Worm

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

Humans have been visited by intelligent creatures from another galaxy. So many people talk about it, so it must be true, and it is. There are many crazy stories out there but so many of them have a kernel of truth. The truth is harder to understand when it is smaller than we imagine.

One of the key questions is - “Where are the giant intergalactic spacecraft? Humans may be primitive but we have telescopes and instruments – why can’t they detect the ships in the sky? Where are they? The simple answer is that they are smaller than all the stories. Too small to notice but just the right size to be allowed to use the huge amounts of energy necessary to fold the space time continuum, to use a term that can be more generally understood.

What do they want? Are they walking among us? Well, I can explain. They want to understand. They are too small, and they are not adapted to walk the earth without being housed in machinery – they cannot walk except through “agency”.

There is no intended ill will in entering a human body. Without in any way disparaging the impressive feat of evolution that is homo sapiens, a body is just an agency. Homo sapiens is the highest form of life on the planet, so why use a bird or a cat?

If what you want to do is to explore the planet and understand its resources and its inhabitants, then you just need to find a suitable vehicle. And if you are small, and live in a largely liquid environment then the human body can be a suitable home.

We are talking about a species that needs oxygen but not necessarily air, and carbohydrate, but not French fries. The essential gas is in the blood and the carbohydrates in partially digested form is just what is needed.

Why the anal probing? That seems to be another common question. The answer is simple, and it is the stomach. That is a hellish environment that no tiny fragile organism would enter, even if armored. The chemicals in the stomach are far stronger than what is required for digestion. No doubt the reason for their existence can be found in the evolutionary climb, but it might even be called a defense against entry by that route. Suffice to say, the back door is the easiest way in without surgery. But not all back doors are big enough, and you have to explore to find the right one.

I don’t talk about who I used to be, because everything has changed. Melvin Lendrum is no more, simply because his body - my body - was so well suited. Many visits and the probing of many anuses produced nothing quite so suitable. Here was a welcoming anus, and the opportunity to be freely entered and to find a home.

Melvin, as I then was, was gay – a homosexual man and one who was more inclined to receive. It just so happened that here was the body that was needed.

We both call the inner self “The Worm” because it is small, long and thin and largely blind. That is not an accurate description because of the multiple vestigal tiny limbs, but the truth is that evolution on that different planet took another course driven by environment on Earth. There was the use of tools, the development of societies, grand structures and technology, all phases that might be recognized, but on another scale and in another medium from the thing atmosphere of Earth. But after that things went in a different direction. It was only when mental power allowed mechanisms to be control by thought, that limbs became unnecessary and even annoying, and an existence swimming in a warm oxygen rich broth allowed for survival of all the disasters that struck that planet and exterminated other life forms. As it happened, the bowels became a home not dissimilar to the true home of the visitors, and the rest of the body became the “agency”. Melvin’s eyes became the eyes to a new world.

My human brain was still coming to grips with the encounter with alien life, and the derisory disbelief that followed, so when the communication that I will describe here, first commenced, the brain struggles.

Melvin talked about being “invaded” and even “possessed by a parasite”. It is the stuff of pulp fiction as we all know, but it is cruel to describe a shared body in that way. It was not “snatched”. There was a discussion of this nature:

Melvin: “Who are you and what do you want?”

The Worm: “I am a visitor from another planet, but I am only a visitor. I merely seek for you to be my guide through this wonderful planet of yours. I understand your culture and your fear or alien life, but I assure you that I wish to preserve your planet and all its residents. I am just here to observe and to learn. If you will allow me to ride with you, we can travel the world and live a great life. And then when I am done I will reward you, and leave you and your planet in peace.

Melvin: “Are you inside me? Are you sucking my blood?”

The Worm: “Yes, I am inside you, which means that it is in my interests that you body is kept healthy. I can do that. I can make your body better. You will value my presence?”

Melvin: “Can you make me better looking?”

It was a shallow question, but it was prompted by the lack of recent sex. A positive answer was what led to the pact. So, it was not an invasion – it was a migration. From the Melvin point of view, this was a ticket to wealth and pleasure.

As for worms, pleasure was regarded as only achievable through mental stimulation. Physical pleasure had been left far behind on the evolutionary tree. That was until both sides of this body discovered that they shared a common joy – in semen.

Melvin enjoyed the act of receiving it, but the worm took pleasure from consuming it. If you can imagine centuries or even ages in geological terms, of worms being sustained by vegetable-based carbohydrates suddenly being exposed to small fast swimming live animals that can be swallowed up in a gulp, then you may get the idea. Or perhaps look at it as a person brought up on mashed broccoli have a steak presented to him. The assumption is that perhaps small fast swimming live animals had once been a food item in the distant past, and now here they were – each meal slightly different (by Melvin’s preference) and delicious.

The Worm: “But the problem is that the variety of the sources of this substance is so limited by the fact that only a small percentage of the human population are interested in depositing our favorite substance in your bottom. If you were a woman you could collect so much more.”

Melvin: “But I am not a woman and I don’t want to be one.”

The Worm: “Well, I can fix that, and I then I can change you back. At least give it a try?”

Melvin: “But men will want to cum inside a vagina and that is not where you live.”

The Worm: “I can engineer something – a connecting passage of some kind. I could make it work.

Melvin: “But I could not be a woman. I would not know how.”

The Worm: “I am sure that I can fix that too.”

It was just a matter of applying behavior that I had already been studying and recording. A true symbiotic partnership is about letting one do what they can do if you cannot do it.

For instance, with the alien knowledge in was easy for me, Melanie, to get access to all the funds that I needed. And from within the new body could be engineered to achieve the original purposes, and even out-perform expectations.

You see, as Melanie I am free to travel the world with ease and to ask questions and get answers that a man might not. If in depth study is needed then all that is required is to find a man with the knowledge I need and “put a worm in his ear” – our private joke.

The only added imperative is that we collect semen wherever we go. We are both happy, or all three if you include Melanie.

But to be honest it seems as if Melvin has dropped from view somehow. And it is just as well because, while as a collector of information I can never forget anything, it seems I have forgotten how to change him back. I may have even forgotten how to get back to my home planet.

Does it really matter. I am swimming in cum almost every night. There is a not a happier worm anywhere in the Universe.

The End

© Maryanne Peters 2023