

GELITECH

DIVERGENCE

BY SHETIRA ANWAE

GELITECH

SEASON 3 – EPISODE 4

DIVERGENCE

BY SHETIRA ANWAE

© 2023 SHETIRA ANWAE, ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

This version (GT031ADTG4) for distribution only via the author's own accounts on:

Patreon: <https://www.patreon.com/anwaecreations>

FurAffinity: <https://www.furaffinity.net/user/shetira>

Do not redistribute through via any other website and/or means without the explicit written consent of the author.

Email: shetiraanwae @ gmail.com

SETTING THE STAGE

The crowd shouted lewd encouragement as the beautiful brunette leopardess enthusiastically mounted the sleazy xenobar's semen slathered dancing stage. They laughed with giddy excitement as she knelt there in the slippery mess of warm, sticky spoo without the slightest bit of hesitation. They cheered wildly as she rose with stunning physical confidence, countless strands of translucent white cum hanging from her arms and legs. They went positively nuts as she reached out for the glowing pink force pole, and smeared its ethereally solid surface with the alien ejaculate that coated her hands.

To the casual observer, it seemed almost as if the crowd had never seen someone mount

the stage so perfectly willingly before. That this sexy leopardess was the only one who had the supreme self-confidence to do it without question. Given how they'd just treated her, there was a pretty good chance that she was.

The lovely leopardess was already naked. The crowd had made good and sure of that. How she hadn't noticed the signs was anyone's guess. The intense staring. The hushed whispers. The approving nods. She hadn't even had a chance to order her first drink.

Before she'd even known what was happening, the questionably dressed leopardess had been parted from her slutty, translucent green miniskirt and bikini top. These vanished into the hands of strangers, who no doubt considered them rightly won trophies not to be returned under any circumstances. Moments later, she was being pressed toward the stage, her ears filled with sexy coaxing and promises of fun and physical pleasure. Somewhere along the way, some

unseen tramp had managed to get a big double shot of cherry Eronip into her mouth. She didn't have any other choice but to swallow it.

Despite the rough handling, the hopelessly naive leopardess was more than happy to play along. She pranced around the pole without even a single passing thought about what she might have gotten herself into. It didn't really matter. She was more than used to writing checks that her soft, fluffy rump had a hard time cashing.

Exactly who had sent her the very personal invitation to visit the nastiest xeno-club in Mashiva was a total mystery. The prancing leopardess assumed it was one of her patrons. Clubbing wasn't really her thing, but curiosity had gotten the better of her. Or perhaps it had been the free admission, free drinks, and a full night's worth of free xeno-kink entertainment. That alone was worth at least five hundred credits. How could she possibly pass up a deal like that?

Granted, the increasingly dis-inhibited leopardess hadn't expected to be shoved up onto the stage herself. She didn't particularly mind, though. She was always looking for a new market full of big alien cocks wanting to pay for the chance to spend a night jammed all the way up into her tight little fey'li pussy. How could she pass up such a great chance for free advertising?

There was no way for the broadly smiling leopardess to know just how many acts of public pussy pounding had been performed on the stage prior to her arrival. It couldn't have been many, though. The bar had only been open an hour. Still, there was already so much musky smelling cum on the stage that it looked like she'd just missed out on a comically messy alien tentacle orgy.

Hells, wouldn't that be so much fun? Jumie asked herself as she swished her tail from side to side and did a little pensive twirl around the pole. Getting two holes filled was fun, but

she'd never been triple penetrated before. She'd always wondered what it might feel like. Or better yet, how about getting a bit of 'all the way through' tentacle action?

Dammit, just thinking about it makes me feel so horny! the aroused leopardess thought as she swung herself around the pole a bit more quickly. She didn't need much help to get her irrepressibly horny motor running at full speed. Anything that looked even remotely sexy would do. Even things that she'd never willingly try out for herself.

I wonder what's going to fuck me? Jamie asked herself as she made a much more aggressive spin around the pole. Her tail whipped outward over the heads of the nearest members of her gawking audience. No doubt quite a few of them would have been happy to answer her question themselves.

Whatever those pussy gazing members of the audience might have wanted to do to her

wonderfully inviting rump, whoever was responsible for running the club had *very* different ideas. As the twirling leopardess started to get a bit friskier with the pole, a floating orb appeared from the darkness above. Its upper half was clear and partially filled with whitish fluid. The bottom half was silver, with an articulated metal tentacle hanging out from a hole in one side.

Dribbles of fresh alien cum bubbled out of a hole in the tentacle's tip, adding to the mess that already covered the stage. The pungent odor was rather different than that of the existing splatters of alien spoo. It smelled of brine, flowers, and something that resembled slightly burnt caramel. It was a scent that the surprised leopardess had smelled before, and it sent a sharp, deeply displeased shudder down her spine.

Oh... oh no! That's... that's a... Jumie thought as the orb zipped around her head, spreading its strangely stimulating scent all around her.

The crowd fell silent as her eyes opened wide with the dawning realization that she hadn't been pushed up on stage to have sex with some alien monster. She'd been pushed onto the stage so that she could *become* an alien monster!

The stunned leopardess was way outside her comfort zone. She was all about riding alien cock. Getting herself filled with copious gobs of hot semen. Having countless little sperm swimming around in her belly, looking in vain for eggs ripe and ready to fertilize. That was fun. And for such a beautiful and willing fey'li, it was quite profitable too.

There was certainly no profit in being permanently transformed into an alien creature. Into a rowaform bug-thing. It would mean no more sex. No more pleasure. And no more Jumie. She might as well just cease to exist altogether.

The horrified leopardess had always been so

careful to ensure that the alien ministrations of her nightly customers weren't going to cause any permanent changes to her mind or body. She only accepted blue or green card customers. Even 'safe' yellow carders who might cause temporary effects were a no-go unless they had a positive reference from the Erotic Services Guild. Orange and red were completely off limits.

Jumie was now deep in the red. One little taste of that bug-spoor was all it would take to send her on a terrifyingly quick, one-way trip to becoming a mindless member of the local rowa hive. But... what could she do at this point? What other choice did she really have?

Here she was, on the stage in the middle of a packed xeno-club. Countless sets of eyes were gazing up at her warm, fluffy ass. Every one of them was expecting her to dance. Dance while her ass was transformed into some sort of cold, hard bug-butt. While her body was transformed into some vile little rowaform

monster. While her mind was reduced to something barely better than animal intelligence.

To the nervously dancing leopardess, there didn't seem to be any way out. She'd let them strip her naked, after all. She'd let them push her up onto the stage. She'd done it willingly, without a single word of objection. And... for some strange reason she no longer felt particularly bothered by what she knew was about to happen to her.

Goddess, Jumie thought as she found herself completely unable to feel upset about what that rowa orb was about to do to her beautiful body. It's that Eronip, isn't it? That stuff is so strong. I never should have swallowed it!

It might have been the Eronip. It might have been the smell of the dripping bug-spool. Most likely, it was a combination of both that had left the increasingly sexy feeling leopardess with virtually no inhibitions. No concept of

peril, or risk, or consequences. The world seemed to contract to the here and now. The prospect of stimulating sensations was totally compelling.

Images of rowa transformations danced around in Jumie's head. She'd watched enough xeno-porn to know exactly what it all looked like. Now she wanted to know what it felt like. In fact, now she *needed* to know what it felt like.

It can't feel that bad, can it? the completely dis-inhibited leopardess asked herself as she continued to dance around the pole. The orb continued to follow her, the tip of the tentacle wandering closer and closer to her face. *So many people do it. It has to be fun, right?*

The tip of the tentacle was soon hovering right in front of the Jumie's quivering muzzle. It squirted gobs of warm bug spoo all over her face, neck and chest. The wonderfully stimulating scent filled her nose and made her

level of sexual arousal soar. It was all she could do to keep her mouth closed and resist the temptation to lick her lips.

The entranced leopardess couldn't hold out forever, though. The effect of the hot rowa spoo's scent was just too overpowering. She just had to open her mouth. Lick her lips. Take in the soapy-sweet flavor.

Jumie began to open her mouth. She began to run her tongue along her lower lip. The mechanical tentacle took it as an invitation to force itself inside.

“Wow!” came a gasp from the audience.

“Right in the mouth!” came another.

The tentacle clearly had no intention to linger in Jumie's mouth any longer than it had to. No sooner than it had gotten in side than it forcefully released a massive wad of sticky rowa cum. Its piquant flavor was almost overpowering. It was all she could do to resist

gagging as the tentacle wiggled around and making it difficult to swallow.

“Did she actually swallow that stuff?” came a stunned exclamation from the audience as Jumie finally managed to gulp down the first gob of rowa cum.

“That’s nasty!” came another as a second mass of hot spoo filled the leopardess’ mouth.

Again, Jumie struggled to swallow. Again, the moment she managed it, another massive gob of hot rowa jizz filled her mouth. The tentacle then withdrew, but not before adding yet another massive squirt to the mess that covered her muzzle and upper chest. The sloppy mass of hot spoo began to ooze down between her bouncy breasts as the orb zipped off whence it had come.

“She really liked it, didn’t she?” someone said as the cum filled leopardess tried to regain her composure.

“I think she did!” someone else replied.

That... that wasn't so bad, Jumie thought to herself as she licked the remaining bug spoo from her lips. She started to twirl around the glowing pink force pole again and smiled at her audience as if nothing unusual had just happened. *I wonder if it tastes like that when its fresh from the rowa cock...*

ONE WAY TRIP

No sooner had Jumie returned to twirling around the pole and wiggling her furry rump for her audience than she began to feel a weird, tingly tightness in her abdomen. Then a spot just beneath her bellybutton started to feel strangely firm and leathery. Moments later, a matching spot in the small of her back began to feel the same way.

That feels so strange, the cum slathered leopardess thought as she looked down to see a that a small patch of her long, soft belly fluff had fallen out. The soft supple skin beneath had been replaced by pleasantly smooth, though disturbingly stiff, patch of off-white flesh. *Oh... wow. That's so... so... weird!*

“Is she already changing?” came a question from the audience as the fascinated leopardess did her best to keep prancing and twirling around the pole while watching the change that spreading out from the initial spot on her tummy.

“Yeah! Awesome!” came the reply.

“She swallowed so much,” came another. “She’d gonna go quick!”

Changing, Jumie definitely was, and far faster than her mind could really keep up with. Before she could really comprehend that her body really was undergoing a physical transformation, the change had spread half way down toward her crotch, and all of the way around her hips. *Oh... oh wow... it's going so fast! I don't even have time to really feel it!*

The firm, leathery flesh was already forming into distinct grub-like segments. The borders between these rubbed and interacted in strange ways. It made the puzzled

leopardess' body feel quite strange and alien, despite the fact that it had barely covered her belly and lower back. Nor had it done anything particularly anatomically significant.

As the moments ticked past, the transformation accelerated. The slowly twirling leopardess gasped as she felt the leathery firmness run down between her butt cheeks. Her anus seemed to pull inward for a brief moment before vanishing into the dull smoothness that had consumed it. The soft rolls of her beautiful rump hardened into one leathery segment, making it momentarily quite difficult to move her legs.

It was just as well that Jumie was forced to limit her dancing. She could feel the change wash down her front. The hardness pulled up on her soft, womanly folds. It tugged on her sensitive little clit. And, as the transformation started on its way down her legs, it pulled her feminine flesh flat. For a very brief moment, the suddenly, deeply aroused leopardess' pink

inner flesh was on display for all to see.

“I would sooo do that!” a member of the audience exclaimed as the formation of her first leg segments forced her to bend over a bit, showing the juicy opening of her enticingly tight vagina for a particularly lucky portion of the audience to see.

“You go girl!” came a shout from someone way in the back.

“I wonder what that feels like,” came a remark from much closer, and from the first woman’s voice that Jumie had heard since she’d arrived in the club.

“I kinda want to find out,” remarked the woman’s companion.

Jumie’s surprise at hearing other women’s voices in a club that was clearly marketed toward men was almost instantly drowned out by the feel of something pressing out from within her womanhood. Something firm.

Something... dull.

Despite the sensation, the fascinated leopardess wasn't actually expelling anything from her exposed vagina. It was the transformation wiping away her ovaries. Her uterus. Her cervix. And then her vagina itself.

Time seemed to slow to a near standstill as the leather firmness closed over her womanhood on the outside. She bit her lower lip as the genetic eraser dissolved the last bits of her physical sex from within. There was a sudden spike in pleasure. A sudden surge toward the precipice of sweet, sexy, alien induced orgasm. And then... it was all gone.

Jumie gasped as everything down there between her legs seemed to vanish all at once. Not only had she been denied what was almost sure to have been a gloriously intense orgasmic expression of her physical sex, she'd been striped of the entire anatomy of sexual pleasure. It was gone. Gone forever. And with

it, most of her sense of being female.

“That girl is *spayed!*” someone called out to a chorus of approving hoots and laughs.

“I’d still do her in a heartbeat!” came the reply from the same audience member who’d declared their willingness just before the flat-crotched leopardess had been stripped of her womanhood.

Jumie held onto the pole with one hand and did her best to prance and dance around it in spite of her very strange feeling hip joints. There wasn’t actually a proper joint anymore. Instead, the segments that had subsumed her hips and upper thighs were connected to her butt and crotch segments with dark seams of softer flesh. These seams compressed and stretched as the muscles within pulled one way or another. This placed the actual ‘joint’ rather lower than it had been, and restricted movement quite considerably. It also made every movement create leathery noises as the

segments shifted and rubbed up against one another.

The sexless leopardess' other hand slipped down between her legs. Her fingers rubbed the perfectly smooth surface and smiled at the strangeness of it all. So much pleasure followed by so much nothing. What other strange sensations were still in store for her?

While Jumie was contemplating what had just taken place between her legs, the transformation had continued to progress with considerable rapidity. A second pair of segments had subsumed more of her thighs, and there were the beginnings of a third pair forming above her knees. These were much more solidly affixed to one another than the hip segments were to her abdomen, which was quite fortunate given what was happening to the segments around her flanks.

Every seam between segments above the transforming leopardess' hips was almost as

flexible as the hips themselves. It took all her effort, and a very firm grip on the glowing pink force pole, to stay upright. *It feels so alien*, she thought as she flexed her abdomen forward and back and side to side. *It feels so... kinky!*

“Shake that ass!” someone in the crowd shouted.

“She’s so confident!” one of the women remarked.

“Look at that smile!” the other woman observed. “She’s having so much fun with it!”

I guess it is kind of fun, isn’t it? Jumie thought as she felt new segments forming around her lower ribcage and down over knees. She was already getting used to the flexibility of her lower torso, and began twist in ways that would have been quite impossible only a few minute before. *Hells, if it’s like this all the way up, I’ll be able to turn around and look down at my own ass! Won’t that be*

something?

The giddy leopardess twisted and twirled as the joint segments formed over the front of her knees. Now, the fur of both lower legs began to fall off all at once. Both limbs began to blacken and shrink inward, while her toes began to fuse together, leaving only two on each foot. In mere moments, the black flesh of her lower legs and feet had transformed into hard, matte-black chitin.

All of Jumie's weight was now carried on her forward facing toes. These new toes were chitinous and articulated, making them both solid and surprisingly flexible. Along with along with single 'heel toes' on the back of each foot, they gave her an incredible means of balance that completely offset the problems cause by the massively altered ranges of motion offered by her hips and torso.

"Look at her keep prancing on those bug legs!" someone in the audience bubbled. "So

sexy!”

The crowd laughed and cheered as Jumie just smiled and kept on dancing and whirling around the force pole. She was really into it now, deeply savoring the exotic alien sensations that the transformed parts of her body were providing her. *This really is so much fun! I wish I'd tried this a long time ago! Hells, it feels so damned kinky! I just can't get enough of it!*

The enthusiastic leopardess could just begin to feel the rising transformation begin to tug at the skin just beneath her playfully bobbing breasts. At the same time, the fur of her long, puffy tail began to fall out. It began to shrink in length, almost as if it was being pulled back up into her spine.

Oh! Oh wow! Jumie thought as the leathery transformation rose up between and around her warm, soft tits. Her already hard nipples swelled. Sweet milk dribbled forth, mixing

with the rowa cum that had been splattered all over her chest.

Oh! Too... too tight! the entranced leopardess thought, gasping hard as her changing flesh assaulted her tender breasts. Her sensitive glands were pulled from the sides, from the center, and from below. They were squished flat as the leathery whiteness spread inward over them. As her nipples dribbled and squirted their last milk before being completely smoothed over.

“I’d *still* do her!” came a familiar voice from the audience.

“Man. Look at her keep going!” said another. “I can’t believe she actually likes it!”

The mono-mound that was left quickly shrank until it was just another perfectly smooth and flat segment on the barren leopardess’ chest. At the same time, the stub that was left of her tail wiggled its last before vanishing entirely. The transformation spread

up over her shoulders, and the fur began to fall from her arms.

Jumie's fingers began to fuse together as her blackening arms shrank inward over the bones. Moments later, the black skin transformed into black chitin. She now gripped the force pole with rock hard, articulated fingers, two and a stubby thumb to each hand. Her arms themselves were hard and stiff, with joints that didn't quite work the way she was used to.

Despite the limitations the enthralled leopardess arms now imposed, she kept on dancing around the pole with a big silly grin on her face. *This is so much fun! I'm a bug! I'm really a bug! It feels so neat!*

As the transformation spread up Jumie's neck, she began to twist and flex the whole of her torso. She soon found that she could indeed twist so far that she could look more or less straight down at the broad leathery segment that had taken the place of her soft fluffy ass.

For the first time in the show, she felt compelled to vocalize her mood, giggling softly as she twisted this way and that while the audience cheered her on.

The sexy bug's long brown hair started to fall out as the segments spread up the back of her head. Two little black antennae began to poke out from her forehead, just above her eyes. Her ears began to shrink against the sides of her head as the segments spread over its top.

“She's so close!” an audience member observed. “Do you think she's gonna keep smiling to the end?”

“They never do, do they?” came a grumpy reply. “Once they realize they're done...”

“Oh, shut up for fuck's sake,” someone else snapped. “It's all part of the fun. If you don't like it...”

Jumie's nose began to tingle. It felt strange.

Stimulating. Arousing, in an oddly familiar way. She reached up to touch it with her free hand. A hard, chitinous finger rubbed the strangely soft and moist pink flesh.

“Ah!” the astonished bug exclaimed as she instantly felt the same sort of heady feeling that she’d once gotten when an alien cock had just started to rub between her leg. The feeling was followed by a strange, involuntary pursing of her lips. Her whole muzzle was softening and splitting apart vertically, from her nose right down through her chin.

At the same time, the former leopardess’ whole body began to shrink. She barely noticed, though. The sensations around her face and head were just too close and intense for her to feel much of anything else.

“Oh... uh...” Jumie murmured as the fur fell from her face. Her ears finally vanished entirely, leaving her almost, but not quite deaf. Still, she kept on dancing, and smiling as much

as her rapidly changing muzzle would allow.

This feels so amazing, the shrinking bug thought as her face hardened over with black chitin. Her mouth was now little more than a vertical slit between stubby rounded mandibles. Her tongue and teeth had simply vanished somewhere along the way, leaving only a tight little fleshy tunnel in their place. She reached up to finger this strange, soft place, even as she continued to twist and whirl around the force pole.

“Uh... ungl... ungu... un...” Jumie mouthed as sticky mucous bubbled out from the soft pink folds that formed an ‘oral pussy’ on her face, complete with the clitoral nubbin that had taken the place of her nose. She slid a cum-soaked bug-finger into the tight fleshy tunnel that had once been her mouth.

The aroused bug greatly enjoyed having something stuck in the tight little tunnel that now seemed to be growing straight back into

her head. Straight back into her brain, in fact. The whole world seemed to be shifting around her. Memories flashed and faded as her brain shrunk toward the front of her skull. Still, she kept dancing.

Jumie could feel something welling up behind her eyes. A strange feeling of pressure that felt almost unbearable. Her eyes glazed over and went completely black. For a brief moment she was completely blind.

When the world came back into focus, it consisted of a broad tapestry of countless little facets. Each was focused on something different, though all were meshed together into a single image in her mind. This so entranced the nearly complete new bug that it hardly noticed how little of it's former life that it remembered.

Jumie was barely Jumie by this point. She was still the same being, of sorts. Her singular stream of consciousness had never been

interrupted. Most of her brain, however, had been replaced by the oral vagina that now reached all the way to the back of her head, and the large mucous glands that surrounded it. What was left was concentrated in the front of her head, where a structure of internal chitin was forming a protective shell around the still shrinking organ.

“She did it!” came a muffled voice that the prancing bug could barely understand. “She really went all the way with a smile on her face!”

“That was so fucking hot!” one of the women bubbled. “I really wanna know what it feels like.”

“So do I!” the other woman replied.

“You girls saying you’re gonna go next?” an oddly firm and domineering voice demanded.

“Well... sure,” the first woman replied. “I guess I’ll try it.”

“Me too!” the other added. “It’s gonna be so much fun!”

Jumie was struggling to understand the meaning of the words that were being spoken around her. There was something going on in her head. She couldn’t understand what. She was feeling strange urges to obey some unseen master. An invisible hive mind among whom ‘Jumie’ had no place.

“Who’s gonna buy her fur once we wash and package it?” the domineering voice called out. “You all know the drill. Bids start at a hundred credits! Let’s go!”

A singular moment. A sudden change. What was left of the new bug’s brain rumbled and shrank down to the size of a small walnut.

In that moment, Jumie ceased to exist. She was still very much alive, of course. But she was just a rowa hive worker now. Once barely intelligent bug among tens of thousands of identical bugs. A cog in a machine. Useful, but

completely disposable.

The new bug felt the urge to wander away from the pole, down the stage toward a curtain at one end. This was where the hive mind was telling her she needed to go. It was the path that would lead her to her countless sisters. To the hive. The Mashirowa Hive.

MASHIROWA

“Isn’t she such a sweet little bug,” the strange figure cooed as the newest member of the Mashirowa Hive entered the massive living antechamber. “I’m sure she’s going to just love being absorbed into the hive-flesh.”

The vast chamber was dark. The only illumination came from several dozen bioluminescent yellow-green bulges that were scattered around the rumples of rolls of living insect flesh. These formed the subterranean chamber’s high domed roof, broadly arching walls, and the dozen or so branching pillars that held it all aloft from the flat, slightly squishy floor.

Also scattered around the vast mass of

sticky, smelly bug flesh were the writhing shapes of lesser rowaform creatures who'd been bodily half-absorbed into the structure of the room. These poor captives were mostly creatures who'd lived past their prime and were no longer as useful to the hive as fresh recruits. Rather than simply let them die, they would become part of the hive structure itself, extended their useful lifespan in a process that ensured not a single gram of their body mass would go to waste.

Those half-absorbed creatures dangling about in the massive antechamber were all types suited to defend their Queen and her private chambers at the heart of the hive. Dangling stingers. Gummy pussy-mouths spitting psychoactive mucous. Male members ready to fill incapacitated intruders with their transformative ejaculate.

Elsewhere, such half-absorbed lesser rowa would be put to other uses in addition to hive defense. Groping arms that stuck out of walls.

Male members positioned to feed other lesser rowa. Even female looking openings in which male lesser rowa could satisfy their insatiable urges to fill warm tight holes with their copious ministrations.

As time passed, even these half-absorbed rowa would be more fully absorbed into the structure of the hive. That wasn't to say that their barely intelligent minds would then be allowed to finally die. Instead, each new walnut sized brain would be joined to the rest, forming the 'mind of the hive'. They would live on as long as the hive itself remained alive, bound in a state of servitude so total that whatever sense of individuality they might have retained in their life as members of the hive would be completely and utterly destroyed.

"You *are* going to have her *fully* absorbed, aren't you?" the strange figure asked as she adjusted the filter mask that covered her feline muzzle and most of face. "Our plan is already

on thin ice thanks to your failure to snare our first target.”

“Chk’kr’rk’ch’kssss’chk,” the huge, mucous oozing Mashirowa Queen replied with a broad gesture of her four chitinous black arms. “Ch’rrr’ks’k’k’ch’rk’rk’chsss.”

“Legalities?” the strange figure huffed, waving a dismissive hand as watched the new rowa worker wander around, mindlessly searching for something that might tell it what it was supposed to be doing in the vast antechamber. “I ask you to dispose of a few whores that no one in all the Empire cares even half a shit about and you worry about legalities? Especially with all that’s at stake?”

“Chr’rk’kr’kss’ch’krr’chsssss,” the Queen replied with another broad gesture that hinted at both frustration and displeasure.

“I can assure you, it won’t imperil anything that’s already been done,” the strange figure responded. “The four new satellite hives out to

the west have been approved. You can start digging any time you like.”

“Chrrr’rk’krr’ks’kssss’ks’kr’chk,” the Queen remarked, folding her arms across her narrow, grub-like chest.

“Yes,” the strange figure replied. “I’m still working to get you permission to colonize the old mines beneath Xinta. That’s the ultimate goal here, isn’t it? We have to secure the divergence. Keep it from slipping back and correcting itself. It’s the only way to save the hive and keep it from becoming a slave to... *them.*”

“Chkr’chss’sss’kssss’kr’rk’kss,” the Queen responded.

“No,” the strange figure answered. “I’m not going to be able to finish that until you can show me that you’re going to uphold your side of the bargain. Because if you can’t, then you taking over Xinta isn’t going to solve the problem, is it?”

“Chr’rk’krrrrr’chs’kss,” the Queen said, waving one arm in the direction of the wandering worker.

Two rolls of living flesh on the pillar nearest the oblivious worker parted. A glistening, mucous dripping, olive green tentacle lashed out. It snatched the surprised worker up off of its feet and pulled it until its back was pressed firmly into the pillar’s open cleft.

“Grb’rb’rbl!” the worker bubbled, mucous splattering from its little pussy-mouth as its own grub-like torso flesh began to merge with that of the pillar.

“Wonderful,” the strange figure remarked as she watched the worker struggle in vain to free itself. “Absolutely wonderful.”

The process of total absorption was astonishingly fast. No sooner than the strange figure had made her remark than the whole of the worker’s torso had become a new roll of off-white flesh on the pillar’s side. The

creature's black chitin limbs and face were all drawn into this mass and withing a few short moments there was nothing left of it. Nothing left but the new roll and the knowledge that its tiny little walnut brain was forever trapped inside.

“Perfect,” the strange figure said with a nod of satisfaction. “Now, I trust you have good plans for the others. They aren't nearly as critical as this one was. I don't much care what you do to them. All I care is that they're permanently rendered incapable of affecting matters moving forward.”

“Chrrr'chk'kss'krr'ch'chk,” the Queen responded with nod. “Kr'kr'chssss'rk?”

“Don't you worry about a thing,” the snow leopardess replied. “A deal is a deal. You take care of them, and my little family belongs to you to do with as you please.”

“Kr'kss'rk'chss'kr'ksssss'kr'kss,” the Queen replied. “Chr'rk'rss?”

“Yes,” the strange figure replied. “Let’s.”

TO BE CONTINUED...