

Hebleh is owned by my good friend Hebleh, you can find their FA here: https://www.furaffinity.net/user/heblehbleh/

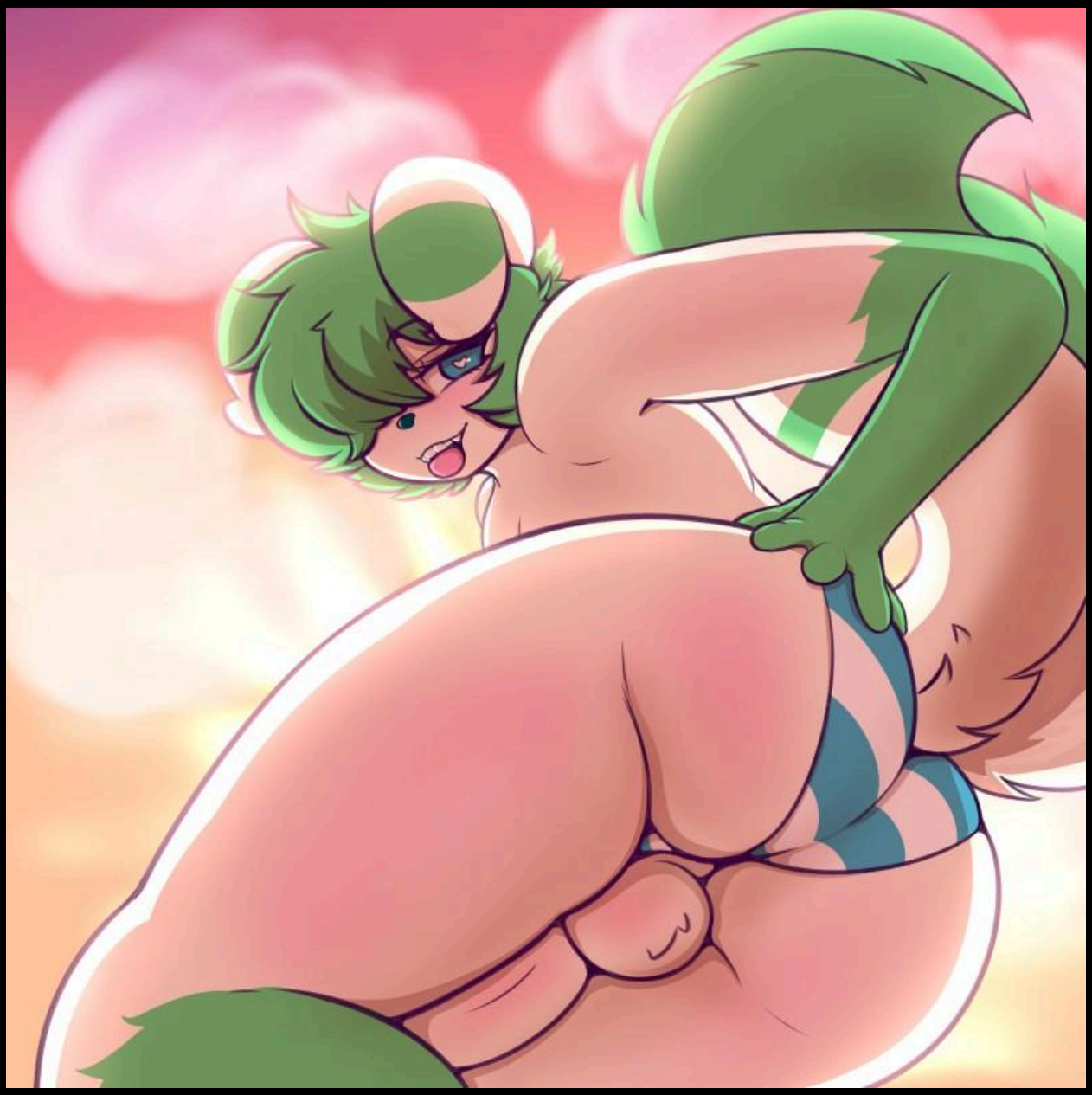
Hebleh is the meowstic as the cover art, he is a feminine meowstic with the female pallette if I remember, anthropomorphic. 8in humanoid member.

Late addition: I thought adding a ref of his from e621 should help! This is done by the wonderful cottoncanyon over at e621, you can find them here: https://e621.net/posts?tags=cottoncanyon (Large image, so it'll be at the end of all this blurb)

As for the "variant" meaning, well, this story features unique xenomorphs I have brewed in my head. These xenomorphs are known as the **variant** hive, due to their alterations. Rather than killing hosts with each burst, they prioritize on reusing hosts, and, as such, have adapted around using fetishy means to get and hold hosts. Rather than bursting, the larvae crawl / squirm out of the orifice they were inserted into as an egg, allowing for more larvae per host, as well as another host able to be bred, see how it works?

Likewise, expect a step away from traditional xenomorph designs as the hive has evolved for a different purpose altogether, that is, if I decided to make a few other additions about them. Anyways, this story is going to focus around ***Facehuggers***.

Expect it to be pretty gay.



When one agrees to come observe their friend's work, it usually doesn't involve blaring red alarms, mass paranoia, and a containment breach of numerous rapey alien creatures. It's certainly not what Hebleh came here for- but something he'd have to deal with. His friend, Filmsy, certainly didn't bring him here for it either. The two lost contact shortly after the breach happened- and that was little over two hours ago, there's no telling what has happened to Hebleh's friend, or most of the researchers on board the research station.

The screams have silenced, replaced by distant moaning and wet slapping sounds. The power is still online, but, with the sudden lack of staff maintaining the generators, the facility has quickly gone into emergency power status- lowering the usage of power in favor of ensuring a longer lasting power supply, leaving Hebleh in either darkness, or red-lit emergency lights. He was wearing nothing but a simple green shirt, jeans, and black shoes. He was hiding out in an employee shower room, he hid in one of the lockers for the past thirty minutes, letting whatever nearby aliens sweep right past him.

With a little grunt, he'd push open the metal door, emerging from his hiding place with a fresh bead of sweat coming to his forehead. He'd wipe it off with his arm and take a breath of fresh air. The room itself featured a few wooden benches for sitting when waiting on a shower, to the right was the main exit, to the left, more lockers, and straight ahead was the showers. He **was** being chased earlier, but his quick thinking seems to have diverted his stalker elsewhere.

He'd give a little stretch, moving to the showers, at first, peeking around the corner to see if the red emergency lights would show him an unforeseen visitor. Thankfully, nothing was there, just several stalls of empty showers on the right, and sinks on the left. He spoke to himself in a hushed tone, looking down the rows of showers.

"Alright Hebleh… the main exit is a no-go, so there must be an emergency exit somewhere around here- or just something I can squeeze into and get away with. If I get found even once then it's game over. So! Let's think smart! Where would I put an emergency exit in a shower room?"

He'd start walking forwards, not really knowing where to even start looking. Surely it'd just be a door? A vent? Maybe there really wasn't an emergency exit- maybe it was just the front door… but that's a last resort. He'd keep moving, about half-way down the stalls, when a flicker of movement caught his eye- he'd whip towards the shower stall he saw it come from, eyeing it over. Nothing. It was pretty dark, his eyes could easily be playing tricks on him. That, and the innate paranoia could also lead him to see things that really weren't there. He'd give a little shrug, though, lowered himself down a little and walked a little slower, glancing into each stall he passed.

"Just my imagination, just my imagination, just my imagination…"

He'd reach the end of the stall, peering around the bend- it was the end of the locker room. He'd let off a little frustrated sigh, knowing full well that if there wasn't an exit near the showers, then that meant the front door was the only exit out of here. He'd step out into the main locker room, looking to the right at an opened locker. That… wasn't like that before, was it? Or was it and he just missed it in the red light? He'd move his foot forwards- right as high pitched screech filled his ears. He'd whip to his right, towards the showers- his view filling with a sickly yellow hue, adorned by a large pinkish hole on it's underside. A tail wrapped around his throat, constricting him- forcing him to bring his hands up to try and pry at the tail.

"MpPPH!"

He'd stumble backwards, tripping over the bench- though, he'd throw his hands back, catching himself on the bench- a bad move as the tail solidified it's hold around his throat, squeezing at his lower jaw and forcing him to open his mouth. He'd kick the air, unsure of how to struggle off the creature latched to his face- before he could think, a slimy sensation ran down his tongue as his lips parted by force, followed by a bitter, wonderous taste. He'd stop struggling, focusing on breathing through his adrenaline rush, as he'd suddenly cough against a rather blunt and fleshy rod pushing down against his tongue, moving to the back of his throat. He'd give a buck of his hips, hands coming up again to try at the tail before he paused, fingers curling inwards towards his palms in a sort of confused daze- the creature pulled its body back using it's spider-like legs, smearing it's tasteful member against his tongue, before slapping back against him, thrusting it back against his throat.

"Glck~!"

The taste could best be described as pent up and sweaty, the taste was very well defined, blending with trace amounts of a bitter yet somewhat sweet taste with it. Hebleh would stop resisting, seeing the creature's intentions. He'd open his jaw naturally, lowering his hands down as he'd tilt his jaw upwards, allowing it to easily push itself into his throat. It was warm, flooding his face with it's musky heat- along with splatters of saliva and whatever slime it was secreting, a trickle of drool oozed out to the side of Hebleh's cheek. The creature wasn't going too fast or too slow, a nice modest pace, letting Hebleh adjust to it as he needed to, and, upon seeing his willingness, it sped up, secreting more of the bitter-sweet fluid against Hebleh's tongue, beginning to warm his body as he'd swallow it down. The meowstic boy shivered, before reaching down to his pants and unbuttoning them, prying them down along with his underwear, before just kicking the both of it off from around his shoes.

He couldn't see himself, but he knew his own arousal was at its peak, waving in the air and begging for some other sort of attention. He'd lift his legs- only to let groan against the creature on his face- another creature latched itself to his rump, using its tail to push Hebleh's legs back against his chest as it'd secure itself against him, forcing its own blunt and slimy member right into Hebleh's entrance. His toes would curl, the creature aiming right for his prostate- bringing a swath of pleasure through his body as it'd give a wet slap- hilting itself inside of him fully before pulling back, ramming itself back into him, smearing itself all over his fur. Hebleh would wrap his arms under his knees, holding his legs inwards, his member dripping carelessly onto his chest. The two creatures worked in tandem, the one on his face would thrust in as the one about his rear would pull out, likewise, when the face one pulled out, the one about his rear pushed in, and both weren't sparing at giving him their full length- though, they weren't well endowed, but endowed ***enough*** to make it matter. They had triangular-shaped tips, the design following down to their little slit-opening for mouths(?), and they keep letting off little chittering noises, as if communicating.

Not that he cared if they chatted, he was more so awaiting to figure out what that wondrous ***throbbing*** sensation was hinting towards. Hebleh's member oozed with pre, the creatures speeding up to compensate for their lack of size- becoming desynched as they carelessly slapped away at the poor boy. His throat felt slick, engorged on slime- his rear was dripping with the weird slime as well, spilling carelessly onto the floor in long, sticky strands. He let off a moan into the creature, his member throbbing as he came onto his chest in a few warm globs, staining right through his shirt, not that he cared- he was enjoying the wondrous warmth spilling through his body moreover his own climax.

The creatures throbbing became very noticable, they sped up slightly before fully hilting themselves within him, sending pulsating globs through their shafts, flowing up and spilling out of their tips. The one about his face sent it's little ball-shaped packages down his lubricated throat, spilling out a mass of the bitter-sweet liquid into him, letting him willingly swallow down both the packages and it's cum. The one about his rear did the same, though, used each little pulse to push another package out, pushing the one in front of it deeper within him, using it cleverly to stuff his insides deep with the little bundles. Of course, it too let off a soothing warm gush of sticky spunk, spilling over the balls and his insides, igniting subtle pleasures within him that made him squirm. The rewards of being a ***host***.

He'd pant into the one above him as it, and it's partner, would relax, as if entering a sort of sleep. Hebleh would scooch forwards, bringing his legs down as his rear would hang off the bench, keeping the creature undisturbed. All he could breathe in was the musky warmth of the creature over his face, making him want it all again… though, even he was tired out. He felt his stomach, and his lower body… he felt… alright. He didn't really feel anything out of the ordinary- beyond the subtle pleasure bubbling in his chest and insides. The two had left their members in him, so he couldn't exactly just unplug and try to drain out whatever masses they injected him with.

He gave a little shrug, taking in more of the scent as his own exhaustion flowed over him. Maybe the creature's had a point… just sleep, rest it off… what's the worst that could happen from here? He'd settle in, taking in the wonderous air, slowly drifting off into a deep slumber.

~Fin

If you want a part two or more xenomorph stuff, be sure to let me know!

Also let me know if you like this sort of formatting stuff! I intend to use it more often!