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"Are you really sure this is a good idea?" I ask as my Asian lioness tugs me along. The narrow, organic passages of the alien warrens smell of brine and, if my nose is telling me the truth, an off-putting mix of aroused pussy and fresh semen.

My lioness giggles. "Oh, come on! You can't tell me that you haven't wanted to check this place out for ages!"

I sigh. My lioness knows me all too well. "Yeah. But..."

"Oh hush!" my lioness responds with a smile as she tugs me toward the origins of the vaguely arousing sexual odors.

"You do realize that tourists don't come here for the sights, right?" I ask, not entirely sure that my lioness really understands what she's getting us into. I mean, she certainly understands the idea. The concept. The nature, in the theoretical, idealized sense. But the real, physical

consequences? "You realize that we're not getting out until our Mistress lets us, right? And this whole thing is unbelievable disgusting... right?"

My lioness laughs over her shoulder as she pulls me onward. "It can't be any more disgusting than the rowa hives. And how long have we spent running around those in cute little bug-bodies?"

Again, I sigh as my lioness finally discovers just what it is she's been looking for.

"Ah!" she gasps with delight as she looks down the side-passage. "Look!"

I can't help but gasp as well. In the dim, green bioluminescence, I can see the first-stage reproductive pods lining both sides of the passage. A few are open and empty, but most contain figures in varying stages of transformation into that most disgusting of living, independent reproductive organs known as durakoni-sakta. Several of the creatures themselves crawl around

the slimy floor, slithering their way toward their future in the real reproductive chambers below.

The creatures are smelly, translucent worms with phallic heads. Their bodies seem to have little in the way of internal organs besides a very visible pink mass that's connected to the base of the creatures head. The structure looks for all the world like a uterus, falopian tubes, and ovaries, because, well, that's what it is. It's the only recognizable vestige of what the sakta had once been, a humanoid female just like me. And just like my lioness, who simply insists on getting a much closer look.

"Come on!" she says, tugging me into the vile passage.

Yet again, I sigh. I can never seem to bring myself to refusing even the most outrageous of her requests. Why start now?

My eyes are drawn to the transforming bodies held captive in each translucent pod as we pass. They're mostly elf-eared ashiri, with a smattering of fey'li and other species, a few of which I don't even recognize. A few seem to have only just entered their pods, but most have very visible indications of the transformation which is consuming them. Bodies becoming translucent. Faces turning into puckered, phallic heads. Legs merging together. And the eggs cast off from their ovaries, growing into durakoni eggs within their developing worm bodies.

"Wow!" my lioness chirps as we advance further and further into the winding tunnel. "Look at all of them! I wonder what it feels like? Do you think it might actually feel nice?"

I shrug. "Maybe. To be perfectly honest, I'm not really anxious to find out."

My lioness giggles.

"Yeah, yeah," I reply, knowing full well that I'm going to be finding out whether I like it or not.

Suddenly, without warning, something presses firmly into my back. It adheres instantly, as flaps grab around my sides, right along the base of my ribcage. "AH!" I yelp as the tentacle pulls me away from my lioness and toward one of the empty pods that we've just passed.

My lioness turns and grins as she watches the tentacle pull my squirming body into the soft, fleshy interior of the open pod. "Oh! That's look like fun!" she giggles as the transparent membrane begins to close in front of me.

I take a deep breath as thick, sticky fluid begins to well up underneath my feet. "Seriously?" I quip. "Are you just going to stand there and watch or are you going to get your hot little ass into one of these things yourself?"

CREDITS

"Oh, I will!" my lioness replies with a silly grin as some alien intoxicant begins to cloud my mind.
"Don't you worry one bit about that!"