

# MONSTER GIRL VORE



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# CENTAUR

## *The Gift Horse's Mouth*

It's been an hour since you first saw her, and you can't look away. And who could blame you? This is the first time you've seen a drunk centaur.

She's *that* kind of drunk. You don't remember seeing her come in. You did hear the hooves clank heavy against the carpeted floors, but it never occurred you to take a look. You know a few centaurs. They don't usually take kindly to staring.

You've been staring for a while. You counted the beer cans as they piled up on the table. Empty shot glasses. Bottles of cheap wine. You followed a metamorphosis, and now she's shedding her cocoon. Her voice grows raucous. Her tales grow taller.

She says her name is Hope. Something about the way she says it makes you smile. Hope. It really rolls off the tongue. You find yourself muttering it under your breath.

You wait for her audience to scatter. It doesn't take long. No amount of alcohol can turn a recluse into a storyteller, but you, you're taken. You wonder why. She's pretty enough for a horse, you suppose — she's got caramel skin and chocolate fur and a charming smile. Her straw-like hair falls over her shoulders in heavy braids. She braided her tail too.

You move nonchalantly, or you think you do. It doesn't take you more than a few steps to realize how dizzy you are. Your body lurches forward with each step, and a pleasant numbness surrounds your hands and feet. It feels good, warm. Like you imagine she would feel.

You join the crowd. Others ask questions or poke holes in her story. Not you. You just want to listen. Her voice is slurred. Her movements, loose.

"I was never allowed into that zoo again."

You chuckle politely. Most don't. She doesn't mind. She reaches for another can, stares blankly into it for a few seconds too long, and takes a sip. She's long grown numb to the bitter taste. She glugs it down.

Her throat expands with each gulp. Her neck bulges out imperceptibly, then contracts to push it down. That soft skin stretches. A bead of sweat rolls down. Tin crumples between her fingers, and when it grows weightless, slips from between them. She rests a hand to her collarbone, slouches forward, and holds her breath. The displaced air soon escapes her lips, and for the first time, you see her blush.

"You're staring."

You don't react at first. Your eyes are still on that throat. That neck. Those collarbones. You hate the wall of polyester that conceals the rest of her from you. She fills it quite nicely.

"Hey."

She tries to snap her fingers, but no sound comes. Then she clicks her tongue. You. She's talking to *you*.

"What's the matter? Never seen a centaur before?"

You have. Of course you have. Why, then, are you shaking your head? It's all worth it when you see her smile. Her hooves tap against the floor. A piece of glass shatters. She looks down at you.

"Did you like my story about the zoo?"

She doesn't give you time to answer. Leaning closer, she lowers her voice to a whisper. You smell the alcohol in her breath. "There's more to it. But it's not something I should be talking about, you know..."

Hope rolls her eyes and nods towards the room around you. The party's winding down. Something clenches at your heart. You can only imagine what she means, but the possibilities are endless. You've heard about centaurs. You've heard about what they do. You've heard about what they don't do. And you've heard about what they *can* do.

"You're giving me a look. I promise I'm safe to be around. I had a big dinner."

You bite your lip. She says it so casually. Something tingles at the base of your neck. Your clothes constrain you.

Your eyes rest on her lips just in time to see them part. Her tongue peeks out, so pink and shiny against her dark lips. You follow it as it slides over them, so slow, so coy. You slouch forward as it vanishes into her mouth. She swallows. Her fingers follow the small bulge as it slides down her neck, and even after it disappears, her fingers keep moving. Over her collarbone. Into the valley of her breasts. Down to her chest. You reach forward, she takes your hand in hers. It's warm. She presses it to her skin. It's hot. She guides it onto the dense layer of fur that covers her lower body. You keep moving long after you're out of her reach. You slide your hand over her leg, over her ribs. Under her belly.

You squeeze. It's soft. Dense. Heavy. You feel liquid sloshing inside, flowing around your touch, reacting to it. She clenches. It pulls back. You follow. She relaxes. It sags over your hand, pushing you away.

Her hooves scrape the carpet. "My first one was when I was nineteen. I made his girlfriend watch. She last saw him right about where your hand is just now."

You shudder. You grip harder, as if you'll feel him, too. A curled-up body sagging that gut of hers. The deep gurgles. The grinding of unforgiving walls. Flesh softening into mulch. You can almost feel it, but almost isn't enough anymore.

You look up at her. Your eyes burn with need. She smiles; she knows. "She was my second, of course. For how much she said she loved him, she really didn't seem keen on reuniting. Now, my *third*, there's a story there..."

She takes you on adventures. They flow into each other. In them, she treads the line between great white hunter and vengeful heroine. She plays the parts of hermit and sociopath and confidant and petty bitch. If these strange words were coming from any less inviting mouth, you would have laughed. Maybe it's the booze, but Hope makes it work. You hear her. You feel her. Hope is what you want her to be. You want her to be a sultry predator, and through your altered perception, you see just that.

"You," she whispers in your ear, "seem like the type who can only get so much from stories. Grab a six-pack or two and meet me upstairs in fifteen minutes, and I'll get you front row tickets for the real show."

You stare as she wades through the crowd, blowing you a kiss before awkwardly making her way up the stairs. She leaves you with your thoughts. Loose thoughts, slipping between your fingers. Your body tells you to go. It aches for her, longs to explore her inside and out, and you don't understand why. Fear doesn't register. She made throwing away your life sound like a thrill. She made the stomach acids caress instead of bite. She made the guts churn in the most erotic way possible. She made it sexual, and she made it sexy, and deep within you, something responded to that.

Your hands tremble. Your legs shake. Voices echo all around and pass over you without registering. Upstairs, Hope awaits you. You can almost see her, lying seductively over the bed, maw dripping, ready to swallow you down and add you to her repertoire of tall tales. *The one who wanted in, the obedient one*, she will call you.

You scour the room for unattended drinks. She asked for a six-pack or two, but those have long been cracked open. All you see is red solo cups, empty bottles of spirits, and the keg.

The keg.

You make yourself deaf to others' comments. Nobody tries to stop you. What do their words matter? You'll be horse food in a while, anyway. So you let them have their snide comments and unflattering epithets. You have Hope. She's all you'll ever need.

You barely manage to carry the keg up the stairs. You can barely stand. But one step at a time, you make it up. You do it for her. You do it for the man-eating centaur who enticed you in ways you never thought possible.

The door lies open before you. Beyond it, you smell clean sheets and Hope. You roll the keg in. Then you roll in, and there she is.

She's large. She's very large. That bed will never be the same again.

You walked into something. Hope seems surprised to see you so early. She beckons you closer. The bed creaks under your weight. Your knees sink into the duvet as you crawl towards her. She stops you.

"Aren't we forgetting something?"

She helps you drag the keg onto the bed. It creaks. You hear something snap. You untwist the valve. *Fsst. Click.* It's half-full. You wonder if it'll be enough. The look in her eyes tells you it will.

The two of you share a toast to good times. You take a sip and help her chug the rest. The keg clanks against the floor. Amber liquid dribbles down her cheeks, drips from her chin, and soaks her breasts. She's swaying. You're swaying. The world spins slowly all around.

You reach out, but your own body betrays you. You meant to touch her face, but the alcohol's weight drags your hand down. Soft. You squeeze. She smiles. "You'll be adding to those soon enough."

She leans back. Her body splays over the soft sheets. The springs whine. Her breast slides away from your grip, and it takes you seconds to notice its absence. Your fingers twitch and find nothing but air.

Hope beckons you. The tip of her hoof brushes slightly against her gut. You shuffle forward, encouraged by her smile. You reach out. This is where you'll be. This is what you'll be.

Your fingers sink into the soft pudge. You grip, drawing lines that stretch throughout her flank. Her insides roil. You feel all that beer slosh about inside her, its weight shifting about as you squeeze and grab. It's hard to believe that something so doughy could end a life.

You push. You knead. She moans. Heat exudes from her every pore. You put your ear to her stomach, rest your bobbing head into a cushion of fur and fat. You hear cavernous gurgling, distant squelching, and a droning hum. Hope's legs twitch, her hooves woosh through the air mere inches from your ears. The smell of her lust fills your nose. She looks at you pleadingly. Her whole body aches for your touch, but you? You only have eyes for her gut.

You're going to be in there soon enough. You wonder what it'll be like. It's so full, so heavy. Will it be cramped? You can only imagine the muscles at work here, grinding and churning away. But her belly's so soft. As it jiggles, you hear the beer slosh. Would it be warm

by now? The keg was ice-cold to the touch, but Hope is so warm, so soft, that you refuse to imagine her insides as anything less than a sauna — hot walls, warm liquid, and steam. Lots of steam to fill your lungs and relax your muscles. And then that pulsing flesh all around will close in on you. It will trap you between its slick walls, and grind. It will massage beer and stomach juices into your clothes, hair, and skin. It will sting just a little. Yes, just a little, just enough to add a splash of danger. But what then?

You can't bear to just imagine anymore. You need it. You look her in the eye.

She understands.

It's time.

You rest your hands on her burning cheeks. You pinch them; they stretch. Your thumbs caress the corners of her lips. You run them over the plump flesh, then slide them into her mouth.

She hesitates. Have you touched her so? Has the man-eater changed her mind? The mere thought of being denied the embrace of her guts frustrates you. You pry her mouth open. She obliges. Her tongue is flat. Her gullet is wide. She exhales through her mouth, and the moist, bitter air washes over you. You slide your hands in. She whimpers.

You read somewhere that your inner cheek is made of the same stuff as the insides of a vagina. You never gave it much credence. But now your knuckles brush against the elastic flesh, soaking in the thick saliva that flows and pools all the way to your wrists, and that bit of trivia refuses to leave your head. You tremble through every vein. You nearly forget to breathe. You stare deep into her eyes and smile. You give your permission. Let the predator do what predators do.

*Gulp.*

Your arms slip. Your fists clench, sliding across Hope's inner cheeks and pushing past her tonsils. Fingers grasp at your hair and push your head into alignment. You steal a final glance of her throat. It's wide and deep and dark, just like you imagined it. Your head rests on her tongue, coaxed forward by little ripples and big swallows. Her lips slide over your skin. A warm embrace, tight but welcoming. The world goes silent. There is only Hope.

*Gulp.*

You slide forward. Your hands press together, splitting the cramped confines of her throat. Her tongue draws the line of your jaw. Your shoulder. Your collarbone.

This is it. She surrounds you. Warm, wet, squishy. Every inch brings you closer to that blissful picture. Your own regret is not getting to see how it would look from outside. You try the bars of your new cage. No give. No purchase. Blood rushes to your head. Her stomach's gurgling grows nearer. Soon it will be all over you.

Then it stops. Everything stops. The walls close around you, and you grind to a halt. Everything's silent. Everything's still. Everything...

She lurches forward. Her insides convulse around you. The gentle pull that coaxed you inwards reverses; the following blur ejects you from the comfort of her gullet and onto the cold sheets and stiff mattress.

"I'm sorry."

Hope's voice is a whisper, all shame and regret. You force your eyes open; her saliva weighs on your eyelids. You squint.

"I don't think I can do this."

Your brain is running at ten an hour. You struggle to catch up.

"Don't get me wrong, I really wanted to. You looked so tasty, I had to give it a shot. I wasn't expecting you to go along with it. It was meant to be a joke, but you were so accommodating..."

Lust bleeds out from every pore in your body. Without it, your mind clears. The absurdity of the situation dawns on you. You're covered in horse spit, lying on a stranger's bed, and Hope, the great predator Hope, the man-eating seductress, is anything but.

You glare at her. She can't bear to return your look.

"We should probably go. If they find out the state we left their room in..."

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You hid your shame well. Your anger, not as much. You stepped out of the bathroom soaked in cold water and stomped out into the street.

A drunk. A liar. Some suburbanite trying to play predator. And you fell for it. You saw that smile and that belly and thought you belonged in there. *Idiot*. You could have died, and not even in the way you wanted to.

You slide your hands into your pockets and look down the length of the street. It's a long way home.

"Hey."

The hooves tap rhythmically against the pavement. You pull your hood up and cross your arms.

"You're in no condition to drive."

You stare blankly at her. *You don't say.*

"I was hoping to give you a ride home in my guts. Will you settle for my back?"

Something about her tone disarms you. You want to say no, but for the first time, she speaks without affectations. Clear. Crisp. You realize that for all your fascination with the centaur, you haven't talked to Hope until now.

Hope seems nice.

You nod.

She helps you up. She tells you where to put your legs, what to grab on to. She tells you to rest your head on her shoulder, and you do so. A chill breeze blows, but Hope is warm. Her fur rustles against your clothes. Your heels tap on her ribs, and under you, she stirs.

You're quick to get used to the sway of her trot. When the horse moves too roughly, you find respite in the woman. You press yourself against her, hook your arms around her waist, and inhale deeply of her scent. Her hair smells like coconut.

Each step rubs your bodies together. You seek warmth in Hope's body, and she softens under your touch. Your fingers slide up from her waist. She trembles, sensitive to even the slightest of your caresses.

You make yourself heavy. You clench your thighs around her flank. And you hear it, barely audible amongst the sounds of the suburban night, but so precious to you — a moan.

"You really know how to get a girl in the mood," she leans back and whispers. "But be careful. If you get me too worked up, I might just gobble you up."

You smile.

S.H.



# DRAGON

## *Dragon Across Town*

You're hyper-aware of your surroundings as she drags you into the park. It's four in the afternoon and despite the humid summer air, there are myriads of people walking dogs, chatting on the benches and lounging in the shade of the oak trees. Your girlfriend tugs you along with purpose, eliciting looks. She isn't the first dragon that anybody has ever seen, but there's a magnificence to her copper scales that makes people stop and stare. Clementine certainly cuts an imposing figure.

Her eyes are a mottled green, her teeth a vicious white. She flashes them both at you in the sunlight. The comfort they provide is small compared to the anxiety you feel rising in your chest.

"Clementine?" you ask. She stops in the middle of the sidewalk and turns her head slightly. Her smile makes your mouth go dry. It's carnivorous and hostile. You find yourself wanting to flee and yet her grip on your arm is ironclad. She won't allow you to flee.

Already, you are making a scene. A pair of bikers whisper by the water fountain. Perhaps they assume that you are simply a snack for the dragon. Their eyes flit to her curved throat, the movements beneath evoking the idea of prey sliding down it. Then their eyes flit to you and there is pity in them, but not salvation. Nobody knows you're dating.

That will soon change.

If you don't start moving again, she'll carry you, so you allow yourself to be pulled to one of the wooden benches. A clawed finger pushes you into the seat, then flicks the button off your pants. Your face turns scarlet as she tosses them over her shoulder, revealing your erection, swaddled in the fabric of your boxers, to the world.

"Ignore them," she purrs in your ear, heavy hand dragging over your thigh. "Small people with small minds. But you're not like them, are you? You *like* the attention. You want something from me, don't you?"

Her tongue, pink and warm, oozes over your neck. You shudder despite the heat of the day. She laps up your sweat and, with it, a piece of your apprehension. Your mind rebels against the sensation. It tells you that this is supposed to be embarrassing. You are powerless in her hands and everyone can see that. Everyone can see you. But Clementine doesn't care, and with a swift flick of her wrist, your boxers come off too.

The breeze caresses your swollen cock. It cools your molten skin. For a moment you forget the circumstance and marvel at the unique sensation of being nude outdoors. Primal thunder courses through your veins and with it, the urge to run. Your senses are in overdrive. Clementine is watching you with interest, a chuckle rumbling in her throat. She draws her claws across your chest. They etch themselves into your shirt, scoring the skin beneath.

"Small people," she repeated, straddling you. "But they know that you're mine: nobody will stop us."

Heat flowers between your thighs. Clementine isn't wearing anything under her skirt. Beneath it, her ravenous cunt grips at you. She's so large that your cock is dwarfed by her sucking lips, edging you into their heated cradle, rubbing you against the head of her clit and causing another rumble from within her chest. Her lips are on yours now and while you close

your eyes, you can feel the silence that has fallen upon the park. Its distraction pulls at you like a will-o'-the-wisp, but Clementine's advance is overwhelming. Despite your embarrassment, you stay.

Her breasts envelop you. She is wearing a sheer top that conforms to your face as she leans forward, burying your head between her weighty mounds which, without the restraint of a bra, rest upon your shoulders. Her stomach sags onto your chest. Inhaling, you take in the aroma of sweat and lust, letting it wash away the condemnation of your peers.

"You're too eager," she says.

In the dark folds of her skirt, a miniature battle is waged. Your hips gyrate beneath her. A small whimper escapes your lips. She holds your cock between her legs, rubbing it, edging it, and yet you can't find release. You seek the warmth of her cunt and she thwarts you. Once, you got close enough to feel it widen over the head of your cock and the sensation was enough to send you into an eye-rolling frenzy. She teases you over and over, skillfully brushing your cock against her clit, stealing your pleasure for herself and leaving you with a burning frustration that threatens to overtake you. Your hands dig into the scales on her back.

"Aww, what's wrong?" she says, standing up. Your cock falls to your thigh with a wet slap. For the first time in five minutes, you can see the park. Your knuckles turn white.

Everybody is looking. You are sitting naked on a park bench, your cock in the wind, teased within an inch of your life with your girlfriend's widening asshole hovering above you. It isn't until it pressed against your face that you think to press your hands into her soft ass. It's too late. Your head slips into her bowels and the world goes dark.

"You were getting distracted," she says, shaking her hips. Your entire body moves with her. "Don't you want to make me moan? Don't you want to show them how we do it in the bedroom? You were so confident last night."

Somewhere, somebody snickers. A contraction pushes down on your head and spits you back onto the bench. Her musk sticks to your hair and nose.

"Are you ready?" she asks. Her skirt is on the ground. Her blouse soon follows. A cheer rises from the crowd as her bronze scales gleam in naked sunlight.

"Yes," you say.

A furious energy rises within you. It prickles your skin. You take your place behind Clementine and move her tail to the side. The waxy texture ripples in your hand. Her cunt is right in front of you, dripping, pulsing with a greedy desire for your cock. She looks over her shoulder and bites her lip. You press against her and she growls. Your perception narrows again. Wind blows across your shoulder blades and a field of eyes watching, waiting, but the only anticipation you care about is your own. It drums through your heart, your veins, and your cock. It quivers in your hand, ready to seek the warmth of Clementine's innards.

"Get up in these guts," she says. "Give me something to think about while I digest you."

Blood rushes to your cheeks. The head of your cock brushes against her lower lips. It glides in between them, soaking your thighs in her hot juices. She rubs her cunt along the length of your shaft, pleasuring herself. Her fat tail is propped against your shoulder. It pushes you forward, urging you to take what you need. Another glance at your lover's eyes gives you all the courage you need. You thrust and everything goes blank.

The first thing you can feel is heat. It narrows around your cock, gripping it in its boiling embrace, spreading through your pelvis and into your body.

The second thing you can feel is the steady, clenching pressure of her cunt squeezing around you. It locks onto the base of your cock and only with tremendous effort can you pull yourself away. Before your head can slide out of her, you thrust again, grabbing her thighs and forcing yourself back inside of her until you are buried in Clementine. Her natural lubricant helps you along. No matter how tight she makes herself, you glide past with ease.

The sex is picking up. You've found your rhythm now and it feels good. Each pump sends shivers up your spine. Every moan she utters plants a flaming seed in your chest. Determination fills you. You want to please Clementine. You want to cum. You want to show these gaping spectators that you are the only lover virile enough for this dragon. Blood pounds in your ears. Through the haze, you watch Clementine, her claws tearing deep gashes in the wood of the bench as she holds her breath. There are tears in her eyes. She is trying not to cum, but her breasts are slapping against her stomach and her hips are quivering. You recognize the signs and go for the kill.

With one magnificent thrust, you push yourself deep into her body and hold yourself there. She yelps, clenching around you, contractions trying to push you out but you hold your ground. You're gripping her thighs tight enough to leave bruises. Her ass is spread out around your hips. It is a battle between you and her and you don't intend to lose. You widen your stance and force her to take your cock. The contractions are coming faster. They massage the entire length of your cock, rippling around it, and you realize what she's doing.

If she's going to cum, so are you.

You've been holding your breath. If you breathe, the floodgates will open. Your balls ache for release and you deny them. *She isn't going to win. She isn't going to win.*

All at once, the world spins. You are laying with your back on the grass. Your chest hurts where she pushed you, but you don't have time to think about that. Your erection points to the sky. Clementine squats over you, her lips pulled back in a hellish grin.

"I'm going to milk you dry," she says. There is a crazed look in her eyes. Her stomach and breasts blot out your vision. You desperately try to hold your breath. The anticipation is killing you. Her cunt opens up against your hard cock and you know that the battle is lost.

For three agonizing seconds she squeezes onto your shaft, using her weight to drop inch by inch down onto you until, with a slight wiggle of her hips, you are engulfed. A jolt of electricity rips through your body. Your arms feel weightless as you raise them to ward off what is about to come next. Clementine takes your wrists and pins them to your sides. Her mouth is open. You can see past her sharp teeth into the moist recesses of her throat. Her breath smells meaty. Her breath. Breath...

You breathe. The floodgates open.

Right there, lying in the grass in the middle of the park, you cum inside of your girlfriend. You open your mouth to yell and her lips are there. Your breath becomes one. Her tongue finds yours and ties itself around it. She's heavy. She's warm.

Cum is dripping down her legs. Her breath hitches in your mouth. She closes her eyes. Like you, she is resisting. You know what needs to be done.

You pull your arm out of her grasp and slide your thumb along her jaw until it reaches her neck. There is a sensitive spot right where her throat meets her collarbone. She looks at you, eyes pleading. You shake your head and smile. As soon as your fingers find the divot, she erupts.

Her body quakes above you. A dragon's orgasm is powerful in a way that most humans wouldn't understand. It courses through every scale. Every membrane. Her entire body is nerve endings and you just lit the fuse.

She clenches her jaw and shakes, letting it pass through her. You can feel every ecstatic inch. You can feel the way it ripples across her skin, up through her arms and chest and back down. Her stomach wobbles precariously on your chest, the rubbery surface wet with perspiration. It lasts for minute after agonizing minute. All that time, she looks you in the eyes, lips worked back in a terrifying grimace that tells you that as soon as she stops shaking, you're in for it. You don't understand why. *She won, didn't she?*

Then you remember the bystanders. Everyone in the park has gathered around you, murmuring at the sight of the dragon in the throes of passion, unable to respond to their gawking. She might have won, but it doesn't look like she won. It looks like you conquered her. Fiercely competitive as she is, there is no way that Clementine will let that slide.

"You're dead," she whispers.

Original, you know. She's told you that every night for the entire month that you've been dating. You'll make love and all the while, her mouth will hang above you, saliva pooling in the corners. She wants to eat you. She wants to make a meal of you, holding you in her stomach while you pound and beg. You've fended her off so far with favors and a healthy dose of fiery charisma. You want to break each other.

But, as her claws dig into your shoulders and she pushes herself onto her knees, you can't help but look to the crowd for support. They look back, faces blank, some afraid and none willing to come to your rescue. Clementine smells your weakness.

"You've been good," she says. "Better than most. There is a part of me that is going to miss you squirming around beneath me."

"I got you," you say, taking the offensive. "You're being a bad sport."

Her teeth flash toward your throat. You yelp involuntarily, throwing your hands up to stop the assault that never comes. It was a test and you failed. She looks down at you with petty contempt, a half-grin plastered to her bronze mug.

"Weak," she says.

"Coward," you say.

That was your second strike. It was wrong to bait her while she was still on top of you. A knee presses into your stomach and you gasp. The air unrolls from your lungs. You can't breathe, can't move, and can't react when she stands and once again turns her ass toward you.

The audience grows quiet. Clementine grabs her ass cheeks and pulls them apart. Her asshole is lubed with sweat. It lowers onto you, seconds passing like minutes. You can feel the grass on your spine, the heat of the sun, the terror dripping into your veins and turning them to ice. *Breathe, you think. React. Do something.*

Her asshole is on your nose, spreading over it. Musk, warm and rancid, assaults your senses and turns your bowels to water. You finally take a gasping breath, getting just enough oxygen to raise your arms and grab at her thighs, hoping to slow her down enough to placate her. If you allow yourself to be swallowed, all hope is lost.

Clementine hums. For her, this is advertising. There will always be some reckless fool who thinks that they can tame the beast. They watch her fuck and eat, getting hard at the sight of some other spineless idiot being slurped down her throat or shoved up her ass. *I could do better, they think.*

You did too.

The sound of the audience is drowned by a low gurgle. Her asshole has spread over your mouth, jaw, and ears. Your entire face is now subjected to the whim of her hostile innards. The gurgle becomes a moist, pulsating beat. You're taking your first breath of the pungent air, tears forming in your eyes, when, with a thump, your head is released.

For the briefest of moments, you feel relief. You could kiss the grass. You'll never take fresh air for granted again. Rubbing your eyes, you look around and see that far from adoration, the audience is recoiling in horror. It dawns on you, as Clementine grabs your arms, that you aren't out of the woods yet.

She is lying on her back in front of you, looking over her bulbous gut that will be your home for the foreseeable future. The hands tighten under your armpits. She's merely gotten into a better position to thrust you into her.

You yell. *Strike three.*

"I thought you could handle me," Clementine says, laying her head back on the ground. "I thought you might be the one. But if something as simple as a minute in my ass makes you beg for mercy, then really, I don't think you could ever match me. Don't worry, though. I treat all of my food with the same kindness that I treat my lovers."

"Help," you say. Your chest is being dragged over the ground. Your face is inching closer to her asshole.

Nobody responds. You twist your neck to see them, but they pretend not to notice. Some have wandered off into other areas of the park. Others have turned their backs, folding their arms across their chests. One peaks over her shoulder, concern written on her brow, but like you, she is not brave enough. Abandoned, your face disappears between her cheeks.

Hot, wet, and tight. Her intestines open just enough to admit you, but you are an intruder in a hostile land. They squeeze at your neck and chest, battering you in juices, affronting you in their scent as if to say, *Welcome. You won't be here long.*

Clementine clears her throat and you feel it, physically feel it, resonate through her body. Every muscle twitch, cough and spasm is amplified in the dark tunnel of her bowels. You hit your first curve and are bent into a new position. Your hands are buried in the slick folds. She has her hands between your legs and is fondling you, caressing your balls and stroking your shaft. You are starting to get hard again.

Shame, sticky and unpleasant, washes over you as your engorged cock is squeezed into her anus. The gentle pull and contraction of her muscles provides enough friction to lay the foundation for your orgasm. When your balls are tugged in as well, it becomes all but assured. Maybe you should be happy that you will get one last nut off inside of your lover before succumbing to her stomach. You can feel it above you, heavy with digestive fluids. The terror should be enough to erase your lust, but it isn't. In the dark of her intestines, it rises inside of you, searching for a hot place to plant its seed. You curse your base instincts. You curse your hubris.

A wet squelch announces your arrival into her colon. It's roomier than her intestines, but just barely. Your cock is still being dragged through the folds. They massage your shaft and lubricate it.

"I can feel that," Clementine hums. It echoes through her chambers. "You're hard, aren't you? It's hot and throbbing and you just can't contain yourself."

Her hands are on her lower stomach, where you appear as a bulge against her skin. She draws a finger against your cock. You feel it through her skin, through her fat, and through her intestines.

“Twice,” she says. “I’ll get you twice. Once in a few minutes when you just can’t help yourself, and once when you’re in my stomach.”

*Like hell*, you want to say, but opening your mouth is a bad idea right now. Instead, you jab your nails into your thigh.

Inch by inch, you are pulled. Her finger follows the movement. It’s pressed squarely into the base of your cock. You try not to think about her smug look as she watches your body travel toward her stomach. She’s trembling. Is it from the exertion of slurping you up, or is it pleasure? You know what Clementine’s pleasure feels like. Suspicious, you rub your hand against the walls, searching for her other arm. What you discover is one hand pressed against your cock, and the other buried in her cunt.

Great. Just great. Now that you’re concentrating, you can hear the wet slopping of her masturbation. She’s doing it right in the middle of the park, thrusting her belly to the sky, proud of the victory that she’s won over you. She wants to show everyone that not only can she force you to be her food, but also that you love it, or at least, are going to cum from it.

You can’t hold back much longer. You try to think of the slop, the smell, or anything that would prevent you from finding this as hot as it is. Instead, you find new reasons to love this cramped prison with its beating heart and grunting warden. She’s conditioned you to love her insides. Her finger slips and you yelp. The sudden sensation makes your thighs clench. You feel full. There is too much pressure and the friction is unrelenting. Her intestines wrap around your cock. They fondle it. With the additional weight of her hand on the outside of her stomach, she has created the perfect fleshlight for your enjoyment.

Your finger brushes against the head of your cock. The movement of her bowels has forced your arms to your sides. Precum soaks your fingers. You grunt. Another brush of the fingers makes you shiver. Clementine knows what you’re doing inside of her. She has removed her hand to give you more space. Her own breath is coming in rapid thrusts. The muscles are clenching around you. Your finger flicks against your cock again right as your entire body is squeezed. Ashamed, you cum to the beat of her orgasm, used as a tool for her amusement.

Her stomach nears. It sags against the final winding loop of her guts, pressing against you like an old friend. You wonder if you should hold your breath when you enter. The last thing you want is a mouth full of stomach acid.

“You’re getting close,” Clementine says. She hasn’t moved from her spot on the grass, and why should she? Nobody is going to stop her. “How was your first orgasm? Good? Oh right, you can’t answer right now. My stomach will be roomier.”

Your head breaks through now. Clementine wasn’t lying to you when she said that it was roomier. For the first time since you were consumed, you can roll your shoulders. Goopy bubbles of pain erupt as you stretch your back and neck. Your body is being deposited in pieces, sucked in with each jerk of Clementine’s muscles.

When you started dating, her ex was still in her stomach. She made you press your hands into her gut to feel his sluggish movements. “He was a human too,” she had said. “And when I’m through with you, this is where you’ll go.”

At the time, it was hot. You had made love in a hotel room. Her ex groaned as her stomach slapped against your thighs over and over and over again. The sound was etched into

your brain. You felt guilty, yes, but Clementine made you feel good again. Her love was a fatal addiction.

In her stomach, a bit of your fight comes back to you. You test the limits of your new confines. Slimy liquid coats your fingers as you press against the walls. Below you, you can feel the mass of intestines that carried you here. Above is the sealed tube. You probe it with a finger, hoping to make an opening, but it is shut tight. Her fat is making it hard to move.

“Clementine?” you say. Your voice comes out hoarse. “Clementine, can you hear me?”

An affirmative slap shakes her stomach.

“What?” she asks. She sounds bored. You can imagine her, on her back in the park, looking for all the world like a sunbather. It’s even hotter in her stomach than in her intestines. You feel like you’re baking.

“You know your pinball machine in the foyer?” you say.

“Yeah? What about it?”

“I have the high-score.”

This gets her attention. She sits bolt upright, squashing you inside of her. A hand probes her gut, searching for your face. She is probably searching through her memory, trying to recall the last time she saw the scoreboard.

“So?” she asks. “I’ll just beat it when I get home.”

Here it is. The chink in her armor. Clementine is fiercely competitive in everything from sex to Mario Kart. On your first official date, she nearly broke your arm over a round of Trivial Pursuit. There was no way that she could let a high-score slide in her own home.

“And what if you don’t?” you say. The walls are starting to undulate. A rough, stinging sensation is creeping up your legs. “What if I got a score that you could never beat? What if I digest and you have to live with the fact that a mere human got one over on you?”

The air is pounded from your lungs. It feels like Clementine has flopped onto her stomach. She is grinding you into the ground, heaving her gut with both hands and letting it slap the dirt. You’re shaken, but unharmed. Her heart is beating fast, resounding through the enclosure. Her temper is roused.

“So? So? So?”

Each word is followed by a meaty slap. The air is beginning to thin. You’re feeling lightheaded.

“So what?” she says again. “Of course I’ll beat it. I have a dragon’s lifetime. And so what if I don’t? You’ll be mush. You’ll be fat! Some other sucker will run their hands over you and tell me how pretty I am. Who cares if you have the high-score? I don’t.”

“You do. Why don’t you go home and check? I’ll wait. But if I’m right, then you’ve lost.”

At the word *lost*, she howls. She stomps around the park like a child, tearing up clumps of dirt with her claws. People dive to get out of her way as she takes a sapling and tears it from the ground, breaking it across her knee.

You chuckle to yourself. Bright red spots are flickering at the edge of your vision. Even the darkness looks fuzzy.

“No no no!” she yells. “You’re trying to trick me. You just want the last laugh.”

“Maybe,” you say. “But you don’t know. I think that I’ll win this one, Clementine.”

There is silence. Your ruse didn’t work. Still, even if it didn’t earn you your release, you still feel accomplished getting her to rage as she did. The prickling has stopped in your legs.

You're afraid to touch them. Afraid of what you might feel. It might be nothing. Your hands might already be melted. In the dark, in the quiet, panic rises in your chest. Then stops.

Light. You can see your arms, red from the wrist to the elbow, but still in one piece. You can see your legs, feel your toes, move your hands. A dry chuckle rasps from your frayed vocal chords.

So this is her revenge. Letting her see the damage that she has wrought. You have to admit, even for her this is cruel. Her stomach is heaving around you. It's pushing you toward the light. You have to close your eyes and when you do, a single tear burns its way down your cheek, mingling with the rest of the fluids that coat your body. This wasn't what you wanted. You never meant to die.

There is a rushing sensation and then silence. Total silence.

Heaven, you think, is hotter than you imagine. It's scalding your back with its purifying light, erasing the sins of your past. And the grass beneath your palms. It's...it's...

You open your eyes. You are in the park, lying in a pool of bile and saliva, at the feet of a very, very pissed off dragon. She grabs you by the shoulders and you are too weak to resist. You roll onto your back as she shakes you, her nose against your own.

"Was it true?" she yells. "Lie to me and I eat you. Lie to me and I chew! Do you really have the high-score?"

You laugh. It's too funny. A second earlier, you were convinced that you were going to have to justify every decision that you have made in your life. Your lungs suck in the sweet air, cooling your throat and fevered brow. You close your eyes again and let the fatigue overtake you.

"Maybe," you mutter. "You'll have to check. I don't remember."

She prods you. You don't move.

She sits on you. You don't move.

She hauls your naked body off the ground and shakes you like a rag doll, nearly causing a motorist to crash into the park gates. When it becomes clear that you're close to unconscious, she spreads her wings.

"If we get back and you've lied, I'm going to make you wish you were never born," she says.

"And if I'm right?"

"Then I'll beat it. And when I do, you're going right back in my stomach."

"Sounds like a date."

She snorts, but as you fly over the city, a hint of your old love rekindles in your chest. Maybe, just maybe, she didn't intend to digest you at all. Maybe your dragon lover is just bad at expressing herself.

*Probably not*, you think as you drift to sleep in her arms. *I'm glad I rigged that pinball machine.*



Sak6

# GNOLL

## *The Gnoll's Tent*

Your chains drag across creaking wood. Under their weight, you stand tall. Your scars, both old and recent, burn under the scented oils you've been slathered in. They wanted to make you presentable; you have come and gone too often. Nobody's interested in a troublesome slave, and you look like trouble.

You are not allowed to look ahead, towards the crowd that stares dispassionately. A week ago, you were a novelty — a fiery-eyed young woman still snapping at her keepers like a rabid dog. That was then. Today, you are broken goods.

She steps out of the crowd.

She is not from here. She is different — from far away. Back home, her kind was a myth; a cautionary tale to keep children home at night. But you're not home anymore. You are standing, glistening under the midday sun, chained, alone in public. And she stands opposite you, head and shoulders above the others, all muscle and fur amidst skin and fabric, as real as she could possibly be. How many of the stories are true, you wonder? You know gnolls as bone-crushers. Man-eaters. Cunning savannah-folk. You don't remember the stories saying they were this big.

When she approaches, your captors step back, as afraid as you are. She smells of incense and musk. She speaks, and her voice is a low growl, teeming with threat.

"I'll try this one."

She takes their silence for acquiescence. Her hand takes hold of your chin, claw-tipped fingers pressing against where your jaw meets your skull, smushing your cheeks and prying your lips slightly agape, and under her touch, you tremble with uncontained anger. She notes your defiance with an ambiguous huff.

"Look at me."

You obey. Her eyes are a piercing brown. Her nose, resting at the end of a stubby snout, brushes up against yours. Her nostrils flare. Her whiskers tickle your face.

She kisses you. Her tongue pushes past your open lips and forces its way between your teeth. Your own tongue flattens under its coarse caress as it slides down your throat, wide, slobbering, testing every inch of you; you suppress your gag reflex even as tears pool in your eyes, and even as your fingers dig into your palms. Her tongue circles your throat, relaxing the tense muscles that clamp around it, forming a little bulge on the surface of your neck — then, just as you feel a dire need to inhale, and just as your body tenses up, she pulls out.

You see that tongue, dripping your saliva, roll back into her maw. You take a deep breath. You're shaking, you're weak, you're on fire. Relief washes over you when the crisp air innervates your avid lungs. You're glad to have her out of you. Then it fades, and something's missing. A void you never noticed was there until moments ago.

You want her back in. It eats at you.

The gnoll watches your expression with predatory interest. Her eyes glimmer with intelligence. She runs her thumb over your flushed lips, wiping off a droplet of saliva. You shudder. *How dare she*. How dare this *animal* treat you like this. But even as you glare, even as you snap at the thumb that swiftly moves out of the way — she remains placid, assessing you

like a piece of meat. Her claws scrape at your skin as she explores your curves. She follows the line of your shoulder blade, draws a necklace around your neck, circles the contour of your left breast. You would have tolerated it if you couldn't feel the sting of dozens of eyes on your skin. Her touch is like a prod — no matter how stoic you make yourself, your body instinctively retracts when her claw pricks you. Your muscles tense. The manacles hurt your wrists. She explores every inch of you. She tests the suppleness of your breasts and thighs, weighs your ass in her hand, feels the tense muscles in your legs, For what feels like an eternity, you are uncharted land for her to discover, and you feel her hot, steady breath every step of the way.

When the gnoll is satisfied, she takes a step back. The lines she drew on you burn. You match her glare, standing as tall as the chains allow you. She tilts her head to the side. Her round ears twitch. An eyebrow raises. You swear you can see the corner of her lip curl upwards.

She steps forward again. This time, she's too fast. Her fur presses to your bare skin. It's thick and coarse, exuding its heat onto you. You start to feel jittery again. There's an animal magnetism to her that you cannot deny; her musk, the excitement of underlying danger to her every movement. Everything about her is an unsprung bear trap, and every second in her presence has you shifting more weight onto the plate.

Her touch startles you. Her fingers slide between your thighs, pry apart your dribbling labia — you didn't realize they were dribbling — and plunge in. You wince. Her coarse fur scratches itches you didn't know you had. Her claws slide harmlessly against your walls, their very tips poking at your cervix, sending shudder after shudder through your form. Her fingers are so thick. So strong. You could melt around them.

Instinctively, you match her movements. You bend your knees only slightly, so that your lips brush against her knuckles. You flex your muscles so that your walls clench around her fingers, then release, then flex again, until the pulsing becomes a rhythmic suction that coaxes all possible pleasure out of her clinical motion.

She pulls out. Another void. You whimper through gritted teeth. You look up pleadingly, but no affection awaits you in her harsh features. She rubs her fingers together, hums. She snaps her fingers. Your keepers hand her the chain, and she tosses them a pouch. They don't bother checking its contents. You're not worth fighting a gnoll over.

You slog through the streets, naked, oil-slick, red with shame, and struggling to keep up with your owner's long strides. Eyes linger on you as you walk. *Why do you want them to linger?* To have your bare form gawked at ashamed you once, but exposure numbed those feelings into a comfortable discomfort — until now. Now they fill you with a twisted pride. This gnoll, this tall and powerful and exotic creature from the outskirts of civilization, has seen you fit enough to claim as hers. And you hate her — how you hate her — but still, her presence envelops you, rubs off on you. In her shadow, you glow.

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The gnoll takes you beyond the bustling streets. Where once beaten cobblestone caressed your feet, now there is nothing but scalding dirt. You cross the gates, and the world around you grows still. You dare to look up and see tents, stark against the flat horizon, distorted by the heat.

Your new master's language is yours to learn. Her growl sends shivers down your spine and resonates right through your bones; when you hear it, you stop. You soon learn what is forbidden to you: you are to keep your eyes on the ground. You are to walk beside her, not too

close and not too far, and to stop only when she stops. You are to remain silent. Hers are simple rules to obey, and you follow them, for now.

The biggest tent welcomes you with its shade, so dark and encompassing to your constricted pupils. It is there, in the incense-scented and pillow-laden alcove, that you feel that oppressive weight around your shoulders and wrists finally come off.

“Wash yourself,” the gnoll says, gesturing to a pail in a corner, “and wait.”

Before the question can form on your lips — *wait for what* — her growl comes as a warning. But you? You are unfettered.

Your body, while sore, is not weighed down by steel or rules. You stand up to her. In the candlelight, you meet her gaze, and for the first time, you see her hesitate.

A grin creeps into your expression. If she wants you to stand down, she’ll have to-

A blur of movement. Claws on your shoulders. Fangs on your cheeks and scalp. She pins you against the wall, head tilted, wide-open jaws encompassing your entire face. She holds you tight enough to hurt without harming, but the message is clear. Your head fits in her maw. The bear trap could snap at any moment.

Even after the message is clear, she holds you there. You stand frozen in her grip, even as her hot breath becomes your world. Her tongue rests against your cheek. You see it stir, and even now, you wish it would ravage you again.

Odd thoughts. Unwelcome thoughts that you can’t chase away. It’s her musk, you tell yourself. Pheromones. Something’s at work, overriding your sense of shame. Has to be. That’s what’s making you peer into her maw, and flush. That’s what sending pleasant little shivers from where her teeth meet your skin. This morbid fascination, this needy desire to be consumed, is its doing.

She releases you, and you nearly sink to your knees. Her grip holds you steady. “Wash yourself,” she repeats, and before she’s even finished, you’re nodding hectically at her every word. Then she departs.

Alone.

You nearly forgot what privacy feels like. But here you are now, with only the fading hints of her musk to keep you company. You still feel her fangs pricking at your skin, and you hold on to that feeling, knowing full well it will soon fade. You sit by the pail. You soak a towel in the rose-scented water and brush it over your skin. Every cut flares up under its warmth. Every little punishment is brought back for only a moment, then it’s gone, and you miss it.

*What is happening to you?*

The rhythmic, repetitive movements lend themselves to mental meanderings. The darkened chamber offers no distractions from your thoughts. Who is your new master? What does she want from you? Were she human, you would have at least something to go on. Humans enslave for many reasons, but they are rarely unclear on what those reasons are. This creature gave you nothing but silence and threats.

*Washing.* She wants you clean. Are you a showpiece? Or is your kind’s scent merely distasteful to her? On the auction, she explored the nooks and crannies of your body with bold abandon. Are you to be her concubine, her toy? Or was it all just a test, to see how you’d react?

The memories fill you with shame. That test. That deep kiss — your throat still aches, yearning for more. Those claws over your skin. Those fingers, filling you up. How you wanted her to take you in her arms right there, to crush you in her tight embrace, to pin you to the

creaking wood and fuck you until you broke. How you wanted to surrender the last hint of your agency and become a tool for her pleasure.

The towel falls in the water, and your legs spread. Your fingers, twitching between your thighs, start to feel the warmth. You close your eyes and cling to the memory. You purge all thought save for the feeling over her tongue, and you imagine it running across you, slick and rough, and your skin shivers at her nonexistent touch. You imagine her around you, a thousand tongues lapping at you, tripping over each other in their need to taste, to consume every inch of you. You imagine her sharp teeth and her hot breath. Inside and out. You let it all coalesce into a single feeling, and you let it take over you, and it does.

Your toes curl against the bottom of the pail. Your muscles tense. Your fingers slide in and out of you, so weak, so unsatisfying. Not like hers — hers would ravage you properly. You long to feel them push against the soft membranes of your walls, firm and confident, dragging your lust out in strands. Her mouth slightly agape. Warm breath on your neck. Hard bodies pressed against each other, her rough fur prickling the inside of your thigh. Face to face, mouth to mouth, tongues waging war as blood courses through your veins. You can feel it for the first time; hot and vibrant, the pulsing, beating heart in your chest.

You convulse. Release. Water spills onto the floor. You're shaking, wheezing, burning. Shame creeps back into your psyche, as does twitching despair. Your own fingers are no longer enough to please you. You need more. You need heaving breaths, bulging muscles, musk, and fur. You're left empty, frustrated, unfulfilled. The scent of your lust lingers with hers, teasing you. Everything's changed. You ache for a new plateau of pleasure, one no human touch can provide.

Still alone.

When strength returns to your weary muscles, and your mind, momentarily free of lust, clears up, you humor thoughts of escape. The chains are off. There are no fences and no gates. If you ran, would she follow you? Would she accept her loss, or would she track you like a bloodhound? The thought of, weeks from now, jolting awake to her silhouette clenches at your heart. What would she do then? Perhaps she would take you by the neck, staring hungrily, with her tongue lolling out and her muscles bulging. Perhaps she would rip away your clothes, and-

You shake your head. Focus. Escape. You want to escape. You want freedom, right? It is better to die free than live a slave. The thought of shedding all pretense of agency — to be a thing meant only to follow commands and bend to another's will — it fills you with disgust, right? You're a fighter. They called you a fighter. Then why does the idea of complete surrender entice you so?

You think of escape plans. You find flaws in all of them. When you don't, you make them up, or invent unexpected twists to spin a success into a failure. In this war between your head and your heart, you are left petrified.

One last time. You will remain so you can see her one last time. Then, when you know for sure that she's asleep, you will run. You will run and ever look back.

Yes. That's a good plan. You sit in the gloom and convince yourself that it's a good plan, and wonder when you'll be able to see her again. You unconsciously adjust your stance so as to entice. You glance at the tent flaps and smirk every time you hear a sound.

Outside, the silence gives way to rhythmic drumming. It builds and builds and builds, imperceptible at first, then all-encompassing. Cackles. Rattling gourds. Howls. Voices, singing in a language you don't recognize. Thumping, ancient, primal. It hammers at your eardrums,

vibrates through your bones. Drumming. Howls. Cackles. They call forth the beast inside with atavistic promises. They beseech you to join them.

The flap opens. The sound pours in like a storm front, still mounting. The gnoll is there, in full warpaint. Tassels hang from the end of her braids. Streaks of blue jump out against the warm brown with her fur. Circling her eyes, they add depth to her gaze. Outlining her breasts, they make them feel fuller, more defined. Disappearing beneath her loincloth, they entice you to what lies beyond. You swear you can see a bulge in the fabric. A trick of the light?

The gnoll steps closer. She's never smelled more alluring. With an impatient gesture she orders you to stand, and before you even realize it, you're on your feet, quivering in anticipation of her touch. She tosses you clothes. You pick them up; they're your size, but you can't recognize the material. It's smooth and coarse. Goatskin, maybe.

"Wear it."

Her voice rings with desperation. It's as if her humanoid body is struggling to contain the hyena within. Every movement she takes is snappy, every flash of teeth and flaring of the nostrils is the impatient posturing of an apex predator, and you're the prey.

The outfit is skintight. Cumbersome. Warm — or maybe that's just you? It rubs up against your skin in a rough, full-bodied caress. You hurry to slip it on, every second drags, every moment's floundering has you expecting a swift bite to the neck. When you are dressed, she circles you. You don't feel safe when she's behind you. Her breath sends shivers down your spine.

"Good."

A single word sends you reeling. Your heart skips a beat, your muscles relax just a bit. Her voice echoes in your mind, and you feel bigger. Validated.

Lost in the afterglow of such faint praise, you nearly miss her reaching for something. A mortar. She dips two fingers into it, and they emerge jet black. She presses them to your forehead. They sting. You can barely stop yourself from wincing. She draws crude signs on your skin. Half-circles, stars, and crosses. The flesh underneath them itches, and that itch spreads through you like wildfire. It activates you, makes you sensitive. Her mere breath is a deep caress. A brush of fur, a kiss.

She dips her fingers in again, and presses them to your body. She draws streaks over your breasts, so broad as to cover the sensitive skin of your areolas with the thick, emboldening substance. You're burning up, but you're not sweating. The darkness grows vivid, and shadows dance at the edges of your vision. They don't matter. None of it matters. Only the gnoll, the gnoll who towers over you, the gnoll whose touch sends your body into overdrive; only she matters.

She smears her hand with the last glob of dye. With a tap of a claw, she orders you to spread your legs, and you hold back a moan. You eagerly obey, and she rewards you by pressing her palm into your womb, leaving behind a mark. Her brand. Now you're hers.

She steps back to admire her handiwork. She can barely hold back anymore. She looks down at her hand, sees it still slathered in the aphrodisiac tincture. Shrugs. You've never seen her shrug before. Steps closer. Is this it?

She rewards you with a single finger this time, but it's enough to send your body into overdrive. It slides easily into your pussy, and your entire body goes numb with pleasure. First, your insides sting, then they grow numb — and then you feel yourself contract around her, and you feel her pulsing inside you, every little sensation maximized, overloading your perception, taking over your reality. The oily dye mixes with your honey and seeps into your flesh. You

can't think anymore. You can't act. The world is a blur, but the gnoll is constant, comfortable, all-encompassing. She takes your hand, and you feel every hair caressing your palm, and when you walk, every step resonates up your body, your heart beats oppressively against your chest. Every muscle that flexes, every tendon that stretches, you feel. It overwhelms you, and you accept it.

She takes you outside. The stars dance above you. The ground spins below. A fire spews forth hallucinogenic clouds. Drumming. Cackling. Howling. You howl too, and they laugh, and they follow your lead. They're all around you, encroaching like a pack of predators, cackling, drumming. They form a circle, and you and your master are in it. The two of you. Together.

The gnoll grabs you by the shoulder. She pulls, and your body slams into hers. You sink into her coarse fur, feel the life of her body, the thumping, the trembling, the growling. You look up at her, and she looks down on you. She takes hold of your face, and you understand. Your mouth hangs open. She dives in.

The surge of feeling devastates you. It spreads through you like lightning, firing up every nerve, and under it, you shatter.

The crowd roars. They're distant. She's close, connected. You feel her beginning to pull away. You can't find the strength to pursue, nor the meaning in a world without her kiss. So you close your eyes, and you savor it — you savor the twisting of her tongue around your throat, you savor its weight and its bitter sweetness and its warmth.

Her grip is not enough. Her fur on your skin is not enough. Your whole body burns for her. Your eyes plead. Your open mouth begs. Does she understand? Your legs can no longer hold you. You guide your fall forward — towards her. She accepts you. Embraces you. Claws around your throat. Squeezing.

You're on the ground. Her form blots out the stars. Your outfit is shed, ripped away in a blur. The blue streaks dance on her fur as she heaves and twitches. Her saliva drips on your face. She grins, her eyes glimmer, and she pins your wrists to the ground. A knee comes up between your legs, an advancing wave of pleasure that you can't hope to brace for; the fur brushes up against your slit only for a moment, and already you convulse and dribble and drip on the parched sands. A mere touch could send you into the throes of orgasm, you know this, she knows this. But her grin promises more.

Drumming. Howling. You can't join in. You won't. Your mouth needs to stay free for her to partake in. Your body must remain motionless so that she can guide and pose it like a doll. That's what you are, a doll — unburdened by the weight of chains, but a slave to the animal.

She thrusts into you. You gasp. She's hot and pulsing and slick, and she's in you, bringing that heat all the way to your womb. You forget to breathe. There's no inch of you that she hasn't conquered; no recess of flesh she hasn't thoroughly filled and explored. And still, her animal lust refuses to be satisfied. Each slam sends your body reeling, your breasts bouncing, your tongue swaying, your eyes rolling. She moves hard, fast, with brutal precision, straddling the line between pleasure and pain, but you welcome it all, these waves of clashing sensations that wash over you, because they are her, and you need her, and you were made for this moment. Your last moment. Your only moment.

How many orgasms did she give you? You've lost count; they blur together, little releases of an ever-mounting pleasure, coming and going with each thrust.

Your insides sag when she pulls out. Part of you dies when she isn't in you, even when she's close, even if she's all around you in a hurricane of fang, fur, and muscle. You whimper.

Your inner walls contract, suckling at something that is no longer there, and between your legs, your juices overflow. Why is she not in you? Why does she torture you so?

The circle has tightened around you. The drumming nears its zenith. Your heart beats to its thrum. Your master, above you, smiles eagerly. She drools and twitches. There is no intelligence in her glare, only instinct and fury, and a need to consume. She needs to consume you.

Who are you to deny her?

The gnoll's jaws snap open. Her fangs glisten in the dark. Strings of saliva connect them, drooping arches above you. Her claws bury into your flesh, but they do not hurt — you've long moved beyond pain — even when the smell of blood raises from you and triggers something in her. Her pupils dilate, her nostrils flare, and a low rumbling emerges from her chest. Her fur stands on end.

She locks you between her jaws. This time, they're trembling. Unleashed. No longer a warning, but a reality. Her thick tongue cradles your face. She throws her head back and swallows.

The drums fall silent.

Her throat is tight. It threatens to crush you at any moment. It has no give; the walls are unyielding, slick, but stone-solid. Bone-crushers. Man-eaters. They are built for this. It widens just enough to accept you, without an inch of slack, and traps you in its walls and drags you down. Blood rushes to your head, your temples throb, your lungs fill with her sharp breath. Everything is warmth and weight and constriction. Only the pricking of her fangs lets you know how far into her gullet you are. Too far. Not far enough.

Powerful throat muscles release you into a pool of bubbling acids that hiss on contact with your painted skin. The walls contract. They're thick, slick, and relentless. They compress your body into the fetal position, bend you near the point of rupture, but you feel none of that. You feel only the foaming acids wash over you, thick and clingy. A gnoll's stomach breaks down bone without effort — how can you hope to resist it?

Adrift in a sea of flesh and acids, you feel the fire inside you start to fade. The frustration subsides. Drugs, pheromones, your own desires; whatever that madness was that came over you and made you feel like part of this wild beast, it's gone now, and you are left alone.

*Alone in her.*



Sakura

# SNAKE GIRL

## *The Snake's Clutch*

“Hey,” you whisper.

The bindings on your wrists are cutting into your skin. You edge toward the bars of your cell, squirming across the sandy floor. From the narrow cut in the stone above you, a solitary beam of moonlight falls on two yellow eyes blinking back at you in the darkness. You press your face into the slats, squinting to get a closer look.

“Are you my guard?” you ask.

A shake of the head.

“Can you free me?”

Another shake of the head.

You groan, collapsing onto your side. It's been days since you've last eaten and your stomach is a gnawing beast, chewing at your innards. This pair of eyes is the first you've seen since your capture. Afraid that they'll move away, you start talking again.

“Food?” you ask.

A nod of the head. You grip the bars.

“Can you bring me some?” you ask.

Shake shake.

“Food?” you ask again.

The moon comes out from behind the clouds, illuminating your chamber through the cracks in the stone. You can see your guest.

She, like your captors, has the head of a hooded snake. Magnificent blue scales run from her cheeks to her neck, disappearing into the hem of her white ceremonial clothes. A beautiful silk veil covers her mouth and jaw. Weirdly enough, a pair of eyeglasses are balanced on her delicate nose. You wonder who she stole them from. Then, she points at you.

“Food,” she says.

Gods damn it.

“No,” you say, picking at your bindings. “Not food. Friend. Person. Human.”

“Food?”

“No no. We taste bad. Terrible. I haven't washed in days. My diet consists of carrion and tapeworms. You'll catch the gout. Disease. Pestilence.”

“Bad food?”

“Yes!” you say, struggling to sit up. It seems like you've finally broken through the thick language barrier. “Very bad food. All kinds of nasty. Nobody in the village will have me. They turn me away at the door. I probably taste like poop.”

“Poop,” the snake says, giggling.

“Uh huh! Poop. Terrible, rancid, not so tasty. I'll give you a rash. Tell your snake friends that I am bad food. Throw me out in the desert. I have friends too, powerful friends! They know magic and they'll be looking for me. I am more trouble than I am worth.”

“Magic.”

All of a sudden, a flare of light blinds you. You flinch, blinking away the black spots. Magic. The damn snake knows magic. She has a finger in the air, a small flame hovering over

the curved nail. A low hiss bubbles from her throat and you realize with a start that she's laughing at you.

"You're the first prisoner that's ever tried to use the excuse of, 'I taste bad,' to get out of being eaten," she says. "But you're certainly not the first to threaten me."

Her voice has a pleasant, if snakey, lilt to it. You knew that her people were intelligent, but you underestimated just how smart they could be. So much for human ingenuity. Afraid that you might have upset your potential benefactor, you bow.

"Please forgive a captive for trying to buy their freedom," you say. "I suppose it's the natural thing to do."

"Perfectly," she says. "Although it's never worked before. We're very careful to kidnap only those who don't have too many connections."

"I'm a runaway noble."

"Hardly."

"Damn."

She laughs again. You're beginning to enjoy the sibilant tinkle. There are bells adorning her clothes and every time she moves, they ring. She moves with grace, stepping up to the bars.

"You're very pretty," you say.

"Flattery now?"

"Yes, but it doesn't mean it's not the truth. You move with a litheness that reminds of flowing water. The way you speak only adds to your coquettish charm."

She blinks, taken aback.

"Thank you," she says. "I've practiced a lot. The others don't see why I would bother, but I think it's important to communicate clearly."

The others? Dissonance. Your nimble mind is putting together the pieces. If she is some kind of special entity, then perhaps she has some authority over the others. Perhaps she feels lonely. You can capitalize on that, but she's also smart, so you'll have to be careful.

"I think it's admirable," you say, puffing up your chest. "I know nothing about your language. It is one of my many regrets."

"Oh yeah?" she says, sitting in the sand. "You have regrets?"

"Doesn't everyone? I was a pain in my parent's necks, a plague upon my teachers and, when I finally decided to move away, I never sought out a true education. I had the opportunity to go to an institution once, when a priest took pity on me, and you know what I told him?"

"What?"

"I told him that the open sky was the best teacher a person could have. How pompous is that?"

The snake bows her head, shoulders quivering with laughter. She wipes a tear from her eyes, looks at you, and laughs again.

"Ohohoho, that's too funny, too funny," she says. "The sky. Oh my. The sky is the best teacher!"

You relax somewhat. It seems like you aren't in any immediate danger. In fact, your captor has a sense of humor. Perhaps you won't have to be digested in her perfumed gut. She wipes away another tear on her veil. You can tell that she's smiling.

"Truly, I like you," she says. "I wish that the open sky would be my teacher as well, some days. It is a rigorous duty, mine is."

"Tell me about it."

“You would not wish to hear.”

“I am a captive audience.”

She rolls her eyes, waving you off with a hand.

“It’s not that I am dissatisfied,” she says. “Indeed, I have never had a problem swallowing humans whole. They feel very good, going down my throat, and we always make sure to hypnotize them thoroughly beforehand. I have been assured that it is made to be a pleasurable experience.”

“Sounds wild.”

“You joke, but it is extremely ethical. This is for the good of my species.”

“Have you tried, you know, lamb? Cattle? Any animal without sentience?”

The veil moves. She is biting her lip.

“I, uh...have food allergies.”

You blink. In all of your long years of existence, you have come across many different people with many different motivations. Some were kind to you for no reason, giving you food and shelter on your journey from hither to thither. Most were indifferent, going about their own lives with a kind of habitual rigidity. Still others were cruel, selfish, and unable to see past their next bag of gold.

But this was the first you had heard of someone killing humans because of ‘food allergies’.

“Chicken?” you ask.

“Hives.”

“Duck?”

“Rashes.”

“Fish?”

“Bowel trouble.”

“Kobolds?”

“Those are sentient.”

“And dumb.”

“We are allied with the kobolds.”

“Well, shit.”

You lie on your back and look at the ceiling. You are going to be eaten alive and whole because this snakey whatever-she-is has food allergies. Life is a bitch, ain’t it? Really, you should have seen this coming. You have been unlucky since the day you were born. Poor family. Poor village. Constantly hungry and scared and alone. Maybe this was a blessing in disguise. Maybe the gods had listened to your pleas and thought, ‘This poor, unfortunate beggar. She would be best off in the stomach of a snake.’ It would certainly be an end to your trouble. You hope that reincarnation will be kind to you.

“Why did you come to talk to me?” you ask. “Do you enjoy taunting your victims?”

“No!”

Her vehemence causes you to look up. She is at the bars of the cell. Her tortured features take your breath away. Yes, the gods certainly weren’t cruel if this was to be your fate. There, in the moonlight, this creature looks as beautiful as the rain and twice as gentle.

“It isn’t to be cruel that I speak with you,” she says. “It’s true that I don’t feel much compassion for your kind. Humans have forced us to flee to the caves. They have taken the power the gods granted us all and used it as a weapon.”

“That sounds like us,” you mutter.

“But still, I have met with many of the prisoners and most seem kind and good. I speak with you to learn from you, for only in moonlight can I see the outside world.”

Loners. Castaways. These snake people slid through the dark underbelly of society. You have been told not to trust any human with yellow eyes, lest they be a snake-man in disguise. Looking at her, you see that there is truth in her words, and hurt. You are far from an ambassador for your species, but perhaps you can offer some redemption.

“Listen,” you say. Your bound arms ache. You drag yourself over to the bars so that you can speak face to face.

“Humans haven’t been all that kind to me either. We are a mixed bag. I myself am not the freshest peach to ever grace this green earth. However, if we can agree on that, then we can agree that killing people is wrong no matter the species.”

“I know,” she says, her breath warm on your lips. “I know this and still I must. It is for the good of my species. I must breed, you see.”

A blush creeps over your cheeks. Your eyes flick instinctively toward her gown. It barely covers her kneecaps, revealing a slender, yet powerful thigh.

“How does eating people affect your breeding?” you ask.

Now it’s her turn to blush. Her blue scales are tinted green. She looks away, tongue flickering out from her mouth. You recognize it as a sign of embarrassment.

“It takes a lot of energy to lay eggs,” she says. “It’s a long process. Delicate. Even sitting here, I can feel them quickening inside of me. I have been, uh, fertilized.”

You don’t need to know the specifics. Your cursory education taught you little about how reptiles reproduce, and even less about reptile people. How many holes does she have? One? Four? It doesn’t matter. Right now, you have a more pressing issue.

“I know that we’re having a moment,” you say. “But is there any way you could get me some food? My stomach is trying to eat itself.”

“Oh. Yes. I’ll be right back. If anyone else comes, I was not here.”

“Right.”

She lays a hand on yours. It’s cold, but firm. It’s the first contact that you’ve made with someone in the last month. You pinch her delicate fingers and, in a sudden burst of emotion, kiss them. She pulls away at the touch of your warm lips, now positively green in the face.

“I. Food. Yes. Going.”

She runs down the hall with her tail dragging behind her. Soon, the only sign that she was there is the divot it left in the sand. A damp wind blows down the tunnel, erasing her presence, and cooling your fevered brow. You lie down, contemplating the intricate stones that sparkle above you. When you close your eyes, you see the priest again. The one that offered you admittance to his school. In your imagination, so vivid and clear, his eyes were a brilliant yellow.

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It wasn’t long before you got into the routine of things. You are the only prisoner being held until the day of the laying ceremony, on which you will be hypnotized and consumed by Sibelth, as her name turned out to be. She visits you nightly, sitting in the dark with her stomach growing large, asking you about the wonders of the wide world. Each night, you ask her to let you go. Each night, she refuses.

“They’ll be mad,” she says on this particular night. Her white dress is riding up on her hips. You can see that she does, indeed, have two holes.

“So?” you say. “Eat a ton of carrots or something.”

“These are my children we’re talking about.”

“I deserve to live too.”

You’ve done this song and dance before. Is it okay to sacrifice a single life to save many? Sibelth would say yes. You? You’re not so sure.

You wrack your brain for an answer. The obvious bet would be to escape and find some other sucker to take your place. You’ve been uncuffed and allowed access to the tunnels under the supervision of two unblinking guards. Perhaps you could steal one of their spears and run them through with it. Would murder be justified if they wished to do you same to you?

Besides that, you don’t want to admit that you’ve come to care for Sibelth. You like the way her hood flares up when she’s surprised or flattered. You love her glasses and how she’s embarrassed to wear them. She took them off once and had to squint so hard that you bowled over laughing. If you were to leave, then she would have to find someone else, and quick.

“Would it kill you to lay your eggs without someone in your stomach?” you ask.

Sibelth tilts her head and stares off into the distance.

“I’m...not sure,” she hisses. “I eat lots of grains and fruit. Mice and rats. But, even with a full stomach, I am weakened after laying. Humans are dense. They make for good padding.”

“But will it kill you?” you insist.

“I don’t know. I’m not sure. But if I die, so do my children. It is not a risk that I am willing to take. I am sorry.”

“No,” you say. “I understand. I don’t hate you Sibelth. I’m just trying to find a way for both of us to live.”

“I am afraid that my brethren will not accept that. They are anxious for this clutch.”

These snakey politics are making your head hurt. You pick up a stone from the floor and toss it from hand to hand, glancing at Sibelth. She’s sitting right on the other side of the bars. Her tongue is flickering. She is deep in thought. You sit in front of her, pressing your feet against hers. You wiggle your toes. She laughs.

“Not so different,” you say. “It would have been nice, in another life.”

“Yes. You are very funny. Maybe you’ll be reborn as one of my kind. Perhaps as part of my clutch.”

Somewhere inside of you, there’s a flicker. Not knowing what you’re doing, you grasp at her knees, digging your fingers in. She flinches back. You place your face between the bars so that you can see eye to eye.

“I don’t want to be your child,” you say. “I want to be your equal.”

“I don’t know what the means,” she stammers.

You’re not sure, either, but you are sure of what comes next. As her face comes closer, you reach through and grab the back of her neck, thrusting her forward. You pull down her veil. Her lips taste like saffron.

“I hate this,” you say. Feelings are bubbling up inside of you. It seems like they’ve been there forever, since the day you left your house. Sibelth makes no attempt to disengage. Instead, she places her hands on your shoulders. Her forehead is cool. Her lips are hot. In the darkness, you explore her mouth, knowing that it is the last thing that you will ever see.

When she pulls away, it is like the seam that holds you together has come undone. The tears flow freely now. You shiver in your cell. You don't want to die now that you've found a reason to live.

Sibelth takes your hand and places it underneath her garment. It rests on the smooth scales of her stomach. Up and down. Shallow breaths. You can feel the hard shape of the eggs beneath. They are full of potential.

"You'll be okay," she whispers.

"I'll be dead."

"The gods will see to it that you return to me."

"They have never shown me such kindness."

"They brought you to me."

You laugh. It's hollow sound bounces along your prison walls. This meeting might have been a blessing for her, but if you could go back in time and stop yourself from wandering into those dunes on the night of your capture, you would. As much as you like Sibelth, bittersweet feelings or not, you would rather have life. The gods were only prolonging your suffering. They gave you a poisoned gift. You look into Sibelth's beautiful, hooded eyes.

Your sadness melts away. All of your stress, all of your fears, all of your halfhearted feelings drain away leaving only contentment. You look at your hands in amazement. The tingle with some kind of hidden power. It takes you a moment to understand what's happening. You have to force the words past your lips.

"Sibelth, stop."

She blinks. Your feelings return.

"I thought I was helping," she says.

"Leave."

The word snaps like a sail in the wind. You fill it with every ounce of venom. How dare she take away what little emotion that was left to you? How dare she hypnotize you, to fill you with false joy?

"I hope your babies die," you say, surprising even yourself with the force of your words. She backs away from the bars, one hand held in her face to brunt the verbal blow. There are tears in her eyes. You don't care.

"I hope they die," you repeat. "I hope your eggs crack and their contents turn to slime. I hope they poison your insides. I hope that you bear the pain of the delivery with none of the reward. I hope that I rot in your gut and turn septic. I hope that you choke. I wish pestilence on your clan and anyone who allies with them. I curse you, Sibelth, and if the gods are just, they will hear my plea."

"You don't mean that," she whispers. "You don't mean these things."

"I do!" you scream. "Because I too have things that want. I could have been somebody. This is your fault, Sibelth, and I curse you. Leave. Leave!"

She flees, half-dragging herself through the sand before stumbling to her feet. You turn your back, missing the look of pure pain she flashes you before turning the corner. You sit in your cell and weep.

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You don't see her again until the ceremony. The days pass in flavorless monotony. Even the walks with the guards inspire no thoughts of rebellion. You are numb. You aren't sure what

any of this was ever about. In the few moments you have been able to sleep, the incident plays through your mind on repeat. Sometimes Sibelth is in the cell with you. Sometimes she has the face of your mother. Once, you were both standing at the top of a mountain and your apology was whipped away by the wind as she fell.

Regret, bitter as indigestion, supplants all other emotions. There is a mounting anxiety inside of you as you are pulled from your cell and taken into another waiting chamber. You have seen it on your walks, but you have never been inside. You are thrust into a clear pool, the icy water shocking you into frantic action. One of the guards is holding his spear. You reach for it.

Pain lances through the back of your head. You are lying in the pool, stunned, the other guard standing above you. He says something in snake. The other guard laughs.

“Good food,” he says in your language.

Food. That’s what you are now, isn’t it? Just something to be consumed. You wonder loftily if an apple has ever thought about its role in life. The guards are marching you into a central chamber. You pass other snake people. The children clutch at their mother’s skirts, flickering their tongues at you. You flicker your tongue back.

Your hands are tied in front of you. They are yanked above your head and attached to a crank that pulls you onto your toes. You cry out as one of your shoulders pops, nearly dislocating as you’re lifted off the ground. The snakes don’t care. It makes no difference. The only question is why they leave you alive.

A flicker of white catches your eye. Sibelth has entered the chamber. Her stomach is now extended far past her hips. She waddles rather than walks. Another snake guides her to the platform beneath you.

The only creatures in the room are Sibelth and three snakes in ceremonial garb. One of them eyes you with contempt, placing a protective hand on Sibelth’s shoulder. Perhaps he is the ‘fertilizer’.

Pillows are strewn about the floor. The walls are made of heavy velvet curtains. The floor, when you could still feel it, had been soft as lamb’s wool. This place is a birthing room. You guess that Sibelth won’t be moving much once you are inside of her.

She doesn’t meet your eye. Her hands are folded in front of her stomach. She must still be thinking about your curse in addition to the worries a mother goes through before laying. Regret needles you, but you block it out, trying to find the numbing anger that ripped through you just days earlier. It fails to heed your command.

“Hey,” you say.

One of the snakes slashes their spear across the back of your leg. You scream. The cut is shallow, but blood is pooling on the pillows beneath. Sibelth cries out too. In a flurry of movement, the spearman is ejected from the room. Finally, she meets your eye.

“I’m sorry,” she says. “I did try.”

You clench your jaw. Now that the time has arrived, you don’t feel like speaking. The ropes are biting into your wrists. Your hands are starting to prickle. There are a million other bodily discomforts that vie for your attention, but your focus lies solely on Sibelth. The tight skin on her stomach shakes. She rubs it in silent assurance to her young that she would protect that at all costs. Your life was forfeit.

One of the lizard guards winds up the crank. You are pulled another foot further into the air. Now you hang right above Sibelth, and she takes your legs in her hands. She is careful to

avoid the wound on the back of your calf. You watch her mouth, her tongue. It will soon engulf you.

“We will hypnotize you now,” she says, finding the courage to stare into your eyes. You stare back, summoning the will to fight.

“No,” you say, shaking your head. “I don’t want to be hypnotized. Let me die free.”

“I am afraid that isn’t possible. I can’t take chances. Not with my young.”

“I understand,” you say. “But I will resist.”

“I know,” Sibelth says. “And I’m sorry.”

Your face flushes. Your tongue feels too heavy for your mouth. It’s becoming hard to focus on any one detail. Pillows. Spears. Sibelth’s robe. The curve of her stomach. Her eyes. There are tears in her eyes.

You fight, letting out a cry of mental anguish as you summon all of the willpower left within you. Pain. Rage. Fear. It crackles to the surface, pushing through the numbing gel of the hypnosis and snapping your eyes back into focus. Sibelth grunts as she is repelled before redoubling her efforts. A void opens in your mind, consuming your anger, soothing your pain, belaying your fear. Those emotions are not strong enough to subsist in a mental battle. At least, not in you.

But when all options run dry, when you are trapped in your own head with nothing but the cold clarity of your imminent death, you find one last emotion to grab onto. And love fills your chest.

Its warmth pushes away the clouded thoughts, replacing them with clear eyes. You can once again feel your feet as they are pulled into Sibelth’s maw. Her jaws are open wide enough to take you whole and her throat is a quivering tube of flesh. You understand now why she had to hypnotize you. If you are that close to her eggs, one chamber away, you could damage them. There is fear in Sibelth’s eyes. She is a mother before anything else and this is her duty.

*Acceptance.*

You close your eyes as the rest of your legs are enveloped by her throat. Her forked tongue winds itself around your leg. The bindings on your wrists jerk. Gravity takes hold of you.

In the moments before you are swallowed and locked out of the world forever, you experience peace. Not the numbing peace of hypnotism, but the peace preceding death where all of the paths before you close and you are left with but one road to follow. All of your regrets have been forgiven. A weight is lifted from your shoulders. You plunge into Sibelth and her jaws close around you.

A heartbeat. Wet gurgles. The hum of your living captor surrounds you, reminding you that you have been consumed. Each gulp squeezes you from your shoulders to your hips, forcing you down into the dark. This is your final confinement.

It’s warm in Sibelth’s stomach. Her body heaves around you as she curls herself into a ball, nesting down on the pillows. A sharp command is issued and the soldiers clank back to their positions. You are alone with Sibelth and the life she carries within.

“Can you feel them?” she asks.

“Yes.”

Her eggs are right beneath you. Hard shells press into the curve of your spine. Sibelth is humming a strange song, but there is anxiety in her tune. You can feel the tension of her muscles. This is hard for both of you.

“Sibelth?”

The humming stops. She shifts, but does not respond. You continue anyway.

“I’m sorry,” you say. “About that night in the cell. Your babies will be born healthy and strong. This wasn’t your fault.”

“But it is,” she whispers.

The heavy swell of her stomach is dampening. Acids are leaking through the walls. They coat your back, your chest, your legs. You brace for pain, but feel none. Digestion has not yet begun.

“It is,” she continues. “I made the choice. I could have refused.”

“No,” you sigh. “You couldn’t have. Not with your children on the line. I can’t say that I’ve ever felt the same. I have no children of my own.”

“But you could have.”

Her words sting. That was one of the regrets that you had let go before being swallowed. You don’t want to be reminded.

“What will you do now?” you ask. Her voice is soothing. You are scared of the silence. “What does the rest of your life have in store?”

“The babies will be raised by my people,” she said, “But I will always be their mother. I am sure that I will be fertilized again soon.”

“Is it fun?”

The stomach jerks. You chuckle. You can almost hear her blush.

“Well, uh, sometimes. Depending on who it is.”

“Do you get a choice?”

“No.”

Poor Sibelth. Your prison is half full of acid now. It washes over your stomach and your breasts. The air is getting thin as well.

“Sibelth?”

“Hmm?”

“I hope you can go out in the sun someday. With your children.”

There is a pause. Then, a sob.

Sibelth cries into the pillows, holding them to her lips. You can feel the shaking of her shoulders. There is no comfort you can provide inside of her. The cut on your leg no longer stings. You listen to her sobs simmer out into sniffles, then hiccups.

“I don’t want it to be like this,” she whispers. “This is too much responsibility.”

“I’m no different from the others,” you respond.

There is silence for a moment. Then, with steel in her voice:

“Yes. You are.”

The walls clench around you. Wet, swirling motion. It lifts your sagging body, pushes it through her confines. Gravity aided your descent, smoothing out a bumpy ride until it felt like a simple slide, steady and comfortable. Now it works against you. It attempts to drag you against the convulsing flesh beneath you. Her throat contracts. You feel it bend, and you bend with it. Your surroundings pulse, always shifting, always squelching and groaning. Blood rushes to your head. Gravity’s steady pull reverses, no longer at odds with the workings of her digestive tract. How supple must her joints be, how flexible her muscles, how generous the give of her tendons, that your body creaks and aches, but hers flows.

Lips deliver you through lips. Saliva mixes with her juices. Her teeth rake gently through you skin — do you feel a moment’s hesitation? But your weight sags, and her womb stretches to

welcome it. The further in you sink, the denser your surroundings become, and then everything is thick and heavy and sticky around you. You feel it pressing to your cheek. An egg. Then another, and another, parting before you, surrounding you from all sides. Your presence disturbs the fickle balance between them, and so they shift, and swirl, and squeeze past each other and you. Compared to this, even her stomach was cold and uncaring.

Soon, there is nothing else. No up or down, no left and right, just pulsing flesh and her eggs all around you.

“Now my stomach looks the same,” she says, lying back down. The words are muted by the squishy pulse of her womb. “This is my choice.”

Time passes like a saline drip. It splashes on your senses. You forget about food and water. Your old desires. All that you are left with is your life, quickening with the rest of Sibelth’s children. Sometimes, you could hear her singing a lullaby and it would smooth against your skin like a silk wrapping. Her body grows slimmer as her womb sucks at her resources. That which was already lithe turns bony. That which turned bony grows brittle. For your sake, she refuses any audience to her laying.

You were in limbo. With no senses to guide you in the endless ocean of her womb, you had receded into yourself. Now, you are present.

The walls squeeze around you, pushing you back down through the tube. This time, there are no lips awaiting you at the end of your journey. You slide out onto the pillows, covered in her fluids, weak as a newborn. Sibelth lays on her side, watching you through slitted lids. She is a gaunt with exhaustion, her blue scales pale and sickly.

“You made it,” she rasps. “And now you are my only handmaiden. Help me with the laying.”

Every joint in your body pops. Light, sound, smell. Sensation overwhelms you, but you accept your duty. You kneel beside her, hands outstretched. The first egg is coming. A hard shell warms your fingers as you lay it in the pile of cushions. Sibelth’s breath hitches and another egg stretches the lips of her vagina, poking through her body. One by one, they come, each taking its toll on their semi-conscious mother as you continue to deliver them, washing them as fast as you can before reaching for the next.

Twenty-one eggs in total. The largest cluster that she has laid. When the final egg is safe in its nest, you place Sibelth’s head in your lap. Her tongue slithers out and caresses your face.

“I was naughty,” she laughs, delirious.

“You should have just digested me.”

“It was my choice to make.”

Somebody stops outside of the curtains. You don’t look up. Even when the spear is leveled at your neck, you don’t look up.

“She needs food,” you say. “Chop it very fine. Mix it with water. Bring me a handkerchief as well. Fast.”

The spear remains at your neck for another moment, then is retracted. The snake runs off to get your supplies. You hum a tune that you learned as a child as the chamber fills with anxious snake people. Someone brings you the food and you thank them.

“Sibelth?”

Her eyes flicker open. She smiles.

“That was my last clutch,” she says. “I can feel it.”

“No,” you say, mashing the wheat and carrots in your hands. “You’re gonna live a long while yet.”

You feed her handful by handful, popping the mixture into the back of her throat and forcing her to swallow. A few of the snake people watch the process, then join you. Soon, Sibelth’s stomach is packed with grain and vegetables. Heated blankets were brought for the eggs. The birthing chamber is now a whirl of motion and low voices. Sibelth fades in and out of consciousness. You stay by her side.

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“Hey,” she says, shaking you. “Hey!”

“Mmm.”

A soft peck on the lips rouses your curiosity. You don’t open your eyes, but you can’t help but smile.

“You aren’t supposed to do that,” you say.

Her lips touch yours again and this time you are ready. You reach around the back of her neck and together, you hold each other, sharing breath. The handmaid currently in charge of watching the eggs looks away, her pink cheeks flushing.

“Well?” Sibelth asks, smiling against your mouth. “What now?”

You roll on top of her.

“Let’s see the sun,” you say. “Go where the sky takes us.”

Taking her by the hand, you throw her arm over your shoulder. Together, you stumble to your feet, dragging each other out of the birthing chamber. The handmaid yells after you, but you keep walking. Guards, maidens and children watch as you stagger through the caves, arm in arm.

At the mouth of the cave, you kiss her once more.

“Ready?” you ask.

“Yes,” she says.

Together, you walk out into the sun.

Satv



# FIRE GIANT

## *The Fire Giant's Furnace*

The light burns your eyes.

When your vision returns, curious gazes rise to meet you. The cover is gone. You are exposed, presented for all to see, and you feel their eyes pricking at your skin. The smell of ash overwhelms you, makes your eyes water. You rub them. They burn. You stumble forward, wanting to peek through the bronze bars. They feel hot against your sweaty hands.

Then you see her, and you are entranced. The Fire Giant, in all her glory.

You see her, even before you see the two rows of guards who tower over her, unflappable and virile in their shimmering golden armor; even before you see the grand pillars that keep the jeweled dome aloft, or the throne at the center of it all, scented smoke billowing from the armrests. You see her, and by just sitting there, she shatters your sense of scale. A trick of perspective, of proportion and size, misleads you — you think her near you, but when she speaks her voice booms with a slight delay, like distant thunder.

Her head rests on a gauntleted hand. You can't help but stare. You drag your eyes across her body, appreciating every curve; curves you could explore like landscapes, taut breasts you could scale and conquer if only you could crawl under her regalia. Her braided hair droops low, billowing gently in the waves of heat and steam that blow through the throne room, displaced by forges and cruel machinery. Skin, dark like charred wood, peeks from the gaps in her ceremonial armor. You wonder how it would feel to the touch. Would it be coarse like granite, grating at your fingers as you explore its nooks and crannies, or smooth like marble, returning your caress? Would it be thin enough to feel the muscles bulging underneath, the soft pulsing of her glowing veins, and perhaps even the give of a layer of pudge, if indeed such a mighty specimen can have such a thing? Or would it be hard and unyielding, cold like the layered schist it resembles? You can only guess, and perhaps fantasize; you can close your eyes and reach forward, and pretend to feel her and make her real. You can familiarize yourself with her curves, pry away that metallic shell that contains her, see and touch and taste what lies beneath.

An uncomfortable heat snaps you back to reality. Only the bronze bars keep you from plunging to your death, and even then, they stick to your skin and spread their sickly warmth through your body. They scatter your thoughts. Only she remains, sitting before you, all-encompassing.

She raises a flaming eyebrow, regarding you with polite disappointment. Only you can see the glimmer of interest in her eyes; even the subtlest shift in her expression is immense to you. You see every scrunch of her aquiline nose, every curl of her thin red-orange lips, every wrinkle on her forehead; invisible to your captors, a canyon to you. You focus on her mouth. It parts sometimes, and her tongue emerges, languid as it drags over her lips, leaving them slick. Your mouth waters as you imagine hers. You long to lose yourself in it. Her breath is hot; you can see it distorting the air around her face whenever she speaks. Would her tongue scald your skin? Or would it enrapture you in its intoxicating warmth and sink you into its suppleness, drown you alive in a sea of hot caresses? Not knowing bites at you. A casual motion, so understated — a simple wetting of her lips — urges you to plunge forward; to hoist that spongy flesh over your shoulders, to take in the heat and scent of her breath and feel it wash over

you; to pry apart those powerful jaws and slide yourself between them... or to coax her tongue out and allow it to snatch you away.

Laughter booms. Once again, you stand in your oversized birdcage, surrounded by prying eyes. The giants' raucousness nearly shatters your eardrums. One among them points at you. Another smirks. A third looks away, embarrassed for you. You know why. Your hand rests between your legs, moving of its own accord. You swiftly put a stop to that, but the harm has been done. Of all the things to make it through the cultural divide...

Your captor yells something and taps on the cage. A wave of shame washes over you. You seek solace in her, the source of your desire; only her opinion matters. She sits in the middle of all the ruckus and all the laughter; a placid, if unforgiving, oasis. Her stare is so piercing, so full of intensity and heat, that you feel as if you could melt away. But then you see it — the subtlest bend of the corner of her lip leaves you at an uneasy peace. You amused her. That is enough.

You try to keep your thoughts in check.

The words that follow sound alien to you. Theirs is a rough language that grates the ears of humans; coarse consonants and heavy vowels, rhythmic and hard-hitting like hammer on anvil. Primal.

You draw what you can from context and your own slim grasp on their tongue. You are a gift of some sort. That is why you were captured, rather than killed, when you failed to evade their scouts. The giant holding the cage calls himself a 'collector' — you fail to translate the word they're using to describe you.

The leader looks at you, dispassionately. She sighs and nods and makes a dismissive gesture with her hand. Her words are short and ring with authority, distorting the air around her lips with the heat of her breath.

The cage rattles. You stumble and lose your balance. The ground darts towards you; is this it? Your descent slows before you can be a red stain on the Queen's carpet. Your captor pays his respects with a bow.

You look up, and catch your first glimpse of her from the ground level; you stumble back and lower yourself to a sitting position, lest you lose balance again. She is immense. A monument of basalt and gold and cinnabar, mocking you with its mere existence, shattering every conception of strength and worth and power you've ever had.

Then the cover goes back on, and you are left alone in the darkness, with only your thoughts and the creaking of the bars for company.

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You awaken. You do not remember falling asleep.

Your surroundings have changed. Here, the hissing and grinding are muted and distant; here, bathed by a sickly orange glow, you see the trappings of a royal's sleeping quarters. Intricate engravings cover the walls, given life by the dancing shadows. The opulence of it all staggers you. The canopy bed seems to you like a mesa, a blood-red sea of velvet overlooked by gold-embroidered skies. The trunks and armoires that line the walls are monoliths, and the chandelier that looms overhead, an eerie reddish sun.

You swallow; your throat is dry, your sinuses itch. Outside, beyond the barrier of stained glass, the barren soil spews forth goutts of flame. Hers is a nightless domain.

You divine her approach from her footsteps, which resonate through your very core. The door opens, and there she is, silhouetted against the torchlight. She steps inside, and the room lights up in her presence. She contextualizes the landscape; all is tailored for her.

She makes her way across the room, and you hold on tight as she passes through. The air she shifts in her wake is warm and heavy with the smell of ash. Even the slightest whine of her armor hurts your ears; you push past the pain and watch her. Many times have you wondered what it would be like to be a fly on the wall of a beautiful noblewoman; to watch unhindered as she leaves behind her mask and, in the comfort of her private quarters, shows her true face. You have dreamed of watching the finery slide off her form. Would she admire herself? Would she put on a show for an audience she thought imaginary? These questions haunted your sleep when you were younger — then you forgot them. Now, as you see the Fire Giant unstrap her regalia, they return to you in a torrent, threatening to overtake you.

First, she removes her gauntlets — you shudder as they clank against the hard surface. She unstraps her vambraces, examines them for a moment, then puts them aside. The shoulder pads come off easily, as does her gorget — and each inch of skin she reveals piques your curiosity further. You see wiry arms covered in scars that glow and pulse, you see muscles flexing as she reaches for the buckles on her breastplate. One by one, she undoes them, and the gilded cage around her body sags ever so slightly, and finally it unlocks with a click. Released from its oppressive weight, she appears taller than ever before, with nothing but padded cloth to shield her curves from your gaze. She places the breastplate on the stand, stretches, and leans over. You hear muscles strain and tendons pop, and the low satisfied murmur of a body unwound; the clicks that follow are from the straps on her boots.

She gives you precious few seconds to admire how her body bends, and the way her toned ass juts out. You have only begun to lose yourself in the canyon between her shoulder blades, to trek the valley leading to the small of her back, to pry away the skin-tight fabric with your imagination, and grasp full-handed what lies beneath, before she straightens back up. The armor rests in its stand, cast off is the aura of domineering menace. Left behind is something more awe-inspiring, more insidious; a woman, a strong woman, yes, and exotic in her appearance — but a woman still, differing from the ones you've loved before only in stature and status.

The fire giant paces across the room. There is a newfound grace to her movements, and yet you feel the weight behind each step. You have seen lumbering beasts before, but she is not one of them — she is spryness and vigor, tempered only by decorum, and, even then, shining through. You have seen this, in noblewomen and peasant girls alike, this energy that age eventually suppresses. It dawns on you — she is young. Perhaps even younger than you, had you not existed in such wildly different timescales.

When she reaches the foot of the bed, she turns. Her eyes meet yours, and a knowing smirk forms on her lips. Her hands disappear behind her back, you hear the rustling of fabric — and the padded cloth slides past her curves and falls to the floor.

She is more than you could have dreamed. The same shadows that dance in the walls give life to the contours of her body. You follow the line of her shoulders as they meet with her neck, which points you downwards, towards her chest; you take your time admiring her taut breasts: how they rise and lower with her breathing, how their charcoal skin brightens around the areola and coalesces into two firm orange nubs. You linger on them only momentarily, though you feel

your hands clench the bars with newfound vigor; there is too much to take in at once, and you want it all.

The slope of her midriff draws you to a vast delta nestled between her thighs; as you look on, you curse the dancing shadows that obscure her most intimate secret. You stare, and your eyes trick you, you see patterns where there aren't any. You hypnotize yourself in those shadows.

It is the Fire Giant who rescues you from yourself with a simple motion; she sits on the bed. Your eyes refocus; she stares. She smiles. She grasps her knees, grasps them so hard you can see the flesh light up under her fingers, and she pulls them apart with a long and languid movement, spreading herself before you, throwing her head back and letting her braid hang, and you see her muscles tense and a blush, the color of molten rock, cross her features. Two fingers slide down between her legs, moving with a certainty born of experience, digging into her skin. One pulls the curtain back only slightly, allows you to catch a glimpse of the glistening flesh underneath. The other curves, dipping into her wetness for but a moment and then sliding upwards, before coming to a rest just above her clitoris. She holds the position for a while, prodding you with languid eyes. The statue of a Venus presents itself to you wholly, fully, without shame — and yet these cruel bars hold you back.

Your agony amuses her. *Look, don't touch*, her smile says. Her motions are slow and deliberate, meant to torture. *You craved this body, now see it — but, of course, you covet more.*

Then, just as you're ready to sink to your knees, her fingers line up and plunge inward. The dormant volcano stirs for the first time — her lips part, a moan escapes them, warping the air; her muscles flex, and her knuckles brush up against her skin. Motion builds. In and out; mounting. Her body smolders with passion, her eyes spark, but that smile, that smile never leaves her lips. It breaks the illusion. She is the instrument of her own desire, and you are nothing.

Minutes drag along, the two of you alone in this room, burning with desire. You can't remember when you started touching yourself — but it must have been some time ago; your hands are tired. But even this basest pleasure eludes you. It's too warm. As you work yourself up to a frenzy, so does your body temperature rise. It slows you down, makes your mind hazy; soon there isn't even sex, only the hypnotic motions of the Fire Giant's masturbation, the throes of unfulfilled desire, and an awe and a yearning beyond anything you've ever experienced.

She, too, is losing herself — and she realizes this. It ends as abruptly as it started, with a squelch and a groan, and the whiplash sends you reeling. You blink, wipe the tears from your eyes, focus on her figure. She's still looking at you. She's still smiling.

She raises her two fingers, glistening under the reddish light. She parts them, and you see the gossamer strings that unite them, viscous and steaming. Basking in the afterglow, both frustrated and satisfied, she went from queen to whore. Beads of sweat cover her charcoal skin. The sheets underneath her are soaked. If her raspy breaths are a distant storm, then between her legs is a deluge. She brings her fingers to her lips, which she parts, and from between them emerges her tongue, thick and moist, to scoop up the strands and make her purr with delight. You watch her wrap her mouth around her fingers, down to the knuckles, and drink of her own lust. You follow her tongue as it slides across, replacing one kind of wetness with another.

The scent of her lust fills the air; it's sweet and thick and weighs in your lungs when you inhale. A single breath turns your skin to gooseflesh. This is what you've become. Your body and soul have already surrendered, and she hasn't as much as spoken a word.

She stands. She approaches. The temperature rises around you. You see her naked body grow larger and larger until you can only see parts of it — until you can only see her midriff, toned and glistening, pressing against the bars. You reach out. The heat she emanates is palpable. You hear her red-hot blood pump through her veins. You sense the tremors of her body, still recovering from the exertion. But you cannot reach her. A few inches separate you and her.

Your entire world shakes, then shrieks. With a simple twist, she removes the lid to your cage. You look up, scrambling for your bearings, and try to look tall, and meet her gaze, but she towers over you so absolutely, that vertigo overcomes you and you stumble back, fall to the ground, and only then, anchored to safety, do your eyes meet.

“It’s your time,” she whispers. You don’t immediately realize she is speaking your language. It strikes you with a sense of familiarity; a shared bond in an alien land; words you can understand.

You blink.

Her accent is thick, adding an air of exoticism to her speech; her breath washes over you, hot and humid. “Come.” She cups her hands and lowers them into the cage.

When you find your bearings, you have no choice. She speaks softly, but her voice is the voice of someone who is used to being obeyed. Even her kindness is dangerous; you are not about to invite her wrath — so you play the part and climb onto her hands. Your bare feet barely sink into her flesh, and you shudder, remembering too late that this is a creature of magma and igneous rock. But her touch, while hot, doesn’t burn; not in the way you expected, anyway. Her skin is surprisingly soft — these are the hands of a noblewoman first and a warrior second, and they envelop you in the same way yours have enveloped ladybirds during placid summer evenings. She fills you with such awe that you cannot even bring yourself to feel demeaned.

When the darkness releases you, you sink into the velvet ocean. The soft fabric caresses your skin; and when you emerge, you gasp for air, and her pheromones intoxicate you, and when you open your eyes, you see why. The Fire Giant sits cross-legged on her bed. Where once the bars that caged you were of bronze, now they are the very flesh of your mistress; her thighs lock you in, and though you escape from one of the many gaps between them, you find yourself unwilling to, for before you is what you lusted after for so long.

The Fire Giant’s vagina.

You know what to do.

You rest your hand on her inner thigh for support and wade knee-deep through the fabric. She may be outwardly motionless, but you feel her anticipation build as you move in. The bulging of the muscles that push back against your fingers, the roaring of the blood that pumps through her veins, the subtle contractions of her labia — her body sings a song most would be deaf to, but you alone, in your insignificance, can attune yourself to. Your fingers draw lines over her skin, skin that grows warmer and more giving as you move closer.

You reach forward. Your hand submerges into the supple skin of her labia. A lingering sigh washes over you, her breath mixing with the scent of her lust. It beckons you forward, inward. You test the waters. You run your fingers over her slit, and the folds of flesh tense up under your touch, and from between them, a moisture forms, dribbling down in a small rivulet; it pools around your feet, seeping slowly into the fabric, warming your shins. You run your hands up and down the surface, coaxing more of her honey out, and when you feel it roll over your fingers, you are surprised at how dense it is. It runs down your skin with all the ponderousness of molasses, hot and heavy, like molten rock flowing between your fingers. It weighs down your

movements, but not enough to dissuade you. Meandering hands lead you upwards, following the line of her slit, coming to a rest on the hood, and you hold the nub in your hands, and the world around you quakes. Frightened, you step away — but the Fire Giant's hand cuts you off and nudges you back into place, causing you to falter; you lose your footing on the soaked velvet and lurch forward.

Her warmth overtakes you as you squeeze past her labia, which wrap behind your back. Her thick honey flows over you, clinging to your body, and you sag under its weight. The heat is overwhelming. Your sweat mingles with her juices, providing you no relief. She contracts around you, massaging every inch of your weary form, and when you push, it gives, and your hands sink into the walls, but everything is too slick, too heavy, too dense, and your struggles soon grow desperate. She is your world. You feel nothing but the pulsing of her flesh, hear nothing but the hydraulics of her body; when you breathe in, her pheromones surge through your lungs, and when your mouth opens, her sweetness rolls over your tongue. She is the searing warmth that discomfited and now intoxicates; she is the weight that both crushes and comforts. Her fire spreads to you. She *is*.

Then she releases you and catches you before you fall, and you rest in her hand, soaked and heaving, body aflame, shivering.

Your eyes meet, and for a moment, you are connected by desire, a desire that cannot be contained, a yearning so deep and primal that it shatters every boundary and every wall; you want her, you need her, and she needs you, and though her body is a landscape you cannot hope to conquer, here you are in her hand, so tenderly held. The flush on her features is due to you. The way her body trembles and twitches, the heat it exudes, that is you — and you feel powerful. You were brought into this room a pet, and you will leave an equal. You bask in your lover's gaze. You lose yourself in her hot coal eyes, in the crevices of her scars, in the trembling mounds of her breasts, all of it moving, stirring, hungering for your touch. You see her spread lips, and the magma-colored flesh underneath, and the honey cascading from her exposed vagina, and how it twitches and pulses, gently sucking at the air around it, exhaling wafts of syrupy air.

Then she shoves you in.

Your entire lower body disappears. Your feet slide off the slick flesh and slip into the warm orifice, displacing a flood of her juices; your toes rub against her inner walls, your knees push into the pliant membrane. The warmth reaches your groin, and it sends a jolt through your body; the inside of her vagina and all the creases and folds grind against you; you've been holding on for far too long, you can't resist much longer. You moan through gritted teeth and melt onto her palm. It's roomy inside, and steamy like a sauna. No matter how far you stretch, it seems to go on forever.

Two fingers slide in under you, propping your legs and feet upwards and pressing them against her walls; they go deeper still, and her ravenous vulva claims your entire body, embraces you fully. For a few blissful moments, she allows you to stew inside her, to melt into her juices and have the ocean of flesh wash over you in rhythmic caresses; then you sense a contraction around you, and her walls clench all around. A suction spreads around your body, a suction as gentle as it is insidious, pulling you in then releasing the pressure, over and over again. She locks and loosens around you, and each time she does, the landscape around you rumbles, and the thunderous moans resonate through you more and more often; metal creaks and whines, fabric rustles, sweat sizzles over flushed skin.

Your orgasm nears. Hers does too. There are no more thoughts, no more words, only feelings rushing over you, only the pleasure of being used as a toy, of being neck-deep into your lover's sex and feeling it work away at you, drawing its satisfaction from your battered form. Your surroundings quake. Her walls contract one last time, so hard as to squeeze the air out of your lungs, to entomb you in her depths, and then everything shakes, everything grinds, and you feel her juices well up at your feet and burst through in a torrent whose force ejects you from her and sends you sliding across the velvet sea. You lay there, broken, ravaged, yet deeply fulfilled; so world-shattering was her orgasm, you didn't even notice yours come and go.

You look up at your lover. In her diligence, she's forgotten how fragile you are. Lust has taken over her, and she allowed herself to be guided by it. This you can forgive. You know she loves you, and you love her. She will know not to repeat her mistake.

She scoops you up into her cupped hands again. You smile weakly at her. She brings you up to her face and towards her lips. Her tongue slides languid over them, soaking them in thick saliva. With a kiss, she begs your forgiveness. You are magnanimous; you agree. You rise to your feet and lean forward, pursing your lips as hers move in.

At the last moment, her lips part. Her tongue rolls out. Her cupped hands tip and you begin to slide. Your soaked body finds no grip or purchase in her smooth skin, and you fall, and her tongue is there to soften it; you sink into it, and it curves around you. You gasp, you want to shout her name, but you don't know it — all you know is that when you look down, all you see is the depths of her gullet, widening in anticipation, exhaling distorted air over your body. You see her uvula hanging, and the perfect teeth framing it; you see the roof of her mouth above, saliva dripping from it in dangling strings, and you see the rippling of her tongue to your sides.

Then her lips close, and all light fades, and she swallows; you stumble off her tongue and past her tonsils, narrowly missing her uvula, and plunge headfirst into her gullet. And as the ribbed tube clenches around you, as peristalsis and slippery walls pull you inexorably down towards the burning heat of her stomach, towards the beating and pumping and wheezing, you have plenty of time to wallow in your mistake. The hubris! The hubris of thinking a single shared experience ever could be enough to connect two beings so unlike each other, or that you were ever anything more than a plaything to be used and disposed of.

Constriction gives way to freedom.

The light burns your eyes.

Light, yes — light inside her, dim orange hues emanating from the walls and reflecting off the pool right below you. You fall limply into it, sinking for a moment before floating to the top, soaked and defeated. The viscous liquid around you steams and bubbles and roils, and as its heat rises and spreads through your form, you lose the ability to tell where the Fire Giant's stomach acids begin and you end.

You realize now that this was always meant to be, and that the word the collector used to describe you must have been a meaningful one, and that everything between then and now has been a gift, an allowance from a magnanimous mistress. Even as the heat overtakes you and chases away those pesky thoughts, one last truth remains: if this is your fate, you will accept it without protest, for if she gleaned from your intimacy a fraction of what you have — then you will have died well.

There are worse fates than to feed a Fire Giant's furnace.



# DOPPELGANGER

*Go Fuck Yourself*

She wears her hair in a fiery stinger that winds past her slender hips. A scarlet birthmark spreads like blood on new snow, pooling across her pale shoulders, ending just below her jaw. Her eyes are predatory. Her smile is ice. Her nails are filed into sharp crescents that burn pink across your bare skin, up past your stomach, coming to a halt on your jugular.

Cold lips clamp the base of your neck. You strain against your bindings, but the rope cuts into your wrists and you are left sore. Bruises cover your back and chest. You gasp as teeth meet flesh.

“Easy,” you say. “Not the neck.”

“Oh,” she says, embracing you from the side. You can feel the hard muscle beneath the smooth skin. A hand brushes your crotch, rubbing up along your hip. She ducks behind you to where you can’t see. Her lips smack against your ear. “Got something to hide?”

You do, but you aren’t paying her to ask questions.

Something sharp runs along your spine and you gasp. She giggles. There is a brief silence followed by a loud crack. Pain lances across your shoulders and you grit your teeth as the muscles tense, then release. You slump in your bindings.

The dungeon is equipped with a rack of tools that lie just inside the edge of your vision. Vixen selects a riding crop and slaps it against her palm. The noise makes you shiver. She notices.

“This one?” she asks.

She turns toward you, crop outstretched. There is cruelty in her eyes. She’s going to carve you up and milk you till sunrise, delighting in your discomfort. It gets her off.

It gets you off.

Her hand tightens around your collar. You whimper as she pulls you forward, lips brushing over your jaw and down to your neck once more.

“You’re weak,” she whispers. Her breasts rub against your arm. They are the first soft thing you’ve felt in an hour. “But that’s okay. Leave it to your master. She’ll take care of you.”

The crop digs into your leg. She raises it until the rod brushes against your balls.

“Of course, that’s only if you’re good.”

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A while later and you are lying on your back, hands and feet affixed to the bedposts, a new set of bruises freshly imprinted upon your body. The mattress is firm and lumpy, but to you, it feels like a cloud. Vixen stands at the foot of the bed. She is naked, her hair freed from its braid. She crawls on top of you and you wince.

“I have an idea,” she says, sitting up. Her ass grinds against your crotch. She’s been edging you for the past thirty minutes and you’re on a hair trigger. Your balls ache with for the release that she denies you.

“Yeah?” you say.

She slaps you. Hard. You gasp as tears well up in your eyes. She lifts herself from your crotch and turns until her ass hovers over your face. The thin lips of her cunt glisten in the basement light. She sits, spreading herself over your nose and mouth, cutting off your breath and burying you in her musk. Her voice sounds distant.

“I’m not getting off until you cum.”

A finger rubs the underside of your cock. It meanders up to the head and circles it, causing your breath to hitch. Sweat trickles over your lips. The smell is intoxicating. Her finger continues to circle as you stiffen.

The first minute passes and you’re no closer than you were. Vixen adds a second finger, then a third. She’s massaging your cock as your air runs stale, and still she won’t release you. If you try to move your hips, she puts her full weight on your neck, choking you. Her feet rest on either side of your waist.

“I might need some convincing,” she says.

You stick out your tongue and she grinds against it, using you to lubricate her ass. The taste is foul. You choke on it, but there is nowhere to run. You’re buried, bound, and seconds away from unconsciousness. The pain in your limbs is starting to fade. All that is left is the feeling of your cock, swollen and full, and the heat in your abdomen as Vixen’s finger continues to rub. Your tongue slips into her asshole, simulating the feeling of sex. She responds by leaning back, plunging your tongue deep into her ass. Her hand clenches around your cock.

“That’s it,” she groans, riding your face. “That’s what I need.”

Her nails drag across your stomach. Your hips buck. Your lips form a seal around her asshole as she continues to fuck your tongue. All that is left is the taste of her sweat and the weight of your lust, begging for release. Her fingers tighten around your shaft. She can feel the pulse of your orgasm. This is the breaking point. You feel her hesitation, and then, her stroke.

Cum erupts from between her fingers as wave after wave of sweet relief pounds against your temples. You cry out inside of her ass. She clenches around your tongue, as if unwilling to part with its warmth in her intestines. Finally, she lets you go.

The light hurts. Your body is hollow. You are vaguely aware of the mess that you’ve made on your own stomach and of the woman that’s kneeling over you. She plants a kiss on your lips, sweet as honey.

“That was a good first attempt,” she whispers. “But I’m not done with you.”

“Yes you are.”

With your orgasm come clarity. It’s time for you to go home. You’ve done what you came here to do and tomorrow, you’ll pretend it never happened. You’ll come home from your ‘business trip,’ kiss your placid wife, and wait until your urges bring you back to Vixen’s den once more.

She watches as you try to undo your bindings, her lithe figure straddled over yours.

“Helpless. I like them helpless. I can do whatever I want to you right now.”

A shiver runs down your spine. Whether it is fear or arousal, you can’t tell. Your heartbeat quickens and your face flushes. It’s her stare. Something has changed.

“Cantaloupe,” you say, speaking the safe word.

Nothing. She continues to stare. The muscles in your back tense. Your safe word is supposed to be sacrosanct. Once spoken, the session ends. But Vixen continues to stare. And her face begins to change.

Her skin sags. Sitting on top of you is a skeleton covered in flesh, devoid of muscle or organs. It grins at you and you scream. Fear spurs you to action. You strain against the ropes with all of your strength as the creature's flesh bubbles and shifts. Its clawed hands dig into your sides. Then, it speaks.

"Relax," it says. "I'm doing this for you. This is what you wanted, right?"

A sense of vertigo overwhelms you. Bile rises in your throat. The creature's bones are shifting like a jigsaw puzzle, clicking into new places. Its arms lengthen, as does its spine. Skin tightens over new muscle and fat. A familiar form is taking shape. The color drains from your face.

It's you. The creature sitting on top of you wears the same face, the same features, and a gross parody of your smile. It leans over you, cupping your face in its hand.

"Better," it whispers. "Your body feels good. Of course, this is only an approximation. A pale imitation. Maybe if you had been born a woman, this is what you'd have looked like. I can't become you until you finish digesting."

*Digesting.*

Your brain short circuits. You are tied to a bed in a soundproofed basement, alone with a monster that has your face. It is still female in form, smooth skin and thick thighs squeezing against your hips.

"What are you?" you manage to ask.

It puts a finger to its lips and shrugs your shoulders.

"I'm you," it says. "Well, nearly you."

"What do you want?"

"To finish this session."

Its hand circles back to your cock. The fingers are warm, flesh and blood. This is a new game now. A dangerous one. Still, your body responds to provocation. It rises to the call. You harden against Vixen's palm and she purrs.

"That's a good boy," she says.

The warmth of her cunt spreads over your crotch. She's rubbing herself against you. The uncanny sensation of seeing yourself reflected in the creature is beginning to fade, replaced by a morbid fascination. Looking closer, her features are softer than yours. More rounded. Her body is just as plump, as tantalizing as it had been. Her weight is just as seductive.

Blood beats against your ears. The danger bells are ringing. You entered the basement as an actor in an erotic play and the stakes are rising. Your bindings are real. This woman, this creature; she wants to hurt you. Swallow you. Digest you.

She wants to wear you.

You've heard of her kind. They take the forms of humans they eat, masquerading until they get tired of their lives and bodies and toss them away. You wonder if Vixen had always been a doppelganger, or if she had been replaced midway. You've served yourself to her on a silver platter.

She turns around, presenting her ass to you.

"Same game, different rules," she says. "This time, I don't get off until you cum twice."

*It's impossible,* you want to say. Once nearly killed you. This doesn't stop Vixen from positioning herself above your nose and mouth. You can smell her sweat. Feel her heat. It lowers onto you, smothering you in its fat embrace. The soft cheeks squish against your ears. Then, she leans forward and wraps her mouth around your cock.

“Oh, somebody is happy. Did you really need it this bad?”

Your breath catches, wasting precious oxygen. Her tongue oozes over your shaft, sliding down until it is draped across your balls. She isn't edging you this time.

“You like it a little gross, don't you?”

Her moist lips spread over the head of your cock. Down they go with her tongue trailing behind until you can feel her uvula. The back of her throat widens. Without your sight, your entire focus is on the feeling of warmth and tightness of her mouth and her humid breath. Hands smooth over your thighs. You gasp.

Your senses snap back to your predicament. Her asshole is right against your mouth. You can feel the pucker twitch on your lips. She hasn't asked you to pleasure her, but you are desperate. You aren't going to last till your first orgasm. Eyes squeezed shut, you push out your tongue and lick the gross ridges of her asshole. It opens to greet you, sucking in your tongue as if it never belong anywhere besides the slimy interior of her ass.

You must be doing something right, because Vixen's breath catches. The deeper you stick your tongue, the tighter she clamps her lips. Your balls still ache from their recent release, but with Vixen's fingers wrapped around them, they relent. Emboldened by your success, you push your head forward, eager to hasten the process. Her asshole, slick with sweat, spreads further along your lips and nose until it covers most of your face. You can hear the hum of her body and the sound of her digestive tract bubbling above your head.

“How does that smell?”

Your lungs are on fire, but you refuse to breathe. Vixen leans back so that your entire head is engulfed by her ass.

The blowjob has stopped. Something warm is pooling against your neck. Her body lurches once and she hums. She's masturbating on top of you. Wet fingers caress your chest before squelching back into her cunt.

The message is clear: she's not going to continue until you take a deep, noxious breath inside of her.

You wish that it wouldn't come to that. The inside of her ass is slimy. You don't want to know what it smells like. Tastes like. This isn't the kind of torment that you paid her to inflict upon you. Still, the heat is mesmerizing and suffocation is a very good motivator. You take a breath.

It is as bad, if not worse than you expected. Her insides reek of refuse and gas. As you're about to pull away, she licks your cock. Long, deliberate strokes of her tongue set your skin on edge. There is an electric buzz about your body. You take another breath.

So it continues, with Vixen deepthroating you, trailing her saliva over your crotch, stopping whenever you refuse to breathe. Long, agonizing minutes roll by. She's a master at keeping you from orgasm. She'll wait until you are a stiff, twitching mess and then she'll ease off, just enough for your hips to sink back onto the mattress before her lips find you once more. Inside of her ass, you can hear the soft shake of her thighs on your shoulders. You can hear her breath and her sighs. Her taunts.

“Get used to it in there,” she says. “It's going to be a long journey through me. What do you think the first thing I'll do with your body is? What would you say are the highlights of being you? Do you own lakefront property? Got any mistresses I should know about?”

She has you right at the brink. Her lips graze the head of your cock, her fingers are wrapped around the base. One more stroke. You can feel it bubbling up inside of you. One more stroke to completion. You need it. You need...

“What about your wife?”

Her lips descend. You cum.

She takes long gulps of your cum. You can hear it splashing inside of her. The riotous release of hormones in your brain does little to alleviate your dread. It’s a hollow enjoyment. Numbing tendrils of terror thread their way through your skull. *Your wife. She knows about your wife.*

Vixen finishes, wiping her mouth on her shoulder. She eases off of your face and lets you back into the light.

“So?” she says, stretching her strange body. “How about it? Got anything you need to tell me?”

“Go fuck yourself.”

“I thought I had been! But if that’s the way you want it...”

She turns and reaches over you, rummaging around the nightstand for a moment. You can’t see what she’s looking for. Something falls onto the mattress beside you and you strain your neck to look.

It’s a driver’s license for a woman named Catherine Yuvinov. The photo is smudged, but you can see red hair and a sarcastic smile. She looks like she’s laughing at you. From the neck of her shirt, you can see a flash of scarlet. A birthmark. The driver’s license shifts as Vixen stretches further, tossing items onto the ground until she finds the one she needs. A knife flicks into view. You yell.

“Calm down,” she says, stomach brushing your face as she leans over.

Vixen saws away at your bindings, cutting free your hands, then your feet. Circulation is slow to return to your aching extremities as delicious pockets of pain burst in your back and shoulders. Half-delirious, you sit up.

“You’re letting me go?” you croak. It’s been hours since your last drink of water. Vixen embraces you. The hair on the back of your neck raises. Your own lips caress your collarbone.

“No,” she whispers. “Just making this more fun.”

The knife is still in her hand. You can feel it at the base of your spine, sharp edge cutting into your skin. She runs it along your hip until it rests in your lap.

“Have sex with me.”

“No.”

“It wasn’t a request.”

Cold sweat soaks your brow. The door is only ten steps away. Forget your clothes. Forget your dignity. If you can escape with your life, it will be worth it. Vixen must have guessed your thoughts, because she spreads her hand across your chest and pushes you down onto the mattress, straddling you.

“It’s been a while since I’ve last had good, raw sex,” she says. “Catherine was a prude outside of her work. You would have thought the woman was chaste. In all honesty, I think she hated men.”

She drags her cunt across your leg. The knife is in her left hand. Her eyes are closed. Your heartbeat quickens. Her fingers are only wrapped loosely around the handle. Your body responds to her body. Muscles tense. Her eyes open. Your hand lashes out.

It all happens at once. The knife skitters to the floor as your left fist drives into her cheek. She hits the mattress with a thud. You throw yourself off of the bed and dash toward the door, dodging racks and chains, hand outstretched toward the handle when something hard hits you in the back and you stumble. Vixen is on you before you can get up, fingers wrapped around your throat. You gurgle, scratching at her arms. Her grip tightens.

You reach out to your side, grasping for something that you saw as you fell. You grab the handle and swing it at Vixen.

*Crack!*

The riding crop rends her flesh. Vixen screams, releasing your throat. She grabs for the crop and you wrestle, rolling across the floor, trading blows as you crash into furniture and tools. Nails tear into your skin. Your forehead connects with her nose. The smell of blood is in the air, pooling beneath you, smearing your bodies. Vixen is laughing.

In the end, your body lays bruised beneath Vixen's. You both gasp for air, chests heaving, eyes wild. You are erect. Vixen slides you inside of her.

"You asked for this," she says as she pumps. "This will be your last orgasm. I want you to put it inside of me."

You're too battered to fight it. The doppelganger rides you to completion.

As the last strand of ropey cum dribbles from her cunt, she sighs, leans back, and stretches her arms above her head.

"That was nice. Are you ready to be digested?"

Of course you aren't. If only someone would come looking for you, but nobody knows where you are. They think you're on a business trip. Your wife thinks that you're traveling. Vixen smiles down at you with your own smile. She's going to take over your life.

"Think of it as the ultimate submissive act," she says, turning her ass toward you for the final time. "You're giving yourself to me completely. I'll take good care of that sexy body of yours."

"Weren't... weren't you going to eat me?"

"In a manner of speaking."

The familiar embrace of her intestines wrap around your neck, pulling you deep into her ass. Vixen takes your hands and places them on her abdomen. You can feel your own face pressed against the skin.

"Think of this like a nice massage," she says. "It's easier that way."

Your arms are pulled back down as your shoulders slurp into the dark crevice. The walls are alive and pulsing. You can hear the movement of her guts and the telling bubble of her stomach. Vixen is sucking you in faster now. She's eager to change forms. The heat of her intestines saps at your consciousness. All is dark.

You are surrounded by Vixen. She is holding you captive in her bowels, watching your body slide inch by inch up the winding course toward her stomach. Only your feet remain on the outside, toes brushing across the cold floor. Vixen flops onto her hands and knees and clenches her ass. You are now fully inside of her.

You have been bound before, but never this completely. No action is available to you. You are subject to the whims of Vixen's digestive tract.

Hours pass with you inside of her. She lays on top of you, hugging you between her arms and legs. The floor is hard beneath the thin layer of skin, but you are grateful for the stability it provides. As you are sucked further, though, the hard floor is replaced by the soft loops of

intestines that you have already traveled through. When you break into her stomach, you hardly notice.

She carries you up toward the bed. You feel her jiggle as she lays on her back, her stomach a mountainous pile of flesh with you at its core, too battered to even struggle. You can't say how much of you is left. All you can feel is heat and movement. The gentle swish of digestive fluids. A heartbeat that echoes through the wet cave. You keep your eyes open, watching the thin red light that filters through her skin until you aren't sure whether it is real or your imagination. The heat is uncomfortable, but you are used to pain.

In your final moments, you think of your wife and you are, truly, sorry.

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The doppelganger feels the last of your flesh melting away from your bones, packing itself back into her intestines. For a brief moment, she squishes her fingers into her fat gut, admiring the lump that you've left. Then, she gets to work.

Her body crumples. Skin, muscle, and organs lay draped over an empty shell as bones rearrange inside of her, filling the blank spaces and providing the foundation for her transformation. Ligaments connect the joints. Muscles and veins stretch and attach, threading back through her limbs. The skull clicks back into place.

You reach down, massaging your swollen gut. Your wallet and phone are still in your discarded jeans. You pull them free, inspecting them as you head to the bathroom. Your phone, luckily, has a thumbprint scan. You open it and glance at your latest messages, smiling at the ones to 'Vixen.'

Friends, family, coworkers. You are glad that you labeled them so meticulously in your contacts. The wallet contains a mass of receipts and business cards. You toss them onto the floor as you sit on the toilet, looking for one card in particular. Ah! There you go. You raise your ID into the light, reading off the home address. Good. You live close by.

Already, your meal is pushing at the back entrance. Your asshole stretches as the first bones clatter against the porcelain, splashing into the bowl. You don't bother to flush. Soon, a full skeleton lays dormant in the toilet.

"So long, Catherine," you call over your shoulder.

Your keys are in your jacket. Apparently, you drove here. You put on your clothes, wondering at the new length of your shoulders and arms. Once dressed, you collect your duffel bag. The inside is filled with keys to various apartments, each labeled with an address and a name. You rifle around until you find the one for the dungeon then, whistling, you lock up and exit onto the street.

A light drizzle fogs your windshield as enter your address in your phone. You listen to the CD's that lay scattered in the passenger's seat and think that it might be worth buying an old MP3 player. It is 7 AM when you pull into your driveway.

The third key you try clicks in the front door. The smell of an unfamiliar house assails your nostrils as you dump your bag in the foyer and marvel at the size of the entryway. A grand staircase dominates the center of the room.

"Honey?"

You look up to see your wife standing on the stairs. No more than twenty years old, she looks radiant in the morning light. She is wearing a white dressing gown, her hair a mess of curls. You woke her up.

“Hey,” you say, smiling at her. “I’m home.”

She runs down the stairs and throws herself into your arms, smothering you with kisses. You kiss her back.

“I’ve missed you,” she says.

“I’ve missed you, too.”

You stroke the hair from her eyes. She’s pretty. Hefting her in your arms, you carry her upstairs. She giggles as you kiss her neck and cheeks. You turn right at the top of the stairs and begin to walk down the hall.

“The bedroom is that way, silly!”

“Right!”

It’s been a while since you last felt your cock grow hard against your leg. Your wife feels it too.

“I know I’ve missed that,” she says, reaching down and grabbing you. “Gonna do something with that, mister?”

“Yes,” you say, opening the bedroom door. “I think that I will.”

Seth



# SUCCUBUS

## *No Release Clause*

The pentagram stirs. The flames flicker, their billowing smoke coalescing into a figure. You cough, stumbling back. Your heart is racing. The smell of brimstone turns to roses. The amorphous silhouette grows horns and ears, a tail and wings, hair and claws and skin; it steps out of the smoke on the tapping of hooves and locks its glowing golden eyes on you.

She presents her naked form without shame or hesitation, and her beauty strikes you. Her silhouette alternates soft curves with sharp edges. A fleshy tail flicks and swishes, upsetting the smoke that surrounds her. Her pinkish skin glistens under the candlelight. Her hair droops over her upper body, concealing it from your thirsting eyes — but still you stare. There is a magnetism to her, one that forbids you to look away, one that draws you in, step by step, to lose yourself in her arms. And she knows it. You see it in her smile, in the way her hands caress her skin, in the way her tongue brushes against her lips.

“Sup.”

You blink. Words fail you. She rolls her eyes, and with a snap of her fingers, a vape materializes in her hands. She brings it to her lips. Your first instinct is to ask her to put it away and point to one of the many ‘no smoking’ signs displayed across the studio — then you remember that you summoned a demon in the premises. Smoking is probably fine.

“My name’s Diana, and I’ll be your demon for tonight.”

She looks around. Her nose scrunches up.

“At least tell me you have a bed. This place looks like someone got murdered here. Fucking on this kind of floor is how you get diseases.”

Her voice is a cat’s purr, vibrant and sultry, resonant; it brings heat to your cheeks and a tingle to your skin. You look down at the laptop, dismiss the low battery warning, close the step-by-step demon summoning guide, and clear your throat. You wrote a note for this; you spent minutes agonizing over every word. You butcher it anyway.

“It’s not that. I summoned you here to model for me.”

She raises an eyebrow. “Model.”

You nod. Standing on wobbly legs, you flick the switch on the wall. One by one, the spotlights come to life, flooding the studio with light. Her eyes linger on her surroundings before focusing on you — or rather, what hangs from your neck.

Your first instinct is to shield it. Your Nikon D7000, your pride and joy — under her judging gaze, it fills you with shame. Maybe it’s the scrapes and scratches that cover it. Maybe it’s that glued-on sticker, betraying its origin as university overstock. Maybe it’s just *you*.

A cloud of rose-scented vapor washes over you. You squint, nose scrunching.

“Five hundred,” Diana says.

“Sorry?”

“It’s midnight. I was in my pajamas, swirling a mug of hot chocolate, binging season three of *Psych*. Then”- she snaps her fingers -“*bam*, parents’ basement, or whatever this place is. I fuck for free, but anything else, you need to make it worth my while. So, either cough it up, or bend over.”

“It’s a studio.”

“Five hundred.”

Your heart clenches. Five hundred is too much. You could barely afford the studio — there’s a reason you’re out here in the dead of night, rather than during more agreeable hours. But if you don’t do this, everything will be for nothing: the studio, the camera, the incantation.

“I thought succubi only dealt in so-” you begin. She silences you with the raise of a hand.

“Would you like me to?”

Your train of thought dies there.

Diana sees you hesitate. Her impatience makes you anxious; you feel your every movement judged. She’s been around for a long time, done business with so many people. She knows why you’re taking so long, and it eats at you.

“Well?”

Last straw. Your brain short-circuits. No more hesitation. “Fine,” you blurt out. “Five hundred.”

She extends her hand, you shake it; it’s hot.

“I’ll come to collect when the time is right.”

You don’t even feel the need to ask how. The chill her words sent down your spine is enough. She has her ways, and you know better than to try to understand them.

As soon as you release her grip, her smile softens. “One hour. Not one minute longer.”

You nod. It’s too late to renegotiate, anyway.

“So, what’s the plan?”

Plan. *Plan*. Right! You explain what you need from her. She’s the perfect subject to beef up your portfolio with. You’ve always been fond of the succubi. You know how to capture their beauty, their grace, their supernatural charm. Had you prepared better, you would have costumes and lingerie for her to pose in, but that’s alright. After seeing her bare body, you *need* it in your portfolio. You need to make her beauty yours.

She listens impassively. Your praise doesn’t sway her, and the awkward delivery doesn’t dissuade her. She nods along, taking big rose-scented puffs, but says nothing. Only once you’re done, out of breath, red flushing to your cheeks and feeling like a complete fool — does she grace you with a smile.

Your finger hovers over the button. Diana holds the pose. Emotion drains from her face, leaving behind only the hints of a seductive smile. You hesitate. Your heart buzzes in your chest. She’s waiting. You’re waiting for something. You press the button, and the shutter sound makes you wince.

Each click makes it easier. You guide Diana, and while your tone sounds apologetic at first, you soon grow comfortable in her presence. She’s a natural, maybe a professional. She shifts from domineering to helpless at your command. She reads your intent as well as your words. A pout here, a smile there, a tilt of the head to add definition to the shadows. Deadpan.

Your camera sings its tune, and as it does, a burden lifts from your shoulders. You have what you came for already. You could fill an entire file with glamour shots of Diana. From her dutiful stare, you draw sorrow. From her wry smile, judgment. She’s a different woman from different angles, and all of them have something to offer you. You take it further. You make her sit down. Bend over. Draw her curves with her hands. You test the flexibility of her limbs and her tail.

Squat. Lay. *Good*. She obeys — she always obeys.

“Forty-three minutes left.”

You ignore her. You're in the moment, and you're sweating. You started this session across the room from her, worshipping her from afar. Now you have to watch her tail, lest you step on it. Now you wonder; how much further could you take it? You paid for her time. She agreed to this.

You test the water first. *On all fours*. Diana doesn't even blink. Her tail brushes your leg as you shift positions. An accident? On your knees, you train your lens on the back of her head. Her horns crown it, her shoulders frame it. Another shutter sound. Lower. *Move your tail*. She does. *Show me more*. She does. Through your lens, you live vicariously. It hides your awestruck expression, your dumb smile, the blush on your face. You take a few more. You lower yourself further. It's time.

*Spread your legs*.

Her tail perks up. Diana peers over her shoulder, back at you, and you see the smile on her lips, the knowing look in her eyes. "Purely professional?"

The words die in your throat.

"Twenty-six."

Hers is a trained motion, so much so that you'd call it second-nature. Her knees slide across the floor, her thighs part. Your breath condenses on the black plastic.

You have been staring at her for what feels like an eternity. You've caught glimpses before, but now that she presents herself to you, it's like seeing her for the first time. You're almost scared at first. You work yourself up to it. You appreciate the fullness of her ass, linger on her thighs for a moment, then close your eyes and build up the courage. When you open them again, she's closer. She's closer, and her body holds no more secrets from you.

You're shaking. Your breaths stagger. Your finger trembles above the shutter button. It rests against it; you can't bring yourself to press it. In the snapping of the shutter, you would lose sight of her for a fraction of a second. It's too much. Everything's too much. You hate the camera. You hate how it stands between you and her, a thin veneer of professionalism separating the two. You've snapped enough pictures. Seeing her is not enough. You need to touch her, feel her body quiver under your fingers, take in her warmth, her scent, her texture. You need to taste her.

An involuntary spasm of the finger. A shutter snap. You wince. The display lights up; you've caught none of her allure in the sterile image. It's the motion, the sway, everything the camera can never pick up. You can keep this photo forever, and you will never have had her.

The thought fills you with dread.

You lean back and look at her. Still overflowing with sensuality, still exerting that insidious pull on you. Still the very image of impassivity.

The question burns at you. You need to ask it. Even if Diana says no, even if her threats earlier were not for show, you need to ask. You'll never be able to live with yourself if you don't.

"Can I touch you?"

"That's extra."

"Deal."

You don't even wait for Diana to tell you the number. You don't care. Even if the debt keeps you working your whole life, it will be worth it. Because it's *her*. Because she coaxes the shy desires out of you, smothers the shame that wells up within. Because she's here, next to you,

and is leagues beyond any woman you've ever met. Because in the time you've been working together, she's created a void in you, a need as deep as it is dire, and only *she* can fulfill it.

"You have twelve minutes left."

Twelve minutes is enough. Diana has a way to make time warp, to make waits seem insurmountable while seconds slip by. Her ass is soft. Your fingers dig into her flesh, and when you lax your grip, it jiggles back into place. The tip of her tail rests against your cheek — you're unsure whether this caress means something more.

Everything blurs. You tremble.

"I need you."

Never have you meant it more.

"Nine minutes."

That's as much as you're going to get, and you know it. So you take it. She's a succubus, right? This is what she is for. This is what she offered, and you're just taking up her offer. With shaky hands, you unzip. Your cock springs out, and you allow it only a second's respite from that unbearable heat, before plunging into something hotter still.

You slide it between her thighs. She widens the gap at your approach, granting silent permission. You tighten your grip on her ass and keep her steady. No reason to. You know she won't move.

You find what you're looking for. You press forward, and her lips envelop you, slathering your length with slick juices. You shudder.

Diana looks over her shoulder, and you see a smile. A slight curve of the lip, nothing more — but it frenzies you like nothing else. Your knuckles whiten. You bite your lip. You thrust forward, and allow her warmth to overtake you.

It's too much.

Her lips smack against the base of your cock. Everything else is pulsing warmth, squeezing and contracting, sliding and locking. She moves to meet you, and her motions are swaying, practiced. You plunge into her with everything you've got. She's tight. When you thrust, she resists you, dares you to overpower her. Then, *snap*, you do, and her pussy engulfs you, every single inch, and grips onto you. Clench, release. Clench, release. You pull back for another thrust. She resists that, too, and locks around you, but again you overpower her. Her gentle suction caresses your cock as you pull out, and when only the tip remains in her and you prepare to thrust a second time, it's too much.

"Time's up."

"Just a few more minutes."

"Time's up. I need to leave."

"Please stay."

Diana recognizes the look in your eyes; she's seen it many times before. She sighs. Her inner walls tighten around your cock, pulling at it with gentle suction, grinding. You bite your lip and taste sweat. Your tense muscles ache. The pressure inside you builds, and you resist it, but still it builds. Your vision blurs. Your fingers dig deep into her ass. You thrust harder, pushing past the building exhaustion, and towards sweet release.

You come inside her. She barely winces as your hot seed pumps into her; only the subtlest of moans leaves her lips. Even as you collapse onto her back, your head resting between her shoulder blades and her tail wrapping around your waist, you can feel her walls work away at you.

She holds the position until it becomes clear you're done. Your weary muscles need only a few moments' rest before you're able to lift yourself off her shapely form and pull out. A glistening stream connects the both of you for but a second, then droops to the floor. You sit down, hands on your knees, rocking out with your cock out and still throbbing.

Diana stands up. Mingling fluids dribble down her leg. Her tail sways cat-like behind her, and her eyes glimmer. She closes a hand, and when she opens it, her vape is back. She takes a pull and exhales it over you. Your gasping breaths pull the cloud in, and its sticky sweetness coats your lungs. She closes her hand again. The vape is gone; the vapor it spewed isn't.

"Three... no, four minutes late. For your sake, I hope I miscounted."

She snaps her fingers. Smoke seeps in from the walls, from the lights, from between the floorboards. It twirls around her, melding with her form.

Then it dissipates. Diana's still there, and her usual indifference has been replaced with an annoyed scowl. She snaps her fingers again and again, and her mask of control breaks a little bit each time an impotent spark forms at her fingertips.

"Well, fuck. Remember, you did this."

You wince away from her gaze. You don't know why. Something about it worries you. You're confused, and there's a succubus in the room using vaguely threatening language, and the post-orgasm clarity is starting to hit. You're in trouble. You don't know *how* you're in trouble, but you are.

"I warned you. Several times. Now the veil is too thick, and I can't go back."

The website didn't say anything about this.

"Where are we?"

"The studio."

Her nostrils flare. "City."

"Nashville."

"Yeah, no, I'm not going to drive three states over just because some wannabe photographer couldn't keep his dick in check."

"Sorry."

You don't really feel apologetic, but the words escape your mouth before you even realize it. And Diana? Diana just crosses her arms. "You should be. Now I won't be getting that five hundred. Ah, well. Lie down."

"What?"

"*Lie down.*"

Before you know it, you're resting on your back, muscles tensed up, chest heaving. Your pants are still down. Your face still burns.

"Let's kick down what's left of that mental barrier, shall we?"

She lowers herself onto you. Her knees slide forward, parting your legs as far as your pants will let them. A shiver runs down your spine. Your cock responds to her proximity – and the pressure only grows more intense when she slides herself on top of you.

Skin to skin. Under her, you wilt. Her skin is soft. Her head rests over your chest, the tip of a horn drawing circles around your nipple. She straddles your leg, and you feel the warmth and wetness of her pussy pressed up against you.

You look down at her. You can't move – or maybe you could, if only you wanted to. Her body rubs against you as she makes her way down. Her knees bend and her ass juts upwards. Her soft breasts roll over you, and her hard nubs draw lines on your skin. They come to rest around

your cock, and she presses herself against you harder, pushing against your erection until it slides between her breasts. The corners of her lips curl.

The tail no longer swishes. It stays still, arching over her, its tip pointing right between your eyes, and it fizzes against your forehead.

Diana's motion is flowing, practiced. Her breasts slide up and down with your cock between them. Her caress is gentle but all-encompassing, loose but full of warming friction – and unyielding. Lust mounts inside you once again. Your body stirs under Diana's touch.

She bites her lip. Some of the color has drained from her face. It adds some desperation to her motion, gives it life and need. Her eyes glimmer. Saliva trickles down her cheek. Your pleasure mounts. You can't hold it much longer.

“Look at me.”

“Huh?”

You blink. Something moves in the periphery of your vision. Diana's tail blossoms into a flower of flesh. Each meaty petal holds a turbulent sea of feelers, all pointing inward, inviting you to peer into the orifice they crown. It drips, it pulses, it opens and closes as if breathing. It sucks the air around it with a whisper. It draws you in.

“No. At *me*.”

Her eyes flash. Her tits bounce. Droplets of her saliva fall on your chest.

You straddle the edge. Fear wells up within you, then fades. It slips through the fingers of your mind, replaced with thoughts of the five-petaled maw. Little wisps of smoke rise from your body, undisturbed by your breath but not hers; they twirl through the air, drawing simple patterns and flowing into her tail. Diana coos. The blush of life has returned to her features. Her eyes glow brighter. The sea of flesh ripples with renewed vigor.

“That's it... pay up. Yeah, that'll do.”

A torpor spreads through your form. Your legs are the first to disobey your commands. Then your waist, arms, and chest. Every sense, every nerve ending, grows numb to everything that isn't Diana. You can only smell her lust. You can only see her form. You can only hear her huffs. You can only feel her breasts around your cock, and the growing restlessness within. And the tail grows plumper. And her grin grows wider.

One final bounce. One final twitch. What remains of your consciousness fades just as your seed splatters across Diana's chest and neck. Your last lucid thought goes to her, a hint of fear at her disapproval, but it is a smile that meets you. A smile, and the gaping tail that lowers itself over you, engulfing you its warmth, in its motion, in its comfort.

Her tail claims you quickly. Soon every inch of your body rests numb, surrounded by a mass of wriggling feelers.

“Yes, that should be enough of a boost to take me home,” is the last thing you hear, muffled by a blanket of squirming flesh. “And I even got a meal out of it. Hey, I wonder if I can make a career out of this modeling thing. Anyway, see ya!”

Her walls tighten around you. One final squeeze rips the last of your consciousness from your body.

There is pain.

Then there is nothing.



Saito

# MERMAID

## *The Not So Little Mermaid*

The mermaid, shaped by the sea, daughter of the ocean and most graceful of the aquatic authority, is getting fat. The pale globes of her breasts lie hung over the rounded folds of her stomach. Her face burns as she glances at you, a webbed finger pressed to her lips.

“Do you still think I’m pretty?”

You flounder for a moment. Of course she is. She is the peak of physical perfection. Her hair is like strands of woven gold, beautifully pleated and piled in a bun that rests above her slender shoulders. Dainty lips the color of coral hide a fanged grin. A plump tail splashes in the wooden tub that you’ve set up next to your hut. It sparkles in the sunlight, dazzling you. Despite your intimate relationship with Gladys, she still manages to enchant you every day.

Instead of answering, you kiss her. Her soft skin is cool beneath your hands. You have to lean over her stomach, briefly feeling to kick of its occupant as your lips meet hers. She smiles, and it warms your heart.

This is your life now.

She notices you staring. Her grin widens.

“Where are your eyes?” she teases, chucking your chin.

“On the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen,” you reply.

She blushes up to her ears and bites her thumb. Compliments are her weakness. You think that’s how you avoided her throat the first time you met her, your chubby savior, while sinking to the ocean floor. In the darkness, she shone, and you asked if she was an angel. It was a miracle that she understood you at all.

“You’re naughty,” she mumbled. “It’s not fair.”

“It’s your fault for making it so easy.”

She splashes you with her tail. You chortle.

“I should just eat you,” she says, crossing her arms.

“And why don’t you?”

“Because! Because. Because-”

Your lips meet again. She leans into the kiss, clutching at your shoulders. Her heavy breasts are pressing into you, nipples digging into your chest. She pulls back and gives you a look. *That* look.

“No,” you say, placing a finger on her lips. “Finish your meal.”

“Well, help me!”

She winds her fingers through your hair and drags your face over her breasts and across the swell of her stomach. She halts at her navel, burying your nose in the pliant skin.

“Can you hear him?” she whispers.

You can. The sailor you caught this morning is on his last legs, gurgling away the rest of his oxygen in the tight confines of your girlfriend’s stomach. You bite your lip and flush. Gladys pushes you further. Your ears are muffled by her fat. You can hear every bubble and pop and feel the heat of her active digestive system. It calls to you. Frustrates you.

You know you shouldn’t be jealous of the sailor. After all, you were the one that fed him to Gladys. However, as well as you know your lover’s body, you’ve never been that far inside of

her, pressed to her core, familiar with the nooks and crannies of her most intimate chamber. You bet that it's warm. Slimy. Just a little smelly, but in a way that makes your head swim. Gladys would swaddle you in her flesh and you'd be there for every breath and heartbeat.

"He's kind of squirmy," Gladys comments. "Tasted funny, too."

"I'll bet," you say.

You need to vent your frustration. Gladys guides you to her vagina and you set about your task with vigor.

"Honey," she gasps. "Not, ah, not that fast. Slow down, pup."

Mermaids, despite what you may expect, taste sweet. Her nectar coats your tongue as you bury it in her mound, using your upper lip to rub against her clit as you slide along the length of her labia. Fragile nerve endings respond to your provocation. Gladys squirms above you. Her stomach sags onto your head. She lifts it, then lets it smack down again as a stray shiver runs up her spine. You can't see, but you know that her mouth is wide open. She always makes the most enjoyable moans.

Your hands glide from her back to her tail, sinking into the flabby scales. She's been sitting on the edge of the tub, but as her climax builds, she wraps her arms around your back and pulls you in with her. The lukewarm water comes up to your chest. She floats along the surface, belly half-submerged. You continue to lap at her from your knees.

She's close. She's trying to fight it. You can feel the strain in her back and a new urgency in her grunts. Her stomach quivers. You take a deep breath and let your tongue take over. Up along the ridges. Down against the clitoral hood. Her scent continues to flood your senses. Her fingers dig into your scalp. She's drowning you in her juices and you allow her. Her tail coils around you. It squeezes. Once. Twice.

The moan starts a low exhalation, growing in volume as the first current of her orgasm pulses through her hips. Your face is planted in her hot cunt. She heaves. The moan becomes a gasp. She bucks against your face. Your senses are reeling, but so are hers. You can't take much more. Her grasp is ironclad. She pushes and pushes and, all at once, your head slips into her cunt.

Spongy tissue squeezes around your neck, locking you into your lover just in time for you to feel the full force of her orgasm. It grips your forehead and slides past your nose and mouth, over and over again. Every grunt is amplified. No contraction is missed. A final, massive heave spits you back into the water where you lay dazed. Gladys floats beside you.

"That," she gasps, "was amazing."

You can't find it in you to respond. Gladys giggles and kisses your cheek, nibbling along the base of your jaw down toward your neck.

"That was really fun!"

Her tail splashes down and she flips over, submerging the heavy glob of her gut. The sailor has expired. Gladys rests her head on your hips and stares up at you.

"Didja like that?" she asks. "You're being really quiet. I hope it didn't scare you."

"No," you say. "It was great, actually."

"Oh?"

She pushes you up against the side of the tub with her stomach. You're face to face. She's giving you the look again.

"Well," she muses, kissing your collarbone. "I think that you deserve a reward. It's not everyday that one receives a reward from a daughter of the ocean, but your service has been admirable."

“Ah,” you snap out of your trance. “I’m your servant now?”

“Oh yes!”

Gladys nods her head earnestly. Her mouth is trailing over your arms and chest. She reaches between your legs and tugs down your shorts. You aren’t wearing anything underneath. Despite herself, she blushes.

“Wow,” you say. “The daughter of the ocean, my master, embarrassed by a penis?”

“It surprised me is all,” she grumbles.

“You should be used to it at this point.”

Her blush deepens. She bites back a reply, choosing instead to apply herself to your cock. Her head sinks beneath the water. Webbed fingers brush the inside of your thigh, tickling the sensitive skin between your legs. The water around your crotch begins to warm. It takes you a second before you realize that your cock is in her mouth.

She filters the water through her gills until all that is left is the vacuum of her lips around the base, tongue curled across the length of your cock, pushing it against the roof of her mouth. Hot breath washes over you. The tongue drags forward as her lips squeezed from the base to the tip.

### **Someone’s eager.**

Gladys’s voice rings clear in your head. You can see her refracted eyes staring up at you from underwater. As you watch, she cups your balls and shoves your cock against her tonsils. Her throat parts far enough for the head of your cock to be squeezed by the tight muscles. They were the last thing that sailor saw before her stomach.

**Maybe I should do this when they’re still alive and wriggling. Then you can cum on their head.**

You choke. That shouldn’t be an erotic thought, but your cock disagrees. It throbs against the roof of the mermaid’s mouth. You can feel her smile. Instead of responding, you reach down with both hands and push on the back of her head. She gags.

### **Hey!**

You silence her with another thrust. She takes you by the hips and guides you deeper, allowing half of your cock to bob into her throat. The sensation causes you to shudder. *In. Out. In. Out.* She maintains constant pressure on the base of your cock with her tongue. Your precum mixes with the pool of saliva that she uses to lubricate you. Your balls feel tight. Part of you wants this to continue forever. It feels amazing. Another part of you wants to irrigate her throat with your seed.

She doesn’t give you a choice. Gladys’ mouth spreads wide over your crotch, over your balls, and over your stomach. She takes your entire package between her lips, buries your cock in her throat, and gulps.

Flesh clenches around your shaft over and over again. She swallows your cock, pulling it deeper with every gulp, bending your hips with your force her suction. Your balls sag against her tongue. She massages them with her mouth.

### **Cum.**

The word carries the weight of a hypnotic suggestion. You can’t resist. The pulses have already started. Your balls feel heavy. Overfull. You want to fill her mouth with your seed. Have her swallow it. Have it splash into her stomach, along with the digested remains of the sailor. The orgasm takes you with such force that you are pushed against the back of the tub.

*Gulp.*

The first wave of cum dribbles down her throat. Every muscle in your body tightens. Your cock is still pushed against the base of her neck.

*Gulp.*

Your senses leave you and your eyes close. This time, it's not so much a dribble, but a spray of cum and saliva sliding into her stomach. She pulls back, allowing you to fill her mouth. Cheeks bulging, she swallows for the last time.

*Glurp!*

**Thank you for the meal.**

Legs numb, you let yourself float along the surface of the tub. Gladys wraps her arms around your chest and uses her tail to push you in gentle circles, your back resting on her stomach and breasts. She kisses your neck.

“Well?” she asks. “Are you going to swear fealty to me?”

“Will you do that everyday?”

“Maybe!”

You look out toward the ocean. The sun is setting above the waves, painting the water a radiant orange and turning the sand to gold. A warm breeze caresses your face as you watch the horizon.

“Homesick?” Gladys asks.

“No,” you murmur. “I just don't know where to go from here.”

Together, you witness the transition from day to night. Stars spread out across the sky like a satin map, illuminating the beach. Whiteheads break upon the shore. The soothing rhythm of the ocean calms your heart. This is your island. Your home. You turn toward Gladys, her arms crossed over the lip of the tub, and you think that you can see a glitter of something familiar in her eyes.

“This might be my home,” you say carefully. “But it's not yours.”

She doesn't look toward you. Her gaze is fixed on the ocean.

“I wish I could show you my home,” she says. “It's beautiful. But you can't breathe underwater and besides, mermaids don't generally get along with humans.”

You glance at her gut and remember the dark currents that carried your body toward the ocean floor. It scares you, at night, seeing the blue waves turn black. You huddle close to Gladys for comfort. She rests her head on your shoulder.

“I don't know what I'd do without you,” you say.

“Starve, probably. You're a hopeless fisherman.”

You both chuckle. Behind you, a bird calls out in the jungle. The animals are bedding down for the night. So should you.

**I could swallow you.**

Gladys is staring at you. Her skin glows in the moonlight. You reach out your arms and she embraces you, resting her forehead against yours.

**I could swallow you and carry you to my home. You'd be my prisoner. Nobody could touch you. Except for me, of course.**

Even in the moonlight, you can see that she's blushing. This is too embarrassing for her to say out loud. You brush the hair over her ear and kiss her cheek. It's warm.

“Would that work?” you ask. “Your stomach is a harsh place and it's a long swim.”

“We could try.”

You kiss her. This has been a long time coming. She melts beneath your lips, sagging against your body, arms clasped around your back. Love and desperation fill every touch. The water in the tub courses over the side. You make love beneath the stars.

The moon is now well into its journey across the sky. It finds you with Gladys draped in your arms, carrying her toward the waves. Your feet dig into the sand. Every step is a fight. When you reach the ocean, you kneel, letting Gladys slide into the inky water. Her tail glimmers in the dark. She grasps your forearms.

“Are you sure about this?” she asks. “I don’t know when or if you’ll ever return.”

You look back at the island with its soft beaches and its trees like sentinels. Your hut and the tub are barely visible. This place has gathered memories like dust, but now it’s time to move on. Your resolve stiffens.

“Yes. This time, I won’t be afraid.”

Gladys strokes your cheek. In the darkness, she is radiant and otherworldly. The gills on her neck flicker as she ducks her head beneath the waves. She’s beautiful and she’s yours. You’ve been lucky, so lucky, to have known her at all, much less loved her the way that you have. With a stiff jaw and a heavy heart, you accept that this might be the last time you see her. She takes you in her embrace.

“This is dumb,” she whispers. “I don’t need to go home. I can stay here.”

You kiss her on the cheek and shake your head. “I’ll be with you,” you promise.

She believes you.

Her mouth opens, pink flesh unfolding before you, until all you can see is the slurping grip of her throat. Your head is placed on her tongue. Her breath caresses your face as she sinks beneath the waves, dragging you with her. Before the cold water consumes you, Gladys swallows, and the ocean disappears.

Heavy breaths. A deep groan. The gurgling swish of each gulp plunging you deeper into the inner flesh of the mermaid, past the curve of her throat. Thick fat pads your surroundings as you are deposited into her stomach. Gladys has your ankles in her hands. You take your first breath inside of her, inhaling deep the scent of her digestive juices and the remains of her last meal. This is your new home.

Another gulp forces your thighs into the narrow space. You try to position yourself so that you are facing upward, but gravity is not in your favor. It feels weightless inside of the mermaid, suspended as you are in the water. Her stomach sways with the beat of the currents. A loud hum fills your ears.

Curled up, you take stock of your surroundings. No light penetrates the thick skin of Gladys’ gut. There is only heat and the mysterious sounds of innards churning, popping, and bubbling around you and the steady *thump-thump-thump* of her heart.

**Are you okay?**

She sounds anxious. You can feel her hands pushing into her pudge, feeling for you. A hand brushes your knee, and you reach out to grab it. The walls resist you.

“I’m fine,” you try to say, but your face is pressed against the ridged walls. Still, she understands. Your host is moving now, slowly at first, and then faster. Water drags over the outside of her stomach, pushing you deeper into her core.

**It’s going to take an hour.**

One hour. That’s how long you have to survive. Your skin is already uncomfortably hot, but perhaps that is always the case when you’ve been eaten. It does nothing to dampen your

spirits. You are happy. You are whole. You are one with Gladys at last, and if you don't survive this journey, then you shall be a part of her forever.

Her stomach throbs around you. It compresses against your skin. It can't tell the difference between friend and foe, willing and unwilling. Gladys hums as she swims and you use the melody to count the time. Every now and again, she will touch her stomach to make sure that you are still alive.

She is yours and you are hers.

Perhaps this is the way it is supposed to be.

And you are happy.

