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BACK DOWN THE
SNAKE THROAT



Back Down the Snake Throat

a Vore Crossover

by

Brazzel

art by

SeekGr

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Author's note:

Alright, so this book is stupid. Very stupid. If you haven't read *Down the Snake Throat*, no worries! The basic premise is that a selection of the most popular Snakethroat Books characters were summoned to fight (and eat) each other in an arena. This book is the same, albeit, instead of a battle royale, the characters find themselves in a game show.

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 ~~transparently-veiled author self insert~~ Demon Lord of Causality who amuses himself by writing stories using a magical microphone. He is the canonical 'author' of the shared universes and the underling of Miriam.

This book will break the fourth wall. This book will address the audience. This book is *not* canon and if you ask me if it's canon I swear to the gods that I will find you and shove this book straight up your---

Hope you enjoy,

Brazzel

“My readers will surely flay me alive for this lack of consistency!”

“Vore game show.”

“What?”

“Vore. Game show.”

Bra’Zzel swept aside a pile of empty coffee cans on his desk and raised a bandaged paw to point at the blackboard. Miriam ignored his bloodshot eyes and focused on the mess of glowing runes.

“You’re off your nut,” she yawned.

When Bra’Zzel didn’t turn to stare at her maw, she yawned wider, letting her tongue unfurl through the window to tickle his fuzzy rear. He jumped, jittery, and pulled himself away from the runes. A sheaf of papers was hugged to his chest.

“Don’t do that,” he snapped. “This is it, Miriam! The framing that I’ve been looking for! It’s episodic enough to account for multiple different types of vore while—*oh dear.*”

Miriam’s tongue flicked between his legs. The goat-headed demon wore no pants, thus there was no impediment when the spongy membrane of his master’s tongue folded around his cock, tugging him insistently toward the window.

“You need a break,” Miriam said.

“I need a break,” Bra’Zzel agreed.

“Tell me about this game show.”

Enormous fangs framed the flesh of the dragon’s maw. Miriam’s tongue bullied Bra’Zzel forward until he was level with her bottom lip. He gripped his master’s fang as he stepped into the dripping cavern, placing himself gingerly in the center of her mouth. Miriam bounced him on her tongue, but she didn’t swallow.

“Do you actually want to know?” Bra’Zzel asked.

“I’m interested in your projects.”

“You’re getting my papers wet.”

The tip of Miriam’s tongue slithered between his arms. She swallowed the papers with a soft *glik*, making sure to exaggerate the motion so that Bra’Zzel could feel the muscles in her throat working in blissful tandem. The demon babbled something incoherent. There

was so much caffeine in his blood that Miriam surmised that, should she digest him, she'd feel the buzz herself.

Oh well, she thought, sucking idly at his cock. *If this is what it takes to produce a new crossover, I'd let him snort* ***[redacted]*** *off of my* ***[definitely redacted]*** *and then pound him straight into my* ***[oh my god, cut the video].***

Game show. This book is about a game show. But not the game show in *Blind Date with a Belly*. Hey, that's another Snakethroat book! Aren't I clever? You should go and read–

[The author has been lobotomized]

Enjoy.



Magical Bullshit Happens and the Contestants are Summoned

Prey.

Lysander stared up at the blinking sign, rubbing his eyes. The white industrial lights buzzed overhead, illuminating the circular room.

Was he...dead?

He checked the runes on his forearm—no, he wasn't dead. He still had all three resurrections left.

"Are you okay?"

A blurry face appeared in his vision. Lysander blinked at the slender hand being offered to him by the youth. The boy was college-aged, tan, with long, black hair pulled up in a ponytail. Lysander took the hand and allowed himself to be pulled to his feet. Others were milling around the room, whispering among themselves.

"Where am I?" Lysander asked.

The boy shrugged.

"Dunno," he said. "We all just kind of...woke up here. I'm Astra, by the way."

"Lysander."

They shook hands. Lysander wondered when the last time he shook hands was. In his world, most of the occupants had claws or paws, and eating people was the most popular form of greeting. Shaking hands with a T-shirt-wearing college kid was the closest he had come to normalcy in a long time, not that there weren't a few oddities among the crowd.

The easiest to identify was the naked goblin attached to Astra's hip. Her pointed ears swiveled as she clutched at his jeans, glaring at everyone and everything while muttering to herself. The other was a

pink-haired lizardman with goggles who seemed to be giving a heated lecture to a barrel-chested fellow in medieval garb.

The pink-haired lizardman was waving his arms for emphasis.

“No, no, lamia are ginormous,” he said. “Mountain-sized, ravenous. What you’re referring to are nylla.”

“Naw,” the barrel-chested man said, rubbing the heel of his palm against his brown forehead. “Gladdis is definitely huge, but she isn’t mountain-sized. And the girl I was talking about is a basilisk—a different kind of lamia that can turn people to stone.”

“A medusa.”

Lysander tuned out their squabbling. There was a group of four huddled in the corner with their heads together—two men, two women. One of the men was taller, with a facial scar; the other dressed like a goth. The women looked to be in their early twenties.

The blonde stood a bit separate from the group, arms folded across her chest, while the black-haired girl with glasses had an arm over the goth’s shoulders. They all looked relatively modern.

“This is strange,” Lysander said.

“I agree,” Astra nodded, ruffling the goblin girl’s shaggy hair. “One moment I’m in the dorms, and the next I’m here. I thought someone had snuck me a pill.”

“Not Grendel,” the goblin growled. “Why door say prey? No prey. Predator.”

That had confused Lysander as well. Goblins in his world were weak, but they were considered predators. Dangerous ones, actually—especially when you got a large group of them. That went double for the reddish kobold standing by the door. His presence was oddly familiar.

Static crackled from overhead. Everyone looked up toward a speaker that had suddenly appeared in the ceiling.

"Welcome, contestants, to the second annual Snakethroat games," came a grainy voice. **"You will each be competing in a**

series of events, predators versus prey, to determine once and for all which is superior."

Lysander wasn't the only one whose eyes widened. The four-stack in the corner began to speak in panicked whispers. The barrel-chested bard scratched his cheek. Astra put a comforting arm around Grendel's shoulders. The goblin sniffed.

"Of course predator superior," she said, stating the obvious. "Why game?"

Don't be hasty!" the pink-haired lizardman said. He was practically bouncing on his feet as he addressed the room. "This is a great opportunity to study what must be a staggering variety of predators from all kinds of places. My friend Dean has been telling me that the lamia of his hometown only measure up to thirty feet from tip to tail on average! Now, I still believe he's referring to nylla—"

"There are nylla where I'm from, too," Astra offered.

"Hold on. Lamia are real?" The goth from the corner group was staring at Grendel in awe. The black-haired girl pulled him away, her whisper carrying in the tiny room.

"This isn't one of your dungeons and whatever, Critter! Obviously this is some kind of prank."

"Look at that thing and tell me it isn't a real-ass goblin, Eve!"

The room descended into panicked whispers.

Lysander, equipped to handle strangeness of all varieties, tuned it out. He focused on reactions.

The lizardman was the most enthusiastic. The barrel-chested man didn't seem alarmed by him—and he came from a world with lamia, so he was probably used to monsters. But the group in the corner?

The blonde was eyeing the kobold with concern. Lysander was pretty sure that Eve had made a Dungeons and Dragons reference.

Were they normal humans? From Earth?

"Hey," Lysander called, focusing on the tall man with the eye scar. The man pointed at himself, then trotted over.

“What’s up?” he asked.

Grendel sniffed his leg and the man jumped. Astra pulled Grendel away by her ear, chastening her under his breath.

“What, uh, is that?” the man asked.

“A goblin,” Lysander said, extending a hand. The man shook it without looking. He was too busy tracking the kobold who was pacing by the door. “Um, you don’t have goblins where you’re from?”

“What? No. They’re, um, fictional. Or so I thought.”

“So did I, once,” Lysander sighed. “I’m Lysander, by the way.”

“Ollie,” the man said, pointing at his crew. “The one with all of the piercings is Critter and the gal in the glasses is Evangeline. The other girl, the blonde, we just met. Says her name’s Lovernia. You say you *used* to think goblins were fictional?”

“Long story.”

“Are we introducing ourselves?”

The pink-haired lizardman had appeared at Lysander’s elbow. The barrel-chested bard followed at a reasonable distance.

“Fink,” said the lizardman, spitting on his palm. He extended it first to Ollie, then to Lysander. Ollie flinched away, but Lysander spat on his own palm, shaking without a thought. “I couldn’t help but overhear your names. That’s–”

“–Dean,” finished the barrel-chested man. He extended a hand, spit free, which Ollie took. “I’m thinking that this here is a right mix-up. I’ve traveled most of the world and I haven’t ever heard of Fink’s home, nor half the creatures he says live there. I’m a cloth merchant by trade and yet I couldn’t tell you what their–” he nodded at the corner crew. “–clothes are made out of. What the hell are their shoes?”

“These?” Ollie asked, raising a sneaker. “Uh, rubber, I think.”

“Rubber?”

“So we all come from different worlds.”

The speaker was the blonde girl, the odd one out from the corner crew. She scratched at her elbow, lowering her head when all eyes

turned toward her. “My, uh, world has predators, but they’re all beastfolk. Humans with animal characteristics. My partner is one.”

“My partner is also a predator,” Ollie offered. “But in our world–” he circled his hand toward Critter and Evangeline, “–predators are just people who can swallow others whole. They’re usually a bit taller than non-preds.”

“My world didn’t used to have predators,” Lysander said, raising a hand. “I mean, I came from Earth. Eating people, swallowing them whole? Impossible. Then I got reincarnated in a world where eating people is really common. We’ve got beastfolk, too, as well as dragons, kobolds, and goblins.”

“Monster girls,” Astra said.

“Just plain ol’ monsters in our parts,” Dean shrugged.

“Is everyone here dating a predator?” Critter asked.

There was the sound of shuffling feet. Lysander took that as just about confirmation when a derisive snort went up from the other side of the room. It was the kobold.

“Kreck no know what you all talkabout,” he said, thumping his chest. “But Kreck no prey! Kreck predator! Proud warrior who serve the Kobold Queen.”

Now Lysander knew where he had seen Kreck before! But that was…that was impossible. He had *watched* Kreck disappear down the throat of the Kobold Queen. Not only did that mean that Kreck came from his own world, but that he could also resurrect like Lysander. Or…maybe the whole timestream was fucked up.

“O-kay,” crackled the voice on the intercom, causing everyone to jump. **“So before anyone else gains self-awareness, let’s move on! We have just two more contestants to introduce and they’re spicy ones!”**

“So we’re going to have to compete with predators,” Lovernia said, her head suddenly jerking upright. “*Our* predators. *Each other’s* predators.”

“Oh shit,” Fink said, fingering his satchel. For the first time, his confident smile flickered. “That means Bella. She’s…a lot.”

“Ink,” Dean said, biting his lip. “And/or Gladdis. Both lamias, both enormous.”

“Fae,” Lovernia said. “Wolf girl.”

“Julia, Honey, and Celestia,” Critter groaned. “Huge, hungry gals.”

“I’ve got a…few,” Astra said with a blush. Grendel had climbed up onto his shoulders. Her chubby thighs framed his jaw. “Most threatening is probably Ophelia. She’s a nylla or lamia or whatever you call women with snake bodies in your worlds. Penelope and Boo are close seconds.”

The group looked around to see who hadn’t gone. Lysander was clutching his stomach, breathing through his mouth to clear the tightness in his chest. Dean noticed and put a hand on his back. Lysander gulped around the knot in his throat and raised a finger.

“Um, Bast, Mable, and Aria,” he said. “All magical, all problems. Bast could probably kill everyone in this room without breaking a sweat.”

An awkward silence settled over the room. The only two who didn’t look concerned were Dean and Fink.

“Amazing,” Fink was muttering. “What manner of predators are they? How does their magic work? Will normal countermeasures…hmm…”

Just as it looked like the room was about to break out into a panic, Dean cleared his throat.

“It’s, er, a bit of a trade secret,” he said. “But I’m immune to magic. So, if it really comes down to handling them, maybe I could be a secret weapon? At least, if we surprise them, we’ll have a chance.”

Shoulders lowered. Astra raised a hand.

“Right,” Astra said. “And nobody said we had to fight them, yeah? We just have to compete in games.”

“That’s right,” Critter chimed.

“But why are we here?” Lovernia asked.

“*How* are we here?” Eve doubled.

“The intercom said there would be two more contestants,” Ollie said. “So long as their partners aren’t too strong, I think we’ve got a good chance.”

THUD! THUD!

Two bodies appeared in thin air, materializing in the middle of the group. They both hit the ground, groaning, raising their heads at the same time.

One was a plain-looking young man with a large scar bisecting his nose. The other was a man in a lab coat. Before either of them could get their bearings, Dean and Lysander hauled them to their feet. Fink skidded to a halt in front of them.

“Quick,” he said. “Your partners, your lovers, the predators that you’re dating: What are they?”

Both of them men blinked in surprise and scratched their heads. Then, in unison:

“A dragon.”

Lysander let out a soft laugh.

“We’re so fucked.”

The First Course

The two newest contestants were named Sloan and Felix, and they presented a problem. One came with a full-sized dragon, maybe two, and the other came with a 12-foot-tall wyrm. Ollie put a finger to his mouth and bit his knuckle.

"I never thought I'd say this, but Julia, Celestia, and Honey might be outclassed here," he said, back in the corner with Critter and Eve. Lovernia was hovering near his shoulder. "It's a good thing that the competition is 'predator vs. prey' and not 'predator vs. predator,' or they'd be going up against some pretty gnarly monsters."

"A real dragon," Critter mumbled, staring up at the ceiling. "I can't believe we might see a real dragon."

"That dragon might eat us, you dork," Evangeline said. She kept taking off her glasses and cleaning them on her shirt. The constant motion was making Ollie tense. "How are we supposed to beat these…creatures?"

A buzzer sounded, and the door of the tiny room began to open.

"I don't know," Ollie breathed. "But I think we're about to find out."

Kreck was the first through the door, followed by Fink and Dean, then the dragon-fuckers, and finally Lysander and Astra. Lysander's goblin stood in the doorway with her hands on her ample hips. Her bare, green ass swayed as she shook her head.

"This is wrong," she said. "Grendel predator." She turned to Ollie and pointed at her mouth. She had sharp, yellow teeth, and by the way her jaw stretched, Ollie had no doubt that she could swallow him whole. "Wanna see?"

"Er, no," Ollie said. "We believe you."

Grendel shrugged and skipped through the door. Critter pushed Evangeline away. She had been clinging to his bicep.

“That thing scares the shit out of me,” Evangeline said. “Its ears.”

“I’d be more concerned about its mouth,” Critter laughed. “But yeah, same. It’s one thing to see monsters in games, and a whole ‘nother to find out that they’re real.”

Ollie looked back at Lovernia to see her frowning. Perhaps she was thinking of her own, wolf-eared companion. Bracing himself, he stepped into the doorway and found himself in a short hallway that let out into a dark room. The others were crowded on a platform, squinting at the vague shadows that dotted the massive space.

“What is this?” Lysander asked.

All at once, a flood of lights appeared overhead. Ollie put a hand to his eyes, blinking, then gasped.

The room was too big. That was Ollie’s first thought as he looked out upon the vast, artificial canyon. The space stretched out like a stadium, but the walls weren’t lined with seats—just sheer, jagged metal panels bolted together, casting crooked shadows under the overhead lights. The ceiling was so high it disappeared into darkness, and somewhere above, unseen cameras whirred softly, watching.

Ahead of him, the canyon yawned wide, its bottom a tangled network of caves, their mouths gaping like hungry things. The rock formations were fake, but they looked real enough, damp and craggy, twisting down into tunnels that disappeared beneath the course. The rules were clear—if they fell, they could keep going through the caves. But no one knew what else might be down there.

Above, the high ropes course stretched across the divide like a cruel joke. Narrow wooden planks, hanging ladders, thin rope bridges swayed gently, waiting. Some sections had nothing but a single steel cable, daring them to walk it like a tightrope. There were no harnesses, no safety lines. Only the sloping nets stretched beneath them like spiderwebs, promising a catch, but not a soft landing.

Ollie flexed his fingers. The air smelled of machine oil and cold stone. The contestants exchanged uneasy glances, each one sizing up the course, calculating risk. No one spoke, but the same thought ran through all of them.

What happens if you fall?

And worse—what happens when you land?

"Welcome," came the voice over the intercom. **"To the first challenge. The rules are simple: make it to the other side of the room without being eaten."**

"Eaten?" Fink called. His tail was wagging like an excited puppy. "By what?"

Something moved in the caves beneath them. Ollie was the first to see it, the hair on his arms rising as a thick, purple tail disappeared behind a rock. He nudged Felix, the man in the lab coat, and pointed toward the shadowy outline.

"Is that yours?" he asked.

Felix leaned over the edge of the platform. Instinctively, Ollie grabbed for his shirt, but the veterinarian's balance was impeccable. "Carmen?" he yelled. "Is that you… sweetheart?"

A sinister chuckle echoed off the walls. Evangeline took a step back from the ledge, shaking, but Critter ran to join Astra, Felix, and the rest of the contestants peering toward the massive shape lumbering in the caves.

"Why don't you come down here and find out, Felix?" the gravelly voice purred. Ollie caught a flash of sharp teeth and a large, pink belly. "I won't bite."

"But you'll swallow," Felix said.

Another chuckle.

"You like it when I swallow."

"O-kay," Felix said, turning to the group. "So, um, don't fall. Carmen's not fast, but her sense of smell is excellent. If you do fall, run."

"Great advice," Critter murmured.

Ollie was about to climb up to survey the ropes course when he noticed that Evangeline had slumped to the floor. Her arms encircled her legs, eyes wide behind her thick glasses. Lovernia knelt beside her, talking in a low voice.

"What's up?" he asked.

"Afraid of heights," Lovernia said, wiping a bead of sweat from her brow. "From what I gather, at least. She got close to the ledge and then turned green. Does anyone have water or anything?"

The people closest to them shook their heads. Ollie sat down in front of Evangeline and took her hand.

"You good?" he asked.

Evangeline shook her head. Her chest rose and fell in quick bursts.

"Alright," Ollie said. "Let's get you back to the other room."

"Door's gone," Lovernia said.

Ollie looked up. Sure enough, the door that they had passed through had vanished. In its place was a black, matte wall. He stood and put a hand on it. It was solid.

"What the fuck?" he muttered.

"Come on," came a voice from overhead. Fink was already scaling the ropes that led to the start of the course. For a lizard, he climbed with little grace—what he lacked in coordination was made up for in enthusiasm. "The quicker we start, the quicker we can find out which predators they selected for this game!"

They. Ollie had been thinking a lot about *them* ever since the first announcement. Who had trapped them in his place? Had they been kidnapped? Teleported? Was any of this real, or was this just a dream that he couldn't wake up from? There was a hole burnt into the sleeve of his shirt from Julia's stomach acids. He put a finger in it and tore, coming away with a scrap of fabric.

"Here," he said, handing it to Lovernia. "Let's make a blindfold for Eve. You and I can help her navigate the course…if that's okay with you."

Lovernia had raised an eyebrow at him. Ollie opened his mouth to apologize, but then she nodded.

"Good plan," she said.

"S-sorry," Evangeline mumbled as Lovernia placed the fabric over her eyes and tied it off behind her ears. "It's a phobia. I'm really sorry."

"You're fine," Ollie said. He hooked an arm under her armpit. Lovernia took the other side. "Come on, Eve. We'll get you through this."

Critter had gone ahead to scout behind Fink. Krek was a shadow on the horizon. Lysander and Astra were helping the goblin climb the human-spaced ropes while Dean lifted Felix and Sloan up to a higher platform where the bridges seemed more stable. The buff man cupped his hands together, dipping his chin toward them.

"Want up?" he asked.

"Please," Ollie said.

He was the first to step into Dean's hands and was amazed to find that the man lifted him with no apparent effort, placing him on the platform above. He did the same for Lovernia, then carried the whimpering Evangeline. Ollie adjusted her blindfold as he planned their route.

"These wider bridges get us to the middle of the room," he said. "Then they get smaller and smaller. But, if we fall, we might be able to catch the tightropes underneath."

"Let's not fall," Dean said.

Fink and Critter were midway through the obstacle course. Fink jumped from bridge to bridge, deftly maneuvering toward the thinner sections in the middle while Critter imitated his footfalls. Ollie couldn't help but smile as he watched his friend navigate a beam with his tongue hanging out of the side of his mouth. Critter loved games. He was just about to reach for a fuzzy yellow rope to swing across the gap when Dean cried out.

"Don't touch that!"

“Huh?”

Critter looked over his shoulder, stumbling on the platform. He clung to the rope to avoid falling and in doing so, sealed his own fate.

The rope coiled around his waist.

“What do we have here?” came a sibilant hiss. “A skinny young human? There isn’t much meat on your bones, but I’m oh so hungry.”

The yellow ‘rope’ tightened around Critter, squeezing him until he gasped for air. A face descended from the darkness above him, then a torso, then a thick, yellow-furred tail. Critter thrashed in the grasp of the lamia, but her grip was absolute. She heaved him toward her open maw.

“Ink!”

The lamia looked toward Dean, already running across the wooden bridges. Ollie, stunned, shook himself free of the initial shock and charged after him. Though the lamia was wearing a blindfold, she seemed to recognize Dean.

“You’re here, too?” she asked, her mouth curving into a cruel smile. “What a treat! Once I’m finished swallowing all of these morsels, we can have some fun.”

More of the lamia became visible as she wound around the bridge. Fink, already past, ogled her from behind while the other prey stopped in their tracks. She was huge—bigger than Julia and Honey combined—and Ollie could tell from a glance that she meant to swallow Critter whole.

Critter’s boots kicked uselessly against empty night while Ink’s prehensile tail hoisted him higher—an executioner raising a blade. His curses dissolved into breathless whimpers the moment her humid exhale ghosted over his shoulder blades.

“Easy now,” she purred, keeping her voice low. Her forked tongue flicked out, a teasing caress that traced the outline of his ribs through his thin shirt. He shuddered. The tongue withdrew, only to return and lap across his stomach in one, slow ribbon of saliva that left the fabric clinging transparently to skin.

Dean froze mid-stride; Fink's jaw worked, no sound emerging except the soft chuff of arousal. Ollie tried to jolt forward, but he knew it would be too late. Lovernia put a hand out to stop him as he almost fell off the platform.

Ink tipped her head back, throat bobbing in anticipation. She let gravity do the work—released her grip and simply *opened*.

Critter dropped.

His scream cut off the instant glossy lips sealed around his shoulders. Ink's cheeks hollowed with a practiced swallow, drawing him deeper, inch by succulent inch.

ULP!

The sound vibrated down through the coils that anchored her to the bridge. A tremor of pleasure rippled along her serpentine length, scales rasping against wood as she tightened in reflex. Lantern light danced over the bulge of Critter's knees sliding past the column of her throat, his features momentarily visible beneath taut, glistening skin.

Inside, Critter fought. The bulge squirmed; Ink's throat kneaded. She hummed, a sultry note that travelled through her flesh and into him, coaxing resistance into helpless twitches. Lump by lump, he vanished: waist, hips, thighs. Each swallow pulled more of him from cavern air into molten darkness.

When only his head remained, Ink paused. She stroked her tongue over his cheeks, savoring him for a moment more. Then, with a playful flick, she sucked him past her lips.

Gllk.

The swell of Critter's form pushed briefly at the curve of her human belly—so tight the seams of her creaked—before another peristaltic squeeze ushered him along, smoothing the bulge into her python-thick tail. Scales bulged, stretched, caressed their captive shape as it travelled downward toward the deeper coils of her gut.

Ink exhaled, lashes fluttering, the picture of languid satisfaction.



“Mmm… delightful.” She traced a lazy circle over the traveling outline with her fingertips, earning a muffled gasp from somewhere inside. “You’ll wriggle for me awhile yet, won’t you, sweet thing?”

The bridge remained quiet save for the creak of boards and the wet churn within her. Fink swallowed hard; Dean’s knuckles whitened on the ropes of the bridge. Ollie’s shout died in his throat as Ink’s blindfolded gaze cut to him—predatory, inviting, impossible to refuse.

Critter’s contours slid deeper into the lamia’s length, vanishing beneath opalescent scales, until only a faint, restless ripple betrayed his existence. Ink patted the final swell fondly, like a baker checking proofed dough, and let a satisfied sigh escape her lips.

“Now,” she said, “who’s next?”

Dean was cursing under his breath. They were three bridges away. He stepped onto the next one, arms pumping, and then–

CRACK!

The bridge broke beneath him.

Dean’s shocked face vanished over the ledge as Ollie dove, hand outstretched. It was an instinctive response; a heroic one. However, he failed to account for the larger man’s weight as Dean grabbed his wrist, pulling him over the side.

“Ollie!” he heard Evangeline scream.

The last thing he saw before he hit the net was Evangeline’s shocked expression as Lovernia held her back.

WHUMP!

“Ow!”

Ollie’s arm caught in the ropes and wrenched horribly as he rolled toward the caves. He cradled it, gasping, covering his head, then hit the packed dirt at the bottom of the obstacle course a second behind Dean. The big man was laying on his back, winded.

“Sorry,” Dean rasped.

“My bad,” Ollie muttered.

He tried to pull Dean up with his injured arm and nearly passed out from pain. They had fallen into a depression between two caves—one leading forward and one leading back.

And something was thumping toward them.

"We gotta move," Ollie said, lending Dean his uninjured arm. Dean got to his feet and bent double, then took in a deep breath. Together, they stumbled into the cave in front of them.

The ground slanted unevenly beneath them, providing hazardous terrain as they wandered through the dark. Ollie kept his hand out, brushing the walls, his heart pounding wildly as the thudding footsteps followed them into the cave. Dean was ahead of him by a few feet. Every couple of seconds, he'd call out instructions.

"Left. Right. Right. Duck your head."

There was no way to tell if they were going the right direction. The thudding footsteps were getting closer, tracking them through the rope-laced depressions that pitted the bottom of the obstacle course. Whenever they reached a new pit, Ollie would risk a glance up. He thought he saw Fink leading Sloan over a tightrope, but by then he could hear heavy breathing as well as the footsteps, so he kept moving.

About 80% of the way to the finish line, Ollie tripped.

"Ow, fuck," he muttered.

The cave, pitch black, had diverged into a honeycomb of different hallways. Dean, huffing and puffing, had gone left while Ollie, unaware of the split, had gone right. He got to his feet, intending to follow, but then he heard a growl. There were eyes glowing in the darkness, zeroed in on his position. Pushing off, Ollie sprinted down the tunnel.

"Run, run, as fast as you can. Here comes the dragon with a taste for man."

Lost, heedless of caution, Ollie delved deeper into the caves. Sooner or later he would reach an opening, right? Sooner or later, he'd reach the finish. But the further he ran, the more the dread in his

stomach grew. He'd taken a wrong turn somewhere. He could be back at the start for all he knew.

Then he hit a dead end.

When he turned around, the dragon was there.

He could only see her eyes at first. They were a luminescent pink and mischievous, narrowed in assurance of a meal. Ollie pressed his back into the wall, scratching at the solid rock as a glow pulsed in the dragon's chest. He could see the outline of sharp teeth, large breasts, and a huge, sagging belly. Her tail dragged across the stone as she stepped toward him. Ollie ducked down in fear.

"I was hoping to catch the fat one," the dragon said. What had Felix called her? Carmen? "But I guess you'll do."

"C-Carmen," Ollie stuttered. He followed the cave wall, scooting to the left. Carmen tracked his movements with a lazy twist of her head. Her bulk blocked the entire exit. He'd have to dive through his legs if he was going to escape. "Felix told us all about you. He really undersold your beauty."

A malicious chuckle.

"Flattery will get you nowhere," Carmen said. "Except for a spot in my stomach."

She blew out a small flicker of fire and Ollie's heart sank. In the dancing light, he saw the true size of the beast that stood before him and knew that even if he passed through her legs, a single swipe of her tail would splatter him against the wall.

Was that better than being digested?

Carmen smiled, relishing his indecision. She licked her broad lips, crouching so that her massive stomach bunched between her legs. A slow rumble filled the hallway. Ollie whimpered as a clawed hand cupped his cheek.

"Shh, shh, it's okay," Carmen said. "This is all just a game. Once I swallow you, you'll wake up safe and sound back in your bed."

"Really?" Ollie asked, daring to feel a twinge of hope.



Carmen's maw widened, tongue lolling to the side as her neck darted forward. Ollie felt a wet slurp, then a gulp, then a squeeze as the flesh of her throat carried him deep into her fat, dragon belly.

"Fuck if I know," Carmen belched. "Now digest like a good little prey-thing."

Sumo

“Two contestants have been eliminated!”

Predators: 2
Prey: 0

Lovernia hugged the crying Evangeline to her chest. They stood in a waiting area—another white room with featureless walls—as the announcer gleefully called out the score. Dean stood off to the side, pale-faced. Evangeline jabbed a finger in his direction.

“He tried to save you,” she sobbed. “How did he die?”

“I don’t know,” Dean said quietly. “We got lost. I ran.”

“It’s a miracle that we made it past the lamia,” Lovernia said.

The weird lizardman had helped them the most, taunting the lamia or basilisk or whatever she was into following him so they could race to the exit. There, they found Kreck picking his teeth.

“Prey things get what prey things deserve,” the kobold grunted.

Now they were ostracizing him, not that the vile little creature seemed to mind. He paced the far end of the room, rubbing his clawed hands together as the announcer’s voice came back over the intercom.

“The next game will be a test of strength.”

One of the wall panels slid back to reveal a window. Lovernia pressed her palms against it, but the glass was cold, numbing. She swallowed hard. The arena beyond was too bright, too empty—like a spotlight had been cast on a stage where something awful was about to happen.

The floor was soft, thick gym mats stretching from wall to wall, but that didn’t make her feel any safer. It made her uneasy. Soft floors meant hard falls. It meant there’d be no excuse for holding back. In the center, the red circle stood out like a bloodstain, bold and inescapable. That was where they’d fight. Not with weapons, but with

force. Hands grasping, bodies colliding, people driving each other out like animals scrambling for dominance.

Her stomach twisted.

But the worst part wasn't the circle. It was the chambers.

Across the arena, the glass cells stood in a neat row like display cases. The contestants trapped inside didn't move, just stared out at the arena, their features indistinct under the harsh lights. Some looked like tall humans. Some had animal features. The pièce de résistance was a ten-foot-tall giantess with a cowboy hat. Fink pressed his nose to the window and whistled.

"Yep, that's Bella," he said.

"Can we beat her?" Lysander asked.

Fink shrugged. Not exactly reassuring. As for the other predators, Lovernia focused on the one in the leftmost chamber. She was human-sized and crouched in the corner. Lovernia thought that the red blobs above her head, drowned in the light, might just be wolf ears—maybe fox ears. Apparently, Lysander thought the same.

"Is that your girlfriend?" he asked, stepping up to Lovernia.

"Maybe," Lovernia said out of the side of her mouth. "Why?"

"Because if it's not, it's Aria," Lysander said. "She's a kitsune. The only one who has a chance against her is probably Dean. Or me."

He didn't seem too confident about that. Evangeline had approached the window as well, finally taking a break from her crying spell to squint at one of the contestants to the right of the beastwoman. Again, the lights made it difficult to see, but the predator looked like a fat blonde woman in a short, black dress.

"That's Honey!" Evangeline gasped. "Oh, Honey!"

She knocked on the window, prompting a hush from the other contestants. Felix and Sloan had their heads together, going over contingencies in case their dragon lovers were next. Dean and Fink had entered a quiet conference. The intercom overhead crackled and everyone fell silent.

"The predators will bid on their contestant."

“Bid on their contestant?” Lovernia asked. “Why are they bidding? What are they bidding?”

The question remained unanswered as movement stirred in the predator chambers. Each of them had been given a button. The animal-eared contestant held hers aloft, circling it with her thumb.

“A contestant has been chosen.”

A hiss sounded from the opposite side of the room as one of the glass doors opened upward and out stepped a cow girl. At least, that’s what Lovernia thought she was. The creature was chubby, humanoid, with white fur and black spots. She wore a robe which she kneaded between her fingers, hooves dancing nervously on the thick, black floor. She jogged to the center of the circle and waited.

Lysander raised a hand.

“Mable!” he yelled, pounding on the glass. “Hey!”

The cow girl, Mable, continued to look around the room. Dean caught Lysander’s forearm as he tried to pound the glass again.

“She can’t hear you,” he said.

“Prey. Choose your contestant.”

The window suddenly blurred into a screen. Everyone jumped backward as a picture of each of their faces appeared in sequential order.

“We don’t know what the game is!” Lysander shouted.

“What are the rules?” Fink inquired.

If the announcer heard them, he didn’t indicate. Their pictures flashed on the screen, waiting for them to make their selection.

“Okay,” Felix said. “Let’s put our heads together. They said it’s a contestant of strength. Obviously, they don’t think that we can physically restrain the predators, so the rules probably have something to do with that circle. I’m guessing the game is sumo. Whoever we select will have to push the predator out of the ring. If that’s the case, then we have a singular advantage. In choosing second, we get to dictate the matchup. Lysander?”

The brown-haired boy in the old-fashioned clothes rubbed his shoulder. He had a rough, country look that Lovernia appreciated.

"Mable isn't that physically strong," he said. "And without her staff, her magic is extremely limited. Her biggest advantage–" here, at least, he had the modesty to lower his voice, "–is probably her weight. She's, um, heavier than she appears."

"Fascinating," Fink said, standing on his toes to get a better look through the window. "Does she have multiple stomachs? How long does it take for her to digest? Nevermind, I'll go first!"

"Whoa there," Dean said, grabbing his tail. "Let's not go into this intending to lose. Who knows what the consequence is for the rest of us if we can't force them from the ring."

"Lysander knows her," Sloan pointed out. He hunched his shoulders when he spoke. Lovernia wasn't sure if she'd ever heard him address the group. "Maybe he could convince her to lose on purpose?"

"I'll do it," Lysander said, going to tap the screen.

Lovernia stood in front of him, arms folded across her chest.

"And just what do we do if she says no?" she asked. "Can you even beat your girlfriend in a wrestling match?"

"Er, um…"

"Let's take that as a no," Lovernia said. "Who here is confident they can knock out the cow?"

She scanned the group. Sloan, Felix, and Astra looked too skinny. Lysander had a lithe build to him, but he was out and so was Fink. Evangeline? Kreck? Grendel? No chance. Lovernia was considering entering herself when Dean sighed and raised a hand.

"I guess it's me," he said.

"You?" Lovernia asked, unable to keep the surprise from her voice.

Dean was bulkier than the rest of them, sure, but with his bard outfit and jaunty cap, he didn't exactly scream 'combat specialist'. He took the cap from his curly hair and handed it to Fink. Then he

crossed his arms, gripped the hem of his tunic, and pulled it over his head.

"Oh!"

Sloan's exclamation made everyone look at him. He blushed and put his hands over his mouth.

Dean was shredded. Lovernia was pretty sure that was the word for it. Not only was he shredded, but the tunic didn't do justice to the width of his shoulders or the broadness of his chest. Thick, black scales crept along his back, folding over his abdomen like armor. Dean shrugged his shoulders and cracked his neck.

"Well?" he asked, addressing Lysander.

"That'll probably do it," Lysander said. "Be gentle, please."

Dean grinned.

"I'll try."

He walked up to the screen and pressed his hand against his face. The screen blinked shut, becoming a window again.

"A contestant has been chosen."

There was a click as the lock on the door disengaged. Dean jogged in place, squeezed his biceps, then walked through the door. Lovernia and the others crowded around the window as he stalked toward Mable. The cow girl put a finger to her mouth.

"My meal?" she asked.

"I've dealt with bigger and badder than you," Dean said. He jumped into the ring, going into a crouch.

"The game is sumo," the announcer said. **"Prey must remove their opponent from the ring before the time limit is up."**

"Called it," Felix muttered.

A digital clock appeared on the wall above the predator's cages. Three minutes. Dean would have three minutes to push Mable out of the ring or…

Well, if the last game was any indication, then the consequences were obvious.

"Begin!"

Dean circled the edge of the ring, looking for openings. Mable stood still, chewing her finger. Her eyes followed Dean, tail flicking, legs tensed to resist the charge, but she made no move to approach him.

Lovernia was standing next to Lysander. She nudged him with her hip.

"You okay?" she asked.

Lysander had squashed his nose flat against the window, trying to get a better look at Mable. A worried frown folded the corners of his mouth.

"Something's up with Mable," he said. "She's usually not so…forward."

The cow girl was drooling. The front of her robes were already wet with it, sinking around her ample bosoms. Dean tried to grab her ankle, but she lashed out with a hoof. Two minutes on the clock. He was going to have to hurry.

"Nothing about this makes sense," Lysander continued. "Why we're here, what this is; I can't help but feel like we're lost in a daydream."

A gasp went up from the crowd as Dean finally bent his shoulder and charged. Mable waited, not attempting to sidestep or counter. At the last second, she spread her arms and caught Dean in a tackle. Her hooves skidded over the mat as he pushed her right to the edge of the red line. Lovernia was about to cheer when:

"Uh oh! Looks like Dean's in trouble!"

At first, Lovernia couldn't tell what was wrong. Dean's legs were still pumping, muscles bulging in his back and shoulders as he pushed against Mable. The cowgirl had her arms wrapped around the back of his head, embracing him and hardly trying to stay in the ring. Then Dean started pulling in the opposite direction—back into the ring.

"She's suffocating him," Evangeline said, incredulous.

The contestants turned just enough for Lovernia to see what she meant. Mable had Dean in a headlock, her elbows around his neck, his face pressed deep into the softness between her chest and stomach. Her breasts came together with a wet smack, further obstructing him as he struggled to pull away.

"Oh, I see what you want," Mable giggled. "Here you go!"

She pushed off, using the momentum of his pulling, and they both crashed to the ground, Mable landing on top of Dean. He took a single, frantic gasp of air before her belly came down on his face, squashing him flat. He pounded uselessly at her flabby sides as the clock ticked down. Right as the timer hit zero, his arms went limp, and Mable stood, licking her lips.

"That was easy!"

"What the fuck was that?" Fink shouted. "I could have done better than that!"

Lovernia looked up at Lysander. His mouth had pursed into a flat line. Had he mischaracterized how strong Mable was? The cow girl was lifting Dean by the waist like he weighed nothing.

She slipped his feet into her mouth, tipped her head back, and let him slide all the way into her first stomach where his bulk became a bulge. There was an enormous ripping sound as her robe split down the middle. Padded white and black fur slapped against her hips while she waddled back to her cage.

"Predators 1. Prey 0. Predators, bid on your next contestant."

"Good riddance," Evangeline muttered.

"You don't mean that," Lovernia said, putting an arm around her shoulder.

Another round of voting took place in the cages. Astra and Grendel were in a hushed conference. Apparently, the goblin wanted to participate in the next round and Astra, wisely, denied her. If Fink was put out by the loss of his companion, he didn't show it. In fact, he looked downright jealous, murmuring to himself as his fingers



twitched at his scales. Lysander rubbed a smooth, rectangular shape tucked into his waistband. His eyes were locked on Mable, sitting in her cage with her stomach in her lap.

"What is that?" Lovernia asked.

"Spellbook," Lysander said, not looking up.

"A contestant has been chosen!"

The door on one of the cages opened and out came a fat, blonde woman in a sheer, black dress. She bounced rather than walked into the circle, humming to herself. Before anyone could stop her, Evangeline threw herself at the display, slapping the picture of her face.

"A contestant has been chosen!"

"That's Honey!" Evangeline explained. "My girlfriend! She'd never hurt me!"

She slid through the door, running into the arena. As she did, Grendel made a noise in the back of her throat.

"Tsk. Girlfriend, no girlfriend, it no matter."

"What do you mean by that?" Astra asked.

The goblin was on his shoulders again, her fat breasts bunched around his ears as she chewed a claw. Her ears flicked up when she noticed everyone was looking at her. Shrinking behind Astra's head, she bit off the tip of her claw.

"Hungerstruck," Grendel said. "No sense. Watch."

Evangeline had made it into the circle. Honey opened her arms to welcome her and the two embraced in the middle of the ring.

"They look normal to me," Felix said. "What did you say this condition was called?"

"Begin!"

It was over almost as quickly as it started. The buzzer sounded, the timer blinked, and Evangeline, pulling away from Honey, watched as her girlfriend turned, hiked her skirt up, and pushed her bare ass up and over her head.



There was a heavy thump as Honey's butt hit the floor, Evangline's legs pinned beneath her massive thighs. When she stood again, her anus clenched over the poor girl's calves. They were sucked into her rectum with a hearty slurp, followed by a ringing of the bell.

"Predators 2. Prey 0. Did I mention this is a best of three?"

"No you didn't, you fucked creature!" Lovernia yelled.

"For the predators. Prey just have to win once."

"Wait," Sloan said. "Then…I think we just won."

The intercom crackled. It sounded like someone had pressed the button to activate it, but wasn't speaking. Eventually:

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, Honey left the circle before the time limit was up," Sloan said. He pointed. The clock was still counting down. "Technically, one could argue that Evangeline forced Honey to leave the ring. That counts as a prey win, right?"

More crackling. Lovernia clutched her hands to her chest. Could it possibly be over?

"On video review, it's been concluded that they left the circle at the same time. We'll count it as a tie. Predators 1, Prey 0."

"Video review? What? You got a fuckin' X-ray machine in there?" Lysander shouted. "And isn't it just the prey that needs to remove the predator from the circle?"

"Predators, bid on your next contestant."

There was a quick fumbling for buttons in the predator cages. Lovernia waited with baited breath, watching the animal-eared woman tap in her answer. Was it Fae or Lysander's kitsune? After a brief pause, the voice came back.

"A contestant has been chosen."

The door of the animal-eared woman's cage opened. Both Lysander and Lovernia put their foreheads against the window, knuckles white against the translucent glass. If it was Aria, then Lysander would have to compete. Dean, with his anti-magic, was digesting in Mable's cow bellies. If it was Fae…

Could she do it?

The woman stepped into the spotlight. Her reddish ears twitched as she shoved her hands into the pockets of her jean shorts, quick eyes darting to the prey-side's window. Lysander clicked his tongue.

"Is that…?"

"Fae," Lovernia whispered.

Oh, what had they done to her darling girlfriend? Her tail was between her legs, teeth bared, abdomen clenched beneath her black crop top. Lovernia knew the look—she was intimate with the look. A cornered beast. A feral thing.

"Prey. Choose your contestant."

It was going to have to be her, right? Lovernia wasn't sure if she could stand to see anyone else harm or be harmed by Fae in that state. She was standing right next to the display. Her face was flashing on the screen. Heart in her throat, she reached for it, only to be shoved aside by a small, red blur.

"A contestant has been chosen."

"You're not messing this up for Kreck," the kobold hissed as he slipped through the door into the arena.

Lovernia lunged for the door, but it was too late. The door sealed shut as Kreck entered the circle.

Lovernia dashed back to the display.

"Fae!" she yelled, slapping the glass.

Her girlfriend had gone into a crouch. Eyes narrowed, she sized up her opponent, following his soft footfalls as he bounced in place. Kreck had adopted some kind of fighter's stance. The kobold was only half of the wolf girl's height, but if he was to be believed, he was some kind of elite warrior. Lovernia bit her lip.

"Come on, Fae," she whispered. "Swallow that nasty creature."

Should she be rooting for the other team? Absolutely not. But they had another chance, right? And they still didn't know what happened to the predators when they lost.

"Begin!"

Kreck wasted no time. As soon as the buzzer sounded, he darted forward, diving between Fae's legs as her claws found empty air overhead. With a quick lash of his tail to the back of her knees, he toppled her. Fae rose, spitting.

"I don't know what the fuck you are," she said. "But I'm about to show you the inside of my stomach."

"Kreck no scared," the kobold laughed. "Kobold Queen make same threat daily. Be honor to be eaten by Kobold Queen. Never lose to likes of you."

Fae swung her fist toward Kreck's face and ate the mat. The kobold had rolled between her legs again, buckling them. Fae stayed on all fours, panting. Her tail was raised in high alert.

"If you can't make me leave the circle, you lose," she said.

"Kreck know. Kreck playing with you."

Lovernia chewed on her thumb. Fae wasn't a warrior. She was, at most, a regular girl with an unusual appetite. The kobold seemed downright supernatural in comparison. His sharp teeth gnashed in approximation of a chuckle as he lunged forward to kick Fae in the ribs. Lovernia let out a shrill yell, but Fae, anticipating the blow, intercepted it. She hooked the kobold's leg under her armpit and bit down hard on his thigh. Kreck floundered, screaming, as Fae crawled on top of him, punching away.

"Stupid. Little. Demon." Fae gasped, enunciating with her knuckles. "I'm going to kick your ass!"

The rest of the prey team groaned, but Lovernia lit up.

"Get him!" she shouted, earning several looks of disapproval. Lovernia didn't care! She was too busy thinking of ways to escape the sadistic games. There had to be some kind of device that controlled the cages. If she could get to those–

"Oh shit!"

Lovernia's attention snapped back to the battle. Kreck had managed to get his paws up underneath Fae who, winding back for another blow, waited until too late to try to latch onto him. With a

mighty kick, Kreck sent Fae flying over his head. She spun in the air, as graceful as a cat, landing on the edge of the circle. Fae grinned.

"Nice try!" she said.

BUZZZ!

"Fae's foot is over the line. Game Over!"

The window dissolved into static, then converged into an aerial image of the arena where, indeed, they could see the tip of Fae's toe touching the black mat beyond the red circle. She looked at her own foot in disbelief as Kreck trotted back to the room.

"Easy," he yipped.

"Prey win. Please move on to the next room."

One of the walls slid to the side, revealing another, long hallway. The contestants didn't move, though. A rumble had started in the arena. The sound of heavy footsteps shook the room as everyone craned their necks to see what was coming.

Lovernia ran to the door and tried it. It was locked. She ran back to the window. Fae was pounding on the glass of her cage as the other contestants were lowered into an underground chamber, leaving her in the arena. Fae's ears were pinned back against her hair. Her tail bristled, bouncing while the footsteps got closer, closer. One of the walls in the arena lowered to reveal an immense, red muzzle.

"Deirdre," Sloan said.

The dragon slunk through the arena like she had all the time in the world. Her wings were folded along her back, her dagger claws tearing holes in the black foam mats. She sneered down at Fae who pressed herself against the farthest wall, trembling. The dragon's long neck craned, lowering toward the petrified wolf.

"So you're the biggest loser," Deirdre said. Her voice was disproportionately soft for how loud it was. Lovernia had no trouble hearing it over her own pounding heartbeat. "That's too bad, cutie. Now you get to play with me."

"Deirdre," Sloan shouted. "Don't!"



Lovernia joined in his cries, but the room was soundproof and besides, a dragon intent on its meal was not to be deterred. Deirdre's tongue swam across Fae's chest once, twice, drenching her as she caught the corner of her shirt in her fangs and tore it down the middle. Fae crossed her arms over her breasts, preserving what little modesty she had left. Lovernia screamed as she raised her chin defiantly, meeting Deirdre's eye.

"Fuck you," she spat.

"I hear your world doesn't have dragons," Deirdre drawled. She plucked Fae up by the tail, holding her as a cat would a mouse. "So I can forgive your insolence, not that it makes a difference. Inferior creatures like you can talk all you want. To me, you're just food."

Her tongue swiped across Fae.

"Bottom's up!"

Lovernia's vision was so blurred by tears that she almost missed the moment that Fae disappeared into Deirdre's maw. The dragon was so large, so commanding, that the wolf barely even made a dent in her throat, though the sound of her gulp was audible to all in the room. Licking her lips, Deirdre trundled back into the opening in the wall. It closed behind her, leaving nothing left but Lovernia's broken heart.

Predator's Trial

Astra could feel Grendel's wetness spreading across his neck. The goblin was squirming, humping his shoulders, her pent-up energy sending ripples through his psyche.

"Calm down," he whispered.

"Need help," Grendel whined.

It was about that time, wasn't it? Goblins were insatiable creatures that needed release at least three times a day. When the rest of Titan Hall was present, she rotated through Astra, Penelope, and Boo, but now that it was only Astra, the 'burden' fell on him. He would have been happy to indulge it if they had a moment's peace. So far, there hadn't been an opportunity to slip away from the other contestants.

"Wait," Astra said, pinching Grendel's thigh. Her grip tightened around his neck. The goblin was going to start humping his face soon.

The hallway had led to a holding chamber much like the one in the sumo arena, except this time, there was no door. A giant window overlooked a sunken room—industrial gray and devoid of any adornments except for a short pillar and five glass cages, currently empty.

"Welcome," the announcer said, **"to the Predator's Trial."**

"Looks like we have a break," Sloan said. He was standing as far as he could away from Lovernia who hadn't said a word since Fae was eaten. Astra felt for her—it must have been hell to have to watch your lover be devoured. Maybe that was why he felt so apprehensive looking at the cages.

"The game is as follows: one predator, chosen for their strength, will have a chance to prove their dominance against five 'lesser' predators. If they are overthrown, they shall be eaten, but if they aren't, they may choose two of the lesser predators to swallow. Let's thin these ranks, people!"

A hole was opening in the middle of the pillar and a platform was being raised to fill it. Astra was overcome with a sudden sense of anxiety. What if it was Ophelia on that stage? Or Boo? Or Penelope? Two horns breached the air in the room. Clawed hands grasped at the lip of the platform. Sharp teeth lined the mouth of the enormous head lifting itself from the hole, followed by a pair of breasts that could smother a rhino.

That's not a monster girl, Astra thought as he and Grendel backed toward the corner of the observation room. *That's just a monster.*

"Bast," Lysander said.

Bast heaved herself up onto the pillar before the platform could catch up with her. She had eyes like fire and scales like ash, casting a shadow over the rest of the room as she gazed upon the empty cages, licking her lips. Astra had never seen a creature look so natural perched above all others. Bast dominated the space, an aura of malice oozing from her every orifice.

"*That's* Bast?" Fink asked. The lizardman's nose was pressed to the window. He was practically drooling.

"What is the hybrid form?" Sloan asked. "I thought dragons shapeshifted into humans."

"Not where I come from," Lysander said.

The platform caught up with Bast, locking in place. She stalked around the pillar, claws flexing, a deep rumble permeating through her ribcage where ample stomach met breasts. Astra wondered if she had already eaten. Surely, her stomach wasn't normally that round.

"Astra, Astra!"

Astra yelped. Grendel's nails were nipping into his shoulders. He raised his head to chastise her, but she leaned over him, nearly toppling them both as she pointed toward the wall.

Or what had once been a wall.

An inconspicuous door had appeared where there had once been empty space. None of the other contestants had noticed it. All eyes

were on Bast. Nobody turned around as Astra made his way over to the door and peeked inside.

"Astra!" Grendel squealed.

Astra couldn't help but join in the goblin's enthusiasm. The door opened into what appeared to be a sleazy motel bedroom. The walls were draped with red velvet, as was the valentine-shaped bed. Leather restraints crept up and over the edge of the comforter, reflected in the polished surface of the full-length mirror on the ceiling.

It had to be a trap, but Grendel had already scrambled off of his shoulders and was pulling him toward the bed. Astra had no choice but to follow.

***

Felix knew a thing or two about dragons…or so he had assumed.

He stood with his fingers steepled beneath his chin, watching Bast. In many ways she was like Carmen—digitigrade, armored scales, glowing fire sac between her breasts—but the monster in the room made Felix's skin crawl. Something primordial in him begged him to hide, to not make eye contact with the creature, to bend his knee and submit.

The dragons that Felix knew looked at him like food. He was used to that. But they also looked at him like an amusing toy, and that gap in their armor could lead to understanding. With Bast, Felix couldn't imagine standing in her presence for more than a moment without getting squashed.

He looked sidelong at Lysander. How did such a normal-looking man end up with such a powerful creature?

"This won't last long," Lysander said. Fink was at his elbow, craning his neck. "She's hungry. Her stomach is almost empty."

"You call *that* almost empty?" Fink gawped. He pointed at the shaking bulge beneath Bast's breasts.

Lysander nodded.

“It’s usually three times that size,” he said. “You’ll see.”

Holes had opened in each of the cages and the predator contestants were being raised up. Everyone in the observation room held their breath, waiting to see which of their lovers were about to be sacrificed to the prowling dragon.

The first was a nylla with hot pink scales. She was a blonde waif of a thing, curled in on herself with her palms against the glass. Felix couldn’t help but feel sorry for her, the odds were so skewed. Then he saw the other snake being lifted into the cage beside her and started to doubt.

Nylla in Felix’s world (and apparently Fink’s and Astra’s) had roughly human-sized torsos and tails that ranged from 12 to 20 feet long. The snake in the cage beside the nylla was more like 40 feet in length and humongously fat to boot. Her torso filled the cage, squeezing into the glass cube so that her stomach mashed against the walls. Like the nylla, she was blonde, but where the nylla was pale and pretty, the lamia was tan and a total bombshell.

“I think that might be the lamia that Dean mentioned,” Fink said, chewing on his claw. His foot was tapping a mile a minute. “I see now why he argued that they weren’t nylla. What I wouldn’t give to explore her guts.”

“Still think Bella wins this?” Sloan asked.

Lysander’s jaw was stiff. He nodded without speaking, still watching Bast who was now cracking her knuckles and grinning at the new combatants.

The third contestant to rise was Carmen.

“Shit,” Felix whispered.

His wife was fatter for eating Ollie. If Evangeline or Critter were still in the game, he might feel bad about it, but as it stood he simply blushed at the outline of her pink belly as she mashed it boldly into the side of the cage.

Bast turned toward her. Carmen smiled and pointed at her throat.

“Don’t taunt the magic dragon,” Felix groaned as Bast hissed.

The last two contestants were the giant woman with the cowboy hat and a kitsune in some kind of Japanese dress. Lysander put a hand over his eyes. The kitsune waved at him, laughing.

"Is she yours as well?" Fink asked.

"Something like that," Lysander said. "I just…don't know if Bast would hurt her. What did the goblin say? That they're all hungerstruck?"

"All contestants are present! Let the contest begin!"

The glass cages vanished into the floor. The contestants spread out around the pillar, forming a wary circle above which Bast loomed.

"Who will be the first down my throat?" Bast called. "Submit and I shall choose the weakest among you to grace my gut."

"That's funny!" the lamia laughed. Felix thought that Dean might have called her Gladdy or Gladdis. "I actually agree. If you step down off that pedestal, we can split the rest of these delicious morsels between us—"

WHOOMPH!

Bast's fist hit her stomach with the impact of a meteor, sending a shockwave down the entire length of her tail. Gladdis slumped on Bast's forearm, stunned, as the dragon turned to the rest of the crowd. Her eyes were alight with battle fever.

"Who's next?"

"Welp," Lysander said as Bella pulled out her guns and Carmen cracked her knuckles. "This is going to be a slaughter."

***

Astra could hardly hear the sounds of battle in the adjacent room over the perverse slobbering of the goblin. His hands were chained spreadeagle above his head, his feet hidden behind Grendel's ample buttocks wagging in his face.

“C-careful,” Astra whined as Grendel took him deep. The head of his cock disappeared into her throat, bobbing twice before reappearing in a spray of spittle. “No teeth.”

“No teeth, no teeth,” Grendel mocked. She lifted his knees to his chest, bending him so that her breasts mashed against her thighs. “Grendel think Astra no want her to have teeth at all! So worried, keke! Grendel take good care of ya.”

Any response was muffled by Grendel’s freckled ass. She brought his cock to her mouth again and started to suck.

Astra struggled uselessly against her. Every time he shifted, Grendel would press her sweaty ass down harder on his nose, forcing him to gasp and gag until he gave in to her desires and let her go to town. With one hand, she kneaded his balls. With the other, she held his legs, riding his body like a bucking bronco until at last he came in her mouth.

GLUG! GLUG! GLUG!

A shudder passed through Grendel. “So good,” she moaned, letting his knees drop. His softened cock slapped soggily against his leg as she turned and mounted him. “But this is better, yeah?”

Astra closed his eyes and concentrated on getting hard again. If he didn’t, Grendel would be forced to take drastic measures. The goblin’s sharp teeth flashed in a ferocious grin. She watched him strain beneath her as she rubbed her hips against his groin.

“No stamina,” Grendel said. “Grendel will help.”

“No, no,” Astra gasped, but Grendel had already slid up his chest and placed her cunt squarely over his mouth and chin. “Mmph!”

He strained his wrists against the restraints, bending his spine as he smothered in Grendel’s folds. Her claws bit into the back of his scalp; her hips angled down into the bed. She rode him for a minute, two minutes, ignoring his thrashing and desperate attempts for breath until, mercifully, she reached back and grabbed his stiff cock, nodding to herself. The gold hoops in her pointy ears jangled as she slid back down his chest.

“Always work,” Grendel chuckled.

Astra, slimy and dizzy, couldn’t disagree.

***

The arena was in chaos. Gladdis lay unconscious, slumped over the pillar, shrouded in a magical veil maintained by Aria. It had saved the lamia’s life twice as bullets ricocheted off of it. Bella was on her back foot, holding off the approaching dragon.

“Weak,” Bast laughed as another bullet clanged off of her wings. She quickly drew them back over her body as another round of shots slowed her progress. Bella darted to the other side of the room, using the break in vision to reposition. “You can run, but eventually, you will tire. This room is only so large.”

The nylla hovered warily on the outskirts of the fight. Felix watched her glance toward Carmen, who, after getting kicked in the stomach once, had retreated to a corner where she picked her teeth, looking bored.

“You could help them,” Felix muttered, knowing very well that ‘helping’ was not in his wife’s nature.

“The head,” Fink was yelling. “Aim for the head, Bella!”

The giantess in the cowboy hat shot him an annoyed glance. Unlike the other arenas, this one came with two-way glass and a lack of soundproofing.

“I know, you idiot,” she hissed. “She’s protecting her head.”

“Tell your girlfriend to stop protecting her head,” Fink whined, nudging Lysander.

“What? No.”

Felix pitied Lysander. Two of his companions were in the arena—one on a rampage, the other simply surviving. What would he do if Bast were swallowed? Probably the same thing Felix would do if Carmen were swallowed—try to save her.

“Watch out!” Lysander yelled.

Another burst of gunfire made Bast raise her wings over her head. The nylla, seeing her chance, darted between her legs, winding around them twice.

Bast faltered.

“Timber!” Fink yelled.

But Bast did not fall. She stumbled forward, dragging the nylla with her. The nylla screamed as the strain on her body doubled, then gagged as Bast reached down and plucked her up by the throat. Her tail whipped around Bast’s forearm. Sheltered by her wings, Bast opened her mouth wide.

“Carmen!” Felix shouted.

Carmen looked up and stuck her tongue out. Felix ground his teeth, unable to look away as the dragon shoved the squirming nylla into her mouth.

“Ophelia still has her arm,” Lysander said. Was that the name of the nylla? “If she hangs on, she might—”



SLUUUUuuUUURRP!

No chance. As soon as Ophelia's torso was between Bast's lips, the dragon locked around her, sucking her down like an oversized noodle. Ophelia surged down her throat and landed in her stomach with a loud plop. Bast let out a belch, pounding her chest.

"Don't worry, girly," she said. "I won't start digesting until I find my second offering."

Another bullet pinged off of her wing.

"And I think I know just who it's going to be."

***

One load. Two loads. Three loads.

Astra's eyes were crossed from the effort of maintaining his concentration as Grendel slid his throbbing cock onto his thighs.

"Again," she said.

"I can't," Astra complained. "Seriously, Grendel, three has to be enough. We have to get back to the others."

The goblin frowned, biting her bottom lip. A flutter went through Astra's heart. She could be cute when she wasn't trying to kill him.

"Please?" she tried.

"No," Astra said. He rattled his restraints and stretched his aching back. "That's the last one. We can go again later. Let me out of here, now, and let's go and see who won the fight. They're going to wonder where we went."

Grendel wavered, putting a claw in her mouth. She was stubborn, yes, but she was also easily distracted. She fidgeted on his hips and looked at the door.

"Hungry," she said.

"Hmm?"

Her fat little belly rumbled against his own. Astra laughed.

"We'll get you some food, soon," he said.

“No,” Grendel said. “*Hungry.*”

Oh. Oh no.

Her pupils, normally huge, had narrowed in the dim light. She was staring at him, drooling, her fidgeting replaced with a slow rumble as she leaned forward. Astra tilted his head away. She licked his neck, smacking her lips.

“Hungry,” she repeated.

“G-grendel, this is not the time,” Astra tried. She was undoing the restraints on his legs. His hands were still firmly bound above his head. “Grendel, please, we don’t know where Ophelia is, so if you eat me, I might not reform.”

Grendel was already pulling his ankles into her mouth. Warmth spread over his calves in a familiar, gliding motion. Ecstasy was written all over Grendel’s expression, from the blush that darkened her bright green skin, to the adorable moans that vibrated between Astra’s toes as she gulped him down.

This isn’t the worst, Astra thought as she reached his waist. *Ophelia’s probably around here somewhere and even if she isn’t, I’ll reform inside of her at home.*

And leave Grendel alone?

“Wait, wait, wait,” Astra said, but Grendel’s mouth was sliding over his waist. Her feet scrambled at the bedsheet as her gullet surrounded him. “Grendel, if you eat me—if you digest me, you’ll be alone.”

That stopped her. She blinked at him, tilting her head. It was an odd sensation to experience inside of her throat.

“There you go,” Astra said. “Come on, Grendel. Untie me.”

GULP!

Her throat bobbed over his cock. Astra trembled.

“S-stop,” he said.

GULP!

His hips bent inside of her.

“Grendel, please.”



GULP! GULP! GULP!

Astra threw his head back and moaned as he came in the tight confines of her throat. He never saw her mouth pass fully over his head—he only felt it as it closed around his wrists. At least, bound to the bed, she couldn't—

SNAP!

Right, Astra thought as her fangs bit through the restraints. *She is a monster girl, after all.*

He had a lot of time to contemplate that as he slid into a stomach. Little did he know that, right at the moment, Ophelia was doing the same.

***

"Your friend is being hunted," Felix noted.

Fink had his nose pressed to the glass. He tracked the increasingly erratic movements of Bella as dove, slid, and rolled to avoid Bella's seeking claws. The rare flash of the gun muzzle highlighted the worry on his brow.

"Bella's tricky," he said. "She'll be alright."

Felix bit the inside of his cheek as the dragon's tail cracked against Bella's ribs. The giantess was thrown to the other side of the room where Aria had managed to revive the bruised and battered Gladdis. The lamia was sitting on her tail, rubbing her chest.

"Come now," Bast chuckled. Light seemed to bend around her, distorting her features, or maybe it was the heat rising from her skin. The flickering mirage made her all the more demonic as she held out a claw toward the cowering trio. "I will swallow you eventually, gunslinger. Better to enter my throat willingly than to be crammed down it in defeat. Or perhaps the snake would like to take your place? She looks…delicious."

The dragon's sharp eyes caught Bella reaching into her pocket. With a lazy flick of her tail, she smashed the vial that Bella had grabbed for.

"Oh shit," Fink yelled.

He slapped a hand over Felix's eyes. A brilliant flash of light filled the arena a split second before the sonic boom.

BOOOOOM!

Despite Fink's quick thinking, Felix had to blink away the black dots that crowded his vision before he could see what was happening on the arena floor.

Bast reeled, roaring loud enough to be heard over the high-pitch whine that rang in Felix's ears. Gladdis surged toward her, Aria at her side. Bella flanked, avoiding the lashing tail as she ducked around the back of Bast's knees.

"Go!" she screamed.

Gladdis hit Bast with the force of a Hummer, sending her into Bella. For a critical moment, Felix thought that she might remain upright, but then a spell from Aria burst against her chest and Bast finally buckled over Bella, falling backwards. There was no time to celebrate, though. Before she could be restrained, Bast got her tail beneath Bella and flung her into the air.

"Carmen!" Felix yelled.

His dragon wife grunted noncommittally. She had been watching the fight from the corner of the room, only shifting to avoid the crack of bullets and the chunks of the floor that Bella sent up with her stomping. As such, she was close enough to the prone dragon that, with a leap and a bound, she caught the falling Bella an instant before she plummeted into Bast's snapping jaws.

"Nice save!" Fink said.

"Wow, Carmen!" Felix shouted. "You're the…what the hell? Don't eat her!"

Carmen looked up at the window. Half of Bella's torso was already in her throat and the rest of her thrashing body was held tight



in the wyrm's claws. The corner's of Carmen's lips rose as she gulped smugly, the bulge in her throat doubling in size as Bella's giant breasts squashed against its slippery interior. The giantess was reaching for something in her belt. With a snip of Carmen's claws, the belt fell to the floor and Bella slid smoothly into her big, reptilian belly.

BBwwwAaaaAaaRP!

"God damn it!" Felix yelled. "Carmen!"

She stuck her tongue out at him, then went back to licking her fingers. Aria and Gladdis were doing their best to restrain Bast, but without Bella's support, the dragon was getting the upper hand.

"If her arms get free, we're fucked!" Gladdis groaned.

Coil after great, fat coil wrapped around Bast's arms. Gladdis had to be careful to avoid the snapping teeth. Aria flung spells, but whenever they hit Bast's body, they fizzled in a puff of light.

"Aren't they on the same team?" Sloan asked.

"I don't know what's going on," Lysander said. There was a strange leather book in his hand. He flipped through the indecipherable runes on the pages, searching for something. "Something's wrong with all of the girls. Grendel called it hungerlust. She's going to need to explain…where is Grendel?"

Felix turned around and counted the people in the room.

Lysander, Sloan, Kreck, Lovernia, Fink.

"Astra and Grendel are missing," he said dumbly.

"Did anyone see them leave?" Lysander asked.

Lovernia, huddled on the floor with her knees to her chest, shook her head. Kreck scoffed and rolled his eyes. He was focused on the fight.

"There aren't any doors in this room," Felix noted. He ran his hand along the walls, checking for secret creases. "Do you think they just vanished?"

"I doubt it," Lysander said. "Something's going on here."

"Guys?"

Sloan pointed through the window.

“Is it just me, or did Bast’s stomach just get bigger?”

***

The sloshed remains of Astra hung low in Grendel’s gut. She hadn’t meant to digest him so fast, but that's the way it was sometimes. She lay on her back, her stomach overhanging her thighs, dragging her palms along the smooth, freckled ski. Then she heard something. Her ears twitched.

There were no doors in the bedroom. She had noticed it when she was fucking Astra, but hadn’t been particularly concerned. Now she could hear something like the hum of a voice on a radio coming from behind the wall. Curious, Grendel hopped out of the bed, letting her stomach shake as she waddled over to investigate.

Yes, there was definitely a voice beyond the wall. She could hear it clearly, narrating her actions. My, how sexy she would look once Astra was fully added to her curves. Chubby goblins are the best.

Okay, now Grendel is prying at the wall. That’s okay because it’s just a solid wall. There’s no—

Okay, she broke the wall.

The fourth wall.

Now she’s standing in a boxy room looking at an anthropomorphic sheep speaking into a microphone. The sheep’s arms are bandaged and he’s wearing glasses. Do sheep wear glasses, Grendel wonders, then frowns as her thoughts are repeated back to her by the sheep. Now she is approaching the sheep.

Now her mouth is opening wide.

No, Grendel, you cannot eat the narrator! This will have untold ramifications on the story!

She does not listen to the narrator’s bleating. Her gullet slides over Bra’Zzel’s head and horns. Does he defend himself?

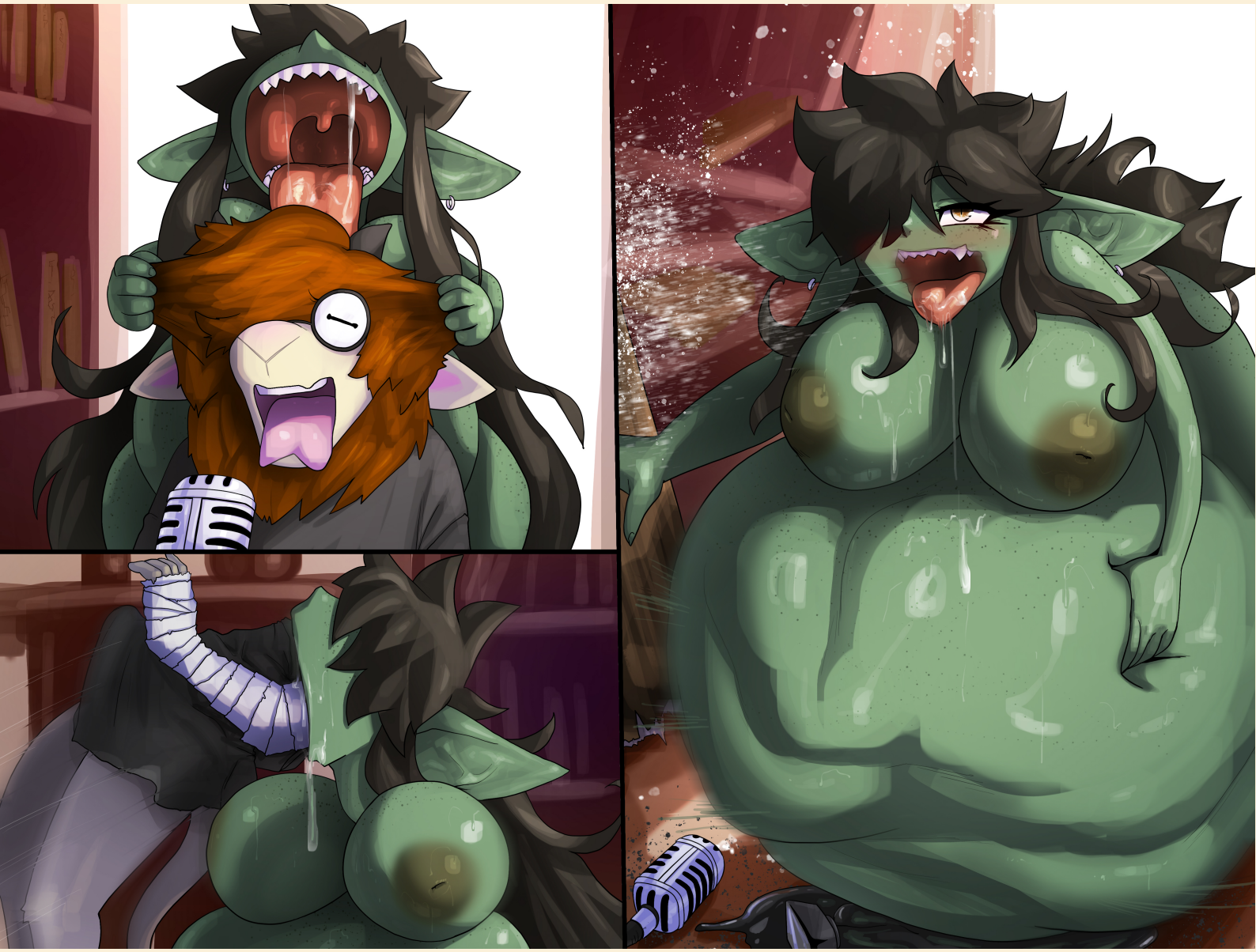
Of course not!

To be swallowed by one such as Grendel is an honor! Except…her stomach is strangely gooey. And it's tight. And it reeks.

Okay, I'm swimming in sludge now. Somehow, the narration is continuous despite not having my microphone. The little goblin belches so loud that it rattles me inside of her and her stomach clenches tighter, tighter, for I might have been too ambitious. To get the girls to eat their friends, I had to amplify their desire to feed, and now her stomach is in overdrive.

I just hope I can finish the story before I digest.

Oh, what will Lady Miriam say about this?



Things Fall Apart

"Is it just me or are the walls looking a lot less solid than they were a couple of seconds ago?"

Fink could not look away from the churning mass at the center of Carmen's guts. The wyrm's fat, purple stomach writhed with the thrashing form of his companion whom he was powerless to save. For the first time in his life, the sight of a softening stomach made his throat tighten with dread.

"What?" he murmured.

"The walls," Sloan said, pointing. "They're, uh, melting."

The glass of the window felt solid enough against Fink's claws. He tested the floor, rocking on the balls of his feet and found it no less pliant. About to tell Sloan as much, he turned away and nearly toppled over. It was as if his sense of balance had gone haywire. There was a chair in the corner that hadn't been there a moment before. He stared at it, trying to regain a sense of stability, but as soon as he looked at it directly, it vibrated through the floor.

"What the fuck?"

His sentiment was shared by all of the prey. Even Kreck had moved away from the wall, grasping his tail where it had sunken in the bubblegum-shaped texture of the once solid cube. The room shook.

"An earthquake?" Lovernia asked.

Fink dug a claw into his ear. He could hardly hear her. There was a voice coming over the loudspeaker that sounded like the announcer, but it was just…mumbling.

"Wet. Gooey. Tight."

"Shaking. Bouncing. Rubbing."

"I mustn't…hmmm."

A loud crack from the arena caught Fink's attention. Trapped in Gladdis's coils, Bast had turned the tide, using her strength to pull

apart the pudgy lengths of the lamia's tail. Her stomach had nearly doubled in size. Now two shapes pounded against her wet innards. Fink looked for the fox, Aria, expecting to see her missing, but she was still chanting, casting a spell. So who else was inside of Bast's belly?

"She's about to break free!" Gladdis yelled.

"Swallow her!" Aria shouted.

Gladdis tried. Unhinging her jaw, she reared up, stomach and breasts cresting over Bast's head like a tidal wave as she crashed down over the dragon. Fink had to admire her form—the strength it took for a lamia to lift herself was insane—but he saw, even before Gladdis did, the flaw in her plan. By unhinging her jaw and relaxing her throat, she had accidentally relaxed her hold on the dragon's arms.

Bast's thumbs hooked in Gladdis's cheeks before the lamia could plunge over her elbows. In a grotesque feat of endurance, the dragon pried herself loose from the lamia's throat.

"My turn!" Bast laughed.

The lamia tried to stop herself, but momentum was not on her side. Hovering over Bast, her strength exhausted, the cruel pull of gravity dragged her down into the dragon's open maw. Hand over hand, Bast began to feed the lamia into herself. As she did, her stomach grew rounder and fatter, tripling, quadrupling, quintupling in size. The shape of Gladdis dwarfed that of Ophelia and Bast's unknown second occupant. In fact, Fink was pretty sure that Gladdis swallowed them the moment that she entered Bast's stomach which led to an odd moment where their bulge traveled back up through Bast's throat as a lump in the lamia's tail.

Their *freedom* was short-lived, however. Bast swallowed the lump along with the rest of Gladdis, holding her swollen stomach with both arms.

"Now *that's* how you swallow a larger predator," she said.

Bast nudged Aria with her foot. The fox stood frozen under the shadow of her mammoth belly.



“Got anything to say?” Bast chuckled. “Did I hear you tell her to…swallow me?”

Fink leaned forward in anticipation. His cock thrust against the fabric of his shorts, diamond hard after that prodigious display of gluttony. There was something weighing on the corner of his mind, something that he was forgetting, but the walls, the very glass that separated him from the arena, had turned slimy like the inside of a stomach. It was making him unbelievably horny.

“Guys, something’s happening,” Sloan yelled.

“Can’t keep…narrative…steady.”

A great, bubbling groan played over the speakers just as the walls began to fold outward like a cardboard box being broken down. Suddenly, all of the contestants were standing inside of the arena. Bast

turned her head long enough for Aria to scamper away. Her eyes narrowed on Lysander as a wicked smile played across her lips.

As for what Fink did…

"Helly, good dragon," he said, tugging on Carmen's tail. The wyrm turned toward him, picking her teeth with her claw. "Might I see the inside of your–"

Was about as far as he got before he was halfway down her gullet, happily squirming and sliding until he splashed down in her stomach. Luckily, Bella was still solid. He could feel her shifting beneath him, turning over as she pressed her arms into the great walls of fat that surrounded them.

"I say, Bella," Fink said. "If I knew your accommodations were this nice, I wouldn't have tried so hard to rescue–" was about as far as he got before he was halfway down her gullet, this time in a mixture of shock and rapture as Bella mindlessly gulped him down into her greedy gut.



Pure bliss was not strong enough to describe the sensation of being suspended in two solid stomachs. Fink hardly noticed as the walls clamped shut around him. He was too busy humping away, lost in the greatest pleasure of his stomach-delving career.

***

"I think you might have lost the plot, my sweet little sheep."

Bra'Zzel reformed in his master's taloned hand, still dripping and steaming from his dip in Grendel's stomach acids. He was back in Hell where he belonged. Outside of his tower window, he could see the Fields of Gluttony where wandering mouths swallowed sinners on loop. Miriam lay reclined against the wall. Her bulk filled most of the small room.

"The book!" Bra'Zzel gasped. He scrambled forward only to find Miriam's claws closed like a cage. He sat forlorn in her palm, moaning to himself. "The book, the book, oh what have I done? I got distracted and let Grendel sneak up on me and now everything is falling apart!"

"Calm yourself, fuzz butt," Miriam yawned. Her glistening fangs stopped Bra'Zzel's blubbering. He looked into the chasm of her maw and gulped. "The result is still rather entertaining. Carmen has swallowed both Bella and Fink–"

"Oh! That *is* interesting! I bet he'll escape by–"

"–and then Bella swallowed and digested Fink."

"She *what?!"*

Miriam rolled her eyes as Bra'Zzel began pacing again, running his bandaged hands through his thick, brown wool.

"Disaster, disaster!" Bra'Zzel cried. "Fink isn't meant to be digested! He always escapes! And by Bella? I know I dialed the pred's hungerlust up, but even so…immediate digestion? Oh Miriam, Miriam, I am so sorry! I've lost the plot completely and now the book

is a disaster! My readers will surely flay me alive for this lack of consistency!”

A warm, dry nose nudged Bra’Zzel’s stomach. He bent double, winded, as Miriam chuckled, placing him on her belly. The rubbery skin sloshed beneath his hooves.

“Relax,” Miriam said. “So long as there are enough vore scenes, your readers won’t care. I don’t see why you bother with a narrative at all! Most folks seem perfectly content with anthologies where the POV character is sensuously swallowed by all manner of big ladies. In fact, I’d say a good percentage of readers are skipping this dialogue right now to see if there is a vore scene in the next page or so. There is, by the way. Be patient, my dears.”

Bra’Zzel gulped, growing hot beneath the collar. Miriam pressed him gently into her stomach, sinking him deep into the valley of her pudge before letting him rebound back into her hand.

“The book–” he started.

With a snap of Miriam’s claws, the book appeared in her palm. Bra’Zzel picked it up and furiously began to skim what he had missed.

“See? It’s fine.”

“It’s not fine! Bast swallowed Gladdis! That isn’t supposed to happen until the very end! Who else can challenge her? Deirdre? Bast is using Lysander like a dildo! We *already* have a Bast unbirth scene with Lysander in Isekai 5! It’s about diversity, Miriam!”

“Is it, now?”

Miriam had been slowly lowering Bra’Zzel over the hump of her stomach. He only noticed when she raised her legs, letting her tail drape across the edge of the tower. Steam rose from her glistening slit. As he watched, she placed a claw between her lips, spreading them wide enough that he could see the throbbing, pink tunnel of her cunt, warm and wet and ready for him.

“Are you sure we can’t have two unbirth scenes?” Miriam asked.

Bra'Zzel clutched the book to his chest and whimpered. He was eager to return to the story, to correct its course, but when Miriam made an offer…

"I just didn't want this to become another battle royale," Bra'Zzel said. "I mean, between the predators that I've selected, the only two who can make it to the end are Bast and Deirdre. I wanted the prey to, you know, have a chance, but in a straight up fight, they're *fucked*."

"I don't think the audience cares if they're fucked, darling," Miriam whispered, extending her long neck to kiss Bra'Zzel's chest. She aligned his hooves with the front of her slit, plunging him ankle-deep into her pussy. "But if you're so worried about it, I'll clean it up."

Bra'Zzel began to protest, but with a twitch of her claw, Miriam shoved him so far into her cunt that she felt him lodge beneath her full intestines. There, he wriggled, stimulating her further. Over the



quaking of her body, Miriam picked up the book that he had dropped. She flipped to the last page, dipping her claw in the inkwell that Bra'Zzel kept on his desk.

"Now," Miriam said. "Where were we?"

***

The little prey-things were in a panic. Kreck narrowed his eyes, dodging a lashing tail as Bast sidestepped a blow from yet another lamia. This was the yellow-feathered one that had eaten the annoying boy with all of the makeup. She was screaming about the fat lamia currently boiling in Bast's belly.

Kreck couldn't care less.

As far as Kreck was concerned, this was just like any other day in the Kobold Queen's lair. The will of the larger, female predators was imposed upon the smaller, supplicant prey and that was the way things were—the way things had always been. But Kreck? Kreck was a warrior and a follower of the Queen. Hers was the stomach he was destined to die in.

[*What a silly little fellow! I adore him.]*

***

"I don't do author's notes," Bra'Zzel complained.

"Shut up," Miriam said, pushing his head back into her cunt. "This is my story now and I like to do author's notes."

***

So anyway, Kreck the adorable and grumpy kobold was sneaking around the arena. The walls were solid, blocking his exit, and the window into the observation room was too tall for him to climb, but in

the chaos, the pillar in the middle of the room had receded, leaving a hole in the floor. Kreck eyeballed it, weighing his chances.

The lamia had wrapped around Bast. She was smaller than her fat friend, all feathers and sinew, but she was also more precise. Her coils squeezed around Bast's wrists, pinning them as she clawed at the larger creature.

"Give Gladdis back!" she cried. "Give her back!"

Bast, with her belly heavy and huge, snapped her jaws at the annoying snake. Her stomach glowed ominously.

"Get. Off. Of. Me!"

Kreck hit the deck as a jet of flame lanced across the arena. Carmen took it straight to the chest, stumbling backwards, but was otherwise unharmed. Lysander, reunited with Aria, tackled her to the ground. The rest of the humans ducked.

Even though the fire had missed him, Kreck could feel where the heat had singed his shoulders.

"Too dangerous," he growled. "Gotta escape."

The nerdy human, Felix, was trying to wrangle Carmen, but he was half of her size and a tenth of her weight. He pulled at her arm insistently, never noticing the shadow of her ass spreading over him a minute before she squatted, taking him into her rectum. Kreck winced at the squelch, half expecting the human to burst into a puddle of gore. Instead, two kicking legs appeared beneath Carmen's tail as his torso made a tiny dent in the base of her belly fat. Carmen sighed as she sucked him into her intestines.

"You were always so annoying, honey," she snickered. "Just sit tight in there and hope you get to my stomach before the contents of my stomach get to *you*."

Lysander was similarly trying to negotiate with the fox.

Sloan, the other dragon fucker—

***

“A lot of your protagonists fuck dragons,” Miriam noted.

Bra’Zzel didn’t answer on account of drowning in dragon pussy.

***

—tried to yank him away.

“She’s hungerstruck,” Sloan yelled. “We’ve gotta dip!”

The fox leaned forward like she was about to plant a grateful kiss on Lysander’s forehead. He smiled, giddy, right up until the flash of light. Kreck actually gasped as Lysander’s clothes fluttered to the ground. Had the fox creature evaporated her lover?

Then the clothes began to move.

“You’re much easier to handle like this,” Aria said, reaching into the discarded shirt. She pulled out a human the size of a doll. It took Kreck a second to realize that it was Lysander. “I’ve always wanted to try this.”

Oblivious to the danger of the two dragons, Aria pranced toward the least occupied corner of the arena and slumped against the wall. She pulled up her skirt with one hand and placed Lysander beneath it with the other. There was another wet squelch, a sigh, and then Aria arched her back, bending her hips just enough that Kreck could see her grip around Lyander’s legs as she plunged him in and out of her pussy.

“Sweet Lysander,” Aria mumbled happily. “All mine at last.”

Kreck needed to leave. The battle between the dragon and the lamia was tilting in the dragon’s favor. Her skin was so hot that the lamia couldn’t hold on. Bast’s arms strained against the scales, pulling her away.

“Finally,” Bast chuckled. Her fist closed around Ink’s throat. The lamia flailed in her grasp as the dragon prepared to swallow her whole. “You’ll make a nice crystal.”

SLURP!

Suddenly, Ink's body went taut. Bast, surprised, released her grip, and the lamia skidded across the floor, up and over Carmen's belly, then into her mouth where Carmen sucked up the last of her with a garrish gulp.

"That…" Bast stuttered, going red in the face. "She was mine!"

"What's unguarded is unclaimed," Carmen said, picking her teeth. "Sooorry."

That was Kreck's chance. With Aria occupied and the dragon's fighting, he scurried toward the hole in the floor, diving low to avoid attention.

What he didn't take into account was the whir of the rising platform, nor the surprised look on Mable's face as he flew directly into her mouth, lodging up to his in the cow girl's gullet.

Head down in the first of Mable's stomachs, Kreck screamed in rage. Mable held his legs steady as she fed him into herself, giddily sucking at his scales until he vanished beneath a mound of quivering cow pudge.

BBbwwwwaaAAAAAARP!

"That hit the spot!" Mable said. "Oh, hey Aria! Honey, that's the one I was telling you about."

Honey, who had been sitting on the platform beside her, let out a contented groan. Her stomach had rounded nicely over the still-struggling form of Evangeline. Bulges kept appearing and disappearing across the hill of her stretchy, black dress. She smoothed it with a hand and eyed the arena.

"Looks like the others are cleaning up," Honey said.

There was only one prey left in the arena. Used to dragons, Sloan had managed to go unnoticed by the dueling titans, weaving between Bast and Carmen's legs as they slammed into each other like sumo wrestlers. His head swiveled as he looked for a way out, but the only other door in the arena now that the pillar had risen was the twelve-foot-tall motorized door, behind which he was certain his dragon lover awaited. If he had learned anything from watching the other prey get



swallowed whole by their former lovers, it was that he couldn't trust Deirdre not to gulp him down immediately.

"Is that Lysander!"

Mable had bounced over to Aria who snatched the miniature man away, hissing. Honey sauntered toward Sloan with her hands behind her back, stomach bouncing, whistling to herself.

"Get away from me, fatass," Aria snapped. "He's mine!"

"Look at him! He's so cute! Let me play with him, Aria, please please please!"

"No!"

"Isn't this wonderful," Honey said as the cow girl and the kitsune rolled across the arena. Sloan backed away from her, following the circular edge of the wall. He was keenly aware of the huge door behind him. He could almost hear Deirdre licking her lips. "It's like a dream. A lovely, lovely dream."

"You, uh, sat on your girlfriend," Sloan said. "You shoved her up your ass."

"Hmm? Oh, I do that all the time. She likes it."

Honey's knuckles traced Evangeline's jawline through her dress. By the noises emanating from within her, Sloan couldn't say that she was incorrect. Eyes glued to Honey, he didn't see the chunk of floor that took him out at the knees. He fell on his ass as Honey loomed over him, her smile placid, her hand reaching for the front of his shirt.

"Relax," Honey said. "I can be very gentle."

"Deirdre!"

The wall beside them shattered as a massive paw burst through the mechanical door. Honey's hand retraced. Bast and Carmen stopped fighting. Mable and Aria looked up, Lysander's body locked between their lips as they played tug-of-war for the right to swallow him.

Taking advantage of the stunned silent, Mable swooped forward and planted a wet kiss on Aria's lips. As she pulled away, she gulped.

"Got him!" she cheered.



“You bitch,” Aria snarled.

Through the dust, Deirdre’s head appeared. It swiveled slowly, taking in the room, her tongue flicking like a lizard’s as she tasted the fear, sweat, and lust. Her wide eyes locked onto Honey and narrowed.

“He’s mine,” Deirdre said.

Her voice was calm, but it still sent a shiver down Sloan’s spine. There was no ambiguity in her statement; no chance she could be speaking metaphorically. Once she was done with everyone else in the room, she would eat him.

“Sorry,” Honey hummed, stepping back. Her butt bumped into Deirdre’s paw. The dragon was blocking her path. Deirdre smiled.

“Sorry isn’t good enough.”

Steam rose from her tongue as Deirdre opened her mouth, positioning her bottom against Honey’s knees, top lip cupping the

trembling girl's head. Glistening, white teeth framed the sweltering red pillow of her tongue, which slid between Honey's legs. The tip rubbed against the blonde's ass, dampening her dress. With a casual nudge, Deirdre scooped Honey up into her mouth and clamped down tight, sucking her plump body in.

"Ah!"

Right before she swallowed, Deirdre opened wide, allowing everyone in the arena to see Honey's saturated form within her. The blonde hugged Deirdre's stomach with her arms and legs, protecting her precious cargo. Little good it would do in the dragon's stomach. Deirdre tipped her head back and swallowed. The gulp echoed around the room.

"Delicious," Deirdre said as her stomach sloshed beneath her. "But not enough."



She lumbered through the hole in the wall. Bast raised her fists, ignoring Carmen's bruised gasp as she released her. The wyrm limped toward the observation room, her stomach now smooth over her prey.

"Come any closer and I shall defang you tooth by tooth," Bast said.

Deirdre chuckled.

"We have no quarrel, sister," she said. "Your quarry is getting away."

Bast turned to see Carmen reaching for the lip of the observation room. The glass was gone, but the wyrm was so heavy that she was having trouble lifting herself. Bast stalked toward her, cracking her knuckles as Deirdre's head turned toward Mable and Aria. Aria's hands glowed. Mable summoned her staff.

"We are not prey," Aria said.

"I beg to differ," Deirdre sniffed. Half of her body was in the room now. She filled the arena, making the massive space feel small. "Anything weaker than me is prey, and you, my dear, are no exception."

Aria threw her hands up toward the dragon. A beam of glittering light arced through the air. The shrinking spell hit Deirdre at the same moment it released its hold on Lysander. Mable's stomach expanded outward, a raucous belch accompanying the sudden influx of air.

BBrrrAAAP!

Deirdre blinked.

"That tickled," she said.

Aria gave an outraged cry as Deirdre plucked her up by the tails and dangled her above Mable. A line of drool dribbled down Mable's chin as she stared hungrily up at her friend.

"I prefer my prey as plump as possible," Deirdre said.

Aria thrashed, but in the dragon's grasp, her magic failed to materialize. She hissed and spat as she was lowered toward Mable's lips. Mable gulped to clear her gullet, then opened her mouth and–

SLURP!



“Goodness, I’m stuffed,” Mable groaned, teetering on her hooves. Deirdre shot her an amused smile as the cowgirl hugged her thrice-swollen belly. Lysander and Aria’s whispered bickering could be heard beneath the rumble of pre-digestion. “I think it’s time for a nap.”

“Then I shall lay you to rest,” Deirdre agreed.

Mable’s belly rolled across the dragon’s tongue. Its contents shouted, pounding on the walls, as Mable blushed and moaned. The stimulation from both the inside and outside of her stomach was too much for the poor cow. Her knees buckled. Deirdre caught her in her mouth and held her, snagging Sloan’s shirt with a claw before he could run away.

“Where do you think you’re going?” Deirdre asked, bouncing Mable on her tongue. She lowered her jaw to the floor, spreading her

lips. Open-mouthed, she gulped. Mable lodged in her gullet, still moaning. “I think I have something stuck in my throat. Would you be so kind as to facilitate its passage into my stomach?”

Sloan knew from experience that ‘no’ was not an answer. He put a hand on her lip, shuddering as the smooth, damp skin shifted beneath his fingers. A glaze of moisture dampened his brow—her breath, perhaps, or maybe a trickle of sweat. Her mouth was like a volcanic cave, yawning, immense, and despite himself, Sloan felt a tingle of arousal. He curved his hands around the corners of her tongue, spreading his thumbs over its slick surface. Deirdre’s eyes narrowed in pleasure. An involuntary gulp sent Mable tumbling further into her throat.

GLICK!

The humidity increased the further Sloan crawled into the dragon’s mouth. He passed the great, white stalactites of her teeth, easing himself into the narrow channel in the center of her tongue. A stream of drool rushed past his fingers, pooling on the dam that Mable had formed in Deirdre’s gullet. The cow girl’s head and shoulders were lodged in a wall of flesh. Her oversized tits had prevented her from being swallowed completely.

A hoof lashed out at Sloan as he approached. He held it down, pressing it into the tongue as he inspected the obstruction. Mable’s stomach was huge. He would have to get a running start to shove her down Deirdre’s throat, but as large as his wife’s maw was, he still had to bend to stand. What resulted was an awkward tackle that rebounded him off the cow girl’s furry belly.

What…what was he doing?

Lysander was stuck inside of Mable. Was he really about to push him down Deirdre’s throat?

“Lysander,” Sloan whispered. “Can you hear me?”

A violent gurgle sent him sprawling backwards. Mable moaned as her stomach grew soft around the middle.

“Lysander!”

“I’m alive,” came a muffled reply. “That was…that was Kreck.”

Sloan sighed with relief, then froze as Deirdre’s tongue lifted behind him. His wife was growing impatient.

“Okay, um, I’m going to have to get you out of there,” Sloan said. “Hold on just a second.”

Dipping his toes into Deirdre’s throat, he forced his way past Mable’s shoulders. If he could jam himself against the wall, then maybe he could use his legs to push Mable out onto the tongue. From there…he wasn’t quite sure what he’d do, but he’d have to convince Deirdre to let Lysander go.

Slimy flesh beat against his shoulders as he positioned himself. It was pitch black in Deirdre’s throat and hot. Very hot. The hole beneath him twitched as Deirdre snorted. He could smell the miasma wafting up from below—the potent mix of stomach acids and half-digested meat.

“Alright,” Sloan said. “Here goes nothing.”

He shoved off with his feet and slipped immediately. What did he think was going to happen? I mean, seriously, he was tap-dancing on a predator’s tongue expecting her not to swallow?

With a yelp, he fell backwards into Deirdre’s throat, folding in on himself for an uncomfortable journey into her stomach. Deirdre, following that journey with a claw, sighed and rolled her eyes, swallowing Mable as well with just as little effort.

ULP!

“Really, Sloan, you’d think by now you’d know not to tickle me,” Deirdre said. “I’m tempted to leave you in there this time. I really am!”

Bast had Carmen on the ground. The wyrm was breathing heavily, weighed down by her stomach upon which Bast kneeled.

“Relinquish my prey,” Bast snarled.

“Never,” Carmen gasped.

A cruel smile played on Bast’s lips as she grabbed Carmen by the throat. With little effort, she lifted the wyrm, one hand wrapped

around her neck and the other against Carmen's navel. Slowly, she began to push.

"Guh!"

Bast's hand sank into the rubbery base of Carmen's belly. She squeezed hard, fishing through the remains of her previous meals until she found something solid. Carmen's eyes began to bug.

"Is this your sweetheart making his way through your intestines?" Bast asked. "It would be a shame if he arrived less than solid."

"Please," Carmen gasped.

Chuckling, Bast formed her hand into a fist. Carmen's foot claws raked at her thighs, drawing blood, but the dragon hardly noticed. Bast thrust her fist upward between Carmen's breasts. A great flood of saliva dribbled down the wyrm's chin as she gagged, releasing the tip of Ink's tail.

"Don't mind if I do," Bast said.



She bit the tip of the tail, working it into her mouth. Carmen continued to gag as Bast pinned her to the wall with one fist to her stomach, bringing her lips closer, closer, until their mouths were linked. Then she began to take Ink for herself.

Carmen's eyes went wide. Her feet thrashed. She pounded on Bast's torso, groaning as her oxygen-deprived brain attempted to clear the blockage in her throat, but Ink was a loooong lamia, and it took more than a minute of consistent sucking for Bast to pull her free from Carmen's stomach and swallow her into her own. Bast let Carmen drop to the ground. Froth had formed around Carmen's lips.

"That's how a dragon claims their prey," Bast said.

"Well done," Deirdre chimed.

The dragon had pulled herself into the room and now towered above the final two predators. Bast ignored her, choosing instead to focus on the delicious, slippery sensation of Ink's coils winding around her belly. She could digest her in an instant if she wanted, but that would defeat the purpose. Instead, she sat cross-legged on the ground, using her palms to agitate the snake further as she fingered herself. Deirdre's eyes fell on Carmen.

"There you are, you little troublemaker," Deirdre said, lowering her head toward the wyrm. "Nova's told me all about you. A public nuisance, they said, but an asset to the Dragon Repopulation Project. Well, unfortunately, now that you've swallowed your husband—"

She licked her fangs.

"—your services are no longer required."

Carmen hardly reacted to the giant maw descending upon her. She let out a small croak, twitching, raising a weak fist in resistance. As Deirdre's head passed beneath the glassless window of the observation room, something flashed.

"Die!"

It was Lovernia with a steel chair!

Oh dear, did she really think that would work?

She flew majestically out of the room, chair raised high above her head, and brought it crashing down on Deirdre's skull to…absolutely no effect. Stumbling, she tried to cling to Deirdre's nostrils, but the dragon's tongue was already winding around her ankle. With a flick of her head, Lovernia disappeared down her gullet.

"An interesting strategy," Deirdre said, smacking her lips, "but a dragon slayer, you are not. Where were we?"

Carmen groaned.

"Oh, right!"

Bast watched impassively as Deirdre nibbled on Carmen's stomach. The pleasant squash of it felt good on her tongue and the taste? It was to die for. Deirdre spat out Carmen's belly which heaved as the wyrm pushed herself up against the wall. Her jaw trembled like she wanted to say something, but then she gulped and shook her head.

"Do what you must," Carmen said.



“There is nothing I *must* do,” Deirdre laughed. Her wings spread across the arena as she brought her muzzle level with Carmen. “You’d understand if you were a proper dragon. Oh well. It’s not that I think less of wyrms—or at least, no less than I think of humans—but you’re a nuisance and you’ve swallowed your handler. Time to digest.”

Carmen looked over at Bast.

“You’re next, you know,” she said, pointing a claw. “Nobody is leaving here–”

SHLURP!

Deirdre held Carmen in her scythe-like claws, licking and sucking on the wyrm until she was out of breath. Once her legs had gone limp, Deirdre thumbed her tail and considered, briefly, whether it would be worth it to pull Felix out. *Nah*, she thought as she pushed Carmen into her gullet. *The wyrm will squirm enough as is.*

GULP!

Now there were only two dragons left in the arena and rightfully so! Did anyone expect the humans or the furries to make it to the end? Honestly, Bra’Zzel, if you’re going to organize a tournament, at least make an attempt to balance the power levels! Maybe throw in a lamia from Fink’s world—those behemoths would really shake things up! Or the drider. People like the drider, right?

What’s that? It’s a little difficult to hear you in my stomach, darling, but how about if I give this story a fitting ending, hmm? Bast has magic and Deirdre has size. This battle could go either way.

So let’s make it a little more one-sided.

***

The ground beneath the dragon’s feet rumbled.

“What was that?” Bast asked.

She sat on the opposite side of the arena, quietly digesting while Deirdre, laying on her back, pawed at her fleshy stomach, nudging its

inhabitants back into scintillating motion. The larger dragon looked up. Her cheeks were flushed.

“I thought it was you,” Deirdre said.

Bast stood. Her stomach was heavy and swollen, but a few seconds of concentrated heat would burn away the fat, leaving her ready for battle. Steam began to rise from her skin as she scanned the arena. Was the room moving? Were the underground cages collapsing? She had gone to sleep in a field and had woken up in this prison. Maybe she had won the game. Maybe she was being teleported home.

In the end, she was only half correct.

Like a whale breaching the surface of the ocean, the maw that appeared beneath Bast’s feet rose in a smooth motion, encasing the powerful dragoness before she could even think to cast a spell. With a gulp that shook the entire stadium, she swam into my guts, punching and thrashing like the good little girl that she was! Oh no, I would not



digest her. She felt too good, screaming in rage. Instead, I would keep her inside of me as a pet…or at least, *I would* if Bra'Zzel hadn't insisted that once this was all over, I wipe their memories and send them back to their home planes.

That's right, folks! *None* of this is canon! If I get a single comment asking if this is canon, I swear I will appear beneath *your* bed while you are sleeping and swallow you whole. But like, not in a sexy way since you'll be sleeping. That's your punishment. You won't even get to *enjoy* the vore before I digest you.

Ahem.

"Miriam," Deirdre whispered.

She stood in the corner, tail curled around her body, knees shaking, eyes wide with fright. I don't think I look *that* scary, but my head *was* about as large as her body at that time and I was crawling out of the floor like a demon from Hell.

Which, you know, I am!

"Yes, it is I, Miriam," I said. "I have come to send you home!"

I had forgotten that my name was often used to scare naughty little dragons that refused to go to bed. What else would a dragon be frightened of other than a *bigger, badder* dragon that could swallow them whole? I mean, wasn't that the plot of the first How to Train Your Dragon movie?

I smiled in a way that I thought was soothing, but Deirdre just trembled harder, bowing her head in supplication. Now that was no fun! I shook myself free from the intangible space beneath the arena and started to shed my size, shrinking until I was just a tad larger than Deirdre. She should know her place, after all, but hopefully now she wouldn't—"

Phoowmph!

A geyser of flame shot from her throat and struck me in the chest. It tickled. Deirdre took a step back when she saw it had no effect, but it was too late!

"You shouldn't have done that," I said.

My smile widened.

"Now you join the others."

Deirdre turned to run, but I stepped on her tail, dragging her backwards across the arena floor. Her wings flapped, claws scraping, neck thrashing as I pinned her from behind, using my bulk to drive the air from her lungs. A small spurt of flame came out of her mouth. Her stomach gurgled. I almost pitied her as she craned her neck backwards to look up at me. Almost.

Sighing, I put her tail in my mouth and started to slurp.

"Please, Miriam," Deirdre yelled as she pawed at the floor. "I'll eat my vegetables! I promise!"

***

"She did NOT say that," Bra'Zzel said.

I paused, claw still dripping with ink, a fresh page laid out on my stomach. Bra'Zzel was reading what I wrote while he was, *ahem*, away. A frown creased his brow. He kept shaking his shaggy head and clicking his tongue.

"I think that I get to decide what she said, dear," I chuckled. "Seeing as I was there and you were pudge on my hips at the time."

"And what's with the How to Train Your Dragon reference?" he continued, ignoring me. "That movie's like, 15 years old."

"There's a live action remake coming out this year."

"Oh fuck, really?"

A thump from inside of my stomach shook the jar of ink. Bra'Zzel bounced onto my tail, sputtering indignantly.

"They're still inside of you?" he cried.

I could feel them all:

Deirdre, who had swallowed Carmen, Honey, Mable, and Sloan, of whom Honey had swallowed Evangeline, Mable had swallowed Lysander, Aria, Kreck, and Dean, and Carmen had swallowed Bella and Fink. She had also swallowed Bast, who had swallowed Lysander

and Ink, who had swallowed Ollie and who had tried to get revenge for Gladdis, who Bast had also eaten. Then there was Fae. And Lovernia. Ophelia who had been inside of Bast. Astra had reformed in her…

Was I missing anyone?

"Miriam, heeeeelp!"

I looked down just in time to see Bra'Zzel's wooly head disappearing up Grendel's ass. His muzzle hung between her cheeks, teeth gritted.

"This is the stupidest thing I've ever written!" he yelled as Grendel sat on his face.

She must have followed me through the portal when I returned to the tower and now she glanced up at me with her wide, yellow eyes.

"Grendel no sorry," she said. "Sheep is delicious."

"He is, indeed," I said.



Well that was that! A…vore game show. It didn't end up being much of a game show, did it? It kind of became a battle royale again. Honestly, Bra'Zzel deserves to stew in goblin bowels for even coming up with the concept. You can make that image as dirty as you like, Seek. Maybe, like, a cutaway of me with a pen and him beneath her butt. We haven't done an internal this book, have we? Is this microphone still on?

Shit.

The End?

Epilogue

Bra'Zzel here. I'm currently churning inside of Grendel's bowels. Goblin digestive systems are quite loud…and messy. This is going to take a while, so I figured I would answer a pressing question that I'm sure many of you are asking yourselves:

How did Fink, the escape artist, manage to get himself digested inside of Bella?

The short answer is that Miriam wrote it and since prey never escapes her belly (unless she wants it to), she is unable to conceive of an ending in which a morsel is not digested. It is an, ah, adorable weakness that pervades the upper echelons of demonkind.

The long answer is:

***

Bella's stomach *burned.* Fink wriggled from side to side, happily slopping against the soggy walls as the cinch of her muscles tightened around him, squeezing him into her navel. He could feel her legs wrapped around her gut, knees pulled in, head down—indeed, her position inside of Carmen was similar to his own position inside of *her.*

And it was wonderful.

"She hasn't tried to digest me in so long," Fink groaned, blushing as the underside of his tail ran flush with her innards. It never ceased to amaze him; the sounds, the *smells,* the pervasive sense of ownership that the stomach exerted over him. He dug his fingers into the bubbling liquid and smiled. He still had a few minutes.

A few thrusts of the hips was all he needed to get started. Bella was making lewd grunting noises, no doubt enjoying the slower, softer contours of the dragon's belly. Fink would explore them later, yes, when he was finished with Bella, but for once she wasn't yelling at

him for using her stomach like a fleshlight, so he was going to take advantage to the fullest!

"Toad mucus," he muttered to himself. "No, she can handle toad mucus. Shock needle? Mermaid claw?"

He was getting close. A few more pumps and he would spill in the wonderful, bubbling miasma of Bella's acids and then he'd escape. Just a few more–

Something hard squeezed him from the outside. Fink's eyes snapped open. A bone? No, it was Bella's hand! She had placed her hand on the outline of his cock and was rubbing him from the outside!

Well, well, well. Fink was savvy enough to understand that Bella was under some kind of spell, but he wasn't about to pass up an opportunity to have his pork pulled by the normally aggressive gunslinger! He braced himself against her palm and sighed as the heat in the stomach rose with the hitching of her breath. Bella let out an adorable moan. She was just as into it as he was!

"Don't worry!" Fink said. The acids were up to his chest. She really was digesting him! The accelerated process only made him more eager as he redoubled his efforts. "I'm…about…to finish!"

He came in Bella's hand, landing backwards in the pile of slush. He stewed there for a minute, crushed beneath Bella's abdomen, trapped under twin layers of fat and skin. The wyrm was so heavy that it was hard to move. He had to wrench his shoulder free to lift the false scale on the back of his hand and…

Oh…right. The last thing he remembered before waking up in the facility was sorting through his supplies. They had all been laid out on a bench, carefully labeled, and Bella was going to help him hide them in the secret pockets scattered all over his body. For the first time in his career, Fink had gone into a stomach fully unprepared.

To his credit, he didn't panic. There were a few pressure points he could try. Of course, Bella, being a predator, knew about those pressure points and had trained herself not to react to them. Could he

go the ‘long way’? No, he’d surely suffocate without the expedited journey that his diuretics gave him.

The acids were up to his neck now. Bella was moaning, rocking back and forth, getting off on digesting him while Carmen got off on digesting her. Leaning back in her belly, listening to the moans of two predators around him, Fink closed his eyes and gripped his cock.

There was probably time for one more orgasm before he digested.



***

So there you have it! Caught unawares and lacking time due to his own horny humping, Fink perished in Bella's belly, the way he always intended to go.

Now, is it *likely* that Fink would ever be caught without his supplies?

No.

But that's what we're going with, so there! As for Lysander…shit. I forgot about Lysander. He…resurrected first in Deirdre's belly, then in Miriam's, then also in Miriam's belly because it never lets anything go.

Good thing none of this is canon, eh?

But you know what is canon?

Vore Isekai 8! It's coming soon, babyyy, it's coming soon. Vore Isekai 8, babyyy, there's gonna be dragons, so many dragons, all of the dragons! We're gonna get so much sweet ass dragon pussaaaaaaaay!

[The author has been double-lobotomized]

The Actual End



Hey there!

Thank you for buying this book. We poured a lot of work into it, and we genuinely hope you've enjoyed it.

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Love,
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