

The cave system seemed to stretch on forever. When Gibson had first found the inconspicuous entrance, he had expected a small little area cut out by time. Instead he was instantly met with a strange, seemingly artificially made interior with multiple further pathways. A rational person would have probably left at that point, perhaps finding proper equipment or asking around for information on the strange cave formation before continuing. Gibson however for some reason or another did not concern himself with that. Maybe he assumed since it seemed artificially constructed that it was safe, or perhaps he wasn't thinking anything at all besides scratching his itch to explore. Regardless of his reasoning, he found himself going into the cave, taking the centermost pathway as to avoid getting lost.

That however did not work out as intended. Paths quickly began to wind and curve, forking off in countless directions. Opting to not turn back, Gibson pulled out his phone and used the flashlight to light his way. The deeper into the cave, the more strange the formations around him seemed to be. Rocks had a sort of greenish tint to them, shooting up from the ground in jagged formations. Even more strange was that there were seemingly perfect holes cut out into the stone at random spots. Not sure what could have caused the holes, Gibson tried his best to simply not focus on it, instead working on navigating the massive cave system. As he continued on, the confusing structure of the caves did not lessen in the slightest. Gibson, beginning to feel concerned, considered simply turning back. However, as he peeked behind him, a sickening feeling of being totally lost finally began to set in.

With dread quickly filling him, Gibson began trying to backtrack his way through the cave. There was not much he could do in terms of guiding himself however, for the walls of the cave were almost uniform in their off putting structure. The stalagmites surrounding him offered very little in terms of landmarks. In fact, it was safe to say that they only added to his disorientation. His phone offered no relief either outside of the light. He had no reception, and on top of that his phone was quickly dying. The flashlight put a rather substantial drain on his battery and he had been walking around here for over forty minutes. By his estimate, he had about another thirty minutes left on his phone at most.

As he hopelessly walked around the seemingly endless cave, a strange noise began to grow louder and louder. At first it was completely indistinguishable, just a strange droning. However Gibson soon realized it was a chorus of buzzes and clicks. The sound was unsettling, Gibson was never really a fan of insects and the prospect of this place being infested with them did not help his nerves. Every so often Gibson would brush at his shoulder or swat the air in front of him, feeling a bug that wasn't there at all. Gibson soon did run into a bug, yet not any that he was remotely prepared to see.

While traversing the caves, he shined his flashlight down one of the paths. A strange creature snapped its head towards the light, hissing. Its cold blue eyes stared down Gibson, fangs bared and ready. The features of the monster seemed like an amalgam of an insect and a horse. It was the size and shape of a small pony, yet had small jagged wings and horns that felt wholly insectile. Gibson choked back a fearful yelp, backpedaling instantly upon seeing the creature. Much to his dismay, the creature

seemed to follow him. Gibson was not the most athletic person, so his only real chance of escape was somehow slipping away from the monster. Sharp turns at every possible moment coupled with the fastest speed he could muster seemed ineffective however. The sound of hooves and hissing constantly served as a warning bell, a reminder that Gibson most definitely was not safe.

His breath was beginning to become strained and his heart was thumping in his chest. It was painfully obvious he was losing this race. Tears began to sting Gibson's eyes as he ran, frantically searching for a way out. A part of him just wanted to face the monster, try kicking at it in desperation or something. But he knew deep down that would be a wasted effort. After a few more frantic turns, something different finally appeared. The room in the distance seemed to glow with the same green that was all throughout the caves. However, this was far brighter, practically radiating outwards into the halls. Hoping for just about any form of relief, Gibson barreled into the room.

Almost instantly he stumbled on the lip of the entrance, falling face first on the floor. Disoriented, Gibson did not pick up on the fact that the creature chasing him seemingly stopped doing so. Instead he was far more concerned with what he fell into. The room seemed to be covered in some strange goo, both on the floor and strewn about the walls. Gibson winced in pain, the goo searing his skin like acid. Beginning to quiver where he lied, he abruptly began trying to brush the stuff off. The goo however seemed stuck to him, slowly burning away at his exposed flesh. It was even beginning to burn through his pants, causing him to cry out in pain. He had to do something fast. Taking a deep breath, he began trying to tear at the goo, almost certain this was going

to cause some permanent damage. Damage however seemed far more appealing than death.

His pulling and tearing soon did indeed yield results. With a sickening sound akin to peeling duct tape, a long strip of the goo ripped from his left leg. Gibson gagged upon seeing he had taken a large chunk of his own flesh with the substance. He tossed the goo and skin away, as to not look at his own detached flesh melt away into nothingness. Despite having torn down to the muscle of his calf, Gibson went back to pulling. The sharp pain from removing the burning goo from his arm lead him to scream out in agony, his desperate voice ringing out in the gooey chamber. Between the burning and the physical agony of his self mutilation, it was safe to say it was just adrenaline keeping him awake.

Tears streamed down as he testingly moved his arm. Pain shot up his whole body, as if he had been stabbed by a cattle prod. "F-fuck..." he muttered. If his arm hurt this much to move, how would he ever walk on the leg he had stripped? Blood was oozing from his gaping wounds, muddling with the goo. Gibson had no doubt in his mind, he was never going to leave this cave. Looking down, he could see his other leg had been bored into, small holes having been carved by the goo that went all the way through. Areas that had not been drilled through burned on, corroding the flesh and leaving a sickening smell in the air. It was overpoweringly sweet, to the point where it made him gag. Gibson's mind flashed to all the CSI style shows he had seen in his life as a fresh hellish horror set into his mind. Somehow, his flesh was rotting.

One might have expected Gibson to bleed out rapidly after the wounds he had sustained. He did indeed lose quite a substantial amount of blood, however that soon became a non issue. The affected tissue was beginning to darken and harden. Not in the matter that his quickly deteriorating flesh was however, this was more stiff and rigid. Once he noticed his gashed leg beginning to seemingly reform, his curiosity once again took hold. His arm shook as he testingly felt the dark material that had all but healed over the wound. It was smooth and cool to the touch. The closest thing he could compare the feeling too was his fingernails.

His attention soon left that strange metamorphosis however. As he was distracted, he failed to noticed the rock formations above him had begun to drip that goo down onto him. Only when a stream of the stuff slowly trickled down his face did he know. Attempting to lessen the pain and damage Gibson frantically tried to wipe his face off with his hand. This however only seemed to succeed in spreading the goo further as well as getting it on his hand. Soft whimpers evolved once more to pained screams as his face began to burn. The sickening smell was stronger than ever, right next to his nostrils.

There was nothing Gibson could do as the goo worked away at him. His left arm had become so rigid and tight that he couldn't move it in the slightest. The goo had pooled in his open wound before it was closed by the strange black substance. If there were any hope before, it was surely gone now. The strange substance mingled with his insides, invading and creeping along throughout him. Burning came from both outside and within, it had quickly become an inescapable fact of his existence.

After several grueling minutes, Gibson's hands had become almost unrecognizable. The flesh on his fingers became loose and weak, falling off slowly from the bones. The fact that all feeling in the fingers had long since been gone by the time they practically dripped off his hands was more frightening to him than the actual physical loss. His body was no longer abiding by any rules it should, his insides were aflame with pain yet extremities were losing all feeling. The bones were a different matter however, the goo cascaded over them and dissolved them like an Alka-Seltzer tablet. There was nothing Gibson could do but stare as the last remnants of his fingers melted away. His hands were nubs, reshaping slightly thanks to the dark material that had patched his leg.

It was staring at his dark, firm arms that Gibson began to put two and two together. He had seen these appendages before, recently too. His mind flashed back to the creature that had chased him here, the small, insect like horse. Its legs looked like this, everything from the dark carapace like material to the holes bored into them. A strangled sob escaped Gibson's mouth, inadvertently forcing him to swallow some of the goo. Was he somehow becoming one of those things?

The changes in his legs brought yet another new horror. His arms had become numb rather fast from the pain, yet his legs could still feel. Muscles and bones shifted and creaked, constricting to the point where snapping could be heard. Gibson's bones were breaking on the weight of his own body, snapping to smaller and smaller pieces. His legs were covered in the carapace material as well, the remnants of his shredded skin lying around him in a bloody pulp. The bends of his legs were completely different,

more animalistic than the simple joint structure of a human leg. With his bones no longer serving any form of support within the legs, the muscles easily adapted and shifted to fit into their new container. Insects have exoskeletons, and now it seemed Gibson would have one as well.

His whole body ached as the carapace overtook him. His penis burned for but a moment before shredding away into nothing. Instead his carapace now had a slit, angled close to his ass. Seeing it slowly ooze the very goo that had caused this disturbed him beyond words. Was that the same goo that had entered him? Or was it goo that his body had begun to produce? By now his clothes had been eaten away almost entirely by the substance. Shreds of jeans or shirt were here and there, but on a whole he was nude. Their body seemed to be no longer male, rather more akin to a female horse's if anything.

Seeing as how the creature she encountered was so much smaller than him, it only made sense that she too grew smaller. Her carapace was smaller than he ever was before, causing organs to shift and push in compensation. Bones were shattered and ground to dust as the goo within worked away at her bodily composition. Having had kidney stones before, it was easy to say that the feeling of their actual kidneys being drug about was far more painful. It was a sickening wave of pain that refused to subside, instead churning about within her. Unable to hold back any longer, Gibson vomited. All that came out was a mix of the goo and their own blood.

There was a sharp pain radiating from her face now. The shattering of her bones brought sharp snaps of pain, but this was constantly intense. Bits of skin fell from

Gibson's face, fluttering down and landing around her. Gibson considered the lack of a mirror to be a blessing as their face ripped away. Her mouth contorted open into a ghastly grimace as their whole face lurched outward, pushing away the tattered skin like it were wet paper. From the bottom of her eyesight she could see what seemed to be some sort of snout. Blood and goo trailed down their nose and dripped onto an extended tongue.

For a merciful moment Gibson could not hear the tearing, gurgling, or pushing, she was deafened to all such horrendous stimuli. However, the only reason for that was that her ears were tugging outward, ripping away from their cartilaginous structure and finding themselves higher up on their decidedly inhuman face. Sound returned however, and just in time for her whole head to ache as a jagged horn forms slowly from their face. Skin left on her face was severed and strewn about, hair being slowly replaced by a long, blueish mane. Gibson could scarcely feel the sinewy wings grow from her back, a slight mercy in a sea of horrid occurrences.

It seemed that the changes had come to a close. Bits of flesh still dangled to his body, and goo still dripped from her, yet the pain had subsided. Gibson sighed, their voice foreign to them. Was Gibson still even Gibson? It seemed that Gibson had been ripped piece by piece and left bloody remains on the floor. Deep inside, Gibson wished that she had died with her form, that the shock had just done her in. But that mercy would not be afforded to her. After all, the queen has one very important purpose in serving their hive. A purpose Gibson had to adopt no matter how much they may not have wanted to.



A strange sensation built up in Gibson's nether region. It was not painful like the transformation he had been just subject to, but there was a distinct force pushing. He lied back against a rock, spreading his new legs as to help alleviate the pressure. A small bit of something had begun poking its way out of her vagina. With a slight wince, Gibson instinctively pushed, allowing for more of the object to push out. His vagina was spread wide, caught on the widest part of the egg. An egg. Upon realizing exactly what it was that pushing from them Gibson's eyes widened with fear. How was she pregnant? Why must this happen in addition to everything else?

The first egg came out soon enough, lying in a puddle of that now all too familiar goo. Momentary relief was short lived, for yet another egg began to push outward. Gibson pushed, playing along to expedite the process. However, once she had pushed out three whole eggs, the odds of this stopping any time soon felt more and more slim. Time stretched for an eternity as she continued birthing, the eggs falling in a choppy rhythm. A soft moan escaped her mouth, a hint at her body's physical pleasure at the act. This only served to repulse Gibson more, how could she ever feel arousal at something so wrong?

Yet she did indeed feel aroused, a deep arousal seeped in shame. Eggs came at a faster rate, some pushing almost back to back. All the while Gibson fought to subdue her body's desires. Legs kicked, moans erupted, and eggs continued to pile up at her pussy. It went on for what seemed like an eternity, a decent sized mound formed until the mass caused it to topple into a pile. Once everything had finished, at least for the

time being, Gibson almost instantly passed out from exhaustion. After everything that had occurred, sleep was all she could muster.

To this day Gibson has not left that cave system. After her transformation and first oviposition, she was scooped up by members of the changeling hive. Washed off the few tattered scraps of her human self left, she was given a chamber befitting a changeling of her status. Gibson however was not the eager queen the hive had hoped for. She had made countless escape attempts, even more suicide attempts, and utterly refused to serve her role. The hive had not found a queen to properly lead them, instead more of a disobedient broodmother. A shame considering her striking resemblance to former great changeling queens.

That however did not stop the hive from finding use for Gibson. After many attempts, it was discovered that certain pheromones were capable of drugging her into a complacent state. From there it was all a matter of commanding her to lay more eggs, a task she'd do in a dazed state. Her life became segmented between hits of the pheromones, always being promised better treatment if she would only begin to comply. Until then, the hive would settle for building their ranks through her, constantly coaxing her with promises of never having to lose consciousness to the pheromones again. Their plans did not hinge solely on having her become a queen in earnest. Many believed that Gibson would never come to accept her true role in the hive. In hopes of having a contingency plan, some scouts have been sent out to lure curious travelers into the cave, in hopes that they could be chased to the chamber before dying in the labyrinthine halls. The goal would be a small horde of broodmothers constantly working

on birthing more young, all headed by the queen amongst them that was most eager to rule the hive. At this rate, it seemed that Gibson's nobility would be nothing more than an afterthought one day. For, after all, a doped broodmother seemed to fit her mannerisms as of late so much more.