

FROM THE UNIVERSE OF
TALES OF THE PURRFECT EXPLORERS

BARBARIAN WAYS

CHAPTER TWELVE

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Sanya moaned in quiet desperation. Horrific visions and unpleasant sensations whirled through her mind. She could feel the vine growing inside her. Nausea overcame her as it forced its way up through her guts and stomach. The sharp taste of raw wood filled her mouth as it pressed up her throat. It ballooned out as it filled her mouth before thrusting out into the air. She gagged. She twisted. She writhed. She fought. Then she woke up.

“Sanya? Sanya?” a familiar voice called to her in a hoarse whisper. “Stop struggling! It's just me! Sanya!”

The groggy ashiri shook violently as her eyes slowly opened. Her head spun as rolled over on the straw mattress, toward the voice which was calling her name. She gazed into the shimmering,

deep blue eyes. For a moment she didn't recognize the friend to whom they belonged, such was the terror which still tugged at the edge of her mind. "Mashi? Mashi!" she finally choked out as she reached out and grabbed her friend with all her strength, pulling her close as she started to sob. "Did you... did I... the vines..."

"I know," Mashie replied softly, embracing her companion lovingly. She gently kissed the ashiri on the cheek before nuzzling her neck. "I took it up the ass too. We both did."

"It was awful," Sanya whispered, her voice shaking as phantom sensations tugged at the edge of her consciousness. She instinctively clenched her ass. It didn't feel quite the same. She wondered if it ever would. "It was... just awful. It felt... so... wrong."

Mashie gently caressed her friend's head and shoulders as she held her tight. "Yeah," she murmured. "I don't remember too much though. I felt it... go inside me. So hard. And huge! Then I heard you scream. Then I passed out."

“What happened to us?” Sanya choked out as she tried to fight back the tears which streamed down her face. She wasn't really sure she wanted to know the specifics, but the warm embrace of her soft, fuzzy friend was proving to be more soothing than she had imagined it could be. “What were those tings?”

“I don't know,” the ty'gress replied, nuzzling her friend's cheek. “I don't remember anything else. Until I woke up here. With you.”

“But where's here?” Sanya asked, cuddling close to her companion.

“I'm not sure,” Mashi answered, closing her eyes. “I'm not sure I want to know... after all that.”

Sanya took a deep breath and looked over her shoulder as she wiped the tears from her eyes. She found herself laying on a low, fur covered bed. It was tucked in a dark corner of a large, thatched roof hut with mud walls and a few small, open windows. There were all sorts of

feathers, hides and plant bits hanging from the walls and roof. A pair of crude, wooden tables were covered with all sorts of very strange objects. Among these were a huge bowl containing dozens of glowing pink orbs and a very familiar and very ugly wooden mask. “The shaman's mask! Those pink things... from the vines!”

Mashi opened her eyes and looked up. “What the hell? You're right!” she murmured as she looked at the mask and orbs. “Those are from the vines. And the mask. This must be the shaman's house. But... where is she?”

Sanya sniffled, rubbed her eyes and slowly sat up on the edge of the bed. “Naked. Again,” she muttered as she shifted from side to side. The uncomfortable, empty feeling in the depths of her rectum was too strong to ignore. “My butt. It feels... strange.”

“Just relax,” Mashi replied, sitting up and wrapping an arm around the ashiri. “First time always leaves you feeling a bit odd back there. It'll

go away soon enough. Next time won't be nearly as bad.”

“There won't be a next time,” Sanya muttered, shaking her head in disgust. “Wait... you... you've had it up the ass before?”

“Nothing nearly as harsh as that... thing,” Mashi replied, shuddering as she pulled herself upright on the bed behind her friend. “That was... something else. So hard. And deep. It didn't hurt though. That was odd. I would have thought it would.”

Sanya grimaced. “How can you even think about enjoying something like that?”

“It's actually pretty fun,” Mashi replied, massaging her companion's shoulders as she mused. “It's like sex but the pleasure is all muted and distant. It's rough. Uncomfortable too. That's what makes it so... erotic.”

“Ugh,” Sanya groaned. She knew she shouldn't be surprised at her friend's extensive

personal knowledge of sex in all its forms and sensations. The ty'gress had been well on track to become the reigning dorm nympho before they had come on this trip-gone-awry. "Call it whatever you want. I never want to feel that kind of shit again. Ever."

Mashie ran her fingers through her companion's hair. "Hopefully you won't have to," she soothed. "I'm going to have to go out on a limb and guess the shaman has other ideas for us."

Sanya's leaned back against the ty'gress and let her eyes wander back to the strange, pink orbs. "I wonder what those orbs are," she murmured. She gazed into the throbbing, pink glow. They fascinated her. She slowly slid off the edge of the bed and stretched.

"Shouldn't we wait for the shaman to come back?" Mashie asked as she slid over and sat up. "I wouldn't want to get her mad after all that we've been through."

“I just want to have a look at those pink balls,” Sanya replied. In truth, she wanted to have more than just a look. She was now totally mesmerized by their pulsating light. “They’re so... pretty.”

“Be careful,” Mashi warned, standing abruptly with a surprised look on her face. “Who knows what those things might be for. They could be really dangerous.”

Sanya stepped up to the table and leaned over the bowl. The pink glow played over her face. “They can’t be that dangerous if they’re just sitting out like this,” she thought aloud, smiling as she reached out toward the orbs. For a moment she let her fingers hover over the topmost sphere. A tingling feeling greeted her fingertips, while a strangely melodic buzz filled her ears. Hypnotized, she lowered her hand onto the oily-smooth surface. A feeling of raw, alien power rippled and flowed up her arm. Her body shivered. Her eyes began to faintly glow. “Oh. That feels...”

“What? What’s it doing?” Mashi demanded. “Sanya? Sanya!”

A flash of light seared Sanya's mind. "Oh! Ouah!" she thought. But the thought wasn't her own. It was coming from the orb. Her mouth opened and she began to speak. "Eh! Unh! Oh! Who are you? Where am I? Who am I? Karra? Shaurie? Tassah? What's happening to me? Where's my body? I can't feel anything!"

"Sanya!" Mashi yelled, slapping her companion's hand away from the orbs. Several of the objects flew from the bowl. They scattered across the table and onto the floor, where they landed with an unexpected, metallic ring. "Sanya! What the hell?!?"

"Oh goddess!" Sanya yelled, shuddering as she stumbled back from the table. For a few seconds she just stood and shook uncontrollably as she struggled to focus and regain control of her body. She slowly turned to look into her companion's eyes as a horrible realization came over her. "They... they're in there. They're inside those... those things! They're trapped! Mashi! They're trapped!"

“What?” Mashi demanded, stepping between her friend and the table. “What are you talking about? Trapped? Who's trapped in what?”

“Souls,” a harsh and very familiar voice rumbled from beyond the curtain which covered the hut's doorway. The curtain was brushed aside. Shining, golden eyes pierced into the gloom. The shaman swept into the room, taking great care not to disarrange the tall feathers of her headdress. She looked from one companion to the other in a slow, deliberate fashion. “Pretty souls. Pretty souls from pretty students. Taken from bodies. Made into seeds. Soul-seeds. For old magic. For shaman of the green.”

Sanya slowly turned toward the shaman. Their eyes locked. Her heart froze.

“No,” the shaman purred, smiling warmly at the fearful ashiri. “Not want furless huntress now. Clan huntresses want furless huntress. Not know that. Free you from vines. Bring to home. Make better. Then you go. Find huntresses. Play game.”

Have fun.”

“What... what were those vines?” Mashi questioned as she wrapped an arm around her still quivering companion. “What were they going to do to us? Take our souls?”

“Mmhmm,” the shaman answered with a low, friendly sounding growl. She bent over and began to pick up the stray orbs which Mashi had knocked out of their bowl. “Up tail. Out mouth. Suck soul from head. Trap soul in seed. Make good power for old magics. Shaman magics. Magics make clan huntresses happy. Make things. Change things. Control things. See things. Hear things. Mmm. Good magics.”

Sanya's head spun. “You mean... I really was... hearing a real girl when I touched that?” she asked softly, looking away from the shaman. She found it hard to believe that such a thing was even possible. “I... I can't believe it. That's... that's insane! There's no way!”

“Furless huntress not believe?” the shaman

laughed as she stood. She brushed past the incredulous young woman and returned the orbs to their place in the bowl. “Perhaps when done huntresses game, furless huntress come back. If she can. Take vine for real. Know for herself. Hmm?”

Sanya frowned with deep disgust. The very thought of going through that terrifying experience again made her feel ill. She shifted about uncomfortably and tried to think of something less disturbing.

“Nice soul,” the shaman purred, stepping back from the table. She reached out and gently placed her hands on the young woman's hips. Her rough, padded feline fingers rhythmically rubbed the ashiri's smooth skin. “Very pretty soul. Make good magics. Sweet magics. Hot magics. Sex magics. Mmm.”

Sanya held her breath as the ly'ness leaned forward and nuzzled her neck, taking her scent. Ambwassi were quite accustomed do doing this among themselves, but found the whole thing

rather uncivilized. “I... I don't want to have my soul taken and put in an... object,” she whispered nervously as the ly'ness' hands slid from her hips and began to knead her rump. She wanted to pull away from the shaman. She couldn't. There was something strange going on in her head. Stranger than having another persons soul speaking through her mouth. She was starting to feel sexually attracted to the shameless barbarian. She didn't want to be. She was repelled by the very thought. Her body, however, had other ideas.

“Shame,” the shaman cooed as she pressed her ample chest against the far more modest ashiri. Hard nipple met hard nipple. The barbarian's purr deepened to a low, growling rumble. “Shame but fine. Furless huntress find other fun. Fun with shaman. Fun with huntress lover. Lover waits. Deep in wood. Waiting for furless huntress to come. And play.”

“You know where they are?” Mashu asked as she watched the shaman caress her companion's body. Her tail twitched awkwardly. Her fingers slid between her legs and pressed into her fluffy folds.

“Yes,” the shaman replied, looking down to the ty'gress' self-pleasuring with a mischievous grin. She licked her lips and turned back to Sanya. Again, eyes locked. “In morning, show path. Now, you rest. With me.”

“Rest with you?” Sanya asked hoarsely as she shook herself off. She tried hard to rid herself of the tingling arousal which had firmly entrenched itself between her legs. It wouldn't go away. She silently cursed the powerful ambwassi sexual pheromones which no doubt were guilty for her inability to shake off her involuntary arousal and unnatural attraction to the amorous barbarian.

The shaman smiled and gestured toward the soft, fluffy bed. “Rest,” she purred, undoing her rope belt. Her leopard-spot loincloth slipped from her hips. It fell into a heap on the ground, exposing her lush, fluff shrouded pink folds. She patted her breasts playfully. “Lay. Take milk. Sleep.”

Sanya raised an eyebrow as the shaman sat

down on the edge of the bed. She bit her tongue and turned to her companion. "I don't know about this," she muttered as her sexual arousal intensified. There was no other escape from this unwelcome compulsion. She needed erotic release. Soon. Her eyes wandered back to the patiently waiting barbarian. There didn't seem to be any other choice.

Mashi patted her friend on the back. "Come on," she whispered into Sanya's ear, taking her friend's arm and drawing her toward the bed. "Show a little appreciation. A little hot lovin' is way better than vines up the ass and having your soul sucked out of your body, isn't it? Besides, it smells to me like you really need to get off hard, hmm?"

Sanya hesitated for a moment. She looked into the shaman's eyes. The golden orbs twinkled with passion. She wondered if it was another trick of barbarian magic or just the compulsion which the woman's pheromones were forcing on her body. She swallowed hard. "Yeah. I... I guess."

The ly'ness grinned and made a gruff, animal

chirping sound as slid herself back onto a large, fluffy pillow. Her eyes remained locked with those of the young ashiri the whole time. She slowly spread her legs, showing off her now glistening vaginal folds. She cupped her hands around her big, fluffy breasts. Her nipples were by now so hard and ready that they dribbled tiny rivulets of rich, white milk. She licked her lips again and growled passionately. “Now come! Drink! *Love!*”