DEEPER DOWN THE SNAKE THROAT



ART BY SEEKGR
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STORY BY BRAZZEL
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Deeper Down The Snake Throat

A Vore Novella

by

Brazzel

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Author's Note:

Welcome back to the dumbassery that is the *Down The Snake Throat* series of crossovers! If this is your first time, fear not. The premise is that a selection of the most popular Snakethroat Books characters are summoned through a convoluted process to attend an academy in which their voracious appetites run rampent, leading to many a horny mishap.

You do not need to know all of the characters to enjoy this book. The only information you need to start reading is that Bra'Zzel is the Demon Lord of Causality and transparently-veiled author self-insert who amuses himself by writing stories using a magical microphone. He is the canonical 'author' of the shared universes and the underling of Miriam, the Dragon Lord of Gluttony.

This book will break the fourth wall. This book will contain stupid jokes the author thought was funny while pounding inadvisable amounts of caffeine. This book will refer to my penis.

Hope you enjoy,
Brazzel

“We can make something truly perverted.”

Intro to Hell

“‘*Brazzel, please stuff me in your huge, leathery balls, I want to slosh around inside of you and turn into cum.’*

They spelled my name wrong.”

Bra’Zzel twisted the paper in midair. It ignited with the smell of toasted marshmallows, falling to the floor of the chamber on burnt, black wings. Ash littered the cobblestones. The demon picked another letter from the pile overflowing on his desk.

“‘*Bra’Zzel, when is the next Isekai and can you please eat me, I want to bloat your furry belly like a beach ball as you guzzle soda so that the bottom of your belly presses against your cock as you grind’*—oh for the love of! Who thought so many people would be interested in *me* over the hundreds of other predators in my manuscripts? Goodness, who wrote this?”

There was a name inscribed beneath the pentagram stamp on the letter. It was written in blood.

“Penny,” Bra’Zzel read, holding the letter in front of his nose. He grumbled and took out his paper knife. “Well, Penny, your wish is granted!”

There was a flash and a short, anthropomorphic wolf appeared in the room. She blinked in confusion, then gasped when she saw Bra’Zzel standing over her, his bandaged arms crossed beneath his chest.

From her perspective, he would be standing inside of her room or wherever she cast the pentagram from. This was a simple transdimensional interlocutor spell. So long as she didn’t step within the circle, he would not be able to touch her.

She took a step back, obviously cowed.

“You have summoned me and I have come to teach you the error of your ways,” Bra’Zzel said, voice booming. “For you see, a deal with a demon—”

“OH MY FUCKING GOD, PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE EAT ME!!”

The wolf threw herself at his feet, grabbing his ankles and kissing his hooves as he tried to extricate himself from her grasp. Her gray tail wagged a mile a minute. He could literally *smell* the lust wafting from her.

“Girl, are you crazy?” Bra’Zzel stuttered, attempting to push her away. She had both arms wrapped around his thighs and she wasn’t letting go. “With a few words, I could send you into a dimension where venus flytraps eat you from the inside out! I am the literal Demon Lord of Causality! You don’t—”

“Q! Q, get in here right now!”

From Bra’Zzel’s perspective, nothing changed. He was still in his tower in one of the deepest pits of Hell, but he could hear someone running up a set of wooden steps. They appeared in his room as they opened an unseen door. It was a man, a human man, with a mullet and a stained Maid Marian tee shirt from the animated *Robin Hood* movie. When he saw Bra’Zzel, his eyes lit up.

“Wow!” he said. “It’s really him! Penny, it’s really him!”

What… the fuck was this dimension? There were furries; anthro enjoyers, and there were Furries; anthropomorphic animals. That much made sense to Bra’Zzel, as any world with both humans and Furries would have their share of furries. What didn’t make sense was the fucking tee shirt. The animated *Robin Hood* movie existed here? Why?

He didn’t get a chance to ponder this too deeply, because the man had also entered the circle. Penny and Q clung to his waist, pressing their faces deep into his wool.

“Please swallow us,” Penny begged. “Please! We’ve been dreaming about this moment for so long.”

“I’ve woken up erect for the last month,” Q whimpered, grinding on Bra’Zzel’s leg. “We’ve roleplayed the scenario, but it’s nothing compared to the dream. Please, churn us into gutslop, or make us into a load that you shoot over your big, bloated belly. Vore doesn’t exist in this universe despite having hot anthro babes and mini-giantesses. It’s torture!”

Dreams? Did they say that they’d had vivid *dreams* about being swallowed? A seed of suspicion planted itself inside of Bra’Zzel. There was only one being that he knew of that sent people wet dreams, but she didn’t usually interfere with his work.

Still, he *was* hungry, and it *had* been a while since he had slurped someone up with his cock. He put a hand on the side of the wolf’s jaw and another atop the man’s head. They would do for now. Perhaps people needed a reminder that he was a switch and not just prey for big, hungry dragons.

“Fine,” he said. “Who goes where?”

They rock-paper-scissored for it. In the end, Penny won the privilege of going inside of his gut and Q would be consigned to Bra’Zzel’s balls. They both pumped their fists as Bra’Zzel sighed.

“Are you ready?” he asked.

“Yes,” they said in unison.

“Alrighty then.”

He presented his wooly bulge to the man who buried his face in it, kissing and licking until Bra’Zzel’s cock emerged. It was huge, of course. All author’s cocks are huge. That’s just a universal thing—Big Author Penis. A throbbing, two-foot long, gigantic, meaty wang erupted from its sheath, punching the man in the face and immediately giving him a black eye because of its immense girth.

“Suck it,” Bra’Zzel demanded.

They fell upon his cock like wolves upon a lollipop, licking and slurping and kissing his rigid staff until it throbbed above them, casting a shadow. His balls sloshed as he magically grew them, kneading them with his left hand while pressing the wolf’s muzzle

into it with his right. The man, Q, held the tip of his cock with reverence. With a nod from Bra'Zzel, he inserted his hand.

"It's… sticky," he said.

His fingers glided along the walls of the spongy tube. Bra'Zzel shuddered. Characters were always shuddering in his books. He supposed there was no better way to depict a burst of physical pleasure—the tingle one felt when surprised arousal coursed through them. As the man's hand slid into his cock, he clenched, trapping the man up to his elbow.

"Want to help?" he asked Penny.

She obliged, tonguing the base of his cock from below as Bra'Zzel slurped up the man's bicep. His boner was visible through his gray sweatpants. Bra'Zzel put a hoof on it.

"Make sure to enjoy yourself in there," he said.

"I will, my lord," the man said, panting.

My lord? That had a nice ring to it.

Bra'Zzel nudged the man's cock, making it twitch. The man's face was pressed against the head of his cock. Precum leaked from the tip, dribbling on his *Robin Hood* shirt. The man kissed the tip reverently as the wolf sucked on Bra'Zzel's balls.

"Tell me about this dream," Bra'Zzel said.

"There's a field," Penny said. She hugged Bra'Zzel's leg, pressing her ear to his stomach. "A yellow field and the sky is like copper. We're standing in the field and you're there, too. You beckon us."

"You swallow Penny," Q said. "You pick her up and then you gulp her down and when she's bulging over your hips, you mount her, rubbing your cock on her ass."

"Oh?"

"Then I suck your dick."

"*Oh*."

Bra'Zzel's erection throbbed against Q's face. He was tempted to pull him in, but there would be time for that in a moment. He released

some of Q's arm and he whined, trying to push himself back inside. Bra'Zzel rolled his eyes and left him there.

"Then what happens?" he asked.

"Well, you cum," Q said.

"I'm inside of you and it's so tight and hot and I can hear everything that's happening," Penny said. She pressed her ear harder into his stomach. "Your cock feels divine. Every gurgle is a blessing. Your breath, your belches, music to my ears."

"You digest her. It happens in an instant. Your stomach is suddenly soft and you're looking at me hungrily. I am about to climb inside when a shadow appears overhead."

This was all sounding terribly familiar. There was a sound like great wings flapping above the tower and Bra'Zzel got the feeling that the noise was coming from his realm, not theirs. His cock ached with need.

"I am a part of you," Penny continued. "I digest, but I can still see, hear, and feel. I am a part of your belly, your cock, and you thrust me down Q's throat."

"I swallow everything you give me," Q said. "And when it is my turn, I slide down your throat and into your stomach and I touch myself. I touch myself as your cock rehardens and the shadow above resolves into a dragon."

"What color is this dragon?" Bra'Zzel asked.

His skin was beginning to crawl. Something was on his rooftop, talons clicking on the tiles. Miriam wasn't due back for days.

"Pink," Penny and Q said together.

"Aw, *fuck*."

Penny and Q began to moan. Their bodies twisted, trancelike, as a dark patch spread across Q's sweatpants. They had both climaxed, Bra'Zzel realized, as Q pushed his head into his waiting rod, burying himself until he was naught but a bulge. Penny, giving his cock a final kiss, dove for his mouth. Bra'Zzel opened wide, afraid that if he did not, she would simply tear her way inside of him.



The smooth fur of her face glided over his tongue. She tasted of honey and musk and animal lust, coursing through him, her warmth, filling him with her bounty. Bra'Zzel's cock bounced as she hit the bottom of his stomach, wriggling until she was sitting upright on his shaft.

Then Bra'Zzel began to thrust, balls swinging, over and over again.

Plap. Plap. Plap.

"Then what?" he grunted. There was a tightness inside of him that needed release. His balls clenched around Q, squeezing him, as his stomach churned. Penny was still whole. His cock was pressed against her cunt and ass and she was rocking against it.

The two spoke in unison.

"The dragon comes down and looks at you, then turns and allows you to mount her. She lets you thrust us into her. You have digested Q. We are both one with you as you thrust us into the dragon's fat pussy and cum load after load. Then she swallows us. She turns and she swallows us and then we are trapped in her big, beautiful stomach and then we cum and cum—"

"—and cum and cum again," a voice whispered in Bra'Zzel's ear.

A slender hand reached around him and took hold of his cock. Bra'Zzel and his occupants arched their backs, howling in bliss as all pain became pleasure and all pleasure was amplified, intensified, until they existed in pure sensation, mainlining raw elation, rapture, concentrated upon their erogenous zones.

Q came inside of Bra'Zzel as he melted into slush. Penny gasped as her hips thrust into the grinding walls. Bra'Zzel whimpered as the figure holding his cock came to kneel in front of him, her pink eyes glittering. She lay a hand on his stomach. Penny was digested in an instant, reduced to bouncing pudge on Bra'Zzel's belly as the pink-eyed stranger opened wide.

"AHHHH!"

Bra'Zzel came in her mouth. He came harder than he had cum in centuries.

Gulp. Gulp.

GULP!

The stranger wiped her lips as Bra'Zzel stumbled backward out of the ring. The spell fizzled with a flash, the ricochet singeing some of the papers on his desk. His cock was still painfully erect.

"Apolia," Bra'Zzel said. "What brings you away from the Field of Lust?"

The stranger stood. Looking at her was like looking through an ill-fitted pair of glasses. Her form seemed to change in the corners of his vision, resolving only when he looked right at her. She was tall and slender, then short and fat. Her hair was blue, then yellow, then black, blinking between buns and braids, pigtails and princess curls. Her face was shallow, round and thick, and then it was long and diamond-shaped. They were a man. They were a woman. They were Apolia.

When she smiled, four pairs of lips pulled back to expose her fangs.

"I've come to visit my sister and instead I found you. It's been a while, Bra'Zzel. Too long, indeed."

Bra'Zzel looked away, disoriented by her shifting form. His balls, having been drained only moments ago, were filling again.

"What did you see when I was kneeling there?" Apolia asked. "When I swallowed your load?"

She picked up one of the papers from his desk and kissed the corner of it. The pentagram turned pink. Somewhere, in some universe, someone was having a fucking *intense* orgasm right now.

"You kept changing," Bra'Zzel said.

"Was I fat?"

"Why would you be fat?"

"Because you like fat girls," Apolia said.

Her boobs tripled in size and her stomach expanded into a mighty curtain of fat. Then it shaped itself, softening at the edges, until Honey stood in front of Bra'Zzel, still inspecting the letters. She kissed another one.

The smell of cum wafted through the open pentagram.

"I prefer your true form," Bra'Zzel said, clutching his chest.

His heart was thudding harder than it should—a side effect of Apolia's magic. The longer she was in his presence, the more precisely she would be able to replicate his "true lust."

Apolia giggled.

"You like dragons as well," she said, starting to shift. "Every girl likes being told that her true form is pretty."

In a haze of smoke, a pink dragon appeared.

She was much smaller than Miriam. Lithe. The lines of her body were softer and her spine arched like a cat's, her scales hot pink and glimmering. Bra'Zzel honestly did find this form more attractive; it was probably why, despite the fact that her aura was inactive, he still had a raging erection.

"Well?" the dragon asked, blinking coyly. "How is this?"

"Lovely," Bra'Zzel said.

The tower was large enough for Apolia to stand upright, yet she stooped in front of him, inspecting him with some intensity. Bra'Zzel, aware that any less might be perceived as rudeness, admired her.

"You look well," he said. "There's a shine to your horns. Are you in love?"

"Love?" Apolia asked, laughing. "You are a flatterer. I have millions of worshippers. Their love is enough for me."

The Fields of Lust was actually just one field—a shallow pit that was filled to the brim with naked bodies; blindfolded, moaning, stuck in a cycle of perpetual bliss. Apolia nested among them, occasionally plucking a blindfold from an unfortunate sinner. What they saw would drive them mad but, for a moment, they would experience pleasure beyond imagination.



Apolia rarely interacted with her sister, the Dragon Lord of Gluttony, but they shared an appetite for the Erotic—a pool of sinners that belonged in both domains. Sometimes she came to bargain.

Today, however…

"Miriam is gone," Bra'Zzel said. Apolia had turned her attention to the scrying pool in the corner. Her tail swished, exposing her slit only a few feet away from Bra'Zzel's face. "She's gone to the Farthest Reaches, but surely you knew that before you decided to make such a long journey."

"Oh?"

Her tail raised as she looked over her shoulder. The smell of her sex was like coffee and old paper.

"Maybe I came to visit you. Maybe I need a favor."

There it was.

Bra'Zzel backed away from Apolia, picking up some of the scraps that had blown off the table when his pentagram exploded. A few of the letters were intact. He unfolded one at random.

"*Have Fink fuck a lamia!"*

"They're like 100 feet tall in his world," Bra'Zzel muttered.

Only Apolia was there to smile back at him. She was playing with the drawers of his desk, one claw on his microphone.

"Don't touch that," Bra'Zzel yelled.

"This little thing?" Apolia asked. She craned her neck, bringing her lips close to the tarnished metal. "What will happen if I speak into it? Will I… rewrite reality?"

She blew into the microphone, causing a distortion. The entire world seemed to blur in a pink mist. It tasted faintly of strawberries.

"No," Bra'Zzel snapped, running through her legs to snatch the microphone away from her. The world solidified again."You'll rewrite *a* reality. Speaking into the microphone gives order to the primordial chaos, but to affect an ongoing story, you need to…"

He stopped. Apolia grinned mischievously.

"Stop that," Bra'Zzel snapped. "Enough of the charm."

“Sorry,” Apolia said, blowing on Bra’Zzel’s wool. Her breath was hot and sweet. His erection thumped against the desk. “Can’t turn that off.”

Bra’Zzel tucked the microphone under his arm and retreated. Apolia followed him across the room, humming as her claws clacked against the cobblestones.

“Why are you giving people wet dreams about me?” Bra’Zzel asked.

“Who’s to say those aren’t prophecies?” Apolia asked.

“Me.”

“Phoo! I thought a clever sheep like you could take a hint.”

Bra’Zzel *could* take a hint, but he didn’t want to. If he had sex with the dragon, there would be all kinds of problems. For one, he would owe her that favor.

For two, Miriam would snap his dick off.

Okay, maybe not that second thing, but she would definitely keep him in her stomach for over a millenia and he had shit to do.

Apolia continued to circle him. The tip of her tail tickled his chin.

“Aren’t you feeling just a little… pent up?” Apolia asked.

“That’s your magic,” Bra’Zzel said. “Of course I am feeling *pent up*.”

“I don’t mean here,” Apolia said, tapping his balls gently. Bra’Zzel doubled over, covering his crotch with his hands. Her tail came up to tap his forehead. “I mean *here*.”

Ah, *that* was a different matter entirely. Bra’Zzel *had* been feeling pent-up, teetering on the edge of something unique and creative, yet unable to capitalize due to some mental block. It was a regular occurrence, one all artists went through. It was also frustrating; blindingly so.

“So what?” Bra’Zzel grumbled, protecting his genitals as Apolia’s tongue flicked between her lips. “You’re here to be my muse? I’m sorry, but I already have one, and she’s prettier than you.”

Apolia's eye twitched. She stopped circling and stood in front of Bra'Zzel, puffing out her chest.

"You're trying to offend me," she huffed. "And it seems I must remind you that I am a Dragon Lord and you are a lowly demon. I could simply order you to assist me and you'd be compelled to do so."

"I'm not of your domain," Bra'Zzel said, knowing he was treading dangerous ground. Apolia practiced domination magic. She *could* order him to do whatever she wanted, but didn't for fear of his mistress. "Miriam is my Dragon Lord. You aren't allowed to subsume her authority."

"What if I said it would be in both of our best interests?"

"I would urge you to pitch it to Miriam."

"I am not talking about Miriam."

"...go on."

Apolia lowered her head, drawing level with Bra'Zzel. Her eyes flicked to his erection and she smiled.

"I could service you just as well in this form," she said, her sweet breath coursing over his cock. "It's been a while since I've had mutton. One taste is all you would need to reach supreme ecstasy and it might help you push past your creative blocks."

"Is that your pitch?"

"Mmm, no. Just something I like to offer to cute little demons who think they're above their station. My true pitch is for a story. I require your expertise."

"You want to commission me?" Bra'Zzel asked, incredulous. "Why?"

"Why indeed?" Apolia sighed. "Because, my dear sheep, our pool of sinners has grown stale."

She drew herself up to her full height, preening her wings. In this form, she was no less alluring, though she was not the behemoth that Miriam was.

Bra'Zzel scratched his head.

“I haven’t noticed anything wrong with the sinners,” he said. “What do you mean by stale?”

“I mean *boring,*” Apolia said, rolling her eyes. “Tasteless! Chaste! Some of the sinners that have been sent to the Fields of Lust are so… *repressed!* They believe that refraining from sexuality is some exercise in supreme discipline and when they end up in my court, they’re surprised! Whatever happened to the good ol’ shameless perverts? The ones that are so eager to jump down my throat that a simple glance is enough to get them off?”

“They’re writing me letters,” Bra’Zzel said, shaking a handful at her. He was starting to feel foolish now. This had all been an excuse for Apolia to get into his tower and fuck with his shit. “They’re begging me to have ‘X’ digest ‘Y’, or to write more breast vore; more male preds, no male preds, weight gain, hammerspace—I’m up to my furry ears in folks expressing their *explicit* desire to dive into a dragon’s gullet! Aren’t you getting any of those people? It’s the whole reason Miriam gave me this position in the first place—”

He covered his mouth, but it was too late.

Apolia’s grin widened.

“*Reaaaaally?*” she asked, nudging his chest with her nose. “Miriam’s cherry-picking sinners, is she? Anyone you influence with your ‘stories’ goes to her court, hmm? She’s always liked the willing ones. Me? I like it when they resist, but secretly want to be in my stomach. It gives them some extra spice when I make them *jump in*.”

She stretched her maw. Bra’Zzel flinched as the gooey chamber snapped closed in front of his nose.

“Narmph!”

Apolia giggled as Bra’Zzel’s erection twitched. Her tail swept across the floor, stirring up dozens of papers.

“She doesn’t cherry-pick,” Bra’Zzel mumbled. “And you have your own servants. Why not have one of them influence the human realm?”

“Oh, I have hundreds of servants for that very purpose,” Apolia said. “But none that work with this specific niche. I need more perverts like the ones in Gluttony. And I want you to help me.”

“And if I refuse?”

Apolia wrapped her mouth around Bra’Zzel’s torso, tongue snaking between his legs to slurp at the soreness there. Bra’Zzel’s back stiffened, cock twirled on the tip of Apolia’s expert appendage as her breath fluffed his fur. Every inch of her was erotic. The Dragon Lord of Lust could get him off with her uvula if she wanted, but a second later she pulled away, a string of saliva connecting her lips to the tip of his cock.

“Miriam would probably execute you on the spot for that,” Bra’Zzel said, quivering.

“Oh yeah? And what do you think she’d do to *you*? Besides, you haven’t listened to the full pitch.”

Her throat bulged. A moment later, something clinked against her teeth and she opened her mouth, showing off a round, glowing orb. She let it travel over her tongue into Bra’Zzel’s outstretched hands.

It was still warm from her stomach. Bra’Zzel looked at it in awe.

“This is—”

“My scrying orb,” Apolia said with a wink. She walked around Bra’Zzel, flicking his butt with her tail. “Newest make, highest resolution on the market. You could see the hairs on the mole on the inside of a girl’s buttcheek with this thing if you wanted, but I have a feeling we can put it to better use.”

Bra’Zzel stared at it greedily as she took it from him, tossing it from paw to paw. On his desk was a sheet of blank parchment. Next to it was his magic microphone, into which he could rewrite the rules of reality.

Apolia placed the orb on the parchment and pricked her finger. A drop of blood soaked into the page and the image on the orb flickered.

“Here’s the deal,” Apolia said. “You write me this story and *we* get to watch it in high definition. None of this low quality, ethereal mist shit you usually work with when you use my sister’s microphone. With this orb, you can count the fucking papillae in Bast’s tongue if you want.”

Bra’Zzel was drooling.

“There are conditions,” he said. “With the orb, right? The story has to conclude or you won’t be able to move it?”

“We have plenty of time before Sissy is back!” Apolia said. “What do you say? Do me a teensie favor? This will definitely help you with your writer’s block. We can make something *truly* perverted, hmm? Maybe something set in a school?”

Her tail curled to nudge his cock. Bra’Zzel’s cheeks reddened to his ears.

“Alright,” he said. “Let’s make something that will get their rocks off.”

The Broom Closet

Lysander, Tallulah, Kobold Queen, and Aria

Lysander was making out with a giraffe in the broom closet.

Her long, mobile tongue slid over his throat as her lips closed around his, gently at first, then firm and demanding. His hands were pinned above his head. His chest sank into the plush exterior of her active stomach. When it gurgled, the feeling spread across his crotch and he'd shudder, blushing, as Tallulah pulled back.

"Sorrryyy," she panted, patting her belly. "This little scaly critter isn't agreeing with me! She's all wibbling and wobbling like she wants out, out, out!"

If Lysander hadn't seen her swallow the kobold, he would have had no clue what kind of creature Tallulah had swallowed. The stout giraffe girl's stomach was round and smooth, layers of fat separating her meal from the outside world. Each thump from the plump interior was muted; the kobold's indignant screams barely a whisper except for when the giraffe smothered Lysander between kisses.

"That's, uh, fine," Lysander said, head spinning. "I don't mind!"

"Eeeee! That's why you're the best, 'Sander! Oh, my stomach is so cozy! Once I move this girl along, you're going to *love it.*"

Lysander's blush deepened.

It wasn't like he hadn't known what Tallulah was after. Half of the predators at the school had gotten a taste of him after learning about his ability to reform. When she'd passed him a note at the end of class, there had been no doubt in his mind that she intended to swallow him, but to hear it stated so bluntly while she was actively digesting another student?

"Maybe we should wait," he said, but Tallulah had already craned her long neck, silencing him with another barrage of wet kisses.

“Mmm, mmm, I just can’t get enough of the taste of you. The other girls said, *muah*, that you were, *smmrch,* delicious, but, *mmmph*, you’re on a whole ‘nother level! Goodness, I am salivating soooooo much!”

Lysander’s eyes widened as she demonstrated by pushing her tongue down his throat. He thrashed against her grasp, but the larger girl was much stronger than him. She pinned him even harder to the wall of the broom closet as she slipped a hand beneath her stomach and pulled down his pants.

His cock flopped out against her belly.

“Lysander,” Tallulah teased, letting him take a short, gasping breath. “Do you really like me that much? Your thingy looks like it’s about to burst! Oooh, it’s so cute rubbing up against my big, fuzzy belly!”

“Don’t, ah, call it cute.”

Tallulah giggled and planted another kiss on him.

“Oh sorry, sorry,” she said. “Let me make it up to you.”

Suddenly, Lysander was pushed flat against the wall. Tallulah’s stomach bent around him, the majority of her considerable weight focused on his crotch. Just as he was about to ask her what the fuck she was doing, her stomach began to vibrate. Lysander’s eyes crossed with pleasure as a heavy rumble rolled over his cock.

“Ooooh!”

The warm, oozing pressure of her gut combined with the vibration was a sensation that he had never experienced outside of a gut. Plenty of girls liked to force him to thrust against their innards as they digested him, but now it was someone else pinned between those thick walls, their struggles used as a tool for his pleasure as Tallulah took a deep breath.

BBBwwoOooouUUuuuuuuRP!

The belch traveled up her long throat and into the crook of her arm as she giggled politely. The bulge in her stomach went still for a moment, then continued its thrashing with renewed vigor.

“Goooodness, she’s stirring me up,” Tallulah said. She wiped a strand of blue hair from her eyes and mushed Lysander even deeper into her navel. “Can you feel that, ‘Sander? She’s got me gassier than a gallon of dollar store burritos! Oh, oh, but I’ll make sure to let it all out before you go in… unless you’re into that kind of thing.”

Lysander was at his limit. Between the belching and the bulges and the kissing, he was no longer aware of anything but the pressure building inside of him, threatening to burst.

Tallulah was looking down at him, smiling, when a deeper, more insistent rumble traveled through her. The bulge in her stomach shook.

“Ooopsies! Gotta let her breathe for a sec!”

“What?”

Tallulah put up a finger. The bulge in her stomach had slid deeper inside of her, receding from the surface of her gut only to reappear inside of her throat, traveling up, up through the long curve of her neck until—

“Gah! Let me out of here you oversized oaf!”

A sputtering red snout pushed itself out of the giraffe’s maw, nose ring glistening in the dim, broom closet light. The snout was followed by a pair of scaly cheeks, a brow, a set of short, curved horns. The kobold almost got her entire arm out of Tallulah’s mouth before the giraffe swallowed her again, smiling as she traced the creature’s drawn-out descent into her big, mushy belly.

THUMP!

“Goodness, I’m sorry about that! It’s an instinctual thing. I usually let my prey up for air a square dozen times before sending them down into my second stomach, but I wasn’t trying to do it now! Let me just pack her away and then we can get back to what we were doing, hmm?”

Lysander was about to ask what she meant when she furrowed her brow. A wet squelch echoed through the closet as the bulge in her stomach receded.

“There we go! Now, hmm, where were we? Oh right!”



SMUSH!

"Giving you a big ol' rumble-job before I swallow you!"

GrrrRRrRRRRrRRRRRT!

Tallulah's stomach shook; more than shook. It *quaked.* Every inch of flabby flesh rumbled with the force of an avalanche as the giraffe sucked in air and pushed herself against Lysander, burying his face in her tits.

"Ooooooooh! Ooooooooh!"

BBbwwwoooUUUUuUUUUUUURP!

As the giant outflux of air crashed overhead, Lysander came, shuddering, into the folds of the giraffe's belly. She peeled him away from her sticky fur as he went limp in her arms.

"Feel good?" Tallulah asked. "Awww, you gave me so much! Next time you can use my tits or even my throat, but nothing down under until we've been dating for at least a month, okay?"

Lysander's eyelids fluttered. Tallulah kissed his brow.

"Yeah, you're going to love being my boyfriend! I'll give you three square meals a day and let you out for walks and bathroom breaks! You'll get to sleep inside of me and go to classes with me and we'll be together forever and ever and ever! And I, um—"

She swayed from side to side bashfully.

"I mean, since you can't digest and all, I guess I don't have to be *that* careful with you, right? Because I've accidentally, um, digested a few other boyfriends. That doesn't scare you, right?"

In fact, it *did* scare Lysander.

Boyfriend? Months in her stomach?

He was about to tell her that maybe they should take it slow when she put a finger to his mouth and swallowed hard. A scream echoed up her throat.

"Phew! Just made some room for you!"

"Wait," Lysander said as the giraffe lifted him above her head. She was licking her lips, saliva pooling along the corners of her mouth. "Wait, wait, wait!"

“Ahhhh!”

CRASH!

Lysander’s head snapped to the side as the door of the broom closet was kicked open. A fiery wreath of red hair burst into the room, stomping up to the giraffe.

“Get away from my plaything,” Aria shouted, slapping Tallulah’s belly.

There was a flash of light and then Lysander was falling.

He yelped as his feet impacted the floor. Aria caught him before he could tumble sideways, pulling him upright by his arm.

“Dumbass,” she hissed. “Haven’t you learned anything?”

Her eyes flicked down to his pants which were still around his ankles, then higher. She raised an eyebrow.

“You really are just as Corrupt as the rest of us, huh.”

Lysander snorted and looked around. Tallulah was nowhere in sight. He was beginning to wonder if Aria had evaporated her when the kitsune bent, picking something up off the floor. She held it to the light, allowing Lysander to see the spotted, brown rump and legs that were hanging from her grasp.

“Eeek! Eeek! She shrank me!”

“Well, that might be a bit overkill,” Lysander said as Aria held Tallulah up by her tail. The corpulent giraffe was now only a foot tall, her impressive belly jiggling like a stress ball when Aria shook her, grinning.

“Overkill? Nonsense! This bimbo’s been talking about eating you every day at lunch for the past week. She should count her blessings that I heard about it first and not Bast.”

Lysander gulped.

“Right,” he said, thinking about the last time Bast had caught him with a predator. “Yeah, that wouldn’t be good.”

“Besides,” Aria said. She held Tallulah high above her head, fangs flashing as she opened her mouth wide. “She’s lucky I’m just going to eat her!”

“Eeep, no!”

Aria side-eyed Lysander as she dangled Tallulah over her mouth. He was struggling with his pants, trying to pull them over his newly-formed erection before she noticed, but of course she noticed. He yelped as she reached out and grabbed his cock.

“Goddess, you’re hopeless,” Aria laughed, lowering Tallulah. “Let me fucking help you with that.”

Lysander expected many things:

- Aria to pop Tallulah into her mouth, swallowing her before going down on him.
- Aria to insert Tallulah halfway into her ass and make him push her in the rest of the way.
- Aria to finger Tallulah into herself before basting her with Lysander’s cum.

What he didn’t expect was for Aria to walk behind him and reach around his waist, inserting his cock into the miniature giraffe like a living fleshlight.

“Oh, fuuuuuuuuck!”

She was tight. Too tight. He looked down, expecting to see her gasping for breath, his cock nearly splitting her in two, but the giraffe had her hands on her mouth, clearly having the biggest orgasm of her life. She clenched around Lysander and he doubled over, both moaning in unison as Aria smirked.

“You’re so lucky that predators are stretchy,” she said, coming back around in front of him.

She grabbed Tallulah and squeezed her stomach. Lysander bit his lip hard.

“Jeeze, you’re pathetic! I mean, seriously, Lysander, every predator in the school has it out for you and you won’t take even the smallest precautions to protect yourself from being eaten. It’s almost like you like being inside girl’s stomachs, hmm?”

He had no response to that. She already knew the answer. The kitsune chuckled. Then she lifted her skirt, tails splaying to the sides as she bent over in front of him.

"Either hole is fine," she said. "Just be quick about it."

Lysander cupped his hand beneath Tallulah. She was still squirming on his cock, her stomach bulged to absurd proportions by the quivering head of it. Aria's ass lay before him in all of its glory. He slipped a finger under her pale blue panties and pulled them to the side.

Her asshole twitched invitingly. Her cunt was already wet and waiting for him. He stared at both for a moment, then pressed Tallulah's head up against Aria's pucker.

The kitsune yowled.

"Are you an actual idiot?" she shouted over her shoulder. "If you're going to go that way, at least lube her up, first! Jeez!"

"Right, right," Lysander said, embarrassed.

He slid Tallulah lower, lining her up with Aria's cunt. The giraffe stared up at him, trembling with pleasure.

"Sorry," he said, then thrust.

SLORCH!

Aria's back arched as she took him, squeezing around both his shaft and Tallulah's body, marinating her in her juices. He pulled out halfway, allowing the giraffe a damp, desperate gasp before thrusting her back in.

And out.

And in.

"Oh fuck," Aria gasped, clawing at the wire rack that she was clutching for dear life. "Oh FUCK, that feels good!"

Her tails were splayed in three directions. Lysander gathered the base of each in his palm, yanking her ass upright as he slammed into her. Aria yowled, arching into him, and they continued like that until it was time to let Tallulah breathe again.

Lysander started to pull back, but Aria wouldn't let him.

“Where do you think you’re going?” she asked, glaring over her shoulder.

Lysander raised his hands placatingly.

“She’s lubed up,” he said.

Aria’s eyes flashed in understanding. She released him, bending her spine so that her ass was level with his twitching, giraffe-laden cock.

“Why didn’t you say so? Put her in!”

Once again, Lysander pressed Tallulah’s head up against Aria’s pucker. It slurped around the giraffe’s snout, sweat trickling down the crack as Aria gyrated against him. Could he really condemn Tallulah to the kitsune’s ass? She had been about to digest him, after all, but that was nothing new.

“Lysander!”

“Right, right,” he gulped. He wrapped his hand around the giraffe and gave her one last, apologetic squeeze before shoving her deep into Aria’s plump, steamy ass.

“Eeeep!”

The kitsune let out an unexpectedly girlish whine as he thrust the giraffe into her intestines. At first, Lysander was worried that he’d hurt her, but then she shuddered and her whole body seemed to go rigid, then limp. Her fangs dug into the flesh of her bottom lip as she turned to look at him.

“That was *gooooooood*.”

Her anus clenched around him, locking them together. Lysander squirmed, grasping her ass, bending away but he could feel it building, building as Aria looked at him, waiting for the flood.

He felt Talullah’s final, horny squirms before he ejaculated inside of her, inflating the giraffe for a brief second, then losing her in a gush of cum.

Aria shuddered once, twice, then unbent and pulled up her skirt and panties. Cum seeped around the fabric, but she didn’t care.

That was normal for Snakethroat Academy.



Biology Class

Fink, Sunshine, Shadow, Zach, Mandy, Ink, Mable, Honey, Julia, Ollie, Eva, Astra, Grendel

"He's mine!"

"No, he's mine!"

"You said that I could keep him for periods one through five and that you'd get him after lunch!"

"I said periods one through *four* you glutton! Now spit him up!"

"Girls!"

The black and gold dragon's heads shot up; one guilty, the other defiant. Fink glared down at them from his place halfway inside of the hyena's maw, wagging a saliva-soaked finger in their direction.

"You are interrupting my demonstration!"

"Sorry, Professor!

"Sorry, Professor!"

Fink huffed, then looked back down into the mouth of the student he was feeding himself into.

"My apologies, Mandy. Let's continue."

"As I was saying, hyenas—particularly, spotted hyenas—possess some of the most powerful bites of all carnivorous beastwomen!"

"'Onster girls," Mandy mouthed around him.

"Right! Monster girls. Anyhow, her jaw strength is nearly six times the strength of the average human! I daresay that she might even be able to chew through *my* scales, durable as they are, if she hadn't already kindly taken it upon herself to swallow me whole."

He wriggled his hips in Mandy's mouth, inciting another swallow. He was already halfway down, his cock shamelessly propped against Mandy's lower lip.

"Can anyone tell me the pH of a hyena's stomach acids?"

He looked out across the classroom. It was an eclectic collection of humans and non-humans; something that he hadn't pondered too closely up to this point.

There were two eastern dragons, the black and gold sisters, fighting over their human companion who was trapped in the gold one's stomach. There was a basilisk, idly fidgeting with the corners of her blindfold. There was a cow girl, full of prey, then three humans, one of whom was much larger than the other two, looking nervously at the dragons. The tall human was a blonde female clutching the arm of a small, black-haired male. The other human was also a blonde female, but short and plump, with a stomach that pushed deep into the corner of her desk.

She was fast asleep.

"What's pH?" the black dragon asked curiously, leaving off trying to get her sister to regurgitate their boyfriend.

"I'm glad you asked, Shadow," Fink said, sinking a little as Mandy readjusted. By the tremble of her jaw and the roar of her stomach, he could tell how badly she wanted to swallow him. "The term pH stands for 'potential of hydrogen'. It is used as a scale to tell how acidic or basic a water-based liquid is! A pH of 7 is neutral; lower is more acidic, higher is more basic. A hyena's stomach has a pH of 1.5, which is acidic enough to dissolve bones! Indeed, my feet are already starting to tingle."

He sloshed his feet against the surface of Mandy's fat stomach, causing her to growl. His cock jumped against the roof of her mouth.

"So are you going to dissolve as soon as she swallows you?" the basilisk asked. She was wound around her tail, fingering a bulge that twitched every time she pressed on it.

"She might, Ink," Fink chuckled, winking at the class. "Let's find out!"

ULP!

Pressing one, mitt-sized hand over Fink's face, Mandy shoved him down her gullet, swallowing with obvious relish. She licked her



black lips and looked at the rest of the class as her stomach spilled onto the desk.

"Guess we can go home now."

BUuuuUUURRP!

"Whoozat!"

The fat blonde's head shot up, a strand of hair stuck to her chin as she glanced around the classroom. The dragons went back to their bickering in the corner and Ink slithered off, bored now that the demonstration was finished.

"Awww, Julia! I told you to wake me up for the demonstration!"

"I tried, Honey," the other blonde laughed. "You just started snoring. I think Evangeline was paying attention. Right Evangeline?"

A horny thump from inside of Honey's stomach made her look down.

"Did you take notes?" she asked. "Oh, I suppose not. You're too busy masturbating to take notes. Hmm."

Honey looked around. The dragons were interesting, but when she'd tried to talk to them, the golden one had yelped and ran and the black one had apologized, then chased after her. The cow girl looked friendly, but bloated and in need of a good nap.

Then there was the hyena.

Mandy.

Honey had been watching her all year (had it really been a year?). She was large, *broad,* solid in a way that a brick wall was solid. Honey got the impression that if she ran full speed into the hyena, she wouldn't budge an inch.

Then there was her fur. Honey *loved* her fur.

It was coarse, gray, and shaggy. Honey got the impression that if she pressed her face into the hyena's chest, she would sink a few inches before reaching the skin. Mandy's grin was toothy. Carnivorous. Despite that, she had a soft, gravelly kind of voice and showed compassion to everyone… *except for her food*.

Lumps appeared against the hyena's midsection as she lifted her shirt and dropped her gut on the table. Her cock was pressed into the soft meat of her abdomen. Whenever their professor made a sound, she would smooth over her gut with her hands, grinning as his squirms stimulated her in ways that only a predator could empathize with.

Honey put her cheek in her hand and drummed her fingers on her desk.

"I'm gonna talk to her," she decided.

Julia paid her no heed as she approached the front of the class. She was whispering with Ollie, giggling over some inside joke, but Mandy's amber eyes followed her as she crossed the room.

"Come to save the professor?" she asked as Honey took a seat on the edge of the desk.

"No," Honey said, shaking her head. "I was just wondering what it felt like."

"Eating someone?"

"Nuh uh."

The hyena followed Honey's gaze down to her cock. She was fully erect against the side of the desk now, bulging through her panties which stretched in front of her skirt. Irritated, Mandy pulled them aside, and her cock thumped up against her stomach with a meaty *thwack*.

"It's a little rude to ask someone about their erection, sweetheart," Mandy said, stroking a finger along her throbbing rod. "But I might forgive you if you do something for me."

"Hmm?"

Mandy gestured to her cock.

"Oh!"

Honey drummed her fingers on her own bulging gut. She was mesmerized by the furry protrusion of Mandy's abdomen; sweaty strands of gray fluff sticking to the hyena's thighs. Honey turned to the rest of the class and found that Julia and Ollie had absconded. The dragons were still there, whispering together, as was the cow girl.

“What do you think?” Honey asked her stomach.

“Hrmm hmm hrrrm?”

“She wants a picture of you,” Honey said to Mandy.

The hyena barked a laugh and posed with her hand behind her head, kicking her leg up like a 50’s starlet. Her belly and cock were front and center.

CLICK!

Honey snapped the picture and stared at it, blushing, then raised her phone to her lips and swallowed it. It tickled as it went down, but a second later, she heard Evangeline gasp.

“Mmmrph!”

“That’s a yes!” Honey said, getting to her knees.

The bemused smile on the hyena’s face wavered as Honey kissed the bottom of her stomach. It was a quick kiss. A peck, really. The next went a little deeper as Honey pressed her soft lips into the tender skin.

“That, hmm, feels better than I expected,” Mandy said, leaning forward with one hand on the desk. Her cock twitched against her pulled-aside panties as she began to huff. “Really, really good.”

“Predator tummies are sensitive!” Honey said. “Especially with prey in them.”

“T-that’s right,” came a different voice.

Honey peered over the desk to see the cow girl pressing her hands to her mouth. Her mortified gaze shot to Mandy, then Honey, then the dragons who had stopped whispering to look at her as well.

“Mable!” Honey said, remembering.

The cow girl jumped at her name.

“Uh, yes! Sorry! I didn’t mean to eavesdrop. Go ahead and, um, do whatever you were about to do.”

There was a strange lull as Honey tried to recall what she knew about the cute cow. Her name was Mable. She was a predator. She was friends with… the serious-faced boy, the fox, and the demi-dragon that Honey had been warned to stay away from, but aside from

that, Honey was drawing a blank. It was like someone had told her all of this rather than something that she'd learned through experience.

Honey blinked. She was being rude.

"Do you also want tummy kisses?" she asked.

Mable blushed, her long tail lashing behind her. She had her arms wrapped protectively around her gut which sloshed as she squeezed it, full of mush.

"I, uh, I mean, that's not…"

Honey was about to invite her over when one of the dragons—the black one—popped up in front of Mable. The cow girl yelped and almost tipped her chair over as the large creature loomed over her.

"I can do it!" the dragon said. "My name is Shadow! That's Sunshine. We should be friends!"

"Oh!"

An impatient growl drove Honey's attention back to Mandy. The hyena shuffled from side to side, her cock still hard and leaking against the edge of the desk.

"Sorry, sorry," Honey hummed. "I didn't mean to leave you all needy."

"Needy?" Mandy asked indignantly, then gasped as Honey wrapped her lips around her cock and bobbed.

GLICK!

"The trick is," Honey said around Mandy's cock, shuffling her knees to get closer to the hyena, "to just open your throat wide like you're swallowing someone and leave it like that as you—"

GLICK!

GLLRK!

SLURP!

Mandy rapped her knuckles against the table, unable to speak as Honey deepthroated her extreme prejudice. The hyena had never experienced someone who could take her cock so easily, nor one who treated sucking it like a game of whack-a-mole. She shifted from foot to foot, whimpering, whining, as the blonde's head bobbed up and



“Mmhmm,” Honey said.

“***Glllrrrk!”*** Shadow said as she took Mable’s entire stomach into her mouth.

***

“Why did you stop?” Apolia asked.

She was curled around Bra’Zzel, watching over his shoulder as the orb played out the scene in the classroom. The tip of her tail flicked idly between his legs. Bra’Zzel yelped.

“I’m thinking,” he said.

“About?”

“The audience. You know, the sinners that you want me to lure into your fields? I’m considering their reaction to all of this.”

He gestured broadly at the orb, the image of Shadow sucking on Mable’s stomach huge upon the glass. The dragon had the cow girl pinned to the floor and was absolutely going to town on her big, beautiful belly.

“Reaction?” Apolia asked. “Arousal, of course. That scene where Honey deep-throated the hyena was *hot*, and I know hot, darling. The stomach sucking is hot, too. Mmm, it’s been a long time since I’ve found anyone that could—”

“That's not the point,” Bra’Zzel interrupted. “Not everyone likes stomach stuff. Sure, like 60% of the vore community has some kind of belly fetish, but the further we delve into this, the more alienated the 40% will become. And then there’s Mandy. I’ll bet a good portion of our audience is okay with futa, but there’s been entirely too much focus on *cocks* lately. Lysander’s cock, Mandy’s cock, my cock. The audience wants to focus on their own cocks! Great, now you’ve made me say *cock* a dozen times. We will never financially recover from this—*mmm?”*

The tip of Apolia’s tail thrust its way into his mouth.

“Hush, little sheep,” she said, her nose an inch away from the orb. “You think too much. This book is huge. If they don’t like hyena cock, they can move on to dragon belly. If they don’t like dragon belly, I dunno, have Julia eat someone. Why would you deprive the people who are interested in seeing a dragon tongue that fat cow girl’s navel?”

“Are you talking about you?” Bra’Zzel asked, spitting out her tail. “How *you* want to see her tongue that fat cow girl’s navel?”

“It’s making me drool,” Apolia admitted.

“Fine,” Bra’Zzel sighed.

***

Shadow tongued the *fuck* out of that fat cow girl’s navel.

She took Mable’s plump belly into her maw, suckling it, swirling her tongue all around her furry middle until it was lathered in dragon spit, then let it go with a *pop*. It wobbled as Mable twitched on the floor.

“Yummy,” Shadow decided. She licked her lips, looking down at the cow girl. “Y’know, we haven’t really spoken much this year! You and your friends should come to our place for a movie night sometime.”

“Ababa~”

Shadow could almost see the little cartoon spirals swirling in Mable’s eyes. It had to feel *great* having her full stomach sucked when it was packed with prey. There were two creatures inside of her—one human, one not—entangled together in different chambers, separated by walls of pulsing meat.

Shadow leaned over and sniffed.

“Astra aaaaaand Grendel,” she guessed.

The only response was another twitch. Shadow looked over her shoulder at Sunshine who was speaking to Zach through her stomach,



caressing him gently. Jealous and in need of a distraction, Shadow returned her attention to Mable.

"Do you want to be friends?" she asked, putting her paws on the cow girl's stomach. Mable's face turned a little green. "I could suck your tummy some more."

"*Urmph.* Please. *Oormph.* Please don't—"

Shadow leaned over Mable. What was she saying? Her mouth was open and her eyes were rolled back and her stomach was making all kinds of weird noises!

"Shadow, you're going to make her purge her prey."

Fink was suddenly crouched next to them, watching with interest. Shadow leapt back, embarrassed.

"Oh, Mable, I'm so so so sorry! I didn't mean to make you lose your lunch."

"You didn't," Fink said, nodding at Mable's stomach. "If anything, you might have helped her move them along. Look."

The lumpy, indistinct shape of Mable's stomach had softened into something rotund and sagging. Mable let out a small belch, blushing to her ears.

"S- sorry," she said. "I couldn't help it. The s- sucking felt so good."

She whimpered as Fink pressed his hands into her gut, confirming the heft of it before getting to his feet.

"Well," he said, clapping his hands together. "If that wasn't a successful class, then I don't know what is!"

The Locker Room

Sebastian, Louise, Boo, Mathilda

The mouse girl whimpered as her stomach lurched. She attempted to roll forward, to escape the weight anchoring her to the locker room floor, but try as hard as she might, she could not move. A strained belch escaped her. A cry from within.

"Does that hurt?" asked the man.

He was standing outside of the gray light pouring in from the windows, hidden in shadow. The watches on his wrist were the only distinct feature that Louise could see aside from his slouched outline.

"P- please, *urp,* please," the mouse girl begged. "I c- can't. She's t- too big."

"Oh, poor thing."

The man sounded genuinely sympathetic. He had to raise his voice to be heard over the noisy gurgle of Louise's bloated belly pumping away at its oversized guest.

"Did you bite off more than you could chew, Louise? *Tsk, tsk,* that's a shame. I want to help you, I really do, but I seem to recall you telling me that you'd… oh, what was the phrase? Churn me into mouse fat? Make me into tit fat? Something… uncreative."

Louise tried to turn her head, but an ache in her stomach made her groan instead, hunching over it as another round of blows rained across her innards. The man disappeared beyond the lockers, but she could hear his voice echoing as he continued to speak.

"I honestly wasn't sure that the shrinking potion would work. The witch who sold it to me assured me of its potency, but the victim is not human, nor is she biologically similar to one. I had to slip her into your food when you weren't looking. You eat like an animal, Louise."

"W- what is she?" Louise gasped.

Whoever, *whatever*, was in her stomach seemed to be divided into two parts. There was a hard, impenetrable shell—a semi-circle of calcified *rock* that sank in her stomach like an anchor, nestling against the floor. Then there was the fleshy part: long, wide, and *slimy*. It was attached to something that appeared to be a voluptuous, human woman, but when Louise clenched around her, she *flattened* rather than broke.

Like she had no bones.

"Then I had to lure you here," the man continued. He was behind Louise, impossible to see. Her skin crawled as he felt him stroke her tail, digging a hand deep into the bloated underside of her gut. "But that part was simple. All you ever think about is food, you glutton, and I must have appeared to be an easy meal coming to this isolated spot. Gym is outside today and they're using the outdoor locker rooms. You could swallow and digest me before anybody even noticed I was missing. Or were you going to have your fun first?"

He slapped her ass. Louise covered her mouth as a full-bodied shudder ran through her, leaving her quivering.

"Sebastian," she said.

A chuckle.

"That's right."

He was wearing outside clothes; clothes that would get him eaten if he was caught by any of the pred teachers. A baggy, black tee shirt and jeans. Slick, blonde hair. His eyes shone blue in the wan light as he came around to crouch in front of Louise, inspecting her stomach with the dispassionate gaze of an entomologist studying a pinned butterfly.

Louise giggled.

"Is this your idea of flirting?" she asked. "Luring me into the locker room and feeding me? There are other ways to score a date, you know."

Sebastian smirked.

Shrugged.

“I like to keep things interesting,” he said, straightening. He stroked her spine as he passed, causing her to clench around her prey. Louise let out a low groan. “Besides, if I approached you with an empty stomach, you’d swallow me whole, date or no.”

Louise bit her lip.

“That’s true,” she gasped as he leaned against her gut. “You look so… fuckin’ tasty.”

Another chuckle. Sebastian reappeared in front of her again, leaning over the tattered remains of her shirt and jacket. They had split when her stomach had experienced its sudden growth. Her boobs were loose against the taut skin, nipples hard in the cold.

He leaned forward until they were face to face, nose to nose. Louise’s eyes dilated as she smelled him, drool pooling in the corners of her lips. She licked it away, then groaned as another rumble went through her, grasping her stomach until it faded into the background sound of her digestion.

“Do you think you could swallow me right now?” Sebastian asked.

His breath smelled like mint.

Louise wanted to devour him.

“No,” she admitted. “I c- couldn’t.”

“Are you sure? Do you want to try?”

Louise whimpered and shook her head, but she knew what was coming and could not stop it as Sebastian put a finger in the corner of her mouth.

She tasted him and her body warmed.

She tasted him and she began to drool in earnest.

“There you go, you naughty beast,” Sebastian hummed as he fed his hand into her maw. He closed his fingers around her tongue, clutching it, using it to pull himself up onto her stomach. She made a desperate noise in the back of her throat. “Just a nibble, hmm? Can you swallow my arm? My head? Don’t you want to eat me?”



Actual tears streamed down Louise's cheeks, she wanted him so bad. Her throat opened for his hand, engulfing it, taking it into its loving embrace as her lips closed around his shoulder, then his head. He kissed her tongue, sensuously making out with her until an involuntary gulp sent his face into her gullet and then the tears really flowed, because she could not swallow him—could not swallow another bite.

She gagged, tried again, and gagged once more. He pulled himself away from her maw, slick in her juices, and ran a hand through his wet hair. Every nerve in Louise's body tingled as he smiled down at her, real pity on his face.

"Disappointing," he said. "But maybe we can feed you another way."

Louise rocked back and forth on her stomach. A heavy, liquid sloshing rolled through her. The solid presence in her stomach must have sensed what was coming, because it too began to thrash against the constrictive walls which squeezed around it.

Sebastian kissed her brow, dismounted, and walked behind her. He brushed a hand through her fur as he went, drumming his fingers on the taut flesh.

"Do you want this?" he called.

Louise couldn't reach between her legs if she tried for a million years. The fur there was soaked through, her slit trembling with a need that could not be satisfied without help.

"I need it," she said. "I need it."

An ecstatic groan broke from her lips as Sebastian kissed first one thigh, then the other, taking his time working up her legs as he climbed atop her stomach from behind. It burbled beneath him, clenching, sloshing, working the prey he had fed her into an even tighter knot which spread through Louise in a rush of molten warmth.

"She's d- digesting!"

"That's what predators do, isn't it?" Sebastian asked.

His lips had reached her tail. He lifted it as Louise heard his belt clink, then the rustle of fabric hitting the floor. Something hot and hard and oh-so-needed pressed against Louise's slit and she mewled for it, pathetic and desperate, grinding against him until he gave her what she needed.

THUMP!

"Ooooooooooooh!"

As she took his length, Louise arched against her stomach, pressing it down into the floor with her hips. The pressure—the thick, bubbling pressure of her gut in its prime—settled against his shaft and for the first time, Sebastian was caught off guard, groaning as he plowed her, grabbing two handfuls of her big, fat belly.

"Yes, yes, yes," Louise hissed through her teeth. "C- come on! Almost there!"

Sebastian had plenty of experience pleasing predators, but nothing could have prepared him for the grinding, tensing, *pulsing* tightness of a predator in digestive heat. He nearly came on the third pump, burying his face in Louise's back to center himself as he thrust, grunting and hissing, in the bucking mouse girl.

"Grab my tail," she demanded. "Yank it!"

Sebastian did as she asked. Louise howled fitfully.

"S- slap my ass!" she said. "Tell me I'm doing a good job!"

"You're doing a *fantastic* fucking job," Sebastian said.

"Doing what?"

"Digesting. That. Slut!"

He slammed into her three times, then held. Louise, so close to the edge that she was seeing stars, let out an enormous belch.

Then came all over.

SPLRT! SPLRT! SPLRT!

Sebastian had to wrench his hips to extricate himself from the mouse. She was slumped over her stomach, twitching, babbling incoherently as her stomach let out a loud whine. Miraculously, its occupant was still alive.

“Fuck, I needed that,” Sebastian said.

He retrieved his pants from the floor and pulled them on. As he did, he glanced at Louise’s softening stomach.

“That’s probably gonna take another week to fully go down,” he said. “Until then, you probably won’t need any food or water. This locker room is closed for the summer, too, so, if you’re lucky, you’ll waddle out of here in a few days, no worse for the wear.”

“Where are you going?” Louise asked as he moved toward the door. She raised her head from her stomach, frowning. “Aren’t you gonna stay? Now that we’re dating?”

Sebastian laughed.

“Dating?” he said. “No, Louise, we’re not dating. But if you ever want me to feed you another bimbo, then roll in the hay, you know where to find me.”

“Sebastian, you—”

But he was already walking through the doors.

Right into the outstretched stomach of a woman twice his size.

Sebastian looked up.

“Sebastian,” the witch said, her melodious voice stopping him in his tracks. Her eyes were bright under her wide-brimmed hat. “Did you forget about your payment?”

“Er…”

He hadn’t, of course. The witch had, in fairy tale fashion, asked him for a favor in the future, but he hadn’t expected the future to come so quick. Now he was regretting making such an undefined promise—

Especially as the witch snapped her fingers.

A cage appeared around Sebastian. It was tall and domed like a bird cage, but not so tall that he could stand up straight. He was forced to kneel as he wrapped his hands around the solid, silver bars, his pale face peeking out at the witch who stood above him.

“What is this?” he asked. “What’s the favor?”

The witch crouched, her bulbous belly folding up on her knees. She giggled as she prodded him through the bars, then gently took his

chin and pulled him forward. She was wearing a long skirt with stars embroidered upon the black fabric. As she spread her legs, she pulled it up to her stomach, revealing that she was wearing no panties.

"Just a little stimulation," she said, spreading her dripping cunt with two fingers. "Just for… hmm… the price of a shrinking potion…"

She held up the two fingers. A curl of lubrication spanned between them.

"Two days?!" Sebastian asked, incredulous.

The witch shook her head.

"No, honey. A little longer."

"Hey, wait! Wait just a second! Wait!"

Sebastian grabbed the bars and shook them as the witch stood over the cage. She hummed as she poured something into her palm and slathered it between her legs. From between the bars, all Sebastian could see was her huge, white ass jiggling as she worked.

"Which hole am I going in?" Sebastian asked as she crouched.

The witch hummed as the top of the cage entered her.

"Which fucking hole, lady?"

But the answer became obvious as the walls closed over the bars of the cage and Sebastian finally looked down to see the flared base.

SHLORP!



The Teacher's Lounge

Miss Clear, Tidius, Rhea, Deirdre

Miss Clear swallowed one end of the leash. Tidius watched it disappear down her gullet as the end connected to his collar went taut.

"When you said you had a personal matter that you needed my help with, I had assumed you were talking about grading papers, or maybe having me help you with *that*," Tidius said, nodding at Miss Clear's stomach. The outline of a woman lay curled with her knees to her chest, pressed beneath the teacher's enormous breasts. "I did not anticipate a, uh, *visit* of this nature in the teacher's lounge."

It was the middle of the school day and the lounge was empty, its many cubicles abandoned along with several, soggy articles of clothing belonging to students in detention. Miss Clear sat backwards in her chair, her stomach mashing against the black leather as she waited with her mouth open, the leash dangling from her lips.

She gulped.

ULP!

The collar tightened around Tidius's neck.

"Perhaps I can stimulate you some other way," Tidius offered, glancing nervously at Miss Clear's uvula. "Perhaps when you're not already, *ah*, full?"

ULP!

He was leaning forward now with his hand on the edge of her desk. Miss Clear's lids were lowered in a seductive gaze as she stroked her breast through the fabric of her white shirt.

"I'm not insinuating that I won't follow your order, of course, but I do feel the need to remind you that your stomach can be quite *active* when already occupied. The last time you swallowed me after losing a student in detention… well let's just say that certain, tender areas of my anatomy itched for weeks afterward."

ULP!

"Miss Clear?"

ULP!

"Miss Clear, please."

ULP! ULP! ULP!

Tidius stood on his tippy toes in front of the chair, nose to nose with Miss Clear. She winked at him as she opened her mouth wider, letting him follow the path of the leash down into her bubbling stomach. He could smell it in the humid air pulsing out of her maw—that sickening stench he was all too familiar with. Old food, melted into goo.

Old students.

She kept him there on the cusp of her lip. He flinched every time her throat twitched; her eyes twinkled at that. As much as he catered to her, as little as he thought that she would actually digest him; she *could*.

Every time she swallowed him, he wondered if this time would be the last. That's what he was thinking of as her maw widened and her throat bobbed for the final, fatal time.

GLIK!

For a moment, her throat was a crown. It ringed his head, a sign of his station; his regal position as her *food*. Then it slid over his eyes, blinding him to all but the sound of muscles squeezing, flesh *parting*, space opening above and beneath in shuddering clenches. A moan nearly deafened him as Miss Clear shuddered in delight, the taste of him filtering past him, through him to *drip, drip, drip* into her stomach.

And the smell grew stronger, more fragrant; that humid, stomach stench. His shoulders were forced between her cheeks, then narrowed into the tightening tunnel of slippery gullet meat as his head was once again crowned. This time, as the ring passed over his brow, Tidius let out an involuntary gasp at the heat he felt waiting for him.

His head connected with something hard; another skull, moving in frantic circles, forced to cede the path as his face slid over their

face, then down into their cleavage where it stayed for a second, suffocating him. Another gulp pushed him past and into her lap. He felt the smooth skin of her pubic bone, then the softness of her thighs, so at odds with the disgusting muck that bubbled at the bottom of Clear's stomach.

Tidius managed to pull his head up before he could be drowned, awkwardly folding himself sideways as his cellmate fought for space, eventually coming to rest with his knees on either side of her, surrounded by pulsing meat. One last gulp dropped the leash into his lap.

UuuurrRRrRRRRrrP!

"Fuck," Tidius hissed under his breath. "Fuck."

He couldn't see anything inside of Clear except for the pink glow that filtered through the walls. The girl he was kneeling over was roughly his age, thin, decently endowed. She cursed as well as she kneed him in the thigh, shoving the encroaching walls away with her elbows.

"What'd you do to piss off the teacher?" the girl asked.

Her voice was hoarse, but not unpleasant. Tidius racked his brain until he recognized it.

"Rhea?" he asked.

"In the flesh," Rhea giggled. "Or *in* the flesh, I suppose. Is that you, Tidius? What'd a boy scout like you do to get detention? I got caught playing hooky with Tallulah, but then she ditched me to go make out with a boy."

"Sounds like you deserve to be here."

THUMP!

"Ow!"

"Serves you right! Who tells someone they *deserve* to be in a stomach? And quit squirming. The more you move, the tighter the walls get. Jeez, everything they say about you is true."

Tidius frowned. As far as he knew, he had an impeccable reputation at Snakethroat Academy.

At least… *hmm*…

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“That’s the problem,” Bra’Zzel said, pointing to the orb—to the perplexed expression on Tidius’s face. “Their memories of this place aren’t real. It’s a premise, not a setting, and the longer they spend here, the more confused they’ll be until eventually the dragons eat everyone in a fucked up orgy and then we have to go in and do a complete wipe.”

“Are they gonna fuck?” Apolia asked.

Bra’Zzel smoothed his hands over his brow. Actually, the scene was going rather well. Rhea was a surprise given the complete lack of proximity between *The Teacher’s Pet* and *Blind Date With a Belly*, but he could imagine Tidius and her going to school together.

“I doubt it,” Bra’Zzel said, “because—”

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“Whoa, dude. I’m not into men.”

Tidius had accidentally headbutted Rhea in the boob while trying to make more space. In doing so, he had faceplanted into her cleavage.

Again.

“I’m kidding,” she said as he gave a non-committal grunt. “Not about the men thing, but I know that was an accident.”

“Do you ever stop talking?” he asked.

“Hmm, considering we’re both probably going to die in this perv teacher’s gut? Nah, I think I’ll keep yapping to my grave.”

Miss Clear had shown no indication that she was going to release them anytime soon. She was rubbing her stomach on the back of the chair, grunting as she rode her fingers to her third completion. The walls clenched, then unclenched, then clenched again. Tidius and Rhea embraced until the orgasm passed.



“How long have you been in here?” Tidius asked.

“Hmm? Before you came? About an hour. Why?”

Tidius cursed. An hour? The acids in Clear’s stomach were already lapping at their legs and while they hadn’t started to burn yet, he hadn’t been sitting in them as long as Rhea had. There was no way to convince the sadistic teacher to let them go, either. She delighted in their begging. The only way to stop her was to—

“Stop moving.”

“What? I’m not.”

“No, I mean completely,” Tidius said. He folded his elbows into his sides, placing his hands on Rhea’s hips. He felt her squirm uncomfortably at the contact.

“Why?” she asked as the sound of Miss Clear’s pleasure started up again. She was using a toy this time. Something that vibrated, at least. “Won’t we, like, drown if we do that? Besides, these walls are fucking itchy. Everywhere they touch, I want to scratch my skin off.”

“Because if we stop moving, she’ll get bored.”

“And?”

“If she gets bored,” Tidius said through gritted teeth, “she’s way less likely to *digest* us.”

“Why?”

Tidius was legitimately considering strangling her when he heard her chuckle.

“Just fucking with you, boy scout. We can give that a try.”

Miss Clear moaned as they rearranged themselves inside of her. Tidius shoved his legs beneath Rhea’s, propping her up so that she would be out of the acids. Rhea pushed her back into the wall and shimmied so that she was fully in his lap. Their bodies rubbed together in the confines of their teacher’s hot, squelching gut until at last they were in a, if not *comfortable* position, then at least a manageable one.

“Now what?” Rhea asked.

“Now we wait,” Tidius said.

The constant buzz of Miss Clear's toy shook the walls. They could hear it plunging in and out, in and out; swirling motions followed by a gasp and a shiver; groans emanating from above as Miss Clear grasped her breasts, rocking on the chair. The two of them were mashed into the leather seat as she sagged over herself, then continued panting and groaning.

"A little movement, dear," she said.

Silence. The walls were making enough noise that Tidius didn't even have to pretend not to be heard. They sucked at their skin, kneading, lathering them in foamy secretions that stung the eyes and nose. Tidius tried not to breathe through his mouth. Rhea pressed her face into his chest, steadying herself against him.

"Tidius?"

Miss Clear poked her stomach, then took it in both hands and lifted it to inspect the bulges. They were still obviously solid, but considering the turmoil and the fact that Miss Clear had put on some weight here at Snakethroat…

"Tidius, dear, it's only been fifteen minutes. I know you can hear me. If you don't start moving *right now*, I might just belly flop off this chair."

The stomach lifted.

Rhea gave a soft whimper, but Tidius held strong.

"3… 2… 1…"

Nothing happened.

Miss Clear shook her gut and belched.

"F*uuuuUUuu*ck, I must have drained all of their air. Tidius, don't worry, my pet, I'll get you out of there in a moment. Or maybe…"

There was a beat of silence where Miss Clear considered her stomach, probably imagining what it would look like if she digested her precious pet. Tidious held his breath. The fumes made his eyes water. Even he didn't know what Miss Clear would choose, *especially* when she was this worked up. She had said that he'd look good as tit

fat a hundred times since he had become her pet. Now, maybe she would follow through.

"Damn."

The walls tightened around their legs as Miss Clear lifted her stomach and put it against the back of the chair. There was a wet *slorch* as her throat opened; as the air suctioned up and out of her while the stomach clenched, thrusting its prisoners up into the narrow tunnel and the air conditioning and the light.

They came out on her desk, still embracing, their clothes a steaming pile of half-digested fabric. Tidius kept his eyes closed. He hoped Rhea was doing the same.

"Hmph. Wake up."

Miss Clear slapped him. It took everything in his power not to yelp. Two fingers pressed into his neck to take his pulse. Her head bent over him, checking him for breath, and then—

"Mmmph!"

Her mouth covered his.

Tidius's eyes snapped open as Miss Clear blew air into his mouth, pretending to sputter awake as she backed away in distaste.

"Blech, is that what my stomach tastes like?"

Her expression changed slightly. She was probably considering the idea of her prey being bathed in that sour liquid.

"Sorry," Tidius groaned as he sat up. "The air started to get thin and then everything went black. I didn't mean to worry you."

Miss Clear snorted.

"Worry me?" she asked. "You made me lose my lunch."

She nodded at Rhea, still pretending to be knocked out on the desk. Tidius made a show of bending his head apologetically, fingering his ruined shirt as the door of the teacher's lounge opened and a redheaded woman appeared.

At first, Tidius's heart stopped. He'd expected Miss Kelly who had gone missing after he had tricked her into digesting a student, but it was another redhead; a short woman with long, jagged hair.

And horns.

And a tail.

Once more Tidius experienced that strange sense of reverse deja-vu. He *should* have a memory of the woman, as he should know everyone who went to Snakethroat Academy, but it took him a few seconds to recognize her as Deirdre, the Home Ec teacher.

"Clear," Deirdre yawned, making a beeline right to the coffee put. Her stomach jiggled as she walked, pushing far beyond the waistline of her cutoff jean shorts. "Brats."

Miss Clear's nose wrinkled. She had a distaste for anything that went against tradition and Deirdre *definitely* went against tradition. For one, she wasn't wearing a uniform. Besides her jean shorts, the only article of clothing she wore was a tank top that had rolled up over her stomach. For another, half of the time she didn't even show up for her own class. She called it "*draconic privilege"* and ate anyone who questioned it.

"Deirdre," Miss Clear said. "So kind of you to join us today."

The dragon flipped her off from the coffee pot, eschewing a mug to raise the hot glass right to her lips, chugging it down. A muffled scream rose from her packed stomach.

"Ah, that's better."

Deidre belched and rubbed her lips, turning to leave.

Then she raised her nose to the air.

"Hmm," she said, turning around again. "Hmmm…"

Miss Clear's frown deepened as Deirdre crossed the teacher's lounge, still sniffing. Rhea lifted her head, but Tidius put a finger to his lips. There would be time to run later. For now, it was best not to disturb the hunting dragon.

"Something smells divine," Deirdre said, stopping at the edge of Miss Clear's desk. She leaned forward and took a deep breath, nostrils flaring over Miss Clear's blonde hair. "A new perfume, maybe? The stench of recent feeding?"

“Excuse me?” Miss Clear scoffed, pulling away. “I’ll have you know this behavior is highly indecent.”

“Indecent?”

Deirdre dropped her stomach on the desk, right on top of Rhea. The prone girl gave a grunt of effort as she strained against the hundreds of pounds of meat and students.

Miss Clear crossed her arms and held her ground. Tidius backed away a couple of steps, then a couple more.

“Indecent,” Miss Clear repeated. “Everything you do is indecent. You can’t be bothered to adhere to the dress code. You can’t be bothered to show modesty when devouring students. You treat this place like an all-you-can-eat buffet instead of a learning institution and, quite frankly, you make me sick.”

Tidius took another ten steps back.

Deirdre just smiled.

“Is that really what you think of me?” she asked. “Just a glutton?”

Tidius sensed the danger in her smile. Any prey species would be running for the hills, but Miss Clear was a predator and not used to being intimidated. She seemed bolstered by Deirdre’s admittance, standing tall over the tiny woman to chasten her.

“I do,” Miss Clear said. “I do think of you as just a glutton. You need to shape up, Deirdre, or the Principal will have a word with you.”

Deirdre’s eyes flashed and Miss Clear took a step backwards. Tidius sucked in air, wincing at the proclamation.

Nobody invoked the Principal without good reason, and *especially* not to a dragon.

“What did you say to me?” Deirdre asked quietly. “Do you want to repeat that?”

Miss Clear opened her mouth, stopped, calculated. Tidius held his breath, hoping that she would make the right decision, but—”

“You need to shape—”

Was as far as she got before a flash filled the teacher's lounge, red scales unfurling with blinding speed as the empty room became full in an instant. Papers and folders and pens and pencils went flying in all directions. Horns hit the ceiling, dusting the room in chalky, white powder.

When the dust cleared, Miss Clear was trapped beneath the paw of a very large, very pissed off dragon. Rhea was nowhere in sight.

"Humans," Deirdre said, her voice more resonant. "You think just because you can swallow a man whole, it puts you at the top of the food chain? Well, consider this a *teaching* moment, you stuck-up, arrogant, know-it-all!"

Miss Clear screamed as Deirdre tossed her five feet in the air, teeth snapping shut around her. The scream faded along with the bulge down Deirdre's throat.

"Bitch," Deirdre snarled.

Her keen eyes snapped to Tidius who had made it to the door. Every hair on the back of his neck stood on end as she turned toward him, her hot breath pooling against his collar.

"And where do you think you're going, snack?"

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"Uh oh."

"What?"

"If a dragon gets loose this early in the story, then we're going to have a problem. The first two books ended with the dragons getting loose."

"So?"

"They ate everyone and the book ended."

"That sounds great," Apolia said, clapping her paws together. "Let's do that!"

"No," Bra'Zzel said, pinching the bridge of his nose. "It's too early and the trope is too tired. The longer this continues, the longer

characters have to realize that they're not where they're meant to be. The dragons are going to start wondering why they're teaching when they could be devouring. The students are going to realize they can just leave. We have to be careful about the domino effect a loose dragon will create in the—"

"Oh look, she's leaving the teacher's lounge!"

"What?!"

Bra'Zzel rushed to the orb where, indeed, Deirdre was stomping out of the teacher's lounge in human form, her stomach now even larger than it had been when she entered. Tidius was standing in the corner looking mortified. Rhea, who had been thrown beneath a desk, was getting up and saying something to him.

"Turn the volume up," Apolia demanded.

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"What did she say?" Rhea asked.

Shreds of paper stuck to her soggy clothes like a fucked up ghillie suit. She wiped them off with her hands as she came to stand next to Tidius.

"Something about finding her husband?" Tidius said, pale and shaking.

Rhea punched his arm.

"What?" she asked. "Sad about your mistress?"

"No."

"Then what?"

"I just… have a feeling like I'm forgetting something. A lot of somethings. I need to find… I need to find Mimi."

Rhea waved as he left the teacher's lounge, then looked around at the ruined surroundings.

"Damn," she said. "Why am I here?"



The Pool

Bast, Bella, Carmen, Felix, Celestia, Critter, Sandy, Skyla, Sloan, Deidre, Cerxis

Bast stood at the edge of the pool, lips curled back, arms folded in front of her chest as she surveyed the sparkling water. It was a pool. A cistern. It smelled… wrong. Like chemicals. She was wearing a tight, spandex swimsuit the color of monkshood. It stretched over her stomach like an oversized beach ball.

What was the purpose of this?

There were several women in lounge chairs lining the side of the pool. One was wearing a tan cowboy hat over her dark hair, fixing her swimsuit with a hand made of a metal. Another woman with fiery hair and freckles sat talking to a pale man in swim trunks who drew hungry looks from the purple dragon lying next to them. The dragon was unlike any that Bella had ever encountered. She was in neither her demi form, nor her full form, but rather stuck between.

It was offensive.

Bast wanted to fight her.

The dragon was attended by a small man with glasses and dark hair. She snorted as he drew her attention away from the pale man and his redheaded companion, placing his hands on her bulbous stomach.

It reminded Bast of Lysander.

Where was her chew toy, anyway?

There were a few girls in the water. One was an eel creature of some kind with slimy, green skin, and another was an… octopus, yes. Bast had heard of the creatures before. They had eight tentacles and could use poison attacks. This one had blue rings around her nipples and across her huge body. Her stomach was full of students, one of whom was currently stuck in the maw in the center of her tentacles.



“Get in there,” the octopus chuckled as she fed the student deeper into her hole. “I haven’t had nearly enough.”

The student had light brown hair and a scar across his nose. Bast did a quick check to make sure it wasn’t Lysander, but once it became clear that it wasn’t, her interest waned. She scratched her stomach.

It growled.

“Alright, students!” the eel creature yelled, clapping her hands together. “Time to get in the water. I want ten laps from each of you!”

Nobody moved. The octopus continued stuffing the man into her abdomen. The woman with the mechanical arm continued to glare at everyone. The dragon laughed and placed the bespectacled man on her stomach and the redhead put the pale man into a headlock, mashing his face into her giant tits.

The eel shrugged and went back to swimming laps.

This was pointless, Bast decided, turning to leave. As she did, a shadow blotted out the sun, and then there was a splash as something huge and red and heavy hit the water, cannonballing the eel girl out in a spray. The purple dragon was on her in a flash, leaping out of her chair with surprising agility for her girth. She slurped up the eel girl in midair, earning a reprimand from the bespectacled man.

“Carmen, no! She’s just going to—”

PHWUMPH!

The purple dragon’s stomach doubled, tripled, then quadrupled in size. She put her hands to her mouth and spluttered as green liquid poured from her lips and out onto the poolside. The bespectacled man slapped a palm to his forehead as the dragon stubbornly locked her lips, swallowing the bulge of the eel girl who tried to swim up her throat in the tide of slime.

“Just let her go, Carmen.”

“Mmm mmm!”

Bast returned her attention to the pool where another dragon had materialized. This one was a more familiar shape, red and regal. She was holding the octopus in her mouth. The octopus had her tentacles



spread across the dragon's maw, holding it open with an enormous application of effort.

"Unhand me!" the octopus yelled. "Don't you know who I am? Don't you know who I serve? Aren't you—*oOOoooOOOh!*"

The dragon, who had the octopus's hole turned toward her, slid her tongue up and into the belly of the creature, bulging out her stomach as she rooted around. She pulled free a young blonde woman and grunted, swallowing her, then fished again. The whole time the octopus writhed and moaned.

"What the actual fuck," the woman with the mechanical arm yelled. A gun had materialized in her hand from somewhere and she pointed it at the dragon's head.

Bast snorted. Did she actually think that would work?

The redhead was wisely absconding with her pale partner in tow, but the purple dragon, Carmen, stood her ground despite the

bespectacled man's insistence. The squirming eel was still bumping around her stomach, sloshing in whatever viscous liquid she had filled it with.

Another shadow fell over the pool.

SPLASH!

Bast raised an eyebrow. Now it was a green dragon that had landed in the water, this one male and handsome, with jagged horns and a lecherous expression. Bast had mated with his kind before. They were all dumb studs, but they were good for a tumble.

"What do you have here?" he asked, his voice deep and sonorous. "I leave for ten minutes and you find yourself a buffet, you greedy girl."

The red dragon snorted, not answering on account of having her mouth full. The green dragon chuckled as the octopus raised her eyes toward him, quivering as he licked his lips.

"Aren't you a delightful snack! How did you know I was craving sea food?"

His lips closed around the octopus's torso. There was a squelch as he pressed down on her stomach, ejecting all of her prey straight into the red dragon's throat.

ULP!

"Cerxis, you idiot!" the red dragon sputtered, gnashing her teeth at the grinning green dragon. "Sloan was in there!"

"Oh damn," the green dragon said, rolling his eyes. "He *hates* being in your stomach."

"Get him out of there!"

Cerxis glanced around the pool. His eyes met Bast's, then kept moving, eventually stopping on the woman with the gun.

"You seem tall enough," he said, reaching for her.

BANG!

The shot ricocheted off of his brow-ridge. Cerxis stopped, surprised, but as Bast had predicted, he was not injured. He wasn't even upset. He chortled as he grabbed the woman around the waist,

flicking her gun away with his thumb before turning back to the red dragon. Bast vaguely understood that her name was Deirdre.

"Open wide, my sweet," he said, then, to the woman. "And you. You're looking for a shrimpy man with a scar across his nose. He's a brat and a pain in my ass—sometimes literally—but he's also our lover and we need him. So bring him out safe and sound or I'm shoving you up *Deirdre's* ass, okay?"

The woman with the mechanical arm, Bella, gritted her teeth and nodded. Bast scratched her head.

How did she know these names?

Cerxis wrapped his fingers around Bella's legs and held her over Deirdre's head. Deirdre opened her mouth and gullet, allowing the green dragon to dip Bella into the glistening, pink hole of her throat. Cerxis shoved her in up to his elbow, then waited. A new bulge appeared in Deirdre's stomach beneath the water. He waited for a minute, then pulled his arm back.

The woman had Sloan in her arms, still grimacing.

"The fucking octopus is eating everyone again," Bella said, wiping the slime from her brow. "I had to wrest him from her tentacles. Looks like she got me good."

There was a red ring-shaped welt forming on her arm. Bella's body stiffened as the poison coursed through her, hardening her limbs until she resembled a busty parcel. The dragons merely watched with great interest.

"Hello, darling," Deirdre said, nuzzling Sloan. "Did you have a good time?"

"Yeah, I think I'm avoiding octopus for the rest of my life," Sloan said. "Thanks for getting me out of there."

"Of course. Nobody can devour you but me."

"And me," Cerxis said.

He tossed the paralyzed Bella carelessly over his shoulder. The two dragons took off together, disappearing back into the sky.



Intermission

Apolia gleefully watched the scenes unfolding on the orb. Dragons swallowing students. Students swallowing teachers. Public sex. Futas in the library. It was a carnal carnival and everything she had dreamed of!

It was making her horny.

"This always happens," Bra'Zzel said, clopping back and forth on his misshapen hooves. "The universe can't sustain itself; the power disparity is too great! Eventually, the bigger predators swallow the smaller predators and all of the prey gets gobbled up in one massive orgy of gluttony that feeds Miriam's domain and not yours. We have to pull the plug on this before it devolves. I'll write you something else, something smutty. That should satisfy the conditions of our arrange… why are you looking at me like that?"

"Because you need to relax, little sheep," Apolia said, batting her hooded eyes at him. Her tail curled around his ankle, pulling him back toward the desk. "This is fine! It's smutty. I just watched a dragon throat-fuck another dragon with a woman in a cowboy hat to rescue their boyfriend from the clutches of a BBW octopus. Who cares if it all devolves? I want to see the orgy."

Her pudgy tail wrapped around Brazzel's waist, pulling him close to her outstretched belly. He thumped against it, muttering to himself, but Apolia noticed that he didn't pull away.

"Because it's like the scene at the end of *The Cabin in the Woods*," Bra'Zzel complained. "All of the creatures loose in one spot."

"Are we allowed to say *Cabin in the Woods*?" Apolia asked.

"Oh yeah! Titles are not subject to copyright, so we can mention any property we want, but things get sketchy once you mention a specific quote or catchphrase. For instance, I can say that a character likes *The Big Bang Theory*, but if I have them say Bazing—"



Smut author found dead in the street. Lawyers say he "had it coming."

"Anyways, the point stands that even if the readers are just going to jerk off to this, they still want *context* for the smut."

"But do they always?" Apolia asked.

Her stomach gave a seductive rumble as Bra'Zzel quivered against her. The sheep was trying not to look, but she could tell it was getting to him.

"Not always," Bra'Zzel admitted. "Sometimes a sexy picture is a sexy picture, or a description of a vore scene is enough to finish the job, but like, there's a reason that people add text to their porn illustrations, right? The POV shot of the woman about to sit on your face is hot, sure, but it's hotter if it's implied that she's doing this to punish you, or that she wants you to lick her hole, or, for a particular brand of pervert that I know is reading this, that she's particularly gassy today."

"We should add that—"

“No.”

“Awwww, you’re no fun!”

Apolia moaned as her stomach released another, eager gurgle. Unable to ignore it any longer, Bra’Zzel looked up at her only to find her staring at him, smirking, her claws rubbing the folds of her big, rubbery belly.

“I’m feeling pretty gassy,” she admitted. “Do you think your audience likes bubbly dragon belches? Or maybe you want to crawl under my tail and feel them from the other end?”

Bra’Zzel’s face went pink, then red, then purple.

“I don’t… that isn’t…”

Apolia giggled.

“You’re so easy to tease,” she said, booping his nose. “And I’ll give you everything you desire, but first you need to finish this story.”

“What story?” Bra’Zzel bleated, gesturing to the orb. “It’s chaos!”

“Aren’t you the Demon Lord of Causality? Give order to the chaos.”

The Futas in the Library

Penelope, Mandy, Rosie, Constance, Gwen, Mariel

“Okay, so I’m going to nut Gwen into Mandy, who's gonna nut Mariel into Constance, who's gonna then be plowed by Rosie. Is everyone down with the plan?”

“Yep!”

“Yes!”

“Yeah.”

“Alright!”

“No! What the absolute fuck are you talking about?”

Rosie was losing her goddamn mind in this school! Why was she wearing a skirt? Why was she taking classes? Why was her party lining up in the library to slide down the cocks of a tanuki and a hyena respectively? Had the whole world gone *fucking* nuts?

“What’s the problem?” Constance asked. She was already on her knees in front of Mandy, who was sitting on the reference desk, cock in hand. “I think the strange racoon thing explained the plan pretty well, Rosie.”

“Yeah, what’s the problem?” Gwen asked.

The chubby little goblin was straddling the tanuki’s cock. It was longer than she was tall, erect and throbbing, a bead of pre shining in the thin, fluorescent lights.

“What’s the problem?!” Rosie asked, tearing at her scarlet hair. “There’s dragons and orcs and lamias eating people in the hallways! There are people having sex on the floor! I just watched a centaur jog into a room, swallow a kobold, then get devoured by a ghost that came out of a fucking television! This place is Hell! We are in Hell!”

“And?” Mariel asked.

The hyena woman had her hands on the elf’s shoulders. The busty archer stroked the hyena’s massive rod, petting it like it was a

fucking puppy and not four and a half feet of throbbing, twitching *meat*.

Rosie threw her hands up. What was the point? What was the point of any of this? She couldn't even remember her mission anymore. The demon lord? Overthrowing the human kingdom? What did it matter when she was already in Pandemonium?

"Anyway," Penelope said. "Want to get started?"

Mandy didn't need a second invitation. She picked the giggling elf up by the ankles and held her over her cock, feeding her face into the twitching lips of her cockhead with a growl and a grin. The elf's body became a bulge in the throbbing, brown shaft, her breasts twin mounds that traveled along the curve, then down into the hyena's sack.

From there, her body became an outline—a moaning figure trapped in the clenching, sloshing sack as Mandy began to stroke herself vigorously.

Meanwhile, Penelope was working on the goblin.

"Feet first?" she asked.

"Yeahyeahyeah," Gwen said, bouncing up and down on her cock.

Penelope chuckled as she put her hand on Gwen's back, sliding her tiny body up along her shaft. The goblin left a trail of wetness behind her as she fingered herself on Penelope's rod, more than eager to be turned into the tanuki's ball batter.

"Make me a thick load," Gwen demanded. "Gotta ring that should bring me back after, so no worries about digestin'."

"I'm not going to digest you," Penelope said. "I'm just going to ejaculate you into my guidance counselor's ass. She might digest you, though."

Mandy grunted her assent. Constance was helping her along, licking her sack as her friend wriggled against the wet, inner walls. Penelope had Gwen's feet pressed against her cockhead and with



barely any movement whatsoever, the goblin's ankles were swallowed. Then her thighs, her hips, and her fat ass.

"Bye, Rosie!" Gwen called as her breasts disappeared into the tanuki's shaft. "See you soon!"

Rosie rolled her eyes, but felt her own cock shift as she watched the bulge travel, imagining what it would feel like to shrink one of her party members to feed to her modest shaft. Her hands reached beneath her skirt automatically, then hesitated.

Fuck it, she thought as she grabbed her cock. *When in Rome.*

The room was filled with the sound of grunting, sloshing, and groaning. Mandy's hand raced over her cock, slapping against her full balls as Mariel howled her approval. Penelope was going to town on herself and Constance was going to town on Mandy, covering her sack in kisses as she fingered herself, shoving her nose into the hyena's musky crotch.

Eventually, the noise reached a crescendo as Penelope leapt to her feet, cock outstretched. Mandy, without even looking, bent over to allow the tanuki to press her impressive staff between her cheeks, stuffing her like a sausage until her stomach bulged with the weight of her turgid cock. At the same time, Constance stopped teasing her friend's nipples through the walls of the sack and took Mandy's cock in her mouth, sheathing it with the ease of a predator as, for the second time in this book, Mandy face-fucked a stranger.

The conga line of copulation coincided with the constant caress of Rosie's cock as she clutched herself, cumming continuously. The tanuki plunged into the hyena. The hyena plunged into the paladin. The paladin shuddered as she pushed two fingers deep into her cunt, cumming at the same time that Mandy howled, the indistinct outline of her filled balls clenching with a squelch that shot Mariel up and through the tube of pulsing meat and into her friend's gullet.

Constance swallowed happily.

Her stomach grew, and grew, and grew.

A moment later, Penelope reached completion as well. Her tongue lolled out of the side of her mouth as she thrust Gwen into the guidance counselor and sprayed her into her bowels along with several gallons of cum. Her cock flopped out onto her thigh as she stumbled back against the desk, sweating and panting, completely spent.

Constance's stomach sloshed like a water balloon as she stood and crossed the room. Rosie watched her, blushing, as she straddled her lap, shoving her bloated belly off to the side so that there was just enough room to ride the mage. Rosie took Constance by the hips and positioned her above her cock. The warmth and tightness of her cunt filled her with lust as Constance threw her arms around Rosie's shoulder and kissed her.

"Think this is pointless now?" she asked.

"Yes," Rosie said, moaning as she came. "But who the fuck cares? It feels good."



(CW: Non-con, tentacles, poorly-managed hentai tropes)

The Greenhouse

Julia, Ollie, Phyllis

A strange, sweet smell filled the greenhouse as Julia and Ollie snuck in to have sex.

"Are we going to discuss any of the strange things that have been happening?" Ollie asked as Julia giggled and laid him down on a bed of grass. "All of the monsters and magic and Honey deepthroating a furry?"

"Our teacher is a lizard, our swim instructor is an eel girl, and two dragons just fisted an octopus lady. Right now, sweetheart, I just need a little normal."

Julia's stomach was stretched beyond its limits. Ollie was used to her being full—living with her had given him an *uncomfortably* closer perspective of her eating habits—but he had learned to love the squirming shape of her stomach and the affection that it brought out of her. Namely, prey made her very, *very* horny.

But even this was ridiculous. It was not just one prey, nor two, nor three. *Four* creatures thrashed against the drum-tight confines of Julia's belly, pounding and yelling and hissing as she rubbed them down into a gurgling standstill.

Ollie was about to say as much when Julia reached into his pants. His mouth flapped as she thumbed his cock, circling it once before pulling it out into the open.

"Relax," she said, stroking him slowly. "Just relax, Ollie. Everything's going to be okay."

Ollie closed his eyes and listened to Julia's stomach churn as she jerked him off. He imagined himself inside of it; the tightness of it as it squeezed possessively around him. Every time Julia swallowed him,

he knew that it was hard for her to let him go, and that certainty only made the pictures she sent him afterwards all the hotter.

Once, she'd taken a video of her masturbating with him inside of her. Whenever she is away for work, that video gets a *lot* of mileage.

Just as he was reaching his climax, though, the ground rumbled. Both he and Julia looked through the glass ceiling, expecting to see a dragon, but there was nothing. Nobody had entered the greenhouse and there was nothing around them but a field of vibrant pink and yellow flowers.

"Must have been my stomach," Julia giggled.

"Must have been."

"Ready to feed the flowers?"

Her fist tightened around his cock. Ollie was ready to answer in the affirmative, his climax all but guaranteed, when the ground trembled again.

Then a net of leaves closed around them.

They weren't leaves like anything that Ollie had ever seen before. They were more like petals; each one lined with glistening pink tissue that filled the air with a sickly sweet scent. The ground beneath them gave way to more quivering plant flesh, revealing them to be lying in the maw of some botanical monster.

Vines snaked around their wrists. Julia yelped as they pulled her off of the floor. Ollie hung upside-down in front of Julia's stomach, his cock wagging in the wind.

"I smell… seed."

The sweet aroma blossomed into something more nuanced as the leaves creaked and twisted, revealing a woman.

An inexplicably busty plant woman.

Her skin from the waist down was the same smooth, chlorophyll green as the outside of the petals that surrounded them. Her chest and face, however, were as red as a honeycrisp apple, as was the flower that bloomed on her head that half covered her eyes. She looked down at them, curious. The vines that held them stretched tighter.

“Were you in the middle of procreating?” the dryad asked. She frowned as she looked between Ollie’s cock and Julia’s outstretched hand. “It seems an… ineffective method.”

“It was… just for fun,” Julia gasped.

Her belly hung huge over her waist. With her arms and legs bound, she had to rely on flexing her abdomen to keep it upright and doing so caused a lot of strain.

“Fun,” the dryad repeated. “Hmm.”

She swayed from side to side, shaking them both. Her maw-like petals salivated in suspense, developing into spiky, flesh-covered appendages. They were suspended over a hole that went deeper into the plant. Ollie wasn’t sure if it was her mouth or her vagina, but neither option seemed appealing in the face of imminent digestion.

“Do you not have… sex for fun?” he asked. “Like, something casual?”

“No, no,” the dryad drawled, shaking her head. Some kind of powder floated down from the flower on her head. Suddenly, Ollie’s erection was painfully stiff. “Our males feast on the seed at our core and in turn, fertilize us as we digest them over the next year. The experience is bliss beyond imagination, but you two are… incompatible.”

Incompatible. Ollie and Julia exchanged glances. Incompatible was good, right? If they were incompatible, the dryad would let them go.

But the dryad did not let them go. Instead, she leaned forward, getting an indignant growl from Julia as her breasts fell between Ollie’s legs. She inspected his penis, humming, then lowered herself to inspect him.

“You are… aroused by her stomach?” the dryad asked.

Ollie blushed. Julia snickered.

“What? No. How can you… how can you tell?”

“Your pulse,” the dryad said. “It rises when you look at her stomach. Is that a normal part of human mating rituals?”

Julia looked like she was about to explode with laughter. The dryad continued to tilt her head from side to side, reading invisible expressions.

"You do like her stomach," she said slowly. "But you want to be inside of it?"

Julia howled.

Ollie spluttered.

"I… I don't… it's a…"

But then the dryad turned to Julia.

"And you… find sexual gratification in digesting these other humans? In him *seeing* you digest these other humans? In him participating in their disposal?"

"Whoa, whoa, whoa," Julia said, her blond hair bobbing as she shook her head vigorously. "Who said anything about disposal? Ollie, I don't… I mean if you wanted to see… fuck you, plant pervert, now you have me all confused! She means I like it when you rub my belly, Ollie."

Ollie wasn't sure that was 100% the truth, but he wasn't about to get sex counseling from a dryad who digested her partner over the course of a year. It was time to get out of the greenhouse.

"Miss…"

"Phyllis," the dryad hummed.

"Miss Phyllis," Ollie said carefully. "This has been informative and all, but we would like to leave now."

"Oh! You cannot do that."

"Why not?"

"I am hungry. No male has come to fertilize me yet. I require sustenance."

"Damn it," Julia snarled, gnawing at the vines as the dryad lowered them toward the hole. "Damn it, damn it, I do not want to become fertilizer! Ollie! Ollie, baby, we're going to be just fine! I'm going to chew my way out of here!"

Think, think, think!

The smell grew stronger the closer they got to the hole, the petals parting to reveal a fleshy cavern with a seed at the center. Certainly they would be closed off in the hole as it slowly digested them, bound in vines and unable to escape the deep, underground prison they were being kept in.

Ollie's cock throbbed as he thought. The damn powder was making him so hard that it was impossible to come up with a decent plan!

Unless…

"Julia, suck my dick!"

"Excuse me?!"

"No," Ollie yelled. "I'm close! Maybe if I, er, spread my seed, it will disrupt her somehow!"

***

"Deus Ex Sperm," Apolia giggled. "This really is a porno."

"Shut up," Bra'Zzel grumbled.

***

Julia had to swing herself over to him. Her stomach heaved with the effort, rebounding back and forth, drawing yells from her occupants as she managed to stretch the vines far enough to wrap her lips around Ollie's cock.

It didn't take long. The magic of the flower made sure of that. As soon as Julia gave him a hard suck, Ollie came, spraying his seed straight into the dryad's fucked up plant pussy.

Phyllis shuddered. Groaned. She groped her breast and arched her back and stretched to her full height, trembling as the hole beneath them clenched open and shut.

"Delicious," she said. "Delicious."

Ollie wasn't sure what he had been expecting. The sweet smell of her trap was making him dizzy. Despite the cum still trickling down his leg, his cock remained hard as Julia swung back into position. The plant shook.

Swayed.

And lowered them into her cavernous vagina.

"What is happening?" Julia asked as their feet splashed down in the saccharine liquid. The hole above them cinched like a sack, leaving only a bead of light to see by. They were still bound, tied by the vines. They tightened around Julia's breasts, her stomach; Ollie's chest and cock. Together, they were rubbed into the spongy walls where little villi, like miniature tongues, suckled their skin, eating away at their clothes.

"That was delectable," Phyllis said, her voice somehow resonating through her roots to boom around them. "A truly delightful offering. I need… *more."*

Ollie gasped as the vines squeezed his cock. He was lowered into the floor which opened slightly to admit him into the plant's warm, quivering folds. The vines rocked his body back and forth, stimulating him until he was babbling as Julia strained against her bindings.

But the plant was not just hungry for Ollie.

A vine slipped inside of her. Then a second. They hooked in her mouth and twisted around her breasts, activating her predator instincts as she swallowed automatically. The vines pushed into her stomach and soaked in the remains of her prey, rubbing her insides like a trapped victim might, pounding, swirling, until she came.

"Ollie," she croaked around the vines. "Ollie."

Ollie was on his stomach. In the dim, pink light, Julia could see that there was one hard spot amidst the porous walls: the seed they had seen earlier.

"Eat," Phyllis whispered, her voice a breeze in Julia's ear. "Partake of me."

"Ollie, don't," Julia said.

But Ollie had no choice. What Julia could not see in the darkness was that his clothes had all but been stripped away. His skin was starting to redden, itching in whatever sticky acids the plant had smeared on his body. The pollen kept his cock hard—painfully so—but after cumming three times, it felt like all of the liquid had been sucked out of his body.

He'd read something about these plants. The seed at their core was supposed to be prized by treasure hunters—the lizard, Fink, had talked about it before.

Between digestion and ingesting an unknown substance, Ollie chose the latter.

He took a bite of the seed.

A chill spread through him like he had just been doused in cold water. The ache in his back disappeared. All of the itching, biting abrasions from the acids disappeared in an instant, leaving him feeling better than he had in… well, he couldn't remember feeling *this* good.

So good, in fact, that when Phyllis pressed him into her walls, he came from the contact. Julia lashed out toward him, but the vines kept her immobile.

"It works," Ollie said as Phyllis moaned around them. "The seed will keep us alive."

Julia could feel the effects of the acids now. Her shirt was a puddle between her breasts and her skirt and panties were riddled with holes. A vine wiggled inside of her, trying to coax another orgasm, but Julia resisted.

"We have to get out of here," she insisted. "Ollie…"

But the insidious vines were moving again.

This time, when they hooked in Julia's cheeks, they pulled her mouth wide open. She bit down on them, tasting chlorophyll, but from their damaged tissue sprouted new vines, younger and stronger, pulling at her jaws. Other vines lifted Ollie and brought them to her mouth. As hard as Julia tried to close her throat, to avoid the inevitable, she could not.

“Eating him arouses you,” Phyllis said. “I believe it will make you taste all the sweeter. Come now, even if you digest him, a single bite of the seed will recover him to full strength. Haven’t you always wanted to try?”

I don’t want to do this, Ollie, Julia tried to say, but all she could do was waggle her tongue as saliva poured over her lips and onto her breasts, dripping down into the sizzling acids beneath.

Then the taste of Ollie was in Julia’s mouth. She had always loved the taste of him, even before she knew she was a predator, and now, with him pressed to her tongue, gliding down her throat, she couldn’t help but gulp and be filled with him; *really* filled, not just the simulation that the vines provided.

His heaviness shifted inside of her. She tasted his cock, his arousal a tangible thing as the vines released her lips, and she sucked on that too, gulping, letting him release in her throat. It stayed hard down her throat and into her stomach where it slid beneath her flesh, tucked away just how she liked it. The vines let her go and she crashed down into the puddle. Her stomach began to churn.

“No,” Julia said.

She clutched her stomach. Ollie, poor Ollie, wouldn’t last ten minutes with her as stimulated as she was. He was thrusting against her, oblivious to the danger.

Or maybe the danger was what he was getting off to.

They had roleplayed his digestion before. Julia liked to joke about the additions he would make to her chest and ass. Sometimes he would lay his head on her stomach and pretend like it was him instead of a large meal inside of her, jerking off to the gurgles and Julia’s little moans.

The vines explored her wetness as she knelt down next to the seed.

Her stomach churned, peristalsis hugging Ollie in its vice-like grip, preparing to turn him into mush.

“Delicious,” Phyllis said.



The plant shuddered. Liquid sprayed down on her from the roof.

"You have more time than you think. The seed will revive him from being nearly liquified. You could digest him right now with no repercussions."

"Let us go," Julia said.

Ollie sprayed her insides. She clutched his cock idly as he began humping again, stroking it, thinking, scheming in the dark.

"I will," Phyllis said. "In a year, once the seed is gone, but until then… enjoy yourself."

A thump from inside of her told Julia that Ollie was running out of time. She belched and the taste of him reassured himself on her tongue, spreading like fire down to her chest and groin. Her fingers went automatically between her legs as she bent forward, pressing her stomach down into the mush. Ollie lay cupped beneath her, softening, as she took a bite of the seed.

"Mmmpppph!"

"So soon?" Phyllis asked as Ollie's body rehardened, his shoulder pressing beneath Julia's breasts. "You could have digested him longer, you know."

"Are you okay?" Julia called.

Ollie took a moment to respond.

"I… that was…"

Hot.

Julia knew it and Ollie did too. They both sat there, embarrassed, soaking in stomach juices until the vines returned to prod them into action. They wrapped around Julia's stomach, squeezing; others joining her fingers between her legs. Julia's gut started to gurgle again as the cycle renewed.

And renewed.

And renewed.

And renewed.

The Gymnasium

Jasmine, Rhetta, Satia



The succubus sat resplendent on a throne of gym mats, presiding over her court of students that she had seduced. One by one, she would curl her finger, and they would come, leaving their ‘tribute’ in her dripping pussy, before going back to kneel on the floor.

“Their life force is exquisite,” Jasmine sighed, taking a goblet from the dragon beside her. The silver-horned beast glared at her, pulling at the ill-fitting maid outfit that she had been forced to wear. “I say, some of these people are actually begging me to eat them. Don’t they know how messy digestion can get?”

“You melt them into goo,” Rhetta growled. “What’s ‘messy’ about that? When can I take off this damn outfit?”

“When I say so,” Jasmine laughed. “It seems our ‘bets’ work in this world, too. If you make a promise to a demon, you better intend on keeping it.”

“That’s the problem.”

Rhetta’s eyes flicked to the high windows where a green blur briefly appeared, then vanished toward the tennis courts.

“We *don’t* know the rules of this world,” Rhetta said. “Everyone here seems to be under some illusion that they belong in this school despite the fact that some of the ‘students’ are over a thousand years old. There is a giant lizard woman torturing people in the girl’s bathroom—”

“She’s experimenting with potions,” Jasmine said, waving away the comment. “She’s merely testing their resistance to her stomach acids after ingesting various materials. Most of them digest right away. I’d hardly call that torture.”

“What about the giant fucking spider?” Rhetta said, pointing to the chapel. The entire structure was covered in webbing. Several wriggling specks could be seen stuck to its surface. “She eats dragons, Jasmine! It’s like, her thing! And then there’s the cat people and the giant snail and the ghosts and the witch and the pumpkin creature and the fish woman and the alien and the—”

“I get it, I get it! So what?”

“So what?!”

Another ‘student’ came forward, a man in his early-20’s, and deposited his tribute in Jasmine. Her tattoos glowed as she slurped at his life force, accidentally taking too much as the man’s eyes rolled back in mind-blanking orgasm.

“Oops,” Jasmine said.

Rhetta sighed and popped the man in her mouth. She didn’t chew before she swallowed.

“The ‘so what’ is that normally, we’re at the top of the food chain,” Rhetta said. “But here, in this world, we might not be.”

“Is the mighty dragon scared?” Jasmine scoffed. “What is wrong with you? What could be higher on the food chain than—”

BANG!

The doors of the gymnasium crashed open. A woman stood in the doorway, tall enough to fill the frame. She looked bashfully toward the pair on the pedestal, bowing low.

“My apologies,” she said. “This is the wrong classroom. I’ll leave.”

“Stay.”

Jasmine’s magic whipped around the woman like a lasso, bringing her into the room. As she ducked under the door, Jasmine noticed several things at once.

The woman was not human. She had wings on her back; thick, and feathered, and black like the void. She was not wearing the school uniform, but rather some kind of veil and crown. She had a tail. Her eyes were rainbow colored.

And she was radiating life force like the Fountain of fucking Youth.

“Come,” Jasmine demanded, practically salivating. “Come here, whatever you are.”

The woman nodded and bowed, approaching on clumsy feet. It seemed like she wasn’t used to walking, but rather being carried on a litter, or borne on her raven wings. As she passed the seduced supplicants, she paused.

Her amber stomach growled.

“Take one,” Jasmine said, earning a sharp look from Rhetta.

“Oh, goodness! Thank you!” the woman said.

She picked up a kneeling woman and kissed her brow, then swallowed her like she was swallowing water, packing her down in one, big gulp.

“That’s not a dragon,” Rhetta hissed. “What the fuck is that?”

“I don’t know,” Jasmine said. “But I aim to find out.”

The woman came to the bottom of the platform and waited like she expected Jasmine and Rhetta to kneel. When they didn’t, she tipped her head, confused.

“Oh!” she said. “I have failed to introduce myself. My name is Satia.”

“Hello, Satia,” Jasmine said, curling her tail up to brush the woman’s chin. “What the fuck are you?”

Satia stood to her full height, her hands crossed in front of her hips.

“I am a goddess,” she said.

Rhetta laughed.

“No you’re not,” she said, prodding Jasmine in the side. “Now that I get a good look at her, Jasmine, it’s obvious she’s a dragonkin. One dragon parent, one human parent. It’s a rare expression, sure, but not so uncommon that she can go around claiming to be a ‘goddess’.”

Jasmine raised a hand to silence Rhetta as Satia frowned. Whatever she was, ‘goddess’ or dragonkin, she was an all-you-can-eat-buffet for a demon like Jasmine.

“Sorry about her, sweet,” Jasmine said.

“Satia.”

“Sorry about her, Satia. She has no manners at all. Go get yourself something to eat, Rhetta, and let the big girls speak, hmm?”

Rhetta rolled her eyes and picked up two supplicants under her arms as she left the gymnasium. When Jasmine and Satia were alone, Jasmine licked her lips.

“A goddess,” she said. “How novel! I’ve never met a goddess before. Where do you come from, Satia?”

“An island,” Satia said, looking around again. She frowned as if forgetting something. “At least, I think I do.”

“You did,” Jasmine said. “But we’ve been transported here by some ill magic and our memories have been modified. Powerful creatures like ourselves are starting to wake up from this sorcery, thus

reclaiming our rightful place in the food chain. You, as a goddess, would be at the very top, yes?"

"Yes."

It was said with no humility at all. Satia truly believed that she was at the top of the food chain, goddess or not.

Delicious, Jasmine thought.

"You have honored me," Satia said. "Brought me into your home. Fed me. I must give you something in turn."

"Oh?" Jasmine asked. "What is that?"

"My blessing."

Jasmine leaned forward on her throne. Satia held her hands together as if in prayer, but her eyes were wide open, wings spread. Her stomach, as meek as it looked, had already digested the woman she'd swallowed. Bronze skin stretched over the gurgling remains as Jasmine scratched her chin.

"Your blessing," she said.

"Yes."

"And what does this blessing confer?"

"Paradise," Satia said with no trace of irony.

Jasmine leaned back. Well, she'd be damned! Paradise sounded pretty good after hundreds of cycles between Earth and Hell.

"And how does one get to Paradise?" Jasmine asked.

Satia pointed at her mouth.

Well of-fucking-course.

Jasmine slumped back down in her seat. Rhetta was going to laugh her ass off when she found out about this. The supposed 'goddess' was convinced that eating people led them to Paradise. That was like something Jasmine would come up with to devour gullible nerds!

But the wellspring of life force flowing from Satia gave her pause.

"So you… swallow people," Jasmine said. "And I suppose you digest them. Then… what? They go to Heaven?"

“Paradise,” Satia corrected, nodding. “But only those that say the right prayers and make congress with one of the priestesses.”

What kind of racket were these islanders running?! Whatever it was, Jasmine had to admire it! Convince the yokels that their ‘goddess’ sent them to heaven, then feed their problematic brutes to the clueless Dragonkin! Problem solved! The grift was so genius she wished she’d thought of it.

Jasmine chuckled to herself. The life force was probably a result of all of the sacrifices the Dragonkin had swallowed. Maybe there was some succubus in Satia after all. Who knows. What was important was that she was here now.

And an idiot.

“Okay,” Jasmine said. “You wish to confer this blessing to me, but you said I have to have congress with a priestess. I don’t see a priestess.”

Satia’s bronze cheeks darkened.

“I count as a priestess,” she admitted.

“Oh really?”

Jasmine stood. She and the ‘goddess’ were roughly the same height when level with each other. Satia glanced down at Jasmine’s naked body as the succubus ran a finger over her stomach, grinning as Satia responded to the touch.

“Alright,” Jasmine said. “Game on.”

The second she kissed Satia, she knew she’d made a mistake. She’d only intended to suck away a little life force, an amuse-bouche for the meal to come. Instead, it felt like she had tried to take a sip from a waterfall, filling with power so rapidly that she came away light-headed, stumbling back against her throne of gym mats.

Satia came toward her.

“Wait, wait,” Jasmine said, holding out her arm.

The goddess moved it aside and placed a knee between her legs, plump lips open to continue their congress. As Jasmine had been affected by her magic, so Satia had been affected by Jasmine’s. Every

sensation would be amplified to achieve maximum pleasure. Every kiss, every lick, and every rub would cause the equivalent of a miniature orgasm. And Satia was a predator, aroused by digestion, with a full stomach and a hunger that superseded even Jasmine's control.

"I will bring you to Paradise," Satia said, kissing along Jasmine's collarbone. Her mouth drew lower, lower, drawing a line from Jasmine's throat to her stomach. The demoness squirmed, hips bending to the will of her own lust, breathing heavily as Satia reached her pubic bone.

"Wait," Jasmine repeated, but there was no force behind the word. She was high from the life force she'd swallowed and, if the demoness could be said to have a type, it was Satia.

The dark-skinned goddess spread Jasmine's legs with her strong hands. Her wings folded behind her, her thick tail entwining with Jasmine's. Her rainbow eyes glimmered as she looked up at Jasmine from below and though Jasmine had seen the same sight a thousand times from supplicants, it was *her* that was being fed on this time, *her* that moaned as Satia brought her lips to Jasmine's and shuddered.

The gymnasium echoed with their pleasure.

When Satia was finished, she wiped her mouth. If the secretions of Jasmine's tongue were strong, then the aphrodisiac that her genitals provided were as potent as they came and Satia was smitten.

Her stomach growled as she crawled back down Jasmine's body and the demoness did not resist because she was curious now; curious as to what pleasures awaited her if she succumbed to the goddesses mouth even more than she had already had. When Satia arrived at Jasmine's feet, she kissed them.

Then she swallowed them.

Her mouth was as soft on the inside as it had been on the outside. Jasmine felt like she was sinking into pillows, each gulp cupping her legs, guiding her calves into Satia's luscious gullet to be caressed down into her perfect belly. Even the slurry of the supplicant, digested



into nothing but liquid, did not discourage Jasmine as her heels were baptized in Satia's stomach acids, the walls claiming her as quickly as the goddess whose mouth was already around her waist.

Jasmine was well-versed in giving pleasure. It was her job, after all, and she was no novice to taking it, but as Satia swallowed her, she experienced as pure a sensation of pleasure as she had ever given watching her body become a bulge and that bulge become Satia whose eyes shone with the same devotion.

As her breasts glided down the goddess's throat, Jasmine raised her arms and allowed herself to feel the full weight of Satia's satisfaction and it was, as Satia had promised, Paradise.

Then she was sinking, bending; being folded with biological efficiency the way that her own stomach folded prey. The walls shook as Satia came, clutching Jasmine in both hands, holding her toward the heavens.

"This is my blessing, my gift to you," Satia said. "For your kindness, you shall have Paradise."

Digestion hurt, but to Jasmine, the pain was as sweet as an orgasm.

And as the darkness crashed in, all of the villainy of her life faded with it; her predetermined destiny as a demon washed away in Satia's grace. It was as if her own wings, long dormant, were unfolding for the first time and Jasmine could hear bells and see light and smell the flowers of Heaven—

POP!

Then she was sitting naked on the gymnasium floor, Rhetta panting beside her, the summoning circle fizzling as the dragon closed her grimoire.

"That was fucking close," Rhetta said. "You were almost—"

"*You son of a bitch, I'll kill you*!"

Jasmine tackled Rhetta into a stack of chairs, strangling her with her bare hands as the dragon beat at her, fending off the nonsensical attack.

“What is wrong with you?” Rhetta yelled. “You gave me that damn book just in case something like this happened!”

“I. Was. In. Heaven!”

Jasmine was ferocious, but physically, Rhetta was stronger, and it did not take long for her to peel Jasmine’s hands off of her throat and pin her down beneath a knee. Jasmine growled and thrashed, but Rhetta held until the succubus finally went limp.

“Um…”

“Back away,” Rhetta said as Satia came to stand over them.

The goddess’s belly hadn’t yet receded from Jasmine’s time inside of it. It was still full and round, quivering slightly in confusion as to its missing meal. Satia came to squat next to Jasmine who looked up at her in adoration and heartbreak. The goddess’s mind would be clear of her influence by now, which meant that she would never again—

“Would you… like to maybe go on a date with me?”

“What?” Jasmine and Rhetta asked at the same time.

Satia blushed. Her tail wagged gently behind her.

“Um, it’s just that… you felt so good… and I didn’t know that you could reincarnate… I just thought…”

“Yes!” Jasmine shouted, pushing Rhetta off of her and taking Satia’s hands. “Yes, yes, a thousand times yes!”

The Chapter Where Everything Breaks Down In True "Down The Snake Throat" Fashion, But Differently, and Also A Dragon Sucks YOUR Cock.

Gandalf the Grey and Gandalf the White
And Monty Python and the Holy Grail's black knight
And Benito Mussolini and the Blue Meanie
And Cowboy Curtis and Jambi the Genie

A dozen orgies were breaking out around campus. The futas in the library were on round three. The drider in the chapel was 'playing' with a dozen students. The female version of Fink had teamed up with the witch to test potions that altered their victim's perception of time: A male student in Fink's stomach had been digesting for a year, forced to cum over and over and over again with the merest touch.

"Delicious," Apolia murmured. "Delicious."

Bra'Zzel was tied up beneath her, his face buried in her muff. It didn't matter if she drowned him—his summoning circle, the point at which he respawned in Hell, was under her ass. If she felt him go limp, all she had to do was wiggle her hips a bit and he'd be back in her cunt, safe and sound.

"Now what happens?" she asked.

There was a fizzle as Bra'Zzel expired, melting into shadow only to reform under her hips. She lifted her ass so that he could answer.

"If we leave them be," Bra'Zzel said, "they will self-destruct. Miriam isn't there to corral the bad ones, so once the dragons are done playing with their respective spouses, they'll probably get hungry and clear out the school. The stronger characters like Jasmine and Satia will put up a resistance, battle lines will get drawn, and then it's a melee."

"But you could just give them orders," Apolia said. "Nudge them like you did before."

She allowed Bra'Zzel to scramble out from under her, though she pinched his tiny sheep tail between two claws to make sure he didn't run off far. He harrumphed as he peered into the orb, taking in the changes. Apolia nibbled on his cute little tushie.

"Stop that!"

"Aww, but you like it!"

"We don't have much time. This all needs to wrap up before—"

CRACK!

The sound echoed across the Fields of Gluttony like a puncture wound in the universe—space itself shattering like glass to admit an entity larger than rationality. Then came a breeze through the window. Sour, like stomach acids, but also smelling faintly of roasted marshmallows.

"Honeeeeey, I'm hooooooome!"

ULP!

A hundred sinners unfortunate enough to be standing beneath the intruder were scooped up and swallowed in an instant. This was followed by the usual screaming, crying, and begging as another hundred voices went suddenly silent.

Apolia shot upright.

"Haha, this has been fun and all, but I have to go," she said, grabbing the orb from the pedestal.

She tugged at it and nothing happened.

Her panicked eyes swept to Bra'Zzel who stood in the middle of his summoning circle, stricken.

"Why can't I take the orb?" she asked.

"She wasn't supposed to be home for another week," Bra'Zzel said. "Oh dear, oh dear, and to serve her sister in that time… I am going to be punished most severely."

He was getting hard at the thought. Apolia slapped him.

"The orb!" she repeated as another gulp echoed across the Fields. "Why won't it move?"

"Because the story isn't finished," Bra'Zzel said.

“Then finish it?”

Bra’Zzel glared at her, dour.

“That’s what I’ve been trying to tell you,” he said. “We haven’t defined a conclusion yet. There is no overarching plot, no goals, no villain to be defeated. There has to be a… graduation moment.”

The gulping was getting closer. Miriam was enjoying her time back in her own domain, packing herself full for her return to her sweetheart.

“Graduation moment?!” Apolia said. She was running in circles, stuffing any sign of her intrusion into the only ‘pocket’ she had on her person. She headbutted the orb, but it didn’t budge. “What the hell does that mean?”

“Nothing,” Bra’Zzel shrugged. “It’s just an example of a way to end a school story. Graduation. School is out.”

“Great! Let’s do that!”

Apolia came to stand before the orb. She cleared her throat.

“School is out.”

“Wait!”

***

Bast was standing at the edge of the universe. It appeared to her like a chain link fence, the boundaries of the school defined by something mundane and human, but when she thought about pushing through the gate, something stopped her.

The first time she had tried to leave the school, she had simply turned around. She was halfway to math class when she remembered what she’d been trying to do, and had eaten a kobold in frustration.

“Kreck,” she said, picking at her teeth with his horn. “There’s something wrong with this place.”

The second time she tried, she’d ended up in the greenhouse. There had been some huge plant lady whipping her tentacles around, screaming about seeds, but Bast had roasted her into submission and

swallowed her whole. She'd tasted like eggplant and filled Bast for all of ten minutes.

"What do you think?" Bast asked.

Mable, Aria, and Lysander stood beside her. Bast would have rather it been just Lysander, but he was hopeless with magic, and as puny as the kitsune and cow girl were, they were surprisingly knowledgeable sometimes.

"It looks like a suburb," Lysander said.

"A suburb?"

"A village attached to a city. It looks like there are plenty of people around, but they can't see us."

Bast had already ascertained that. She'd shouted at the people walking along the strange, stone roads, demanding that they stop, but they ignored her. In fact, they didn't react at all to the giant dragon stomping her feet only a dozen steps from them, nor the two other dragons currently circling above.

Deirdre and Cerxis were also looking for a way out.

"So what?" Bast snorted. "We're trapped?"

Aria had a strange look on her face. She glanced at Lysander, the two sharing some kind of secret communion that Bast did not like at all. She was about to demand that they divulge their secret when Aria and Lysander gasped.

Mable was standing on the other side of the gate.

"How did you do that?" Bast demanded.

"I just walked," Mable said.

Lysander put out a cautious hand, then followed her onto the black, stone path. Aria followed a second later. Bast, skeptical, waited to see if they turned back toward the school, but Mable was already jogging toward one of the strange domiciles.

She stepped through the gate.

Overhead, the two dragons roared and whooshed past to explore their new territory. Across the school's courtyard, a fat lamia

sauntered through a different gate and swallowed the first woman that she saw.

"This is amazing!" Mable shouted. "Where are we?"

Lysander and Aria were conferencing in whispers. A man across the street stared at them, raising a shaking finger.

"Monster!" he screamed.

Bast pounced on him before he could run five steps, stuffing him in her mouth as Lysander shouted for her to stop.

"Wait, wait, that's just a normal—"

GULP!

Whatever he was, he tasted delicious. He was wearing some kind of fragrance that Bast didn't recognize—something warm and sweet and *tantalizing*. She licked her lips and burped. Lysander waved a hand in front of his nose.

"Was that guy wearing chocolate perfume?" he asked.

"What's chocolate?" Bast asked.

"It's a… type of food common to these parts."

Bast's stomach growled. There was another couple of humans walking toward them, staring down at some kind of flashing devices. Bast picked up one in each hand, fisting them into her throat as they shrieked in terror. When she swallowed, one of their flashing devices got stuck. She spat it out on her breasts, then picked up the saturated object and handed it to Lysander.

He winced.

"It's a phone," he said to Aria. "Modern."

"A phone?" Mable asked.

Her spotted stomach jiggled with two new additions. Lysander looked stricken but Aria just shrugged and snapped her fingers. A busty woman in nothing but lingerie appeared in the air before her. Aria sheathed the woman in her throat with a flick of her wrist.

"Aria!" Lysander said.

"What's wrong?" Bast asked. She was scanning the path for more humans. How many of the weak, delicious creatures lived in this



village? “You never chasten us for eating. I was under the impression that you quite liked it.”

Lysander’s lips flapped.

“But… but… ”

Cries were rising up from across the ‘suburb’ as Lysander called it. Another lamia, this one with a blindfold, had broken loose, as well as a pink-haired lizard woman almost as tall as Bast. The smell of smoke stung Bast’s nose.

The dragons were making short work of claiming their new territory.

***

“What is happening here?”

Bra’Zzel and Apolia hung by their tails from Miriam’s claws. The orb flashed, screams filtering through the crystal as an innocent human town was devastated by monster girls.

“I– I just wanted to come say hello,” Apolia stuttered, ears pinned to her head. As large as she was, she wasn’t even as large as Miriam’s maw. “I h– happened to bring my orb with me, which interested Bra’Zzel—”

“She came to poach sinners,” Bra’Zzel said.

“You rat,” Apolia hissed.

Miriam shook both of them, silencing them.

“Sister,” she said, her voice sickly sweet. “So nice to see you again outside of a conference. You really must come to dinner sometime.”

“Oh, you know the Fields of Lust,” Apolia chuckled nervously. “Busy, busy.”

“Mmm. And what’s your excuse?”

She narrowed her eyes at Bra’Zzel who did his best to shrug casually while upside-down.

“I– I was just being neighborly.”

“Oh?”

“S– she wanted to know about my stories, how they were going, and y– you were gone and you know how I have trouble writing when you’re—”

“So she was my *substitute*?”

“No!”

Miriam’s long tongue wrapped around Bra’Zzel, sucking him into her bottom lip. She swished him around her mouth for a second before depositing him dripping, still clutched in her claws, next to Apolia.

“You taste like her.”

Both Apolia and Bra’Zzel cringed. Miriam’s huge, yellow eyes went to the orb where Rosalind, the chubby goth predator, could be seen tying a shivering male to a chair while his presumed partner, a brunette female, hung halfway out of her ass. Rosalind made the man kiss his partner between her asscheeks before swallowing her into her rectum.

“Where is this?” Miriam asked.

“I– it was supposed to be a school,” Bra’Zzel said. “But they got loose.”

“Loose where?” Miriam asked, watching a werewolf pounce on an unsuspecting bicyclist. “This looks… modern.”

“Er… that’s kind of the problem.”

“The problem?”

Bra’Zzel yelped as she stroked his cheek with a claw longer than his entire torso.

“W– when a setting isn’t specified, it f-falls to the audience and most of the audience defaults.”

“To?”

“Their own realm.”

Apolia’s eyes widened.

“Wait, wait, he didn’t tell me that,” she said as Miriam slowly turned her gaze to her. “I didn’t know we’d set them loose in the

human realm! I thought it was a– like a pocket dimension kind of thing! There are modern settings! *Childhood Friend! Food for Thought! Rosalind*! M– maybe they're in one of those?"

"You've made a mess, Apolia."

Miriam raised the dragon higher by her tail as she thrashed and pleaded. Bra'Zzel dropped into Miriam's paw. She squeezed him until he gasped, then tucked him onto her tongue, his little goat hooves hanging down the back of her throat.

"No!" Apolia said. "Please! I didn't… we could have Bra'Zzel fix it! He can, can't he? Send them all home? O– or I can take care of them! I can eat them, please! What are you doing?"

The giant, red dragon was holding her over Bra'Zzel. The goat demon pushed futilely against Miriam's fingers, hooves clacking as they hit her palm.

"I'm punishing you," Miriam said. "Both of you. Open wide, Bra'Zzel."

"What?" Bra'Zzel gasped, looking up. "Wait, Miriam, she's too big! I've already done the pred thing in this book. The audience—"

"Wants to see you punished, I'm sure," Miriam said, lowering the struggling Apolia. "Open wide, my sweet. That's an order."

Bra'Zzel, unable to do anything but comply, opened his mouth as Miriam pressed Apolia's face into his waiting gullet.

He choked. Of course he choked. He wasn't used to a load this large, much less one as horned and squirmy as Apolia was. Her head stuck in his throat and his eyes went wide and his hands went to the bulge as his body rejected the intrusion.

But Bra'Zzel was also a servant of the Lord of Gluttony and as such, fell under her dominion. After a second, his throat began to stretch, and the bulge lowered past his chest, his ribs, his fluttering heart, to curl and thrash within his stomach which grew and grew, straining against his tee shirt until it popped and even still Miriam stuffed him, grinning, feeding him her sister in a constant press,

feeling her lover's stomach bloat to the size of a beach ball, then a tractor tire, then a full-grown dragon.

Bra'Zzel's cock thumped against the bottom of his abdomen. It was huge because all writer's cocks are huge, and it throbbed against the wriggling mass of scales and muscle that writhed within him. His mouth hung open, drool collecting on his bottom lip. Miriam wiped it away, giggling, as she tucked him into her throat—just enough so that she could still speak.

"Goodness, sometimes I think you forget that you're a predator," Miriam said. "We're going to have to fix that. Oh, no, no, don't pass out. I need you to tell me about *this*."

As easily as one would pluck a grape from its bunch, she picked up the orb and held it to his face. Bra'Zzel opened one eye, suppressing a belch, the tip of Apolia's tail still hanging from the side of his mouth.

"Argh rrrgh."

"Swallow, dear."

Straining, Bra'Zzel swallowed the tail.

"Random world," he said. "It's not… not the human realm. Or rather, it's *a* human realm, but not the one we pull sinners from."

"And them?" Miriam asked, nodding at the spider-eye view of eight different characters as they explored the town.

"Non-canon. Like all of the other crossovers."

"Okay."

With that, Miriam placed the orb on her tongue behind Bra'Zzel and swallowed it. It hardly made a dent going down her throat, though it did splash when it hit the slush in her bellies. She had eaten over a thousand sinners, after all.

It would be a shame to waste them.

"You're going to keep Apolia until she's digested."

"What? That will take, ***urp***, weeks!"

"Maybe months with your weak digestive system," Miriam admitted. "But I'll make sure someone takes over her duties while she



marinates in your gut. She'll respawn good as new, along with her orb and a *sense of humility,* once this is all over. Until then, you'll be monitoring the situation that you created."

Bra'Zzel groaned.

"Alright," he said. "Are you going to do cleanup?"

"Why should I? Let them take over this human realm. Maybe something interesting will come out of it. Something you can write about later."

"Ah."

He was sliding down the back of her tongue. His stomach weighed him down. Apolia couldn't teleport while she was inside of him, and she definitely couldn't teleport inside of Miriam. She was cursing up a storm, kicking and scratching, but all it did was make his erection throb.

"Are you disappointed?," Bra'Zzel asked as he reached the back of Miriam's throat. She bounced him around, positioning him so that he'd slide down feet first. "About me helping Apolia? She was, after all, trying to steal our sinners.."

Miriam swallowed him then, guiding his bulge and Apolia's down into her full, messy stomach, then settled to lick her claws.

"That's the funny thing, darling," she said. "If anyone reading this gets off to the concept of people eating each other; if they're aroused by mouths and throats and big, beautiful bellies; if they stroke themselves to casual cruelty, or digestion, or wholesome endo, then they already belong to me.

And I shall accommodate them."

Then Miriam comes through the screen and sucks YOUR respective genitalia, I suppose.

[The End]



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