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Part Two Into The Mashirowa Hive

You want to do... *what?!?*

Okay. Okay. I'm not going to judge, but trust me. If you want to study the domestic habits of true rowa, trying to sneak into the Mashirowa Hive is definitely *not* the way to go about it. I mean, let's face it. There's no sneaking into a rowa hive. You're gonna get caught.

What? You don't believe me? Have you ever *seen* how the rowa defend their hives?

No? Of course not. Because no one does and comes back to tell the tale. Well... almost no one. But let's leave my personal life out of this, shall we?

Where to begin... hmm. Well, if you're really insistent on going to the Mashirowa Hive, the rowa certainly aren't going to try and stop you from getting there. Hells, the workers will even hold your hand, ride the subway with you to Lower South City Station, and walk you right to the place. But once you get there... well. That depends on what you do.

If you want a "tour", then the Mashirowa will be more than happy to escort you around the upper level of the hive. Mind you, this is nothing like the upper level of a real rowa hive. In a real rowa hive, the upper level is chock full of the nasties who's job is to make sure you don't get far before getting yourself fitted with one sort of bug butt or another. In the Mashirowa Hive, however, the upper level is divvied up into a set of fairly distinct zones, each of which serves to exhibit the nature of various areas located deeper in the hive.

The tunnels themselves lined with a twisted, utterly vile mass of living rowa flesh, patches of off-white grub-like segment interspersed within a nauseating maze of matte black strands, lumps, mucous oozing orifices, and the occasional

probing spider-like leg. If you've ever wondered where lesser rowa go when they 'die of natural causes', well, this is it. They don't die. They just get absorbed into the expanding hive.

It's this mass of rowa flesh that forms the antenna with which the individual hive's Queen communicates with the members of her hive. The larger the hive, the more effectively her control, and the further her reach. You can actually measure the growth of the Mashirowa Hive by measuring the increasing distance from the hive that its workers can be found wandering the city. Neat, huh?

Now, the tunnels of the Mashirowa Hive's upper level connect areas where rowa workers rest; where female rowa worms slither and slop around in shallow pits, in their efforts to desensitize visitors to the absolutely nastiness of it all; where special captives are held; and where HiveWear is produced by specialized sections of the hive's flesh itself. All of this has been carefully composed for the benefit of tourists, of course. Tourists who might be tempted into joining those workers so peacefully sleeping in gobs of stinky mucous in the rest areas. Who might be convinced that it could actually be fun to squirm and wiggle their way around those mucous slathered pits. Or who might have a kink for being bound up in the grasp of a lesser rowa who's sole purpose is to eventually surprise them with a filling of bug juice in one or more holes. And, of course, if all else fails, to try to coax into putting on a very fresh piece of HiveWear or three.

Of course, no one can resist the enticements of the Mashirowa hive. No one. Because, well... now we're getting into why the place is so impossible to sneak into. As you certainly know, the mucous that workers and female worms dribble from their vulvic maws can reduce both inhibitions and sense of disgust toward all things rowa. It's a subtle effect, and not nearly powerful enough to trigger compulsive behavior. The mucous produced by hive itself, on the other hand...

Anyone entering the hive will find themselves feeling quite relaxed with everything they're seeing in very short order. It all starts to seem so fascinating. So interesting. So... enticing. And if that's not enough to get a visitor to offer their ass to the hive, well...

The upper level of the hive is not without its defenses. Here and there, you may find turri. These are female lesser rowa who's main bodies consist of a large round mount, typically found embedded within the flesh walls or floor of the hive. These have big vulvic openings which spread and reveal a worm-like inner body, who's vulvic maw spits potent mucous. The mere odor of this mucous can make anyone feel a bit woozy, rather uninhibited, and very, very

horny. And if it touches you... you're going to be bending over and shaking your ass at anything that looks like it might give your tailhole a filling.

If you're lucky, there will be a turro nearby to fulfill your desire. These male defensive worms are embedded in bulbous shapes in the wall, or dangling from a high ceiling. If not, then maybe, just maybe, there will be a rare burrowgrub, another male worm type, or a giant scorpion wandering by to satisfy your need. Because if you haven't gotten your very own bug-butt within a few very short minutes, you're going to get transformed into rowaflesh and absorbed into the hive.

And speaking of scorpions, there are the female types too. Their mucous spit is just as potent as that of the turris, and they aren't stuck in once place. They're quick and very agile. They'll chase you down, splatter you with goo, sting you into submission, and then, as before, you'd better hope there's a male rowa close by to give you a filling.

Of course, if you've been naughty, but are just too special to be treated in so abrupt a fashion, then you're going to get carried off to one of the so-called 'captivators'. These come in a number of body types, but all are built to restrain you until the Queen decides what to do with you. And by that I mean what kind of lesser rowa you're to become.

What makes captivators most... interesting, is that their bug juice is inert by default. So, as you wait for the Queen's decision, you can be sure to get quite a probing. And quite a filling with inert bug juice. And when the Queen finally passes judgment? Then you get the active stuff, and a nice new bug-butt.

Now, what you're not going to see in the hive are the scouts. Those are the flying rowa workers with their long stinger tails. Or the flies. Grub-like bugs with two sets of giant mandibles to restrain and a long prehensile bug-wang to fill your tailhole with bug juice.

Nor will you see the egg layers, dangling from their ceiling pods, dropping eggs into a pile on the floor. The vast majority of these are infertile. They are consumed by other lesser rowa, or used as the base for pieces of HiveWear. Those rare few that are actually fertile can be fertilized by any male lesser rowa, to eventually develop into a 'node', an independently intelligent mass which will be incorporated into the flesh of the hive. These facilitate and guide the hive's physical growth.

You won't see succubi or soldiers, either. Female 'tempresses' and servants to true rowa, and brutal warriors respectively. The former are only seen when

true rowa leave the hive for business. The latter only appear when some external threat approaches the hive.

But, you ask, what about the lower levels? Those are the levels I'm interested in sneaking into. What about those?

Well, imagine lesser rowa everywhere. Ripping off protective clothing. Slathering your body with mucous. Stinging you until you're just a gasping, helpless body on the ground. And if you think they're going to give you a bug-butt after trying to sneak in? No. They're just going to let the hive absorb you. And then forget you ever existed. Because no one. And I mean no one. No one is ever allowed to see inside the deeper levels of the hive. Ever.

And yes. That means *you*.

So if you really want to know what goes on deep inside a hive... maybe read a book about it. You know we have books here, right? Good. 3rd Floor. Section D. Aisle 3. Left side. 3rd shelf from the top. Have a nice day!