Mistakes
by Griffinous56

Summary

Please read the tags and connect the dots. I have no excuses.

Notes

Woah you've read the tags yet still want to read this?

Don’t blame me for not warning you.

See the end of the work for more notes

When they wake, head spinning and clouded in a haze, it is to the vast and silence darkness. They jerk their remaining arm, hard, finding themself trapped in a thick layer of threads and dirt, their arm and legs effectively locked in place. Grimly, Hollow throws their head back to recollect their thoughts while fighting back the rising panic. Memories from the time right before this event are a haze but it’s right there, they just need to remember…

Small and soft tap tap tap come from above and the Hollow Knight looks up. And freeze, completely rigid as they stare at the familiar crowned head and empty eyes, but it lacks the shimmering and cold light He possesses. Nosk, the creature who wears a handcrafted mask of the king in mockery, only tilted its head and looks at them curiously. Meanwhile, the Hollow Knight frozen in place as memories they were trying to recall earlier rushing back to them in waves.
They remember following the figure deeper and deeper into the twisting and narrow labyrinth even though their instinct by now were screaming at them to stop, to turn back before it was too late. Once or twice, they listened, and tried to tore their eyes away and head back. When that happen, the white figure would stopped and coming closer to them, looking at Hollow with that same black eyes, as if instilling orders, expected to be listened.

When that happened, they do, and started to follow it again, deeper into the dark. Somewhere along the way, when the nail on their back was too long and too big to fit into the lower trench, they left it to follow them.

The moment the figure stopped and turned its head, as “snaps” and “crunches” echoed through the stilled air, the Hollow Knight finally realized their grave mistake. Enlarge body of the foreign bug bolted for them the moment they tried to straighten up but the narrow walls restricted their movements. Then stinger drove straight to their shoulder, pumping poison into their system.

They remembered thrashing around as sudden whiteness pain wracked through their entire being and falling into darkness.

They remember how they had spotted a short white figure, stood out in the dark cavern and beckoned for them to come. They also remember how they have foolishly followed, unknowingly trailing far away from their siblings, who were busy finding a clear way past those giants centipedes in Deepnest.

The foreign insect above them swoops down, its legs and claws bracing on either sides of their body, keeping its disguised face facing them the entire time. An old tactic to keep its preys still, and it works. Stuck in place by the familiar but not the same scrutinizing gaze, Hollow keeps their body still, locked in place by an old instinct and invisible chains. It isn’t until they see Nosk’s tail, its stinger, do they snapped out of their trace. Hollow tries to lung, arm shoots out searching for their old and battered nail. It isn’t there.

Hollow curls their fist, recalling one of their many magic attacks, of the shining daggers that would fly out, and lunges again, this time aiming for the beast head. Nosk reels back before the attack can connect, a furious snarl comes from beneath its skull. The thick layer of thread on their arm snap from their thrashing and Hollow seizes their chance, tearing away at what remain of their bindings.

When the beast lungs again, they’re prepare, or at least it’s what they think. The Hollow Knight sits up and is about to roll away from the charge, a familiar action, but their arm wobbles when they do and it collapses under them when they try to roll out of the way. A horrify reaction etches on their face when they realized the poison still takes effect.
The enormous beast slams into them, knocking them back to the cold hard ground. A pair of its legs hold them still when Nosk leans in, mandibles flex and snap down at their right shoulder. The bite renders the Hollow Knight motionless as blinding pain washes over them, then comes the numbness when the beast starts to pump poison into them again, stronger and more potent than the last one. Briefly, the former vessel wonders if this will be the way they die, not to the ancient light or the knight’s blade but under the beast, their inside melt away by the poison as they’re eaten alive by it.

Little do they know that’s not what this poison does.

The Hollow Knight comes to after what feels like eternity, doesn’t remember that they’ve fallen unconscious, mind foggy and ache so bad as if being constantly hammered. The scenery is still the same, silent and dark and the air thick with dust and volating smell of sweetness that they immediately recognize as the Infection after so many years being plague by it.

They try to move but find themself numb, strength completely leaves them when they find their body no longer responds to them as they try to struggle. The Hollow Knight finding their front presses against the cold ground, their remaining arm pinned down firmly with a thick layer of web and spider silk. Completely immobile. They can feel a weight on top of them, pinning them down on the back with a massive weight but don’t know what is that, don’t want to know what is that.

The Hollow Knight feels a strange motion coming from behind them though, accompanied with a low rumble coming from on top of them, and they know they don’t like it. Weakly, they turn their head up. A crowned head meet theirs, and the former vessel frozen in place, caught in a spell they cannot resist and they hate themself more for it.

Nosk takes advantage of the situation. Using its crafted head as a distraction, the beast takes it time to secure the Hollow Knight’s legs, tugging their legs under their hips and tie them down spread-eagled, adding thick layer of web to secure their joints to the ground. Then Nosk slightly shivers, a long and hard appendage quickly emerges from its large orange abdomen, heavy and already dripping with sticky orange fluid that smells sickening sweet. The beast rumbles and growls as it guides the organ between its prey legs, clumsily searching for the entrance it knew they have. Nosk then lets out a hiss as it finally finds what it’s looking for, then slowly, forcefully, pushes it member inside, the enlarged head forces through the tight and dry entrance.

The Hollow Knight jerks out of the daze as they feel something sticky pushing between their legs, nudged against an entrance they don’t even know they have. The feeling is foreign and it hurts as the glowing appendage is pushed farther in, their inside clenching down and trying to push out the intrusive object. Pain rippling through their lower region and creeping up their body as each clenches only serve to bring the appendage further inside them, rubbing against the tight walls. Rough friction created from the movement makes them see stars.
Just when they think the situation can’t get any worse, they feel it. The Hollow Knight trembles as their body shocks, their thighs tense and quiver as their slit starts to leak a steady stream of clear black liquid, their inner walls convulsing against the organ inside, the reactions are a result of Nosk poison. The sensation is completely foreign to them, and it’s frightening even when they start to feel flicker of pleasure erupting from between their legs, almost drowned out by the pain from the painful stretch. A cool horror settles in their stomach as the Hollow Knight realizes they’re enjoying this, scandalized that someone, something, is doing this to them.

The Hollow Knight buckles, once again trying to summon their evading strength to push the beast away, body shivering with pain mixed pleasure and anger as Nosk forces itself into them. But they’re too weak to fight and each shifts of their hips only heighten their capturer sense, each clenches of their wall around it length bring the creature pleasure. At the moment they’re entire powerless to stop it, completely helpless at the creature mercy as Nosk forces deeper itself inside of them.

Nosk growls when its prey struggling stops, its mandible flexes, fangs clicking together to create a clicking sound. Nosk then begins to lower its body, invades them deeper and deeper. The Hollow Knight shudders violently, choking on their breath as they feel the slick appendage goes deeper inside, stretching their walls more than they think capable. They whimper a soundless sound as they lay still, chess heaving, trying to control their shivering and gather what strength they have left when they feel the large member inside them finally stops, its length settled deep inside their body. Then suddenly, Nosk pulls almost all the way out before roughly shoving back in, reaching deeper than before, knocking their breath out of them. Nosk repeats the motions again and again until it builds to a violating rhythm, each thrust deeper than the last as it stretches them over their limit, brushing punishing against their walls.

When Nosk feels the former vessel starts to struggle again, albeit feeble and weak, it hisses and presses the claw it have on their back harder. Pushing their front until their chess is plaster to the ground as Nosk lifts its second pair of legs to warp around the Hollow Knight waists, and pulls their lower body up. The change in position immediately brings devastating effect as it shifts the member inside them, each thrust directly aims at their sweet spot the vessel doesn’t even know is there, causing them to arch their back against their binding as they cry out. But their voice even at its loudest is barely a whisper.

The Hollow Knight bows their head into the crook of their arm and can only sob into it as Nosk quickens the pace, absolutely refuses to lift their head again. Their body betrays them as it heats up under the beast ministrations as their sweet spot is mercilessly abused, their inside feels as hot as a furnace when their walls squeezing and spamming around the moving appendage inside them.

It almost feels like being back inside the Black Egg temple again. And for a moment the Hollow Knight isn’t here, mind goes back to the dark stillness of the temple chamber, chained up and suspended in the air. They’re conscious but they cannot move because of the seals putting on them,
barely able to move their head. Inside them, the sickening sweet smell of the infection leaking out from the small cracks on their shell, and it’s so hot, almost scorching as Her light, Her flame begins to consume them inside out.

The Hollow Knight remembers how they had panicked then, and now they’re too. But they quickly quelling it down, trying to focus, struggling to hold onto their lucid mind.

They’re mewling now, the Hollow Knight thinks tiredly, overstimulated by the coupling. It’s intense — too intense — their vision filled with black and white blops. They feel hot, so hot and they flush when Nosk starts to leak, sticky orange precome mixed with their own fluid leaking out from where bodies joined, running down their quaking thighs. Some even flows down to their stomach and their front from the position, the fluid is thick enough that they can even smell it. When Nosk leans down to their right shoulder to bite them again, pumping that same poison into them again, the Hollow Knight convulses as a blinding white pleasure thundered through them, broken body struggling weakly as their walls clamp down on the length inside, fluid gushing out from their hole mixing into the mess on their body. For a moment, their mind goes completely blank from the overwhelming feeling.

Even without a mouth or and actual digestive system, the Hollow Knight wants to vomit. They want this, whatever this is, to end. And so, they play along, lying still and takes it, hoping that the beast will be done with it. Silently praying for Nosk to stop, to stop it stop it stop it now please—

To their surprise, it does. It slows down, and stops, hot and heavy inside of them.

Their body shakes at the movement, thinking that they finally take a rest. The Hollow Knight’s smooth carapace is covered by sticky fluid, whole body enveloped in a strange heat. But the feeling in their guts is ice cool, a sharp contrast in their conditions.

They let out a soft sigh, then suddenly jolt, back arching up as they feel Nosk moves again. The beast slides its appendage deeper inside of them in a slow, smooth movement. Their fingers twitch as it lodges itself deep inside them, heavy and hot and prying them apart. Their inside twitch, clenching on the appendage inside them in a desperate manner.

The Hollow Knight gasps when they feels something bigger, rounder, pressed against their used hole. They don’t know what is happening, feeling their entrance struggles with the too big intrusion, stretching them apart. They shudder and dig their claws into the ground as the something manage to force itself inside of them. It travels deep in their body, pressing at the point of pleasure in them mercilessly. It settles deep inside of them as a heavy weight in their stomach. The Hollow Knight doesn’t get any time to rest when they feel another presses at them, sliding inside. And another.
And another.

As they start to enter them in a faster pace, the former vessel realizes what is happening. Eggs, they think hazily as another one pressed against their sweet spot on its way deeper, *it's laying eggs in me*. Worse, they’re starting to feel good again, fluid spills down their legs from their slit.

Bows down, the Hollow Knight hunches, doesn’t know if they should sob out in pleasure or screaming from the horror of it all. But the sensations taking over their body decides for them when long, sweet sounds of their voided tongue creaks from behind their mask, hips thrusting back at Nosk’s member and it snarls.

So preoccupied, the Hollow Knight doesn’t notice other creatures are approaching. Their arms jerks harshly in its binding — are they gaining their mobility? — when the final egg makes its way inside. They’re so close, so on the edge of that mind-blowing pleasure, and their body twitch around the beast’s length, trying to milk it into giving them that final push. They’re soaked in their own puddle of slick and their inside throb around the length inside them painfully, desperately as they unconsciously try to reach their climax.

The beast’s appendage throbs inside of them, gushing out a thick, sticky liquid in their passage. There is too much of it and the Hollow Knight can feels some of it leaking out, down on their dark, sticky thighs. They rumble in desperate pleasure, walls convulsing again as Nosk slowly grinding into them.

After what feels like an eternity, Nosk finally pulls out, leaving their gaping hole to clench around nothing. They softly sob into their arm when the long member is fully out, their bodies squirms weakly as too many sensations assault their sense. The eggs inside them lodged a heavy weight and it feels so full, so hot. If they look down at the stomach, the Hollow Knight can see a faint orange glow emitting through their obsidian carapace.

The beast above them shudders as it slowly releases their hips onto the ground again. And their chess heave when their lower body finally finds some relief. The Hollow Knight shivers, body twitching quietly. *They feel so full*...

The former vessel flexes their fingers, feeling how the poison is slowing leaving their system when they can feel sharp movement in their limbs again. Although weak, extremely exhausted from ordeal, they still can fight this. They just need a distraction, a brief moment to focus then teleport out of this cavern section. Something to shift the beast attention…
They feel Nosk gets off them and almost sigh in relief when they hear several skittering as another one takes its place. Jumps, the Hollow Knight lifts their head to look around as they focus on their surroundings again. Some other Nosks had gathered around them, each heads are shaped of different bugs. They lay their eyesight on two familiar masks — *their siblings masks* — thoughts stop in their trail as the Hollow Knight stares in silent panic. They’ve thought that Nosk is supposed to be a very territorial species, they don’t think that there would be so many gathering at one place.

A cold horror settle in their chest as one with its the knight mask, familiar Ghost’s mask, starts to climb on top of them, its claws hook below their waists to lift them up again. Panic and fear consume them that instant, and they thrash in their binding, thrust their head up to drive the horns at the creature with forces that would have shatter the shell of a lesser bug. Those around them hiss lowly, communicate with each other in their tongue as one advance toward the pair, using its front claws to press their head down again. *(How can you find this one - This is a good Vessel you caught here, bigger than any before it, makes good incubator - Why is it still struggling isn’t the poison strong enough - Hurry I want to take my turn - Sting it again - It’s reeking of Her why is it reeking of Her - )*

The Hollow Knight struggles to lift their head again as those around them watch them thrash. They don’t have a voice for themself, not really, but they remember *a voice*, etched deep inside their memories and they hope that it’s enough. The Hollow Knight shudders then release a roar, Her roar. Unearthly and world-rending. The roar scrapes against their dry and battered throat, burning as it echoes deep inside the twisting labyrinth. It brings the desire effect as the creatures surrounded them immediately real back, fangs clicking and hissing threatenly at the invisible enemy. *(What’s that - It's Her, where is she - She’s no longer here impossible - Run run run - )*

Some flee, afraid of the unknown danger that might be there. Others linger, fangs clicking as they take their surrounding and four of it is still *too much*. The roar stops shortly after and the Hollow Knight bows their head, their mask scraping the ground as they heave for breath. That roar alone has taken every energy they have left. They can barely move as the one that remain on top of them leans down and inject poison into them again, putting its front claw on their head and pushing them down.

The beast does as the last one had done. Fuck them. Buries itself deep, too deep. Lays its eggs inside their pliant body. Filled their insides with its own liquid. Left them empty, gaping, its juices leaking out of them and full of eggs.

And it happens again. And again.

The Hollow Knight can’t think, exhaust as they are, and can only lie there, hope that the roar has reach *them* as another climbs on top of them again. They will drift in and out of conscious as those creatures violate their body. Sometime they pass out into the blissful darkness of their mind, only to be snapped awake when a blinding pain course through them for being stretched too wide.
They don’t know how long it lasts, hours, days or just mere minutes. They’re tired and scare, their belly is heavy under them as their inside is filled with so many eggs they feel like they can explode. Sometime when nothing is filling them, some eggs will slide out of their abused hole and when one Nosk notice that, it will growls before it turns into a snarl as it climb back on top of them, forcing its thick appendage into them again.

The Hollow Knight twitches in their spot. They’re too numb, too tired to even resist anything doing to them. They want to scream at their assaulters, growl at them to stop, can’t do it anymore. S T O P —

Their ivory head shifts, turning to look at the narrow path before them desperately when they hear something. Not ominous and loud skittering of those beasts they have gotten use to, but soft and steady tap tap tap tap, accompanied with flapping sound and the soft clicking similar to those weaverlings.

The beasts around them don’t notice this however, as they continue to mount them. The Hollow Knight can, and their chest filled with hope. But they’re tired, too tired to even lift their head as a small figure comes into sight in soft light of lumaflies lantern, a small winged creature resting on their head and three small spiders scuttling around their feet.

The last thing they see before they pass out again is a shadow dashing toward them, white light trailing behind as the pure nail strike true.

End Notes

This work was inspired by some arts. Whose art? I’ll just give you a name: PP. They’re an angel in my heart, feeding me all those delicious content.

For now, to those who finally make it here *give you a flamethrower*

INCINERATE ME.

Works inspired by this one
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