Food For The Immortals

Book Six



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Food For the Immortals – Book 6

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KICKSTARTER

Food For the Immortals – Book 6

Gwurrrrg… gworrr…

Lucky strode through the palace halls with such an air of purpose that none dared stand in her way. Besides, she was Madame Orochi's special guest, the double-agent who'd spent the last several weeks spying on Kurogane and her insipid rabble. Orochi's guards knew she wasn't to be touched, so they looked away as she passed among them, ignoring her joyous humming… and the gurgles of her huge, jutting *belly.*

"See?" Lucky said, giving her gut a playful slap. It rocked from side to side and ***blorrrrgh***ed noisily, clenching tightly around its nervous inhabitant. "I told you this would be easy."

"*Ungh…*" Her 'prey' gave a furious little groan, muffled by the thick fat that surrounded and swaddled him. Locked inside the dark red chamber of Lucky's stomach, there was little he could do but squirm and pant for what little, precious air remained to him. Lucky giggled at the noise and kept on walking, winding a path toward the palace entrance – toward freedom.

"Don't you worry one bit," she told Nagisa in her gut. "Once we get out of here, I'll spit you up – and then we can rejoin Kurogane."

She tossed back her hair and smiled at a guard she passed, secretly exulting in the deception she'd achieved. Not only a *double* agent, but a triple one. Even Orochi suspected nothing. And now, Lucky was going to scoop one of the serpent's prizes straight out from under her nose!

"*H-Hey, you're burning me!*" Nagisa called out, suddenly writhing violently within her.

Lucky touched a hand to her lips and said, "Sorry! I got a little excited…"

Eventually, she came to the great gates that formed the entrance to Orochi Palace. She nodded to the servants manning the levers, and they began cranking, causing the doors to begin rolling open, letting in air and light. Lucky belched happily and prepared to make her exit, when…

"You."

Lucky turned, her expression the very essence of innocence, her gravid belly swinging and then settling as she looked upon the person who'd addressed her: a blonde woman, tan skinned, slightly taller than Lucky herself. Though human, she glared down into the immortal's eyes without fear. A couple more guards stood beside her, clutching tall spears and watching Lucky cautiously.

"No one leaves the Palace with a full stomach," the woman said. "Madame Orochi's orders."

Inside Lucky, audible only to her, Nagisa said, "*That's Matron Ayumi! She's a former teacher of mine…*"

Lucky trailed a hand down the side of her gut and hummed in disappointment. "Hmm? But I haven't digested anyone in *ages.* Can't you overlook it this once?"

"No way." Ayumi stepped toward her and planted a palm on her belly, causing Nagisa to squirm inside her. "Who did you eat, anyway?"

“Oh, just one of the servants… Nobody anyone would miss, anyway… haha…” Lucky avoided Ayumi’s glaring eyes and bit her bottom lip. Ayumi’s groping was making her belly roar all the louder: she really *was* desperate to digest the slender boy, but she knew she couldn’t, not if she wanted her plan to work…

Ayumi studied her for a long time before sighing and shaking her head. “I’m confiscating this.”

“What do you mean by—***MMPH!?***” Lucky’s eyes snapped wide open as Ayumi kissed her deeply, locking her in an embrace and shoving her against the wall! “Hmmnph!? Glmmhh!” She twisted and struggled in Ayumi’s grip, but the tan woman kept her pinned… and once she was pressed there, firm and secure, she brought both hands to Lucky’s stomach, and began to lewdly grope and molest her prey-filled gut!

Glorrrrrsssh… Lucky’s stomach reacted to Ayumi’s special massage by flexing and lurching, shifting and churning, and Lucky realised what was happening a second too late for her to do anything about it.

“Glrrghh--!”

Deep inside the red chamber of Lucky’s stomach, Nagisa sat in a tightly curled, deeply uncomfortable position. Even inch of his naked body was being massaged, coaxed, and fondled by the walls of the immortal’s stomach, seeming to squeeze lecherously against his butt and groin, while Lucky’s juices drizzled constantly down his skin and made it tingle with sensitivity. She was using her immortal powers to keep her digestive process at a low burn, but even so, it was getting *hot* in here, swelteringly so, turning Nagisa’s skin pink. “Haah… haah… haah… Stupid cat bitch…” he puffed, focusing on staying conscious through it all. “When I get out of here, I’ll…”

Suddenly, the wall compressed, and Nagisa groaned as, from the outside of Lucky's belly, Ayumi started to grope all over him! Her hands squeezed his asscheeks, his face, his groin… making his cock swell up with arousal even as he languished in the boiling heat of Lucky's stomach! His world became a series of loud digestive rumbles, and his eyes started to roll back as the sauna grew hotter… hotter… hot enough to make his consciousness wane. The immortal's agitated belly was losing control, and he lacked the pressure to resist its awesome power! "N-No… Nooo…" Even his groans of protest were faint, sounding more and more distant as he faded into a barely-conscious stupour.

Then Lucky's stomach lurched, and *lifted* Nagisa sharply. He was forced up the chute of her gullet face-first. He saw the back of her tongue approaching – and then he was being pushed over it, into her mouth, out toward the light!

No, not the light. Toward *another mouth.*

Nagisa gave a low groan, quivering and twitching as he slid from one woman and into the other. Matron Ayumi's tongue lashed across his face, then lay down flat as she took his entire head inside her maw – guiding him toward her throat without slowing down. She never even got a proper look at the boy she was swallowing: she didn't care, and never in her wildest dreams did she imagine she might be devouring one of *Madame Orochi's* prizes. She swallowed and swallowed, staring deep into Lucky's eyes, refusing to let up on her groping belly-assault until Lucky's gut had shrunken all the way down. Only when the immortal's midriff was flat once more did the tan woman step back, yanking Nagisa's entire lower body out of Lucky's maw with a soggy ***schluorrrp!***, and watching his legs kick pathetically up at the open air. He flailed and pumped his legs wildly, his cries sounding from behind Ayumi's huge, robe-stretching tits.



“Glhhhghh…” Ayumi reached up and grasped Nagisa’s cock, fat and erect and completely exposed, and jerked it up and down as she swirled her tongue against his pelvis. She savoured him as Lucky panted loudly, pressed against the wall by the powerful teacher.

“Hrrgk… H-How dare you steal the meal of an immortal?” Lucky hissed at Ayumi, who ignored her like she was nothing more than an insect. Ayumi’s hand raced faster and faster around Nagisa’s cock, pumping him silly as he moaned in confused ecstasy, squeezed deep in the depths of her gullet. His body was being subjected to a bizarre combination of fear and pleasure, a combination he’d experienced countless times over the past few days, at the hands of various perverted predators. Ayumi was no different, narrowing her eyes down at Lucky as she boasted her triumph – by bringing her new meal to a spasming, grunting ***climax.***

Nagisa came moaning, spurting rope after rope of thick, white seed that splattered Lucky’s face and forced her to shut one eye. She pressed her palms against the wall, jaw clenched and stomach growling with hunger as Nagisa’s orgasm raged on. When his wild spurting faded to a dribble, Ayumi released his softening cock, letting it slap down on her chin… before it dragged upwards as she started to ***ULP*** and ***GULP*** at his lower body.

Ayumi’s bulging neck flexed, and Nagisa’s legs pressed together as they were packed into her slick, hungry gullet. ***GLRCH!*** With powerful swallows, his stern former teacher dragged him down into the depths of her body. Her teeth dug into his skin, squeezing, taunting him with the inevitability of his demise in her overpowered gut. When his head crested through a tight sphincter and into the pit of her stomach – the deep, dark, shifting sauna at the centre of her body – she held her belly with a hand and his legs with the other, guiding him steadily down, *down,* gulp after snarling gulp, until only his feet rested on her tongue.



Ayumi closed her mouth, smiled, and swallowed. ***Gulp.*** Her neck flexed and then shrank, sending the last of Nagisa down into the molten-hot depths of her body. Her right hand followed him down, trailing fingertips against the soft skin of her throat, over her breasts (and her nipples, now tenting out the fabric of her robe) and onto the now-bulbous expanse of her belly, rumbling and roaring as Nagisa curled up inside.

Ayumi leaned down, hands on her thighs, and met Lucky's eyes… before letting out a long, rattling "***Ghurrrrrp!***", right in the immortal's face. Lucky winced and shied back as Ayumi straightened once more, and gestured to the open gates.

"You can go," the tan woman said. "If you try to break the rules again, it doesn't matter if you're human or immortal – I'll eat you myself."

"Where… are you going?" Lucky asked as Ayumi turned around.

"Back to my room. To digest my meal."

She walked away, grinning and tapping her fingertips against her full belly. Her gut warped and wriggled violently as Nagisa struggled inside her.

Chikako's heart pounded as she strode toward the centre of the palace – toward Orochi's great vault, and a decision Chikako could never take back.

Along the way, she stopped before an open doorway leading to the throne room. The door guards coughed and looked away, clearly

flustered: Chikako had grown to an ungodly size recently, and now she towered so far above these tall, buff women that her belly button was at their eye-level. She'd feasted recently, too: her belly was swollen and round, and it gurgled a low refrain as she peered into the throne room.

There, lazing upon the great central dais, was Madame Orochi. The immortal serpent queen, her humanoid upper body splayed out in repose atop an expanse of black and red coils. Her gut was *huge* – far huger, proportionally, than Chikako's own. After swallowing an enormous number of prisoners, she was focusing all her powers on her next, grandest act: converting all that mass into a chimera, a monster on a scale never seen in this world. Once birthed, Orochi planned to unleash it on Kurogane, to do away with her rival once and for all. The gestation period was well underway: the surface of her belly writhed with the shapes of countless *tentacles*, squirming and stirring within Orochi's stomach, eager to be regurgitated and let loose on the world.

For now, though, the great serpent was indisposed, sweating and huffing as her stomach produced all kinds of distressed noises, a cacophony of ***BHLORRRRG***s and ***CHURRRRBL***s loud enough to make Chikako's fists clench in fear.

This might be Chikako's only chance to enact her plan. She moved on, and soon came upon a group of guards huddled at an intersection in the palace halls. They looked up at Chikako's approach, their expressions unreadable.

"It's time," Chikako said. The guards nodded and fanned out to follow her. Son, they entered a vast chamber whose main feature was a tremendous pair of riveted iron doors, the largest in the entire palace, manned by a pair of guards nearly Chikako's height. Chikako stopped before them, and they shared a look before one produced a large key.

Clunk. Clunk, clunk. The key turned slowly in the lock, causing a series of mechanisms to activate. At last, the two big guards pressed their hands against the giant door and ***heaved,*** muscles flexing all down their backs as they pushed and strained. The door opened before Chikako, letting a great gust of strange-smelling air into the chamber, whipping back her black hair and causing her companions to shield their faces. Chikako stood indomitable, unblinking, until the wind faded.

No words passed her lips as she strode forth, asscheeks wobbling mightily with every step. Most of her companions stayed behind as lookouts, only a few following after her – into the immense space that lay beyond the giant doorway.

Madame Orochi's vaults. Chikako couldn't help but marvel at the towers of treasure that rose up around her: piles of gold, jewels, and other glittering pieces stolen from a hundred civilisations throughout Madame Orochi's long and storied life. From amid the stacks protruded objects of sublime beauty: weapons, arm rings, necklaces and crowns that glowed with their own magical pressure: the adornments of immortals, cast into the hoard as though they were no more important than the rest. Chikako felt her jaw winding tighter as she observed her mistress's astounding wealth, proof of a life that had lasted far too long, grown too fat for its own good.

Eventually, she left the treasure stacks behind. Her objective lay ahead: a section of the vault dedicated to something far more precious to Orochi than mere treasure. Here was where the strange smell emitted from: a gigantic vat that bubbled over a blazing fire so hot that the vat's base had turned a bright, glowing orange. Chikako's companions covered their noses and gagged on the scent of the elixir, while Chikako inhaled deeply and grinned. Her belly ***groaned*** with ravenous need. Here was here goal, her prize: Orochi's elixir of power! It was said to be potent enough to kill any mortal, and from the reactions of her co-conspirators, Chikako imagined that was true. But *she'd* ascended

beyond the bounds of mere mortality, and she was willing to take the risk.

"Halt!" cried a mature, feminine voice. From behind the vat came a group of women: beautiful priestesses in flowing robes. The oldest among them seemed to be in her forties, with thick curly hair and a heaving bust. She glowered up at Chikako without a hint of fear, stopping before the giant woman with hands set imperiously on her hips.

"Who are *you?*" Chikako asked. ***Broooggh,*** her stomach added.

"I'm Madame Orochi's chief alchemist," the older woman said, "and *you* are trespassing." A mutter of furious agreement spread among her entourage, encouraging her to take another step forward. "Leave now, and know your place, *underling.* If you throw yourself in supplication before our mistress, she *may* have mercy."

Chikako studied the mature priestess and waited for her to finish. When she was done, Chikako feigned a sigh and clapped her hands on her hips, mimicking the insolent little bitch's stance. "I have a better offer. Prepare me a draught of Orochi's elixir, and you get to live. How does that sound?"

"I've heard about you." The older woman sneered at Chikako. "You forget yourself, question our mistress, *disobey.* I suppose this is your last, desperate attempt to turn things around before she tires of you completely? Pathetic."

Chikako took that in brooding silence. When she spoke again, her eyes were dark. "You really shouldn't have said that."



She turned around so her massive, broad, blubbery ass hovered over the priestess. Chikako moved so fluidly, so calmly, that no one else reacted…

…until she simply dropped, and ***SLAMMED*** her ass down on the ground. The mature woman barely uttered a shriek before she vanished up Chikako's asshole, *slurped* up into the much bigger, much HUNGRIER woman's guts. Chikako's asscheeks, tits, and gut wobbled viciously from the impact as she, "***UGH!***", grunted in triumph! Her tongue flopped out on her chin for a moment, displaying an utterly depraved expression of pleasure as the annoying head priestess squirmed and struggled deep in her guts, before she picked herself up on her knees and pointed down at the remaining priestesses, who shied back in absolute terror.

"I'm changing the deal," Chikako growled. "The first one who brings me my elixir gets to live. The rest of you boil alongside your leader." Just to drill in the point, she smacked her gut hard, sending a wobble across its surface and making it groan in future. Amid that groaning, the muffled squeals of the head priestess could be heard. "Don't make me – ***ourrrp!*** – change the deal again."

Namazu sprawled on her back, panting, playing with her pussy as her belly grumbled and roared. "Oh… Oh…!" She was one of the world's largest creatures, outsizing even her mistress by orders of magnitude. The juices that flowed from her womanhood could have drowned a house, and her cries of joy rang across the mountainside. When she adjusted herself, lifting herself up on both elbows, she inadvertently crushed a watchtower flat – not that she noticed. "Guaahh…" In the depths of her pleasure-melted brain, the only thing that mattered was the next *schlick*, and the next, and the next!



BLOURRRRRG…

The mountain of Namazu's stomach rolled and clenched, emitting such obscene, cauldronlike noises that even the giant immortal's cries were nothing beside its ferocious grumbling. She massaged its flank with a hand, crooning, digging two fingers deeper into her slick, needy pussy. "Hnnngh… Oh, mmnn…"

She'd performed her role to the letter, gulped down Kurogane, and now she could enjoy the spoils – the slow, sensual process of digestion. Mistress Orochi was going to be so pleased with her: she might even give her a reward! Namazu *purrrr*ed as she imagined what treats lay in store for her, masturbating slowly in the wake of her great achievement.

She cooed in ecstasy, and her stomach quietened down – if only for the moment. But deep inside that army-melting gut, something was happening, on such a small scale that Namazu couldn't possibly perceive it. In her mind, Kurogane was already melted into goo and turning into fat on her asscheeks, but in truth…

"Get – *urrf* – IN here!" Kurogane growled.

"No, stop!" yelled the last of the tengu women, desperately trying to claw away from the angry immortal – scrabbling and kicking away across the slimy membrane of Namazu's second stomach. She couldn't go far: the cruel irony of the situation was that Kurogane was the only thing keeping her *alive,* her sphere of counterpressure staving off Namazu's burning acids. She could see the edges of the veil wavering, hissing and sizzling as the drizzling juices tried to push inwards – barely held at bay by Kurogane's magic.

Kurogane was *huge.* Her giant, swollen stomach – swollen with the tengu's sisters! – dragged across slimy stomach lining, burbling and ***glorrrb***ing as Kurogane advanced on all six of her limbs, her four arms and two legs, moving more like some dread spider than a person.

"I'm sorry," the tengu panted. Her clothes had already melted away, leaving her breasts bare and shiny, her ass and pussy exposed. She was vulnerable, terrified, all too aware she was doomed. "M-Maybe we can work together to get out of here! Maybe—URK!" She looked down in horror as Kurogane opened wide and spat a web – a web that snagged both of her ankles! She barely had time to shriek before Kurogane reeled her in, yanking her downwards and lodging both legs in her immortal's throat! "No!" the tengu cried, tears welling in her eyes. "Madame Orochi!" She beat her wings against the floor of Namazu's

stomach, looking upwards as if toward the sky. “Madame Orochi, save me!”

GLUCK! With one huge gulp, Kurogane dragged the namazu down to her hips inside her gullet. She rumbled angrily around the throat-stretching treat, wringing grim enjoyment from her frantic squirms. Kurogane’s tongue rolled out to *slurrrp* across the tengu’s bare pussy, tasting her juices and taunting her at the same time. The tengu reacted by squealing and reaching down to slam her wings into Kurogane’s head, clobbering down at her in impotent fear and fury. The attacks did absolutely nothing to the immortal, who kept on gulping her snack with powerful ***gulp***s and ***glork***s. The tengu found herself being dragged down, down into Kurogane’s depths, her shrieks of terror turning into exhausted grunts and groans as her midriff and chest were consumed, leaving only her head and her wings sticking way out above her. Massaged by Kurogane’s red-hot insides from the shoulders down, she gave a dull noise of surrender.

Kurogane glowered down at the annoying tengu, who’d gotten her into this mess in the first place – before using her tongue to shovel around the girl’s head and pull her down into the *slurrrch*ing depths of her body. *Ulll--…* Kurogane’s neck bloated out around the shape of the tengu’s head, then shrank again with a resounding *ULP!*, shooting her prey down so only her arms remained. Those were easy to swallow, if annoying: the feathers tickled Kurogane’s nose and made her want to sneeze.

Once she’d fully consumed the tengu, and felt her squirming hopelessly inside her engorged mega-belly, she rested atop it, huffing and puffing, her four arms spread out to clutch her own gut as sweat rolled down her back. “***Uorrrf… hrrrp….*** Now get to churning, you idiots…” She knuckled her belly and gasped with pleasure, before clenching her jaw to focus hard. Her belly rumbled… burbled… and then ***ROARED*** with effort, boiling like a cauldron! …Its inhabitants barely had time to yell out before their voices were drowned by the digestive tumult, the shapes of

their bodies smoothing out and joining the general bloat of her monstrous belly. It shrank… and shrank… lowering Kurogane on top of it, and in the space of just a minute, her boulder-sized gut reduced itself to a pregnant-looking swell that left her able to move around and act.



Kurogane let out one last, prolonged ***bwuuuuurp,*** then wiped her lips and stood up on the lining of Namazu's stomach. "Ugh…" One hand rubbed her belly gently, pawing and kneading as she looked around. She was in a vast chasm dotted with pools of sizzling acid. The walls and ceiling flexed gradually in and out, and stinging liquid dripped onto her shoulders from overhead, acid that pierced her dome of

counterpressure. Kurogane had never met a beast so large – big enough to dwarf even Orochi — and she'd certainly never been swallowed by one before. "Fat bitch," she huffed. It was difficult to remain standing on the surface of the titan's insides, which shifted and pulsed along with her body's natural rhythms. A spike of fear went through Kurogane as she wondered: if beings like THIS served Orochi, then how powerful had her old rival become?

She pushed the terrors away. Orochi may have grown, but so had Kurogane. She'd emptied the surrounding countryside of Orochi's vassals, churning them into fat on her tits and strength in her body and soul. And among the powers she'd absorbed was something she could use now: a magical skill that had belonged to one of Orochi's very own daughters…

"Let's see how you like *this,*" said Kurogane, striking all four of her hands up as high as she could reach. A green flash, and suddenly a ball of green liquid was swirling in the air above her, growing larger and larger with each passing second. Soon it was as big than the woman who'd created it — and not long after that, it was many times Kurogane's size. It continued to swell, a gigantic globe of deadly poison. Kurogane took a deep breath of acrid air, closed her eyes, and kept her counterpressure roaring high.

She dropped the globe.

Namazu hiccupped. She stirred from her sleep, eyes gleaming open to stare at the sky. Hm? Something was wrong. She rested a hand on her belly and instantly regretted it, as a huge, distressed ***GWUORRRRBLE*** sounded from within.

“Urgh…!” The gigantic immortal sat up, clutching her poor tummy, huffing and puffing for air. She looked from side to side, her immense size allowing her to see past the crags, to where a small lake glimmered blue on the mountainside nearby. She dragged herself toward it, beginning to sweat, and lowered her head to drink huge, sloshing gulps of water. ***Glp! Glp!*** Her neck pulsed in huge waves, swallowing tens of gallons with every gulp, but the pain in her stomach continued to grow. The noises from within it became more and more distressed, until at last, the vast creature reared her head, gave a self-pitying *moan,* and then started to retch.



Ayumi returned to her room, a soft smile and rosy blush on her face. The squirming from inside her stomach had made her too horny to remain on guard duty. Seeing her prey's elbows and shoulders barge against the surface of her gut, hearing him scrabble and moan for escape… it was all too much for her.

She had to go and 'cool off'.

"Ah!" she cried as she flopped down on the bed, legs spread wide, and slid a hand between her thighs. "Whoever you are, you were delicious…" She was already naked, her clothes piled in a heap on the floor near her room's entrance. As a high-ranking military teacher, Ayumi had the privilege of her own luxurious bedroom, perfect for indulgences like this. She curled two fingers into her soaking cunt and rubbed at her clit with fervour, huffing and gasping as she sank through veils of pleasure.

As she stoked her body to a higher level of activity, her belly rumbled — and the prey-boy inside it cried out! She groaned as his struggles grew more forceful, rocking her stomach, his struggles displayed clearly against the padded surface of her gut. When the distinctive shape of a face smushed under the surface of her belly, Ayumi giggled and caught it in her palm. "Down you go…" She pushed him back down as he grumbled and groaned, and then rolled back her head in a big, rippling ***Bwurrrrp!***

Faster, harder, she masturbated like the pervert she was, spreading her thick thighs wider as her meal struggled and squirmed. Further belches blasted over her tongue as she panted bigger, more frantic breaths. ***Schlick, schlick, schlick, schlick, schlick!*** "Ouhhhn…!"



At that moment, there came a knock on the door. Ayumi hesitated before sitting up straight and letting her robe fall back over her pussy. She wiped her hand on the bed and said, “Come in.”

The door opened, and a large, bronze-skinned guardswoman stepped cautiously through. Immediately Ayumi saw the bulge in her robes, tenting out their front between her dense, solid thighs. The guardswoman fixed Ayumi with a gaze that couldn’t disguise the raw *lust* she was experiencing, huffing and puffing in powerful need.

“I was passing by your room, and I couldn’t help but hear…”

Ayumi smiled sweetly and crooked a finger at the guard. “Get over here.”

"*Oh, no…*" said the prey in Ayumi's belly.

THWAP, THWAP, THWAP, THWAP!

"Yes, yes, ***yessss!***"

A minute later, Ayumi was folded double on her bed, naked and sweaty, panting beneath the furious hammering of the guardswoman and her mighty cock! Each charge of those muscular hips sent a glossy ripple across her bounding asscheeks and huge, proud tits, while her face flushed and filled with animalistic bliss! The guardswoman lay on top of Ayumi, face beside her cheek, grunting and *snarling* as she ravaged her with all the power her tremendous form could muster. ***CLAP, CLAP, CLAP, PLAP, CLAP, SMACK!*** Her abs lay on Ayumi's bloated belly, smushing it down, *pancaking* it with such ferocity that Ayumi thought she'd grind her prey to mush by the end of their hardcore fuck. "Harder!" she yelped as a spasm of bliss went through her, flinging her arms around the guardswoman's neck and holding on tight!

Deep inside of Ayumi, squished in her stomach like some kind of human pretzel, Nagisa grit his teeth and kept up his counterpressure. He gasped for air, sweat pouring down his face along with Ayumi's stomach acid. "Fuck, fuck…" he kept huffing, wishing he wasn't in such an awkward position – folded with his knees up to his shoulders, his cock mashing against the soft, squishy pink wall of Ayumi's gut – the same wall the guardswoman kept ramming herself into, stimulating him beyond his wits. "Uhn, guh, guh, uhnn…!" His dick throbbed and spasmed under the slippery grinding, and he clenched his teeth hard as Ayumi's stomach ***CHURRRRN***ed around him. If not for his well-honed counterpressure, he would have melted into liquid by now.

Soon, the constant smushing, mashing, and grinding became too much for Nagisa, and he winced as he reached a stunning climax, groaning in a deep tone as he spurted cum all over his own face and chest. “Nnnghh!” Eyes rolled back, he twitched and jerked amid the flattening squeeze of Ayumi’s vice-fuck, pushed over the edge…

“UNGH! UNGH! …UNNNGHH!” The guard lunged forward and ***slapped*** her cock home in Ayumi’s pussy. Ayumi wrapped her thighs around the guardswoman’s hips and quivered in a climax of her own, and the pair of them rocked together for a full minute, backblasts of cum pouring out around Ayumi’s squeezing cunt as the guard flooded her with a massive load. Even when she was done, she lay on top of Ayumi for a long minute before pulling out, withdrawing her heavy dick inch by cum-soaked inch. ***Plop!*** Her glans burst free, and Ayumi’s cunt hosed cream across the bedsheets as she panted, sweating, belching, staring at the ceiling.

“Huh… hah… hahhn… I’d love… to do that again…”

“Anytime,” the guardswoman promised, before gathering up her clothes and leaving Ayumi to her trembling afterglow.

Eventually, Ayumi recovered enough to go bathe herself, after which she slumped on her bed and closed her eyes. Her left hand trailed across the swell of her stomach, caressing it almost affectionately. “Digest quickly, okay?” she purred. “I have work to do when I awaken.”

Nagisa panted inside her, still recovering from his shocking climax: a difficult thing to achieve while using magic to stave off an expert predator’s stomach acid. Of course, Ayumi didn’t realise she’d swallowed a trained warrior, much less one whom she’d trained herself.

Nagisa waited, and listened. When Ayumi fell into a deep sleep, her digestion grew more intense, rumbling and ***BURRRRBL***ing all around him, while her stomach rolled in powerful undulations. He groaned and wriggled to adjust himself.

He wasn't about to let Ayumi digest him – not when he'd survived much more powerful predators' stomachs!

With great effort, Nagisa contorted his body and started to squirm with measured movements. On the outside, Ayumi snored… until her brows furrowed, and she groaned in deep pleasure. She rolled onto her front, huffing, her sleep undisturbed by the spasms she was undergoing…

The bulge in her belly shifted downwards — and at last, Nagisa's face, then the rest of his head, streeetched their way out of her asshole, forcing her pucker to billow out in a wide gape! Nagisa's face was trained, his teeth clenched as he wriggled forwards, each foot of progress met by a sudden convulsion from her guts which sucked him back down. He panted for air, chest heaving, finally getting his shoulders to slide free—!

After he yanked an arm out of her, things became much easier. Nagisa dragged himself from Ayumi's asshole over the course of several minutes, getting his knee up to his chest and wedging a foot on her rim — and finally bursting out onto the bedsheets, panting and groaning, gazing at the ceiling as his chest heaved in and out.

Once he'd recovered somewhat, Nagisa sat and glowered at Ayumi, who remained deep asleep. He'd originally planned to sneak away from her while she snoozed, but now, looking into her sweaty, satisfied face…



Nagisa's rage spiked. How *dare* these big, greedy sluts keep eating him? He'd slid down more throats than possibly anyone else in history. Did he really taste that good?

He crawled towards Ayumi, his face drawn into a graven mask of fury. He grasped Ayumi's ankles, lifting her feet off the bedsheets…

…And as he looked at her like that, her buxom, juicy body sprawled out beneath him… his stomach ***growled.***

"Eat me, will you?" Nagisa whispered. "I'll eat *you.*"

He distended his jaw, *yawning* his maw wide open. He moved slowly, trying not to awaken Ayumi as he leaned forward to *engulf* both of her feet in his gargling mouth. “Ullgghp…!” His eyes fixed, sharpened their focus, as he stretched his throat around Ayumi’s feet. She stirred faintly, shifting and adjusting herself in her sleep, but she didn’t emerge from her slumber.

“Glrrh…” Nagisa couldn’t help but notice his cock swelling with excitement as he moved slowly and steadily toward his revenge. He ***gwaulp***ed – and grasping Ayumi’s smooth, yet toned legs, he started dragging the larger woman down the bed, sliding her feet down his gullet and her calves past his lips. “Aullgh… ghuk… ***ghulk!***”

As he consumed the curvy woman, Nagisa’s eyes filled with pleasured strain. His cock leapt with frantic twitches while he forced Ayumi to her knees in his gulping gullet, her feet entering his belly and beginning to bulge him out.

At that moment – as Nagisa faced the harder task of swallowing Ayumi’s plump, delicious thighs – she groaned. Her eyes glimmered open, and she looked from side to side, a hand groping automatically at her tummy, as though confused by the emptiness she felt there.

Then her eyes opened fully, and she looked down past her huge, sloping tits – down past her tummy and thighs, directly at Nagisa and his gaping maw wrapped around her legs!

“Hnngk--!?” Ayumi grasped the bedsheets and started to FIGHT, kicking ferociously while trying to drag herself back away from Nagisa. “It’s — ***you!***” she rasped, overwhelmed by her own fight-or-flight instinct. “What—?”



Nagisa didn't have much time. He *lunged* forward, tears of strain springing to his eyes as he ***GLORK***ed down Ayumi's thighs before she could react. Her soft pussy squished right up against his nose as he tried to inhale as much of her as possible before she started fighting back. His belly bloated around her kicking legs, squirming and lurching, rumbling and churning, as he gagged and coughed with effort!

"Oh no you ***don't--!***" Ayumi cried, and let go of the bedsheets – instead palming Nagisa's face, pressing hard on his cheekbones in an effort to stave him off. Despite her own terrifying situation, she managed to grin bitterly as she struggled back and forth, jerking against his gulping gullet! "So it was ***you*** in my belly earlier! No wonder you tasted so… hngh… good…!"

Nagisa grunted as, with a mighty surge, Ayumi threw herself sideways. Even if she was trapped in his clutches, she was still bigger than him, and he was forced to follow her in a sideways tumble. They both fell off the bed and collapsed to the floor in a heap of blankets, and Ayumi used her opportunity to drag herself out of him a couple of centimetres, slick drool clinging to her thighs.

"I have to say… *ugh…* You've gotten a lot… *stronger…* since we last met…!"

"Hlrrrk…!" Nagisa was struggling now, slipping in his attempts to kneel over Ayumi. She started crawling backwards — back toward the door, huffing with effort as she dragged him along with her.

"Help!" she cried toward the door. "Someone get in here and—mmpph!" She grumbled angrily, cut off by Nagisa's hand clamping over her mouth. With a tremendous surge of strength, Nagisa grasped her forearm with his free hand and ***YANKED*** her down toward him, ***gwauuuhhhp***ing his jaw impossibly wide and forcing Ayumi deeper into his body! His belly swelled beneath him as he took her ass, her hips, and swallowed her to the waist in one giant pull. Another, and her

breasts engulfed his face, flopping over his forehead and around his skull as he gargled around most of her body! Ayumi grunted and huffed in panic, sweating heavily again, only this time it was out of fear.

ULGK! GLUKK! Nagisa kept swallowing, dragging himself up onto his knees and tipping Ayumi upwards, lifting her so gravity would aid her descent. She struggled violently as his lips started to encompass her massive tits, stuffing them down into his bulging cheeks and then further, into his throat.

"Mmmghhh--!" She yelled into his palm, trying to speak, but the contest had flipped in his favour. ***GLORK!*** Nagisa chugged at her again, red-faced now, and Ayumi groaned as she sank shoulder-deep in her bloated boy's maw. His stomach squirmed frantically as she continued to fight, while he mentally begged her to quit it. *Just surrender already!* But Ayumi was no weakling, and she kept on struggling even as he wrapped his maw around her head — even as his mouth encroached around her face — and even as he gave the climactic ***GWULP!*** that sent the beautiful warrior sliiiding down into his stomach.

Nagisa flopped on his ass, wheezing and moaning as his belly wriggled violently. Huge bumps rolled out across its surface as Ayumi jammed her knees and elbows this way and that, continuing to battle with his stomach long after it had fully engulfed her.

UORRRRRP! The burp flew out of Nagisa's mouth in a high-powered blast, making his eyes cross as his belly vibrated over his erect cock. "Oh--!" He seized up and came, spurting ropes from under his massive belly as he sat there whining, quivering, clenching his toes in the wake of his biggest meal ever. ***Horrrp! Orrrp!*** He unleashed big, fluttering belches as his belly wrapped tight around its prey, securing her in place even as she wailed angrily at him:

"*You little--! Don't you remember who TAUGHT you to do that? Hrrghh…!*" Forced to curl up, Ayumi writhed in a state of pure fury. Her breasts bulged out the surface of Nagisa's belly, two stupidly-fat lumps forming a prow that he couldn't help but reach out to touch.

"Nnghh… Yeah, thanks for the lessons," Nagisa growled. "Now, will you shut up? I need to—***URRRP!***" Spittle flung from his lips as he burped again, provoked by Ayumi's frantic squirming.

"*Wait,*" she hissed. "*You're not giving me a fair chance.*"

"Do predators give their prey *chances?*"

"*That's not what I meant. I didn't know it was you, so I didn't use my full digestive power. You should show me the same courtesy."*

"Courtesy, huh?" Nagisa scowled at his massively-swollen belly, idly palming the swells of Ayumi's fat-as-fuck cowtits through his own skin. She groaned as he squeezed and jostled them, treating her like the piece of ***meat*** she was. Despite himself, he was getting horny again, panting as Ayumi squirmed inside. "I'm not giving you a chance to escape. But… for the sake of our history together… I'll give you enough time for one last orgasm."

Ayumi groaned and grumbled at his response, and he thought she was going to start violently struggling again… but after a minute, he heard a dull, muffled ***moan*** from inside his stomach, and realised she'd taken him up on his offer — fingering herself as she writhed in the pulsing pit of his belly. "*Ah… ah…!*" she gasped out loud, and Nagisa groaned, reaching back and between his thighs to grapple his own rock-hard cock, pumping it furiously up and down as Ayumi pleasured herself inside of him.

“Enjoying yourself, slut?” Nagisa growled. “You’re the one who taught me how to do this. You must be proud of me…”

“*Hnnngh…!*” Ayumi shifted in fury, her shoulders bucking. Through the surface of his belly, he could almost imagine her face twisting in fury. “*As if… I’d give you the satisfaction…*”

“Trust me, I’m plenty satisfied.”

Nagisa jerked himself off frantically, rock-hard again despite his recent orgasm, huffing and panting as his stomach rumbled louder around its prey. He’d almost forgotten how *good* it could feel to digest someone — especially someone bigger than himself. He let out another hedonistic burp as precum squirted from his dick, pumping himself faster, faster…!

“*I-It’s too hot! You said you’d hold off…!*” Ayumi’s voice was shrill, desperate. She was on edge, too.

“Then you’d better hurry up, *meat.*”

Ayumi’s moans lowered in pitch until she was ***groaning*** her pleasure and fright in a low rumble, schlicking her pussy in a state of braindead ecstasy and primal fear. She tensed up, moaned low, and then she was cumming, squirting inside his belly as he gripped his cock and came hard, blasting huge spurts of seed across the bedsheets!

“Ungh! Unnngh!” He shifted and twitched, milking the last few shots out of his dick… before sighing happily. “N-Not bad. I’m glad we had this – ***uuUUURRP*** – little one-on-one session…”

Nagisa clenched — and Ayumi's deep moans turned to girly ***squeals*** as his stomach started to ***ROAR***. His instant-digestion technique was a cut above what most could handle, and he'd already used it successfully against one of Orochi's elites.

"Thanks for the lessons," Nagisa huffed as his belly started to sink inwards, its ***GWURRRGLE***s growing louder as Ayumi's cries slowly faded. He slap-slapped a hand against the flank of his shrinking mega-gut and let out another prolonged ***bwuuurrrrp***, his eyes glazing and going distant. "Hff… hff… hff…"

Within a minute, his stomach was back to its usual lean flatness. Nagisa remained there for what felt like a long time, wheezing, overstimulated to the point of exhaustion… but he knew he couldn't loiter, not when so much was on the line. He hoisted himself to his feet and staggered toward the door, sliding it open—

—and nearly walking straight into a massive, squirming belly.

"Oh!" Lucky chirped, peering down at him wide-eyed. She must have swallowed the guardswoman from before, from the look of her struggling gut. Its inhabitant cried out, muffled, mere inches from Nagisa's surprised face. Lucky looked past him, scanning the room, her eyes turning sly as she processed what had happened. "I was coming to rescue you, but it seems you beat me to it."

Nagisa put his hands on his hips and let out a long puff. Lucky's digestion was already well underway, and the noises her overfull stomach produced made him blush even as he glowered up at her. "What happens now? Do I need to go back inside you?"

"Ah — no, it's *far* too late for that," Lucky said, and reached into her robe. From it she produced a strange object: a perfect sphere of dark

purple crystal, no larger than an apple. Fog seemed to float inside it. “Your mistress has surpassed my expectations. Kurogane is coming to us.”

In the crystal ball’s depths, Nagisa saw…

Namazu turned away like a whale retreating into the ocean, hacking and spitting, red-faced and sweaty.

“Fuck off back underground!” Kurogane yelled, shaking two fists after the receding shape of the giant monstergirl… before sighing looking down at herself. Her teeth clenched in disgust. Bile dripped and oozed down her, a consequence of her evacuation up Namazu’s throat.

Taking another deep breath, Kurogane crossed all four arms over her chest and *focused*. In a burst of pressure, flames engulfed her, raging and flashing about her form, whipping her red hair and vaporising all the gunk that clung to her body. When the flames faded, she was perfectly clean… She sniffed herself, then turned to face the mountain slopes once again.

Orochi Temple loomed before her. Dark clouds rumbled above it, swirling vortex-like around a single point that Kurogane knew to be the throne room. Her great enemy was doing something dangerous — casting some terrible spell — and it was only a matter of time before she unleashed it on the world.

Kurogane felt… strange. She’d walked through hell itself to get here, and now here she was, with nothing between herself and Madame Orochi. At least, nothing that stood a chance of stopping her. Her goal was right

in front of her — to rescue Nagisa, and get revenge on Orochi for all the pain she'd put her through — but in that moment, her heart was plagued with a deep unrest.

After she ate Orochi… what happened next? Would she return to Zanshuyama, settle down on her dais, and sleep for another hundred years? Killing Orochi meant collapsing an empire, throwing the mortal realms into chaos… Not too long ago, Kurogane wouldn't have given a damn about that, but now…

Curse that Nagisa. His humanity had rubbed off on her.

She set forth at a run, her sandals clapping the bare rock as she dashed for the gates of Orochi Temple. Her pressure swelled as she gathered her strength, leaping from crag to crag, the towering edifice of her enemy's fortress looming larger and larger in her vision. The gates were closed to her. High on the walls, she saw guardswomen clutching tall spears, peering down with trepidation at the red-haired figure approaching their entryway.

Kurogane skidded to a halt, her four arms spread wide, grinning up at the guards on the walls. A couple of them drew longbows, and arrows clattered on the ground near Kurogane. She caught the only one that came close, snatching it from the air with ease and twirling it around her fingers.

"Thanks for the toothpick," she called to the battlements. "I'll need it after I eat you all."

The guards responded with outrage, yelling insults down at Kurogane… but she saw the fear written on their faces. They'd watched how she'd leapt between the mountain rocks: they knew she could reach the

battlements in a single bound if she so wished. The fact that she *didn't* was somehow more disturbing.

Cackling, Kurogane flicked the arrow aside and took a low, wide stance. Her lower hands clapped down on her thighs, while her upper arms hung loosely below her. She focused on her breathing, expanding and contracting her ribcage while her lungs worked themselves into a fury. Her pressure swelled. Her chest started to glow bright orange.

"Haaahhh…!"

As Kurogane took a massive in-breath, the guards on the wall started to panic. Some of them ran down the line to call for backup, while others took more potshots with their bows. They fired frantically, hardly bothering to aim – but even so, *some* of them should have hit Kurogane's exposed back. Instead, whenever an arrow's arc zoned in on Kurogane, it suddenly crazed, whipping upwards and to the side, before harmlessly smacking down on the rocks. The reason became clear a moment later: the very air around Kurogane ***warped*** in an intense heat-haze. The rocks beneath her sandals started to glow molten-hot, and her hair lifted and flapped in the gale.

"She's gonna blow!" someone yelled, lost amid the sudden panic that erupted across the wall. Some guards simply fled, while others continued to shoot arrows in hope that one might find its mark. None did. Kurogane reared back, her cheeks bulging with fire, looking every bit the dragon about to unleash its fury. She took a step forward… then another…

…and then she ***lurched*** forth, clasped two fists in front of her mouth, and let loose a breath of fire!

No, not just a breath. The ***beam*** of condensed flame that blasted from Kurogane's wide-open mouth was blindingly bright. It struck Orochi Temple's thick, metal-plated gates and immediately began melting through them, gaping a huge molten hole in the front of the massive building. The hole widened, becoming a massive golden welt that drooled liquid metal to the floor, all while Kurogane's fire-beam continued to spear deeper into the complex.

Kurogane's attack made the walls tremble. Guards toppled on their butts, yelping and shrieking, dropping their weapons in their efforts to scramble away. "*Look!*" one of them yelled, pointing down at Kurogane… as her wide-open mouth warped into a grin, and she slowly began raising her head, scything her beam up toward the battlements!

The wall began to cave. Floors collapsed, dropping their half-melted paraphernalia into the yawning pit below. Kurogane kept on sweeping her beam upwards, watching the battlements shudder as the structure grew unstable.

By now the wall was vacant of guards, but Kurogane could still hear their shouts of panic as they sounded the alarms. *The walls are breached!* Kurogane had already opened the way for herself, but she kept going anyway, melting a wall-mounted statue of Orochi for good measure. Once the façade of her great enemy had turned into drooling slag, Kurogane let her breath peter out, belching the last of her flames and staggering from the exertion. "Fuck, that felt good," she puffed, trailing one of her lower hands across her groin.

The wall was collapsing properly now, its liquid parts sloughing off to reveal an opened cross-section of the temple, exposed rooms falling apart before Kurogane's eyes. The noise was deafening.

In the midst of it all – an aperture, a way deeper into Orochi Temple. Kurogane caught her breath… then leapt over the melting slag and through the opening.

"Stay where you are, Orochi," she growled. "I'm coming for you."

GLURP! GLURP! GLURP!

Chikako sweated. She strained. She groaned between huge gulps of liquid, trying not to dwell on the simple fact of the matter:

She'd never been so ***stuffed*** in her life.

Her belly protruded before her, splayed out on the vault floor like some tremendous, gargling monument to gluttony. ***Gwuorrrrp…*** She couldn't see over it, or past it, but she could feel the sheer ***immensity*** of it shifting and bulging as all manner of solids and liquids sluiced through her cavernous stomach and miles-long guts.

Still she clutched the edge of the tilted cauldron and drank like her life depended on it, straining her neck with each bulging swallow, her eyes watering from the sheer, unbearable ***effort*** of forcing the next mouthful down, and the next, and the next!

Chikako was no slouch. Not too long ago — shortly before her first encounter with Kurogane — she'd walked into a village and swallowed every last person who lived there. *This* was on another level, a belly-stretch she'd never achieved before in her life. Just laying hands on her abnormal middle caused her to wince in pain, and a ferocious

BLURRRRGGGG to rumble throughout her intestines, as all that digesting material was disturbed. She rolled back her hear and let her throat relax, let her mouth flop open and her tongue roll out as she—

GHORRRRRRRRRRP!

Chikako's allies glanced at her in shock and amazement as she burped loud enough to shake the ground. They were busy, themselves: gurgling and ***glurp***ing down the last of Orochi's alchemists, slurping down their kicking feet and sending them to join the rest boiling in their bellies.

"***Urrrp…***" one of the traitor guards patted her lips and said, "Is the elixir working, Chikako?"

Chikako squinted and furrowed her brows, but didn't drag her lips away from the cauldron's brim. ***ULGK! ULGK!*** Her stomach ached like nothing else, and was produced an unholy cacophony of sound as it processed all that powerful, divine elixir. The cauldron was now at such an extreme tilt that it began to roll… and at last, she let it topple away from her, gasping for the air she hadn't breathed for the past several minutes. "*Haaaah--!*" The cauldron spilled elixir across the floor, elixir that sizzled where it landed, and began to eat through the vault's floor. When that happened, Chikako's co-conspirators looked at her in a new light, hushed by awe.

Chikako was no longer the elite soldier they'd known. She'd evolved into something else – something much closer to immortal than human. Her sweat turned to steam as it left her pores, and her face was turning bright red as the elixir took effect. "Urrrghh…" She squirmed where she sat, simply unable to move. She belched again — another earth-shaking sound, forcing her allies to cover their ears until it was over.

“Do you know how long that’s gonna take?” one of the guardswomen asked. “To digest it all, I mean?”

“Yeah,” said another. “We’re a little pressed for time…”

“Shut up,” Chikako snarled, struggling to force even the shortest words through the strain she was experiencing. ***BWORRRRBBB!*** Her stomach shuddered, and in a fluttering clench, it shrank just a little smaller. “This kind of thing… unnngh, takes time…”

“*And time is exactly what you DON’T have!”*

Chikako couldn’t even twist to look in the direction of the cry — but a moment later, she heard her co-conspirators crying out, heard bodies thumping as they were tackled brutally to the ground. Suddenly, Chikako was surrounded by guardswomen — especially large and strong-looking ones, rattling with golden jewellery and gemstones. Five of them held long spears to Chikako’s neck, their points sharp enough to convince her that no degree of counterpressure could keep them from piercing her skin.

These weren’t just run-of-the-mill guardswomen — they were Madame Orochi’s *elite* guards, and then had Chikako dead to rights.

“Nnghh…!” Chikako looked left and right. All around her, her co-conspirators were on the floor, their arms clutched behind their backs by elite guards. The fight hadn’t been anything like fair: Orochi’s elites were fed on special brews that made them bigger and stronger than usual, just as Chikako had been. Now they looked at Chikako and her monstrous belly with a mixture of hatred and jealousy.

“I’m amazed you’re still alive,” one of the elites – a woman with wide hips and deep brown eyes — told Chikako. “A mortal, drinking our mistress’s own elixir… Your guts should be melting right now.” While her comrades held Chikako at spearpoint, she walked a slow route around the absurdly bloated woman, grinning viciously as she held out a hand…

“*Stop!*” Chikako barked, but it was far too late. The elite brought her palm down on her hideously swollen mega-belly. ***CLAP!*** A ripple shook across its surface, a cascade of wobbles that started an awful chain reaction deep inside her. Her stomach ***ROARED*** like a furnace, and Chikako’s eyes flew wide – a moment before she belched again.

The force of the gale that erupted from Chikako’s mouth was enough to make several of the elite guards shrink back in terror, enough to knock dust from the ceiling while her belly rippled, clenched, and shrunk another couple of metres inwards. The grinning guard-captain watched all this with her hands on her hips — and when the noise finally petered out, she stepped forward and hiked up a leg, planting a sandalled foot firmly on Chikako’s sore, painful belly and glowering into her eyes. Chikako was exhausted, wheezing, drenched in steaming sweat. As she mewled in agony from her elixir-filled gut, the guard-captain said, “Looks like you finally bit off more than you can chew. *Come on, girls – we’re taking her to Madame Orochi!*”

Chikako could do nothing but burn in despair as they bound her body with thick ropes and began dragging her off. As her ass and belly trailed along the ground, she watched Orochi’s elite guards opened wide and devouring her co-conspirators, cramming them squirming down their gullets while they kicked and wailed in horror.

“You really thought you could become an immortal?” asked the guard-captain, walking alongside Chikako. “Our mistress guessed you’d try something like this. Now, instead of being her right-hand woman, you’re

going to be mush in her stomach. Isn't it funny how fate flips in an instant?"

"Rrrghh…!" Chikako wanted to reach out and grab the insolent whore, to stuff her down her maw and into her boiling gut… but neither the energy to do so, nor the flexibility, were currently available to her. Instead she strained against her rope restraints and gnashed noises of bitter hatred.

BLORRRRRP! Her belly wobbled and shrank a little further. Chikako glowered at it fixedly, begging it to ***hurry up!*** She needed the elixir's power — now more than ever. If she could just digest the power-giving brew, then she'd be able to free herself from Orochi's servants, and challenge her former mistress in person!

If she could just…

If only…

…

The huge net creaked as it swayed back and forth, moving gradually along the pulley system in Orochi's throne room. Within the packed net squirmed Chikako, enormous and swollen, groaning pathetically as the net's strands squished into her asscheeks, her back… and all along the surface of her gigantic belly.

Ahead and below her, Madame Orochi sprawled out on her great dais, lounging amid her black-and-crimson coils. She leaned with her chin

propped up on a hand, observing Chikako's approach with amusement and annoyance in equal measures.

Chikako was shocked. Orochi's belly had grown significantly in the time since she'd last seen her: now she looked tremendously pregnant, the chimera in her stomach writhing so violently that its mass lurched and turned visibly against the surface of her gut. She drummed her fingertips against it, her cruel amber eyes glimmering in the torchlight as Chikako swung to a halt above her.

"Enjoying the ride?" she asked, her voice soft yet resonant in the long chamber. Notably, none of her earlier audience were present. Chikako and Orochi were alone. "I *expect* rebellion from my strongest warriors, but you've gone above and beyond to outrage me. Tell me — what have I done to deserve your disrespect?"

Chikako knew she was doomed. She continued to jerk and thrust against her restraints all the same, even as it made her huge, blubbery tits squash sensitively, their flesh spilling through the gaps. "What have you *done?*" she gnashed. "Are you really asking me that? I'll kill you! I'll—mmpp!"

Orochi's hand covered Chikako's entire front, pressing on her mouth, tits, and belly all at once – and squeezing. Chikako groaned as her stomach rumbled violently, disturbed by the sudden pressure.

"I suppose it doesn't matter," Orochi said, and parted her fingers – revealing Chikako's angry, glowering face. "Ever since I first laid eyes on you, I've wanted to feel you *sliding down my gullet*."

"Wait — stop—!" Chikako cried, but Orochi was already rising up, flexing her coils to lift her human body into the air. Her palm cupped Chikako from underneath, fingers clasping her, digging into her soft skin,

groping her… before sliding up and around, and pinching the net at its top.

"Try not to feel bad, Chikako… Even if you'd been perfectly loyal, you might have ended up like this anyway. *Aaaahh…*"

Chikako stared in horror as Orochi's maw *yawned* open below her. She'd seen this sight before — seen her 'mistress' engulfing nets filled with twenty or more prisoners as though they were little more than light snacks. She'd never imagined she might end up in the same net.

As Orochi's hot breaths blew across her body, Chikako squirmed violently amid her restraints, groaning and growling, fighting against hope itself! The redness of the immortal's maw grew closer… closer… widening and rolling out her long, tapered tongue. In that moment, Chikako wondered why she'd ever dare resist Orochi. How could anything compete with THIS?

Slrrrrch… Orochi's hot, slippery tongue curled underneath her, welcoming her slowly but surely past the cup of her soft lips… into the sauna of her gaping maw. Her weight settled over Orochi's tongue, which flexed and began to wrap around her ultra-bloated body, guiding her in slowly but surely. "Auhhhmm…!"

Chikako winced as drool washed against her face. Ahead of her — down the back of Orochi's tongue — she watched the immortal's tonsils flex in and out, widening, getting ready to receive its meal.

No one was coming for Chikako. As Orochi's lips shut behind her and darkness gathered all around, she gave one last, wretched cry, before—

GUGH-ULP!



Drool rushed around Chikako. Orochi's tongue lifted, her throat widened, and the sudden waterslide carried Chikako forwards and down — down, into the gaping passage of the immortal's gullet, into the gurgling depths of her tremendous body. She was too big to swallow in one gulp: the passageway tightened around her, and Orochi was forced to—

AULP! GULP!

On the outside, Orochi squinted with effort, tilting her head back and clenching her fists as she ***BULGED*** her neck out around her writing prey — bigger and bulkier than the usual net-bound 'meatballs' she consumed. The bulge lurched further downward, straining against her collarbone — before one final, savage ***GLUCK*** sent it sliding down past the barrier and into her depths. An extra weight ***glunk***ed into her massive, burbling belly without adding any extra heft to her middle, and she sank back with a pleasured sigh, resting a hand on her writhing gut.

"Haah… You can be my chimera's first meal," Orochi said. "A fitting end for the fool who thought she could become immortal."

From her gut came a deep ***croon,*** a noise of utter satisfaction.

At that moment, a door opened. A guardswoman ran into the room, wheezing, pale-faced and frightened. "Madame Orochi!" she yowled. "The gate is breached! It's—"

The guard vanished under a pile of rubble as the wall behind her simply *exploded,* a wave of fire rolling halfway down the throne room toward Orochi. The great immortal was up in a heartbeat, thrusting out a hand and speaking a word. The shadows in the chamber thickened and rushed forth, meeting the flames in a tidal crash that eviscerated both energies.

A distraction. A lone figure sailed through the air toward Orochi, leaping over the magical clash, a lightning spear clutched in each of her four hands. Radiant in her fury, grinning with razor teeth, Kurogane plunged down toward Orochi.

The final battle began.

“Where are we going?” Nagisa asked, checking his corners as he followed Lucky around another bend in the corridor.

“Trust me, will you? Ah – we’re here.”

The cat-eared woman led Nagisa into a huge chamber featuring a massive, metal door that yawned wide open. She put her hands on her hips and trilled with delight, then set forth through the door. On the other side was… a scene of wonders. Gold piles towered higher than Nagisa was tall. Amid the stacks he saw jewels, armour, and weapons that emanated such magic pressure that Nagisa’s eyes watered just looking at them.

“Orochi’s treasure vault,” he said ponderously. “Why is it unguarded?”

“We came at the right time.”

“The right time for what? What do you hope to find?”

“Don’t worry your pretty head.” Lucky considered a display case, then opened it and took out a handful of trinkets, stuffing them into the sleeve of her robe. “Why not avail yourself of the spoils?”

“You’re looting at a time like *this?*” Nagisa asked.

“There’s no time like the present… literally!” Lucky winked at him. “This vault has stood impenetrable for centuries. Circumstances have conspired to open it for us. *Not* taking advantage of this moment would be sacrilege.”

“Kurogane might need us!”

“Then I suggest you pick out something that can help her.”

Nagisa clenched his jaw… and began looking through the stacks. Lucky was right: as he was now, he’d be useless to Kurogane in battle… though digesting Ayumi had given him a nice energy boost. He rolled a hand over his belly and licked his lips, an automatic reflex to the memory of his meal…

…and then he noticed a basket sticking out of the pile. He opened it, and was delighted to find a heap of folded clothes, some of which were in his size. Free from the ardours of predatory attention, he’d begun to feel awkward about his nudity, so he was glad to clothe himself again. Once he was dressed, he spotted something else: a rolled-up scroll protruding from a mountain of gold coins. He tugged the scroll free and rolled it open in his hands, his lips moving silently as he read the strange, old-fashioned script.

“Ooh,” said Lucky, resting an elbow atop his head. He hadn’t heard her approach. “Is that a Scroll of Summoning? I haven’t seen one of *those* in centuries.”

“Summoning…?” Nagisa lowered the scroll, then stared out across the treasure stacks — at the magical weapons protruding here and there. He swallowed, then crouched to spread the scroll out on the floor. “I have an idea.”

The lightning spears — they were Lady Kirin’s. Orochi hissed as they slammed into her tail and coruscated off her gleaming coils. She barked a word of power, and the air Kurogane had just occupied sucked inward: a miniature black hole briefly distorting the light. Kurogane wasn’t there anymore, but running along Orochi’s coils, hurling more spears to strike the serpentine immortal all across her buxom body. Fighting off tears of pain, Orochi flexed her tail in wild waves, but Kurogane leapt and thrust out a palm, and a boulder of ice struck Orochi square in the forehead. Orochi knew that power, too.

“You even devoured the Yuki-Onna?” Orochi laughed, more in pain than humour. “Do *any* of my vassals remain to me?”

No response. Kurogane landed on the dais, and Orochi tried to ***slam*** her coils shut around her, but Kurogane leapt at the last possible moment. For a second, she was only metres from Orochi’s face — just long enough for Orochi to see all four of Kurogane’s hands reach out to the air around her… as *hundreds* of viscious green globs appeared in the air.

Rage twisted Orochi’s features. *You’d use my own daughter’s power against ME?* She had no time to voice her pain: the poison globs shot

forth and splattered across her face, dangerously splashing her lips and eyes before she could recoil, growling, resisting the poison with her counterpressure.

A lightning bolt from the left. A fireball from the right. Kurogane attacked without pause, unleashing her powers with the single-minded intensity that only true hatred could confer. It felt like Orochi was being attacked by the very elements, a wild flurry of attacks so varied that her defences couldn't account for all of them.

"Enough of this," Orochi snarled as she drew herself up tall, arms crossed over her heaving breasts. "***ENOUGH!***"

The shadows moved, and Kurogane leapt back — but the thickening darkness wasn't aimed at her. She watched as the shadows wrapped and wrapped around Orochi's body, blanketing her in darkness as black as the sun was bright. The last to vanish was her bitter grin… and then the edges of her form blurred, her outline losing its humanoid protrusions, curling and shuddering.

And ***splitting.***

An eight-headed, eight-tailed snake unfurled from the shadow mass. Its black-and-red scales glimmered dangerously, and venom dripped from its hundreds of fangs as it reached out its heads in a great fanning stretch. Kurogane stood in its shadow, her stance low and breaths heavy, pressure steaming off her skin. As the serpent's sixteen eyes fell upon her, she spat on the floor.

"Barely stung, huh?"

The heads lunged: eight different arcs aimed not only at where she stood, but everywhere she could possibly dodge. Their mouths were open, their gullets rippling wide enough to swallow ***ten*** Kuroganes without needing to gulp.

Kurogane grimaced. There was nothing she could do but release a *massive* orb of counterpressure — a forcefield strong enough that when two of those serpentine maws slammed into it, they stopped, fangs drooling venom down bubble's curve.

Kurogane huffed, looking for an opening. She couldn't maintain this counterpressure for long: in fact, those fangs were already closing in, piercing her bubble and shuddering toward her, inch by deadly inch.

"Okay," Kurogane said, and pointed a hand toward the gape of the serpent-mouth directly above her. An orb of poison began to form in the air. "Let's see if you can stomach what that catfish couldn't…"

"*Lady Kurogane!*"

A flash of light. The serpent heads whipped back, swivelling, smoke rolling off the side of one of their necks. Kurogane saw an opening, but she was just as surprised as Orochi. Who—?

And then the battle was joined. Kurogane saw the dark uniforms of her Akai-Kage, her personal elites, as they leapt through the air to mount Orochi's coils. They slashed and stabbed with a variety of weapons Kurogane had never seen before: strangely shaped, forged of unusual materials like gold and jade, ornamented with jewels and ribbons that made them look more decorative than martial. And yet, where they struck, a variety of elemental effects erupted: ice shattered and fire scorched across Orochi's scales. One warrior plunged her spear into

the floor, and rocky spikes exploded from between the tiles, digging into Orochi and making her eight heads hiss.

A figure landed beside Kurogane, dressed in a fresh white uniform. He looked up at her with surprised eyes, and she gawped at him.

“You’re still alive…”

“Somehow,” Nagisa said, and brushed his hair back from his forehead. In his right hand he held a straight sword with a pale blue blade, and plainest-looking of all the magical weapons… though Kurogane got the impression it was the strongest. “Are we doing this?”

Kurogane pursed her lips, then turned back to Orochi. Nagisa was right: there was no time for a happy reunion. “Our enemy’s right there,” Kurogane said. “Let’s kill her.”

Orochi’s eight heads flailed in paroxysms of pain and anger. Her maws lunged and snapped, and her tails violently whipped. There came a *crunch* as one of the Akai-Kage was struck, and a *gulp* as she flew into one of the snake’s gullets. Another warrior was crushed beneath a rolling coil, her shriek cut off in a gristly instant. For all the agony these insects were inflicting on Orochi, they were still insects, and the great immortal was squashing them one by one.

“The centre head,” Nagisa said, and leapt. Kurogane followed his lead, feeling strange about following a human’s commands — and together they landed on Orochi’s centre mass, and began dashing up her spine!

Many of the heads were distracted, but one twisted around to glare at the pair. It rocketed down with its maw wide open, tilted sideways so it could snap both foul intruders off of the centre neck. Kurogane saw

Nagisa inhale — and then he vanished in a leap that carried him up and over the striking head. His blue sword stabbed downward, and the snake head whipped back with blood spurting from its right eye socket.

It was Kurogane's turn. She breathed deep, gathering flame in her lungs, just as she had at the front gates. As she neared the centre head, she was forced to run on all six of her limbs, scrambling like a spider as the head rose and twisted, sensing the danger it was in. Conjuring so much pressure was easy when she was standing still: doing it while climbing, and watching for attacks, proved altogether more difficult.

"Mmmpphh--!"

When Kurogane crested the centre head, her cheeks were bulging with flame, sweat beading her forehead and back. A furnace raged inside her chest, growing too hot even for her. She grasped the bony ridge of Orochi's central snake-head as she leaned down, steadying herself, taking aim…

…and giving vent to the inferno within.

Thusfar, Orochi had been bludgeoned, pricked, and scratched by all manner of attacks. Her nigh-impenetrable scales were marred in places, and bore both scorch-marks and the spiderweb patterns of lightning bolts. Perhaps no being in history had endured such an absurdly diverse assault, and yet Orochi's wounds were only surface-level. Except for her lone lost eye, all her damage was superficial, paining her but doing nothing to impede her powers.

Kurogane blasted a hole through her centre head and down into the floor beneath.

As the flames scored through scale, meat, and skull, Orochi's remaining heads reared up as high as they could reach — and *screamed.* The Akai-Kage clutched their ears in horror at the sound. A couple even fainted, blood streaming down their cheeks.

Kurogane, clutching the burned ruins of the serpent's centre head, glanced from side to side. She hadn't expected her attack to have such an effect on the other heads. She licked her lips as the flames died around her mouth, thinking about her neck move—

A giant hand wrapped around her entire body. She tried to gasp, but the hand squeezed so tightly that she couldn't even breathe.

The ruined head was sagging, nothing but a husk of burned scales. The hand protruded from the undamaged neck, and as the seconds passed, an arm emerged along with it, then a shoulder, causing the remains of the head to flop downwards and then fall away.

"*Lady Kurogane!*" she heard Nagisa yell. He landed on the hand's knuckles and raised his sword, planning to cut through the grasping fingers and free his mistress. Before he could, a *second* hand burst from the serpent's neck and closed around *him.* The squeeze hurt him much more than Kurogane: he dropped the sword, his cry of agony choked to silence as the hand became a vice-like fist.

From the serpent's neck-stump slithered a head of dark hair, and a face that glowered with golden eyes. A pair of breasts bedecked in priceless jewels, and a belly that bulged around the shape of a gestating chimera. Orochi's seven snake-heads turned to peer at her human half as she clutched Kurogane and Nagisa in her hands.

"Got you," she said, her voice a hateful rumble. On the floor below, the Akai-Kage were still suffering the effects of her shriek, clutching their

heads and trying to fight off their disorientation. With two sweeps of her tails, Orochi sent all of them flying into walls and pillars, knocking them out, killing them, or simply clobbering them so badly that fighting on became impossible. The whole time, Orochi's stare never left Kurogane and Nagisa.

"Hnn…!" Kurogane struggled against Orochi's grip. Three of her arms were pinned to her side: she aimed the fourth at her enemy and tried to conjure a fireball, but Orochi simply squeezed until something inside Kurogane **cracked**, and the agony robbed her of all sense. "***GHHNK!"***

"My first mistake was sending my servants after you," Orochi said. Her voice was breathy yet controlled, her vast sloping breasts heaving as she gulped down air. "I underestimated you. You, who escaped my stomach in the olden days…" She smiled almost affectionately. "Because of my own foolishness, I've lost more servants than I can easily replace. I even suffered harm to my own body."

An arrow clinked off of Orochi's coils. One of the Akai-Kage had recovered. Orochi flattened her with a tail with a tail and kept talking, more energy and venom entering her tone:

"You should feel proud, Kurogane. In the end, you really were my greatest opponent. You might even have stood a chance against me… *two-hundred years ago.*"

Her fist loosened around Kurogane, who realised she was being given the opportunity to speak. She sucked deep breaths into her aching lungs, rubbed her neck, and held Orochi's stare without saying a word – spiting her with silence.

"And you." Orochi looked down at Nagisa. She hummed, then pressed the squirming boy against her breasts with a flattened palm, pinning

him as though trying to drown him in her warm, overflowing flesh. “I didn’t think you had an ounce of fight left in you. It seems I was wrong about *that,* too.”

“You’re wrong about everything,” Nagisa said, wincing past Orochi’s erect nipple. “Your enemy, your captives, even your lieutenant. You know she curses you behind your back, right?”

Orochi tensed, then relaxed with a big smirk. She lowered Nagisa — and pressed him against the heft of her huge, gurgling gut. “I’ve already delt with *that* little problem. In fact, you two are the only loose ends.”

She lifted them both, and they squirmed violently as Orochi started to peel off their clothes. “Let GO of me!” Kurogane roared, causing Orochi to laugh.

“*Now* you deign to speak? Ah, I remember… You squirmed like this the *last* time I ate you, too.”

Kurogane snarled with such vehemence that she sounded like a wild animal. Both she and Nagisa were naked now, and Orochi leered at them, her eyes gleaming with a deep, evil perversion.

“What a team the two of you make. In fact, you fit together like a pair of nesting dolls…”

As she spoke, she revealed her plan: turning Nagisa over in her fist and lifting Kurogane up further… And Kurogane gasped as Orochi pressed Nagisa’s head directly against her asshole!

“What—!?”

“Have you been in this hole yet, Nagisa?” Orochi asked, twisting Nagisa against Kurogane’s rear while he groaned, blushing brightly even in his state of distress. “Your mistress is a ravenous whore, so I wouldn’t be surprised.”

“I’m gonna rip out your fucking tongue!” Kurogane bellowed, but it was no use. She looked down at Nagisa. “Just hold on, I’ll think of—”

“*Mmmp--!*” Nagisa’s groan was instantly muffled as Orochi pushed him firmly — and forced Kurogane’s asshole to stretch. Instantly, her yawning pucker cowled his face, and then her guts were sucking around his entire head! Kurogane moaned out loud, her tongue poking outside her ‘O’-shaped lips as the huge insertion made her pussy drool and her legs kick helplessly.

“A pathetic slut to the end,” Orochi said, and lolled out her tongue. It swept over Kurogane and Nagisa, slurping, flicking, curling and dragging, tasting the two of them in their state of pleasured despair, drenching them from head to toe in her drool.

When she leaned back, she pushed Nagisa even harder… using her thumb to rub across his ass and balls, to stimulate him without pause as his *shoulders* slid slowly into Kurogane’s gaping ass. He moaned inside his mistress, his voice muffled by the bulging walls of her belly, his cock springing up to a full erection from Orochi’s torment. She settled back on her coils, her seven serpent-heads all watching the show as she treated her bitter enemies like dolls built for her amusement.

“Perhaps I should call my servants to watch?” Orochi tilted her head to one side, then dismissed the idea with a wrinkle of her nose. “No. This is a private show, and I’d like to enjoy it alone.”



Kurogane crooned unwillingly as Orochi twisted Nagisa inside her ass, cramming him up to his chest through her clenching sphincter! One of her lower arms rested on the growing bulge in her belly, and she panted for precious air. “Augh… huhn, fuck… no…”

“Do you know I fucked him?” Orochi asked. “I shrunk myself down and gave him the ride of a lifetime. He made me cum again… and again… and ***again.***”

With each ‘again’, Orochi gave a hard push, and Nagisa’s groans grew even more muffled. He was lodged hip-deep in Kurogane’s asshole now, quivering as Orochi massaged his asshole, squishing it without pushing her finger inside, pleasuring his prostate and causing his dick to babble pearly precum across her hand.

“*Unnnghh…*” Kurogane’s growls were deep and savage now. Her eyes watered as she glared at Orochi, wishing her rage could turn into a physical weapon to pierce this monster’s heart. “Hold… on…” she told Nagisa inside her, as if her words meant a single damn thing. Orochi squeezed Kurogane tightly and took hold of Nagisa’s legs.

“Ready?”

She didn’t wait for a response. As Kurogane gurgled helplessly, Orochi gripped Nagisa firmly — and then ***SLAMMED*** him all the way into his mistress’s ass. ***SCHLORP!*** His hips, legs, and feet vanished into Kurogane in less than a second, while her big belly ***BLOATED*** around Nagisa’s form — suddenly curled up tightly in her stomach! Kurogane went cross-eyed and came immediately, wailing as she jerked in Orochi’s grip and her pussy squirted wildly. “Fuuuuck!” she howled, clutching her Nagisa-filled gut with her lower arms and clenching the upper ones behind her head, tugging on her own red hair! “*Uoghhh…*”

“You see? A perfect fit.” Orochi let the exhausted Kurogane rest in her open palm, cradling her gently. “And perfectly bundled for the next act. You know, the chimera in my belly was made especially for you. I’d thought to have it capture you, but you’ve removed that need. I think instead, I’ll have the chimera help me conquer a neighbouring country… after it finishes digesting you.”

What happened next was cruelly quick. Orochi tossed Kurogane into her wide-open mouth — and snapped her teeth together before her enemy could even *think* of escaping. Kurogane moaned as Orocho’s long, hyper-agile tongue rolled under her belly and tits, and up between her thighs. It pressed her to the roof of Orochi’s cavernous mouth, and into the soft pudge of each cheek in turn, *slurrrsh*ing her this way and that to wring the flavour out of her body.

“No… No…!” Kurogane fought with all her might, but ‘all her might’ was severely diminished in the wake of her orgasm, and even when she breathed flames, Orochi’s tongue remained unburned. Orochi sloshed her back to the centre of her mouth and opened wide, letting the outside air blow in as she ‘*aaahhmm’*ed in smug triumph.

As Kurogane’s belly groaned around Nagisa, she crawled forward, reaching for the outside…

Snap! Orochi’s jaws slammed shut, and her face twisted into the cruellest smirk of triumph yet — as she tilted back her head, flexed her throat, and rolled the lump that was Kurogane down her neck.

“Aaah…” Orochi let her mouth flop open, tongue drooping as she trailed her fingers down her neck… her chest… and onto the swell of her energetically-writhing stomach. “Eat up, my darling,” she told the chimera inside. “When you emerge, I want to see a being *resplendent* with power… and eager to devour my enemies.”

Not again, not again, not ***again!***

Kurogane screamed in fear and frustration as she tumbled down the chasm of Orochi's throat. She bounced off the walls, over and over, occasionally catching as the chute suddenly narrowed in another tremendous ***GLUCK*** that shot her down even faster!

The further she fell, the more the heat rose, until Kurogane plunged into the massive chamber of the great immortal's stomach.

And immediately hit something. A monstrous, insanely bloated shape that ***gurrrrgle***d as Kurogane bounced on its surface and slid down its side, pressed between it and the lining of Orochi's belly. *The chimera.* Kurogane sensed its insane pressure, more potent than most immortals she'd met. Whatever Orochi was brewing in here, it had the potential to lay waste to *armies.* She hadn't been kidding about conquering nations…

"No… damn it, no…" Kurogane clutched her Nagisa-filled belly protectively as she slid, already feeling Orochi's stomach acid soaking into her skin, making her first tingle, and then sting all over. She exerted counterpressure, but knew it wouldn't last long — not against a beast so rife with power.

Brutally compressed, squashed between Orochi's stomach wall and the insurmountable mass of her chimera, Kurogane shut her eyes and gasped for air. She could hear Nagisa groaning inside her, confused. "*Did she… eat us…?*"

Kurogane clenched her jaw and shook her head, but she couldn't deny the truth. "I'll get us out of here," she hissed. "I did it before, I'll do it again."

But last time, said Kurogane's brain, *Orochi wasn't NEARLY this powerful.*

As she slid downwards, she suddenly hit a pair of huge, pillowy masses — and her descent stopped, arrested by the extra squeeze of those massive lumps. She struggled against them, pawing and pushing, thinking the chimera had finally noticed her and begun to make its move. "No!" she rasped. "I'm not… finished yet! I'm not—"

"Will you quiet down?"

Kurogane's struggles slowly came to a stop. Blinking, she looked properly at the plump masses swaddling her, and realised they were made of flesh, and not the black substance of a chimera. The same went for the wall she'd just slid down.

After a moment, she pawed apart the fleshy walls — the enormous, blubbery *tits* – and peered down into Chikako's annoyed-looking face.

"…You're huge," Kurogane said bluntly, though her voice was barely a whisper.

"You're telling me." Chikako lay upside-down in her Orochi's stomach, her immense frame filling the entire space and straining its walls outward. "Turns out the elixir worked… but after I ate the chimera, I got jammed in here. Just my luck, right?"

Kurogane panted for air. Chikako was exerting just as much counterpressure as herself, but the massive woman still bore signs that she was losing to Orochi's belly. She was sweating badly, and her skin had turned pink in places where the acids still managed to tickle her. Even as her own chimera-stuffed gut ***CHURRRRRN***ed and writhed with the shapes of tentacles fighting her digestive process, she was being digested herself.

"Urrgh… uhnn…" Chikako winced in pain, then wrestled a hand up to her chest and prodded Kurogane's gut. "Who's in there?"

"*Whh— Chikako?*" Nagisa asked, muffled by his mistress's stomach walls.

"That little brat," Chikako said. "Finally got sick of him, did you?"

Kurogane frowned at the mega-bloated mortal, but sank back between her breasts, sitting there catching her breath. She rested with one arm slung across her belly, focusing on her counterpressure. If she had to guess, she had maybe an hour before her pressure ran out and she was reduced to mush. Chikako had much less than that: she tried to hide it, but her eyes were filled with strain and exhaustion.

"Ironic, isn't it?" Chikako said. "I finally gain the power I've been longing for, and I can't do a single thing with it." She rolled her shoulders, a difficult task in this gurgling prison, and groped her belly with a hand. "If I can digest this monster before I'm gone, at least I'll deny Orochi her pet."

"Really?" Kurogane asked. "*That's* what you've been reduced to – aiming for the consolation prize?"

Chikako stirred. “Then what do *you* suggest? We’ve both lost. We never even stood a chance.”

Kurogane growled, then looked up the curving wall of Orochi’s stomach — up, to the sphincter she’d dropped through to enter her belly. She took a breath, then patted Chikako’s tit. “Your pressure’s on the level of immortals. If we put our strength together, we might be able to overpower Orochi.”

“From *inside* her? I don’t know if you’ve noticed, but her stomach lining is magic-resistant. I’ve tried to fight, but nothing works.”

“Oh, we don’t need to break her stomach lining…” Kurogane stood, supporting herself on Chikako’s breasts, glaring more fixedly at that sphincter high above her, that small gap in the ceiling. “We just need to give her a little stretch…”

Chikako followed her gaze, and understood. “Oh,” she said. “That’s great for *you*, but what about me? I’d still be stuck in here.”

“I’ll bust you out once I kill Orochi.”

“I don’t believe you,” Chikako said. “Even if you managed to beat her, you’d just swallow her with me inside. You think I don’t know your tricks?”

Kurogane scowled. She wouldn’t have trusted Chikako, either… which left them both in a very difficult position. If they couldn’t work together, then what else was left? She could unleash some attacks against Orochi’s stomach, but that wouldn’t do anything. She needed to *think,* and…

"*Leave me here,*" said Nagisa.

Kurogane looked down at her bulging belly. "Huh?"

"*Leave me with Chikako, as collateral. I'll be her hostage against you betraying her.*"

Kurogane studied her gut for a long time, then looked at Chikako, who *hrrrm*ed in annoyance.

"The little snack is right. That could work." Chikako grinned then, her face filling with malice as she stared at Kurogane. "Well — how about it?

Kurogane hesitated, drumming the fingers of one hand on her thigh. At last she nodded. "If you hurt him, you know what I'll do."

"Yeah, yeah. Make with the twink, will you? This place isn't getting any colder."

Kurogane sighed, then focused – and a moment later, she was pushing Nagisa out of her asshole, groaning as he *slrrrch*ed free and flopped down between Chikako's breasts. Chikako chuckled. "No matter what, you always come back to me," she said, and tickled Nagisa's head with a twisted affection. He shied away from her, and looked up at Kurogane.

"Hurry up."

"Will do."

Kurogane made sure Nagisa was protected by Chikako's counterpressure, then began climbing up the surface of the mega-bloated girl's gut. Hand over hand, spider-like, she made her way to the crest of Chikako's churning stomach. All the while, the chimera's tentacles continued to bulge and writhe beneath the surface, making her ascent a difficult task. Once she'd reached the peak of Chikako's belly, she peered down at the upside-down woman. She had Nagisa nestled between her tits, squeezing them around him like a smug bully.

"Ready?" Kurogane asked.

"As I'll ever be. Just don't forget — if you try anything, Nagisa boils."

Kurogane clenched a fist, but said nothing else. She hunkered on Chikako's belly. For now, at least, their intentions were aligned.

Their counterpressure flared — an explosion, a wall of invisible force steaming off of their skin and blowing back the walls of Orochi's belly. On the outside, Orochi would be experiencing a distressing level of inflation, and Kurogane heard her muffled gasp.

Above her, the stomach sphincter shuddered and clenched, but it couldn't hold against the sheer level of force billowing against it. It widened for just an instant—

—and Kurogane leapt, blasting flames from her feet, flying up through the sphincter and Orochi's slick, undulating gullet, its rings passing her at insane speed. She saw the light rushing toward her, and she focused, aiming to thread the needle—

BWURRRRRRRP!

Orochi belched, mouth wide open, lips wobbling, a look of shock on her face as spittle flew from her lips. She clutched her inflated belly with both hands, her golden eyes rolling back somewhat. She didn't even notice the figure that flew from her mouth — nor did any of her serpent-heads, which were all watching their mistress in concern.

Kurogane sailed through the air and landed on the throne room floor. Panting, she dashed for the shade of a huge pillar that reached from floor to ceiling — one of six supporting the roof. She pressed her back to it, hidden from Orochi's sight, and peered nervously around the corner.

"Ogh… ough… you utter WHORES!" Orochi groaned as her belly slowly shrank down, to wrap more snugly around Chikako. "What are you doing to my poor chimera? It should have eaten you both by now!" She pounded a fist on her belly, which gurgled and ***GLORRRB***ed in distress.

The plan had worked better than Kurogane had expected. Orochi had no idea she'd escaped.

But what happened now? Breathing heavily, dripping sweat, Kurogane felt the sudden, treacherous pull to escape from here — to flee, and never look back. She could get away with her life, set up somewhere far away, build a new temple…

If she'd faced this choice just a few weeks ago, she probably would have taken it. But now, when she thought about betrayal, her eyes were drawn to the unconscious Akai-Kage sprawled against the walls: those who'd fought for her bravely, never backing down — not because they trusted her with their lives and souls, but because they saw her as the protector of Zanshuyama, their home. She thought of Nagisa, trapped in Orochi's stomach with Chikako. Nagisa, who'd given more than anything for her, who'd invested in her a respect for humans and their struggles.

Kurogane wouldn't run away.

But then, what could she do? She'd used most of her pressure in the earlier fight, and look where it had gotten her: no closer to her goal than before. Fire, ice, lightning, poison… Orochi had weathered everything, and now Kurogane was out of tricks.

Or was she?

As she silently bemoaned her situation, Kurogane found her eyes trailing upwards… up toward the stone ceiling of the immense, pillared hall. She looked at the pillars, dense and sturdy.

She looked at the magic weapons that littered the floor, each one invested with a great elemental power.

Kurogane's focus became a tunnel, a single course of actions that would lead to the future or to death.

She took off sprinting from cover, directly into Orochi's view. "*What!?*" she heard her enemy bellow, but she didn't so much as glance at the great serpent. She ducked and stabbed a hand out, and rose holding a huge scimitar. She didn't stop running.

Two snake-heads lunged at Kurogane, pillars of darkness that fell with fanged maws agape. Kurogane leapt to one side, and then to the other, dodging the snakes by a hair's breadth. She snatched up a second weapon: a golden axe with a curved edge.

"Escaped my gut a second time, did you?" Orochi called after her. "Well done, Kurogane! Bravo! But this is the end of your journey!"

Shadows thickened, and Kurogane found herself running through a mire. The swampy shadows slowed her movements, climbing rapidly up her thighs. She spat a web at a nearby pillar and jerked herself free of the mire, clinging to the side of the pillar tightly.

The entire chamber was flooding with shadows. An ocean of darkness roiled below her, a terrible expression of Orochi's power. "Shit," Kurogane said. She saw, now, that *nothing* she could have done in the fight earlier would have led to victory. Orochi was just too much, too powerful!

"Surrender to me," Orochi said, and Kurogane watched as her form split… melted… *changed.* The seven extra heads and seven extra tails un-melded from the whole, and suddenly seven black-and-red serpents were slithering to surround Kurogane. Orochi was back to her usual form, rising high on her single tail, conducting the shadow-sea with grandiose hand motions while commanding her servants to *kill.*

Kurogane scanned the shadow-sea. It really was similar to liquid: a few of the magic weapons even floated on its surface. She spat a web and jerked another axe into one of her hands, but by then one of the serpents was coiling around the pillar, reaching for Kurogane with its yawning maw!

No time to grab a fourth weapon. The plan had to happen *now.*

There came a ***boom*** of pressure, an explosion of elemental energy, as Kurogane swung all three of her weapons at the pillar. Fire and ice streaked outward, the two forces destroying each other even as they tore through the solid stone of the pillar. The snake reeled back, pelted by falling rubble, as Kurogane swung on a web to the next pillar! A second flash caused the snakes to shutter their eyes, and a second pillar was collapsing!

The ceiling shook. Rubble began to fall. Orochi looked up, fear and hatred written on her gorgeous face. "Stop her!" she called, and the snakes responded.

To Kurogane's horror, the massive serpents began to wrap themselves around the throne room's pillars, reinforcing them with masses of scales. Only four of the snakes were needed: the others continued to strike at Kurogane as she swung around the room, helplessly watching for an opening.

"***Hnghk!***" The breath flew from her lungs as a snake slammed into her. It missed her with its mouth, and she rolled down the back of its neck, nearly biting through her tongue as she tumbled on her sides.

"Bit by bit, I'll sap your stamina," Orochi declared. "Can you feel the net closing around you?"

Kurogane swung out with an axe, and the snake hissed as the edge lodged deep in its scales. Icicles pierced beneath its flesh and into its bloodstream, and it began to flail and thrash. Kurogane steadied herself, gripping the axe handle for dead life as she raised her *second* axe up high…

THWACK! With a savage strike and a blast of flame, Kurogane lopped the snake clean in half. It collapsed into the shadow-sea while she swung away on another web. Fuck… She couldn't keep this up for much longer. If she attacked any of the snakes hugging the pillars, the free-roaming ones would strike at her back. They watched her cautiously, made wary by the death of their fellow serpent, no longer willing to lash out alone.

Kurogane was screwed. She couldn't land, couldn't stop moving, couldn't attack the pillars — and every web she slung made her a little more tired.

"It's just as I said," Orochi called. "This is the end of your journey."

Thwip!

It happened in Kurogane's peripheral vision, so sudden that even when she turned, she didn't recognise what had happened for a good few seconds.

One of the pillar-clinging snakes was leaning to the side, its head drooping backwards away from the stone column. From its left eye socket protruded a golden, shining arrow-shaft.

As the snake fell, unfurling from the pillar, a voice called out to Kurogane:

"Now's the time to attack!"

Standing in the throne room's entryway, atop a stone statue of Madame Orochi, was Lucky. The cat-eared immortal clutched a shining longbow, into which she was already nocking a second arrow.

Kurogane whipped her head toward the exposed pillar. She never knew Lucky's intentions – not at the best of times — but there was no time to think.

"Traitor!" Orochi howled as Kurogane swung at the pillar. An elemental blast followed, and the pillar's midpoint exploded into stone shards.

The ceiling started to collapse. It could no longer support itself with half its pillars destroyed, and massive chunks of stone began to fall, letting sunlight flood the throne room even as dust surged up into the air.

Orochi gave a bellow of anguish, and charged forth — lunging at Kurogane with arms outstretched! "You ***insect***, you'll ruin everything, you—!"

Orochi vanished under a hundred tons of debris as the entire ceiling fell.

…

…..

Kurogane sat in a bubble of counterpressure, grimacing, feeling the weight of stone bearing down on her barrier.

She waited several minutes, and then waited a little longer, allowing the debris in the throne room to settle.

Taking a deep breath, she stood and braced herself.

CRACK!

Kurogane leapt out of the rubble, dislodging several massive stones on her way. She landed on a fallen Orochi statue, slanted diagonal and missing one of its arms. She grinned down at it, then looked out across the rubble.

The sun bore down mercilessly from above, perfectly framed through the open ceiling of the throne room. Stone debris covered the floor, completely blanketing it. It was hard to breathe for all the dust.

Occasionally, a rumble sounded as sections of not-fully-settled debris slid and caved inward. Kurogane should have waited longer… though *her* section, at least, seemed stable.

She looked around for Orochi, for Lucky, for any of the snakes — but saw nothing, nobody. It was almost peaceful atop the rubble.

For a moment, anyway.

A landslide made Kurogane scowl, taking a lower stance. From amid the rubble surged an angry, bruised, exhausted-looking Madame Orochi, pulling herself free with her hands. She only managed to drag her human half out through the debris: her tail remained hopelessly trapped.

"***Kurogane!***" she bellowed, shoving blocks of stone off herself. "I am unharmed! See how your efforts come to naught!?"

Kurogane spat, then dared to hop a little closer to Orochi, jumping between piles of debris. She stopped just out of reach, refusing to take her eyes off of her enemy for one second.

"Unharmed? I clobbered you, you big liar. Now I gotta figure out how to finish you off."

Easier said than done. Orochi cleared more rubble with each second that passed. She was pinned for now, and seemed unable to use her powers, but how long would that last? Kurogane inhaled, trying to conjure another gate-breaking fire-blast… but coughed and spluttered as dust filled her lungs. In truth, her pressure had run too thin for spectacular shows of power… and she'd lost her magic weapons in the collapse.

"May *I* suggest something?"

Kurogane turned to see Lucky approaching, sandals slipping gently across the stone. Tucked under her left arm was an ancient-looking scroll: she held it out to Kurogane.

"A Scroll of Summoning," Kurogane muttered, recognising the artefact. She took it from Lucky's hand.

"Traitors and fools, everywhere I look," said Orochi, sparing Lucky a mournful glance. "Who do you intend to summon, Kurogane? More of your pathetic servants?"

Kurogane flinched at that. What had happened to the Akai-Kage buried under the rubble? They'd all been close to the walls, which should have offered shelter… but right now, she had no way of checking their condition. Before Orochi's pained stare, she rolled open the scroll. "I can summon multiple people, right?" she asked Lucky.

"So long as they're close together."

Kurogane scanned the ancient text on the scroll, then smiled up at Orochi. "You were right, earlier. You underestimated everyone. Myself, Nagisa… but most of all, you underestimated the girl in your stomach."

Kurogane bit into her lower lip and spat blood on the scroll, which immediately burned up in a flash of fire. Orochi's expression became questioning, and she opened her mouth to speak — only to cry out, as her huge, bloated belly shrank down in an instant!

The air in the chamber displaced. A shadow fell over Kurogane and Orochi both. *Towering* over them, looming twenty feet tall and steaming with the effects of the teleport, was Chikako. Her belly was no longer as massive as before: she'd mostly digested Orochi's chimera, and clearly she'd absorbed its power, because the wave of pressure that hit Kurogane was nearly enough to knock her over.

"Chikako!?" Orochi barked. "You're supposed to be—… No mortal could…?"

Chikako stretched her limbs and drank in the fresh air. It wasn't as dusty up where her head was, and she sucked big lungfuls that made her breasts heave in the sunlight. She didn't need to answer Orochi's questions: the truth was clear to everyone.

Chikako wasn't mortal anymore.

Nagisa, until now riding on Chikako's shoulder, hopped down to Kurogane's level. He was trembling, his skin pink from Orochi's stomach acids. Weakened and terrified, he gave Kurogane a grateful nod.

"I knew you could do it."

That meant more to Kurogane than she'd expected. She grinned and tousled his hair while Chikako stepped forward, crushing rubble under her feet, slowly moving around Orochi.

"I've waited for this day," Chikako said as Orochi strained to look at her. She crouched and jammed a hand into the debris… and brought it up clutching the tip of Orochi's tail. "In fact, I've *longed* for it. All your orders, all your insults… I thought it'd feel good when I reached the top — that you'd treat me different — but no… you just can't help yourself, can you?"

With vengeful glee in her eyes, Chikako brought Orochi's tail-tip to her lips. Orochi started thrashing, clawing at the rubble, yelling in terror:

"You ingrate! I'm your ***mistress*** — I ***created*** you!"

"Then you created your own doom."

Chikako inserted the tail-tip — and began to slurp. Orochi howled, grasping at the rubble not to clear it, but to resist Chikako's powerful suction. Nontheless, she was dragged backwards through the debris,

wailing and howling with all the force of her lungs as Chikako ***ULP — ULP — ULP***ed at her tail.

Orochi's red-and-black coils slid through Chikako's lips several feet at a time. The giantess's neck bulged, and then her belly lurched outwards, as coil after coil piled up inside her stomach. She began to stand — to lift Orochi, who hugged a particularly huge block of debris and ***screamed*** her despair for the whole world to hear. For a moment, she made eye contact with Kurogane.

"You'd give my power to ***THIS*** creature?" she hissed. "She'll be stronger than you, stronger than any immortal! What… what are you doing…?"

Kurogane hopped onto the stone Orochi was gasping and walked toward her right arm Realisation filled Orochi's eyes.

"No… ***NO!*** Listen to my words — you know I'm right! You can't let her—"

Kurogane kicked Orochi's arm with all her might — and Orochi ***wailed*** as her grasp slipped from the rock. She couldn't hold on with just one arm, Kurogane watched her slide up and backwards — her human half lifted into the air as Chikako finished swallowing her tail.

Orochi continued to fight, continued to roar, right up until the end. Chikako wrestled with Orochi's hands so they entered alongside her hips, forced down with furious ***GULP***s and ***GLORK***s. Orochi's soft tummy entered next, squished through Chikako's jaw. Even at Chikako's current scale, Orochi was the larger monster, and her body bulged the giantess's gut to an absurd immensity, forcing her to squat down so her belly settled on the rubble.



GULP! GULP! Orochi's breasts bulged Chikako's neck in two distinct lumps — and then, with a resounding ***GLORK!***, all that remained was Orochi's face, peering from Chikako's wide-open mouth with an expression of disbelief.

"Enjoy churning up!" Kurogane yelled, shielding her eyes against the sun. "I've been in there myself: it's pretty fucking uncomfortable!"

Without giving Orochi the chance to respond, Chikako ***RAMMED*** her jaws shut around her and swallowed hard. ***ULLL-GLRP!*** Her neck lurched around the shape of Orochi's head, momentarily displaying her expression of terror against the skin, before shrinking as the serpent-woman slid down into Chikako's stomach. Chikako slurped up the hair-strands, then let her mouth yawn open and her tongue flop out, panting huge breaths of air in the wake of her achievement.

Her belly surged out on the debris, the biggest Kurogane had ever seen next to Namazu. It squirmed with the shape of a coiled-up immortal who thrashed and fought with all her might, even as the deep, wet ***GLRRRRRRGL***s started to ring all around her.

HORRRRRP! Chikako belched loudly and in pure satisfaction, even as she sweated and panted from the strain of her feast. She collapsed onto her ass and sat there in a food stupor, groaning sweetly as her belly got to work digesting her mistress.

…

Kurogane let out a breath she hadn't known she'd been holding. She pushed a hand through her crimson hair, then turned to Lucky and Nagisa, who stood watching her: Nagisa in awe, perhaps shocked by the fact they were all still alive; and Lucky with her usual, mystifying smile.

“I guess it’s over,” Kurogane said, and crossed two arms behind her head.

And fainted.

When she awoke, she was in a lavish bedroom. Silk settled against her skin: she was clothed again, dressed in fine robes befitting an immortal. She focused on her breathing, collecting her thoughts… then sat up in bed.

“Lady Kurogane!” Nagisa said, nearly dropping the water jug in his hands. He’d only just entered the room when Kurogane awoke: now he set the jug down and hurried to her side. “Are you well? You slept for two days: I worried you wouldn’t—”

“Nagisa,” she said, and laid a hand gently against his cheek. He blushed at her uncharacteristically soft touch. “I’m glad… you’re okay.”

Nagisa had to steady himself. His heart was pounding rapidly. He hadn’t expected… this. “Y-You too,” he said. “We all—… This was—…”

She kissed him. Nagisa’s eyes went wide for a few seconds, before softening, and he kissed her back. Their contact lasted a long time: each time one of them settled back, the other leaned forward to start another kiss, and another… They basked in each other’s warmth, and by the time they finished, Nagisa was kneeling on the bed by Kurogane’s side. He looked flustered, especially when she swept back his hair with a thumb.

“Lie here for a bit,” she said.

“Mmh.”

“How are the Akai-Kage?” Kurogane asked at last, when they finally got out of bed.

“…There were casualties, but the fact that even *some* survived is a miracle.” Nagisa straightened himself up, his attitude becoming grim as he remembered his comrades’ deaths. “The survivors will start training the next generation when we return to Zanshuyama.”

Home. Over the course of this journey, Kurogane had almost stopped believing she’d see it again. She nodded. “And Chikako — what about her? I guess she’ll be taking charge of this place…”

“Actually, she said she’s leaving.” Nagisa shrugged when he saw Kurogane’s confused expression. “She called everyone into the muster ground and told them they could follow her or remain here: that she doesn’t care who takes over Orochi Temple. Don’t ask me where a woman of her size could go.”

Kurogane stroked her chin. “If she’s leaving Orochi’s domain up for grabs, it’ll become a warzone. Every immortal within travelling distance will want a piece.”

“Yes,” said Nagisa. “Unless *you* take over.”

Kurogane stared at him. He held her gaze, though it clearly pained him to do so.

"You've spent most of the last few centuries sleeping, but the people need a strong leader. You could rule these mountains from Zanshuyama. Take control of Orochi's soldiers. It will be difficult, but it's the best way to keep things stable… and the people safe."

Kurogane brooded, sitting cross-legged on her bed, one hand supporting her chin while the other three rested in her lap. "Shit," she said at last. "I was looking forward to getting some *real* shut-eye, but I guess I have responsibilities now."

"I guess you have," Nagisa smiled.

"Hey!"

Chikako stopped, her column of followers to stumble against each other. She turned and peered down at Kurogane, standing in the centre of the mountain trail.

"What do you want, a heartfelt goodbye?" Chikako asked. She rested one hand on her stomach: even after two days, her middle was still bloated, still gurgling and churning loudly. Digesting such a powerful immortal took time. For her trouble, she'd grown a couple feet taller… and she now radiated such power that Kurogane, sensitive to such things, could barely suppress her tremors.

“Heartfelt? No way. But I couldn’t let you go without asking: are you gonna be a problem?”

Chikako looked at the sky for a long moment, then back to Kurogane. “I’m not interested in this crap anymore. I’m going somewhere far away — somewhere where there aren’t any immortals. Besides…” She grinned. “If I wanted to be a problem, you’d already be boiling in *here.*” She clapped the side of her belly, sending a big wobble-slosh across its blubbery mass, before turning and walking on. The crowd followed after her, and Kurogane watched her back fade into the distance.

“Hooh…” Kurogane hugged herself, shuddering as Chikako’s pressure faded from the air. Chikako was right: if she ever decided to oppose Kurogane’s new kingdom, there was nothing she could do, not without powerful allies to back her up.

Now, where was that damn cat…?

Lucky peered at Orochi Temple from the next mountain over. She sat on a shaded crag, nursing a gourd of fine wine. Even from this distance, her keen eyes could see Kurogane turning and heading back into the temple proper.

“What a happy ending,” Lucky said, sliding a hand into her robe sleeve. “*Everyone* got what they wanted.”

Lucky’s yellow eyes began to gleam, reflecting the glow of the object she removed from her sleeve. The object she’d found deep in Orochi’s vault, hidden behind a series of increasingly valuable treasures that were only distractions from the true prize.

Tittering, Lucky returned the object under her robe. She stood up, saluted Orochi Temple with her gourd, then turned and headed down the trail.

A happy ending, and a fine day indeed.

THE END

