GOONER GLUTTON'S GUIDE -TO- PARTY WIPING



Gooner Glutton's Guide to Party Wiping

A Vore Fantasy

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Book One

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TheRudeButCoolReviewer: errrm, banger much

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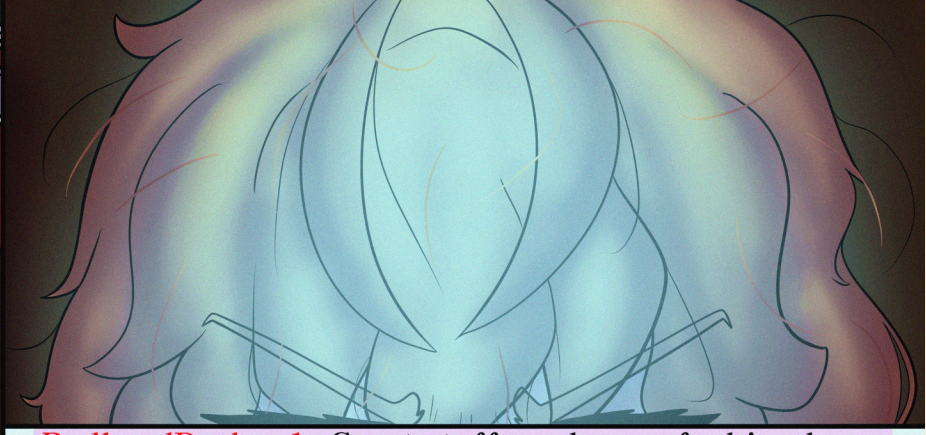
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Snickering, Betty left her bedroom and wandered into the kitchen. The sun shone through a narrow crack in her blinds, lending an unwelcome degree of light to her messy apartment. She really ought to empty that trash can sometime… and get rid of the garbage bags clogging her wardrobe… and—

Well, there'd be time to think about that later. For now, she had a flame war to win, and that required energy.

Were they still *called* flame wars? She pondered this question as she popped open a soda can and downed it while standing naked in the middle of her kitchen. As the years went on, the kind of bull-headed discourse once relegated to niche fan forums wedged itself ever deeper

into the baseline of society. Maybe a better word for ‘flame war’ would be ‘discourse’.

Heh… Yeah… *That* was why Betty rarely ever went outside. It wasn’t her fault she was a socially dysfunctional NEET: the whole damn world was insane! Under these conditions, it was only reasonable to stay indoors and schlick her coocher to vore porn all day.

As she grinned wide at the revelation, she opened a can of spam and slapped it in the frying pan, starting to prepare one of her famous pick-me-up sandwiches. As she ignited the cooker, she frowned and sniffed the air.

Hey, was that gas?

When Betty awoke, what seemed like only moments later, she was lying on cool, bare earth. Her six senses took a moment longer to come online. For a long time she just lay there, lips making the shapes of words like ‘huh?’ and ‘what?’ as she processed her surroundings. When the mist slowly cleared from her eyes, she realised she was peering up at a green forest canopy that swayed and rustled with the wind.

Just a few seconds ago, she’d been standing in her kitchen, and now… *What?*

She groaned as she sat up, not sure what to make of all this. Had she passed out or something? Or maybe she’d been kidnapped, and now her kidneys were missing? She brought her hands to her face, to rub at her eyes—



…and she stared. Why were her palms covered in fur? In fact, as she ran her hands all over her body, she realised she was covered in thick fluff from head to toe! Startled, Betty dashed to the edge of a nearby stream and peered down into the water.

“Fuuuuck…” she said. Staring up at her from the water was an ***anthropomorphic bunny***, cute as a button, heavy-bottomed and consummately soft. She looked back over her shoulder at the white-tipped bob of a tail that twitched with her every movement. She tried hopping, and found that her powerful legs could propel her almost a metre into the air — and neatly absorb the shock when she landed.

Wait. How tall was she now? There were no people nearby to compare herself to, but she felt *way* more compact than before. If she had to hazard a guess, she’d say she felt barely over four feet tall.

“You’re dreaming,” Betty said, pinching herself hard. “Come on, come on, wake *up!*”

Nothing worked. Betty shivered, and in her desperation she considered running into a nearby tree, but she dissuaded herself. She knew what dreams felt like, but this? This was reality, and no amount of slapstick self-bludgeoning would change that.

“Okay…” Betty trudged back to the spot where she’d woken up, scanning the ground for a convenient cheat item, ultimate weapon, or copy of *So You’ve Been Isekai’d (You’re Also a Furry Now).* She found nothing but dirt. On the verge of tears, Betty crouched down and pulled her big, floppy ears over her face. “Send me back!” she yelled. “I don’t wanna live without Internet!” Her voice rang uselessly through the clearing.

“You’re a noisy thing,” said a new voice.



Betty yelped and spun, staring into the trees. There was nothing there — nothing she could *see*, anyway — but now her blood was racing, her fight-or-flight reflex burning through her. She reminded herself that rabbits were *prey* animals: anxiety was hard-coded into her. On this occasion, that anxiety was well-founded. The unseen stranger laughed at her, and she twisted around with a bitter scowl on her face, looking for any kind of movement. Was the stranger throwing her voice? She never seemed to be where the noise was…

"Who goes there!?" Betty demanded, her voice nearly a shriek. "You'd better show yourself, or—… or—…"

"Or what, bunny? You'll flap your pretty ears at me?" Betty got the distinct mental image of a tongue sliding across sumptuous lips. "Don't be coy. There's only one reason a curvy morsel like you would come here…"

Crack. A twig! Betty whirled around, fists bunched and teeth clenched, staring up at—

…oh, that was a *big* wolf-lady.

The beautiful predator towered over Betty, almost twice her height and a thousand times scarier, wearing a dangerous expression that exuded both confidence… and ***hunger.***

The wolf approached, blatantly unafraid of the angry bunny glowering up at her like… well, like a rabbit caught in headlights. She leaned down at the hip until her nose almost touched Betty's, eyes narrowing and teeth glittering in a wide, white grin. Betty felt the wolf-lady's breath on her face, and heard something terrible: the ***growl*** of her stomach, a low croon that signalled only one way this meeting could end.

Betty's heart pounded in her chest. Her pussy grew sensitive and wet, and she clenched her teeth so hard she was afraid they'd chip.

Was this really happening?

"Y-You mean…" Betty breathed, taking a tiny step back from the hungry wolf. "You mean you're gonna—…"

"Speak up, *prey,*" the wolf said, and before Betty could do anything to stop her, she seized her by the ears — one-handed — and hoisted her up off the ground! Betty's big bunny-feet kicked at the air as she swung back and forth in the wolf-lady's grip, gasping and groaning — and *moaning,* just a little. The predator brought her in close, sniffing her fur, nuzzling her wet nose into her sensitive belly while she yelped and squirmed.

"Hey, I'm… ungh… ticklish…!"

"Really. Tell me if *this* tickles," the wolf purred, before lifting her even higher — high above her head — and opening wide.

Oh. Oh god. Betty stared down past her own chest, ignorant of the stretching pain in her ears, squirming in dumbfounded arousal as the wolf-lady ***yawned*** her maw wide open beneath her! Slick and red, that big, stretchy mouth opened wide enough to swallow a person whole, sliiiiding forth a long, glistening tongue that flicked and rolled against Betty's toes!

Betty couldn't believe her luck. Five minutes as a bunny rabbit, and she was already being eaten! She took back everything she'd said: isekai

was incredible! “Come on,” she growled under her breath, too muted for the wolf to hear her. “Swallow me, you bitch…!”

In her lusty vore-haze, Betty could barely think straight. She kept muttering horny curses as the wolf opened wider, ***haaahh***-ing over her feet… before starting to lower her into the gaping pit of her maw. When the slippery heat enfolded her feet, Betty canted her head and bit her lip, ***groaning*** in honeyed desire. The wolf-girl snarled happily, interpreting Betty’s inability to keep still as resistance, and she drew her in slowly, savouring every second of her meal.

Gwauhhlp… gulp… ghullp… The wolf-girl swallowed Betty inch by inch, taking in her legs past the knees and moving onto her thighs, stuffing them down like sweet treats! Her tongue probed outwards, curling against the backs of Betty’s thighs again and again, guiding her in deeper by the second. When Betty was engulfed to the hips, she squeaked and stabbed a hand between her legs, starting to torment her own eager clit with swirling strokes while the wolf-girl grasped her shoulders and ***pulled*** her down.

She went quickly after that, jabbering senselessly to herself as she sank into the depths of the ravenous wolf. *Yes, yes, yes, yes…!* This was everything her perverted mind had ever dreamed of, everything she fantasised about when she was gooning in front of her computer. She didn’t care whether she was dreaming, hallucinating, or anything else: she was being ***eaten!*** The wolf-girl was gonna ***churn*** her like a piece of meat! Like a worthless snack! Like a—

GWAULP!


WAG
WAG
SIR!
M-MMF!

Betty shrieked as the world jolted – and her shoulders lodged in the wolf-girl's maw! The predator's lips and tongue waggled up her neck, and cupped her plump cheeks in drooling heat. Betty whimpered and whined, her feet already pushing into the wider, gurgling chamber of the wolf-girl's stomach, the rest of her body hugged tight in the embrace of her gullet.

"Fuuuck!" Betty roared, her voice hoarse and shaky. By now, her entire face was framed inside the wolf-girl's grinning maw: hot breaths steamed Betty's vision as they blew around her strained, blushing features. Her floppy ears half-covered her eyes, further obscuring her view of the outside world she'd never see again. "Ghuoooh…"

As Betty writhed and fingered her pussy inside the wolf-girl, her vision was eclipsed by the predator's palm – rising up to press on her face, to push her back into the oozing pudge of her glossy red pharynx. ***Auuuuhhhlp…***

GLUCK.

Darkness and heat. Betty's moans would be muffled, now, to anyone standing outside the *very* smug-looking wolf, but to Betty herself they were louder than anything: her own wordless pronouncements of perversion rung inside her skull like a tolling bell. "Ahhhn--!" As she sank down into the wolf's stomach — her brand new bunny-body curled up neatly in that hot, groaning chamber — Betty kept on masturbating, *schlick-schlick-schlick*ing her pussy like there was no tomorrow, because there wasn't! Not for her, the pathetic morsel fingerfucking herself inside her devourer's stomach, as desperate to be *mulched* as anyone was ever desperate for anything.



“Uogh… Gonna… gonna cum…!” Betty squeaked as fingers drummed on the walls of her steamy prison. The wolf-girl was chuckling, and her voice came to Betty deep and muffled:

“*Not only a tasty snack, but a **pervert** as well. Fine, finish yourself off… before my belly ‘finishes you off’…”*

Betty snarled, too wound-up with vore-lust to care that she wouldn’t have long to enjoy her predicament. The wolf-girl’s stomach juices were already sinking into her skin, making her tingle. “Fuck, fuck, fuck…!” she hissed, stroking her clit hard and fast now, panting at whatever sparse air she could access, biting her bottom lip as she went cross-eyed with pleasure…!

At last, on the verge of orgasm, Betty gave a delirious yelp — and pushed herself over the edge. She came hard, there in the wolf’s stomach, letting out half-maddened squeaks as she squirted all over herself! The wolf’s belly ***GURRRRGLE***ed in response to her frantic shifting, her forceful jerks and spasms only serving to stimulate the predator.

“*Oh! A feisty one,*” the wolf-girl said. There was a dropping sensation, and Betty, panting, felt a firmer surface beneath her – a flattening of the floor of the wolf-girl’s stomach, as if she’d just dropped to her knees and allowed her giant belly to rest on the ground. “*I’m going to **enjoy** digesting you, sweet thing. Just settle down now, and let my belly work its magic…*”

Finally! Betty licked her lips as tingling juices oozed from the walls around her. Betty felt pressure sliding across her body as the wolf-girl stroked her tummy, spurring it to heightened levels of activity, to snarl and shift and ***clench*** around her more with each passing second. Exhausted from her orgasm, Betty gurgled and settled back, all curled

up in a tight ball. The wolf's stomach was doing its job, making her feel faint and fuzzy as it started to digest her…

Thank you, Miss Wolf, Betty thought as she huffed and puffed for air, still fondling herself amid the constriction of the predator's stomach. She closed her eyes tight, her lips forming a crooked grin. *Now churn me quickly… Make me into nutrients… DIGEST me…*

"*Ho there, villain! Spit out the bunny!*"

Betty's eyes opened. What?

The next thing she heard was a deep, pained grunt from the wolf-girl as an impact went through her body. Then another. Her belly ***glorp***ed around Betty, churning uncomfortably, and Betty realised she was under attack!

"No, no, no, you *asshole!*" Betty shouted at her unseen saviour — who mustn't have heard, because the assault continued, thumping and *whump*ing through the wolf-girl's body until…

"*Hurrrrk!*"

Betty squealed in despair as she was pushed upwards – propelled up the wolf-girl's throat once again! Her head emerged a moment later, steaming, into the light, followed by the rest of her curvy body – slithering out onto the forest floor in a slimy, twitching heap.

"You jerk!" the wolf-girl rasped through coughs and splutters, turning and fleeing into the bushes. Following her and shaking a big sword was a man in leather armour, yelling angrily in her wake:

“And ***stay*** away, monster! Never again assail the innocent folk of this realm!”

Betty was too weak to move much. She flopped onto her back and panted for air. A sexual buzz lingered on her skin – or was that the sting of the wolf’s digestive juices? – but she mostly felt a sense of disappointment at having her fantasy denied at the very last second.

“Lady, are you okay?” asked the warrior, approaching Betty with concern in his eyes.

“What… did you… *do?*” Betty hissed, glowering up at him. She sat and looked herself over, padding at her wet fur. Ugh. “That was the hottest experience of my *life*, you spoilsport. Why’d you have to be a hero?”

The warrior – a handsome young man with thick brown hair – laughed gently and in confusion. “I’m not sure what you mean!”

Just then, over the warrior’s left shoulder, a… *box…* appeared. It was 2D, with a blue outline, and it bobbed up and down as it stared Betty in the face.

TOOLTIP, it read. ***Digestion rate in this area is 0%. NPCs are required to save people who have been swallowed.***

Betty went slack-jawed as she stared at the pop-up. Shit. This was one of *those* isekai worlds: the video-gamey ones with arbitrary rules. And it seemed this particular one was hellbent on denying her fetish!

Just as soon as she processed the fact, the pop-up was replaced by another. ***LEVEL UP!*** it declared.

"Hoh?"

"Congratulations, my lady!" said the warrior – the NPC. "You'd better check your traits!"

Betty scowled. "How do I do that?"

"Simply look at your left wrist."

She did so, and was surprised to see a pseudo-digital display spring up over her wrist. It contained a list of values and traits. Everything one might expect was on there: HP, MP, remaining experience until her next level, the whole shebang. More intriguing was the big button blinking at the centre of the display: ***CHOOSE YOUR CLASS,*** it read. Betty hesitated before thumbing it. The stats menu melted away and was replaced by a long list of classes. Betty's lips moved as she read them:

- ***Battler.***
- ***Robber.***
- ***Astromancer.***
- ***Fanatic.***
- ***Flutist.***

"What the hell," Betty huffed. "What's wrong with 'Priest' and 'Bard'…?"

"What an exciting time for you!" the warrior said. "It's not often one gets to witness a class assignment!"

Betty squinted at him, taking in the sight of his armour and sword. “I guess you’d be a ‘Battler’, then?”

“That’s right! I turned Level 4 just last month!”

Betty sighed loudly. Well, if she was going to live in a fantasy world, then she at least wanted to hurl some cool spells around. She hovered a finger over the ‘Astromancer’ option and started to press down…

At the very last instant before her finger touched the display, it glitched. *Frzzzzk.* Just before she pressed it, Betty saw the ‘Astromancer’ button flicker and change.

Devourer, it now read.

The button rippled as she pushed it – before she jerked her hand back in shock. It was too late. The display changed again.

You have unlocked the abilities:

- ***Devour Whole.***
- ***Elastic Body.***
- ***Speed Digestion.***

Betty stared at the list, her mouth hanging agape once more. What had just…?

When she met the warrior’s eyes again, he was grinning. “Congratulations, fledgling Astromancer!” he said. “You ought to proceed to the Guild of Astromology in town for your first lessons in—”

Betty phased out the rest, because something dire had grabbed her attention: a low, yet powerful ***grumble*** in her belly. She suddenly felt so empty, so *hungry,* it was like she hadn't eaten in days!

"Uogh… Hurts…" Betty said, clutching her tummy tightly. "What the fuck's happening to me…?"

"Lady?" the warrior asked. "Are you well?"

Betty looked at him desperately… as her belly ***GWORRRRGL***ed painfully. She huffed and puffed for air, and raced her tongue across her lips, as she started to see the warrior in a new light.

"D-Deny my happy ending, will you?" she hissed, wondering just how to activate those new traits of hers. "I have… no idea what's happening… but if I'm doomed to live here now… then I'll show this world how things should ***really*** be!"

Before the warrior could respond, Betty ***leapt*** at him. She opened her mouth as wide as she could, hoping against hope that her powers would kick in! "Aaaahm—!"

Her mouth connected with the warrior's startled face… and she felt her jaw ***stretch****. Ommph!* Her own eyes goggled in shock as she gaped her maw over and around the top of the warrior's head, standing on his chest and gagging instinctively at the strange sensation. Drool poured from her mouth, and her belly rumbled again, spurring her onwards. Oh well — she was already in this deep, so she might as well keep going! ***ULP!*** With a savage push, Betty forced the man's head past her tonsils and into her throat, bulging herself out like crazy as she took the bigger man inch by inch!



The warrior pawed at her, trying to push her off. He'd dropped his sword in order to dig his thumbs into her lips, but even *that* wasn't helping him. No matter how he wriggled and squirmed, he couldn't pry the damned bunny off of him!

GHULK! GLURP! Betty worked her throat again and again, chugging the human down slowly and steadily. Her brain knew there was something ***way too big*** in her throat — that it was simply impossible to swallow something so large — but with great mental effort, she forced herself to keep swallowing… and found, to her continual shock, that her body could take it.

Her belly bloated around the squirming man, gurgling and groaning even *louder* as she forced him down into her depths. She kicked her feet in the air as though pedalling, and grasped the warrior's clothes to tug herself down further. ***ULK, GLUK, GLURK!*** His hips were lodged inside her now, his legs forced together by the squeeze of her throat. With a huge swing of her lower body, she made him topple over… before rising on her own feet and lifting his legs high above her head, staring at the forest ceiling as she ***GULP, GULP, GULP***ed the rest of him down!

When his feet folded between her lips, Betty gargled – then ***slammed*** her teeth tightly together and ***GWAULP***ed one last time! Her neck bloated and shrank, and her belly swelled out to such a humongous, writhing jut that she had no choice but to flop on her butt and let out a massive, rippling—

BWOURRRRRRRRRRP!

Spittle flew from Betty's wide-open mouth as she belched, eyes rolling slightly back in their sockets. When the noise faded, she gasped for precious air, sweating profusely as she sat there staring at her massive, heavy, ***prey-stuffed*** belly.

"Haahh… Hooh…!" Betty rolled her hands along the flanks of her heaving mega-gut, which burbled and groaned happily around its new inhabitant. "Fuuhhh… Did I actually… just…?"

Inside her, the warrior was fighting, yelling, his voice muffled by the shifting walls around him. "*Let me out, monster!*"

"Mhhnn… No can do," Betty crooned, slapping her enormous gut a few times. "I wouldn't know HOW, even if I wanted to. And I don't. Now, how do I activate this 'Speed Digestion' thingie…?"

As soon as she said that, Betty yelped and quivered. Her eyelids fluttered, and she let out a long, low ***moan*** as her belly went into ***overdrive!***

GROOOOOOHHNNNN!

Betty's belly rapidly clenched, describing the shape of the warrior trapped inside her again and again as the huge bloat pulled in and out, loudly and sloppily digesting him with massive contractions of her middle! Betty's eyes rolled back in bliss, her tongue flopping out as the sensation of digesting the annoying human gave her more pleasure than she ever would have expected! "Oh! Ohhhn!" she wailed as her gut churned and pumped, dragging along the ground, slowly shrinking inwards as the bulge of her prey quickly lost all definition, his shouts fading into the wet gurgling of her belly.

Betty's gut made short work of the yummy snack, mulching him and distributing the nutrients throughout her system in less than a minute – far faster than it'd take for any NPC to run to her location and stop her! As her belly reduced to a more manageable size, she used both hands to rub it, spurring her digestion along as it ***GLUG, GLUG, GLUG, GLURRRTCH***ed in pure happiness.


BUURRP
EXHAUSTED

At last, left with only a plump pout on her belly – and a feeling that her ass had become suddenly fatter than before — Betty released another tremendous, rolling belch that flung spit through the air once again. Once it had calmed down, she crooned and stroked her pussy in stupefied bliss, gasping and wheezing for precious air.

"How… How did you *do* that?"

Betty turned her head lazily. Approaching from the bushes was the wolf-girl, eyes wide with both fear and fascination as she tiptoed toward Betty. Betty gave her a dizzy grin, still riding the high of digestion, and gave her contented tummy a swat. "***Hurrrrp!*** Don't ask me; it just happened! I totally — ***hurrraahhp*** — churned that guy!"

"So fast, too…" The wolf-girl stopped a couple of metres away, looking nervous to approach any further. "Why did you let me eat you before, if you can… If you're so…?"

Just as the wolf-girl said that, a new pop-up appeared in front of Betty. ***LEVEL UP!*** She grinned and waved the message away. Well, well. Maybe she could fuck with this world after all, if the powers-that-be had deigned to bestow such a potent cheat skill upon her. Maybe she was supposed to turn this world from an endo-centric hellscape into a paradise where preds could eat and churn as they desired?

Betty hopped to her feet and pointed a finger at the wolf-girl, making her draw back with a frightened gasp. "Fear not, humble pred!" Betty declared. "*I'll* be your saviour! I'll devour the very gods, if that's what it takes to restore the natural order! You can count on—"

The ground opened up beneath them and swallowed them whole.

ALERT! Said a new pop-up as Betty fell into the bottomless black pit, flailing her arms and legs and screaming all the while. ***Digestion rate has increased! Divine intervention is now in progress.***

Betty's rapid descent ended when the portal spat her out in the middle of a vast stone crater. She launched sideways from the magical aperture, not directly down, so the bounced and skipped across the hard ground before rolling to a halt.

Stinging, groaning, she picked herself up on her knees — and slowly raised her head. Nearby, the wolf-girl was similarly sore and stunned, rubbing her head as she tried to right herself.

"Oh gods," the wolf-girl said. "I've heard of this happening. Shit, you've really done it now…"

Betty gulped and studied her surroundings. The crater must have been formed by a meteor long ago, it was so deep and smooth. The portal must have carried her a long distance: it was less humid here, a dry heat that matched her mountainous surroundings.

Thump. Thump. Betty watched a tiny stone skitter across the ground, shaken by the vibrations rolling through the earth. Betty's mouth felt dry, and her tummy was turning in a very not-good way.

"Hey," she said, looking to the wolf-girl. "What form does 'divine intervention' usually take?"

"Usually?" said the wolf-girl. "The gods eat you."

“What kind of hypocrisy—”

A shadow stretched across the crater. Betty looked up, up, ***up,*** at the gargantuan entity standing on the crater rim: a giantess, human in form, whose hair was the bright glowing amber of hearth-flame and whose eyes shone greener than jade. She was naked, of course, her ultra-curvy body adorned by nothing but the concentric haloes that hovered, humming a sublime chord, behind her back. She had to be at least fifty feet tall, and when she stepped down into the crater, she did so with three easy steps before closing, a hundred metres per stride, on Betty and the wolf-girl’s position.

Fleeing was so blatantly useless that Betty didn’t even try. She just stared, horrified by her own weakness, as the glowing giantess approached — until, with a dust-lifting ***THUMP,*** she planted her feet about ten metres from where Betty stood.

Betty had to crane her neck to hold eye-contact with the goddess, peering past the huge, breathing slopes of her house-crushing breasts. Until now, Betty hadn’t noticed the tiny lights flying around the goddess’s head and shoulders like flies. *Angels,* Betty realised, or something like them: winged women dressed in purest white silk. The lights were their glowing spears, clutched idly as they grinned and cackled among themselves, eager to see their mistress remove eradicate the blasphemer.

To Betty’s surprise, the wolf-girl didn’t cower or kowtow before the goddess: she stood with fists clenched, leering defiantly at the enormity standing over her.

“H-Hey,” said Betty, trying to raise her voice… but she was so terrified that she could manage no louder than a breathy huff. “What I said before, about eating the gods, I—”

"Voracious one," said the goddess, her voice deep and resonant. She wore a stern expression, like an angry teacher. ***"You have broken the laws of our world. For this, you must be punished."***

Betty stared. She'd been getting used to the idea of being a pred, but hell, getting eaten by *this* bitch didn't sound so bad. "O-Oh," Betty said, crossing her arms behind her head. "Well, if that's how it has to be, then I guess—"

"You will be imprisoned in my stomach, to contemplate your sins for all time."

Betty groaned. Endo world, *right.* "Who are you, anyway?" Her words made the flying angels giggle like a gaggle of harpies, but she ignored the, continuing to hold the goddess's gaze.

"Do you not recognise Judgment, of the Four Divinities?"

Betty shrugged. "It's been a long day."

"You!" shouted the wolf-girl. "You gods are the reason I can't eat a good meal! Ever since you came along, my kind have starved, forced to survive on berries! How are we supposed to thrive under your stupid rules?"

The goddess shifted her attention to the wolf-girl, and for the first time, Betty watched a smile paint that sublimely beautiful, freckled face.

"My darling, you and your wretched kin are SUPPOSED to starve. The world will not miss you."



The goddess lifted a hand and clicked her fingers… and Betty shrieked as she felt herself falling again. This time, the portal spat her out high in the air — with Judgment waiting far below her. The goddess winked, then tipped back her head and opened wide.

As Betty stared down into that wide, red maw approaching her at high speed, she clenched her teeth tight. Trapped in a belly forever, and

never digested? What kind of torture was THAT? It was like gooning forever without cumming! Sure, the journey was nice, but the destination was the whole point!

Fighting the wind whipping around her, and spurred by some last-minute instinct, Betty looked at her left wrist. Maybe she'd gained something on level-up that would allow her to survive? Her character menu appeared. Behind it, the goddess's mouth continued to fill more and more of Betty's vision. Angels flew around her, laughing and waving. Tears filled her eyes…

You are now Level 3! the display told her. ***You have gained the skill: CALL PATRON.***

Call Patron? What the hell was *that* supposed to mean!? Nevertheless, Betty brought her wrist to her ear – holding it there like a cell phone as she flexed the imaginary muscles she'd flexed when first using her elasticity skill. "Hello?" she shrieked. "Answer me, whoever you— ***guh!***"

She landed in the goddess's mouth, on top of her soft, slick, and squishy tongue. The wolf-girl landed beside her half a second later, and together they crawled toward the light, panting for air, moaning in despair as Judgment's tongue tilted – beginning to slide them back toward the flexing chute of her gullet.

Betty jerked her wrist against her ear again. "Call Patron!" she yelled. "Call Patron, Call Patron, Call—"

Gulp.

Judgment's divinely plump lips pursed in a satisfied grin as she gulped the blasphemers down. Her soft, pale neck flexed briefly, sending a

massed lump of prey-meat bulging down her throat. She traced it with two fingers, stroking them down her neck, her collarbone… into the pillowy valley between her breasts…

And then something happened.

Her skin glowed under her fingers, as something ***flashed*** inside her. Judgment's eyes went wide, and she covered her mouth with both hands – but nothing could stop the huge, rippling sound that erupted from her lips:

BWAAAAAARRRRRRRP!

Dark energy blasted from her mouth, a cloud of purple-and-black magic that caused her angels to dart and dive away from its radius, shrieking in terror… before hovered over their divine mistress and watching in concern.

Judgment shook, her expression twisting to pure hatred. She balled up her fists, drawing deep breaths in the wake of the dark magic flare. At last, the giantess composed herself, drawing herself up straighter before announcing, in a controlled voice:

"They escaped. Worse — I can't track them anymore."

The angels made noises of consternation as their goddess turned and walked to the edge of the crater. Though she maintained a stern expression, all could sense the anger radiating from her.

"Scatter, my angels. Hunt down the blasphemers; leave no stone unturned. Someone has empowered them to challenge our world's order, and that cannot be allowed to stand."

As Judgment climbed out of the crater and strode through the mountains beyond, she took a deep breath.

The other Divinities were *not* going to like this.

TO BE CONTINUED