

FOOD FOR THE IMMORTALS

BOOK THREE



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Food for the Immortals

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Book Three

Food for the Immortals – Book Three

FIVE YEARS AGO

“Hah... haah...”

Nagisa stood panting in the centre of the indoor arena, his eyes unfocused, one hand resting on the *massive* swell of his belly. He'd just swallowed a girl twice his height, a fellow trainee who'd been eyeing him with hunger for days now. He felt her squirming inside him, desperately kicking the walls of his stomach. The constant agitation was getting him all hot and bothered: his cock swelled against the underside of his gravid stomach, throbbing needily to the rhythm of his prey's protests. Even now, she didn't understand that she'd lost. Her muffled yells rang out:

“That didn't count! You tripped me, jerk! Next round, I'll—”

Her cries were silenced by a huge, brassy belch that splattered spit from Nagisa's lips. *HRUUUAP!* He patted his rumbling gut and straightened himself as Matron Ayumi approached. All the instructors were larger than him, their bodies conditioned over years of chugging elixirs and digesting their fellow humans. Ayumi was particularly stern-faced; she adjusted her glasses as she crouched down to observe Nagisa's belly. “*Decent* form,” she told him, as though she loathed to part with any compliment. She pressed her hands

into his stomach, cupping the bulge of his opponent's face. "As for *you*... This is the fifth match in a row you've lost. Do you think Madame Orochi has need of failures?"

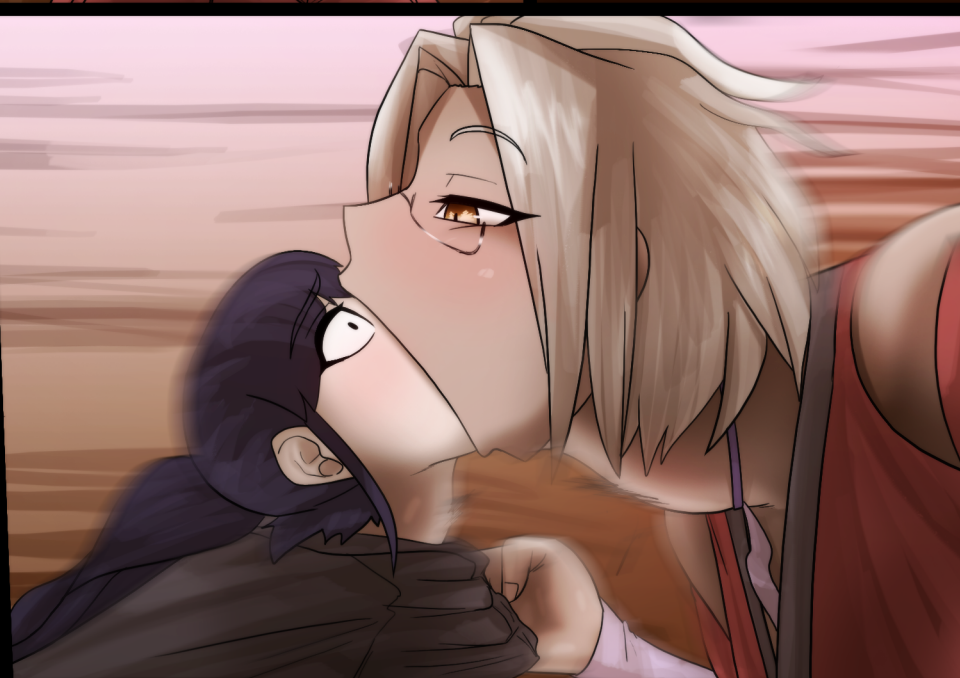
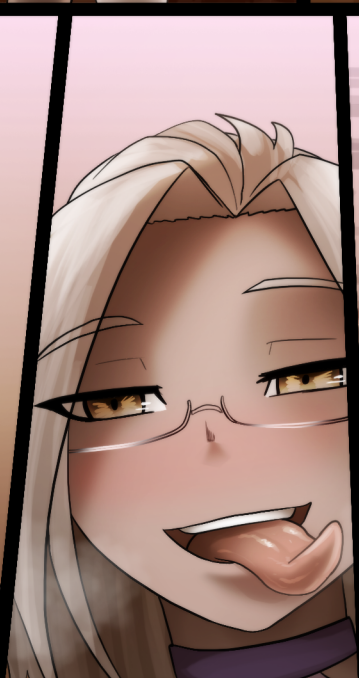
"Wait..." said the voice in Nagisa's belly. *"Wait! It was a fluke; I'll do better! I—"*

Matron Ayumi stepped back. "Proceed," she told him.

Nagisa frowned, for a moment unsure what she was ordering him to do... and when realisation dawned, he recoiled in horror. "You want me to digest her?"

"Of course," said the instructor. "Quickly, if you please. Don't keep the class waiting."

Nagisa looked around nervously. The other trainees knelt by the walls, watching him with a range of emotions. Curiosity played on most of their faces; a few even looked jealous. Life here had always been dangerous. Every few weeks, a trainee or two went missing... and no one commented when one of their number showed up with a big belly and a contented smirk on their lips. The instructors seemed to approve, and gave the greediest trainees extra attention. Nagisa, petite as he was, had avoided becoming food by excelling at everything. There wasn't a trainee in the room who hadn't seen the inside of his belly... but thankfully, these were only sparring sessions. He'd never digested a fellow trainee before.



“What are you waiting for?” asked Ayumi. “You’ve studied our instant-digestion techniques. *Use them.*”

Nagisa spluttered: “We’re supposed to use them on our *enemies!*”

“Is that so...” Matron Ayumi sighed, then grasped her robe tightly. “Foolish boy. Your *enemies* are those who stand in your way to greatness. It’s eat or be eaten, and if you refuse an easy meal...” She yanked her robe off of her shoulders, exposing her upper body. “...It will be taken from you.”

Nagisa barely had time to process his instructor’s rock-solid abs and oversized tits before she seized him in her arms. When her mouth opened, he thought she was going to swallow him – but then she clamped him tightly to her breasts and kissed him deeply!

Nagisa squirmed in his instructor’s powerful arms, feeling her muscles cord tighter and tighter around his body, her washboard abs grinding into his prey-bloated stomach. Ayumi was crushing him! He gurgled and groaned as his gut pressed inwards... and his neck bulged outwards.

“Glmmpph—!”

As Nagisa’s lips flared around his opponent’s head, Matron Ayumi’s eyes narrowed... and she yawned her jaw wide to match.

Uaalp... glrp... glulk...

She squeezed Nagisa's prey out of his belly – and *devoured* her, without breaking eye contact with him. All the while, the girl stuck between their throats wailed and moaned for mercy that wouldn't come, her groans transferring from the inside of Nagisa's body to the inside of the instructor's.

Lifting him up in her arms, Matron Ayumi swallowed mercilessly – before pulling sharply back. Now the girl's feet were the only parts of her protruding from the instructor's maw, kicking desperately at the last bit of open air she'd ever feel.

ULPF! Ayumi glucked one last time, her eyes unfocused, before slamming her teeth together over her prey's toes. The girl vanished from the outside world for the last time, becoming a slow lump in the instructor's neck and then a big, squirming bloat on her toned belly.

She dropped Nagisa, allowing him to teeter where he stood, trying to make sense of what he'd just experienced. Before he could recover, she grasped his head and *pressed* him to her belly, holding him there in a vice grip.

"Observe," she said, closing her eyes...

...and *clenching* her abs.

The girl inside her shrieked and wailed in panic, and she squirmed violently inside the hydraulic press of her teacher's stomach – while Nagisa, on the outside, felt every moment of her struggle for survival. He felt her packed into a tighter and tighter space, curled up by the ever-encroaching walls of the ironclad abs around her. Matron Ayumi grunted in pleasure and smacked her hard-working gut, which launched it into a state of heightened aggression. It started to visibly clench in and out, each squeeze revealing the shape of her prey in startling detail. Nagisa's face was pressing against the girl's pussy, but no matter how hard he tried to squirm away, Ayumi wouldn't allow it. *CHRRRRBLE, GLRCH, GLRCH, GLRCH!* Her belly contracted so violently that it practically bounced up and down, defiling the meat within completely and utterly, drowning out its cries with savage sloshes.

"Someone HELP--!" the girl screamed, before *EEP*ing as the walls closed in one final time, crushing around her and squeezing, wringing, melting her down in a process that took perhaps ten seconds. When Ayumi finally relaxed her stomach muscles, her belly was hard, flat, and *steaming* faintly, just as toned and athletic before.

"My food, not yours," she said lazily, pushing Nagisa away. "You see how this works? The strong eat what's on their plate. If you can't do *that*, your power is just fuel for someone else."

Nagisa staggered, angry and ashamed. This place — these people! If he didn't escape soon, he'd end up as slop in someone's belly – just like what was churning around inside

Ayumi as she pushed up her glasses and tugged her robe shut.

“Mm,” she said, tugging her robe back over her shoulders. “You have potential, boy, but you need to change your thinking. Report to the arena after class for extra tutelage.”

Nagisa shivered as he stepped out into the baking sunlight. It had been months since Madame Orochi's victory parade — since the day he'd planned to kill the immortal, only to discover how weak he truly was. Coming here was like revisiting his nightmares, the moment of his greatest disappointment...

...and from that nightmare rose another phantom.

She was waiting for him: Chikako, the girl he'd been partnered with on that fateful day. She hunkered in the centre of the arena, hands clasping her knees, silhouetted ominously as the sun rose over the wall. Nagisa instinctively took a defensive posture. Chikako had saved his life back then, by devouring and digesting two women twice her size, though rescuing him had merely been a side-effect of her predatory rampage. She'd done it all with barely a hint of emotion on her face — and that was just how she looked at him now, almost bored.

Chikako had grown. The last time they met, she'd been the same size as him; now she was the same height *while squatting down*. Just one of her thighs was easily the size of

his torso, and her breasts could have vanished his head between them. Her transformation was no surprise: Madame Orochi had taken an interest in Chikako, personally mentoring her and granting her access to secret elixirs.

Nagisa searched for his words. Out of everyone on this mountain, Chikako was the one he *least* wanted to show weakness to.

“You’re my sparring partner?” he asked as he approached. “What are the rules?”

“Survive,” said Chikako, and launched herself at him.

There was no recognition in her eyes, no acknowledgement of their prior shared experience. She simply leaned forward and *kicked* with both legs, driving up a wave of sand behind her as she shot toward him like a monstrous toad. She opened her mouth as she flew, gaping her red maw. A second ago, she’d been more than fifty feet away from him — but now he could see down her *throat—!*

He sidestepped. His feet barely seemed to move, but suddenly he was out of her path, and Chikako sailed past him. The resulting gust nearly knocked him off his feet, and he barely turned in time to see her collide with the arena wall.

Feet-first.

Chikako had somehow flipped herself in mid-air, and now, for one brief instant, she squatted *horizontally* on the wall, crushing the stone with the force of her impact, absorbing the force up her ankles and thighs — and preparing to launch herself *again*.

It was then, as the shockwave rumbled beneath his feet, that Nagisa knew he was doomed.

“Aullp. Glp. *Glmk.*”

Glrrrgle...

Chikako stood with her hands on her hips, a detached expression on her face, lips moving slowly and patiently as her neck pumped and pulsed. Finally, she reached into her mouth and plucked out a pair of sandals, tossing them aside, before clapping a hand on her stomach and swallowing one more time.

Gluck.

Her neck shrank inwards, and her belly swelled – growing round and heavy as a large mass entered her stomach. It wriggled inside her, little gasps and cries ringing from behind the surface of her belly. She rolled a hand across its curve.

“Tasty,” she murmured, and licked some drool from her lower lip. “*Uaaarp.*”

In contrast to the lazy atmosphere, inside of Chikako, an entirely different scene was playing out. Nagisa thrashed and yelped in a hot red prison, barely able to see by the dim light filtering through Chikako’s stomach membrane. “No--!” he cried, but it was hopeless; her grumbling belly flexed mercilessly around him, squeezing him like any other piece of meat. Nagisa had never been swallowed before, never experienced the hellish interior of a predator’s stomach. That kind of horror had lived only in his imaginings. He’d watched plenty of boys his size become weight on predators’ stomachs – and though he’d striven to avoid the same fate, here he was, glunking and churning in Chikako’s juices.

“Augh!” he yelled, staring at himself in disbelief. His clothes were starting to dissolve, his skin reddening, growing more sensitive by the second. It took every ounce of his will to pull himself together – to start exerting counterpressure – before it was too late. His innate magic kept the acid from doing any more than tingling... for now... but it didn’t protect his clothes, and before long he was naked, with no barrier between himself and the soaking, squeezing walls of his prison.

“Can’t... believe this...” In despair, Nagisa kicked out at the wall, but his foot slipped upwards, landing him in an even more humiliating position.

Thomp! Thomp! Heavy thuds jolted Nagisa's prison as Chikako smacked her full gut. It rumbled and crooned around him, pleased by the affectionate petting.

"Alive in there?" she asked. *"Don't die yet; your punishment's just starting."*

Nagisa grunted as her stomach shook around him. She was starting to walk. "Punishment!?" he asked, unable to restrain his voice below a desperate wail.



"I wanted to churn you, but the matrons said no: they want you 'disciplined'. Uorrrp." When she belched, her stomach wobbled around him. *"Hey, wanna help me with something? ...Not that you have a choice."*

THWOP, THWOP, CLAP, SMACK, SCHLOP!

Chikako hugged her pillow tightly, grunting and growling as her hips bounded up and down in the air. Her enormous ass wobbled, clapping her ridiculously doughy cheeks together as sweat drizzled down her back. "Fuck," she huffed, squinting her eyes nearly shut. "You – hnn – make a good dildo, little snack..."

Nagisa was suffering the worst humiliation of his life. He gurgled, bracing himself, spitting up pussyjuice every second – as Chikako swallowed him with her cunt again and again! Her soft, slurping, ***sauna-hot*** womanhood engulfed him without mercy, squelching over the crown of his head and ***SCHLORP***ing down to his waist with each buck of Chikako's hips. He knelt on the bed, clear juices slopping down his entire body, lubing him up more with each passing second. Her pelvic muscles clamped his arms to his sides, and her weight drove him relentlessly down into the bedsheets, exhausting him, throttling him, ***baking*** him in her heat.

“Uoghhh--!” Nagisa groaned. He glimpsed light for only a half-second each time Chikako’s hips leapt upward, her pussy sucking over his eyes, allowing him to stare past her belly – which he’d recently inhabited – to her enormous, juicy underboob, which pancaked out as she rested her weight atop her chest. And then — *SCHLORP!* – he was engulfed in darkness again, flooding his mouth with her juices.

“Hnn...” Chikako bit the pillow and hummed in pleasure, never slowing down, never showing an iota of concern for her distressed sex toy. She rubbed her clit with two fingers, coincidentally tickling Nagisa’s chest and tummy with the tips... and when she reached low enough to feel his groin, she blew an amused sigh. “Someone’s getting excited.”

Nagisa squirmed. He couldn’t stop his cock from swelling in response to the sexual torment – no more than he could stop his leg from jerking when someone struck his knee. It happened all by itself, and soon his giant boner was bouncing up and down as Chikako shook his body under her thrusts.

SCHLORP, SCHLORK, SCHLORK, SCHLUPP, SCHLOPF!



The big predator assailed Nagisa with the full power of her hips, showing him the fruits of her training by racing her cunt from the top of his head down to his pelvis, each time smacking the top of his cock and making it bounce harder. Nagisa could barely *breathe*, let alone fight back. Once, he managed to catch Chikako's buttcheeks with his arms – and despite how slippery he'd become, he managed to hold on tight, preventing her from thrusting down his body.

“Nnnnghh...!” he growled as he wrestled her hips upward, freeing his waist from her suckling cunt, then his chest!

“Oh?” Chikako asked, rocking her hips from side to side. “Keep lifting. I'm sure you'll get free...”

Nagisa struggled with all his might. “Huu—aah!” he roared as he gave one final *heave*—!

Chikako **SLAMMED** her hips down, and Nagisa's entire body vanished.

“Mmmngh...” Chikako sat back on the bed, nursing her swollen belly with one hand and rubbing her clit with the other. After a moment, she got up and walked over to the mirror, standing with her legs slightly apart as she focused. Her stomach muscles shifted and contracted, turning the bulge in her belly — and then her pussylips yawned around Nagisa's emerging head, pushing him out *just* far enough that his eyes were exposed, and he could see himself in the mirror.

“Don’t give me that look,” she said, spreading her pussylips further with two fingers. Clear juice slid down his face and dripped from his hair. “This is the closest anyone’s come to me without ending up as nutrients. Shouldn’t you be more grateful?”

Nagisa wriggled violently – and his mouth *schlorped* free from Chikako’s pelvic grip long enough for him to shout, “Bitch!”

Chikako tickled his cheek, then pressed two fingers on top of his head. “Bitch?” she asked. “If I wanted it, you’d already be fat on my thighs. Do you know what happens to food? You’d be broken down by my stomach acids, bones and all, nothing left behind. My belly’s a factory that turns fools into protein. No one would mention your name again; you’d be forgotten, just like every other meal. Now... take back your insult, or I’ll ‘forget’ my orders and show you just how quickly I can digest a scrawny thing like you.”

Nagisa clenched his teeth and groaned in despair... but after a moment, he forced himself to gutter a single, bitter word: “S-Sorry...”

Chikako sighed, then flicked his forehead painfully. “That’s not enough,” she said. “*Beg* me to keep you as a dildo. Do it now.”

“I—...!” Nagisa wanted to curse her, to throw his worst insults at her... but she had the power, and he wasn’t foolish enough to

throw his life away. "Please..." he hissed. "Please... make me your dildo..."

"Better," Chikako said. Nagisa yelped as she pushed him into her, sliding his head deeper into her pussy until her knuckles kissed her pussylips. Her cunt and pelvic muscles dragged him in, swallowing him up and up until he entered a slightly more spacious chamber — Chikako's *womb*. He kicked and shoved at the walls, teeth grinding in humiliation. Was the difference between Chikako and himself simply too wide for him to bridge? None of his efforts had even the slightest effect on her.

BA-DUMP, BA-DUMP, BA-DUMP. Pressed into her depths, Nagisa got to listen to Chikako's inner workings. Her heart thumped tauntingly: it barely sounded like it was exerting itself, like everything until now was nothing but light masturbation to the beast Chikako had become.

"Aaah..." Nagisa heard Chikako yawn, braced himself as her womb shook with her movements. "It's been a long day. You're nice and safe in there; you'll stay put if I take a nap, right?"

"Hmck—!" Nagisa grunted, the breath driven from his lungs by the sudden, intense pressure: Chikako's womb squashed around him, nearly driving him flat! His huge boner was pressed against his belly and chest, his angry face squished tight! What had— Had Chikako just laid down on her *belly*? Moments later, he knew the truth of it: Chikako started to rumble with snores.

“Hrgh... Nngh...” Nagisa’s eyes rolled back in their sockets, nearly going mad from the pressure on his cock. He couldn’t move a single limb, so he had no way of making himself cum. He’d had to stay like this, hopelessly pinned, until Chikako decided to let him free...

It was then Nagisa knew: he had to escape Orochi Temple. The world was ruled by immortals who loved to torture humans, and their servants were no better, but he struggled to imagine that any of them could be as horrible as the demons he currently lived alongside.

But before he could flee, he had to become stronger.

THE PRESENT DAY

“Squirm, little spider,” said the voice in Kurogane’s nightmares. *“My stomach loves a challenge. Waste your strength fighting the inevitable; give up your energies in devotion. It all comes to the same end.”*

That was centuries ago. Kurogane had escaped from Madame Orochi’s stomach, had grown her strength and authority beyond her wildest imaginings. Now, confronting her enemy

for the first time in so very many centuries, Kurogane felt as small and helpless as she had in that distant past.

She stood on a rooftop, full aflame in her fury, two arms folded and the other pair ready by her sides as she stared down the serpent-tailed monstrosity. Madame Orochi loomed taller than the building she was in; she'd hollowed out the structure and collapsed its roof from within, emerging seemingly out of nowhere. Now she towered through the crumbling debris, darkly magnificent, bare-breasted and bedecked with jewellery. As though to emphasise how massive she was, the emerald chunks she wore as earrings had *people* frozen inside them, beautiful young women wearing eternal expressions of shock.

"Where did *she* come from?" Nagisa asked. The Captain of the Akai-Kage held back from Kurogane; she was radiating too much heat. "Just when we thought we'd won..."

Madame Orochi regarded them subtly, squinting out the corner of her eyes, pursing her full lips — before twisting her half-serpent body to face them, extending herself even taller like a demon rising from Hell. "What have we here?" she asked, her voice deep and resonant. "I don't often memorise the faces of my meals, but *there's* a look of defiance I'll never forget."

Kurogane burned brighter; Nagisa took a sharp step back. He'd never seen his mistress so enraged. "Hey," he hissed, barely able to look at her. "You just climbed out of a girl's stomach. Can you really fight, as you are?"

“You,” said Orochi, fixing her gaze on Nagisa. She slid a hand across her rounded stomach and drummed it with her fingers. “Did *you* prepare these morsels for me? My compliments. Humans confident in their abilities are the tastiest of all.”

Her belly rumbled then, a deep wet *GLUORRRRRGH* — and behind that sound came the muffled shouts and screams of Nagisa’s subordinates. He tensed, starting forward, and it was Kurogane’s turn to utter a warning.

“You’re not strong enough.”

“*You’re* not strong enough,” he grumbled back. “But we can’t leave them in there—”

GLUORRRRRB! GLURK, GLURK, GLURRRRK!

Kurogane and Nagisa twitched as Madame Orochi’s belly clenched and churned violently. The snake queen lifted her arms above her head and rocked her hips like a belly-dancer, sloshing her gut from side to side with glee. Her movements were hypnotic, but most distressing was the effect they had on her belly: it *roared* like a furnace, glorging and slurshing its contents around in a sea of acid. Her eyes never left Nagisa’s — not until she stopped swaying and gave her belly a hard *SLAP!*

Her cheeks bulged – and she released a huge, rippling *U00000RP!*

Shockwaves stripped tiles from the rooftops. Kurogane and Nagisa crouched low, bracing themselves. As Orochi belched, weaponry flew from her lips, soaking wet and sizzling, half-melted by her stomach acids. They clattered to the ground far below.

“Excuse me,” she purred. “It must be something I ate.”

Nagisa let out a hopeless groan, his fists turning white by his sides as he glared at the steaming weapons of his digested subordinates. The screaming in Orochi’s belly had gone silent, leaving no doubt as to their fates. Nagisa forced himself to look away. The remaining Akai-Kage — a depressingly small number, now — stood on rooftops surrounding Madame Orochi, their weapons at the ready despite the fear on their faces.

If Nagisa sent them into battle, it would be to their deaths. He knew it as plainly as he knew the grass was green.

“Retreat,” he said.

Kurogane glanced at him. She looked reluctant, but she finally let out a breath.

“Yeah...”

Madame Orochi hummed. The rooftops were suddenly vacant of foes. They'd vanished in a heartbeat, a coordinated retreat without any signal she could discern. “Kurogane, darling, you shouldn't have!” she said. “A hunt before dinner? How exhilarating. And I *do* need the exercise...” She tittered into a palm, and her eyes narrowed to deadly slits. “But it's in my nature to cheat at games.”



Madame Orochi stretched an arm high over her head... and opened wide. She dipped her hand into her mouth and kept pushing, her eyes losing focus as she inserted her entire forearm down her throat. When she pulled it out again, she was clutching something in her fist: a jet-black idol with a shocking appearance. It resembled several naked women, their bodies interlinked in a ball without any gaps. Orochi licked the idol sensually, getting it nice and wet... before *mashing* it between her hands, shaping and moulding it like dough. Finally, she whispered a command to her new creation.

“Capture Kurogane.”

Then she tossed the idol aside, callously discarding it into the streets.

“Mistress!” came a shout by her tail. Orochi peered down into the shattered building. Chikako had just finished tugging her clothes back on. Now she knelt before Orochi, utterly dwarfed in the serpent’s shadow, fists screwing into the ground. The girl was *furious*; she even dared to raise her head before Orochi. “Mistress, let me pursue them.”

That sounded like an order. Orochi had squashed people for lesser insults... but Chikako was her finest servant, and she knew better than to waste someone who’d almost churned an immortal. “I admire your passion,” she said instead. “Of course you may give chase.”

As Chikako leapt toward her task, Madame Orochi lazed back amid the ruins of the building. She lifted a massive alchemy vat one-handed and sipped the contents like tea from a delicate cup. “Mmm...”

Just like tea, a hunt was something to enjoy slowly. In the past, Orochi might have charged headlong in pursuit of her foe, but she’d grown beyond such youthful recklessness. Why waste energy on a piece of meat who’d already occupied *two* stomachs? For now, Orochi would relax, sun her scales a little... and *then* she’d decide if Kurogane was worth her efforts.

“Lady Kurogane, unhand me!” Nagisa yelped.

Kurogane kept running, Nagisa bouncing like a doll under one arm. The slender Captain of the Akai-Kage blushed beet-red, unable to suffer the humiliation... not that he had a choice. Kurogane was three times faster than him, and she’d gotten sick of waiting for him to catch up. She covered metres with each stride, sandals *takk takk takk*-ing along the paved street. When a building rose up before her, she didn’t slow or turn: she pointed a finger at it, and conjured an arrow of flame that burst the building from within, creating a smoking hole which she ran through. Nagisa forgot to hold his breath: when they emerged from the other side, he was spluttering and rubbing his wet eyes

“Make for the forest,” he rasped. His right cheek pressed against Kurogane’s left boob, and though bandages kept her huge breasts from jiggling *too* much, he still received a clobbering. “Orochi’s too big to follow us!”

“Got it.” The Yellow Bazaar sat in a valley surrounded by high cliffs. Climbing was no issue for Kurogane — she could use her flames to leap higher than anyone — but actually reaching those cliffs could pose an obstacle.

As if on cue, a massive object *slammed* into the ground and blew a crater in the street before Kurogane, blasting dirt and paving stones into the air. Kurogane skidded to a halt, instinctively holding Nagisa behind herself.

The entity arose from the crater. It had the appearance of a beautiful woman with jet-black skin and wild, white hair... and the lower body of a tremendous stallion. Lightning crackled across her skin as she stepped forward on heavy hooves, the electricity somehow causing loose stones to rise and hover in the air around her. In places, her midnight-black skin gave way to patches of serpentine scale, betraying her nature as one of Orochi’s creations. A black snake’s tail undulated in the air behind her.

“Chimera,” Kurogane spat, setting Nagisa down. “Even I wouldn’t play with magic *that* evil.”

“Wait,” said Nagisa in a small voice. Kurogane winced; she’d hoped he wouldn’t notice. “She has Ami’s face. Why does...?”

“Psychological warfare.” Kurogane didn’t want to tell him, but what use was lying now? “Don’t let it break you. The chimera’s made from your comrades’ flesh, but it *doesn’t* have their souls. Now, stand back and let me deal with this.”

She shoved Nagisa back a few steps.

He smacked against a soft surface, and turned to see a belly-button staring at him.

“Hey,” said Chikako.

FIVE YEARS AGO

“Please! I’m begging you... to train me.”

Chikako stood over him, hands on hips, peering down at the nude boy coated in sweat and pussyjuice. She wasn’t sure what to make of this. He prostrated himself before her, kneeling with his brow and hands pressed flat on the floor.

“One night in my womb, and you’re already kneeling before me? Now I *know* Ayumi overestimated you.”

Nagisa held his tongue. No matter how much he wanted to spite Chikako, nothing good would come of it. He kept still, breathing heavily, naked and vulnerable before the woman who now controlled his fate. Though the matrons had told her not to digest him, he had no illusions that they’d rescue him if she decided to ignore them. Only by lowering himself to the level of a slave could he hope to control the situation.

“Train you, hm?” Chikako grasped Nagisa’s hair and forced him to look up at her: deep into her steady blue eyes. “Maybe I’ll humour you — show you a little of what Madame Orochi showed me. But if we do this, you’re my servant until I say otherwise. You’ll clean my clothes, fetch my water, dance for me if I ask it. Understand?”

Nagisa bit back his anger and gave a stiff nod.

“Good,” said Chikako. “And one more thing—”

She lifted him by his hair, making him gasp and whine as she hoisted him up on his tiptoes and pressed his face against her – where the top of her belly met her huge, buoyant udders. He could hear her heart beating, and her belly *glurping*, as she contemplated his helpless form.

“Until your training's done, you'll live in my stomach as a belly pet. You'll fall asleep each night to the sounds of my internal organs, and if I *ever* feel like you're slacking in your training, I'll digest you without a second thought.”

Nagisa could barely keep himself from yelling in outrage. Chikako peered down at him closely, daring him to speak out against her... but instead, at last, he wet his lips and whispered, “Yes.”

Chikako laughed out loud, making him bristle with humiliation as she lowered him onto the flats of his feet. “In that case, training starts... tomorrow, maybe. Get in your new home, *meat*.”

Swift as a flash, Chikako *rammed* herself forward and down, slamming her palms to the ground while barely bending her legs. *GLUARK!* Her mouth and gullet sleeved Nagisa, surrounding him with hot, slippery membrane that *PULSED* as it swallowed him. She gargled in lazy pred-pleasure, eyes tipped back in their sockets, leaning steadily forwards and lowering herself until her lips pressed around Nagisa's feet and her tongue spooled out on the floor, slithering in a wide, drooling circle. She engulfed his body completely in her own, and as he squirmed and fought within her, she pushed herself up to her feet – having just performed the mother of all vanishing acts. Where Nagisa had stood, only a small puddle of drool remained. Chikako clicked her teeth together and put two fingers to her bulging neck as she savoured his distress, growling with dark satisfaction. At last, she thumped a fist on

her gut as if to say, '*Going down!*'. Then she gulped, and the red tunnel jerked Nagisa down into its depths.

Chikako's hands went to her hips, and she belched thoughtfully. "Now, what should I have for breakfast...?"

...

Nagisa pressed his hands and feet against the shifting, bouncing walls of Chikako's stomach and held on for dear life. Her steps shook him violently, jostling and bobbing him in the very core of her body. It was *hot* in her stomach, far hotter than in her womb, partially owing to the juices that tingled his skin wherever they oozed over him. Chikako was clearly suppressing her digestive system, but was she suppressing it *enough*? Nagisa clamped his teeth together and endured the ride, trying not to think about the boner he'd been sporting through most of the night, and which he *still* hadn't tended to.

Guhh...

W-Well, it wasn't like Chikako could *see* him right now...

Sucking down shaky breaths, Nagisa groped his huge, beautiful femboy cock in one hand. "I'll get you for this," he muttered hatefully as he started to jerk off. Compared to Chikako's womb, her belly was far more spacious and accommodating — he hated to admit it, but with her acids turned low, her belly was almost pleasant by contrast.

Wait. 'Pleasant'? Nagisa's mind felt foggy. What was happening...?

"Ahhn..."

When the first moan escaped him, Chikako laughed – a deep, rolling laugh that sounded from all around him. "Here's the first technique Mistress taught me," she said. "It keeps my prey nice and docile... but I like it when they squirm, so I don't use it often..."

Nagisa groaned. He knew this was bad, but he couldn't stop himself from pumping his own dick, *fap fap fap fap*, wrenching both fists up and down his oversized shaft until precum oozed over his knuckles. He was so sensitive that he spurted precum across his own face, and the more he stared at his own cockhead, the more appetising it looked...

Again, Nagisa told himself that no one would see him in his shame. If he truly couldn't control himself, then he needed to make himself cum as quickly as possible, even if it meant...!

Nagisa opened wide and crammed his own cockhead deep into his mouth, sucking and slobbering on his fat fucking dick while he was curled up and packed tight in a predator's stomach! "Mmp, mmf, schlp..." He bulged out his cheek as he bobbed up and down, up and down on his humongous cock, digging his fingers into his tender pillar and stroking it like the pleasure-

addled snack he was. Chikako's guts rumbled beneath him, and her heart thumped faster above, reacting to the blissful squirming of her meal.

Nagisa was drowning in pleasure. The heat was too much – it boiled his brain, made him incapable of higher thoughts. Chikako was walking somewhere, jostling him around in her big, person-churning gut, and it didn't occur to Nagisa to wonder *where* she was going... until she **SMACKED** her belly, sending vibrations all around him, and raising her voice to declare:

"Check this out."

Hnnnghh!

Chikako squinted and strained, clenching her fists and sucking in her gut, clenching down her core muscles with all her strength! Unlike some of the matrons, Chikako couldn't digest someone with a flex, but that wasn't her intention.

The trainees, whose sleeping quarters Chikako had just entered, sat up on their beds and crooned – first in confusion, then amazement, and finally, in *amusement* – as Chikako's belly shrank. Her big, swollen gut contracted inwards, and as it did so, the outline of Nagisa's body became clearly impressed against the surface of her stomach. *"Nnnghh!"* His muffled grunts grew more panicked as he was hydraulically squeezed; Chikako's belly was becoming skintight, and now his facial

features were becoming visible even through the skin of her tummy.

The trainees chuckled as they realised what was happening, what Chikako wanted them to see: her prey, whose slender shape was known by all, curled into a tight ball with his knees against his shoulders and his calves folded behind his head, both hands groping his cock and feeding it into his own mouth! Chikako smacked Nagisa's ass through her belly and shook her heft from side to side, grinning proudly.



“Nagisa wants you to know he’ll be ornamenting my gut for a while,” she said, stepping deeper into the room. One girl scampered aside as Chikako sat down on her bed, making the wooden frame creak. “Look how happy he is. From the moment he slid down into me, he couldn’t stop pumping his cock...”

“Wow...” A dark-skinned woman with long hair approached. “I can’t believe you really *ate* him.”

“Is this a permanent thing, or...?” More girls were approaching, grinning at Nagisa’s predicament. Each of them had sparred with him in the past, and each had seen the inside of his stomach. To see him brought low was a pleasure beyond words. Chikako didn’t protest when the dark-skinned women pressed a hand against her belly — against Nagisa’s cheek, stroking him gently through the predator who’d consumed him.

“It could be,” Chikako said as her belly *burbled*. “If he doesn’t meet my *high* expectations.”

The girl laughed, and cupped Nagisa’s face between her fingers, squeezing tight. “You hear that, cocksucker? You’re gonna be *soup*!”

Nagisa, squeezed tighter than anything he’d experienced before, could only groan in response.

“Aww, but he’s so cute like this!” another girl said, sitting on Chikako’s thigh. “Look how hard he is...” She grasped Nagisa’s cock and stroked it up and down, making him moan and tremble. “You like that? Gods, this is hot...”

Nagisa had no way to defend himself. He could barely move a finger, let alone fight against his tormenters as they groped his body through the surface of Chikako’s belly. The predator laughed as they caressed her — and him by extension, subjecting him to long, slow cock-strokes from multiple hands, cheeky kisses on his lips, and smacks on his perky ass!

His eyes slowly rolled back in their sockets. “Ahhhn...!” His wails rose and fell in pitch, but couldn’t drown out the taunts of his oppressors:

“Gonna cum? Gonna squirt in Chikako’s belly?”

“When you let him out, can / eat him?”

“Only after / ride this fat fucking cock!”

Nagisa couldn’t take it anymore. His moans grew high-pitched and girly as he sweltered and gargled on his own cock, tears running down his face. “Mmph... Mmmp...!”

He seized up and *came*, blasting hot jets of splooge down his own throat! His neck worked in big ripples, gulping and gulping as cum fired out his nostrils and gushed down his body. Spluttering and gagging, mind melting away in the slew of nonstop pleasure, Nagisa experienced the very heights of humiliation — and when he passed through that barrier, he felt himself floating in nothingness, the laughter of his fellow trainees fading away.

Let it all go, he told himself. Throw away your shame, your self-awareness. Dedicate yourself to getting stronger. You'll escape this place, and one day...

...One day, Orochi Temple will regret training you.

THE PRESENT DAY

Chikako slammed Nagisa into the wall with an open palm, with no more effort than if she were swatting a fly. The bricks shattered behind him, the breath was driven from his lungs, and he would have died if not for an extreme effort of counterpressure. He burned his internal furnace hot, and it was still barely enough to save him. “Gahk—!”

She held him there, eyes hovering inches from his own, racing her long tongue across her bitterly smiling lips. “You thought

you could *escape*?" she hissed. "After what you and your mistress did to me? After making me *eat* my best friend?" Her face twisted with hatred, and she applied more pressure to Nagisa's ribcage — enough to make him yelp. "You'll churn, Nagisa. But not before watching your mistress fall."

Still holding him tightly against the wall, Chikako stepped out of his view.

FWOOSH! His vision filled with bright orange light. A fiery tornado whipped and swirled in the centre of the street. Kurogane fed the flames, breathing fire like a dragon and moving her hands through the air like a clay sculptor, weaving her spell. Her enemy – the chimera – had to be inside the tornado! The flames engorged with each passing second, catching the surrounding buildings ablaze, assailing Nagisa with heat. He'd never seen such a magnificent display of magic, and yet he could tell...

...Kurogane looked nervous.

"*Burn*, damn you!" she yelled, cutting off her fire-breath with a champ of her razor-teeth. "Why won't you—"

A serpentine tail emerged from the flames and slammed into Kurogane, swatting her through a nearby wall. As the tornado died down, a figure emerged from it, clip-clopping forth on heavy horse-hooves. The chimera remained expressionless;

the flames had barely induced it to sweat. Lightning crackled about its limbs.

“Catch,” said Chikako, and tossed something to the chimera. A hand flashed out to catch it... and Nagisa groaned when he saw the big, magical club — Yuno’s club — clutched in the chimera’s grip.

Kurogane dragged herself from the wreckage of the building she’d just destroyed, huffing and puffing, looking between Chikako and the chimera. “This is bullshit,” she said. “Two on one? I haven’t had a chance to rest.”

“You can rest when you’re dead,” Chikako said. “But don’t worry; I’m just a spectator.”

Kurogane grit her teeth and faced the chimera, who continued to study her with dull, lifeless eyes. “One chimera,” she said. “Sure, I can do that. I’m an immortal: I can do—”

Lightning struck twice, outlining Kurogane in blinding silver light and vanquishing all the shadows in the area. The chimera had given no indication it was casting magic; it simply happened, leaving Kurogane swaying and staring into some unknown distance as steam rose from her flesh.

“That’s no ordinary chimera,” Chikako said, “just like Madame Orochi is no ordinary immortal. You’re out of your depth.”

Kurogane started to fall forwards — right into the upswing of the chimera's club. One *crunch* sent Kurogane spinning into the air, limbs flying out wildly, eyes still blank from the lightning-strike. Whip-fast-the chimera's tail lashed out and coiled Kurogane's ankle — before slamming her into the ground once again.

“Guh!”

The impact, at least, startled Kurogane back to consciousness. She propped herself up on three arms and pointed the fourth hand at her foe, two fingers extended... but before the flame arrow fully formed, a third lightning-bolt struck her from above.

Nagisa couldn't bare to watch, but Chikako clasped his face between her fingers to ensure sure he witnessed every second of Kurogane's defeat. The chimera's tail kept a tight grip on her leg as the club went up and down, battering Kurogane to the ground whenever she tried to rise. The immortal couldn't fight back; she'd tried to hide it, but her recent ordeal had weakened her significantly. Add to that the chimera's fire immunity, and the fight was a total mismatch.

Once the chimera decided it had softened Kurogane up enough, it tossed the club aside... and used its tail to drag Kurogane under it. She lay face-down, squashing her huge tits beneath her, looking dizzy and sore as the chimera's shadow fell over her.

“Now the *real* fun begins,” Chikako said... as Nagisa fixed his gaze under the chimera, on the vast, throbbing *tool* growing there. Beneath the chimera's equine body swelled a massive horsecock, bulky and vein-riddled, dripping precum onto Kurogane's back. Kurogane could do little more than gurgle as the chimera stepped into position... using its tail to spread her legs, pick her up onto all fours, and lower her pants... before jamming its broad, drooling flare against Kurogane's tight little asshole!

Chikako licked Nagisa. She was so huge that her tongue swept against the entire front of his body, like a slippery red carpet, soaking its heat into him. He shuddered as she leaned away chuckling. “Ready to watch her get *fucked*?”

Kurogane was coming to her senses. She'd just taken a clobbering that would have knocked out a mammoth, but she was made of sturdier stuff. A shame that only meant she got to feel *every excruciating moment* of the chimera's insertion. “Oh gods, oh *fuck—!*” she hissed, clawing along the ground as that horrendously huge horsecock stretched her asshole open, pressing deep into her guts and bulging out her belly. Cross-eyed, teeth slamming together, she struggled to adapt to the strain. The chimera's flare pressed out against her inner walls, the shape of its tremendous dick throbbing inside her...

And then it started to thrust.

SMACK, SMACK, SMACK, SMACK, PLAP!



The chimera's equine hindquarters wrenched up and down, bounding its colossal balls and driving its horsecock deep into Kurogane! Kurogane bellowed in shock as she took the pounding of a lifetime, ass jiggling and tits quaking, all four hands planted flat on the ground! "Fuuuuck!" she howled under the noisy slamquakes, huge equine nuts spanking her thighs again and again, making her tongue flop out on the ground and her eyes roll back in the beginnings of inescapable *pleasure*.

The chimera fucked her harder and harder, not quite all the way inside just yet. Soon enough, the tides of precum leaking from its cock started to backblast out of Kurogane's ass and splatter across the floor, making wetter and sloppier impacts. **SCHPLUTT SCHPLORT PLORT PLORP SCHLOPP—!** Kurogane snarled and groaned, locking eyes with Nagisa desperately... before her eyes bulged, and so did her neck, as the chimera's cock lurched up her *throat* from the wrong direction...!

"GLORRRK!" Kurogane's jaw dislocated, and the chimera's immense horse-flare burst from her open mouth, its cock impaling her all the way through! She juddered and twitched in helpless pleasure, her untouched pussy drooling as she learned just what it meant to be a *cocksleeve*. Precum spurted out ahead of her, making puddles on the ground as the chimera lingered, savouring the sensation of Kurogane's entire body squeezing its cock... before launching into a fresh series of bucks, even harder and faster than before! **WHUMP, WHUMP, WHUMP!** Its balls battered Kurogane's thighs while its cockhead burst in and out of her mouth, gaping her lips wide each time it punched into the open. Spit flew all over the place, and tears ran down Kurogane's cheeks as she

quaked in pain, pleasure, and despicable shame! **ULGK GLUCK GLARK GLARK GLORRRK—!**

Amid that booty-jiggling, belly-bulging, neck-distending, all-the-way-through **megafuck**, the chimera groaned and clenched its teeth — before digging its hindquarters down as deep as it could, burying its cock inside Kurogane so its flare protruded several inches from her wide, gaping mouth! The chimera's balls clenched up tightly, and then...

SPLURRRRRRT!

The chimera came violently, blasting huge jets of thick, white cream. Cumshots sailed through the air and slapped across the road in a giant cone. Each ferocious **throb** affected Kurogane deeply, making her squirm as she hit her own limit and **squirted** all down her thighs, cumming just as hard as her monstrous lover! The chimera sawed its hips back and forth, grinding down on Kurogane and wringing its cock through her entire digestive system. Kurogane's tight grip made the chimera's orgasm last for a long time, spurting and sluicing jizz across the street until its balls were well and truly drained.

“Ha...” Chikako grasped Nagisa by the ankle and let him fall upside-down, dangling him from her grip like a fish on a hook. He was too dazed to fight back, to do anything but stare as the chimera slowly pulled out of Kurogane – its flare retracting back down her throat, wild bursts of jizz erupting from her mouth as it continued to drool copious amounts of precum.

When the horsecock *schplopped* out of Kurogane's ass, it left her gaping and oozing cum from both ends, gargling a crater of shattered street tiles. *Whap!* The chimera's tail whipped her big, round butt, declaring triumph over the four-armed immortal.

"Enjoying the show?" Chikako asked, holding Nagisa so his face batted her belly. *Glunk*. He could hear her juices churning around inside, her cauldron of a stomach rumbling its hunger. "You know... I could really go for a *snack* in the intermission."

Nagisa clenched his teeth, trying not to show his fear as Chikako lifted him up high. He'd been expecting this, but when her maw opened beneath him – and he found himself staring into the deep, dark, dripping chute of her gullet – he couldn't stop himself from trembling. Her tongue hung far from her mouth while hot breaths gushed across Nagisa's face.

For a moment, Chikako closed her mouth. She smiled at him affectionately and cupped her belly with a free hand, digging her fingers into the smooth pudge. "Nostalgic, isn't it?" she asked sweetly. "But you're not my belly pet anymore. This time, you're *lunch*."

Kurogane groaned. Her red hair hung sweatily across her face, and she could barely catch her breath, much less focus on her surroundings...

...until she saw Nagisa squirming in Chikako's grip, dangling upside-down over her slowly-widening mouth. Chikako *yaaawned* her maw open for him, eyes narrowing in cruel pleasure as she flexed her esophagus as huge and open as possible. Nagisa could see all the way down inside her – could see the inside of her stomach, bigger and more spacious than ever, could hear it *crooning* for him. Kurogane tried to crawl forward, but the chimera put a hoof on her back. No: just as Nagisa had been forced to witness his Lady's defeat, Kurogane would have to watch her finest servant – the man who'd saved her life — vanish into the depths of this vile *bitch*.

Chikako saw her watching, and shrugged in amusement. *The tables turn and turn again*, her body language seemed to suggest. *But this time, it's final*.

Abruptly, Nagisa stopped struggling. He fell limp in Chikako's grip, and made eye contact with Kurogane.

"Run," he said.

Chikako dropped Nagisa into her throat. She didn't even swallow; the boy-shaped snack slid all the way down her red-hot gullet without resistance and landed in her gut with a *glunk*. Chikako was so massive that he barely added to the heft of her round stomach.

“Urrrp,” she said, and smacked her big belly, enjoying how Kurogane stared at her wobbling middle — despondent, unable



to process her complete and utter defeat.

Chikako approached Kurogane and squatted low, hunkering over her thighs in order to cup her enemy's face between her fingers. "Oh, you precious thing." She squeezed tight, making Kurogane's lips pout. "I want to capture this expression forever... but Madame Orochi gets to decide your fate. Shall we go to her?"

She nodded to the chimera, indicating for it to start dragging Kurogane back to its creator... but at that very moment, several small explosions rang out around Chikako's feet. She barely had time to look up, and see the Akai-Kage hurling their ball-shaped satchels from the rooftops, before black smoke engulfed the area.

Chikako leapt. Heavy though she was, she cleared the smoke layer in a single bound and landed on a rooftop, crushing the tiles beneath her feet and startling an Akai-Kage girl.

"Give our Captain back!" she shrieked despite her terror, and lunged at Chikako with sword drawn. She came in sword-tip first; from her angle, it was clear she intended to plunge her blade into Chikako's belly and carve Nagisa out of his gurgling imprisonment. Chikako admired her boldness, but it hardly earned her any favours.

Chikako clapped her hands together with enough force to generate a shockwave. The girl faltered, eyes blank,

staggering like a dumb puppet as the vibrations coursed through her bones. Chikako was starting to realise how far she'd risen above the dross of humanity; even these highly-trained warriors were little more than snacks. How must mankind look to a being like Madame Orochi...?

Chikako flicked the sword from the girl's grasp and scooped her up with one hand. She glanced around for the other Akai-Kage, but they'd all vanished. A shame.

Dropping to the street as the smoke-cloud faded, Chikako was unsurprised to find Kurogane missing. The chimera looked nonplussed: it lacked the intelligence to understand what had happened.

"Catch," Chikako said, tossing the captured girl to the chimera. The beast's serpentine tail reached out and snagged the girl around her waist, holding her up for study.

"Oh gods," the girl said, looking into the chimera's eyes. "Ami!? Ami, is that you? Is—*mmph!*"

Her frantic questions turned to muffled grunts as the chimera opened wide and crammed her down its gullet, swallowing her in a series of powerful gulps. The chimera's human belly swelled around its former ally, who continued to thrash and fight within it.



Bhhhrup. The chimera belched idly while Chikako brushed herself down. “No hesitation?” she asked the beast. “That was your friend, you know.”

A distant slithering and crumbling of walls heralded the great snake’s approach. Madame Orochi slinked around a nearby building and *just kept coming*, her monstrous tail filling the entire street. The world grew cold as Chikako and the chimera fell under their mistress’s shadow.

“Two servants well-fed,” said Madame-Orochi, noting their bellies. “But my enemy eludes us.”

“We won’t catch her,” Chikako said. “She’s committed to running now.”

“She can run all the way to Zanshuyama, for all I care.” Madame Orochi turned away, surprising Chikako with her dismissal. “I wanted to see her full potential, but she’s a spider with missing legs. Let her muster what reprisal she may; I can wait for my meal.”

Blllrrrg.

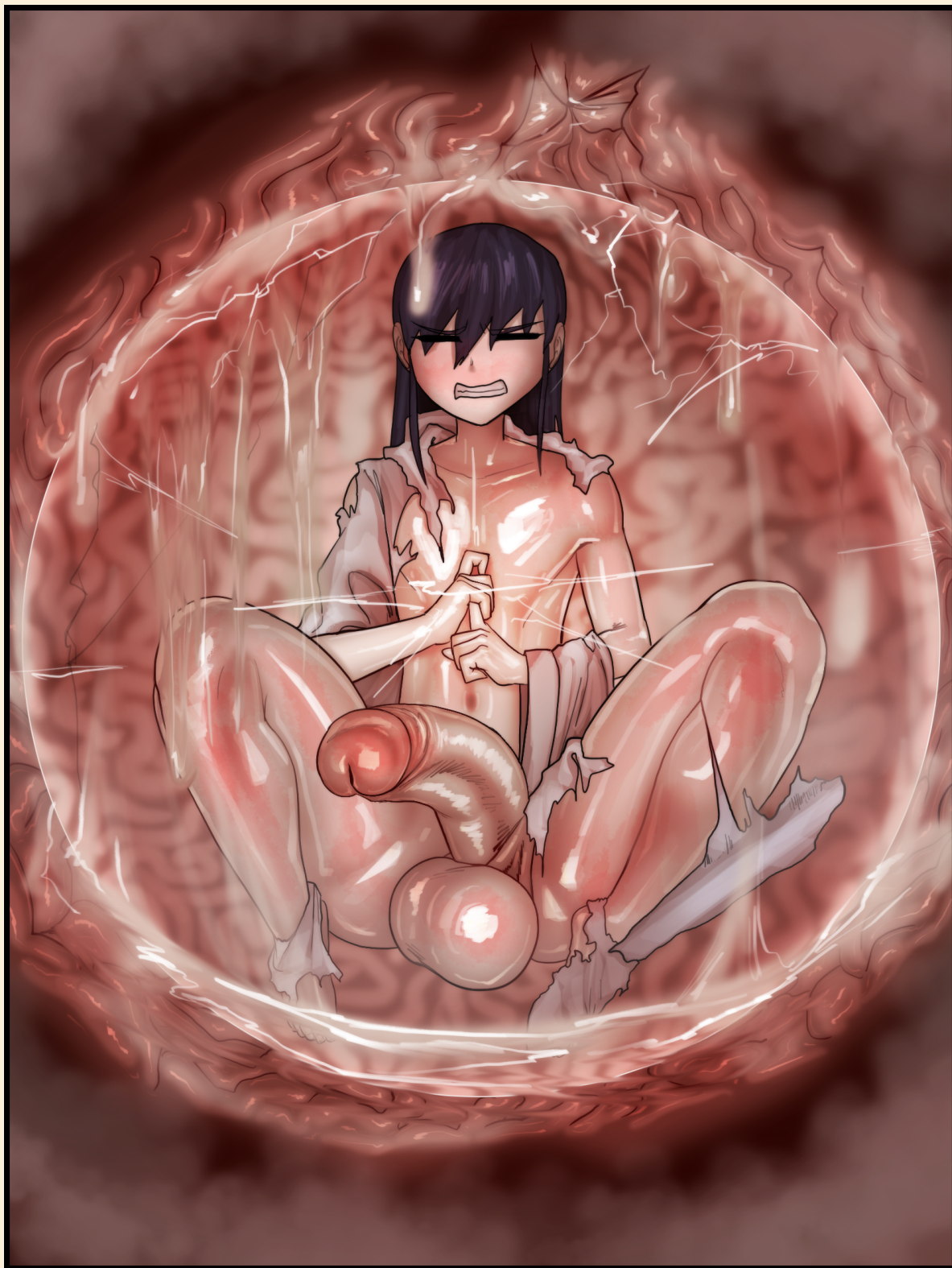
Bluuurrrrb...

GLURK!

Glurrrg...

Nagisa sat cross-legged in Chikako’s stomach. It was far more capacious than he recalled.

And far hotter.



Beads of sweat slithered down his naked body. Deep in meditation, exerting counterpressure like never before, he tried not to think about the acid-pool rising around him. He tried not to contemplate that Kurogane herself had barely survived this hell.

He couldn't afford distraction. Not one second of it.

Even now, Chikako's juices were soaking into his skin, turning him pink and tender. His teeth clenched into a scowl. At least she'd chosen to digest him naturally, letting her stomach take care of him with no extra input from her. That afforded him a ghost of a chance.

But a ghost was just that – an immaterial phantom. Nagisa knew he was doomed.

"Help," he mouthed as Chikako's stomach gurgled around him. Soon, he'd be a part of those gurgles. "Help me..."

But no help was coming.

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP. Chikako pounded her belly with a taunting fist.

"Why don't you jerk off in there?" she asked. *"For old times' sake. Better do it quickly – you don't have long left."* She quaked with laughter, shaking Nagisa inside her. *"Enjoy your final orgasm."*

TO BE CONTINUED