

“Wigglers”

Draft by TROGDOR297

TRIGGER WARNING: WEIRD

Kat Cooperson stood on the sidewalk looking up at the old walkup. It looked like every other building on this stretch of dark road in the city. These townhouses had been built decades ago and were in serious need of repair, or perhaps even demolition. At least one window per unit was either broken or completely boarded up. The bottom 5 feet of brick was stained black from the exhaust of cars from the street. It was a place where people that society had forgotten about would live, which meant it was the perfect place for a hideout.

Kat checked her phone, to be sure she had the right unit; each of the drab buildings looked exactly the same, even more so in the dark of night. The address she'd been given matched the number on the door at the top of the steps before her, so unless someone had been messing around with the brass numbers nailed into every door on this block, this was the place. She slid her phone back into the pocket of her plain black pants and walked up the steps, rapping sharply on the door.

Kat and her ensemble contrasted sharply with her surroundings. Her clothes were clean and neat, her black pants and white long sleeved buttoned shirt wrinkle free. Her thick and wavy brown hair flowed off her head to just past her shoulders, surrounding her head like a mane. A pair of rectangular black rimmed glasses sat firmly on her nose, framing her sharp hazel eyes. She had an average build, and a serious face though made less serious by her upturned button nose. Frequently in the past she'd been called cute, and she'd always hated it.

The door opened after a minute and a bedraggled woman stood before her. She was dangerously thin, her legs and arms starting to show emaciation. Her cheeks were hollow, and her eyes were sunken, clear signs of malnutrition. Her blond hair hung limply off her head, unwashed and starting to show signs of thinning. Her mouth hung open slightly, as her glassy eyes met Kat's. An uninformed observer would have assumed drugs, but Kat knew the truth was far more sinister.

The woman stood staring at Kat, saying nothing. She wore no pants, underwear hidden by the long loose tank top she wore, which poorly hid the one part of her body that showed signs of health. Each of her breasts was full and round, grapefruit sized orbs of creamy smooth flesh that sat perkily on her overly thin frame. Unlike the rest of her skin which was pale and worn, the skin on her breasts was flush with colour and life. Veins were visible pressing against the skin, her enlarged nipples poking conspicuously through the thin fabric of her top.

“What?” The woman in the door finally said, both a demand and an exclamation of confusion. Kat paid her rudeness no heed; she was a victim here after all.

"I'm here to serve," Kat said, masking her voice with a tone of false kindness. As Kat had expected, the woman nodded and stood aside to let her enter.

As soon as Kat stepped through the threshold she felt the presence of the lifeform that controlled this house. A pressure settled itself around her mind, and she soon heard its voice inside her head as it attempted to add her to its flock.

"Greetings human. You are very much welcome here. Join your sisters in service of me. Come to me to receive your blessing"

Kat grit her teeth slightly as the phantom voice rattled in her mind. This one was female, though Kat didn't know whether the gender of the psychic emanation actually corresponded to a physical sex of the entity...if they even had a gender. She'd certainly never been able to tell the difference.

She could feel the thing tug on her mind, urging her to head upstairs. One of the numerous enhancements to her body was a set of cybernetic dampeners within her skull which made her highly resistant to these psionic assaults. A woman without them would've immediately fallen under the creature's influence, becoming its slave, like the woman that had greeted her at the door. Even still, they were far from perfect and constant demands and directions battered her psyche. She followed its instructions and began to follow its impulses leading her upstairs; she wanted it to think she was under its spell.

On the second floor she passed an open doorway that she momentarily stopped to look in. Half a dozen women sat inside on chairs and couches. They sat almost motionless, eyes unfocused, mouths agape. Their bodies were in varying states of degradation, similar to the woman that had let her in, and as well all of them bore a pair of abnormally large and round breasts. Simple store bought breast pumps were attached to the nipples of each of them, and whirred quietly as they milked them incessantly.

Kat watched as the bottle of the nearest one filled, causing the pump to beep. From behind Kat, the woman who had let her in pushed past her and replaced the recently filled bottle with an empty one from the shelves that lined the walls. The pumps began once more, the slow but steady drip of milk continuing from the poor woman who the pump was attached to.

The woman who had collected the bottle, turned and handed it to Kat. "Take this to them" She said, voice flat and emotionless. Kat nodded wordlessly, not wanting to speak lest she give away her charade.

She continued on upstairs, following the impulses of the creature. They led her to the 4th floor, to a room at the end of the hallway. She opened the door and stepped in, looking around. The room itself was empty of furnishings or people, a closed window with the blinds shut present on the back wall. The right wall had a large hole in the drywall, where it looked like someone had taken a sledgehammer to it. The mental force tugged her in that direction, and so she walked over. *Come on out*, she thought as she stopped before the hole.

She felt the pressure on her mind strengthen, as the entity redoubled its efforts to ensure it had control of her. She stood stock still, feigning her compliance. After she was perfectly still for 10 seconds it emerged.

The tip of the...thing, emerged from the hole in the drywall where it remained hidden the majority of the time. It was like an enormous earthworm, almost 3 inches in diameter, except its texture was smooth and shiny, as if it was made of plastic. The colour of this one was bright orange, though Kat had seen all colours of the rainbow. From what she could tell this one wasn't too big; far from a juvenile but also nowhere near the size that they could reach.

Humans had taken to calling them "Wigglers". A proper scientific term for them existed but no one used it. It was a total mystery where they'd come from, either space or perhaps deep in the earth, but they were here and were a nuisance at best and incredibly dangerous at worst.

They were psychically empowered parasites that were capable of mentally enslaving a number of women in close proximity to them. Once they were under the Wiggler's control it would infect them with a toxin that it secreted that altered the body's hormonal imbalance, causing the majority of calories consumed to be focused into the development of breast tissue and production of milk; milk that the Wiggler would then consume to grow. The larger it grew the larger it could extend its psychic influence, drawing more women into its clutches.

"Welcome child. Please unscrew the bottle and leave it on the floor. Then extend your hand to receive my blessing"

Kat did as she was told. Unscrewing the bottle and placing it on the wood parquet floor. Then she stepped back, extending her right hand palm up.

"Thank you child" She heard its voice booming against her skull. More of the creature slithered out of the wall, toward her, undulating in the air. It bobbed forward to touch her, a clear liquid oozing out of the pores at its tip when Kat finally made her move. She moved quick as a viper, right hand shooting out and wrapping around the girth of the Wiggler. It struggled weakly in her hand, unable to escape. With her other hand she removed a cloth from her back pocket and removed the secretion that had gathered at the tip.

The voice in her head began to panic as confusion set in. ***"Human?! What are you doing?! Release me!"***

Kat ignored the voice, lifting her hand to speak into the comm unit tucked into her sleeve. "This is Containment Agent Cooperson, I've located the Wiggler. Starting containment procedure"

"Copy that. Proceed Cooperson" The voice on the other end radioed back.

"Agent?! Who are you?! What's happening?!" The Wiggler in her grip wrestled against her, but it was too weak, its body developed to rely on its psychic fortitude. It tried to escape back down into the wall, but Kat held it firm.

Kat smiled grimly at the strange worm-like thing in her hand “Under Human Law 56302WC you are guilty of the psychic possession of these women, and therefore have been marked for capture and extermination.”

The creature began to flail harder but to no avail. ***“Human!! I command you to release me! Now! Let me go!”*** The psychic assault on her mind intensified but with her neural implants she was able to resist it.

Wordlessly Kat tugged the Wiggler toward her as she opened her mouth. Then in one smooth motion she stuffed the tip of it into her mouth, forcing it down her throat. Relaxing her jaw to prevent her muscles from cramping, she pushed it down, hand over hand as she slid inch after inch of the creature into her esophagus.

“What?! What is happening?! You should not be able to...AAAHHH IT BURNS”

Kat winced as she felt a wave of nausea hit her as the tip of the creature flailed angrily in her gut as her stomach acid stung its skin. *Come on...Come on*, she thought as she continued to force the lengths of the creature down her throat. Finally she felt it move forward of its own accord in her hands, at which point she let go and waited. Within her, the Wiggler, desperate to escape the burning of her stomach acid, had finally found its exit, moving into her intestines. Now she stood patiently, breathing carefully through her nose, as the creature moved down her throat independently as it pulled itself through her body.

She began to feel a pressure around her waist. Without looking down she first undid the button of her fly, pulling the zipper down slightly, then began to undo the bottom buttons of her shirt exposing her stomach. Her abdomen was beginning to bulge out as the Wiggler took up its new residence inside her intestines. This was what she was built to do, the genetic modifications to her body allowing her flesh to stretch to accommodate the foreign creature.

More and more bulges appeared against her skin as the creature filled the lengths of her entrails. Staring down she could watch it move within her, pressing against her skin as it slid deeper down, desperate to settle and escape the acid of her stomach. At last the final lengths of the creature passed her lips, allowing her to close her mouth once again. She let out a deep breath followed by a sigh as she could feel the tail end of it slide down her throat. Moments later it passed through her stomach and the screaming of the creature, that she'd long been ignoring, finally subsided.

Kat looked down at herself, satisfied. Her abdomen projected dramatically from her body, arcing away over a foot from her rib cage; an overall round mass of flesh featuring various ridges and bulges here and there where the intestines pressed close to the surface of her skin.

She lifted her left hand to her mouth and spoke. “This is Cooperson. Containment procedure complete. Location is ready for clean up crew and containment transport. I counted 7 victims within” Gingerly she began to walk back towards the door, each step causing the bloated mass of her front to wobble. Within her she could still hear the Wiggler curse at her.

“Stupid human! You cannot contain our kind! I’m still alive in here!”

Kat smiled to herself as she began to walk downstairs. “Yup, but you’re not going anywhere”

“We’ll see how smug you are when my thralls tear you apart!”

Kat stepped down on to the second floor, passing the room that had housed the group of women who’d previously been attached to pumps. “Yeah, that’s not going to happen” Kat said as she peered in. Inside several paramedics were assisting the women, providing them with IV drips to help restore their lost fluids. All of the women were in tears and looking around confused, minds in shock.

“What! They were mine?! How?!” Kat grunted as her abdomen visibly shook, the creature inside writhing in anger. After it settled once more she spoke. “My intestinal lining is genetically modified to contain you. While you’re fully inside me your psychic influence is completely nullified. Only I can hear you.”

“Fool! You should not have told me your secret! I’ll just simply have to exit your body!”

Kat smirked “Good luck with that”

Bulges pressed out across her abdomen as the creature shifted within her, moving deeper within her intestines. Kat shuddered as she felt it slither within her; it was always such a strange but surprisingly pleasant feeling. At last it reached the end, but found the way sealed shut. Kat could feel itself pushing against her, but her body was designed for this, and she was easily able to ignore it. The Wiggler continued to writhe and press against her, but its attempts were pointless.

She exited the townhouse and walked down the steps, holding on to the railing to give herself balance. A large van had been backed up right before the staircase, the back doors flung open.

“Containment Agent on the move! Everyone stand back!” A loud voice echoed through the street, her C.O. Lieutenant Daniel Smythe, who’d been on the radio with her. He stood beside the open doors of the van giving her a curt nod with a thin lipped smile as she passed, which she returned.

With a grunt she heaved herself up into the back of the van, then sat down on one of the side benches. The doors slammed closed behind her, and before she could settle in and brace herself the van took off.

“Whoa, easy!” She shouted at the driver.

“Sorry, Katarina” Came a jovial voice from the front.

She groaned. "Dammit, who did I piss off to get picked up by you! You know very well, it's Kat, Andy"

Andy caught her eye in the rearview mirror "Sure I do, but I like Katarina better"

Kat rolled her eyes at him, holding onto the bench as he drove away.

"Big one tonight?" He asked without taking his eyes off the road.

Kat shook her head. "No, only about a 6 footer. Far from the biggest I've captured" Her gut still bulged and shook as the Wiggler inside desperately tried to escape. She breathed in and out through her nose as she tried to ignore it. After a minute it finally gave up, the motion in her abdomen stilling. She let out a contented sigh, fingers lacing together as she rested them atop the upper shelf of her alien filled gut. Then the Wiggler spoke to her once more, its voice in her mind quiet and contemptful.

"Human...You know you cannot contain me forever, you require sustenance same as I"

Kat rested her head against the side of the van, eyes closed. "Correct. We're going back to the station at which point you will be evacuated from me"

"What will become of me?"

"Like I said when I captured you; You'll be exterminated."

"Very well. If that is to be my end then so be it. As my final act I shall make you a more fitting thrall for a future member of my kind"

Kat's eyes shot open "Oh, shit. Andy, step on it!"

"What? What's wrong?" He asked, eyes focused on the road.

"The Wiggler is pulling a code 17" She said through gritted teeth.

Kat reached up behind her head and grabbed the first aid kit off the wall of the van. She opened it, and felt her heart sank. The antidote syringe was missing. Whoever had last been coded hadn't gotten it replaced. "Where the fuck is the antidote?!" She yelled. In the rearview mirror she saw Andy's face go white, then without a second of hesitation he floored it, nearly knocking over Kat from the acceleration.

Her head swam as she could feel her body begin to react to the chemicals the Wiggler had begun to emit, the secretion that would direct her body chemistry to focus solely on growing her breasts. Most Wiggles continued to rage and try to escape containment until the very end, but a small percentage, for unknown reasons, instead acted in this way, accepting their death and instead focusing on causing harm to their captor.

When a woman became a thrall to a wiggler, they received a small dosage, absorbed through the skin which diluted its effects. Kat on the other hand was receiving the entire volume of toxin the Wiggler possessed within its body, and it was being delivered directly into her intestines where her body would absorb it. The potency and uptake of the chemical would be exponentially more than a normal case.

Andy gripped the wheel, knuckles white, as he swerved dangerously through city traffic, desperate to make it back to the station. "Dispatch, we've got a Code 17 here with Containment Agent Cooperson. Antidote not available" The cheery tone in his voice was gone.

"Copy that. What's your ETA?" Came dispatch's response.

"Three minutes" He said.

"Make it two, Andy!" Kat grunted from the back of the bench. Sweat had begun to bead on her face, neck, and chest, the skin turning from her normal light tan to bright pink. Her breathing quickened as she felt an intense tingling spread across her chest. Hands trembling she fumbled to undo the remaining buttons of her shirt, eventually giving up and just tearing it open. She pulled each of her breasts out of the cups of her b-cup bra, her nipples stiffening in the cool night air. The web of her veins had grown dark under her skin; growth would follow shortly.

With a yelp Kat grabbed onto the bench to steady herself as Andy whipped around a corner, tires catching the curb. She held in the urge to yell at him; he was driving recklessly for her benefit. The station had an antidote that would neutralize the toxin, but it wouldn't reverse any growth that had already occurred.

Her heart pounded in her chest like a beating drum, her pulse reaching dangerous levels as her body struggled to keep up with the waves of toxin being sucked up by her intestines. "Almost there, hold on Kat!" Andy yelled as he screamed through an intersection, nearly taking off the bumper off a car that noticed them too late.

"Hnng" She moaned "Too late..." With each beat of her heart she watched as her breasts swelled, puffing up with flesh, growing wider, and deeper. Little drops of milk appeared at the tips of her nipples as they rose up and away off her chest, her breasts filling in beneath them.

"Goddamit" She said under her breath, as she helplessly watched them expand. Her veins were rigid against the surface of her skin, thick and blue as ounce after ounce of flesh added itself to her bustline.

She was too focused on her chest to feel the lurch of the van as it stopped. The back doors flung open and a paramedic leapt in, syringe in his hand.

"Oh thank god" Kat said, pulling her hair off her neck and tilting her head away from him. The medic stepped forward and effortlessly slid the syringe into her neck, injecting her with

antidote. Like a light being switched, immediately the sensations from the toxin ceased. The colour in her skin returned to normal as her pulse slowed.

"You ok?" The paramedic asked as she removed the syringe from her neck, placing a cotton swab with a bandage over it. Kat nodded "Yeah...thanks" She looked down at her body and sighed. The toxin had only been in her body for less than a few minutes, but it'd taken its toll. Resting atop the shelf of her bloated abdomen were now a pair of full round f-cups, slightly more than a handful for her.

A second paramedic approached with a blanket, allowing her to cover herself. "Come on, Agent Cooperson, let's get that thing out of you"

Kat let herself be helped up, and walked out of the van, hands holding on to the side for balance. She walked into the station and immediately turned to the left, entering a small room. She shut the door behind her and entered her ID code into the pad beside the door. Immediately the door sealed itself shut, locking her and the Wiggler in. With a sigh she removed her pants and then underwear, before waddling her way to the other side of the room. There a hose emerged from the wall with a wide attachment on the end. She faced away from it and backed against it.

"Is this the end, Human?"

The Wiggler had been silent since it'd released its toxins, so Kat had been shocked to hear it speak once more. "Yes. See you in hell, you fucking worm" She cursed at it. Reaching back she flicked a switch on the wall, activating the vacuum within the tube which immediately clamped itself to her underside. Then she closed her eyes and relaxed, willing her body to release.

"Goodbye Human. We will have our revenge"

Kat opened her eyes in surprise, but before she could speak her body unclenched and the Wiggler was sucked from her. She gritted her teeth against the discomfort as she felt all six feet of it evacuate her body, her intestines settling back to normal. In less than ten seconds it was done.

She turned off the vacuum and stepped away, redonning her underwear and pants in silence. She rubbed a hand across her now flat stomach. She felt no discomfort or pain from within; another successful capture. Draping the blanket over her torso she entered her ID into the pad once more then left the room.

Minutes later she sat outside her lieutenant's office. She'd stopped by her locker to retrieve another shirt, plain white and buttoned like she always wore. Unfortunately she'd only been able to do it up halfway, her newly grown breasts stuffed into the cotton top straining against it. The two round mounds of each tit squeezed against each other forming a deep line of cleavage. She kept her arms crossed over her chest, in a failed attempt to hide it from view.

She was frustrated with tonight's developments. This was her 183rd capture of a Wiggler since she'd started and they'd never pulled a Code 17 on her before. She'd been quite

happy with her figure before tonight. It didn't draw too much attention, which had been good for both work and for her social life. She'd already caught two beat cops ogling her as they passed her in the hall. She'd promptly flipped both of them off and told them to go to hell, but she knew she wouldn't be able to do that every time it happened.

"Cooperson, sorry to make you wait" She heard her lieutenant's voice come from her left. She turned to see him walking down the hall toward where she sat. He opened the door to his office and led her in.

He sat down at his desk and sighed, rubbing both hands across his face. When he lowered them he looked her in the eye, not once gazing down at her chest.

"So...the end of a helluva run" He said with a grim smile.

Kat had sat down in the chair across from him, and raised an eyebrow at him. "Pardon, sir?"

"Your run with the containment squad? It's been two years Cooperson, and you've caught more of those wormy bastards than anyone else. You're the goddamned best I've ever had, and I'll be sad to see you go" He said nodding at her appreciatively.

Kat frowned shaking her head. "I...don't understand sir. Am I being fired, or demoted?"

It was the lieutenant's turn to frown. "No? I thought after you got Coded, and once again my deepest apologies about that, that you'd want to transfer? Isn't that why you asked to meet me?"

She shook her head "No, sir. Containment Squad is where I belong. Besides, the department spent money to install the necessary enhancements to allow me to do this job, I wouldn't want to waste that."

The lieutenant shrugged "I see! Well then, glad you're sticking around! Like I said, you're the best we've got! So, what can I do for you?"

Kat nodded in thanks at the lieutenant's praise. "Firstly, can we get backup antidote placed within the pickup vans?"

The lieutenant nodded "Definitely. I don't know why this wasn't the standard already"

Kat continued with her requests. "Is there anything that can be done about what happened to me tonight?"

The lieutenant sighed and shook his head. "Not really. I'll talk with higher ups to see if a special case can be made for you, but policy is that getting Coded is a risk of the position. You knew this was a possibility when you signed up"

Kat slumped in her seat with a sigh, her new breasts jostling against her. "Fuck..." She muttered in frustration.

The lieutenant gave a sympathetic smile. "You should consider yourself lucky that you haven't been coded thus far! What was this, number 181?"

"183" She replied.

He nodded "There you go. 183. Statistically we see it in every 100 containments, so you were due."

She met his eye with a frown "Not helpful"

He held his hands palm up "Sorry, I know. At least you didn't get hit too bad. Before we'd synthesized the antidote some of the first containment agents to get coded...well they were forced into retirement"

Kat nodded, she'd seen the pictures. Agents who were more breast than woman.

The lieutenant sat back in his chair. "Is there anything else, Kat?"

She nodded, sitting up. "Yes, sir. The Wiggler we brought in today...it was different"

"Oh, how so?"

"Before extermination...it vowed revenge" She said, still feeling unnerved.

The lieutenant steepled his fingers "Hm, odd. But I wouldn't worry about it. Probably just a last-ditch attempt to stop you from killing it."

She nodded "I guess...Still, it's strange..."

"Put it out of your mind agent. It was just the psychic ramblings of an alien parasite. We know they don't have any sort of society or even tribal tendencies; even if it was serious, there's nothing alive to exact revenge on you!"

Kat sat in silence for a moment, before she stood. "Thank you, sir. I'll try and forget about it"

Lieutenant Dan Smythe smiled at her warmly "Good. Now go home and get some rest. You're not on duty again until Tuesday."

Kat gave him a crisp salute before she turned and left, making a beeline for the exit of the building.

Thirty minutes later she entered her quiet, empty apartment, hanging her keys on the single hook just inside the door. The walls were plain white, uncovered and unblemished as the day she'd moved in. She trudged into the kitchen, grabbing a beer from the fridge. She set the rim of cap on the edge of the metal countertop and slammed it with her fist, popping it cleanly off. The cap flipped through the air landing squarely in the open garbage bin. She smirked as she took a swig from her beer.

She walked down the hall toward her bedroom, undoing the buttons of her shirt as she went. She passed through her room, entering the ensuite bathroom. Setting her beer down on the counter she removed her undone shirt. Her bra she'd discarded back at the station, as it no longer fit her.

"Fucking worms" She muttered as she stared at herself in the mirror. She twisted back and forth allowing herself to view her new chest from all angles. They were big, no question about it, full plump melons sitting perkily upon her chest, but they weren't terrible. She could adjust.

She undid her pants and then removed them, followed by her panties. Then she turned the shower on, and after waiting for the water to warm up, stepped in. She stood still letting the hot water cascade over her naked body, soaking her thick brown hair. She breathed slowly and deeply, running the events of the day through her mind and one by one letting them go. After a minute of simply existing within the shower, letting the water wash over her and wash her stress away, she began to clean herself properly. This meditative shower was part of her post capture routine, helping her process the strangeness of her job and to let go of the more stressful events that occasionally troubled her.

After washing the soap from her body, she gently sat down in the shower, feet near the end with the spigot. She switched the flow from the shower head to the bath spout. On that spout she'd rigged a length of rubber hose, which she gently grabbed the end of and forced it into her backside. She shuddered briefly at the discomfort of the hose entering her colon, but it briefly passed, and was replaced by the dull pleasant sensation of warm water filling her. She laid back in the tub and closed her eyes, feeling her abdomen slowly begin to swell as water filled her from the rear end up.

One had rested upon the growing arc of her gut, as water continued to flow into her, while the other reached down and began to massage her clit and pussy. Her eyes rolled back into her head at the twin sensations that coursed through her.

This was the other half of her routine, and her greatest secret and shame. Kat had been on the containment squad longer than any other agent, and had captured more Wigglers than any other. The reason for this wasn't just because she was good at her job, which she was, but it was because of her absolutely perverse love for it. The first time she'd captured a Wiggler, felt it stretch her body, writhing and slithering through her internal organs, she'd nearly orgasmed on the spot. It wasn't something that she'd known about herself going in, she couldn't explain what about it turned her on so extremely, but it did. The combination of feeling impossibly full, seeing her body swollen to such an obscene size, and the sensation of the Wiggler moving inside her; it made her wet just thinking about it.

Inflating herself with water in the tub had become her crutch. It was the closest thing she could do to herself to imitate the sensations of the Wiggler, but it was far from replicating it.

Laying in the tub her mind circled with the sensations and images of tonight's capture. This one had been far from the biggest she'd ever captured, but it still had made her feel incredibly large, stretching her body wonderfully. She'd been able to control herself while at the scene (she'd had to get good at that quickly) but now she could let go.

She rubbed the slowly expanding sphere of her abdomen, relishing the warmth of the water within, the pressure that slowly increased in her, while her other hand feverishly stroked her quivering clit. Her breath was short and fast, her eyes pinched shut as she focused. Her mind was locked on to those moments from earlier tonight, the feeling of the Wiggler struggling against her, the way her skin felt as it bulged from within.

But it wasn't just the physicality of it that she desperately lusted for. It was also that feeling of control, of domination. That she was able to contain this powerful psychic monster within her, subdue it, and turn it into nothing but a prisoner, nothing but a useless thing that was only good for providing her with sexual gratification. That was why the water in the tub was never quite good enough. Her mind replayed the creature's desperate pleas as it had struggled to escape her body, a satisfied smile forming on her face. Her climax hit her out of nowhere, her back arching as her body tingled with electric pleasure, emanating from her pussy.

She let out a moan that turned into a scream as her body shook with orgasmic ecstasy. Her muscles spasmed, and her sphincter loosened. The bath hose shot from her, followed by the gallons of water that had swollen her gut into a tight round ball, the size of a full term twin pregnancy.

Kat laid in the bottom of the bath, her breathing laboured as she slowly pushed the water out of her, her stomach receding back to its normal size. With a grunt she braced her arms on the bottom and pushed herself up, climbing out of the tub on unsteady legs. She wrapped her body and hair in a towel then made her way to bed, holding on to the wall for balance.

Laying in bed she rested with her eyes closed, her breathing having returned to normal. Her hands rested on her stomach, wrapped in her towel. She stared at the ceiling, mind clear and focused.

Kat's life was a solitary one, by choice. She'd been an orphan, having grown up through foster care, and after turning 18 she'd immediately joined the academy. Wiggles had started showing up en masse only a month after she'd graduated. She'd volunteered for the experimental task force created to contain them, and she'd never looked back.

Now she lived alone; no partner, no relationship, few friends. She was fine that way. She'd grown up alone and had become accustomed to it. Besides, she didn't want to explain her kink to anyone. Containment agents were viewed as heroes, thanklessly sacrificing their bodies to help put an end to the plague of these psychic parasites. To explain to someone that she actually enjoyed it, to an unhealthy degree...that would be difficult. Better to live alone and not have to worry about it.

On the night table her phone buzzed. Then again. She sat up with a start, frustration building. "Who the fuck is calling me when I'm off duty!" She grunted as she reached across to grab it. She let out a sigh of exasperation when she saw Andy's name and number printed on the screen in bright white letters.

She answered the call, already feeling annoyed. "What!"

"Whoa! Easy there, tiger!" She heard Andy's voice on the other line. They'd been in the academy together. He'd been an immature fool back then, now...well he was a little better now. "I'm just calling to check on you, see if you're ok"

She closed her eyes and took a deep breath, to calm herself. She didn't like being bothered on her time off, but it'd be terribly rude to bite his head off about it. "Yes, I'm fine. Thank you. Is that all?"

"Well, no, actually. I know you'll probably say no, but...do you want to come out with some of the other gang from our year for drinks?"

"Who'll be there?" She asked, voice uninterested.

"Todd and Suki. They got married, you know?" Andy's voice answered.

"Yeah, I heard" The pair had gotten together in the first year of the academy and had been a couple since. She'd been invited to the wedding last year, but hadn't gone. Too many people.

"I think I'll just stay in" She said, looking at her beer that she left on the bathroom sink.

"Ah, come on, just come out for once...I'll buy your drinks?" Andy's offer hung in the air. Kat looked at the clock on her night stand, 9:30 it read.

"I'll come for an hour" She said "And yes, you're buying my drinks"

"Oh shit, really?!"

"Yup, really" Kat said as she pushed herself out of bed. She didn't know who was more surprised that she'd actually agreed to go; her or Andy.

After he gave her the details of where to meet them she hung up the call, and got dressed. She wore the same thing she always wore, plain black pants, and a white buttoned dress shirt; though similarly to the one she'd pulled out of her locker earlier, the one she put on now didn't fit correctly, the top few buttons unable to close over her freshly swollen bust. She'd have to go shopping tomorrow to get shirts that fit.

She walked into the bar close to ten. The place was nearly empty, probably because it was a Wednesday night. This made it easy to spot the group of people waiting for her. Andy was facing away from her, sitting across from him where Todd and Suki. She hadn't seen them since graduation; they hadn't joined the force instead further pursuing education to get law degrees.

Sitting beside Andy was a man she didn't recognize. Kat frowned as she approached the table. "Who the fuck is this?" She asked. The four people sitting at the table looked up at her in surprise.

Andy sighed "As charming as always, Kat. This is Nate, he works with Todd downtown."

The man looked up from his beer to give her a brief glance and a nod, before he returned to his drink. Kat sighed as she sat down at the end of the table. She didn't like meeting new people. They didn't get her.

Suki reached out and squeezed her shoulder "Hey, girl! Long time no see!"

Kat faked a smile back, then turned in her chair to wave at the bartender for a beer. "Yeah, nice to see you too" She said as she turned back around.

"Kat went to the academy with us, but she joined the force like Andy" Todd explained from where he sat across from Nate.

Nate nodded uninterested. "So you're what, a serjeant or something?"

Kat eagerly grabbed the beer the bartender brought over and drank from it. She was going to need a lot of alcohol to get through this. She set down the pintglass half finished. "My official title is 'Agent'"

Nate snorted "Agent? What, are you a member of MI6?"

"No, she's a containment agent" Andy said.

There was a sudden but subtle shift in his demeanour as Nate's head jolted up "Wait, really?"

Kat drank from her beer again "Mhmm" She hadn't noticed his now focused gaze upon her.

"What's it like? What are *they* like?" He asked, the boredom having vanished from his voice.

Across the table both Todd and Suki exchanged looks. "Come on, dude, no one wants to talk about that...it's...unseemly" Todd said.

Kat ignored them. That was the normal reaction that people gave her line of work. Most didn't know the details, but they knew enough, and it bothered them. When she did meet new people, which was rare, she typically didn't share her profession, but Andy had spoiled that for her.

Nate looked back at Todd "What? Unseemly? It's fascinating!"

Todd raised an eyebrow at him "For real, man? Whatever, we're going to get a drink" Him and Suki stood and walked over to the bar, Andy following shortly after. Kat said nothing as they left, lifting her glass to finish her beer. She turned around to gesture to Andy to get her another. When she turned back around, Nate had moved over to sit directly beside her.

"So?" He asked.

“So what...?” She replied, voice flat.

“What’s it like! Does it hurt, containing them?”

Kat looked at him sceptically, searching for mockery or insincerity. His face was open and eager, his mouth open in a slight grin as he leaned toward her. He actually seemed genuinely interested. Kat was taken aback, though she didn’t let it show; she’d never encountered someone like this before.

Andy walked over and handed her the second drink, before he returned to the bar top that Todd and Suki had decided to make their new spot. “Uh, No” She said after taking her first sip. “It doesn’t hurt; the enhancements we receive allow us to...uh, accommodate them without harm” She took another drink from her beer, as he nodded understandingly. This felt weird, talking to someone so openly about this.

“Incredible. I’ve heard all containment agents are women, is that true?” He asked. His voice was hushed but excited.

She nodded “Yes, that’s true”

He rested his arms on the table, leaning closer. “Why though? Is it because your bodies are already suited to the change, because you can get pregnant?”

“Ha, no, it’s nowhere near that complicated” Kat’s tone softened as she spoke. His interest and eagerness in the one part of her life that Kat was passionate about was wearing away her shell. “To capture a Wiggler you have to get close to it. Only women can do that because we can pretend to be new thralls. We play along with it until it’s too late. If a man were to walk into a Wiggler den the thralls would go berserk...it’s not pretty”

Nate looked off into space, nodding. “So...since you got the enhancements...I bet you can really pack it away, right? I’ll bet you would kill at a hot dog eating competition!”

Kat shook her head with a smile “Nope. We don’t contain them in our stomachs, but in our intestines. I eat as much now as I ever did”

Nate pursed his lips with a thoughtful nod “Huh, that’s wild!” Kat nodded “Yeah I guess so... Anything...anything else you want to know?”

“How many have you brought in?”

She smiled “183”

He let out a low whistle “Goddamn, that is a lot. So, if you’ve done that many...” He leaned in close, looking over her shoulder first to make sure the others were no longer nearby. “Does that mean you like doing it? Like...*really* like it?”

Kat blinked as she stared at the strange man before her. He was actually quite attractive in a unique sort of way. His face had a certain sharpness to it that belied intelligence and wit.

His hair was dark, and well styled. And the way he looked at her now, with such intensity; no one had ever looked at her like that before. "What do you mean do I like it?"

"Do you like the way it feels, when it's inside you? The feeling of it filling you, stretching you. I've seen pictures...you girls get huge when you've got one of those things trapped in you. I just want to know if you...if it feels good. You know?" He bounced his eyebrows up and down once to signal his meaning.

She looked over her shoulder herself, confirming that no one is in earshot. She blushed slightly as she bit her lip with embarrassment. "I can't believe I'm telling you this... but Yeah...yeah I reaaaaally like it. It does feel good to me, feeling them inside you. The first time I did a containment run...Oh god, why am I telling you this! The first time I did a run, I...I nearly orgasmed"

Nate grinned devilishly at her "Ohhh Fuck, that is hot. You are something else Kat Cooperson"

Kat giggled, something she'd never done for a man before. Maybe she should slow down on the drinks. Then again, she was having a good time, and this handsome guy was hitting on her, what was she worried about?

He scooted his chair closer to her, leaning his face within inches of her. "Can I kiss you?" He asked, resting a hand on her knee. Kat blushed deeper, her mind buzzing as her smile faltered. "I...I've never kissed anyone before" She said, voice quiet.

It was true, a life growing up in foster care had left her reticent to form attachments, and so she'd avoided boys during her youth. While at the academy she'd kept her nose down and focused on studying, and after graduating she'd immediately joined the force. Once she'd joined the containment squad and discovered her forbidden love, she'd put men out of her mind completely. Why bother when she knew no one would accept her...no one until the man who sat across from her, his lips inches from hers.

He simply smiled at her shy honesty. "Let me show you how" He said, voice low and heavy. He lifted his other hand and wrapped it behind her neck, gently pulling her toward him. She exhaled slightly as she let herself lean forward. She closed her eyes and let his lips brush with hers. She was still as he pressed his lips against hers, his breath entering her mouth. He tasted like whiskey and steak. After a moment of fear, she pressed her lips back against his returning the kiss.

After a few seconds he pulled back with a smile "You're a natural" He said with a chuckle. Kat smiled back, surprised at how light headed she felt. "Thanks" She said sipping from her beer again.

Author's Note: Told you it was weird. This one was actually inspired by a comic of an NSFW artist whose work I enjoy (Kudos to you if you can guess which comic). I expanded on the idea, and incorporated themes of B.E. into the concept. The general story would be that after meeting Nate they'd go explore to see if they could find one in the city so he could watch her capture it, but then things would go wrong or something like that. I realized after a bit that there probably wouldn't be an audience for this story so I canned it.