

Tales of the Purrfect Explorers
Worms of Se'durra
A Short Tale By Shetira

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CHAPTER ONE

The Ancient Temple

The ruins of the ancient temple were terribly dark and foreboding. Nothing seemed to have been left unscathed by the cataclysm which had completely wrecked the place some time in the distant past. Carvings which had once covered the entirety of the temple walls were battered so badly that most of them were nothing more than chips of stone on the floor. Great statues were dashed to pieces upon the shattered marble tiles of the floor and there was nothing left of the many huge stained glass windows which once illuminated the temple with an impressive display of color. Anything of even marginal value had been carried off by looters long ago.

Through all this mess walked two Ambwassi women, both clad in the form-fitting bodysuits worn by the crew of the private exploratory starship The Furry Explorer. Of the two, one, a pan'tyress, moved with confidence and determination as she navigated through the rubble, clearly searching for something specific. The other, a sn'o lep'rdess, tailed behind, her stiff, nervous motions making it abundantly clear that she was not particularly comfortable with her surroundings.

"Tell me again why you dragged me into this place," Lady Liarra Mi'sharra quipped as she stumbled over a stray chunk of stone. Lady Mi'sharra was a recent addition to the crew of the Furry Explorer, though she was less of a member of the crew than a paying passenger acting as a member of the crew. She had joined the crew to get a chance to experience alien pleasures with the protection of the ship's Lifegate, not spend hours tramping through the dirty ruins of some long-forgotten civilization.

Yashirri Shema, an experienced member of the Furry Explorer's regular crew, turned to look at the sn'o lep'rdess as she picked her way through the rubble. "Because the chambers below this temple are home to one of those alien experiences you came aboard ship looking for."

"This had better be one hell of an experience," Lady Mi'sharra grumbled back to the pan'tyress. She could not see how so dingy a ruin could possibly hold anything interesting enough to be called an interesting alien experience.

"Don't you worry about that," Yashirri responded, her manner far to cheery for her ladyship's tastes, as she moved towards the back of the temple, "the stairs below are just up ahead."

The two women soon found themselves confronted with a low archway and beyond a steep, worn stone stair which spiraled away down and to the right. The path before them was illuminated in a dim, flickering greenish light which seemed to come from the very air itself, giving a strange, eerie feel to the whole scene.

The arch itself has obviously once been covered in ornate carvings but most were now worn away by time and the elements. At the top of the arch, however, was scrawled, in dull red paint:

**The Worms Are Below, Beware!
Pass Through This Arch At Your Own Peril!
They Who Ignore This Warning Shall Risk Eternity
As One With Them!**

"The worms?" Lady Mi'sharra asked, her voice marked by a quiver of nervousness as she stared at the foreboding message upon the arch.

"Yup," replied Yashirri, "the worms are what we're here for."

"But what are they?" Lady Mi'sharra questioned, now wondering if she was really the type to run headlong into the unknown. "That message makes them sound quite... unpleasant."

"Oh, come on, it's not an alien experience without some amount of surprise," Yashirri responded, somewhat amused at Lady Mi'sharra's sudden reluctance. "If I told you everything, there wouldn't be much fun, would there? As for the message, they're only dangerous if you mess with them without the benefit of such things as the Lifegate."

"Oh... it still doesn't sound nice," muttered Lady Mi'sharra as Yashirri stepped through the arch. Her ladyship stood watching as Yashirri approached the top step.

"If we always stuck to things that looked or sounded nice, we wouldn't make any interesting discoveries," replied Yashirri. "Well, let's go down and have a look at the worms, shall we?"

Lady Mi'sharra looked at the message and then down that eerily lit stairway. She was now quite certain that she didn't really want to know much more about the worms.

"Well, let's go," Yashirri said, seeing Lady Mi'sharra's reluctance. She began to wonder if her ladyship would give in to what was obviously a quickly rising case of cold feet.

Lady Mi'sharra stood for a short time, still looking at Yashirri and the stairs and the greenish light which gave both a very surreal quality. Ever so slowly she stepped through the arch, determining not to look like a coward in front of Yashirri. She could not live with the idea of backing out now, not after she had charged into the business of seeking alien experiences with such enthusiasm that it had surprised almost everyone aboard the Furry Explorer. After several seconds of further hesitation, she was following Yashirri down into the bowels of the temple and to whatever experience awaited them there.

CHAPTER TWO

The Under-Temple

As Yashirri and Lady Mi'sharra came to the bottom of the long, winding stairway they were confronted with a massive arched corridor, lit in the same flickering green as the stairs had been, giving the massive space a decidedly unsettling appearance. A strange, slightly sweet smell permeated the air, adding to the alien feel of the place.

From where the women stood they could see that the far end of the huge corridor seemed to open out into a massive chamber. To the left, about halfway down was an archway, though they could not yet see what might be beyond it.

"This is all very... strange," Lady Mi'sharra remarked as the two women began to advance down the corridor.

"You think this is very strange?" Yashirri replied, "We haven't even gotten to the good part yet!"

"The good part?" responded Lady Mi'sharra, "You mean the worms?"

"Yes, the worms," Yashirri said as the two approached the archway in the left wall of the corridor.

The two women peered through the arch into the room beyond. It was small and rectangular, walled with relatively rough hewn stone. Large stone benches were placed in rather haphazard fashion around the floor of the room. Everything seemed to be coated with a strange, clear goo which also seemed to be the source of the odd odor which filled the air. The stuff was nearly four inches thick over most of the floor.

Of all this bizarre scene what gripped Lady Mi'sharra's attention the most, however, was the room's occupants. All over the floor and laid out upon the benches were unmoving, greenish worm-like creatures. They were leathery looking and covered in grayish splotches. Their "head" ends were wrinkled and bluish and they were topped with large, pink, sphincter-like orifices which drooled clear goo onto whatever the creature happened to be laying upon.

Lady Mi'sharra was unable to hold back a strong gasp as she began to see other things within the goo on the floor. There, mostly along the edges of the room, were slime coated pieces of clothing of all colors and descriptions. It was readily apparent that at least the majority of the clothing was designed for humanoid females.

"Oh my... that's just so... disgusting!" exclaimed Lady Mi'sharra as she looked, horrified, at the scene before her, gripping the edge of the archway so tightly that it hurt. She had certainly not expected her first experience with alien things to be so unpleasant looking.

"And given all you know about what we do, you were expecting something different for your first experience?" Yashirri asked, looking at her companion wryly. In a sly, mischievous sort of way she looked forward to seeing her ladyship's reactions when it came time to begin the actual process which they had come for.

"But... what do they... do?" stammered Lady Mi'sharra nervously, not sure weather she really wanted to know.

"Well," Yashirri began, "if you slide yourself into one of those tight little worms you will be slowly and quite literally combined with the creature as one. Then, the you will transformed into a fine example of the mature form of these creatures."

"Combined? Transformed?" Lady Mi'sharra nervously sputtered before she decided to try to change the subject a little. "What do you mean, the mature form?"

"The mature form... well, I was hoping you'd prefer to just find out by becoming one yourself but if you really want to see them first..." Yashirri began.

"Yes, let's go see them," Lady Mi'sharra interrupted, wanting nothing more than to get away from that disgusting, slime coated room.

"Alright," Yashirri replied as she turned to head further down the corridor, "let's go."

Lady Mi'sharra began to turn to leave but then looked back at the disgusting scene laid out before her. She was horrified by the idea of slipping her body into one of those slimy worm creatures. Even if she was protected from any permanent harm by the Lifegate, it was still just plainly disgusting.

Seeing that her ladyship was not following and sensing her disgust at what she was looking at, Yashirri tactfully remarked, "Well, if you've changed your mind and don't really want to see the mature worms then we can get on with the process of becoming a couple of them and you can learn first hand what it is."

"Fine, I'm coming," Lady Mi'sharra responded as she began to follow Yashirri, happy to leave the disgusting, worm filled chamber behind but with a gut feeling that she was not going to like what she was about to see.

The pair walked slowly down the grand hallway to it's far end. Stepping out into the massive chamber beyond, they found themselves on a large balcony overlooking a massive, circular vaulted chamber. Stairs to either side, hugging the outer walls of the chamber, led to the floor below. Ancient carvings covered the walls with unknown statements in some long forgotten language and large pillars held the massive, vaulted roof aloft over the fancy tiled floor below. Like the rest of the underground areas of the temple, this room was bathed in the same, flickering green light but the effect in this chamber was far more imposing and unsettling than anywhere else due largely to the chamber's immense size.

Upon reaching the railing of the balcony and looking down onto the floor far below, Lady Mi'sharra was stunned to see the room below crawling with segmented worm-like creatures. Each was similarly colored to the limp, immobile things she had seen in the chamber back down the hall. The creatures seemed to move by wriggling and with the help of two small legs at it's front. Their tail ends were equipped with sharp looking pincers. The most horrifying aspect of each of the creatures were their head, which appeared to be a small version of an Ambwassi face made of dark, hard material.

"Do you see those?" Yashirri asked, pointing down at the creatures writhing on the floor as the Lady Mi'sharra stared in horror at the sight before her.

"They're disgusting!" Lady Mi'sharra exclaimed. "Why would I want to become something like that? Why would anyone want to become something like that?"

"I don't know why anyone would want to become something like that permanently," Yashirri replied, "but there seem to be quite a few who do it willingly."

"But... it can't be nice at all," Lady Mi'sharra said, her nervousness and disgust rising to new heights.

"Well, I've tried it once before and I couldn't possibly find words to describe just how sexy the immature worms themselves are... sliding into one of those is quite arousing," Yashirri explained, as Lady Mi'sharra watched the strange creatures below, a look of combined disgust and horror fixed on her face. "The transformation itself is pretty nice too. Very weird feeling, but quite comfortable at the same time."

Lady Mi'sharra looked at Yashirri, morbidly fascinated and very unsettled by the open and willing attitude which she expressed toward trying such disgusting things. It was no wonder to her anymore why Yashirri held the position of "experience analyst".

"As for the final form," Yashirri continued, "that was just dull. There's nothing to do but wiggle around and wait for something to happen."

"That still doesn't make it sound much better," Lady Mi'sharra quipped, somewhat sarcastically. "What happens to them anyway? Do they just wriggle around until they die here or what?"

"No one really knows. When I did it the first time, when we had just discovered this place, I was one of those for two whole weeks and nothing ever happened," Yashirri replied. "However, later observations indicate that after a time the ones who are here the longest just vanish, usually after a month or so, but there are never less than twenty of the creatures here. That doesn't matter to use, since we'll only be worms for three days."

Lady Mi'sharra winced at Yashirri's final observation. The very idea of becoming one of the creatures was bad enough. The thought of having to be one for three whole days was far worse.

"Well, if you're looking for a truly alien experience, this is one of a fair number of equally bizarre options that qualify and it was with sort of thing that you said you were looking for when you joined up." Yashirri responded in reaction to her ladyship's visible display of disgust. "Besides, when it comes to this sort of stuff, you really can't judge something until you actually try it."

There was a long pause as the two women gazed down at the mass of worms on the floor of the chamber. Lady Mi'sharra did not want to speak, fearing the inevitable declaration of what she was expected to do next.

"We've got the protection of the lifegate, so there's no excuse to get cold feet now. It'll only be for a few days," Yashirri said, firmly. She wasn't about to let Lady Mi'sharra get away with not trying this experience out. She was actually quite fascinated by the fear and disgust which her

ladyship had been displaying and wanted to see how she handled herself once she had to begin slipping herself into a worm.

"I'm not so sure," the Ambwassi noblewoman replied, still obviously disgusted at the whole thing. "It just looks so disgusting that it can't be nice."

"Looks aren't everything," Yashirri replied, shifting to a more coy and seductive manner in an effort to ensure Lady Mi'sharra's cooperation. "It's not what your eyes tell you that's important, it's the feel."

"I suppose..." the Ambwassi noble replied, finally bowing to the inevitable though still wondering if she was about to make a big mistake. What she now feared most was the odd chance that she might actually like the experience and desire it, or things like it, again. "I suppose it might... be worth a try."

"Now, that's the spirit!" Yashirri responded, putting an arm around Lady Mi'sharra's shoulders and slowly drawing her away from the rail of the balcony.

Lady Mi'sharra winced in disgust at the bizarre enthusiasm of Yashirri as she was practically pulled out of the grand chamber and back towards the worms and the dreaded experience which she had no real way to get out of.

CHAPTER THREE

Into The Worms

Lady Mi'sharra stood in the archway of the slime coated chamber and stared at the scene within, rubbing her lower belly instinctively as she thought about what she was about to do. The horror of the whole thing was beginning to give way to a strange mixture of fear and curiosity which left her very unsettled. In particular, she could not stop thinking about having to walk through the mass of thick slime on the floor just to get to a slime covered bench to sit on.

Yashirri was anxious to get into the chamber and into one of the worms. She was quite sure that Lady Mi'sharra would find at least some enjoyment in the process of sliding into one of the creatures and she feared that the longer her ladyship paused the more likely it would be that she would decide not to go through with her first alien experience.

"Well?" Yashirri asked.

"I'm... thinking..." Lady Mi'sharra responded, unsure of what to do or how to begin and still more than a bit frightened.

"Don't think, just do," Yashirri replied as she slipped took a step in front of Lady Mi'sharra. She reached out and gave a swift tug on the fastening strip on the front of her ladyship's bodysuit, sliding it down below the level of her breasts and exposing the fluff between them. "And the first thing you need to do is to get naked."

"Right, yeah..." Lady Mi'sharra replied as she slowly unclipped her belt.

Yashirri was much quicker in the stripping department, but then she had quite a bit of experience in getting naked for alien creatures. In the time her ladyship had unfastened her belt Yashirri had not only done the same but had quickly and dexterously slid out of her silk lined bodysuit and tossed the now unneeded clothing into a corner of the chamber where it landed in the slime with a slimy slopping noise which caused Lady Mi'sharra to wince instinctively.

Lady Mi'sharra slowly pulled her bodysuit down, exposing her attractive form bit by bit, much to Yashirri's viewing pleasure. Soon, she stood naked and exposed in all her beauty, her rolled up bodysuit in her hands and a very unsettled look upon her face.

"That's good," Yashirri cooed as she took Lady Mi'sharra's bodysuit and tossed it into the slime next to her own. "Now then, lets go grab a couple of worms and take a seat."

Lady Mi'sharra looked at Yashirri, still reluctant to step into the thick layer of slime.

"Don't worry," Yashirri purred as she gently pulled Lady Mi'sharra into the room, "I'll talk you through the whole process. Trust me, you'll really enjoy the feel of slipping into one of these things."

Lady Mi'sharra stepped gingerly into the slime shivering at the squishing noise and cool wet feel of the goo as her toes slid into it. The

stuff pushed up between her toes and as she stepped forward she had to overcome the grip of the sticky goo. After only a few steps, her feet were completely covered and the slime was so thick and deep that it had pushed up over her ankles.

Yashirri seemed to actually enjoy the feel of the slime and slogged her feet about it as she waited patiently for Lady Mi'sharra to come to terms with the stuff.

"Ugh," grunted Lady Mi'sharra as slogged through the thick slime as Yashirri led her to a clear bench which conveniently had a pair of worms laying right next to it. The discomfort of having to walk through the goo on the floor now gave way to the disgust at having to sit down naked in the goo which covered the stone bench.

"Oh, come on," Yashirri purred, "we haven't even started yet. Now, you sit down and I'll get our worms."

Lady Mi'sharra stood looking at the slime covered bench for a few moments and then turned and slowly settled her rear down into the slime, which promptly found its way into her feminine folds. She shifted about, trying to find some way to be comfortable and this only succeeded in causing the sticky goo to flow and pull on her pussy, stimulating her and producing a very unexpected and erotic sort of arousal which caused her to forget the worms for a short time.

Yashirri, meanwhile, had placed one of the worms on the far end of the bench. She then picked up the other and was waiting for Lady Mi'sharra to get settled on the bench. She could see that her ladyship was finding the act of sitting in the slime to be quite arousing and she hoped that would help ease her into accepting the rest of the experience without further fear.

"Here, this will be your new outfit" Yashirri said as she held the worm forward for Lady Mi'sharra to take.

Lady Mi'sharra looked up and stared at the creature in Yashirri's hands for a few moments before slowly reaching up and taking hold of the worm by the leathery edges around its sphincter like maw. She lowered it and rested the slime covered creature on her knees, staring at the pink orifice which she knew she would soon be sliding herself into.

"Well then," Yashirri observed as she sat down on the slimy bench next to Lady Mi'sharra, "now that we have our worms we can begin."

"What do I do?" Lady Mi'sharra asked as Yashirri picked up her own worm. The arousal caused by the slime she was sitting in had transformed most of her fear into curiosity.

"Let it down low, pull up your legs and press your toes into the orifice," Yashirri instructed, waiting for Lady Mi'sharra to begin before starting herself.

Lady Mi'sharra pressed her toes into the tight orifice of her worm. At first it seemed to be held so tight that she could not pass her toes within but then, all at once, it gave way and she suddenly found herself almost up to her knees within the tight, slimy innards of the creature. As her legs passed into the thing, a large glob of slime squirted suddenly out from around her calves and the spray coated her chest in a thick layer of goo,

strongly stimulating her nipples in the process.

"Ooh, looks like you've got the right idea," Yashirri laughed as she too slid her lower legs into the creature. "Now, before you go any further, make sure to get your tail in, otherwise you could have a rough time once you get it up to your ass."

"Right," murmured Lady Mi'sharra as she took one hand and thrust the tip of her tail into the orifice, between her legs.

"Good," Yashirri commented. "Now, pull the worm up over you as fast or as slow as you like."

Lady Mi'sharra slowly pulled the worm up and over her knees. As she had feared, she was actually beginning to enjoy the sensations of being tightly encased in a slimy alien worm.

"That's right," Yashirri remarked as she too began to slide her worm up over her legs, "just give in and enjoy the sensations."

Lady Mi'sharra was indeed enjoying the sensations as she drew the worm up over her thighs and to the point where she could go no further without moving herself.

"Now, draw more of it up so the blue part at the head is all scrunched up," Yashirri advised.

Lady Mi'sharra did as she was instructed, finding that the more she pulled up, the more slime was emitted around her legs, completely coating her belly and running down between her legs.

"Now all you need to do is wriggle a bit and get the blue part completely over your hips," Yashirri continued as she began to wriggle herself, showing Lady Mi'sharra how to do it with the least bit of effort.

Lady Mi'sharra wiggled about and rocked from side to side as she pulled the creature up and over her hips. Despite Yashirri's demonstration, it proved to be a difficult task to not fall off the bench, as she had no real use of her legs for support.

"Now all you have to do is pull it up so its just over your nipples," Yashirri instructed.

Lady Mi'sharra found herself beginning to have new doubts as more and more of her body passed into the slimy pink orifice of the worm. She knew that she was approaching the point of no return and, despite the erotic sensations, was wondering if it would really all be worth it. Finally, she pulled the orifice halfway over her breasts and looked back to Yashirri for what she knew would be the final instructions.

"Well, don't you look just lovely in your new dress," joked Yashirri as she too finished pulling her worm up over her perky, erect nipples. "Now then, just wriggle your arms in and you can let the worm do the rest."

Lady Mi'sharra fingered the slimy folds of her worm's orifice as she thought about everything that had brought her to this point. She realized that she could not walk away now, after having come so far. She slid first her left arm and then her right arm down into the orifice of the creature and found herself rubbing her now thoroughly slime covered body within.

Yashirri, having satisfied herself that Lady Mi'sharra had taken the last step also slid her arms into her worm and awaited the final phase of the process of entering the creature.

For a time, the two women waited. Lady Mi'sharra began to wonder if the worm that she had just slid her body into was asleep, if that was possible.

"Just wait a little bit and enjoy the worm's tight embrace," Yashirri purred, "it will start to get interested in you very soon."

Without warning, Lady Mi'sharra was nearly jerked clear off of the bench by a sudden convulsion within the worm. She rolled down into the sea of slime upon the floor with a loud splat, her face and exposed upper body instantly becoming covered in goo. The worm convulsed again and Mi'sharra felt herself being drawn into the creature up to her shoulders. Another convulsion came and suddenly the world of the temple vanished as she passed completely into the creature.

Yashirri saw only a glimpse of Lady Mi'sharra's final moment of freedom before she too was drawn within her worm and she found herself quite satisfied that she had gotten her ladyship into a worm with a minimum of fuss.

Within her worm, Lady Mi'sharra began to writhe and panic as she momentarily found herself without any way to breathe in the tight confines of the creature. Seconds later, however, a thick protrusion thrust into her mouth through which she could breathe freely though several minutes passed before she could calm herself enough to begin to savor the erotic sensations provided to her body by the tight, slimy interior of the worm.

Soon, her ladyship began to find her fingers drawn to the slime coated folds of her soft pussy. She began to rub and caress herself, a sudden urge to obtain at least one orgasm before she began to transform having come to dominate her thoughts. She rubbed and rubbed until finally she reached a climax more powerful than any she had ever felt before. The very environment which her body was imprisoned within served to enhance the orgasm, leaving her quivering within the creature, left nearly limp from the intensity.

Lady Mi'sharra had now totally given in to the experience. She rested, awaiting the transformation which she knew would soon begin.

CHAPTER FOUR

Transformation

It was some time before Lady Mi'sharra began to feel the first tingling sensations of the transformation. At first she did not identify the sensation as being the first signs of transformation, instead thinking that it was an effect of having been in such a tight, slimy place for so long. Then she began to notice that the inner surface of the creature seemed to be grabbing the hairs of her fur.

Lady Mi'sharra immediately knew that she would soon be one with the worm, in both mind and in body. This idea of becoming one in mind with the creature began to make her nervous. A change in body was something she could hop to process in her mind but an actual change in her mind was beyond any attempt at comprehension.

She lay still as she felt her fur vanish into the surface of the worm. Soon, her ladyship could no longer feel slime around her body, just the leathery interior of the worm which now pressed against her skin. Soon, the sensations began to change as her skin and the interior of the worm became one and the same.

Lady Mi'sharra then began to feel as if her situation was no longer real, but some sort of surreal dream as her flesh began to bond with the innards of the creature. A haze began to cloud her mind.

"3 whole days," Lady Mi'sharra thought as her body was slowly assimilated into the worm's own form. The dreamy state she had entered prevented her from thinking clearly and making any further assessment of her situation. She could now do nothing but lay limp as the sensations of her own body vanished. She began to feel as if she was the worm itself, the physical sensations of the exterior of the worm slowly rising up from the mental fog which kept her from truly comprehending exactly what was happening to her.

The whole process of this initial transformation finally came to an end no more than ten minutes after it had begun but to Lady Mi'sharra it seemed to have taken at least several hours. Now, she was no longer a sexy Ambwassi woman inside of a worm, she was the worm.

Hours passed as Lady Mi'sharra waited, in her surreal, dreamy state, for something to happen. The orifice of her worm body had sealed shut during the course of her assimilation by the creature and the only sensations of the external world were those of the wet, gooey slime which coated her new form.

As the first strange sensations of the second phase of her transformation began, Lady Mi'sharra found herself losing contact with her own identity. She began to forget her prior life and form, despite a desperate, though futile, mental struggle to prevent herself from slipping away and becoming someone else.

She could soon feel her leathery body begin to slowly harden and bugle, forming segments. She could feel the formation of her two tiny legs and her sharp tail pincers. The most bizarre sensation, though, was that caused by the formation of a new head.

Lady Mi'sharra could feel her face reforming, though now it was more of a bony, unmoving mask than an actual face. It slowly took shape within the forehead part of the worm and was pressed outward as the transformation neared its end. The only functional element of her new face was her eyes, which gave a strange, sickly green tinge to everything she saw, making the effect of the under-temple's eerie lighting even more pronounced. As she wriggle about in the slime on the floor she could feel her "neck" solidify as the physical transformation came to an end. She was now a complete mature worm.

As Lady Mi'sharra watched her companion, now also fully transformed, wriggle about in the slime, the last vestiges of her former identity faded to nothingness. Rational thought was replaced by instinctive urges and the foremost of those urges was to wriggle her way into the main under-temple where all of the other mature worms were. She did not know why, she just knew that she had to do it.

Pulling herself out of the thick slime proved a very difficult task. She had little leverage and nothing to try to grab onto things with except her two, small, weak legs. It took her hours of shifting, pulling and writhing to break free of the thick goo which surrounded her new body. Slushing through the slime in order to exit the chamber was almost equally as difficult, as every time she paused the goo took hold of her again and she had to free herself to move again. Even after she had pulled herself out of the thick pond of slime on the floor, the stuff did not want to let go. She had to pull with all her might to break free of the thick strange of goo which trailed from her.

Even as Lady Mi'sharra pulled herself out into the great corridor the sticky slime constantly tried to fix her to the floor. She had to drag and wiggle with all of her strength to just overcome the power of the goo which dripped from her body.

As Lady Mi'sharra dragged herself down the corridor, leaving a trail of shimmering slime behind her, Yashirri followed, prisoner to the same mental changes as Lady Mi'sharra. It took the two nearly an hour to travel the length of corridor that they had passed through in only a few minutes several hours before, when they had been fine looking Ambwassi women rather than writhing, slimy worms.

The great chamber at the end of the corridor soon posed a serious problem for the two new worms. Navigating a level surface had been hard enough, now the two would have to contend with stairs.

Lady Mi'sharra attempted to slide down the steps as if they were some sort of ramp, her worm-mind not capable of telling the difference. The swiftly lost her balance and went tumbling down, completely out of control. She landed at the bottom of the forty-odd stairs with a loud and painful thud, though she suffered no real injury. Moments later, Yashirri too tumbled down the stairs, landing on top of Lady Mi'sharra. For a while, the two were tangled up in a stick, slimy ball and freeing themselves from each other proved almost as difficult as freeing themselves from the slime had been. Once they had parted, though, they joined the mass of other mature worms in their seemingly endless, wriggling, squirming dance upon the

under-temple floor.

To an observer, the dance of the worms would make little sense, largely because it couldn't make any sense at all to any other than those who had created the creatures. In reality, the two women were caught up in a never ending display which served to give power to a gate to some nether dimension. Every so often, when there were more worms than needed, the inhabitants of that dimension would take a few for use in unknown ways.

All this was known to the sciences and command crew of the Furry Explorer whom Yashirri had convinced not to mention it to Lady Mi'sharra. She had been far more interested in introducing Lady Mi'sharra to alien experiences with this one transformation than any of the other potential candidates. Predictably, her inexperienced ladyship had not bothered to ask any questions about the details of her first experience. If she had, she most certainly would never have considered partaking of the transformation.

For three days, Yashirri and Lady Mi'sharra were caught up in the dull, monotonous routine of wriggling and writhing about the under-temple floor. There was certainly nothing pleasurable about the experience. Indeed, there was nothing even particularly interesting about it. It was just plain dull. Fortunately for the pair, they were no longer capable of understanding the concept of dull and thus time seemed to pass far more quickly than it would have otherwise.

At the end of the three days, however, something unusual did happen. Suddenly the two new worms were gone, vanished completely. There was no flash of light or rumble of thunder, nothing at all to draw attention to the fact that they had gone. One moment they were there, the next they were not.

EPILOUGE

The oval shaped portal shimmered with a rainbow of swirling energy. Then, it began to make noise, an audible fizzling sound which caught the attention of E'naia Lashu, one of the Furry Explorer's Lifegate specialists. She turned to the window which gave a clear view of the Lifegate chamber and watched as the shapes of two Ambwassi women formed in the shimmering energy of the portal. The forms were slowly exuded from the surface of the energy and, with a sudden hiss, they forms became two actual Ambwassi women, Yashirri Shema and Lady Liarra Mi'sharra.

Yashirri and Lady Mi'sharra, both totally naked, stood for a brief moment and then fell into a heap on the padded floor. Their minds were momentarily stuck in a state of readjustment which was very common in those who had just been returned to their normal selves from a state which had involved serious mental alteration.

E'naia had been expecting the two and she entered the Lifegate chamber carrying a pair of new bodysuits for the women. She also had a couple of bottles of special herbal energy drink to help the women get themselves composed. She was joined by Shetari Anwae, the owner and captain of the Furry Explorer.

"Well, what do you think of your first alien experience?" Shetari asked Lady Mi'sharra, the prominent tear lines of her chi'ta fur accenting her mischievous smile.

"It was... interesting," Lady Mi'sharra responded, as she slowly slid into her new bodysuit. She was still trying to process the memories of the various parts of her experience. It was proving difficult to see through the cloud of the mental change produced by the final stage of the transformation. All that she could seem to find in the static was the memories of the physical sensations of touching the slime, entering the worm and the beginnings of the transformation. The memories of her fear and reluctance, even any memory of rational thought during her time in the under-temple were completely lost in the muddle.

"So, tell me," Shetari asked, "are you up for more experiences? I can put you on the crew roster as a regular experience analyst if you'd like me to."

There was a pause. Yashirri looked at her ladyship with a sly, sexy look upon her face. She was quite anxious to have Lady Mi'sharra as a partner on real missions in the future, exploring the pleasures of the completely unknown.

"Yes, I think I would like that," Lady Mi'sharra responded, the clouded impression of her first alien experience having helped make up her mind. She definitely wanted more.

THE END
(For Now)