

It started with a headache. Just a dull, pulsing ache behind Nikki Maxwell's eyes. She had felt it coming on during gym class but shrugged it off as stress. After all, MacKenzie Hollister had just posted another embarrassing picture of her on Instagram, and she was already dealing with homework, crushes, and life in general. Chloe and Zoey told her to just relax, maybe watch a movie or take a nap. But by the time school was over, the headache had blossomed into something... dark.

That night, Nikki couldn't sleep. It wasn't just the headache. There was something else, something twisting and squirming inside her brain. She felt feverish and restless. As she lay in bed, staring at the ceiling, she could hear a faint whisper, soft but persistent. It wasn't words, exactly. It was more like... a hunger.

Then came the dreams.

Nikki dreamed she was in the middle of the school hallway, but it wasn't the usual Westchester Country Day. The walls were rotting, covered in black mold and dripping with slime. The lockers were rusted shut, and something foul oozed out of the cracks. She tried to scream, but her voice was swallowed by the air, which felt thick like tar. As she moved, she saw her reflection in a cracked mirror hanging from a locker door. Her skin was pale, her eyes sunken. But the worst part was her mouth—wide and twisted into a grotesque, unnatural grin. Something was moving just beneath her skin, wriggling like worms.

She woke up, gasping for air, and scrambled to the bathroom. The reflection in the mirror was normal, but she didn't feel normal. Her head throbbed violently. That strange hunger gnawed at her insides, growing stronger. She splashed cold water on her face, but nothing helped.

The next morning, Chloe and Zoey asked her if she was okay. Nikki couldn't answer. She just smiled—a smile too wide, too wrong. They looked at each other, concerned, but she brushed them off, her voice flat and cold.

"I'm fine," Nikki said, but it wasn't her voice. It was as if someone, or something, else was speaking through her.

That night, it got worse.

Her body ached, and her skin began to feel strange, crawling, like something was alive underneath it. She scratched at her arms, drawing blood, but the sensation wouldn't go away. Then came the hallucinations—or were they? She saw shadows moving at the edges of her vision, saw faces in the walls and heard the voice again, louder this time.

"Consume. Become. Forevermore."

She could feel something inside her head, digging, spreading, taking over. It was then that Nikki realized: she wasn't alone in her own body. The amoeba—the brain-eating amoeba she'd heard about on the news—had gotten to her. But there was more. She had read about **Cordyceps**, the parasitic fungus that took over insects' bodies, forcing them to do its bidding. The thing inside her wasn't just killing her—it was turning her into something else. Something monstrous.

The hunger grew unbearable. She couldn't control it anymore. The next time she saw Chloe and Zoey, it wasn't as a friend. It was as prey.

Chloe and Zoey were the first to go. It was late after school, and the three of them were in the library. Nikki's movements had become erratic, jerky, and her skin had a sickly, pale sheen to it. Her eyes were bloodshot, her once-friendly smile stretched too wide across her face, filled with too many teeth.

"Are you sure you're okay, Nikki?" Zoey asked nervously, glancing at Chloe.

Without warning, Nikki lunged at them, her hands grasping at their throats. The hunger took over completely as she tore into them with a feral scream, her hands tightening with unnatural strength. Chloe's neck snapped with a sickening crack, while Zoey struggled for air, clawing at Nikki's face. But it was too late. Nikki's grip was inhuman, fueled by the parasites inside her, and Zoey went limp.

Their bodies lay crumpled at her feet, their wide eyes frozen in terror.

Nikki stood over them, breathing heavily, her face and hands slick with blood. She didn't feel remorse. She didn't feel anything at all, except for that gnawing hunger.

The next few days were a blur of carnage.

First, it was MacKenzie Hollister. Nikki stalked her after cheer practice, following her into the girls' locker room. MacKenzie never saw it coming. One moment, she was fixing her hair in the mirror, and the next, Nikki's hands were wrapped around her head, slamming it into the locker until it dented. Nikki's once-bright blue eyes gleamed with an otherworldly light as she savoured the moment.

Her family was next. Brianna was playing with her toys when Nikki crept into her room. The small child didn't even get the chance to scream. Her parents were dispatched just as quickly, Nikki's strength now far beyond human. She felt nothing as she watched the light leave their eyes, only satisfaction as the parasites inside her multiplied, taking full control.

Her next target was her crush, Brandon. He had always been kind to her, always there when she needed him. But now, even he couldn't escape her ravenous hunger. She found him alone in the photography lab after hours. The lights flickered overhead as she cornered him.

"Nikki... what's wrong?" he asked, his voice trembling.

But Nikki didn't respond. Her smile, now a grotesque, twisted thing, grew even wider as she advanced. The last thing Brandon saw was Nikki's teeth, far too sharp, far too long, before she sunk them into his neck.

One by one, everyone she had ever known or cared about fell to her. Marcy Simms, Violet Baker, Theodore, Marcus, none of them stood a chance. The parasite had taken full control. The hunger had consumed her entirely. The more she killed, the less of Nikki remained. She had become something else. Something far worse.

She had become **NIKKI_THE_FOREVERMORE**.

Now, Nikki roams the empty halls of her school at night, a twisted, hollow shell of the girl she once was. Her body is little more than a puppet, controlled by the parasites that feast on her brain, forcing her to kill, to consume, to spread the infection.

And if you listen closely, late at night, you might hear her footsteps, soft and slow, as she searches for her next victim. Because Nikki Maxwell isn't dead, She's waiting. Forevermore.