



Parasites Love Earth!

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....And then they turned around and Marion got the shock of her life. There were things on their backs. Big, round things. They were *alive!* They *pulsated!* And Chloe's entire family had them!

"Chloe. What are those things?" she cried, her eyes wide with horror.

"What? You mean this?" said Chloe, turning around, and pointing at her rider. "This is my rider. We all have one."

"What are they?"

"A new form of life," said Chloe.

"What are they doing to you?"

"Filling our minds with all kinds of... interesting... thoughts," said Chloe, practically salivating as she stared at Marion's heavy breasts.

"They... they're controlling you," said Marion, her eyes narrowing.

"That's right," said Chloe. "And soon, they will be controlling you too. As soon as you get a rider of your own."

"You're not putting one of those things on my back," Marion said, shaking her head vigorously.

"Yes we are," said Chloe. "The Hive could use a woman like you. Gorgeous, sexual, and still in the peak of her reproductive prime."

Marion blushed. "What does this Hive want?"

"To spread itself. To grow larger," said Chloe. "You must join it."

"No," said Marion, shaking her head.

"Then we will take Paul instead. And your kids, Rachel, Ryan and... Susan, was it?"

"No!" Marion cried.

"Then you must join us. If you want to save them, if you want to save your family. you must join the Hive."

"What?" Marion was floored. She was faced with a terrible choice. "I... I can't."

"Then we will leave you as you are. In agony. And we will take your family," said Chloe.

Marion pondered this, trying to concentrate. The ache between her legs was growing intolerable. It was so hard to think clearly! She desperately needed release. "If I... if I let this creature... control me... will my family be safe?"

"We guarantee it," said Chloe sincerely.

Marion considered, and gave a reluctant nod.

"So you'll do it? Join the Hive? Take a rider?"

Marion nodded again.

"Say it. Say you'll join the Hive. Say you'll willingly take a rider."

Marion took a deep breath, her breasts heaving. "I... I will. I will join the Hive. I will take a rider."

Chloe came forward and gave Marion a big hug, pressing her smaller breasts against Marion's larger ones. She kissed her sister on the lips. "You won't regret it, dear." She turned to her children. "All right, you two. Get started."

Chloe's 22 year old daughter Michelle lay on her back on the living room couch. Her 19 year old brother Christopher got on top of her. He started to kiss and fondle her.

"What... what are they doing?"

"Making a rider, just for you, dear."

Christopher quickly became aroused. He raised his penis, and inserted it into his sister's vagina. He started thrusting.

"No... no, stop that!" Marion cried. "You're brother and sister!"

"No longer," said Chloe. "To the Hive, they are simply sexually mature beings. One has a penis, one a vagina. One is made for fertilizing, one for incubating eggs. Their past identities are of no importance." She reached over and pulled Marion closer. "Have a good look at Christopher's rider."

Marion watched. As Christopher thrust and exerted himself, his rider started to bubble up, and get larger. It was almost as if the rapid movement of the

muscles in his back and ass seemed to power the expansion and reproduction of his rider.

"He's making that just for you, dear," said Chloe, squeezing her sister by the shoulders. "You should be grateful."

The rider started to split down the middle. There was a cracking sound as a dense yellow fluid flowed down from his rider into his ass crack. As Christopher's rider bifurcated, the left half had a double band around it; but the right half, which was smaller, had no ring of any kind. Christopher gasped, his face a tense mask, as energy was drained from his body while he pounded into his sister.

"Think of it," Chloe whispered into Marion's ear, speaking rapidly in an excited tone. "That rider, the smaller one, will soon be on your back, in your mind, controlling you. Think of the joy of surrendering yourself. The joy of submitting. The joy of giving up your mind and body to the Hive."

"Must I have that... thing... put on me?" Marion asked in a pleading tone. She watched the rider split farther and farther apart. It was almost ready. Almost ready to be put on her, to take control of her mind. She felt a tight knot in her stomach.

"Yes, you must," said Chloe.

"What will it be like?" Marion asked, her voice dropping to a whisper. She heard a faint cracking sound, and saw a trickle of sickly looking yellow fluid come out of the bottom of the rider and slide into Christopher's asshole.

"It will be the most wonderful experience in your life," said Chloe firmly. "And it will only get better and better over time as your rider takes more and more control of you."

Marion looked at Chloe in horror. Her sister seemed genuinely happy, but she clearly was controlled by that thing on her back. She could see it pulsate as Chloe talked. Then Marion turned back to Christopher. He was moaning as if he were close to orgasm. The rider firmly entrenched between his shoulder blades had almost completely split in two. Both Christopher and then Michelle cried out as they climaxed. As they did so, the rider completed its break, and there were now two of them. Christopher's back glistened with sweat and effort.

He collapsed on top of his sister, exhausted from his exertion, as his new rider snuggled between his shoulder blades next to the old one as Marion looked on in horror. Chloe came over and patted him on the head. "Good boy. I'm so proud of you. And your Aunt Marion is going to be so grateful too, in just a moment." She picked up the rider and cupped it gently. It pulsated in her hands. It was brown and yellow and glistening. Marion looked at it with horror.

Christopher, looking sweaty and exhausted, pulled out of a smiling Michelle and stood up, his body covered in a sheen of wetness, his penis red and glistening, as he gasped for breath to recover from his major exertions.

"Marion, dear, don't you want to thank Christopher for his massive effort on your behalf?" Chloe asked. There was a hard tone in her voice, and an even harder glance a moment later.

"Thank... thank you," Marion stammered, looking from Christopher to the newborn rider. She could see the banded rider on Christopher's back, smaller now, reasserting its position between his sweaty shoulder blades.

"You're welcome, Aunt Marion," Christopher grinned. "Mom, can I put it on her?"

"No," said Chloe sharply. "I am her sister. I think Marion would be more comfortable if I do the honors, wouldn't you, Marion?"

"Chloe, please, don't...."

"It would be better if you were facing away," said Chloe, holding the pulsating rider in her right hand. "Turn around and lean against the wall, dear."

Marion's eyes widened as she stared at the rider.

"Do it now, or we will take your family," said Chloe, with a hardness in her voice.

Marion, holding back a sob, turned to face the wall, and pressed her palms against it.

"Look at the way her breasts hang out underneath her," said Stephan, Chloe's husband. "She was made for reproduction. She looks so sexy." He got an erection just looking at her. He moved to pat her large, round ass as his penis vibrated ever so slightly and turned a slightly darker shade of red.

"She's going to be an excellent catch for the Hive," said Chloe approvingly, moving behind her. "Are you ready to accept your new master, dear?"

Marion choked back another sob. Her body was trembling. "Chloe, please don't-

"Say yes," Chloe snapped. "Say yes, you want to be ridden. Convince me dear, convince me you really want this, or I'll send you packing. This is your last chance, Marion."

Marion gasped. Her body was wracked with fear and tension. She had to protect her family! She managed a curt nod.

"Yes," she whispered, with a heavily conflicted look on her face. " Please... please put a rider on my back, Chloe" The words came out with great effort.

"You can do better than that!" said Chloe sharply.

Marion looked at the pulsating brown mass in Chloe's hands. For some reason Chloe required her to actively submit. "Please, give me a rider. I... I... want to be ridden!" She practically shouted the words.

"Gooood," Chloe purred, and Marion saw her nipples grow taut. She seemed to feel tremendous satisfaction with Marion's submission. Chloe gently caressed her sister's ass cheeks with her free hand as she whispered in her ear. "When you go home tonight, you'll look the same as ever, but you'll be completely different. You'll be one of us. You're going to love what you're going to become, and soon you won't even be able to imagine what your life was like before it." She squeezed Marion's ass cheeks with her free hand as Marion whimpered, even while the newborn rider pulsated eagerly in Chloe's right hand. "Now take a deep, easy breath."

Marion tried to, sending her titties bobbing up and down.

"Good." Chloe said. "Now take another."

Marion took another deep breath, even as her body trembled.

"Good. Keep doing that."

Chloe smiled. The taking was always her favorite part, the sweetness of bringing new flesh into the Hive. She grinned at her family with anticipation as she raised Marion's newborn master above her shoulder blades.

"Chloe, please-"

"Shhh, keep breathing, just like that. You're going to feel a slight twinge in your head. Keep listening to the sound of my voice-" And at that moment, Chloe gently put the rider on Marion's back. It felt moist and warm and alien.

Marion immediately withdrew her hands from the wall and grabbed her head. "I feel something in my head!"

"I know," said Chloe.

"It's like things are being moved around in my brain!" she cried.

"It's just your rider taking control. It's nothing to be worried about," said Chloe.

"My head! My head!" Marion cried. And then she stiffened, and her face went blank.

Everyone was silent for a moment.

"What are you?" Chloe asked.

"I am HiveFlesh," said Marion. She stood there woodenly, her legs spread, proudly baring her furry pubis. Her long, pendulous breasts hung down in front of her. She was a piece of meat, ready to serve the Hive. Ready to reproduce.

"What is your purpose?"

"To ovulate, have my eggs fertilized, to incubate them, and to expand the Hive," said Marion.

What had she become?