

Bobbit Worm Bliss

Ben nervously tapped his fingers against his legs as he tried to get comfortable in his seat, undoing the work he had done to get the wrinkles out of his black slacks. For lack of a better way to pass the time, he tried to ensure the buttons of his white dress shirt were in place and his black tie wasn't too long or too short. Though there wasn't a mirror, the middle-aged man still tried to get the salt and pepper hairs on his head and making up his beard in order. This was all in an effort to counteract what his daughter had decided was appropriate attire for visiting his wife's workplace.

Sliding a black painted finger across her phone screen, Nancy tried to avoid dying from boredom as she waited. Leaning back in her chair, she crossed her legs as if to purposefully show off the tears going across the knees of her ragged jeans that matched the anarchic style of her skull-pattern t-shirt. A new addition to her appearance was a silver barbell piercing position on her nose. Every so often, her hand would move away from her phone to either tap against the silver ball or wave a hand through her long, black hair. Until recently, the accessory would have been more than enough to start a war between Nancy and her mother. Thanks to recent developments, their relationship had become noticeably more understanding.

Silently wishing he could have some of his daughter's carefree attitude, Ben looked around the conference room to try and put his mind at ease. Passing over the chairs and table, there was an obvious point of interest in the form of the large, saltwater aquarium located near one of the walls. Getting out of his seat, he approached the enclosure to get a better look at the numerous rocks and sea plants inside meant to simulate the ocean floor. Half of the tank was filled up with a fine sediment that both completed the appearance of the tank and would prove

invaluable for what they had planned. All the aquarium was missing was something to live inside of it.

Right on cue, Ben heard the door to the room open up. Walking in with a prideful stride, his wife, Lydia looked as professional as ever with her grey blazer, matching skirt, and black stockings. Giving a small wave to her husband, she made her way across the room atop her high-heeled, black shoes to greet Nancy. Tapping her finger against the young woman's head allowed the two of them to meet eye to eye. For a few moments the two of them stared at one another, bringing memories back to Ben of the formerly uneasy relationship the pair used to have. Just as it looked like they were about to bite each other's necks, Nancy broke the tension with a small laugh.

"What's so funny?" Lydia asked, taking a step back.

"Nothing," Nancy replied with a smug grin. "Considering how much you used to scorn me for my appearance, it's unlike you to come in with your hair out of place."

Reaching into her pocket to produce a hand mirror, Lydia held it up to her face to see a stray strand of her chin-length, blonde hair was out of place. "Apologies," she said, tucking the rebellious lock back where it belonged. "I ended up having to rush through my usual, post-work decompression period."

"And you still showed up late," Nancy replied, standing up to be at her mother's level. "Got to say, you've really been slipping ever since you gave into your perverted desires. You sure you still want to do?"

"Of course I do," Lydia said, strolling over to the table and claiming one of the chairs for her own. Spinning the seat to face her husband, she purposefully crossed her legs to give him a bit of a show in the form of a little peak beneath her skirt. "It's something that the two of us have

only been able to imagine in the bedroom for the longest time. After how this month has been going in terms of profits and stress, I think I've more than earned myself a little vacation."

"Shit, it's like you're a completely different woman," Nancy said, walking up to take the seat across from her mother. "I'm half expecting you to ask if you can come sit in on one of my witchcraft lessons."

"That's more of your thing, dear," she replied, gesturing for Ben to join them at the table. "Allow me to focus on making the money for your tuition while you play around with your dark magic foolishness."

"You of all people should know how real my spells are," she replied, her and Lydia sharing the same mischievous smirk. "Anyway, let's go over the plan one more time. This is going to be a lot more complicated than your little staycation as an earthworm you did last time."

"Indeed. Ben, make sure you take notes."

"Yes honey," Ben said, notepad at the ready.

For the next ten minutes, Nancy and Lydia talked in depth about how they would go about the spellcasting and the activities that would follow. During this time, Ben was keen to take detailed notes so that he wouldn't miss a thing. This was a delicate procedure that would require utmost care by all parties involved to avoid disaster. However, that didn't stop his eyes from occasionally glancing across his wife's body. It was as if he was trying to memorize every last detail of her in case things went awry. His gaze did not go unnoticed.

"Ben, have you been paying attention?" Lydia asked.

"Er, yes dear," he replied. "I just... think you look beautiful today."

Lydia let out a small laugh. “Well, I suppose you should enjoy it while you can dear. It’s going to be awhile before you see your sexy wife in her normal form after today. Nancy, do you have everything ready?”

“Just about,” Nancy replied, getting up from her seat to make the last minute preparations. Removing a large mat from a tube, she began to spread it out along the floor. “I’ll be honest, this will be a first attempt just for me. No one has been crazy enough to try something like this. I had to build the spell from scratch so there’s a possibility of ‘complications’ if things go wrong.”

“I’m more than prepared for that,” Lydia said, fearlessly walking onto the spell circle once her daughter had finished setting it up. “You should know how far I’m willing to go for this.”

“Are you sure?” Ben asked, stepping alongside his wife. “This is a lot more extreme than the last one and I won’t be with you the entire time.”

Turning her head, Lydia eased her husband’s fears with a tender kiss to the cheek. “I’ll be fine. I have utmost trust in our talented daughter. Now, if you don’t mind, please step back. I still need you in human form for this.”

“Right, of course,” Ben said, stepping away to a safe distance.

“Alright then, you perverted freak,” Nancy said, standing up and backing away from her mother. “You ready to get started?”

“As I’ll ever be,” Lydia replied, her body shaking, not from fear, but anticipation.

“Then say goodbye to your humanity,” Nancy announced, waving her arms around before summoning a bolt of magic and flinging it towards her mother’s chest.

Ben still vividly remembered the first time Lydia experienced magic flowing through her body. His head echoed with the memory of the panicked screams and pleas for mercy from his wife to make the transformation spell stop. Ever since then, Lydia had replaced her fear with an eagerness that helped her to overlook the sight of her arms shriveling up into her torso. She was forced down to the ground through a combination of one leg becoming slenderer while the other receded completely into her body. Rather than fear at the thing she was becoming, the wide grin on her face showed just how excited she was to reach the next stage of her metamorphosis.

Noticing her husband out of the corner of her eye, Lydia turned towards him as if to show off her eagerness. “Don’t worry, dear,” she said, her expression fading as her head began to sink into her torso. Just before her face was completely gone, she managed to say, “I love you. You’ll see me again in a week.”

With their owner seemingly having disappeared into the thin air, Lydia’s clothes crumpled to the ground. Even without the woman’s presence, the outfit managed to retain some of its primmed and proper nature. This held true for the pair of stockings still neatly tucked into the pair of standing, high-heeled shoes that slowly slunk down to the floor.

Letting his eyes trace the length of the stockings towards Lydia’s skirt, Ben flinched as he noticed something squirming beneath the fabric. He got a glimpse of the creature’s metallic orange exoskeleton as it slipped down the pantyhose for a moment to dip its head into one of the shoes before sliding back up. As the creature made its way back through the top, he kept his vision trained on what he assumed was the head. When the thing finally poked out from one of the blazer’s sleeves, it was to unveil a pair of large mandibles.

Ben let out a shriek as the creature wriggled its way out of the pile of clothes to reveal itself. The thing had the general appearance of a worm, albeit more unsettling thanks to the barbs

that covered the entirety of its ten foot long body. Despite being only a few inches thick, it still appeared as threatening as ever as it constantly clamped its mandibles open and close. Wriggling around its feelers as if searching for prey, it was stopped a few inches short of squirming towards Ben to test out its teeth.

“Yeesh, this thing is a lot more disgusting than I thought,” Nancy said, keeping her mother held down by her hands clad in thick gloves. “Then again, this is the first time I’ve seen a Bobbit worm in person before. Where the hell did Mom even get the idea to turn into this thing?”

“We saw it in a nature documentary a few months ago,” Ben answered, cautiously stepping towards his transformed wife. “When this thing came on screen, your mother couldn’t get it out of her head.”

“I don’t blame her,” Nancy replied, holding the worm still by grabbing the back of its head. “I’m going to have nightmares of this thing crawling out of my sink for weeks after this.”

“Yes, it is pretty terrifying,” Ben said, glancing away from his daughter to look over the worm’s body once more. “But, you should know by now that that’s exactly what she wants.”

“Guess it’s pretty dumb of me to forget how much of a sick pervert my own mother is, Nancy commented. “Then again, I guess it’s more that I WANT to forget that my mom gets off on getting turned into-HEY, WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU’RE DOING!?”

Ben froze with his fingers mere inches from Lydia’s body. “Um, I was trying to help.”

“Don’t touch this thing with your bare hands,” Nancy scolded, bearing a close resemblance to her mother in the process. “These bristles aren’t just for show. Last thing we need is to interrupt her perverted fantasy by having to take you to the hospital to get the venom out of your system. I’d rather not try to explain to the doctors how you got stung by a Bobbit worm

when we're hundreds of miles away from the nearest ocean."

"R-right," Ben said, taking a step backwards. "What should I do then?"

"I have an extra set of gloves in my bag," Nancy answered, gesturing with a shake of her head. "Hurry up and put them on. We need to get her in the tank soon before she suffocates."

Hastened by the threat, Ben did as he was told and donned a pair of thick gloves like Nancy's. Joining up with his daughter, he picked up the back end of the worm and slowly shuffled their way over to the tank. Careful not to get pricked by one of the bristles, the two of them managed to slowly maneuver the wriggling creature until it was just over the edge of the enclosure. With a final push, they managed to drop Lydia into the water with a loud splash.

Wiping the leftover droplets from his face, Ben got to watch his wife unfurl the entire length of her body inside of the tank. The frantic movements she had made while she was on the floor were put to good use in maneuvering around the enclosure. She seemed to be right at home as she weaved around the rocks and plants in the aquarium. The trance-like state he was put in as he continued to watch was broken as he got a glimpse of her mandibles clicking together.

Unconsciously, a shiver spread through Ben's body as his mind tried to comprehend that the creature he was watching was his wife. He managed to calm his nerves a bit by going over the various facts he had memorized for the plan. Amongst most creatures that could fit in an aquarium like this, a Bobbit worm was identified as an apex predator. It was partially because of this that Lydia had been able to overcome her fear of taking on a new shape. Though this didn't help with Ben's own worries, Nancy at least seemed to be sharing her mother's carefree attitude about the situation.

"Kind of a shame the old bitch had a change of heart," Nancy said, strolling up to the tank and staring right into the worm's maw. "This form would have been perfect for the old her."

“Hey, that’s still your mother in there,” Ben spoke up.

“Yeah, the mother who took forever to be anything more than a robotic ice queen who was reluctant to show even a hint of concern or emotion to her own daughter,” Nancy retorted, immediately shutting Ben up. “Granted, she is taking steps to fix herself, so I’ll give her that. But I think that’s an issue for later when we can finally get around to setting up that family therapy session. For now though,” she said, making her way over to the side of the tank, “let’s go ahead and indulge her perverse cravings.”

Sliding her hand along the side of the aquarium, Nancy managed to locate the control panel. Tapping her finger against a switch flipped off the lights in the tank. Another press turned them back on, only for her to shut them off again almost immediately. This repetition began to increase in speed to create a strobe effect in the aquarium. The makeshift light show managed to get Lydia to freeze for a moment as she lifted up her head. Continuing to bathe in her daughter’s flashes, the worm wriggled its feelers as if trying to communicate with the bulbs illuminating her tank.

“Huh, guess that little tidbit of information was incorrect,” Nancy commented. “Bobbit worms are supposed to be essentially blind, right?”

“Not exactly,” Ben spoke up. “They have very primitive light receptors.” Glancing away from his daughter, he watched his wife continue to wriggle her antennae. “It’s why she’s acting like this. Now, could you please ease off the button? Who knows what this is doing to her.”

“Ugh, fine,” Nancy said, stopping with the light switched on. “Can’t blame me for wanting to have a little fun with this.”

“Can we move on to the next phase then?”

Nancy let out a sigh. “Fine, fine.” Returning to her supplies bag, she retrieved a set of speakers. Holding the devices up to the glass, she cleared her throat and spoke into a microphone. “Can you hear us?”

Lydia the Bobbit worm stopped for a moment. When Nancy repeated the question for a second time, the creature turned her head towards the source. The third attempt got Lydia to respond with a slight bob of her head.

Ben let out a sigh of relief. “Thank goodness. She can hear us.”

“Not exactly,” Nancy pointed out. “Bobbit worms don’t have actual ears. It’s more like that she can sense the vibrations going through the glass. It’s kind of like what you and her had back when you were earthworms. That’s the main reason I was able to tease the two of you so much.”

Nancy paused, noticing the anxious look on her father’s face.

“Calm down,” Nancy said with a wave of her hand. “I got what I needed the first time around. Besides, I got better things to do than hang out here for a week and play with that freaky thing.” Walking up to her father, she placed the microphone in his hands, before rolling up the spell circle mat to stuff into her bag. “My work is done, so I’ll be heading out to give you some privacy. If you need anything, give me a call. This is still new territory, but I’m the closest thing to an expert that you have.”

“Nancy?”

“Yeah?” she asked back, looking over her shoulder to acknowledge Ben.

“Thank you,” he replied, a small smile breaking through his nerves.

Nancy mirrored the expression. “No problem. I hope you two freaks enjoy whatever kind of fun you seem to get out of these twisted games. I’ll see you later. Just don’t try to fuck the worm. I’d rather not have to explain that one to a doctor.”

Leaving her father with a reddened face, Nancy took her leave. Left alone in the room, Ben turned back to check on his wife. Watching the creature squirm around the habitat, it took him a few moments to reorient himself. Recalling his long list of tasks, he picked up the microphone and approached the tank.

“Lydia,” Ben spoke, “can you hear me?”

Fiddling with her antennae for a few moments, Lydia slowly turned towards him.

“It’s me, Ben. Can you understand me?”

Letting the vibrations spread through her body for a second, Lydia eventually nodded back in response.

“Good,” he replied, stepping away for a moment to grab his phone. “If you’re ready, I can start the filming session. Are you sure you want to do this?”

Lydia replied with a much more vigorous bob of her head.

“Alright then,” Ben said, hitting record on his phone. Bringing the camera up to the glass, he took a deep breath and spoke. “What you see here is a Eunice aphroditois, otherwise known as the Bobbit worm,” he said, trying his best to mimic a narrator in a nature documentary. “However, this is no ordinary creature of the deep. Allow me to show you. What is 10-7?”

Taking a second to think it over, Lydia eventually responded by tapping her maw against the glass three times.

“Though it’s hard to believe, just a while ago this worm was a human being,” Ben narrated. “This gets even stranger when you learn exactly who this is. It’s none other than Lydia, the high and mighty CEO. Can you confirm that it is indeed you?”

Lydia nodded.

“To show off how much different this body is from your own, can you tell me if you can see anything?”

Lydia shook her head.

“I know it doesn’t look like it, but you can’t hear either. You’ve been answering these questions just by feeling my voice go through your... long, creepy body. Correct?”

Lydia again nodded her head, the simple motion bringing with it a strange sense of eagerness.

“There you have it,” Ben spoke directly to the camera. “The once proud woman known as Lydia has been reduced to a fearsome creature that can’t even see or hear.”

As the words transferred from the microphone and into the glass, Lydia let out a quail of delight that bubbled up to the surface.

“Rather than shame, it appears that she’s enjoying her new body,” Ben continued. “If you’re willing, can you give the camera a better look at your mandibles?”

Heeding her husband’s request, Lydia swam up to the glass and spread open her maw. Bringing the camera in close, Ben made sure to slowly move to catch the detail of the serrated teeth lining the mandibles. Finishing up his sweeping shot, he moved back over to the center to get a good view of the smaller jaw in the center of her mouth. He lingered there for a few moments until he noticed the maxillae wiggling in a specific pattern.

“Are you moving those teeth on purpose?” Ben asked, watching Lydia reply by first moving only the front pair of teeth before switching over to the bottom set. “That’s impressive. Would you mind doing something scary with that? Maybe you could-“

Ben jumped back as Lydia violently slammed her mandible shut. Backing away from the glass, he watched as she continued to viciously open and close her jaws as she scraped them along the tank. While the attacks seemed to show that she was nothing more than a bloodthirsty beast, the ferocious display eventually got across how she truly felt.

“You’re having fun?” Ben asked.

Lydia nodded vigorously in response, twitching her mandibles in a mimicry of laughter.

“I wonder if you’d still be in such a good mood if you could see yourself,” Ben commented as she continued to “laugh” with her maw. “You’re absolutely terrifying. Then again, I guess that’s the point, right? To become a horrifying monster?”

Watching Lydia continue to nod and laugh, Ben couldn’t stop himself from shaking his head at the thought of how far removed this creature was from his once proud wife. “In that case, I think we need to give you something to really tear into. How about a snack?”

Upon seeing Lydia nod in approval, Ben made his way over to an ice chest in the corner of the room. Opening up the lid, his nose crinkled up at the aroma that drifted out. Before the odor of fish could overwhelm him, he closed the chest back up and carried it over to the tank.

“I’ll go ahead and get things ready for you,” Ben spoke into the mic. “In the meantime, you should take your position. It’s only right that you eat like a proper Bobbit worm.”

Informed by both extensive research and innate instinct, Lydia began to burrow down into the substrate. By the time Ben had picked up one of the fish with a pair of tweezers and turned around, she seemed to have disappeared from sight. Scanning the surface of the sand, he

finally noticed the very tips of her antennae sticking out. Keeping an eye on the feelers to not lose sight of them, he very slowly dipped the fish into the tank and brought it towards his wife.

Inching every closer to Lydia with the tweezers, Ben had to resist the urge to scream as the worm shot up to grab the fish. Tugging and tearing into the meat, Lydia eventually won the tug of war once her husband eased up his grip. Backing away with his camera at the ready, he recorded every gruesome detail of the worm's feast. Bringing the fish down to the bones, Lydia finished her meal by retreating into her burrow with what little remained of her food to finish eating in peace.

An eerie quiet followed in the wake of the worm's feeding. At first, Ben was tempted to tap on the glass just to make sure his wife was alright. That was until he recalled that Bobbit worms needed time to digest their food. Eased by the sight of Lydia's antennae sticking out of the sand, he decided that the best course of action was to merely wait until she was ready again.

For two hours, Ben busied himself with looking at his phone to refresh himself on the biology and care of the creature his wife had become. On a few occasions, his body tensed up at the sound of someone moving outside in the hall. Despite Lydia having specifically forbidden anyone from entering the conference room during the course of her "settling in" for her vacation, that didn't mean Ben was willing to let his guard down. The main reason that the two of them were able to continue these sessions of indulgence was that they were done in secrecy from the rest of the world.

Reaching what he considered to be more than enough time for the worm to digest her food, Ben went back up to the tank. Using the switch on the side, he attempted to signal Lydia by turning the lights off and on repeatedly. It took a few repetitions, but eventually the worm left her burrow to press her face up against the glass.

“Did you enjoy your meal?” Ben asked into the microphone, receiving a nod in return.

“Are you enjoying yourself so far?”

Lydia responded with a much more enthusiastic bob of her head, inadvertently tapping her mandibles against the glass.

“I’m a little surprised at your patience. You’ve been sitting in the sand for over two hours now. That didn’t get boring?”

Thinking it over for a few seconds, Lydia did her best to shrug despite her lack of shoulders.

“Hmm, I guess it’s just another part of your biology,” Ben commented. “It’s pretty easy to get meals here since I’m around, but wild Bobbit worms probably have to wait awhile for their prey to pass by. Just to be clear, you are comfortable living like this for a full week, right?”

Again, Lydia nodded to reassure Ben of her intentions.

Ben let out a slight chuckle to ease his own nerves. “Guess I should have expected that answer. After all, this is all you’ve been able to talk about for weeks now. Making it even stranger is your insistence to do this in your own office rather than our home. I’m still having a hard time understanding why you would...”

Trailing off for a moment, Ben’s mind finally gave him an answer. “It’s all because it turns you on, doesn’t it?” he asked Lydia, not waiting for her to finish nodding her head to continue his train of thought. “I think I get it now. You’re excited by the idea of your subordinates unknowingly passing by your tank. That’s why you scheduled so many meetings for this room over the course of the coming week. You’ll probably catch more than a few people off guard whenever you pop out to show your mandibles. They’ll have no idea that this nightmarish creature is their own boss.”

A vigorous nod of her head and an attempt to smile with her fearsome teeth made Lydia's intentions crystal clear.

Scratching at his chin, Ben used this information to put together a proposal that he considered would be perfect for his wife. "You've fully transformed into a Bobbit worm, there's no denying that. However, that's only the physical aspect of it." He paused, tapping his fingers against the mic as he dealt with his own, strange urges. "If you really want to go all the way with this, I think we need to mentally change you as well."

Confused, Lydia tilted her head.

"Let me try to clarify," Ben said. "Do you see yourself as a human or a worm? One nod for human, two for worm."

Lydia nodded twice.

"Then let's go all the way with it," Ben replied. "I want you to start acting like a real Bobbit worm. No more talking or showing any semblance of humanity. You need to act like the mindless beast that you are. I'll still come to check on you and feed you, but after this you'll be nothing more than a terrifying sea creature." Leaning up close to the glass, he fearlessly positioned himself to stare right into Lydia's gaping maw. "So how about it? Do you want to do this?"

The eagerness from before disappeared as Lydia remained motionless. The few seconds that passed made Ben regret ever suggesting the ridiculous proposal. Just as he was about to get onto the microphone again to apologize, he watched as his wife slowly nodded her head up and down.

"Are you sure?" he asked, with Lydia responding in turn to make her intentions clear. Letting out a sigh, he stepped back from the tank. "If that's the case, is it alright if I pet you one

last time before I lose my wife for a week?” Seeing Lydia reply with an affirmative yes, he put the microphone to the side to seek out the gloves.

Ben’s departure from the tank was able to be seen by Lydia only through the use of sensing the vibrations of each step he took with her feelers. Though this still left her mostly blind to what he was doing, going over the plan in her head made her quiver with anticipation for what he was setting up for. Having finally achieved the fantasy she had wanted after so long, it was only natural that she would be more than willing to go that one extra step further to experience the life of a Bobbit worm to its full extent. It was just like her time as an earthworm, albeit with more power and a sense of superiority that made it seem like she was the CEO of the ocean floor.

Trying to get a head start on her new goal, Lydia passed the time squirming her body through the water. Each movement of the bristle along her skin or twitch of her mandibles helped to cement the idea that this was her body now. The initial disorientation of being blind and deaf had long passed thanks to her growing used to her new senses. Feeling the flow of the water with her antenna and sensing the shift of light across the plants allowed her to effortlessly wriggle her way around the tank. This casual stroll through the pretend ocean domain that was now hers came to a pause as she sensed something breach the water’s surface.

Taking a second to realize that it was Ben’s hand, Lydia maneuvered her way around a series of rocks to reach the top of the tank. Slinking her way back and forth right below the surface, she was rewarded as she felt a set of gloved fingers slide across her exoskeleton. A mockery of a giggle escaped her maw as she noticed the way his hand twitched as he continued to pet her. Coiling herself around his fingers, she gingerly pulled his arm further into the water. Gently grasping his hand with her mandibles, she nuzzled against it to show that, despite everything, she was still the woman he loved.

A light caress from Ben was enough to confirm that he shared Lydia's feelings. Because of that, he knew that they had to move forward with the plan. Receiving one last nudge from her husband, Lydia eased up her coils to allow him to pull back. A moment later, a tap against the side of the tank got her to swim up and place her feelers against it to feel him speak one last time.

"I love you... you terrifying, disgusting monster of a worm you."

Another laugh emanated from her maw as the words resonated through her body. Unwilling to let her husband fully get away with insulting her, she spread her mandibles wide and pressed them against the glass. Wiggling her maxillae back and forth she tried her best to mimic a "kiss" for Ben.

Ben's laugh vibrated through her body. "I won't be kissing that mouth back, but I appreciate the gesture. Now it's time to start acting like you're supposed to. After all, you're nothing more than a mindless beast. Right?"

Lydia gave one last final nod as a sign of her last few moments of self-awareness. Pulling back from the glass, she repeated in her mind the mantra that she was no longer human, just a fearsome worm. From there, the innate instincts of her body took over to cement that mindset in her head. The memories of her former self began to drift away, letting the thoughts of her new form take the forefront. Lydia's memories and personalities weren't gone, just pushed to the far reaches of her brain for safe keeping. For now Lydia was content to be little more than a passenger in her own body as the Bobbit worm took its turn having full control.

Feeling like a brand new creature, the Bobbit worm followed its instincts and swam around its habitat. Though it had made several laps beforehand, this new mindset allowed it to take in every aspect of the rocks and plants with clear detail. Over the course of this exploration, it was able to lose the concept of things like business, human speech, and being a wife to

something named Ben. While this was all considered mundane to the creature, it gave the passive observer in its head a sense of delight to experience every moment of it.

The Bobbit worm's exploration was paused as it sensed something enter the water. Irritated that something would intrude in its territory, the creature was quick to defend by swimming up with its jaws at the ready. Lunging forward, it managed to scrape its mandibles against something rubbery. While it didn't get a good grip, the attack was more than enough to make the invader retreat out of the water.

Satisfied with protecting its home, the Bobbit worm began to descend towards the bottom of the tank. The short trip downwards allowed the worm's passenger to muse at the terrified reaction the attack had caused for the intruder. Unknowing why this part of its brain felt such cheer from this notion, the worm let it sink into its subconscious as it continued to swim.

Effortlessly burrowing into the substrate, the worm got into position to wait for its next meal. During this time, its receptors picked up the lights around it turning off and on again. A small part of its mind identified the blinking as something trying to signal to it. Again, it felt its observer shiver with joy at whatever the lights were trying to convey. Rather than move from its burrow, the worm merely ignored the flashes in favor of lying in wait for its next meal.

The Bobbit worm's patience was rewarded as a fish drifted across its antennae. Lashing out and sinking its jaws into its prey, it dragged itself back down to enjoy it in peace. In the comfort of its burrow, contently chewing on its food, the Bobbit worm felt part of its mind remark that this was going to be a great vacation. For a moment, the passenger pushed forward into its mind to leave behind a semblance of this sense of excitement and happiness before receding back. While it had no chance to understand what the alien words meant, the worm

nonetheless accepted the comfort the phrase brought to its nightmarish body as it settled in to wait for its next meal.