

SHETIRA & SHAWI'S
XENOEXOTIC
QUICK GUIDE

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ICON KEY

Overall Rating Icons (5 Star Rating System)

★ - 1 Star

★ - ½ Star

☆ - No Star

Personal Opinion Icons

♥ - Like

♥ - Mixed

♥ - Dislike

Pre-Experience Information Icons

👤 - Solo

👥 - Social/Sm. Group

👥 - Lg. Group

✈️ - Local Travel May Be Required

✈️ - Long Distance Travel May Be Required

✈️ - Interplanetary/Interstellar Travel May Be Required

🌐 - CoreNet Media Readily Available

🏠 - Home Delivery For Self Use Availalbe

🚚 - House Call Service

⚠️ - No Consent Declaration Required

🗣️ - Verbal Consent Declaration Required

📄 - Written Consent Declaration Required

👆 - Enhanced ID Required For Consent

👉 - Auto-Consent Upon Entry Into Experience Environment

📋 - Prerequisite Activities Required

🩺 - Medical Approval Suggested

🔧 - Home/Business Environment Alterations Required

👆 - User Initiative Required To Begin

-  - No User Initiative Required To Begin
-  - Slow  - Average  - Quick
-  - Very Long Duration
-  - Can Be Paused/Stopped Half Way
-  - Permanent Results
-  - Fully Reversible
-  - Fully Reversible Within A Fixed Duration
-  - Full Reversibility Diminishes Over Time
-  - Self Propagating
-  - Artistic Experience
-  - Gamified Experience
-  - Live Action Game Experience
-  - Significant Tangible Prizes Available
-  - Genuine Vore Experience
-  - Club/Venue With Live Audience
-  - May Be Filmed For Public Distribution
-  - Optional Filming For Public Distribution
-  - Suited For Professional Livestreaming Only
-  - Well Suited For Livestreaming
-  - No Conditions Post-Experience
-  - Freedom Affecting Conditions Present Post-Experience
-  - Inanimate Experience Result
-  - You Become The Property Of The Experience Provider

Row'ix'atza

A Monthly Offering To The Home Hive



Never before have you seen such an incredible sight. There are hundreds of them. Hundreds of beautiful women, all completely naked and enjoying each other's blissful company so freely that you have to wonder what sort of chemical concoction could have made them all so thoroughly disinhibited and utterly carefree. No one seems to care who touches them. Or who slides a warm, wet tongue over their tender flesh. Or even who begins to probe deeper in search of fascinating flavors, heady pheromones, and perhaps a surge of second hand euphoria brought on by watching their intimate partner experience the pure pleasure of orgasm.

The secret is in the air, of course. There's no avoiding that strange, vaguely brine-like, slightly soapy odor that fills the vast chamber. It doesn't give you any choice. You start to feel aroused. You start to feel free. You look at your fellow willing captives again and instead of seeing a crowd of beautiful

women, you see a crowd of warm, sensuous bodies that you want nothing more than to touch. To caress. To cuddle. To embrace in all the deeply intimate ways that your body can possibly offer.

You knew exactly what you were getting into when you volunteered for all this, of course. You knew exactly what was going to happen. But still... nothing you knew had really prepared you for this endlessly writhing mass of horny female flesh. You just can't help yourself. It's far too irresistible!

A hand takes hold of your arm, pulling you down onto the nearest of the huge rubber mattresses. As you fall into the squeaky softness, you barely notice how much its perfectly polished off-white rolls look like the segments of some huge, flattened grub. Even if you'd bothered to give it more than the most fleeting of glances, your new friends quickly ensure that you have no time or inclination to give it any real thought. Your face is firmly entrenched between the silken legs of a pretty, antelope-horned koyoki. Just the sight of her silky, pale blue womanhood sitting there right in front of your nose sends your own arousal soaring. You just can't help yourself. You begin to lick.

Before long, everything mixes together in a heady, pleasure filled blur. First you're pleasuring the koyoki. Then it's a cute little jaguar spot fey'li

pleasuring you. Then you're being double teamed by a pair of cute ashiri twins. Every five minutes you're tongue deep in a new lover, and a new lover is tongue deep in you. One after another. On and on and on, and you haven't even gotten a chance to try and pick your own partner yet.

There seems to be no end to the orgy. No end to the pleasure. But then a deep, powerful drum beats three times and the blissful, carefree mess of copulation comes to an abrupt end. There's a strange new scent in the air. A scent that makes your arousal recede into a dull, yearning throb. You feel oddly refreshed. Oddly ready. And... oddly compliant.

So what exactly was it that you volunteered to do, so many hundreds of light years from home and in the deepest reaches of the rowa home prefecture? Surely it wasn't just to spend a few long hours tangled up in a free-for-all orgy with countless unfamiliar women from all corners of the Fey'li Empire, was it? No. That magnificent privilege was just a ploy to help put you at ease with what comes next.

What comes next is a quasi-ritual mass-sacrifice known as Row'ix'atza. Not long ago, this was a quite vile affair during which the many lesser hives would capture extra humanoid victims to be given as monthly tribute to the Royal Hive. Each month these

captives would all be transformed into lesser rowaform creatures in a day long orgy of bug sex and mutation.

During the war between the rowa and the Fey'li Empire, each Row'ix'atza could involve many thousands of captives. These were above and beyond those taken by the lesser hives during their invasions, and were often hand picked for their perceived entertainment value to the rowa Queen. As with all rowa captives, they would never be seen again, absorbed into the Royal Hive as workers or as flesh with which to expand the Royal Hive itself.

Since the end of the war, the nature of Row'ix'atza would change significantly. Restricted from capturing unwilling victims, the lesser hives were no longer expected to provide captives for the Royal Hive each month. Instead, the worlds of the Fey'li Empire would be asked politely to send willing volunteers to replace the lost tribute. Following the example of their peace-bringing Empress, many would give themselves up to please the rowa Queen. At first these numbered in the thousands each month. And then in the tens of thousands. And now... in the hundreds of thousands. Hundreds of thousands of women... just like you.

A squishy, bug-flesh portal opens at one end of your waiting chamber. One end of the thousands of

such chambers which are embedded into the perimeter of the Royal Hive. Your intimate companions rise and begin to move toward the dull, yellow-green light of the living passage that leads into the hive. You follow, not because you want to, but because you have no choice. The path you must take is so clear that it is clearly the desire of those who filled your brain with their deeply enthralling scents.

All you can do is comply. All you can do is give your body to the rowa, and let them transform it into whatever kind of disgusting insectoid monstrosity they desire. And you're going to like it too. And so is everyone else. It's going to be fun. Just like in the videos. You just wait and see!

Moving from such a glorious and pleasurable environment and into the dark, smelly, and often semen-soaked interior of the Royal Hive is an experience in and of itself. You soon discover countless squirming rowa worms, all fused together to form the tunnels and other hive structures which surround you and your companions as you all move inward toward whatever fate awaits. Eventually, curiosity will overcome one of you. Will it be you? Will you be the first to touch the undulating walls?

Anyone who touches the walls will find themselves adhering to the hive flesh. A dripping phallic protrusion will appear, delving straight into the curious soul's vagina. It will waste no time in filling her flesh with its potently transformative seed. It will only take about thirty seconds for her to completely transform into a rowa worm, and another ten before she is permanently fused into the hive.

But why wait for curious souls to touch the walls? Why not encourage them? Why not help them along so you can enjoy the spectacle of their reaction to their transformations? No one is stopping you, after all. No one is going to object, either. It's all just part of the fun!

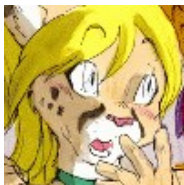
Becoming part of the hive itself isn't the only option, of course. If you somehow manage to survive the suggestive prodding of your companions long enough, you will be rewarded with the sight of a large chamber with a dozen or more large, grub like masses sticking out of the walls and the floor. Rowa workers will guide you toward one of these intimidating mounts and insist that you lay face down upon it.

If you're lucky, there won't be enough for everyone and you'll get to watch as others are held down with chitinous black claws before being accosted in every hole with probing insectoid phalli.

One of those holes is going to get a filling of bug juice, but which one? In the ass means becoming a rowa scorpion. In the pussy means becoming a worm. In the mouth means becoming one of those cute little rowa workers whose hands just can't seem to help themselves but keep touching your soft flesh.

One by one, the hive will decide what you and your companions will become. One by one you'll be transformed. One by one you'll squirm or skitter off to parts unknown. Or perhaps you'll remain to guide the next group to their mounts, and watch in mindless buggy fascination as they join you in life within the Royal Hive.

Reviews By Shetira & Shawi



★★★★☆ - Sheitra Anwae

> **What are your thoughts?**

You know, I've had quite a few run-ins with the rowa in the past and I can't really say that I've actually found any of them quite pleasant. Take the clothes off. Nasty bug juice goes in a hole. Become a bug. Direct and to the point. Usually. At least it's quick.

This whole row'ix'atza thing, though. This is something I actually didn't mind all that much. I

mean, where else can you just sign up for a three hour free-for-all orgy with hundreds of women from all over the Fey'li Empire and even beyond? Well, I'm sure there's places, but so far I haven't come across any. Not that I've tried. Perhaps some research is in order.

Anyhow, the orgy was embarrassingly glorious, that's for sure. I don't think I've had so much sexy-time fun in all my life. Well, lioness-play aside, of course. But really. So many hot bodies free for the taking, mine included. Who says the rowa don't know how to get a party going?

Getting turned into a bug afterwards, well, that's the price you have to pay for all the fun. Everyone walking through the dark, smelly living tunnels of the hive, our numbers slowly diminishing as women are absorbed into the hive-flesh. That's what happened to me.

One moment I'm just walking and wondering how many fine fey'li asses have been transformed to build the hive and the next moment I'm being pressed onto the wall by some of my companions. A big bug cock pokes out of the wall and jams right up my horny twat and fills it with a load so big that I can't contain even half of it. It only took me thirty seconds to become a virtually mind wiped rowa worm, and another ten for my squirmy-wormy body

to be fused into the corridor wall. And then... I was just there. And that was the all of it. A very bland ending to the whole thing, really.

> **Did you enjoy it?**

I'm not going to lie. I did. The orgy was fun and even the journey into the hive was interesting, what with so many other women and getting to see their reactions to it all.

> **If you could do it again with the same result, would you?**

Yes. I'm already booked for another go in six months.

> **What if you didn't know what the end result was going to be? Would you still give it a second try?**

Sure. After all, once your brain has been reduced to the side of a walnut, you really don't care what you've been transformed into.

> **How about doing it for real?**

Well... I... might be willing... if my lioness does it too. Maybe. Give me a few years to think about it. Maybe a decade. There's so many other things to try and consider that it's going to take a long while to make up my mind.

> **Would you recommend that someone considering participating in row'ix'atza go ahead and volunteer?**

If you've got a thing for bug butts, sure. I'm not sure there's any better way to get your ass into a hive. It's fun. It's sexy. You get to try out so many different species of feminine flesh without rules, or restrictions, or and sort of judgment whatsoever. There really aren't any downsides!



★★★★★ - Shawi Anwae

> **What are your thoughts?**

Oh my heavens above! Sex *and* bug butts? How could I not resist the offer of a free trip to the rowa homeworld to partake of this amazing opportunity?!?

I do not think that I have ever been so absolutely smitten with such alien circumstances as I was when I first laid eyes upon my designated pleasure chamber. So many beautiful and inviting bodies all laid out naked and ready for whatever I might like to do with them! Of course I did not hesitate to cast myself headlong into the mass of magnificently horny flesh. Nor did I hesitate to partake of the endless supply of juicy ripe feminine fruit, just waiting for my tongue to taste their unique flavors.

To be perfectly honest, I really cannot remember any of the details in retrospect. I was much too busy enjoying myself to pay much attention to the details. Not that it mattered much in the end. Before I even felt the remotest sense of satisfaction, we were all summoned into the dull, rank flesh tunnels of the hive.

I truly must confess, I do so love watching others being transformed into things which are quite unpleasant to the eye. Watching one after another being pressed into the hive flesh aroused me almost as much as the orgy. So many women filled with bug juice and transformed into wiggling worms, then only to be fused into the tunnel wall, to squirm for all eternity with all the others who had come before. I have to admit that my own playful hands were at least in part responsible for at least half a dozen such transformations. They were just so much fun to watch!

Becoming part of the hive was not to be my own fate. No. Instead I, along with the fifty or so other left over, made our way deep into the hive and into a chamber where we were laid face down on buggy mounts and accosted in mouth, ass, and pussy. There was no way to know where the bug juice would go. We just had to wait and find out.

Some were filled in their pussies and became worms. Others were filled in their asses and became scorpions. I was one of the ones to receive their bug juice in the mouth. Oh, how I did squirm and moan with delight as my body transformed into a little bug butt worker! It is my favorite kind of rowa critter to become! They are just so wonderfully cute!

> **Did you enjoy it?**

Enjoy is not the proper word for how I felt about the experience. I truly did love every single moment of it!

> **If you could do it again with the same result, would you?**

Oh! Very much yes! Shetira and I are already booked for another trip in six months!

> **What if you didn't know what the end result was going to be? Would you still give it a second try?**

Certainly! It is simply far too much fun to consider the prospect of being transformed into a different manner of rowa critter a negative mark against it.

> **How about doing it for real?**

I would very much consider the possibility. Were I to decide that my life would be best spent as part of a

rowa hive, I cannot think of any better way to go about it.

> Would you recommend that someone considering participating in row'ix'atza go ahead and volunteer?

Yes, I most definitely would. There is absolutely no reason not to volunteer. It is the only place where one can experience such unbridled and unrestricted intimacy with strangers without having to worry about any real consequences or face any possibly embarrassments afterwards. Becoming a rowa critter at the end ensures that you will never give a second thought to any of that because you no longer have the mental capacity.

You get the pleasure and the fun. Then you get the interesting experience of physical transformation. And then you get to not worry about anything ever again because you no longer have the capacity to worry. What is there not to recommend it?

Squeaky Cat

Catgirl Rubberizer



Based On 122,745 Reviews



A mysterious package arrives. The featureless cardboard box is addressed directly to you, but you can't remember having ordered anything. Was it one of your roommates? One of your friends? One of your neighbors? Perhaps... a secret admirer? There's only one way to find out, of course, and that's to open the box and see what's inside.

Before you know it, you find yourself assembling the contents of the package together on the dining room table. One after another, the individual boxes of Squeaky Cat Catgirl Rubberizer are set upon the table, accompanied by a scent that seems to mix the finest parts of fresh latex rubber and the heady floral scent of premium aphynip. You can't help but feel just a tiny bit horny as you and your equally puzzled roommates gaze upon the collection. There are seven cans in total, exactly enough for you and each of your roommates. Surely that's just a coincidence... isn't it?

Of course it isn't, and neither is the fact that you're all starting to feel as if your natural inhibitions have taken a one way trip to the other side of the galaxy. You're losing control of your curiosity. You just can't help yourself, and neither can any of your companions. One of them takes a can of Squeaky Cat out of its box and removes the lid. She eyes you up and down as a mischievous smile forms on her face. "It's got your name on it," she remarks as she toys with the trigger. "That means you have to try it first, right?"

What comes next? Well, you're certainly about to find you, aren't you!

So... what exactly **is** Squeaky Cat?

The short and skinny of it is that Squeaky Cat is exactly the same sort of 'inert' biogel that's used to craft the popular Geligirl line of gelatinous rubber attire, conveniently packaged as an ultra-high gloss, self-smoothing, quick setting liquid rubber spray. It's incredibly easy to apply and, on the face of it, just as safe as any other name brand spray-on gel or latex attire. In fact, it's even safer than most owing to its IMS Certified hypoallergenic nature.

But... where did it come from? Who sent it to you? Why did they think you might be willing to put it on, and what do they hope to gain from it?

Squeaky Cat is only available to individually approved buyers on VixNet, to be shipped as an anonymous gift to an individual or individuals residing at an address other than that of the buyer themselves. No amount of inquiry will reveal just who it was that sent it to you. But, if you're particularly perceptive and willing to don your Squeaky Cat gift, you might eventually figure out some things about their nature and intimate proclivities. That's because what they inevitably hope to gain is, quite literally, you.

If all that seems a bit on the shady side, well, it definitely is. But, if you've already opened that box and gotten a lung full of that premium aphynip, you probably don't care. Your curiosity knows no bounds now, and you'll do almost anything to sate it. Or let someone else help you sate it, as the case might happen to be.

Putting on a coating of Squeaky Cat is as easy as emptying can of the stuff on one's naked self. Don't worry about any over-spray! All you have to do is touch any stray droplets with your already coated hands and it'll pick them right up. And don't worry about missing spots either! Squeaky Cat will spread

out all by itself to ensure that not one millimeter of your body is left uncovered. Each can will produce a gooey yet surprisingly comfortable layer of impermeable, glossy black gel that varies in thickness from one to four millimeters, depending on body area. For an extra thick coating, you can use two cans. Any more and the stuff will just drizzle off into a slowly solidifying puddle on the floor.

Putting on Squeaky Cat is the really fun part. Spending up to eight hours as a blind, half-deaf, and completely disinhibited rubber doll, however, is the part where you either zone out in a state of self-induced sexual bliss, engage in some social mutual pleasuring with some other Squeaky Cat coated companions, or get willingly used as a pleasure toy by anyone and everyone who might happen upon your helpless self. With a bit of luck you might even get to enjoy all of the above before your eight hours of Squeaky Cat fun comes to an end.

Taking a coating of Squeaky Cat off once you're done playing the part of a living rubber doll is a rather different proposition than putting it on. Gelitech doesn't include any means of removing Squeaky Cat in its boxed kits. Unless your secret admirer decided to include a 'repackaging' kit with their shiny black gift, or you had the presence of mind to seek out and acquire the Geligirl branded version, there's absolutely no way to take it off. This

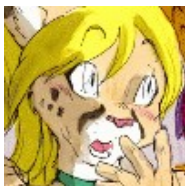
leaves you with only two options. You can keep it on until something happens at the end of your eight hours, or you can squirt yourself with the little can of Squeaky Cat instant finishing compound. Either way, the result will be the same.

Roughly eight hours or one squirt later, your Squeaky Cat coating will swell around your face to produce a featureless mask. A wave of oily, fizzy undulation will spread inward from your skin, leaving only a distant dullness in its wake. Your shape will morph into that all too familiar form. You'll shudder. You'll squirm. Then you'll fall still as your transition into a perfectly generic, inanimate gummiform doll completes.

Once you've been transformed into a living rubber sex doll, all that's left is to deliver you to the one who purchased your Squeaky Cat gift. To this end, the finisher causes a clear biogel cocoon to form around your inanimate body, complete with a shipping label directing you to be delivered to the nearest Gelitech Distribution Center in order to ensure the continued anonymity of your buyer. A Special Pickup Request will be transmitted via CoreNet, and a home entry authorized xenoexperience services shipper will arrive within forty-eight hours.

Once you've arrived at your ultimate destination? Well... what happens then is entirely up to your buyer to decide, isn't it?

Reviews By Shetira & Shawi



★★★★☆ - Sheitra Anwae

> **What are your thoughts?**

I'm not going to lie. This stuff definitely gave me some very mixed feelings right from the get-go. Just the idea that some random stranger sent us these kits, in a box scented with aphynip, hoping that the stuff would make us so nipped out that we wouldn't think twice about turning ourselves into a couple of sex dolls just creeps me out. I mean, sex dolls. Life sized inanimate rubber sex dolls. To be shipped to them and used however they please.

On the other hand, I can't deny that the Squeaky Cat felt really, *really*, nice going on. It was all wet, and gooey, and all up in my fur from head to toe. I definitely recommend having someone else spray you though. That way you can really savor the feel of the stuff. Having someone else around to apply the instant finisher is a bonus as well. As fun as the romp with Shawi was, having no sense of time

would have made a full eight hours considerably more of a drag than a pleasure. Thankfully, she had the sense to put the finisher someplace easy to reach and gave me quite the surprise glistening right in the middle of some very intense play.

The shipping part was certainly... interesting. I was put into one of those retail doll boxes like you see in all the ads. Who knows how long it took, but the jostling definitely kept me stimulated enough to make things reasonably pleasant. As to what came after? Well... apparently I was encased in a solid biogel block and installed as part of something. All I know is that I was upright and there were vibrations every so often. And that was it, for a very, very long time. I can't even begin to imagine what it would have been like to spend the rest of forever like that.

> Did you enjoy it?

Yeah. Mostly. I don't know if I'd feel the same if I'd gotten the typical doll treatment.

> If you could do it again with the same result, would you?

Sure. It was fun enough to have a second go.

> What if you didn't know what the end result was going to be? Would you still give it a second try?

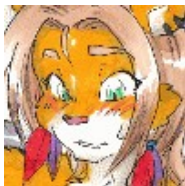
I... I might. Just to know what some of the other options are like.

> **How about doing it for real?**

Eh... I don't know. If I knew I was going to wind up encased in a biogel block... maybe? Otherwise, I don't think so. I mean, not without further research.

> **Would you recommend that someone receiving a gift of Squeaky Cat go ahead and use it?**

Uh... well, I mean, if you're feeling really adventurous and don't care where you wind up at any rate. If its going to wind up being a group affair, then I'd recommend it a bit more. I think that taken on its own, Squeaky Cat is a definitely decent way to get your tail rubberized. Maybe its not the most exciting way, but doing it with a partner definitely makes up for that. Whether or not it makes up for the thinks that might come afterwards... that's something the recipient is just going to have to decide for themselves.



★★★★☆ - Shawi Anwae

> **What are your thoughts?**

If there is one thing that I absolutely love about Squeaky Cat is how well it complements my own natural love of mystery and

mischievous. Someone thinks me enough worth possessing to pay so many credits, so send me a physically transformative gift that I might not even use? And yet that same person thinks so little of me that their chosen gift will strip me of every single perceptible trait that makes me the vibrant individual that they so strongly desire to possess? Such a mystery!

I must admit that I was rather unimpressed by the aphynip that was applied to the box in such quantity that it seemed to my nose far more oppressive than stimulating. Then again, I have never really had all that much reaction to the substance. Where I grew up, the stuff was grown all around the village to snare unwanted interlopers, and those who lived there hardly noticed it at all. As fun as it was to see Shetira struggle to resist its effects, it did take away much of the fun of my work to convince her let me dress her in the Squeaky Cat.

While I agree with Shetira that Squeaky Cat is more fun with a partner to enjoy it with, I cannot help but think applying the substance to one's self is perhaps just as fun as having someone else apply it. I very much enjoyed spraying a bit here. A bit there. A bit between my legs. A bit on each breast. All just to feel the clinging wetness soak into my fur and massage my most sensitive flesh. It was nice to linger on these sensations for a bit before emptying

the rest of the bottle upon myself. I could not quite get to some parts of my back and shoulders, but the gel spread quite rapidly to fill in the gaps.

I do confess that it was a rather intimidating experience to spray the gel upon my own face. I had to close my eyes and try several times to force myself to press the trigger. Eventually I persevered, and was soon tangled on the bed with my dear Shetira. There was much fun to be had amid the gooey blackness that surrounded my body with such a pleasant snugness.

I do not know how much time had passed, or how many times I felt that divine surge of pure bliss, but eventually I would decide, purely on a euphoric whim, to snatch one of the cans of finisher from the nightstand and spray my lover, just to feel her become an inanimate object beneath me. I could not see, of course, and would actually spray both of us with the finisher. One can of this, it seems, is sufficient to transform at least two lovers into dolls at one time. Perhaps it can transform more. I do not know.

It was not long before I found myself parted from Shetira and placed into a doll box. An eternity seemed to pass, broken only by various random stimulus. It would eventually come to pass that our benefactor had very different ideas for me than he

did for Shetira. I would find myself mounted upon a stand, legs spread, ass in the air. I do not know how many times I was entered. Or how many times I felt the strange shuddering undulation of the inevitable rubbergasm coursing through my otherwise immobile pelvis. It seemed to go on forever. I must confess... I did not mind it.

> **Did you enjoy it?**

Oh, yes indeed. Very much so. Every part of it.

> **If you could do it again with the same result, would you?**

Definitely. I might even be inclined to ask to be allowed to enjoy the experience for a longer duration. Perhaps a much, much longer duration. I would definitely consider it.

> **What if you didn't know what the end result was going to be? Would you still give it a second try?**

I would definitely try it again, no matter what the outcome might eventually prove to be. It is just too much fun for me to resist.

> **How about doing it for real?**

That... I cannot guarantee that if I was offered the chance that I would actually do it. But... maybe? I do not know.

> If you could have the same experience, but permanently?

You ask a question that makes me blush. Perhaps if I was assured that my companion Shetira could be mounted beside me and experience exactly the same... perhaps. It is a matter upon which I must give greater thought.

> Would you recommend that someone receiving a gift of Squeaky Cat go ahead and use it?

How could I possibly not? There is nothing about Squeaky Cat to dislike. If one receives a package containing it, one absolutely *must* make use of it! Who would even begin to care where it might take one? If one can partake of the substance along with a companion, then even better, but do not let that make you hesitate from using it on one's own! You can make as much fun for yourself! I assure you!