

Chapter 1 – The Jewel Within

The mines never smell like anything good, but today the stench of crushed rock and sweat from the hundreds of burly men feels sharper than usual. I wipe my brow, smearing a streak of dust across my forehead, and adjust the straps of my pack. Another haul of Jewels waiting to be loaded, another day closer to cadet school. One more day like this, and maybe I'll finally be free of the tunnels.

I crouch down, prying a cluster of sparkling shards loose from the rock face. Light glints off the gems like tiny stars, and I can't help but stare for a second too long. Jewels aren't just rocks—they're currency, the key to leaving this miserable rock and floating among the stars. Most miners treat them like tools, but I always think about what they could mean: freedom, adventure, a ticket off this forsaken planet.

The tunnels are alive with the hum of machinery and murmurs of other miners. Lower class, we all stay close to the mechanic station, which happens to be in the most dangerous part of Orbit City. No one cares much if someone gets hurt down here; it's just part of the job. You learn to be fast, smart, and lucky—or you don't come back at all.

I'm halfway through loading another crate when I hear it—a sound that makes my chest tighten. A faint scratching echoing from the deeper tunnel, it's familiar, we all know that sound. My hands freeze mid-lift, heart thumping. I glance around. The other miners go on with their work, oblivious, but I know something is wrong.

The first scream tears through the mine before I can finish my thought. A miner ahead of me stumbles back, clutching his arm, eyes wide in terror. I barely have time to react before the

creatures emerge. Alien monsters, slick black carapaces glinting under the mining lights, eyes like molten glass. They're fast, too fast, and they don't care about anything but attacking us.

Panic grips the tunnel. Screams bounce off the walls, machinery screeching as miners scramble while guards run to protect the ones that are still alive.

I run, heart hammering, dodging a claw that slashes across the rock near my shoulder. That's when I feel it—a strange, wet pressure along my arm. Did I just get hurt? Is that blood? the thought rushes through my mind.

The feeling creeps up my skin like ice and fire at the same time. I yelp, swatting it away, but there's nothing there. What the hell...?

I barely have time to think as another monster lunges. My reflexes kick in—duck, sidestep, grab the nearest gem shard as a makeshift weapon. The world becomes a blur of claws, sparks, and screams. And then, just as suddenly as it starts, it's over. The creatures retreat deeper into the tunnel, leaving chaos and injured miners in their wake.

I stand there, chest heaving, arm tingling. The pressure hasn't gone away. If anything, it feels like I've suddenly developed a fever. My breath catches, but I dismiss it. Just adrenaline. Just stress. Nothing more.

The supervisor arrives a few minutes later, calm but sharp-eyed. He surveys the mess, then looks at me. “Luca. You’re fine, but stay off the job for a while. Don’t want to deal with another payout from the top.”

I frown, frustration heating me up. I could still work! I could still mine! But I don’t argue. In this company, saying no is the same as saying goodbye. I nod and hoist my pack, heading toward the shuttle that will take me back to the orbital city.

The ride up is quiet. I stare out the viewport, watching the jagged mountains and tunnels shrink beneath me, feeling a strange warmth coil low in my stomach. A tingle runs through my limbs, subtle but insistent, making my fingers twitch against the seat. I flex them, trying to shake it off. Just stress. Just adrenaline—or maybe my fever that hasn’t gone away?

The planet drops away beneath us, glittering Jewels catching the light one last time, and I press my forehead to the glass. Cadet school. Space. Adventure. Freedom.

Chapter 2 – Heat Beneath the Surface

By the time the apartment door slides shut behind me, my shoulders ache from holding myself together all day. The quiet feels unreal after the mines—no alarms, no shouting, no metal screaming under pressure. Just the low hum of the orbital city and my own breath.

I don't bother turning on the main lights. I drop my pack by the door and head straight for the bath.

The sound of running water fills the small room as steam begins to curl upward. I strip out of my clothes slowly, dust and sweat clinging to my skin, and step into the tub with a sharp inhale as the heat wraps around me.

Gods.

I sink down until the water reaches my chest, muscles finally loosening. The tension I've been carrying all day seeps out of me inch by inch. I lean back, resting my head against the rim, eyes sliding shut.

For the first time since the attack, my thoughts slow.

The warmth doesn't just relax me—it spreads, settling deep in my body, heavy and pleasant. I shift slightly, the water sloshing softly, and the movement sends a shiver through me that has nothing to do with the heat.

My breath catches.

I tell myself it's normal. Just exhaustion. Just finally being alone.

My fingers drift through the water, tracing along the skin of my stomach without much thought. Every touch feels sharper than it should, like my nerves are tuned too tightly. The sensation builds slowly, a low ache curling in my lower stomach that makes me exhale through parted lips.

My hand slips lower, feeling the hardness of my shaft against my fingertips. I moan, wrapping my hand around my cock and feeling the pulse of pleasure flow through me. Slowly I start moving my hand in a soft rhythm, thrusting my hips to meet the pace.

I focus on the feeling instead of the day. On the heat. On the way my body responds when I let myself stop thinking. Another moan leaves my lips when I press a finger to the tip of my cock.

The mines fade. The screams fade. Even cadet school feels distant.

There is only the water and my breath and the steady pulse of want building inside me.

I lean my head back, moaning as the sensations crest and spill over. My whole body tenses, heart pounding, the world narrowing to nothing but warmth and release.

When it passes, I stay there, floating, chest rising and falling slowly as the water cools around me.

I feel loose. Heavy. Sated.

A faint warmth lingers under my skin, like an afterglow, and I smile to myself—embarrassed and oddly pleased.

“Guess I really needed that,” I murmur to the empty room.

Eventually, I pull myself out of the bath and dry off, movements lazy and unhurried. By the time I crawl into bed, the day feels distant, softened by steam and exhaustion.

Sleep takes me easily.

Chapter 3 – Shadows in the Dream

Sleep claimed me almost immediately, heavier than I'd felt in weeks. The bath had left my muscles loose and my skin still tingling, and the warmth that had pooled low in my stomach refused to fade. I drifted into darkness almost without thought, my limbs stretched and relaxed, yet something low in my body kept humming, awake and alert.

And then the dream began.

I was suspended in a darkness that felt liquid, soft, almost thick around me. Weightless, floating, every nerve alive. I couldn't see anything clearly, just shadows and shapes that moved with a strange, deliberate fluidity. One of those shapes brushed along my arm, and a shiver ran down my spine, making my chest tighten. Heat pooled in between my legs, low and insistent, and I gasped before I could stop myself.

I tried to tell myself it was just a dream. That it wasn't real. But it felt real. Too real.

The shadow moved again, sliding across my skin in ways I couldn't name. It was playful, teasing, pressing close to my cock before moving away and leaving me wanting. The sensation made my breath hitch, my heartbeat spike, and a low moan escaped me, soft but

undeniable. My body responded before my mind could catch up, muscles tightening, skin prickling, heat pooling deep.

I shifted slightly, trying to pull away in the dream, but it followed. teasing, wrapping closer, curling around my cock in slow, deliberate strokes of warmth. My limbs felt heavy, my body shivering, yet every part of me wanted it closer. I bit my lip, trying to stifle another sound, but it slipped out anyway, raw and low, echoing in the emptiness around me.

Every nerve in my body felt awake. Every inch of skin was alive, buzzing, hypersensitive. Even the faintest movement of the shadow sent tremors down my spine, curling low in my stomach, curling through me in ways I couldn't stop. My hands moved almost of their own accord, brushing over my own body, responding to touches that weren't really there—or maybe they were. I didn't care. I couldn't.

The sensation built slowly, a pressure that was almost sweet, insistent, pressing into me from all sides, the tendrils of shadows wrapped around my body as if holding me tightly as I neared the edge of pleasure. My chest rose and fell faster, breath coming in ragged, shallow bursts. Heat pooled, curling tighter, spreading until my entire body felt awake, alight, and trembling.

I moaned again, louder this time, my voice rough even in the dream. The shadow seemed to respond, stroking harder as precum started leaking from my tip, teasing me, curling closer. I had no control—none at all—but I didn't fight it. The sensation was too good, too complete. My pulse thundered, limbs heavy and loose all at once, a perfect storm of tension and release building low in my body.

Time lost meaning. Every second stretched, slowed, pulsing with sensation. I couldn't tell if I was moving or standing still but I could feel my hip thrust against it, I was aware of every brush, every press, every tease. My body whispered secrets I hadn't even known it knew, responding instinctively to warmth and weight, to closeness that wasn't really there.

Then, without warning, I woke.

The room was quiet, but my body was far from it. My chest heaved, muscles tense, skin slick with sweat. My sheets were twisted around me, tangled and warm. Breath came in harsh bursts, every inhale catching against my ribs. My hands pressed to my own body instinctively, trying to calm the lingering heat and tension.

I rolled onto my back, staring at the ceiling, heart hammering, pulse still racing. My body felt alive in a way it hadn't before, buzzing with residual warmth that refused to fade. I pressed a hand against my chest, trying to slow my breathing, but it did nothing to calm the coiling ache in my core.

"Damn... that was intense," I whispered, voice hoarse, low. My cheeks burned. I could still feel my arousal come alive again, curling tight and insistent. I shook my head, trying to remember more, but the details of the dream slipped away but the sensation remained, sharp and undeniable.

I pressed my fingers to my cock, tracing the rip, feeling my cum slowly dry, I let myself exhale slowly. The warmth refused to fade. It throbbed through my veins, pulsing low, coiling, teasing, leaving a trail of tension that made me flush. I tried to push it away, tried to tell myself it was just a dream, but my body refused to listen.

I rolled over, curling into myself, breath still ragged. The room was quiet, the orbital city humming softly outside my window, but inside me, every nerve was alight. Every inch of skin still buzzed, every muscle felt tight and sensitive. I shivered, curling into the sheets, letting the warmth ripple through me again.

It was just a dream... wasn't it?

I couldn't answer that. And my body didn't care.

Heat lingered low, persistent and alive, coiling through me as I lay there, flushed and trembling. My heartbeat finally began to slow, but only just. The shadows of the dream refused to leave my mind entirely. Even with my eyes closed, I could feel the teasing, the playfulness, the way it had touched me, left a mark deep in my body.

I let myself sink further into the sheets, curling against the lingering warmth, breath slowing to long, shallow exhales. My pulse still thrummed, low and insistent, reminding me that the body remembers even when the mind forgets.

Chapter 4 – Morning Haze

The alarm buzzed sharply at six, dragging me out of the fog of sleep. I slapped the snooze button and rolled over, eyes half-closed, my body still humming from the dream. That heat lingered low, curling through me, a dull ache I couldn't shake.

I swung my legs off the bed and stretched, quiet so I wouldn't wake the apartment. My thoughts drifted immediately to the dream again, the sensations still vivid in memory even though the details were lost. Only the feeling remained—warm, insistent, impossible to ignore—and the echo of waking up... and the mess in the bed. I swallowed, a flush creeping across my face, and told myself to shake it off.

Clothes went on slowly, deliberately, as though I were trying to delay leaving the warmth behind. Even the mundane act of pulling a shirt over my head made me aware of the tingle that never seemed to fade, the ghost of the dream pressing softly against my senses. I hurried only slightly, not wanting to be late, though the thought of the lingering warmth in my chest made me hesitate more than once.

The streets were quiet in the early hour, a soft hum of distant hovercars and occasional pedestrians moving through the haze of morning light. I walked with my hands in my pockets, trying to focus on something other than the heat coiling low, but it was impossible. Every step reminded me of it, every breeze against my skin sending a faint shiver along my spine.

By the time I reached April's shop, the smell of fresh flowers and soil was comforting, grounding me. April was already at the counter, arranging a small bouquet, and looked up

with her usual bright smile. Pretty, no doubt, but not in a way that ever made my chest tighten. We weren't like that, and I liked it that way.

"Morning, Luca," she said, pushing a stray strand of hair from her face.

"Morning," I replied, trying to keep my voice casual. I stepped into the back room where I was allowed to sit, and she poured me a coffee. The rich, dark aroma made my stomach clench faintly—not from hunger, exactly, but something deeper, lingering.

I sipped slowly, letting the warmth sink into me. My thoughts wandered to the dream again, the echo of it pressing behind my ribs. I tried to remember details, but only the feeling remained. It was frustrating, intoxicating, impossible to ignore. Every time I caught myself thinking about it, a low shiver ran through me.

A chime from my communicator cut through the haze. I frowned, glancing at it. The orbital capital. Headquarters. My stomach sank slightly as I answered.

"Luca? You'll need to come in today. Write out a witness sheet for the attack yesterday. They'll need your account," a calm voice said.

"Understood," I said, keeping my tone even. My mind flickered briefly to the mines, to the chaos, and to the lingering warmth that had nothing to do with danger and everything to do with... something else entirely.

I said goodbye to April, thanked her for the coffee, and stepped back out into the streets. The city was waking up now, brighter and sharper, every hovercar and neon sign cutting across my vision. I kept my pace steady, trying to ignore the tingle that never quite left, the way my chest and stomach still felt... restless.

By the time I reached the train station, I had collected my thoughts enough to focus on the task ahead—but the heat beneath my skin reminded me that yesterday's dream had left its mark. Every step felt slightly exaggerated, every movement sensitive, and I couldn't help the faint flush that lingered on my cheeks.

The train hummed beneath me, carrying me toward the orbital capital and the company's towering headquarters. I gripped my bag tighter, half from habit, half from the lingering awareness of my own body. The city stretched out beyond the window, glittering Jewels in the morning sun, and for a moment I felt that old mix of longing and restlessness that always came when I was about to face something important.

I was ready—mostly.

And somewhere deep inside, a small, insistent heat reminded me that I was far from calm.

The train was jam-packed, no breathing room at all, bodies crowded together in every direction. Every nerve in me felt too awake, and it didn't help that my erection was brushing against a girl and her boyfriend as they cuddled close. A shaky breath slipped out of me when he smiled down at me and she tugged me nearer.

“Here, stand closer to us. You're small—you'll get crushed,” the girl murmured, her voice warm near my ear, a soft smile on her lips.

Too close. Way too close. This is bad—this is really bad.

I bit down on my lip to keep from making a sound and nodded without meeting her eyes. That's when I caught him watching me, a smile on his face that felt almost too gentle. I didn't know if they could feel me pressing against them, but gods, a part of me wanted it to continue.

They have to notice. There's no way they don't feel this. If anyone looks—if anyone says something—

My arousal throbbed, heavy and insistent, the movement of the aging train sending a ripple through me that made my stomach tighten. A restless sensation curled through my body, impossible to ignore.

Focus. Just breathe. Don't move. Don't react.

I lowered my head slightly and my heart dropped when I saw it—fully hard, unmistakable, straining against my clothes.

Fuck. No. No, no, no.

I glanced back up just in time to see the couple share a quick kiss, and the shift pressed me against them again. I felt myself pulse helplessly at the contact. When they noticed me trying to edge away, trying to hide the tremor running through me, they only drew me closer, pinning me between them once more.

This can't be happening. I'm in public. People are everywhere.

Every jolt of the train, every accidental brush of their bodies against me sent another spike of sensation through me, tightening low and deep. My breathing grew shallow, chest rising too fast as my body reacted on its own, far ahead of my thoughts.

If I lose control here—if I make a sound—there's no fixing it.

I shifted, crossed my legs, shifted again but I was so close to cumming in my pants because of rubbing against these two strangers. I bit my lip, hoping my moans were swallowed by the hum of the train.

Please stop. Please just stop.

Finally, the train screeched into the station, and I let out a long, shaky sigh, relief washing over me. I finally moved away from them after saying goodbye and placed my hand on my knees, effectively hiding my tent in the pants.

Get off. Just get off and breathe.

I got off the train once my cock was positioned in a way you wouldn't be able to see it. My body was still buzzing, every nerve tingling, every muscle loose but alive. Heat lingered in my member and low in my stomach, coiling, insistent.

This isn't normal. This isn't just nerves.

I transferred to the last train toward the capital city. This car was emptier, quieter, almost serene, but I was far from calm. I took a seat across from a tall, broad young man, sharply dressed, but my eyes barely registered him.

Don't look at anyone. Don't draw attention.

My body demanded all my attention.

I tried to sit normally, but the heat and fresh feeling of pressing my cock between two people made me relentless. Every shift in my seat, every rub of fabric against my thighs, made my chest tighten, stomach curl, and my cock pulse harder.

Something's wrong. This shouldn't still be happening.

Then it changed.

The tension shifted.

I could feel something stirring inside of me. At first I thought it couldn't be anything but my imagination, but when I suddenly felt something start to push inside of my hole, opening me up slowly, stretching me as if I were taking someone from behind, panic flared instantly.

No. No—this is inside me. This isn't real. This can't be real.

I pressed my palms against my thighs harder, hoping to keep from moaning as a rush of sensation curled through me when something suddenly thrust into my hole and wrapped itself around my member in waves of heat I couldn't control. My body trembled, hips shifting instinctively, chest heaving as pulse and breath raced.

Someone will see. Someone has to notice. I'm going to lose it right here.

Panic flared—had I hurt myself in the mines yesterday as well, am I actually hallucinating? Is this... normal?

This is not normal. This is not okay.

I tried to imagine it going away, tried to focus elsewhere, but a slick, unplaceable warmth pressed along me, sliding and teasing in ways that made my breath hitch and my body tremble. I could feel my pre-cum slowly leak from my tip.

Make it stop. Please. I can't—

Every nerve was alight, every inch of skin awake and alive.

And then the doors dinged. The train reached the capital city.

The sensations vanished.

I blinked, trembling slightly, cock still buzzing, chest heaving. My body was warm and alive, tingling faintly in memory of what just happened. I pressed a hand to my chest, breath coming in short, uneven bursts.

Did anyone see? Did anyone notice?

Had it been a fluke? A strange reaction? My mind couldn't make sense of it.

But the heat lingered. Low, insistent, teasing.

I stepped onto the platform, trying to appear steady, calm, in control.

Walk normal. Don't rush. Don't look guilty.

Every nerve was still buzzing, every muscle alive, and my hole and member pulsed faintly with memory of the teasing sensation. I swallowed hard, heart pounding.

“What the fuck is wrong with me?” I whisper to myself as I leave the train station in a taxi.

Chapter 6 – Questions

I barely make it a block from the taxi before I see him.

My site supervisor stands in front of the company building, hands clasped behind his back like he’s been waiting specifically for me. The building looms overhead, all steel and glass, cold and impersonal, Orbit City’s logo gleaming above the entrance.

“Luca,” he says, voice neutral.

My stomach tightens—not just from nerves.

The heat from the train hasn't left me. It lingers low in my body, heavy and unfamiliar, a dull, persistent awareness I can't shake. My cock gives a faint, traitorous throb as I stop in front of him, and I have to subtly adjust my stance, praying it isn't visible.

I nod.

"Come inside."

No questions. No explanation.

I follow him through the doors, the air immediately cooler, quieter. The hum of machines replaces the city noise. I try to focus on that—on anything other than the way my body still feels wrong. Too full. Too sensitive. Like something is missing and still somehow there at the same time.

He gestures toward a row of chairs near the wall.

"Take a seat. I'll be right back."

I sit, hands on my knees, pressing my thighs together just enough to ground myself. My pulse is still racing. Every small movement sends a reminder through me—fabric brushing skin, the echo of sensation that makes my stomach twist.

Get it together, I tell myself. You're in public. You're at work.

My supervisor walks up to the front desk and speaks quietly with the secretary. I don't hear the words. I barely see them.

I look up and freeze.

My heart stutters.

The man from the train walks past the waiting area, composed, confident, impossibly calm. The same man who sat across from me while I hallucinated the feeling of being stretched and penetrated.

My chest tightens.

For a split second, my body reacts before I can stop it—a low pulse of heat, a faint clench deep inside that makes me suck in a breath. Panic flashes through me. No. Not now.

'What is wrong with me all of a sudden?' I wonder to myself as I try to adjust my cock so it wouldn't be visible.

He turns his head.

Our eyes meet.

And I could swear the whole world slowed down.

His eyes widen as he does a double take in my direction. recognition. Like he realized I was the one sitting across from him on the train. Like he's seeing straight through the careful control I'm trying to maintain.

With a smile he's gone.

My breath comes out shaky.

"Luca."

I flinch hard enough that my knees knock the chair.

My supervisor stands in front of me again, watching me closely.

“Come along.”

“Yes—sorry,” I say quickly, standing too fast. The movement sends another wave of sensation through me, and I grit my teeth, forcing it down. I keep my hands low, my posture stiff, praying my body doesn’t betray me again.

We walk to the elevators.

I keep my eyes on the floor, jaw tight. Talking feels dangerous. Breathing too deeply feels dangerous. Everything feels like it’s being watched, measured, judged by this shitty company.

Inside the elevator, the doors slide shut.

Silence.

The car hums as it rises, and all I can think about is the lingering pressure in my body, the way it refuses to fade no matter how much I try to ignore it. Fear coils around it now, sharp and cold, making the warmth feel even more wrong.

This isn't normal.

The numbers climb as the elevator takes us higher.

Seconds later the elevator dings.

The doors open onto a quiet floor, stark and empty. The lights are too bright. The space too clean.

My supervisor leads me down a short corridor to a single door and opens it.

Inside is a desk.

A chair.

Nothing else.

The room feels exposed, like it's designed to strip you down without touching you.

"Sit," he says.

I do, carefully, positioning myself so nothing shows, so nothing feels too obvious. My heart won't slow. My body still hums faintly, traitorously alive beneath the fear.

"There will be people coming in shortly," he says. "They'll have some questions for you. Answer honestly."

My throat tightens. "Yea I know, its not my first witness testimony."

He doesn't answer.

He turns and leaves, the door sliding shut behind him.

I sit alone, pulse pounding, heat coiled low in my body.

When will this stop?

Chapter 7 – Questions

The door slides open.

I straighten instantly, pulse spiking, every muscle going tight.

My supervisor steps in first with a even more serious look than he usually has.

The air feels like it shifts when a man enters, like the room adjusts around him without asking permission. That man again: composed, immaculate, calm in a way that feels almost unreal. Too controlled. Too present.

“This is Colton,” my supervisor says. “He’ll be conducting the interview today.”

My mouth goes dry, is he now following me?

I cant deal with this as well..

“And,” he adds, glancing between us when he sees my brow furrow, “he’s one of the company’s CEOs.”

The word lands hard in my chest almost knocking the wind out of me.

Colton’s gaze meets my clearly shocked expression. No flicker of recognition. No sign that he remembers the train, the lobby, the way my body reacted in his presence.

Or maybe he’s just better at hiding it.

“You can go,” Colton says calmly to my supervisor.

He hesitates only a second before leaving. The door seals shut behind him.

Alone.

The silence presses in.

Colton takes the chair across from me, movements unhurried. The moment he sits, something in my body tightens sharply, like a pulled wire.

I inhale.

And freeze.

That feeling—

That wrong, intrusive awareness—stirs again.

It starts low, subtle, like pressure against my entrance, testing the waters. My thighs tense on instinct, knees drawing in a fraction. Heat blooms, over my cheeks.

No. Not again. Please—

I force my hands flat against my legs, knuckles whitening.

Colton watches me with mild interest. “You look uncomfortable,” he says. Not accusing.

Observant. “Do you need a moment?”

“I’m—fine,” I manage, voice coming out thinner than I want. I clear my throat. “Just... tired.”

The pressure increased until I felt someone slip inside of me, stretching me open.

Slowly I start feeling my body thrust up from the seat as if I’m sitting on someone fucking me, not enough to be visible but hard enough to pound in to me.

My cock throbs, heavy and traitorous beneath my clothes, and panic spikes hot in my chest.

If he looks down under this table—

Would he see be able to see my pants moving or is this really all just a hallucination?

Colton smiles which makes my tip to leak, he doesn’t realize anything which tell me it is in me head..

I watch as he activates the datapad as the trusts into me become harder and harder.

“Let’s begin,” he says. “State your name and position.”

“L-Luca,” I answer, forcing away a moan as I feel something slam into my ass. “Miner. Jewel extraction sector.”

My body feels like it’s being handled from the inside out.

Colton asks about the attack. Timing. Placement. What I saw.

I answer. Mostly.

My sentences come clipped, breath measured between words. I pause just a fraction too long before responding to one question, then another.

Colton glances up.

Not suspicious. Curious.

“Take your time,” he says before leaning back and finally keeping his eyes on me fully without look at the datapad.

That makes it worse.

The thrusts intensifies, and what ever is wrapped around my cock is teasing my tip with my own wetness, slow and insistent, drawing a quiet, involuntary response from my body that I have to smother immediately. My thighs tremble. Heat coils tighter, sharper, stealing focus, making it hard to tell where sensation ends and fear begins.

Are the miners who survived yesterday's attack feeling the same effects as I am? Should I go ask for help.

I'm going to lose control.

I'm about to have a orgasm right in front of my boss.

I force myself to breathe through it, shallow and controlled, anchoring on his voice, on the questions, on anything that isn't the way my body feels stretched thin and unbearably aware.

"I didn't see how many creatures," I say, a little too fast. "Just—movement. Screaming. Then guards."

Colton studies me for a beat too long.

My pulse roars in my ears.

Then he nods and looks back to the datapad.

The sensation doesn't stop.

I've never felt so exposed or exited.

Colton smiles that same warm smile from before and gets up slowly.

"That will be all for now," he says. Calm. Controlled. "You've done well under stress."

Under stress.

If only he knew.

I nod stiffly, unable to trust my voice as the sensation or hallucination slowly eases—not gone, just retreating, like it’s satisfied for now.

He pauses.

Looks down at me.

For just a second, something unreadable passes behind his eyes.

Then it’s gone.

“We’ll be in touch,” he says.

The door opens.

And I’m left sitting there, shaking, body still humming faintly, knowing with absolute certainty that this isn’t over.

The sun was just dipping below the skyline as I sat in April's flower shop, the scent of fresh blooms thick and sweet, curling around the edge of the coffee cup I held in both hands. Steam rose in lazy spirals, but it didn't warm me the way it usually did.

Three days. Three days since the mines, the attack. three days of walking around constantly hard, hallucinations of being fucked at the most inconvenient times. I had tried to focus—on the coffee, on April's cheerful chatter—but my mind wouldn't stop racing. Every now and then, I caught a flicker of sensation, like something invisible brushing against me, teasing me relentlessly.

And Colton. God, Colton. The image of him sitting across from me in that sterile office, the faintest acknowledgment in his smile, burned behind my eyes. I'd never get close to him—not like that. Not like I wanted. Not without... something impossible.

A shiver ran through me as my thoughts drifted back to that interview, the tension so tight I almost... I shook my head. I remembered the way my cock had throbbed, how close I had been to cumming in my pants, and the wet stain that had left its mark when Colton left not knowing a thing. My face burned, heat creeping up my neck, and I pressed my hand against my cup to hide the tremor in my fingers.

“Luca?” April's voice pulled me out of my spiraling thoughts. She leaned on the counter, eyes bright and warm. “Come with me tonight. There's a bar in the capital city—my friend's sneaking some people in. It'll be fun.”

I looked at her, the corner of my mind screaming at me that it sounded dangerous, and yet... the idea of being anywhere with people, made my chest tighten in more ways than one.

“I... I can’t,” I muttered, dragging the words out, shaking my head. “I have to get ready to start mining again soon. I—” My voice faltered. That didn’t sound like a good enough excuse even to me.

April tilted her head, smiling patiently. “Sure, sure. I get it. Saving for cadet school comes first.” She tapped a finger against her lips thoughtfully. “We’ll have another night soon, promise.”

We talked a little longer, mundane things—flowers coming in, her friend’s strange obsession with rare orchids—but my mind couldn’t stick to anything. Every jolt of laughter, every casual brush of her hand against mine, sent a ripple through me that made my stomach curl low and my cock twitch under the table. I shifted in my seat, subtly, hoping she wouldn’t notice the damp heat already clinging to my thighs.

By the time it started to get dark, the streets outside glowing with neon and the soft hum of hovercars, it was time to say goodbye. April waved, cheerful as ever, and I nodded, forcing a smile that felt too tight across my face.

I stepped out into the cool evening air, the shadows of the city stretching long and sharp. Every step made my body ache with tension, every movement a reminder of the constant pressure, the invisible feeling that teased and stroked me without permission. I kept my gaze fixed on the street ahead, trying to focus on walking normally—but even that was impossible.

I've gotten some what use to these hallucinations the last few days, I know eventually they will disappear but what is the worst it could do right now, make me constantly horny for a while?

Colton's face flashed in my mind again, unbidden. That smile. That slight glance. The way my body had betrayed me in his presence. I swallowed hard, cheeks burning, and forced myself to take a slow, deliberate breath.

Even in the dark, even with the city around me, even with the mundane task of walking home, I was constantly aware of myself, of the heat coiling inside, and of something invisible always, insisently, touching me.

Chapter 9 – Back to the Mines

I woke with a groan, chest tight, limbs heavy. The smell of sex lingered in the sheets, and I froze for a moment, realizing just what had happened. My bed was wet—soaked with the remnants of an intense dream that had left me cumming hard, my body trembling even as I blinked away the haze. My skin glistened where I had rolled, slick and sticky from the aftermath.

I let out a long sigh, running a hand through my hair. Another day, another dream, another release I hadn't asked for. My pulse still raced, low heat curling stubbornly through me. I swung my legs off the bed and padded to the shower, letting the hot water wash away the night's chaos. Steam wrapped around me, easing tension from muscles still tense from the dream, from the lingering weight of pleasure that refused to fade.

Dressed in my mining uniform, I grabbed my pack and stepped out of my house taking the long way around towards the shuttle.

Once I stepped on it carries me down to the planet below. The hum of the engines vibrated through me as the viewports shrank the orbiting city into a glittering dot above, and I tried to focus on something practical—anything but the low, insistent coil in my body that made my cock twitch beneath the fabric of my uniform.

The shuttle touched down, and I stepped onto the familiar rocky terrain of the mines. My supervisor was waiting, arms crossed, watching me with that same sharp, evaluative look. I nodded, trying to ground myself, before heading toward my station.

The moment I started working, I noticed something immediately. Movements that had been sluggish and stiff yesterday—or even before—felt fluid and effortless now. My hands gripped the tools with precision, my legs carried my weight with more strength than usual, and my stamina felt almost inexhaustible.

The rest days must have done me good... I thought, a small smile tugging at my lips as I heaved another crate of gems.

But then, that same unreal sensation returned—the invisible pressure, the wet warmth sliding along me, curling low inside. My cock hardened immediately, a twitch of heat shooting through me. I bit my lip to hold back a moan, but the sound escaped anyway, soft, instinctive.

Lucky, the tunnel was empty. I let it ride, letting a louder moan slip past my lips as my body responded to the intrusion without question. My chest tightened, hips tilting involuntarily, yet a strange part of me wasn't fighting it this time.

Why... why did this feel okay? Why did I feel... almost aroused by it, even as I worked?

I shook my head, forcing my focus back to the task at hand. Yet even as I mined, hoisting crates and prying jewels from the rock face, the sensation continued, curling, teasing, a constant reminder that I was hallucinating being fucked.

And somehow... I didn't want it to stop

I was halfway through prying a cluster of sparkling jewels from the rock face when I noticed movement out of the corner of my eye. Another miner was approaching, boots crunching on the rocky floor, face tense but not hostile.

“Luca,” he said, voice low but firm. “You alright?”

The sudden presence of another person made the sensation vanish immediately, leaving my cock aching and raw, my body feeling oddly empty, a dull annoyance curling in my stomach. My chest tightened—not from exertion, but from the abrupt loss.

I blinked at him, trying to appear composed. “Yeah... I’m fine. Thanks.”

The miner nodded, gave me a small, approving smile, and turned to leave. He didn’t linger, didn’t pry further. And as soon as his footsteps faded, the pressure returned, curling back into my hole like it had never left.

I exhaled slowly, letting the warmth settle back low in my stomach, my cock responding immediately, twitching insistently against the fabric of my pants. My body hummed, alive again, and I gritted my teeth, trying to keep my focus on the crate in front of me.

Why did it feel so frustratingly natural, even after the interruption?

Chapter 10 – Subtle Intrusion

I made my way to the break area, letting my body move with the familiar, impossible pressure curling inside me. Every step felt electric, each stride subtly urging my hips in time with the invisible thrusts. My cock throbbed hard, tenting visibly against the fabric of my mining uniform, and I didn’t bother hiding it—at least not yet. I’d decided. If this was some hallucination, it would fade eventually. If it wasn’t... well, I’d deal with it. For now, I’d let it happen.

Sliding onto the worn metal bench, the sensation intensified, coiling tighter as my hips shifted naturally to accommodate the rhythm I couldn’t control. It was better sitting down,

the pressure pressing deeper, the wet warmth curling low inside me, teasing relentlessly with each subtle movement.

I grabbed the sandwich I'd set on the bench beside me, trying to focus on eating, but every bite, every chew, sent another shiver up my spine. My cock pressed firmly against the fabric, rising and twitching with every thrust, the uniform stretching in ways that would make it obvious to someone else... yet nobody seemed to notice. Each subtle roll of my hips, every twitch and pulse, was perfectly hidden in plain sight, masked by casual motion, my body betraying me while the world remained oblivious.

A few of the other miners flopped down beside me, unpacking their own lunches and muttering about the work ahead. One passed me a packet of nuts, and I nodded in thanks, hands trembling slightly—not from nerves, but from the relentless, impossible sensation inside me. Every subtle shift as I adjusted my grip, every slight turn of my torso to reach for a drink, made the invisible intrusion pulse harder, hips twitching instinctively.

“Man, this morning feels slower than usual,” one of them said, tearing a piece of bread and holding it between his fingers. “Guess the machines aren't quite warmed up yet.”

“Yeah,” I murmured, voice low, chewing slowly. My body moved without permission, hips rocking in time with the sensation curling inside me, cock twitching against the fabric, rising more with every beat. I swallowed hard, praying no one noticed the obvious tenting.

Another miner, sitting across from me, glanced downward for a second. My stomach lurched—had he seen? Heat flushed my cheeks. Every nerve in my body screamed as I clenched my thighs together, trying not to make a sound. My chest lifted, pulse hammering in my ears, every subtle push inside me matching the movement of my hips.

But the man just laughed at something the first miner had said, tossing his head back and smacking his sandwich against his palm. He didn't look twice, didn't react, and I realized with a slow exhale that maybe... he hadn't noticed at all.

Relief washed through me, mingling with the tension that still coiled low inside, hips shifting minutely with every hidden thrust. I tried to focus on conversation, adding small nods, murmured responses, pretending to be absorbed in the talk. But even as I laughed at a joke, the sensation continued relentlessly—an invisible presence stroking and pressing me from the inside, making my body betray itself with subtle movements, chest rising too fast, cock twitching against the fabric.

I forced myself to take another bite of my sandwich, chewing carefully, hands shaking slightly. Every swallow made my throat tighten, every small motion making my cock pulse harder, yet somehow, nobody seemed to notice.

Even here, surrounded by people, sitting in plain view on a cold metal bench, my body was alive in ways that made my mind spin. I had resigned myself to it. Let it happen. If it was a hallucination, it would pass. If it wasn't... I'd figure it out later.

For now, I just ate, laughed, and let my body move without permission

Chapter 10 – A week in motion

By now, I barely thought about it. The constant heat, the invisible strokes—the wet, insistent attention—had become just... routine. My hips moved on their own, rocking subtly as I walked, as I mined, as I sat on benches. Groans were stifled by habit, subtle twitches hidden under my uniform, and yet each motion still made my stomach curl low with need. I had learned to let it happen, to move with it, to accept it.

A week had passed. Showers, beds, lunch breaks—everywhere, the same wet, insistent attention. I'd wake in the morning sticky from another dream I didn't remember, or roll over to find myself cumming in the night again, sheets damp around me. Showers didn't offer relief, only a momentary rinse before the warmth returned. Lunches on metal benches, mining shifts under the alien sun, evening walks through the orbit city—I let it happen everywhere. My body had adapted, almost instinctively, responding to the invisible strokes, to the pressure curling low inside, to the subtle pull of the unseen.

Even work had become a rhythm. I'd grip my tools, bend, twist, lift, and my hips would follow without thought, moving in sync with the hallucinations. At first, I wondered when it would stop, when my body would stop betraying me—but now, I barely cared.

And then, everything changed.

I was halfway through prying a cluster of jewels from the rock face when the shadows shifted differently. The familiar pressure inside of me vanished, replaced with the sharp sting of fear. I froze mid-pull, heart hammering, cock still twitching but numb to pleasure.

The hiss that followed was low and wet, resonating in the rocky walls.

A giant black lizard lunged, teeth snapping with deadly precision, and before I could react, its jaws bit into my stomach. Pain exploded through me, white-hot, stealing my breath, blood blooming across my uniform.

“Shit! Oh gods—no—!” I staggered backward, body trembling, vision blurring, hands grasping at the rock as my knees buckled. Panic burned hotter than the pain. I couldn’t move, couldn’t think, every muscle screaming in agony.

I felt the world start to fade. Death hovered at the edges of my vision. My chest heaved, my mind screaming, and I knew I wasn’t going to make it on my own.

Then, like instinct itself, something cold and slick wrapped around me. Dark, gelatinous tendrils pressed against my skin, wrapping tight and strong, lifting me slightly, molding to my curves. The sensation was alien, impossible—but it held me, cradled me, and protected me from the worst of the lizard’s assault.

“Nononono... no—please!” I gasped, vision fading, chest burning as I watched the lizard come for me again.

The slimy alien held me, wrapped me completely, shielding me from the lizard’s jaws, and then—everything went black.

I passed out, suspended between life and death, pain and impossible, unwelcome pleasure, leaving the world of the mines behind.

Chapter 11 – Colton’s Obsession

The office was quiet, the hum of the city far below barely bleeding through the glass walls. My monitor glowed softly in the dim light as file after file scrolled past—personnel records, medical clearances, work logs. I told myself it was routine. Curiosity. Nothing more.

Luca’s profile sat open on my screen.

I leaned forward, elbows on the desk, eyes tracing the image pulled from the mines' internal cameras. He looked the same as always—young, lean, tired—but there was something off about the footage from the last few days. Every time he appeared on-screen, his cheeks were flushed, his breathing shallow, his posture loose in a way that didn't match exhaustion.

He looked like a man who just had sex.

Again. And again.

I frowned, scrolling through timestamps. Break areas. Work tunnels. Shuttle rides. Always the same—heat in his face, eyes unfocused for half a second too long, lips parted as if catching his breath. It didn't make sense. Miners didn't walk around like that. Not unless—

I shook my head sharply, leaning back in my chair.

This was ridiculous. I didn't care. I didn't watch people. And yet I'd been pulling his file up for days now, telling myself it was coincidence, telling myself it meant nothing.

The phone rang.

The sharp sound cut through my thoughts, and I answered without looking away from the screen.

“Sir, there’s been another attack in the northern tunnels,” the voice said, controlled but tight. “We’ve transported the injured to hospitals across the sector. I’ll list the names—”

I barely heard the first few. Guards. Miners. Familiar losses.

Then—

“Luca.”

Something inside my chest clenched.

“Which hospital?” I asked immediately, the question leaving my mouth before I could stop it.

There was a pause, then an answer. I ended the call without another word and sat back slowly, staring at nothing.

This shouldn't matter.

I shouldn't care.

I don't care about people.

And yet my pulse was racing, my jaw tight, a strange pressure building behind my ribs. Interest. Concern. Obsession. I had never felt this way about anyone—never let myself.

By the time I reached the hospital, I was already irritated with myself.

Security parted instantly, recognizing me, and a pair of nurses met me just outside the trauma ward. Their expressions were tense, uneasy.

“Sir,” one of them said carefully, “there’s... something you should know before you see him.”

I stopped.

“There’s a foreign organism attached near his heart,” she continued. “It doesn’t match any known medical implant or biological structure. It appears... alive. An alien parasite, most likely. We don’t know how long it’s been there.”

My stomach dropped.

They moved aside, and I saw him.

Luca lay motionless on the bed, his uniform torn open, blood staining the sheets beneath him. His breathing was shallow, each rise of his chest uneven. His skin was pale—too pale—and machines hummed softly around him, doing everything they could.

I stepped closer, slowly, like I might spook something unseen.

I sat beside the bed and exhaled, long and unsteady.

“What the hell am I doing?” I murmured. “Why... why do I care if this stupid man lives?”

My hand hovered just above the mattress. I didn't touch him.

Then I saw it.

Black slickness seeped from beneath his skin, thin and fluid, writhing like living ink. It wasn't blood. It wasn't anything I'd ever seen. It moved with purpose.

The mass rose, forming something like a face—shifting, alien, eyes darker than the void between stars.

It looked at me.

“I... can save him,” it said, the words broken but clear.

My breath caught—not in fear, but in relief so sharp it almost hurt.

“You... you can?” I whispered.

“Yes.”

The thing pulsed, tendrils flexing against Luca's body as if anchoring itself deeper.

I didn't hesitate.

“Then save him.”

Orders were given immediately. Transfers approved. Procedures overridden. Luca was moved to my penthouse under the guise of private treatment, but we both knew the truth.

This wasn't about medicine.

This was about the thing that had chosen him.

As the room emptied, I leaned closer and spoke softly, barely aware of the words leaving my mouth.

“I'll do anything... anything to save you.”

And for the first time in my life, I didn't care that I wasn't supposed to feel this way.

Chapter 12- Control and Revelation

I sat in the chair next to Luca's bed, hands resting tensely on my knees, eyes flicking to the black slick tendrils coiled around him. Three days had passed since it had saved him, and he looked... alive again. Breathing steady, color returning, chest rising and falling with no struggle. And yet, my pulse was still hammering, mind racing.

"What does he... eat?" I asked, voice low, almost hesitant. "What does he do when he's not... working?"

The creature shifted slightly, tendrils curling and pulsing in slow, deliberate motion on Lucas exposed body. Its voice was wet and deliberate, broken English dripping with intent. "Sleep... food... one friend... April."

I leaned forward. "Only her?" My stomach twisted. "No one else?"

"Yes. Alone... only April. Others... not," it hissed. Then, almost lazily, it added, "He doesn't know me... not yet. Soon... he will. But for now...he sees me as hallucinations."

I froze. “He doesn’t you live in him?” I whispered, almost getting upset but stopping myself knowing this thing saved Luca

The tendrils rippled and pulsed. “Yes. I also fuck him. Every day. Anytime I want. He... accepts. Believes... hallucinations.”

His words made my cock harden, as I watched him pull the thin blanket covering Lucas naked body off and expose his hardness for me. I instantly thought back to the security camera footage, was it his actions that left Luca looking so flushed and aroused. I’d already been... indulging myself, thinking about him, watching him in his uniform, jacking off to him like a fool while tracking his movements the last few days. And now... seeing it confirmed, hearing it, knowing it... made me grip the chair tightly.

Then the parasite moved.

My breath caught and swallowed hard, heat rushing through me.

“Since... the day you interviewed him,” the parasite rasped, voice wet and deliberate. “I... fuck him. Every day. Anytime I want. He... accepts. Believes... hallucinations.” He repeated his words from earlier.

I had imagined Luca like this in my bed. I had fantasized, jacked off to it, felt flush and greedy thinking about him—but seeing it? Seeing him fully exposed, while his cock is being played with, the subtle twitching, chest rising and falling while I watched? My hands clenched my knees, trying to keep from making it obvious just how hard I was.

A tendril slithered toward me, testing, brushing against my zipper. Firm, wet, deliberate. It pressed, then carefully unzipped me, pulling my hardness out and curling around my shaft, stroking with impossible precision. My instincts told me to push it away, to maintain control.

I groaned, hips shifting against it despite myself. The parasite synchronized perfectly, Luca's twitching body mirrored in the rhythm pressing into me. His cock pulsed, hips rolling in subtle, involuntary movements. My mind spun, caught between fascination, lust, and the need to maintain composure.

“You ma stay with Luca, but don't tell him about yourself yet, I want Luca as well, so let's make a deal?” I said as the parasite stroked my leaking cock.

“Yes?” it answered as Lucas pre cum ran out of his tip.

I groaned, eyelids heavy, as the sterile white light of the hospital room seeped through the blinds. My body felt... strange. Aching, tingly, and impossibly heavy all at once. I blinked, trying to piece together the fragments of memory—the tunnels, the lizard, the pain, the blackness. Somehow, I was still alive. Somehow.

I shifted, and my chest tightened when I realized just how exposed I was. Naked. Hard. My cock throbbed insistently, and panic fluttered in my stomach. I shot up slightly, searching desperately for a blanket or anything to cover myself. My hands wrapped around myself, trying to hide the evidence of my arousal.

And that's when I saw him.

Colton. My CEO. Standing in the doorway like he belonged here, eyes flicking past my frantic hands to... me. My throat went dry, pulse hammering.

“Colton?” I croaked, voice shaky. “What... what are you doing here?”

He stepped into the room slowly, calm and deliberate, voice smooth. “I got you the best treatment they could provide,” he said, eyes never leaving me. “Every measure to save your life.”

I froze, trying to pull my hands tighter, to close myself off, but my gaze dropped in shame—and horror—when I noticed my cock, the head peeking out from between my fingers. Colton’s eyes followed the movement like he was drawn to it.

I panicked further, looking up, and he was closer now, walking toward the bed, deliberate, controlled. My chest rose and fell faster, heat flaring in my cheeks. I couldn’t breathe right, couldn’t think, couldn’t look away.

He bent down beside the side of the bed, close enough that I could feel his presence, his gaze heavy on me. My body betrayed me, and a soft moan escaped despite myself. My hands twisted uselessly over my erection, trying—and failing—to cover myself.

Then, just as suddenly, he straightened, holding a blanket in his hands. He lifted it, giving me just enough to finally cover myself. Relief and shame tangled together, making my limbs tremble.

I adjusted the blanket quickly, covering myself fully, and finally found my voice. “Why... why am I... naked?”

Colton’s expression softened slightly, though that predatory intensity never left his gaze. “Half your body was injured,” he explained, calm and precise. “They needed 24-hour access to treat you properly. No clothing, no obstruction—everything had to be accessible.”

I swallowed hard, trying to process it all. Injured, naked, alive... and now, watched by him. My heart wouldn't slow, my body refusing to obey, and even as I processed his words, I could feel my cock straining against the blanket, reminding me just how alive I was.

Chapter 14 – Homecoming and Hallucinations

I finally made it back to my apartment, the soft hum of the city outside barely noticeable through the windows. My legs ached, muscles sore, and every nerve ending felt electric. I sank into the bed, letting the soft blankets rise around me, letting myself relax, even though a strange, insistent thrusting into me.

I groaned softly, hands resting on the blanket, hips shifting slightly without thought. My cock throbbed insistently, hard against the fabric, and I swallowed as I felt that same feeling stroking me. I closed my eyes and let it happen, letting my body respond in ways I couldn't control.

The sensation was constant, teasing, curling low and warm, making my pulse hammer and my stomach twist with frustration and arousal. I wondered if it would ever fade, if the hallucinations would finally stop—but part of me didn't want them to.

A sharp knock at the door made me flinch, my hips twitching involuntarily. "Luca! Open up!" April's voice called, bright and energetic, full of relief.

Before I could even answer, she burst through my front door and threw herself onto the bed, pressing her hard nipples peaking through a very thin shirt against my face. The warmth of her body, the weight of breasts, made my cock throb wetting my PJs with my precum. I froze, hips instinctively thrusting up.

“Luca! I’m so glad you’re alive!” she laughed, burying her face in my shoulder, her hair tickling my neck. My breath caught, my chest rising and falling too quickly. I groaned softly, too loud to be a whisper, but not enough for her to notice the cause.

She pushed back a little and settled beside me, pulling a small bag from her arms. Sandwich, fruit, and a drink, it’s her little care package.

The blanket moved up and down as my cock throbbed, rising and falling with my hips.

“Are... are you okay?” April asked, tilting her head to look at me. I shook my head quickly, words catching in my throat. “Yeah... yeah, just... tired. Hospital... you know.”

She smiled, oblivious to what my body was doing, and passed me a sandwich. I took it, my fingers brushing hers, warmth and embarrassment mixing as my hips betrayed me, twitches sending little jolts of pleasure up my spine.

I leaned back, trying to focus on the conversation, on the food, anything to distract myself—but the feeling didn't stop. It coiled low and tight, making every small movement a subtle battle between trying to act normal and letting my body respond.

And in that moment, I wondered once more: when would these hallucinations finally go away? And... did I even want them to?

Chapter 15 – Observation and Obsession

I walked up to Luca's apartment, care basket in hand, deliberately casual—food, a few drinks, small comforts. Part of me hated the normality of it, but the other part was burning with anticipation. I had to see him. I had to be near him.

The door opened before I could knock properly.

Luca. My god. My eyes immediately fell to him, and I froze, even as my heart started hammering. He was... flushed. His chest was rising and falling fast, his hands were trying to hide the obvious the obvious hard on but failing. His cock was standing out against his PJ, twitching with each small movement of his hips.

And yet... April didn't seem to notice, that was good. It would make Luca believe his arousal is a hallucination even more. April was still laughing, carrying on, completely absorbed in

welcoming me as a “new face” with many questions I couldn’t care less about. Her attention was all on me, completely unaware of the chaos happening in the pants of the man standing right in front of her.

Luca’s eyes widened when they met mine. Panic, confusion, embarrassment—it all flashed across his face. “Colton... what are you... what are you doing here?”

I forced my voice to stay calm, casual. “I brought you a little something,” I said, lifting the basket slightly. “Figured you could use some... comforts.”

He hesitated, then gestured for me to step inside. I crossed the threshold slowly, letting my gaze roam. His PJs shifted almost imperceptibly, moving in time with him, hips tilting ever so slightly.

A shiver ran down my spine. I knew instantly what was happening. The way his cock throbbed, the way his body moved against some invisible rhythm—I could feel my own hardness growing, slow, deliberate, as I realized he was being fucked, right here, in front of me.

Luca’s confusion was palpable. His eyes darted to mine, searching, silently asking why I had come. I just smiled faintly, deliberately calm, letting him stew in the uncertainty. I set the basket down on the counter, taking my time, savoring every subtle movement he made.

His hips shifted again, just a little, and my cock twitched, rising further. My fingers itched to touch him, to touch myself—but I forced patience. I could watch. I could enjoy this. I could see everything, and for now, that was enough.

April, completely oblivious, pulled the food out of her bag, chatting and laughing, moving closer to Luca who sat on the bed. His cock twitched again, and I realized with a pang of possessive desire that everything he was feeling—every tremor, every twitch, every hard pulse—was visible to me, but invisible to her.

I took a slow breath, my hands tightening around the basket. Every instinct screamed, every nerve screamed, and I could feel myself leaking warmth through my pants, slowly, uncontrollably. The thought that he was being fucked—right here, now, while I was standing in the same room—made me pulse even harder.

I let my eyes linger on him, tracing the subtle movements of his chest, his hips, the twitch of his hand under the blanket. My mind raced, calculating, fantasizing, obsessed.

And in that moment, I realized something terrifying and exhilarating: I didn't care that I shouldn't be turned on. I didn't care that this was impossible, that this was... wrong.

I wanted him. Every inch of him, all of him.

Chapter 16– Observation

April finally stood, stretching slightly as she tucked her bag under her arm. “Well, I should go,” she said, smiling brightly at both of us. “Take care of yourself, Luca! And Colton, thanks again for helping him.”

I exhaled, a mix of relief and lingering tension, and the moment the door clicked shut, my pants shifted against me as I watched my cock being stroked fast. My hips jolted without thought, I almost moan loudly. Hallucination... it has to be... I muttered to myself.

“Want a beer?” I asked, reaching toward the fridge, trying to act casual.

Colton’s eyes flicked to me, sharp and assessing, then at my pants and smirked. “Sure,” he said, voice calm, measured. But I could feel it—the way he watched me, like he’d been waiting for this moment. My chest fluttered. Hot... he’s really hot...

We each grabbed a can, and I dragged a pillow onto the bed so he could sit. I tried to act normal, but the thing thrusting inside me made that impossible. My hips moved subtly, pulses of heat spreading with every shift. Hallucination... just a hallucination.

Colton settled next to me, his presence overwhelming, his gaze locked on me with quiet intensity. He didn't say much, didn't need to. Just sitting there, watching... it was enough to make my chest race.

Then I noticed it. His pants... moving and then his cock popped out of his pants. For a moment I was mesmerized but then I saw it. Black slick stroking him slowly, deliberately. My jaw tightened. I dropped my eyes, only to see my pants had been pulled down exposing me and the same thing stroking my cock. Heart hammering, I groaned softly, biting back the sound. Definitely hallucination. Only hallucination.

He shifted slightly, closer to me, and I could feel his warmth. I glanced at him again—sharp jawline, casual hold on his beer, dark eyes studying me as if memorizing every twitch of my body. My pulse spiked, hips betraying me, each subtle thrust a delicious lie I told myself. This isn't real. It's not real...

Colton finally spoke, calm, casual words that did nothing to hide the intent behind his gaze: "Why do you work in the mines?."

I moaned as pleasure numbs my mind, chest rising faster than my mind could catch. "saving for cadet school," I murmured. Hot... CEO... watching...

He sipped his beer, eyes flicking to mine, faint smirk tugging at the corner of his lips. I felt my cock pulse again, my hips rocking unconsciously. Hallucination. Just hallucination.

Then he said it, voice low, deliberate: “I could help with that. We should get out sometime. Dinner... some air.”

I didn't think, didn't even hesitate. “Yeah... yeah, I'd like that.” My pulse raced, hips betraying me more with each subtle movement. Definitely hallucination... totally hallucination...

And there he was. Calm, collected, impossibly hot, sitting next to me like nothing was happening even though my hallucinations were differently happening.

Chapter 17 – The Morning After

I woke up slow, head pounding, mouth dry, the room spinning just enough to make me groan and roll onto my side.

Everything felt... wrong.

Not injured. Not sore in a way I could explain. Just used, like my body hadn't fully caught up with whatever my mind had been doing all night. Heat lingered low in my stomach, a dull echo that made me frown as I stared at the wall.

Fragments floated back.

The bed.

The beer.

Colton's voice—calm, measured.

The way he'd looked at me like he already knew the ending.

I squeezed my eyes shut.

"Hallucinations," I muttered. "Stress. Trauma. Whatever."

They weren't going away, though. That was the problem. They never did.

I pushed myself up and headed for the bathroom, splashing water on my face, avoiding my reflection for half a second longer than necessary. I didn't need to look too closely. I already knew I'd see signs I couldn't explain.

I wrapped a towel around myself and was halfway back to the bedroom when a sharp knock hit the door.

I froze.

Another knock. Confident. Unhurried.

"Luca."

My heart dropped straight into my stomach.

No. No, no, no.

I cracked the door open just enough to look—and there he was.

Colton. Dressed neatly, jacket on, hands relaxed at his sides like this was the most normal thing in the world.

“I’m here for our date,” he said calmly.

My brain short-circuited.

“Our—what?”

“You agreed last night.” His tone didn’t change. Not teasing. Not unsure. Certain.

Panic surged through me. I slammed the door shut in his face, heart racing, breath coming too fast.

“I—give me a minute!” I called, already scrambling.

The door opened again anyway, smooth and effortless, like he’d never expected it to stay closed.

“I’ll be right here,” he said, unbothered.

I rushed for clothes, pulling on the first decent things I could find, hands shaking as my mind spiraled.

Chapter 18 – The Invitation

The limo hummed softly beneath us, city lights sliding past the tinted windows like something unreal. Colton sat beside me, relaxed, one arm resting against the seat while the other scrolled through a datascreen with effortless focus.

He looked completely at ease.

I, on the other hand, was hyperaware of everything — the space between us, the warmth radiating off him, the way my own body refused to calm down no matter how many steady breaths I took.

Colton didn't look at me when he spoke. "You're quiet."

"Just... thinking," I said, staring straight ahead.

He nodded absently, attention still on the screen. His posture shifted slightly, casual, unremarkable — and yet something about it made my pulse jump. I didn't understand why at first. That's when I saw his thumb casually rubbing over the bulge in the pants.

I swallowed and forced myself to speak. "Why did you ask me out?"

That finally made him glance over.

I hesitated, then pushed through it. "Is it because I got hurt on the job? You think I'd make a claim or something?"

The words tasted bitter as soon as they left my mouth.

For a moment, Colton just studied me. Then he turned fully toward me, expression unreadable.

“No,” he said flatly.

Relief flickered — followed immediately by confusion.

“I asked you out,” he continued, calm and precise, “because I noticed you. Because I was interested. Nothing more complicated than that.”

His gaze dropped — deliberately — to my lap.

I followed it without thinking and immediately regretted it. Heat rushed through me as I realized just how obvious my erection had become. I looked away fast, heart pounding.

Colton’s mouth curved into the faintest smirk.

“Relax,” he said quietly. “You’re allowed to want things.”

The limo slowed, then stopped.

He stepped out first and held the door open for me, palm offered like this was the most natural thing in the world. I took it without thinking, his grip firm and grounding.

We didn't enter through the front.

Instead, Colton led me down a narrow alley, the sounds of the city fading as we stopped before an unmarked door. He keyed it open without hesitation.

The moment we stepped inside, my breath caught.

The space was dim, washed in low light and slow music that seemed to pulse through the floor. Bodies moved everywhere — some bare, some barely clothed — drifting together in fluid, unashamed motion. Touch was everywhere. Heat. Want.

No one looked surprised to see us.

My body reacted instantly, a sharp, undeniable jolt that made me tense. I'd never been anywhere like this. Never even imagined it.

Colton leaned in just enough for his voice to brush my ear.

“Welcome,” he murmured. “Tell me if it’s too much.”

But the truth was — terrifyingly — it wasn’t.

Chapter 19 – The Booth

Colton didn’t ask where I wanted to sit.

He took my wrist — not tight, not rough — just enough to make it clear I was following him, and guided me through the slow-moving crowd toward a shadowed booth tucked along the wall. The music felt thicker back here, heavier, vibrating through the cushions as I slid in beside him.

My heart wouldn’t slow down.

Before I could say anything, someone approached the table.

She was a beautiful lady and she was fully naked. Her nipples stood hard and you could see the lights of the club reflect on the wetness running out of her pussy down her legs.

She leaned in slightly, her hand firmly on the table, smile easy, professional. Even as her to my face.

“What can I get you tonight?” she asked sweetly.

My mind went blank.

I stared — too long — my thoughts scattering as my body reacted without permission. Heat rushed through me, sharp and embarrassing, my pulse pounding in my ears. I opened my mouth and nothing came out.

Colton didn't even look at me.

“Two dark synths,” he said smoothly. “And keep them coming.”

The waiter smiled and walked away.

I watched the sway of her hips as they disappeared into the crowd, my breath shallow, body buzzing like I'd touched something live. The sensation inside me stirred again — familiar now, impossible to ignore — sending a slow ripple of heat through my spine. The feeling of being filled like im being fucked was back and it made me moan.

I shifted, trying to ground myself.

When I turned back, Colton was watching me.

Not openly. Not hungrily. Just... knowingly.

His jacket was open now. His posture looser. One hand rested low, deliberate, like he was no longer bothering to hide how relaxed he felt in this place.

My gaze dropped before I could stop it and I saw his cock, this time not in a hallucination haze but the real thing up and at attention.

He noticed.

A slow smirk spread across his face.

“You can do the same,” he said quietly.

The words weren't a suggestion.

They were permission.

My hands trembled as I followed his lead, movements clumsy, breath hitching as the sensations of a cock thrusting into me intensified. My body reacted instantly — too eagerly — warmth spreading, muscles loosening in a way that made my head spin.

This is just... me, I told myself. Just stress. Just the aftereffects.

Just another hallucination.

Colton leaned back, eyes never leaving me, utterly composed.

“Good,” he murmured.

The drinks arrived, condensation slick against the table, but I barely noticed. My entire world had narrowed to the booth, the low light, the man beside me who looked like he’d planned this from the start.

Chapter 20 – Permissions

Even though Colton wouldn't be the first man to see my cock or take me to a sex club, he is the only one who has ever made me feel like this, maybe it's the hallucinations maybe not?

I don't know anymore, all I know is it feels so good being here with him.

Colton reached over subtly, his hand brushing against my cock sticking out of my pants, slow and deliberate. My pulse spiked immediately, heat coiling low in my stomach, hips twitching against his palm. I tried to focus, but the pressure inside me—the slow, relentless stirring—refused to be ignored.

Before I could fully register his hand stroking me, strangers began approaching. Colton straightened just slightly, eyes sharp, and I realized they were his friends.

“Everyone, this is Luca,” Colton said smoothly, introducing us while still palming my cock. “Luca, these are my friends and their partners.”

Colton's friends slid into the booth as if they belonged in a place like this. All of them beautiful, sharp smiles and effortless confidence. Each one flanked by someone smaller, softer.

"Andre," Colton smiled as the tall and commanding man leaned down and gave him a kiss, and then leaned slightly toward his partner, Milo, who curled instinctively into Andre's side, fingers tracing idle patterns on his chest.

"Darian," the sleek and confident man, exuded authority, while Ezra, delicate and mischievous, laughed at something only he understood.

"Finn," the charming and sly, with his boyfriend Nico, energetic and playful, constantly moving and touching him.

"Lastly Rowan," the icy and intimidating, with Grace, soft but bold, flirty and tactile.

The familiar pressure inside me surged—slow, insistent, undeniably present. I felt my cock twitch against my pants. My eyes caught Milo first. He tilted his head, studying me, lips curving. "He's cute," Milo said to Andre. Then, looking at me: "You dance?"

I froze. My throat went dry. I looked automatically at Colton, whose dark eyes studied me like he was memorizing every microtremor of my body. Testing. Calculating.

Finally, he nodded once. "Go," he said simply.

The word hit harder than it should have. I slid out of the booth, heat and anticipation coiling in my stomach. Milo's hand brushed mine as we passed—warm, deliberate. I felt another pulse inside me, deeper this time.

And then I saw it.

Andre leaned fully into Xoltons lap now, head lowered, posture unmistakable, his head bobbing up and down on Coltons cock I caught the brief movement of Rowan's hand in Grace's hair, slow and controlled, and my chest tightened. The internal pressure surged bringing me closer to the edge as Colton stroked me. My body betrayed me instantly, responding to something I couldn't—and didn't want to—control.

I tore my eyes away, and that's when Grace's hand landed on my still exposed cock, I moaned slight and looked at him— he playfully strokes my cock and guides me through the crowd, confident. Grace anchoring me, holding me steady as the music rolled through my chest. Another body brushed mine from behind, lingering, syncing with the beat.

And still, the pressure inside me never eased. It pulsed and throbbed with every subtle thrust and stroke I felt—unseen by the crowd, felt only by me. My hips moved involuntarily, betraying the dark, slow rhythm that started in the pit of me.

I glanced back once.

Colton was still there. Relaxed. Possessive. Certain. His gaze locked on me, dark and unreadable, watching every pulse, every twitch. He lifted his glass slightly—not a command, not encouragement. Just acknowledgment.

The music thumped around me, bodies moving close, heat and sweat pressing into me. Grace guided me, Nico and Ezra pressed close kissing nearby, their touch brushing mine, and Milo's hand briefly lingered on my shoulder. Every movement intensified the pressure inside, the slow, insistent pleasure that I had told myself was just a hallucination.

And yet, with each glance back at Colton, each touch from the others, the thought pressed in:

Whatever this is, whatever's happening—it isn't stopping.

And the worst part, the part I didn't want to admit, pulsed deep inside me like fire:

I didn't want it to.

Chapter 21 – Connected (Colton POV)

I carried Luca into my apartment, his giggles filling the quiet hall, the warmth of his body pressed against me sending shivers down my spine. His little body felt impossibly soft, and yet the parasite extending out of his ass and wrapping around his cock as I watched was anything but delicate. I was so hard I thought I might split open, and the memory of Andre's mouth on me at the club only made it worse.

As soon as we reached my bedroom, I laid him down on the bed watching his cock being stroked as his tipsy eyes fill with pleasure. I didn't miss the fact that the parasite had started stretching a black slime like tentacle out towards me. My eyes immediately caught the subtle movement at his ass as it fucked him hard while stretching towards me. I exhaled low, letting my fingers trace along my own hardness as I watched it curl around my cock, teasing, teasing, finding its way between my legs and softly touching my hole.

The pressure started slightly pulsing in and out letting my ass get use to it before stretching me open wider, a delicious pleasure took over my senses as I felt it hit my g spot, stretching just right. I groaned, hips thrust forward instinctively, my cock pulsing harder as I watched Luca's body tremble on the bed. Even tipsy, he was perfect—moaning softly, hands fluttering over the sheets, utterly helpless under the connection we shared from the parasite.

I walked around the bed, keeping my gaze locked on him, watching the parasite's black form shift, thickening, the long tentacle connect us growing more rough with its thrusts between me and Luca. materializing as it pushed deeper into his ass.

My eyes shifted to the body length mirror next to my bed and I watched as the parasite fucked my ass hard as I undressed myself. It was mesmerizing—both alien and intimate—and I found myself talking to it aloud, low and commanding:

“That feels very good,” I murmured, voice deep. “Don’t stop.” I said as I started walking around while looking at myself, my cock is so hard and ready for cumming that its leaking and the parasite inside me is filling me up so much, I can feel Luca being filled the same way. His moans are louder and I cant help but thrust my hips in sync with the parasite fucking my ass.

The parasites head materialized from the black tentacle connected to my ass and licked my dripping cum before responding in fluid English rolling in its voice, confident and teasing: “I won’t stop.”

I let a slow smile spread, watching as it obeyed, thrusting with deliberate rhythm. Luca’s moans hit my ears, tipsy, soft, but urgent, his cock rock-hard and twitching, connected to me in ways that made my own pleasure spike even higher.

Sliding onto the bed, I lay beside him, pressing close. My hand brushed over his hip, then down, grounding him while he shivered under the parasite’s ministrations. His chest rose and fell fast, his breath hitching, and I could see his eyes half-lidded, dizzy from sensation, completely consumed.

I let my own cock rub against his thigh, feeling every pulse, every twitch that the parasite transmitted. He whimpered softly, voice thick with honeyed arousal, and I smirked, utterly aware of the control and intimacy of the moment.

The parasite continued its work, pushing deeper, stretching between us, connecting us in ways beyond flesh alone. I could feel it, respond to it, control it with a subtle tilt of my hips—and Luca moaned louder, hips bucking slightly despite himself, entirely at the mercy of the pleasure threaded between us.

I leaned closer, my breath warm against his ear. “You’re mine tonight,” I whispered, voice low, dark. “All of this... it’s ours. You just don’t know it yet.”

He moaned in agreement—or maybe in instinct—but it didn’t matter. I knew he felt it. Every pulse, every twitch, every thrust the parasite delivered—he was completely connected to me, and I to him. I couldn’t help but lift myself up and press my cock against his opening, which sobered him up fast.

“can I?” I asked already slight pushing in.

Luca smiled and moaned, “Yes please Colton.” Those words set off a bomb inside of me.

And in that moment, watching the black humanoid head shift and slide inside him, feeling our bodies respond together, I realized just how deliciously irreversible this connection was, I fucking love every second of it.

I pushed myself fully against him, cock sliding past the parasite still lodged inside him, stretching him open in the most perfect way. Luca gasped, tipsy voice hitching, moans spilling out as my hips pressed forward, filling him entirely. Every inch of him felt like it was made for me.

The parasite didn't slow. If anything, it moved more aggressively, black tentacle writhing between us, sliding into me deeper as I fucked Luca. Its other end pulsed inside him, hitting his g-spot, curling around the tip of my cock in a way that made every thrust feel doubled. My body moved on instinct, every movement synced to the alien rhythm, our pleasure threaded together in ways I'd never experienced before.

Luca's hands clawed at the sheets, knuckles white, hips bucking involuntarily into me. I could feel him shivering with need, the parasite forcing him wide, open, completely surrendered. His moans filled the room, thick, desperate, sweet, and they only drove me harder.

I leaned close, lips brushing his ear, whispering low, dark words, feeling his body tighten at each syllable: "Mine. All of this is mine tonight. And you're loving it, aren't you?"

"Yes," he moaned, half-lidded eyes meeting mine, pupils wide, chest rising and falling fast. "Yes, Colton... I... oh..." His words turned into gasps and whimpers as I pressed deeper, cock sliding past the parasite that was still pounding into him, into me, into him again.

The black humanoid head of the parasite shifted, its fluid movements teasing both of us, stroking him internally while pressing its own power against me. I groaned, tilting my hips, letting it fuck me as I fucked him, watching his little body shake under the sensations. Every

thrust was amplified, every pulse echoed through both of us, our moans mingling with the low wet sounds of the parasite moving.

I wrapped a hand around his hip, pulling him flush against me as I drove deeper, cock pressing past the alien, stretching him open wider with each motion. He cried out, body arching, ass clenching involuntarily around both me and the parasite. My own pleasure was building impossibly fast, cock pulsing, balls tightening, every nerve alight.

The tips of the parasite shifted inside me, probing, stroking, filling my ass perfectly as it synchronized with the pounding in Luca. I tilted my hips, letting it ride my pleasure, letting it guide the rhythm while I controlled his pace. Luca's moans hit a high note, trembling under me, eyes glassy, mouth open, little gasps turning into long, drawn-out whimpers.

"You feel that?" I murmured into his ear, voice low and rough. "That's us. Together. Every push, every stroke. You can't get away from it, and I wouldn't let you if you could."

"Yes..." he choked out, hands pressing against my chest, pulling me closer, legs quivering as the parasite pounded into both of us relentlessly. "I... I... oh fuck..."

I kept my movements deliberate, controlling, teasing. Every thrust pressed past the parasite's head, stretching him wide, making him gasp and moan uncontrollably, while the black slime worked its magic on both our bodies. I tilted him just slightly, letting the alien curl perfectly around my cock, and his body shivered violently as his pleasure spiked again.

The room was thick with heat, the sounds of our combined moans, gasps, and the wet slaps of fucking filling every corner. I could feel every pulse of the parasite, every twitch of Luca's body, every instinctive buck of his hips, and I reveled in the control and the connection.

And even as I fucked him harder, watching the black tentacle move between us, every groan, every shiver, every gasp, I knew it: this was irreversible. Every inch of him, every moan, every twitch, every thrust of the parasite connecting us—it was mine to feel, mine to guide, and mine to love.

Luca's moans hit a fever pitch as his body bucked violently under me, the parasite pounding him in rhythm with my cock stretching him open completely. I leaned closer, kissing the side of his neck, hearing him whimper, gasping as his pleasure hit him, and I knew, without a doubt, that he'd never want this connection to stop.

I pressed deeper, cock sliding past the parasite, into his warm, pliant body, while the black slime continued to fuck both of us with relentless precision. Every groan, every twitch, every pulse synced, tangled, and intertwined—it was perfect. And as I felt him trembling under me, gasping my name, I knew we were lost together in a way neither of us could ever escape.

I felt it building, deep and relentless, coiling low in my stomach, every pulse of the parasite amplifying the need, every thrust inside Luca driving me closer. His moans were high, desperate, filling my ears, vibrating straight into me, and I couldn't hold back any longer.

"Luca..." I groaned, voice rough, breath hitching. "You're mine. Mine... all of this..."

His fingers dug into my shoulders, hips bucking up instinctively, cock pulsing hard against my stomach as the parasite moved inside us both, hitting every spot perfectly, every stroke synced, every sensation doubled.

I tilted him slightly, pressing deeper, cock brushing past the alien slime as it continued its relentless rhythm, and the pleasure spiraled into something uncontrollable. His hips jerked violently, ass clenching around me and the parasite, and I groaned again, lost entirely in the sensation.

“Colton... oh god... I’m... I’m gonna—”

“Cum with me,” I rasped, thrusting harder, pressing him flush against my chest. “Together, Luca. Let it go... all of it.”

The parasite pulsed violently between us, filling us both, teasing, curling, fucking, and I felt my release spike—every nerve ending on fire. Luca’s body trembled, cock twitching violently against me as the pleasure hit him full-force, and I could feel his heat, his desperation, his moans, reverberating straight into me.

“Now!” I shouted, voice low and commanding, hips pistoning into him, cock throbbing, parasite writhing, pulling both our bodies into the climax.

And then it happened.

Luca cried out, back arching, legs trembling, body shaking uncontrollably as the parasite and I drove him over the edge. His cock pulsed, jerking against me, and I felt every drop of him flood against me, my own release igniting instantly, cock pumping hard inside him as the parasite thrummed and stretched, locking us together.

Our orgasms collided, simultaneous and explosive, a tangle of flesh, slime, and heat. Every thrust, every curl of the parasite, every buck of his hips, pushed me higher, spiraling into pure, dizzying ecstasy. I felt him trembling against me, lost, and I groaned loudly, spilling into him, our bodies slick, entwined, utterly consumed.

Even as it passed, the parasite didn't stop. Its tentacle pulsed, pressing, filling, stroking, keeping our sensations locked, prolonging the aftershocks, making each breath, each pulse, each tremor feel impossibly intense.

I collapsed next to him, chest pressed to his back, feeling his rapid heartbeat, hearing his shallow, gasping breaths, hands lightly brushing over him as the aftershocks rippled through us both.

Chapter 22

I lay there, chest pressed lightly against Luca's warm, sleeping back, watching his slow breaths even out. The room was heavy with the heat of what had just passed, but the parasite wasn't done. I watched as it continued to fuck Luca while it also fucked me,

through the link it maintained between our asses. Even now, with him unconscious and tipsy, the sensation made my cock twitch hard again.

A slow, wicked smile spread across my face as the black humanoid head peeked from the slime, its glossy, shifting surface reflecting the dim light. I brushed a finger along it, curious, teasing, and let my voice carry softly, low and commanding.

“Can you... do something for me?” I asked, voice rough. “Something... special.”

It responded immediately, fluent, confident, the alien tongue smooth in English. “I feel you. I understand.” Its body pulsed, the rhythm of its connection with me deepening as it curled lightly around my g spot in my ass, acknowledging my arousal.

I shifted slightly, hands gathering the black slime like parasite as it stretched between us, I pulled a thick, small mass free from our asses and bundled it in my hands. The parasite pulsed under my touch, as though aware of what I intended, quivering slightly in anticipation.

Sliding onto my knees, I held the collected slime in both hands, rolling and shaping it. I molded it carefully around my cock, the thick black material covering every inch, slick, firm, and yet soft—perfect. It pulsed, warm and responsive, reacting to my slightest touch as I let my fingers explore its texture. It trusted harder into my making my hips buck into it on their own.

And I could feel it—it loved this. The parasite pulsed in my hands, quivering, subtle tendrils writhing as if asking for more, arching itself around me, teasing, encouraging.

“You’re enjoying this, huh?” I murmured, hands gathering some of the slime, rolling it around my cock. It pulsed and quivered in my hands, clearly aware and eager.

“I am,” it replied, its voice smooth, confident, almost casual. “This... all of this... is very stimulating.”

I grinned, hips moving instinctively, the rhythm locking with the pulses I felt from Luca. “I’ve been thinking about him,” I said softly. “Luca... he has no idea it’s you inside him. How do you feel about that?”

The parasite pulsed, shifting slightly in response to my motion. “I... understand. He is unaware. But I am careful, controlled. I give him pleasure, and he... enjoys. Even if he does not know, he benefits.”

I tilted my head, fingers pressing lightly against its shifting surface. “Do you think he... suspects anything? Has he noticed?”

“Occasionally,” it admitted, almost playfully. “Moments of confusion. Curiosity. Yet he trusts you. He lets himself feel, and I... assist. Guide. Connect.”

I let out a low chuckle, hips snapping instinctively, rolling against the slime in my hands.

My cock sliding in and out of the warm, supple ball. The slime tightened with every stroke, gripping me just right, pulsing against my shaft in sync with the pulses I felt in Luca. It wasn't just following—I could feel its intent, its enjoyment, the way it wrapped and stretched, stretching me and responding to my every motion.

“Just keep fucking him, he loves it, the other night when I came over after he was released from the hospital and you stroked both of us he seemed to want it more than wanting the hallucinations to go away” I smirked and then moaned as it trembled in my hands.

“Tell him about yourself when he gets home tomorrow but don't say anything else, I don't know if he'll be very mad at me but I hope not, I even have a feeling he might try and figure it out himself.” Said moaning as I felt the parasite fuck me faster.

I groaned, thrusting harder into him. The slime twitched, rippling in my hands, sending little shivers through me. “Fuck... yes... just like this,” I rasped, hips rolling, fingers guiding, twisting, molding it around me. Every movement was amplified, alive. I could feel it curling against me, pressing just enough to tease, to coax, to drive me wild.

And the connection to Luca... still pulsing, still fucking him, still stretching inside him. I could feel him tremble faintly, even in sleep, hips bucking slightly under the unrelenting rhythm. The parasite was enjoying this too—thriving in the shared pleasure, pushing us both higher, amplifying every twitch, every pulse, every slick, erotic sensation.

“Oh... yes... harder,” I groaned, moving with abandon, letting the alien in my hands respond to my motions, its body writhing, almost pressing against me, pulsing, guiding. It wanted me to fuck it. It loved it.

I could feel every subtle throb, every deliberate squeeze, every soft, teasing curl as the slime wrapped and flexed around me. It was alive, responsive, lusting after the experience as much as I was. And the rest of it—still inside Luca, still connecting us—kept pulsing, spreading heat through my body, reminding me that he was still here, still connected, still part of this, still making it more intense.

I leaned forward, pressing into the movement, groaning as the slime flexed tighter, slickly contracting around my cock, writhing, pulsing, loving every inch of the rhythm. It wanted this. Wanted to be fucked, wanted me to drive it, to take it, to move inside it, and I obliged, hips snapping, hands pulling, sliding, twisting.

I was lost, utterly consumed, and I could feel the parasite right there with me, eager to feel my release. Every pulse it sent back, every subtle curl and throb—it was in sync with my pleasure, loving it, urging me, making the rhythm impossible to resist. I couldn't stop. I wouldn't stop. And the thought of it, sentient and enjoying this as much as I did, made my cock throb, my hips jerk faster as I felt my orgasm building.

“I'm going to cum in you just like I cummed in Luca earlier,” I said watching as the parasites face materialized and started licking my balls, it only made my push over the edge easier as my cock throbbed and my release flowed out of me endlessly, when I looked over at Luca moaning in pleasure, I watched as his cock throbbed and thick cum ran out of him covering the bed and just like that a second wave of orgasm hits me.

Luca orgasm flowed through me like a wave pulled more cum from my cock.

As soon as I was done the parasite licked my cum clean and started fucking us again.

Chapter 23 – Lucid Doubt (Luca POV)

I slipped out of Colton’s apartment before he woke.

The door clicked shut behind me far louder than it should have, and my heart didn’t slow until I was halfway down the corridor. My body still felt warm in strange, lingering ways—too aware of itself, too sensitive—but it was my mind that wouldn’t stop racing.

Last night hadn’t felt like a dream.

That was the problem.

By the time I reached my apartment, my thoughts were spiraling. I didn’t bother turning on the lights. I went straight to the desk, straight to the computer, fingers trembling just enough to annoy me as the screen flickered to life.

I told myself this was rational. Smart. Necessary.

Because hallucinations didn’t leave memories that coherent. They didn’t have weight. Texture. Continuity.

And they definitely didn’t leave me remembering details I hadn’t imagined before.

Colton's body. The way he moved. And—

I swallowed.

The black shape. The impossible stretch between us. The moment I'd seen something dark and alive moving where it absolutely shouldn't have been.

I'd laughed it off at first. Told myself it was stress. Trauma. Some delayed reaction to the attack in the mines. People hallucinated after near-death experiences all the time, right? Still... it hadn't felt like a hallucination.

I started where I had to: the lizards.

I typed carefully, deliberately.

Zarvok lizard – mining planet – biological effects

Result after result filled the screen. Size. Aggression. Venom potency. Fatality rates. There were diagrams, autopsy reports, warnings in bold text.

But nothing else.

No parasites. No secondary organisms. No mention of altered perception, bonding behavior, or—anything even remotely close to what I'd experienced.

Just a deadly bite.

I leaned back in my chair, jaw tight.

“Okay,” I muttered. “So not that.”

That should have reassured me. Instead, it made the room feel smaller.

I shifted tabs and started searching symptoms instead. Hallucinations. Tactile hallucinations. Post-traumatic sensory distortion. Stress-induced psychosis.

That was when I found it.

A short article buried halfway down the page, written in the dry, clinical tone of someone who had no idea how terrifying their words could be.

A method sometimes used to differentiate hallucinations from external stimuli involves reflective surfaces. Hallucinated phenomena may not behave consistently in mirrors or reflections.

I stared at the line.

Scrolled.

Read it again.

If the perceived object or sensation appears identically in a mirror, it may indicate external origin. If it does not, the experience is likely hallucinatory.

My mouth went dry.

I looked up slowly, my gaze drifting to the mirror mounted on the far wall of my apartment. Full-length. Old. Something I'd barely paid attention to since moving in.

A test.

Simple. Clinical. Harmless.

My pulse kicked up anyway.

I stood, movements stiff, and crossed the room. I faced my reflection and studied it closely—my tired eyes, the faint shadows under them, the way my body still looked like mine. I turned slightly. Shifted. Watched carefully.

Nothing.

No distortions. No shadows. No movement that didn't belong.

Relief fluttered weakly in my chest.

“See?” I whispered to myself. “You're fine.”

Still... the article hadn't said where hallucinations would appear. Only that reflections could expose them.

I hesitated.

Then, slowly, deliberately, I undressed and watched my hard cock spring out in the mirror, I sat down on the floor with me legs open so I had a full view of my ass.

I watched and I waited while slowly stroking my hardness.

At first, there was nothing. Just my reflection. Just me jacking off. My breathing steadied a little, confidence creeping back in—

And then something moved.

A slight movement in the reflection caught my attention.

My breath caught sharply as I saw it—subtle at first, almost easy to miss. A dark shape, glossy peaking out of my hole. It moved with purpose, stretching, unfurling, responding to me, I watched as a tentacle slithered around my cock helping my hand stroke.

My reflection did not lie.

Cold fear washed through me, followed by something far more unsettling: recognition.

“This isn’t...” My voice shook. “This isn’t possible.”

The shape reacted.

Slowly, deliberately, as if it had been waiting for this moment, it rose into clearer view. A face—humanoid, but alien—emerged from my skin as if materializing from nothing, its surface rippling like living ink. Eyes formed. A mouth. A long, expressive face that did not belong to any species I knew.

I spun around—

It was there.

Not a reflection. Not a trick of my mind.

Real.

I stumbled back, heart slamming against my ribs, every instinct screaming at me to run, to fight, to do something. I grabbed the first thing within reach and swung wildly, panic overtaking thought.

I missed.

The thing didn't lunge. Didn't attack.

It simply tilted its head, its tentacle movements slow around my cock and its thrusts slow almost careful as it just continued to fuck my hole

"Luca," it said gently but its voice was so deep it sent shivers down my spine.

Hearing my name from its mouth stole the air from my lungs.

I froze.

Every part of me screamed danger—and yet, beneath the fear, something else stirred. Familiar. Confusing. A strange sense of relief I didn't want to examine too closely.

"I didn't mean to frighten you," it continued, voice calm, steady. "You were never meant to see me like this so soon."

I stared at it, chest heaving, mind racing.

“Get away from me,” I whispered, even as my hips bucked against the pleasure of his thrusts. “what are you?!” I screamed in panic and arousal.

“I cannot,” it replied simply. “I am already with you and you could say anything parasite, living inside of you.”

And as I stood there, shaking, watching its reflection align perfectly with its presence in the mirror, one undeniable truth settled heavily in my chest:

I had never been hallucinating.

Not once.

I swallowed hard, forcing my breathing to slow.

“You need a name,” I said hoarsely. “I can’t keep calling you that.”

The word came to me with uncomfortable clarity.

“Lust.”

It tasted old. Heavy.

“It’s from a book,” I went on quickly, like explaining it might make this less insane. “The Bible. Humans wrote it back when we still lived on Earth—before we burned it out, before we scattered into orbitals and colonies.”

My laugh came out brittle.

“Lust was one of the sins. Desire without restraint. Wanting something even when you know it’s wrong.”

I looked at it—really looked.

“So yeah,” I whispered. “That feels accurate.”

Chapter 24 – Shared Tension

I stayed home. The world outside could wait. Every nerve in my body was alive, every thrust of Lust hitting my g spot made me moan. Lust was everywhere at once—inside me, curling around me, pinching my nipples and stroking my cock. I didn't need to look, but I did.

I watched, tense and helpless, as it moved with a precision I had never imagined. My body reacted before my mind could process, every pulse echoing through me. “fuck lust this is so good,” Heat curled through me in slow waves, stretching and pressing, curling and teasing. I bit my lip, trying to hold myself steady, even as every fiber of me felt like it was on fire.

Then my comms buzzed. Colton. The name flashed insistently across the screen. My chest tightened and my cock instantly started leaking. Part of me wanted to ignore it—anger, frustration, disbelief—but Lust's voice was there before I could act.

“Answer,” it said softly, curling tighter around my cock in a way that made me thrust into him. “He wouldn’t call unless it mattered.”

I hesitated, hand frozen. Lust’s presence was insistent, teasing me. Every subtle movement it made across me reminded me of what I how much more I could feel. My annoyance at Colton flickered against my body’s awareness of what was happening, and I groaned softly, trying to balance fury and helplessness.

“He should have told me,” I muttered, voice low, almost lost in the overwhelming coil of heat and pressure Lust pressed into me.

“He thought he was protecting you,” Lust replied, smooth and deliberate. “As am I. But you may choose how to respond.”

I exhaled slowly, gripping lightly at myself, forcing my mind to reconcile the anger with the rush Lust filling my ass and stretching me out. I could feel the connection echoing, pulsing, like Lust was drawing everything I was feeling—frustration, desire, tension—into a single, overwhelming coil.

The call buzzed again. I stared at it, conflicted. Lust’s whispers, soft and insistent, guided me. My pulse quickened as I finally reached out, answering, my voice tight but steady.

“Hello?”

Colton’s voice came through, calm, measured, but with that underlying certainty I hated to admit I still craved. Lust’s presence remained, undiminished, wrapping around me, its subtle pulses making it impossible to forget what it was doing.

“Come see me..” Even as I spoke, even as I tried to think clearly, part of me couldn’t ignore the pleasure running through me, the relentless awareness of Lust fucking me made me moan into the phone to which Colton chuckled.

I wasn’t helpless, but I was entangled, every nerve screaming, every pulse reminding me that Colton’s call and Lust’s insistence existed in the same space—and that neither would let me forget it. “I’ll be there soon.” With that the called answer his call ended, it made me smile and my cock throb as I waiting for him.

Chapter 25 – No Apologies (Luca POV)

I opened the door not caring if Colton could see my whole naked body.

Colton’s eyes dropped immediately—and this time, he didn’t bother pretending they hadn’t. His gaze lingered, slow, deliberate, taking in every inch of me before lifting to my face.

Behind me, Lust stirred his tentacle slowly pushing out of my hole stretching and thickening.

I felt it before I saw it—the subtle shift, the awareness snapping into focus the moment Colton crossed the threshold.

Colton noticed.

Of course he did.

His mouth twitched, not with surprise, but with interest. Familiarity. Like he was seeing something he'd missed.

“Hey,” he said, voice low.

I turned, letting him into my apartment fully. Letting him see. The dark, living shape eased into view, moving in and out of me with confidence that made my knees weaken. Lust reacted to him immediately, responding to the way Colton's attention sharpened.

Colton reached his hand forward and held Lust as the parasite stretched towards Colton while fucking me.

I felt the pull of it, the quiet pressure shifting, extending my hole, bridging the space between us. My body responded instantly, heat curling low and tight, pleasure threading through me whether I wanted it or not.

Colton exhaled slowly as the tentacle fiddled with Colton's zipper. His hands went to his belt, unhurried. No embarrassment. No hesitation. And let his pants drop to the floor. I watched as Lust's tentacle stretched in between Colton's legs sliding up between his ass until it reached his hole.

I watched as Lust pushed his tentacle into Colton, I couldn't take my eyes off it, "You feel it too," Colton asks as I watch the parasite connecting like a thick living cord between us starts moving and starts fucking us.

The truth in that made my pulse stutter and my cock throb even more.

Every movement echoed through me, a shared awareness that left my skin buzzing.

Colton stepped closer, reached his hand out to my hardness and wrapped his palm tightly around it.

Chest rising fast, and I watched him watch me—watched the satisfaction settle into his eyes.

He wasn't sorry.

And that was exactly what made it unbearable.

Lust pulsed, sealing the connection, drawing us into the same shared heat, the same suspended moment where nothing else existed but the pull between us, I watched as Colton got down on his knees making the parasite stretched between us.

He looked up at me with a smirk covering his lips and leaned closer until I could feel his breath on my tip.

Colton leaned in, voice vibrating through me.

"You can be mad," he murmured. "Or you can let this happen."

My body answered before my mouth could.

And Lust, pleased, did the rest.

Chapter 26 – Dorm Initiation (Luca POV)

Months had passed since that night. Since Lust had first bound me to Colton in ways I couldn't unthink, couldn't ignore. And now... here we were, moving into our new dorm, boxes and bags scattered across the floor, walls bare, my body already humming with anticipation.

I dragged a crate into the room, hips aching in all the best ways, Lust stirring behind me, curling lightly around in my ass, teasing, stretching. Every step felt electric, every glance at Colton making my cock pulse harder.

He followed behind me, grinning like he already knew exactly what Lust was doing to me. His eyes flicked over my bare body, slow, deliberate, savoring me, and I couldn't help but shiver. Lust responded immediately, stretching a slick, warm tendril toward him. My stomach flipped, heat coiling low and tight.

Colton dropped a box with a soft thud, leaning against the doorway. "Already making yourself at home, huh?" he murmured. I tried to focus on stacking crates, but Lust pulsed insistently, nudging, teasing, and I knew he'd noticed.

Before I could think, Colton's hands were on me, his eyes dark with intent. My knees went weak as Lust stretched further, pressing against him, slipping smoothly toward his hole. And then I felt it—sharp, delicious pressure as the black tentacle slid inside him, connecting us. The pull of Lust threaded between us, wrapping us in a rhythm I couldn't resist.

Heat spiraled through me as Colton's hand found my cock, wrapping around it, guiding, teasing, heightening everything Lust was already doing. I bit my lip, moaning softly, lost in the sensation, in the connection. Lust pushed deeper between us, curling, pulsing, syncing with every beat of my body, every tug of Colton's hand.

"I see you," he murmured, leaning closer, his lips brushing my ear. Lust pulsed harder at the contact, stretching, threading, and I gasped, hips shifting instinctively toward him. "Ready for this?"

I couldn't even answer. I was trembling, heat burning low and high, every nerve ending on fire as Lust drove us together, linking us in a way that left me dizzy. Boxes sat forgotten, walls silent witnesses to the pulse of pleasure threading through me, through him, through the black living cord connecting us.

Colton stepped closer, pressing flush against me, letting his cock rub along my thigh. Lust responded instantly, sliding deeper into him, curling around my cock, and I groaned, helpless, completely caught in the rhythm.

“Welcome to cadets school,” he whispered, voice low, teasing, his breath warm against my ear. Lust pulsed in answer, stretching, connecting, binding us in this shared heat. I knew this was only the beginning. Friends would arrive soon, and Lust would make its presence known to them too—but for now... for this first moment, it was just us.

Chapter 27 – Dorm Introductions (Luca POV)

The morning sunlight spilled into our bare dorm, highlighting boxes and crates stacked haphazardly. Lust materialized its head, curling a tentacle around my cock, teasing insistently. Every step I took toward the last crate sent shivers through me.

A knock at the door made me freeze.

Colton appeared first, leaning casually against the frame, dark eyes flicking over me. “Guess who?”

One by one, his friends showed up in the doorway, each carrying bags, boxes, or crates. Andre and Milo, Darian and Ezra, Finn and Rowan—all here. My pulse jumped. “Wait... you all have rooms here too?”

Colton smirked, pressing a quick, teasing kiss to Andre's lips. "Same cadet program. Figured we'd live together. Makes moving in easier."

The pairs unpacked with easy familiarity. Milo nudged Andre lightly, whispering something that made Andre chuckle. Ezra bounced on his heels, shifting a box in his hands. "I called dibs on the bedroom downstairs." Finn laughed, tugging at Ezra's sleeve.

Rowan leaned into Finn teasingly, smirking at the banter. "Better start stacking your boxes before someone steals your spot," he said, smirking at his own partner.

Through it all, Colton moved deliberately among them—hands brushing Andre's shoulder, soft touches on Darian's arm as he passed, brief kisses planted on lips here and there. Lust inside me pulsed harder at every glance and movement, curling tightly and pressing insistently, making my cock twitch under my pants.

I leaned against the wall, cheeks burning, pulse racing, every touch and glance amplified through Lust. Milo's gaze flicked to me a few times, quick and assessing, while Andre whispered something that made Milo laugh softly, the sound vibrating through the floor and somehow through me.

Even fully clothed, Lust made me aware of everything, the playful jabs, the teasing glances. My body was already responding, hips tightening, cock pulsing. Boxes sat forgotten as I watched, entirely caught in the shared tension of the room.

This dorm wasn't just a place to sleep. It was a new kind of playground, and Lust, Colton, and his friends had already drawn the lines

Chapter 28 – Dangerous Horizons (Luca POV)

A few days had passed since moving into the dorm, and the novelty hadn't worn off—if anything, it had intensified. Sitting in class beside Colton, I could feel Lust coiling and pulsing inside me through my pants, curling around my cock, reminding me that it was still very much there. Every subtle brush of his shoulder, the shift of his leg against mine, sent sparks through me that made it hard to concentrate.

The professor droned on at the front of the room, slides flicking past with images of a jagged, red-and-black planet orbiting a distant sun. “The Vireth Prime system,” he said, voice clipped and serious. “Home to the Kraxians—a hostile species known for extreme territorial aggression and advanced weaponry. Any landing party must prepare for severe resistance.”

I nodded along, pen in hand, but my attention kept drifting. Colton leaned slightly toward me, whispering a note about the Kraxians' combat tactics, and Lust responded instantly, curling tighter, pressing insistently, making my cock twitch. The sensation was impossible to ignore, and I had to bite my lip to stop myself from moaning.

Colton's dark eyes caught mine for a second, a smirk tugging at the corner of his lips, like he knew exactly what was happening inside me. Lust pulsed again at that glance, teasing, curling, and I felt heat coil low in my stomach.

"Focused, Luca?" he murmured, voice low, just audible over the lecture.

I swallowed, heart racing. "Yeah," I managed, though every word felt heavy with tension, every muscle already aware of Lust writhing inside me.

As the professor continued, he projected images of Kraxian war machines—claws, talons, spikes, and dark armored bodies that moved with terrifying intelligence. I scribbled notes, trying to capture the important details, but Lust had other plans. Each pulse, each curl around my cock made my thoughts fragment, my body betraying me even as my mind stayed glued to the lesson.

Colton shifted again, brushing his knee against mine. Lust responded immediately, pulsing and curling tighter, stroking, pressing insistently. I bit my lip, gripping my notebook so hard my fingers ached, trying to maintain some semblance of composure.

Chapter 30 – Cafeteria Currents (Luca POV)

The cafeteria buzzed with chatter, trays clattering, and the smell of synthetic protein meat wafting through the air. I slid into the seat beside Colton, Lust still coiled inside me, teasing my cock through my pants. Even surrounded by people, every subtle brush of his leg, every shift of his body sent pulses through me that made it impossible to ignore.

Colton's friends and their partners were already gathered, laughing over something I hadn't heard. Milo caught my eye and winked, smirking. "So, you survived your first week of classes?" he asked, nudging me with his elbow.

I nodded, trying to keep my voice steady. "Yeah... mostly. Classes are intense." Lust pulsed insistently at that, curling tighter and making my cock twitch, and I had to shift in my seat to hide it.

Ezra, bouncing lightly in his seat, grinned at me. "Luca, you fit right in with this crew. Colton talks about you non-stop," he said. I felt a heat curl low in my stomach at that, Lust responding instantly.

Rowan leaned back, eyes on Colton as he teased Finn with a playful shove. “And here I thought someone had to keep you guys in line,” he said, smirking. Finn chuckled, elbowing Rowan. “Try it and see what happens.”

I caught Andre whispering something to Milo, both of them chuckling quietly, and it made Lust curl tighter, pressing insistently inside me. Every laugh, every playful glance between them threaded through my nerves, reminding me of the slow, insistent tension I was constantly carrying.

Colton leaned across the table, brushing my arm with his hand. Lust pulsed, reacting immediately, teasing my cock as if reading both our thoughts. “Relax,” he murmured, his lips near my ear. “We’re just eating. Nothing else matters right now.”

I swallowed, trying to steady myself, but Lust had other plans. It coiled, pressed, stroked. Every casual movement, every glance from the group sent shivers through me. Even as I tried to focus on conversation, my body betrayed me with every twitch and pulse.

By the time the bell rang, signaling the end of the scheduled classes, the table was alive with chatter. “Well,” Colton said, standing, grabbing his tray. “We’ve got the rest of the day off. How about we all walk back to the dorm together?”

The group immediately agreed, and I followed behind, Lust still coiled and pulsing inside me. My steps felt electric, every movement amplified by the connection, every glance at Colton or his friends sending sparks through me.

Outside, the campus was alive with students moving between buildings, but we carved our own path, laughing, teasing, and shoving each other lightly. Colton kept brushing against me deliberately, teasing, whispering little words that made Lust curl tighter, reminding me exactly who was in control of this constant, coiling heat.

I glanced at Colton, dark eyes catching mine, a slow, deliberate smirk on his lips. Lust responded immediately, pressing, curling, teasing, and I felt the pull between us tighten, reminding me that nothing—not the walk, not the group, not the sunlight on our faces—would ever let me forget.

By the time we reached the dorm, the boxes and crates waiting inside felt like nothing compared to the heat threading through my body, Lust coiling tighter as if urging me onward. This wasn't just a walk home. It was another reminder: wherever Colton and his friends were, Lust would always be there too, binding me to the rhythm of this new life in ways I couldn't resist.

Chapter 31 – Morning Currents (Luca POV)

Sunlight spilled across the dorm room, warm and bright, but my attention was fixed elsewhere. A low, almost musical moan drew my eyes toward Colton. He stirred, hips thrusting up, and I realized—Lust was already active, connecting our holes.

I sat up slowly, heart hammering, and caught Colton’s gaze. His lips curved in a teasing smile.

“Morning,” he murmured, voice thick with something I couldn’t name. “Want to make breakfast with me?”

I swallowed, heat coiling low, and nodded. The thought of moving, cooking, and being this close while Lust pulsed between us made every nerve tingle.

Colton grinned, then moved with surprising strength and ease, lifting me bridal-style as if I weighed nothing at all. Lust writhed between us, pressing insistently, its presence both teasing and grounding. I could feel the connection thread through our bodies as he carried me toward the kitchen, our steps synchronized with the subtle pulses.

Once in the kitchen, Colton set me down gently, and we started unpacking the basics—eggs, bread, coffee. Even simple actions made me hyper-aware of the subtle pressure Lust kept threading between us. Each movement, each glance, made my chest tighten, my thoughts spiral.

The quiet was broken by voices coming from the rooms. Colton's friends had arrived, Milo, Andre, Ezra, Darian, Finn, and Rowan all filed in, greeted with Colton's usual warmth.

"Good morning," Colton said, placing quick, playful kisses on each of them in turn. Their grins widened, and the energy in the room shifted immediately—playful, teasing, electric.

I felt shy at first being fully naked, while I am being fucked by lust, but Colton's hand brushed mine, guiding me closer. One by one, his friends leaned in, playful greetings brushing lips and shoulders against me. I flushed, heat pooling, but the warmth of their attention, coupled with Lust's insistent presence, made it impossible to pull back.

After the initial greetings, curiosity broke the flirtation. Ezra tilted his head, eyes wide, gesturing toward the dark, pulsing connection between Colton and me.

"What... is that?" he asked, voice half teasing, half serious.

Colton's grin didn't falter. "It's Lust," he said, hands on my hips lightly. "An alien parasite. Sentient, very... interactive. Lives in Luca."

Lust pulsed more insistently as if acknowledging the introduction. Then, in a shimmer of dark form, it materialized—its head shifting, rolling fluidly. It regarded everyone in the kitchen with an almost mischievous intelligence.

“Hello,” Lust’s voice echoed softly, fluid and confident. “I’m pleased to meet all of you.”

Questions came quickly—can it connect to more than one? Colton chuckled, pressing a hand to my shoulder. “Yes. But only if everyone’s willing.”

The friends exchanged quick, mischievous glances. Playful grins spread across their faces, teasing, daring. The tension shifted, thickened, unspoken agreements threading through the group.

And I knew, with a pulse of heat that radiated through me, that this morning would set the tone for everything to come.

Chapter 30– Morning Currents (Continued)

The kitchen felt impossibly warm, sunlight cutting through the room and catching on the polished surfaces, but it was nothing compared to the heat coiling low in my stomach. Lust pulsed insistently inside me, curling tightly around my cock, teasing, stretching. Every movement from Colton—his hand brushing mine, the way he shifted closer—made it throb harder.

Before I could even react, Lust began to move. The black tendril inside me thickened, pressing and curling, stretching outward from Colton and me. I gasped as it moved with deliberate purpose, sliding from my ass.

Colton's hands never left me, steadying, guiding, his own body humming with awareness. Then I saw it—thin, flexible black extensions, worming from the base of Colton's ass, reaching toward each of his friends. One by one, they touched, pressed, explored, teasing the edges, just enough to elicit sharp exhalations, quickened heartbeats.

The room shifted in energy instantly. Milo's lips parted, Ezra's eyes widened, Finn leaned slightly into Rowan. Lust was threading connections between all of us now—linking, pulsing, synchronizing, teasing. I could feel it inside me, pulsing in time with Colton, the others, the new tendrils sliding with a rhythmic insistence.

Every glance Colton threw me only made it worse—his eyes dark, satisfied, watching me squirm with awareness of Lust threading through our bodies, extending into the others. I could feel the others' reactions too: subtle shifts, quick breaths, hands brushing, testing the alien pulse.

Colton whispered low into my ear, voice vibrating against my neck.

I could only nod, body buzzing, cock pulsing in response, Lust stretching, connecting, teasing. The new tendrils pushed gently, exploring, linking, making every pulse feel magnified. It wasn't just a connection—it was a network, a living rhythm that wrapped us all in the same heat, the same tension, the same teasing anticipation.

Lust's presence was overwhelming, insistent, but also playful. I could feel Colton's hand on my hip, grounding me, even as the parasite's extensions wound themselves around the others. Milo let out a low chuckle, Ezra bounced slightly in place, and I realized—everyone here was caught in Lust's web now, synchronized through me and Colton.

The room had shifted from casual breakfast chatter to a taut, electric anticipation. Every movement, every glance, every pulse from Lust threaded through the group, weaving us together. I was hyper-aware of Colton, of his friends, of the way Lust was stretching and

curling into them, teasing, synchronizing—binding us in a rhythm I couldn't escape, and didn't want to.

And then Colton's hand tightened on my hip, guiding me closer to him, whispering, low and deliberate:

“Everyone's ready. Are you?”

I swallowed, heat coiling tighter, Lust pulsing in response, stretching, connecting, and I knew—whatever happened next, we were all bound together now.

The room was electric. Every glance, every brush of a hand, every subtle movement sent shocks of awareness through me. I could feel Lust writhing inside, teasing, pulsing, stretching, and threading toward the others. Their reactions—soft gasps, quickened breaths, shifting hips, fingers brushing along edges—only amplified what was happening inside me.

Colton leaned closer, his hand steady on my hip, grounding me, whispering low into my ear. “does it feel good?” Colton asks his friends who are moaning messes.

I shivered, caught between nervousness and the undeniable pull. Lust's tendrils wound and curled around the group. The subtle, intimate pulses made the space around us hum.

Even in silence, the room was alive with tension—anticipation, curiosity, and that teasing, inescapable awareness.

Milo laughed softly, Ezra's eyes glimmered, Finn shifted, Rowan leaned in, testing boundaries. Colton's friends' movements mirrored ours, a dance choreographed by Lust itself. Every heartbeat, every pulse of the parasite, every brush of flesh or glance connected us.

I pressed closer my ass closer to Colton, letting the rip of his cock press against my hole that's stretched open by Lust's tentacle me, and could feel it—this shared awareness, this network of sensation pulsing through all of us. There were no words, only the unspoken tension, the teasing, the drawn-out anticipation that made every glance, every pulse, every subtle brush feel amplified, undeniable.

Colton smirked, brushing a hand along my side. "lets fuck?"

I nodded, chest tight, eyes wide, letting Lust and the energy of the group pull me in. My whole body hummed with awareness, every pulse shared, every reaction mirrored. In that moment, there was nothing else—only Lust, Colton, the others, and the intricate, teasing connection binding us together.

And I realized then, with a thrill that made me shiver: whatever came next, we were already entwined in ways none of us could escape—and I didn't want to.

I felt it before I saw it—Lust began to shift, coiling tighter, pulses growing insistent. Then, impossibly, it materialized, rising into a full, shadowy, humanoid form with its tentacles that are connected to our ass holes also connecting to Lust's ass, the room seemed to darken around its gleaming black flesh, and yet the heat it radiated made every nerve in my body scream.

Colton pressed close, his eyes dark, and the others froze for a moment, awe and something more flaring in their gazes. Lust's presence was overwhelming, its attention threading through each of us, pulling, teasing, testing.

Every glance at it made my pulse spike, every subtle movement sent shivers down my spine. Interacting, coaxing, guiding. Its tentacles undulated and stretched, thrusting in to us all in ways that made my skin tingle, my chest tighten.

I felt Colton's hand find mine, pulling me towards the alien mass of black slime, Colton's friends walked up to it as well all of standing around Lust. Its dark body shimmered and shifted, teasing us with its sentient presence. The others were, mesmerized, leaning closer, testing boundaries with small touches, soft whispers.

And in that moment, the room was ablaze with tension, desire, and anticipation. Every pulse, every breath, every shared look was amplified through Lust, creating a rhythm none of us could resist.

Colton's voice brushed my ear, low and husky: "you look so good all aroused like this."

I swallowed, heat coiling in my stomach, hips tightening, that's when Colton moved forward and grabbed Lust's black body, Colton pressed his cock into Lust's stomach and I watched as its slime form molded around Colton's cock.

My whole self was alight, Colton's friends moved closer on one by one they pressed their hard cocks into Lust very every direction, thrusting into his flesh like it was a pussy.

Every nerve in my body was on fire at this point, every glance and touch magnified. Even just being near it, near Colton, near all of them, I felt completely entwined—connected, aware, and utterly captivated.

I stepped closer finally and pressed my tip into Lust's legs, humping his leg as I feel my cock slide in and out of Lust's flesh, all while the others all have their cocks pressed into his body humming him from all sides.

"this is so good," I heard Milo moan out, when I looked over at hi, the tentacles that connected all of our asses was pulsing and seemed to get thicker stretching us open wider for Lust.

Lust then started moaning as we were a writing mess, just fucking him as hard as we could, all of us together in pleasure.

The room hummed with the rhythm of Lust and our joined bodies, each pulse echoing through me. I could feel the tendril writhing inside me, stretching, curling, teasing, and suddenly I realized one of Colton's friends—Milo—was leaning closer behind me, fingers brushing along the slick length of Lust's tentacle as it slid inside me.

“You made a good friend,” Milo murmured, low and casual, the words vibrating against my ear through the tension of our bodies.

I shivered, caught between pleasure and laughter. “Yeah... it was a weird start to our... uh, friendship,” I admitted, my cock throbbing, Lust pulsing in response, “but I can’t imagine it any other way.”

A chorus of conversation filled the circle, each of us pressing into Lust’s black, pulsing body yet speaking and laughing as if this were completely normal.

“Hey, Finn,” Colton said, brushing his lips along Rowan’s cheek, hands ghosting over my chest. “Did you go see that girl I told you about?”

Finn laughed, eyes half-lidded. “Yeah, she let me... and I dropped some hints,” he moaned out.

“I mean,” Ezra added, shifting slightly, cock pressing into Lust’s pulsing flesh, “you said I could bring her, right?”

Colton nodded, then looked at me, fingers finding my nipples, rolling them gently. “Do you like this, Luca?”

I arched, trying to respond through the haze of Lust and pleasure. “I—yeah, I feel... good. So good.”

Lust pulsed inside me, curling and stretching, now curious, almost expectant, like it wanted more. Its deep, echoing voice slid between us.

“Tell me about yourselves?” Lust asked. “I want to know... more than your names. You are special to Colton and Luca. So tell me your favorite things, what you enjoy.”

“I’m Finn,” he said again, smirking, hands brushing along Lust’s glossy stomach. “I like spicy noodles... long runs... and somehow mornings like this now.”

“I’m Ezra,” another said, grinning, cock sliding deeper. “I like drawing... strategy games... and apparently being part of this chaos.”

Rowan leaned in, smirking coldly at Colton before turning to me. “Rowan. I like going to the gym and sex.”

Andre laughed softly, brushing against Colton, then glanced at me. “This... is insane,” he murmured before answering. “I’m Andre and I love this.”

“It is,” I admitted, pressing forward, cock sliding along Lust’s alien flesh, hand finding Colton’s, fingers tangling. “But I... I like it.”

Colton kissed my lips, playful, teasing, then shifted briefly—brushing against Ezra, rolling Finn’s shoulder gently, hands exploring lightly as if casual affection were normal here. And weirdly, it felt exactly like hanging out—laughing, teasing, enjoying each other—even while Lust’s tentacles fucking us pulled and stretched in perfect rhythm.

I noticed Lust’s pulses responding to each laugh, each touch, each whispered comment—curious, playful, aware. This was the first time it could properly interact with everyone, and we were all just standing around Lust, fucking it.

I grinned, breath shaky. “Looks like Lust likes you all too,” I said, voice caught between amusement and heat.

Rowan leaned behind me, brushing my shoulder, teasing the tentacle still buried inside me. “I think it does. You made a really good friend, Luca.”

I groaned softly, pressing back against him, and glanced around the circle. Everyone was smiling, joking, kissing, touching each other, even laughing as Lust pulsed and teased. For all the chaos, all the heat, it felt normal, somehow—comfortable, playful, and electric.

And I realized, even in this insane, tangled, pulsing mess of bodies and Lust, this—this circle of friends, Colton, Lust—was exactly where I wanted to be.

Seconds later The door clicked open, and I barely noticed—my focus was still locked on Lust, hips moving, thrusting my cock into his skin. A soft chuckle reached me from the corner of the room, and I realized someone had stepped inside.

Finn leaned toward her, brushing a quick kiss along her cheek, whispering something I couldn't catch over the pulsing, writhing rhythm between me and Lust. Then he pulled back, smirking, and returned to the alien's slick, responsive flesh, cock sliding into Lust's body again.

I froze for a heartbeat as I saw her—April—standing there, eyes bright but expression calm, almost expectant. She didn't glance at me. Not once. My chest tightened, a mix of panic and... something else, something impossibly hot, twisting low in my stomach. My cock throbbed, hips moving on their own as Lust pulsed harder inside me in response to everything happening around it.

Instead, she took a careful step toward Lust. Her hand pressed into the thick black tendrils, and softly, almost like she was asking permission, she murmured something directly to Lust.

The alien responded, pulses quivering along its glossy, living surface. Two tendrils began stretching out of his ass toward April as I watched her undress herself next to me, the

stretch and thickening as they slithered up her thigh, curling gently around her ass until they found her asshole and pussy. Without a word, she positioned herself, legs opening wide, letting Lust's slick appendages slide inside her.

I could feel the pull, the new energy threading through the room, but I didn't speak. I didn't look at her. My own hips kept moving, cock sliding inside Lust, utterly caught in my own rhythm, while a heady mix of arousal and panic churned through me. This is my best friend... and I'm watching her fuck an alien parasite... and I can't stop. I can't look away. I can't stop feeling like I want her... and it's wrong and perfect all at once.

Finn hummed low behind me, while Milo and Grace shifted their positions in the circle until they stood in front of her chest. They instantly put their mouths around her, sucking, licking, moaning as Lust fucked their asses and stroked their cocks for them, moving in perfect sync with the alien. Colton pressed against my side, hand on my chest, grounding me as Lust pulsed and writhed.

I reached my hand out to April and cupped her face, pulling her closer to me. I pressed my lips against hers and kissed her hard before pulling back.

This is so hot... I thought, body shivering, hips still moving as I felt Colton pounding into Lust's stomach flesh, Lust's tendrils undulating deeper into everyone. Panic, desire, awe, and lust collided in a delicious, overwhelming mess, and I couldn't tell where one ended and the other began.

My heart was hammering, every beat echoing the rhythm Lust was setting through my body. I could feel April moving, her hands pressing into the alien tendrils, legs opening wider, and Lust responding to her as if it had known her all along. My chest tightened, a mix of

jealousy, panic, and raw, impossible desire twisting through me. This is my best friend... she's doing this... and I can't stop feeling... turned on.

Colton's hand remained steady on my chest, grounding me, teasing my nipples as his own hips thrust against Lust's stomach. Every pulse, every ripple of Lust through me, amplified what I was watching. I groaned softly, trying to keep my focus, but Lust was relentless—coiling, stretching, pressing deeper, curling tighter around my cock.

I glanced at April again. She didn't look at me. Not even once. She was entirely focused on Lust, riding the two tendrils that had penetrated her ass and pussy. The sight made my cock pulse impossibly hard, hips moving on their own. She's so close to Lust... so intimate... and yet she doesn't need me. And I want her anyway.

Finn was humming Lust me, hands gliding along his body as he worked in tandem with the tentacle him. Milo and Grace were on either side of her boobs, mouths and hands moving in perfect rhythm with the alien, and I felt my own hands tremble, gripping Lust's pulsing flesh, needing to feel more. I wanted to reach out, to touch, to let her know I was here—but even as I did, Lust's rhythm demanded obedience. I was trapped in pleasure, panic, and awe all at once.

Colton leaned in, lips brushing my ear. "You like it, don't you?" he murmured, voice low and husky, fingers tightening on my chest. My cock jerked involuntarily inside Lust, and I swallowed hard, heat flooding my cheeks. "I—yeah..." I admitted, voice barely audible, hips pulsing, Lust pressing impossibly deep. "I can't... I can't stop."

Colton chuckled softly, pressing his lips to my jaw before shifting to Lust's flesh, he grabbed some of the sliminess and bundled it up together before pulling his cock out of Lust's body and molding the Slime around his cock before starting to thrust into it. I moaned, eyes darting back to April, caught in the heat of Lust's slick tendrils fucking her, the alien pulsing

in perfect sync with all of us. She's here, she's doing this... and I want her. I want this. I can't breathe... I can't stop feeling.

My hands itched to reach out again, to touch her, to press against her skin, but Lust had me pinned in ecstasy. Every pulse of its alien flesh, every ripple of the tendrils in me, every shiver from Colton and the others made me gasp, whimper, hips moving uncontrollably. I was hyper-aware of everything—April's movements, Lust's responses, the synchronized moans of Colton's friends, and Colton's teasing, grounding presence beside me.

And yet, in the middle of it all, I felt a strange, twisted satisfaction. She was here. She was experiencing this impossible, surreal pleasure. And I was here too, connected to everyone, riding Lust in a rhythm I could never have imagined. My panic, my lust, my awe—all of it merged into a single, overwhelming sensation that made me shiver, gasp, and moan in ways I'd never thought possible.

This... this is insane... and I can't look away. And I don't want to.

Chapter 31 – Living Room Currents (Luca POV)

Sunlight filtered softly through the dorm windows, dust motes floating lazily in the air. The chaos of the morning had mellowed, leaving us sprawled across the living room floor, bodies tangled, limbs draped over one another. Lust’s humanoid form lounged nearby, its glossy black flesh still gently stroking each of us with its ass-connected tentacles. The rhythm was slow now, teasing but comforting, pulsing through all of us like a heartbeat.

Colton reclined against the couch, letting me and April curl onto his lap. I felt her press close, the weight of her body warm against mine, and I let my cock slide into her, careful and slow, savoring the feel of her. She sighed softly, and the sound made Lust pulse just a little harder, threading a familiar, teasing rhythm through us.

“I... I missed you,” April murmured in Colton’s thigh laying with her back against my chest, eyes half-closed, voice warm and intimate.

I pressed a hand along her side softly sliding it up to her boobs, rolling them between my fingers. “I missed you too,” I admitted, letting the words slide between us. “I knew cadet school would take a long time but I didn’t expect us to lose contact almost immediately, im glad you came... but what about your flower shop?”

Her fingers brushed lazily along Colton’s leg, playful but tender. “Well, you’ve been busy getting fucked by an alien parasite all morning,” she teased, and I laughed softly, hips

nudging gently into hers as Lust's tentacle stroked along me. "I decided I need my best friend and I also knew there's nothing really left for us in orbit city."

I sighed and kissed her shoulder, "don't worry we have a new family now."

Around us, the others lay in various degrees of comfort. Colton's hand rested lightly on my back, grounding me, teasing in that slow, deliberate way that made my skin tingle. Milo had a hand on Ezra's thigh; Rowan and Finn were whispering softly while their tentacles writhed in synchronized rhythm, a gentle pulse threading through the room rather than the frenzy of before.

I let my eyes drift to Colton for a moment, chest tightening. Even in this calm, intimate chaos, impossibly alive, and the way he smiled down at me and April made my stomach twist in pleasure and affection all at once.

And then it hit me—the thought that made my chest almost ache with anticipation. One day, I'll graduate cadet school. One day, I'll have my own ship. And it won't just be me. It'll be all of us—my closest friends, my lovers. A crew. A family. Adventuring across the stars, together.

I pressed my forehead to April's back as I trusted in to her, letting her feel the pulse of my excitement, of my desire, of everything I couldn't quite say in words. "I... I can't wait," I whispered. "One day... this—us—all of this—we'll have it forever."

She smiled, soft, teasing. “I like the sound of that,” she murmured.

I groaned softly feeling my cock pulse inside of her, hips moving a little faster as Lust responded with a teasing curl around both of us. Its tentacle stroked along Colton, then me, then teased across April’s hip, tying us all together in a pulse that was slow, insistent, and comforting.

Colton shifted beneath us, letting me press deeper into April, hand trailing lazily over my chest. “You two look good like this,” he murmured, voice low, teasing.

I let myself melt into the feeling—the warmth, the touch, the steady, pulsing rhythm connecting all of us. My hand found April’s, fingers intertwining as Lust’s tentacle stroked along my shaft, teasing, coaxing, grounding me in a rhythm that made every nerve hum.

I glanced around at everyone: friends and lovers sprawled in a chaotic, comfortable mess, each moan and breath synced through Lust, all of us together in an intimacy that was playful, erotic, and deeply familiar. And in that moment, I realized—this was the crew I wanted. My family. My ship. My life.

I let out a soft moan, pulling out of until I could see the tentacles in her holes, hips moving in time with Lust’s teasing and my thrusting. The future stretched out before me like the stars themselves—unbounded, shimmering, full of promise. And right here, right now, tangled with the people I cared about most, I was home.