

Drunk, depressed, and down on his last legs, Conner stumbled down the street, unaware of the time but figuring it to be late into the night, given that the last dive bar on the strip had kicked him out after last call. It didn't matter. There was no one waiting at home for him anymore, at least not in the dingy apartment where he now hung his hat. He had been locked out of his home where he shared the last five years with his now ex-wife, and it would not do for him to break the restraining order in trying to claim a small amount of the settlement he possessed. It was little matter, anyways, having just lost his job and on his last few hundred dollars, not enough to keep his rent going till the end of the month. Booze truly was his only reprieve, if only a fleeting one.

The sight of a single on-light caught his blurry attention. Thinking it to be a bar still open, he stumped toward it, almost crashing his sizable body into the door as he did so. Not expecting the door to open, he had placed so much of his weight on it as it pulled inward, nearly taking him inside with it. Thankfully, the olive-skinned woman within had enough time to move aside before Conner stumbled forward, not quite falling on his face but only just.

“Wh-this ain’t a bar,” Conner muttered, not hit with the familiar smells of booze, sweat, and cigarettes, but rather incense and spices that threatened to overwhelm his senses. Still, he maintained the constitution not to throw up and managed to right himself, wobbling a little before eying the proprietor with some curiosity.

The woman, feigning ignorance about his condition, started to speak, as though a prepared speech just for him. “No one ever comes in here without a reason, especially at this late hour,” she stated, eerily.

Conner, with no idea what she was on about, tried to stumble around to find somewhere to sit and perhaps stop the room from spinning. Yet, he barely made it a foot before he fell down, knocking into something against the wall and clattering it to the floor, shattering upon impact. It was enough of a shock for him to get up and apologize profusely, only then to wobble a bit from the spinning room once more.

“Can I help you with whatever it is you’re seeking?” The woman said, clearly irritated by his actions but not ready to throw him out, for reasons that Conner couldn’t quite fathom.

“Should there fucking be?!” Conner stuttered out, not really coherently but starting to get annoyed with her. True, it was his own choices that led him to this predicament, but he didn’t need to be pestered over every little thing, damnit!

“Alright, alright, enough of the pleasantries. You won’t be able to leave if we don’t get your path figured out. If you can’t even tell me enough to get started, we’ll have to do a reading,”

the woman said, tapping her foot as she turned around and grabbed a box off the shelf, something that immediately triggered red flags in Conner's aching head.

"Hey, what the fuck are you trying to do to me!?" He exclaimed, figuring she was going to pull a gun on him. In his frustration, Conner knocked the box from her hands and the woman nearly to the floor, worried for his safety. As the box of tarot cards fell to the floor, Conner was overcome with a sense of regret, not wanting to hurt the woman and legitimately thinking he was in danger.

Still, he could hardly apologize as the movement caused his already precarious stomach contents to swirl, making him need to purge them without control. It was all he could do not to turn around and throw up all over her cards, but some of the vomit splattered on them, scattered as they were. Conner was left sputtering and coughing, weak and unable to move as the woman rose, her disgust palpable as she reached for another object on the shelf, this time a book.

A fleeting glance at the placement of the fallen cards led the woman to her decision. Only death, despair, and trash littered the fate of the man as best she could read from a cursory glance. Why such filth would make it to her doorstep, she had no inclination. But he had tested her patience to the breaking point, and it was obvious that such refuse was not meant to persist in the world of man, at least in his current form.

It was both the stink of his vomit, the hand that smacked her box away, and the notion of filth that made her choice clear. Though she had never cast such a spell before, it was something she knew persisted in her books, and with a pointed, outstretched hand, she chanted something in Latin, the sound of buzzing insects ringing in his ears. Conner, in his desperation to stand, nearly tripped over his own puke as he tried to get away, though the wide open door and the cool air were enough for him to know where he was going. Out of the putrid stench of his own making, Conner was able to move with renewed ability, if only for the energy that was shooting through her with the woman's words and the constant buzzing burning into his ears. A buzzing that was starting to make more sense to him the more he stumbled his way home...

Her work done, Delores put down her book, panting from the exertion of casting such a complex spell. Though it took effect at once, the full force of its power on the man would be stretched out over the next several days, making sure it would have its full, punishing effect. Not that she wanted to see it first hand, figuring it would be a rather disgusting experience besides. Not that it would matter when his presence in the world was traded for a simple, disgusting housefly...

The first thing Conner did upon waking was make his way to the bathroom, worshipping the porcelain bowl as he emptied the contents of his stomach. Memories of the last night were a blur, though he was sure that he'd drunk too much, and perhaps eaten something spoiled for him to feel so ill. It seemed like the entirety of his stomach was being emptied into the toilet at once, enough that he wondered if his organs were forfeit. Hopefully, he didn't have to make a hospital trip, not something he could afford. Still, the convulsions in his stomach were such that he was more than a little concerned, especially since the heaving would not stop for some minutes.

The first thing he noticed was that something seemed wrong with his tongue and mouth, as though numb from the acidic stomach fluids he'd ejected from his stomach. But the ache in his teeth was becoming persistent, even to the point that getting up and brushing them was not enough to alleviate it. Worse, his gums were bleeding the more he brushed them, as though he hadn't done so in weeks. Not that he'd cared much about hygiene as of late but...

"What the fuck...?" He muttered as the pressure against his gums became such that his canine was pushed backward, as though it was loosening from his mouth. Reaching up to touch it, a chill ran through his body as he realized with some fear that it was almost out of its sockets. Staring in horror, Conner looked down at the tooth in his mouth, not something he had seen since his youth and the subject of many a nightmare. The blood flooded his mouth for a few moments then stopped, as though the wound had sealed and he'd never had the tooth to begin with.

Sitting down hard, Conner found he was afraid to even reach up and touch his gums. The sensation was off, loose, and fluid, and it felt as though his other teeth might be in for the same fate, though he had no way to tell, exactly. All that ran through his mind was disgust at the obvious disfigurement, something he did not deserve without years of heavy drug use. With no way to afford dental care, he was at the whims of whatever cancer was eating away at his gums and teeth. And then there was the numbness in his mouth...

To his dismay, that was not the only thing to be ailing him was a persistent itching on his sides, as though his skin was prickling with the growth of something bizarre. Scratching at the reddening flesh over the course of an hour, eventually, a strange texture met his touch, as though a pained rash. A little nervous to look down, the sight of a patch of black skin with a few rather long, thick hairs sticking from it left him to puzzle over his predicament. Part of him was inclined to try to peel it off, but the redness around the site made such a prospect unappealing, at least for now.

Starving, Conner soon found himself worried about eating, with that off sensation in his gums and the possibility that further chewing might make short work of what was left of his teeth. Having the fruit to make a smoothie, he decided to go that route, even skipping coffee for fear of scalding his mouth. The smoothing was surprisingly filling, the sweet taste hitting the

spot and bringing him a modicum of relief since his escapades the night before. Yet, it was only one pleasant thing in a sea of worry as the itching continued over his sides and the ache in his gums served as a prelude to the loss of the rest of his teeth.

Knowing he should try to get to a hospital but knowing his insurance could not cover it, Conner had no choice but to stay at home, checking his body constantly for any signs of change. Not even the mediocre daytime TV programs could distract him from the persistent itching over his sides and back. That was hardly to be the only change with his internal organs gurgling as much as they had as though he'd gotten food poisoning. His ass, too, seemed a little thicker, tightening in his pants and making him want to take them off. And why not, given that he had nowhere to go and no one to come visit him?

In the end, being naked in the room alone served only to make him more and more paranoid over the state of his body. His belly had bloated to almost twice its usual size, as though his insides were fermenting and creating an air pocket that signaled his emanate demise. The blackened skin was continuing to spread over his form, making him look sickly and dying. Yet, rather than the skin being taken by rot or gangrene, it was rather firm, supporting the dozens of off-feeling slick hairs, more sensitive than anything on his human form should have managed. Not that he was inclined to touch them, their twitching ability was able to deter minute alterations in the air that make him quiver and feel ill.

The effect on his stomach was obvious too, forcing Conner to vomit every few hours or so, even though nothing should have persisted in his stomach. Some of the vomit brought up blood with it, though it almost seemed that a strange fluid was present without, one that stank even after he tried to flush it away. If he didn't know any better, Conner might have thought it was his organs dissolving, something he was throwing up yet wasn't killing him, somehow.

By late evening his teeth were mostly gone, as was the hair atop his head, as though he was in the final stages of cancer treatment. Yet, for some reason, by some force that Conner had no name for, he was still alive, be it violently ill. There was no affording a doctor, even with the chance of saving his life, and Conner had no desire to be seen in such a state regardless. The sight of his warped, sickly visage was enough for him to shatter his only mirror, causing blood to pour from the wound, only to change into a clear, mucus-like substance before the wounds themselves closed without any understanding of why. It was one of the myriad changes to his form that made no fucking sense, the end results of which were unknown but were slowly encroaching on him as the hours ticked passed.

Eventually, he managed to pass out, though the mental machinations of his REM were perhaps stranger than what was happening to him in real time. The dreams were in his apartment at first, though it was far more filthy than anything his place had been. Rotten food, soiled

clothing, insects, and their spawn, it felt comfortable as much as anything had ever before. It was as though he belonged there as much as any place he had been in his life, something that made no sense but something he simply couldn't deny.

It was more than that, the images of insects far larger than humanly possible. Gigantic beings, ones that mated and laid their spawn, desiring to procreate above all else, the compulsion to bend down and...what? Such was so alien to his senses that Conner could hardly fathom it in his half-consciousness state. But whatever was happening, there was no denying it was the most fulfilling experience he had known through his entire life...

It was a strange ache in his side that prompted Conner to wake, as though he'd developed a massive, sensitive pimple. Reaching down to touch it, he shuddered, a massive bump meeting his fingers that should not have existed there. It was fluid-like, likely puss-filled, and Conner was shocked the moment he realized something twitched inside, as though reacting to the contact. With no basis for what such was, he could only lie there in the dark, terrified not only for its presence but for the one adjacent to it on the other side of his body as well...

Fatigued as he was, there was no chance of his getting back to sleep with his concern over his state of being. They were still skin-shaded, as much as he could tell between the hardened black flesh that was taking him over in its relentless wave. Every now and then the growths twitched, as though something within was trying to break its way out. Clearly, it was the irritation of such growths that had caused the pimples, but the scope of their swelling was beyond anything he could imagine, nearly half the circumference of his shoulder by the time the dawn's light settled into the room.

Despite the fatigue that had him dizzied, Conner could not deny there was a restless energy coming over him, something within that prompted him to go *out*. There was no basis for the desire, no reason for him to leave, save to seek medical help, though by this time it was likely his life was forfeit. Then why did he feel so...twitchy? Almost as though a nervous energy, something that he could not ignore. He should have been bedridden at the very least, starving as he was. But his entire body was twitching at this point, as though his hunger and sleep were the problems of another being within him, one that was no longer in control...

Much to his dismay, the nervous outlet seemed to have another focus, his cock coming to an erection as he lay there shivering and pained by the growths at his sides. He was powerfully erect, with no idea what was causing the arousal. Nothing about it made any sense though he was prompted to touch himself, or whatever was present down below. He'd felt that same tingle of change down there, and it felt odd to urinate the one time he had to. With his body in flux, as it was, the disgust at masturbating his sex kept his hands at his sides. It was soon to be taken out of his hands, quite literally as his body was wracked with an unwanted orgasm, spilling sticky

fluids into his underwear and groin. The pleasure was only momentary, as much a biological function being fulfilled rather than anything his higher brain had desired. Even with the disgust he felt being covered in drying seminal fluids, Conner could not bring himself to wash up, already reeking and not wanting to touch his body regardless.

Starving as he was, Conner was eventually prompted to rise and explore the cupboards, finding little but booze and cigarettes, nothing he could eat. He figured he was too ill to keep anything down regardless, and the hunger pangs plaguing him seemed to have a focus elsewhere, craving something he had no name for. He was therefore left to suffer, with no ability to eat, to quell the pangs playing over his body from the hunger, the changes, or, any other facet of this horrid degradation.

Well into the day, the temptation to poke at the growths became too much to resist, much like an irritating pimple. His cognizance wasn't where it hoped it would be, given the constant aches of his unknown ailment. The skin was squishy and thick, and to his horror, something moved within, as though trying to get out. It was powerfully disconcerting, as though the pains were running all the way through his skin to the underlying tissues. It hurt, not the growths themselves but how they pushed against the skin, as though a foreign substance trying to assimilate him. Yet, it was as obvious to his mind that his very being was warping, and whatever it was made up his anatomy now as much as anything else.

There was no denying something within was starting to stir, and Conner was soon too afraid to touch them for fear of what might happen if he did so. The skin was painfully tight, not from the puss but by the force of the growths within, twitching every so often as a sign of their presence. It was terrifying to have something so grotesque growing from him, but nothing he could do about it, save grabbing a knife and trying to cut them from his anatomy. And he might have, had he not been so fatigued, so violently ill. Of course, there was every chance such wounds would kill him, but was that a better fate than what was already happening to him? He couldn't imagine what the endgame was but either way, he was certain it was the end of his life as he knew it.

Passing out, the dreams that came with it were enough to jar him to a state of wakefulness, simply to be rid of it. With a bloody flurry, two massive black growths burst from his sides, writhing and tightening around him to the point he was sure they would strangle him. They were monstrous, waving and vibrating from multiple points of articulation as though reaching to take over his form. The terror of such things was enough to leave him in a cold sweat, unaware that such was about to happen to him in the waking world as well...

Without warning, the force of the things burst through their prison suddenly, leaving Conner to scream himself awake as though he was privy to some sort of nightmare. They were

massive, black things, half the size of the bumps themselves and clicking violently with thick, gnarled claws. Birthing from his sides like aliens, they seemed to sit there, waiting for his body to command them to move. Connor could hardly believe he was awake by this point, let alone privy to the growth of what seemed to be insectoid limbs, sitting on his body as though they belonged there. It was jarring, though a little relaxing to know they were finally free and leaving the mystery of what they were to the back burner. Connor could hardly be sure which was worse, having them waiting to grow or to view the horrific visage of what he was doomed to own as the changes aggressively stole his humanity from him.

Possessing them was enough to make Connor pass out from the fear, though it was only a brief reprieve. Feeling them move of their own accord was enough to make him realize he still had them, looking more like insectile legs than anything else he could name. They could not move beyond the confines of his truck, so far, at least. But the stiff claws on the end were unnerving enough to make him question the eventual state of his body. Connor could hardly fathom what was worse, death through a mysterious illness or the growth of insect-like leg parts that were but a prelude to the rest of the changes. Still, it was his cross to bear regardless, and all he could do was sit there in the dark and let it happen, regardless of the grotesque outcome.

Much to his ire, Connor was plagued with other changes, in particular, the spread of the black skin covering him and the thick hairs that came between the chinks in the armor. Having to run to the bathroom despite the fatigue and illness, Connor was revolted when his vomiting dislodged several more teeth, making him glad he'd destroyed his only mirror. He couldn't feel any in his jaw now, his gums mushy and something hard under his tongue, as though a keratin growth he had not possessed in his humanity. His hair, as well, was all but gone, the skin of his scalp either lumpy or covered with that same unsightly black skin. He was hardly worried about it, though, the state of his arms and the pus and ooze still covering them making him what to retch if he still had anything left to give.

With some trepidation, Connor reached back to touch his back, feeling something twitch at his touch. The same type of pus-filled growths were present in the center, as much as he could feel. The sensation of them scared him to the core, Connor unsure exactly what they were but not prepared for the horrors that the change would force upon him. Were they more legs preparing to grow? Wings? Something even more grotesque? Connor couldn't even imagine.

Something on his finger seemed to catch on the skin of his back, and Connor reflexively pulled, not expecting a sickening pop followed by the sensation of his nail parting from the skin. Pulling his hand back with a start, the glue-like ooze leaked from the separation, the nail hanging from the bed without an ounce of blood. Connor started dumbstruck, looking down at the loss of his nail as much as the rest of the soft tissue that seemed not fated for his new body. Not wanting to see it hanging there, Connor carefully pulled it off, throwing it to the corner to be disregarded.

Making sure to be careful not to scrap the rest of his nails, Conner sat there for a time, wondering if there was a point to keep the rest of his nails on his fingers and toes if they were destined to fall off. Yet, he didn't want to lose them if he didn't have to yet, still thinking it akin to self-mutilation.

Stomach no longer able to bring up anything else, Conner felt his guts gurgling once more and decided to look through his cupboards for something to eat. All he had were some ingredients, though the scent of one of them seemed to stick in his nose to the point he was prompted to pull out what seemed to be a bag of sugar, something that was likely past its date already. The scent of it made him salivate, and he looked at the tiny crystals, the idea of eating it more palatable than he ever thought possible. The garbage left over in the can, as well, seemed to call to him, but Conner wasn't quite ready to check out the source. Rather, it was the sugar that was making him salivate, almost to the point he could...

Before he knew what he was doing, Conner felt himself vomit, his spittle landing on the sugar and causing it to sizzle a little. As though reacting to the smell of the dissolving crystals, Conner could almost feel the growth under his tongue starting to twitch, as though drawn to it. The thought of it made him vomit onto the sugar even more to the point that he backed away, revolted. His body was acting like some sort of damn-fly! Was that what was happening to him? Conner couldn't imagine. And yet...

For what seemed like an eternity, Conner simply lay there, rocking back and forth and trying not to whine aloud his lament at his fate. It was more and more obvious he was turning into some kind of giant bug, something he would almost rather die than allow it to happen any further. Yet, there was nothing else he could do about it, even his desire to die was not able to override his desire for self-preservation. Leaving him to allow whatever it was to happen unchallenged, with no idea of the source of the disgusting degradation, let alone how to stop it from spreading.

Even in those blessed moments of unconsciousness, Conner was not afforded a reprieve from the horrific changes and their eventual implication. There was the ever-present need to feed, the smell and texture of garbage and detritus more palatable to his new senses than anything else. Perhaps worse than that, he was still horny as hell, needing to mate and to...lay? He wasn't sure where the sensations were coming from, not exactly. Still, he was more aroused than at any point he could recall, and only getting better the more the white, spherical objects descending from his throbbing backside...

"Ohh...fuck!" Conner called out in his sleep, not realizing he had cum from the dream alone, semen spraying on the insides of his pants with more warm cream than he thought possible. The force of the orgasm was enough to bring him out of his dream, but it did not stop,

as though the entirety of his testicular contents were being unloaded all at once. Conner was left to moan, not wanting to pull out his cock to touch himself but not needing the contact to finish what was the longest orgasm he had ever experienced before.

Eventually, the release stemmed to the point that Conner was no longer getting any pleasure from the act, rather it was more akin to the rest of his contents being emptied, as though they were being squeezed of all their contents. It was almost painful, and Conner pulled down his pants, not sure what he would see but needing to know all the same. The sight of his testicles retracting, his cock having been sucked inside him, leaving only a dripping hole where it once sat somehow made him shiver more than any of the changes thus far. It was disgusting, and disturbing, especially as the black skin encroached over his groin and the human hairs peppering it had all fallen out. He wanted to scream, but to be honest, was there any point? No one would hear him, and, surely, wouldn't be able to help him besides.

Still, it was impossible to hold in a scream any longer, and the sound of which made the whole situation much worse. His human vocals seemed absent, replaced by an odd buzzing, like that of an insect, though deeper, likely from his size. Conner quickly closed his mouth, not wanting to hear the sound again and feeling shivers running through him as it did so. It was amazing he could still feel fear with all the changes that had robbed him of his humanity this far. But there was something about the loss of his voice that really seemed to trigger some sense of loss that surpassed all else this far. He had no way to communicate like this, no way to confess his sorrows and ask for help, even if he thought he deserved it. Then again, how could anyone deserve this?!

Realizing in the process he was unable to feel his tongue or lips, Conner tried to push out with his muscles, triggering whatever was still there. Something seemed to unfurl from within, though not his tongue but something far longer. It seemed to distend from between his former lips, moving within the range of his vision and making Conner more curious than afraid. There was something curled on the end of it, something that he could flex if he focused enough. It was bizarre, even stranger than the lumps of new arms at the sides of his trunk. Almost as though he possessed a-

A knock at the door caused him to retract the growth as quickly as he could, looking toward the door with some fear. He had no idea who could be visiting him, certainly not family or friends. It mattered little in the end, Conner knowing he couldn't be seen like this before he was caught and studied, or worse. Yet, in his current state, there was no getting away, and he was privy to whoever was intruding on him, provided he didn't lock the door behind him...

The sound of a key entering the lock made him stammer for a moment, that irritating buzz prompting him to stop as the door opened and the sound of a somewhat familiar gasp hit his

ears. It was his landlady, had to be if she had the key. A small iota of shame ran through him, though his place was normally unkempt, it was in far worse shape than usual with the stink of rot and his bodily secretions. His landlady, Camilla, let out a retching at the stink, and Conner found himself hoping she would leave and not see him in the corner, huddled and afraid.

Yet, she was determined to, it seemed, calling out to him before placing a letter on his stained counter. Likely an eviction notice, though such did not matter with all that had transpired. She did not seem inclined to stay past that, and Conner felt himself breathe an internal sigh of relief. He at least some time to formulate a plan, maybe get out of here unseen before he changes further-

Yet, Conner was stunned by a sudden pain in his head, one that rang through his skull to the point he had no reprieve but to cry out, that horrific buzzing resounding through the room and causing Camilla to cover her ears as well. It didn't bother his human ears to that degree, but he had no control of the reflexive buzzing, instead raising his hands to rub the space causing him to panic as two feathery protrusions met his touch. Swaying at the contact, Conner was quickly aware that his screaming ceased, at least through his ears. Camilla, too, seemed stunned, and Conner was momentarily concerned he had lost his hearing. Yet, it was clearly something more, the vibrations coming clearly through the growths, something like...antennae?

As soon as he became fully aware of them, his antennae started to move of their own accord, fixated on the sound and scent of the other being in the room with him. It was a smell of sorts, one that he didn't fully understand but one that he couldn't ignore. It wasn't attractive, not really, with the lack of arousal that he thought should come with it. Not that his human mind thought Canilla was attractive, nor should be, but it was something in the odor that had become of his groin, making him reflexively rise toward the source. Any fear he had over being spotted was forgotten as he spied the woman, hearing her scream through his antenna and not his ears this time, which was much more comfortable, he figured. It was still annoying, however, to the point he wanted to get up and shut her up. And he had in mind the perfect way to do so...

Without thinking, that strange coiled appendage unfurled itself, seeking the pheromones his antenna was detecting. The woman, for her part, had enough sense to try to run away, but with surprising speed, Conner was on her, his insectoid limbs cracking and popping out as the clawed barbs latched themselves to either side of her, preventing her from getting away with their surprising strength. It was easy for him to turn her around, looking her in the eye as she screamed. Such should have disgusted him, but there was some instinct in his mind that prompted him to do so. His actions were not only proper but necessary to quell the powerful instincts that were welling up in his head. He needed to shut her up, but more than that, he needed to...

Without prompting, the growth under what had been of his tongue started to push out all the way, writhing like a tendril as though seeking something. Camilla's mouth was open as she screamed, and the proboscis-like protrusion pushed into her open mouth, making her gag a little as it went down her throat with lightning speed. It seemed to seek the back of her throat, likely bringing her close to vomiting as he did so. Yet, Conner could see nothing wrong with his actions, acting on compulsion and feeling it necessary to do so.

Proboscis properly placed, Conner felt something pulsating through his growth, being pumped down Camilla's gullet that he had no control over. He would not stop if he could, needing to eject whatever was being forced down her throat. Even better, it seemed to be sexually pleasurable to do so, even without the obvious presence of genitalia on his groin. It ached with ecstasy to do so, and pulling out, Conner felt an orgasmic shiver running through his being, as though he had finished with a lover.

Left gagging, Camilla fell over, just now able to breathe as the proboscis was removed from her throat. Conner felt no interest in her now, hardly able to muster a human sense of concern. Instead, he was eager to get out of there, not wanting to be seen and being...done with her? Was that the right terminology? It mattered little. He had to get out of there, to...what, exactly? Surely it was just to hide, though there was another compulsion, one that made no sense but was not strong enough for him to worry about as he made his way out of the door and the building, thankful for the oncoming night to hide his presence.

Meanwhile, Camilla lay there, vibrating from the forced penetration and unsure how to react. Her body was on fire, and she was left choking and gasping as the thing was removed from her throat. It had forced something to be injected into her, and Camilla felt sick, wanting to vomit them up to save herself. Not even retching seemed to have any effect, and she was left stunned, not sure what to do. It took all she had to even get to her feet again, and that was fleeting, leaving her to wobble as she tried to get her bearings.

The most bizarre ailment was that her tongue seemed to be on fire, as though directly influenced by the assault. She wanted to reach in and touch it, though the pain was more than she could bear to the point it almost seemed as though her tongue was dissolving. Something was quickly to take its place, however, forming underneath the tongue and almost consuming it, though she was not inclined to look at her reflection to confirm such. It was disgusting, and even trying to speak elicited no sound. All she could do was cough a little, a strange vibration resonating through her voice as though something was altering within.

All at once, the sensation of pain resonated through her tongue to the point she wanted to scream, though no sound came out. Within seconds, there was nothing left of her tongue, the entire organ being disabled into fatty tissues that just sat thickly on the bottom of her mouth. It

was revolting to the point that she wanted to vomit, though nothing came out as she reached up, desperately grasping for a tongue that was not there.

That was not to be the case for long, the remnants of her tongue fueling the growth of something new erupting from the bottom in a bloody torrent. The growth seemed to reach out toward her hands, tickling the skin and leaving her revolted. Opening up like a flower bulb at the base, a fleeting thought made her certain it was the organ that had infected her. But now that it was on her person, she wanted to reach in and tear it out of her, as much as it was a part of her now. No matter how much she longed to be rid of it, such would have been like ripping out her tongue. And that was not the only thing to change...

Conner, meanwhile, was already on the street, looking for a place to hide. He didn't want to be exposed, but more than that, he was starving, having expended his resources in doing...whatever he had done to the poor woman. He hadn't meant to, but at the time it felt so right that he had no control over the compulsion. And it had felt so good, despite his lack of genitals it was the most orgasmic thing he had ever experienced. And, worst of all in his mind, had he been in the same position, he would have done it again, only if for how much it seemed to do for him...

Still, it was the hunger at the forefront of his thoughts. He couldn't smell, as though his brain had been rewired to change his senses. His antenna, however, seemed to be picking up on something that seemed delectable to his senses, though Conner could hardly fathom what exactly that might be. Still with how intrigued he was, he couldn't help but follow the stirrings of his new antennae, even as they seemed to lead him only to a dumpster, the buzzing of insects along deafening to his new senses. Conner was only just now aware of it, but it seemed that his ears had closed up as well, and he had been detecting sound vibrations through his antenna for some time. But it mattered little with the hunger in his bloated gullet and the need to fill it with whatever was in the dumpster.

Though the refuse and thrown food should have been revolting by human standards, there was something about the scents in his antenna that attracted him, and he moved toward it reflexively, as though he would have a succulent feast after days in the desert. Not really sure what he was doing, Conner felt he was along for the ride as his new proboscis stretched out of his mouth, as though seeking the source of whatever his antennae were fixated on. Despite his human disgust over what he assumed his body was about to do, he couldn't bring himself to pull away or wrestle some semblance of control.

The food within the dumpster was putrid to his human sensibilities, though, to his antennae, he was the exact thing his body needed. Not sure what he was about to do without lips, a tongue, or teeth, Conner was shocked to feel the tip of his new appendage rubbing over a pile

of rotting food, as though tasting it. Without warning, a viscous fluid, different from one he injected into his former landlady, erupted from the three-pronged tips and sprayed all over the food, the prehensile tips rubbing it over as it started to sizzle and pop. It seemed as though the greasy refuse was being dissolved by whatever solution his body was prompted to produce. And the scent of the fluid left was powerfully appetizing, even more so than the initial amount that had spurred his attention in the first place.

That disgusted part of him was thankful his gag reflex was all but removed from him as those slathering tips separated to allow a series of small protrusions to touch the surface of the slurry, sucking it up like some sort of vacuum. Conner was at least thankful they did not have any sense of taste, outside what his antenna was telling him. Still, the altering fringes of his mind found the action almost as pleasant as imparting those internal seeds into the poor woman from before. His saliva was enough to dissolve vast quantities of garbage, bags, and plastics all into the ooze that seemed to fuel his form. As far as he could tell, Conner was no worse for wear from the action of consuming things that would have killed the human him, but it was a moot point in the end as he had no control over his bodily functions at the moment.

To his dismay, the feeding act seemed to be having an unwelcome effect on him, the tingling of skin altering now familiar and seeming to spread in real-time across the bare patches of his flesh. The prickling of hairs started to erupt all over, coating him in a firm covering that would have restricted his movements, though articulations within the arm formed around his shoulders and hips, pushing painlessly at the flesh and creating small indents inside them. It was a little awkward to move in such a state, but he managed, needing to adjust himself several times as he ate the contents of the garbage bin.

The most prominent change, perhaps, was a resonating popping from the protrusions on his back, and something seemed to unfurl from within with a light spray of blood and pus. Conner could feel a brief sensation of something tickling down his back, though smaller and lighter than the development of extra legs. It was bizarre to the still human parts of his mind, though nothing he bothered to care about as he continued to eat, draining the contents of the bin as his hunger was finally sated.

The only thing to distract him from his feeding was the vibrations of another scream, and Conner reflexively looked up to see a man, disheveled and stunted to the point Conner assumed it was a homeless person, someone that was likely currently intoxicated. It mattered little as to the man's state, especially since he was in no position to run away. Conner immediately felt that same need as he had with Camilla, to the point he had no resistance to the instincts in his mind, as though the sexual excitement of performing the act was more than he could resist with human inclinations. So long as an iota of that desire appealed to the human he was persisted, there was no resisting the urge to move rapidly toward the man, not caring about what would happen to his

‘victim’. Part of him felt it would be better this way, not only was he giving in to a primal urge, but he was passing on his gift to someone else. It was a truth that went beyond any human understanding, and even the guilt he felt about forcing himself on someone else was lost in that moment of desire as he moved forward with the speed and power his reenergized body now possessed.

It took him little effort to reach with now stronger insectoid arms and hold the poor man in place as he reached forward with his prehensile proboscis, shoving the appendage down his throat and feeling the center section open before injecting whatever seed his new anatomy was able to produce. It sent that same quiver of lust through his frame to the point he felt he could cum without sex organs. It was just as pleasant, just as fulfilling as anything he could imagine from his humanity, and almost made him long to do it again. As many times as it took to sate the itch that was pushing his psyche aside for the primal urges of his new body.

His purpose served, Conner let the man go, letting him fall to the ground to undergo the same changes that altered Conner’s own body. The scent from his antenna told Conner all he needed to know that the man was infected, and his desire to spread his influence was lost on that man as he moved to the next. It was a strange desire to spread his purpose in such a way, though now that his bloated belly had been satiated, there was no greater desire in his diminishing being for him to pursue. Even the man’s gagging was not enough to deter Conner’s desire for that same sexual ecstasy he had been granted from the last few interactions.

As he moved his way unto the next alley, one of his nails caught on the side of a building, nearly pulled off and leaking a clear, sticky fluid rather than the blood that should be oozing from the wound. He cared little about it, unaware that much of his blood had been replaced by a more simplistic hemolymph, more viscous in composition. The fingers themselves were weak, and the more he tried to move them, the more the snaps and pops within the joints made him sure that they were to fall off at any moment. He could hardly bring himself to care about such anymore, more eager to see where the changes led him and if they could give him more of that exquisite pleasure he held in such reverence.

Without warning, to hands started to violently shake, and Conner stopped for a moment as what looked like three sets of massive black talons burst through two of his fingers and thumb on each hand at once, showering his black skin with a spray of sticky fluids. Moving them slightly, Conner was a little surprised with how sticky they were, barely more mobile than the ones on the sides of his body. Though he could hardly feel through them, it seemed they were covered with thousands of minute hairs, which in tandem with his massive claws would allow him to grip almost any surface. Yet, he was more eager for what they could do to help grip his prey and send those delightedly orgasmic tremors as he injected targets with his seed, his gift.

But for the moment, the hunger eating away at him seemed to return, in either a bid to complete the changes or rather to fuel him to infect more of the humans around. Any morality over doing such a thing was but a drop in the bucket to the pleasure from infecting others, and the certainty he was giving them the same ability. In the end, it mattered little, given the intense needs that he could scarcely keep at bay, even if he was inclined to. And with the need to feed as intense as it was, he moved to the new series of dumpsters, proboscis oozing its acidic fluids to prepare him to consume its entire contents before looking for more humans to share his essence with...

Camilla, too, was in the throws of eating, spilling her acidic fluids over all the refuse in Conner's former apartment and sucking it up in a way that made her wish to vomit. She had no way to do so, save for bringing up more of the noxious sludge she was using to feed, and it seemed like whatever had replaced her tongue had a mind of its own, sucking up the dissolved goo like a straw as the pangs in his boating belly finally subsided. It was disgusting, especially as her hair was falling out around her, and her teeth were preparing to loosen from her gums. Worse of all, perhaps, was the bloating in his gut and ass, focusing on her sex and making it leak to the point she wanted to touch herself. Yet, something within her mind told her such would not be sufficient and that she needed something else to...what?

The more she ate, the more the disgusting changes were playing over her form, altering her shape into what was likely matching her assaulter, though she had not seen him long enough to confirm such. Still, the massive welts on her sides and backs to the point she had to remove her blouse from the irritation were a sign she was growing something powerfully inhuman. The blackened, hardening skin was spreading all over, with thick hairs that vibrated with every breeze. It was soon spreading over her bald scalp as well, making her thankful there was no mirror to see the horrific changes that were encroaching over her skin.

The sound of a phone ringing was enough to bring her from her feeding frenzy, though it was much louder and more annoying to her than any phone had the right to be. She had been in the apartment for some time, giving her husband reason to call. And though she had no inclination to answer the phone herself, she was rather more convinced to go to him, back to her home, and introduce her to her new self. A quivering in her sex was all she needed to know it was the right action, but only acceptable but desirable in a way that defied her previous humanity...

Marty, too, was buzzing around the dumpster bins, after rousing and realizing his bloated gut was begging for food. No stranger to dumpster diving, he was rather more inclined to use his new, massive proboscis to eject his saliva only his food, with weakened teeth and mushy jaws unable to eat the way he was used to. The previous high he had been on was eradicated, leaving him certain the fly monster that had infected him was real and not a figment of the drugs that had

taken over his life. As much as he should have been disgusted by what had replaced his tongue, there was no denying it was giving him the ability to feed in a way that the man had not known in years. Able to eat anything with ease was a welcome ability, and there was another part of his mind that chalked it up to a side effect of his latest high.

“Hey, Marty?” A familiar voice, though Marty was too distracted to really respond to it. However, something in his groin seemed to stir to life, a feeling of lust and desire that he had not allowed himself to experience in quite some time. Whether it be the presence of his acquaintances or something he did not quite comprehend, Marty felt his cock preparing to unload its burden into his pants. And with a shiver, his cock did just that, though with far less pleasure than he felt there should be. But that was not to last...

With the desire within his loins at its apex, Marty stood up, staring at his former friends with hollow eyes and a quivering mouth, proboscis swaying in the air as though waiting for them to make a move. The excitement in his body was palpable, to the point he felt he could leap through the air and pounce on one of the men, wanting to...what? The memories of his own infection were fresh in his mind, and even through the bizarre sensation of his penis inverting through the fluid-soaked pants, the sexual excitement was at its apex. Without giving the two men a notion of what he was about to do, Marty leapt into the air, landing on one of the men and knocking him to the ground, stunned and winded. Trying to call out, he could elicit little more than a moan before Marty's new organ shoved its way into the man's mouth, loins quivering in excitement about what was to come.

The other man lay there stunned, unable to get away from his own intoxication and not sure the scene he was witnessing was true. He could not bring himself to get up as his friend was gripped by the bursting appendages from the creature's side, holding him in place as he face fucked the poor man, for a reason that was far beyond him. It didn't even pass his thoughts that he might be next, too out of sorts to really think beyond what he was seeing. Tripping so hard that it was best to stay there and hold himself down, he reasoned.

Marty, for his part, felt a modicum of sexual ecstasy for the act, not caring what he was doing to former fellows and able to hold the first down. He even forgot the man's name, though it mattered little in the bliss afforded him by infecting another. His proboscis injected thick globs of spittle, enough so whatever force had altered him would do the same to them. And he was eager to do so, to spread his condition and the sexual elation to follow...

Pulsating eagerly, the force of the growth of his ass tore the back of his pants, anus dripping a bizarre sticky fluid the likes of which could not have been produced by a human. It quivered with ecstasy as he pulled out of the man, looking at the husk he had created with eagerness. Far different than its human equivalent, it was thick, black, covered with hardened

chitin and thick hairs, growing larger than his pants could contain. He wasn't sure, but the pulsating from his anus and his genitals were coming from the same place. Movement was a little trying, and Marty had to bend his legs to waddle forward, though the strength in his legs was enough that he could move forward, gazing down at the other man and his next victim. Proboscis pulsating, Marty cared only about the throbbing in his abdomen and the sexual excitement he would feel in infecting another...

Conner, meanwhile, was several blocks away by now, eager to feed and not finding anyone to infect at the moment. His changes were perhaps slower than those of his contemporaries, but that mattered little to him. Nor was the fact he had robbed the lives of two people, something that should have shamed him but was too pleasurable for him to deny. If he was giving him the same gift as he, making them feel the same way as he did...why weren't more people coming for him to be infected? They would be, eventually...

Lost in his feeding frenzy, Conner barely noticed the two wet appendages on his back as they started to rise into the air, sending intense vibrations through his antennae and allowing him to rise slightly. He was barely able to relish the power of flight, his body too heavy for it now, anyway, though that was likely to change. He was smaller, certainly, as well as lighter, his clothes sloughing off him and leaving him naked. There wasn't much to show, anyway, his abdomen was intended and covered completely with insectoid chitin, allowing his arms to articulate but only just. Shoulders still persisted, though barely, as well as his hips. The sheer size of his ass-turned abdomen made walking bowlegged, but he was able to do it, moving from dumpster to trash heap and heating his fill.

The changes were more than superficial, though Conner hardly had the cognizance to really comprehend what was happening to him. It was likely his bones, his blood, and internal organs were dissolved by the potent acids swelling in his gullet, though somehow, he was alive and functioning with whatever simplistic systems persisted. He wasn't even breathing; the bridge of his nose and nostrils was gone entirely, and his stationary chest was a sign of his lack of respiration. He might have been taking them through holes in the chitin but it was impossible to be sure, and even muster the mental energy to care.

Now, it was his eyes that were watering, as though bulging out on the skin on his head. They had swollen so massive to the point Conner could almost see each from the other. The ache steadily grew worse, almost as though blood vessels were popping within and making it harder and harder to see. With the potency of his antennae, there was little need for his sight, though it was a moot point with how much they were irritating. It was getting to the point where he wanted to rub them, though was a little worried about damaging with membranes with his new claws. So he allowed the pressure to grow to the breaking point, wondering if they were bursting

from his head, though hardly thinking that to be the most drastic thing to happen to him in the last several days.

Eventually, the pain grew to the breaking point, though Conner's ability to feel such agony was diminished by the lack of sensors in his skin. It couldn't even bring himself to care, proboscis sucking up its nutrients as it was. It shock caused him to go blind for a moment, and reflexively trying to blink made him aware there was no longer an ability to do so. It was not nearly enough to bother him, though the dry ache across his eyes had subsided for the moment, at least. When his vision finally turned back on, like a TV suddenly getting a signal, Conner was momentarily shocked to see that his view of the world was split into several scenes, each making up an entire image. They were massive, too, more so than they had been like a pair of domes sticking out from the sides of his head. Antennae wagging between them, it was enough for him to stop feeding, taking in the world with a mixture of clarity and confusion. The colors of the world were far more vibrant than anything the human him had ever known, but it was hard to make up the images from viewing them at all the different angles he was trying to. Smaller still was the development of several smaller eyes, though their ability to detect light was minute in his overall sensory inputs, and hardly enough to deter from the instincts forcing him to feed.

It was the sensation of his abdomen swelling, tearing off the remnants of his pants and swelling to the point it almost touched the ground. The entire thing was pulsating, sending orgasmic waves through his form as it added inch after inch of width. It should have been heavy on his frame, especially as the center of his former waist narrowed, as well as his neck. But the hardened chitin around his body formed enough to prevent his body from falling apart, making him perhaps more motile than any human had the right to be. It was the pulsating tip of the growth, however, that drew his focus, several plates interlocking against each other and allowing it to rub against whatever persisted inside. It was as though his anus and genitals had fused somehow, though he could hardly find fault with it, or any of the changes, for that matter. He was not there yet, and still needed to change, feed, and to...

A strange knocking at the door after a series of missed calls left Ralph horribly concerned. His wife had been gone some 24 hours now, and there was every chance there was bad news on the other end of the door. Still, there was no putting it off, and he shuffled his way to the door, not sure how he would react in the worst-case scenario.

Yet, nothing could have prepared him for the horror awaiting the moment he opened the door. A massive, bug-eyed being had grabbed someone in the hall, extending a growth from its head and trying to shove it down his throat. With extra arms, wings, and a massive, fat ass, it looked for all the world like a giant fly monster, something that existed more in the world of

fantasy than reality. Mouth agape, Ralph could hardly shut the door to protect himself, staring at the horrific sight like a train wreck. There was something else about the creature that had his attention, aside from her monstrous visage. Her clothes, shoes, and blouse, while clinging haphazardly to her body, were familiar, something he was sure his wife had worn prior. Was it...could it be...then what the hell had happened...?

Ralph's brief hesitation was to be his downfall the moment the creature turned around and leaped on him with a frantic buzzing as her powerful arms held him roughly against the wall. There was no getting away from its grasp as its thickened claws dug into his skin, drawing blood. Ralph went to scream, to call out his wife's name, but the moment he did so was the moment her new proboscis shoved down his gullet and injected thick wads of infectious saliva, damning him to the same insectoid fate. His last thoughts were wondering if there was any humanity left in the mind of the creature that had likely once been his wife. But it did not matter overall. Moaning, all he heard was an intense buzzing as his mind went out, likely to wake with a hunger for garbage and the desire to infect as many humans as possible...

It was only an hour later when the formerly married couple and their first conquests were scouring the building looking for more victims. It seemed as though the infected were changing faster with each generation, as the few who had been changed in the apartment complex were already able to break through doors some moments after awakening after being infected, mentally changed to be compelled to and strong enough in their form to do so. A few people in the building were able to get away, seeing the creatures coming while they were in the process of infecting others. The rest were either trapped in their homes or currently on the ground as the infection tore through their blood and prepared them for a descent into an insectoid existence, compelled to eat and spread their disease to all the uninfected.

Some hours later, the changes to those in the building were sufficient they were able to fly out of it, hovering in the air as they discovered a new form of locomotion unknown to the former human hosts. Something persisted in their human minds, though only enough to revel in the sexual ecstasy of their beings as they ate and infected others, following the simpler compulsions of their diminished insectoid beings. Their waving antennae were on the lookout for piles of garbage or refuse, and those that were full were seeking any humans left uninfected. By this hour, most people were within their homes, though windows were hardly a deterrent to the determined insects, breaking through and pulling their sleeping victims out into the night to join their ranks.

Though the rest of his insectoid brethren were changing faster, Conner, the original vector, was nearly changed himself. His limbs had cracked in several places, shoulders compressing as the last vestiges of bones were dissolved within his thorax, leaving his chitinous outer shell to keep him protected. His legs, too, had met a similar fate, though Conner only

keeled over for a few moments before his wings picked up the slack and he was able to hover there, antennae able to detect vibrations and scent molecules far further than ever before. Though he was able to cling to walls with his limbs, his size made such temporary, though his claws allowed him to grip some places, barely motile but enough to squeeze into the flesh of potential prey before they, too, were infected by his seeking proboscis.

Though much of his cognizance had been robbed from him, Conner retained enough to know what he had been and to enjoy all that he had become. Any disgust he felt for the form was long gone, and he needed to do what he did in order to survive. Yet, it was the quivering in his abdomen he craved, one that was growing in intensity with each person he infected. It was as though their essence was mingling with him each time, preparing his insides for the dissension of something brewing within. And now that he was entirely changed, it was almost time.

Ready and full, from both his bloated belly and that sensual spot near the apex of his loins, Conner found himself looking for another pile of garbage, though this time it was not for him. It was a primal instinct that went beyond any need to feed and spread his essence, as though what roiled within his loins now took precedence. Instincts told him a similar garbage pile was exactly what he needed for this next stage of life, to pass on what was within him in safety and security.

Squatting over the spot, Conner's excitement translated into an intense quivering through his loins as something started to push downward, stimulating every inch of his sensitive insides and making him buzz in frantic ecstasy. It was a little large in comparison with his insides, though he managed it, the pressure making him more and more elated. It was like relieving himself and orgasming in tandem, more pleasure from the act both physically and psychologically to the point what little remained of Conner's mind was whited out as the white tip of an oval sphere crowned the tip and forced the various plates apart, oozing translucent goo to help ease its transition.

With a buzz of ecstasy, what could only be an egg was expelled from his insectoid abdomen, followed by a pressure that signaled the dissension of several more. His bugling guts seemed full of them, swelling in rapid succession as they prepared to be expelled from his backside. The being he had become was in rapture, its biological directive being fulfilled to the point that no achievement in human life or the next could match such satisfaction. And with all the bloating in his innads, the being knew there was much more progeny to come, each as nearly orgasmic to lay as the last. And then he could finally, truly rest...

There were dozens at the windows now, likely a small portion of those infected in the city, though Delores was only guessing at this point. Seeing the beings in the alleyway was bizarre enough, massive, fly-like creatures that should not have existed in this plane of existence. But it was their infectious nature, Delores witnessing several people on the streets being grabbed and injected and starting to rapidly devolve into insectoid creatures themselves, that had Delores truly scared. With the speed they were proliferating, there were surely many more, and soon to be exponentially more as the hours passed. Yet, even the bizarre nature of the creatures and their changes to human bodies was not totally out of the realm of her experience, and it soon came to her realization that it was perhaps her own hand that had conjured this chaos.

With what little time she had before the creatures thought to break in, Delores consulted her books, trying to find the spell she had cast on that repugnant passerby. Without his direct presence, the spell did not readily present itself, and so Delores was left scrounging the books as the cracks of glass drew ever sharper, as though the creatures were sensing her effects and were desperate to get in and stop the one threat to their existence. Delores was sure no one else would be able to reverse it, and then the consequences of such for the human race were unthinkable.

It was a sharp shatter of glass that drew her attention up and to the book with the proper incantation. Ignoring the insects, knowing there was nothing she could do about their presence without the spell, she reached for the book, her urgency sensed by the magic. The tome immediately opened to the proper page, and Delores stared it over for what felt like an eternity with the danger coming at any moment. Yet, no matter how much she scanned the pages, there was no obvious reversal for such a vengeful punishment. She was supposed to turn the man into a fly, a simple insect with a two-week lifespan, not a fly monster capable of spreading his condition like a disease until the entire city was infected. And there was no reason why it should have backfired as it had, save it be a case of her ire and rage over the man's drunken state.

With that in mind, the only solution that came to mind was to cast the spell again, preferably on the man who had been her initial target. But without a way to know which was him, she had no choice but to add a conduit to the spell, hoping it would travel through everyone that had been infected. She hoped, at least, that the spell would affect everyone to the point that it would eliminate the threat. Not sure it was much better than death, and thinking most of the victims were undeserving, there was still little choice but to cast it, ignoring the sounds of buzzing as more of the glass broke and the putrid stench of the creatures wafted into her nose. No time to look up for the multiple hands to reach out and grab her, holding her and preparing to shove their proboscis down her throat before making her one of them. Needing to say the words even when every instinct told her to try to close her mouth to avoid the dripping appendage seeking for her gullet. Needed to get the last word out before...

A pained buzz resonated through her body as the creature holding her let her go all of a sudden, moving back in a flash of light before falling to the ground, as though dead. It was still twitching, like a dead fly, though it seemed not to have the energy to stand again, let alone attack her. Though she was still afraid of it, Delores was sure her spell had worked, the only cause of the being's current state.

Just now thinking to look behind the insect that had assaulted her, Delores was suddenly hit with a series of pained buzzing, as though dozens of the creatures were calling out in a tone at once. For as far as she could see, the creatures were writhing, pained, and unable to get up as whatever ailment she had likely cast worked its way through them. They seemed stunned, some falling from buildings or the air, some keeled over before landing prone, unable to get up, likely ever again in their current state. And, all of them were starting to shrink...

The frantic sounds of buzzing echoed in her ears as a series of wet cracks and pops resonated through their bodies as the exoskeletons were pulled in on them, ripping with tearing flesh like paper. Bits of muscle and tendons were ripped apart and turned to dust as what remained was pushed inside them with pints of hemolytic ooze dripping onto the floor. Delores had no idea if such was painful to what remained of the creatures, but she could not bring herself to care, knowing what would have happened to her had she not completed her incantation.

It seemed to take an impossibly long time for the beings to shrink, their wings falling out and smaller ones bursting forth, limbs cracking into bizarre shapes as what had to be internal organs sloshed out, only to be replaced as the chitin sealed up, only to break again. It was horrific, painful, and happening at such a rate she wished the spell was instantaneous if only for their behalf.

Soon, the buzzing diminished to the sound of a common fly as they continued to shrink to their insectoid statures. Delores was sure she could hear the buzz of human words, something akin to "Help me!" though there was every chance she was simply imagining things. The things were buzzing around now, undergoing the final changes as their limbs situated underneath them and they hovered there, looking no more like the annoying flies they had become. She was terrified of what she had to do and what she had seen, but at least, it was over now.

The sensation of a fly landing on her arm made Delores scream and she reflexively swatted it, feeling the body connect with her hand and ending the fly's life. It was likely one of the transformed, and though she had no way to know if they were still infectious in their feral state, she still felt guilt over her reflexive action. She didn't want to have killed any of them, if she could help it, but then again, was it really any better a life for the two weeks they were, rather than ending it here? It was not something she wanted to think about as she moved to sweep up the broken glass as a form of distraction.

It was almost impossible for her to see the dozens or so flies that were taking wing, all human intellect and reason washed from their minds, fly brains too small to hold such thoughts. There was really no difference between them and the flies still buzzing in the untouched garbage bins. Delores didn't want that to be their fate, and a tear rolled down her cheek for the lives lost. But even though it was her fault, intentions aside, there was nothing she could do for them, and they were doomed for a brief existence as flies before expiring. Better for all those uninfected, who were destined for the same repulsive fate, or a war between the creatures and the remnants of humanity. Something that would have been Delores's fault, and leaving her reason not to touch her books again, at least for some time...

Somewhere in the city, the resting body of Conner started to vibrate violently, shaking as though electrocuted. In his post-laying contentment, he barely had cause to think about what was happening, only discomforted by the sensation but with no fear of the future. After all, he had technically achieved it all, and any continuation of his life was simply a bonus, body not ready to perish just yet.

Still, it did not substitute for the pain of his body crunching, caving in on itself as he cried out in his wailing buzz. His antennae picked up similar cries of pain from his brethren, though he hardly had the ability to follow the cacophony of vibrations all around him. His own buzzing increased in intensity, unable to move and felt powerfully vulnerable besides. His body was paralyzed, and he reflexively tried to get away, unable to conceive of what was happening and unable to escape the pain.

With the force of his body being sucked downward, his outer exoskeleton burst open in several places, spilling organs and hemolymph everywhere before it healed over to cover his smaller body. Each second was an agonizing tearing and removing of chitin, fluids oozing down his body and dripping on the ground as his wings loosened from his back and his limbs popped off from the pressure, falling and dissolving to the ground and preventing him from moving. Thankfully, his abdomen had purged itself of eggs, though any would have been crushed by the force of his compressing body.

Little mental capacity persisted to be aware of the changes, though Conner was vaguely aware of a dizzying sensation through his compound eyes, the facets revealing different contours of the world every few seconds. Eventually, the eyes popped with a spray of fluid altogether, though some of the facets persisted enough to regenerate the eyes in their new form before compressing further. The rapid onset of change should have killed him, but insects took longer to fade than most species, and the rapid regeneration left no time for him to die, as merciful as it might have been. Still, thinking he was dying, Conner tried to buzz and fly frantically to the

point he was able to roll over, hardly enough to get away from what was happening in his own body and unable to escape the inevitable death of self.

As his brain collapsed and ruptured for the last time, any semblance of the human Conner died with it, all that remained in the mush was his fly instincts to survive, something that continued to regenerate the more his body broke apart and shrank. The panic over what was happening faded, bouncing back and forth between death and life and forgetting each instance as it happened. It was perhaps a more merciful death than his body's desecration itself, though no one was around to feel that way as he was reduced to nothing more than a buzzing insect.

Still, the need to mate persisted, and having laid eggs already, the fly that had replaced Conner was biologically female. Soon, the female lighted on a glass wall, spreading her pheromones as a male approached, landing on her back and spearing for her opening with an insectoid ovipositor. The insect that had been the originally intended victim to live as a fly could not have known his would-be mate was one of his victims, still maintaining male genitalia. It mattered little with that persistent need to propagate, inseminate, and lay more progeny. There was some feeling of pleasure there as a small quality of semen was injected within her, but it was soon forgotten as she moved toward another source of garbage and refuse to lay her eggs.

All over the city, those dozens of infected were all reduced to mere insects, even the most recently infected that had not fully turned into diptera hybrids. Perhaps they suffered the worst fate, enough of their human minds persisted to be aware of what was happening before it was too late and their identities died with their devolving brains. The terror they had felt was eroded away with the death of their identities. For some, it was a blissful sort of death, not wanting to garbage-eating fly monsters and still carrying the last vestiges of resistance to that eventual fate before the pleasures in their abdomens pushed them over the edge. For the others, it mattered little, minds already awash in dipteran desires as they lost what little ability they had to rationalize those in human terms.

With the dawn, all the fly monsters were gone, and the city was able to move on, despite the horror that had been but a few hours from destroying it all. Yet, that peace was only to be surface level. One thing even Delores could not have known, her spell seemed to eradicate all of those who had been infected by Conner's blood. But, part of his essence remained, free from his body and untouched by the spell. He was the only one who had laid progeny in his fully transformed state. And, if left to their own devices, soon, the eggs would grow and hatch and feed, preparing for the next generation...