

ONE OF THE NYMPHS

Michael was excited. Today, he would finally become a part of the proud feron, one of the most beautiful and deadly warriors of the inquisition!

Since the day, his village was attacked and destroyed by a pack of snappers he wanted to join the Inquisition and hunt the monsters of Merra together with the feron knights. He knew he would never be strong enough to fight the countless merran monsters in his current human form, so Michael decided to work for the Inquisition and started with lower tasks to eventually join the strike-forces one day.

He was asked to strip all of his clothes before entering the hive, to prevent any damage to his body during the change. With a quiet sound, the electrical doors of the sterile room slid open, as a feron nymph entered the room.

Michael had seen nymphs before. Unlike the carapace-protected, quite intimidating feron adults, these soft-skinned "teenage-ferons" still looked pretty much like humans. Due to their very sensitive, partly still transparent skin, nymphs were almost never seen outside the hives because of their vulnerable nature.

"Michael Bullock?" The Nymph asked while she came closer. "Y-yes, thats me!" Michael answered nervously. "You signed up to join hive 003, 2nd quarter of queen Liza and had proven yourself being worthy to become one of us?" - "Thats right!, here is the document!" With his hands shaking a little, he pulled a piece of paper from the pile of clothes on the bench he was sitting on. The Nymph looked at it and looked back at Michael with an emotionless face "fine, please come with me, I will introduce you to the rules of the hive" She turned around to return to the door she came from, as she added: "Oh, one thing, please put this on!" - She handed a collar to Michael - "Its only a protection, once we are inside the hive, we can not let you leave until the ceremony is finished"

With a funny feeling in this stomach, Michael put on the collar and followed the nymph trough the door inside the hive.

The contrast couldn't have been larger. Michael was used to the very clean and stylized architecture of feron headquarters, but he didn't expect something like THIS! Instead of the sterile white walls in the waiting-room, the inside of the hive was strange and chaotic. Thick strands of weird wax- and honey-mixtures created weird organic shapes that obscured the walls completely with a mess of different substances.



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"I can see the surprise in your eyes human. The inside of a feron hive is always a little breath-taking for new visitors, but trust me, you will get used to that" The Nymph smiled and went on "You know, we nymphs have no fixed gender by now. Most of us do look female and will surely become grown-up warriors in the future, but as long as we are nymphs, we are responsible for the very young ferons. Some of us might even become breeders one day." she giggled "We will let the queen decide, what role you will take in, once your day has come.

"O-One day?" Michael asked. "I thought I would become a warrior like RIGHT NOW?"

The nymph stopped and turned around a bit confused "Don't be funny, you will start as a nymph, like me, do you know how hard it is to even walk with a carapace like the adults got? You need to grow into that, or you will not even be able to breathe correctly, you know?!" Michael gulped "hum... okay, so what will be my task then, what will happen, and when will I become a warrior?"

The Nymph shrugged her shoulders "Only Queen Liza can answer the question how long you will stay a nymph. I have been a nymph for almost 4 years now, trust me, its not that bad. Once you get used to a few things and all the slimy stuff than comes out of you tho" The nymph laughed a bit as Michael noticed her nudeness for the first time.

Her skin seemed to be all slimy and almost maggot-like. Her arms and legs had already started to develop a thin layer of feron carapace, but the most striking feature were her quite impressive breasts that glistened in the dimmed light of the hive.

"Anyways - we have arrived. Here is your nurse that will take care about your transformation-ceremony" The nymph pointed to the wall not far away. The figure of a female that seemed to be stuck inside the wall appeared as the two came closer "She is quite new as well, so don't mind her excessive moaning please"

Insecure, Michael followed the nymph closer to the moaning, trapped girl. Her hands and feet had been stuffed inside weird organic pods that were hanging from the wall, while a thick, insectile trunk seemed to suck on her nethers, apparently fertilizing her constantly.

She moaned, as the two came closer, thick strands of viscous liquid gushed out of her mouth, like her whole throat was filled with slime. "Sit down here please" the nymph commanded while holding Michael's leash "The grubs will be curious but- Oh"



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In no time, Michael was surrounded by the weird maggot like worms that seemed to slide around everywhere on the ground. Alarmed by a loud moan, Michael looked up to the trapped Nymph in the wall, paralyzed by what was happening next:

The stuck female threw her head back in bliss, twitching and almost puking slime. Her bare tits seemed to move- to squirm in a weird way, as something was slowly pushing through her giant, deformed nipples from the inside. With a loud scratch, a new maggot-like worm slowly pushed out its head, stretching the areola wide, before slowly slipping out the slimy tit. The female meanwhile seemed to experience multiple climaxes at once, while she started to almost cry in pleasure, as the thick worm dropped down to the ground.

"Gaaahw, not now" the other nymph screamed, as Michael turned over to her. Desperately fighting the pleasure, she had lost Michael's leash, as one of the maggots had obviously chosen her as a new host. moaning and drooling, she tried to pull out the new intruder, that tried to enter her body by force "STAY OUT!, NAHW DON'T FUCK WITH ME, YOU STUPID MAGGOT" she screamed, as she pulled out the long worm from her breast again.

Michael was surrounded by a huge number of worms by now. The crying nymph in the wall was giving birth to one maggot after the other, pushing through her used nipples. Suddenly, all of his body was overrun by worms. They crawled up his torso, around his arms and finally even reached his neck. With brute force, one of the slimy little monsters screwed slowly inside his throat. Michael tried to keep his teeth closed, but the mandibles of the maggot so now managed to open his jaws. The thick, slimy body of the worm slowly slipped inside his mouth, opening Michael's Jaw so wide, he was not even able to bite. A salty taste of slime ran over Michael's tongue, as the worm slowly started to disappear in his throat.

"ENOUGH" The Nymph that had introduced Michael to the hive had finally broken free and fiercely threw away the still screeching maggot. "GET OFF HIM!" Michael was sitting on the ground, almost completely taken over by worms. "HE IS NOT A NURSE!" Angrily, the Feron pulled out the somewhat surprised-looking worm that had entered Michael's throat. He coughed as suddenly all other maggot-worms seemed to crawl away from him. "I- I Almost choked here, what WAS that?!"

The Feron sighed in annoyance. "I told you, she is a new nurse, she probably let go of all her children at once" - with a look of reproach she eyed up the captivated nymph at the wall - "That's how nurses are made - swallowing these worms, I guess she still has problems with her new role here"



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"anyway" She clapped her hands "lets begin with the REAL ceremony, come over here human, there is something you need to do to join our great nation" carefully, the Nymph started to tickle the thick trunk that was pumping liquids into the crotch of her sister. "Its a bit disgusting, I guess, but this trunk has all it takes to be a feron!" Slowly, Michael crouched forwards, still willing to do whatever was needed to finally make his dream come true. He was still a bit unsure because of what he had seen so far, but on the other hand, this was his only chance, and like the nymph said: they won't let him go anyways.

With a wet, slimy sound, the trunk loosened from the stuck nymphs nethers. gushes of liquids squirted from the weird opening that had sucked tight around the young insects swollen sex. "I would take the pussy, If you ask me... Its ... well its just less weird, and a few licks will do... have I told you that I have ben male before, too?" The nymph lauded out loud "Whait- wha?!" Michael wanted to react to that new information, but his head was grabbed in the very same moment and pushed deep between the nurses tights.

It was a weird smell. Michael tried to breathe, as thick liquids filled his mouth. "c'mon, do you wanna be a feron, or not" a voice whispered into his ear. He felt the slimy, wet skin of the maggot-girls nethers on his cace, as his head was pushed into her dripping pussy from behind. He swallowed a bit of liquid and it tasted like honey. Actually, it tasted pretty good! A warm feeling started to fill Michaels body, as something was happening to him.

He slowly started to enjoy the smell and taste of the nurse and licked a bit more. The feeling of his tongue slipping over the tight, warm slit of the nurse was fantastic. He started to become more greedy, he really LIKED that honey.

Michael started to drill his tongue deep into the musky fold of the nymphs snatch. Excited and turned-on the girl seemed to become wet and squirt more honey, the more he licked!

Michael felt his toes become numb, as suddenly everything around him started to feel just alright. Greedily, he started to drool long strands of liquid, while licking out the dripping cunt in front of him. His spine felt funny, as he noticed his skin had become all wet and slimy, while his breasts started to swell and follow the rules of gravity, forming huge, slimy boobs on his chest. "Good Nymph... you will be one of us in no time!"



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Michael was pulled away from his sweet honey-source. He wanted more of it! How was he ever able to live without that tasty stuff?. Desperately, he licked his fingers to find more of the wonderful flavour. He did not mind the huge boobs that had grown on his chest.

He did not care for the weird deformed nipples that almost invited the worms around him to screw inside his new, slimy body. All he wanted was more of that awesome honey-taste! He leaned back, as he saw his human penis slowly retracting. It grew back into his body, squirting thin cum, while it was swallowed by a pair of greedily sucking labial lips.

The glans shrunk down and turned into a clit that finally settled between his new, stretchable pussylips. Aroused, Michael touched his nethers as he started to explore his new orifice. With a smacking sound, two of his fingers slipped inside his new sex as his mind was flooded by sweet bliss. with every stroke inside his new, hungry hole, Michael felt more aroused. his insides twitching and contracting, his new clit peeked out from under its hood, waiting for his fingers to draw circles over it, massage and rub it. Finally, Michael came in an orgasm, he had never experienced before. Exhausted, he layed back on the ground, as he noticed the sweet smell on his fingers.

looks like he was able to produce his own honey now.



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Michael had grown well into the society of the feron hive. His name was no longer Michael, since it was confusing to the other ferons. His new name was "Nymph-358F" It was just a number and a letter that represented his group. Queen Liza had decided to put him into the "cleaner" group while being in the nymph-state. He loved his task, because this way 358F was able to talk to real warrior ferons!

Every day after training, He was responsible to make the trainees of the fighting-class feel good through cleaning them. He loved it, when a trainee sat down and commanded him to clean her nethers to make her relax after a long day. He enjoyed the taste of sweet honey, that was dripping from the warriors cuntlips, it tasted even better than nymph-honey and if he could, he would eat and lick it up all day.

