

CHAPTER 08: Captive Code

June ??, 2024

The darkness dissolved into an agonizing brightness. Nathan opened his eyes slowly, his blurred vision adjusting to the absolute white of the environment. The fluorescent lights on the ceiling cut like knives, and the throbbing pain in his temple made him hiss. He touched the bruise with trembling fingers—the rifle blow still echoed in his skull. *“Where am I?”* Before he could orient himself, a metallic voice echoed beside him.

-?????: “He’s awake.”

Nathan turned his head and saw a scientist in a white lab coat jotting something on a clipboard. Two soldiers flanked the door, hands resting on the butts of their weapons. Reality hit like a punch—this was the same place where it all began. The door slid open with a click, and General Rodriguez entered, his footsteps echoing on the steel floor.

-**Gen. Rodriguez:** “Welcome back, Nathan. We thought you’d sleep forever.”

Nathan tried to sit up, but a wave of nausea forced him back. *“So I’m back at the lab”*, he thought. He held his head, his voice hoarse with rage.

-**Nathan:** “What did you do to me?”

-**Gen. Rodriguez:** “I just ordered them to go capture you, and anyone who could be useful, or a threat. Their methods... that’s something I wasn’t in control of.”

-**Scientist:** “Perhaps the doses the soldiers used in the tranquilizer darts might’ve been a bit too much. But the others seem to be doing just fine.”

-**Nathan:** “Others? Where’s Lyla?” (he looks around for her)

Rodriguez stepped forward, the insignia on his uniform gleaming under the light.

-**Gen. Rodriguez:** “Your fiancée is safe... for now. So are the others.”

Nathan clenched his fists, but the soldiers advanced, fingers tightening on triggers, forcing him back.

-**Gen. Rodriguez:** “Come on. Let’s take a walk.”

-**Nathan:** “I’m not going anywhere until I see Lyla.”

-**Gen. Rodriguez:** “I don’t think you understand me, kid. This wasn’t a request.”

The guards around him now placed a hand on Nathan’s shoulder in a threatening tone, displaying their loaded holstered weapons.

-**Gen. Rodriguez:** “If I were you, I’d worry about my own safety.”

Nathan was dragged through the labyrinth of white corridors, the soldiers’ footsteps echoing like threats. General Rodriguez stopped in front of a frosted glass door, a triumphant grin plastered on his face.

-**Gen. Rodriguez:** “Do you recognize this place?”

It was the lab where Nathan had worked for months. Equipment glinted under cold light, test tubes aligned like soldiers. But something was different: in the center of the room stood a steel cage. Rodriguez gestured to the scientist, who carried a box to Nathan. Inside, a white rabbit cowered, its hind legs deformed into feline claws. Its red eyes glowed with disturbing intelligence.

-**Gen. Rodriguez:** “Experiment #2809, one of your past failures.”

Rodriguez tapped the cage, making the animal growl.

-Nathan: "#2809? What happened to it? It wasn't like this when I was testing on it."

-Gen. Rodriguez: "You're almost right. But... months later, it changed. Something in the air, maybe. Or maybe there was something more in your serum than we knew about."

Nathan swallowed hard. The rabbit's ears were now pointed, its fur stained with dark stripes. An abomination.

-Nathan: "This is impossible. It didn't react to the tests!"

The scientist intervened, adjusting his glasses.

-Scientist: "After you left, the specimen was left in the back of the warehouse. One day, the janitor found it like this and screamed hysterically, alerting all of us. It seems that the more stressed it gets, the more it... evolves."

-Nathan: "But why am I seeing this now?"

-Gen. Rodriguez: "We've been trying to reverse-engineer your serum for months. The Superiors would love to sell this as a cure, even with these terrible side effects. You have no idea how many freaks out there are willing to pay big money for this kind of thing. But our legal team advised us to use our remaining time to minimize these effects before commercialization."

-Nathan: "So you want me to fix the serum? I can't. I've been trying for months and nothing, you know that." (he throws up his arms)

-Scientist: "No, Mr. Nathan. Actually, we just need to take a closer look at Experiment #2809. Whatever came out differently in the serum, positive or negative, the source is in it."

-Nathan: "I don't know, I don't think something like this is possible. Maybe all I managed was just luck... or bad luck. Fate, maybe."

Silence filled the room until Gen. Rodriguez tried a different approach with Nathan.

-Gen. Rodriguez: "Did you know? The Superiors absolutely loved the idea of releasing a powerful serum with side effects and then manufacturing and selling the cure afterward. That's why we couldn't wait for you and raised our own funds to run our own tests."

-Nathan: "You can't be serious. I thought you weren't legally allowed to do that."

-Gen. Rodriguez: "We were careful enough with our funding... and our corporate image. Unfortunately, for now, we've only done one test. That's why we still came after you and your people. Despite everything, you still officially work here."

-Nathan: "I can't be part of this. I don't agree with any of it. I've already seen how dangerous this serum can be. If this leaks into the world... it means the end of humanity as we know it."

-Gen. Rodriguez: "I don't care. Just do your damn job!"

-Nathan: "And what is my job? Because as far as I remember, my job was to find a cure for the infertility virus, not to spread a new virus into the world. Seriously, what's the goal here? The work is bullshit."

-Gen. Rodriguez: "The work is mysterious and important! Go! NOW!"

The guards then shoved Nathan into the next room, where everyone followed.

General Rodriguez pressed a button. The screen lit up, displaying a bright white room. In the corner of the screen, the video's date in the corner: *May 24, 2024*. As the camera focused on the center of the video, an off-screen voice began the scene:

-Scientist: "Please state your name and what you're doing here."

At the center of the video, seated on a small stool, was Natalie—a stunning 5'11" model with milky skin and chestnut hair—who clearly had no real idea why she was there.

-Natalie: "My name is Natalie. I'm a model, and... I'm here for VitaGenix's commercials."

She smiled awkwardly, fingers fidgeting with her sleeves. The scientist in the recording issued the next orders.

-Scientist: "Excellent. Now remove all clothing and remain in only your bra and underwear."

Natalie hesitated, lips trembling, but obeyed. She crossed her arms over her chest, goosebumps prickling her skin, adjusting the black lace bra that revealed her hardened nipples beneath the fabric.

-Scientist: "You've read and signed the contract, correct?"

-Natalie: "Yes... Is that all?"

-Scientist: "Good. The money will already be in the bank account you selected. Any of your family members will be able to access the funds immediately, as will you, once you leave after the test is done."

She bit her lip, naive. A masked scientist entered, administering an injection into her arm. Natalie gasped, nausea twisting her stomach.

-Natalie: "What is this?"

-Scientist: "A... rejuvenator. A new product that will make your hair and skin glow like never before. Just relax—it'll be over soon."

She staggered, leaning against the wall. Her nails dug into the cold paint, fingertips swelling and reddening.

-Scientist: "Please look directly at the camera and report anything unusual you feel"

-Natalie: "I'm feeling... dizzy..."

Nathan, watching, swallowed hard. "*She's transforming faster than Lyla*" echoed in his mind. On screen, Natalie released a hoarse moan. Her feet elongated, toes twisting into claws. Her spine arched, a tail tearing through the skin just above her buttocks. Her breasts pulsed, swelling, as brown fur spread over her thighs.

-Scientist: "This is the first checkpoint. According to our report, your fiancée, Lyla, took hours to show transformation symptoms and longer to lose control. Natalie seems to feel it instantly, even without a trigger."

-Nathan: "Yeah, you're right. What's your theory?"

-Scientist: "Perhaps this factor is linked to brain activity, as the serum's processing begins and ends in the brain."

-Nathan: "True. I always noticed Lyla resisted the serum in a... familiar way, especially after she understood it better."

-Gen. Rodriguez: "So... dumb girls transform faster, and smart ones, slower?"

-Scientist: "Essentially. But Mr. Nathan, you might want to see what happens next."

Natalie then became nonverbal, writhing as canine traits overtook her sculpted body. The tip of her tail tore through her panties, while her lower breasts sagged, dragging her toward the floor. One clawed hand clawed the wall for balance.

Soldiers, scientists, and Gen. Rodriguez watched the woman lose herself to her mind and flesh. Gen. Rodriguez posed an apparent non-related question:

-Gen. Rodriguez: "Who here is married?"

Several soldiers and scientists raised their hands.

-Gen. Rodriguez: "You. Get in there and tame the beast." (He grabbed a soldier's arm, dragging him to the room's entrance.)

The volunteer entered, sweat dripping down his face. Natalie turned, amber eyes locked on his mouth.

-Natalie: "Please..."

She stammered, but her body betrayed her: her pussy glistened, slickness dripping down her thighs. The soldier approached, his cock already free from his zipper. Natalie didn't resist—her lips met his, her damp loose tongue exploring his mouth. Her clawed hands shredded his camo uniform, tearing it apart.

-Natalie: "Breed me... Now..." (She growled, arching her hips.)

He shoved her against the wall, the head of his cock pressing at her entrance. Natalie howled as he thrust into her, each inch wrenching animalistic moans from her throat. The soldier gripped her breasts—all of them, especially the newer, sensitive ones—squeezing her swollen nipples as she panted.

-Natalie: "More... MORE!"

The camera zoomed on their joined bodies: her clit throbbed, crimson, and every thrust made her tail spasm. He groaned, losing rhythm, and Natalie flipped him beneath her. She rode him furiously, hips grinding, breasts swaying, her pussy clenching tighter as her transformation advanced.

-Natalie: "Inside... Please... I need it!"

He erupted, semen spilling hot. Natalie collapsed, trembling, the mutation receding... but her gaze stayed hollow. The soldier slumped aside, disoriented and gasping. The video ended.

The scientist turned off the monitor, adjusting his glasses with shaky hands.

-Scientist: "Strange, no? He couldn't resist... as if she 'controlled' him." (He pulled up a graph on his tablet.) "Thinking of that, we collected air particles during the... 'session'. We figured out that her skin released powerful pheromones during the transformation."

At that moment, Nathan thought about himself and the many times he couldn't control himself from fucking Lyla, or that one moment when he was holding himself back from fucking Alice. Gen. Rodriguez smirked.

-Scientist: "Gen. Rodriguez said that you've mentioned something about the serum combining with the virus. It wasn't in any of the file reports, but we confirmed it. The serum, like the virus, uses multiple vectors to attain his objectives. These pheromones... they are capable of compelling anyone nearby to complete the breeding process with the girl."

-Gen. Rodriguez: "Seems you were right about some things."

-Nathan: "And the girl? What happened to her?"

The general switched the screen to a live cell. Natalie, now human, gnawed raw meat like an animal, teeth shredding muscle with inhuman force. Her breasts and hips retained voluptuous curves, but her eyes were vacant, feral.

-Gen. Rodriguez: "Absolutely pregnant, like your girl. But different."

-Scientist: "She regressed. An empty brain in a fertile body... perfect for testing, but useless for getting anything out of her besides more sex."

-Gen. Rodriguez: "And that's fine. We have everything we need to push the serum forward. Though it would've been better not to pick a dumb bitch for this. That's why we had to take... other measures."

-Nathan: "What else did you do?" (Nathan clenched his fists again)

-Gen. Rodriguez: "We were trying to prove a crucial point for commercializing the serum. Show him."

-Scientist: "We conducted covert tests to validate a core theory. We randomly selected a middle school girl and an elderly woman, swapped some of their exam vials with a few grams of the serum, and monitored them for any aftereffects."

-Nathan: "Are you insane? A child? An old woman? What kind of point were you trying to prove?"

-Scientist: "Not trying anymore—we succeeded. Neither subject showed side effects for over two weeks." (He showed Nathan the tablet data) "This confirms the serum's action is directly tied to female fertility. Something neither the old woman nor the girl possessed."

-Nathan: "The old woman might be fine. But that girl? She'll likely become fertile soon, and when that day comes, the serum will act fast. If this study proves anything, it's that the earlier you take the serum, the more intense and violent the transformation. You've condemned her to a life of mutations!"

Gen. Rodriguez raised his hands in mock sermon.

-Gen. Rodriguez: "Science requires sacrifices. Just relax—I'm sure the girl will thank us for being fertile someday. Isn't that what everyone wants?"

-Nathan: "This isn't about fertility—it's about self control! About what will happen when this all leaks out!"

-Gen. Rodriguez: "That's why we need to push this out quickly—let the wins overshadow the flaws."

-Nathan: "If this is what you truly want, you should start worrying about loose ends. What did you do with the guard from the video?"

-Gen. Rodriguez: "I personally sent him home with extended leave and a hefty bonus to keep quiet. He won't be a problem—after all, the virus is inert in men. But I suppose you already knew that, don't you? Since we found traces of it in your bloodstream."

-Nathan: "Even if that's true, what we saw today proves there are multiple ways the serum spreads. You have no idea what you've done."

(Two Weeks Earlier - Hours after the Video Recording)

The guard closed the front door, the smell of homemade meatballs filling the air. His daughter ran to him, ribboned braids bouncing.

-Daughter: "Daddy's home!" (she shouted, clinging to his legs)

His wife emerged from the kitchen, her apron stained with sauce, eyes narrowed.

-Wife: "You're back early... Thought you said you'd be gone for a few more days, no contact."

He avoided her gaze, kissing his daughter's forehead.

-Guard: "Got extended leave. Work stuff, you know?"

His wife stepped closer, spice-stained fingers trailing his chest.

-Wife: "Work stuff, sure... Glad you're here. I've been *needing* you." (she whispered, leaning in)

He smirked, flushed with lust, gently pulling away.

-Guard: "Let me put the princess to bed. Then we'll... talk."

As their daughter snuggled with a stuffed bear, the wife waited in bed, a red lace bustier highlighting her hardened nipples. He entered, unbuttoning his uniform.

-Wife: "Nervous, honey?" (she pulled him atop her, legs spreading)

-Guard: "No. Why would I be?" (he said, thrusting into her)

He kissed her hungrily, rough hands tearing the flimsy fabric. Her breasts spilled free, and he buried his face between them, teeth grazing rosy skin. She arched, moaning.

-Wife: "Like that... Just like that..."

He flipped her onto all fours, one hand gripping her neck as the other guided his cock into her soaked entrance. She screamed as he plunged deep. Something boiled inside him—Natalie's scent lingering in his nostrils, the memory of her pulsing cunt. He pounded ruthlessly, the bedframe creaking. She clawed the sheets, fingers curling into invisible claws.

-Wife: "Fuck yes!" (she cried, pushing back harder)

He roared, spilling into her. Exhausted, he collapsed beside her, sweat-drenched, heart drumming.

Later that night, his wife twitched in her sleep. Fingers tingled, black nails piercing the sheets. Veins bulged blue beneath her neck. She stumbled to the bathroom mirror. Scratches. Red lines crossed her back—where he'd gripped her too tightly. Now... they grew. Skin around the marks peeled, revealing thin green scales. She touched her reflection, fingers warped into twisted claws, and a growl ripped from her throat.

To be Continued...