

Beyond the
Point
Of
No Return



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Melissa smelled smoke.

She paid it no mind, and continued squinting at the contents of her wallet. *Five, twenty-five, seventy-five, eighty-five...*

She considered asking for help, but who would understand her? The woman behind the counter – the one pretending to read a magazine while giving Melissa the evil eye – wouldn't be thrilled to help. Melissa cursed never having wanted to learn more languages. She figured there wouldn't be a point to it, it wasn't like she expected to travel. Traveling was a luxury reserved for humans and wealthy predators. She was neither.

Melissa rolled her eyes. She couldn't make any sense out of this new currency. None of the coins resembled anything familiar. Ah, well. It would probably be enough.

She checked the back of her hand, where Amina had scribbled the shopping list with that fancy handwriting of hers.

"One onion," Melissa read aloud; it helped her practice the unfamiliar new language. "Three potatoes, one loaf of bread, me."

The last word lingered in her mind. She only realized what it meant when she was already at the counter, but that didn't stop the blood from rushing to her cheeks. She dropped all her coins on the desk and cleared her throat, watching as the clerk scanned and bagged the items. Melissa didn't even notice her keeping the change.

Me.

She scrunched up her nose at the smell of smoke. Something was most definitely burning. She slithered down the street until the asphalt became dirt, towards home.

Me. It didn't even make any sense, but just the fact Amina had jotted it down in the list of groceries was enough for Melissa to know what it was about. Ever since they'd settled down, Amina had taken to teasing her like that. It started subtle enough, but each day brought a more daring comment.

It's a bit drafty. Mind if I crawl into your mouth?

Melissa remembered blaming her flushed cheeks on the heater.

Your belly looks very nice and squishy today. I bet it would look better with me in it, though.

Just remembering that one made her insides feel funny.

Sometimes they were clever or elaborate. Sometimes they were just a *me* in a grocery list. But they always flustered Melissa, and Amina always – *always* – ended up cackling.

Darker. More bitter. Smoke.

She turned the corner and saw the source.

Her house.

"Amina!"

Melissa dropped her shopping bags. Her entire body lurched forward, and she rushed towards her prefab. Smoke billowed out of the windows. The smell stung her nose. But her mind harbored only one thought. *Amina. Where is Amina?*

With one slam of Melissa's tail, the door came off the hinges – dragging a good chunk of the doorway with it. Tears pooled in her eyes. She couldn't see through them, or through the smoke, and she couldn't smell anything or anyone. "Amina!" she called, and no one answered. "Amina!"

"What's going on?"

The familiar voice came not from inside the building, but from the street. Melissa looked outside. The sight of her girlfriend, unharmed, almost made her faint. Amina looked at her, confused.

“What’s this ruckus? Why is the door...” All color drained from her features. “Oh, fuck! The oven!”

“The cake is a bit overdone, but it’s still good!”

“That’s meatloaf, Melissa.”

“Oh,” the lamia said. She regarded the piece of charcoal on the end of her fork, shrugged, and put it in her mouth. “Still better than the army rations.”

Amina looked around. The place still reeked of smoke. The door was back on its hinges, kept in place with industrial tape and a prayer. And the oven... well, one thing was for certain, she wouldn’t be baking any time soon.

“Did you at least get the things I asked you to get?”

“Sorry,” said Melissa, poking at another piece of meatloaf with her fork. It crumbled into ash. “I kind of flattened them in the commotion.” She took another bite. “Seriously, though, I really like it. It’s nice and crunchy.”

“Stop eating that! It’ll make you sick.”

“I doubt it,” the lamia chuckled. She took the plate, opened her mouth, and scraped its contents onto her tongue.

“Hey!”

Amina leaped onto the table and ran across it. She gripped the lamia’s neck. She did her best to squeeze, but one of the two could suffocate an elephant, and Amina wasn’t it. “Hey! Don’t you dare...”

Gulp.

Amina felt the bulge brush against her hands before it disappeared between the lamia’s shoulder blades. Her cheeks flushed a bright crimson, but her smile quickly returned, more mischievous than ever.

“Don’t think you’ve won.”

Melissa tilted her head, blinking. “Huh?”

“That just means I’ll have to crawl in and get it myself.”

“What are you – hey!”

Amina didn’t let her finish. She pried Melissa’s mouth open to prove she wasn’t bluffing; the lamia tried to resist, but feared she might hurt her lover. Amina’s fingers slid into the lamia’s mouth, sank into the squishy tongue. Amina felt the shiver that ran down Melissa’s body and sensed some of the eagerness from that night in the fields. So close, at last...

Her hands kneaded the lamia’s flat tongue. Melissa tried to pull back, to look away, to refuse her like a petulant child at the dinner table – but something in her hesitated. Something old and numbed reawakened in her and drove her to concede to Amina’s insistence. Her vision funneled around her lover, and her features flushed a vivid crimson. Noticing this, Amina’s expression softened. The smile that disguised her lust as humor faded, and she pulled her hands out, resting them on the lamia’s chest. Melissa’s own saliva ran down her scalding skin, and it felt *good*.

“You really want this, don’t you?” Melissa asked.

“Don’t you?”

“There’s nothing I want more right now.”

Melissa sighed. She picked Amina up and carried her away from the table; she allowed her to cling to her body, arms wrapping around her neck, so small and fragile, yet so headstrong.

Amina took the lead. Her hands found Melissa’s cheeks, and there they lingered, feeling the tensile flesh. She followed the jawline, the gentle incline from ear to chin, and watched the hairs stand on end to her hand’s passage. She found the throat, and gripped at the soft skin, tracing the journey she’d made twice before, from the base of the jaw, down the neck, between the shoulderblades, beneath her top, past the breasts...

A sharp exhale washed over her. Amina’s hand froze. Her fingers danced in the valley of Melissa’s cleavage, and with a wicked grin, Amina leaned down. The lamia shuddered; her tail thrashed and squirmed, reacting to the little human’s touch. When she looked down, she saw Amina possessed; her eyes burning with desire, her hair messy, her chest swaying up and down with shallow breaths. She saw her lover disappear beneath her breasts, but those skilled fingers, those loving caresses, they betrayed Amina’s position. Every now and then, Melissa felt a foot stepping on her soft underbelly, or even a knee pressing up against the hypersensitive scales that concealed her shame; these touches, uncoordinated and rough, filled her mind with thoughts of struggling, screaming prey.

A musky scent seeped into the air.

Amina stopped at the hem of Melissa’s top. Her fingers grasped into the plump skin, sliding between fabric and skin, forming just enough of an opening to fit through. Amina’s head rested on the stomach.

“This is where I’ll be,” she said, and the warmth of her words chilled Melissa. She crawled into the top, ignoring the sounds of ripping fabric and bursting seams, and moved on up. Her tongue drew a glistening trail of her discoveries, and her hands claimed each new landmark. She pushed her head between the lamia’s breasts.

Skin below, stretched fabric above, two mountains of squishy flesh smothering her head, she closed her eyes, and felt the motion all around her. It reminded her of that night, and its dreamlike wonder. It reminded her of that day, and how it had saved her life.

Melissa squirmed. Her reluctance to resist Amina’s advances melted into full-blown submission. From fear of hurting, to fear of being hurt. She saw the contours of fingers under the top, knuckles bending, then a shiver; Amina’s touch primed her. It turned skin to gooseflesh and her breaths to wheezes that rustled her nubs against the cheap fabric.

Like coils of their own, Amina’s fingers circled their prey. They struck from ambush, pinching Melissa’s erect nipples. The lamia reeled from the touch, whimpering, but Amina was only getting started. Her grip brought one of the nubs to her mouth, eager to claim it. Her hot breath washed over the pinkish skin, made sensitive by her rough caresses, and she felt Melissa stir. Her tongue pressed against the nipple, and she felt it, stone-hard against her flesh, a betrayal of Melissa’s desire. Her lips slid over the soft surface of her lover’s breast, encompassing as much skin as they could. She sucked on it, gentle at first, growing fiercer by the second; she clamped her lips, she raked the sensitive flesh with her teeth, she sucked and nibbled, and felt Melissa’s body dance to her tune.

A lick here, a wheeze. A pinch there, a whimper. The cadence of the lamia’s breaths, the beating of her heart, the flushing of her skin, they formed its own language of lust, of little wants and releases, and Amina, who had explored her lover within and without, was fluent.

Amina locked the nub between her molars and rolled it back and forth. She looked up and saw Melissa's expression, so full of need, so at her mercy. The great predator, reduced to a mewling wreck. Few things inflamed Amina like this. Well, there was *one* thing...

"Enough playing around. Open up."

"But—"

Amina bit. Melissa moaned through gritted teeth.

"Open up."

She didn't wait for the lamia to obey. She crawled out of the top through the cleavage, hooked her fingers on Melissa's lips, and parted them. Two rows of teeth clenched before her, but they eased at her approach. The heart under her knee buzzed, a small earthquake resonating through Amina's burning body. It proved everything Melissa sought to deny.

She pried the jaws open. Strings of saliva arced between the teeth. Melissa's gums glistened with saliva, and her tongue rested on the floor of her mouth, pulsing with anticipation. Amina's locks slid across the lamia's cheek, over her lips, and lowered into her gaping mouth; when they rested against the tongue, instinct drove it to flatten, forming a slide leading down to an expanding gullet, so dark, so *inviting*...



She looked down at the lamia. The lamia looked up at her. Their eyes met, shimmering with desire, pupils dilated, sinking into each other. In those depths, Amina saw a lust like her own.

Amina pushed her head between Melissa's teeth. The sweet smell of saliva filled her nostrils, and soon her mouth, as she kissed the tongue that cushioned her. The moan her touch coaxed out of Melissa echoed all around. Strings of saliva dripped from the roof of the lamia's mouth, seeping into her hair, softening her skin with their warmth. With the last beams of light before the lips pursed around her neck, Amina took in her lover's mouth.

Everything about it teased her to move forward, inward – from the slippery tongue underneath, to the rows of teeth on each side. Then the darkness came, and with it, the world beyond Melissa fell silent. Only cavernous gurgles in the distance, the nervous gulping of excess saliva, and the now familiar *thump-thump-thump* remained.

The lamia held her lover close. Her arms embraced as greedily as her mouth engulfed. Her tongue stirred at the smallest hint of Amina's taste, triggering that dopamine release she craved so much. A sense of elation came over her, clouding her thoughts with happy feelings, blurring the boundary between her and Amina, inciting her to fuck and taste and love and eat.

And taste she did, her tongue licking at Amina's face, slobbering over her hair, following the shape of her features, relaxing under the ministrations of the other, smaller tongue that lapped at it. This bliss washed over her in waves, resonating through her bones, and muscles, and skin, building up her pleasure. Her musk permeated the air, intoxicating even the lamia herself. The glistening rivulet running down her tail's side grew wider. Little squelches sounded out, the eager contractions of her now gaping cunt, working around an invisible form. Grinding. Flowing. Mounting...

Melissa's maw opened. Her throat slicked. Her stomach expanded, pressing out against her other organs, pulling up air from outside and exhaling it in long, bitter wafts. The pressure mounted at the back of her throat, the instinct to swallow. The desire to claim.

The need to digest.

Melissa froze.

She grabbed Amina's sides and pulled her out of her mouth. With a soft pop, the girl's soaked head came out, staring at Melissa, confused, frustrated. But the lamia said nothing. She had nothing to say. Resentment filled her, then bled away, leaving nothing but the lingering horror on her features. A horror so clear, even an edged Amina took note of it.

"No, no no no no no. Not now, Melissa," she gasped, the plea of someone on the brink of release. "Not today, please!"

"I'm sorry."

Amina let herself be pulled into an embrace. She shook; it was cold outside. It was cold and drab and harsh. She clenched her fist, slammed it into Melissa's chest again and again. "You always chicken out. You always change your mind. I need you, Melissa, I need you to eat me. Why won't you eat me? Don't you love me anymore?!"

"I'm sorry. I really am."

"You said there was nothing you'd rather do right now. You lied to me."

"No," Melissa whispered, kissing Amina's head, "I didn't."

The moment lingered. Their breaths, mismatched.

"When you ate me for the first time, you showed me something I never knew I needed. I thought I was dreaming. I felt you all around me, your love all around me, so strong, so nurturing. And that other time, by the border, it... it was..."

Her words failed her. Melissa sighed, patting her back.

"I know," she said. "Trust me, it was just as wonderful for me."

"Then why won't you!"

Melissa's mind raced. She knew she should tell her. But to do so, to admit a chemical, a simple manmade drug could override her own self-control – the mere thought of doing it cut at her heart.

She closed her eyes, she opened them again. She saw Amina, nestled between her breasts. She saw the kitchen turned upside-down by her thrashing, the table flipped over, a chair shattered; she saw her own tail, resting flat against the floorboards.

Melissa smiled.

"I know what we *can* do, though."

"Oh–"

A finger to the lips silenced Amina. She felt the familiar caress of scales against her feet; she felt them coil and pull off her right boot, then her left. Then it curled around her legs, wider with each inch, its embrace both gentle and iron-tight. It dragged her down, sliding her across the lamia's body, inch by inch.

"I love a tail hug, Melissa, but if you think–"

Shlick.

A liquid warmth ascended around her feet. Squishy flesh underneath her toes gave way to an aperture that claimed her all the way to her shins. She looked up at Melissa, and saw her gasp through a grin; she tried to move her legs, but the lamia's pussy gripped them as tight as any coil.

"Melissa..."

"You want to be claimed, huh?" the lamia said. Amina failed to read her smile. "You want to sink into my flesh, and have it surround you forever? There's more than one way to skin a cat, Amina, and this time, we're going all the way."

The tail curled around Amina. Its grip spread from her knees all the way to her neck. Ever moving, ever shifting, it rubbed its scales against her skin, reigniting the lust in her. Soft folds spread sideways around her shins, supple and warm, overflowing. Ribbed flesh pulsed around her feet, and when Amina curled her toes, she felt it squish and slide around them. Her own form responded to its warmth. Every hair on her body stood on end. The friction of scale gave way to a fleshy massage, one that crawled over her bare skin, ever advancing, never slowing.

Amina lost herself in it. It had that same warmth, that same wetness, that feeling of being but a drop of water in an ocean of sensation. She allowed herself to be fed to this second hungry maw, to wallow in its saliva, to watch its lips devour her. She pressed her hands to the folds and felt them, so soft and warm against her cold fingers.

Under her touch, Melissa reacted once more. The lamia sat up. The tunnel around Amina's legs bent and twisted, its walls grinding at her legs, pulling her feet deeper and deeper. Melissa closed the distance between them, ruffled her lover's hair... then pushed.

Squelch.

The lamia's depths welcomed her. They rippled and pulled, they clenched and released. They pumped, and they pulsed, and they swirled around Amina like a maelstrom of sensation. Only Melissa's steady grip saved her from vanishing between the lamia's labia. Even now, only Amina's head hadn't been engulfed, and all around, she felt the pull, straining her muscles, battering her skin.

Melissa's tail curled and stretched. The floor beneath them shook with each of her jerks. She held Amina's face between her hands, her fingers interlocked around the back of her head; she pulled it towards her, and shivered as it pushed against her clit.

Amina's desperation found an outlet. All the pent up frustration that her contained limbs couldn't channel energized her tongue. She lapped at the clit before her, running her tongue in circles around it, and Melissa's walls rewarded her with their contractions. When she took it in her mouth, it filled it; she sucked on it, head bobbing back and forth, tongue thrashing, and each motion of hers, no matter how small, resonated down through her damp new home.

She sucked on the clit until her jaw was sore and her body was limp, but Melissa's body grew hungry for more. Each bend and wriggle loosened the lamia's grip. And her cunt gaped still, wide and eager, ready to claim what little was left. A slip of Melissa's hand – and it did just that. Amina's head sank into the pool of fluids, pulled under by a contraction. In the fleeting moment before the lips closed around her, consigning her to the vagaries of Melissa's flesh, Amina looked up. The last thing she saw was the lamia blowing her a kiss, and then the slit sealed shut.

Adrift.

Flesh all around. Pulsing, twisting, clenching. It muted all sounds and eased her weariness. Like a warm duvet it unfolded around Amina. There was no up or down, no left or right, only the rippling of vaginal walls, opening up before her and closing up behind. The fluids pulsed around her, bubbling with motion.

"You wanted to be inside me," Melissa's voice sounded, resonating through every pore. "Now you'll be part of me. Forever."

Amina shivered. She tested the limits of her confinement. The walls bent to her pressure, but she found no grip on their slippery surface. Her movements grew desperate, violent. Her whole body lashed out. She opened her mouth to call Melissa's name, but the walls muffled even the loudest noise she could produce. She gasped. Everything was Melissa. The hot and grinding flesh, Melissa. The pulsing and thumping and purring, Melissa. The musk weighing down her lungs, Melissa. The viscous juices at the tip of her tongue, Melissa. Entombed in her lover, Amina could do nothing but sink.

"Can you feel it?"

Only the lamia's voice made it through her own body.

"Can you feel the walls, churning you up? Can you feel your body soften? You wanted this, Amina, remember that."

Clench. Release.

"Remember that as you melt into cum. Remember that as my body claims you forever. This is what you wanted, Amina, to be consumed by your lover."

Clench. Release.

"I hope you're happy now."

Clench.

Over the edge.

Amina spasmed, her body bending, her thighs locking, a scream echoing through the cavern of flesh. She took deep breaths of the thin air as her muscles finally relaxed. Yes, she could feel it, the walls churning her up. She could feel the edges of her being numbing, becoming one with the lamia's juices. She could feel the walls tightening their grip.

Entombed in Melissa's womb, Amina lost consciousness. Her last dream before nothingness was like her first...

"You wanted to be inside me,"
"Now you'll be part of me."
"Forever."

Amina shivered.
She tested the limits
of her confinement.
The walls bent to her pressure,
but she found no grip on
their slippery surface.

"Melissa?"



“Hey.”

A distant voice.

“Hey, wake up.”

A beam of light. Resentment.

“Come on, before breakfast gets cold.”

The smell of coffee.

“Okay, here we go. Three, two, one...”

The blanket was pulled from over Amina. She curled up into a ball, rolled over, but eventually conceded. She opened her eyes and saw Melissa, sitting by the bed, the covers in one hand and a tray in the other.

“You slept for fourteen hours. You must have been exhausted.”

She pushed the tray onto Amina’s lap. “Did you have fun last night?”

Amina looked down at the cup of coffee. The thick black liquid rippled; she was trembling. Melissa noticed it, and shuffled onto the bed, causing the mattress to creak.

“I don’t understand. What happened?”

The lamia tried to conceal a smirk. “You fell asleep inside of me, so I pulled you out. You had this dopey smile on your face. Also, you were snoring.”

“Huh. I thought...”

“Thought what?”

Amina blushed. “That you had digested me.”

The smirk broadened into a grin. “With my vagina? I don’t think so, silly. What do you think I’m made of down there, sulfuric acid?”

“Well, I didn’t know...” She hid her face in her hands; her voice came out strained with embarrassment. “You said you were going to melt me into cum. Oh, geeze, I can’t believe I fell for it.”

“That’s not how lubrication works, dear,” Melissa said, poking her nose. “I said those things because I knew you’d get all hot and bothered. I didn’t expect you to believe it!” She chuckled. “Come, now, eat your breakfast. It’s getting cold.”

Amina sighed. She uncovered her face and took in the moment. The sun’s first rays shone through the window, the food on her lap steamed, and next to her, Melissa, now curled up in the same blanket she’d pulled from over her, watched intently.

“How about you, Melissa? Won’t you have breakfast?”

The lamia winked.

“You’ll have to take me on a date first.”