

Gimmi

EPISODE I – First Flight

Chapter Two


Note: please read the previous chapter first!

Series description: A sincere and rambunctious tale of a young alien refugee named Gimmi who joins forces with five other badass alien warrior heroes to escape the treacherous rule of a fearsome empire. To reach safety, they must find the long-lost paradise of the mythic planet Orth. Gimmi and her shaky alliance of renegades stumble their way through a dozen worlds in their search for clues to the location of Orth. A barbarous outlaw named Morgrub, a manipulative spy named Nipitha, and a sex goddess named Gormaemae, all seasoned people-eaters, each attempt to foil them. How many of Gimmi and her allies will make it to the safety of planet Orth before they might meet their sticky end?

Warning: graphic language and sexual content.

Disclaimer: Images are not attributed to their original artists and are used in an unofficial capacity.

CAST:

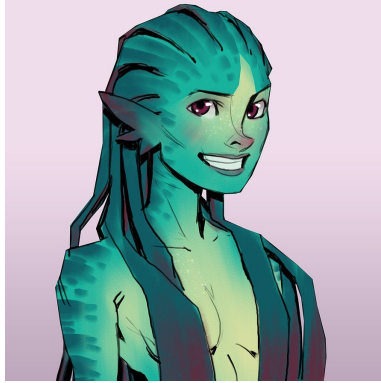
Name	Image	Role
<p>Gimmi</p> <p>Home: Yytz</p> <p>Species: Yytzians</p> <p>Abilities: flavor storage and enrichment, at-will flavor change of extremities, extreme resistance to being crushed or squished, regeneration</p>		<p>Main Protagonist; Defiant Prey / (Unwilling Pred) with a Food Complex</p>

Shimmi

Home: Fidsworm

Species: Nessels

Abilities: **swift swimming, at-will slipperiness, underwater: breath, strength, and psychic song charm.**



Protagonist;

Prey;

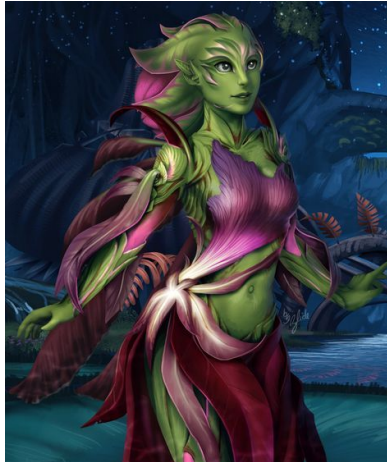
Loyal, Timid Sweetheart

Byudi

Home: Cachalor

Species: Drayees

Abilities: **Command of nature, liquid wood meld**



Protagonist;

Prey; Avid

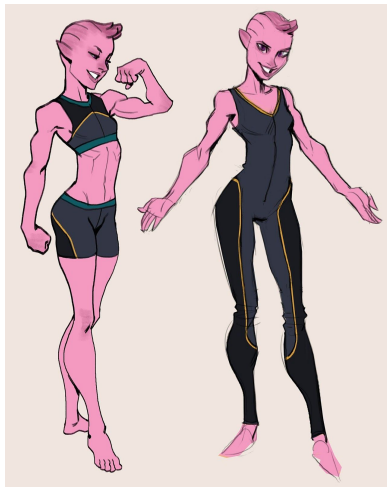
Vegetarian

Pikmi

Home: Cragfort

Species: Dminuis

Abilities: **psychic shielding, acrobatics, tumble and fall resistance.**



Protagonist/Neutral;

Prey;

Casual Jokester

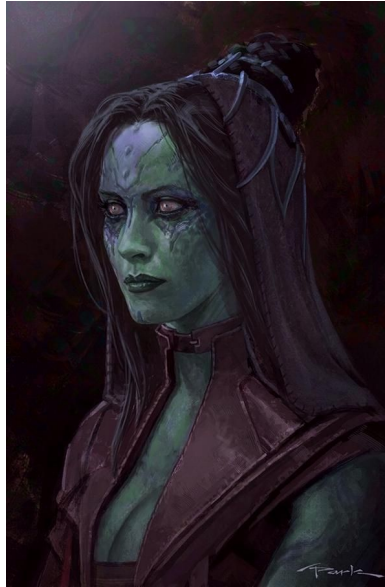
<p>Indimi</p> <p>Home: Degelo</p> <p>Species: Doubians</p> <p>Abilities: Hypnosis charm, minor telepathy and telekinesis, oral vore, anal vore</p>		<p>Protagonist/Antagonist;</p> <p>Prey/Pred;</p> <p>Double Agent</p>
<p>Winmi</p> <p>Home: Bidsvarb</p> <p>Species: Bidsvarbish</p> <p>Abilities: minor illusions, perception filtering, majestic charm, oral vore, unbirth, anal vore.</p>		<p>Protagonist/Neutral;</p> <p>Pred/Prey;</p> <p>Majestic Fashion Queen</p>
<p>Leylex</p> <p>Home: (Unknown)</p> <p>Species: Irridian A.I.</p> <p>Abilities: Thought reading, signature- and tech-tracking, immunity to acid and heat, oral vore.</p>		<p>Antagonist/Neutral;</p> <p>Pred/Casual Prey;</p> <p>Synthetic Consciousness of the Empire's Law Enforcement</p>

Morgrub

Home: (Unknown)

Species: (Unknown)

Abilities: high strength, scent-tracking, immunity to space vacuum, oral vore, anal vore.



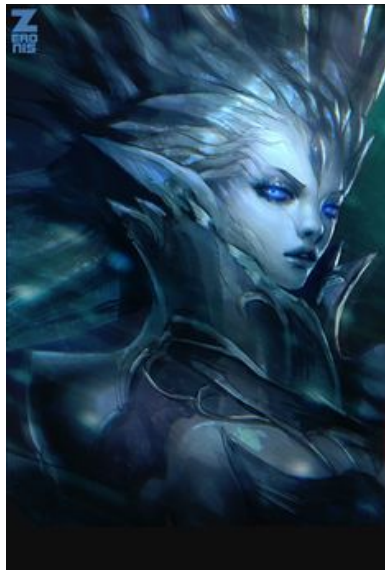
Antagonist;
Pred;
Barbaric Outlaw

Nipitha

Home: (Unknown)

Species: Glacian

Abilities: Touch refrigeration, sixth sense reaction, minor shapeshifting (disguise self), immunity to cold and space vacuum, anal vore (hot or cold).



Antagonist;
Pred;
Icy-Cold Spy

Gormaemae

Home: **Conveleuv**

Species: **(Unknown)**

Abilities: **Psychic stimulation, libido induction, hallucination conjuring, prey-drive seduction, oral vore, cleavage vore, nipple vore, bellybutton vore, unbirth, anal vore.**



**Main Antagonist;
Pred;
Goddess of Fertility and
Seduction**

WORLDS:

Yytz

Degelo

Cachalor

Cragfort

Fidswerm

Bidsvarb

Conveleuv

Orth

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Chapter Two

Beneath the jumbled mess of kitchenry and other supplies, I lie desperately still in the hope that I might be overlooked by the Gorgwil. To my relief, it seems the two Gorgwil are willing to believe the clattering object was simply settling after the tumbling of the great pile back into the cargo bay.

After grunting in success, having found the items they were looking for, the two giant figures waddle together back toward the red glare from the entrance to the rest of the ship. The enormous doors swing shut behind them. There's no way I could follow them without getting caught. The doors slam with a BOOM.

This wasn't exactly what I had in mind when I planned to leave my world. Nevertheless, being a stowaway here is better than being a stowaway in a Gorgwil. Why couldn't I have been on one of countless other ships belonging to species far less likely to eat me? ... Then again, who visits Yytz without the intention of at least sampling the local cuisine? I sigh.

My nerves finally calming down, I realize in the pitch darkness that I actually have a chance. As the distant crackle of engines burst to life, I hope that my unaware captors are not planning on making their next stop the Gorgwil homeworld. I'd not stand one fat chance there.

I wonder if I'll get hungry in the time it takes to get to wherever we're going. In the meantime, I might as well feel around and see if I can find anything useful in case the giant gluttons return before I can escape.

I'm awakened from my slumber by a change in pitch of the engines, followed by a thunderous thud as the ship lands. I quickly hide myself as deep in the pile of junk as I can, wriggling to the center without too much trouble. It's not a moment too soon, as the double doors again fling open with a bang to allow the two Gorgwil passage into the cargo bay.

Amid their chuffling and searching, I get a glimpse of their pot bellies, significantly reduced, and their black, beady eyes as they blink in the half-darkness. They seem to be unable to find what they are looking for.

As a peculiar reek wafts into my pores, I realize with horror that I am laying on top of what must be a dispenser for toilet paper. I panic silently, wondering if the Gorgwil would be fast enough to catch me if I made a run for it.

I've gotta work up the nerve to bolt soon, or else they'll find me here for sure. Bunching my muscles, I prepare to scramble for my life between the hulking figures.

With a yell and a brave dash, I emerge from the pile, casting off loose items. Just as I had hoped, the Gorgwil appear startled, if not a little frightened. I'm running for the door as they quickly realize what I am: a potential meal. I think they'd have me if not for their lumbering competition to get to me first. The pale red light of the ship beyond is my only hope of escape, even though I know there could be more Gorgwil beyond.

Spying an opportunity, I smack the big red button next to the cargo bay doors, shutting it before the protesting Gorgwil pair can lunge through the threshold.

Panting, I stand with my hands on my wobbly knees, taking in my surroundings. It seems to be a cramped elevator, and the only option lit up on the control panel must be 'up,' since I'm on the bottom level. I hit the button and hope for the best.

One rocketing, rickety ride later, a pair of doors comes down from above to match the space before me. On a whim, I have selected what appears to be the top level. My logic is that it's probably the bridge, and I'm hoping there'll be escape pods up there.

Unfortunately, as my other suspicions predict, so too are there a posse of Gorgwil as the doors swing open.

The guttural conversation in the room comes to a halt as the four monstrous aliens gawk at me. I seize the advantage of their surprise by racing for the wall furthest from any of them that appears to be an escape hatch. I tell myself I must have the strength to crank the hatch open. I must, or I'm meat.

I tug with all my strength, even as the shocked group of Gorgwil lumber for me. "Hhrrrr!" I groan as the rusty mechanism grinds free. I'm inside the portal with it closing behind me, just before the eight grubby graspers can get a grip on me.

Inside the claustrophobic space, barely big enough for a Gorgwil, I frantically press all the big buttons I can before the crew would disable the pod.

Something worked, because now I'm hurtling blindly through space, waiting for the inevitable crash.

But instead of a crash, there is a splash, as, apparently, I've hit a body of water. I waste no time in pressing what little other buttons remain. At last, the hatch pops open, and I scream as water floods the pod. I swim swiftly out and my head bursts out above the surface. I splutter and take in the view as the pod sinks.

A yellow sky stretches to the horizon in all directions. Nearby, towering above the rocky shore, I can see the smoking behemoth of the Gorgwil ship.

Seeing no alternative other than swimming until I drown, I decide to strike for the shore. Before I can begin treading my legs, they're suddenly gripped by a pair of webbed hands.

My scream is cut short by the salty sea as I'm dragged swiftly underwater. This is it, I'm thinking. All this way, I made it to another world! And now I'm about to be some sea creature's breakfast. I look down and blearily make out a feminine shape swimming beneath me, dragging me not much deeper into the sea, but toward the rocks under the shore. There, as I hold my breath, I spy the entrance to a cave, lit by a blue light.

The mysterious creature finishes dragging me under the crispy-looking surface of the coral-crusted shore. She surfaces with me in a secluded cove filled with sweet, salty air. I gasp for air, my senses wild as I try to shake her grip on my leg.

She speaks, in a burbling, whispering tongue utterly unknown to my ears, "Bbunthw ensthwol milbbwrth bwinshia?" she seemed to ask.

My panic receding, I remain with my eyes fixed on the gorgeous figure of the woman floating in the water under the dark, sun-speckled ceiling. I noticed her legs came together like two clasped halves of a long, swimming tail.

"Wh--" I stammer, "Are you... You're not going to eat me, are you?" I guess in the language of my people on Yytz. Briefly scanning the length of the cozy coral lagoon and crescent of land wrapping around the two of us, I spy a neat array of mysterious marine treasures adorning the walls' edges.

The strangely adorable face of the sea woman peered back at me with curious frivolity. "Bbun bthey!" she exclaimed delightedly, sighing briefly afterward as if she had discovered something truly unique.

I guess she did. I'm probably one of a kind around here. This being seems to be friendly enough. Maybe I'm not doomed after all. I just hope she doesn't like me enough to keep me.