

From the World of Tales of The Purrfect Explorers

The Hunt

By **SHETIRA ANWAE**

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By Shetira Anwae (Shetira)

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Sexual Situations, Vore, Digestion

PROLOUGE

Professor Be'shirra Sharrae was undoubtedly the most ambitious xenobiologist in all of Sector 22/486. The jag'wress was intent on attaching her name to some extraordinary discovery and would let nothing get in her way. Even the danger of delving into the forests of some alien world in search of a rumored creature of strange form and extreme danger seemed, to her, to be insignificant in her search for fame. The three students who joined her were quite different in their own unique ways.

Shirri Ri'amie was an engineering student of considerable talent. The finely shaped lep'rdeess had come, not to seek out strange alien life, but to have a first-hand look at the ruins of the ancient Dro'meer civilization.

Reya l'asha was a student of botany. The normally studious and reserved pan'tyress had joined the expedition largely to sate her normally suppressed sense of adventurousness. She was also curious about any unusual plants that might be hidden on the little explored world of Shur'deska III.

Tasha Mey'rie was Professor Be'shirra's prize xenobiology student. The ty'gress had not wanted to come on the trip but had been pressured into it by the professor. She was to assist in recording any discovery made on the world and help ensure that the professor got the proper credit that she desired.

The huntresses were another matter entirely.

The lead huntress, a ly'ness named R'ghirra, and her companion Sh'srrga were both of the Ly'fas tribe, native to the world of In'sharu. On their native world they had hunted the deadly u'garra serpents, creatures who were fed on the flesh of those huntresses who had failed to kill them and who's meat was considered to be the finest of delicacies among the Ly'fas. Now, the pair hired themselves out as mercenary wilderness guides, escorting explorers, scientists and adventurers in some of the most dangerous and deadly wilderness worlds in the frontier.

Unlike the normally barbarian and primitive Ly'fas, these two huntresses made use of modern weapons. They had developed a powerful reputation as the most deadly and effective wilderness guides in known space.

They had not come cheap. Professor Be'shirra had barely manages to scrape together the fund necessary to hire the two ly'nesses and yet she was confident that having two such fierce and experienced escorts would make her expedition a stunning success.

And yet, in her desire for fame and fortune, the ambitious professor had lost sight of the danger. The future was still an open and unwritten book and even the best of plans may go awry. Little could she imagine, as the group moved toward their goal, the horror that awaited them all.

The Forests of Shur'deska III

"How do we know we'll be able to see these things before they get us?" Shirri asked softly as the six Ambwassi women advanced slowly through the thick underbrush. She was nervous now. The creatures which Professor Be'shirra sought were rumored to have perfectly clear skin and muscle. She could do little else but imagine some horrid visage of bones and internal organs charging out from among the trees before the women had any chance to react.

"I don't know Shirri," the Reya whispered as she crouched low, looking around apprehensively. The canopy high above cast strange, ever-moving shadows which confounded any attempt to keep track of anything smaller and less and stationary than a large boulder. "The huntresses say that the things are probably very easy to hear, what with them being used to being difficult to see. I imagine they know what they're talking about... well, I hope they know what they're talking about."

"They're barbarians from In'sharu," Tahsi whispered over her shoulder, a nasty tone in her muted voice. She was clearly less than pleased with the noise her two companions were making. "They've spent their whole lives hunting nasty creatures like this, so I would think they'd know what they're doing. Now be quiet!"

The group moved slowly forward, negotiating tangles of roots, thick vegetation and rocks which seemed to have been hand placed for the specific purpose of making them trip and fall. Barely visible through the trees, now not far ahead, was what appeared to be a low, overgrown hill. The huntresses seemed to think it the best spot to find the creatures they sought, an idea based upon sketchy information the barbarians seemed to have regarding the long extinct Dro'meer civilization.

The hill seemed, from what Shirri could see, to be bathed in sunlight and totally open to the sky above. She wondered why they hadn't simply landed the shuttle on the top of the hill instead of miles away. The huntresses thought it a bad idea and had insisted on landing at a distance, where there would be little hope of help should things go wrong. They thought the landing would scare their prey away or, even worse, make their prey more alert and deadly.

Shirri did not completely trust the barbarians, no matter how experienced and deadly they were. Surely the protection of the fairly powerful weapons on the shuttle would make up for any increased danger. She thought the huntresses were simply removing the shuttle as a challenge to their own desire to be the sole arbiters of the group's protection.

It did not help that the area around the hill had seemed to be impervious to the shuttle's sensor systems. Professor Be'shirra had

dismissed the problems as simple environmental interference. Shirri knew better. Sources of environmental interference could be identified by the way in which they interfered with a sensor system. The area around the hill, however, was a dead zone, as if it didn't exist. Now, the group was almost at the edge of the hemisphere into which the shuttle's sensors had failed to penetrate.

Shirri pulled out her hand-held sensor unit. It provided highly detailed data on the geography and environment all around them, but at the edge of the dead zone which the shuttle had discovered, the returns were blank. According to it, there was nothing inside the zone, not even air.

"How much further until we find one of these things do you think?" Professor Be'shirra asked R'ghirra. Despite her eagerness to find the creature she sought, she was loathe to spend a night in the woods with the possibility that they might be attacked while they slept. She was insistent that the group be able to get back to the shuttle by nightfall.

"Now mush fursher," R'ghirra whispered in reply, her strong accent and low, grating voice making it difficult for the professor, or anyone else, to understand what she had said. The huntress was clearly unconcerned about the dangers of being so far from help. She was used to such situations and found them to be quite stimulating to her primitive, instinctual nature.

"Good," the professor replied as she looked about. It was difficult to see much of anything in the thick undergrowth. Her Ambwassi ears were very sensitive to even the slightest noise and yet even she had a difficult time separating the many sounds of the forest and that made her rather uncomfortable. She doubted that the group would have much warning should they come upon anything dangerous, but that did not deter her.

"My handheld shows the same dead-zone that the shuttle saw," Shirri stated dryly. "According to this, what's in that area is a total vacuum, nothing whatsoever."

"That's ridiculous!" Professor Be'shirra exclaimed, brushing Shirri aside. "Just because that thing can't handle a little interference doesn't mean there isn't anything there!"

"With all due respect, the level of environmental radiation interference required to prevent readings would be sufficiently powerful to have fried us to a crisp the moment we stepped out of the shuttle," Shirri responded, staring at the back of the professor's head viciously. "Something is definitely not right here."

"The only thing that isn't right is what's in your head," the professor snapped back. "Now lets keep moving."

"Moving into what?" Shirri asked, sneering, as she shoved her sensor unit back into its pouch.

"Use your eyes," Professor Be'shirra scolded, looking right into Shirri's eyes. "If you're so afraid of walking through the woods then you're more than welcome to go back to the shuttle... alone."

Shirri rolled her eyes and continued to follow the lead of the huntresses. As they approached the edge of the sensor dead-zone her heart began to race. The woods beyond that line could be nothing more than an illusion. It could be an unknown type of spatial anomaly or even some sort of

distraction or trap set by the Dro'meer thousands of years ago to catch unwary intruders trying to enter their lands.

No sooner had the argument ended, he group came upon to a broad, shallow stream which apparently flowed around the hill like a moat. Shirri's impression that something was very wrong with their situation was only reinforced by this discovery. The stream traced the edge of the sensor dead-zone with unerring perfection.

Shirri was about to point out the correlation between the stream and the dead-zone but soon realized that no one else in the group seemed to care. She could not fathom why they would ignore the only member of the group with any technical experience.

"I wonder if our landing scared all these things away," Reya mused as she bent over to swirl the slow moving water of the stream with her fingers. "The sound of the shuttle blasting out a landing spot the way it did must have been one hell of a racket. I mean, we haven't seen a single animate, living thing at all, everything must have run for cover."

"I wouldn't bet on it," Shirri responded quietly, staring into the woods across the stream. "If anything else, all the noise would have attracted the attention of anything predatory. To be honest, this place is giving me the creeps now. There's no knowing what's in that dead-zone. The sooner we get out of here, the happier I'll be."

"You and those sensors, you act like they're the final word." Reya replied. She gestured towards the hill, the base of which was not far beyond the stream. "Like the professor said, look at it. Do you see anything odd? Anything out of place? Anything unusual?"

"No, I don't," Shirri answered, turning to stare Reya straight in the face, "and that, my friend, is prime evidence of a serious problem."

"Hmph," Reya retorted, not making the logical connection.

"Would you two be quiet!" Tashi hissed as she joined them next to the stream. "You'll never hear anything coming if you keep up this racket! The damn things will have eaten us all alive before you notice anything!"

"Right," Reya murmured, submissively.

The mention of being attacked and eaten alive awoke a new level of tension in Shirri. Her hand wandered slowly into her hip-pack. She had been the only one, aside from the huntresses, to think to bring a weapon. She ran her hand over the handle of the RFR autoblaster she had borrowed from the pilot of the shuttle. It was small but it backed quite a bit of punch. The solid feel of the solid weapon gave Shirri an extra bit of confidence. If they were attacked, she wouldn't go without dishing out some serious pain first.

As she stared off into space, Shirri sensed Reya was looking at her hip pack and turned her head toward her companion. Sure enough, Shirri's activity had aroused Reya's interest.

"Whatcha got?" Reya asked in the lowest whisper she could manage, not wanting to get any further negative attention from Tashi.

"Nothing," Shirri shot back as quietly as she could. She was particularly nervous that the huntresses might be insulted if they discovered that Shirri had a sufficient lack of confidence in their abilities that she had brought her own means of defense.

As the group paused, Professor Be'shirra looked at her wrist chrono. It was just before noon, local time. If their goal was the top of hill, they would be able to get back to the shuttle at least an hour before dark, she reckoned.

Tashi nervously scanned the woods around them, looking for any sign of the creature they were seeking, or any animal life whatsoever. "Do we have any idea what this thing looks like?" she quietly asked the professor.

"No idea at all," the professor replied impatiently, "but then, that is what we're trying to find out, isn't it?"

"Right," Tashi muttered. She was doing her best to hide her fear, but her mannerisms were making it fairly obvious that she, of all of them, was the most terrified at the possibility of meeting up with one of the creatures they sought.

"Any idea what we should be looking for at all?" Reya asked.

"Moofing leafs, rashing wigs," R'ghirra said, before the professor could reply. It took a few moments for the women to figure out what she had said though.

"Cracking twigs and leaves... right," Shirri observed as she stood, arms crossed. Despite her apprehension, she wanted to get moving again, to cross the threshold into the unknown of the sensor dead-zone, to just get it over with.

Five minutes passed before the lead huntress stepped into the stream and gestured for the other women to follow.

Shirri trailed at the end of the line. She sloshed through the stream and up the opposite bank. Nothing strange or unusual had happened.

"Well, now. Nothing unusual here, is there?" Professor Be'shirri sneered at Shirri, her ego satisfied by the lack of any disastrous event.

Shirri shrugged. There was nothing she could say as the group came out from under the trees and into the light. Before them was a low, broad hill. It was completely covered in brush which seemed to be up to five feet high in places. Large, reddish thorns seemed to cover much of the otherwise green vegetation, giving the whole scene an unsettling feel.

"Shish ish a hemple uff she hro'meer," R'ghirra proclaimed. "Ashoring oo she ales, she only way oo fine she reeshurs we sheek ish oo lime oo she shop uff she hill."

"How?" the professor asked, a stiff frown on her face. She could not see how they could cut through the brush and make it to the top, find a creature, kill it, take samples and then get back to the shuttle before nightfall.

"Maybe we should go back and get the shuttle now that we can see flying in here should be fairly safe," Shirri proposed only to be ignored.

R'ghirra gestured for the group to follow her around the base of the hill. "Share shood be a ath oo she shop. We fine she ath shen we ensher she hemple."

The Temple

The path to the top of the hill turned out to be nothing more than a foot-and-a-half wide cut in the vegetation. Thorns lined the path and promised to make the passage a difficult process. Shirri hoped that there was some other way up the hill, but a brief survey around the base had turned up nothing.

Despite obvious difficulty of the only available path, the huntresses seemed unperturbed by the promise of a difficult passage and the R'ghirra pushed straight in. Professor Be'shirra followed, then Tashi, Shirri and Reya. Sh'srrga trailed the line a bit to act as a rear-guard and help anyone who had the misfortune to fall into the dense vegetation.

Shirri could not help but feel exposed as she pressed into the narrow path, closely lined with a thick tangle of briars. In the forest, the canopy overhead had made her feel less visible and the solid trees were far more suitable as cover if the creatures they were seeking were to suddenly appear. Now there was nothing but open air and nothing solid to hide behind. To make matters worse, numerous rough stones sat half buried in the dirt of the path. The threat of tripping and falling into the masses of thorns was an ever-present danger.

It was not long before Shirri and the others realized that they might well be naked by the time they reached to top of the hill. The thorns turned out to be fairly soft and flexible and yet their tips constantly dug into and tore their clothing. There was nothing any of them could do. Slowly, patch by patch, the fabric of their outerwear was vanishing, ripped and skewered by the briars.

The huntresses didn't seem to care about their clothing. The three students, however, became increasingly embarrassed as more and more of their fur became visible through holes which continually increased in both number and size. They had all worn clothing appropriate for a walk in the woods, not a battle for supremacy against unyielding vegetation.

The noise they were all now making, as they fought their way forward, was a new cause for concern.

"How the hell can we ever hear anything approaching in this mess?" Shirri muttered as she pressed forward through the thicket. The noise they were making as they fought their way up the hill was quite loud. She knew that the cracking of branches, snapping of vines and rustling of leaves would surely make any lurking predator aware of their exact position.

"Beats me," Reya replied as a sudden, sharp tearing sound made everyone turn to look at her. Her already tattered shirt had been ripped completely off by a bunch of rather possessive thorns, completely exposing the fact that she hadn't bothered to wear anything underneath. She became suddenly self-conscious about her fairly small breasts and quickly

covered them with her arms. "Shit!"

Shirri's outfit was faring little better. Her shirt and pants were now little more than rags hanging loosely from her body. Indeed, there was so little left that the tears had already begun work on the sin-tight sports top and shorts she was wearing for underwear.

"Fuck!" Tashi hissed loudly as the group was greeted by another particularly loud tearing sound. The already very embarrassed ty'gress' pants had been pulled from her legs. Her tan, silken panties almost instantly followed, leaving her fluffy pussy fully exposed despite her best efforts to cover herself up with bits of her rapidly vanishing shirt.

The huntresses seemed particularly amused at the student's self-consciousness. They seemed to have no concern whatsoever for clothing and actually seemed happy to have left it all behind in the briers. Indeed, they were much more comfortable hunting without the potential impediments of clothing. Nudity was a natural state for them.

"Not much further now. You girls really need to learn how to dress for these sorts of things," Professor Be'shirra observed wryly. She was faring somewhat better than her students as she had made sure to wear clothing made of heavy material. Though it too was quite torn up, it was nowhere near to falling apart.

"Loshing ish uff lishel use," R'ghirra said as broke out of the brush and into a small clearing which capped the hill. "She only ood loshing ish she fur shad she goshess ave ush."

"Sure," muttered Tashi as the last of her shirt was pulled from her shoulders, just before she too had made it into the clearing. She was now totally naked and extremely embarrassed. All she had left now was her backpack which had the groups bio-science equipment in it.

Shirri made it to the top with something left of her sports-wear, though it seemed more of an impediment to movement than useful as clothing. Only her belt, equipment pouches had hip pack had survived the ordeal.

Reya too was naked by the time she made it out into the open. She was, perhaps, a bit less self-conscious than Tashi, but still found herself instinctively trying to cover herself up with her arms.

"Well now, aren't you a fine group of ladies," Professor Be'shirra mused sarcastically. "I'd never thought to distract our prey with a group of such lovely bodies. It'll be love at first sight, I'm sure."

"What is this place?" Shirri asked as she shifted about uncomfortably, her arms crossed across her chest, trying to ignore the professor's sarcasm. She then began to look more closely at her new surroundings as she pulled off the useless remains of her sports-wear.

The clearing in the brush at the top of the hill was perfectly round and about ninety feet in diameter. Despite the amazing precision of the circle the wall of brush showed no sign of having been trimmed. In the very center was a low pile of cracked stone blocks. A few of the blocks were carved with intricate runes. Shirri assumed the strange runes to represent the language of the long dead Dro'meer.

After ridding herself of the last vestiges of her clothing, Shirri pulled out her sensor unit and approached the blocks. She thought that the device might provide data now that they were within the dead zone. She knelt down in front of the stones and turned the unit on and was greeted with a

loud hissing popping noise.

"AIEEEP!" Shirri screeched as she fell backwards. Bright sparks flew everywhere as the sensor unit burned itself out in a most spectacular fashion.

The other women stared. It took them a few moments to realize exactly what had happened.

"Shit," Reya muttered as she looked at the smoking remains of Shirri's sensor unit. "What the fuck made it do that?"

"Yeah," Tashi responded, half under her breath. "Maybe Shirri was right... maybe there is something going on here..."

"The only thing going on here is the stupidity of an engineering student with and over-exalted opinion of her own abilities," Professor Be'shirri hissed venomously. "I have little doubt that the dolt never bothered to check if the power module was properly secured before turning the damned thing on. She'll be the death of us all if she keeps up with her idiocy!"

Shirri was deeply stung by the professor's remarks. It was plainly obvious that it was she, and not the professor, who was acting in a professional and responsible fashion.

The outburst had clearly scared Tashi and Reya, both of whom gawked in horror at the Professor Be'shirra's callous attitude. The huntresses too stared momentarily at the professor and the look on their faces made Shirri wonder if they were about to forcibly institute a change in command.

For a few minutes there was silence. Professor Be'shirra seemed oblivious to the disaster she was courting. No one dared to speak, lest they be the one held responsible for pushing matters over the edge.

"Well, what is this place and what do we do here?" Professor Be'shirra asked R'ghirra, breaking the tense silence. Her impatience clearly grated upon the huntress and she waited several seconds to reply.

"Shiss... shiss ish all shash ish lef uff a hemple uff she hro'meer," R'ghirra replied, slowly.

"Yes, I know," the professor interrupted impatiently.

"Hush!" R'ghirra responded, her eyes aflame. She took one step toward the professor. "Air ish no shime for insherupshuns. Insherup again an we shall eye you in she rags uff your own hloathing an leaf you for she reeshurs oo feash upon."

The professor was taken aback by the sudden challenge. The look in the huntress' eye genuinely frightened her and she took an instinctive step backward. She shrugged she shoulders, silently indicating her effective surrender of command over the expedition.

"Eesh hro'meer hemple ish prosheshded by guarian reeshurs, she very reeshurs wish you sheek," R'ghirra finally continued her explanation of the temple. "Sheesh reeshurs are shed oo only affeer when inshruders ensher she hemple hroper. Shey shimly donsh eshisht unlesh shummoned oo hrotect a hemple."

"So... now that we're here... they'll... come looking for us?" Tashi asked, hesitantly.

"Yesh," R'ghirra replied.

The three students began to look around nervously. Everything seemed

different to them, indeed almost surreal, now that they knew the creature or creatures they were attempting to find would soon be at hand. The tension in the clearing was almost palatable.

"So, basically we've all come up here to play bait," Shirri noted wryly.

"In a way, yesh," R'ghirri responded. "Ish iss she only way oo fine and eshroy shush reeshures."

"That's just lovely," Shirri said as she looked around at the wall of brush surrounding the clearing. "So, what exactly are we supposed to be doing now?"

"Sish on she shones shere in she mih'le uff she learing," R'ghirri answered, a strong tone of confidence in her voice, "we will hake hare uff she resh."

The four women slowly sat down on the strange stones. The three students sat huddled together near the center of the pile. Professor Be'shirra sat at one end, staring off into the thicket, refusing to even look at those whom she considered inferiors.

Shirri winced instinctively as the full, soft folds of her pussy pressed down onto the chillingly cold rock. The discomfort did nothing to still her racing heart. Soon, if R'ghirra was right, she would be facing the creature the group had been seeking. She would not, however, be facing it as a hunter, she would be facing it as prey.

The very idea of being bait to some dangerous creature of unknown form was more frightening than anything that Shirri had ever come upon in her life. To such a monster she was not a vibrant, living person, she was just a hundred and thirty-two pound piece of prime grade live meat.

Shirri began to wonder what would happen if more than one of the creatures showed up. What if there was one for each of them? Surely they would be able to horrid things if there were more than the two Shirri figured the huntresses could handle at one.

The tension mounted as time slowly slipped past. Shirri began to feel relief. Apparently, she began to think, the huntresses had been wrong about the nature of what they were hunting. She quietly ran her hand over her hip-pack. The weapon within had given her the confidence to come this far and for that she was thankful. Now, it seemed, all those fears that it had helped her overcome were for naught. She began to feel silly for having gotten so worked up over the sensor dead-zone that she was now almost sure was nothing more than a minor spatial anomaly.

"Did you hear that?" Reya suddenly whispered into Shirri's ear.

Shirri snapped back into reality.

"There's something out there in the brush... more than one something," Reya whined.

Sure enough, Shirri could now hear the rustling and snapping twigs. The sounds, however, were not isolated to one direction of approach. They came from four.

Reya and Tashi were both nearly paralyzed with terror.

All sign of Reya's adventurousness had vanished and she sat, shaking from head to toe. Her head darted from side to side as she vainly attempted to come to terms with her irrational fear.

Tashi was motionless. She sat staring over Shirri's shoulder at the nearest source of noise, her breath heavy on the lep'rdess' neck. Her breathing was steady, controlled. Indeed, it was the only thing she found herself able to control.

Professor Be'shirra seemed almost amused at the situation. She glanced over her shoulder, towards the three students and chuckled at their fright. They were useful for simple grunt work, she mused, but when it came to the real stuff they were totally useless.

The professor might have had a slightly differing opinion if she had been able to see what Shirri was keeping in her hip-pack. Her hand had slid within and she gripped the handle of her weapon. The solid, cool titanium of the grip comforted her yet again. If anything happened, if anything tried to hurt her or eat her, or any of her friends, it would pay dearly. She then found herself wondering if she should bother to include the professor in that list.

"What do we do now," Tashi whimpered, still unable to move a muscle.

"Don't move," Shirri replied as she gently switched her autoblaster on.

"I can't move... I can't move at all, I'm so scared," Tashi whined.

"Then you don't have much to worry about," Shirri answered, deliberately overlooking the fact that stationary prey was easy prey. "Just try not to pee on me."

"I... no... yeah..." Tashi responded meekly.

The huntresses were now making good on their reputation for coolheadedness under pressure. They too knew that there appeared to be four creatures approaching. They moved to opposite sides of the clearing and each stood about fifteen feet from the stone pile and twenty-five from the edge of the clearing. Each would have two of the creatures to deal with and they knew that they would have to react quickly to ensure the safety of their charges.

Time passed and the noised became ever-closer. Shirri reckoned that the nearest was now no more than fifteen feet from the edge of the clearing. She gripped her autoblaster tightly, though conscious enough to not put a finger anywhere near the trigger... yet.

The huntresses raised their lean and deadly looking pulse blaster rifles. They were large weapons intended for destroying material targets at a distance and, as a consequence of their firepower, widely used to hunt ultra-heavy or highly dangerous game. Their aim was loose, simply pointing

their rifles in the approximate direction of their selected first target. To try to take careful aim at an unseen approaching target in such a situation was near-suicidal. Positions determined by sound are often inaccurate and thus trying to aim at a target by sound alone would only delay the acquisition and engagement of the target when it actually appeared before them.

Professor Be'shirra did not understand combat at all and was growing ever more impatient at the apparent inactivity of the huntresses. They seemed to be allowing the creatures to get suicidally close. Even she would rather get samples out of the middle of a briar patch than run such risks.

Minutes passed, each second seeming like an eternity to Shirri. The cracking and rustling sounds seemed to indicate that the creatures were now mere feet from the edge of the clearing. She tensed, expecting whatever it was to break into the clearing and lunge straight at her.

"Do something, damnit! Don't let them get so close!" Professor Be'shirra hissed at R'ghirra, who was the closest of the two huntresses to her position.

R'ghirra ignored the professor. She knew what might happen if she fired directly into the brush. If it were to catch fire they would all be as good as dead, suffocated by acrid smoke and then roasted to a crisp in the flames.

Moments later, the women could see motion in the thicket. Whatever was approaching was now very close to the edge of the clearing. Then, suddenly, the motion stopped and there was silence.

Shirri wondered if the creatures had sensed the danger which awaited them in the clearing. Then she began to feel a strange sensation, as if she was being watched in the most intent of manners. Somehow, instinctively, she knew that whatever was staring at her considered her to be food, warm meat to fill its eager belly.

A sudden movement in the thicket made her jump.

"Oh goddess," Tashi whimpered, "this is it."

The creatures lunged out of the thicket and reared up, startling even the huntresses. They were not exactly what the group had been expecting.

The visage of the nearest creature, not twenty feet away from her, shocked Shirri. It was a worm-like beast of terrifying appearance. Its head was green and about three and a half feet around, tipped with a gummy, sphincter-like maw. Clear mucous issued from the hole in the center of the orifice and dribbled down through its folds.

Shirri sat fixed as the creature's pair of black, stalk-mounted eyes stared at her quivering form, covetously it seemed. Two twitching tentacles stretched from each sides of the creature's head, each ending in a three fingered grabber which was now planted firmly on the ground, holding the creature up in its rearing, aggressive pose. Below the beast's head, trailing back into the brush was a shiny, smooth, worm-like body. Except for the pink tube of the creature's digestive tract, the body was completely clear.

No one moved as the creatures drew in their bodies, forming the coils they would use to lunge at the prey arrayed before them.

Despite her fear, Shirri found the transparency of the creature's bodies to be fascinating. She wondered what purpose such a trait could possibly serve. Between its shininess and the size of the beast's head she doubted that it could possibly be for camouflage. Her mind began to wander.

The creatures soon began to lower their heads and tighten the coils of their bodies. It was clear that they were preparing to lunge.

"Goddess... oh goddess..." Tashi whimpered.

Shirri could smell urine. It smelled of Reya, who could no longer maintain any control over her bodily functions as she sat sobbing and shaking uncontrollably. The wait was brutal.

A sharp whine and bright flash of light brought everyone back to reality. In that moment, the battle for survival commenced.

A bright blue-white ball of plasma shot forth from the barrel of Sh'srrga's rifle. It's deadly charge was capable of vaporising 10 square feet of solid titanium in a fraction of a second. Aimed well it should have been able to instantly kill a creature twenty times the size of the ones which now surrounded the group.

The powerful blast struck its target right in the center of its drooling maw. There was a sharp hiss as fluid turned to vapor. A puff of mist obscured the creature's head. Sh'srrga began to turn toward her second target but something made her pause. The creature she had just hit did not fall into a heap as it should have. She watched for a moment as the mist dispersed and then gasped in horror. Nothing had happened. The creature was unharmed.

Sh'srrga's jaw dropped. She brought her rifle back to bear upon it. Shot after shot pumped into the beast. Still, the creature was unaffected.

R'ghirra watched from across the clearing, distracted from her own targets by Sh'srrga's panicked shooting. She understood in an instant just what it all meant: they were trapped and there was a good chance that the only way out for most, if not all, of them was through one of the monster's digestive systems.

As Sh'srrga fired the creature before her finally attacked. It lunged forward and in one motion had scooped her up with it's tentacles. Her rifle flew from her hands and into the brush as the creature gripped her around the legs and under her shoulders. There was nothing anyone could do but watch the unfolding scene in horror.

The creature hunched down, raising its maw toward the sky while lifting Sh'srrga up overhead. The helpless ly'ness struggled desperately against the tentacle's powerful grip as she was lowered down, her toes pressing deep into the center of the gooey orifice.

Shirri gripped her autoblaster tightly as she watched the huntress slide further and further into the creature, totally ignoring the monster which had been staring at her. Had the beast lunged then, Shirri would have been easy prey. Fortunately, for Shirri, the beast seemed content to wait for its occupied companion to finish its with its own activities.

Sh'srrga began to screech as her hips passed into the creature, eliciting a spurt of mucous which splattered over her face and chest. She gagged on the goo and spat it away from her mouth as the tentacles forced her hands into the orifice. She was now totally bound, unable to do anything but scream and slide downward toward the creature's belly.

"Mureiai! Ishaeree!" Sh'srrga screeched in her native language as her arms and small but shapely breasts passed through the creature's gummy

folds. She wiggled her shoulders and strained her neck, but there was no hope of freedom for her.

While Sh'srrga struggled, the other women were treated to a strange and somewhat erotic vision. As Sh'srrga's feet slowly passed beyond the creature's head, they could be seen pressing down into the narrow, pink tunnel of the beast's digestive tract. The pink sheath stretched around her feet, encasing them tightly.

"That looks... almost... sexy," Shirri murmured to herself. The thought that Sh'srrga was beginning to enter the creature's stomach to be digested was truly horrifying and yet Shirri found the very vision of the process to be entrancing.

Moments later, Sh'garra was in up to her chin. There was nothing for her to do but let out one last scream as her head slipped into the creature's maw. A gooeey, wet, popping sound and a spurt of mucous later, Sh'garra had vanished.

Shirri watched intently as the huntress slid quickly down into the creature's body until she stopped about six feet beyond the head. She could see Sh'garra struggling, helplessly encased in the tight sheath of pink flesh which was the creature's belly. She watched and waited for the struggles to stop, for Sh'garra to die, but the movement continued.

Caught up in the horror of the moment, the remaining women were ignoring the other creatures. Indeed, for a time, it seemed that they would leave the remaining women alone so long as no one attempted to harm them. Then, without warning, the creature nearest R'ghirra lunged forward and attempted to grab her.

The dexterous ly'ness rolled out of the way, her finely honed reflexes saving her at the last moment. She fired several shots at the creature, hoping to find some weak point. Depressingly, nothing seemed to work. Shooting it in the eyes didn't even seem to blind it.

The other two creatures were moving as well. The one which had been eying Shirri attempted to fulfill its desire to make a meal of her flesh. She saw the movement out of the corner of her eye at the very last moment and rolled off of the stone block. She scampered away and only stopped when she had reached the edge of the clearing. Collapsing to the ground she looked back at the pile of stones. Her mouth dropped open as she watched the horror unfold.

Tashi was screaming terribly. When Shirri had vanished, the creature's tentacles had grabbed the ty'gress who had been sitting right up against Shirri's back. As it whipped Tashi up into the air, Shirri could see a spray of urine come from between her legs, splattering all over the ground in front of the creature.

At the same time that Tashi was being grabbed, the remaining creature lunged at Professor Be'shirra. Prepared for such an eventuality, the professor easily removed herself from its sights and rolled away. Reya, staring and shaking, wasn't so lucky. The creature grabbed hold of her and quickly had her in the air over its slobbering maw.

Unfortunately for Professor Be'shirra, her dodging of one creature had brought her into the sight of another. Giving up on trying to grab the ever-moving R'ghirra, the creature took hold of the professor as she stumbled

back to her feet.

Amid the screams and the cries, Shirri shuddered and came back to her senses. She lifted her autoblaster and aimed it at the clear lower body of the creature which was now in the process of inserting Tashi's feet into its drooling maw. With a twitch of her finger, a burst slim, green bolts of energy hissed through the air and into the creature's body. She fired again and again until the weapon's power pack was empty. It had no effect, indeed the creature didn't even seem to notice.

Nothing more could now be done except to watch the creatures as their victims slowly passed into their bodies. Shirri's ears were filled with the screams of her companions. She felt sick and yet could not turn away. She felt compelled to watch.

Tashi was the first to vanish, screaming and struggling all the way. Shirri watched the wriggling form pass down into the creature's tight gut and found herself feeling terribly guilty for having gotten away from the beast and letting it take Tashi in her stead.

Reya was the next to go. She whimpered and twisted about but did not seem to have the strength or will to resist.

That left Professor Be'shirra.

"Get me out of this thing you fucking bitch!" she screamed at R'ghirra as her hips disappeared into the beast.

R'ghirra simply sneered at the professor in contempt.

"Fucking whore! Get me out you fucking disgrace! You're a fucking sorry excuse for a fucking huntress, bitch!" she spat as her belly passed through the creature's gooey folds.

"Ish you shash are she bish an whore!" R'ghirra shot back as she watched the professor with a vicious smile on her face.

"How dare you insult me you fucking bloody twat!" Professor Be'shirra hissed as her chest slid down into her monster's orifice. She twisted and struggled, something that seemed to amuse R'ghirra greatly.

"Your noshing buh meash now!" R'ghirra laughed. "Whash oo you shing uff shash? Your fine, preshus, egoistical mine ish worsh noshing now! She only shing shash ish worsh anyshing now ish your boh'y... she meash on your bones!"

"Fuck! Fuck get me out!" the professor cried as her chin began to press into the flesh of her creature's maw.

"You're foo for she beash now!" R'ghirra giggled. "Your flesh will nourish ish well!"

"FUCK!" Professor Be'shirra screamed as her head disappeared with a wet pop. Then, there was silence.

Shirri sat limply at the edge of the clearing, gawking at the helpless forms which wriggled inside the bellies of the four creatures. The whole thing had been so horrific and yet the visions of the four beautiful bodies sliding down into their tight, pink prisons was incredibly erotic. The grossly conflicting feelings wracked her mind, rendering her nearly incapable of rational thought.

"Shirri... Shirri, uih'ly!" a voice called out to her. "We mush deshide whash oo do!"

The Barbarian Way

Shirri looked up at the R'ghirra, her face strained with emotion as she slowly came back to her senses. She sat up straight with the help of R'ghirra's strong arms, looking for the path which had brought them to the top of the hill. It was completely blocked by one of the creatures. She looked around at the thicket. The creatures had somehow pushed through the base of the brush, leaving no new trail that they could use to get away.

Shirri's heart sank as she came to the realization that they would never be able to escape. Even if they could somehow outrun the creatures through such a tangle of briars they would still be torn to pieces and bleed to death long before they reached safety. It was hopeless.

R'ghirra looked at Shirri and shrugged. She too knew that escape was impossible.

"There's no way out," Shirri whispered, her voice barely audible.

"I know," R'ghirra replied, her voice betraying her sense of personal failure. Her companion Sh'garra was inside the belly of a beast along with three of her charges and there was no hope that she could protect the only survivor to those whom she had sworn to give her life if necessary.

"What do we do?" Shirri asked.

"When the Ly'fas hun u'garra serpesh on In'sharru, shere ish an absholush law," Be'shirra began as she put her arm around Shirri's shoulders. "Shash law says a hunshress mush eisher ome bash wish her prey or giff her own flesh oo she prey for a meal. Onesh one leafs for she hunsh, shose are she only opshins for her."

"Are you saying... we should be eaten too?" Shirri asked, looking at R'ghirra in disbelief.

"Yesh," R'ghirra responded. "We annod eshape. Wash elsh ish shere oo do?"

Shirri looked around, at the ground, at the sky, at the creatures. She knew R'ghirra was right. There was nothing else they could do.

"Lesh us ush... ive ourshelves oo shem, illingly" R'ghirra proposed as she gently ran her fingers through Shirri's hair.

"So... don't fight? Just... let them eat us?" Shirri asked in reply as she looked again at the forms struggling within the creatures' innards.

"Yesh," R'ghirra replied. "Hen we an enshoy washever pleashure shere migsh ee in she esperiensch."

"Pleasure?" Shirri asked, looking at R'ghirra skeptically. "What pleasure can there possibly be in getting eaten alive?"

"You won know ill you hry ish," R'ghirra replied softly. "An we don half a shoise bush oo hry ish."

"I... I guess you're right then," Shirri responded. "Let's... let's go... get near them. So... so they can just take us."

The two women struggled to their feet and stood for several minutes

looking at the pile of rocks which had so recently been occupied by three of those who were now languishing inside their creature's guts. Shirri could see the puddle of urine that Reya had left upon one of the nearest. She could barely see her hip-pack on the opposite side of the pile, where she had been sitting at the time of the creatures' attack.

"I... I want to go... into the one that took Tashi," Shirri told R'ghirra as the two began to walk toward the pile.

Shirri began to climb up and over the pile in order to sit near to where she had been during the attack. She wanted to be in the same place that it would have taken her had she not left Tashi to become its victim.

R'ghirra wandered around the pile and managed to get the attention of the creature in who's belly Sh'garra still struggled. It followed her around the pile and approached where she had seated herself a few feet from where Shirri was settling down.

"I wonder how long it will be before they're ready to... eat us," Shirri thought out loud. "They seem to be keeping the others alive. It's just so... strange."

"Wash they oo, they oo," R'ghirra responded as she watched her creature approach.

A few minutes of waiting later, the creature with Tashi in its belly finally noticed Shirri. It shifted, turning its dripping maw toward her. For a few moments it simply stared at her. Then, apparently with some difficulty, it moved toward her until the pink orifice was only two feet from her face. The creature's powerful tentacles then gripped her around the ankles, and under the shoulders. The creature did not, however, lift her off the stones. It seemed to be merely laying claim to her as its next meal.

By the time Shirri was bound, R'ghirra's creature had come up to her. Moments later, she too was laid claim to by her own creature's groping tentacles.

Shirri stared into the drooling pink maw which was now so close. The stare of the creature's black eyes laid heavy upon her. She sat motionless, unable to decide what she should be doing now that the beast had her in its possession.

"Well... they half ush," R'ghirra observed.

"Yes... they do," Shirri murmured in reply. "What... what should I do now? It's so... close..."

"Iunno," R'ghirra answered. "May'ee... hlay with it..."

"P... play with it?" Shirri stammered as she turned to look at R'ghirra. "H... how?"

R'ghirra did not reply with words. She tugged her legs a bit, causing the creature to lift them up some, into a more comfortable position. She then began to touch the creature's dripping maw, first pressing her fingers into its folds and then into the center, where she slid her hands in and out. All this caused the creature to begin exuding mucous in far greater quantity than before and it oozed down R'ghirra's arms and dripped all over her legs.

"Eww," Shirri whispered to herself as she watched R'ghirra's activities. It was positively disgusting and yet after a few moments she realized that there really was nothing else to do. She looked at the mouth of her own

creature for a few more moments and then, slowly, began to play with it.

Shirri ran her hands over the goey surface of her creature's maw, covering her hands in the thick mucous which covered the orifice. The pink flesh was quite firm and yet silky smooth to the touch. It was also pleasantly warm. Shirri soon found herself thinking the creature's maw to be a strangely, bizarrely, inviting thing. She began to knead and rub the folds of the orifice and was soon rewarded with a greatly increased flow of mucous. The sticky goo soon covered her forearms and dribbled all over her lap and legs.

"This is... pretty erotic," Shirri murmured.

"Feels good, dushen ish?" R'ghirra asked.

"Very good," Shirri answered.

An odd whim brought Shirri's hands up to her mouth. She sniffed at the odd smelling mucous for a moment and then took a quick lick of it. It tasted not unlike seawater with a somewhat meaty overtone. At first the taste seemed displeasing to her and yet she found herself tasting it over and over. Soon she decided that she actually liked the odd flavor. She leaned over and began to lick it up by the mouthful, directly from the creature's maw.

After a few minutes she leaned back and noticed R'ghirra was looking at her with a very odd expression on her face.

"If it's going to eat me, the least it can do it keep me from going hungry while I wait," Shirri told R'ghirra, shrugging her shoulders. "It's not all that bad tasting either."

R'ghirra turned and took a taste of her own creature's thick drool. Soon, she too was making a last meal of the mucous.

As she went back to licking up her creature's mucous, Shirri found herself thinking about the sensations of being bound in the creature's firm grip, her legs held together and her upper body held under her shoulders. She had experienced a little light bondage play before, but this was something entirely different. She was not bound by straps or ropes, but by an alien creature with alien desires. It was, strangely, oddly fascinating to her.

After a short while, Shirri began to press her hands into the depths of the the tight orifice before her. She was rewarded with a squirt of fresh, warm mucous which splattered over her face and chest. She quickly licked up what goo her tongue could reach. Her hands were soon completely within the warm, tight depths of the opening. More and more mucous oozed down her arms and over her legs, forming a pool at the base of the stone upon which she sat.

Shirri had become lost in the physical sensations of her situation, losing track of the reality of her situation. That she was to be eaten alive seemed to be something of little importance compared to the experience of the present.

Suddenly, without warning, a muffled scream pierced the air. Shirri and R'ghirra were both badly startled. The horrible screech had come from the belly of the creature which now held R'ghirra in its grasp. The form entrapped in its belly began to violently convulse, shaking the whole creature and with it R'ghirra. After a few moments the convulsions passed and all was still again.

Shirri and R'ghirra stared at the now limp form. They both knew, instinctively, that Sh'garra had just died and her death had not been terribly pleasant.

The horror of Sh'garra's death was not over, however. Before the women's eyes, Sh'garra's body began to dissolve, the form of the creature's digestive system slowly compressing and straightening until there was no sign that the ly'ness had ever been within the beast.

"She's... dead... gone... her body... completely gone," Shirri whispered. She was, however wrong about one thing. Sh'garra's body was not completely gone. The tip of the creature's tail began to squirm. A thick glob of reddish-brown goo came out of a tiny orifice at the tail end of its digestive tract. Shirri could see bits of bone sticking out at odd angles. It was a terrible reminder of what was soon to happen to her.

"Oh, goddess!" Shirri gasped, looking at the glob which was all that remained of the brave ly'ness.

"Ash leshd she desh ish guig," R'ghirra remarked as she turned back to the orifice which she knew she would soon be entering.

"Quick, I guess that's a good thing," Shirri responded.

"Don worry, Shirri," R'ghirra said as she returned to rubbing the folds of her creature's maw, "onesh ish ofer, ish ofer. A lishle pain an shen you will neffer feel pain ahen, foreffer."

"I... I know," Shirri whispered in reply. Death seemed so close now. Her desire to play her creature was gone. She knew that there were three more who would soon be dead. Then it would be her turn. She looked down to her creature's lower body and could see Tashi there, still squirming.

"Goodbye," Shirri whispered to the form encased in her creature's guts. She knew it would not be long.

One after another, in rapid succession, Tashi, Reya and Professor Be'shirra let forth with their own final screams. Tashi's convulsions shook her creature violently. Shirri was physically shaken about by the tentacles, made party to the last suffering of her former companion.

Shirri kept staring at the shape in her creature's belly. She watched the now limp form of the ty'gress dissolve, so close as to be able to see more of what was happening that she could stand. Despite the horror, Shirri watched it to the end. She then stared at the glob of wastes which the creature had unceremoniously deposited where Tashi's pee had landed when the creature had first lifted the doomed ty'gress towards its maw. She could not take her eyes off of the excrement and the bits of bone which had once been part of Tashi's body. Tears began to form in her eyes.

"Ihs almos shime," R'ghirra murmured as she turned to take one last good look at Shirri. She had stopped playing with the creature and now sat passively, waiting.

"Almost time," Shirri whispered. "It's the end now... the end of everything. Oh, goddess I wish I hadn't come to this place. I wish people had listened to me when I warned them something was wrong. Oh, goddess, why me?"

"All in she pash," R'ghirra responded with a quiet, soothing tone. "Don worry a'out she pash... or efen she morshal fushure. She pash and she morhal fushure mean noshing for ush now. All shash mashers ish you an she heffen uff your goddess now."

"I... I know," Shirri muttered as she looked up at R'ghirra. She felt weak and sat limp. Her mind was all in a muddle, no longer able to concentrate on even the simplest of things.

Time slipped by. The creatures which held Shirri and R'ghirra seemed to be getting restless. The other two had silently vanished, though the two women hadn't noticed.

Shirri was becoming impatient. She began to wonder if the creature was keeping her sitting there just to terrorize her, to keep her thinking about the gory details of what was soon to pass.

"I wish this thing would just get on with it," Shirri whispered. She did not know how much longer she could stand to sit there, staring her fate in the face, and not lose her sanity.

"Ish shoming," R'ghirra responded quietly.

Both women could now feel their creature's tentacles tense. It was time.

Shirri let out a yelp as her legs were suddenly lifted up. The creature wasted no time in pressing her toes into the mucous covered flesh of its maw. In one sweeping motion it lifted her off the stone and at the same time caught her tail and pressed it in between her legs.

"Oh fuck, this is it," Shirri whined.

"She real fun beginsh," R'ghirra responded as she too was lifted from the rock upon which she sat. "Don figsh ish Shirri, jush lesh ish oo whash ish will."

"I know... don't fight... don't fight," Shirri murmured as her creature began to move her legs around, sliding her toes along the wet flesh, closer and closer to the hole in the center. Strangely, the creature seemed to be taking its time with its new prey. It seemed to have no desire to rush matters and ram her down into its guts like it had done to Tashi more than an hour before.

"I shing shey wan oo play," R'ghirra commented as her creature too seemed loathe to get down to business.

Ten minutes passed before the creature finally pressed Shirri's toes into the slimy opening which marked the path to her doom. She wondered if the creature was attempting to imitate her, using her toes where she had used her hands. The tension in her heart began to fade, overcome by a new curiosity.

The creature pressed Shirri's feet into its gooey maw only a few inches and then stopped. She wiggled her toes in the warm, wet orifice.

"I shing shey lige ush, Shirri," R'ghirra remarked. "I'll besh shey'ff neffer ha sush nise willing prey."

"In... I just want it to let me in," Shirri moaned in reply. She was curious, wanting to know what it felt like to slide into the creature, to be encased in its tight, pink flesh. And yet, she knew that the longer it took, the more likely it would be for her suppressed, fear to break through and transform the experience from erotic to horrific mental torture.

The creature seemed to know just what Shirri desired. It pressed her feet down into the its tight, slippery innards along with the tip of her tail. Fresh mucous squirted out of the orifice, all around her legs. She looked over towards R'ghirra. The ly'ness was also beginning her journey down into her creature's belly.

Shirri sighed as her legs slid deeper into her creature. The warm, wet tightness around her calves felt incredibly sexy. It was a truly erotic feeling and soon Shirri began to feel the first tingles of heat. She desperately wanted to touch and start rubbing her clit. The way the creature was holding her, however, made it impossible for her to satisfy her sudden, powerful desires. She was pressed in further, over her knees and up to her thighs.

Shirri could now begin to feel, though the walls of the creature's "throat", strange structures. There were round things and hard things, limp things and very hot things, squishy things and pumping things. Her toes felt them all, pressing, rubbing and manipulating the strange things as she passed ever deeper into the beast. She knew the things she was feeling must be the creature's internal organs and the sensations fascinated her. As her legs vanished down into the creature, a fold of flesh pressed up in between them, pressing hard upon her clit.

"Oh... Oh... Ooooooh," Shirri sputtered at the sudden burst of pleasure as her the creature paused. She wiggled about, thrusting her abdomen upwards against the gooey, pink fold. She savored the feel of the alien flesh pressing upon her clit with each thrust. With each fall, the gooey mucous pulled upon her clit, only adding to the stimulation. It was glorious.

"Ooouah!" R'ghirra moaned. "Shish... shish ish sho mush seshier shan an u'garra sherpen! Sho mush seshier!"

Shirri knew nothing about u'garra serpents and yet the fact that her experience entering her creature was extremely sexually stimulating was beyond debate. She found herself nearly desperate to continue her trip into belly the beast, to know more.

Shirri's creature, meanwhile, adjusted its grip upon her body. Now that her legs were securely within its throat, the tentacles which had been gripping them moved to her arms, pressing her hands down into the orifice alongside her hips. The tentacles which had, until now, been holding her under the shoulders shifted into a position over their tops to make it easier for them to push her deeper into its body.

Shirri barely noticed the tentacle's movements or even that her hands were now relatively and able to access her womanhood. She continued to pump up and down, letting the goo and flesh do the work of stimulating her body. Nothing else seemed to matter, only flesh and pleasure.

A sudden pressure, firm though gentile, upon her shoulders brought Shirri back from her half-dream. Her clit slid down, away from the wonderful folds of the creature's maw and into the tight tube beyond. The flesh squeezed in, up and over her hips.

"In... please! In! Now! Take me in now!" Shirri moaned, in total surrender to the experience. "Oh, goddess, let me in!"

The pressure on Shirri's shoulders now came in short, firm bursts. Inch by inch her body vanished into her creature's maw. The gooey flesh pressed up and over her belly. Her toes now moved past the creature's head and began their advance into the pink tube which was her final destination. No longer were there strange shapes for her toes to feel, just a firm, even pressure all around. She closed her eyes and savored the tightness around her body. She slid her hands to her clit and began to pull gently upon it with her finger. She wanted nothing more now than to

maintain her powerful heat and the intoxicated state of mind that came with it.

Shirri's warm, round breasts now pressed against the folds of the creature's orifice. As she slid ever downward, her chest was pressed up in an uncomfortable fashion. A tentacle reached over her and, with its gripper, held her breasts together and pressed them gently down into the pink maw. A glob of thick mucous squirted out from between them and splattered over her face. She licked the goo from around her mouth, savoring the flavor yet again as she continued to slowly rub her clit.

"Goo'bye, Shirri" R'ghirra said as both women's shoulders passed into their creatures.

"Goodbye," Shirri moaned as she felt the press of the slimy flesh upon her neck. Instinctively, she scrunched her head down, pressing her chin began into the flesh of the creature's maw. She took a final, deep breath of fresh air. She savored the last bit of breeze in her hair. It was the last, remote, sensation of freedom she knew she would ever have.

"Schlurgloop!" was the sound that greeted Shirri's ears as her head suddenly passed down beyond the creature's maw all in single, sudden burst of movement. She held her breath as gravity took over. She slid down into the creature's clear body and was soon encased in the pink tube of its gut. The warm, wet, tightness was sexier than anything she had ever experienced before. She wondered if Tashi had thought the same thing as she lay so long within the creature.

After a few moments in the monster's belly, Shirri could hold her breath no longer. She gasped for air. Strangely, the pink flesh of the creature's gut seemed to be passing air directly into her mouth. She began to wonder why the creature would want to keep its prey alive for so long. She could not think of any possible biological process such a delay could serve.

Shirri then began to wonder how long she would have until the end. The others had been in the creatures more than a half hour before they had been killed and digested. She began to caress her clit more firmly, pushing herself toward climax. The pleasure of her body was all that she had left now. To waste it, she thought, would be a terrible thing in such circumstances.

"Unh... unh... ooh," she grunted as the tension in her abdomen peaked. All at once it spilled out in a powerful, pulsing rush of ecstasy. She lay for a few moments, almost totally limp. Then, she began again, catching her self before her heat was completely gone. Now, she was even more vigorous with her hands, rubbing her clit and pressing her fingers into her pussy. The glorious tension in her body grew anew.

Orgasm after orgasm pulsed through Shirri's body. They came fast and hard, aided by the tight, wet, erotic nature of her prison. She found herself unable to stop, the pleasure of each orgasm fueling the desire for the next. She wondered if her moans and purrs could be heard outside of the creature. She wondered if the creature itself could hear her, or even feel her activities. She wondered what it might be thinking about the so willing creature in its belly.

Time wandered on. The intoxication of her constant pleasure began to erode her ability to think rationally. Shirri began to find herself attracted

to the creature in who's stomach she lay. She was falling in love with it. The very idea that her body would be permanently joined with it as digested nutrients now seemed an erotic and appropriate thing. The whole processes of being eaten, she began to feel, was just another way to join in eternal union with it.

As she pondered her newfound love for the monster in whom she was encased, Shirri could hear a strange, faint gurgling sound. Her fur began to feel strange, as if it were moving. The strange sensations caused her to rub her clit harder and faster, triggering her most powerful orgasm yet. It would be her last.

Shirri screamed.

The burning had come as if from nowhere. All at once she was enveloped in a sheath of excruciating pain, with no way to escape. The pleasure was gone. The eroticism was gone. Shirri panicked.

Shirri's horrid scream had expended all of the air in her lungs and she gulped for more, but there was no more air to be had. Instead, powerful acid flowed down her throat. Her gulp for air pulled the horrific fluid straight into her lungs.

"No! Oh goddess no! Burns! Oh goddess it burns!" Shirri thought as the final act commenced. She whipped about furiously, convulsing in pain as bits of her skin dissolved or fell off. Thankfully, her torment did not last long.

After only a few seconds, Shirri's oxygen starved brain shut down. The horrid pain, which was now the full extent of her world, faded away into darkness. Her body went limp and her already half-dissolved hands slid from her clit.

Moments later, Shirri was dead.

EPILOUGE

Months after Shirri's ordeal in the Dro'meer temple, another expedition visited the world. Those running this endeavor were not ambitious fools like Professor Be'shirra had been. These women were genuine professionals and they were properly equipped to deal with such dangers. When they discovered numerous sensor-dead zones in the ruins of the Dro'meer temple they sent robots, not people, no investigate.

Deep in the bowels of an overgrown, relatively undamaged temple, a scout robot discovered numerous rolled up texts in a hidden cache of pottery jars. The scrolls were quickly removed and brought back to the robot's base of operations, a strange space vessel that looked like a sailing ship had run head on into luxury liner. It was soon apparent that the scrolls were a priceless find, the only known written records salvaged from the ruins of the Dro'meer civilization.

One in scroll in particular, though, received special attention. It described how the temple was secured against the intrusion of unworthy beings. The explorers were shocked at the horror of what occurred to anyone who entered the temple without the high priest's leave.

Intruders, the scroll said, were attacked by voracious, tentacled, worm-like beasts. When attacking, a creature of this kind would attempt to suck its victim down whole. Encased in the creature's gut, with her shape visible through its clear body, the victim would be rendered totally helpless. The creature would then slither into the central hall of the temple for a terrible ritual.

The priests and priestesses would gather around the worms. They would chant, sing and laugh as the creature's prisoner struggled in a futile effort to escape. Then, after a time, the creature would fill its gut with powerful acid and the priests and priestesses would watch as the foolish intruder died and her body dissolved away into nothingness.

"This is absolutely horrific," muttered Anshi Alluwa as she finished her summary of the terrifying scroll's contents.

"Indeed," Shetari Anwae replied as she looked over the ty'gress' shoulder. "Still... I think we ought to get some girls linked up to the lifegate and go see if these things are still around... and what their ministrations are like."

Anshi looked up at her captain and superior. Shetari's prominent chi'ta tear-lines made her expression difficult to read.

Shetari looked at Anshi's question expression and smiled softly before giving her classic justification. "For science."

THE END

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