
Blind Date with a Belly
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Blind Date with a Belly

a Vore Novella

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Who Would You Choose?

The curtain rises and...

Prologue

Blinding lights snapped on, white-hot against Rhea's face. She flinched, eyes squinting as the booming theme music kicked in. It was upbeat, brassy, full of artificial enthusiasm, but underneath the peppy fanfare, she caught something else—something organic. The slick churn of digestive fluids, the deep, muffled gurgles of unseen stomachs at work. And maybe—just maybe—the thin, distant wail of someone who wasn't quite gone yet.

Her tongue flicked instinctively through the gap in her front teeth. She froze, realizing what she was doing, and snapped her mouth shut. No need to let the audience see her nervous tic. Not when the entire point of this show was making her squirm.

A shadow moved behind the rising curtain. Then, with a dramatic sweep of color, the host stepped forward, bathed in a spotlight.

She was gorgeous in a way that made Rhea's stomach twist. Tall, statuesque, her form-hugging gown shimmering like a sun-filled sky. But the real spectacle was her stomach—a full, heavy dome of taut flesh, lazily shifting as something inside moved. She placed a perfectly manicured hand on its peak and gave it a slap, the impact sending a ripple through the packed flesh.

The audience roared with laughter.

"Whew! You'll have to forgive me," the host purred, one hand on her hip. "I got a little peckish before the show. You know how it is." Another chuckle, another slap to her belly, another groan from deep within. Rhea swore she could feel the bass of it in her ribs.

She didn't laugh.

The host turned to her with a dazzling smile. "Welcome, Rhea! You know the rules. You get to pick one of four lucky contestants, and in return—" Her sharp nails grazed the side of her belly, fingers tracing the curve possessively. "—they get to pick you apart, bit by bit."

Cheers. Applause. The flashing lights above the stage flickered in time with the music. Rhea forced a smile, small and stiff.

“I have a feeling this audience wants to meet your choices,” the host continued, sweeping an arm toward the massive curtain beside them. “Shall we?”

The crowd howled its approval. The drumroll started.

With a grand gesture, the curtain rose—



—and four stomachs were revealed.

The first was deceptively ordinary, a toned midsection clad in a hoodie that hung loose enough to suggest a slouched, casual stance. The flesh beneath looked firm, human, but something about the way the hoodie’s hem barely brushed against it made Rhea uneasy. Was it bait? A ruse? Or something far stranger than it seemed?

The second was massive, a great coil of muscle and scaled hide that flexed as its owner adjusted their posture. There was no mistaking

the sheer power behind it. A naga—its stomach stretched and firm from a recent meal, the edges of its last victim's outline barely discernible beneath gleaming scales. A hungry predator, eager for more.

The third was soft, plush, and covered in light brown fur with pale, irregular spots. The gentle swell of it spoke of indulgence, of someone who enjoyed their meals in great quantity and frequency. A slight shift sent a ripple through the mass, and Rhea caught a glimpse of the creature's golden furred torso above—a giraffe-girl, her expression unreadable beyond the curtain's edge.

The fourth was covered entirely in a thick, quilted sweater, large but not grotesquely so. The knit fabric stretched over the swell of a belly that rested comfortably in place, almost inviting in its warmth. Of the four, it was the most unassuming, the most *kind*—which immediately put Rhea on edge.

She licked the gap in her teeth again, brow furrowing as she studied the options. The naga was the obvious danger. The giraffe girl's size alone was a warning sign. The hoodie girl was hiding something. And the sweater? The sweater was too welcoming.

The host gave her a sly smile. "Go ahead, Rhea. Ask your questions. See if you can guess what's waiting for you inside."

Rhea cleared her throat. "Contestant number one," she said, directing the question at the hoodie. "What is…your idea of a perfect first date?"

Laughter went up from the audience. Rhea's cheeks turned red as the host gave her a small, patronizing smile, waving a hand toward the curtain.

"Well, contestant number one?" the host asked. "The question was: what's your idea of a perfect first date."

"Is that really the question?"

The voice from behind the curtain was snarky and female. Rhea tried to pick up any hints as the audience erupted once more, clapping and whooping. It was hot beneath the stage lights. Sweat was already

trickling down Rhea's brow. Maybe it was her paranoia, but the cameras seemed to be focusing on her discomfort.

"How old are you?" Rhea tried.

"Old enough to be on this game show," the voice snickered. "Old enough to swallow you whole."

"Seems like contestant number one is a bit of a firebrand," the host said, winking at the audience. "Maybe we should direct our next question toward contestant number two?"

Rhea gritted her teeth, wincing as she poked against the tender gums. She needed a dentist, but a dentist cost money and money was in short supply. Hence the gameshow; hence the *humiliation*.

But all she needed to do was choose the right stomach. The contestants didn't always digest. Sometimes there was a pill—an *anti-digestion* pill. If she chose the right stomach, she would get paid.

"Contestant number *two*," Rhea said, letting the word linger. It drew an appreciative chuckle from the audience and a twitch of the host's lips. Consciously or not, the host's fingers caressed the bulge beneath her dress. "If you had to digest me, how would you do it?"

A ripple through the crowd. Even the host's eyes went momentarily wide before resuming their grinning apathy. It was a direct question—contestants on the show rarely asked them—but the naga, if that's what she was, merely cupped her hands over the top of her stomach and let them glide to her hips, showing off the full capacity of her oversized gut.

"Luxuriously," she whispered.

The hiss in her voice was unmistakable, disqualifying her immediately. Rhea knew just enough about nagas to know that they always digested, though the rumor was that the process was pleasure beyond compare. Still, the size difference made nagas careless. If she could resist the pleasure and escape, it would fulfill her contract with the show.

"Wonderful," Rhea said. "Contestant number three?"

"Oh! Oh! Pick me!"

The third, furry stomach jiggled as the contestant jumped up and down. Was that enormous thud the sound of her hooves hitting the stage? Rhea squinted at the figure, catching a brief glimpse of a long neck and a pair of *humongous* breasts before an aide whispered something to the contestant, getting her back into position. Definitely a giraffe girl, definitely a ditz.

"We've got a lively one," the host said. "Gotta watch out for those."

For once, Rhea agreed. Just because the giraffe girl seemed friendly didn't mean that she wouldn't digest. In fact, her stomach was so large that it was all but impossible that she hadn't melted a person or two in the recent past.

"Contestant number three," Rhea said. "Will you digest me?

A murmur went up from the crowd and the host's smile faltered. "Is that even legal?" someone whispered, but beyond the lights, Rhea couldn't make out their expressions.

"I don't always digest!" came the giraffe's bubbly voice. "Actually, I just ate, so you'd probably be safest with me! I like to have lots and lots of fun with the people that I eat. Lots of rubbing and hugging and, and, overall I just hope you really like me!"

The host let out an audible sigh of relief and the energy of the crowd returned. Rhea frowned. '*I don't always digest'* was not exactly comforting.

"Same contestant," Rhea said, getting a brief flicker of satisfaction from the way the host's head snapped up. "I like you a lot. Maybe we should go out sometime."

The giraffe danced in place as wolf whistles rose from the crowd. She let out a high-pitched snort that Rhea actually found kind of endearing.

"Oh yes, yes, you sound lovely!" the giraffe girl said. "Pick me and you won't regret it! I'll let you stuff me before I eat you so that my belly is even more cozy and then…and then we can maybe catch a movie!"

An artificial ‘aww’ played over the speakers, swiftly undercut by an immense gurgle from the giraffe girl’s belly. Something was moving inside of it. A bump appeared then disappeared beneath the fat, rolling up toward her breasts before rumbling down into her guts. The host’s smile widened.

“Look’s like she’s got a healthy appetite,” she said. “What do you think, Rhea?”

“I think she sounds lovely,” Rhea said, earning another artificial ‘aww”. She turned her attention to contestant number four before the host could make a comment. “Contestant number four, how are you today?”

“I’m doing just fine, dear,” came a velvety, older voice. Rhea suspected that the woman behind it was maybe in her forties, though her body gave nothing away. “You sound like an absolute peach. I can’t wait to eat you—if you choose me, that is!”

Something about the cadence of her voice put Rhea at ease. She was reminded of a schoolteacher, someone calm and steady, with an endless supply of candy stashed in the pockets of her patchwork sweater. The problem was that “Blind Date with a Belly” didn’t *have* kind predators, but it often had bait for naive contestants. One rerun of the show that Rhea had watched involved a seemingly adorable centaur girl who turned out to *be* an adorable centaur girl…with a gut like a meat grinder.

“You, um, sound like a peach as well,” Rhea said, inwardly cringing. She was really sweating now. The host kept looking at her watch, drumming her fingers on her gut. Soon, Rhea was going to have to choose. “Describe your stomach for me, would you?”

“Cozy,” the voice answered automatically. “You will be wrapped up like a warm hug and smothered in love. I simply *adore* swallowing people. I get many repeat visitors!”

Alarm bells were ringing in Rhea’s brain. A distant ‘ooh’ went up from the crowd as the host put a finger to her lips. Repeat visitors? That was obvious bait. In fact, it was so obvious that it might be a

double bait meant to put her on edge so that she didn't choose the kindly aunt. Sometimes the predators did interviews while the contestant digested. It wasn't unheard of to have a predator express (truthfully or otherwise) that they would have been a perfectly safe choice.

Rhea bit her lip, forgetting to hide her teeth. The host swept up to her side, all but pushing her stomach against Rhea's shoulder as she pointed at the curtain.

"Today's contestants are a riot!" the host said. "Let's give them all a big hand before we find out whose belly Rhea will occupy for the rest of the show—and maybe the rest of her life!"

The audience whooped and cheered, calling out for their favorite contestants. "Choose two!" someone yelled. "Four is a trap!" another whistled.

Rhea closed her eyes, aware of the lights, aware of the cacophony of sound that was sweeping over her, aware that millions of people were watching her, waiting to see if she was digested or not. And she hated them. She hated them all.

"Well, Rhea," came the host's malevolent voice. "Who will it be?"

Taking a deep breath, Rhea snapped her eyes open.

"It's gotta be—"

End of Prologue



Yvonne

The Quilted Horror

“Contestant Number Four!”

Rhea felt confident in her choice. The matronly voice behind the quilted sweater was probably some sweet granny with GERD that the show had included as a joke. At least, that’s what Rhea told herself when the music swelled. Her confidence slipped bit by bit as the delighted murmuring of the crowd trickled back to her. They would be reading contestant number four’s stats on the teleprompter.

If the audience was happy, that boded ill for Rhea.

“It seems that Rhea has chosen contestant number four,” the host said. Her grip tightened on Rhea’s shoulder. *As if she’s afraid I’m going to run,* Rhea thought as the curtain began to lift. “Please welcome: Yvonne!”

Contestant number four was taller than Rhea had expected, broad-shouldered but plush, her figure wrapped in layers of soft fabric. Her sweater, the same quilted one Rhea had seen earlier, clung to a stomach that looked warm and inviting—deceptively so. Her skin was a tawny gold, her hair a cascade of gentle waves, framing a face that was neither young, nor old, but right in the middle as Rhea had predicted. There was something maternal about her, something that made Rhea’s instincts scream at her to let her guard down.

The audience cooed in approval, murmurs of excitement rippling through the unseen crowd.

The corners of Yvonne’s lips curled. She stepped toward the center of the stage as the lights went out on the other contestant’s bellies.

"Oh, sweetheart," she said, voice as smooth as honey, "I’ll take good care of you."

Rhea forced herself to smile, slipping her tongue into the gap in her teeth to keep her expression from faltering. She knew better. The

kindness was a veneer, a lure designed to make what came next easier, but she had to play her part.

She turned to the host. "Guess I'm in good hands."

The host laughed, clapping her palms together. "That's the spirit! Now then, let's get to the main event, shall we?"

Yvonne walked forward, cupping Rhea's face between her hands. Her palms were warm, fingers lightly calloused, as if she'd spent a lifetime weaving or kneading dough. Rhea had to fight her instinct to slap those hands away, but at the same time, she wanted to be closer to the kindly woman—to her warmth and softness. She wanted to wrap her arms around Yvonne and bury her face in her ample bosom. Her ease made it difficult to consider a plan b, even as Yvonne chuckled and tilted her head left and right, inspecting her like a piece of choice meat.

"You look delicious, sweetheart," Yvonne said.

The host was backing away, leaving Rhea alone with Yvonne in the center of the stage. To her left were the lights and the audience—the faceless cameraman zooming in on her reactions. To her right, out of sight from the audience, were two, tall guards. *Making sure I don't run off,* Rhea thought as she forced a grin.

"S-so what can I expect in your belly?" she asked.

"Comfort," Yvonne said, stroking her cheek.

She had full, pink lips, and a bit of an overbite that reminded Rhea of her first crush. A smell wafted from her sweater, something homely, but with a kick. Cinnamon, maybe? Rhea bit the inside of her cheek to center herself. The stomach. She needed to focus on the stomach.

"Comfort sounds good," Rhea said. "But, um, I guess what I'm really asking is: are you going to let me out?"

Yvonne, with her golden hair and her morning-bright smile, merely licked her lips.

"Just relax," she murmured. "There's nothing to be afraid of."

Then her mouth opened.



Rhea barely had time to take a breath before she was enveloped in a humid, yielding warmth. Yvonne's lips stretched over her head, and the world darkened as her face was guided past soft, slick flesh. Rhea couldn't stop herself from gasping. She locked her legs, pushing against Yvonne's stomach and found her hands sinking deeper than she had anticipated—never finding the give of fattened flesh. Yvonne grabbed her wrists, not hard, just enough to hold her steady as she pulled Rhea's face into her throat. The muscles in her gullet rippled, coaxing Rhea deeper with an ease that was both terrifying and hypnotic.

Her shoulders slipped past that velvety threshold, then her ribs, then her waist. The weightless moment before Yvonne tipped her head back was punctuated by a delighted hum vibrating all around her. Then, gravity took hold, and Rhea slid the rest of the way down. The last thing she heard before the esophagus closed behind her was:

"Are you ready, folks? Our special stomach cam is about to show you why they call Yvonne 'The Quilted Lady'."

Rhea tumbled into Yvonne's stomach with a wet, muffled squelch. The chamber was unlike anything she had imagined—no slick, organic walls, no pulsing tissue. Instead, the space was lined with fabric, thick and plush, pressing in from all sides like a damp, constricting quilt. The moment she shifted, something wrapped around her wrist—a tendril of soggy cloth, tightening with unnatural strength.

The crowd erupted into cheers, their voices dim and distant beyond the layers of Yvonne's body. Above her, Yvonne chuckled, patting her stomach fondly. "She's a squirmy one."

It was pitch-black inside of Yvonne. Rhea could feel the tendril around her waist, pulling her, bending her backwards into a yawning web of fabric. The harder she grasped at the walls, the harder they evaded her. Only the unrelenting force of gravity could orient her as her butt squished against a moist pile of…whatever it was that Yvonne's body was made of. Panic gripped her chest. Rhea threw her head back and screamed.



“Looks like Rhea’s settling in!” the host’s voice chuckled. “How’s she feeling in there, Yvonne?"

"Delicious," Yvonne purred, rubbing slow circles over her gut. "She’ll make a fine addition."

Rhea twisted, kicking hard, but the quilted walls absorbed every movement, molding to her shape and pulling her deeper. The fabric shifted, twitching like fingers, wrapping around her ankles, her wrists, her waist. She tried to pry herself free, but the more she struggled, the tighter the embrace became.

The laughter outside was deafening. This was a spectacle to them. A joke. Her body was entertainment.

She screamed again, raw and furious, thrashing wildly in the padded prison. For a brief, hopeful moment, her fingers grazed what felt like a weak point in the lining—a seam. If she could just push—

Then Yvonne sighed in pleasure, and the stomach flexed. The fabric pulsed, constricting in one swift, merciless motion. The air was forced from Rhea’s lungs as she was drawn even deeper, until she was cocooned completely, limbs trapped in layers of smothering warmth.

“Can you see her, folks?” the host said. “Our special stomach cam is getting a closer look.”

A red light blinked in the darkness. Rhea looked in disbelief at the camera, staring into the web of pulsing fabric that entangled her. The crowd had known from the beginning that she wasn’t going to survive.

“This is sick,” she whispered. “This is sick!”

She drew her fist back to punch the camera and screamed as a tendril pulled her wrist to her chest. Yvonne’s monstrous figure rumbled. She was laughing. And the audience was laughing, too.

“Help,” Rhea gasped.

Why had she gone on this show? A toothache? There were hundreds of ways to make money—millions. Had she really believed that she would escape? One in ten. Only one in ten of the people who

went on the show escaped their predators and only when the predators allowed them to. There was never a choice. Was she suicidal?

Heat bloomed beneath her skin, a slow, creeping burn. A dampness she had assumed was condensation thickened, turned viscous, clinging to her like syrup.

Realization clawed at her mind.

Stomach acid.

Yvonne hummed, gentle and content. "That's it, sweetheart. Just let go."



Rhea's breath shuddered. The walls squeezed tighter, the liquid rising higher. Her struggles grew sluggish, her limbs heavy. Her mind was raging, but her body was telling her to quit.

"You bastards," she whispered. "You fucking soulless bastards!"

The red light blinked back at her, ever watching, as the acids washed over Rhea's chest. Nothing hurt. The burn was a mere itch, an

irritant. She would suffocate long before the pain really started and she supposed Yvonne considered that a mercy. But even when she passed out, the audience would watch—watch as she digested. Maybe Yvonne would even earn a spot on the celebrity episodes where the fan-favorites came back to dine again. Rhea opened her mouth to yell. A tendril took the opportunity to gag her.

She couldn't move. She couldn't speak. She felt no pain, even as she digested, even as she wondered how she could still breathe despite the liquid filling her lungs.

But Yvonne's body was built for comfort, right down to the way it melted her prey.

Digested



Tallulah

The Cheerful Giraffe

“Contestant number three!”

The host waited for the polite clapping to subside before she pointed at the curtain. The speckled belly was bouncing up and down as the contestant danced in place.

“Let’s see contestant number three,” the host said.

The curtain lifted, and Rhea got her first proper look at the giraffe girl.

She was all curves and softness, a plush, towering figure with a belly so round it hung over her thighs. Her fur was a warm, peachy cream, dappled with faint, swirling patterns like frosting piped onto a cake. Her ears were long and floppy, her blue curls bouncing as she hopped excitedly in place. Her eyes, wide and glimmering with excitement, locked onto Rhea like a child unwrapping a long-awaited gift.

“Welcome, Tallulah!” the host yelled. “Come claim your prize!”

"Oh my gosh! You picked me!" Tallulah clapped her hands together, practically vibrating with joy. "This is gonna be so much fun!"

Rhea forced a smile, though her stomach churned. She had chosen Tallulah not because she seemed safe—none of them were safe—but because she had seemed the least immediately lethal. Now, staring at the sheer size of her belly and the way her tongue flicked across her lips, Rhea questioned whether she had made the right call.

“Hi,” she said, straightening for the cameras. “I’m pleased to meet you, Tallulah. I’ve never…been with a giraffe girl before.”

“Oh, we’re fun,” Tallulah said. She craned her neck, inspecting Rhea up close, which gave Rhea an opportunity to inspect her.

She had brown lips, blue eyes, and enough makeup that Rhea could see the individual brush-strokes caked into her fur. Her smile was warm and genuine. Fake smiles ended at the eyes, but Tallulah’s

brown eyeshadow creased at the edges like she was actually ecstatic to meet her. There was something else in her expression, too.

Something that Rhea was having trouble placing.

"Ooh, ooh, you're just so pretty," Tallulah squealed. "I mean, all humans are cute, but you're as sweet as cherry pie!" Her hooves stomped the stage and her whole body jiggled. The host had taken a few steps back. "I can't wait to gobble you up!"

Rhea blushed. She couldn't help herself. The giraffe girl had taken her hands and was shaking them vigorously. Nobody had ever looked at her as needfully as Tallulah.

"Er, well, that's the point of the show!" Rhea said, drawing a laugh from the audience. "Um, can you tell me a bit about your belly?"

"You. Are going. To love it!" Tallulah said, emphasizing every word with a flick of her tail. "I mean, it's going to be a bit of a tight fit, but we'll squeeze you in there! And then, once you're mine, you're going to be cuddled like there's no tomorrow! I just want to hug you. Can I please hug you?"

"Sure–" was about all Rhea could get out before the fat giraffe swept her off of her feet and spun around the stage, pressing her into her soft body. Rhea actually laughed—being handled like she weighed nothing was exhilarating and Tallulah's enthusiasm was contagious. When Tallulah set her down, Rhea stumbled.

The host cleared her throat.

"Well, it looks like you chose the perfect belly!" she said, nodding unsubtly at the digital clock on the wall. "How about we get this show on the road?"

"Right, right," Tallulah said, fixing her hair.

Rhea braced herself as the giraffe bent over her. She was so large that she eclipsed the stage lights.

"Okay, um, I'm not sure I can really help myself," Tallulah said, scratching her cheek. She was drooling. "So, um, I'm just going to

gulp you down and try to be as gentle as possible! You're, uh, my food now, so be a good girl and don't struggle."

"Wouldn't dream of it," Rhea said faintly as Tallulah lifted her.

She had been put at ease by Tallulah's friendliness, but as soon as the giraffe girl opened her mouth beneath her, the panic set in again.

Her tongue, long and thin and black, faded into the darkness of her immense throat. Her breath was humid, scented with the sweet, grassy tang of a herbivore's diet. Rhea barely had time to process the sensation of Tallulah's lips closing over her head before the world tilted. The giraffe's throat flexed, powerful muscles rippling as they began to pull her in.

Rhea gasped, wriggling instinctively as the slick warmth encased her shoulders. The crowd erupted into cheers as her body slowly vanished into Tallulah's gullet, their voices a surreal backdrop to the squelching, wet gulps that filled her ears. She could feel the tight embrace of the giraffe's esophagus, the eager contractions pulling her deeper, massaging her body in a relentless, greedy embrace.

For a fleeting moment she fought her descent by pressing her arms against the walls of Tallulah's throat, trying to force herself back up. A tender hand placed itself on Rhea's through the outside as she trembled, holding herself upside-down. The hand rubbed her knuckles and then, softly, without malice, knocked her palms loose. Rhea screamed, expecting to fall, but Tallulah's tongue was wrapped around her waist. The giraffe's hand returned to stroke her face. It was…it was if she was telling her that it was all okay.

As her waist slipped past Tallulah's lips, she felt the giraffe girl give an exaggerated moan, rubbing her distended throat for the audience's pleasure. The host laughed, patting the side of Tallulah's enormous belly as Rhea's legs kicked weakly before disappearing completely.

Inside, the stomach was tight, warm, and surprisingly soft—pillowy folds pressing against her from all sides. Rhea panted, her



heart hammering as she tested her surroundings. No burning, no immediate digestion. Just the rhythmic sway of Tallulah's movement as she patted her stomach and sighed with content.

The crowd cheered, the host made some congratulatory remarks, and then—to Rhea's confusion—Tallulah whispered, low and hushed, "Shh, just play along. We'll be home soon."

Rhea's heart dropped.

What did that mean?

Rhea barely had time to process Tallulah's words before the giraffe girl gave a theatrical sigh and thumped her belly for the audience's delight. The walls around Rhea shifted and jostled with the movement, the thick folds pressing in, wrapping her in plush warmth. The noise from the crowd was muffled but still audible—cheering, laughing, the host making some sort of quip about a meal well-earned.

Then came the gurgling.

It started as a low, idle churning, the sound of a belly beginning its work. Rhea tensed. This was the part where she was supposed to start fading, melting into Tallulah's softness. Her breath quickened as she pressed her palms against the slick walls, testing for heat, for any sign that she was about to dissolve.

Nothing.

The walls held firm, pressing in with a gentle but insistent squeeze, but they weren't breaking her down. The air inside was thick with humidity, carrying the scent of chewed grass and something sweeter beneath it, like vanilla. The whole environment was oddly...cozy. Almost intentionally so.

Outside, Tallulah let out a dainty burp, covering her mouth as if embarrassed. The audience roared with laughter.

"Oh, excuse me!" she giggled. "Looks like she's settling in nicely!"

The host grinned. "That's one satisfied predator! Folks, let's give a round of applause to our dear Rhea for being such a good little meal."

More cheers. More laughter. Rhea gritted her teeth.

This was a game. A spectacle. A living person reduced to nothing but entertainment.

Her fingers curled into fists. She had agreed to this, sure—but what choice did she really have? Pick a predator and hope for the best? That wasn't choice. That was a slow, carefully curated death march dressed up in neon lights and applause.

She shifted, trying to stretch out her legs, but the stomach refused to give her space. She was squeezed from all sides, not painfully, but inescapably. As if she were meant to fit perfectly inside. She clenched her jaw and pressed her arms out against the walls, attempting to push them apart.

"Mm-mm," Tallulah hummed, her voice vibrating through the flesh around Rhea. "No squirming, sugar. You don't wanna make me sick, do ya?"

The crowd erupted at her teasing tone. Rhea just scowled.

Something wasn't right. Tallulah's body should have been reacting by now, her stomach filling with acids, breaking her down. Instead, the only thing filling the space was an almost rhythmic, lulling motion, like the slow rocking of a hammock.

She's pretending, Rhea realized with a start. She's putting on a show for them.

But why?

"Do you all want to see this huge tummy of mine get nice and soft?" Tallulah asked. She grabbed her love handles, jiggling Rhea inside of her. Rhea reached for her throat, but she only slipped deeper into the constantly undulating stomach. "It's time to digest this cutie!"

Violent rumbles shook the walls as the stomach churned. *This is it,* Rhea thought. *She was just reassuring me so that I wouldn't struggle—wouldn't cause her indigestion.* But the bite of the acids never came and the clenching of the walls never grew any tighter than the squeeze of a firm hug. Was it possible that Tallulah was actually a

kind person? Had Rhea found the one predator in the world that would have pity on her?

"Whew! She's really being churned in there!" the host laughed. "You didn't have to melt her that fast, Tallulah!"

"I couldn't help myself," Tallulah said. She rested a palm on her gut, leaning forward to press Rhea deeper. "I see a cutie like that and I just have to have her."

A sense of unease crawled up Rhea's spine. She went still, listening. Outside, Tallulah and the host exchanged some parting words—something about the 'final farewell'—and then, with a last satisfied pat to her belly, Tallulah walked offstage.

Rhea was carried along with her, swayed by the motion of Tallulah's gait. The sounds of the studio faded behind them, replaced by the quieter hum of backstage corridors. Then, the lights dimmed. The world outside grew silent.

Tallulah sighed.

The belly compressed tighter, a full-body hug that sent a shiver down Rhea's spine. "Oh, sweet pea," Tallulah murmured, voice rich with affection. "You were just perfect out there."

Rhea stiffened. "What the hell is going on?"

A giggle. A deep, satisfied hum. "You're mine now, sugar," Tallulah purred. "And you're gonna stay mine."

Cold fear settled in Rhea's chest. "Wait—"

Tallulah rubbed slow circles over her belly, her voice dipping into a lullaby-soft coo. "Hush now. I know you're confused, but don't you worry your pretty little head." Another squeeze, as if cuddling her from the inside. "I ain't ever lettin' you go."

Rhea's blood ran cold.

She hadn't been saved.

She'd just been claimed.

The thump of the giraffe's footsteps continued for a moment, then a thump and a squeeze as Tallulah stuffed herself behind the wheel of a car. The engine's hum vibrated Rhea through the giraffe's

body—her own, fragile form pressed into the well between the wheel and Tallulah's legs. Tallulah let out a moan as her belly dipped to touch the seat. A hand reached between her thighs.

"That's amazing, darling," Tallulah said. "Oomf, you know exactly how to check my boxes. Wanna squirm a little? I can't touch myself while I drive, but I wouldn't mind a little warmup."

"Let me out," Rhea gasped.

Sitting put a lot more pressure on Tallulah's stomach than standing did. The weight of her belly and breasts was crushing Rhea, forcing her face between the folds of Tallulah's legs. The giraffe took her struggles as a sign of approval.

"Fuuuuudge," she sighed, spreading her legs wider. "You w-want to go all the way in the car? That's liable to cause a crash, sweetie but…we're at a red light."

A hand fumbled for Rhea. When it found her head, it pushed her deeper into the giraffe's crotch.

"Go ahead! Start licking! Quick, quick!"

Rhea had no choice but to press her tongue into Tallulah's stomach folds, wriggling it until the giraffe gave an approving groan. Head down, ass up, the rest of her body was squelched by Tallulah's overactive gut as she licked away.

A shudder passed through Tallulah. Her legs were shaking—the pressure was building. Rhea cried out as the stomach squeezed around her like a vice, but before the giraffe could cum, a car honked and Tallulah jolted forward, smushing her belly against the dashboard.

"Oops! Green light!"

I'm going to have to escape, Rhea thought, dazed, as Tallulah hummed to the radio. *But this is better than being digested.*

"S- so," Rhea said, squirming her way back up beneath Tallulah's breasts. The giraffe's breath hitched, a hand automatically coming to stroke the bulge that Rhea made. She sounded…truly happy. "Does being your belly pet come with benefits?"

Tallulah squealed.



“My belly pet!” she said. “Hehe, hearing you call yourself that just makes it that much more real! And benefits? Hmm, well the first is that you’re my girlfriend. How does that sound?”

“Uh, good,” Rhea said, giving her the answer she wanted to hear.

“Good! Because you’re kind of swimming in my last three exes right now!”

Rhea yelped, scrambling to push herself up to Tallulah’s throat. The giraffe giggled and gulped, sending a wave of saliva to knock her back on her ass.

“I meant my belly, silly! They’re *long* digested.”

“Good,” Rhea whimpered. “Um, yeah, I uh…want you all to myself!”

“Eeee! Oh, I knew, I knew, as soon as I saw you, that we were going to be the perfect match! I’m going to get you a collar and you can sleep on my pillow and let me just tell you that my prehensile tongue is *divine*—I give as good as I get!”

Pillow! Pillow was good. Pillow meant that Tallulah intended to let her out at some point. Rhea relaxed. The hum of the car meant that she was still alive—she had escaped the game show and now she just had to escape Tallulah. Except—

"If the game show thinks I digested," Rhea said. "Who gets the money?"

"Money? Oh, don't worry about money! I've got plenty!"

Rhea slumped back against the stomach. Of *fucking* course she was right where she had been when she had signed up for the stupid show. She shoved her tongue angrily into the hole between her teeth, massaging her gums as she fumed. Tallulah yammered on, but Rhea wasn't listening. Not until—

"—pretty good dental. Then there's a whole bunch of tax benefits and I—"

"Wait, wait, wait," Rhea said, pushing a hand into Talllah's stomach to get her to stop talking. "Dental? What about dental?"

"My insurance, silly," Tallulah laughed. "Weren't you listening? I mean, we're going to get you a check-up as soon as possible—my doctor is the best, you'll love her—and then we can go out for food! You'll be in my belly, of course. It's going to take a few weeks to break you in, so I'll let you out for appointments and to use the bathroom—oh, and sex, duh—but you'll have to eat inside of me…but don't worry! My chef, Omar, is like, the best in the business. Everything they make is divine, even secondhand."

"Oh," Rhea said. The cogs were starting to turn. Insurance? Chefs? Tallulah had been wearing an expensive dress…did that mean she was rich? She needed to pry further. "It's just, I don't want to impose."

"Nonsense, nonsense," Tallulah chirped. "You're the one, I just know it. What's mine is yours and all I really ask in return is that…oh, this is so embarrassing." She wriggled against the wheel, accidentally honking the horn. Rhea braced herself as Tallulah leaned back in her chair. "I just love having a human between my legs. Face, tongue,

whole body—it all works for me! And you're just so fudgin' cute, Rhea, you have no idea! Having you inside of me is giving me full-body tingles! So, um, what do you say? Wanna, uh…wanna be my girlfriend?"

Rhea hadn't been given the impression that she had much of a choice, but it was nice of her to ask. Her head was swimming with possibility. On one hand, she'd be dating a crazy person who had digested her last three girlfriends. On the other…dating Tallulah solved pretty much every problem in her life involving money.

So, every problem in her life.

It was an odd partnership, and it was likely to end in digestion, but what the hell.

"Sure," Rhea said. "Let's give it a shot!"

Happily Ever After?



Charity

The Walking Maw

"Contestant number one!"

A patter of clapping came from the audience. Apparently, contestant number one was not a crowd favorite. Rhea didn't blame them—the off-putting girl in the hoodie hadn't done anything to stand out.

It's why she had picked her.

"You've chosen contestant number one!" the host said. She was smiling, but that was only natural. Rhea tried not to read too deeply into the cruel twist of her lips. "Contestant number one, please come out!"

The curtain lifted and the audience's murmurings grew even more agitated. The girl who walked through the curtain was human, young, maybe in her early 20's. She had dyed black hair, bangs, and a nose ring—more in line with someone you'd find hanging around a mall than on the set of a game show. Her hands were thrust deep into the pockets of her acid-washed jeans. Her baggy eyes scanned the crowd, then landed on Rhea.

Something beneath her hoodie stirred.

"Charity is a student at a local university," the host was saying, reading from a card for the audience. The words seemed to melt into the background. Rhea's attention was locked on the front of the contestant's hoodie.

Charity noticed her noticing and winked.

"Tell me," she said, keeping her voice low. Rhea was seated on the left side of the stage. Charity was standing beside and behind her, not quite facing the audience. "Did you pick me because I looked…normal?"

"Of course," Rhea whispered.

It was strange, the sensation of being watched by millions and yet completely isolated in conversation. The host was oblivious—the

audience, as far as Rhea could tell, was apathetic. Beneath the feedback of the microphone, Rhea could hear heavy breathing. It wasn't Charity, or if it was, the sound wasn't coming from her lips.

"You look reasonably clever," Charity continued in her soft voice. "Didn't you assume this was a trap?"

"The obvious predators are sometimes the safest," Rhea said. People were starting to notice them talking. The host threw a look over her shoulder. "And the normal-looking predators are sometimes the most dangerous. Since everyone knows that, they like to switch it up, so it's effectively random. The player only looks clever or dumb in hindsight. I had to assume that all of the 'clues' were bait."

The host cut off abruptly.

"Chatting with the contestant already?" she said. Her grin was acidic. "Well, speak up, dear! The world wants to know what you think!"

Charity stayed behind Rhea, refusing to step into the spotlight that was obviously meant for her. The crew had to adjust, as did the host. The audience continued to murmur in the background, their voices alien and indistinct.

"I think she's…honest," Rhea said.

The host pursed her lips as the music looped. 'Pretty' she could have worked with, but 'honest' was a hard adjective to play off of. Charity smiled her thin-lipped smile. Rhea got the feeling that she was enjoying the discomfort they were causing.

"Honesty is a virtue," was what the host settled on, sweeping an arm toward the audience. "But look at her! You're about the same size! Do you think she's capable of swallowing you whole, Rhea?"

"She'd have to be to participate on this show," Rhea said, speaking loud and clear. "Or do you not vet your contestants?"

A smattering of uncomfortable laughter rose from the audience. The host's cheeks turned red as Charity snickered.

"Aren't you a delight," the host said. "I think it's about time that you meet your blind date. Charity?"

The moment of truth was upon them. Charity looked at Rhea, her hooded eyes vacant of any emotion. The bulge beneath her shirt was starting to move again. What was the catch? Some kind of prop? Or perhaps Charity was capable of shrinking people and already had a bunch of tinies in her belly.

Then Rhea felt a gust of warm breath.

Slowly, the contestant lifted her sweater to reveal…teeth. Row after row of sharp, white teeth. And a tongue. A long, slobbering tongue that lapped at the receding fabric, desperately thrusting in search of food. There was a maw where Charity's torso should be. The audience went quiet.

"Oh," Rhea whispered.

Charity tilted her head and put a hand inside of her torso's maw. It nibbled it gently, then spat it out.

"Scared?" she asked.

"Yes," Rhea said.

The host was sneering now. Rhea hated her for it—hated her own, befuddled expression. She could see the dark throat waiting beyond the gnashing teeth, but the anatomy was impossible. The throat led nowhere and yet Rhea knew that it had to go *somewhere*.

"Hammerspace," she said.

It was the only thing that made sense. Charity wrinkled her nose at the memey expression and the audience gave a polite laugh.

"I prefer 'extra-dimensional pocket'," she said. "But sure. Hammerspace. My stomach is much bigger on the inside."

Rhea put a hand to her mouth. She was going to be sick. There was no escaping a hammerspace stomach—not when there was a possibility that it went on for miles. If she was swallowed, she would be digested, or possibly left for weeks to wander Charity's dark, biological corridors until she got hungry.

There was only one thing for it.

Rhea turned to run and bounced off of the host's big, blubbery belly. The host was smiling down at her, her face swimming as Rhea



rubbed her head. She grabbed Rhea's arm and yanked her up. Charity was waiting.

"Clumsy," the host said. "Why don't you give your date a big smooch?"

The audience's laughter sounded distant and tinny. The music was too loud. Rhea shook her head, trying to snap out of it, but her palms were already being thrust onto Charity's whip-like tongue. It wrapped around her wrists and pulled her forward.

Rhea fell face-first, screaming into Charity's maw.

Heat unfurled upon her skin like a silk ribbon unspooling. Saturated strands of her own hair blocked her vision, knuckles dug deep in the seething mass of Charity's tongue. Already, the walls were starting to distort, warping away at the edges as the impossible space manifested beyond the diamond of light open behind her—the last of the audience's laughter fading to groans and gurgles.

She's going to bite my legs off, Rhea thought vaguely.

Her ankles hung between the rows of needle teeth, braced against the solid flesh. Despite the morbidity of her prediction, she did not move, did not attempt to dislodge herself from the only pillars of stability in a sea of untable tissue. The tongue was straightening, flattening, forming a slide. Rhea clung to its edges and screamed.

"Charity!"

Suddenly, the pathway narrowed. The hazy edges of the walls hardened into an approximation of cheeks and the teeth stopped gnashing. Rhea pulled herself backwards, trembling, but a firm hand stayed her escape. Charity was arguing with the host.

"—contract," Rhea heard the host snap. "We had to cut to commercials. Do you know how much—"

"Then dock my pay. I don't care. Can't you see that she's terrified? I was only pretending to swallow her anyway."

"Shh! Shhhh! Are you crazy?!"

Hope fluttered in Rhea's chest. She dragged herself closer to the teeth, as limp and lifeless as a drowned animal. Through the crack, the

host was gesticulating wildly, her back turned to the studio lights. A producer was talking to the crowd. Charity's arms were folded in front of her chest.

It was hard to hear through the wet echo of the maw and the host was whispering rapidly, but Rhea picked up:

"—on your own time! Nobody cares once you leave the studio. Eat her, keep her, do whatever you like, but on this show, you *swallow*."

"Is that so?"

The maw opened wide. Charity craned her neck to peer through the moistened slit at Rhea. Her cool expression had melted into something softer.

"Come on," Charity said, reaching a hand out. "This has gone on long enough."

Rhea reached for her hand, hardly daring to believe it, when the host slapped it away. The host was taller than Charity and wider—much wider. A handful of black-clad security guards had appeared on the stage behind her.

"We'll feed you to one of the other guests if we have to," the host hissed. "Fuck, I'll eat you myself if you don't swallow that girl."

Charity's tongue was coiling beneath Rhea's feet. The walls tensed in anticipation.

"I don't like being threatened," Charity said.

"Tough shit," the host said. She leaned over Charity, her massive chest straining the fabric of her gown as she jabbed a finger at the walking maw. "If I say run, you run. If I say jump, you jump. If I say swallow—"

"—I swallow," Charity said.

There was a rush of air as her tongue snapped past Rhea and wrapped around the host's rotund waist. The host grabbed at the flesh, digging her nails into the membrane, but even as the security guards charged forward, the tongue tightened like a winch and pulled the host forward.

“What is this?” the host cried. “What are you doing?”

“What does it look like?” Charity asked. “I’m getting some leverage.”

The host’s head thrust itself through the narrow space between the teeth. The smell of her perfume permeated the maw as she spit and thrashed.

“Welcome,” Rhea said, pressing herself against a cheek to avoid the tantrum.

“Let me out!” the host screamed.

The security stopped halfway to Charity. They fanned out in a semi-circle, shooting weary glances at the host’s bare rear. Her dress had ridden up in the scuffle. She wasn’t wearing panties.

“Take one step closer and I’ll bite her head off,” Charity said.

“She’s bluffing,” the host snarled. Charity’s teeth closed around her neck like a guillotine, but the host maintained her composure. Rhea had to give her credit for that. She would have been shitting herself. “If she kills me, you kill her.”

The metallic slide of firearms being drawn made Rhea cringe. Charity’s teeth tightened on the host’s throat.

“Let her go,” came a gruff male voice. The producer. “Come on, Charity, enough with the drama.”

“I thought you liked drama,” Charity said.

“Ben? Is that you?” the host asked. “Are the cameras still rolling?”

“Of course they are, Sharon.”

Charity’s tongue stirred, occasionally swiping across the host’s make-up covered face. It was hard to tell if she was nervous. The inside of her maw bent space impossibly around itself giving no indication of her posture or disposition. The host banged on the sideways teeth. Her prey-fattened stomach was pressed against the maw’s ‘lips’.

“What do you want?” the producer asked.

“It’s not really about what I want,” Charity said. Her tongue wrapped itself around the host’s neck and pulled her further into the maw. The host shot Rhea a venomous glance. Rhea gave her the finger. “I did this because Sharon,” Charity pinched the host’s name out like a turd, “was rude to me and Rhea was not. I eat whomever I please.”

“Fascinating. And if we chose to detain you?”

“You’d find out just how deep my stomach is.”

A gasp went up from the audience. The microphones, which had been cut, were broadcasting again. Sharon stomped her foot.

“Get me out of here this instant, Ben!”

“Calm yourself, Sharon,” came the producer’s oily voice. “We’re not looking to escalate the situation, Charity, but the episode won’t end unless someone gets swallowed. The name of the show is *Blind Date with a Belly* after all.”

“Someone?”

The audience was beginning to murmur. Rhea slid down the slope of the cheek, careful to avoid the host’s hands splayed on either side of the tongue. In the groove beneath it, saliva collected in streams, trickling across the stretched red flesh only to be swallowed out of sight. Rhea brought her face level with the maw and blinked. The producer was standing in front of Charity.

He was a middle-aged man, Hollywood handsome, with a cleft chin and short hair. There was no empathy in his gaze. The man was made of money, all of his decisions cold, calculated risks with the goal of increased profits.

“What do you think, Rhea?” he asked. “What’s the best way to resolve this…issue?”

Globs of saliva splattered on Rhea’s shoulders. Gooseflesh rose along her arms and neck. An entire audience was watching her, waiting for her reply.

“Don’t you think it’s time for a new host?” Rhea asked.

The producer’s grim smile widened.



“My thoughts exactly,” he said.

“What?! Ben! Ben, get me out of her this instant! Ben!”

Charity’s tongue sealed itself over the host’s mouth, silencing her. Rhea climbed over her flailing arms, hesitant at first, but then desperately scrambling to push herself through the teeth and out into the open air. Steam rose from her soaked clothing as the stage lights burned against her skin. She turned to see Charity smiling down at her. The host’s ass shook in impotent rage.

“How was it?” Charity asked.

“Not my best first kiss,” Rhea said weakly.

“I’ll have to redeem myself.”

The maw’s tongue wrapped itself around the host’s waist again. Sharon screamed, pounding and thrashing, but bent forward, facing down the impossible drop of Charity’s throat, there was nothing that she could do as the tongue lifted and the mouth closed. There was a moment’s silence and then—

GULP!

The host disappeared completely.

Charity unrolled her sweatshirt down over her belly as the audience erupted in applause. The producer stepped aside to let the cameras see her extend a hand to Rhea who took it, knees shaking, to stand beside her savior.

“Smile for the cameras,” the producer reminded them.

Rhea managed a thin-lipped smile. Charity flipped off the cameras, but that only excited the audience more. A pretty woman with a clipboard was running up onto the stage.

“And that was *Blind Date with a Belly*,” she said, beaming at the cameras. “Join us next week as we interview for a new host!”

The canned music began to play as the curtains closed. Rhea looked around for the producer, but he was nowhere to be seen. Charity was still holding her hand. Like Rhea, she was looking around, waiting for the other shoe to drop.

“I guess they really didn’t want the hassle,” Charity said, turning to Rhea. “Are you okay?”

“No,” Rhea admitted. “But I will be, thanks to you.”

Charity gave her hand a squeeze. Now that Rhea had seen beneath her shirt, it was hard to ignore the odd flutter of the fabric or the warm gusts of air that billowed beneath it. Her thoughts were a mess, cluttered and disorganized. Had anything actually changed in the last, terrifying hour?

“I wonder if we’ll get paid,” Charity said, making Rhea blink. “I mean, we technically did the show.”

“I hope so,” Rhea said.

“Come on. Let’s get some coffee for real.”

Gingerly, Rhea let herself be led away from the stage. She realized that she had been holding her breath since the start of the show, or at least it felt that way, but the further they got from the studio, the more she began to unwind. The sun was shining. The wind was warm. The people around them were oblivious to her woes. Nobody paid any mind to the two girls walking hand and hand down the boulevard.

“It’s funny,” Rhea said. “I went on the show because of a missing tooth.”

“Really?” Charity asked. “Show me.”

Rhea smiled and Charity shrugged her shoulders.

“Looks fine to me,” she said.

Rhea tried to laugh, but found herself caught somewhere between a laugh and a sob. What a ridiculous, unfair world. Charity rubbed her shoulder until she calmed down, then nodded at a coffee shop further down the road.

“Still want a coffee?” she asked. “I, uh, think you kind of owe me, seeing as I saved your life and all.”

“Sure, sure,” Rhea said. “Say, Charity.”

“Hmm?”

“Is this a date?”

Charity shrugged.
“Could be,” she said. “Would that be cool?”
Rhea took a deep breath.
“Yeah,” she said. “That would be cool.”

Eldritch Girlfriend



Vashta

The Naga

"Contestant number two!"

Amidst the polite claps and the building of the game show music, Rhea truly wondered if she had gone insane. Contestant number two's belly was *massive*. She was obviously a naga—a creature infamous for devouring dozens of victims at a time—and had almost explicitly stated that she was going to digest Rhea. The only thing that she had going for her was just how blatantly bad of a choice she was.

Surely there was a catch.

It was up to the contestants whether or not they digested the player. There was much debate online about whether the decision was scripted or not, but to spice things up, the showrunners had introduced The Pill.

"Welcome, contestant number two!" the host cried.

Rhea tilted her head back, then tilted it further. The naga, for she was, indeed, a naga, blotted out everything behind her. Green hair rained down her back like streaks of clover, pouring over her brown shoulders in coils and curls. Scales glittered where her torso met her tail, creeping up her abdomen, but also appearing in random clusters around her arms, neck, and breasts. A regal face smiled down at Rhea. The naga's mouth was the color of cherries and wide enough that it wouldn't have to stretch at all to swallow the puny human.

"I am Vashta," the naga said, "your gateway to eternal bliss."

Her fingers spread over her toned stomach. Rhea couldn't help but admire the casual power Vashta displayed in all of her movements. Her tail was longer than the stage, disappearing off behind the open curtains, but it hardly made a sound as she slithered forward. Rhea had the urge to bow when she stopped in front of her.

The host took a step back.

“Vashta is the CEO of her own fashion company,” the host said. “Though that should be obvious looking at her!”

It was barely a joke. Vashta only wore two pieces of clothing: a black piece of silk that was wrapped around her enormous bosom and a loincloth to match, both embroidered with expensive, golden thread. The look was simple, but elegant, and Vashta wore it well. Rhea looked down at her own blouse and jeans. Compared to Vashta, she was a shlub.

“You look delicious, darling,” Vashta stated. The words rolled off of her lips like a mountain stream, smooth, but fierce. “I only eat the pretty ones.”

“Thanks,” Rhea said, unsure if it was a compliment, but the host was beaming, pushing her forward.

“What do you think of your choice now that the curtain is pulled back?” the host asked. “Do you feel good? Bad? Neutral?”

Rhea tugged at the sleeves of her shirt, swallowing around the lump in her throat.

“I feel…good,” she lied. “Maybe she’s on the pill.”

The Pill had been introduced to the show at the start of the second season—a response to audience criticism that players never chose obviously dangerous predators. The Pill was an anti-digestive, one of the strongest on the market, that was taken by one of the predators before the show started as a way to even the playing field. That way, no matter what, the player *always* had a 1 in 4 chance to survive, even if the predator meant to gurgle them.

Rhea had bet the barn on Vashta. Now, she was going to find out if that decision would cost her everything.

Vashta whispered something in a language that Rhea didn’t recognize.

“Excuse me?” she said.

“I said,” Vashta purred, “that I am looking forward to showing you the pleasures of my body.”

Rhea blushed and the audience ‘ooh’ed.

“That is very kind of you,” Rhea said. “I would be…honored.”

Seemingly satisfied with that answer, Vashta nodded and lowered a hand toward Rhea. Feeling sick to her stomach, Rhea stepped into her palm and allowed herself to be lifted to a dizzying height. Elevated, she looked out at the audience. For the first time, she could make out individual faces in the crowd.

Jackals, Rhea thought to herself.

But a second later, she found it impossible to focus on anything other than the beautiful, brown eyes of the predator that was about to swallow her. Vashta gazed at her with such focus, such *intensity*, that Rhea shivered, trying to hide by ducking her head. A boulder-sized finger lifted her chin. Vashta clicked her tongue.

“Do not hide your beauty, my dear,” she said. “You are a treasure to behold.”

Rhea blushed even deeper, but she didn’t look away. If she maintained eye contact with Vashta, she could ignore the audience, even as that giant finger plucked at her shirt, lifting it over her head.

“Oh, that’s gonna get censored,” the host laughed.

She’s stripping me, Rhea thought vaguely. Her jeans came next, pooling in the naga’s palm. Her bra came off with a snap. The naga’s breath broke over her bare skin and naked but for her panties, Rhea shivered against her hand, mesmerized by the shifting hues of the naga’s eyes. There was hunger in that serpentine gaze, but also an artist’s admiration.

“You are beautiful,” Vashta said. “Skin like marble, features like a Gentileschi. I wish to drink you in, but my hunger prevents me. It is an honor to consume you.”

“The, um, honor is mine,” Rhea squeaked.

The audience, the height, the worries of her daily life all melted away as the naga’s lips parted and Rhea got her first look at the smooth interior of her eager maw. Her tongue lay flat, the texture of velvet, and her cheeks formed grand arches of pink. Her uvula was a



chandelier; her gullet a cellar. When Rhea's legs were placed on Vastha's lip, she let out a gasp. It was like floating on a cloud.

"Ready?" Vashta asked.

Her breath was sweet and smelled of eucalyptus. Rhea hugged herself, shivering eagerly as her ass slid onto the naga's tongue.

"Yes," she said. "Please eat me."

Luxurious was the word that Vashta had originally used to describe the experience of being inside of her. Rhea found, as the walls of the naga's throat squeezed around her, that Vashta had actually undersold herself.

The interior was soft, yes, but the warmth was so perfect that Rhea almost forgot the danger. The flesh surrounding her was fluid, smooth and pliable, yielding with each careful gulp. As the slick muscles gripped her, she could feel the predatory power beneath, a hidden strength expertly tempered by the slow, almost affectionate rhythm of the swallow. Every inch of descent offered an illusion of comfort, as if the walls themselves wanted to keep her resting there in a deep, permanent embrace, pulling her further into the plush, dangerous depths.

"Mmm."

Vashta's moan sent a shiver up Rhea's spine. She arched her back against the naga's gullet, pressing her hips into the smooth flesh.

"Mmm."

The vibrations caressed her, sending her spinning in a gentle wave past the beating core of her body. Each pulse throbbed between Rhea's aching thighs, forcing her to dig her hips deeper into the flesh to feel it fully. When she realized what she was doing, she blushed, but then she remembered that nobody could see her there, in Vashta's throat. Only the naga would know the depths of her perversion.

"Mmmmmmm!"

The knot of Vashta's stomach was opened against Rhea's heels. While Rhea braced herself for bile, the smell was sweet and tangy,

lathering her as she slid beneath the naga's abdomen and settled there. Vastha let out a long sigh.

"Wonderful," she muttered. "Just wonderful."

Vashta's finger found her before Rhea could orient herself. It slid a smooth path over her chest and between her legs, ending with a tap on her thighs. At first, Rhea thought the motion was random—her back sank into the walls of the stomach, so when Vashta pressed, there was no discomfort. Then she realized what the finger truly was:

An invitation.

Rhea was not totally caught in the allure of the naga. She had been shocked by the comfort of the experience, but now that she was in Vashta's gut, she had more awareness. There was no guarantee that Vashta had swallowed the pill and there would be no chance of escape if the naga sent her further into her tail.

Buuuuut…a minute wouldn't hurt.

Bashfully, Rhea raised her hips to meet Vashta's finger only to immediately have to suppress a moan as the silk walls clenched against the lip of her panties. Vashta palm held her steady as she teased with a finger, answering the host's questions all the while.

"How does she feel in there?" Rhea heard.

"Divine," Vashta answered.

"Is there anything that you would like to say to Rhea? Any words of comfort?"

Vashta's finger twitched and Rhea bucked against her, her mouth opening in silent ecstasy as the naga chuckled.

"Only that I hope her stay is as exquisite as she is."

Rhea collapsed back against the wall, breathing hard. What was she doing? She had been attracted to the naga, yes, but she was practically in public! If her parents zoomed in on Vashta's stomach at that moment—actually, scratch that: if her parents saw this broadcast at all, she would kill herself out of embarrassment.



Might not even have to, Rhea thought, for the first time noticing the gentle rumble that surrounded her. *How will I know if Vastha took the pill?*

A more astute gastroenterologist might have been able to tell if the naga had entered pre-digestion, but Rhea had failed out of medical school and besides, what did it matter? If Vashta decided to keep her for long enough, it wouldn't matter if she had taken the pill, so she had to find a way out while the naga was distracted. Rhea put a foot on the wall and pushed. Vashta moaned.

"Whoa there," the host said. "Are you alright?"

"Yes," Vashta said, shuddering in ecstasy. "Her squirms are like her: petite and oh so erotic."

Rhea's eyes widened at the brazen display of attraction as the walls continued to clench around her, encouraging her to struggle. She obliged them, digging her hands deep into the slimy crevices to hoist herself up, only to slide back down as the naga gave another, delicious moan.

"O-kay! Cut to commercials!"

Vashta's lust hung heavy in the air. Every breath came warmer than the last, the humidity cocooning Rhea the naga's sweetened scent. She rubbed her wrist against her forehead and was surprised by the amount of sweat she felt beading on her forearm. Was it the effort of trying to escape, or was Vashta starting to digest her.

"Squirm, squirm," Vashta said. "Give yourself to me, Rhea."

The higher Rhea climbed, the harder it became to maintain her composure. Would it not be easier, better, safer to slide back down and give the naga what she wanted? Rhea shook her head, biting the crook of her arm to sharpen her mind as she dug her toes into the wet walls. She was almost to the top. Vashta's indecent moans echoed through her body as she reached for the knot that led to the esophagus.

"No, no, my dearest meal. You are mine and you shall stay mine."

A gentle hand loosened Rhea's grip from the outside. She slid back beneath the naga's abdomen, cursing as it pressed her into the back wall.

"Are you going to digest me?" Rhea yelled.

In response, Vashta began to knead.

Her thumbs ran down from her navel to her hips in smooth, straight lines, passing over Rhea and sinking her deeper into the naga's body. The liquid beneath her simmered against her skin, raising that sweet, flowery smell. Rhea's thoughts were starting to slow. All of the tension in her spine was melting away with the naga's soothing voice.

"It's okay," Vashta whispered. There was music in every word. "Let yourself relax. Allow yourself to experience Vashta."

Rhea didn't want to. Her brain was telling her to fight, but her body wasn't listening. She uncurled her fists and unclenched her jaw as the rumble of Vashta's stomach continued its calming song, wiping away her worries.

"Did you…take the pill?" Rhea asked.

Her own words sounded muffled to her. She reached out and found herself gently rebuked; her wrists wouldn't extend as they were pinned at her sides. She had entered the naga's tail without realizing it.

"Relax, relax. I have taken the pill."

That's good, Rhea thought, closing her eyes. The sloshing of Vashta's stomach gave way to a sound like someone wringing out a dishcloth. A wet squeeze, a gentle slide. The air continued to grow thicker, yet it was never a concern. All external sound was fading away and all internal worries were fading with it until her head was, for the first time in years, quiet.

She focused on her senses. Her legs, sliding along the smooth flesh. The pressure of Vashta's clench and release. The taste of honey, the melody of muscles moving her along. She twisted and turned in the naga's tail until the effort of it became pointless and then there was just Vashta.



“Can you hear me?”

The naga’s voice slid along the edge of a dream. Rhea nodded, though she knew Vashta couldn’t see her.

“Yes.”

“Are you comfortable?”

Another nod. It was difficult to move her neck. It was difficult to move anything. Rhea tried to lift her arm and found that she could not.

“You are melting most deliciously, my dear.”

Melting? What did the naga mean by that? Rhea tried to move her fingers, her toes. They tingled, but they would not obey her command. She felt heavy. So heavy. All she wanted to do was sleep.

“Sleep well, Rhea. You deserve to rest.”

I do, don’t I?

That was Rhea’s final thought as she drifted away, oblivious to everything but the pleasure of her own digestion. Vashta had never

swallowed the pill, of course, but she liked all of her victims to believe that they were safe.

It was just easier that way.

Luxurious Digestion



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