

Vic stared out into the seemingly endless abyss of what he could only guess were other square cages, similar to the one that currently entrapped him. The edge was made of some sort of force field that buzzed when he touched it, yet caused him no harm. The cell wasn't too small, with room for him to move around and an additional area in the back for sleeping and privacy. That was perhaps the scariest part of the whole thing. The cage looked like it was meant to hold him for an extended period with perhaps no intent to release him.

The circumstances of his imprisonment were still unclear. One minute he had been waiting in a bus terminal for his transfer, the next he was overwhelmed with a series of blinding lights and a body numbing paralysis. After an eternity, he awoke face to face with an expanse of cages housing a menagerie of monsters that could not have possibly existed on earth. Yet there they were, alien creatures in cages like some kind of massive zoo or preserve.

His buddy Garrett was in a cage nearby. They had been on their way back from a concert, feeling buzzed and just wanting to get back to their hotel. They had no idea they would be the target of an alien abduction! As outlandish a prospect as it was, it was quickly becoming the only logical conclusion. If it was an elaborate hoax, to what end? If it was a hallucination or dream or drugs, then why was everything so lucid?

There was no way for them to communicate other than to stare across the barriers and contemplate their fates in silence. They were not alone as a species. Several other humans existed in the cages as well, frantically beating against their prisons or starting outward with silent anguish.

The voice that soon erupted in their heads was all-consuming. It was in English, much to their surprise. How did any aliens know their language so easily? Perhaps they were simply reading their minds to relay what they thought was pertinent information. Vic's only indication that Garrett, too, heard the voice was that he was on his knees in pain from the intrusion in their skulls.

YOU HAVE THE HONOR OF BEING SELECTED FROM YOUR POPULOUS RACES TO REPLACE THOSE WHOSE NUMBERS ARE ENDANGERED! YOUR LIVES WILL BE ONES OF EASE AND CONTENTMENT! REJOICE! ALLOW YOUR CHANGES TO HAPPEN AND ENJOY YOUR NEW LIVES!

Vic started out into the horror show with a mix of fear and anger. How dare someone take them from their homes and force them into this sideshow? Worse, he was starting to get the impression that the creatures in the other cages were once human, or, at least once another

species than those they currently were. What did the voice mean by ‘changes’? He truly had no way to know.

NOW, IF YOU WISH NOT TO CHANGE, FOR WHATEVER REASON, FEAR NOT! YOU NEED SIMPLY TO PRESS THE DEVICE ON THE WALL BESIDE YOU. HOWEVER, WE DO NEED A SELECTION OF SPECIMENS, SO WE CAN ONLY RETURN SO MANY TO THEIR HOME PLANETS. DO BE SWIFT IF YOU SO CHOOSE TO REMAIN IN YOUR CURRENT FORM. THOUGH, WHY YOU WOULD NOT CHOOSE OUR HOSPITALITY IS BEYOND US, IT IS YOUR WILL TO MAKE IT SO.

They received no further indication as to their fates after that. The voice in their heads remained silent. No matter how much they banged on the walls or yelled to be let loose, there was no reply to their anguish. They had only to wait and see what was to happen to them before

With little else to do, they gazed out at the other few humans, each struggling to free themselves or get the attention of their captors. One man, however, seemed distracted with a device near the force field, almost like a hand pump. He began frantically pumping it as though his life depended on it. Vic’s blood ran cold at that. Was that the device the voice meant?

For a few minutes, nothing happened. Then, a man in a cage close by reached for the same device in his own prison but then something unthinkable occurred. His hands abruptly melted away while his arms retracted into his torso. Within moments, the man was undergoing a horrific change, the features in his cracking skin not dissimilar to some of the beings around them.

It soon became clear what the purpose of the hand pumps was. Those who were pressing them remained human, while those unfortunate to not realize what was going on started to horribly mutate into beings that resembled those in the other charges. It was some sort of twisted puzzle game, where the winners staved off the inevitable change while the losers were mutated into other forms. It should have been impossible for such changes to occur. Yet, it was impossible to deny what was before their own eyes.

Others in their cells started to frantically pump at the devices while the remaining, oblivious prisoners writhed in pain as their bodies began to change. From their human forms tore a nightmare of alien beings, four-legged beasts, elemental creatures, and things that defied description. To their collective disgust, each creature started pleasuring themselves, touching their changing genitalia as they gave in to their new forms.

Vic looked down to see that a similar device was present in his cell. Did he dare? Anyone who was pumping the devices remained human for the moment while their cellmates became what could only be considered alien beasts. Overcome with fear for his humanity, he grasped the device and pumped it for all he was worth.

For those first few moments, nothing happened and he sighed in relief, spared the transformative effects of the cages. Feeling guilty, he looked around to see if his actions would have any impact on others. His eyes immediately fell on Garrett's pleading ones as Garrett started rubbing his chest and his groin. Vic let go of the pump but it was too late. Something started creeping into Garrett's expression, a look of undeniable lust.

Vic watched in disgust as his shorter, stocky friend ripped off his shirt and pants with surprising strength, exposing a fat, taut cock in his strained undies. Vic wanted to help but there was nothing he could do in his current state of imprisonment. He knew he should look away but the curiosity was too much.

Garrett's cock was growing red and thick, the tip oozing fluid. His fingers could barely hold on as it grew out to 12, 13, 14 inches. His hairless balls tensed and he shot a load all over his hand and the cage. Yet the twitching in his groin didn't stop. To Vic's disgust, something started poking up from the skin at the base of Garrett's cock, pushing the massive shaft out of the way. The tip of the protrusion opened a hole in the center that started leaking the same clear fluid as his main cock. Within moments Garrett had two cocks, both the same size and shape and just as powerfully erect. His entire groin started to change, most notably his testicles which seemed to split within their wrinkled sack, forming two sets of massive swelling balls.

As Garrett used both of his arms to stroke off the engorged cocks, Vic could see the limbs writhing as though bulking up with massive flesh underneath. The reddened skin rippled over him as the layers of muscle bulged and tore apart the human viscera. One of the fingers on each hand dissolved away while the other three and thumb grew thick with the dark reddish skin. The new flesh was rough, thick, and sturdy like armor. It rippled in several places, no longer smooth as his human skin had been, creating several spike-like protrusions that poked out over the new flesh.

Garrett's pecs flattened and his stomach bulged with the start of a six-pack. But that wasn't the most unnerving part of the change. As Vic stared, something started ripping out of the flesh along Garrett's back, near his shoulder blades. The muscles doubled, tripled in size as new pointed tips literally burst through the skin. Within moments the two pillars of flesh writhed out like snakes, thickening with muscles as the tips started to swell and individual digits protruded

forth. Integrate bones and joints took shape underneath as new hands started flexing for the first time. Garrett soon sported a second pair of fully formed arms, only slightly than his main ones.

The red skin spread up to his face as his eyes closed in rapture from the lust leaking from twin members. Two small pimples formed underneath, two ovals that soon expanded to the size of his main eyes. To Vic's disgust, the new flaps of skin opened, giving Garrett two new pairs of eyes that shuddered open and closed as his cocks leaked all over his massive hands. Two black stripes spread from his eyes towards his cheeks, and a single stripe formed from his lips to his chin. They accented his features like a mustache, though all his hair had fallen out, replaced by thick lumps of solid skin.

Garrett grunted as the two new arms switched to stroking his twin cocks. Vic could see Garrett's ripped legs, his two-toed feet supporting his now-massive 12-foot frame. Vic couldn't hear his former friend, but the grunts of pleasure were plastered all over his face as his balls churned and the throbbing, veiny cocks shot all over his new cage. Vic could see his nostrils flare as though drinking in the virile male musk of his own creation. None of the resistance Garrett had shown before his changes began was left in the new beast where once stood his friend. The sight made Vic terrified. Would he end up the same way?

Vic considered pumping the hand pump once more, to avoid a similar fate. But a sudden pain from his face made Vic realize it was too late. It was happening to him too! He moaned as his eyes erupted from his face, the sockets pushing his eyeballs outward while forming skin and muscles over the nerves. He could move them around independently and Vic gasped as he realized he could see all the way around him! Colors seemed different, more vibrant like the dials had all been adjusted. What kind of creature was he becoming?!

The same pulling sensation soon began emanating from the space just below his new eye stocks. Vic gasped as a second set of eyes stocks started poking out just below his original ones. He could feel something tingling at the ends and yelled out suddenly as his new lids opened and a second set of eyes took form. His still-human mind had trouble seeing from four eyes on swirling stocks. It made his vision spit and blur for a moment before the rest of his changes continued.

Vic's hair was starting to fall out, dissolving in the air as his face and head became bare. The color of his skin started to change towards a yellow or green, or at least as perceived by his new eyes. To his horror, Vic felt the bones in his head dissolving, turning to mush as the remaining bits melted into the blood vessels in his brain. Yet hardening skin was soon able to support his head and braincase. Vic nearly gasped at the implication. He was becoming some kind of insect! He was going to spend the rest of his life as a bug!

Like his skull, his teeth started to dissolve away but were quickly replaced by block-like protrusions of chiton that covered the entirety of his mouth. His head cracked as the shape grew more square, becoming smaller and smaller compared to his body. His neck started to thicken, the same hardened green exoskeleton spreading down to the rest of his body. His spine dissolved and his systems were reduced to a more simplistic insect circulatory system.

Vic moaned, still somehow able to speak as his chest began to swell under the force of the changes. His stomach expanded, pulling with it his pecs, nipples, and chest. The single mass began to harden with the same material that had made up the exoskeleton on his head. A series of thick plates stood about along his stomach as his ass began to protrude, ripping its way out of his pants. He wanted to take them off but the expanse of his body was so massive he could no longer easily reach there.

The muscles in his arms started to wither as his chitinous skin spread and the bones dissolved. He could feel his arms shortening as two of his fingers on each hand wilted and shrank into his palms. His fingertips sharpened and stretched out into short nailed claws. Vic flexed them experimentally, their range of motion surprisingly similar to his human ones. His arms still retained their two joints, although his shoulders had begun shrinking into the still-expanding flesh of his torso. He could still move his weakened limbs, still rotate his arms around via the sockets that connected them to his truck. His thorax, he corrected himself, realizing the changes in his anatomy.

The terror of his situation began to hit him full force as the changes slowly encroached over his body. He was doomed to be an alien, a bug, an unknown lifeform living in a cage, like a zoo animal on display. He had no idea how or why this was happening. No control existed over his situation. Helplessness and despair washed over him. All his hopes, his dreams, and goals for the future were being washed away as his body changed against his will

Vic could feel something poking out of the sides of his chest, pinpricks of pain from a pair of long pointed limbs that burst forth like fast-growing blades of grass. An extra joint snapping into place within them as the pointed tips stretched forward. His body felt a little top-heavy as his torso expanded and his ass stretched out behind him. Unbalanced, he fell over, only to be caught on his new thin limbs, easily managing to hold up his still-expanding body.

His legs, too, started to thin as the bones within reduced to dust. Unlike his hands, however, the structures in his feet simply faded away, leaving him with a smooth stump that quickly grew pointed like the second pair he had protruding from his abdomen. All the fat and

muscle dissolved away as he was left with only paper-thin spindly legs, with a single joint where his knees once rested and a connection to his truck-like body.

Next, Vic felt something burst forth from the skin on his flattening back, spreading down the length like some sort of hard carapace-like structure. He shuddered with the realization that he could move them independently from the muscles in his back or arms. In abject horror, he realized that the motion unfurled four thin membranous protrusions that continued spreading upwards and beating frantically the more they grew. He could see behind him perfectly with his new eye stalks, as the four massive thin flaps took shape. His muscles beat almost effortlessly as the membranes started moving almost faster than he could perceive and he was unwittingly lifted off the floor. Wings! He had sprouted wings!

He spent a few moments flying around the enclosure, shocked at how effortless it felt to move in three dimensions. He only wished that he had more space to fly, unable to move much farther in the relatively small enclosure. Yet, to his surprise, the cage he was in suddenly opened up into a larger area directly above him, one that allowed in a pleasant breeze. The new space seemed impossible to exist within the confines of such a small series of cages. But, to Vic, it looked like he had the entire sky to fly around on!

Vic felt his mind wander, enjoying his newfound power of flight all while his backside extended, taking his anus and cock along from the ride. Yet, the tingling in his protruding abdomen gave him pause. Lost in the joy of flight and power in his new body he was unprepared for the feelings of his balls tensing up as though in orgasm. He shuddered uncontrollably as the last of his human seed shot out and fell down to the floor.

Something above his former tailbone sprouted a hard thick black blade with a pointed tip that expanded beyond the length of his abdomen. But that wasn't what had enraptured his attention. His cock had merged with his anus, his testicles retracting into his body. Yet he was still very male. He flexed the new muscles in his backside, bringing the whole thing underneath him as something thick and black extended in response to his arousal. The whole thing started oozing viscous fluid, a stench that only got him harder.

The scents triggered something in his eyes, new glands that opened up and suddenly shot out several thick globs of foul-smelling fluid. The stench hit him full force, yet it did not bother him for long. In fact, it simply made the need in his new cock all the more insistent. He needed to touch himself, couldn't hold back. The stench in the cage was so powerfully arousing.

Vic took his somewhat human hands and ran them over the thick protrusion of his sex. It was all the way out of his single opening now, hard and leaking and trembling to his touch. He

could feel his testicles inside him, throbbing as they built up with seed and the need to release. Even the slightest touch was enough...just a little more...

“HHHHSSSS... FUUCCCKKK!” He cried as his new sex spewed all over the cage floor he was in. It fell down like rain as he hovered above it effortlessly. I

n response, the new glands in his eyes fired another burst of slimy fluid, which mixed with the fluids in his sex and covered the entire cage in his stink. Every scent flowed over him, made him feel more comfortable than the human Vic had never known. The sense of safety and security enraptured him, secure in the knowledge that it was *his* place, it had all he needed and could ever want.

Vic came down from his orgasmic high as he slowly floated down to the ground. His eyes stocks were quickly enamored by the sight of his new insectoid visage in the mirror. His former self would have been scared of such a face. But it simply felt too good to exist here like this. He knew he should be mournful of his lost humanity, but his past life was a distant memory against the pleasure that his new body afforded him. He was powerful, fast, and he could fly. And every excretion of his flesh bought him a wealth of sensation and scents that his former life could scarcely fathom.

He closed his eyes, his body worn out from the change and the sexual release. His last sights were of the creature that had been Garrett doing the same, masturbating his sex before collapsing in a pile to rest. Vic didn't know if it was part of the change for things to feel this good but he couldn't fight it. His only lingering thoughts of discomfort longed for a being like himself to share this new existence with as he fell into a peaceful sleep...