

Surprise Birthday Cake

Ding, dong went the doorbell, "*Wer kann das sein?*" thought Wuk, getting up from his computer chair. It's a short walk from there through his personal flat in the city of Munchen Germany. A simple human, with a grizzled face, black hair, brown eyes, in the early stages of becoming middle aged. There was a soft knocking on the door as he got closer, "Einen Moment," he says in German. He peers through the peep hole and sees no one there.

Cautiously he opens the door, "Hallo? Jemand da?" he calls out looking down the hallway in one direction and then in the other, seeing nothing. About to close the door he notices a brown wrapped package at the foot of his door, "Was ist das? Ein Geschenk?" he mutters, picking up the package. It felt hefty in his hands, "Schwer," he remarks, taking the package inside, closing the door behind him. He looks over the package seeing no return address, but sees his online alias spelled on the top, "For Vuk."

"*Es ist von meinen Amerikanischen Freunden?*" he thinks, running his fingers across the package, "*Aber niemand kennt meine Adresse,*" he continues the thought, putting the package onto the kitchen table.

Going to his computer he thinks, "*Ich werde Sie fragen.*" Going through his online contacts he gives several of his friends a quick poke, "Hey, did you send something for my birthday? I just got this package, but it doesn't say from who. I don't know who to thank."

Over the next few hours, he gets responses, no one claiming the gift, and with each rejection his curiosity but concern grows. Sure, his birthday has been overall lackluster with having few local friends to share the day with. Not that he felt it was a big deal, that was normal for him and he's long gotten used to it.

But this strange package that has come out of nowhere is a growing mystery. He debates in his head if he should open it or not. While he passes, he looks outside, the sun already beginning to set on the cold winter's day, a layer of snow covers the ground, giving the city landscape a wonderful post-Christmas feeling.

He continues to wait, wanting to get as many of his friends to respond to his inquiry before making that final decision. Something about this whole thing made him feel off. A pit formed in his stomach, a mixture of nervousness and excitement.

"Wer könnte das gewesen sein?" he muttered to himself, rubbing his face, looking at the package, glancing back at his computer, noticing no new responses. "Ich wette ich weiß wer, aber... Ich habe ihn seit einem Monat nicht gesehen," he says to himself pacing a bit longer, "Wahrscheinlich... wahrscheinlich nicht," he takes a deep breath, letting out a sigh, his mind going back and forth, while his fingers run across the simple brown paper.

"Warum nicht," he says, finally conceding to his curiosities, tearing into the package to reveal a white cardboard box. On the top, written in English it says, "Happy Birthday." Butterflies kick up in his stomach, lifting the flap he opens the box revealing a blue white and black frosting birthday cake which says, "Zum gluck Geburtstag!"

The sweet smell of the cake fills the room, a big smile appears on his face, “Wie süß,” he says leaning in to get a good look at the cake, “Aber es sollte alles Gute zum Geburtstag heiß--” he says, his words cutting off. The cake explodes, a sleek liquid bursts from the cake, sending frosting everywhere.

A sleek black, blue and white liquid coils around his neck, rushing to cover his face. He yells out, “Hilfe!” before the substance which feels like rubber wraps around his head. He gasps for air, feeling a phallic tube slide down his mouth, down his throat. Providing him with the air he needs. His hands knock over a chair, he tumbles back to the ground, trying to pull off whatever is wrapping itself around his head.

Within seconds, the rubber liquid of the creature has completely engulfed his head, blinding and deafening him. The substance spreads down his neck, coating his body, the warm liquid, relaxing him, consuming his clothes as it rolls down his body. He tries to call out again for help but his words are muffled, mouth filled with a sleek rubber tasting liquid, covering his tongue and teeth. He grunts and moans, pleasure suddenly surging through him, his hands and tense, trying in vain to remove the liquid which now spreads to his hands, coating them, elongating his fingers into a pair of claws, feeling the changing and constricting his body. He feels fingers fuse and merge together, a soft squeak echoing hiss.

“*Was ist das? irgendjemand! Hilf mir!*” he thinks, reaching out every so often before trying in vain to tear through the growing rubber around his face, feeling his facial features smooth out, becoming sleek and dommed, the back of his head pounding, as it's slowly raised off the ground. His head elongating, pushing against the ground as it does so.

Wuk rolls onto his stomach, his clothes easily consumed by the strange rubbery creature that is growing around him. His limbs grow longer, a strength growing within him, a tingle down his spine, feeling pressure build up as four tubes push out of his back, “*Was passiert da?*” he thinks, his mind trying to grasp the happening events, his tailbone growing, splitting, extending outwards, a long thin spiky tail growing outwards when he feels a set of hands wrap around his body.

Wuk jerks, trying to free himself from the hands, which grip him tighter. His heart races, the rubber now completely enveloping his body, his skin growing harder, ribbed around his chest, the hands feeling alien, strong yet gentle, trying to restrain yet not harming him. He tries to break free once more, his heart pounding, head even harder, they lift him onto his feet, the tail whickipping between the two creatures he still can't see but feel their warm hot breaths against his changing form. It sends shivers down his spine, “*Lass mich Lose!*” he tries to say but as the rubber fills his mouth more, tongue growing hard, becoming totally inoperable rows of sharp teeth forming within his new mouth, a long drawn out hiss is all that he is able to make.

Despite his growing strength, he is weak and helpless against whatever is holding him, dragging him through his house, onto his bed which creaks loudly under the combined weight. A strange warm fluid washes over him, slowly, steadily his limbs and body are bound against the bed, legs spread, exposing himself to the creatures. Oddly enough through all of this, his body feels hotter, more delightful than it ever has before, arousal burrows within his loins, his length

hardening the rubber having long enveloped it, transforming it, making it grow thicker, longer, more alien-like. The cool air around his body gives him a vague idea of the changes he is undergoing. His tongue continues to stiffen, spreading out, partening, becoming more hydraulic in nature, a second set of teeth and inner mouth forming out of his tongue. The moment he lets out a long drawn out hiss, the second mouth coming out of his primary mouth, the realization hit him.

“Sie machen einen Xenomorph aus mir!” he thinks, feeling thickening layers of the cocooning substance binding him into place.

“Yes we are,” hisses a voice in his head, it's not actual words, but meaning, meaning which he translates into something he can understand and with it he hears not one but two voices one slightly more masculine in nature, the other feminine, though to his human mind he couldn't tell the difference, but it was an instinctual feeling that told him this, but at the moment he had no time to question this as he is bound to his bed, cock twitching in the air, body completely vulnerable to these aliens.

“Wer seid ihr!” he thinks, tugging at the thickening constraints, his breath deep, heavy, hissing more and more with each passing moment. His tail twitches, being bound to the bed by the cocooning substance. He is still blind, head aching, growing even longer, and the more it does, the stronger his senses become. His sense of smell filling his mind, detecting two others in the room, latex, rubbery his mind telling him, *“Wie mir.”*

“We are the new hive, and you are our newest drone,” they say in unison, their hands trailing along his body, one gently rubbing his head. Wuk tries to jerk away, but it is hopeless, his inner jaw snaps at them, but hits nothing.

“Nein!” Wuk thinks, trying to reject the two xenomorphs' presence, which grows ever stronger with each passing moment. A scent of arousal and lust fills the room from the two, yet some of it is unmistakably his own, his length twitching, aching, dribbling pre-cum.

“You can't resist us. Your new instincts are already growing with your new body. You are more like us than what you were,” they say, he feels a hot breath on his length, one of them gripping the base of cock, a thumb gently running across the tip.

Wuk tries to thrust his hips but finds the tight bondage around him, making it impossible, his member twitches in delight, pleasure shooting through his body, along his spine up into his mind, urging him to accept the words of the other aliens, *“Lasst mich los!”* he calls out to them in his mind.

“We know you don't want that. Not till you join us. Which won't be too long from how eager you are,” they say, a hard-phallic length brushing along the side of his face. It squeaks softly, grinding against his dome, the smell of lust growing stronger, his mouth drooling, his inner jaw snapping out, hitting nothing.

“Nein! Niemals!” he cries out, yet the pleasure in his loins grow, he feels the mouth of a xenomorph inner mouth pressing along the tip of his length, pushing down like a warm tight rigid tube that presses along his entire length.

"Mein Gott," Wuk thinks, the pleasure and pressure building up in his loins, each thrust down his length, adding to his own building lust which clouds his mind. He gasps out, a long drooling hiss escapes his lips when he feels the other xenomorph's cock push into his mouth, pressing against that same inner mouth, that is currently wrapping around his own flesh. The salty rubbery taste of the xenomorph flesh is intoxicating, oddly delightful, he finds his inner jaw pushing out enveloping the cock.

The male xenomorph caresses his head, only his voice speaking now, *"Yes good. Accept. Taste your superior,"* he states, his words forceful in his mind, his inner jaw pushing out while the other drone milks his length, pre-cum constantly flowing out of his eager member, yet still he resists to a degree. Not releasing, not giving them a full satisfaction of his complete severitude, despite the growing desire to do so.

"Nein. Ich bin ein Mensch," Wuk thinks, despite milking and suckling the thick xenomorph cock in his lips, the sleek pre-cum flowin over his inne rmouth, allowing him to taste the juices with his new 'tongue' the flavor an unexpected delight that leaves him craving more, the delight of which pecks away at his mental defenses.

"You were human but no longer. You are our drone," the male hisses, the female caressing his chitin covered balls, giving them a firm squeaks, more pre-cum psuhing out of his length into the female's tight suckling mouth. The male pounding into his face, balls smacking against his lips, the long alien hands caressing his head.

"Nein," he thinks the pleasure building, the last of his transformation completing, the back tubes are now fully formed, the spines along his spine, the sharp edged bladed tail, a fierce body and with it, his vision begins to return, different from what he had before. Fishbowl like, as if his entire vision his a single "eye" centered around his forehead, giving a larger peripheral view far greater than anything he had when he was human, further pounding in how alien he has become while seeing the thick slick black rubber cock that is pushing into his hungry blakc and blue rubber mouth. He sees before him a black and blue xenomorph, dangerous, fierce, making him feel completely helpless to him. His arousal growing stronger, while the xenomorph slams himself hard into his mouth releasing a loud hissing climax, the bed creaking under the weight of the move. Hot sticky seeds of xenomorph cum floods his mouth, his body hungrily accepting it all building a subtle need in him to want more.

"Cum, and you will be complete, and fully join our hive," hisses the female into his mind, the inner jaw pounding faster, brining Wuk to the brink, while the male takes his head as his own personal fuck toy, forcing him to milk his length of every drop of xenomorph seed.

"Nein! Ich bin ein Mensch. Kein Xenomorph!" he thinks defiantly, his body on the verge of breaking. His heart pounding so hard he can feel the flow of blood through his new long head, his entire body aching, wanting him to finally break.

"You may say no. But your body screams yes. Perhaps you need more stimulation to fully submit to your new reality," the two xenomorphs hiss into his mind. Their words grow more dominant, controlling, pushing him underneath him in more than just the physical.

The male xenomorph pulls away from his head, revealing the second xenomorph, nearly identical, say a twin, except for the fact that between her legs is an impossibly tight female sex. Their feet are also unique, with raptor sickle claw appendage at the end. Wuk shakes his head, finding it hard to believe what he is seeing.

“Nein, es ist unmöglich,” he thinks.

The two xenomorphs hiss chuckle, sensing his mouths, the two say in unison, *“It is very possible our friend. Sometimes one can’t remain one when their interests are so divided. But not you. You have one interest. Submission to us,”* they say, the female moving over Wuk’s length, lining herschel fup, pressing the tip against her hot event. She pushes down, gripping Wuk’s cock tip tightly freeing her hands to gently caress and hold Wuk, forcing him to look at her.

“Accept your fate,” she hisses, bringing her inner jaw out, to gently ‘kiss’ his forehead, the hot drool running along his domed head, while the male xenomorph gets behind her, his throbbing cock, spent but still aching and ready for more, the tip pushines against Wuk’s tight rear, pushing past his anal ring, righ tinto his hungry xenomorph flesh.

Wuk hisses and grunts, feelin the penetration, while the female xenomorph goes down on his length, doubling his pleasure, his sensitive flesh is also strangely so strong, tough, able to handle the rough yet gentle xenomorph partners that use him for their own pleasure, pushing his own lustful delights to the next level. His body craves their use and abuse, which nag at the corners of his mind, penetrating him, making him want it all just that much more than he did just moments ago.

The female xenomorph, black and blue like the other, her skin shining in the light, caresses Wuk’s head, *“Yes. Just submit and give in. Join our hive. Release the tension between us. Connect and **submit**,”* she hisses into his mind, her strong sex squeezezi his entire length, hilding down on him.

Wuk grunts, *“Nein, werde mich ich nicht unterwerfen!”* he thinks back, the pleasure rising within him. A voice whispering in his mind, one that is his own but different, the words foreign yet completely known to him.

“Submit. You want to submit. We want to submit. Join the hive. Become one.”

Wuk shakes his head, trying to clear the voices from it, but the female xenomorph holds his elongated dome within her strong hands. The male gripping his bound legs, his tail wrapping around his bound tail, exerting greater control over him. His length throbs, twitches, slamming hard into his body that his former frail human body could have never withstood. The pleasure builds even higher within him. The xenomorph cock grinds against his prostate, hitting his other pleasure button. His length twitches within the tight female folds, body on the edge, mind beginning to crack. A long deep hiss escapes his mouth, his mouths opening to let the moan just roll out of his mouth, his toes and hands tense, clenchi down, feeling the buildup grow even more.

“So close. Soon you will join us,” the two drones say in unison, the female rising up and down on his length, edging him closer to that delightful release, the male poundinhis exposed

rear, pumping him up, ensuring when he blows it will be grand. His butt tightly clenches around the xenomorph cock, his body wanting to reciprocate the pleasures his male partner is giving him. He feels himself slipping away into the ocean of bliss, the domineering xenomorph's control, the desire to let them have their way with him, to join them growing.

"Ich werde..." he thinks, pre-cum constantly flowing from his cock tip.

"Yesss, ssssubmit to usss," they hiss into his mind, his body squeaking against theirs, the bed creaking, ready to break, he is totally helpless to these two superior drones. Just like how he has become, drones that he feels a growing connection to. Each thrust, each squeeze, each time they go down and in him, their words ring truer and truer in his mind.

"Ich werde..." he thinks, body about to blow.

"Submit. Join the hive. Become ours," they hiss, slamming themselves hard against his body, the female climaxing, hot sticky xenomorph seed rushes down his length, running past his chitin body, the acid eating through the bed under him, the male pumping his second load into his tight rear, filling Wuk with his corruptive delightful warmth. It's a sense of pleasure and belonging that he has never felt before and he can't help but release his own flood gates. His mind fully opening up to them, his seed gushing up into the female, flooding her with his own essence.

"Yess..." Wuk responds, his mind fully connecting to the hive, joining their voices to his own, feeling their dominance and control become complete. They are his, and he is theirs. The female milking his length for every drop, sealing his fate to service to his hive, to *them*. The male pounds several more times into his tight rear, Wuk happy to drain his superior male of his seed, feeling him find his rightful place underneath him. The two xenomorphs pant and hiss, holding and caressing their newly submitted drone. Wuk groans in delight, his apprehensions having melted away with his climax. His mind now clear, his purpose set in stone.

"Welcome to the hive, Wuk." they hiss into his mind.

"Thank you..." he responds, the last bits of his humanity gone. The two superior drones leave him there bound to the bed for a few hours, letting his pleasure and new self fully sink in before they break him out of the bed. Out of his resin bondage. And when they do, he nuzzles and hisses the other two drones with a soft squeak.

"Come, we have more drones to gather." they say in unison to him.

"Yes my King and Queen," Wuk thinks, knowing he will help make their hive strong.