

Johnny's Last Affair

Johnny looked at her and she looked at him. She had blue eyes, lots of them, and a blond hair. He had hard-to-understand tattoos on his arms and a long greasy hair style. Johnny chuckled, very satisfied with himself – he'd won the bet, for sure. But in her post-coital pleasure, she rotated her head and – *SNICK!* Her mandibles removed his head, and in the manner of her species, she consumed it. Then she lay there, satisfied, waiting for the loud belch that she knew was coming. Kla'hoom stood, cleaning her antennae, savoring the last bits of the tasty human's brains. She was ready to tell her sisters about how great this planet was, and how easy the dominant species would be to conquer. The last six planets that they had landed on weren't so easy, she thought – this one would be a pushover. And yes, YUM! It would be a delicious treat, too.

She mostly only had sisters. Males were only bred when she needed to mate, and then they were quickly killed and disposed of. She thought of the last few times she mated and huffed at the so-called macho males of her own breed – compared to the human male that she just mated with, there was no comparison. Her sisters would be pleased; very pleased.

Kla'hoom was the Queen of her hive, and a well-known explorer of this area of the galaxy. She'd been looking for medium-sized blue-green planets, which, she'd learned, usually hosted tasty 2- and 4-legged meat sources. Some of them were too aggressive and couldn't be conquered. But a few of the last planets were now overrun with her progeny, and, of course devoid of the native life forms, which were only food sources anyway. She gloated – she'd done well for her hive.

Her main sister, Xenia, would deposit tens of thousands of eggs on this world in the next few weeks, and then Kla'hoom would disperse pheromones into her hive-ship and her sisters would all crawl out and deposit their eggs, by the millions. This planet called Earth would be a great home for a million-million-million descendents of the Kla'hoom hive: too bad for the existing life forms. As for the female of the human species, she had consumed the engrams of one of them right after landing and found them to be scattered and full of confusing emotions – women would be sufficient for meat, but nothing more. There were also countless other species on this blue-green planet that would be meat supplies, and, she hoped, maybe more...(aah!).

A belch rose in her craw but just hung there. The tall, decapitated, hairy body of Johnny Leymoy lay on the bed, and she brushed it off to the floor. She took one more glance at his man parts and got a little extra thrill. He'd died so suddenly that his manhood was still quite, um, evident. She wondered if Johnny's friend Buck could be, ah, requested, required, whatever, to be her good little soldier for a little while. She felt her body tingle from the recent experience and hoped that Buck would a great lover, too: too bad the special breed of soldiers were only good for one shot, and that one not very good.

Xenia was calling her on the inter-commo-radio. "Yes, sister, I'm fine. I'll have lots to tell you, but you'll like this planet a lot."

Xenia asked "Did you meet with the humans? Are they intelligent? Will they fight?"

"Yes and yes and no. I was in a big meeting with hundreds of people from an organization called the United Nations. One of them was named Johnny. He was a translator. After a short time, my pheromones affected him. I won't tell you more over a non-secure line, but let's say that I'm looking forward to meeting his friend named Buck."

"Who's he?"

"I captured the engrams from Johnny's mind when we were done with our last, ah, meeting."

"OH!" squealed Xenia, in complete understanding.

"Buck bet Johnny that he couldn't or wouldn't mate with someone outside his own species. I was curious about what they were like, so I allowed it – there, I've told you. It was quite an experience. Johnny and Buck are what are referred to as good old boys, whatever sub-species that is. His engrams indicated that he was enjoying our liaison."

"Oooh, how are they? Tell!"

"Better than our soldiers, much better. When you come down next week, you'll be able to experience them for yourself. You'll be amazed."

"Mmmmm. I could use that just now. I'm approaching my peak mating cycle."

"I know, dear. Look out the port hole and wave. This lovely planet will be a real piece of tum-tum to defeat."

"Okay, Kla'hoom, have a great day. And eat well!"

Kla'hoom understood perfectly. She clicked off the inter-commo-radio.

Tomorrow, she would begin her feast with Buck, and then the rest of the humans who were in the meeting, one by one, and each one, and all: they would all be consumed. And then her family would join her for a world-wide dinner party. All on this medium-sized blue-green planet called Earth.

"Mmmm...Yum!" And finally the belch came out. And as a bonus, she tingled down below.