

Episode CDXXVI

Victory Vixen in “The Hive”

Our Hero Victory Vixen is rushing onward to her next adventure, with Manta Ray III still recovering from their confrontation irredeemable and insidious, Doktor Infection, she’s on her own to investigate a mysterious crash deep in the forbidding swampy wilderness north of Key Lime Coast.

The anthropomorphic red-orange furred vixen uses her amazing blue-eyed vision to search through the dense swampland. Dressed in a blue and black skin tight attire. Red cap fluttering wildly as she flies through the air with the simplest of ease, *“The news says it was a rogue meteor but I could tell. It was some kind of spaceship. There could be those who are injured and in need of help or the forerunning of an invasion. Either way I must go and find out,”* she thinks, catching the trail of smoke and destruction of the crashing ship.

“There!” she exclaims, pointing to no one, flying straight into the fray where only a fraction of what once was a massive spaceship remains. Burning debris litter the landscape but the wet marshy ground smothers most of them and the dark skies in the distance indicate coming rain that will naturally handle the rest as they fail to catch the moist trees ablaze.

“I’ve not seen anything quite like this,” she remarks, unfazed by the heat of nearby fires, she approaches a sheared section of the ship that is most intact. She grabs the door, gripping it tightly, the metal groaning, yanking it off the hinges, a pop rings out as air rushes into the structure.

“A vacuumed sealed section of the ship?” she remarks curiously stepping inside, lights are shattered, sparks coming from the ceiling, the ship at a noticeable fifteen-degree angle, “Hello?!” she calls out, making her way in deeper, tail flicking, brushing up her cape, *“Come on Caitlyn, are you assuming the aliens that made this know our language? Well maybe they do, it's not impossible,”* she thinks, a few surviving fluorescent lights flickering on and off. She looks up at it curiously, unable to read the writing on the wall that read, “Caution, Danger, Containment Area, only authorized personnel past this point.”

She tears through another reinforced steel door, “Hello! I’m not here to hurt anyone... unless that’s why you’re here for that, then I’ll have to stop you,” she calls out, tossing the heavy door down the hallway with a heavy thud while she remarks, “Not that you need me to do that at this point.”

This room is a lab like place where everything that wasn’t bolted down to the tables are completely destroyed and mashed, and much that was is also in a terrible state. In the center of the room is a large silver metal cylinder. There are several large block computers and keyboards with tan plastic. She approaches one of the computers that appears to still intact, a green screen with a blinking square, “What archaic looking technology... yet there’s no one here that I can

see. Maybe I can access their computers and there's some video that will show me what happened." She randomly hits the keyboard, unable to read the screen as it asks questions.

"Run emergency diagnostics Y/N" She eventually hits Y.

"Disable safety procedures Y/N" She hits Y.

"Turn off stasis protocols Y/N" She hits N.

"Retract safety shield? Y/N"

Victory Vixen rubs the back of her head, looking around, "Still nothing, and no signs of anyone. How very strange. Was this ship automated? Or did something else happen?" she grumbles, placing her hand on the keyboard, "Maybe it's simply a derelict ship from a long-lost civilization? Or from an alternate universe? I'll have to get Alison to look over this find. Perhaps she can figure out all this stuff. She hits Y in the process.

A whirl of mechanical gears makes her jump, her eyes glowing, "I'm ready for your ambush!" she exclaims, her laser vision cutting the tube as its halfway pulled up sliding back down over whatever it was protecting leaving the top of the cylinder pulled away.

She pants, huffing looking at the damage she caused, "Oh... Sorry!" she exclaims, rubbing the back of her head, "Who am I saying sorry to," she remarks, the red melted metal cooling creating a darker color. "I wonder what that is," she remarks tentatively approaching the cylinder.

The sudden movement and heat from the laser vision activated the egg from its eternal slumber. It drips, the top of the oval grey and black egg that glimmers within a rubbery shine, opens with four petals with a soft hiss that catches the vixen's attention.

Her ear twitches, "What's that?" she remarks, slowly peeking over the cylinder into a shimmering pool that's barely visible under the limited light, "Huh?" her nostrils flair, bringing her head closer, slowly reaching out toward the egg.

In a split second a sleek smooth eight-legged spider-like creature wraps around her head, sliding down something down her throat, muffling her sudden scream of surprise. The sleek creature grips tightly around her head, a tail wraps around her neck, mouth filled with something sleek and tangy.

She growls, reaching for it, digging her fingers underneath it, pulling hard against the sleek creature, flingers sliding across its hard stretchy surface, ripping through it yet the expected sensation of the cool air across her face, filling her lungs to be replaced with more of the creature's warmth around her head, sliding down her neck, spreading across her fingers.

"What is this?! I need to get it off me now!" she exclaims, trying to pull at it over and over, only spreading the warming liquid over her form, crawling down her chest, eating through her clothes, latching onto her body, caressing and squeezing her form, becoming tighter, coiling around her tail and legs.

She screams into the creature while it continues to flow into her mouth, down her throat, "Get off of me!" her laser vision being unleashed and for a moment she can see. The creature pulled away from her eyes just in time not to be injured. Her heat vision melts a hole in the

ceiling and up into other sections of the ship, metal slag drips down, sizzling as it hits the ground nearby. Her vision clears as the heat vision fades.

She huffs, the creature around her providing air, "*What is this!*" she thinks, blinking a few times. Her hands twitch... no, not hands, she looks down her blood runs cold. Her soft fur is gone, covered by a sleek shiny alien exterior, her hands having become dangerous claws. The sleek rubbery exterior continues to shift and change, hardening and molding her body before her very eyes.

Her tail flicks, extending, growing, her large loveable fox tail thinned and now a long-ribbed tail with a deadly curved spike at the very end. It swings past her vision causing her to jump in surprise, spin around expecting something else to be there, but finds nothing, "*No, this can't be me, this can't be possible!*" she exclaims the sleek rubber-like creature spreading tendrils over her gaze, forcing her eyes closed, delving her back into darkness. A headache develops and grows as she feels her face shifting, changing, head elongating.

Her body grows, shifts, expands, spines jutting out of her back. She feels every bit of her shifting form while a strange sinking sensation overtakes her. Further she is pulled under with every change of her form, her tongue hardening, changing, splitting, teeth becoming sharper, deadlier yet she grows ever more disconnected from herself when a powerful voice cries out in her mind.

"Enough. I will not let another alien entity take my Caitlyn over."

The fox finds herself hitting a bottom, a void of darkness around her, she looks around seeing herself, her normal self, "Was this all a dream?" she wondered but then before her she's taken back by two massive aliens before her.

The first a large four legged, two toed four armed five fingered with black hard plated skins. Her angular visage has four glowing red eyes, with a set of horns that just from the back of her head that are made of the similar plates that compose her body. Her long tail flicks showing off its forked nature, "You will not harm her," she declares.

Across from her is a sleek shiny chitinous black xenomorph queen, with a large head crest, a massive body and claws with an egg-sac attached to her that doubles her size compared to the other alien. Her breath is deep, hissing, a sleek slime drips from her mouth, which she opens revealing only a second inner mouth that juts out and slides back in. Her face is sleek, smooth, with no eyes to speak of, no soul to peer into. She speaks with an omnipresent voice, "The hive must grow. The hive must be protected," she hisses.

Caitlyn stumbles back, "What's going on? What's happening," she asks, feeling herself tremble for the first time in a long time.

The first alien glances down at her, "You know who I am, and I will protect you and this world that amuses me."

"Viarri..."

Viarri turns her attention back to the xenomorph queen, "I know that instinct. It is *mine*. You're nothing but a devolved version of what could be. You're nothing compared to us."

The deep hissing breath continues, “We grow and evolve from others. We enhance what is there. You’ll enhance us. We’re being reborn and we’ll grow with you,” she says, rushing toward Viarri, their claws meeting, the force of their collision causing a rush of wind that Caitlyn tries to brace against, sliding back away from them.

Viarri remarks with a defiant smirk, “Even in my current state you are no match for me,” her second set of claws dig into the queen’s size, tearing at her chitin armor, where black sleek rubber-like blood spills forth.

The queen replies with cold instinctual confidence, “I told you. We grow together. You’ll give us strength and we’ll be reborn.” The sleek liquid flowing from the queen crawls over Viarri’s body, pulling her in toward the other queen.

“I am more powerful than that to be simply absorbed by you!” she exclaims head butting the xenomorph queen, cracking her skull, which drips more of the liquid rubber blood that reaches out to grab her.

Caitlyn watches helplessly as these two massive forces clash, “No, none of this is right. I am to help people, protect people, protect this world. I was given power to do so and I won’t let it be taken away. I will not be defeated! I shall fight!” she exclaims charging head first into the clashing titans.

Viarri exclaims, “No you fool!” But there’s little she can do at this point as she watches the comparative spec of an anthropomorphic fox be pulled into the fray.

“I’m a hero! I’m here to save the day and save everyone from harm!” she cries out, latex tendrils wrapping around her as she’s quickly pulled into the growing mass that the other two are creating.

“The hive will grow, and we will protect it. Save it from harm, dangers, to become a hero…” the xenomorph queen hisses just as Caitlyn disappears within the mass, Viarri tenses and continues the struggle but is soon drawn into the ever-growing strengthening mass, a melding of mind and body taking place. A three-way struggle, though more like two and a half thanks to Viarri.

While the struggle of the mind is very real, Victor Vixen’s body is a different story entirely. The material from within the egg has completely made its transition over the vixen’s body, covering every inch her form, and now has complete unrestricted access to the changes that are required to make a new stronger, more powerful alien than ever before.

Her dark rubber body shifts in color, gaining the blues and reds of her costume that has long been consumed by the process, with only the red cape somehow surviving the early stages of her change. She grows larger, gaining over a foot in height, the long-bladed tail forks, while her face smooths out, becoming a close proximity of that of the queen. A smooth forehead that becomes ribbed and later crests giving a sense of regality to her. Her form retaining a humanoid form with shapely hips and breasts, with a protective ‘external’ ribbed cage that adds to protection.

Her mouth opens showing rows of sharp deadly teeth, she cries out, hissing loudly as an inner mouth and jaw exposes itself slipping back in only to shift back into a more vocally indecisive tongue.

The smooth transition of her external appearance masks the torrent of conflict raging within her mind. The cataclysmic forces that whirlwind around Caitlyn's head that would surely torn the psyche and since of self of any mortal to sunder a thousand times over. A roulette of who will take charge once the dust settles if it is any of them at all.

The final touches take place, a calmness comes over the new alien creature, her deep hissing breathing slows. She reaches for a nearby table, using it to prop herself up. The world she sees is different, a new spectrum that brings out a new world that was never seen before, yet a strange familiarity and recognition over what she's seeing.

Standing tall she looks down at her claws, tensing and relaxing her hand, getting a new feel over her body, running the claws along her strong and powerful form. She looks at the cylinder that contained her egg, seeing a reflection of her new self, admiring her form, "I look rather good," she says in a voice that is reminiscent of Caitlyn's yet as a strong feral undertone and hybrid mixture of Viarri and the xenomorph queen.

She takes a pose, the cape despite the odds is still attached to her, "I feel so powerful... strong," she remarks, "No threat can stand against me," she says, approaching the empty egg, running her fingers across the sleek smooth interior, "My hive will grow and protect the world. I can feel them," she says with a soft hiss, "My other eggs, scattered by the crashing of the ship. They are lost but I will find them, guide them. End the evils of this world and protect the hive, protect the people," she says, stepping away, her footsteps heavier than before, "But first..."

She climbs through the wreck of the ship, tearing past wreckage with the same super hero ease as before, tearing open doors to a smaller barely intact lab that has two cylinders in the far end of the room. She feels a warmth in her visage as a large laser beam shoots from her head slicing through the top of the cylinders with ease.

She approaches them, the red glow of the heated metal quickly fading. She lifts the broken halves of the cylinders away revealing two shiny rubbery xenomorph eggs. She reaches out and gently caresses them, "There you are my children. I shall protect you. Guide you. Show you this world is worth protecting and we shall stop the corruption that hurts the good people of this world and make them serve *me*. It's the only way to ensure safety and security is assured for us all," she says, picking up the eggs and tearing through the ship with ease, bursting out of one end, greeted by the constant downpour of water.

"I must have been in there for a while," she says, enjoying the feel of the water crashing on her smooth sleek form, "Come my children. The world won't protect itself," she says, taking flight back toward Key Lime Coast City.

Is this truly the end of Victory Vixen? Has she become this new xenomorphic beauty? Will she be the hero that Victory Vixen was or something far more diabolical? Or will Victory Vixen come to her senses and find a way to cure herself of this alien containment? What will Manta Ray III say about this when she recovers? Or will she be the next to be one of her

children? Find out next time on the same Victory Vixen channel at the same Victory Vixen time!