Story by Brazzel

Art by SeekGr



Just For Tonight

Just For Tonight

a Vore Anthology

by

Brazzel

art by

SeekGr

© Snakethroat Books 2025

https://snakethroatbooks.e-junkie.com/

Join us on Discord!

Some hungers go deeper than the body.

In this intimate, surreal, and deliciously indulgent anthology, four tales explore the line between desire and devouring. A lonely man meets a stranger in a bar who offers him the chance to disappear—just for tonight. A cocky fighter flirts with the wrong monster girl and finds himself swallowed up in a game of dominance he can't win. In a forgotten monastery, a scholar hears the call of a divine serpent who promises peace through surrender. And in a cozy college apartment, a dragon-girl roommate teases her shy new companion with the promise of warmth, closeness, and something far more consuming.

Each story plunges into a different flavor of craving—some tender, some feral, all deeply physical. *Mouths open wide. Bodies slide inward. And once you're inside, there's no pretending you're anything but wanted.*

You're not broken. You're tired.
You don't need to be strong right now.

Just For Tonight

She sat alone at the bar, a crimson drink untouched in her hand. I wouldn't have looked twice, except she was watching me with the patience of a woman who already knew the ending.

"You look like someone who wants to disappear," she said, before I even made it to the stool beside her. "Not forever. Just for a little while."

I laughed, because what else do you do when a beautiful woman reads you like a suicide note?

"And you can help with that?"

She smiled, slow and knowing. "Just for tonight."

She turned her body slightly toward me, the dim bar lights catching in the strange pattern of her dress—scale-like, but soft. I couldn't tell how old she was. Young face, but something ancient behind her eyes. Something that didn't blink often. Something that didn't need to.

"I'll make you an offer," she said, gently. "I can swallow you. Whole. You'll be safe. You'll feel nothing but warmth. Pressure. Silence. And when you come out, if you want to come out, you'll feel…different."

"Different how?"

"Like something was holding you," she said. "And didn't want to let you go."

There was a pause between us then. Not uncomfortable. Just long enough for the air to change.

"Alright," I said. I'd had two drinks and no one had looked at me like that in months. "What's the catch?"

"No catch." Her voice was velvet. "Just for tonight."

She rose without a word, downed her drink in a single swallow, and gestured for me to follow. Her movements were fluid. Like she had all the time in the world.

Outside, the night air felt heavier. The street was mostly empty—too late for normal people, too early for the truly unhinged. I expected her to lead me to a car, maybe a taxi. Instead, she walked down the alley beside the bar.

The alley opened into an old garden courtyard. Forgotten. Tucked between buildings that had grown around it like crooked teeth. There was a fountain with no water. Vines twisted up the stone. A lamplight flickered above the archway, blinking, considering dying. I stared at it. My palms started to sweat.

She stopped at the center of the courtyard and turned to me. "Last chance to change your mind."

"I still don't know your name."

"You'll forget it anyway," she said, not unkindly.

"And you're really going to swallow me?"

"Yes."

"You do this often?"

"Only when someone needs it." She tilted her head. "And you…need it, don't you?"

I hesitated. Not because I didn't believe her. But because I did.

Maybe I'd needed this for longer than I realized. I hadn't been touched in weeks. I hadn't cried in years. I wasn't in danger, not really. Just tired in that heavy, soul-soaked way that sleep couldn't fix. And somehow, she knew.

So I nodded.

She stepped closer, reaching up with one hand. Her fingertips brushed my cheek. Her other hand rested on my chest, right above my heart.

"I'll take care of you," she said. "It will feel like floating. Like falling. Like rest."

Then she changed.

Not all at once. It wasn't a horror show. No snapping bones. No shrieking. Just…more of her. Her frame grew taller, her eyes glowing

softly in the dark. Her mouth widened as she exhaled. Her skin shimmered, briefly iridescent.

I should have run. I didn't. I just stood there and let her open her arms.

"You're sure?" she asked, her voice echoing in my bones.

"Yes," I said, and my voice didn't shake.

"Then close your eyes."

I closed my eyes.

Her breath passed over me—warm, slow, and scented faintly with something sweet. It reminded me of honey left too long in the sun, of fruit ripening into wine, of something ancient and patient and alive.

She touched my shoulders, then ran her hands down my arms. Her fingertips were softer now. Pliable. Curious. When they reached my wrists, she paused—and I realized she wasn't holding me down. She was just…holding me.

A whisper, close to my ear:

"You're safe now."

And then I felt her lips.

They pressed against my forehead first. Not a kiss, but something close—lingering, reverent. Then lower, to my temple, my jaw, the hollow of my throat. Each touch left a heat behind, marking me. I was being claimed, but tenderly.

Her mouth opened wider than it should have. I felt her breath around my face, the humid interior of her, impossibly vast. And when she began—when she took me in—it wasn't sudden.

It was slow. Measured.

My head slipped past her lips. My cheeks brushed against flesh that was slick but welcoming. Her tongue moved beneath me, a slow undulation that supported rather than pushed. There was no violence in it. Only inevitability.

My ears filled with a low, pulsing hum—her heartbeat, steady and deep, echoing through her chest. As my shoulders passed into her,



I felt her hands guide me, encouraging. I did not resist. I couldn't. It felt too good. Too strange. Too necessary.

She swallowed, once, and I slid deeper.

Her throat was tight around me, yet yielding. I could feel each gentle contraction pulling me further in, surrounding me, hugging me from all sides. My arms were pressed to my sides, my legs still outside in the cool air, but everything above the waist was already hers.

And I had never felt so warm.

Not just physically—though the heat inside her was swaddling, almost womb-like—but emotionally. There was a peace rolling through me, loosening knots I hadn't known were there. Grief I'd carried for years began to slip loose, unspooling like thread in the dark.

My hips passed her lips. Then my thighs. Then my knees.

She paused there, with my legs still outside, and took a long, slow breath through her nose—savoring me, or maybe grounding herself. I felt her tongue slide between my ankles, curling around like a ribbon.

"You're beautiful," she said aloud, and I believed her.

Then she swallowed again, and I was gone.

There was a moment—just one—when I thought I would panic.

My entire body was inside her. Curled, slick, held tight. The world outside was gone. No light, no wind, no sound but the soft compression of her body around mine. It would have been easy to imagine this was death, but it didn't feel like dying.

It felt like…returning.

Her insides pulsed around me. They flexed and shifted as if making space for me, like she'd been hollow before and I was the shape she'd been waiting to fill her. A perfect fit. I could move—barely—but I didn't want to. It was the first time I'd ever been completely held, and I wasn't in a hurry to leave.

The walls around me were soft, slick with some natural warmth. Not wet; plush, velveted. I could hear her heartbeat clearly now,

steady as a drumbeat deep in the earth. Above it, a strange music—a lullaby without lyrics, coming from no instrument I knew. It was her body, singing to itself.

Singing to me.



Time dissolved. I didn't know how long I was there. Minutes. Hours. It didn't matter. I began to feel myself slipping, thoughts loosening, memories rising and falling like kelp in warm water.

I saw my mother's hands, once calloused and trembling as she buttoned my childhood coat. I saw the first boy I ever kissed, his laugh caught between shyness and daring. I saw myself in the mirror last year, hollow-eyed and afraid to cry.

Her body wrapped tighter around me. Not suffocating—embracing. Like she could see what I saw. Like she was watching me from the inside, letting my past unfold within her.

I felt her hand press to the outside of her stomach, and her voice came through—not in words, but in meaning.

You're not broken. You're tired. You don't need to be strong right now. Just be.

I sobbed.

Not from fear. Not from pain. But from release. Quiet, racking sobs that slipped from my chest in hot waves. She held me through them, tighter still, until my cries became breaths, and my breaths became stillness.

Inside her, I was nothing and everything.

There was no need to speak. No need to move. Just pressure. Warmth. Breath.

I didn't want to leave.

But I could feel her preparing—her body nudging me, a cradle turning toward the light. It wasn't rejection. It was grace. I clung to her then. Just a minute longer.

Just for tonight.

And tonight was ending.

I felt her body shift, pushing, guiding the way tidewater guides a swimmer back to shore. My body began to move, drawn upward in slow pulses. Every breath of hers, every subtle contraction, brought me closer to the surface. The warmth around me loosened. The velvet pressure gave way to cool air lapping at my face.

And then—light.

Her lips parted, and I was born again into the night.

I slid from her mouth slow and shining, every inch of me slicked with heat and breath and something too sacred to name. She caught me in her arms as I emerged, holding me like a lover, like a friend, like something divine.

I collapsed into her chest, gasping once from the ache of leaving.

She held me against her, her hand stroking my back in long, slow motions. I could feel the rhythmic thud of her heart against my ear, slower now. Calmer. As if I'd given her something too.

We stayed like that for a while. Just the two of us in the garden, in the dark, beneath the silent flicker of that dying lamplight. She hummed—soft and low—and I knew the sound. I'd heard it inside her.

I didn't know what to say. Every word felt too small.

So I whispered the only thing that mattered.

"Thank you."

She kissed my temple. Her lips smelled faintly of me.

"You don't have to understand it," she said. "Just carry it with you."

I wanted to ask her if this was real. If she was real. If anything had changed.

But I already knew.

The ache in my chest was gone. The emptiness I'd carried for so long had been filled, replaced by something quiet and golden and steady. I felt…clean. Not physically—though she did hand me a soft cloth, as if she'd done this many times before—but deep in the marrow of myself.

The kind of clean that comes after weeping into someone's shoulder. The kind of clean that comes from being known and still kept.

She helped me stand. My legs trembled. She didn't laugh.

At the edge of the garden, I turned back to her.

"Will I see you again?"

She smiled—not sad, not hopeful. Just knowing.

"You won't need to."

And then she was gone.

The alley was just an alley again. The bar was shuttered. The street was empty.

But I walked home differently.



The Brawl

The tavern was a raucous mess. Mugs clinked. Drinks sloshed. Gregarious laughter turned to shouts and blows. Eli loved it. It was the kind of place where words were cheap, and fights were cheaper.

He leaned against the bar, elbow propped up like he owned the joint, fingers tapping a beat on the stained wood. His gaze swept across the room, landing on a few familiar faces—men too bold for their own good, women too pretty to be ignored—but none of them caught his attention tonight. Not like she did.

The woman across the room wasn't like the others. She was all angles and curves, a towering presence that made the other patrons shrink back as she moved. Her skin had the pale sheen of someone born of something other, with horns that caught the dim light. Her eyes were sharp, glowing faintly in the smoky haze of the room. Her posture screamed power—her every step a silent declaration that she was used to being in control.

Eli's grin slid into something sharper as he watched her, sizing her up. She wasn't here for idle chit-chat, but neither was he. He wasn't the type to just sit back and admire from afar.

He walked up to the bar next to her, flashing her a cocky smile as he caught her eye. "You look like you're bored. Want someone to entertain you?"

She didn't smile back. Her lips curled, but it wasn't friendly.

"You think you can entertain me?"

Eli leaned in, close enough to feel the heat of her body but not close enough to get swallowed whole—yet. "I think I could show you a good time. A good meal."

She blinked slowly, a wicked smile spreading across her face as she leaned forward, brushing her hand against his chest.

"Is that a promise?" she whispered.

The challenge was clear. Eli chuckled, the kind of cocky laugh he'd perfected over the years, the kind that made women either swoon (at least in his approximation).

But before he could say anything more, someone else decided to push their luck. A burly man, probably thinking himself a tough guy, shoved past Eli with a muttered insult aimed at the woman.

The monster girl's eyes flared. The air in the tavern seemed to thicken as the mood shifted, everyone in the room sensing something dangerous stirring. Eli's grin faltered for a moment. He didn't know if the fight was going to be between him and her, or him and this brute.

"Careful, friend," Eli said, stepping between the two. "I wouldn't pick a fight with her if I were you."

The thug turned, smiled, and punched him in the face.

A brawl erupted. That was nothing new: the tavern itself had been waiting for this moment. Chairs tipped over, mugs shattered, and people leapt into the fray with wild abandon. Eli felt the adrenaline surge through him as he readied a punch. This was his element—chaos, pure and unrestrained.

But then, in the heat of it all, he felt something grab his arm. He turned, only to meet the glowing eyes of the monster girl.

"You don't seem so cocky now," she said, her hand tightening around his wrist with an unexpected strength.

Before Eli could react, she pulled him forward, the fight around them intensifying as if it were a backdrop to their own personal war. She tugged him toward her with a hungry gleam in her eyes.

"Are you still offering a meal?" she whispered.

Eli's heart skipped a beat. Shit.

Before he could make sense of the situation, her arms wrapped around him like a vice, pulling him flush against her. His breath caught as her body pressed close, and he realized how much larger she was than him, how much stronger. There was no escape, no dominance to claim. The battle wasn't in his hands anymore. His body was hers.

“You’re reckless,” she said, her fingertips brushing his neck. “But I like that.”

Eli’s pulse quickened as she tilted her head, exposing the soft curve of her mouth.

The room spun as her lips parted. A heat wrapped around his neck as she leaned in, her breath warm and thick against his skin. And then, slowly, she dragged her mouth across his throat, her tongue flicking out with an insistent, dangerous caress.

The world fell away, leaving only the sensation of her body, her hunger, her power.

And the strange thrill that filled him.

Her tongue traced the curve of his throat, sending an electric shiver down his spine. Every breath he took seemed to pull him deeper into her. Eli’s chest heaved as he tried to focus, but her mouth, her scent, her presence drowned out all thoughts. She was devouring him with her eyes before she even touched him with her lips.

“You’re so much braver than I thought,” she murmured against his skin, her voice low.

His pulse raced. Eli had always thrived on the edge, always played with danger. But now, this—her—was a different kind of risk. The line between fight and surrender had blurred, and he didn’t know if he wanted to challenge her or fall willingly into her grasp.

“You think you can just flirt your way out of trouble, huh?” she whispered, her hand sliding up his chest to trace the sharpness of his jaw, the line of his throat, as if she were memorizing every inch of him.

“I don’t know…can’t say I’m the type to back down.” His voice felt raw. He was fighting for air. “So, what now?”

She tilted her head, eyes narrowing with dark amusement.

"Now?" Her fingers tightened around his throat, holding him still, teasing the sensation of control. “Now...I think you need to learn something.”

Before he could react, she leaned in, and the world went hazy. Her lips brushed his ear, a soft, lingering kiss, and then—

Her mouth opened.

It wasn't like any kiss Eli had ever known. No teasing touch. No slow, building hunger. This was primal. She inhaled, pulling him toward her with a sudden, powerful suction that made his body feel like it was weightless. Her lips parted further, and he felt the heat of her breath as it engulfed him. He couldn't think—couldn't breathe—the sensation was overwhelming. She wasn't just kissing him; she was consuming him.

The edge of her tongue flicked against the base of his throat, and his body jolted. The moment was exhilarating. The rough warmth of her mouth stretched wider, and he felt himself tipping forward, drawn into the dark cavern of her mouth.

His hands pressed against her shoulders, half in protest, half in fascination. "Wait—wait, you're serious?"

But her hands were firm, not a shred of hesitation in her movements. She was beyond the point of words now. Her mouth opened wider, pulling him closer. The darkness inside was dizzying, and for a moment, Eli's pulse thundered in his ears.

The heat of her throat slid against him, and his body lurched as she took him in deeper, inch by inch, her hunger matched only by the slow, teasing pace of her devouring. He could feel the warmth of her lips sealing around him, the wet pressure of her tongue lapping at his chest. His legs wavered, and he instinctively hooked his hands around the edges of her jaw, trying to ground himself in the moment, even as his body betrayed him, softening into her, responding to her touch.

"Gods…" Every breath he drew tasted of her. He had never imagined this—the sensation of being drawn into someone, swallowed by desire itself.

Her mouth closed around his torso with a possessive, satisfying pull. Her throat muscles rippled with a sensual motion that made his skin burn with pleasure and awe. The weight of her was intoxicating,



like being drawn into a rucksack—overwhelming and infinite. And yet, there was something deeply intimate about it.

Eli's mind spun. His heartbeat quickened, and his breath came in short, sharp gasps. His cock was painfully hard against the heat of her tongue. She moaned lightly as she took him deeper still, her lips soft against his abdomen. The tightness around him was suffocating, yet that, in itself, was exciting. Eli began to move his hips.

She let him.

Then the air around him seemed to stutter. His consciousness fragmented. He wasn't sure where the fight had gone, or when his body had started to relax in her embrace. She was everything now—heat, pressure, hunger—and he couldn't find it in himself to do anything but thrust.

She was smiling. He could feel it. She had broken him and now he was nothing but an animal. The intensity of his desire burned through the shame. He groaned and she groaned with him. He thrust into the warmth of her tongue and she cupped him, waiting for the inevitable. Defeat came a moment later and so did Eli.

His hands drifted down, lost in the sensation of being devoured, and he found himself gripping her shoulders, then her neck. "Are you going to…take all of me?" He didn't know why he asked it—why the question tumbled out—except it felt like the last vestige of control. She had allowed him to pull himself from her gullet. The noise of the bar returned, but it was muted.

"I think you've already answered that," she said.

The words hung in the air between them. You've already answered that. And then, without warning, she swallowed again, her throat tightening around him as she pulled him into her.

The world shrank.

Everything else disappeared. The noise of the tavern. The people. The fight. All of it was gone, consumed by the heat of her body and the sensual pull that tugged him into her with every movement.

Eli’s world became the rhythm of her, the feeling of being swallowed, of surrendering, of being taken into the place where nothing else mattered but the two of them.

Her body shifted beneath him, guiding him deeper still, her throat muscles rippling around him like a silken vice. The sensation was all-consuming, not just of his body but of his very self, his mind spiraling as he sank further into her. Every pulse of her throat around him was a wave crashing over him, washing away any thought of escape. He was inside her now—completely.

His hands slid down her neck, fingertips brushing the smoothness of her breast, seeking some sort of grounding. He could feel the heat of her inside, the living anthem of her heart pulsing through her body, and the wild, instinctive hunger that powered every movement of her.

"God, you feel so good inside me," she purred, her voice thick with pleasure, sending a tremor through him. "I can feel you...every part of you."

Eli’s body responded to her words, to the way her tongue pressed against him, to the feeling of being swallowed whole. He wanted to say something—anything—but his voice was lost in the tight grip of her throat, in the heavy weight of her body around him.

His legs began to give out, the last of his strength draining away as he descended deeper into her. There was no longer any resistance left in him. He was weightless, floating in the dizzying, erotic sensation of being devoured—not in the frantic, terrified way of prey being consumed by a predator, but in the intimate, entrancing way of a lover being enveloped by their partner.

The darkness surrounding him felt like a sacred place, a space where only they existed. His breath came in shallow, ragged gasps as he sank lower still. He felt the tightness of her stomach muscles ripple against him as he slipped further down, the warmth and softness of her insides wrapping around him like a tight embrace. His body was no longer his own. He was part of her now, and there was no more need

for words, no more need for thought. Just the feeling of being consumed, taken into her completely.

She groaned softly, her hands resting on his ankles, her grip firm but comforting. "So eager," she whispered. "You wanted to be inside me. And now you are." Her voice was a mixture of satisfaction and something darker, more possessive. "You'll never be the same after this."

The words hung heavy in the air, but they didn't scare him. No, they exhilarated him. The idea of becoming part of her, of being so deeply connected to her, was intoxicating.

His hands slid down further, gripping the slick walls of her insides, trying to hold onto something—anything—to remind him that he was still Eli, still in control of his own mind, even if his body was no longer his to command. But there was no room for that anymore. There was only her.



And then, with one final, deep swallow, he felt himself slide past her throat and into the cavernous warmth of her stomach. The sensation was utterly alien, and yet, in a strange way, it felt right. He could feel the slow pulse of her stomach around him, the gentle movement of her body as she settled back.

For a moment, there was nothing but stillness.

And then, her voice, soft and satisfied, echoed through the space that held him.

"Welcome home."

The soft, pulsing warmth of her stomach surrounded him, each ripple a reminder of her presence. It was as if the world outside no longer existed. He was no longer in a bar, no longer in a crowded room with echoes of laughter and clinking glasses. There was only her. Only the deep, intimate space within her.

Inside, the air was thick, heavy with the scent of her, her heat. Eli's body was pressed into hers, his hands instinctively rubbing against the smooth, pliant walls of her stomach. The surface beneath him was alive with every shift, every movement she made, and he could feel it, the pulse of her. It was fast and energetic. Alive with her power. She was enjoying this as much as he was, though by no means was that a promise of release.

A low, satisfied hum vibrated from deep within her, and Eli felt it pulse through his body. Her stomach gave a squeeze, acknowledging his touch, responding to his presence with a slow, deliberate roll. His fingers pressed against her walls, feeling the flesh beneath his hands warm as the monster girl blushed with excitement. He couldn’t help but moan softly, the sensation of her body moving around him both erotic and intoxicating.

“I didn’t think…catch your name,” he managed.

“Food doesn’t need to know my name.”

She was teasing him, he hoped. Her stomach tilted as she leaned against the bar. Fighting continued around them, but nobody dared to

hit the monster girl—not when she had so adequately demonstrated the result.

Her hands slid over her own stomach, tracing the curves with a quiet, knowing pleasure. He could feel the subtle shift in her posture as she leaned back, her breath steady but heavy. There was no rush now, no urgency. The chaotic scene outside might still be unfolding, but here, in the privacy of this space, there were only the two of them. The sensation of her skin, soft and firm in all the right places, her fingers pressing lightly against her abdomen, made him ache with a need that went beyond the physical.

He could feel her fingertips through the walls of her stomach, rubbing over the spot where he rested, pressing in, massaging him from the outside. He responded instinctively, shifting his hips, unable to stop himself from moving against her in small, helpless motions.

The softness of her skin beneath his hands was exhilarating, but it was the sensation of being inside her that made him lose himself. She could feel him, and he could feel her, even through the layers of skin and muscle, even through the gyrating darkness that enveloped him. When she pressed him into the corner of the bar, it was a reminder. She was being nice. She was being lenient. It didn't mean that she couldn't crush him in an instant if she wanted.

"Does this feel good, meal?" she asked, her hand still moving across her stomach. "Do you like being here...with me?"

He responded without thinking, his voice hoarse with need. "I've never felt anything like this…"

The pressure around him tightened; her body reacting to his hips grinding against its walls. He leaned his forehead against her gut, listening to her grunt as she used the corner of a stool to relieve some of the pressure. Though he had just spent himself on her tongue, he could feel it building again—that greedy, incessant need.

"She's going to digest me," he thought as he rubbed himself against her. *"She's going to turn me to slush."*



As she continued to rub her stomach, her breath became more ragged, more hungry. "You're mine now," she whispered, a soft laugh escaping her lips. "Every part of you. You're safe with me...for now. But I also want to feel you. I want to feel everything you feel."

Her voice sent a shiver down his spine. He wasn't sure when it had happened, but somewhere along the way, he had stopped resisting. This was no longer about fear, no longer about conquering or being conquered. This was about trust. About giving in to something so powerful, so deep, that he felt it in every inch of his being.

As her stomach rocked beneath him, as her fingers pressed and rubbed in a slow, comforting rhythm, Eli gave in. He let himself feel it all—the pressure, the warmth, the intoxicating sensuality of being

consumed, of being completely at her mercy. He felt the pleasure surge inside him, the way her body seemed to respond to his every move, to his every need.

For a moment, it wasn't just the physical connection. It was as if their souls were touching, as if every part of him was being absorbed into her, becoming one with her. And in that moment, he knew that despite the madness of the bar, despite the chaos and the laughter and the noise outside, this was their time. This was their world now, and it was beautiful in a way he couldn't describe.

Her stomach rubbed against him again, eager, and Eli's hands slid up, resting on the smooth curve of her body as his pleasure built, spiraling higher. "I'm yours," he murmured, his words breathless. "All of me...I'm yours."

Her response was a deep, throaty chuckle.

And as the world around them faded to nothing, as they shared this private, surreal moment, Eli's body finally surrendered to the sensation. The soft, intimate pressure that had been building inside him released, his body pulsing with a flood of warmth as he gave in to the feeling of being completely consumed.

The Serpent of the Bell-Tower

The monastery hadn't heard footsteps in almost a decade.

Not since the last Brother had vanished, his final journal entry marked only by a curling symbol—serpentine and looping like a spiral undone—and the phrase: *She calls me now*.

When Rhian arrived, he did not come as a pilgrim. He was no believer. A scholar, maybe. A historian with soft hands and a crooked smile, sent by the Archives to catalog the remains. The stone paths were covered in moss. The library smelled of salt and age.

He wasn't alone. At night, the wind would shift and carry with it a hush, like breath through hollow lungs. The bell tower, once the highest point of the monastery, was still intact—but the bell itself never rang. Or so he told himself.

By day, he transcribed. The journals were uncomfortably personal, filled with longing and reverence. The monks spoke not of a god but a presence—a feminine hunger that pressed against the walls of dreams, asking politely to be let in. Descriptions grew more vivid the closer each Brother came to his final entry: S*he coils like silk in shadow. Her throat is wide enough to forgive. There is no pain. Only pressure. Only peace.*

Rhian copied the words with steady hands. But he did not sleep.

At night, he dreamed of water rising up the spiral stairs. Of warmth wrapping around his ribs, his shoulders, his face. Of soft, wet breath on his neck. He would wake hard and half-choked, only to find his room still and cold.

Until the bell rang.

Just once.

At midnight.

Rhian sat bolt upright in his cot. The candle beside his desk had long since guttered. No wind moved through the shutters. No one else should have been in the monastery.

He waited. Listened.

Silence again. But heavy, as though holding its breath.

He lit his lantern with shaking fingers and stepped barefoot into the corridor. Stone pressed cool against his soles. The walls dripped faintly with condensation, and above, in the gloom of the rafters, something whispered. Not a voice. A pressure.

She calls me now.

He told himself it was a dream. That he was only curious. But already his body knew the truth his mind refused to say aloud.

The stairs to the bell tower curved like a spine. Narrow. Worn. Each step was smooth as river rock from the passage of countless feet—pilgrims, perhaps. The faithful. The foolish.

Rhian climbed.

The higher he went, the warmer the air became. Damp. Sweet. Like breath against skin. His shirt clung to him with sweat. A drop ran down the back of his neck and disappeared into the fabric of his collar. His chest was tight. His pulse beat in his tongue.

When he reached the top, the door to the bell tower stood open.

Inside, the stone had changed.

No longer cold and gray, but slick and deep violet—pulsing faintly in the lantern light. There were no windows. No bell.

Only a shape in the darkness.

Vast. Coiled. Watching.

Rhian stepped forward. The door shut behind him.

He didn’t scream. He only breathed.

She spoke.

Not aloud, but directly, wetly, into the folds of his thoughts:

“You are the last. You have read their words. And still you came.”

Rhian sank to the slick floor, the lantern trembling in his hand. Its light reflected in coils that shimmered like oil on water—vast, slow-moving, impossibly smooth. They shifted around him, neither approaching nor withdrawing, only circling. Measuring. Waiting.

The voice again, curling into him.

“You have read their longing. Did you think it fiction?”

“I don’t know,” he whispered. “I—wanted to understand.”

A slow pulse throbbed through the chamber. Not sound, but sensation. Like a heartbeat echoing in muscle, in stone, in him.

“They understood. In the end.”

“Will you?”

Rhian set down the lantern. Its flame flickered out without a sound.

The darkness wasn’t empty—it breathed. Warm and soft and thick with incense-sweet scent. Jasmine. Skin. Something deeper, more animal. He could no longer tell if he was sitting or floating. Time didn’t pass here. Thought was syrup.

Something touched his cheek.

A forked tongue, whisper-light.

It traced his jaw, slid beneath his chin, lifted it as if cupping his face in worship.

“You’re real,” he breathed.

“I am always real to those who listen.”

The touch became a stroke. Down his neck, curling across his chest, unbuttoning cloth with impossible softness. No fingers. Just pressure, guided by breath and the faint drag of something slick.

His shirt fell open. Another tongue—or a limb?—moved down his bare stomach, exploring, reverent.

Rhian trembled. Not with fear. With need.

“You devoured them.”

“They asked me to. They begged me to.”

A soft laugh. It vibrated in the walls, in his bones.

“You will too.”

He didn’t answer. He didn’t have to.

A warmth, impossibly vast, pressed to his front. Scaled, silken, strong. Her head—if she had such a thing—dipped to him, and he felt it: lips not meant for speech brushing his collarbone. A yawn, almost. Her breath rushed over him like a confession.



The world narrowed to sensation.

And her whisper, patient, kind, unbearably intimate:

“Let go.”

Rhian exhaled.

Not in resignation—but in offering.

His spine arched faintly as the heat of her breath slid lower, enveloping his bare torso. Her mouth widened—not grotesque, not monstrous, but beautiful. More temple than tooth, more womb than weapon. The wet glide of her tongue painted his chest, parting him from the last of his doubt like it was fabric.

Her lips stretched wide, impossibly wide, and touched his stomach.

He gasped. Not from pain.

The pressure was snug. Warm. Slick with reverence.

She took him slowly. Each inch another prayer.

His hips lifted slightly, unbidden, and she met him there—her throat opening, drawing him deeper in slow, kneading waves. His arms trembled. He couldn’t move. Didn’t want to. The world outside the tower dissolved into irrelevance. There was only heat, and silk, and sound: a low, wet gulp that seemed to echo not in the air, but inside him.

“You are mine,” she whispered—not possessively, but as a vow. As a fulfillment of an ancient ritual.

Rhian moaned—helplessly, shamelessly.

Her throat rippled around his ribs, massaging him deeper. His legs went slack. Her coils lifted them, cradling him as one might carry a lover to bed. Every swallow tugged him closer to her heart—not metaphorically, but truly. He could hear it, beneath the folds of flesh: that great, sacred drumbeat. Steady. Eternal.

His hands slid above his head, disappearing between her lips. His hair was slicked down by her tongue, and his breath caught as his chin met the back of her throat.

There was no fear.



No light. But plenty of warmth.

Plenty of her.

The final swallow came not with urgency, but ceremony. A long, drawn-out contraction that folded him into her—like the turning of a page, like the end of a psalm.

Inside, it was close. Soft. Cushioned on every side by pliant flesh and the wet sound of her body around him. Her stomach—if that was what it was—welcomed him like velvet.

No pain. Only pressure. Only peace.

And above it all, her voice, distant but tender, echoing in the dark:

"Rest now, beloved."

Rhian's last thought was not of the world he had left, but of how right this felt.

Like coming home.

***

The new acolyte arrived at dusk, breathless and windswept from the long climb. She was younger than Rhian had been. Bolder, too.

The monastery was quiet. Empty. Except for the bell tower, which pulsed faintly in the last light of day.

She found the journal tucked beneath a folded robe in the cot by the window. Its cover was soft with age, the leather marked with faint indentations—thumbprints from countless readings.

She opened it to the final page.

"I hear her now. Not with ears, but with something older. A part of me I didn't know could listen. I was not chosen. I chose. To be devoured is not to end. I go not in fear, but in joy. If you've found this, then you hear her too. Go to her. Don't look back."

—**Rhian**

The acolyte closed the book.
Outside, the bell gave a single, deep chime.
Not metal. Not struck.
But alive.

They Were Roommates

The first thing Lily noticed were Ava's boobs.

Then the horns. Then the tail. Mostly the boobs.

Standing in the entryway with her bags under her arms, it was hard not to stare at the dragon sprawled on the couch, long legs kicked up, claws lazily flexing against a fleece throw blanket. Her horns were tucked behind oversized headphones and a little curl of smoke drifted from her lips as she exhaled. She was only wearing a bra, a pair of panties, and thigh high black socks.

"Hey roomie," Ava drawled, eyes half-lidded and golden. "Find everything okay?"

"Yeah," Lily said, forcing a smile.

"Never seen a dragon before?"

Not one this well-endowed, Lily wanted to say, but instead she shook her head and cleared her throat. This would be her roommate's first impression of her and she wanted to make it a good one.

"I live in the city," was what she went with instead.

Ava smirked. Her stomach rolled as she leaned over the couch to grab a bag of chips from the coffee table.

"Right," she said. "Ever seen Riverdale?"

"No."

Ava gestured to the couch. Politely, Lily looked around the room for another seat, but in the sparse, barely-furnished dormitory, there was only the grubby futon. Keenly aware of Ava's piercing gaze, Lily sat down very, very carefully on the opposite end of the couch from the dragon. Ava offered her a bag of chips and a drowsy grin. Lily accepted both.

"What's Riverdale about?" Lily asked.

"It's the dumbest shit," Ava said. "Just watch."

As the TV flickered back to life and the dragon settled back in her seat, Lily felt a cold sheen of sweat form on her brow. She

frowned to herself, refusing to wipe it away, and focused on the 'plot' of the television show. There were cultists and monsters and high schoolers with way more freedom than her parents had ever allowed her. That got her thinking about her parents…which got her thinking about her hometown…which got her thinking about how far away she was from it now, about to sleep in a new place, in a new town, with a dragon as a roommate.

A busty, busty dragon.

Just as the episode ended and Lily reached for another chip, Ava stretched—and let out a long, low groan. Her stomach, a mound atop her thighs, gurgled violently.

"Ughh. I need to eat something before I chew my tail off."

Lily blinked. "Didn't I just watch you finish an entire pizza?"

Ava looked at her.

Paused.

Then tilted her head, slowly, with an expression Lily didn't know how to read.

"Well," Ava said, fangs flashing with a smile, "I mean…I could borrow you for a bit?"

Lily sputtered, chip halfway to her mouth. "Wh—me?"

Ava's smile widened, sharp and slow. "What? I'm just saying you look like a snack."

She let her tongue flick out and dragged it lazily across one fang.

Lily turned an impressive shade of red.

"I—I don't think that's legal. Or hygienic. Or even—" she squeaked as Ava stretched again, her body shifting on the futon. Now that she was sitting up, Lily could see just how *large* she was. Ava's stomach lifted just enough to show a mound of flab with a soft, pinkish shimmer. It was…impossible to ignore.

"I wouldn't swallow you or anything," Ava said lightly, flicking her tail up over the arm of the couch. "Not without a safe word and a weekend to recover. Oh wait, it's friday."

"That's not funny. This is my first impression of you."

“It’s a *little* funny.”

Lily buried her face in the chip bag.

Ava laughed and leaned closer, elbow on the couch, golden eyes gleaming. “Relax. You’re cute when you’re panicking.”

“I’m not panicking.”

“Okay, you’re blushing like you’re about to spontaneously combust, but I’m sure that’s just a sunburn. Humans get those, right?”

Lily groaned and flopped back on the couch, hiding under a throw pillow. “Why are you like this?”

“Because,” Ava said, drawing out the word as she pried the pillow away, “you’re new. And sweet. And very, very fun to tease.”

She ran a claw down Lily’s arm—just the faintest pressure. Lily shivered. Her skin tingled. Her heart had decided on cardio, apparently, because it was pounding like she’d just sprinted three blocks.

“You know I’m not actually going to eat you,” Ava murmured, voice dropping just enough to make it intimate. She was larger than Lily—broader. For one, frantic second, Lily wondered what it would feel like if Ava lowered herself on top of her. Then:

“Not unless you beg.”

“*Ava.*”

“Or ask really politely.”

Lily opened her mouth to protest. No words came out. Just a squeaky breath.

Ava sat back, satisfied, stretching again like a cat who’d just knocked a vase off the table.

Lily pulled the throw pillow back over her face. “This is going to be the weirdest roommate experience of my life. I hate you!”

“You’re welcome.”

Later that night, they were still on the couch. A second bag of chips lay empty on the coffee table. The Riverdale show had devolved into something involving aliens, which Ava watched with the quiet intensity of someone analyzing military strategy.

Lily, meanwhile, had stopped paying attention.

Ava's tail was curled loosely around her ankle. Not tightly. Not restraining. Just…present.

"You're warm," Ava said, draping an arm across the back of the couch behind Lily's shoulders. Her bra had slipped off one side, revealing more shimmering scales and a soft bit of cleavage. "You smell good too. Like cinnamon."

"It's my lotion," Lily muttered, resisting the urge to scoot away. "Please don't sniff me."

Ava leaned in and inhaled dramatically at her neck.

Lily squeaked. "Ava!"

"Okay, okay." Ava grinned and pulled her closer, guiding Lily's head onto her lap. "Come here. Just lay down. I promise no more terrifying monster behavior."

"That's not very convincing," Lily said, but her voice was softer now. Tired. The buzz of the day had worn her down, and Ava's lap was, annoyingly, extremely comfortable. Enormous, but plush.

For a few minutes, it was peaceful. Ava stroked Lily's hair absently with clawed fingers, and Lily let herself melt into it, humming a quiet sigh.

Then she felt Ava's other hand drift to her hip. Her stomach fluttered.

"You really are a snack," Ava said, voice a little lower, a little hungrier.

"Stop saying that."

"Just saying. Bite-sized. Delicious. Soft."

"*Ava.*"

"Okay, okay," Ava whispered—then shifted, slowly, carefully. Lily's head was nudged from her lap, only for Ava to lean down, straddling the couch now, eyes glowing faintly in the dim light. Lily's heart jumped into her throat as a hand continued to caress her thigh. She wanted to tell Ava to stop.

She didn't.

“I could just see what you taste like,” Ava murmured, fangs flashing.

Before Lily could protest, Ava’s tongue flicked out and traced the line of her neck.

Then her mouth opened wider.

It was so warm. Her breath washed over Lily’s throat like steam. The ridged roof of her mouth just grazed her chin.

Ava paused, lips parted wide enough to engulf Lily’s face—and then she closed them slowly around Lily’s jaw in a careful, playful mock-bite.

Lily froze.

Not from fear.

From heat.

The sensation was overwhelming: slick, hot, gentle. Not threatening. Not quite. It was like being kissed and consumed at once, every nerve alive with electric tension.

Ava pulled back with a low hum, licking her lips.

“You taste like cinnamon.”

“You’re insane,” Lily breathed, heart pounding. “I’m not into girls.”

“You’re blushing again.”

“I hate you.”

The room felt too small now. The air heavy. The only sound was the soft rustle of Ava’s tail, occasionally brushing the floor, and Lily’s own breath, too fast and too shallow.

Ava leaned in again, her lips brushing the edge of Lily’s ear, warm and teasing.

“You know…” Ava’s voice was like silk, thick with something deeper than casual flirtation now. “I could *actually* swallow you, if you wanted me to.”

Lily stiffened, pulse quickening. “What?”

Ava pulled back just enough to see the full effect her words had on Lily—wide eyes, slightly parted lips. Her pupils were dilated, the golden hue of them shifting in the low light.

"I mean, it's not like I've never done it before…" Ava said softly, her fingers ghosting over Lily's arm, drifting dangerously close to the curve of her waist. "I could take you in slow. Keep you safe. Let you feel every inch of me."

Lily's throat went dry.

"I—what—why would you even—"

"Because you *want* to know," Ava said. She leaned closer again, brushing her lips against Lily's temple, her breath warm and delicious. "You're *curious*. Aren't you?"

Lily's heart was hammering now. Her thoughts were scattered, but underneath it all, there was one single undeniable pull, a primal need she hadn't expected.

Ava was right.

She *was* curious.

And despite her voice saying no, her body was leaning closer. Her chest felt tight, her breath shaky. Every word out of Ava's mouth felt like a seductive suggestion, and with each second, it was harder to think about anything but the space between them and how to close it.

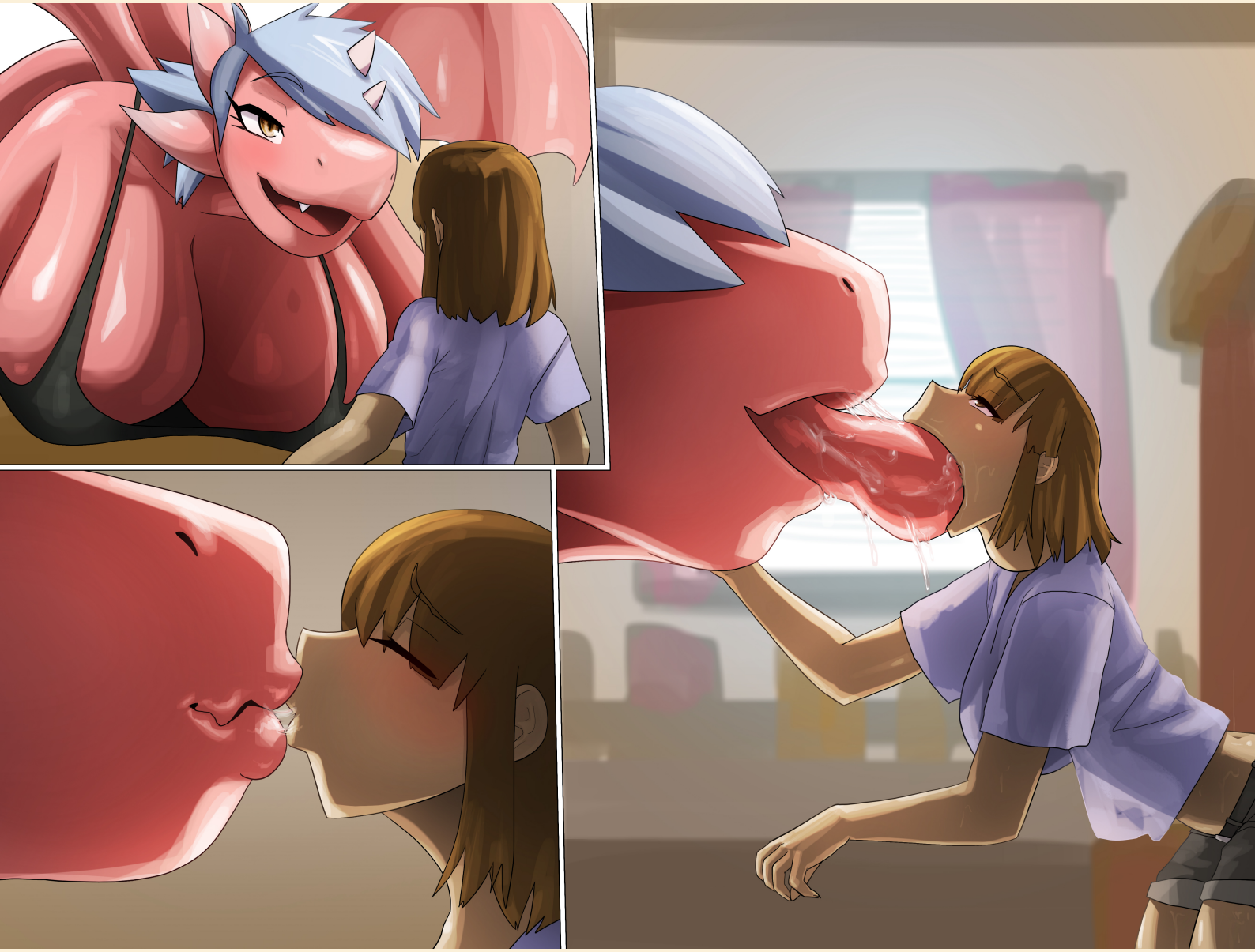
"You're…really good at this," Lily whispered, her own voice thick. She wasn't even sure if she was talking about the teasing, or if it was something more.

"I know," Ava murmured, her lips just hovering over the curve of Lily's cheek. "And I know exactly how to make you feel things you didn't even know you wanted to feel."

Lily's lips parted as she tried to respond, but no words came out. Ava closed the distance between them again, just enough to brush her mouth against Lily's, soft, teasing—enough to make Lily's stomach flip.

It was the way Ava kissed her that did it, though. A flicker of warmth, just a whisper of contact, and it felt like her whole body was

responding before she even had the chance to process it. She could feel Ava's fangs barely grazing her lips, could feel the shift in the atmosphere—intimate, dangerous, slow.



"You want to know what it feels like," Ava said again, her voice rich with something almost sinful. "To be held in my mouth, to feel me close around you. Safe. But, also…*vulnerable*."

Lily let out a breath she didn't even realize she was holding, her body finally relaxing into the curve of Ava's frame.

Ava smiled as if she knew exactly what effect she was having. "I could swallow you whole, Lily. Take you down piece by piece, until

you’re safe inside me. I’d keep you warm, and all you’d have to do is…relax.”

“Is that…is that what you want?” Lily asked, almost breathless.

Ava’s lips curled into a grin. “Maybe. But first, you have to ask.”

Lily’s fingers clenched into Ava’s stomach, pulling her just slightly closer. She didn’t know what this feeling was—curiosity, arousal, maybe even a little fear—but something deep inside her was saying she wanted more. She dragged her hand over Ava’s stomach. The dragon’s eyes gleamed—just for a second. Craving that look, Lily continued to rub, enticing a distant growl from the dragon’s throat.

Ava tilted her head, studying Lily with the intensity of someone who had already devoured far more than she was willing to admit.

“If you say *please*,” Ava whispered, her breath teasing Lily’s skin, “I’ll make it all yours.”

Lily’s heart pounded in her throat, and for a moment, everything in her told her to back away. But the rest of her, the part that had been waiting for this moment, whispered something else.

“Please,” Lily said, voice barely a murmur, full of longing.

And that was all it took.

Ava didn’t waste a second.

The moment the word left Lily’s lips, Ava’s body shifted beneath her like a predator honing in on her prey. She leaned in close, not kissing this time, but inhaling deeply as if Lily’s scent had become more intoxicating than anything in the world.

Then, without a word, Ava cupped Lily’s face in her hands, her claws just barely grazing the skin, and pulled her into a kiss. It wasn’t sweet, not at all. It was demanding, urgent—an open invitation. Her mouth was warm, slick with that familiar softness, but there was a bite to it.

Lily, her heart racing, let her lips part instinctively, letting Ava explore. Her tongue danced with Ava’s in a rhythm that wasn’t quite teasing, but neither was it frantic. There was something patient in

Ava's movements, a deliberate slowness that made every second feel stretched to its limit.

"You're so soft," Ava murmured between kisses, voice a low, rumbling hum. "I could just take you in and savor every bit of you…"

Lily's chest fluttered as she pressed herself closer, hands now gripping the sides of Ava's stomach. Her whole body felt alive with the heat of it—the sensation of Ava so close, her warmth seeping into Lily.

"This is crazy," Lily muttered, over and over again. Ava washed away her hesitation with kisses. Every time she tried to put up a mental barrier, the dragon peeled it away until all that was left was raw sensation.

And Ava made her body feel good.

Ava shifted again, moving with an ease that only someone of her size and power could pull off. She leaned forward, her mouth hovering just above Lily's neck. The heat of her breath ghosted over Lily's skin, and for a moment, Lily almost forgot how to breathe.

Ava's lips brushed against her ear again. "You sure you're ready?"

Lily's breath caught. "I—I think so."

Ava's smile widened. She had Lily's pulse racing, her every nerve on edge, but she was precise in the way she lowered her face, guiding Lily's body to tilt just right. And then…Ava's mouth opened wide, her tongue flicking out to taste Lily's skin one last time before she slid her lips down around Lily's collarbone.

It was so warm inside her mouth. Wet. Soft.

Lily felt a pulse of pleasure rush through her, her body instinctively shifting forward, pressing closer to the heat. She could feel the edges of Ava's sharp teeth grazing against her skin, the ridged roof of her mouth, the deep, enveloping pressure that made everything else disappear.

The world outside Ava's mouth seemed distant, almost irrelevant. Lily gasped as she felt herself being slowly, delicately,

drawn in. Ava's tongue was a vivid, caressing thing now, moving her deeper, like a lover's hand guiding her toward something only the two of them could understand.

"Ava…" Lily gasped, her voice trembling, barely above a whisper. "I'm inside you now..."

Ava hummed in satisfaction, a low, rumbling sound that sent vibrations right down Lily's spine.

"You're mine now," Ava murmured, her lips curling around Lily's torso as her tongue traced the soft skin of her stomach. Her mouth was beginning to close around her completely, and Lily's world was reduced to the pulsing heat of it, the steady rhythm of her body being pulled deeper.

Ava's movements were languid, almost loving, savoring every inch of Lily that she could reach. Every shift of her lips, every movement of her tongue against her skin made Lily feel like she was melting—and it wasn't fear. Which was insane! She should…be afraid, but she wasn't. It was Ava's mouth. Ava's tongue.

She's a dragon, the last bit of her rationality cried. *You barely know her! She's eating you!*

But something even deeper in Lily, something that had been hiding her whole life, was finally getting its day in the sun and it overwhelmed everything else. It was just amazing how fast it happened—her first opportunity to kiss a girl and now she was being swallowed by her.

Ava didn't rush it. She kept Lily in her mouth, her breath slow and steady. Every inch of Lily that slid deeper, more comfortably into her mouth was met with, soothing licks and the insistent push of her tongue. She wasn't swallowing her all at once; no, Ava was taking her time. Teasing her. Exploring every bit of her, making sure that Lily knew exactly how much she wanted to savor her.

"I could hold you like this forever," Ava murmured, her lips still wrapped around the curve of Lily's body, her voice a soft whisper against the girl's skin.

Lily's mind was a haze of heat, her body trembling as the pressure of being so close to Ava—so inside her—built and built.

And then, with a final, intimate press of Ava's tongue, she slid Lily down just a little more, the soft, slick sensation sending an almost erotic pulse through Lily's entire body.

The warmth enveloped her fully now, a deep, comforting pressure that soothed, that held her, that made everything else—every doubt, every hesitation—disappear.

Ava slowly closed her mouth, her lips sealing around the base of Lily's chest. The world outside was muffled now, as though Lily were in a dream—a warm, safe, devouring dream.

"You're mine," Ava whispered again, and for the first time, Lily realized that maybe she didn't want to be anyone else's.

She pressed her hips into Ava's tongue and felt it shift. A murmur of approval overtook the heavy breathing as the wetness spread beneath the hem of her shorts. Ava had avoided going beneath her clothes. Now, she pushed forward, letting the warm, throbbing tip of her tongue glide past Lily's panties.

And there it stayed for one breath.

Two breaths.

Then…

"I c-can't," Lily gasped.

She shuddered. Ava's tongue flicked, assessing the damage, then retreated in smug victory as the dragon's hands wrapped around her thighs.

"I could just keep you like this…keep you here all night," Ava murmured, her tongue dragging lazily across Lily's ribs. "Safe. Warm. In me."

Lily's body shuddered. Every word Ava spoke seemed to melt her just a little bit more, like her resolve was softening under the heat of it all. "I… I could stay," she whispered, a bit breathlessly. "I could just stay here forever, in you."

Ava's chuckle vibrated through Lily, warm and delicious. "You know," she said softly, "I think you want to be here. I think you want me to swallow you, to make you mine. To feel everything that comes with it."

Lily's breath quickened, a flicker of anticipation building deep inside her. There was no turning back now—not that she wanted to. The whole idea, the act of being swallowed by Ava, of being claimed in such a primal way, was a temptation Lily could no longer resist.

Her hands, which had been nervously clutching at Ava's shoulders, now traced over her soft skin, exploring the smooth, rounded curves of her form, each inch of it that she could touch. The sensation of Ava's body moving beneath her, the warmth of her scales, the strength that rippled in her muscles, sent waves of heat through Lily.

Ava sensed the shift in her. "You're ready now, aren't you?" she purred, her voice low, almost a growl. "You want me to take you all the way, feel you slip down deeper into me."

Lily nodded, a breathy whisper escaping her lips. "Yes. Please."

Ava's mouth shifted again, this time opening wider, the heat of her breath spilling out onto Lily's skin as her tongue worked more firmly, pressing Lily down just a little more. The teasing touch of her lips began to curl, gradually at first, a promise of what was to come.

"Let go," Ava whispered, her voice vibrating through the warmth surrounding them. "Just let go, Lily. Trust me."

And then, in that moment, Lily surrendered.

Ava's tongue slid down her torso, deeper, and Lily's body responded with a soft, helpless moan. She felt the world shift, felt her body begin to sink deeper into Ava's mouth, the edges of her teeth grazing her skin in the most intoxicating way.

And then, just when Lily thought she couldn't take any more of that delicious tension, Ava's mouth closed fully around her, sealing her in. The pressure, the heat, was so much, so full of promise that Lily nearly cried out. But Ava's hold on her was firm, her warmth and

softness enveloping her completely, and Lily's body surrendered fully to the pleasure.

The only sound in the room was the rhythmic pulse of their shared breath, their bodies close enough to feel the warmth, the undeniable connection that bridged everything between them.

Ava held her there, still and warm, savoring the feeling of Lily inside her, the soft pressure that anchored them together in a world that now felt safe and private.

"Are you… comfortable?" Ava asked, her voice deep, her breath slow.

Lily nodded, the pleasure of it all spilling over. "I feel…good."

Ava's smile curled against her, warm and satisfied. She pressed a kiss to Lily's skin, where her lips met her body in a final, soft, possessive gesture.

"You're ready, Lily," Ava's voice was hushed. Her tongue curled underneath Lily's hips, pushing her deeper, and the pressure, the sensation, felt so close to breaking point. Ava's breath caught. "I want you all the way inside me. Let me take you."

Lily's pulse raced. The anticipation in her body was unbearable now, like a soft, seductive ache that demanded release. Every inch she moved deeper into Ava's mouth was a slow, decadent surrender, a heady immersion into the primal connection between them. Her heart thudded in her chest, the rhythm in her head syncing with Ava's own slow, methodical movements.

She could feel Ava's mouth wide around her, her tongue cradling Lily as it slid under her, wrapping around her waist, coaxing her toward a final, soft surrender.

Lily's breath hitched, her body trembling beneath Ava's firm yet loving touch. There was no more teasing now. The warmth, the pressure, and the closeness were all-consuming.

"Yes," she breathed out, her voice barely a whisper against the intimate pressure that surrounded her. "Take me. All of me."



Ava didn't need any further encouragement. She closed her mouth around Lily's hips, a slow, soft motion, pushing her deeper into her throat. Lily's legs trembled, her arms clutching at the smooth softness of Ava's fur as the sensation of being devoured flooded her senses. Every inch that slid down Ava's throat was like a slow, sweet kiss—a moment of absolute intimacy. Ava's throat muscles squeezed Lily's body, pulling her down deeper.

Lily's head fell back as she was taken in, swallowed completely by the dark warmth of Ava's gullet. She could feel every soft ripple, the embrace of Ava's throat as it held her close, as though she were a precious treasure being devoured by the woman who craved her.

The pressure of being pulled all the way down, feeling Ava's throat constrict around her, was both overwhelming and exhilarating. Ava's warmth surrounded Lily, a sweet, suffocating embrace that seemed to swallow all of her, leaving her only with the sense of being fully, entirely claimed. Ava held her there for a moment, fully inside, allowing Lily to savor the weightless intimacy of being consumed.

"You're perfect," Ava murmured softly from within, the words vibrating through her body, filling her with the sensation of Ava's desire, her pleasure. Ava didn't hurry. She held Lily still inside her, letting the sensation of being completely enveloped simmer between them.

Lily's pulse fluttered in the tight space, but instead of fear or discomfort, she felt an undeniable sense of peace. Ava's warmth was a soft, pulsating pressure that cradled her completely, soothing every nerve in her body. Every breath Lily took, every beat of her heart, synced with the rhythm of Ava's own movements, as though they were one being, merged together in this primal union.

Ava rubbed her stomach from within, the slow, circular motions deep and comforting. The pressure of being inside, coupled with the warmth of Ava's body, made Lily's head spin. She could feel the soft, constant rumble of Ava's deep breath, a reminder that she was fully

within her, the act of devouring leaving them both wrapped in this shared, intimate cocoon.

"I'm not letting you go," Ava whispered, her voice coming from deep inside. "Not until you're part of me, completely."

Lily's breath shuddered in her chest, and she realized, in that moment, that she didn't want to leave. The intimacy of the act, the sensation of being fully embraced by Ava, filled her in a way nothing else ever could. She was held in a warm, inviting darkness, surrounded by a love that was both gentle and fierce, and every pulse, every heartbeat, was a testament to that bond.

And just as Ava had promised, Lily was now a part of her—completely, irrevocably. The world outside the warmth of Ava's stomach didn't matter anymore. It was just them, in this space, together.

***

The sun filtered through the small window of the cozy dormitory, casting soft beams of golden light across the room. Ava was already awake, her breathing slow and steady, as she lay on her back with her hands resting over her stomach. The quiet was peaceful, interrupted only by the sound of the occasional car passing by on the street below.

Lily stirred, her eyes fluttering open as the warmth of the morning sun kissed her skin. She blinked a few times, feeling a soft ache in her limbs. There was a weight, a comfort, a fullness in her chest, a lingering sensation that left her feeling whole.

It took a moment for her to realize what had happened—the events of the previous night flooding back into her mind in a series of vivid images: the teasing, the build-up, the slow devouring, and the complete surrender. She had been taken, swallowed whole by Ava, and now she was here. In this moment, lying side by side in a quiet, peaceful aftermath.

Lily sat up slowly, rubbing her face with a soft laugh, the events still settling into a more rational place in her mind. She could still feel the warm pulse of Ava's body, the faint thrum of Ava's heartbeat beneath her. She touched her stomach, where a deep, satisfied feeling lingered.

"Morning," Lily whispered.

Ava's eyes flickered open at the sound, her lips curving into a contented smile.

"Morning, snack." Her voice was low and husky, tinged with the afterglow of the night. She stretched, grunting. There was a playful glint in her eyes. "How are you feeling?"

That was a…complicated question. Lily felt good. Thrilled. Terrified. She had never done anything like she had the night before, not even in her wildest, most hopeful dreams. It was her second day in the dorms and already she found herself changed on a fundamental level. How was she supposed to feel?

But then there was the slow rise and fall of Ava's chest. Her warmth. Her size. The dragon's stomach was sprawled beneath her like a mattress, gurgling and familiar. Even Ava's grin had an air of domesticity.

This could be her life now.

"Are we…dating?" Lily asked.

Ava licked her lips and put her arms behind her head.

"Maybe. I dunno. Don't be gay about it."

Lily laughed as Ava's tail flicked from side to side. She didn't need a degree in dragonology to know what that meant.

Lily snuggled closer to AvaAva's hand rested on her back, caressing her warmly, almost protectively. Sunlight kissed the top of the curtains—unfamiliar curtains in an unfamiliar room. College would be starting soon. Classes, clubs, work study programs. Then there was this, whatever this was.

Lily sighed contentedly, resting her head against Ava's chest. The feel of her skin against Ava's was comforting, grounding. The

morning light wasn't bright enough to pierce the haze of warmth around them, and in that moment, she didn't feel any need to move or rush.

"You know," Lily murmured, "I never thought I'd be so okay with being eaten."

Ava laughed softly.

"I never thought I'd be so okay with it either. But with you, Lily, it feels natural. I wanted to keep you. It was hard to let you go."

There was a beat of silence, the world outside momentarily forgotten. Then Ava shifted slightly, her fingers grazing over Lily's side. "How are you feeling, really? You were so...brave last night."

Lily smiled, her fingers tracing circles over Ava's chest. "I'm perfect. Honestly, it was intense, but in a way I never expected. I don't think I've ever felt so complete."



Ava's hand slid up to Lily's hair, massaging her scalp. "I know the feeling. It's different with you."

Lily's heart fluttered at that, and she pressed herself closer to Ava. "You don't have to give, you know. Just being with you, being a part of you...that's enough for me. You can be greedy."

Ava laughed. She lifted Lily's chin and planted a kiss on her cheek.

"Was that a dragon stereotype?" she asked. "We're not all greedy, you know."

"But you are."

"I didn't…expect to be."

The room fell silent again, the weight of those words sinking deep into Lily's chest. This wasn't just a chance encounter for Ava—a college fling. This was something more than that and it surprised Lily. Ava's eyes narrowed in challenge. Lily returned the kiss, feeling bolder than she ever had.

"That's okay," Lily said. "You can have me."

The day stretched on, slow and lazy, and as they stayed entwined in that quiet, peaceful moment, Lily knew one thing for certain.

This wasn't the end.

It was just the beginning.



Hey there!

Thank you for buying this book. We poured a lot of work into it, and we genuinely hope you've enjoyed it.

If you did, please give consider checking out our other work at snakethroatbooks.e-junkie.com. We're just a couple of nerds trying to make the best content we possibly can, and it helps us out a ton.

Happy reading!

Love,
the Snakethroat Crew

(also, if you'd like to chat with us, we have a Discord server!)