

FROM THE UNIVERSE OF
TALES OF THE PURRFECT EXPLORERS

BARBARIAN WAYS

CHAPTER EIGHT

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“Astah!” Sanya called out, running forward until she could hear an almost liquid, undulating squishy sound coming from the mound. She stopped and stared at the wiggling mass, now much too close for comfort. She took a few steps away from the fuzzy, green lump and looked up at the surprised jag'wress and her very affectionate companion. “Astah... what are you doing here?”

“Hey Sanya,” Astah laughed, looking a bit askance at her barbarian clad friend. “You're the last girl I expected to find out in these parts. Where'd you get that outfit, eh? Looks damn hot on you.”

“Some huntresses left it for me. For us, that is,” she said, gesturing to her two companions who were now slowly approaching. “They took our own stuff and ran off. We’re chasing after them.”

“Ah. So you’re not here for the worms, eh?” Astah inquired somewhat dejectedly. Then she smiled mischievously and struck a sexy, hands-on-hips pose. “Doesn’t mean you can’t join us for the fun. I can’t wait to get in there myself!”

“Worms?” Sanya questioned, looking from the jag’wress to the softly smiling huntress to the shuddering mound. “There are worms in there?”

“Yep,” the jag’wress replied, stepping up to the nervous ashiri and running her finger over her erect nipples. “Moss and worms.”

“Moss and worms?” Mashi questioned as she stood next to her friend. “What fun are moss and worms?”

“Not just any moss and worms, honey-love,” Astah explained, looking the ty'gress over with an approving grin. “It's a carefully crafted mound of freshly gathered takkimoss with a few hundred anturiken fuckworms wiggling around in it. They made it special for us inter-university cultural experience expedition visitors.”

“Takkimoss? Fuckworms?” Rylah asked disbelievingly as she slowly approached. “Do you even know what those things do?”

“Oh, yeah,” Astah giggled, her tail flipping from side to side. “The fuckworms try to use every one of your holes as a semen repository while the takkimoss slowly and painlessly turns your body into a sweet, nutritious glob of goo which it then absorbs to sustain itself until its next meal comes along.”

“Eww!” Sanya muttered in disgust. “That's

gross! It's worse than that vine we saw back across the lake!"

Astah laughed. "Don't be so offish about it, eh? The other girls were just tripping over each other to get into it!" she purred, lifting her head slightly to nudge Sanya's chin with her nose. Santie, Rialla and Somarra are already in there. I'd be too, but this lovely ly'ness wanted to try out my little pink twat before I joined them."

The barbarian slipped up behind her little lover and began to pet her again. "Mmm," she growled agreeably as she started to lick the jag'wress' ear.

"Oh yeah," Astah cooed, smiling up at her amorous companion. "She liked me so much, she and I are going to get the worms together now."

"You have to be kidding me," Mashie exclaimed with an expression of utter amazement.

“You’re seriously going to get into that... that mound? And get eaten alive? Why?”

“Why not?” Astah giggled, reaching back to rub her lover’s thighs. “Really, now. Aren’t you just a bit curious what it’s like to get stuffed in every orifice by aggressive little worms, intent on filling you with as much sweet, salty semen as they can pump out? Hmm?”

“I’m less concerned about the worms than the part about getting jellied and eaten,” Mashi responded, hands on her hips. “It’s going to eat you Astah. All of you! You’re going to die in there!”

The jag’wress giggled some more. “Yeah, I know.” she answered, squeezing her lover’s legs playfully as the barbarian reached down to fondle her modest chest. “I just love the barbarian idea of going out and proving your worthiness by giving up your body to the most extreme exotic sensations the universe has to offer. I’m not just

going in there to get eaten. I'm going in there to worship. To accept my place. To become one with my wonderful lover's clan.”

The barbarian pressed close to her little companion's back. Her golden yellow eyes drifted from one of her companion's friends to the other until they finally fixed on Sanya.

Sanya looked deep into the barbarian's eyes. It seemed like she was reentering the previous night's dream. Her head swam. Fear gripped her. She wanted to scream. Then the feeling faded. The golden eyes ceased to be those of a menacing beast. Now they became wild. Exotic. Inviting. She took a deep breath and blinked. The dream passed.

Astah smiled up at her ashiri friend. “Well, you ready to get some worms in that smooth, silky body of yours?” she asked, reaching out and squeezing her friend's hips playfully.

“No!” Sanya answered sharply, pulling away from the jag'wress. “No. I'm not going to get eaten in there.”

“All the other girls are doing stuff like it,” Astah cooed as her ly'ness lover began to nuzzle her dark, reddish brown hair. “You should see it Sanya! Girls in plants. Plants in girls. Girls becoming plants. Girls becoming alien creatures. It's just so amazing how many things the barbarians can do to a woman's body to see if she's worthy of the clan.”

“All the other girls?” Mashi asked skeptically. “All?”

“Yeah. Well, except you three, of course,” Astah answered, laughing softly. “Everyone else has given themselves up to whatever piqued their curiosity the most.”

“Seriously? All eighty-four of them?” Rylah broke her silence with a disbelieving sneer. “I find that hard to believe. Really hard.”

Astah grinned at the lep'rdeess for a moment before turning to Sanya. “Wishing you hadn't traded me for that loud-mouth know-it-all, eh?” she giggled. “Yeah, every single one. You really are the only ones left. Let me tell you, though. You have no idea how happy Professor Nytah is with the whole thing. The clan mother is giving all sorts of gifts to her and the university. She's a full-fledged clan sister with all the sexy clothing and feathers and stuff. The uni's getting some samples of the stuff us girls have gotten into. It's awesome, isn't it?”

Sanya grimaced in disgust. “Eighty-four girls dead or whatever just for some barbarian gifts?” she muttered. She couldn't even start to imagine how such an awful exchange could be beneficial to the professor or even the university for that

matter.

“It's not like we aren't enjoying every moment of it,” Astah purred as her lover began to gently draw her toward the mound. She laughed and whipped her tail about enthusiastically. “Looks like my honey-lover is getting a little impatient.”

“You're... you're really going to do it?” Sanya stammered in shock as the jag'wress let her lover lead her to the squirming mound with a hand firmly planted on her tight little ass.

Astah stopped just inches from the edge of the undulating mass and turned to face her friends. “Of course!” she giggled, shaking her head in a coy manner. “You girls just stand there and watch while my lover and I start getting fucked into oblivion! Don't be shy about it either. There's plenty of room in here for us and you and a dozen more!”

“I think we'll just watch and leave it at that,” Rylah snarled, backing away to the edge of the clearing as the barbarian slipped in front of the jag'wress and started caressing her shoulders.

“Astah!” Sanya yelled, starting toward the jag'wress and her lover.

Mashi grabbed the ashiri by the arm and pulled her back. “Don't get any closer!”

Sanya looked at the ty'gress in desperation. “We have to stop her!” she whined. “She's going to die in that thing!”

“Just let her do what she wants,” Mashi responded firmly, gripping her friend even harder. “Now get your camera out and start taking pictures.”

Sanya looked back to Astah, who had paused

her affectionate activity to look at her arguing friends. She slowly drew forth her camera and took a few steps closer to the mound.

The jag'wress grinned as the ashiri lifted her camera and started snapping pictures. She turned her attention back to her lover. "Let's go, honey-tit," she purred, loud enough for Sanya to hear. "You know I want it. Give it to me!"

Sanya bit her lip as the barbarian slowly and gently pressed Astah back and down into the wiggling mass. Tears welled up in her eyes. She couldn't believe that she was just standing there as her friend and roommate was, for all intents and purposes, committing suicide.

"Oh yeah!" Astah cooed as her lover knelt down over her and pressed her into the surface of the shuddering moss. The pair began to sink into the green, fuzzy moss. Dozens of thick, pinkish worms broke through the surface and started to

slither and squirm all around and over the women.
“Unh! Yeah! So close! So close!”

Sanya wanted to look away, to run away. She couldn't. She was frozen in place, her gaze affixed to the two lovers as they slowly sank into the deadly mound. She shuddered as the barbarian momentarily looked up from her little lover. Again, she found herself staring into those golden eyes. The ly'ness grinned and licked her lips invitingly before turning back to her companion.

“Oh, that is disgusting,” Mashi muttered as the worms started to find the warm, moist places in which they could deposit their copious loads of thick semen. “Disgusting... but... it kind of makes me a little warm inside. Goddess, I'm such a perv!”

Sanya gawked as first Astah and then her lover were assaulted. Mouths, asses and pussies were forced open wide as the wiggling creatures pressed deep into the women's bodies. Yellowish

semen squirted out as the worms filled their victims with reproductive juices. When each was done, it withdrew, only to be replaced by another and another and another.

“Oh. That... that really is pretty hot,” Mashi murmured to herself. Slowly, she slipped a hand down under her barbarian skirt. She stared with her mouth half-open as she watched Astah and the ly'ness wiggle and squirm, not to escape, but to force their bodies down into the mass, deeper and faster. “I... I wonder what it feels like... Mmm.”

Sanya kept snapping images, oblivious to anything but the two massively worm-fucked women in front of her. Her heart raced as they sank beneath the surface of the mound. Worms and greenish goo bubbled up around the place where they had vanished. The fuzzy moss quickly grew over the hole, leaving no sign that anything had happened.

“Fuck, I wish I could watch that again,” Mashi muttered, looked down and shaking her head. “That was so damned hot! So damned hot!”

“I can't believe she did that,” Sanya murmured as she lowered her camera. A wet feeling began to spread up first one leg, then the other. She froze. Her chest tightened. Her eyes opened wide. “What the fuck is that? Rylah! Mashi! What the fuck is on my legs?”

Rylah laughed. “Fuckworms.”

Mashi snapped out of her trance and raced forward. “Get away from them! Get away!” she screamed, grabbing the terrified ashiri and pulling her away from the dozen groping, phallic worms.

Sanya shook violently as the ty'gress dragged her backwards toward the edge of the clearing. She stared open-mouthed as the worms tried to reach her. Defeated, they let loose with

their full loads of gooey semen. The sticky, yellowish fluid sprayed her from head to toe. “Ahh!” she screeched as the goo sprayed into her open mouth. She ripped free from her friend's grasp and rolled onto her hands and knees, spitting and choking on the sweet, salty ooze.

“Dammit,” Mashi hissed as she helped her friend sit up. “Rylah! You saw them, didn't you? Didn't you?!? Why didn't you say something you fucking bitch?!?”

The lep'rdess shrugged her shoulders. “She's the one who wanted to stand that close,” she laughed sadistically. “She got what she asked for, didn't she?”

Sanya was shocked and horrified. Had Rylah really wanted to watch her get pulled into the mound and killed by the moss? She didn't want to believe it. The girl was a bitch, but a cruel, heartless sadist? No, she couldn't believe it.

“I guess there's only one way to clean you up. I hope... I hope you don't mind,” Mashi whispered, gently licking the worm semen from her friend's face. She paused for a moment and looked into the ashiri's eyes. “You don't mind, do you?”

“No, if... if you really want to. That must taste awful,” Sanya murmured.

“I don't mind,” Mashi replied softly, moving down her friend's neck and onto her chest. “It's actually kind of pleasant tasting. Sweet. Salty. A bit meaty. I could get to liking this.”

Sanya grimaced and closed her eyes as her friend cleaned her as best as she could. “I wonder what Astah's feeling in there right now,” she sighed.

“Orgasmic bliss,” Mashi answered as she

licked the last bit of worm sperm from her friend's body. "Orgasmic bliss and nothing else."

Sanya tried to smile. "I hope so. She was so... so nice and... and..."

"She was certainly a good little fucker. If she does those worms the way she did some of the girls around the dorm, they'll be exhausted for weeks," Mashi mused before standing. She looked down the path toward the ridge. "Come on. Let's get going before we talk ourselves into joining her."

"Yes, lets," Rylah spat, stomping off without bothering to wait for Sanya to get up. "We've wasted enough time with this already."

"What if our huntresses are in there?" Sanya asked, gesturing toward the mound as she stood.

"I doubt it," the ty'gress replied, pointing down

at a faint set of barefoot tracks. She looked up toward the top of the steep path up the ridge face. “They’re up there. Somewhere. And who knows what else.”

“Do you really think all the girls are doing things like... like that,” Sanya questioned, looking over her shoulder at the mound as she and her friend followed their hostile companion down the trail.

“I don’t know,” Mashi replied, shrugging her shoulders. “I’m sure we’ll find out soon enough.”