though trying to take something inside his womb. These humans were so perfect, meant to be hosts, meant to swell and breed higher level species, meant to come until their minds went utterly blank and they surrendered to the pain and pleasure.

"Please," the test subject begged, "Please, make it stop, please make it stop sucking on my clit, it hurts, it hurts-"

Cendrax gasped, affronted. They were not supposed to hurt, or hit, the test subjects, but he could not help but give his swollen pussy lips a couple quick, sharp slaps in punishment. His already flushed lips fattened and blushed a darker red from one slap, then another, then another, the speculum inside him and stretching him open, little bursts of pain along his most sensitive, swollen parts - of course taking great care to not hit Aela, who had bitten down even harder on his clit in offense, injecting it with a mind-melting aphrodisiac venom.

It was a little early for that, for the venom that would have even the slightest brush of his swollen pussy lips against his clit sending shuddering orgasms through him, but really, how rude of him. "She is not an it," Cendrax huffed in his academy-precise English, thickly accented, punctuating that with another slap, "And I don't know how you treat your wives on earth, but I will not make my wife do anything!"

"I'm sorry," the test subject blubbered, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, don't hit my pussy, I'm going to, I can't stop it-"

Something squirted out of him, out of his stretched-wide cunt, and out of his bladder, coating Aela with a clear, sticky fluid. He'd been emptied, so it wasn't their human waste product, but it squirted unbidden out of the teeny, swollen hole of his urethra while he writhed helpless and exposed. Aela, still suckling on his clit, let out a surprised little clicking noise, but she did not lose her place.

The test subject still sobbing and apologizing and squirting, Cendrax sniffed and whirled around to gather his other wives. Aeva wrapped around his wrist first, nuzzling against him and purring softly - she'd been born from the same clutch as Aela, slightly shorter but also slightly thicker, the same starlight iridescence as her sister, her body like that of the cloudy milky way above them.



As Cendrax brought Aeva's soft, wriggling body over to the test subject, his sobbing and squealing increased in pitch and force again, his pussy lips dripping and his cunt clenching around the speculum as another orgasm wrecked him, drool dripping endlessly from his lips just like the slick from his cunt.

Aeva wriggled gleefully as she came closer, giving Aela a friendly, encouraging little nuzzle and a few soft clicks, and she squirmed easily down the length of the warm speculum to latch onto the swollen bud of the test subject's cervix, still clenching from his last orgasm. She was softening it, slicking it up with her own pheromones, so that she and her other sisters could wriggle inside and lay their eggs. Cendrax wasn't sure if Aela intended to lay her eggs in the test subject's bladder or eventually join her sisters, but either way, he would ensure her safety and the safety of their clutch.

Still, despite their obvious joy, both Aela and Aeva had begun to wince at the test subject's volume and shrillness, as did some of their sisters still in their tank. That certainly wouldn't do - Cendrax frowned, assessing the situation.

"Well," he said, remembering how the test subject had screamed and writhed as he'd slid the speculum inside him, "If you hate it that much..."

Sure enough, as Cendrax pulled the speculum out, glistening with slick and with thick strings snapping wetly against those swollen, soft folds, the test subject's shrieking quieted and he blinked up at Cendrax with big, wet brown eyes, lips bitten a rose red and flushed down to his chest, dumb and empty-headed as livestock.

Cendrax could not help his own, private smile as the test subject relaxed, batting his wet eyes up at him.

He had another idea for how to get his wives inside.

Inside the tank, his wives writhed and squirmed gleefully, even moreso when he dipped his hand in the thick thermoregulated fluid and gestured for them to all wrap sweetly around his wrists and fingers.

They nuzzled his palms with such tenderness, their soft clicking music to his ears, and he thought of those beloved nights where they were in their tank beside him and not breeding a host, how their soothing lullaby carried him to sleep no matter the mechanical clanging and whirring of the ship's machinery.

"Do you trust me, sweet girls?" Cendrax crooned, holding up his worm-covered hand.

There came a chorus of affirmative clicks and purrs, and he could not help his fond smile.

With one hand, he spread those plump, blush-pink folds, while the test subject continued to bat his doe eyes up at him in confusion. Cendrax slipped his thumb and forefinger inside his puffy, swollen, wet hole, stretching it open just enough to see the blossoming mound of his cervix, the throbbing center of it just waiting to be invaded and bred.

"No," the test subject moaned, realization coming far too late, "No, no, please, don't-"

Aeva could read him so completely. Without needing any prompting, she sunk her little prickles of teeth into the plump meat of his cervix, injecting it with the same venom Aela had forced into his clit, making it so sensitive to the touch he might come just from pounding against it.

Good.

"No," the test subject was sobbing again, "No, don't put them inside me, please, no, no-"

Cendrax had never dealt with a test subject this loud before. He pressed his whole hand against the puffy, stretched entrance of his cunt, slotting it into position, the rest of his wives wriggling giddily in his grip.

"It won't fit," the test subject begged, "It won't fit, I'm going to break, no, no-"

Slowly, ever so slowly, Cendrax forced his whole fist inside - first the knuckles, then with the test subject's wet walls stretching and clenching around him, the back of his hand, until he was swallowed up down to the wrist.

"No!" the test subject shrieked, writhing pitifully, fruitlessly against the restraints, "Too big! I'm going to split in two, take it out, please, oh no, I'm coming, no, please, no-"

Cheeks flushed bright red in humiliation, the test subject's whole body clenched, his walls sucking wetly at the skin of Cendrax's hand and wrist, more of that clear slick squirting out from his urethra and down his plump, pillowy folds, his fat inner labia bright red with abuse.

"Good girls," Cendrax murmured to his wives, "Almost inside." With all the force behind his spacefarer's body, he braced himself and plunged his hand in deeper, firm but not enough to draw blood, while the test subject screamed and writhed.

"Too big," he babbled and wailed, "I'm going to break, I'm going to break, please-"

A bump appeared in the test subject's belly, right where Cendrax's fist was, and he watched with some interest as it slid up, up, up as Cendrax fucked the worms into him with his arm, hot and wet and so tight, until finally he hit wet, meaty resistance. No matter how Cendrax plunged his fist backwards in little pulses, drawing choked shrieks from the test subject's throat, he could go no further back. He'd hit the limit of the test subject's cunt, and as he felt around with his fingers, the pad of his thumb swiped at the smooth bud of his cervix, swiped at Aeva with her teeth embedded into it. The motion sent shockwaves of pleasure through the test subject's body, the strength of her aphrodisiac venom overwhelming, as it was to most humans.

"Mm, this is what your belly will look like when our brood starts to grow," Cendrax sighed dreamily, pressing his hand to the pulsing bulge of his fist beneath the test subject's skin, "Even bigger than this."

"I don't want this," the test subject begged, "Stop, please, I don't want to be bred like this, I'll do anything, anything-"

"Human bodies are remarkably resilient," Cendrax waved him off, "You'll be able to go back to your old life. Unless, of course, your womb is so ripe and lush we simply cannot let you go."

The test subject's eyes widened at that, but Cendrax had more important matters to attend to. He pulled his hand gently from that wet, warm hole, making sure that all of his wives were able to wriggle off and nestle against that pulsing cervix, plump and ripe for penetration with the venom coursing through it.

Cendrax took his two fingers on each hand and stretched the walls of the test subject's cunt apart - he wouldn't use the speculum if the test subject hated it so much - so that he could see that beautiful inner entrance, Aeva's teeth pricking into it, the rest of his wives, save Aela, nestled around it.

It was mesmerizing, watching the throb and clench of his walls, his plump, swollen cervix - more mesmerizing still when one of his wives nudged, gently, at the puffy lip of it, pressing her head into that tight little hole leading right to his womb.

"What's it doing?" The test subject began to writhe again, flushed pink chest still heaving and swollen pussy lips still trembling from the rough thrusts of Cendrax's fist. His nipples had begun to swell, too, pretty and pink like plump velvet cushions - a side effect of the aphrodisiac venom now coursing through him. "What's - oh god, too deep, too deep, not that-"

-/t-again.

Cendrax bit down the flare of anger. At least his wives didn't speak the human tongue.



Perhaps, during the incubation period, he would give this breeding human another presentation on the Gaelor culture, since they would be spending so much time together. Had this one been asleep during his orientation? Well, humans, already among the smallest-brained species in the galaxy, did not appear to send their smartest up into space as fighters – just as Thraxar hives kept their queens heavily guarded on their home planets, the humans protected the brightest among them, Cendrax supposed.

“Too deep,” the test subject was still mewling, the worm’s head shoving inside his womb, inch by tender inch, “My womb, don’t please, don’t go inside–”

Cendrax watched, fondly, as one of his wives – Aema, he thought – wriggled and writhed, stretching out that tiny little hole, just like Aela had stretched and swelled the test subject’s urethra until it throbbed, sloppy like his cunt, gushing some clear mixture of Aela’s wetness and come.

“No,” the test subject wailed, “No, please, I’m coming, not again, I’m coming–”

The aphrodisiac Gaelor women produced was potent – too much of it had humans losing their minds, coming again and again until they were nothing but bodies driven only by the need to come, their need to stop coming, and when it wore off they shook and shuddered and stroked their numb pussies until they needed to be restrained for their own safety. Both Aela nibbling at his clit, and Aeva latched onto his cervix, it may have been too much for this particular human, who had already come so many times his clit throbbed, hypersensitive and swollen to nearly double its size between his fat pussy lips.

Certainly, he was on the edge of sanity now, folds gushing slick like sticking fingers into a piece of ripe fruit, sticky and sweet. Coming must be an agony, as it was for these poor creatures if they did too many times, their bodies pushed to the absolute limits. With the aphrodisiac in his system, the gentle stretch of Aema fucking into his cervix must feel like stroking his clit – and as if Aela understood that, she renewed her nibbling and sucking until the test subject sobbed.

“No more!” he shrieked, as Aema’s tail disappeared inside his womb, his cervix now slick with the fluid coating her body, “No more, please, don’t make me come anymore–”

His body shuddered and jerked through another screaming orgasm, his cervix fluttering as Aema wriggled inside and another of his wives took her place, thicker than Aema had been, giving Aeva a friendly nuzzle as she worked her way in. Thick as she was, this test subject’s cervix was just on the edge of too tight, and so she thrust, forcefully, against that swollen red tulip at the base of his womb, in and out while he sobbed, screamed, shrieked.

Cendrax, again, thought that he had never taken a test subject so loud before. He hoped this was a good sign for his strength in nurturing their babies.

“What are you doing to me?” he wailed, “What’s going inside of me – my insides, I feel it stirring up my insides, I’m going to break, I’m going to come, please, I can’t come anymore, my clit hurts so bad–”

The test subject cut off in a shriek as he came again, the thick gush of slick allowing the worm to wriggle inside his womb in one harsh thrust, nestling just at the base of that soft belly. Again, like that, he came, sobbing each time, begging to stop coming, eyes rolling back in his head. The venom in his cervix, in his clit, meant that the lightest brush sent him sobbing, a firebrand of pleasure setting his nerves alight.

Slick pooled beneath him on the table, dripping down onto the pristine white floor, his whole body convulsing now. His skin, already lovely and pink, was flushed cherry-red in his most intimate places – his nipples, plump and swollen despite being untouched, his fat outer pussy lips, his inner folds, as though all of them had endured repeated slaps, making them puffy and hot. Did pinching one of those glistening inner folds send shudders of pleasure down his spine too, his whole pussy hypersensitive?

Then, of course, between those plush pussy lips, the tender opening of his cunt, the entrance to his swollen cervix, another one of Cendrax’s wives wriggling through as more sweet cum gushed out of him.

His belly was growing, now – just the slightest little pouch as the worms settled inside him. It would grow more as they laid their eggs inside of him, and then grow more as Cendrax fertilized those eggs, until it was heavy and striped pinkish from how fast it had grown, his tits fat with milk the babies would never need, but which sold for unspeakably high prices in Gaelor markets.

“Stop making me cum,” the test subject was quieter, now, brokenly sobbing again and again as his body betrayed him, and his clit was tortured unceasingly, glistening and red with Aela’s mouth suctioned onto it, “Please, please, stop making me cum, I’ll do anything-”

They would not stop until all of the women were safely nestled inside of him, Cendrax knew. He almost pitied the poor boy, as again he came, forced through another screaming orgasm and gush of come from the torture against his clit, Aela pinching it now, sliding her whole body against it, pushing back that protective hood and covering herself with his slick. It swelled, and shuddered, and twitched as though alive, and still Aela tormented it, licked it, sucked it-

His belly grew from the pressure of the worms forcing their way inside him, sliding through the entrance to his womb, stretching his cervix so wide it would have been painful were it not for the aphrodisiac in his veins. His belly grew, his clit throbbed, his pussy quivered, he came, sobbing, begging for it to end, and it did not end, because there was more torture to be wrung out of that swollen, plump little bud, more orgasms, more worms to lay their eggs in him.

“Please,” he screamed again and again, “Please, I can’t come anymore, I’ll do anything, anything-”

Cendrax let the gaping, stretched entrance of his pussy close as the last of his wives wriggled inside of the test subject, this time two of them at once, enough that the pain overcame the aphrodisiac, and this orgasm was a thrashing, sobbing convulsion of pain and overstimulated pleasure – so much pleasure it hurt, his poor, abused clit still tormented by Aela’s little pricking teeth and sucking mouth.

It was quiet, then, quite suddenly. Cendrax caught one last glimpse of his wives wriggling around in the test subject’s womb from his now gaping cervical entrance, and one last glance at Aeva, pulling her teeth from that fat bud. As his walls closed, Aeva’s head peeked out of the swollen, puffy entrance of his cunt, and she slid up his dripping folds to force her way inside the tiny dot of his urethra alongside Aela.

That stretched, too, and the test subject managed one last burst of desperate, miserable sobs and pleas, managed one more shuddering orgasm, clear fluid squirting from his urethra as Aeva’s tail disappeared inside him. She and Aela had always been particularly close, Cendrax supposed, as Aela finally let that overstimulated, tortured, swollen red clit go, letting it bob between the test subject’s red pussy lips, still twitching through the remnants of dozens of forced orgasms.

“You want to nest in there?” Cendrax murmured, half to himself. “Well, alright.”

“My clit,” the test subject blubbered, boneless and quaking, “My clit, please, make it go down, it’s so big, I can’t... I can’t-”

Cendrax flicked the test subject’s clit irritably, fat like an overstuffed cushion and bright red, hood nestled at its base and offering no protection, and the test subject shrieked and squirted again, coming from both of his holes, breaking off into more quiet, desperate sobs.

Aela popped her head out of the test subject’s urethra and clicked irritably at him, and Cendrax couldn’t help but laugh, fondly, pressing a kiss to one of his fingers and then pressing the finger to the top of her glistening blue head before watching her disappear back inside. It was almost eerily quiet after the energetic bursts of noise from the test subject vanished into nothing, subsided into little mewls and whimpers, like a sudden shock of static over the transmission. Static over the transmission – that was how he’d been told about his human, hadn’t it? A half-broken spaceship, hemorrhaging oxygen into the unforgiving vacuum of space, with a plump, soft, human lifeform inside, sending out a distress signal.



If he could pluck that lovely creature up, he could see those plump, plush holes, see the wetness between his legs if that was the anatomy this one carried, and more importantly he and his wives' dreams of a family could come true. They could stuff those fat, warm holes with eggs, could play with the little buds that humans came with, his nipples and his sweet clit – those tender bits unique among spacefaring species.

Cendrax felt such a sudden fondness for his human that it nearly overwhelmed him, nearly made him cry out in joy. He unlocked the polymer restraints, and, boneless and fucked brainless, the human did not try to move – he did not even bother trying to close his legs, leaving his fucked and swollen pussy exposed for Cendrax, though perhaps that was because he was too afraid of the friction of his pussy lips against his clit.

Cendrax undid his space suit carefully and gave his cocks a few perfunctory strokes, until they were erect, bulbous and purple and throbbing with little nodules to keep the cum inside. He lifted the test subject – perhaps he'd give this one a name, even, if he incubated the babies well – and buried his face in Cendrax's neck, letting him sniffle and whimper pitifully, patting his back.

The test subject barely even reacted as Cendrax positioned one of his two cocks at the gaping entrance of his pussy, the other at his still-tight asshole. Even when the puffy, red rim of his asshole was breached, slick with come but with little preparation, the test subject did little more than whimper and cling to Cendrax's back in a cute, juvenile sort of way, like child Gaelor males learning to climb the lush vegetation on their home planet.

Cendrax fucked into him roughly, his asshole tight around his cock, the test subject's pussy loose but wonderfully warm and wet, bouncing him up and down with just the strength in his arms until he was crying anew, still quiet and docile with big, glassy eyes.

"I hope we have at least one boy," Cendrax crooned into his ear, shoving him against the cold wall of the ship to piston harder into his warm, pliant body, the nodules on his cock scraping deliciously against those sweet, swollen, fucked-out walls, "I hope your belly grows so big with our babies. Oh, you're going to be the perfect host, I just know it."

His fat cocks shoved inside of this broodmare, thick and long enough that they slammed against his still plump cervix, making little dribbles of cum squirt out of him intermittently, each time accompanied by a flurry of sniffles and desperate sobs. His asshole was so tight it seemed to grip Cendrax's cock in a vice, his walls clinging to the nodules along it.

"Well, hopefully if we do have a boy, it won't be any of the eggs in your bladder," Cendrax teased, giddy with excitement, "I suppose we'll have to completely reroute your human waste removal system. Can't have that interfering with our eggs."

The test subject said nothing, head nestled into the crook of Cendrax's neck, dripping tears into the divot of his collarbone. His stomach jiggled, fat with Cendrax's wives, swinging and jolting with each harsh thrust. Cendrax's cock throbbed and tingled as he thought of them in there, thought of how they'd wrap their beautiful, wriggling bodies around his cock when it was just them and him in the bedroom, clicking and purring happily while he poured his come all over them.

"Fuck," Cendrax grunted, fucking into the test subject harder, hitting his cervix with every harsh, brutal thrust, forcing the test subject's knees up by his head, "Fuck, fuck, I'm going to, I'm going to..."

He came inside the test subject's asshole, his cunt, thick, boiling hot spurts of come. He fucked him, using him as a cocksleeve as he came inside of him, more and more come, shoving it deeper and deeper into his body, so much that the test subject's belly began to swell and quiver and jiggle. Cum overflowed out of his holes, gushing along the edges of Cendrax's cock, and he sniffled and whimpered pathetically as Cendrax pumped his cocks dry.

The test subject slid, gracelessly, to the floor as Cendrax released him, rushing to gather one last set of supplies. He sat pitifully, legs spread wide, cunt throbbing and covered with sticky cum, his hole and pussy lips so red and swollen and soft.

“One more thing,” Cendrax cooed, uncoordinatedly taking a syringe and filling it with the last spurts of his come, “One more thing, human.”

He could have been gentler with his test subject, he supposed, as he took in the slump in his flushed shoulders, the hopeless way he sat back against the ship’s wall, legs spread wide and trembling, belly fat with worms and come, asshole now a fat, red ring from being fucked.

“One more thing,” Cendrax soothed again, settling in between the test subject’s legs, “Just... One...”

He should have been gentler, Cendrax knew, but he could not help the burst of excitement and giddiness that made his hands quake as, for the last time, he spread those over-fucked pussy lips – this time, shoving the fat tip of the syringe into the test subject’s urethra. The test subject, with one final burst of energy, began to sob and writhe pitifully, tossing his head back against the wall – and still, he did not close his legs, did not try to push Cendrax away from him.

He just sat there, sobbing, “It hurts, it hurts, my bladder, it’s too full, please,” as Cendrax slowly pressed down on the syringe plunger and began to pump his come inside for Aela and Aeva’s eggs. Then, when Cendrax continued to fill his bladder with his cum, more pitiful still, “It’s going to burst, please, please–”

“Don’t worry,” Cendrax soothed, “We’ve calculated the exact volumetric capacity of your bladder. It won’t burst.”

The test subject could only whimper in response, eyes huge and wet, lips trembling. “It hurts,” he mewled. “I’m too full. Too full...”

Cendrax still could not fathom humans’ infinite capacity for wetness, leaking from their eyes, their noses, their mouths, their cunts...

He pumped the last of his cum, in the syringe, into the test subject’s bladder.

It would be tight in there, especially once his wives laid their eggs, but his beautiful, pink body with all its strange, squishy organs would hold.

“Just a quick plug,” Cendrax soothed, patting the test subject’s swollen belly, before removing the syringe and stuffing body-safe polymer into the base of the test subject’s urethra, into his stretched, overstuffed, swollen hole, “Just to keep it from spilling out. Once the eggs are in there, they’ll react with the plug, and it’ll fall out.”

“Eggs?” The test subject barely had any energy left in him, and this came out a pathetic little warble, his trembling hands coming up to cover his face, “Please, I don’t want this, let me go.” He was crying again, pitiful and soft. “I’m going to burst. I’m going to break.”

“You won’t,” Cendrax patted the test subject’s belly, fondly, before closing his legs with a little pat on the knee. At that, at his pussy lips closing tightly around his still red, raw clit, the test subject hissed, just as Cendrax suspected. “You’ll give birth to dozens of healthy babies after they’ve incubated inside you.”

That, strangely, did not seem to cheer the test subject up. Cendrax sighed, lifting him tenderly in his arms, supporting his back and beneath his legs – bridal style, the humans called it, though this was nothing like how Cendrax would carry his wives. Now that he was stuffed full of come, and soon would be stuffed full of eggs, keeping the test subject comfortable would be necessary – otherwise Cendrax’s wives and children might be put at risk.

“Let’s go cuddle in my bed,” Cendrax cooed, nuzzling against one swollen, leaking nipple, “I want to feel my wives move inside of you.”

The test subject shuddered, but he let Cendrax carry him away, his head resting gently in the crook of his neck.





NOW THAT WE'VE GOT YOU ALL WARMED UP, SHALL WE GET STARTED?

WH-WHAT IS THAT?!

OUR EXPERIMENT, OF COURSE!

AHH!!

OH, WHAT A SURPRISE!

N-NO... PLEASE, STOP-!

WAAH!!

P-PLEASE!! OH, GOD, PLEASE, TAKE IT OUT!!

SEEMS LIKE SHE'S TAKEN A LIKING TO THIS HOLE.

AAAHH!!

D-DON'T!! G-GET IT AWAY!!

COME, NOW...

KAH!!

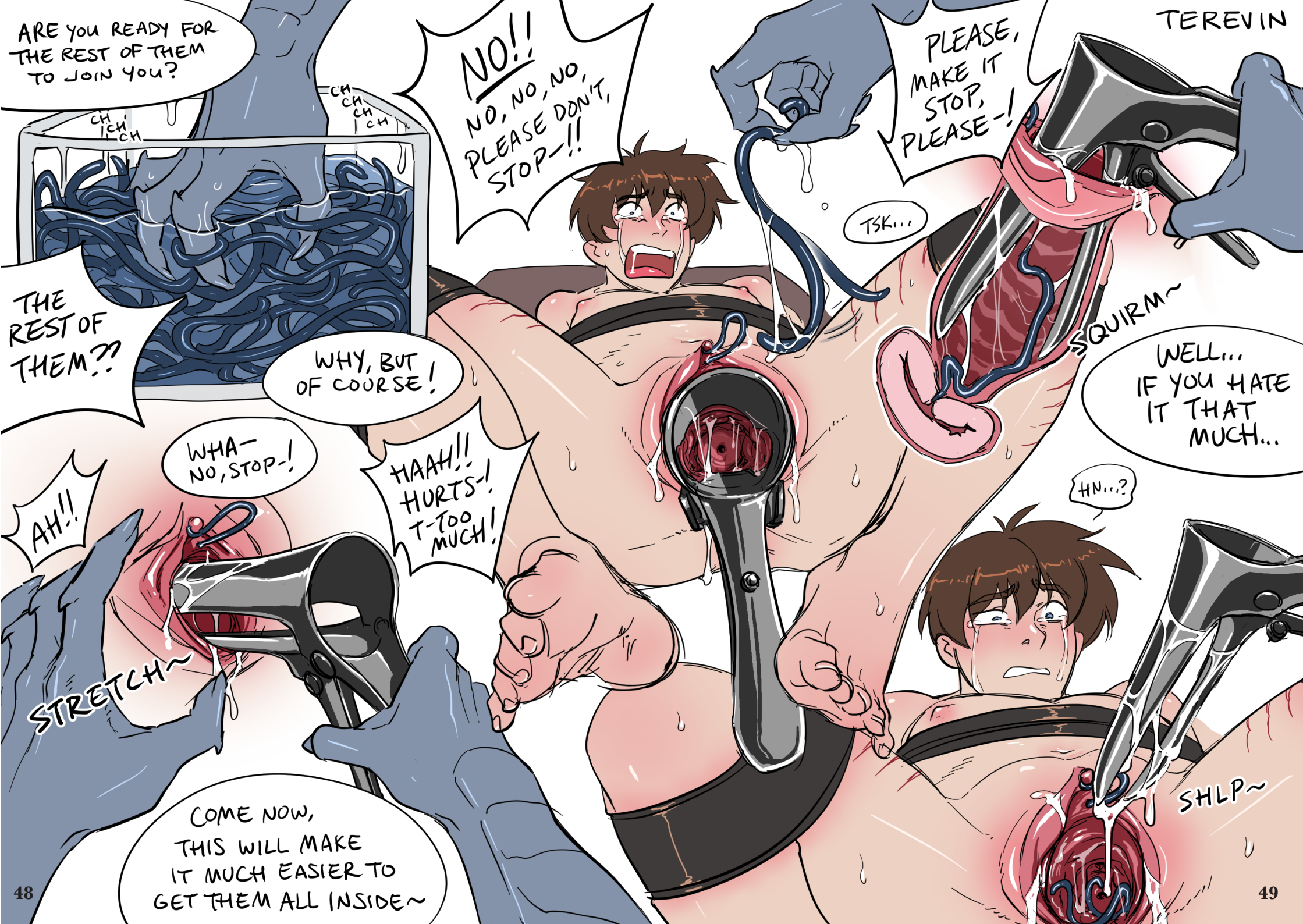
AH!!

I-ITS!! S-STIRRING ME UP INSIDE-!!

YOU SHOW SO MUCH PROMISE AS A SUITABLE HOST, AFTER ALL!

M-MAKE IT STOP, PLEASE!!





TEREVIN

ARE YOU READY FOR THE REST OF THEM TO JOIN YOU?

NO!!  
NO, NO, NO,  
PLEASE DON'T,  
STOP!!

PLEASE,  
MAKE IT  
STOP,  
PLEASE—!

TSK...

THE  
REST OF  
THEM??

WHY, BUT  
OF COURSE!

WHA—  
NO, STOP—!

AH!!

HAAH!!  
HURTS!  
T-TOO  
MUCH!

WELL...  
IF YOU HATE  
IT THAT  
MUCH...

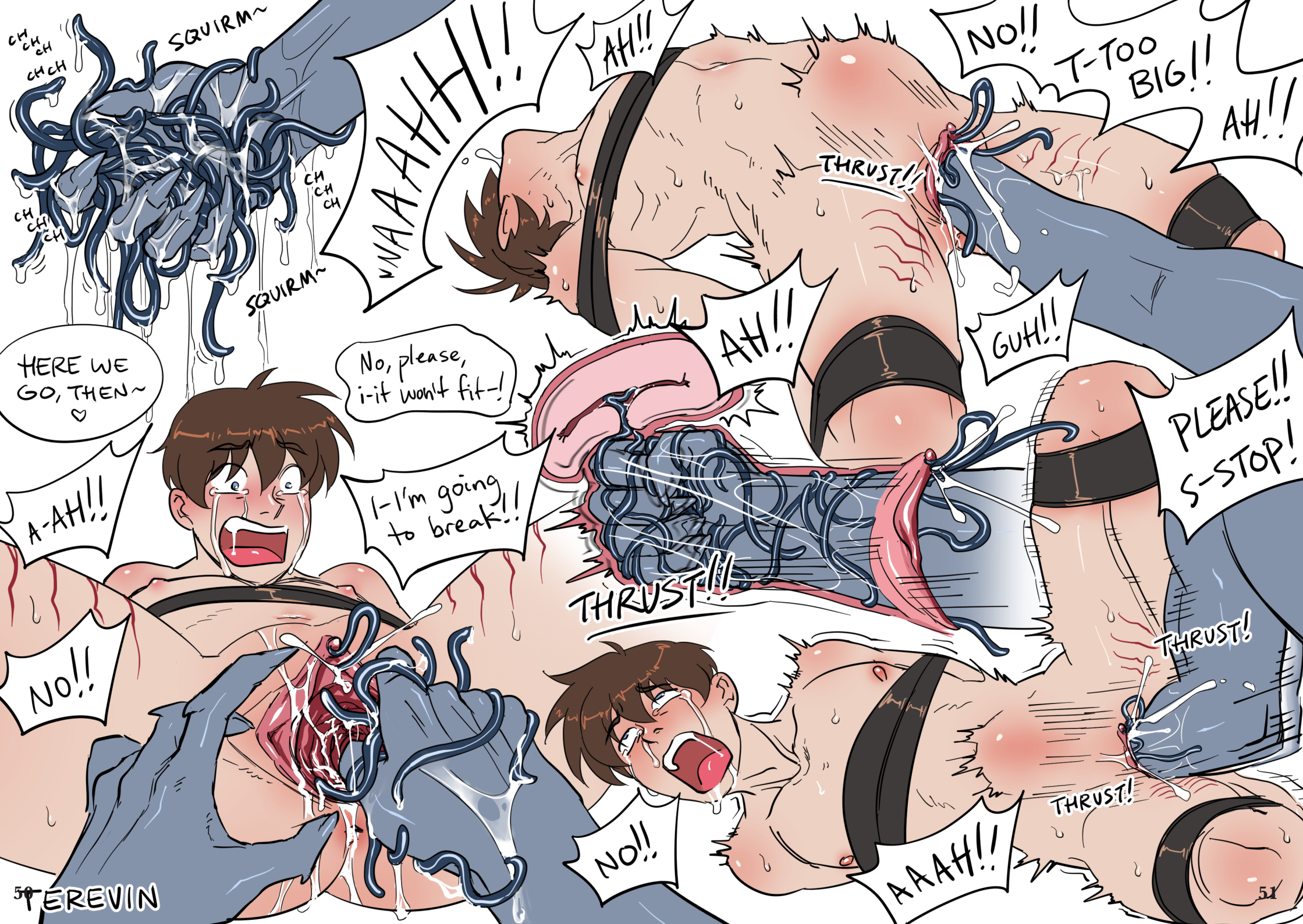
HN...?

STRETCH~

COME NOW,  
THIS WILL MAKE  
IT MUCH EASIER TO  
GET THEM ALL INSIDE~

SHLP~





HERE WE GO, THEN~  
♡

A-AH!!

NO!!

TEREVIN

No, please,  
i-it won't fit-!

I-I'm going  
to break!!

WAAAH!!

NO!!

THRUST!!

AAAH!!

THRUST!!

GUH!!

NO!!

THRUST!!

THRUST!

PLEASE!!  
S-STOP!

T-TOO  
BIG!!

AH!!

AH!!

AH!!

SQUIRM~

SQUIRM~

CH  
CH  
CH  
CH  
CH  
CH

CH  
CH  
CH





excited  
worm dance



CLOSE UP ON MRS. AELA

NORMAL  
MODE



HUNGRY (FOR PUSSY)  
MODE



# A VAMPIRE'S GIFT

BY ZELISTEE

There was a gift. A somewhat large box, wrapped in a fine bright-red fabric amidst many smaller presents. It was only just brought in, and had a few holes on the top. It was about a meter high, and a bit larger than that in length. Felis didn't have to guess what was in the large one. He wished he didn't know. No one was out there gifting him a piece of furniture, and for those considerably sized toys he'd grown far too old. No, a toy wouldn't be given to him on his coming-of-age celebration. No longer would he be allowed to escape from responsibilities. No longer would he be able to run from his fears. His parents had made that clear. That was the purpose of this certain present, too.

Many formalities took place before the young vampire could unwrap any of the shiny boxes stacked on top of each other. Greeting his family members, which were always far more than he could recall them to be, and joining them at the table for the first courses of the luxurious meal. He didn't mind that. The spotlight was all on him, and for the first time he would be treated as an adult. As the son of one of the most influential families, he'd always been shown a certain amount of respect by other vampires, but now he would truly belong as well. That is, if he could show the strength and authority of a proper young lord. Felis fidgeted with the rings on his cold hands.

After the entree, the first few gifts were handed to him. They were simple trinkets, often with gemstones worked into them. Decorational pieces, jewelry... Some prettier than others, but mostly items that would collect dust in a corner. It wasn't until just before the main course, that his parents approached him. His mother placed a hand on his shoulder, firmly, and whispered, "Don't you think it's time to open the big one...? It's one of the last ones left. We've all been holding our breath in anticipation for a long time." He nodded. There was no other option for him. He'd been preparing for this moment all evening long, and yet he felt nowhere near ready.

With some taps against the crystal glass in their hands, the masters of the house silenced all people in the room. Their curious gaze settled on Felis, who struggled to keep his growing anxiety under control.

"We would like to, first and foremost, thank you all for attending this important event," Felis' father started off. He could have figured this would be the moment for a lengthy speech. For as long as all those eyes were on him, he'd have to keep his head high. After many more formalities, it was his mother who chimed in to return his attention to the matter at hand. "We have a surprise that will not only please him, but will be an equally great opportunity for him to show the leadership, authority, and maturity of a proper lord."

"Go on, dear, that's your cue."

Felis stepped towards the silk-wrapped gift. The sound of his heels making contact with the marble tiles beneath him could be heard throughout the entire ballroom. He pulled off the bright-red ribbons first.

The box turned out to be quite sturdy, but made in such a way that when the top was removed, all the sides would instantly fall down again. He wouldn't receive the luxury of a first glance, before all other present guests could feast their eyes upon it too. Now that he was standing so close to it, he could hear strained breathing.

He took a deep breath, and removed the top with its limited amount of breathing holes. With somewhat of a thud, the contents were revealed

A human. His human, from this point on.

But it wasn't waiting obediently for its master to call out. For a moment all but his chest that moved along as he took fast and ragged breaths, remained still. It took in everything in the room. The royally decorated walls and tables, the guests and their bright red eyes staring right at him.

It looked Felis straight in the eye too – a death sentence for any well-trained pet. It tried to jerk away from Felis immediately, but the collar this human wore was linked to a metal ring through a chain, and kept it steadily in place on the ground. A muzzle had been added, only contributing to the feral look as it fought against the many leather restraints keeping him in a knelt position. If it could shout or growl, it probably would have, but only huffs and hoarse grunts came out of its mouth. This wasn't how pets usually behaved. Felis glanced at his parents, who responded with a smile that was all but genuine. Somehow, they'd found a way to include a surprise within this gift after all.

----

Felis bit on his nails. It was something he'd successfully stopped doing years ago, and now it had returned. His coming-of-age had been stressful, and what came after as well. Despite his fears, he had handled the situation well. He'd spoken like how his parents would often speak about the humans in the castle, who served mostly as high-quality blood bags. It had left a bitter taste in Felis' mouth that didn't wash away for the rest of the night. He'd mimicked those cold eyes as he'd told the others in the room that it was quite the gift, how it should be taken out of the room, lest it taint the floor and everything on it. His brand-new pet couldn't understand those words, and yet he'd felt guilty. He felt even guiltier when he later returned to his room where lesser vampire servants had left it off for him. Stuck in a cage, its hands locked in padded mittens that prevented him from doing anything. That was the first time Felis saw just how scared it..., no, he was.

When the nail chipped between his teeth, he pulled his hands back. It had been a week, and he couldn't make up his mind on his feelings towards his parents. He knew that they gave him this unruly, untrained pet so that he would get over his meek demure. It was such an awful stunt for them to pull, and yet he liked the opportunity he was given. If he could get this human of his to be more accepting of him... without breaking him as was always done, he could show them that he was above their games.

It wouldn't be possible with a pet that had grown up on one of the many farms that produced obedient drones without a will of their own. His father had apparently sent out an entire team to find an adult human in a faraway place where they lived freely. Only those with blood that matched the quality of humans bred at the farm would be considered. Felis had asked the doctor – more of a veterinarian, really – about it.

“Oh, yes. That one sure was a lot of work. Struggled so hard, we had to tie it up and keep it quiet before my tests were even finished,” he'd told Felis. “Good thing for him that he was a perfect fit. Either way, he wouldn't have been able to tell anyone about it.” The way he spoke made it sound like the older vampire had no interest whatsoever, but in his eyes Felis could see how much he actually liked it.

“Did you really have to remove his voice?”

“What is it, boy? Are you dissatisfied with your parents' gift? Debarking is necessary. Trained pets know that they should not use their voice. Have you forgotten that already?”

No, he couldn't forget. He'd watched his former pet, his playmate, Sil, go through the procedure when he was much younger. His mother had forced him to. He shot a glare at the doctor, and hissed. “Remember who you're talking to. I am no longer a 'boy'. It would do you well to know your place.”

The doctor merely chuckled. It was a rare sight, but still suited his description as a joyless man. “Right. I may hope that is what you're telling your new pet, too.”

Felis was pulled out of his thoughts by a loud sound in the cage. His pet, who he'd decided to call Oz, slammed his body against the metal. He'd resorted to such methods to get Felis' attention, since no words would come out of his mouth anymore. Most of all, Felis wished he didn't have to lock Oz up in a cage at all... but no less than two escape attempts and a threat from his parents who had caught him in the hallways were enough to convince him that this was simply the safest option.



He pulled himself away from his desk and walked over to the sizable cage that had blankets and pillows inside. Oz didn't have a muzzle locked tightly around his head anymore, either. He didn't bite, so there was no need to keep it around. Now that they were both in this situation neither of them wanted to be a part of, providing some comfort to his pet was the least Felis could do. He hunched over to open the cage.

"Time to pee...?"

His pet nodded. It was surprising how quickly he was picking up some simple words and commands. He always listened to them, as well. Felis liked to believe this was because of a certain degree of trust growing between the two of them. It was easier to believe when he ignored the escape attempts, and the redness in Oz's eyes on most mornings.

He attached the leash to Oz's collar. Just like at the party, his limbs were forced together in shiny latex restraints, forcing him to walk on all fours with some padding underneath to protect his elbows and knees. His hands were stuck as well, rendering him unable to move his fingers in any way. There was little he could do with them even if they had been free. Felis gently tugged the leash, leading him outside to relieve himself.

On their way back, he couldn't help but think about the metal cage around Oz's cock. It locked it tight in place, preventing it from getting hard. Most pets had their genitals surgically removed or altered in some way, as they were not allowed to have access to such pleasure. Oz's only had his because there was not enough time left between his capture and the moment he was handed over to his new master. It was something he'd surely go through in the future, but the cage was a decent temporary solution for the handlers. Felis hoped they would delay it some more, as such a surgery would likely bring down Oz's mood even more. He wanted to bring some joy to this human of his, his second chance after Sil. He felt like he owed him that much, at least.

Felis unclipped the leash and placed it back on top of the dresser. He'd always let Oz roam freely around the room for a while, though the latter was less keen on exploring and would rather get back to the safety of his cage. But before he could do any of that, Felis reached for something he had tucked into his pocket earlier that day, and pulled out the treat. It was usually reserved to motivate younger pets, but knowing how all pets were given only the food that was absolutely necessary, food would be a good motivator for any human. He broke the sugary cookie in two, and beckoned Oz closer to him, near the bed, before giving him the first half. Albeit reluctantly, he began to chew on it.

"Such a good boy..." Felis praised him, genuinely excited by this positive reaction. He tapped on the bed sheet right next to him, gesturing to Oz to hop on. His parents would likely kill him for letting the pet get on his bed. Him being an adult now hardly mattered when it came to rules like these. Still, he couldn't be bothered to follow them too closely. What mattered more to him was upholding a certain bond of trust between him and his pet. Oz seemed more uncertain about this plan, though, and stayed still.

"What is it? Should I help you get on...?"

He placed down the other half of the treat on the sheet, and bent over to help Oz. He carefully reached for his 'front paws', his two arms. Though Oz didn't pull away, his eyes revealed his doubt and fear. Felis placed them on the edge of the mattress, then moved behind his pet to lift the rest up as well. Luckily, he acted accordingly and crawled his way onto the rest of the mattress. A voiceless whimper escaped his lips as Felis' hand brushed past his caged cock. It was some twitching that made him realize just how sensitive Oz's genitals were. He wondered if it was due to this lengthy chastity.

Once he'd settled himself on the bed, right next to his pet, he handed him the rest of his treat. His mind and eyes stayed fixated on that shiny little cage as he waited for Oz to finish eating his snack. If his parents would kill him for letting Oz on the bed, they would hand him a fate far worse than death if they found out what was on his mind at that very moment.

He bit his lip, trying to overcome the dilemma within him, and eventually reached out to the cock cage. It turned out to be the type that could easily be locked and unlocked again without a key. Since Oz's restraints kept him from moving his hands anywhere near his cock, they probably didn't find a design with a lock and key necessary. Oz tried to jerk himself away with more fierceness while his dick was being intentionally touched, but Felis kept him pinned in place.

His cock, once released from its cage, didn't stay flaccid for long. The repeated touching had, against the pet's own will, been incredibly arousing after weeks of not being able to touch himself nor having it be touched by anyone else. He whined, having given up on trying to kick Felis away with his near-useless bound legs.

"Don't worry... I won't hurt you." Felis knew that he couldn't understand him, yet he hoped his voice could soothe him, that his intentions were clear no matter the language he spoke. It was blasphemy, to provide sexual services to one's pet. A dirty act, yet relieving Oz from all this built up frustration while he still had his genitals was all that the young vampire lord wanted to do. He would be the one to make this human feel good. He was too young to be there for Sil, but Oz was his chance to finally let go of his grief. It wouldn't at all be in the way his parents expected of him.

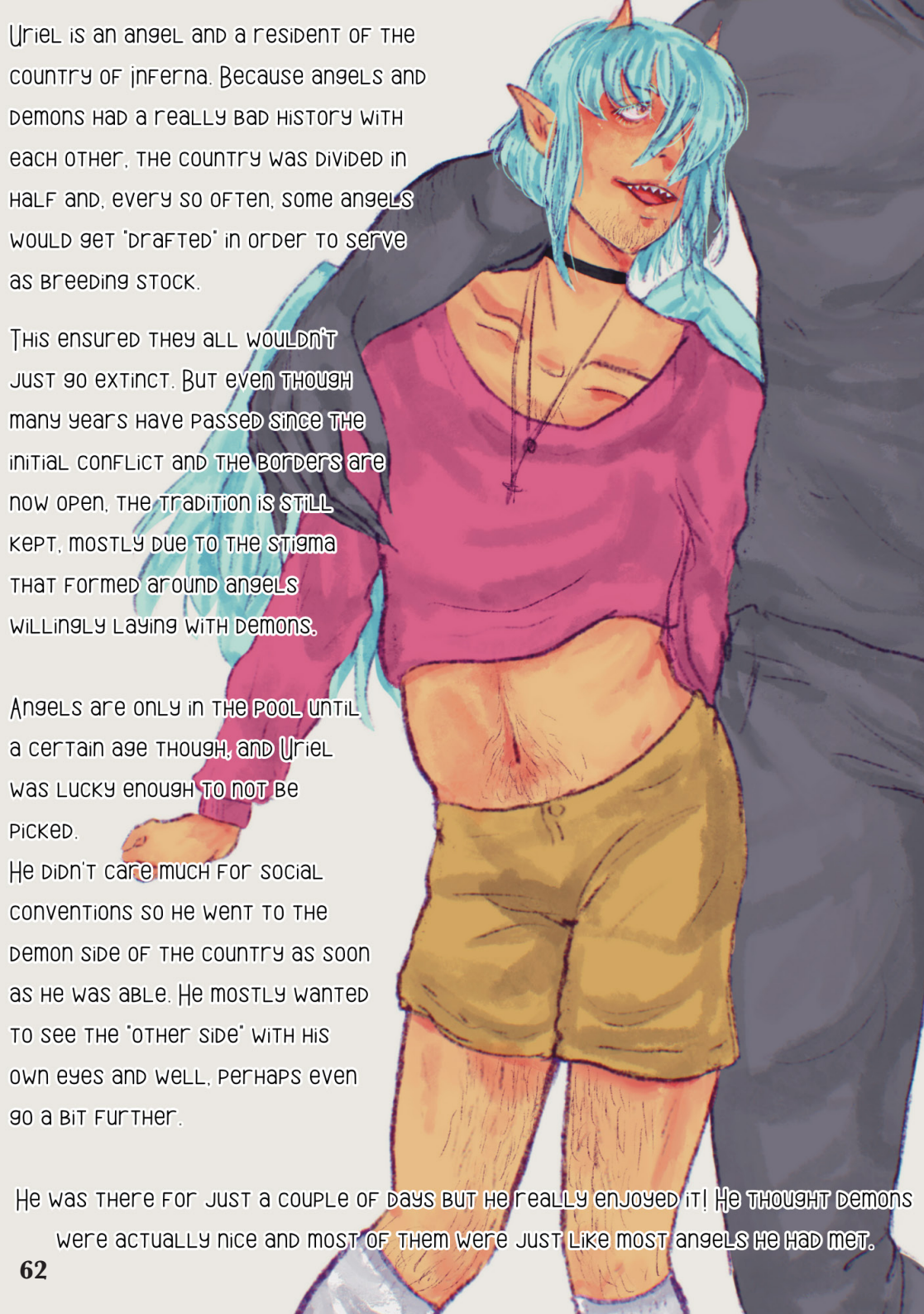
He spread Oz's latex-clad legs, and placed his lips around the tip of his swollen cock. He had never given a blowjob before, yet there was no doubt it would be enough to make him come at least a few times, with how long he had been chastised. Oz wasn't fighting back anymore, staying perfectly still instead. Perhaps he was even holding his breath. Good boy... he thought, but he kept the praises to himself for now. He moved his tongue over the shaft. His dick was much warmer than he'd expected, even more than his skin. He eagerly took the rest in his mouth. Just like his sweet blood, it filled his mouth with the warmth that all live humans radiated. He couldn't wait to discover the forbidden taste of his other fluids. Sure, there were vampires who consumed human sperm, but his family always considered themselves to be above something so disgusting. Felis didn't care. He placed his hands around the base of the cock, and gently bobbed his head between the legs of his pet.

It must've been even less than a minute before Oz came for the first time. He'd heard it coming as his breathing became more quick-paced. If his voice hadn't been taken, Felis could have enjoyed the sound of moans, signifying just how much pleasure was coursing through his body. His arching back and eyes rolling back into his skull would have to do. Loads of cum, far more than he imagined would shoot out of his cock, quickly filled the vampire's throat and mouth. He swallowed it all quickly, yet some would still leak out of his mouth, down his chin. The taste was something he could only describe as something out of this world. He could easily see himself get addicted to the thick, sticky texture.

Felis planted multiple kisses on what little of his thigh was left uncovered. The violent squirting had stopped, and so he went in again for a second round. With every bob of his head, he pushed himself further down on Oz's cock. It wasn't particularly big, but still took some effort to get to the base with his untrained mouth. He moaned as he slowly wrapped his tongue around the object in his mouth, taking in the pleasure as he thought of how much he was doing for his beloved new pet. Every twitch, all the writhing on the bed was all the more motivation to work even harder, to bring Oz even more pleasure. He let him come another three times or so, eagerly drinking the cum every time. At this rate, he wouldn't need to dig his fangs into Oz's neck for at least a week. He felt completely full, satiated to the brim.

He licked the last bit of cum off his pet's dick, then sat up again on his knees. This was the first time he noticed the tears still pouring out of his eyes, and the wet spots they had left on the bed. He was sweating all over, and now that all the action was over, he shivered. He imagined it must have felt so freeing, so incredible to his pet as well. His tears were surely tears of joy. There was no need to think otherwise. Felis inched closer, cupping those wet cheeks in his no longer cold hands. He pressed a long kiss on Oz's lips.





Uriel is an angel and a resident of the country of Inferna. Because angels and demons had a really bad history with each other, the country was divided in half and, every so often, some angels would get "drafted" in order to serve as breeding stock.

This ensured they all wouldn't just go extinct. But even though many years have passed since the initial conflict and the borders are now open, the tradition is still kept, mostly due to the stigma that formed around angels willingly laying with demons.

Angels are only in the pool until a certain age though, and Uriel was lucky enough to not be picked.

He didn't care much for social conventions so he went to the demon side of the country as soon as he was able. He mostly wanted to see the "other side" with his own eyes and well, perhaps even go a bit further.

He was there for just a couple of days but he really enjoyed it! He thought demons were actually nice and most of them were just like most angels he had met.

He wasn't wrong but, just as there are bad angels, there are bad demons, and Uriel seemed to have let his guard down a bit too much. He might have gotten a little too drunk and maybe some not very well-meaning demon thought to take advantage of that. That alone would be bad enough, but there was something that could complicate his situation further.



When they are taken out of the "draft" pool, angels are required to go through surgery to make them infertile before they can leave their internal borders (angels in the pool can't leave their neighborhoods). In Uriel's case, some bureaucracy delayed his a bit too much and he was allowed full freedom before it was done.

This wasn't the first time this exception was made, but it was the first time an angel who isn't a pet and is still fertile had intercourse with a demon.



He was STILL conscious enough to beg him not to do it and to let him go, but explaining the situation made it even worse. That demon instead kept him chained in his house until he was finally showing very obvious signs of pregnancy.

Of course, that wasn't all. Uriel was frequently "shared" around with the demon's friends. They also made changes to his body as they saw fit and, in general, just treated him as property.



They knew they couldn't keep the angel there forever though, so they released him eventually. But of course, not in the way Uriel would have hoped.

You see, because it has been so little time after Uriel left the draft pool and he was already happily flirting with demons, that must mean he was just a pet that managed to 'escape the system'. So, instead of being truly set free, he was directly handed to authorities of the angel side of the border.

Even though he screamed and pleaded and swore it wasn't his fault and that he didn't want any of that, it was to no avail.



The people in charge were already pissed at him for crossing the border between angel and demon sides while still fertile and disappearing for months, so him coming back pregnant made them even angrier.

So, in the end, what really happened wasn't important, they just wanted him punished and made an example of.

It was decided that he was to be officially turned into a pet. This, of course, was permanent and could not be reverted once he was collared.



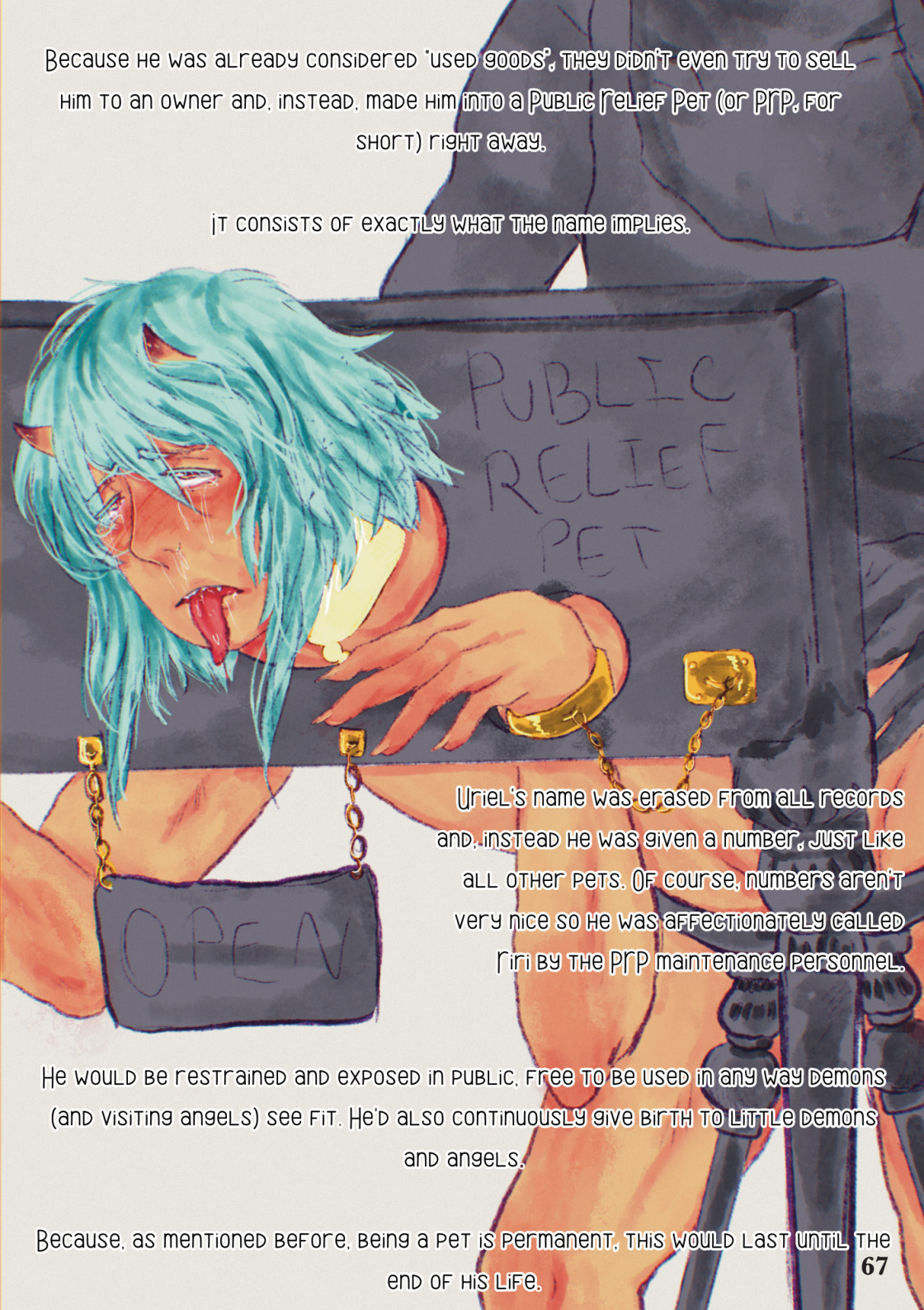


Another part of his 'punishment' was to leave him spread open and exposed in front of the pet-processing building until he finished giving birth.

During this time, anyone would be allowed to touch, grope and use him as they see fit.

This would surely serve as a warning for any angels even thinking about pulling something similar!

As a small mercy, it would also prepare him for the rest of his life, since what was to come was way, way worse than that.



Because he was already considered 'used goods', they didn't even try to sell him to an owner and, instead, made him into a public relief pet (or prp, for short) right away.

It consists of exactly what the name implies.

Uriel's name was erased from all records and, instead he was given a number, just like all other pets. Of course, numbers aren't very nice so he was affectionately called 'iri' by the prp maintenance personnel.

He would be restrained and exposed in public, free to be used in any way demons (and visiting angels) see fit. He'd also continuously give birth to little demons and angels.

Because, as mentioned before, being a pet is permanent, this would last until the end of his life.



# AT A PARTY

By BUNBURYING

The air was heavy around him, for smells both familiar and exotic. Rose and jasmine and lavender he knew, but the Boy couldn't quite discern the rest. The tall woman, the kind and pretty one who'd invited him, smiled as he met her gaze.

"Remember," she'd told him earlier, "to mind your manners." The Boy smiled shyly back and nodded his head to avert his gaze. Everyone here was so fancy, he felt out of place in these fine borrowed clothes.

"Good evening, my Lady," he said softly. "Thank you again for letting me come to your party." The woman laughed, and it sounded like silver bells in a spring breeze.

"Oh dear little one, it would hardly be worth throwing without you... come in..." Her silk-gloved hand took his, and she led him deeper into the room. String and woodwinds he couldn't quite see played a merry waltz, one the Boy felt must have been familiar but that he was sure he'd never heard, and a few dozen people danced in pairs. A few stragglers around the sides, who'd been talking amongst themselves or drinking from silver cups, took notice of him. He smiled politely, feeling awkward. *Don't be so feeble*, he thought to himself. *I'm Lady Aster's guest, I shouldn't embarrass her, after she was so nice to me...* A handsome young man with long auburn hair approached. He looked a few years older than the Boy.

"Well, my Lady, who might this be! Not often we see a new face... a guest of yours, I trust?"

"He is." Lady Aster released the Boy's hand and laid hers upon his shoulder. "And a very special one, at that, Viscount. You'll be glad for his company."

"Oh? Special, huh? Not a Tamlin, is he?" The Viscount looked curiously at the Boy, whose brows furrowed with confusion. He wasn't sure if there was anything truly special about him. He'd only met Lady Aster by luck, walking back home from the well...

"Goodness, no. You think I'd risk rioting in the slums for something like that? Have some trust." Lady Aster reached a hand out and tugged playfully at the Viscount's ponytail. "Anyway, no need to confuse the poor boy." She glanced the Boy's way and paused when she noticed he seemed to be hesitating to speak. "Oh... have you something to say, my dear? Do speak..."

"W-what's a 'Tamlin,' my Lady?" Lady Aster and the Viscount were both quiet for a moment before laughing. Her hand moved from his shoulder to stroke his hair.

"Oh, just the lowest kind of person, my little one. Nothing you need worry about. Ah- Lady Hawthorne, would you clear a spot? I've brought you a little something..." The Boy was led across the room among the crowd, and he shivered at Lady Aster's glove brushing against his skin as her hand moved down to the back of his neck. The Viscount walked alongside. "Anyway, dear Viscount, I'd never bring a Tamlin to a place like this, could you imagine? Why, they're hardly better than the humans they once were."

The music was terribly loud, now.

"Oh I'm sure, my Lady, but one must always expect something novel from you."

The Boy wanted to stop walking, but the thought of the silk-gloved fingers gripping tightly into his neck filled him with a strange terror. The high, ruffled collar of his shirt, the kind he'd seen noble-men wear, was suddenly feeling a bit uncomfortable. It made the thickly-perfumed air harder to breathe. His head was empty of possible meanings for what Lady Aster was talking about, and he dared not try and jump to conclusions, so...

"My Lady, what exactly did you m-" The Boy's voice was cut off by a single sharp fingertip digging into his neck. Lady Aster looked down at him with an expression he didn't understand.



“Only when spoken to, now.” Her fingernail, still covered, scratched gently as she readjusted the softer grip, but suddenly her hand was very cold, as if pulling the warmth from his skin. “It is such a pretty voice, though... I’ll make great use of it. Payment for the first favor you owe me, you see.”

The Boy turned, despite the points of her nails, and stared at her, his eyes now pleading large.

“You did thank me for the invitation, which makes it a favor. And you thanked me again for allowing you inside. Now as we all know, a debtor’s no kind of person at all.” The Boy’s adrenaline finally kicked in just in time for him to try to shout in indignation, to cry out for mercy or another chance, to scream in fury. But nothing came out at all, and the rapid pounding of his heart played double time under the music that filled the room.

Dimly in the back of his mind, the Boy realized he had not attempted to fight his way out. But somehow, the desperate clamor in his head did not translate to action, even now. Instead, the tense compulsion to move, the rattling of nerves under his skin, went unheeded, and he continued to walk until he was led to a low platform, capable only of trembling.

“These fine clothes don’t suit this creature of yours, my Lady. Surely you only lent them, yes?” Lady Hawthorne was just as beautiful as Lady Aster, with bright blue eyes and flower petal lips. But her expression was that of shrewd appraisal, and the Boy felt himself shake harder.

“Naturally. But now, of course, I tire of being owed...” A snap of her fingers, and the Boy gasped silently as he felt hands from behind him tugging at his clothes. Dozens of pairs of eyes gazed at him, and even the dancers slowed in their movements to turn and look with interest. The fine brocade justacorps was yanked from his shoulders and he squirmed wildly while the hands from behind him reached around to work at the buttons of his waistcoat. He turned to look for his assailant, only for a silk-gloved hand to grip his face and pull his gaze forward.

Lady Aster stared into his eyes and did not blink. “My Lady, you did say I’d be glad for his company, did you not?” The Viscount hovered behind her, looking at the Boy with mild interest.

“Of course, dear Viscount. But wouldn’t you like a look at him, before I transfer his debt to your household? You’ve never needed your possessions to be new.” She smiled at the Boy, seeming to pay no attention to his struggling, and stroked his face with her other hand as his clothes continued to be torn away. “But what a sweet-looking little creature, I may want to hang onto him just a little longer... Surely you don’t mind?”

“I’d never deny a chance to offer you generosity, my Lady. By all means, take your time.” The Boy squirmed and thrashed wildly now, no longer listening and now finally kicking blindly as the breeches were ripped from his legs. But his flailing limbs were quickly caught, and his wrists were bound behind his naked waist by a strange, warm force that held him like rope. The magic spread to his ankles, tying his bare feet to the floor a few feet apart.

“Oh, he is a pretty one... you have such good taste, my Lady,” another woman giggled, playfully batting her hand at Lady Aster’s arm. “Sometimes I think we shouldn’t bother bringing humans into the Faewilds at all, but you always seem to win me over...”

“You flatter me, Lady Iris...” Lady Aster stepped back to assess the Boy properly, and he felt the strength leave him as her eyes, and the eyes of others, scanned over his bare frame. The air was just cold enough to make the hair on his arms and legs stand on end, and he felt his testicles pull up slightly in the open air. “But you know, as lovely as this body is intact...” She approached again, and the Boy felt fear pooling in the pit of his stomach. Lady Aster pulled a glove from her hand and ran her bare fingertips up his smooth, flat stomach. “I think I’m feeling especially generous today. Would anybody like to play with him? The Viscount breaks his toys, after all, so now is the best time, I’m sure...”

The Boy thrashed again, snapping his teeth in a feeble attempt to protect himself, and with a snap of her fingers, Lady Aster conjured more binding magic, holding his head back and gagging his mouth.

“Lively little creature, isn’t he...?” She removed her other glove and groped at his chest, her soft hands pushing gentle pressure into his skin. “But really, he’s docile as a lamb...” Her hand trailed down his body again, and she stepped to his side to reach her other hand behind him to grab one of his buttocks, her thumb reaching to the cleft between and spreading his ass for just a moment before releasing it. The Boy’s body stiffened up at the violation, and he squirmed again as the hand at his front wrapped around his flaccid cock and pulled it gently forward, as if inspecting. “Not much yet, but we’ll see.”

Curiosity largely sated, the crowd fell slowly back into casual, boisterous party chatter as a dozen or so interested people gathered around. A nobleman who’d been watching from the crowd stepped forward, and after a few whispered words between him and Lady Aster, he stepped around and behind the Boy, and she stepped in front of him, with one hand on his shoulder and the other groping again at his chest. She idly toyed with one of his nipples, and it was nearly enough to distract the Boy from the sound of the man behind him undoing his own breeches.

A pair of large hands, well-manicured and soft, roughly gripped the Boy’s hips, adjusting his posture, and he tried once again in vain to scream as he felt something bump up against his ass. Lady Aster just smiled again at him, and moved her hand from his chest to between his legs.

The pain of sudden penetration was like nothing the Boy had ever experienced, and he gasped a rough inhale, muffled and voiceless, as the nobleman’s cock pushed its way unceremoniously inside him. Lady Aster braced the Boy’s shoulders and slowly began stroking his cock, breathing out the slightest laugh as he struggled weakly.

“You’ve got a talent, my lady. Hard to find such a pretty lad who’s still got a tight virgin hole like this...”

“Isn’t it just? But this one doesn’t lie with men... or hadn’t, at least.” Tears pricked at the corners of the Boy’s eyes as the thrusts behind him, inside him, increased to a steady pace. The pain was searing, as though he’d been torn open.

But as hard as his legs shook and as much as it hurt, his cock all the same hardened in Lady Aster’s hand. He bit down on the magic gag between his teeth, and it reshaped itself unsatisfyingly within his mouth.

“My Lady, do you mind if I have a go, as well? Though I’d hate to push you aside, of course...” A woman with long, golden hair approached at Lady Aster’s side.

“Oh, it’s of no consequence to me. That’s what he’s for, of course.” Lady Aster smiled and put her gloves back on, after wiping her hands off with a handkerchief. The other woman knelt down in front of the Boy and ran her hands up his shaking inner thighs. The man behind him continued pumping away, now breathing slightly heavily. Tears finally ran down the Boy’s cheek as he felt a warm, soft mouth wrap around his cock, sliding slowly back and forth. Was this what was to become of him? Nothing but a toy for these people, who weren’t even human? Would they kill him, devour him?

Or worse, would they keep him alive? *The Viscount breaks his toys...*

The nobleman finished inside the Boy and pulled slowly out with a sigh, and the Boy felt an aching void inside him match with the sinking emptiness in his chest. But his knees continued to shake at the unwanted waves of pleasure from the mouth wrapped around him, and without meaning to, he twitched his hips forward.

“Goodness, what a beast! Even now, he’s a slave to his urges, isn’t he!”

“No wonder they can’t even use magic, humans really never were fit to be civilized...”

“They should be grateful for the changelings among their number...”

“Well, the spot’s empty. You want a go, then?”

“Yes, I think that’d be marvelous fun... I’m bored of dancing, anyway...”



The thing that surprised the Boy the most, once the crowd finally broke around him, was that there had been no blood. Looking down, he saw none trickling down his legs or pooling at his feet. But the relentless ache of his battered hole was so cruel he could hardly believe that he'd not been injured. His legs shook wildly with exhaustion and he was ready to drop when Lady Aster returned to him, effortlessly pulling him away from the spot where he'd been bound to get him walking again. He sniffled pathetically.

"Hmm... he's a bit less cute to keep around at dinner, don't you think? Fetch the Viscount Justicia for me, would you- ah, there you are. I think you can have him now after all, dear Viscount, there's no need for me to keep delaying it."

"Oh, so early? Very well, my Lady, I'll gladly take him off your hands. But perhaps I'll wait to enjoy his company properly after we dine. Best to keep him off to the side, in the hounds' quarters, don't you think?"

"Yes, in retrospect he's not so charming to keep one's appetite up."

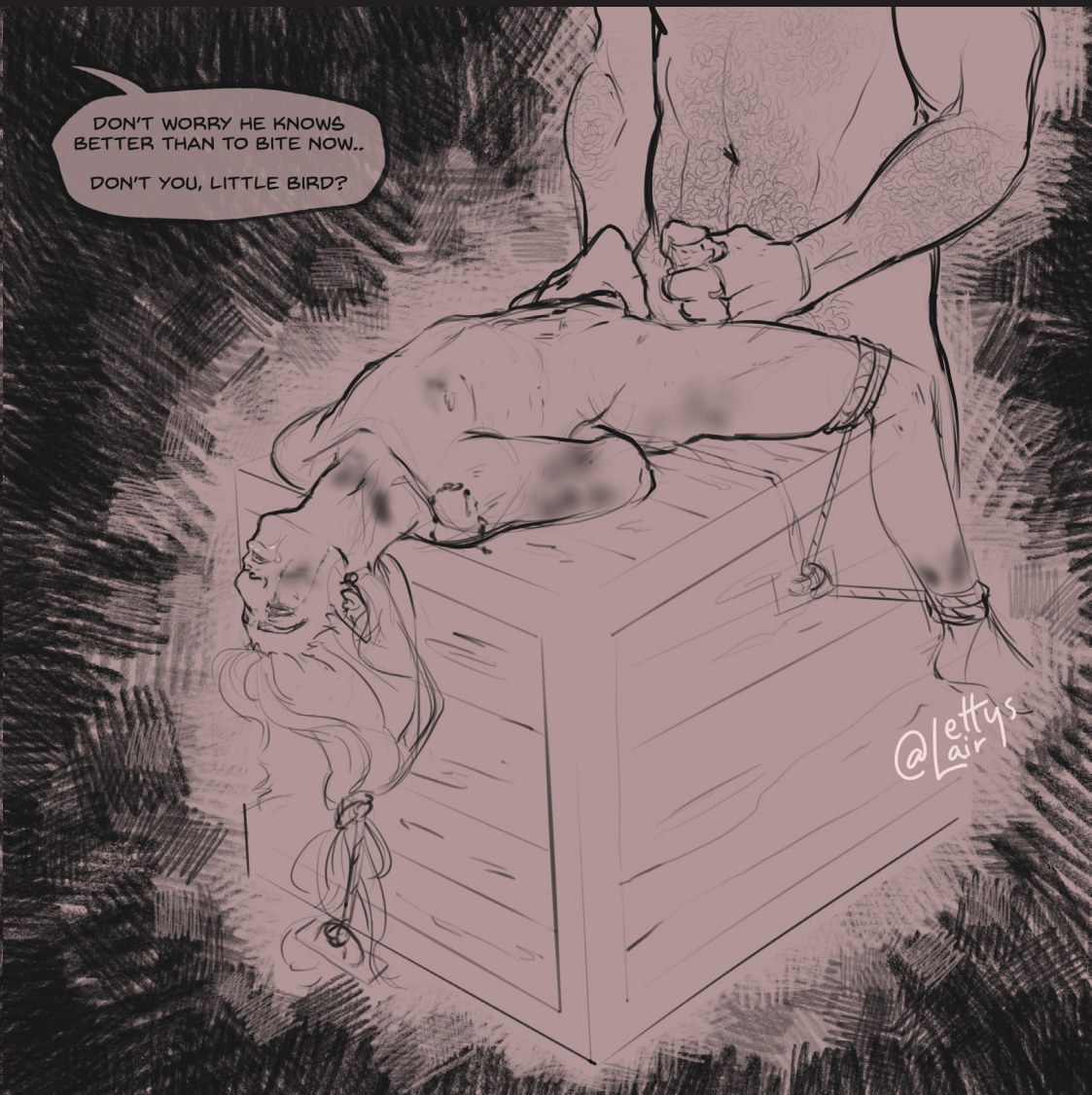
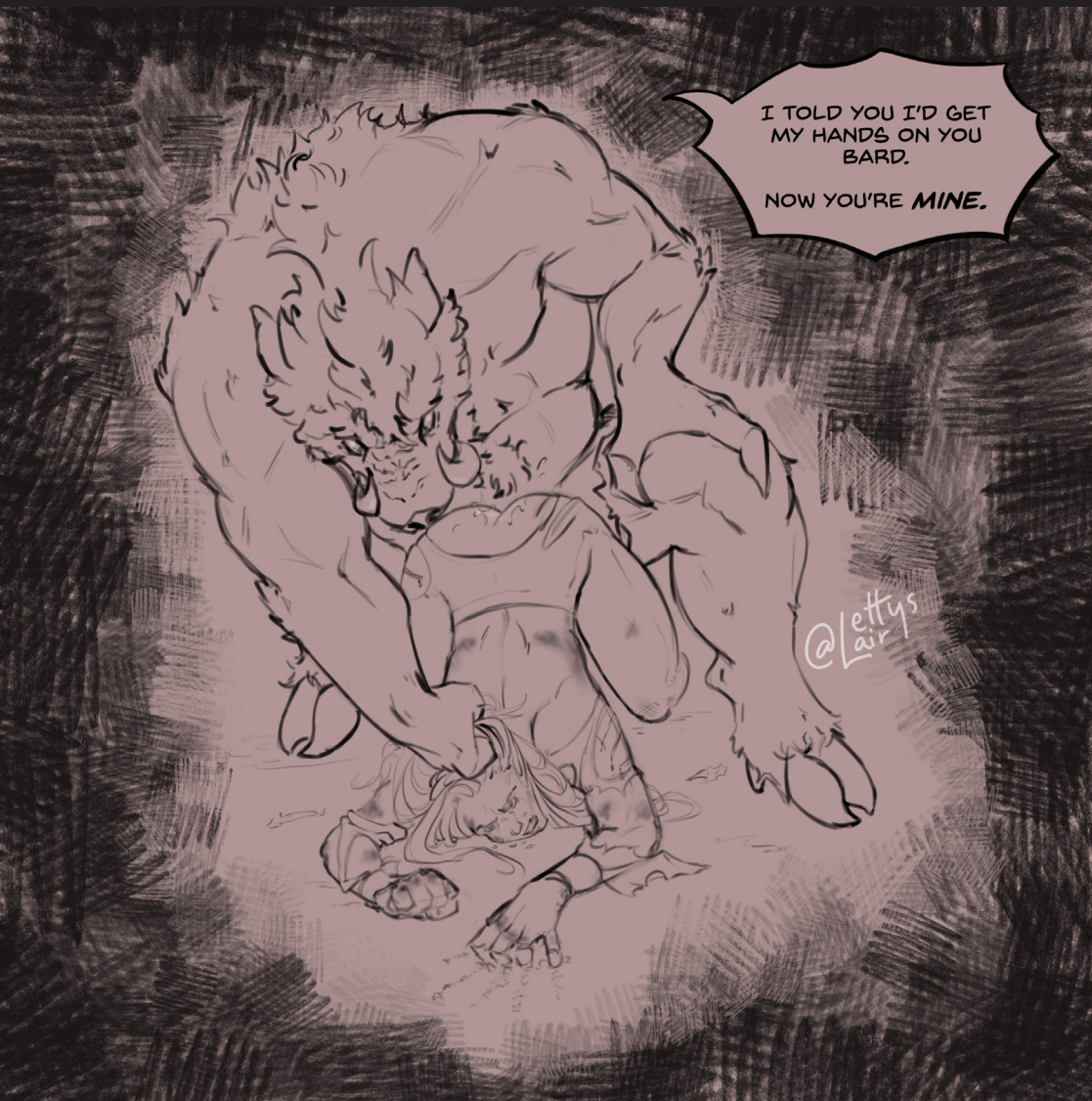
"Quite right, my Lady. Come on, then..." The Viscount placed his hand at the back of the Boy's neck, and without even knowing why, the Boy obediently walked along until he found himself in an empty hall away from the lavishly-decorated ballroom. The Viscount opened up a plain-looking door at the end of the hallway and guided the Boy in before closing it behind him. The Boy heard cheerful speech from outside, and departing footsteps.

The hounds still looked like men, but for their teeth. That was one of the easier things to change through passive magic. But their desires and training were quicker still, and the Boy's company was appreciated as gladly as it had been by the Faeries who held his debt.

Six of them. That was how many he'd counted. And by the time the last was done with him, and settled in to sleep for the night, the Boy lay shaking silently with his face pressed to the floor, and at last he felt a fast trickle of blood run down his thigh.

He faintly heard conversations and laughter from outside.













**THANK YOU!**

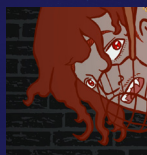
ON BEHALF OF THE CONTRIBUTORS  
OF "THE WORM PRESENTS" ZINE,  
WE HOPE YOU HAVE ENJOYED THIS  
PROJECT!

the  
**WORM**  
presents





ZINCUBIS2 @ TWITTER AND BARAAG  
Pg ....2

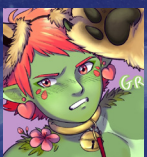


VAMPYRE\_BAT @ AETHY  
V4M9YRE-B4T @ TUMBLR  
Pg ....3

“FREEDOM CUMS WITH A PRICE”  
FRICKFRACKPADDYWACK @ Ao3  
Pg ....4-20



SUNNY  
Pg ....21



AGIToola\_CRIMES @ TWITTER AND  
BARAAG  
Pg ....22-25

“WORMS” DERIPMAVER @ Ao3 AND TWITTER  
Pg ....26-45



TEREVIN @ TWITTER AND BARAAG  
Pg ....46-53



“A VAMPIRE’S GIFT” ZELISTEE @ Ao3  
AND TWITTER  
Pg ....54-61

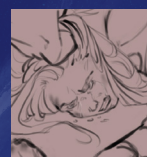


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Pg.... 62-67

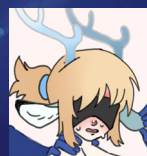
“AT A PARTY” BUNBURYING @ TWITTER  
SOURPEACHPIT @ BARAAG  
Pg ....68-74



ASURA  
Pg ....75



LETTY'S LAIR @ TWITTER  
Pg ....76,77



KRABUTTART @ TWITTER  
Pg ....78-81