Sex Jam Two: Insect Incest

Milemarker

You could bring home the pollen. I could be the queen bee. The way the mammals do it is inefficient and unsanitary. You've got to whisper to me. Make sure that I'm not dead. You've got to take your tweezers and pry apart my little legs. You ought to kick it to me and then bite off my head. That's the way the insects do it.
Exosekeletons filled with fluid.
I wish I could peel away your humid human skin. And attach you to me, parasitically.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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