

FOOD FOR THE IMMORTALS

BOOK FIVE



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Food for the Immortals

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Book Five

Food for the Immortals - Book Five

Chikako's bare feet moved almost silently across the marble floor. Ahead of her, half-shrouded in darkness, snoozed the massive form of Madame Orochi. Chikako's features twisted in hatred as soon as she laid eyes on the monstrous immortal. Nestled amid her bed of coils, Orochi looked dangerous even asleep, as though her eyes could snap open and her maw yawn wide at a moment's notice. It was a reasonable fear: just how many people had disappeared, screaming, in the industrial-grade cauldron that was her stomach?

Orochi's tail-tip rested near Chikako's feet. Chikako paused, allowing a smirk to touch her face as she entertained herself with a fantasy: of *swallowing* Madame Orochi tail-first, inserting her bit by bit into her maw until the indignant immortal vanished, yelling protests, into *her* monumental belly. The thought was an alluring one, but completely impossible. Chikako would get three gulps in before she found her 'prey' was far too big for her, and then *she'd* be the one who ended up boiling.

Suppressing a shudder, Chikako tiptoed around Orochi's tail and headed for her goal: the pudgy, gurgling heft of the immortal's stomach, currently sagging comfortably over a coil close to the floor. Chikako's breath hitched when she heard it: a muffled grunting from behind the wall of Orochi's belly, low-down, exactly where her womb would be.

"Idiot..."

Chikako marched straight up to the spot – below Orochi's belly button – and knocked a fist three times against her slightly swollen gut.

"I hope you're happy, runt. Seduced my Mistress, did you? You must think you're clever..."

From Orochi's depths came the muffled voice of Nagisa. "...I'm stuck in here, you big dumb bitch. What are you going to do - crawl in and get me?"

Chikako's brows knitted with rage. "You think you're safe, just because Mistress decided to toy with you? I'll show you..."

...

Deep inside the sweltering sauna of Madame Orochi's womb, Nagisa sweated and *groaned*. His training helped to regulate his body heat, but he'd die if he stayed in here for too long. To make things worse, Chikako was apparently outside and waiting. He didn't know which way was better: inside, or out?

...The sounds of the immortal's body roiled around him. High above, the lazy *churrrning* of her monstrous belly; and further beyond that, the steady heave of her lungs. He heard the low gurgling of her intestines, and always, repetitively pounding inwards, the THU-DUMP, THU-DUMP of her horse-sized heart. Her heartbeat had calmed down significantly since she'd drifted asleep, but it was still powerful enough to shake the slick, padded chamber in which he was trapped.

Orochi had approached him when he'd least expected it - human-sized, hip-sashaying, seducing him and riding his cock... and with each of his orgasms, she'd grown bigger, and **BIGGER**, until she could slide him right into her cunt. Now that she was slumbering, Chikako had apparently decided to reclaim her prize.

But how did she plan to do *that*? He was in Orochi's womb; did Chikako plan to cut her mistress's belly open? No way, she was just bluffing to make him afraid. *More mind-games...* He'd come to expect those, so he phased out Chikako's voice and sat in meditative repose. Orochi wasn't going to kill him: she still needed him as bait to lure in Kurogane. He was... 'safe' here, if highly uncomfortable.

...

What was that sound?

Squelch... slrrch... slrrch... Nagisa's eyes snapped open as Orochi's womb began to *shake* around him, roughly tilting from side to side. He steadied himself, heart racing as he wondered what was happening – until it all became *dreadfully* clear.

A pair of hands reached through Orochi's cervix and *spread* it open. Nagisa gasped, finding himself staring into the wide, manic eyes of Chikako, who'd *crawled up Orochi's pussy* to get him! Naked, slick with cuntjuice, she wriggled and wrestled her way through the immortal's vaginal canal – grinning demonically at Nagisa as he shrank back away from her.

“Found you,” Chikako growled. Shoulders and arms now inside Orochi's womb, her massive tits squished inside the immortal's cervix, she reached out and wrapped a hand around Nagisa's waist. He kicked and struggled, but her strength was awesome. Infused with powerful elixirs, her body had grown to immense size over the course of weeks: nowhere near the truly monstrous size of Orochi, but far outsizing a normal human in any case.



“You--!” Nagisa gasped, but she squeezed hard enough to drive the breath from his lungs — and started drawing him toward her mouth. Nagisa braced his feet against her lips, digging in deep and pressing as hard as he could, *groaning* as she pulled him down and made his legs spread wide. Her tongue probed out of her open mouth, rolling across his ass, his cock and balls, while she chuckled darkly.

“You thought you could escape my gut for a few hours? No chance. Now *get in me!*”

Nagisa knew it was hopeless. His knees trembled from the strain: whether with physical might or magical pressure, he simply couldn't match Chikako. It wasn't *victory* he fought for, but his own pride as Captain of the Akai-Kage. No matter what Orochi or Chikako did – no matter what depravities they subjected him to – they'd never kill his pride, never—

His foot slipped. A moan of glee escaped Chikako as Nagisa *plunged* into her mouth, his frightened expression the last she saw of him before he was trapped, snapped up, engulfed in the prison of her mouth. She gurgled in pleasure, eyes blurry, cheeks bulging around the desperate squirming of the boy in her mouth. “*Mmmm...*” She slobbered him from side to side, rolling and pushing him with her tongue... while Nagisa, now imprisoned in not one body, but *two*, fought the inevitable.

“Fuck... Hnngh...!” He braced his hands against the soft, slippery walls as they rolled, pulsed, and smothered him. Chikako sucked her mistress's juices off of his skin, making sure to stroke her tongue every which way, up between his legs especially.

Developing an unwanted boner, Nagisa cried out, his voice equal parts pleased and indignant. He was riding Chikako's tongue! It surged in waves beneath him, against his throbbing cock and his tender asshole, making him leak precum in a constant dribble. Soon he was huffing

loudly, red-faced in the prison of his tormentor's mouth, staring as her lips parted in front of him...

"Back where you belong," Chikako sighed, before her tongue started to *lift*.

"No--!" Nagisa cried, but her obscenely thick, slick, pink tongue blanketed his vision and folded him back – guiding him neatly and *firmly* into the pudge of her gullet.

GLUCK. Chikako's lips spread in a wide, crooked smirk as her neck bulged, once, around Nagisa's descending form – all his protests and wails fading into the depths of her body. Once her prey rested firmly inside her huge, *gurgling* stomach, Chikako let out a loud, satisfied *bwurrrrp* and sighed happily.

"Mmm... Now to get out of here. There's an assembly later, and I plan to show up in style. You have a part to play in that..."

The *thump-thump* of Chikako's footsteps muffled Nagisa's groans as she carried him toward the throne room. Her method of carrying was unusual to say the least. She'd fashioned a thong out of her living toy, tying fabric around his arms and legs and trapping him around her waist so his face and chest were buried in the softness of her belly... and his rock-hard cock inside her soft, clenching cunt. His spread legs hooked over and around her hips, squished into her curves like a true piece of clothing. He could barely breathe. His senses were overtaken by Chikako's body, the perfume scent of her skin and the **BLORRRRBLE** of her massive gut. She hadn't eaten yet, and her belly was softer than usual, allowing Nagisa to sink into its heft like quicksand.

Thump. Thump. Thump.

He couldn't see a thing past the squishy, malleable thrust of Chikako's gut. The colossal girl's gut flowed against him like jello, so even if he turned his head, it continued to smush against his face. He was drowning, barely able to breath... which was exactly the way she wanted him.

Her footsteps sent miniature shockwaves through him, stimulating his cock especially, seeing as how it was squeezed tight in her soaking pussy – wrung, jiggled and jolted with each step she took. Nagisa quivered in Chikako's heat. Somehow, his current predicament was *even less spacious* than when he was in her stomach! Jostled and bounced against her heaving belly, he started to move his hips, trying to deal with his all-too distracting boner by thrusting it in and out of her needy cunt.

“Easy now,” Chikako laughed, feeling his desperate attempts to pleasure himself. “We're almost there.”

Nagisa didn't stop. He needed a clear head for what was to come, and if that meant dumping a fat load in this oversized bitch, then so be it! “Aghh...!” He sucked on a patch of Chikako's belly, champing down hard in his own pathetic attempt at revenge.

Right. As if she'd even *notice* such a tiny bug-bite.

Nagisa pumped her pussy, rocking himself in his fabric restraints, riding the bolts of pleasure that sparked through him... until he seized up and *sarled* his bliss into the mass of Chikako's gut. “Hnnnnghh—!”

He came, bucking his cock as deep inside her as it could reach and erupting a *deluge* of thick, white, fertile cream straight into her womb! *Splrrrrtsh, splup, splup, splurrrrrrp!* His cum oozed out of her and around Nagisa's hips, before dripping down her immense, jiggling thighs as she walked on, unperturbed by her passenger's squirming.

As Nagisa panted in the afterglow of his orgasm, mind clearing somewhat, the air grew slightly colder. They'd passed through a tall, arched doorway and into a vast chamber full of noise. At last, Nagisa got an elbow into Chikako's gut and twisted his upper body enough to see his surroundings.

They were in Madame Orochi's throne room. The galleries were lined with people, from the regular-sized servants in their skimpy, easy-to-remove silks to the big soldier-women, bodies enhanced by elixirs. Nagisa had never witnessed such an assembly before: it seemed everyone in Orochi Temple had turned out for the event... whatever 'the event' was.

The crowd parted like a sea for Chikako, making way for Orochi's favoured servant... though Nagisa heard whispers as they passed, and one distinct pair of voices:

"I heard she ate her closest friends."

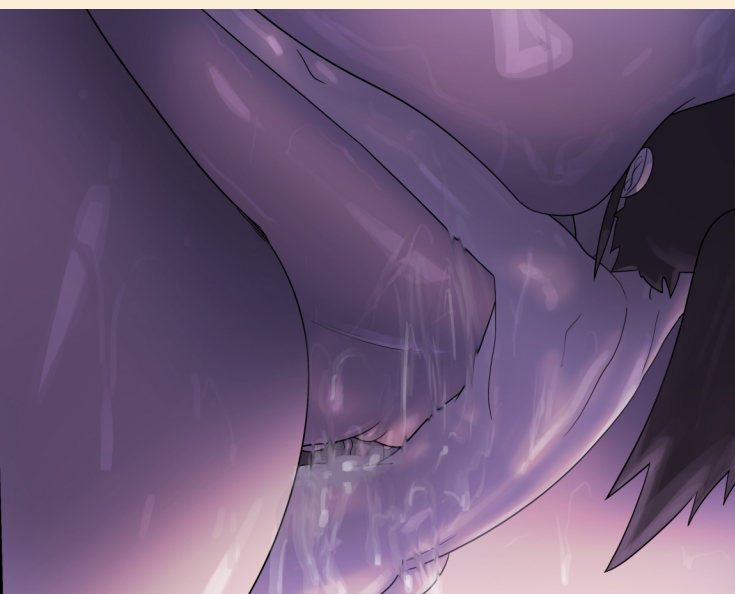
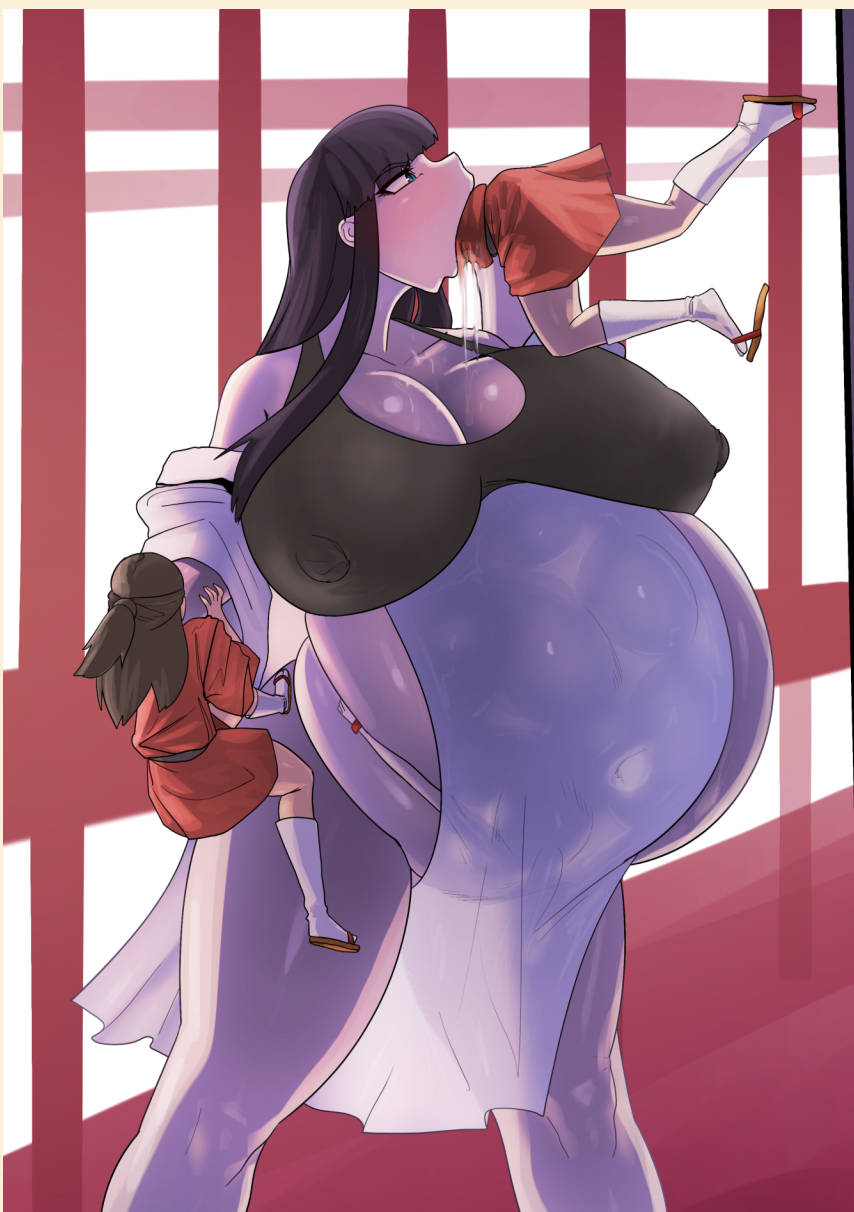
"I heard she was FORCED to eat them. By Kurogane, that weakling from the east!"

"Ugh, is that bitch STILL running free? I bet Mistress isn't happy..."

Chikako tensed and then swivelled, nearly giving Nagisa whiplash. “Who said that!?” she demanded. When no one amid the crowd responded, a great rumble of fury rose in her throat — and she lunged.

GLUCK.

GULP.



Panicked shouts went up as Chikako started grabbing handfuls of people and stuffing them into her maw. She was *big* – towering over even the soldiers – and her mouth yawned wide enough to cram two, three doomed snacks inside at once! *UCK, GLURK!* Her neck broadened as she swallowed again and again, eyes rolling back in an expression of fury and ravenous *hunger*. Nagisa cried out, only to be muffled by the sudden swelling of Chikako's stomach. He felt her prey squirming and fighting beneath the surface, heard their screams of indignity and terror as they found themselves dropped down the savage, crashing chute of her gullet and into her noisy stomach. Nagisa groaned in sympathy, and in shameful pleasure, since his cock was still lodged balls-deep in the feasting predator's pussy!

“STAND. STILL.” Chikako was almost crawling forwards, stalking low and snatching anyone who tried to run. Into the pit they went, vanished into the hot darkness of her body. In the space of five seconds, she'd devoured almost ten people and expanded her gut into a big, solid shelf that wriggled and writhed with the outlines of her prey.

Chikako straightened up slowly, panting, red-faced and sated. Her tremendous gut *ROARED*, drowning out the screams of its inhabitants as it started to digest them. Nagisa was face-to-face with the bulge of a young woman squished against the inner wall of Chikako's body, pressed down by the weight of all the people on top of her. *“Help!”* she squealed. *“I didn't say anything, I didn't, I—”*

BLUORRRRRRRGH!

Chikako gave her gut a slap, shaking it from side to side and making it *CHURRRBLE* as she gazed at the section of crowd she'd just emptied. *“Hurrp.”* She let the belch blow through pursed lips, looking calmer now. *“Anyone else want to try me?”*

No one dared speak. The sounds of Chikako's gut were audible to everyone in the throne room. Chikako huffed before striding up to the central dais and taking her place by its side, standing there with hands on hips while her belly churned and shifted.

Nagisa snarled, rage pushing aside his exhaustion. He'd seen what Chikako's belly was capable of — watched her digest whole *groups* of people in a matter of seconds. If she was taking a longer time now, it was only because she *chose* to; letting everyone see the fate that awaited them if they insulted her.

Fortunate, then, that Madame Orochi chose that moment to appear. The air grew cold, signalling her arrival. Nagisa felt Chikako shiver, sensitive to the ambient energies of her mistress. A moment later, there came a dry slithering sound, growing in volume as the great serpent approached. Peering up past Chikako's writhing belly, Nagisa saw Madame Orochi rise onto the dais. Magnificent and terrible, she *loomed* above her subjects: her massive frame dominated the throne room, capturing everyone's attention and refusing to let it slip. Her curves, filled out by droves of digested humans and immortals; her scales, beautiful yet menacing in their patterns of red, black, and gold; and her stare, cold and imperious, commanding all who witnessed it to bow or be consumed... All these aspects, striking on their own, couldn't convey the raw, instinctual *terror* Nagisa felt in Madame Orochi's presence.

Her coils filled the dais, and at last she settled into them, lounging back with her arms spread out wide. She glowered over the crowd, who shuddered beneath the weight of her attention. Madame Orochi was in an ill mood, and her subjects knew to fear such tumultuous humours. Even Chikako remained silent... except for her belly, which continued to gargle and *churrrrn*.

Madame Orochi let a full minute pass – giving her subjects time to stew in their terror – before sighing and stretching her neck. “Very well,” she said. “Come forward.”

The crowd swayed, confused, until a soft noise became audible: a series of “*sorry*”s and “*excuse me*”s, a shuffling of sandals on the stone floor, before someone emerged from the crowd into the central aisle before Orochi’s dais. Nagisa had to strain his neck again to look back, and see...

Who was that?

A tall, beautiful woman in a white-and-blue kimono with too-long sleeves. Poking up from her ginger hair were a pair of cat ears, and a cat tail swished and swayed behind her. She approached the dais with a jaunty gait, seemingly unafraid of Madame Orochi, and gave only a brisk bow of her head to show respect. Madame Orochi stirred upon her throne of coils – annoyed, it seemed to Nagisa, but holding back the worst of her ire at the smaller immortal’s lack of deference.

“I’m waiting,” said Orochi.

The cat-eared woman smiled, and touched a sleeve to her chin as she considered. Nagisa thought she waited about one second longer than anyone else would dare before responding to the great serpent. “...It’s as you feared,” she said at last, her tone crisp and courtly. “Your daughters have been devoured. By Kurogane.”

A gasp spread through the crowd as Orochi’s expression grew bitter. Nagisa closed his eyes. He knew nothing about Orochi’s daughters, but the message was clear: Kurogane was still out there, fighting and taking ground from Orochi’s empire.

“Don't get cocky,” Chikako snapped, looking down at Nagisa past her immense belly. “Your mistress can't save you.”

“*Silence,*” said Madame Orochi. Chikako stiffened, and for a moment Nagisa saw something flash across her face: hatred, dark and boiling. It only lasted a moment, though, and only Nagisa was close enough to see it. The air shifted as Orochi raised an accusing finger toward the cat-eared woman. “You witnessed Kurogane doing this,” she said, “and you did not think to *stop* her?”

“With all respect,” said the fox woman, “what could I have done? She's one of the strongest immortals living, and I'm just a...” She looked down at herself, smiled thinly. “...a spy. And that's exactly what I did — skilfully, I might add: she doesn't suspect a thing.”

Orochi grumbled, but didn't slay the cat-eared woman as Nagisa expected. Instead she looked... thoughtful, now that she'd processed the news of her daughters' deaths. “Foolish,” she muttered, though her raw size meant everyone heard. “Is she hoping to match my power by consuming immortals? If so, she's years too late. I've more power in one *arm* than all the immortals left in this country...”

“Naturally,” said the cat-eared woman. “Now, about my reward...”

Orochi's glare became thunderous. “Think *carefully* before you speak,” she growled, “and consider that your usefulness has limits.”

“That's perfectly fine.” The cat-eared woman approached the dais, wide hips sashaying as she entered Madame Orochi's shadow. “What I desire is but a trifle — something so small, you'll barely miss it.”

“Consider also that my *patience* has limits.”

“Of course.” The cat-eared woman bowed... before turning toward Nagisa. “I want him.”

What?

“*WHAT!?*” roared Chikako, starting forward as though she meant to crush the cat-eared woman right there and then. Nagisa grunted, jostled against Chikako’s belly. The squirming lumps of her prey had smoothed out, leaving her gut huge, round, and malleable, so it jiggled violently against and around Nagisa as she raged. Her pussy clenched around his cock, making him groan against his will. Fuck – how could someone so big squeeze so tight...? Making things worse, the cat-eared woman was staring at him with an expression he recognised: the searing hunger of a born predator. Noticing him looking, she trailed a hand across her exposed belly, and her eyes narrowed to sadistic slits.

“The guard,” Madame Orochi said. She was staring down at him too, noticing him for the first time today. “We brought him in as bait – to draw Kurogane here.”

“The way I see it, Kurogane’s already on her way. You don’t need him anymore.”

“You little—” Chikako snarled. She outweighed the cat-eared woman by at least two tons, and towered so far over her that her head was on the same level as Chikako’s belly button. “This *snack* is my prisoner, my responsibility. You think Mistress would let you—”

“You dare speak for me?”

Chikako's belly jiggled, jolting Nagisa hard, as she snapped to attention. Her eyes went wide, staring dead ahead, and Nagisa saw the sweat pearling on her forehead as, above her, Madame Orochi glowered down.

"No, Mistress."

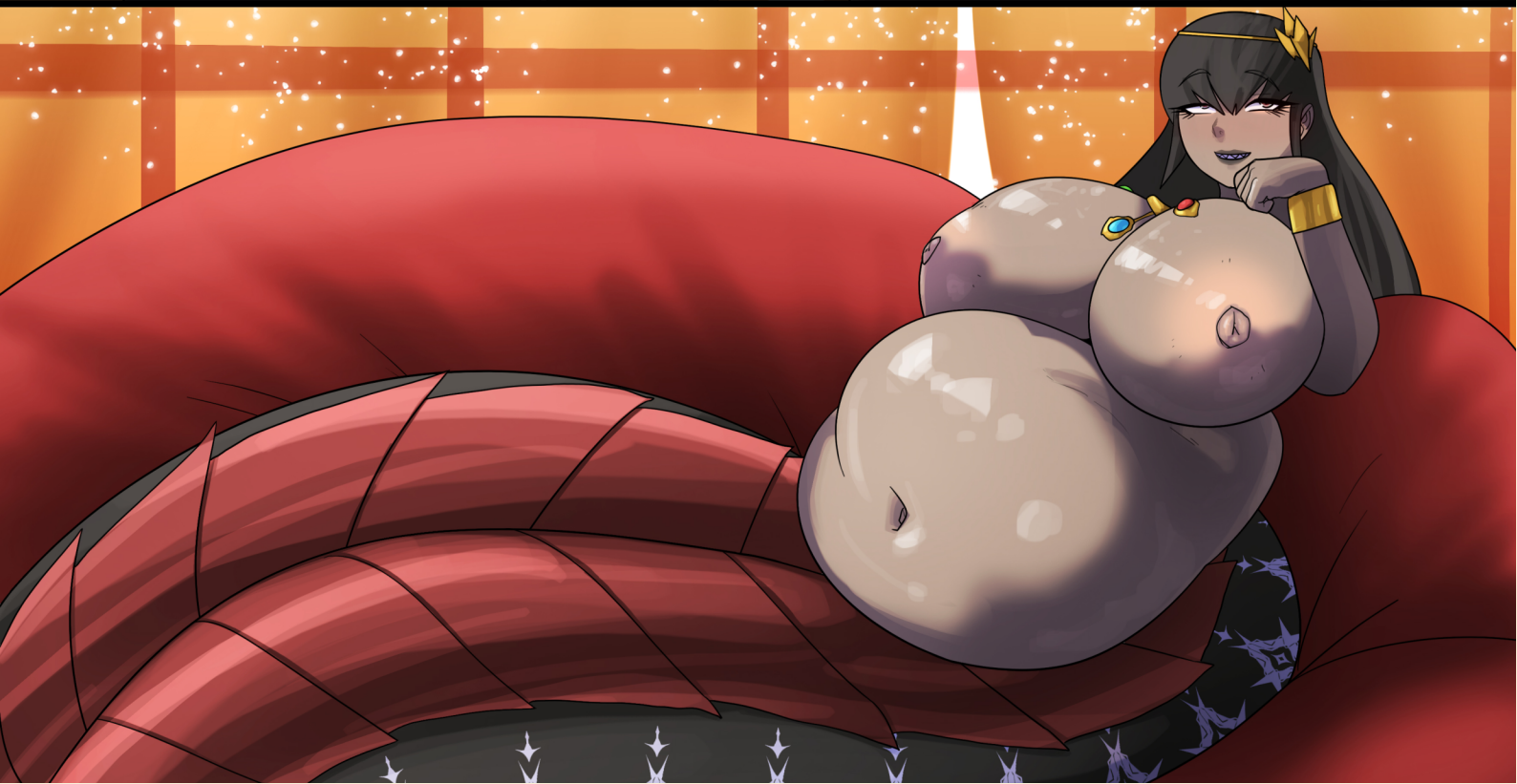
"You and I will speak later," Orochi said before regarding the cat-eared woman again. "You may have the boy *after* I devour Kurogane. Until then, remain within the Temple."

The cat-eared woman swept a low and extravagant bow. "Of *course*, Madame Orochi."

Chikako simmered with rage as the cat-eared woman sauntered away. Nagisa's blood ran cold. What punishment awaited him when he and Chikako were alone? Something worse than being used as her thong, that was for sure. For now, Chikako stood rigid and still, compressing her fury into a tiny ball deep within herself.

Orochi made a gesture. "The prisoners," she said, and there came immediately the sound of a lever being pulled – and then the rattle of a chain pulley. Down the central aisle, high up in the air, swung a huge net full to the brim with naked prisoners: the living spoils of a recent conquest. They groaned weakly, already having exhausted themselves fighting their restraints. Amid that tangle of limbs and sweating skin, any kind of movement took a herculean effort.

"Curse you all," Nagisa spat toward Chikako. Punishment already waited in his future: he couldn't make it any worse. Chikako glared down at him but didn't respond. Above, the net drew near Madame Orochi, who raised herself up from her throne of coils to grasp the living meatball between her hands.



“It seems I underestimated Kurogane,” said Orochi. Her golden eyes narrowed as she stared at the squirming, panting prisoners through the net’s wires. “I *won’t* make that mistake again. *Aaaahm...*” She opened wide, *yawning* her glistening pink maw until her jaw unhinged. The prisoners, so tired from fighting, found the spare energy they needed to *scream* as the immortal’s maw engulfed them. In the space of three seconds, twenty human beings vanished into the darkness. They experienced the sauna-like heat of Orochi’s maw, her drooling tongue squishing over and around those at the bottom of the meatball, as she engulfed them all in her cheeks with little effort. Nagisa saw prisoners reaching through the net, clawing at Orochi’s tongue and at empty air, grasping for the light that was the last they would see. Nagisa shivered. There was nothing he could do for them. He couldn’t even free *himself*, worthless guard captain that he was. In the den of immortals, what hope did mere humans have?

Once she was ready, Orochi gargled and yawned further – and the bulge in her cheeks transferred to her neck. *GWA-ULLPH!* With huge wet gulps, Orochi compressed the massive bundle down, down into her body, stretching her throat to an insane breadth as her jaw clamped shut, baring all her teeth. *ULP!* One last gulp, and the bulge vanished beyond her collarbone. Nagisa could still hear the prisoners screaming as they swelled her bare belly outwards, lifting her monstrous tits a little.

“*Haaahh...*” Orochi exhaled, grinning wickedly, and gave her writhing gut a *smack*. “I’m going to brew a surprise for Kurogane: the most powerful chimera ever made!”

Even as she spoke, her furnace of a belly got to work – *CHURRRRRBLing* mightily. Nagisa watched as the lumps of Orochi’s prey smoothed out before his eyes, liquifying in the hell of her stomach, churned not just by acid, but by vile sorcery also. Nagisa had fought a chimera before: Orochi had created it by fusing five members of his Akai-Kage inside her stomach. The resulting monster had possessed

the strength to beat down Kurogane, a powerful immortal. Nagisa couldn't imagine how dangerous a chimera comprising *thirty* people would be.

Then he heard the chain rattle again. He looked back over his shoulder.

And felt despair.

More nets, a *procession* of living meatballs, trundled and swung toward Madame Orochi. Hundreds of people, too many to estimate.

"To quote the common wisdom," Orochi said as her belly *growled* with anticipation, "one can never be too careful."

GLURK!

ULP!

"F-Fiend! Interloper! Once I get out of here, I'm going to—"

GWAULP! "Ugh... Tell that to my guts, you damn tomboy."

"Unngh—!"

Kurogane threw back her hair and belched, resting all four hands on her prey-stuffed belly. Defined within it was the shape of Lady Kirin, the strongest (and curviest) immortal in the local region: once a proud warrior, now a tits-and-asscheeks-shaped bulge in Kurogane's gut.

"GWUUARP! Ugh. You weren't so tough once I took away your lightning tricks." Kurogane peered down at the object in her hand: the long, curved horn, broken off at the base, formerly attached to Lady Kirin's forehead. Kurogane studied it for a time, shrugged, and tossed it into her mouth. **Crunch, crunch.** She ground it up with her teeth, ignoring the *snap* and crackle of lightning across her tongue. If there was some essence of power to be drained from the horn, she'd take it. She was in no position to be picky.

As Lady Kirin continued to struggle and rage, bumping and rocking Kurogane's stomach, two members of the Akai-Kage approached. The remnants of Kurogane's elite guard had just finished searching the shrine Lady Kirin had inhabited. The last few days had tested them to their limit, and they no longer quite resembled the people they'd been at the start of this journey. Beyond the superficial – their worn uniforms, ransacked weapons, myriad cuts and bruises – beyond all that, there was something about them... They'd been reforged, beating themselves into new shapes just to keep pace with Kurogane.

Not for me, Kurogane reflected as the Akai-Kage stood before her. Behind them, the others were removing boxes from the shrine. *They're doing this for Nagisa.*

"Any elixirs?" she asked.

"None this time," said one of the girls – Yuriko, Kurogane thought her name was. "Should we keep looking?"

Straight to the point, as always. Kurogane shook her head and slapped her belly, right over Lady Kirin's asscheek, drawing an enraged grunt from her meal. "We got what we came for. A few more like *these*, and Orochi won't seem so tough."

GROWWWLLLLLRRRGGGggg... Kurogane's belly quaked with digestive force, clenching violently around Lady kirin inside her. The toned, formerly one-horned warrior tried to struggle, but the walls encroached with far more power than she was prepared for. Her body became outlined against the surface of Kurogane's gut, so tight that it was even possible to see the shock on her face! The Akai-Kage barely reacted to this astounding sight: it had become routine for them, barely worthy of note, to see another immortal *churning* inside their mistress. Kurogane radiated heat as she turned on the furnace, rubbing two of her hands across her heaving gut as it ***gworrbled, slorrched***, and gripped her prey like a red-hot fist! Lady Kirin's eyes rolled back, and her yells of panic turned to deep, delirious *moans* as the heat began to blur her mind. She continued to struggle, even knowing how useless it was, as the available space for her body to fit within shrank... and ***shrank***. Soon her pitiful squirming was reduced to a series of tight jerks and jolts, like a bug caught in a spider's web... and then her body visibly began to dissolve into the hell of Kurogane's gut.

"Mmmfuck," Kurogane hummed as she worked, swinging her bloated belly from side to side, jiggling and mauling it with two hands while the other two pushed through her hair. "Digest already, you bitch..." Her belly ***glugged*** and ***gworrrged*** as it reduced another immortal to soup, Lady Kirin's features fading into the increasing smoothness of her big, softening belly until all her curves, the entirety of her being, became nothing but additional mass on Kurogane's belly.

She grinned, sloshing her liquid-filled gut between her hands, lifting it and letting that big muffin-mound slide under her palms until it dropped with a ***GLUNK***. "So much for the 'mighty warrior'. I guess she was all bark and no—***BHUORRRRRRRP!***" Kurogane's cheeks swelled with air,

and then she let out a tremendous, rippling *belch* that made the very air around her vibrate. She smacked her liquid gut a few times during the burp, prolonging it as much as possible. When five, six, seven seconds had dragged out, her lips finally closed in a savage grin. “Unff, that’s *always* the best part...”



The Akai-Kage shuffled. In the space of about a minute, they’d watched Kurogane’s belly go from huge and prey-filled to a soft, rounded curve that bubbled contentedly in the wake of its meal. Kurogane’s gaze fell upon her servants, and she licked her lips salaciously.

“On to the next target. Who was that, again?”

Before the Akai-Kage could answer, a flutter of wings caused Kurogane to turn. Alighting over the temple wall was a birdlike figure, silhouetted against the sun until it drew closer — at which point it grew clear that it wasn't a bird at all, but a woman whose arms were huge, feathery wings, and whose lower legs tapered into razor-sharp talons. She had short brown hair, evenly cut at just beyond ear-length, and brown eyes that seemed red in the sunlight. She wore no clothing except for loose, baggy bottoms. Her small breasts were completely exposed.

There were many winged beings in the world, but this one had an identifying feature. Her nose was a dull shade of red, almost as though painted.

A tengu. Kurogane frowned. The last she'd heard, all the tengu served Madame Orochi as messengers.

The Akai-Kage moved into a defensive position around Kurogane, who waved them off casually. She continued to hold her cauldron-gut in a palm, while the other three arms flexed and rolled to loosen her muscles. The tengu didn't seem threatening, but if that assumption proved wrong, she was prepared.

The tengu woman landed on the low temple wall, clutching the wood with her talons. Her wing-arms crossed before her, concealing her bare torso.

“Immortal!” she called after a moment. “Are you the glutton who dares to oppose Mistress?”

Kurogane grunted. She was measuring the distance between them, whether she could cram the tengu down her throat before she flew away. “So what if I am?”

“Ah!” The tengu scoffed, seeming proud of herself. “I wagered with my sisters that I’d find you first. How delicious.” She began walking the wall, moving at a strange plucking gait, never taking her eyes from Kurogane. “Just *look* at you... You must think you’re so strong, gobbling up the other immortals — but really, you’re just removing Madame Orochi’s competition.”

“Are you here to deliver a message, or just to talk crap?” Kurogane asked. The hands of her lower arms fell on her hips; her upper arms crossed beneath her breasts — a doubled gesture of impatience.

“Kukuku...” The tengu woman laughed gently. “Sorry. I’m just imagining your expression when Mistress finally consumes you.” She preened her wings for a moment, running her mouth through her beautiful white feathers, all without breaking eye contact. When she raised her head, she looked more serious. “Fine, on to business. Mistress has your pet — the warrior Nagisa.”

The Akai-Kage gasped. They’d thought their Captain dead. Kurogane merely frowned. She’d harboured a suspicion that Orochi wouldn’t let Chikako digest such a valuable hostage. Hope and anger flared within Kurogane. She’d come to appreciate Nagisa — he’d saved her life, after all, despite his objections to her lifestyle. The thought of Orochi holding him in her clutches was almost unbearable.

“Yesss,” the tengu crooned as though sensing Kurogane’s thoughts. “He’s been reduced to nothing but a plaything — a hollowed-out doll that exists to be fucked and swallowed and fucked again! Kukuku...” Abruptly, she beat her wings and took to the air, her loud flaps ringing out as she hovered above the shrine. “Heed my words, Kurogane!

Tonight, Madame Orochi will digest your little servant! Her divine stomach will turn him to soup before he can scream!"

Kurogane spat flame, but the tengu wheeled away, laughing as she danced on air currents.

"Come to Orochi Temple, and come quick!" she screeched. "Or your *human dildo* is doomed!"

She flew away, shooting off and down the mountainside like a silver arrow. Kurogane considered giving chase, but decided against it. She planned to fight Orochi and *all* her servants. That tengu would end up on her platter sooner or later...

"Kurogane," said one of the Akai-Kage, "what should we do?"

Kurogane didn't need to consider it. She sighed and turned toward Lady Kirin's shrine. The rest of her Akai-Kage stood outside the shrine, having paused their ransacking to watch the business with the tengu. Now Kurogane spoke loudly enough for all to hear:

"Looks like our little diversion is at an end. It's time to go fight."

"But, Mistress!" another of her elite guards said. "What if Lucky can—"

"If that smug cat manages to smuggle Nagisa out, then great... but I won't rest everything on that chance." She turned to the north – looking toward the distant foothills of the mountain range that held Orochi Temple. Dark clouds brewed over the mountains. It could have been a coincidence, but...

“Can we make it in time?” asked her guard.

“I’ll run ahead,” said Kurogane. “When you get there, just follow the trail of *destruction*.”

Before they could reply, she set off: a flame-empowered leap that launched her clear of Lady Kirin’s temple and over the mountainside beyond – in the same direction the tengu had fled.

“*Fuck!*” Chikako thundered as she entered her personal chambers – an opulent series of rooms, specially outfitted for her enlarged size and particular appetites. The slave-girls on her bed shrank back at the sound of her fury – and then flung themselves from her bed entirely, scrambling away as Chikako stomped over!

Wrenching Nagisa from her crotch – snapping the thong she’d fashioned, and freeing his slippery cock from her pussy – she threw him down on the bed. He landed with a grunt, wincing, disoriented.

“You insect,” Chikako snarled, and when Nagisa looked up, the only thing he saw was Chikako’s huge, glossy asscheeks descending towards him. But she didn’t plan to sit *on* him: oh, no. As her tremendous buttocks neared, she reached back and dug her hands into them, fingers ploughing knuckle-deep into the overwhelming fat there, digging her cheeks apart to display her puffy, winking *asshole*.

Nagisa barely had time to cry out before Chikako’s ass consumed him. Her pucker stretched over and around his face – and without further ado, she **SLAMMED** herself down with enough force to rock the giant-sized bed! All at once, Nagisa’s naked, kneeling body was encased in the

slick, yet unfortunately *familiar* darkness of Chikako's guts. He could hear... everything: the inner workings of her humongous body *churning* and purring around him. Her stomach, somewhere above him, rumbling with hunger. Her lungs heaving like bellows. Her sphincter clenched around Nagisa's pelvis and dragged him in a little further, *SCHLUCK*, contracting violently and possessively along every inch of his body. Only his feet felt the open air, barely protruding below the ring of her asshole and between her oversized cheeks.

"Hnnngh..." Chikako stirred around him, rocking from side to side as she got niice and comfortable...

...before lifting herself sharply, dislodging Nagisa from her insides with a sharp *POP* of suction. He was freed for *just long enough* to see Chikako's slave-girls crowded around the foot of the bed, staring at him in shock and concern – and maybe a little *relief*, since Nagisa was target of Chikako's wrath – before the hulking she-brute dropped onto him again, fully encasing him in her slippery colon.

"I bet you're *loving* this," she snarled. "I never expected my beloved 'Mistress' to promise you to that cat-bitch – especially after she already gave you to me..."

SCHLORP! Another lift of her hips, and Nagisa was freed. He gasped for air, mouth hanging open, tongue drooping. Strands of sweat and clear goo extended from Emily's blown-out asshole to every part of his body, leaving him glossy from head to toe. "Agghh...!" He gulped down big breaths, knowing it was only instants before her asshole would come crashing down again. Still, he had to say something; he couldn't keep *submitting* like this! "I'm... gonna kill you...!"

"Ha!" Chikako barked, and *SLAMMED* down once again, hard enough to lodge his entire body in her guts. This time she *CLENCHED* around him, squishing his limbs inwards and ensuring he couldn't move an inch! The

stimulation was getting to him. He was getting hard again, his huge cock standing up stiff and erect the next time Chikako lifted herself and **PLORRRP**ed him out of her guts. “You’ve been my toy for days now,” she snarled. “Slowly but surely, your body’s learning to react *properly* to its owner’s demands. Like that boner of yours...”

She reached down and pinched his cock between two fingers, squeezing his shaft and wringing it from base to tip. A thick glob of precum welled out of him and drooled down the underside of his shaft... until Chikako swiped it up and brought it to her lips, tasting his seed like a connoisseur. “Mmmm... I have an idea.” She squeezed his dick again, and as Nagisa struggled – her sphincter slooowly sinking around his head and down his body – she led his big, fat cock to the slick, soaking petals of her pussylips.

“Ah--!” Nagisa gasped as he felt his cock enter her – a moment before she **PLUNGED** down on his body, engulfing him in one hole and his manhood in another!

“**Ouuughhh--!**” Chikako let out an excited groan at the sensation of being double-penetrated on one toy. She settled onto the bed, palms digging into the white sheets as she swayed herself back and forth, back and forth... “I never knew I could use you like *this*. Mmmn. Hold on tight, ‘lover’: I won’t hold back anymore!”

SCHLORP, SCHLORP, SCHLORP! Chikako picked up the pace, fucking his whole body hard and fast, swallowing him up in her clenching guts and unsheathing him just as fast! Nagisa’s cock pulsed violently, engulfed in her vice-tight pussy-grip – *amazingly* tight, given the sheer size of the hulking woman. The heat, the pleasure... it all combined to make his eyes roll back in their sockets, teeth clenching tight in an expression of burning ecstasy. “Hnnngh---!”



Again and again, Chikako's body **THWUMPED** down around his own, vanishing his torso and pressing his wide-spread legs beneath her asscheeks. Her giant butt; her huge, soft belly; and her massive tits – *everything* jiggled, wobbled, and bounce, bounce, **BOUNCED** in time with her obscene boy-plunges. “Oh! Oh!” she sang out in joy, clutching her thighs and lunging with enough force to make the bed legs creak! “*F-Fffuck!*”

When Nagisa came, he came explosively, blasting thick, pent-up ropes into her pussy one after another! Chikako howled in bliss and **SMACKED** her ass with an open palm to jolt Nagisa's body, to make him cum even harder. “*Unnnh!*” he groaned inside her as she sat down and twisted her hips from side to side, grinding down on him, making sure to wring out every drop of his seed. **SCHLUKK! SCHLUKK!** Her sphincter clamped rhythmically, trying to pull him in again, but that wasn't Chikako's intention.

“I'll let you in on a secret,” she snarled. When her asshole slid up his body again and unveiled his eyes, he saw her digging two fingers into her red-hot cunt and stroking her clit like a fiend. **SCHLOPP!** Her guts engulfed him once again, and her next words were muffled. “I've had enough of being bossed around, told who I can and can't eat. You won't be leaving with that cat-bitch... not now, and not *ever!*”

Chikako lifted her asshole clear of Nagisa's body – and grasped him in her right fist. Before he could react, the hulking predator brought him in front of her, holding him between her legs with his face inches from her molten-hot pussy... which she stroked hard and fast, masturbating right in front of him. **SCHLICK SCHLICK SCHLICK SCHLICK SCHLICK!**

“Tonight,” Chikako said, “things are gonna change around here. And when that's done...” She pressed his face right up to her cunt-lips, smothering his features up to his panicked, frightened eyes. “...my belly's gonna churn you, your mistress, and everyone else who's ever wronged me...!”

Chikako came, grunting and shoving her hips forward as she hit a powerful, squirting climax! Juices gushed over Nagisa again and again, drenching him from head to toe in her sex. Chikako snarled, her expression as angry as it was lustful. Her toes dug into the floor while her belly *GLORRRRRRG*ged in passionate hunger. Her free hand flashed out and seized up a pair of slave-girls from beside the bed – and they barely had time to scream before they vanished down Chikako’s throat, swallowed with a brutal series of gulps.



"Fuuaaahhh..." Chikako sighed as she came down from her high, wearing the widest, cruellest grin Nagisa had ever seen on her face. Her breasts heaved in and out, rising and falling over her vast belly. Nagisa, soaked in her cum, watched beads of sweat trickle down her doughy curves and drip to the bed.

"What..." he panted. "What are you going to do?"

"You'll see," Chikako purred, and dropped him on the bed. As he lay there wheezing, the bed shifted: Chikako stood up straight and rolled her muscles. Her palm landed three times on her belly, slapping and wobbling it around the girls she'd just consumed. "I'm heading out. And just to make sure you can't escape..."

Nagisa... couldn't move. He groaned and writhed, but exhaustion had become his default state ever since his capture. Breathe in... breathe out. He remembered his training, the mental exercises meant to steady his body and mind... but try as he might, the lessons escaped him.

He was tied to the bed, each limb strapped to one of its four posters. His bare body lay exposed to the world, tiny amid the expanse of the giant-sized bed, still completely nude. The slave-girls, left to attend their mistress's room, giggled at his predicament as they went about their business. One of them leaned on the edge of the bed, gazing at his nude form with sultry eyes, watching his smooth, toned chest rise and fall...

"You—" he rasped toward her. "Are you happy living like this? Chikako's going to eat you one day, you know that?"

“No way,” the girl said, looking offended. “My mistress would never hurt me...”

THAT'S what you think? Nagisa frowned and looked away from her, inspecting his chain restraints. If he were any less exhausted, he could have snapped his restraints with ease. It was almost insulting to bind a warrior like him with simple chains... and that was probably the point, for no matter how he strained, he couldn't conjure the strength to break his ties.

If he kept struggling, he'd just exhaust himself. *Stop. Breathe. Think.* But when he thought too deeply, the dread crept in like poison. It spread through his body with every heartbeat, weakening him further, making it hard to think about anything other than—

Abandoned.

Where was Kurogane? He'd told her to 'run', but he'd never thought his punishment would last for so long. *Stupid, stupid.* In a moment of bravery, he'd given himself up, expecting to be digested in a matter of seconds. Instead, he'd wound up Chikako's pleasure-toy. He didn't know which outcome was worse.

Nagisa tried to breathe steadily. The door was guarded from the outside. Even *if* he got past the guards, what would he do? The temple was swarming with Orochi's servants. He couldn't fight them all.

At that moment, he heard a commotion outside the door: the guards hailing someone, demanding they state their purpose. A few seconds passed before the guards started yelping.

“Hey, what's—?”

“Get OFF of her, you— Aggh!”

Nagisa half-sat in his restraints as he heard a struggle outside. The door *thumped*, vibrating in its frame, as something heavy knocked against it. Then he heard the last thing he wanted to hear.

GLURK! ULP! GLUMMPH!

A series of hard swallows sounded from behind the door. The guards squealed and shouted... until their voices became suddenly muted.

Had they just... been swallowed *together*? At the same time? Nagisa tensed as the door rattled... and then slid aside, revealing the tall, *bloated* figure of the cat-eared woman from before.

“UuuUUUARP!” she belched cheerfully as she strode into the room, tail swishing back and forth behind her. “Oh, Nagisaaa!” Her gut was huge, laden with not one, but *two* frightened, squirming guards. Their outlines thrashed and writhed under the surface, bumping and bulging her gurgling stomach. *BlrrRRRGGGGL~!* Her belly was heating up, and as it got to work, the yells of her prey grew more frantic.

“You— who *are* you?” Nagisa asked, all too aware of his own helplessness. “Why do you want me?”

GLUORRRGGgghhhh... The cat-eared woman patted her belly, which responded with another horrendous growl as it clenched around its occupants. Her stomach rapidly shrank inwards as she speed-digested her prey, her immortal belly reducing them quickly from solid to liquid in a matter of *seconds*. Before long, her rounded tummy was

completely smooth... and a couple moments after that, her midriff had receded to its usual, near-flat state. "*Hurrrp!*" she burped again, almost sweetly, before fixing Nagisa with a sly smile.

"Isn't it obvious? I'm here to rescue you, dummy."

Nagisa didn't dare to break eye-contact. The slave-girls had retreated into the far corners of the room, huddling in terror from the immortal threat. At length Nagisa said, "I don't know you."

"Then let me introduce myself! I'm Lucky." She performed an elaborate curtsey – and burped once more. "*Uarrp.* Hah. Kurogane sent me to smuggle you out of here."

Nagisa scowled. Lucky was clearly a powerful being: if she wanted to trap him, she didn't need some elaborate lie. *Unless she's toying with me*, said a part of Nagisa... but at that point, how was she any different from everyone else here?

"You wanted to eat me earlier," said Nagisa. "Was that part of your plan?"

"Why, how else am I supposed to smuggle you out?" She grinned from ear to ear, a sinister expression. Now, come here..."

Nagisa braced himself as the immortal stepped toward him, clasping her soft belly in a hand and giggling at the look on his face. He tried to break his restraints, but she moved faster than any human: her hand flashed out and seized his neck, hauling him up into the air! The chains broke all at once, leaving him to flail and kick as he hung from her grasp. "*Ghnk!*" Nagisa scowled down at her, thrashing and kicking at her face. She simply grabbed his ankle with her other hand and held him

there like a troublesome doll, leaning her head out of range of his other leg.

“My, my,” Lucky crooned as he struggled. “I can see why Kurogane likes you.”

“You’ve been spying on her! For Orochi!” Nagisa rasped. Lucky wasn’t squeezing his neck tightly enough to stop his breathing, but it was still painful.

“An *act*, my dear Nagisa.” She studied him closely, her pretty eyes narrowing as that damned *smile* continued to play on her lips. Below, her belly grumbled. “I’m a double-agent. Or perhaps triple? I never can keep track. Now, then... are you ready?”

Nagisa stopped struggling, focusing on his breaths instead. Agreeing to be swallowed by a stranger... Why did he always find himself in these situations!? He watched Lucky’s eyes, trying to judge her intentions, but the woman was as opaque as her false smile.

Still. What other chance did he have? He was cornered — worse than that: anyone else in his situation would have been digested *days* ago. And, if Chikako’s promise was to be believed, his ‘grace’ period had nearly expired.

He gulped, centred himself, and nodded.

Lucky giggled, then lowered him gently onto the bed. He lay uneasily, half-sitting on his elbows as he peered down at her. She held his ankles in her hands and knelt at the foot of the bed, gazing along his entire, naked body and slick with sweat and Chikako’s juices. He hadn’t even had a chance to dry off.

“You know,” he said tensely, “I’ve just been up Chikako’s *ass*, so I should probably bathe...”

“Hmm.” Lucky stood and walked away. Slave-girls fled, yelping, from the powerful immortal they’d just watched digest two hulking guards. Lucky flung open a cabinet and rifled through the contents. “Ah!” At last, she returned carrying a large ceramic jug, which she sniffed before holding it up triumphantly. “I have just the thing!”

She dumped it over Nagisa, and he gasped as he a deluge of thick, sticky *honey* glooped over him! He squirmed as the bedsheets were drenched in the sweet liquid, his entire body glazed from head to toe. He coughed and spluttered, scrubbed his face with his hands – but since his hands were coated in honey too, he ended up even stickier than before! When he managed to strain his eyes open – narrowly – he gasped and recoiled, because Lucky was looming over him with her face several inches from his own!

“There we go,” she purred, cupping a hand behind his head. “Perfect and *delicious*.”

She opened wide, and all Nagisa saw from then on was the inside of her body. Hot lips engulfed his face, sucking on his features with lavish slurps while her tongue rolled across his mouth and nose. “*Mmmnghh-!*” Nagisa squirmed, but Lucky’s hand kept his head firmly in place. As she pushed him deeper, sliiding his chin along her tongue and toward the *glulping* pudge of her tonsils, her free hand crept up his thigh and wrapped around his cock. He was already sporting a half-chub from all the feminine attention, and it quickly swelled as Lucky started to *pump* her prey with deft strokes.

Nagisa *groaned* in pleasure, even as Lucky’s tonsils slipped around his face and jaw – even as her lips wrapped around his neck, and her tongue coiled around his skull in the most depraved kiss imaginable.



Had anyone in history been swallowed as many times as Nagisa? The sensation had become... way too familiar...

Lucky's hand moved down Nagisa's back, fingers digging beneath his asscheeks to secure a firm grip – to *lift* the slim femboy into her maw. *Auuulp!* She worked her jaw and flexed her gullet, and her tonsils parted before him, allowing Nagisa's entire head into the slick, drooling passage of her throat. She was enjoying herself a little too much: her fingers dug into his ass, curling affectionately through his smooth, perfect skin as she slowly, sensually, *devoured* him.

Ulp! Gluck! Lucky lifted him slowly, raising Nagisa's ass and legs as she stretched her maw around his shoulders. Her eyes glazed with bliss as the honey soaked over her tastebuds... but the *true* pleasure, as ever, came from sending a beautiful human down into the embrace of her loving belly. Her right hand continued to jerk Nagisa's cock, now throbbing and drooling precum at full size. She held nothing back, *schlick-schlick-schlicking* her fist up and down his honey-coated fuckrod while he kicked at empty air. "*Mmmpphh--!*"

Should a rescuer be getting so much *satisfaction* from swallowing him? Nagisa hummed and moaned in the depths of Lucky's throat, hearing her insides churning all around him, the *WHUD-WHUD-WHUD* of her heart growing nearer and nearer. Her tongue slurped at his stomach, closer and closer to his throbbing cock, which continued to labour, flex and buck in her tight, pumping fist...

Nagisa couldn't take any more. He gave a moan, his head finally cresting into the pit of Lucky's stomach, as he blew a huge load! Spurting ropes several feet long, he thrashed and writhed, gurgling as the bliss went straight to his core. Cumming while being eaten – that was another sensation he'd become intimate with during his captivity...



Lucky watched Nagisa spurt and spurt, her eyes narrowing with sadistic pleasure as the seasoned prey-boy submitted to her demands. She tapped a finger against his big, clenching balls... before roughly seizing his legs in both hands and *cramming* him down her throat! **GLUORRRK! ULK! ULK! GLULK!** Lucky guzzled him down without a second thought, eyes rolling back in an ahogao as she forced Nagisa all the way inside of her! Nagisa yelped as his slow descend became fast and brutal: packed into Lucky's guard-mulching stomach in a matter of seconds! His lithe body forced to curl up as it stretched her gut out like elastic, the walls conforming exactly to his form.

“Mmnggh, fuckkk...” He felt his feet slide through the warmth of Lucky’s mouth, which champed shut over them before she gave the final *GULP* that sealed him inside her. He curled up fully in the immortal’s stomach, grumbling and shifting, gasping for whatever air he could access as the sweltering-hot sauna oozed its juices all over him. *Thump-thump-thump-thump!* Lucky’s heart beat quickly, elated by the taste of the grumpy boy; indeed, Nagisa had to wince as three solid impacts fell on Lucky’s belly: the cat-eared woman was patting her gut, giving compliments to her latest meal.

“*And now,*” she said, her voice heavily muffled yet ringing all around Nagisa, “*it’s time to digest you.*”

“What!?” Nagisa hissed, starting to fight hard against the grip of her stomach! From the outside, it was a comical sight, as Lucky’s belly started to jiggle violently from side to side... until she grasped it with both hands to arrest its motions.

“*...Just kidding!*” she chirped. “*As much as I’d love to churn you up, that would leave me with no allies at all! Now, let’s get out of here before someone notices.*”

Kurogane trudged up the mountain trail toward Orochi Temple. Its palatial edifice stood stark against the stormy sky: it had grown considerably since Kurogane’s last visit. Lightless thunder grumbled, as though the dark clouds were living beings, constipated with rain and lightning they couldn’t quite unleash. Kurogane felt herself start to sweat. This was no natural weather. The clouds swirled, forming spirals around a single point in the sky, directly above the centre of Orochi’s palace-temple. Powerful magic was brewing, and dark and potent enough to give even Kurogane pause.

She pushed onwards, fighting the chill wind every step of the way. At last, she came to a guard station: a gate flanked by two watchtowers. Perched over the gate and along the towers' roofs were nine dark figures: tengu women, Orochi's flying assassins. One of them was the messenger from earlier.

"You're here in record time!" she called down to Kurogane. "And without your elite guards – how brave. But I'm afraid this is where you fall."

"That so?" Kurogane said, and clapped her flat stomach. "Sorry to burst your bubble, but you and your sisters are going in *here*."

The tengu women shrieked with laughter as they took to the air, circling Kurogane with loud beats of their feathery wings. They probably meant to confuse her – to make her worry which direction the next attack was coming from – but Kurogane barely looked at them. Instead she focused on the rumbling under her feet: something she wouldn't have noticed if she'd let herself be distracted. What *was* that? Before she could figure it out, one of the tengu yelled and spun in the air – and a flurry of razor-sharp pinions flew at Kurogane from the left!

Kurogane sidestepped, and stepped *again* as another tengu launched her own volley. None of the pinions hit Kurogane, instead shearing stone where they hammered into the ground. Kurogane clasped two hands before herself, and bright light flared between her fingers. When she brought her hands apart, flame engulfed her from head to toe, an inferno so hot that the tengu were forced to scatter. The flames swelled and became a tornado that battered the air and crazed its currents, making it impossible for the pinions to hit her.

"Okay," Kurogane said, fire rolling over her tongue. "Who's first?"

Ahead of her, three tengu joined together, clasping their foot-talons in mid-air to make a triangle. They chanted, glyphs of power forming over their mouths, and as they did so, Kurogane felt a *wall* of pressure forming. She braced herself, not knowing what sort of attack the tengu were about to unleash. As the winged women finished their chant, they flung their arms forward...!

The gale that struck Kurogane nearly vanquished her flames. She squared herself against the howling wind, squinting her eyes almost shut just to see. "*Rrrghh...!*"

"Now!" one of the tengu called, and four of them lunged to attack Kurogane. They moved unimpeded by the gale, outstretching their talons as they struck from all four directions! With Kurogane's flames suppressed, those blade-like appendages could reach her, and she had no doubt they were sharp enough to cleave her flesh.

So she killed her flames, and reached into her bag of tricks.

When Kurogane absorbed an immortal, she took more than just their pressure: she took their magic, too. Now, pressed on all sides by flying assassins, she was forced to use her full arsenal.

Poison globs formed in the air around Kurogane. They ranged from the size of an apple to that of a watermelon, rippling in gravity-defying sphericity. The tengu cut off their attack, but a couple reacted too late: poison splattered across their talons and legs, and a moment later they were spasming on the ground, paralysed.

"*Ha!*" Kurogane picked a target and lunged, a web-line launching from her mouth. The tengu was trying to reel away, arresting her own forward momentum with frantic wing-beats, and she made for an easy

target. Kurogane's web engulfed both of her talon-feet, snaring them together in a bundle of soft silk...

...which Kurogane grasped with both hands and *slammed* downwards.

The tengu rammed head-first into the ground, hitting rock with enough force to knock her out. Kurogane, laughing, yanked the webbing upwards — and the unconscious tengu became an impromptu morningstar, whirling in circles around Kurogane's head.

"Beast!" the tengu from before shrieked, glowering down at Kurogane from high in the air. "Unhand my sister!"

"What, this?" Kurogane asked. "All I see is a *chicken drumstick*." She kept whirling the dead-weight of the tengu, eyeing the six remaining combatants in the air. "Did you really think you could win? What, Orochi teaches you a few spells and suddenly you're a match for me? I'd feel *insulted* if that wasn't so funny."

Kurogane grasped the web-line and swung hard. The tengu smashed into a rock with a sickening *crack*, provoking her sisters to squawk in grief and fury. Kurogane let go, then spread her arms wide — all four of them, beckoning her foes to make their next move.

"If you back down now, I'll only eat half of you! How's *that* for a deal?"

That was when the ground vanished from under Kurogane — and a colossal mouth surrounded her.

Oh, right. The rumbling.

Na-ma-zu.

Na-ma-zu.

Namazu!

Oh, today was a good day. A tasty day. She rolled a hand across her bloated belly and moaned in the warm gloom of the earth's crust. Her friend Orochi had pointed her to a village on the western fringe of her domain: a village in the midst of a festival. Namazu had followed the noise, the frantic beat of footsteps and drums, pushing her way through the earth until she was directly beneath them – before lunging to the surface, mouth agape, to swallow every building, barrel, cart, and person in a GULP that echoed for miles! She'd returned below the earth, festival streamers billowing from her smiling lips, leaving nothing but softened earth where the village had once stood.

Now Orochi had a new meal for her. A smaller meal, true, but immortals were deceptively filling. "Yours is the world's mightiest stomach," Orochi had said. "So long as you can swallow her, Kurogane won't stand a chance."

World's mightiest stomach. Orochi was a good friend! Namazu couldn't keep the prideful grin from her face, reliving the compliment as she swam through the ground like some oceanic leviathan, diving deep so those on the surface couldn't feel her passage. But she felt them – oh, yes! Her sensitive ears sensed every traveller, every beast, every bug and bird on every branch up to a mile away, no matter how much solid rock lay between her and them.



She felt her prey. The great Kurogane, boasting loudly toward the flying distractions. Orochi had said Namazu could eat them, too, if she happened to catch them in her maw. Giggling, she turned her colossal body upright, engaged her core, and swam upwards. Faster, faster...! Her scaly tail undulated, as she breast-stroked through rock, through soil, closer and closer to her target! She opened her mouth wide, wider than a small village, drooling at the thought of Kurogane turning to mush in her gut!

She

breached

the surface

and tasted flame.

Kurogane shot jet-streams of fire from her hands and feet, aiming down into the pitch-black abyss of her titanic gullet that had materialised beneath her. “No you *don’t!*” she howled as she arose like a rocket, launching clear of the giantess’s mouth — and beyond, high above even the *tengu*, who gasped as she shot past them.

For a few brief instants, at the top of her ascent, the world seemed to still. Kurogane looked down at the tremendous mouth, and the creature beyond it: a humongous woman with dark, oily skin that gave way in places to green fish-scales. Half her body had emerged from the ground, revealing breasts that could flatten houses and a belly big enough to house a small army. The *tengu*, unable to get away in time, were caught in the depths of her closing mouth. Before her lips

smushed together, Kurogane made eye contact with the tengu who'd given her so much grief. She was shouting, raging, clawing upwards through the air — knowing she'd been betrayed by her oh-so wonderful Madame Orochi.

“Sucks to be you,” Kurogane said.

OHMF! The giant's mouth slammed shut, and her neck rolled once in a massive swallow. ***GLUCK!*** Six tengu swallowed with barely any fanfare, sluiced down the great Namazu's gullet to be instantly, explosively digested.

Kurogane began to fall. Her chest clenched with dread as Namazu's mouth opened again, shiny and free from any trace of the gulped tengu, awaiting its true meal. But Kurogane wouldn't despair.

Not until she'd unleashed her *full* power. The power she'd gained feasting upon every immortal she could get her hands on.

As the darkness of Namazu's throat approached, Kurogane spread her arms wide and clenched her fists. A fiery aura spread around her: not actual fire, but a manifestation of the enormous magical pressure she'd begun to exert. Lightning-bolts appeared in two of her fists, clutched like spears and aimed down into Namazu's gaping maw. The other two hands opened wide, and massive fireballs expanded from her palms, each one larger than she was. Fire streamed from her mouth too, and whipped behind her along with her crimson hair.

Okay, you big bitch, Kurogane thought. Let's see what I'm REALLY made of.

Roaring with might, Kurogane plunged straight into Namazu's mouth.

TO BE CONTINUED