

Logan woke up groggily, desperately willing the fog in his mind to lift, that he might recall the events of just moments ago. Or at least of what he perceived as moments ago. There was no telling how long he'd been out for; his stiff, sore body indicated it might have been hours. He knew something significant must have occurred, perhaps something traumatic enough to momentarily shut down his mind from a failed attempt to process it. He racked his brains, tried desperately to recall a glimpse of something that might explain his current predicament. Nothing.

The ground was cold under his body, hard and filthy with loose dirt and sand. He opened his eyes but saw only blackness, the space around him entirely dark. He gave his eyes a few moments to adjust to no effect. There was clearly no light source to provide him even a glimmer of perspective. Where the hell was he? He blinked a few times, trying to remove the haze that had circled his brain, to recall what might have happened to lead him to this dark imprisonment.

Suddenly, he recalled that he and his friends had been in a car, driving along a country road on their way back from an amazing weekend road trip. He remembered vaguely spotting a blinding light in the distance, like a beacon illuminating the desolate night sky, following them, tracking their every movement. He remembered feeling panicked, thinking they'd gone over the speed limit and were being chased by some sort of high-tech surveillance system. Logan quickly found that notion improbable. The object was too big, too bright, too fast to be anything man-made he was quickly certain. It relentlessly hunted them down, following their car off the highway to a beaten path and deep into the woods. They'd soon run out of road, the pursuing light growing more brilliant by the second. And then...

An idea dawned on him. Reaching into his pocket, he felt the familiar form of his phone nestled safely within the folds of his jeans. He turned it on, glad he'd remembered to charge the battery before leaving. It thankfully still worked. There was no signal, but with a flick of his wrist, the flashlight feature was triggered and thankfully very much intact. It wasn't much, but through its faint glow, he was able to make out the familiar forms of other humans, ones he quickly recognized to be his traveling companions.

Caitlyn, Travis, and Laura were slowly regaining consciousness nearby him, each appearing as confused and frightened as Logan felt. There were quiet groans, questions, profanities, but in the end, no one had any better recollection of what had transpired than he had. They each, in turn, reached into their pants to produce their phones to add to the ambient light in their pitch-black prison, save for Travis, who recalled having left it in the cup holder of his car.

They spread out slowly, minimal light guiding them as they tried to get a feel for the space they were in. It appeared to be some sort of cavern with no doors or windows they could discern. The walls and ceilings were lined with thickly packed rock without any obvious cracks

or openings. Logan wondered aloud about the air supply; a few deep breaths confirmed his fears. The air was thin and stale; he had no idea how long it would last but it was evident it would not be long.

Laura suddenly grasped at her head and fell to the ground, crying out as though an invisible force was inside her skull, trying to crawl its way out. Travis and Caitlyn were soon to follow, and Logan looked on in fear and concern until he, too, felt the raising pain of something pressing against his temples from the inside. It was as if a presence was clawing at his mind, trying to tear down his walls and expose his innermost thoughts to its presence. He screamed, not out of terror but out of a need to hear his own voice among the cacophony of the presence trying to make itself known in his mind.

<DO NOT BE ALARMED. YOU HAVE BEEN BROUGHT HERE TO ASSIST IN A VERY IMPORTANT ENTERPRISE. WE REQUIRE MEMBERS OF YOUR SPECIES TO AID IN EXTENSIVE MINING OPERATIONS VITAL TO THE SURVIVAL OF OUR RACE>

“What the hell? It's in my head!” Laura cried out, falling on her knees, dropping her phone as with a sharp *crack* the screen went dark.

The voices spoke clearly in Logan's head, yet he was sure he heard no actual audible sound. He looked around frantically in the poorly lit space but could see nothing or no one, save his friends, each looking as panicked and fearful as he felt.

“Who are you?!” Logan demanded. He had a few ideas as to the identity of his assailants but each terrified him more than the last. The more he heard of the being's voice, the more he began to think his darkest fears had been realized.

<WE ARE A RACE WHO EXIST A GREAT DISTANCE FROM YOUR HOMEWORLD. WE HAVE NO INTEREST IN YOU AS A SPECIES; YOUR TECHNOLOGICAL SIGNIFICANCE IS OF NO CONSEQUENCE. HOWEVER, YOUR PHYSICAL FORMS HAVE SOMETHING OF GREAT VALUE-THE ABILITY TO BE MOULDED TO SUIT OUR PURPOSES. THIS IS WHY WE HAVE TAKEN A SELECT FEW OF YOU THAT YOU MIGHT SERVICE OUR NEEDS. >

Laura and Logan continued to shout at the voices, while Travis only whimpered, crying sounds clearly evident though his face could not be clearly seen in the dimly lit room. Were these really aliens? What did they want? They mentioned something about mining, did they mean

slave labor? Why would advanced aliens need human bodies for menial labor, when it was clear they had the technology to move great distances and transport others as well?

“What do you mean? Molded? How?! Answer me!” Logan yelled, fear clearly evident despite his aggressive tone. He didn't want to appear weak in front of these aliens, yet he felt that regardless of his stature they viewed him as inferior. Beneath their notice, save for whatever sinister purpose they had for them.

<THERE IS A CREATURE THAT IS REQUIRED IN ORDER TO HARVEST SUFFICIENT RESOURCES FROM THIS BARREN ROCK. ITS NATURAL PHYSIOLOGY AND LIFECYCLE CAN CONVERT ALMOST ANY SUBSTANCE INTO VALUABLE FUEL TO SATISFY THE NEEDS OF OUR RACE. THE SPECIES EXISTS NATURALLY; HOWEVER, ITS TEMPERAMENT IS SUCH THAT IT CANNOT BE CONTROLLED WITHOUT SUFFICIENT RISK TO THE LIVES OF OUR RACE. THEREFORE, IT IS NECESSARY TO USE SUITABLE HOST SPECIES TO UNDERGO METAMORPHOSIS TO THE DESIRED FORM FOR THE TASK AT HAND.>

<THE TRANSITION IS NOT PAINFUL; HOWEVER, WE REALIZE IT IS A GROSS EXTENSION OF THE LIVES YOU HAVE KNOWN AND WE APOLOGIZE FOR THE INCONVENIENCE YOU WILL UNDERGO. WE WOULD NOT DO THIS TO YOU IF IT WERE NOT NECESSARY FOR OUR PURPOSES.>

<WE SHALL NOT FORCE THIS CHOICE UPON YOU. YOU NEED ONLY CONSUME THE SAMPLE MATERIAL FROM THE SPECIES PROVIDED TO COMMENCE METAMORPHOSIS. OUR SPECIES IS NOT COMPATIBLE FOR SUCH A TRANSITION; SEVERAL MEMBERS OF YOUR OWN RACE HAVE BEEN USED AS HOSTS ALREADY.>

<YOU WILL NOT BE HARMED SHOULD YOU CHOOSE TO PARTICIPATE. YOU WILL LIVE LONG LIVES IN SERVICE TO OUR CAUSE. YOU WILL FEEL NO FATIGUE OR STRAIN. YOUR NEW PHYSIOLOGY WILL BE WELL SUITED TO THIS NEW LIFE. OUR RESEARCH INDICATES THAT THE SPECIES' PLEASURE CENTERS ARE FAR BEYOND WHAT YOUR RACE CAN EXPERIENCE. YOU WILL LIVE FEELING JOY AND FULFILLMENT BEYOND ANYTHING YOU COULD HAVE FATHOMED IN YOUR NATURAL LIFESPANS.>

<SHOULD YOU CHOOSE NOT TO ACCEPT, YOU WILL EXPIRE IN 6 CYCLES BY OUR ESTIMATION. FURTHERMORE, THERE IS A RISK YOU WILL BE CONSUMED BY YOUR BRETHERN SHOULD THEY CHOOSE TO UNDERGO

METAMORPHOSIS. WE VALUE LIFE; WE WOULD RECOMMEND AGAINST SUCH AS ACTION, BUT ULTIMATELY IT IS YOURS TO MAKE .>

<YOU WILL BE ALLOWED TO MAINTAIN COMMUNICATION WITH OTHERS OF YOUR KIND BEYOND THE NATURAL MEANS OF THE SPECIES YOU WILL BECOME. OUR QUOTA DEMANDS THAT MANY HUNDREDS OF YOUR RACE BE UTILIZED IN THE EXCAVATION PROCESS. YOU WILL ENCOUNTER THEM ALONG YOUR JOURNEY AND BE ABLE TO COMMUNICATE. PERHAPS VESTIGES OF YOUR FORMER LIVES WILL MAKE FOR INTERESTING DISCUSSION BUT FROM WHAT WE HAVE OBSERVED THE URGES TO FULFILL YOUR BIOLOGICAL DIRECTIVES WILL OVERWHELM YOUR NATIVE PSYCHE. HOWEVER, THE OPTION REMAINS. IT IS THE HUMANE APPROACH TO OUR MUTUAL PROBLEM, AFTER ALL.>

“What the fuck! You can’t do this to us! We have lives, families! Who the fuck do you think you are to uproot us like this for your own needs!” Caitlyn yelled between sobs. It was obvious to Logan, as it was to all of them he reasoned, that any pleas would fall on deaf ears. Assuming the aliens had any such organs. Still, it comforted them to cry out, to exercise what little power and control they still maintained in this bizarre situation.

<YOUR PRIORITIES ARE NOT OUR CONCERN. WE SHALL LEAVE YOU TO YOUR FATES. WE IMPLORE YOU TO CHOOSE WISELY; HOWEVER, IT IS A NOT A DECISION WE CAN MAKE FOR YOU.>

The voices then dissipated, leaving each feeling lightheaded and confused. What had it all meant? How did the aliens intend to change them? The voice had discussed ingestion, but of what? So far, the cavern seemed barren and desolate.

They split off into pairs, Logan and Caitlyn leading with the only working phone flashlights. They scoured the area, hoping to find anything in the pitch blackness that might lead to their escape.

Yet, only one thing of note stood out. Several piles of oddly colored material lie in a corner of the room. They had a strong scent, powerful but only slightly offensive. Was this what the aliens intended them to consume? What would it do to them? Why didn't the beings simply force them to ingest it, to change them into whatever the hell it was that they wanted them to be? Was it some twisted sense of morality beyond their understanding? It made no fucking sense! Yet it was the situation they were graced with and judging by the rapidly decreasing air quality it was a choice they would have to make soon.

They debated their situation for what seemed like hours, arguments going around in circles. The entire exercise seemed pointless. Travis and Logan scoured the area once more, hoping in vain to spot a means of escape. Their search revealed nothing. It was doubtful much oxygen remained; Logan was already beginning to feel lightheaded. They were running out of time. Yet the decision they were being asked to make was too great, too bizarre to enter into lightly. Either way, their lives as they knew them were over, and the weight of that hung heavily over their heads as the air in the room began to fade.

Logan didn't want to be some alien monster, feeding and doing God knew what for the amusement of alien overlords. The more he contemplated their predicament, the more pissed off he became. How could they do this to them? What right did they have to uproot him, force this kind of choice on him and his friends? He hadn't signed up for this, damnit!

Finally, without warning, Laura grabbed Caitlyn's phone from the ground and sprang up, racing over towards the direction of piles with pure determination. She strode quickly, not giving any of them a chance to react. Travis leaped up to try and catch up with her but quickly stumbled in the dark. He wondered how she was able to fair if she too were to stumble and fall, forcing her to abandon her foolish crusade. The echoes in the cavern made it difficult to discern where she was heading but it was obvious to everyone there was only one goal.

The others got up slowly, trying their best not to trip and fall in the pitch-black cavern. "What are you doing?!" Caitlyn called out, panicked at her best friend's rash decision. She couldn't have been thinking clearly.

Logan had suggested it should be a group decision. Yet he understood her panic. He moved to stop Laura but knew it was futile. If she desired it, she would reach her goal before any of the others could grab her. Still, he had to know, had to see what she chose and what the result of it would.

Using the fragile light of his phone, Logan reached her just in time to see that Laura had been hunched over in front of one of the piles. The sight he saw filled him with absolute horror. She was in the midst of consuming the material, a disgusted look on her face at the sour taste. Clearly disgusted, Laura seemed to try to spit it out, yet was unable to rid her mouth of the repulsive flavor.

Yet after a few moments, she found the aftertaste to be...strangely pleasant? Pleasurable simply wasn't sufficient to describe it. It was absolutely *intoxicating*. She had to have more, to stuff her mouth with the rich earthy material that filled her body with tingly waves of near

orgasmic sensation. The feelings centered on her groin and radiated outwards as she continued to eat, to satisfy a hunger unlike any she'd yet to experience.

After a few moments, her appetite for the foul-tasting material dissipated completely. Not much was left in the pile she had feasted on, though she had no desire to consume the rest. Her voracity, however, did not fade. If anything, it increased 10-fold. She scented the air, desperate to find something to sate her near inexcusable hunger. A scent caught her raised nostrils; bland, formless, but there was plenty of it. She *needed* to feed, the lust to consume overrode all common sense. Laura dove forward, eager to find the source of the smell. Somewhere distantly, Logan tried yelling her name but his voice was drowned out by the rumbling of her slowly distending stomach.

Laura got down on her hands and knees, scenting the dirt underneath her with ravenous desire. She drooled in anticipation, a few small drops hitting the ground and creating a hiss of steam. She dug her face in, yearning to get a proper taste of the delicious feast before her.

Once more, Logan tried to yell to her, to grab her and take her away from her obvious insanity as the frail thin light of his phone illuminated them both. Yet, all he saw was Laura begin to lick at the rock face, long tongue salivating over the firm surface. Wisps of heat radiated off the surface where her tongue made contact. Logan tried to ask her what was wrong, but she ignored his pleas. Travis and Caitlyn finally caught up, standing back to watch this bizarre scene transpire under the light of their friend's dying phone flashlight.

Logan continued to gaze in horror as a series of grotesque changes overcame Laura's once-gentle face. Nostrils expanded, merging with the skin of her mouth until the openings became one. Slurping sounds from within signaled changes to the wet flesh and muscle of her esophagus and throat. Hair fell away in massive clumps as her forehead receded, allowing more room for her growing maw. Her body began to balloon outward, neck and torso expanding to match the circumference of her ever more rounded head.

It was her eyes, however, that frightened the onlookers most of all. The pupils began to dim, darken, as though a thick cloud or film was covering them. They slowly thickened until nothing remained of her former eyes but thick red globules, unrecognizable as ever having been human. Could she even see out of those abominations?

Laura for her part hardly reacted to the horrific metamorphosis her body was forced to undergo. All she cared about was devouring the dirt, drooling over the rough ground, dissolving more and more with acidic saliva that she was easily able to scoop up in her expanding jaw. Her mouth grew wider, easily surpassing the circumference of her warping body, and growing still

beyond. Logan saw the reflection from the light hitting rows of tiny teeth, easily sharp enough to tear anything not dissolved by the acid into shreds in an instant. He wondered how far they went down, even finding himself wondering about other anatomical changes within her body that he couldn't even begin to fathom.

The trunk of her body began to expand rapidly, outgrowing the thin material of her shirt rather quickly as it ballooned out in all directions. Her rear appeared massive, pushing against the fabric of her jeans as the back exploded down the middle, revealing darkening flesh as her skin hardened. Logan was afraid to touch it, for fear that it carried the same properties as her saliva, or that the contact would alert her to his presence and awaken a desire for flesh instead of mere rocks and dirt.

Her body continued to widen, clothing torn, skin ripping violently as what little remained of her human form was sloughed away into an alien being. She was beginning to resemble something akin to a leech or centipede, with her skin rippling into distinctive segments, each with twin lumps on the bottom extending from her backside all the way up to where her neck had been.

While the rest of her body expanded and hardened under the force of her changes, her human limbs remained relatively unchanged. If anything, it appeared to Logan as though they were getting weaker, as though losing connection to the rapidly mutating trunk of her frame. With a disgusting *plop*, the skin of her trunk severed the final connections with the dying limbs and they fell with a gross thump to the ground, evidently devoid of all blood and tissue. Laura appeared no worse for wear, wriggling on the ground like a maggot, easily able to continue with her meal and expanding the dent in the earth she was making around her body, slowly burrowing her way underground.

In terror, he watched as the creature that had once been Laura stopped its gorging for a mere moment and noticed the fallen appendages on the ground. It turned and began feasting on the now useless human limbs. The corrosive saliva made quickly work of the last vestiges of Laura's humanity as they were scooped up, falling into her waiting maw as they blackened and dissolved under the force of her new physiology.

Her changes were coming faster now, body pulsing and contracting as her flesh underneath took shape. Her bones were turned to mush by the chemical secreted by her rapid expanding maw, but it was quite evident from her persistent eating that she felt no pain, or at least none not overridden by her new biological drives. Her body was clearly segmented now, thick carapace surrounding each hard interlocking piece. Suddenly the series of bumps on each of her segments erupted as several hundred tiny indistinct limbs burst free. The creature that had

been Laura was now able to stand on the hind limbs, using the multi-faceted front appendages to move dirt and debris out of the way while it continued to consume.

A foul smell entered the air as Logan watched something slip out of the back of the creature's trunk. The ground behind it was suddenly covered in thick slime as the creature continued to expel an obvious waste product, undeterred from its task of eating as its tunnel became more and more pronounced. The smell wasn't like anything he recognized or expected. It reminded him of petroleum, of fuel. Was this what the aliens were after? Did they intend to turn him and his friends into giant centipedes to eat, consume everything, and expel this waste product so they could power their civilization?

<Amazing...so hungry...more...so horny...> came a voice in his head. At first, he thought it was the aliens returning to taunt them. But it was all wrong. Gone was the authority, the arrogance, the lack of humanity that had been present before. In its place was a female voice. Could it be...Laura? Was he hearing her voice in his head just as they'd all heard the aliens earlier? Was she still in there, still able to communicate with them, even though nothing remained of the human body of his best friend since grade school?

A now familiar hiss came from behind him, and he turned just in time to see Travis and Caitlyn, heads buried in the ground, clothes beginning to rip and tear as they two began to undergo the same transformation he had just witnessed Laura experience. He wanted to cry out, to stop them but knew it was too late. He could no more help them than he could help Laura, who even now as she completed her transformation began to swiftly bury herself underground, to dig and consume and expel at the whims of her newly adopted species.

Logan threw his phone in anger; he didn't need to see the horrific process again, this time occurring to his other two friends. It hit the floor with a hard crack, tiny light pointed mercifully away from the Lovecraftian sight of his friends turning into alien monstrosities.

He fell to the ground in defeat, sobbing as he heard the now familiar sounds of transformation overtake his former human friends. He couldn't see them; the dim light of the phone was pointed at him, casting his shadow in the hollowed-out rock from his former friend's digestive process. He wanted so desperately to know what they were thinking, why they had done it without him without nary a word. Why they would leave him alone. Did they expect him to just join them, fear of being human alone too much that it would willingly strip himself of his humanity?

Logan stared at the remaining pile of material on the ground, the one that had doomed his friends to their alien existence. The sounds of his friends tearing hungrily into the rock wall

frightened him deeply. He didn't want to be alone, he didn't want to die here. Yet he didn't want to be that grotesque leech-like creature he'd witness all his friends transform into. The air was heavy, the smell of the centipedes and their leaving thick in the cavern. Clearly the aliens didn't need to breathe the way humans did; they seemed to thrive in the low oxygen environment.

<WHY DO YOU HESITATE?> Came the now familiar voice in his head.

“What the hell did you do?! Why us?” Logan yelled, sobbing and punching the ground in anger. He wanted to take out his fury on the aliens that had taken away his friends, his life, and who insisted he removed his humanity as well. He knew there would be no chance they'd present themselves for him to unleash his rage. The only one present to punish was himself.

<WE SIMPLY OFFERED YOUR FRIENDS A NEW EXISTENCE, ONE WITH MUTUAL BENEFIT FOR OURSELVES. CAN YOU NOT HEAR THEM? THEY ARE HAPPY, EXPERIENCING BLISS BEYOND YOUR CURRENT COMPREHENSION. YOU WOULD DENY THEM THAT? WORSE, YOU WOULD DENY YOURSELF THAT? THEY SPARED YOUR LIFE; THEY COULD HAVE EASILY DETECTED YOU AND DEVoured YOUR STILL UNCHANGED FORM. DO NOT WASTE THIS GIFT. JOIN THEM, BE WITH YOUR KIND ONCE MORE. LIVE A LONG AND HAPPY LIFE IN FULFILLMENT OF YOUR BIOLOGICAL DIRECTIVES. THE PUREST FORM OF BLISS FOR A BIOLOGICAL ENTITY SUCH AS YOURSELF. >

The voice in Logan's head faded and he found himself reflecting on the words. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad? He thought it was a fate worse than death. But he could still hear the frantic vocalizations of his friends in his head as they assuredly burrowed further underground, consuming all in their path and filling the tunnels with that foul-smelling expulsion. They were not sounds of terror; it was as though they'd all forgotten their humanity, forsaken their lives just for the chance to live as these alien beings. They hadn't lost their humanity, not entirely. They could still communicate to a degree, though from the last fading echoes in his mind it was as though they had a preference to focus on feasting, not a lack of cognitive ability to do so.

He made his way over the remnants of his phone, nearly cutting himself on the shattered screen. It didn't matter. Soon he wouldn't have fingers or hands or perhaps even blood in his veins to signal injury. He had no idea what powered the alien beings. They evidently didn't require oxygen the way he did, if they were to survive hundreds of years consuming the rock, the soil, hell perhaps even the entire planet in their endless quest for nourishment. Tentatively, he looked at the power bar. Five percent. If he was going to do this, it had to be now.

Sighing, he moved the humble light over the ground, wanting to find what remained of the alien material that had taken his friends away from him. He finally found the remnants of the pile, one small stack left untouched. Enough to change him as well, he presumed. Logan picked up a handful and shoved it into his mouth with a swift motion, trying to get it over with quickly. It tasted awful. He almost threw up from the sour effect in his mouth yet forced himself to swallow. Somehow, he managed to keep it down.

Sighing, Logan waited for the inevitable first signs of change to join him with his former friends. The awful aftertaste of the waste, for was what he assumed it to be, burned in his mouth. He felt the slightly slimy material slide painfully down his throat, hitting his stomach, gasses inside almost rejecting the impending changes. It was too late. Whatever chemical was in that substance made quick work of his insides, filling him with an almost intense drive for more.

Yet, soon, the aftertaste suddenly switched to something pleasant, like strawberries, chocolate, a plethora of childhood memories that created an irresistible urge to consume more. Logan fell upon the pile, forgetting to even use his hands to eat the substance. He was fully aware of its effects on him; the intense churning of his stomach were a clear indication that something was off. However, he had little control over the impulse to consume what remained of the pile. It was as though the simple exposure drove him to be complete, to fully embrace the catalyst that signaled his inevitable change.

The first thing he noticed as soon as the pile before him was entirely consumed was a lingering hunger. It started as a tiny ember, a bit of heartburn or indigestion disguising itself as a desire to gorge further. Yet as the seconds passed, the fire in his belly only grew, demanded to be stoked. It was so intense, as though the need to feed caused him physical pain from denial of the act. He *needed* to devour; it was as though nothing else mattered, not his fate or the fate of his friends or even his humanity.

Logan sniffed the air, hoping to find a trace of something edible, something to satiate the burning drive he felt in his belly. His nostrils finally settled on what he dimly recalled to be a rock face in front of him. Drooling a little at the savory scent, Logan was surprised by his desire to consume simple rock material. His saliva fell to the ground, audible hissing and indicating that it had taken on enzymes capable of easily breaking down solid rock and minerals, oddly reminiscent of xenomorph blood from 'Alien'. He had no idea how his spit was so acidic and yet did not further injure his still human mouth.

Those worries and concerns were quickly washed away as the drive to feed overrode all rational thought. He tried his best to look outside of himself, to keep a human perspective on the changes he had chosen to undergo. But the force of the alien instinct was like nothing he could

possibly fathom. It felt so good, so *right* to lower his face and begin licking the ground. He heard the steady hiss of his acidic saliva dissolving the rock into a paste he eagerly scooped up with his tongue, sending waves of pleasurable sensation through his body.

So engrossed was he with eating the rock face in front of him that he barely noticed the ripples running through his flesh as though something was crawling underneath. It was as though he was burning up, as if flesh and bone were being melted away, making him lessor, yet somehow *more*. Yet, the sensations were not painful and he paid them no mind as he worked to satisfy the needs of his changing body. He needed to feed like nothing he'd ever known. The only pain he felt was from trying to resist the urge to nourish his shifting body with the goop that his fluids so readily created to be ushered into his waiting maw.

A slight annoyance around his body made him shake as his clothing stretched against the mass of his growing truck. Logan hardly cared. His mouth was slowly beginning to widen, causing him excitement as copious amounts of acid spilled out from the cavity. It allowed him to consume at a much more desirable pace, fulfilling his constant need. He had been on his hands and knees but fell to his stomach as they gave way, losing definition before they broke free from his truck-like body, sloughed off like unnecessary skin. Had Logan been in the proper mindset he would be horrified by these developments. Instead, he relished how much more mobile his trunk was, how easily he wriggled and writhed like a snake, mouth deep in the dirt, creating a sizable burrow in the ground from which he could easily feed.

Caught in the feeding frenzy, Logan hardly noticed how the light from his dying phone began to dim. Slowly his vision blurred, and he caught one last glance of the cavern before simultaneously his eyesight faded and the last bit of battery on his phone died like a final tie to his humanity. He knew he could no longer see, but that was fine. This world was one of complete darkness. It was his world now, and a myriad of new sensations began to open up to him to better navigate it.

With a sudden panic, his lungs collapsed, and Logan feared he would suffocate and die here before the transformation could take full effect. But nothing happened. He was still functioning, still alive. Yet he wasn't breathing, wasn't converting oxygen into carbon dioxide or any other discernible form of respiration. Whatever his new body was, it was deriving all its functions from simply feeding. The human part of him would be fascinated by this observation had he not been filled with the all-consuming need to feast. The ravenous hunger grew more intense, more insatiable the more he changed.

Tiny pricks of sensation along the segments of his cylinder-like body signaled the growth of what he knew to be hundreds of centipede-like limbs. They served to make his movements

through the earth more rapid, allowing him to shove food into his maw and debris out of his path. Through waves of touch from the developing appendages, he was awakened to a myriad of new sensations. He could feel how thick the rock and soil were underneath him. He could detect the hollow echoes that he instinctively knew to be his former friends, tunneling through to earth to satiate the gnawing desire that burned into their own minds. He understood them now, wished to join them, to feel at peace and know his desires would be met.

Staying thoughts were interrupted by an odd stirring in his bowels, or what had once been the equivalent of the human organ. There was no push, no resistance; he simply excreted his waste without any semblance of control. Waves of pleasure rose from his backside, fueling his gluttony, his need to consume and to feel satiated as food entered him and exited in a fluid motion. It felt simply so divine to eat, to digest, to excrete, that he could not possibly begin to put it into human terms. It was as though every dream, every desire he'd ever had was being fulfilled by this simple natural act, and that no greater reward in the universe awaited him. There was no smell, thankfully; his waste was simply registered as indigestible to his deranged mind as it formed around him, creating a slick puddle through which was easily able to maneuver through the thick soil and rock.

Of most significant note, however, were the unexpected changes to his sex. His member had begun to alter drastically, growing long and stiff as his excited body continued to feed. He hadn't expected these creatures to be sexual, or at least in a way that he deemed fathomable. However, there was no mistaking the erotic sensations emanating from his former human dick. It quickly rose out beyond the length of his former human stomach and kept growing still. The sensations that emanated from it as it rubbed against the slick coating of his secretions were magnified 10-fold from anything the human had ever known.

He could feel it stretching and uncoiling from a slit underneath him, the skin hardening like his flesh. Fluids filled the orifice, allowing interlocking segments to hold the organ in place for what he assumed would be the mating act. He was aware of its size and general shape; it was much longer and thinner than its human counterpart, ending in a pointed tip, with no distinctive bulb or head that he could feel. The entire length was relatively uniform in width, tapering slightly at the other end but otherwise retaining its shape. It was as though the simple act of eating was enough to fuel his lusts; it was not driven by an urge to procreate, but rather a further reward for fulfilling his natural biological drives.

At last, the changes began to subside as he felt his now-massive trunk solidify, reaching what he assumed would be its final length. He had a perfect image of how large he was, how easily he could navigate his new form through tunnels and rock beds, but found it nearly impossible to quantify it in human terms such as length or mass. It was as though he was aware

of every vibration, every molecule of disturbance for great distances around him. He could easily track the movements of what he assumed to be his former friends; three distinct patterns made by creatures of his size and shape. Yet further away still were others, dozens, perhaps hundreds of beings like him, all eating, all digesting the planet's core to suit their needs. Logan was more than happy to join with them, to burrow himself deep in a bed of nourishment to live for an eternity.

Changes finally complete, the human side of him was finally able to awaken, at least slightly as his body fell into the comfortable rhythm of its biological directives. The temptation to lose himself in the acts was great; however, Logan was curious about his new body and wished to view the experience from a human perspective. A dwindling part of him wanted to mourn his lost humanity, all the experiences, and people he would never see or have again. But the sensations coming from his new body were so overwhelming, so exquisite, he had no human terms to describe them. They were simply far superior to anything he'd ever felt as a mere human.

Logan had no idea how long he burrowed through the earth, consuming and excreting what must have been literal tons of solid matter. The hunger never abated, he never tired, never ran out of energy. Whatever he was made of seemed to generate all its energy requirements from feeding, and exposure to food was enough to drive its urges. It felt so damn *good* to give in, to keep feeding, to continuously reap the reward from indulging in the desires of his changed shape. Though such repetition should have bored the human him, there was never a distraction from the action that caused him to feel a sense of monotony that was anything other than pure bliss.

After a time, Logan had no idea how long, an instinct led him to seek out a tunnel made by another of his kind. He wasn't sure what it was; the aches in what used to be his loins or a brief reprieve from the intense hunger he felt. But whatever the reason he was compelled to seek out another like him. The drive was in some ways even more intense than the one to feed. It was more controllable, though it burned more intensely in his member, threatening agony should he resist too long.

It didn't take him long to sense the presence of a nearby tunnel. Furthermore, he knew exactly *where* in the cavern his target dwelt. It was also getting closer; it, too, had sensed his presence and was evidently feeling the same biological drives that compelled him to seek out another of his kind. He knew he was getting closer; a few more bites would open a hole large enough for his cylindrical body to fall through. His member quivered in anticipation; slick and wet from the juices it produced as well as the ones his body had lined the tunnel with.

With an unexpected suddenness, his changed member throbbed and shook, spraying the tunnel with an explosive orgasm. He paused momentarily, overcome with the literal waves of joy that ripped through him. He couldn't believe the intensity at which the alien orgasm overtook him. It was nothing like its human counterpart. It was deeper, more fulfilling than even eating had been. And yet at the same time, it left him empty, as though he had hit another plateau rather than receiving true release.

He could feel how thin the rock was beneath his heavy form, and he braced himself as his acidic spit ate through the last thin layer, creating a hole big enough for his slick vermiform body to slide through. He fell harmlessly into the larger tunnel, able to freely right himself using his many tiny limbs. His member was erect again, and dragged exquisitely along the slimy cave floor, triggering another response directly behind it, as though he possessed a second focal point of sexual pleasure. Yet, he ceased to find the notion concerning, given his drastic change in form, and instead focused on the vibrations closing in on him from his fellow alien.

Logan knew the creature in front of him to have been his former friend. He only knew its presence by its smell, by the vibrations of its movements, and a sudden shift of motion barely detectable by his gelatinous eyes. Yet something about its presence screamed 'Laura' to his still somewhat aware humanity. <LAURA...YOU...ME...NEED...> he thought, wanting to articulate more, to ask her how she was, confide in her. However, the need building in his loins was too great, and he immediately rushed forward, rubbing his segmented body against his former friend's. He simply loved the cascading pleasure the contact made, how easily his form pressed against the hard surface of his fellow being's carapace.

In response, he felt the new orifice open up, alongside the semblance of male genitals he still retained. He had no idea what it was. Some scent, some chemical trace from his former friend turned cave-mate triggered it. He needed to be filled, to feel penetrated all along the depths of this new cavern. Likewise, he could scent what he knew to be a similar orifice along his friend's body, it, too, was slick with need.

Had he still had about him his human facilities, Logan would have noted that he and all of his fellow aliens were no longer male and female but existed as purely hermaphroditic beings. Yet, he didn't care, didn't mourn his lost gender or even his humanity. The sensations radiating from his newly changed organs were too intense, too divine to ignore. He was desperate to know what it would feel like to have his new orifice penetrated while his own member penetrated his partner's in turn.

Sliding up beside Laura's cylindrical body, Logan relished feeling the exquisite sensation of her body heat mixing with his own. He was hardly able to contain the massive erection that

tugged along the slime-covered tunnel, aching painfully to enter her moist tunnel as his own simultaneously screamed out to be penetrated. He instinctively joined hands with her, multiple limbs linking together in unison as though they were a zipper being done up. His limbs tied with hers in succession, eventually bringing his body on top of hers, easily supported by their changed state. At last, the final connections were made, and each set of genitals organically found their matching office, undeterred by the interlocking rows of limbs that seemed only to propel the contact forward naturally.

The feeling of his member in Laura's opening was equaled only by the sensation of her member inside him. The two sets of sex organs rubbed together making his body tremble from the contact in waves. Though his ability to conceptualize time had long since vanished, he still felt as though the mating act lasted hours, if not days. His feeding drive suppressed, his resources had fully moved towards satiating his sexual needs and desires. His new vaginal opening oozed slick fluids all over his lover's member, making penetration entirely painless. He, too, felt how slick his partner's opening was for him as he slowly thrust back and forth. He felt his final release building but somehow always out of reach. The sensation drove him further on, drowning him in a haze of near-endless pleasure that only escalated as the act continued.

At last, he felt the sensation overtake him as an unknown alien orgasm build up in his changed loins. Simultaneous twinges of pleasure erupt from both sets of sex organs, and Logan was overcome with the heavenly onset of his first true alien release. It was far more intense than his brief masturbatory session as if that had only been a tiny prelude to the near-endless ecstasy he was about to experience. His entire body tensed up as he felt his mate's underneath him doing the same, preparing them for the long-awaited release, a true baptism into their new lives.

They came together, unable to vocalize but screaming in orgasmic pleasure through the implants in their heads. Each was overcome with the bliss of ecstasy that was beyond even the drive to eat and consume. Elsewhere they heard the simultaneous chorus of their friends, tied deeply in each other as they came, dozens of pairs of former humans copulating in rapture. Vaguely in the back of his mind, he wondered what it would be like to mate with other changed humans. How would Caitlyn or perhaps even Travis feel to be bonded with, to mate with? He looked forward to centuries of pleasure with each of his former friends and former humans in turn.

It was impossible for them to know how much time passed. They lived entirely subterranean lives now. They had no inclination to ever visit the surface of the world they'd been placed on. Yet the passage of time did not matter to their changed forms or the mentalities they

had adapted. They did not rest or sleep or require any distraction save the ones their bodies proved them. The passage of seasons, of days and nights, and months and years were meaningless to their new existence.

The urges subsided somewhat, over time, as they became accustomed to their new forms. The hunger and the lust were always present, to be sure, though now it was easier to control, to allow old human intellects to surface for a time. They could communicate in human terms via the implants or whatever technology the aliens installed into their primitive brains. It was a blessing; a way to retain some former semblance of their humanity that still stubbornly clung to the powerful drives of the aliens they'd become.

They did not mourn their lost humanity. All pleasures in their past lives paled in comparison to the erotic sensations their new forms brought them. They mated often when the hunger did not totally override their instincts. The feelings of their matching genitals gave them such exquisite pleasure. They did not produce offspring; Logan wondered if their new bodies were capable of reproduction, or if the aliens had somehow blocked the ability for their numbers to increase, to grow out of control with beings that did not possess the human intellect required to be easily tamed. It didn't matter. The drive to mate, to fuck was so powerful, and it quickly turned his thoughts to his next session.

Logan knew from the vibrations he felt that eventually, the planet would become completely hollow. He and his kind would have nothing left to feast upon. But he also had hope. They were too valuable a resource for the alien race that had changed them. They would be collected, move to another planet where the cycle could begin anew. An entirely new world to be eaten, consumed, digested for his pleasure of existence. A part of him grew excited at the notion, and as the hunger pains briefly subsided. He felt the familiar sensation building up in his loins, and quickly moved to seek out the nearest former human, to satisfy the sexual hunger that had crept into his being.