Once Bitten, Cockatrice Shy

“Well there is something you don’t see every day,” the black-furred wolf said as he and the Greywolf-dragon hybrid looked over the cliff they had just climbed and saw the smoldering remains of a crashed ship wedged in a small valley. A huge furrow was dug into the earth behind it but despite the apparent impact it had made the object looked only moderately banged up. “What do you think Vritrax?”

“I think we need to call the proper authorities and let them handle this,” Vritrax replied, though as he spoke he looked to his companion and saw his muzzle curled up in frustration. “C’mon Lorkos, you can’t honestly want to go down there and look at a ship that has mysteriously crashed that looks nothing like anything we have on this planet and go poke around. It’s probably some experimental craft where anyone who gets caught snooping around disappears forever in a government hole.”

True, but…” Lorkos trailed off as he looked back at the ship. “There could be-“

“Don’t say aliens,” Vritrax replied as he pointed a finger at the wolf.

“I was going to say someone down there that might need our help,” Lorkos corrected, crossing his arms over his chest. “How would you feel if we just waited for others to try and come here and it turns out that someone died because they didn’t get any proper medical attention? We probably can’t even get in anyway, and if that’s the case then we can say we tried and get out of here before anyone else showed up.

The hybrid continued to frown but finally relented, sighing and nodding his head before the two started down the nearby path to get to the valley. It was only through sheer luck that they had seen the vessel crash in the first place, and with their car being the only one on the road at the time the wondered if they had been the only ones at this point. After they had gotten off the road near the area where they saw it crash they found the parking lot of the small abandoned gas station to be completely empty and it took them more than few minutes until they found a path from there that led them further back into the hills. There was only one path that seemed to cut through the rocky terrain and they didn’t see anyone else use it, and as they made their way down into the valley there was no one around there either.

Despite the initial reservations Vritrax was a bit excited as they got closer to the ship. The metal of the hull was a deep black and it didn’t look like anything either of them had ever seen as they began to walk around to look for an entry point, and though the part that faced them was only dented and crumped in some areas they got to the other side both gasped at what they saw. “I think we’ve figured out what caused it to crash,” Lorkos said as they both looked at the large smoldering hole that was exposed the inside of the ship. “Also this is our way in.”

Vritrax grumbled slightly but before he could voice his opinions on the matter the wolf had already hoisted himself up from a nearby rock outcropping and wiggled his way inside. Once the lupine had gotten himself firmly anchored within the ship he helped the other man get up as well. The hybrid eventually got up himself and the two slid through the hole made in the metal before passing completely through the thick hull to the other side. As soon as they were able to stand again they saw that the blast hadn’t just taken out the outer metal as the room they had gotten into was filled with cold metal slag and destroyed equipment.

It wasn’t clear whether the destruction that they saw was caused by some external force or if an explosion within had caused the breech, but they did see as they got further away from the damaged section that the rest of the ship was operational and even powered. As Lorkos got close to one of the unmelted doors in the large room it actually opened for him, which caused the wolf to be taken back slightly by the sudden movement before they continued inside. The ship appeared to be completely automated as lights lit up as they passed by and doors continued to open for them without them seeing the presence of a single body aboard.

The further the two got in the more fascinated they became with its design and construction, especially as they got further inside and didn’t even see an input console for anything. While Vritrax continued to maintain that this was some sort of government test ship that they shouldn’t be on the technology seemed to be more advanced than anything either of them had ever seen before. It didn’t help when they got to the back of the ship and they saw what they believed to be the engines that glowed and pulsated with an unearthly blue light before they quickly moved away from them. Eventually they got to a place that looked like it would have people inside of it, but once again there was nothing that indicated that anyone had ever been there as they looked around.

“Could a ship this big really not have a living soul on it?” Vritrax asked as he looked at a bunch of metal canisters that were on the wall. “What’s it even for?”

“You got me,” Lorkos replied as he stepped up to one of the platforms that was in the room, stepping forward into the metal ring as the panels underneath lit up as soon as he stepped foot on them. The second he did however he suddenly felt something press against his stomach and before he could move the mechanical arm that had grabbed him lifted him up in the air. “Vritrax, little help!”

The Greywolf-dragon had been looking at a number of nozzles that went into the wall when he heard the wolf’s cry and turned to see the lupine kicking his feet in an attempt to get back on solid ground again. Vritrax immediately hopped up on the platform himself and tried to pry the claw that had wrapped around his friend, only to have accidently slipped in just as a second one on the opposite side of the machine had risen up to secure the creature. It appeared that this armature was only made for one and as it lifted the hybrid up in the air as well the two found their bodies being pressed together.

A noise could be heard that sounded like incomprehensible garbling as the two suddenly saw the metal hoop that had been resting on the floor start to rise up towards them. They went from trying to stretch their feet down to the floor to raising them up as high as possible as both could see a shimmering that was contained within the diameter of the metal circle coming towards their bodies. As a second one started to come down towards them however they soon found themselves out of room and braced themselves for whatever was about to happen, only to find a tingling sensation running through their bodies as the hoops started to travel up them. Lorkos was the first to open his eyes and looked down in shock as he saw his bare feet wiggling in the air while his and Vritrax’s pants were being disintegrated as well.

“Neurological scan complete,” an electronic voice said that surprised and shocked both of the trapped men as their clothes were continued to be dissolved from the hoops that went both up and down their bodies. “New species data print acquired, storing in database. Warning, potential DNA corruption, two consciousnesses detected… altering parameters, new guidelines set. Begin second stage.”

“Well that doesn’t sound good,” Lorkos said as he suddenly found himself naked while his friend’s equally nude body pressed against his side. “What’s the second stage?”

“I’d rather not find out,” Vritrax replied as he continued to struggle against the mechanical arm that was holding him. “Hey computer? End process, or stop second stage, or cancel order.”

If the computer could understand them it was choosing to ignore the struggling hybrid as the hoops hovered beneath and above them. The shimmering light that had scanned them and destroyed their clothes was gone, but as they watched in both fear and fascination they could see that something was starting to form along the rim. Their eyes widened as a bright red, shiny material began to stretch out towards the center that looked like some sort of liquid latex. This definitely wasn’t going to be another scan and as the two attempted once more to at least separate themselves from one another the hoops once more began to head towards their body.

With most of their strength drained from the initial struggle they couldn’t bring themselves to lift their feet again, and as the rubber touched their limbs they shared a shiver as it coated their feet as soon as it touched. It felt like the shiny material was being suctioned to their bodies when they were able to see over the hoop at their feet they both were shocked to find that their normal feet had been replaced with shiny red rubber avian appendages. It wasn’t just some coating either, as the two let out a moan from the strangely pleasurable sensations that came from below they could feel the assimilated flesh being warped and reformed by the alien technology. The true surprise however was that they could only move their outer feet… when they attempted to try and bend or kick out the ones that were pressed against one another they found not only did they move the other man’s limb but that both were stretching longer than the rubber bird feet they had gotten.

Both Lorkos and Vritrax bent their necks down as far as they could and as the hoop continued to slide over their prone limbs they saw that their inner legs had been joined together into some sort of tail. They could see the last of the structure of their knees and feet being subsumed by the alien rubber while it continued to be pulled down into an entirely new appendage. It was a long tail, one soon joined by a second as the hoop had somehow managed to suck in and merge them together without them realizing it as they were joined together more by the second. The two attempted to try and pull themselves apart but the more they did the more their transformed lower bodies felt fused together as the two rubber tails coiled and slithered over one another.

The two had been so preoccupied with their lower halves that they didn’t even see the hoop above them until they straightened themselves up and pushed their entire head through it. It had almost gotten to their shoulders by that point and as the rubber completely enveloped their heads both suddenly felt the transformation hit them full force. Even as they felt their necks start to stretch and elongate though there was no pain, in fact it was extremely pleasurable and as the hoops had started to travel up their thighs the rubber touched their erect members and started to draw them down as well. Both could no longer see with the red substance completely coating their eyes but they could both feel everything, especially as their muzzles started to deform and become more angular by the second.

It was becoming harder for both men to think as the alien substance seeped into their skulls, bringing with it strange, foreign thoughts as Vritrax felt his horns and ears begin to melt under the pressure of the rubber. For Lorkos it was his ears and his hair, feeling them turn to more of the gooey substance that had continued to cover their bodies from the hoops slowly enveloping them. They could hear one another letting out cries of pleasure that grew slightly higher pitched as their necks gained several inches, neither one realizing they had fused at the base of their enveloped shoulders. The entire time their cocks were throbbing as they started to squirm in writhe not to escape, but from the alien pleasure of their altered bodies as their arms were eventually brought through the hoop as well.

Just like with their legs they felt one limb transform far more drastically than the other, and as their vision cleared they looked down to see that their outer limb had become almost bloated and dripping with the alien rubber goo while their inner arms just swelled a bit with muscle under the shiny red substance. As they saw their faces pushing out even more and their noses melting into their new beaks they saw instead of merging their outer limbs were about to become something different, their mouths open in a perpetual gasp as they felt their shoulders of their heavier appendages roll outwards towards their back while the inner ones remained useable while their pectorals shifted to the new configuration.

As the hoops converged on their midsection the two were able to look at one another and as the whiskers of the former hybrid were absorbed into the new beak while the last of the lupine disappeared the two had a hard time remembering who the other was. It was as if their identity was leaking out of them as the last of the gooey substance solidified, their cocks jutting out into the air as the rubber of the hoop pressed them together until they were nearly side by side with one another. As the hoop went up over their groins however the thought that they might have something separated besides their heads was quickly dashed as the goo around both their members seemed to pull into one another, causing their bodies to spasm in sheer ecstasy as two became one. That wasn’t the only place that was happening though as their heads looked around their surroundings they were finding that even with two heads their thoughts were starting to think as one as the two mechanical arms released the conjoined creature for the two hoops to meet in the middle and merge the last of their torsos together.

Where two men once stood a single creature was now there; the rubber avian creature looked at itself with its two heads as they tried to keep their psyche’s separate, only for the alien programming within to continue to degrade the willpower of both as their rubber bird feet pressed against the metal floor. “Seeding complete,” the computerized voice said as the hoops were pulled up and over them as the rubber wings stretched out, the last of their warped fingers merging with the rest of the rubber while feathers grew from the mutated limbs. “New creature designation; cockatrice.”

Cockatrice… the two heads of the rubber alien creature looked at one another and as they stared into the blank red orbs of the other’s bird head they knew that they were something else, someone else, but the more they tried to hold onto those thoughts the more they slipped away like sand through their fingers. For a while the merged creature stumbled as it attempted to try and get off of the platform, but soon it began to work in unison as their thoughts continued to align. Part of both heads knew they shouldn’t be doing this but with their newly shared body completely corrupted by the alien substance that made up its rubbery skin it quickly became a losing battle as Lorkos and Vritrax lost ground to the creature known only as Cockatrice.

As the thoughts and memories ebbed away the creature was filled with new purpose, the same that this ship was designed for. With alien knowledge filling their heads they found that this vessel was supposed to land in some remote part of an area just outside of a major population center, where it would then abduct people and convert them into rubber creatures like the one that it had just created. The ship was completely automated and would turn the first into those that could operate the technology in order to convert others, and even though it had been seen and intercepted by a rocket that attempted to destroy it that part of its main core was still intact. It may not be able to move, but thanks to the alien drone that had been created it could still carry out its task as the Cockatrice began to lumber through the ship towards a room adjacent to the main conversion facility that the original two had not explored yet…

Eventually the ship was found by those other than Lorkos and Vritrax, several helicopters buzzed overhead before they dropped the military personnel that carried them. Along with the quick response strike teams one of them contained a number of civilians that stepped out once the soldiers made sure the landing zone was clear of anything that might hurt them. “Damn, now that is a beauty,” an ocelot in a suit said as he looked at the ship while taking a puff of his cigar. “Looks like this one underestimated our tracking capabilities, how long until we can take it apart and look at its insides?”

“We have to make sure that the entire ship is clear of threats first,” a wolf in military fatigues said. “I have a scouting team ready to go through the breach while the rest of my men set up a base camp, shouldn’t take more than a few hours before we can clear you to go in. I have to say though I’m a bit uneasy with you and the others here at this early of a time, if something goes wrong than we may not be able to fully protect you.”

“I have full faith that you can handle whatever that thing dishes out,” the ocelot said with a chuckle as he patted the other man on the shoulder. “Plus you’re acting like we never took one of these things out before, this one just happens to be a little bigger and more intact than the others. Get your men in there and scope it out, I want to be back at the hotel before night falls.”

The wolf general merely nodded and told the five men that had been waiting behind them to get going, who eagerly responded in the affirmative and began to make a run for the ship. Once they had fired several climbing anchors into the breach and climbed up they went made their way inside while the rest of the soldiers started to set up camp and a potential quarantine zone. As soon as the five got away from the hole in the hull they heard static come over their comms and realized that the ship was blocking their radio signals. Two of them spoke up if they should go back and inform the others of the situation but the leader, a brown-furred sergal, told them that they were given an order and expected to follow it.

They continued to make their way through the ship, marking their path as they went in order to make sure that they didn’t get lost. As the sergal looked at the map that he was creating digitally through the scanners on their comms he could tell that they were getting close to being finished as a smirk crossed his muzzle. It quickly disappeared though as before he could put the tablet back into his pocket he heard someone let out a cry before it was quickly muffled. The soldiers quickly got into formation, all except for one that looked like something bright blue had landed on his head. When a nearby cheetah pointed his flashlight at the german shepherd they all gasped when they saw that some sort of metal hoop was around his neck and that his head was not only covered completely in rubber but his canine muzzle had started to shift and distort.

“I got you Mac!” a snake man said as he broke the line and pulled out his knife to cut the rubber off as the hoop began to travel further down the other soldier’s shoulders. The sergal attempted to shout at him to get back into the line but before he could a two-headed avian creature appeared and slammed another metal ring down around the serpentine creature. The purple rubber immediately suctioned to the creature whose mouth was stuck open in a frozen gasp as the shiny material suctioned inside. Both soldiers fell as the german shepherd attempted to reach up through the hoop to pull off the rubber only for his hands to inflate into huge draconic paws while the other remained mostly serpentine as a pair of rubber clawed hands emerged when wiggled his arms past the ring as well.

The sergal shouted for the remaining two to fire but as they brought their guns up both the sergal and the horse next to him suddenly found the tails of the creature coiled around them like snakes. The last soldier managed to fire off a shot but it bounced off of the Cockatrice’s skin before the rubber creature darted forward and enveloped the ocelot with his wings. Even though the sergal tried to struggle the grasp of the tail around his body was like a vice and as he turned to the two that had been captured by the hoop he saw that they were no longer struggling against the rings. In fact the purple rubber naga pushed the ring further down his body, causing his legs to merge together into a single serpentine lower body that grew several feet from the rubber being created by the hoop while the new blue dragon used his still canine feet to push his ring down the rest of the way and cause them to become heavy draconic paws.

Despite continuing to yell at the other two to help them it was clear to the sergal that those that had been covered in rubber were no longer listening to them, especially as they looked down at themselves and especially at the hefty rubber cocks that dangled between their legs. For the Cockatrice that had used the drone rings on them they would normally aid him in the subjugation of others with those same rings to create copies, but since the remaining three were being handled they were allowed to explore their newfound bodies. The aliens that had created the technologies that transformed them knew that lust went a long way to keep their thralls in the right mindset and with the fact that they had become an rubber naga and dragon there was no need to prep as the synthetic serpentine male slithered around the muscular body of the other and began to bury his cock deep into the tailhole of the other.

With the two of the soldiers neutralized quickly the Cockatrice was able to focus on the other three more extensively, feeling the alien rubber inside of his wings coating the leopard who continued to squirm around in his grasp. The remaining two soldiers watched with wide eyes as the leopard’s head stretched out the rubber wings of the creature enough that the two could watch as the feline muzzle warped into something more avian in nature as the cockatrice held him. After a minute things became silent save for the squeaking of rubber as the bulging in the wings stopped and as the two looked down they saw that the boots of the leopard had become tatters as a pair of bright orange rubber talons flexed in the air. When the Cockatrice opened his wings the sergal couldn’t help but gasp as he saw that the reason they didn’t hear anything for a while was that the new latex phoenix had their reformed beak stuffed full of red rubber cock that stretched out his throat.

“Mason…” the sergal whispered to the horse next to him. “Mason… I can’t reach my emergency call button, tell me you can.” After a few seconds of no response the sergal glanced over to his right and nearly screamed as he saw that the end of the rubber tail of the Cockatrice had buried itself into the muzzle of the horse which was morphing into a bright green beak as the latex covered it. He could see the equine swallowing something down as more latex spread over his body where the tail contacted his body, retaining his back hooves while his hands became more avian from the rubber that stretched over them.

With a mental command the Cockatrice told the phoenix he had created to pull off and join his newest convert, the orange and green rubber creatures moving off as soon as the new gryphon was released from his tail. He had yet to push the sergal towards being changed, mostly because he could tell the others were more competently trained while he had silently followed them along their route and partially because he wanted to save the leader for last. The two heads of the Cockatrice leaned down at the sergal and as they looked him up and down he could see him flinching back. They had a plan for him as soon as they laid eyes on him and after using another piece of technology to rid the sergal of his fatigues and all his equipment the two avian heads leaned in until their beaks were pressed against each of his ears.

The second the sloppy rubber tongues began to push inside of his skull the sergal’s eyes rolled back into his head, his mouth hanging open as the alien material started to assimilate his brain the second that it touched. As the two continued to push in and out of his ears, their beaks practically engulfing the ears as they were covered with red rubber, they allowed their thick cock to press up against the backside of the creature. With his personality and memories rapidly draining away from the alien rubber that started to leak from his eyes and nose the only thing the sergal could think about was the intense pleasure that suddenly came from his tailhole. More of the shiny red substance immediately began to spread over his cheeks as well as inside him as inch after inch of the avian’s shaft spread him open, but while they thrusted their hips to keep both sides deep within the euphoria of their rutting the Cockatrice quickly wanted to rut him for another reason.

Soon thoughts began to filter into the sergal’s head as rubber dripped from his maw, some of it splattering back and coating his triangular muzzle as it became a rubber beak. Just another head, another part of this creature, his days of being a leader were done as his neck began to stretch while the back of his body pressed against the muscular physique of the rubber creature. The other two heads pulled out of the ear holes of the third male as his features smoothed out from the latex that began to creep over him, turning him more avian by the second as the cock inside him continued to push forward until it merged with the one that was fully erect on his own groin. As alien rubber began to dribble out of it the already sizable member of the sergal grew and thickened as the tail tentacle that held him there slid down until it was only wrapped around his legs, which quickly fused together and became a third on their body.

It didn’t take long before the new head nestled itself in between the other two, the identity of the sergal just as lost as the wolf and hybrid before it as the red rubber quickly enveloped the rest of his body. The only thing that soon remained were his arms and as the first pair went down to stroke their conjoined cock the red rubber quickly spread down it until it formed a secondary pair above them as their entire frame thickened from the added mass to support the new limbs. While the personality of the soldier was gone though the information in his head remained, including that there were more soldiers out there and even a higher-up from some major corporation that took apart alien ships for a living. They would make fine additions to their collection and as the three red rubber heads looked at each other with a smirk they wondered if they could possibly get more parts to fix the ship.

A shudder went through all five creatures as their consciousnesses linked up with the image of the giant alien ship hovering over a major city; creatures that fell under their control would line up in order to be converted into rubber aliens thralls just like them as those that were already converted would being to remake the world in order to support those that changed them. The mere thought caused the four creatures that rutted one another to go faster, eventually orgasming and filling the ones that were being penetrated with more of the alien goo that they carried. Though the five were eager to go out there and claim their price the Cockatrice led them first to the place where they had found the rings that turned the first two as well as other technology. Even though the five were linked together they still stood there in awe as the lights turned on and showed the rows upon rows of transformation hoops, subjugation rings, and everything else that would aid them in their new cause.

The invasion had begun…