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Austin awoke in the ~~XX~~ center of a dimly lit chamber, the walls a near jet black, only visible from the nearby floodlight's sheen reflecting off its glossy surface. The room was twisted in organic shapes, something resembling an insect hive or nest, the walls ribbed and webbed, vine like structures twisting through it. Wetness coated some parts of the wall, slime of some sort dripping down from the ceiling and down the walls themselves.

His own prison was soft but unbreakable, resin having covered his body and arms, pinning him to the hive's wall, that being the least of his problems, as his gaze turned down to the floor, and scattered throughout it were leatherly oval shaped eggs. Twisting growths from the base of the hive filled the floor, branching out from each egg, and there were plenty of them. At least a dozen just in front of him, all closed, which meant all of them were occupied with their horrific contents.

The hive was not empty, of course, as the occupants snarled about while paying him no mind. Their ribbed carapaces across their bodies displayed their alien nature, and the light produced a perfect curve of reflection off their smooth heads, eyeless and solid, jaws dripping with drool. They would utter a rather gentle hiss as they moved about from time to time, but other than that, the hive was an eerily silent. There were no other captives in the room, as far as Austin could see the chamber empty of any true resident--apart from her.

To his left, perched on top of the pulsating egg sac, large and extending out and taking up a good portion of the room underneath her, was the Alien Queen, curled up and resting, her main head hidden underneath her carapace, unmoving and still. It was a sight to see, her larger form dwarfed the others, her drones and the like, her crest was larger, more elegant and expansive--a true crown for a Queen if there ever was one.

It was a puzzling venture though, to think and wonder why he of all people would be held so close to her, at least be the only one to do so. Perhaps maybe all other spots were taken, maybe there was no real reason for it. In any case, the result would be the same wouldn't it? Here he was, glued to the hive wall, unable to move or flee, unable to escape the fate that awaited him. He would be a host to a new xenomorph, his body used to incubate a chestbuster, that would soon be implanted within him once one of the eggs below decided to open, and release its dangerous cargo--a Facehugger.

Austin could do nothing but lean back and wait, accept his fate, for once it happened, there was no stopping it, nor surviving it. The newborn xenomorph would tear his way out of him once it was time to emerge, tearing through flesh and bone brutally, painfully, enough to render his life exchanged to another. Indeed, the birth of a xenomorph would be fatal, and these moments stuck to the hive wall would be his absolute last, nor would they be entirely pleasant. It was a fate best avoided, a fate he was not lucky enough to do such with.

In some fairness, the hive wasn't entirely unpleasant. The air was nicely warm, the cocoon he was within was strangely soft and conformed to his body far better than any human mattress did. Restrictive, yes, but not entirely the torment he expected with the Xenomorphs. There was some sort of solace in the fact he would at least be given the honor of seeing the Queen herself, whose children he would bear and give his life for. In a stranger sense, it did give him some sort of purpose, twisted and intrusive as it was. He would have died working his life away to the corporations anyways, why not give a life for a life of such an alien though remarkable creature?

So with that, he made his peace with his fate. He just hoped it wouldn't hurt so bad. That was the main issue to deal with now, the pain and agony that would be a chestbuster. To feel his chest be torn into from the inside out, flesh tearing, blood spraying and bones cracked and smashed through would be far from the ideal last moments of his life. But, it was going to happen, there was no stopping that now. There would be no help, no rescue, the colony had already been mostly overrun anyways and any help would be days away, and time was not something he ultimately had. He was already surprised he had lasted this long now, with how many eggs lay in wait before him.

Austin sighed and lifted up his gaze to the Queen again, and was meet with her own eyeless gaze as well. Her head tilted in a curious fashion, and one would be lying if they wouldn't be surprised by such a gesture. Austin wasn't sure if it was the curiosity toward him or if it was the fact she even acknowledged him at all that surprised him. Nevertheless the Queen continued to fix her gaze upon him, with a strange and sudden scent filling the air--not because it was unpleasant, but because it was pleasant, but more than that, it was something rather unique to himself. The smell of vanilla and cinnamon filled the air, washing over him with such a gentle caress. Its source, especially in a place like this was a complete and utter mystery to him, but it surely put his mind into a deep relaxed state.

~~AXXX~~ A wild idea spawned into the back of Austin's mind, something that had no absolute chance of really working right? He knew he couldn't save himself from his fate, but perhaps he could simply request a slight favor, while he had the Queen's attention.

"I..." He spoke, his relaxed state turning into anxiety now, just out of simple nervousness to speak to the Queen herself. "I don't really know if you can understand me. I hope you can. I was just wondering, if you could grant me a request. I know im stuck here, I know I cant fight what is about to happen. But if you can...please dont make it hurt. Please just let me sleep through it..."

The Queen simply stared at him ~~XXX~~, with only a gentle hiss coming from her jaws. Her gaze turned away and he was left wondering if his plea was even possible to be heard, let alone be accepted. The Queen didn't have any reason to offer this plea any notion of acceptance. Austin was not a guest, but a host, akin to mere livestock. Her children would be born and thats all that mattered to her. Austin at least hoped it would have been something worthwile, that perhaps she would grant one last request for him. There had to be a reason he was brought here to be impregnated right? To be placed right before the Queen? Maybe those thoughts were just his own mind decieving him about the reality of his situation.

A soft and wet slquech filled the air, and Austin's gaze turned back at the eggs, one of them close to him having opened its four parted top, the leather flesh curling back and exposing the inside, the small glimpse of its occupant shifting around the egg. He felt a heavy feeling in his chest, soon to be replaced with an actual heavy feeling, and anxiety and fear climbed up his throat. The scents filled the air more heavily now though, and a wave of calm rushed over him, though couldn't entirely remove the dread deep within him. The creature would soon emerge, and start the countdown to his very death. At least, once it latched on, he'd at least have a good sleep before the end. That at least gave him some respite now, before the end comes.

Austin wouldn't have long to wait for that moment of course, as the first finger-like legs of the Facehugger started to peak over the ~~XXXX~~ rim of the egg. Its legs flexed slowly, ominously, the parasite getting itself ready for its sole purpose. It slowly climbed itself up and out of the egg, perching itself right on the rim of the leathery egg, its spiderlike form sitting there with anticipation. The creature's tail twitched and ~~XXX~~ swayed behind it, the two sacs on its back sat there waiting, and everything felt oddly slow and still, the sounds of the hive quiet as time itself held its breath.

Then with a lightning strike of speed, the Facehugger leaped out with a trill, its legs spread wide as it flew through the air. It slammed into Austin's face, the legs securing itself firmly around his head, the tail around his neck, though oddly not constricting tightly. Most likely because he didn't resist in the slightest, his mouth already left open to simply get it over with. The creature's proboscis entered into his mouth and down his throat, only numbed by the ~~XX~~ sedatives and rich oxygenated air it sent into his body. Austin didn't bother fighting it, closing his eyes and letting himself fall into a deep sleep, the creature secured on his face. Within the process continued smoothly, the embryo slowly moving down and within. Soon it would implant itself within his chest, and then he would see if his plea ~~XXXXX~~ for a peaceful end would be granted...

Austin awoke with a quick gasp, and a forboding tightness in his chest. The facehugger lay dead on the hive floor, having filled its task and leaving him with a newborn xenomorph to incubate within his own body. The fact he was awake however showed that his plea fell on deaf ears, or at least wasn't even something that could have been considered. Did the Queen not care, or did he simply try to plea to a creature that couldn't understand him? It mattered not now, as the tightness in his chest would be the far concerning problem.

How long would it be, he wondered, before his end would ~~XXXXX~~ come? Would he be waiting a few minutes for his life to end, or would he be granted hours of captivity and forced to ponder his own demise for that time? The answer quickly presented itself as his chest throbbed with pain, a searing stab not into, but out of his own body. He could feel ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ THE TEAR of flesh, the teeth and claws of the newborn within, pulling at flesh and muscle, blood pooling within his own body. Then followed was the crack and smash of bone, and now blood could be seen on his shirt, followed by a final climax with the creature bursting out from him, a squeal emitted from its maw. The pain was unbearable and the damage to his body fatal. His brain couldn't handle it, and he felt it shut down, his vision going ~~XXXX~~ dark now, as the creature scurried away from his body to join the hive. As everything went black, there was only one outcome from a chestburster-Death.

THE END

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Or was it?

Austin's end should have happened, but as quickly as the blackness took him, another light appeared in his vision, his eyes opening up again, back within the hive, still cocooned but alive. Though the tightness in his chest would surely change that: At least, it did or should have happened as he saw it. It felt too real to be a dream, but then again being sedated by a facehugger wouldn't entice the most pleasant of dreams.

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Though now it would be his luck, to experience the same thing a second time now, this time there would be no do overs, and this time he knows what to expect. The ripping of flesh, the breaking of bone, the spray of blood as the creature within bursts forth into life just as it takes his own to do so. He leaned back now, awaiting his fate for the second but most likely the real time. The tightness of his chest persisted, a slight shift of the creature within. It wasn't entirely unpleasant to carry it, and in some ways it was an honor to carry such an alien and remarkable life within, to give and grant it life. Though it would be better if it didn't require his own life to do so.

Unlike his dream, the moment was not nearly as quick. He waited, feeling the creature shift and move within himself--it was kicking, he joked with himself. There was no real malice or hate with all this--after all, can humans really say they've done anything less to each other? While there was still bitterness within due to the lack of any real consent and the dread of losing his life, Austin couldn't be mad at the Xenomorphs for this. They were doing what came naturally to them, and if anyone was truly to be blamed, it would have been Weyland-Yutani for allowing this to happen in the first place, to take these creatures and try and study them for their own profit margins.

There was a moment of pain, slight but there. His breathing got heavier and he knew it was time for the chestburster to emerge. But it was strange, odd and different. The slight pain went away, but the tightness felt like it was moving upwards, his throat hard to breathe through and a slight wave of nausea coming over him. He coughed and hacked as he wanted to vomit and gag, and he felt something indeed come up his throat, something large and solid. Moving upwards, no... clawing its way up his throat, up to his mouth and then out!

The newborn xenomorph emerged from his mouth, slithering out onto his shoulder and away, toward the Queen. Her gaze was staring right at him, not threateningly or a display of intimidation but gently, her head tilted at him in a sort of affectionate way. The discomfort of Austin's throat subsided as he connected his gaze toward her, eyeless as she was, he felt something between the two of them. Perhaps there was more to this than his plea, after all he was brought here, deep into the hive itself and ~~XXX~~ positioned right beside the Queen. The xenos are not known to do things without a reason, and the Queen herself can easily direct her hive in any matter she sees fit. Though, it still was a puzzle, an enigma within Austin's mind. A single short question that gnawed at the back of his brain--Why?

He probably would never find out, but at the very least he was grateful for it, even if it led to further questions, namely about his own place now. What would become of him? Would he be used, again and again till his body gave out? Would they simply let him go? He figured he would have time to figure that out.

Austin could do nothing else but lean back and wait for the Queen to make use of him again. It seemed to not have to take long either, as a drone had approached him, climbing up the wall beside him, its jaws drooling. Maybe they were going to use him for food, maybe it was a fluke that he survived? But the drone didn't show any sign of aggression didn't hiss or bare its fangs all that much. It ~~g~~ instead leaned in and gently nuzzled him, using the smooth surface of its head to caress and rub against. It did extend its inner jaw, but instead of a deadly strike, it gently poked it against his mouth a few times, wanting him to open.

As he did so, the creature inserted the inner jaw into his mouth, and felt a jelly like substance flow from the xenomorph and into his mouth. The taste was extremely sweet though with a metallic aftertaste to it, but he was far too exhausted and hungry to complain. They were feeding him, he realized, and felt an ease of relaxation come over him as the drone continued its feeding. It didn't take long for his stomach to get full, the jelly settling in nicely and warm in his belly, further relaxing him. The drone scurried off and left him to lean back in a surprise form of comfort. The fact they spared him from their typical reproduction's process, the fact they fed him and care for him, was a fact that oddly was reassuring.

It was something at odds with the fact he was still a captive in their own hive, but the xenomorphs at least had no, current, desire to end his life. Whatever reason that was, he assumed he would figure that out in due time. It would either end with him being a captive of the hive for the rest of his life or the end of his life whenever they had no real use for him anymore. At least it would be of some reassurance to him that he'd get some more time left, even if it was under their authority. Not much different than working for Weyland-Yutani.

Another drone had approached, reaching up to his cocoon and using its claws, tore him free from his bindings. Other xenomorphs were present now, larger, with more elegant crests. He didn't know much about their caste system, but he figured these were the Queen's guards, solely to exist to protect her. With a human released and free from their binds, it was no surprise they were present. The drone that released him nudged him forward, gently, guiding more than forcing, toward the Queen herself, her head turned to track his movements.

Austin knew it was best to comply, especially to stay in the Xenomorph's good graces, if he was ever there at all, and approached the Queen. As he got within range, the guards hissed and growled at him, only for them to be scolded by an even harsher hiss from the Queen herself. The Queen then turned her gaze back at him, leaning down to nuzzle him with her large head, a hiss echoing into his ear but rather gentle sounding. Every movement of hers was slow, gentle, and oddly affectionate.

"T...thank you, for sparing me..." Austin thought showing some bit of gratitude would be wise, though there was an odd sense of...safety.

He couldn't help but feel very relaxed in her presence, being this close to her, feeling her gentle nuzzles. This creature, the Queen of a species known for its brutally and uncaring nature, decided to spare him of all people. That had to mean something at least. He gently raised a hand, her guards tensing up but remained at their place by her word, and caressed the smoothness of her head's carapace. Soon it was two hands, rubbing over the smooth surface, then his arms wrapped around her head entirely. His gratitude was immense and he wanted to show it to her, not really out of fear of offending her, but to truly show he means it.

The Queen suddenly moved her head back and her large hand moved toward him, gripping his waist and picking him up into the air. The Queen brought him in closer, up to her chest where her smaller second pair of arms wrapped around his neck and pulled him in close. The drones in the room approached, climbing up to where he was at and sprayed a thick coating of their resin over his form and the Queen, sticking him completely to her upper torso. He could feel her warmth as his body pressed against her hard exoskeleton, her heavy breathing a gentle lullaby against his ear.

It now became quite apparent to Austin that the Queen was quite possessive of him, even before everything. Perhaps through the vision of her drones she saw him as a precious gem--a gem that rightfully belonged to her and her alone. Whatever the case really was, Austin only knew one thing. He felt safe. Being this close to her, down in the Xenomorph hive, he could only feel safe, cared for. He belonged to the Queen now, and she would never hurt him, nor let anything harm what she believed to belong to **Her**.

THE **END**

Written by Laika L. Gagarin
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