Food For The Immortals

Book Four



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A Vore Fantasy

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Shadow unfurled like a flower in the heart of Orochi Temple. A wet scraping heralded the mistress's arrival: she rippled forth on black coils, a monster woman many tens of feet tall, toting a full belly and a cruel smirk on her sumptuous lips. Steam peeled off her flesh as she emerged from the portal, translating her physical form across many miles in an instant. Her serpent's tail trailed behind her, continuing to peel through the gap in reality as she slithered down the hall.

By her side – and in her shadow – walked Chikako, equally well-fed and far noisier than her mistress. Chikako held a hand to her mouth and ***belched***, doing nothing at all to suppress the sound — loud enough to make the bowing audience shrink back in terror. Some muted voices muttered of Chikako's growth: she'd been less than *half* her current size when she'd left Orochi Temple on her mission. And, where were her teammates? Many eyes hung on Chikako's rounded belly. It was *far* from uncommon for servants of Orochi to consume one another, but Chikako's squad in particular were known for their close camaraderie. Could she really have…?

Chikako flushed at the attention, glaring dead ahead with a ferocity uncharacteristic of her — in truth to avoid meeting anyone's gaze, but that wasn't what the crowd saw. For most people, that aloof stare was proof Chikako had churned both Yuno and Miho.

The worst part was — they were half right. Chikako clenched her teeth as she remembered her greatest humiliation: captured and bound by that bitch Kurogane, her mouth pried open as her enemies forced Yuno down her throat. The memory of her best friend squirming inside her stomach made Chikako feel sick.

“There’ll be time for revenge later,” said Madame Orochi, noticing her servant’s discontent.

“Yes, Mistress.” Chikako rested a hand on her bloated belly. Thankfully, her gut had a new inhabitant — one she was all too happy to churn. “Feeling nostalgic?” she whispered. “You’ve been in my gut more often than anyone. But this time, there’s only one way you’ll be escaping…”

Within Chikako – locked away in the deep, dark, crimson sauna of her stomach — Nagisa winced. Sweat poured down his feminine face; and his entire body stung, reddened by Chikako’s stomach acids. He sat with his legs crossed, drawing breath as best he could in the turgid red hell of his captor’s belly. He was one of the realm’s foremost experts in counterpressure, but the bubble of magical force he exerted was nothing against Chikako’s digestive juices. Every so often, a drip of acid reached his skin and made him hiss in pain. He watched gallons of acid sluice down the sides of his sphere, listened to the sluggish ***GLORRP***s of Chikako’s hungry stomach as it tried to reach him.

Soon, it would succeed. It had been fifteen minutes since Chikako had swallowed Nagisa, and his barrier was already failing. When acid sizzled his skin, his magic channels shut reflexively, allowing more droplets to fall upon him before he restored his counterpressure with a massive effort. “Hnngh…!” He clenched his teeth and closed his eyes, focusing inwards with every ounce of his being. The rumble of Chikako’s guts, the ***THUMP*** of her heart, the quake of her footsteps — he shovelled it all into the furthest recesses of his awareness, seeking purity.

Impossible. He gasped Chikako ***SMACKED*** her belly, shaking the squishy red chamber from side to side around him. “*You listening!?*” she snarled, muffled by walls of fat and muscle. “*I’m going to mulch you, boy. Within a few hours, you’ll be jiggling on my thighs: what do you think about* ***that—?***”

“Let him out,” said Orochi.

Chikako stopped in place. They’d left the procession chamber for one of the private wings assigned to Madame Orochi and her closest followers. The only others in attendance were the tall, muscular female guards with their face-obscuring helmets. Chikako had once looked up to them in awe: now they barely rose up to her stomach-height.

“What?” Chikako asked.

Her mistress studied her fingernails as she spoke: “If we want to lure Kurogane here, we need a tasty piece of bait. That *meal* of yours is her Captain of the Guard. We’d be throwing away a vital tool if you—”

“He’s *mine!*” Chikako blurted, swivelling on her mistress… and realising, a second later, just what she’d done.

Orochi turned on her. A vast shadow spread across the chamber, casting the serpent’s face in perfect darkness — all except for those slitted red eyes. Chikako bowed low, staring at the floor as sweat broke out across her back. “I’m sorry, I—*ah!*”

Chikako’s eyes went wide as a massive hand wrapped around her legs and scooped her into the air, flipping her upside-down in the process. The shift in gravity drove a gassy ***burp*** from Chikako’s lips, and she clamped both hands over her mouth as she stared into her mistress’ eyes.

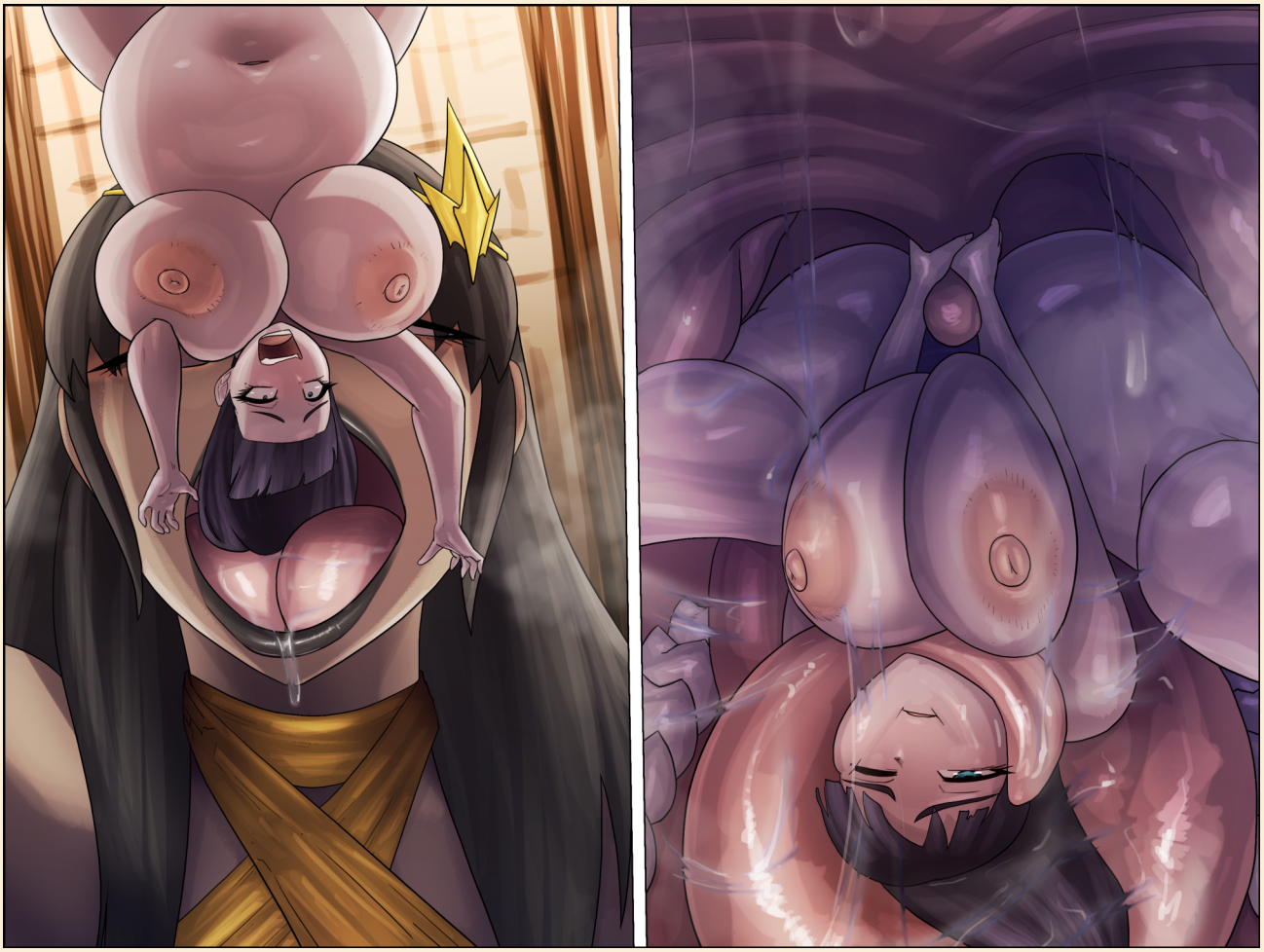
Madame Orochi held Chikako tens of feet above the ground — higher than her own head, so she was peering up into her servant’s frightened eyes. As she studied Chikako, she turned her from side to side, and reached up her other hand to tickle and prod at her big pred-gut.

“M-Mistress, I— ***URRRRRP!***” Chikako went cross-eyed from the force of her own belch, and panted for air in its aftermath. “I didn’t mean to— ***BHUORRRRP!***—offend you, I just—***HURRRAP!***”

“*You* do not talk back to *me,*” Orochi said. Venom dripped from her lips and sizzled on the floor. “Your usefulness affords you certain privileges: *refusing* me is not one of them. It seems a lesson is in order…”

Chikako gave an involuntary yelp as Madame Orochi opened her mouth *wide.* Her tongue emerged, pink and prehensile, over the brim of her sumptuous dark lips, to spill down her chin and waggle its forked tip like an invitation. The inside of her mouth was vast enough to claim Chikako in one bite. Drool roped from the roof of her mouth and into her throat, mingling with the steaming venom that ran from her fangs. Chikako stared downwards in shock, past Madame Orochi’s dangling uvula and into the deep, dark pit of her gullet — a passageway that had guzzled countless lives to their final destination, from peasant to hero to immortal. From the depths of the serpent’s body came a low ***blrrrrble*** as Orochi’s stomach stirred with hunger.

“Mistress—” Chikako said again, but it was no use. The pressure around her legs disappeared, and Madame Orochi dropped her favourite servant into her mouth! Chikako squeaked as she landed on the sloped surface of the immortal’s tongue, and immediately swivelled in an attempt to claw her way out of Orochi’s sauna-like mouth — but her mistress’s tongue was already rising, curling inwards, as those monstrous lips shaped themselves into a smirk. Chikako slid backwards, downwards, gasping as the light drew further away. Hot breaths billowed around her, and Orochi’s saliva tingled where it soaked into Chikako’s skin — a mixture of venom and digestive enzymes making her breasts and belly super-sensitive!



Chikako rolled onto her back a moment before Madame Orochi's tonsils were upon her. She had maybe half a second to react — to jam her feet into the squishy pudge of her mistress's tonsils and grab onto her uvula, sinking her fingers deep into that soft, slippery bud — before Madame Orochi ***GULPED.*** Her tonsils yawned apart, and Chikako's feet slipped between them, admitting the rest of her body into the gurgling, red descent of the immortal's ***throat.***

Chikako squeezed Orochi's uvula with all her might, yelping and whimpering as she held herself over the precipitous drop of her mistress's esophagus. It flexed around her, trying to chug her down, but she held fast. "Mistress, let me make amends!" she cried. "I'll free the boy, I'll do whatever you wish!"

Madame Orochi *laughed,* and experiencing it from inside her was a terrible thing indeed. The sumptuous jolts of laughter shook Chikako

where she hung, and her fingers slipped a little further down the immortal's uvula. Her own immense weight worked against her: her massive belly ***gworrgle***d around its prey while, far beneath her, Orochi's much larger stomach ***SNARLED*** with hunger.

"What I *wish* is for my servants to know their place," the immortal gurgled, and swallowed again. Her throat crashed tight around Chikako's body, and the base of her tongue jumped, dumping a fresh deluge of saliva over her most powerful soldier. Chikako was barely holding on! "You'd do well to remember that, dear girl."

The world turned — just as Chikako lost her grip on Madame Orochi's uvula. She gave a squawk of fear, starting to sink down her mistress's throat… but then came a lurch, and she was expelled upwards, sliding back onto Orochi's tongue. She whimpered as Madame Orochi opened wide and extended her tongue, pushing Chikako out into the cool, dry air and cradling her in the hammock of her massive, prehensile tongue — glowering down at her with a mix of anger and sadistic glee.

"I'm… sorry…" Chikako wheezed, utterly exhausted. "It's just… He *ate* Miho…"

Orochi lifted Chikako by her ankles and set her on the floor. "Your friends getting digested was your own fault," the immortal said, rising back to her full height. "Keep the boy as your belly pet, if you wish, but keep him alive and whole. Do not disobey me, Chikako."

The shadows receded, the atmosphere growing lighter as Orochi slithered away. Chikako panted and steamed in her mistress's wake, her skin tingling everywhere Orochi's saliva had touched. She was bone-tired and terrified, but even so, she found herself glowering after her mistress, teeth champing bitterly together. She controlled herself quickly — killed the emotions on her face — but the bile remained.

Orochi's tail-tip left the room many seconds after her human portion had; when she'd gone, the guards shut the enormous door.

Inside Chikako's belly, Nagisa was laughing. "*What was that about mulching me?*" he shouted. A dark red blush spread across her face. "*It seems I'm off-limits!*"

"There are other ways to enact revenge," Chikako hissed, and picked herself up shakily. "Come, 'belly pet'. Let's get you cleaned up."

Kurogane fled through the forest. Branches snapped and tree trunks exploded in her wake, and all the while, the galloping clod of the chimera's hoofs grew closer.

Kurogane gnashed her teeth in hatred. Was this truly the extent of her powers — to let herself be hunted like a rabbit? She'd spent days trapped in a hyperactive stomach, and upon her rescue, had been thrust immediately into another battle. She hadn't eaten, hadn't slept. Never before in centuries of life had Kurogane been exerted so. And here she was: harried by a slimy *homunculus,* by a spell-crafted thing that had no right standing on her stage.

No right to *fuck* her, as it had mere minutes before.

Kurogane glanced back, and sure enough saw the chimera's ridiculous horsecock bobbing beneath its viscous black belly, dripping slime with every lurch of motion. Kurogane swallowed. One of her Akai-Kage — her elite guard — was impaled on that equine dick, run through from ass to mouth, her body stretched obscenely around it. Her tongue flapped from a mouth stretched as wide as a dinnerplate, her eyes as

scared and pleading as they were pleasured. Kurogane imagined the girl's viewpoint: in the most desperate situation of her life, the trees rushing past in a green blur, and the only thing ahead was her supposedly all-powerful mistress, *running away.*

The girl had come all this way to save Kurogane, and now…!

No. No more cowardice.

"Sorry, Nagisa," Kurogane hissed as she turned around. She'd been running so fast that her sandals skidded several metres over dry forest earth before coming to a halt, leaving twin tracks in the soil. As she stopped, the chimera slowed too, rearing up its feminine human portion and peering at her with wide, emotionless eyes. The girl on its cock quivered in orgasm, squirting and gagging on the equine pillar that stretched her entire digestive tract.

"Mistress!" Another Akai-Kage landed nearby, two daggers held defensively across her chest. "You can't win like this!"

"Shut up," Kurogane said. Shame trembled inside her, spurring her onwards even as it turned her face crimson. Her energy reserves were running low, her magical pressure almost depleted. Any wounds she took now would heal slowly: a concession she couldn't afford, this far from Zanshuyama.

Still, as she gazed upon the chimera's glossy form — moulded from black ooze inside Madame Orochi's body — Kurogane formed a plan.

"Stay back," she said, "and trust me."

“Mistress!” the dagger-wielding girl cried out again as Kurogane stepped toward the monster. She walked slowly, two hands on her hips and the other pair held out innocently, never breaking eye contact with the chimera. The creature had the form of a beautiful female centaur comprised entirely of a slimy black substance, with pale accents: its hair, its lips, its plump nipples.

Kurogane chuckled as she approached the glossy creature, which continued to stare at her without expression. Perhaps it was confused by Kurogane’s body language, or maybe it was waiting for the perfect time to strike. In either case, it allowed Kurogane to stride right up to it. When she was close enough, Kurogane brought a hand to the monster’s chest, grabbing a huge glossy breast and squeezing gently. The chimera simply cocked its head while, below, the gags and squawks of its stretched-out dicksleeve continued to ring out.

“That Orochi has an eye for art,” Kurogane said as she fondled the chimera, squeezing its tits with both hands, lifting them, stroking her palms all over those reflective black surfaces. “Hey there, hot stuff. I wonder if you even understand me…”

As Kurogane massaged those massive udders, she used one of her lower hands to rub the chimera’s waist. She never broke eye contact: watching for something, anything that might betray a hint of feeling. She got it when, just as she pinched down on those big, white nipples, the chimera’s eyes narrowed and its tongue drooped from its mouth, an undeniable expression of *pleasure.*

“Ah… Ahhn…” Its voice, if it could be called that, came as a breathy drawl.

“I guess you *can* feel some things,” Kurogane muttered, tugging the chimera’s nipples rhythmically. “That makes sense: you seemed pretty excited when you were *fucking* me…” She leaned in closer, wrapping a

hand around the chimera's neck and whispering into its ear: "We're lovers, right? So let me tell you a secret. I want you to eat me."

Some part of the chimera must have understood Kurogane, because in the next instant, black tentacles unfolded from the monster's back and snapped around Kurogane's waist, binding her arms and lifting her into the air. Kurogane grinned shakily as the unthinking chimera held her up for inspection. "Someone's hungry," she said. "I'm your target, right? Forget about that cocksleeve; I'm *way* better than—*mmph!*"

The chimera's mouth engulfed Kurogane's entire head. She got one good look into the woman-thing's yawning maw before darkness, and heat, and moisture blanketed her. Kurogane squirmed violently as the centaur-like creature slugged its tongue across her face, rolling and scrubbing that elongated muscle inside and outside of its mouth. One moment it was coiling around Kurogane's neck; the next, its tip was tickling her lips. "Hey!" Kurogane called, only to groan as that tongue shovelled into her mouth and plunged down her throat, making her go a little cross-eyed. "Hlrrgk!"

The chimera's tentacles lifted Kurogane higher. Its slimy hands went to her hips, gripping tight as it sucked on Kurogane's neck like a cock, slurping the busty immortal back and forth, back and forth…

"Come on," Kurogane snarled, wincing with her face squished into the pudge of the chimera's throat-gap. "Deeper, bitch! You know how to swallow, don't you?"



As gags and splutters continued to ring out from beneath the chimera, it finally ***GULPED*** around Kurogane. Its throat worked with astounding strength, and its maw stretched easily to take in the immortal's shoulders. Its tongue slapped across Kurogane's boobs, curling around and jostling her big, sensitive udders inside their gauze wraps before ***slurrrching*** her down even further — and ***gaping*** its mouth and neck around her tits!

Kurogane, chugged down into the chimera's blue depths faster than she'd believed possible, could only hold her breath and brace herself, not letting the creature's juices get into her mouth. Its gullet squeezed her jealously while, outside, its ultra-long tongue coiled around her legs, each loop pulling them tighter together.

Kurogane had suffered all kinds of humiliation recently — so much so that she was getting used to it — but *feeding* herself to another creature was a whole new level of demeaning. Now, suspended upside-down and descending into the squelching, swallowing chute of the busty monster's throat. The chimera's right hand slipped between her legs, and Kurogane grunted as it cupped her sensitive groin in its hand. "Fffuck…" It kept on pulling her deeper… deeper… hypnotising her with its rhythmic peristalsis.

Only Kurogane's legs remained outside, and they presented no issue for the predatory beast. The chimera's eyes glazed over as it slurped Kurogane down, gulp after rippling gulp. The immortal's thick, powerful legs descended in slow bobs, until the chimera took off her sandals and tossed them aside. With one final ***GULP,*** the monster swallowed Kurogane whole – turned her into nothing more than a bulge in its neck and belly that sank, bit by bit, into the stomach of its horselike hindbody.

URRAAAAHHP! The chimera belched loudly, lips wobbling as spit flew. Its eyes were expressionless again, but it panted for air and clutched its forebelly while its equine half started to gurgle and rumble. Its giant horsecock throbbed and drooled.

“No way,” said the dual-sword Akai-Kage, sinking to her knees. “It can’t be…”

Then the chimera’s eyes went wide. Something was wrong, but exactly *what* took a few more moments to appear. A ***glorrrbing*** sound came from deep inside the centaur-like monster as its hindbelly *inflated*, bloating at an astounding rate. The chimera burped smoke, clutching at its flanks while its massive horsecock erupted a huge, geysering white load across the ground! The girl impaled on that raging pillar gave a pathetic squeal as she was buried under the chimera’s inflating mass, which was starting to ***creak*** like an over-full balloon…!

Urrrrp. The chimera burped again, looking down at its immense, swollen mass with dawning confusion. “Uh?”

Then the chimera *popped.* Black goop erupted in every direction, splattering the trees and low-hanging branches. In the place where the monster had just been, Kurogane hovered in the centre of a bubble of counterpressure, her eyes closed, her two pairs of hands clasped tightly together. She set her feet down gently and inhaled, letting her eyes slowly open.

“Guess I was too much to stomach,” she said.

On the ground, the fuck-exhausted guard was gagging and spitting black goop, freed from the impalement of the chimera’s monstercock. Her asshole gaped, and sweat dripped from her hair as she tried to catch her breath. She peered up at Kurogane with tears in her eyes. “You… ***ghakkh…*** you saved me… Mistress…”

“Don’t worry about it,” said Kurogane, stretching the stiffness out of her limbs.

“But… Mistress,” gasped one of the Akai-Kage. “How did you ***do*** that?”

“I taught that thing what an immortal’s counterpressure feels like.” Kurogane rubbed her head while flicking bits of slime off her skin. “Honestly, if the chimera had been any stronger, I would’ve been screwed: it would have absorbed my power at the same rate I pushed it out. As it happens, though…” She concentrated, and the Akai-Kage stepped back quickly as an orb of force radiated around her, blocking back the grass and causing the branches above to rustle. The orb flickered and faded a second later, and Kurogane groaned as she dropped to one knee. “Shit! Serves me right for showing off: my tank’s empty.” She wiped sweat from her forehead and grinned at her servants, who stood around her uncertainly. “Mind helping your mistress up? We’ve got ground to cover.”

Nagisa crossed his arms over his chest and stared at his own reflection in the water’s surface. The bath was rose-scented and opulent, but nothing could take the edge off his near-death experience. Besides, the luxury was a ploy. Chikako hated him, and would extend him no kindness that wasn’t a screen for some deceit.

He was too weak to attempt escape — and his captors knew it. He’d been left mockingly alone in the bath-chamber, with only one of those burly guards posted outside the door. They thought him defeated… and Nagisa would have considered that an advantage if it wasn’t so true.

Nagisa tried to relax his muscles, to let the hot water heal him… but counterpressure left the heart racing and the body tense. Hard to calm

down after staving off powerful acid: he still couldn't believe he'd escaped Chikako's hell-pit of a stomach. A few more minutes in there, and he'd have…

No. He wouldn't let himself think about that — nor would he play along with Chikako's charade any longer. He started to rise from the water—

—and stopped in place as the door opened.

Chikako entered the room naked, each sauntering stride causing her huge breasts to rock and her asscheeks to wobble deliciously. Nagisa was reminded of just how *massive* she was: empowered by her near-digestion of Lady Kurogane, she'd become so huge that ordinary people only rose up to her thigh. Of course, that fact was already impressed upon Nagisa — for him, even the inside of Chikako's gut had been spacious — but he goggled at her anyway, in the same kind of awe he supposed a rabbit felt for a lion.

"Sorry for keeping you waiting," Chikako said, resting a hand on the pudge of her hip. "I was sending out invites."

Just as she said that, women flooded through the door — a whole horde of naked servants, their expressions ranging from excitement to shy embarrassment as they headed for the bath. Before Nagisa could respond, the large bath was filled with splashing beauties. They jostled all around him, playfully pushing each other, laughing as the hot water soaked into their skin…

"What is this?" Nagisa demanded as Chikako stepped into the bath, her monstrous form causing waves to lap across the surface. She chuckled at him, and sat down in the water to Nagisa's right, leaning against the edge and stretching out her legs underwater. The bath swelled as she sat, and broke its banks, water surging over the edge and pouring into

the drains. Nagisa twitched; her belly took up most of his vision, too much of a presence to ignore. She smirked and dropped a hand to her gut, sinking her palm into its softness, rubbing and bouncing her wobbly shelf of a belly.

"Missing it already?" she asked. ***Groooooohn…*** Her belly rumbled in response. "It misses *you*."

Nagisa glared at her. She giggled… before shooting out a hand to wrap around his waist. He ***glrk***ed as she yanked him forwards — forced him to straddle her left thigh and sit with his body pressed right up against her monumental belly. Up this close, its muffled ***gurgling*** was all too audible. Nagisa squirmed and tried to pull away, but Chikako's hand fastened tight around his back and pulled him in even *deeper,* squishing him into the overwhelming pudge.

"*Let — go!*" Nagisa cried, but he was still too weak, too diminished to fight back.

"Such a waste," Chikako said, peering down at him. "You could have enjoyed life as an esteemed soldier. Instead you went and fled the Temple. Look where *that* got you."

"I don't regret my decisions," Nagisa growled, though it was hard to sound menacing around a face full of belly. "But look at you — you're nothing but a slave."

"Really?" she chuckled, and licked her lips. "Could a slave do *this?*"



Before Nagisa's eyes, Chikako reached out and grasped two of the servant-girls playing in the bath. They yelped as the giant woman lifted them clear of the rose-scented water and bundled them together, squishing their shiny breasts and flat tummies against each other.

"Now kiss," said Chikako, and the servants hesitated, blushing, before pressing their lips together in a gentle smooch.

To Nagisa's horror, Chikako ***yawned*** her mouth open and inserted the bundled beauties into the wetness of her maw. ***Ommph…*** She kept her eyes on Nagisa a moment longer, narrowing them in cruel amusement, before tilting back her head and staring at the ceiling as she slowly, steadily ***gulped*** the two girls down.

GLUCK. GLURK. Chikako's throat worked in powerful lurches, each pulse drawing the two girls in deeper, past their waists and down to their legs. Chikako's neck bulged around their squirming forms, and their muffled cries rang out from within. Nagisa looked around in panic, wishing he could stop Chikako but knowing he lacked the strength. The other girls in the pool had stopped their play, and stared at Chikako in rapt terror as she curled her tongue around the four feet of her prey sandwich and ***chugged*** them down her gullet.

"***Urrrrp.***" Chikako's tongue flopped out in a satisfied belch. Nagisa flinched as he felt movement in her belly: the ***PLUNK*** of the two girls spilling into her stomach. She was so large that her belly barely seemed to gain weight, though Nagisa *felt* the added heft well enough. Immediately, Chikako's belly started to grumble like a waking dragon, her digestive engine firing up. Nagisa shouldn't have been shocked — he'd experienced her stomach's potency firsthand — but he stared slack-jawed as the cries of Chikako's prey went from calls for help, to incoherent moaning, in a matter of seconds.



“You see,” Chikako said, plapping a palm down on Nagisa’s head. “My gut’s been denied *two* meals lately. I was looking forward to *churning* you and your mistress, so right now, I’m hungrier than I’ve ever been.” She hovered a hand tauntingly over her stomach… then brought it down in a ***smack*** that sent her bulbous middle wobbling from side to side. “Since this is your fault, you get to watch me eat every single one of these girls.”

Nagisa reeled back in disgust. There had to be twenty girls in the bath! Surely, even Chikako couldn’t hope to stuff that many people down her—

She got started. Noah gasped as Chikako’s hands shot out one by one, scooping girls out of the bath and shovelling them into her wide-open maw! Beautiful women vanished into the darkness behind Chikako’s tonsils, ***GLUCK***ed and ***SCHLORK***ed down like noodles. Chikako ate as

though starving, barely pausing to savour each mouthful before swallowing and moving onto the next.

"Run!" Nagisa called to the remaining girls. He trembled before Chikako's gluttony. "You can escape if you work together!"

"Run away?" asked a cute redhead as Chikako lifted her with one hand. "Why would I want to do *that?*"

Her eye-contact with Nagisa was short-lived; her head and shoulders became a bulge in Chikako's neck, and less than a second later, Chikako was gulping down her feet. All the while, the girl kept a hand between her thighs, masturbating like a pervert even as she was devoured. Afterwards, Chikako sighed happily, then opened wide for a big, brassy—

"***HORRRRP!*** That's your problem, Nagisa," said the giant predator. Nagisa glared at her with all the hate in the world, helpless to do anything but stare. "You never learned your place. Weak little morsels should feel *honoured* to feed me." She scratched his head affectionately until he pulled away. "You had a chance to be something greater, but you squandered it. Now you're living on borrowed time."

"Better *that* than serve a monster."

"That's our world," Chikako said. ***Whap! Whap!*** She smacked her belly twice more. "If you don't become a monster, you become food. What — are you going to tell me Kurogane *doesn't* eat her servants?"

Nagisa had no answer to that.

Kurogane sat on a fallen tree trunk and gave the gourd a shake, scowling at the thick black liquid sloshing around within.

"I need to drink *all* of this?" she asked.

"Yes," said the Akai-Kage with the dual swords. A stern-looking young woman with a black ponytail. "We could face more danger on our journey back to Zanshuyama. You need to recover your strength."

"Yeah, but…" Kurogane squinted into the black goop. It continued to slurp and burble even when she wasn't rocking the gourd. Was the chimera still alive, and trying to reform itself even now? Kurogane sighed. It was rare for her to find a meal distasteful, but the chimera was Orochi's creation, made by digesting Kurogane's own guards into a monster-soup.

Kurogane groaned. Why *now*, of all times, of all *places,* was she getting shy about swallowing her own people? They were mortals, born and raised to serve beings like herself, whether through worship or digestion. To toil in her stomach — that was simply the order of things.

So why…?

Kurogane winced and said, "Bottoms up." She hoisted the gourd high, her lips to the brim, and started to drink. The warm, black ooze travelled down her throat slowly; she had to swallow *hard* to force it down. ***ULK. GLULK.*** One of her four hands slapped the base of the gourd, shaking it to keep the chimeric liquid flowing down her gullet.

Even as she drank, Kurogane felt the liquid moving inside her, squirming where it pooled inside her stomach. Her belly began to bloat when the gourd was about half-empty, and kept on swelling, growing wide and gravid over her lap, as Kurogane tipped the vessel further and further back. She rolled one hand over her bloating stomach, feeling it squirm and lurch with the chimera's liquid motions. Her belly ***glorp***ed and roiled, bumping from left to right as the ooze creature within started to panic, perhaps realising its situation. Kurogane fixed her brow and kept going — until the gourd was empty and she swallowed the last gurgling ***gulp*** of ooze.

"*Haah…*" She sat back to admire her belly, rubbing it with her lower hands while the upper ones knitted in her hair. "Gotta say — tastier than I expected."

Then she gasped as her belly ***lurched*** to the left, nearly toppling her backwards. She clutched her middle tighter, but that only caused the chimera to struggle even more violently. Kurogane clenched her teeth and snarled as her massive stomach distended, leapt, and shifted — like her own belly was fighting her!

"Mistress!" said the Akai-Kage, stepping forward. "Can you handle it?"

Can you handle it. The words made Kurogane snarl. "Of course I can!" she barked, sweat-drops forming on her brow. She punched her gut. "Stay down and *digest,* you dumb-ass slime!" The Akai-Kage grunted, and called out to her comrades. The last remnants of Kurogane's personal guard emerged from the treeline. "I can handle this myself!" Kurogane protested, but the girls would hear no argument from her. Kurogane yelped as they started manhandling her, guiding her off the tree trunk and making her lie on the forest floor. She could have shaken them off, but their flat stares gave her pause. What was this *disrespect?*

In the next moment, Kurogane *moaned* as the ponytailed girl mounted her belly, straddling it with her toned thighs and starting to rock her hips. The other guards knelt to massage Kurogane's gut, methodically stroking and pressing, encouraging her digestion. Within seconds, Kurogane's belly was ***roaring,*** grumbling, gurgling noisily as it attacked the chimeric ooze, suppressing its prey bit by bit.

"N-No!" Kurogane moaned, red-faced and more than a little turned-on by her own helplessness. She squeezed the grass with her four hands and yelled, "I'll never forgive you for this! Get… the hell… *off!*"

Despite her cries, the Akai-Kage continued their gang-massage. "I preferred when you were asleep," said the ponytailed girl, continuing her soothing hip-motions.

"Yeah," said another. "At least then I could imagine you were some great warrior."

"Who said that?" Kurogane groaned. "You can't… say that to *me!* Hnngh…"

"You keep losing fights," said a voice to the right of her belly. "You got our friends eaten."

"Captain Nagisa…" said another. The Akai-Kage were silent for a moment, glowering their accusation at Kurogane.

"So, we're taking things into our own hands," said the ponytailed girl. "From now on, you're going to be the immortal we trained so hard to protect. Understand?"

Kurogane stared at her, dumbfounded. This was the strangest mutiny ever. These girls weren't strong enough to *command* her to do anything, but here they were, pressing her to the ground as though she were a helpless little toy, massaging her erogenous belly so she couldn't speak except through *moans.*

"Hauhh… You bitches… don't know who you're messing with!"

"She doesn't understand," said one of the girls.

They kept on going, rubbing Kurogane's belly, smushing it up and down, from left to right, all while it ***GURRRGLE***d and ***CHURN***ed like a cauldron. Kurogane couldn't even suppress her moans: she wailed loud and clear, tossing her head around as she got closer and closer to her climax. The humiliation was nearly unbearable: she bit down on her rage and squealed through her teeth, arching her back—!

"Okay!" she rasped. "I'll try harder! I'll—"

"I don't believe you," said the ponytailed girl, and ***SLAPPED*** Kurogane's tummy with all her might.

Kurogane went blind as she came, gargling and thrashing her hips up off the ground, quivering and quaking as she squirted slick, clear juice through her panties. Her feminine moans rolled through the forest, making birds take flight, as she slammed her fists on the ground and endured the most powerful *bellygasm* she'd ever experienced! She kept quaking for a long minute, sucking quick gasps of air, staring at the tree canopy in rosy-cheeked desperation as she came down from her burning high.

“Fffh… *ffhhuaah…*” Kurogane wheezed in the aftermath. Her belly ***glorp***ed contentedly, no longer moving around, shrunken significantly from before. The chimera was gone, and she could already feel its power sinking into her atoms, starting to restore her from the ardours of the last few days. Her Akai-Kage dismounted and stood over her, arms crossed, looking down with faces of amusement, of weariness, of disappointment.

“Gonna… eat you *all…*” Kurogane hissed.

“Go ahead,” said the ponytailed girl, and she sank a sandalled foot into the pudge of Kurogane’s belly. ***Glorrrp.*** “But first, we’re going to make you *strong.*”

“Huff… At last, a *proper* meal.”

Chikako lazed back against the edge of the bath and ***BWORRRP***ed, her lips and belly vibrating heartily. She kept one hand on Nagisa’s back, holding him firmly in place as he tried to pull away.

GWORRRRG. GLURRRRGL…

Nagisa groaned, more helpless than ever, as his senses were completely occupied by Chikako’s belly. She’d devoured every last one of the servant girls, cramming them down her ravenous throat until her belly filled most of the bath, leaving little room for water. Nagisa looked tiny compared to her heaving gut: it was so massive that he sprawled on *top* of it, and wouldn’t have slid even if Chikako had stopped pressing him down.

BWUORRRRG…

The sounds of her belly, the scent of her skin, the heat of her, the way her eyes narrowed when she caught his stare… How was Nagisa supposed to measure up to *that?* Chikako meant to impress her supremacy upon him, and it was working.

"This was your fault," Chikako purred, stroking her fingernails gently up his spine. "All those poor girls: churned into fat because of *you.*"

"…Evil…" Nagisa snarled. He felt like a caged tiger: prodded with sticks, wishing he could tear his captor to pieces, but lacking the means.

"Evil?" Chikako asked. "Your body thinks differently."

She rolled him over onto his back. He had no choice in the matter: Chikako easily grasped his limbs and flipped him over on her belly, so his chest heaved toward the ceiling, and his cock…

…his *rock-hard, throbbing monstercock…* pointed straight upwards. Chikako giggled at the sight of it, and gave it a flick to watch it swing up and down. Nagisa groaned in unwanted pleasure, a single rope of precum slinging from his tip as he sank his fingers into Chikako's belly.

"Does evil make you horny?" Chikako asked. "How despicable. If you like being close to my body, you only have to ask…"

With that, she scooped him up in one hand and lifted him high in the air. Nagisa struggled all the while, yelping as Chikako's pink maw *yawned* beneath him and her tongue probed out to tickle his feet. Her eyes

narrowed as she lowered him, treating him to a slow, torturous descent into the heat of her mouth. He kicked along her tongue and tried to pry her fingers open, but it was no use: her tongue-tip flickered between his legs, higher and higher, until it flicked and caressed his big, fat cock and balls. Nagisa clenched his teeth and tried not to show any pleasure on his face, though his blurring eyes and blushing cheeks told Chikako everything she wanted to know. She gargled laughter and tickled his cock with her hyper-agile tongue, watching his big, studly pillar bounce and flex with nervous delight.

"Ahhhm…!"

Noah gasped when Chikako's lips closed around his waist, making a kissy purse and holding him in its softness as she batted her eyelids up at him. Her lips pinned his arms to his sides with vacuum suction; he felt his entire lower body stewing in her mouth, his cock stroking her gums as she rolled her tongue around him in circles, lathering her saliva into his skin.

"Hrrgh…" Nagisa avoided her eyes and tried to endure, but what was the point? She was going to make him cum whether he liked it or not: he could feel his pleasure building, building inside, growing bright-hot and impossible to ignore. His feet scrabbled on the slippery precipice of Chikako's tonsils, occasionally dipping into the hot, clenching entrance to her throat. Her tongue kept on licking him, not just on his cock, but *everywhere* it could reach, spreading his legs and lifting them, stroking his tummy, goading him with her rising heat, until…!

Nagisa let out a shocked yell as he came at last, spurting hot jets of cream all over Chikako's tongue. She leaned a little further backwards, wearing an expression of utter contentment as she watched her belly-pet quiver and twist himself in a state of heavenly climax. Her tongue wiggled and rippled as Nagisa came all over it, feeding her his thick, tasty seed… far more than any *normal* girl could handle, but hardly enough to wet this beastly woman's tongue.



Once he was done — and he'd fallen limp, panting for air amid her lips' tight embrace — Chikako rolled out her tongue, shovelling it under his back and out of her mouth like a long, red carpet. Her mouth opened wide — "*Auuhh…!*" — and her eyes glittered in cruel glee as Nagisa slid down into her maw. He tried to climb free, but her tongue curled up and around him, and packed him neatly inside. Nagisa reached for the light as Chikako's lips closed over him, locking him completely in the heat of her mouth.

But she didn't swallow yet. No — instead of getting it over with and gulping her pet down, Chikako started to roll the bundled-up boy around inside her mouth. He grunted as her tongue tossed him end over end, scrubbing him against the insides of her cheeks, the roof of her maw… She *sucked* on him like a gumball, sloshed him over her rolling tongue, bulged out one cheek and then the other with his curled-up body.

"Mmmhh…" Chikako squinted one eye shut and prodded the bulge in her cheeks… before tipping back her head and ***ULP***ing loudly. Nagisa cried out as he slid from the relatively-spacious pocket of her maw into the tight, squeezing tube of her gullet, the bulge of his body transferring from her face down to her neck in less than a second. ***Slrrk.***

She flexed her throat, bobbing Nagisa in her neck. He continued to protest inside her, struggling in his pathetically balled-up position as she gurgled and tapped the bulge in her neck… before closing both eyes and giving a final, powerful swallow. ***SCHGLULK!*** Her neck shrank inwards, forcing Nagisa down into the gurgling depths of her immense belly and depositing him in a sea of slut-soup.

"Enjoy your swim," Chikako said, then ***BWURRRP***ed for five whole seconds. Her palm rang a few jaunty slaps on the flank of her oversized gut, sending delicious wobbles through it. "I'll let you out once I think up your next punishment. Until then… reflect on your life. Not that it'll last much longer…"

The swords came down in an X-shaped slash. The strike was refined, the movement practised a thousand times over — but it didn't stand a chance of reaching an immortal. Kurogane spat a bolt of web that stuck the blades together and blunted their edges. The ponytailed girl was fast: the instant her weapons were bound, she ducked back to un-stick them, escaping Kurogane's range while her comrades executed their multi-pronged attack. Kurogane fended off a mace-wielding Akai-Kage with one hand and a spear-wielding one with another two, using the fourth to steady herself against a tree trunk. The attacks came in without pause, forcing Kurogane to shake off the rust from her martial arts. Refreshed from her meal, she moved at superhuman speed, and felt herself growing faster as the Akai-Kage pressed in.

"Good!" the ponytailed girl called, wrenching her swords apart. "*This* is the Kurogane from our legends!"

Kurogane grinned, but even as she stomped on a spear-haft and tossed its wielder across the clearing, she knew this wasn't nearly enough to prepare her for Madame Orochi. Even Orochi's minions were equipped with magical treasures that could break through an immortal's defences like nothing. The Akai-Kage were obviously proud of their skills — their eyes flashed with excitement whenever their weapons got close to Kurogane's skin — but they stood no chance of hitting her, no matter how many angles they struck from.

Kurogane ruined another girl's hopes by kicking her in the gut. Her leg was longer than the girl's sword-reach, and the blade swiped at air as its wielder flew backwards, expelling air and drool from her lips. She landed well — her counterpressure was running on high — but when she rose to attack again, Kurogane held out a hand.

“Stop.”

Her guards faltered. They were all panting, sweating, exhilarated. Kurogane almost felt bad denying them their playtime, but ultimately…

“This isn’t working.”

The Akai-Kage glanced at each other, scowling. Maybe they hadn’t realised it themselves — from their perspective, it must have seemed they were pushing Kurogane to her limit. They really *did* have a low opinion of her.

“You can’t quit training just like that,” said the ponytailed girl, stepping forward with her swords ready. “You promised us.”

“What’s your name?” Kurogane asked.

“Anzu,” said the swordswoman.

“Okay, Anzu…” Kurogane clasped her palms in front of herself. “Before now, you’ve only seen me fight at my weakest. I’ll admit the last few days were a personal low-point. But now you need to understand who you’re dealing with.”

Anzu didn’t get a chance to reply. Before she could, Kurogane vanished behind an eruption of earth and grass: a pressure-wave blasted outwards from her, a wall of intense counterpressure that lifted several girls off their feet and sent them flailing through the air. Anzu leapt backwards, flipping in mid-air before landing gracefully at the edge of the clearing, wincing against the buffeting grass and soil until the storm cleared.

In its wake was a crater encompassing the entire clearing. On a small island of grass at its centre stood Lady Kurogane, unclasping her hands and placing them on her hips, staring at Anzu as if to say, *Well?*

Anzu wiped a sweat-drop from her brow and sighed. Her comrades were picking themselves up from the ground, staring at Kurogane in awe and something akin to hope. Anzu was smart enough to see the problem. If Kurogane was out of the Akai-Kage's league, how could they hope to make her stronger?

"Quite the conundrum," said a new voice.

The Akai-Kage reacted instantly. Tired as they were, they'd spent their lives preparing to defend their mistress from any threat. Weapons brandished, they turned on the source of the voice…

The mature woman leaned against a tree trunk, arms crossed beneath a sizeable bust. She wore a white kimono with a dark hakama, and would have looked every bit the humble shrine maiden if not for her huge, bursting cleavage and the wine jug in her hand. She drank from it now, blinking half-drunkenly at Kurogane as she gulped.

"*Immortal,*" said Anzu. Sprouting from the newcomer's dark hair was a pair of cat eats that twitched as though in response to Anzu's attention. She winked at the Akai-Kage, then grinned prettily as Kurogane turned to face her.

If Kurogane was surprised, she didn't show it. She rubbed her muscles as she faced the newcomer, who'd managed to approach without alerting her *or* her guards.



“If it isn’t Lucky,” Kurogane said, and to Anzu’s shock, she strode towards the newcomer with her arms wide, smiling pleasantly. “It’s been — what, three centuries?”

“What are centuries to a friendship like ours?” Lucky asked, and exposed herself for Kurogane’s embrace.

Instead, Kurogane’s hand wrapped around her neck and ***slammed*** her head against the tree. Kurogane leaned in close, her expression calm and lazy, but her tone utterly deadly: “Last time we met, you stole my magic mirror.”

“I have *no* idea what you’re talking about.” Lucky’s smile remained wide. “And even if, in the ancient past, I *did* happen to commit some minor larceny, you’re about to forgive me for it.”

“Oh yeah? Why would I do that?”

“Because,” sighed Lucky, as if she were talking to a child, “I know where Orochi’s daughters are.”

A long silence followed as Kurogane processed this. Reluctantly, she released Lucky’s throat. “Keep talking.”

“Word is, you’re at war with Madame Orochi.” Lucky slipped out from between Kurogane and the tree, and walked slowly around her. “I’m sure you know most of us immortals would *love* for you to deal with her in our stead. *‘Let Kurogane do the bleeding while we hang back!’* Their words, not mine.”

“Her daughters, Lucky. What about them?”

Lucky stopped behind Kurogane and grasped her shoulders. The cat-eared immortal was just as tall as her, towering over the Akai-Kage. “They’re in a cave, meditating, less than a day’s travel from here.” Lucky’s hands moved slowly, massaging Kurogane as she spoke. “If you wanna beat Madame Orochi, you’ll need the right source of protein. You could do worse than her own offspring.”

“It sounds grim when you put it that way.” Kurogane was thinking. Lucky had spoken at least one mote of truth: eating immortals would grant power.

At long last, Nagisa was allowed rest. He lay on his back on a pile of cushions, chest rising and falling in ragged breaths as he tried to recover from his ordeal. His limbs were numb, his pressure all burned out. He could barely move. His cock lay limp over his right thigh, sore and abused.

No one was coming for him. The realisation struck him so hard that he winced. Lady Kurogane thought he was dead, churned to mush inside Chikako’s belly — and even if she *did* plan to rescue him, she was far too weak to defeat her nemesis. In the end, Nagisa’s life had come full circle: here he was, festering in the very hell he’d sought to escape, his fate in the clutches of monsters.

It seemed odd they’d dumped him in this chamber. The ‘bed’ was little more than a stack of lavish cushions bounded by thin curtains. Incense drifted from hanging censers of gold and silver: the aroma overwhelmed the senses and made it impossible to fall asleep.

When Nagisa heard a slithering sound, his eyes widened. He sat up and looked about in a panic, but the boudoir was dim, and everything beyond the curtains was shadow.

"Show yourself," Nagisa said. The slithering drew closer and closer, seeming to circle him. He detected movement in his peripheral vision, but only for a heartbeat: when he squinted into that darkness, nothing resolved itself.

Then two hands fell on his shoulders, and he yelped in fright.

"Now *here's* a familiar face," said Madame Orochi. Her breasts crushed against his back like a warm blanket, her nipples stiff against his skin. Nagisa didn't dare move: though her hands were smooth and her grip gentle, he could feel the bone-crushing strength that lay dormant in the immortal lurking behind him. Her hands slipped down his arms, squeezing his muscles in a play-massage, before she chuckled in his ear. "You were a gladiator, weren't you? I remember you glowering up at me from the arena…"

She remembered *that?* Nagisa gathered his breath, all too aware of Orochi's fangs mere inches from his neck. "How are you…?"

"…So small?" Orochi finished for him, and released his arms. With a flex of her serpent tail, she was around him, one coil of her scaly hindbody hooped lazily about his waist, constricting him without effort as she peered down into his eyes. Meeting her stare like that, Nagisa couldn't keep the hatred from his face. Here was the being who'd torched his home, forced him into a school where failures were devoured by those who succeeded. Now she was *mounting* him, pressing her bare pussy close to his cock… which was, against his will, slowly stiffening. "Oho…" Orochi reached out and pressed the tip of his cock, making it twitch and throb. "Shrinking myself down was the right choice. Maybe you can please me, after all…"



She was heating him up. Her hips swayed back and forth, and in slow circles, grinding herself against his dick. He winced and twitched. The slick, wet feeling of her cunt was driving him crazy, waking up his desire despite the exhaustion of his long day. He continued to glare at her, to show her his fury, but she kept on grinding, ignoring his feelings entirely. Her breasts pushed up in his face, squishing his features and making mockery of his vicious expression, deliberately sloshing her massive udders to ***bap*** and ***plap*** against his face. Her nipples were already stiff.

"You think you can break me?" Nagisa snarled. "I'm not afraid of you."

"We both know *that* isn't true." Orochi leaned forward and ***schlucked*** herself onto his cock. Nagisa hissed out loud as she engulfed his meat, swallowing it whole inside her red-hot pussy and starting to rock, to ***whap*** and ***slap*** her hips against his own! "Unnghh…" She loomed over him, curving her beautiful body to drive him deeper into the stack of cushions. ***Plap, plap, plap!*** Her hungry cunt slurped up his cock again and again, tormenting it with a nonstop barrage of head-to-balls strokes!

"What… hnnh… do you want with me?" Nagisa asked. It was hard not to become lost in Orochi's motions, to be hypnotised by her hips. He was a mere mortal, and Orochi was so much *more.* He found himself, without intending to, grabbing onto the serpent-woman's wide brown hips as she shunted herself repeatedly onto him, making him gasp with pleasure.

Was it the incense making him so horny, or was it Orochi's very presence? He tried to reign himself in, to remind himself how many innocent people — his own countrymen — had been devoured by this creature… but the fact remained: no matter what he did, Orochi was going to make him cum.

“Let’s make a game of this, shall we?” Orochi purred, and leaned in to kiss Nagisa’s neck. He felt the tips of her fangs brush his skin, her breasts pancake across his chest entirely. “I’m going to milk you. And every time you cum… Well, you’ll see.”

Her hips sped up, and Nagisa yelped as her pussy sucked his cock with unrelenting fury. ***SCHLOP, SCHLOP, SCHLOP, SCHLOP, SCHLOP!*** Before that strength, he was nothing, a speck of a mortal squirming in her coiled clutches. She plapped her hips against his three or four times a second, ringing out such obscene wet noises that they were all Nagisa could hear. He tensed and spasmed, pawing at the sides of her tits like a ship’s mast in a storm, sinking his fingers knuckle-deep into her overflowing bust as the pressure in his groin grew to an unbearable level. “Oughhh--!”

Nagisa came hard, eyes flinging back in their sockets as he spasmed beneath the horny serpent and blew a fat load in her womb. His cock pulsed and pumped wildly, his hips trying to thrust despite the weight bearing down on them. He nearly went blind with ecstasy, gurgling and moaning while the evil serpent snickered at his debauched cum-face.

“I’m beginning to see your charm,” Orochi purred, rolling her hips to keep on milking his cock. “Now, then…”

There was a noise like stretching rubber, and Nagisa glurked in confusion as Orochi grew heavier… and *heavier.* She was swelling in all dimensions, growing as she drained him, regaining a tiny bit of her true size. When she stopped expanding, she had him pinned so thoroughly that no amount of squirming could have freed him. Just one of her breasts was the size of his entire torso, and that enormous chest blanketed his body like a hot, sweaty blanket as she peered down at him through her cleavage.



Despite her size, her pussy remained tight around his cock – not so much because of her folds squeezing his shaft, but because of the *suction.* Her cunt slurped on his groin like it had a mind of its own, hungry and powerful.

"Careful, boy," Orochi purred. "If I get too big, my pussy will suck you right in…"

"Hnngh…" Nagisa grasped the bedsheets and scowled at her. His poor body must have looked so fragile to her, pinned nude beneath her enormous form, but he mustered up his best snarl as he said, "Do your worst!"

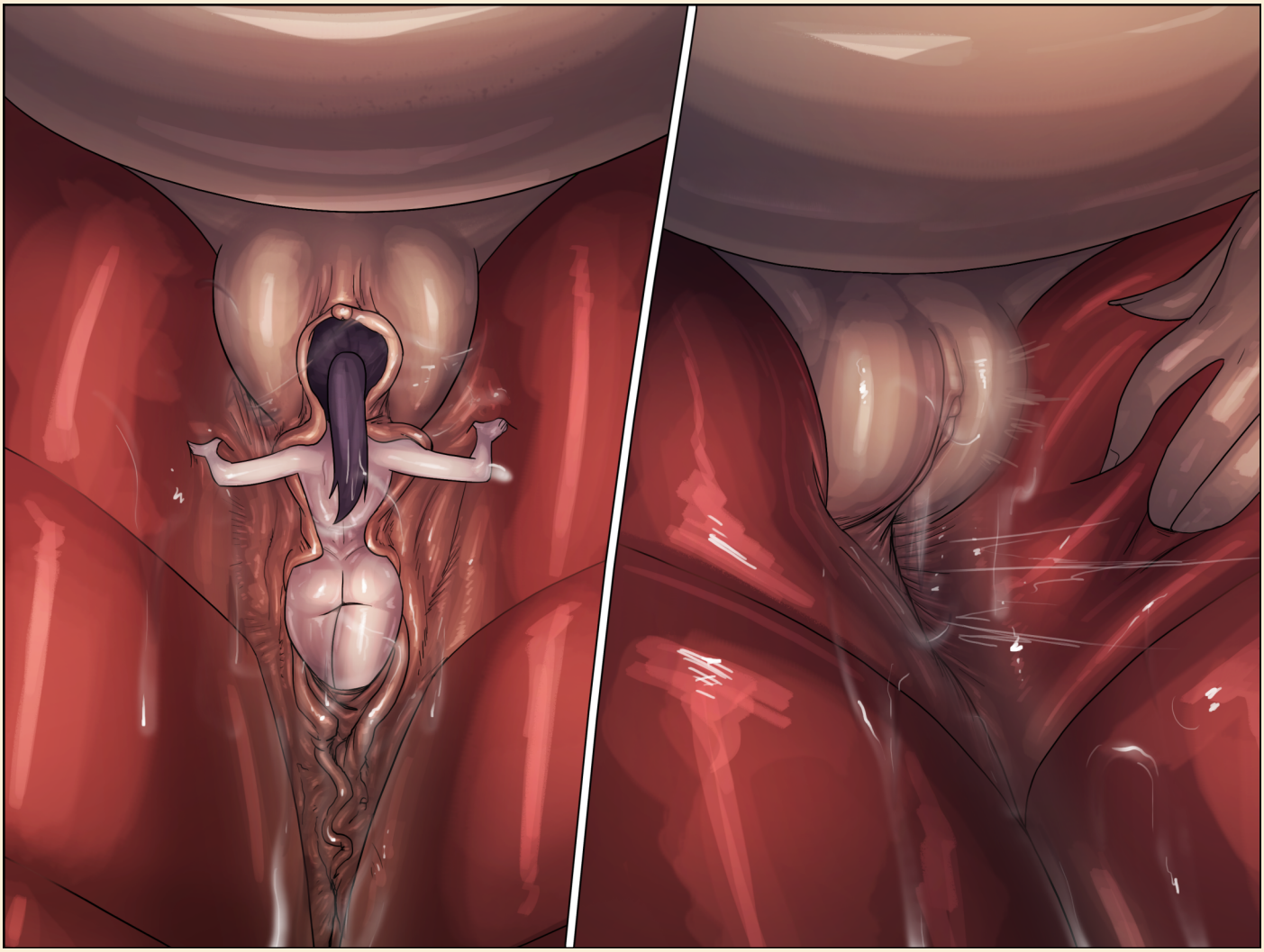
"I'm saving my *worst* for your mistress," said Madame Orochi, her voice deeper and more resonant following her growth. "But if *punishment* is what you want, I'm all too happy to provide."

THUMP! Nagisa felt himself pressed into a crater of cushions by Orochi's next thrust, which slammed into him like a wall and threatened to flatten him. Her pussy clenched, sucking even harder on his tortured cock, stiff once again despite the massive load he'd just blown. "Augh!" Nagisa groaned, quaking from head to toe. He felt used, hollowed out by the sexual demands of his captors, wrung far beyond the point of exhaustion. As Orochi's tits jiggled over his head and her soft belly ***SLAPPED*** against his own, he clung to her waist for dear life, knowing his torment would only stop when she was completely satisfied.

It wasn't long before Nagisa came again. He dug his elbows into the cushions, neck muscles tight, and he *moaned* like a girl as he exploded inside the evil serpent. Orochi just cackled, already *growing* before he finished blasting his ropes inside her. She was too big! The curtains surrounding the boudoir collapsed. Her tail scraped the walls. She kept on bouncing, mashing him down into the cushions with enough force to shake his bones and leave bruises across his body. If not for the

cushions, Nagisa would have been killed by the sheer intensity of Orochi's thrusts. ***THWUMP, THWUMP, THWUMP, THWUMP!*** Her belly jiggled against Nagisa's entire upper body, her breasts pancaked on the floor beyond the stack of cushions. She fucked him like a mad beast, her pussy sucking hard enough to lift his hips off the floor before ***slamming*** him back down over and over again!

Nagisa was going to cum for a third time. He tried to hold it back, but only delayed the inevitable by a few seconds. At last, he closed his eyes tight, clenched his jaw, and ***snarled*** like an animal as he ***exploded*** inside her! ***SPLURRRRRRT!*** His overworked balls stung as they churned up yet another load for Orochi's womb, blasting the very last of his semen reserves in an unwilling dedication to her divinity! She planted her hips low and stirred them back and forth, grinding Nagisa beneath her as she grew bigger… and bigger… and…



Her pussy engulfed him. Nagisa had barely enough time to cry out — to give one more defiant call — before Orochi's pussy ***SLURPED***, and he vanished from the outside world. His greatest enemy devoured him amid the sauna-like folds of her immortal pussy, flexing her vulva and humming her delight as Nagisa sank, squirming, into her womb.

As muffled moans rang from inside her, Orochi rolled onto her back and tickled her clit with two fingers, gazing down past her heaving breasts at the plumpness of her belly. "Mmm…" She pursed her lips in satisfaction. "You were magical, darling. As a reward, I'll let you sleep inside me tonight. Isn't that an honour?"

Nagisa was surrounded by hot, wet membrane. He pawed along the walls of the immortal's womb, but her vaginal canal had already closed up tight, preventing him from escaping the depths of her body. The sounds of her insides were omnipresent, bearing down on him in an oppressive wave: the ***THUD*** of her heart, the ***gurgle*** of her stomach…

At last, exhausted, Nagisa sank back and allowed his burned-out muscles to go limp. "Kurogane," he mouthed as sleep closed around him like iron bars. "Save me…"

"What… *is* this?" Kurogane asked, staring in shock across the cave.

"*These,*" said Lucky, "are the Daughters."

Lounging on the stone dais in the heart of the cave were a pair of women… though perhaps 'pair' wasn't the correct word. They had two human bodies, both dark-skinned and beautiful, with black hair so much like their mother's… but below the waist, they were joined by a single,

glittering serpent's tail. Their scales shone like gemstones, even in the dim light flowing from the cave entrance. Each forebody lounged on a pile of coils. The Daughters shared an ornate wooden pipe, passing it back and forth as they inhaled the sweet smoke.



"There's a spider in our cave," said the leftmost Daughter, whose hair was cut short. "And an unlucky cat."

"Shoo them away, sister," said the rightmove, long-haired Daughter. "Ere they incur my wrath."

Kurogane glanced at Lucky. The mature cat lady smiled, causing the corners of her eyes to wrinkle, and waved her forward with a nonchalant air. *You know what to do,* winked the golden feline eyes.

Kurogane stepped into the cave, checking her corners as she moved. The Daughters barely acknowledged her: the short-haired one handed the pipe to her sister, then sucked at a wine jug while peering down at Kurogane — whether in disdain or curiosity, who could say? When immortal eyes met, a game of concealment followed. Each suppressed their power, keeping their pressure output low — but not *too* low. Appearing weak would be proof of incredible strength.

The two (three?) immortals faced each other, Kurogane at her low elevation, two arms crossed and the other two loose at her waist. The Daughters, at last, rose above their coils to confront the unwelcome guest. Kurogane noted a couple of lumps in their shared snake-body: gurgling bulges of recent prey.

“Okay,” said the long-haired Daughter. “Speak.”

Kurogane spat flame. She gave no tell, no indication of what she was about to do. One second she stood in a relaxed posture: the next, a metres-long tongue of fire illuminated the far reaches of the cave, spearing upwards toward the serpents’ dais. The Daughters yelped. Their tail flexed, and a shield of glimmering coils covered them just in time to catch Kurogane’s blast. When the fire faded, their scales were singed, a patch of sore pink flesh revealed. They lifted themselves up again, enraged. In the cave entrance, Lucky chuckled.

“You know why I’m here,” said Kurogane, and slapped her hard belly. “Like it or not, you’re both going inside.”

“Impudent brat,” said the short-haired Daughter. Kurogane took pleasure in seeing her stoic face twisted with fury. “You couldn’t defeat Mama, so you’re trying your luck here? You just made a ***big*** mistake.”

“We are Mama’s greatest creation,” said the long-haired. She raised a hand, and a spear levitated from behind the dais to land in her grip. “I embody her martial aspect…”

“…and *I* have her magic.” The short-haired Daughter spread her arms wide, and balls of dripping poison manifested in the air around her. Where the poison dripped, stone sizzled. As her magic awakened, there came a fearsome ***churn***ing from her serpent-body, and the lumps in the Daughters’ coils shrank quickly to nothing.

“Empty stomach?” asked Kurogane, sliding into a fighting stance. “Me too.” She scooped a pair of rocks from the ground and clutched them tight… until molten stone dripped between her fingers. She moulded the softening rocks together, stretched the material into the shape of a bo-staff that solidified with supernatural speed. Veins of heat continued to glow through cracks in the staff. Kurogane twirled it experimentally, pointed the tip at the Daughters.

“How resourceful!” called Lucky, leaning so just her head peered through the cave entrance. “I expect great things…”

“After we swallow Kurogane, you’re next,” the long-haired Daughter snapped, and Lucky withdrew with a cackle. Studying Kurogane closely, the long-haired Daughter clucked her tongue. “Fine, then. Let’s—”

Again, Kurogane was first to move. The ground cracked as she leapt into the air and descended on the dais, aiming her staff at the very centre-point of the Daughters’ snake-body. The Daughters were ready this time: with a lurch of serpentine muscle, they leapt backwards, clearing the platform just in time for Kurogane to slam down onto it. Stone cracked, and the dais blew apart in an explosion of superheated rubble.

"*Poison darts!*" Even before the debris cleared, the short-haired Daughter began firing her spells: launching poison globs at high speed. Kurogane walked forwards, moving her staff in figure-eights that deflected the poison and smacked chunks of rubble toward her foes.

"Sorry, girls," Kurogane growled, "but you get to fight me at my best."

The long-haired Daughter lunged forward with her spear. Kurogane smacked it aside and jabbed at her neck, but a flexing coil tugged her out of range. Before Kurogane could adjust, the sisters swapped positions, revolving on their coils so Kurogane was facing the magic-wielder. The short-haired Daughter roared as she thrust out her palms, conjuring a ball of acid that erupted in a cone. Kurogane slammed her staff into the ground and pushed hard — springing up and over the Daughters. When she came down, she thrust the acid-drenched staff into the writhing snake-body.

"***Graahh!***" The Daughters cried out in agony and twisted toward Kurogane. Kurogane smirked and prepared to defend… but then she saw the bitter grins on her enemies' faces.

The Daughters spread out, darting outwards and then in, crossing her peripheral vision so Kurogane couldn't keep track of both at once. She was surrounded, and had to make a choice. Kurogane whirled her staff, blocking the long-haired Daughter and her spear. The short-haired Daughter struck from behind, hooking her arms under Kurogane's and pulling back sharply. She managed to restrain Kurogane's lower arms, but the upper ones were still—

"Now!"

The short-haired Daughter's cry disrupted Kurogane's thinking. She gasped as the long-haired Daughter dropped the spear and rose up

high, opening her mouth ***wide.*** When she lunged, Kurogane barely grabbed her lips in time to stop that yawning maw from engulfing her head. The bo-staff clattered on the ground.

"Nice try," Kurogane huffed, "but that won't—"

She stopped, eyes widening, as the huge, gaping mouth in her clutches grew ***wider.*** The short-haired Daughter snickered in her ear. "Do you like our flexibility?"

It didn't matter how Kurogane pushed at the long-haired Daughter; if her maw kept widening, she'd just slide down past Kurogane's armspan, engulfing both her *and* her sister! Saliva dripped down Kurogane's face and breasts, soaking her gauze chest wrap. She struggled and yelled, but that capacious maw kept sinking down around her, locking her in darkness…

"Nice and comfy inside," said the short-haired Daughter into Kurogane's ear, as she too was devoured by her sister. ***ULP!*** The first swallow grabbed them both in its peristaltic clutches, shunting them deeper into the darkness of the serpent-lady's body. No longer needing to hold her arms, the short-haired Daughter slid her hands along Kurogane's sides, fondling her breasts from behind. "My sister *loves* the busty ones. Oh well, enjoy being churned. Sucks to suck, loser."

With that, the short-haired Daughter let go — and pulled back, ***slurrrch***ing up and out of her sister's mouth! Kurogane's legs were the only part of her still outside, kicking at the empty air… until the short-haired Daughter grabbed them and ***shoved*** them down!

GULP! GLUCK!



Kurogane glowered into the tightening chute, her angry features squished by the folds of the Daughter's gullet. "Hrrgh…" Kurogane was losing count of how many times she'd been eaten lately. ***GLURK!*** Another surge of muscle tugged her down so only her sandals stuck out of the Daughter's mouth, wiggling faintly as the short-haired Daughter placed her hands on them and ***pushed.***

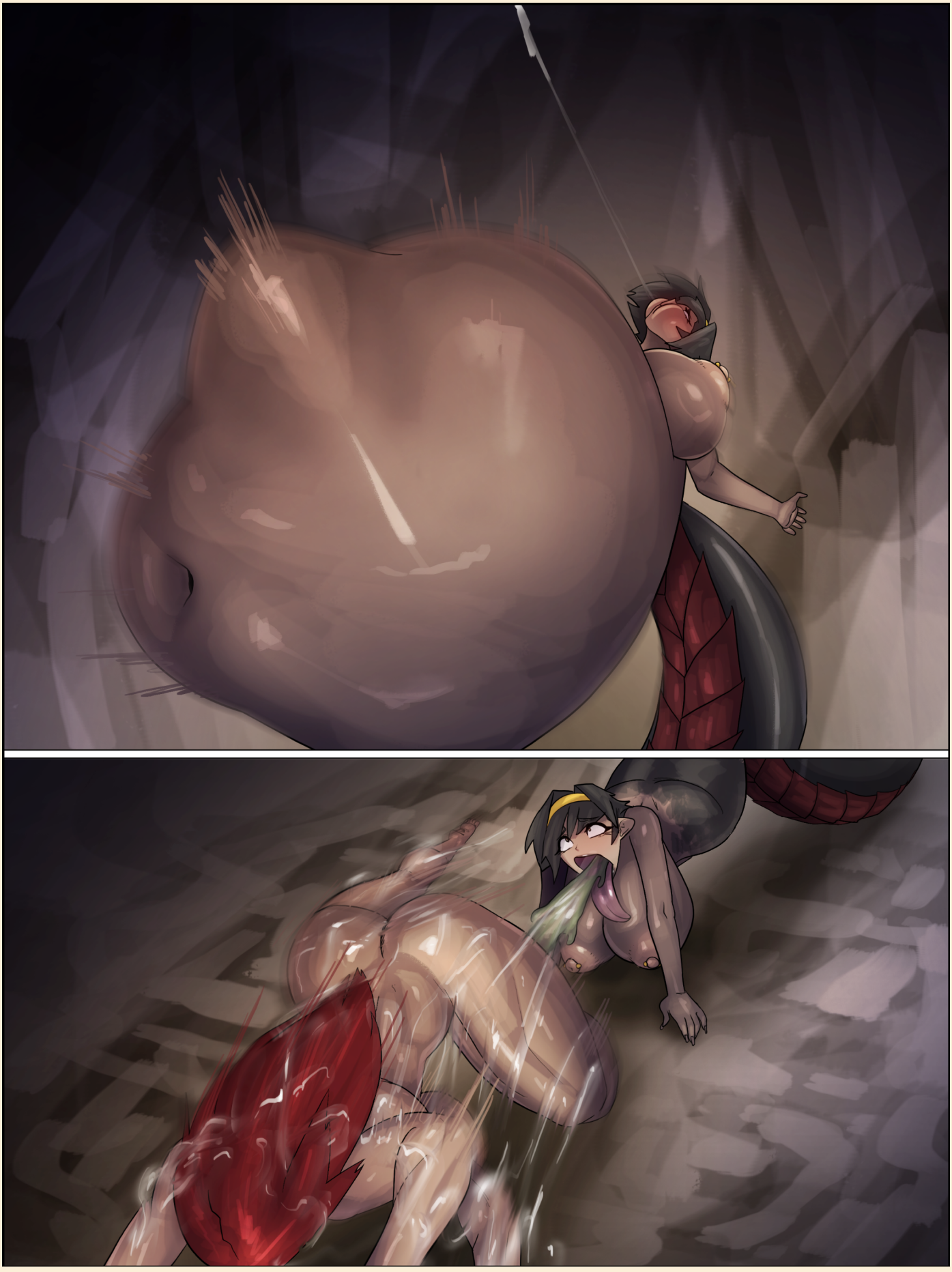
The serpent swallowed Kurogane whole. Kurogane heard her jaws clamp together in a satisfied *click,* no doubt grinning wide at her accomplishment. "*Fuck, that was good,*" she groaned. "I wouldn't mind going for dessert!"

"Hear that, spider?" asked the short-haired Daughter, and Kurogane grunted as a massive weight slammed down on her head. The Daughter was pressing a hand against it from outside her sister's coils, taunting her.

"You want a second helping, huh?" Kurogane muttered. "Then eat *this.*"

Until now, Kurogane had been restraining her pressure, scoping out the Daughters' strength without expending her power. Now she unleashed everything she had — from her feet! Her sandals disintegrated as fire blasted from her soles, and ***propelled*** her forwards. Hot, slippery muscle rushed around her. The Daughters were linked in the middle. It stood to reason that what went in *one* sister, could come out of the other! Kurogane heard her captors cry out in shock. From the outside, it must have been a bizarre sight: the bulge in their coils racing at an obscene pace through every loop and bend, then up into the short-haired Daughter's torso, bloating her midriff and then her neck, making her mouth stretch wide open—!

"Bluorrrrkh!"



The short-haired Daughter goggled in shock as Kurogane emerged from her mouth, prying her way out with all four hands! Spittle cascaded from her body as she leapt, flipped, and landed before the Daughters, smoke rising from her feet. The serpent-ladies coughed and spluttered. It was unclear whether the fire had hurt their insides — the membrane of an immortal's digestive tract was sturdy stuff — but it left them belching smoke and pawing at their necks, unable to believe what had just happened.

"My turn," Kurogane rasped, and spat web in the short-haired Daughter's face. It snagged her entire head, and with a ***gulp***, Kurogane reeled her inwards. She struggled and fought, but she was caught off-guard, and within seconds Kurogane was grasping her torso with all four hands and ***cramming*** her head into her mouth!

SCHLURRRK!

GLUOLP!

Kurogane scowled as she ate, eyes watering, bulging her neck and then her stomach around the Daughter's descending body. Her lips slid past the Daughter's hips and onto her snake-body, whereupon she clenched all four fists and ***sucked*** with all her might.

"No!" the long-haired Daughter squealed as she was drawn in, clawing at the floor in a desperate bid to escape. "No, no, you can't! Mama will— ughh!" She grunted as an extra-hard ***GULP*** tugged her several feet backwards. Kurogane's belly was getting ***gravid,*** bulging out further and further around the serpent's coils. She stood a little more bow-legged, scowling as she slurped and gulped. Pressure melted off her skin like white vapour, her power raging for the first time in what felt like forever. ***ULP!*** She sucked the long-haired Daughter in to her hips and kept going, eating hands-free, ignorant to the cries ringing both inside and outside of her.



“Well done,” Lucky said, approaching with a slow tap-tap of sandals. The Akai-Kage stood close behind her, hands on their weapons as they watched their mistress consume her prey. “The dangers of a shared digestive tract. Maybe you should have considered Kurogane’s powers before acting so cocky in front of her.”

“You damned cat, you led her here!” the long-haired Daughter cried. She was holding Kurogane’s lips with both hands, resisting the suction of her throat. “When Mama finds out about this, you’ll all churn!”

“Not before you, darling,” said Lucky, and leaned down to peck the serpent-lady on her forehead. “Kurogane, if you will…?”

Kurogane groaned — and then sucked harder than ever before, straining herself to the limit! The long-haired Daughter howled in dismay as her hands slipped — and what followed was a loud, soggy ***SCHLOPP!*** In an instant, she vanished, shot down into Kurogane’s gut faster than she could finish her horrified cry. ***GLUNK!***

Kurogane fell back panting, landing with all four hands clutching her monstrous, bulbous stomach. Angry shouts sounded from inside her, coupled with a low ***gurgl***ing that grew in volume as her digestive engine awoke. “Fuuuuuck,” she growled, and peered blearily at Lucky, who stood over her with arms crossed. “What… the fuck’re… *you* looking at…?”

“Nothing,” Lucky purred, before turning to the Akai-Kage. “Girls?”

Kurogane gasped as her guards closed in. Within a few moments, she was once again assailed by the rubbing hands of her Akai-Kage. They climbed all over her massive belly, stoking her furnace with practiced motions. As they worked, the serpent sisters inside Kurogane cried out in panic.

“Must be getting hot in there,” Kurogane said, before clenching her fists and ***groan***ing loudly! She initiated her insta-digestion technique, and instantly her belly was ***ROARING*** violently, churbling and grumbling, rolling and lurching, clenching in around its serpentine feast. Kurogane jerked her hips and arched her back, sweating like a pig as her belly slowly shrank… softening its bulbous edges until it was one big, round bloat… quickly and efficiently turning her meal into soup.

And then — into ***power.***

The Akai-Kage yelped and clambered off of Kurogane as her pressure rose, steaming off her and heating the air. She trembled there in a puddle of sweat, gasping and holding her shrinking belly with her arms and legs, squeezing it down smaller and smaller… until she opened wide and gave a huge, rippling ***belch.*** Her burp lasted for longer than ten seconds, flinging spittle while her eyes narrowed to slits. At the end of it, Kurogane relaxed her limbs and sprawled where she lay, positively *glowing* with satisfaction after a job well-done.

A pair of sluts well-***churned.***

“How do you feel?” asked Lucky, crossing her arms under her breasts. “Ready for battle?”

Kurogane burped again, shorter and lighter this time, and gave the catMILF a ragged grin.

“There’s one way to find out.”

TO BE CONTINUED