

MORE MONSTER GIRL VORE



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“More Monster Girl Vore”

an Illustrated Vore Anthology

by
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and
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ORC

“Hot Green Hell”

This place is going to kill you if you let it.

You’ve been lost for what feels like days. You were told to follow the trail, but there’s no trail anymore. It was swallowed by the jungle, overtaken by moss, covered by sunlight-hungry leaves. You can’t even find your way back.

You last caught a glimpse of her about an hour ago. A silhouette, half-concealed by the thicket; you mistook her for a tree, but then you blinked, and the tree was gone. You were told the Orc tribes would be watching – they knew everything that goes on within their territory – relations with humans are amicable, and you have nothing to fear. Still, it unnerves you.

Back to the trek.

Your supplies are dwindling. Two rations, half a waterskin – it won’t last you long. Your body, soft under the sweltering heat, tender with exhaustion, feels like it might collapse at any moment. The mud sucks at the soles of your boots, and each step sinks deeper than the last. At the edge of your vision, the jungle starts to blur together. This is hell. But you must keep going.

You dropped your backpack hours ago. Empty, it was of no use to you. At some point, you thought of filling with offerings to buy safe passage through Orc lands, but the locals assured you it wouldn’t be necessary. Let them handle peaceful relations, they told you in no uncertain terms. You were glad to not have to carry any extra weight.

These thoughts keep you company. While your mind races, the aching of your leg muscles eases, if slightly. And then you notice it – the

silence that hangs over the jungle like a sudden stillness, the palpable absence of something that, until now, you didn't realize was keeping you safe. The shrill of songbirds, the droning hum of insects; this cacophony took up every wavelength, and in doing so, shielded you. No longer. The silence exposes you. It reveals you for what you are – a naked ape lost in the jungle. You know well what it means – it means that there's a predator nearby. You draw your broad-bladed knife from your belt.

You regret it immediately.

Something squeezes at your wrist and twists, forcing you to drop it. Then something wraps around your neck and starts to crush. You resist. The form behind you feels like warm steel against your back. Within seconds, you snuff out like a candle.

A thin mist washes over you. A shiver rolls down your body, and with it, a jolt of life. Sunlight burns your retinas through closed eyelids, and the mumbling of a waterfall – so loud, so wonderful – deafens you to the world. You open your eyes, grumble, cover them. How long has it been? It's so bright. Too bright.

You sit up. Your body feels numb, and your mouth tastes of some bitter, unctuous herb that you may have smelled while wandering, you're not sure. You're naked. Why are you naked? Even here in the wild, you feel ashamed, exposed. Around you is a tangle of roots and gnarled tree branches, which form a circle around a pristine pool. Mist rises where the falling water meets the pool, and within that mist, something moves.

It's her.

Her presence quiets your other thoughts. She stands knee-deep in the water, framed by a corona of mist, her olive skin glistening with moisture, her jet black hair clinging to her scalp. You understand now why you mistook her for a tree, earlier – her stocky frame reminds you of

a tree trunk, her powerful arms of branches, her henna tattoos of encroaching love vines. Her gray eyes rest on you, and her expression barely changes, save for a slight curl of the lip, which exposes the etchings on one of her boar-like tusks. Then she smiles. Her teeth are sharp, shark-like.

As she approaches, stepping into shallower water, her size only becomes more apparent. She towers over you, a bulwark of bone and muscle and sinew; trim, no fat. Rivulets flow from her hair, run down her body, delineating each hard curve and dripping from her fingertips. Like you, she's naked; unlike you, this is her natural state, and she shows no shame as she wades through the water. Your eyes wander, naturally, and your body, naturally, responds to what you see. Your heart races, your chest tightens, your mouth dries up.

“No weapons, no offerings. Bold.”

Her voice is low, complex, resonant. It vibrates through your core, disarms you, and lingers long after she's done speaking. But this isn't what surprises you – it's that she's fluent in the common tongue, with little more than a slight lisp from her unusual dentition to betray her as a member of some insular tribe.

She doesn't wait for your response. She steps onto the rock you're on. A gentle breeze blows, and droplets from her hair land on your chest, needles of ice on a skin that's boiling.

“What do you have to give?”

Your eyes widen. You struggle to connect words. She sees this, and smiles – it is as if she had been expecting it. Hoping for it.

“If you have nothing to give, then you are mine to take.” She cracks her knuckles. “Good.”

Something about that word, the way it's spoken, weighs heavy on your chest. It holds all the certainty of a death warrant. She stands a little taller, looks towards the sky; you can see her brows knit for a moment, and realize she's measuring time by looking at the sun. As her sharp

teeth gleam in the sunlight, and as her fists begin to curl, she takes on the distinctive demeanor of a predator. Every motion she makes carries an underlying threat.

It occurs that you should probably start running.

Your fingers slip on the wet rock. They find creases in the surface and take hold, and you drag yourself in an attempt to find your footing. You scramble to your feet, put some space between yourself and her, and when you think you're safe, turn around and dash.

You're not safe.

Your neck almost snaps as you feel something grab you by the hair. The wave of pain that follows blurs your thoughts and vision both. All you see and register is red, then dark, then green. Your face sinks between her breasts, pushed by a force you cannot hope to resist, and drags down, until your cheek is sliding across her steel abs like a rag through a washboard. She's warm. The heat emanates from her skin and into yours. You force your eyes open, turn them upward and see her looking down at you, her smile framed by her heaving breasts, and her eyes, burning with a yearning you cannot hope to understand. And yet you feel something, too, as her earthy scent permeates your nostrils, as her perspiration bleeds into your skin and her pheromones run amok in your brain. It's a need. A frustration. And in so many words, she offers you a solution.

“Start eating.”

You're on your knees. Her thighs tighten against your skull, silencing all but the sound of your own heartbeat. The hand grasping at your hair nudges you forward, and as her thighs part, you know where you're headed. Past hard muscles, soft flesh. Past dark green, warm pink.

Your parched lips brush hers, clumsy at first, caught by surprise – but the taste of her, sickly-sweet and intoxicating, stings your taste buds. She parts before you, her folds like heavy drapes, giving way to your tongue's prodding.; even your gentlest lap sends shivers up her spine.



And so a plan starts to form: what if you can tire her out, satisfy her, overwhelm her with your tongue so that you might slip away during the aftermath? Or perhaps, if you play your cards right and ingratiate yourself to her, she'll let you go. You go for a wide, slow lap. She holds on to you tighter. Her lips envelop your face, her juices and your saliva run down your neck, dripping on your bent knees. You prod her insides, but the muscles at the base of your tongue complain; you wish to go deeper, but you're too small for her. So you pull out, and her insides suck at your tongue, releasing with a pop; you follow the curve of her labia upwards, and find her clit, pressing on your face like a hard pebble, quivering at your approach. You purse your lips around it, and nails dig into the back of your scalp. Getting warmer.

Her thighs squeeze. Your head rumbles. Only her desire to keep you conscious stops her from popping your head like a grape; and even then, when the throes of desire grow uncontrollable, the oxygen still struggles to reach your brain. All you know is to keep going, even as your jaw begins to hurt and your chest begins to tighten. The muscles embracing you twitch, and though distant, you hear her gasps, shallow wheezes through gritted shark-like teeth, grunts during moments of weakness. Her whole body tenses up and bends. Her muscles stretch out her skin. Tension builds. It builds. She squeezes. You shift in and out of consciousness. The pressure mounts; your skull's about to explode, it's about to explode, but you can't stop, you just can't, the tension builds and all you can do is lick, lick, infinite seconds building on each other. Tension builds, builds, you plunge deep, her insides twist around you...

Relief.

You fall limp as she contracts. A clear, sticky torrent flows down her legs, fading into the pristine pool. When the sun shines through the trees, it glimmers like gold, and so do the whites of her eyes. You breathe. A fresh supply of oxygen innervates your brain, and everything feels vivid, awake – her most of all, standing over you like a particularly promiscuous war goddess, caught at her most intimate.

Right. The plan.

Escape.

You try to stand, but your knees refuse to take your weight. Damn it, not now. You try again, but it's too late. The staggered giant stands tall once more, and her predator's eyes see nothing but squirming, cornered prey.

She flashes her fangs. There's something new to them.

“Too beat for round two? Works for me. I'm running short on time, myself.”

She grabs you by the shoulders, forces you onto your feet, then lifts again, and your legs hang. You're limp, like a doll. She brings you close –

a kiss? No, her lips are parting, and so are her teeth. Your heart sinks. The warmth of her breath replaces the cool mist of the waterfall; it surrounds you, softens you, eats at you. It brings out the last of the fight within you. You kick her in the stomach, and it's like kicking a rock. To her, you are nothing. Worse than nothing – meat.

Her tongue rolls out of her mouth, and your head sinks into the soft flesh. Her teeth rake at your bare skin, drawing parallel white lines that turn red and warm – not that you'll ever see them, consigned to the moist darkness as you are. Instinctively, you try to raise your head, but hit her palate, which pushes down in retaliation. Without anywhere else to go, now a victim of your own weight, you sink – feeling her thick uvula drag across your face and neck as you go. Your head hangs before the pit of her gullet, a steep drop through which her heavy breaths and the bubbling of her hungry stomach are warped, hot and sweaty, hot, sweltering, and there you hang, until she swallows.

Everything changes when she does. Her gullet gapes, sucking in air, saliva, and you. Your head sinks. Her lips trap your shoulders; her tongue presses to your chest, a respite from the pinpricks of her teeth. It eases your slide, broadening as it reaches the base. You're trapped, helpless. Your feet kick in the air. Your struggles amount to nothing; no way to go but down. Down, prying open that esophagus that stretches out before you. Down, squeezed through the cylindrical tube, breathing in the acrid fumes of her insides, until they permeate your lungs, make each breath a struggle. The soft flesh surrounds you, locking you in, squeezing the air out of you, then loosening. Squeeze, relax. Squeeze. Relax. When it loosens, you feel yourself fall in spurts. The blood rushes to your head, bile pools at the back of your throat, your eyes well up. You slide.

Gulp.

The path before you opens, and you fall. Your extended body barely fills the full length between her mouth and stomach, and just for a

moment, until your shoulders slip on the slick rugous surface, and you sink into the alcove of flesh. It welcomes you with acrid perfume and the warmth of an ongoing chemical reaction. It constricts you in pulsing viscera even as it drags you out of the esophagus. It's dark; you can see only the faintest light, tinted red by her flesh. You're forced into your knees by the encroaching flesh; you hug them for comfort, and each inch of space you yield, her stomach reclaims. You test the walls; they are hard and unrelenting, slick with digestive juices; the creases are shallow but defined, and everything moves and grinds. You hear her heartbeat, feel the blood pumping through her veins. When she breathes in, her expanding lungs push you hard against the other wall. To her you are nothing: a bulge on her belly, a weight for her to carry, a solution to two of her problems. An afterthought. A meal. Meat.

You are trapped in her stomach. There is no way out of this.

The orc rises to her feet. You know she does, because everything rumbles; her stomach bounces, her gastric acids spill all over you. You can feel them sting your skin. They're surprisingly gentle... for now. Pop, pop, you hear as she stretches her bones and cracks her knuckles. Everything around you relaxes; you dare to take a breath.

All this for an offering? The locals told you you wouldn't need one. They told you you had nothing to fear. They told you...

Oh.

You were the offering. Theirs.



Sasha

Your surroundings rumble again. Her body goes haywire. Flesh pumps and churns. The temperature rises, rises, and the air is dense with moisture, it burns your nostrils, but you need air, and you take a long, bitter breath. It's your last.

You hear her voice. It's distant, heavy, giddy. "We've had enough fun," she says, "but I'm in a hurry. Time to end this."

Suddenly, everything shifts. The walls contract around you, crush you with all the mass and muscle an orc can muster; they squeeze so hard that the boundary between your flesh and hers becomes a suggestion. Whatever she did, it sent her guts into overdrive. Acids pump from every crease, every surface. They hiss, they bubble, they pool at your knees. They bite and you slump. You can't feel your legs. Your waist. You can't *see* your legs. The acids rise.

And overtake you.

First, there is darkness.

Then, there is silence.

And then, there is nothing.

DRIDER

“Arachnophilia”

You weren't planning on being upside-down today, nor were you particularly keen on being digested.

Ah well.

The webbing around your feet is stretched taut, suspending you a couple of inches off of the ground. You bounce, hoping to dislodge yourself, but the motion only entangles you further. Touching the stuff is out, too. Your left pinky is still glued to your ring finger.

So you wait and watch and wonder what kind of creature made the web, enjoying the breeze that sweeps off of the forest floor as you look out at the meadow beyond.

That's when you feel the tug.

Something is crawling across the web above you. Wriggling, you try to stretch your neck, but the most you can see is a black leg and blurry body before it scuttles out of sight.

“Hello?” you call. “Are you like, a hot, sentient spider girl, or just a really big fuck-off spider?”

The scuttling stops.

“You can speak?”

The voice that reaches down to you is soft. Feminine. Very much sentient. All of a sudden, the day doesn't look so glum. You crane your neck again, trying to spot her, but she's hanging just beyond the corner of your vision.

“Of course I can speak,” you say. “I'm a human.”

The scuttling starts again. Your head nearly brushes the ground as the web dips beneath her weight. She's sitting right above you, one claw resting on your foot.

"It doesn't really matter," she says. "I'm still going to eat you."

"Well, that fucking sucks."

You wish that you could see her. There are some spider girls with enormous fangs that devour their prey by pumping them full of digestive juices and leaving them to melt. That would probably be painful. Others will bind their prey and use them to breed. This excited you when you first read about it, but then the book went on to describe how the eggs were laid in the chest cavity and after that, your enthusiasm waned. A third type, the drider, merely swallows its prey whole. You hope she's one of those.

She hasn't moved since she last spoke. Is she looking at you? Contemplating her choices? It's not like you're going anywhere. What's taking her so long?

"Well?" you ask.

"Well what?" the voice answers.

"Do something."

"I'm... thinking."

You click your tongue. What does she have to think about? Craning your neck for the third time, you finally manage to catch sight of her underbelly.

Oh, she's a spider alright, and huge. Each of her eight segmented legs is thicker than your calves and longer than your entire body. From the girth of her abdomen, you assume that she's either one of the melters or a drider. The egg-layers are supposed to be smaller.

"What?" the voice asks, noticing you looking. "You're all red in the face."

"Well, I've been hanging upside down for quite a while," you respond, letting your head fall back toward the ground. "And it's hard to

crane my neck from this position. Could you pull me up there so that I can see you properly?”

Another pause. More thinking, you suppose.

“Fine,” comes the curt response, and with a tug of her legs, she yanks you upright into her web.

Now that you can see it in full, you’re not sure how you didn’t notice it on your walk. The web spans between two trees that are at least 10 feet apart, weaving up into the branches where a number of leaves, bugs, and birds are stuck to the thinner strands. The spider sits in the middle looking sultry.

Her skin is the color of milk tea and just as smooth except for a tattoo that winds around her right arm – a series of interconnected diamonds. She’s wearing nothing, nor does she need any adornment. Everything about her seems to be as it should be, from the slight curve of her pink lips to the way her brown hair falls around her throat in subtle ringlets, bobbing as she shakes her head. Only her hands, delicate and agile, seem immune to the tranquility that hangs around her. She pulls a white thread between her fingers, forming it into a thousand different shapes as she stares at you.

“You’re very pretty,” you say.

Her fingers stop. She glares at you.

“Flattery won’t get you anywhere,” she says. “I’m still going to –”

“Eat me, yes,” you interrupt. “I’ve been wondering about that.”

Taken aback, the girl blinks and tilts her head.

“What is there to wonder about?” she asks. “You are food.”

“Yes, yes, but what kind of food?”

“The regular kind.”

“And how will you eat me?”

Your back and arms are stuck to the web, so you can’t do much more than wriggle, but seeing the fire in your eyes, the girl takes a step back. Her spider legs dance over the threads, disturbing none of them.

“How?” she asks. “What do you mean, how?”

“Well, will you eat me whole or suck me dry?”

You thought it was a reasonable question, but for some reason, her cheeks turn a bright shade of scarlet. Her fingers begin to weave the thread again, faster this time, and into increasingly erratic shapes.

“I w-would never,” she stammers. “I don’t play with my food.”

“Of course, of course,” you say, trying to calm her. “But about the sucking –”

“I don’t want to talk about sucking,” she says. “I will eat you whole. You will digest inside of me. This is the end of the conversation.”

“Oh good.”

She halts a foot away from you, clearly impatient to get to the swallowing.

“What’s good?” she hisses.

“The swallowing whole thing,” you say, shaking your arm. The feeling went out of it a minute ago. “I thought you were going to poison me.”

“I could,” she says. With a finger, she lifts her upper lip, revealing a set of neat little fangs. “But I only use it on larger prey.”

“What does it do?”

“Paralyses them,” she says cautiously. “What does it matter?”

“I thought it was like, the kind that melts people,” you say.

“That’s an acromantula. I’m a drider.”

“What’s the difference?”

“I just explained the difference,” she says, annoyed now. Her great body is hovering over yours now. You wonder how much she weighs. “Driders eat their prey whole and acromantula melt it down before slurping it up. It’s disgusting.”

“What’s disgusting about it?” you ask. “I mean, that’s kind of what happens inside of you, right? I’ll be melted down and get all gooey and then you’re no different from the acromantula.”

“It is very different!”

The threads between her fingers are just a blurred glob of white at this point. She throws it aside in a huff and leans forward. Her wet mouth opens to reveal the expanse of her gullet.

“I still have questions,” you say as her lips brush your chin.

“Ask them in my stomach,” the drider says.

Her tongue is halfway down your throat. You can smell her breakfast roiling down below.

“Don’t you have any qualms about eating talking prey?”

“Nuh-uh.”

“Then could we at least have sex first?”

Her jaws snap shut leaving a trail of saliva on your face which you have no way of brushing off. With a look of pure disdain, the drider slaps a glob of webbing across your mouth.

“Just... shut up.”

Now with no way to talk and no means of escape, all you can do is watch as her mouth opens once more, engulfing your head in a single, efficient swallow.

GLURMPH!

Her throat pulses as it swells around you, massaging your face. You can still see due to the light filtering through her lips, but your vision is distorted by the warm globs of saliva that lubricate the passage before gliding into the dark. With your arms and legs still bound by her web, the drider makes quick work of your head and shoulders.

GLUP! GLUP! GLURP!

Her tongue rises and falls. Muscles pull. You can feel her thin hands as they grip your wrists and with a snap, the threads unbind, releasing you only momentarily before your arms meet the crest of her lips and then they too are swallowed.

The darkness expands before you into a hollow tube. In the brief glimpses you get when her throat opens to admit more of your body,

you can see the pink walls leading down, down into the pit of her belly where you will reside, waiting for your own demise. You are gripped tight by those walls – almost uncomfortably so – and yet there is a rhythm to that hot, living flesh that is so utterly tantalizing. When the drider reaches your hips, she stops.

A finger finds its way beneath your waistband and pulls. Another finger strokes the length of your shaft.

She's... teasing you.

For a moment, your breath hitches, and you pull in your first gasp of her stomach air. Feeling your response, the drider strokes again, then against, taking her time as her own breath pours over your crotch. You're throbbing now, nearing the brink. A few more tugs will do it. If she would just stick out her tongue, taste you, lap at you, then you would be forced to obey, but she keeps you on the edge, punishing you for your insolence.

When she swallows, you are not surprised, only disappointed.

GLURG!

You glide through the rubbery surface of her throat as it swells to accommodate you. The deeper you go, the more muted the sounds of the outside world until all you can hear is the act of your own consumption and the organic grind of her body. One thing you cannot hear, however, is her heartbeat.

You wonder about this as your arms plop out into her stomach. Does she not have a heart? Is it stored in the back half of her body? You were looking forward to listening to its calming murmur as you stewed in her gut, but it looks like you're going to have to subsist on the sound of her humid walls growing and shrinking, bundling you up like the food that you are.

Once you are halfway in her stomach, the drider seems to get impatient. Your legs are still sticking out of her mouth at the knees, but at such an angle that it's hard for her to gulp them down with the force

of her throat alone. Your thighs and hips are continuously squeezed as her gullet kneads your cock back into its previous state of arousal. Free from the webbing that had covered your lips, you gasp.

“Wait, wait, wait, you’re gonna –”

But the drider either doesn’t hear you or doesn’t care. Throwing her head back, she commits herself to one enormous gulp and in the ensuing pressure, you burst inside of her, flooding her throat with cum.

“Oh you... fucking piece of fuck.” Your legs join you in her stomach as her esophagus closes overhead. Nestling yourself against the front of her belly, you smirk. The drider is coughing.

“If you didn’t want that to happen, then you shouldn’t have swallowed me,” you said.

“I should have chewed,” the drider says. “Now shut up and digest.”



It seems like a reasonable request, though you're not quite sure how you're going to fill it. If your knowledge of drider anatomy is correct, you're currently resting in her human stomach – more of a holding cell than an actual threat – and soon you'll slide down deeper into her thorax, followed by a drip into her abdomen. At which point you digest, you don't know, but for now, you're safe and free to annoy the drider as much as you wish.

“How did I taste?” you yell. “Salty?”

A fist collides with you through her skin. Both you and the drider wince at the impact.

“Yes, as a matter of fact,” she sniffs. “You tasted rather good until you decided to violate my throat.”

“Well someone was having a field day licking my dick – ow!”

Another punch leaves you quiet. In the silence that follows, you take a moment to examine your surroundings.

Her stomach is tight. Not so tight that you feel like you're going to be squeezed to death, but tight enough that it's uncomfortable to move around. When the drider shifts, her stomach jiggles, and when she bends forward to clear something from her web, you dip with her, impressed by how easily she can move with your full weight inside of her.

The smell of her stomach is... less than ideal, but it's terrible. It smells like morning breath rather than bile which only serves to highlight the fact that you are not in her true stomach yet. You wonder what she's waiting for.

BBbwwwaaaAArrRRRP!

Ugh. As you pushed against her stomach with your legs, you freed a noxious bubble of air, which traveled up through her esophagus and out in a tremendous belch. The drider rubs a knuckle into where she thinks your head is, kneading your shoulder instead.

“Quit moving.”

“Or what?” you ask. “You're going to double digest me?”

“Maybe,” she muses. “I could make this very very unpleasant for you, you know.”

“How?”

“Well,” she says, bouncing her stomach against her hips. “You’ve probably figured out that my upper stomach isn’t built for breaking down larger prey. Usually it just softens up the small stuff before sending the sludge down into my real belly.”

“And?”

“That doesn’t mean it can’t digest you.”

Your chest grows warm. Suddenly, the slobber that paints the walls seems much more threatening. You try to rub it off of your skin to no avail. It’s coated your entire body.

“And that’s not all,” the drider says, seeming to sense your fear. “My lower stomach is much more... violent. It takes a lot of muscle to mash through bones and beaks. Usually, I take a nap through the process, but this time I think I want to watch. I’m sure the gurgle of my gut will drown out your incessant talking, hmm?”

“You sure got cocky now that I’m in your stomach,” you yell, pounding on her walls. “Let me outta here and fight me for real.”

“Mmm, this isn’t a fight, human. This is a meal.”

As if to emphasize that point, her stomach starts to churn, slowly at first, but speeding up as her hands encourage it from the outside. Acids splash up from the base, causing you to splutter. The heat is rising as well. You can feel yourself bouncing off of her hips, sloshing from side to side in low, gyrating movements as the bubbling of her gut fills your ears. For the first time since you entered the forest, you are well and truly afraid.

“Wait,” you should, struggling to be heard as your face is mashed into the walls. “Wait, wait, wait. We can strike a deal.”

The only response is a low chuckle as her slender fingers glide over your back and shoulders.

“No deals,” she whispers. “Why should I make a deal with you?”

“Because I have something that you want.”

You blurt it out without thinking, but it gives her pause. Her hands slide away from your body and her stomach shifts.

“Like?” she asks.

The liquid around you is starting to hurt. It gnaws at your skin, seeking entrance, and soon you won't be able to deny it anymore. Racking your brain, you try to come up with something that a drider would want. Company? No, she's a solitary creature. Money? No, she doesn't need it. Food? Well... you *are* that. Then a last minute hail mary comes to mind.

“What about a mate?” you ask. “Do you have one of those?”

The drider goes very still. You can tell she's sideways in her web. The pull of gravity is straight down and her stomach is splayed beneath you like a hammock.

“Are you suggesting,” she says, “that you would be a suitable mate?”

Now you have a choice. You could promise her that you'll *find* her a mate, but you'd have trouble convincing even yourself of that. This girl is the only drider you've ever met and you're not even sure that there are males of her species. Didn't you hear something about them kidnapping humans? Maybe that was the egg layers. Shit, shit shit!

She's waiting for your answer, watching you in her stomach. Can she sense your hesitation? You gulp, but this is your only chance. You have to go for it.

“Yes,” you say. “I am.”

Her chest heaves. At first, you think that she's crying, but then you hear the sinister pitch of her laugh and you know that it's all over.

“You?” she laughs. “*You?* Oh, wait until I tell my friends about this tonight. I honestly kind of want to keep you alive so that you can repeat the joke, but oh well. It's been a few days since something yummy's

gotten stuck in my web and I really can't deny myself for much longer. Goodbye, human."

Her stomach twists around you in a sudden lurch before the bottom falls away. You grab at the walls, scrambling to stay in her human torso, but there's nothing you can do as you slide past her hips and into the chamber beyond.

The air goes from humid to sweltering. If her human stomach was cramped, then her spider stomach is absolutely oppressive, crushing in on you from all sides as her muscles grind against your body.

"There you go," you hear her murmur. "Digest for me."

Stomach acids are pumping in from all sides. They're slimier than the ones in her stomach, less liquid, and they hurt as they eat through your clothes. You want to scream, but breathing through your nose is a chore. The acrid scent of your own digestion keeps you from calling out and so you stew in silence, twitching as the spider watches from her web.

And while the final, agonizing moments of your life tick by, one sound rises above the mechanical crunch of her body consuming yours: a heartbeat, soft and slow, thumping overhead.

Your mistake was appealing to her human nature when she was a spider all along.



Saku

SLIME

“Surface Tension”

As you are lowered into the darkness, the last eyes you meet are his. The pulley creaks overhead. The crowd watches with familiar, glum expressions – nobody wants to watch an execution, but nobody wants to miss one, either. The guards stare forward, their gazes steely, holding not even contempt towards you. But he is different. A smile cuts through his features, and the sight of it makes your insides burn.

He knows you're innocent. He's known you from childhood; you even remember calling him a friend. But the divide between you has never been greater. He stands at the edge of the precipice, clad in his fine robes, while you sit shivering on the cold wood, your legs dangling off the edge, the frayed rope around your wrists burning deep scars into your flesh. Last time you saw him, he stood before the bloodied corpse that started this whole mess. The knife in his hand trembled and his skin was pale, pale like ash. When you made yourself known, you offered to help him dispose of the body. The next day, the guards kicked down your door.

Each turn of the winch sends you two steps further into the abyss. What lies beyond, only the dead can tell. Many are lowered. When the platform is lifted the next morning, the body is gone. At first, only garbage was tossed into the pit; some say nothing has changed.

You see his smile. It doesn't fade; it simply disappears. The platform swings to an unfelt breeze; above, the mouth of the cave

shrinks to a dot. Then, you shudder; the wood lands on something solid. The rope goes taut; they feel your weight, and stop pulling.

You close your eyes. Something drips in the distance. You try the floor; it's smooth stone, perfectly clean. You expected the crunch of bones, the mush of flesh, the horrid stench of death and decay, but you smell only stale water and a hint of honey.

“Friend?”

You freeze. Your eyes dart about; you swear you heard something move. Are you hallucinating already? As your eyes adapt to the lack of light, you see a glimmer. There! Something's moving, shifting, growing as it approaches. A human shape?

“Friend?”

It's a pleasantly shrill voice, like the chirping of a songbird, depthless but musical – female.

You wobble to your feet. The motion startles her.

She's standing a few feet before you, like living liquid molded into the shape of a woman. She's a head shorter than you, translucent. Wavelets come off her like a fountain, coalesce at the foot of her trunk-like bottom half, and are pulled back in. Her features – could you call them features – are soft, rounded, and like the rest of her, ever-shifting. She has no color, no texture, only roiling amorphous insides contained by a membrane shaped in the mockery of a woman, with a thick mass of gooey hair, round breasts, and a hint of hips and thighs before it all devolves into slime.

“Friend?” she asks again.

You nod without thinking. The line of her smile spreads across her face. You can almost see her features tighten, or gain detail, as she slides closer to you. She opens her mouth. Mock saliva drips from a mock tongue in globules, which land on her chest and disappear back into her form. The air grows thick with humidity; the smell of honey dominates your senses.

“Friend!” she exclaims. She reaches out towards you – her fingertips drip – her hair drips – her whole amorphous body roils and pulses. But the motion is too swift, too impulsive, and it scares the animal in you. You take a step back, then another, until your back presses to the wall. You feel them against your skin – the walls are covered in scratch marks.

Your blood runs cold. You turn around, search for somewhere safe to retreat to. There’s nothing. And behind you, she swells up, her smile widens, and she opens her arms wide. The smell of honey overtakes you...

“Help?”

You do not answer.

“Help.”

Her tone is full of cheer. She advances.

You feel it first against your back, two cool orbs of gel that flatten against your flushed skin. They roll over you until surface tension breaks, and then they crash on you like ponderous waves, creeping over you, stinging you with needles of cold. Then come her arms, and they wrap around your waist, squeeze, and in squeezing they lose cohesion. Her head rests on your right shoulder. You feel its weight, its mass, you almost feel its breaths of cold honey tickle at your face. It, too, begins to spread and overtake your skin. It wraps around your neck, dribbles down your back and chest. It’s a cool sensation that numbs all feeling and leaves a fuzzy warmth behind. And it’s consuming you, and its scent saps your will to fight it off. A facsimile of a hand runs down your stomach, slides towards your groin. Its touch destroys your inhibitions. It does not do anything; it merely rests between your legs, and its chemical aphrodisiacs fill you with desire.

She creeps over you, inch by inch. Her form stretches across your skin, surrendering all feeling to its touch. As you grow used to it, you feel the subtleties. Gel shifts and rubs against your skin, with minute changes

in temperature and density designed to keep you guessing, on the defensive. It catches you off-guard and it strikes, and it stimulates, and as it does, you feel your body grow more and more relaxed.

Her head encases yours. It happens quickly – or maybe you didn't notice it happening? You take a deep, panicked breath, and slime fills your lungs. When you gasp, however, you realize you're able to breathe. You open your eyes – you see through hers, a dark pit made fuzzy and soft. You try to move – nothing, but when she moves, you are like a puppet suspended within her.

“Friend.” The words come from your core, but you did not speak them. They ring with something new, something vulnerable – lust? Hunger?

Though now fully inside her, her assault does not let up. You feel tendrils of slime test the surface of your body, searching for places to chart out and invade. The first one slides between your lips, parts your jaw, and flows inside like a massive cylinder, pushing into you until your throat bulges and your stomach sags with sudden weight; you feel her roil inside you, struggle and thrash, activating your stomach's digestive processes, but nothing happens; your gastric juices absorb harmlessly into her form. Another push, a stronger one. Your gut swells. Your insides feel bloated, yet alive with her endless motion. It pushes on. You feel it in your throat, in your stomach, in your intestines.

Wherever she finds an opening, she plunges. No part of you is safe. The cool substance stretches you to your limit, fills every inch of you in every possible way, and it's all moving, all shifting, all drinking your insides dry. You feel one with this thing. You feel her mind, her will, controlling every minute motion with deliberate intent. It's precise. It's chaotic. It's everything.



Then she starts pumping. In, out, in out, like a torrent of chemical stimulation, activating nerve endings you didn't even know you have, setting everything on fire, sending your muscles into spasms and your mind into disarray. At last, you give in – you truly give in. You allow her invasion of your being, and she rewards you with wave upon wave of pleasure, erases all sensation save for pleasure, removes all thoughts, all emotion. You become a construct – a construct that exists only to be fucked senseless, to be invaded, to have its insides rearranged, and to milk every droplet of stimulation out of it. Orgasm comes, it goes, it comes again. Cold, warm, cold, warm, and each time it wracks you, it bends you, it makes you spasm and scream in bliss through the thick fluid that surrounds you. Eventually, it too fades into the background, and like everything within her, it ebbs and flows. Ebbs and flows. You grow tired, soft, weak, but you cannot stop it. You can't even affect it. You are her plaything. Even after you go limp, she keeps going – and she's enjoying it, you can tell she's enjoying it, you can feel her form shift, contract around your body. You can see the dribbling, lolling tongue, her mock female form bouncing and gasping, mock eyes rolling in their sockets, mock fingers sliding between mock thighs, a breast and a hand fused.

You lose yourself in this rhythm, in this flux, in this oneness. She's in you, all over you. You feel her. You are her. You *are* the shifting fluid, you are the scent of lemon, you are the bubbling and the roiling and the moaning that comes out of her lips. Her aphrodisiac infuses you until there's nothing left. Your extremities lose feeling, then cohesion. The slime around you grows thicker, larger – or are you growing smaller? You're lower to the ground, contained within a semitransparent stomach, afloat in a sea of mind-numbing pleasure, a fish in a bowl, a dot in an ocean as the storm subsides.

Soon, you are not even that.

You sense all around you. You see without seeing, sense through the vibrations of the earth, the shifting of the air, the echoes of the minute sounds that are all about you. You are taller, stronger, fuller, heavier where it matters. You are more! Glee fills you. You have made another friend, you have helped another poor sod, you took another within you and repurposed all that inefficient flesh, bone, and blood. Brick by brick, molecule by molecule, you added another to the multitude. You have so many friends now. The spores that float in from the light, the lichen that grows on the walls, the carrion that gathers in the corners, and so many people whose bodies you dissolved and whose minds you disassembled. You look up, towards the dim light. You could make it up there, now. There must be so many friends there. So much fun to be had. So much help to give. A hundred voices call out from within you – they demand more sex, more fun, more food, more new toys to take within yourself, to probe and explore, to turn into mush. The mere thought of it makes your insides bubble. A memory floats within you. A grinning face, silken robes, a bloodied knife.

He'll make such a wonderful toy.

Satan



ELF

“By Royal Decree”

You're fucked.

I mean, you aren't. Not yet. But you're pretty sure that you will be soon, because Princess Juniper wasn't supposed to be the one that greeted you at the gates. Her smile widens as her dark eyes take in the shape of your body.

“A messenger,” she says. “A human messenger.”

Your fingers go to the amulet around your throat – a green stone that allows you to pass into the elf kingdom unharmed. Without it, the woods would have turned you away, but with it, any elf you meet will know you have the approval of the King. Juniper's eyes flick to the amulet as you let it drop back against your chest.

“Father has a fondness for humans.”

“And you?”

The words pass through your lips before you can stop them. Her tongue glides over the front of her teeth.

“I adore them.”

Princess Juniper. Her hair is the color of a dying star and her eyes are as black as a dragon's heart. She stands before you with her arms folded beneath her breasts and while any man would look upon her with lust, the most you can feel is fear.

Maybe it's her stomach that terrifies you. Elves are notoriously picky about their food and in all of your years as an emissary, you've never met an elf with a scrap of fat on their bones – not once. Princess Juniper's stomach, however, is round. It pokes out from beneath her green shirt and jiggles as she rocks from side to side.

Maybe it's the way that she looks at you.

Like a toy.

Like food.

And maybe, just maybe, it's the common knowledge that emissaries that find their way into her chambers never come back. You might not have a choice, because at her flank are two armed elves in pink and green regalia – the princess' colors, not the king's.

“It is an honor to address the Princess,” you say, managing to hold onto decorum. Her gaze follows you as you bow. “My message, however, is for the King's ears only. I have been instructed by the court to carry this sealed letter under the decretum of –”

“Yeah, yeah,” Juniper says, hiding a yawn behind her hand. “All of the messages that come through the front gate are for father. He's a popular man.”

“Then –”

“But nobody thinks of little ol' me,” she continues. You take a step back as she takes a step forward. “I never get any messages at all.”

That isn't true, you want to say, but the guards have taken Juniper's flank as she closed the distance between you. She takes your hands in her own and brings her mouth to your cheek. As her lips brush your skin, you shudder.

She notices.

“Are you scared?” she whispers. “Don't be frightened, human. You don't even know me. We'll have such fun.”

“And if I do, er, get to know you,” you stammer, “then I'll be less frightened?”

She just smiles. The guards come and grab your arms.

“Wait, wait, wait,” you yell as they start to drag you toward the gates. The woods behind you which once looked so sinister are now your only means of escape. Once you pass into the castle, you're at Juniper's mercy. “I am an emissary! There are laws! I have a sealed

document in my pouch addressed to the king and any hindrance of my duties will be taken as an act of aggression!”

The guards stop, glancing over their shoulders at Juniper. With the grace of an elf, she leans against you, pressing her prodigious breasts into your back. Her breath smells like raspberries as it tickles your throat.

“Darling,” she says. “This *is* an act of aggression.”

With that, the guards continue to drag you into the castle, ignoring your cries while the huge, oaken doors slam behind you.

Okay, now you’re well and truly fucked.

You’ve been waiting in the Princess’ chambers for the last ten minutes. After the guards threw you inside, you raced to the nearest door only to find it locked, as was the next. Shoulders slumping, you had returned to the plush armchair in the center of the room. There are no windows for you to break and you’re sure that any attempt to bludgeon down a door will be met with the interference of the guards. Instead, you look around.

A tapestry on the east wall depicts a hunting scene. Five elves and a felhound are chasing after a deer the size of an elephant. Sparkling thread weaves through the scene, showing the lines of magic the elves were casting as well as the deer’s defensive barrier. Across the tapestry they raced until, at last, the elves managed to whittle it down and return triumphant to their castle.

The tapestry on the west wall is more unusual.

Squinting at it, you originally thought that it showed a scene from a fairy tale. At the top of a tower sits a princess clad in pink, a dragon, and a man in the regalia of a knight. Standard stuff. The knight faces off against the dragon as the princess cheers but then, in a distinct change of format, the dragon swallows the knight whole.

The tapestry follows him as a bulge in the dragon's throat until he reaches its stomach whereupon his armor is belched out in graphic detail. The princess, whom you originally thought was cheering for the dragon, is then shown to be stroking its stomach, apparently teasing the man who had come to rescue her.

And the scene repeats.

More men. More devourments. More adulation from the princess until, in one of the final scenes, a man seems to make it past the dragon and into the princess' chambers. The second to last panel is just an image of the closed door. The last panel has been cut out.

"Father thought that last panel was too graphic."

You jump. You hadn't heard the door open. Juniper is standing alone at the south end of the room, staring at the tapestry.

"He was always so overprotective," she continues. "Wouldn't let me hunt or ride or do any of the stuff my brother's got to do."

She's changed since you last saw her. Before, she was wearing a green silk shirt and a skirt that flowed out around her ankles. Now she's wearing nothing but a black slip that bunched around her middle. Seeing your eyes flick toward it, she smirks.

"It's indecent to stare," she says.

"You must let me go," you start, but before you can get another word out, she crosses the room. You shrink into your chair as she leans over you.

"I must do nothing," she says, letting her breasts tap against your chin. A flowery scent billows from beneath her slip. Her skin is warm. "You're the first human that I've seen in ages now that Father won't let me come to court."

"I don't follow," you say.

Her breasts are hanging right in front of your eyes. In the cavern between them, you can see the pale valley of her skin as it crests upon

the hill of her stomach. Juniper, watching you stare, leans forward to lightly brush herself against you, causing you to gulp.

“I adore humans,” she says, pulling back. “Elves are all smooth, you know? The years sand off their rough edges and they grow dull, but humans hold onto their flaws until they die. They yell and shout and cry and make bold declarations of love.”

For a second she sounds wistful. You see her head twist toward the tapestry, her red hair bright against the back of her black clothes. When she turns toward you once more, her eyes are narrow and hungry.

“So,” she says. “What about you?”

Sweat trickles down your brow. What does she expect you to say?

“I... do most of those things,” you manage. “And I’ll admit that the limitations of human lifespans cause us to act a little bolder, but I don’t see what any of that has to do with you keeping me captive.”

Juniper lets out an exasperated grunt.

“Now you’re talking like an elf,” she complains. “Be more human.”

She’s close. Too close. The smell of her alone is starting to make your head spin and her presence is enough to raise goosebumps on your arms. Maybe it’s her elven nature. Her timelessness. Her body, free of flaws. Maybe it’s the way she’s looking at you like she’s going to bite or claw or ravish you in some other way. Your face reddens as she places a hand on your leg and, noticing, Juniper seats herself on your lap. Her ass is large enough to conform to the shape of your thigh.

“That’s better,” she coos. “Humans are lustful as well. Do you find me attractive, emissary?”

Her finger traces the line of your jaw down to your collarbone where it stays, tickling your skin. You look toward the door, the tapestry, the ceiling. Anywhere but her mouth, as pink as berries, as it nibbles at your ear and croons sweet words. If someone were to come into the room right now, you’d be executed, but for now it’s just you and the

princess and you're starting to sink beneath her weight as she shifts on your thigh and her mouth gets closer and closer.

"What do you want?" she asks as her nose touches yours. "Sex? I can feel you down there like a raging beast. You have no control. I like that a lot."

"I d-do," you stutter. Her eyes are like deep pools. You can't pull yourself away from them. "I'm restraining myself as hard as I can right now."

"Why?" she asks. "You have my permission. Even if you didn't, I'm sure you would take me anyway. Humans do that too, sometimes."

"I-I'd never!"

"Shame. I'd let you."

She kisses you then and your resistance fades. Your arms loosen around her back. The tension in your shoulders drops. All you can feel is the soft blossoming of her warm lips against your own and the thud of her heart beating through her chest into yours. When she pulls away, a string of saliva connects your tongues.

"There," she says. "Was that so hard?"

You utter a low groan as she shifts against your erection. Her smile only widens as she takes it in her hand, rubbing you through your pants.

"I guess so."

The door is right there. She's not that strong. You could throw her off of you or hit her or make a break for it, but the feeling of her finger circling the head of your cock is enough to keep you sitting as she lifts herself off of your lap.

"Come," she says, pointing to another door that leads deeper into her chamber. "Let us consummate the diplomatic relations between humans and elves."

Something brings your eyes back to the final panel of the tapestry – a closed door, followed by the torn-out square. Juniper said that it was

graphic. If you walk through her bedroom door now, will you share the same fate?

“What happens in the last panel?” you ask. “Does the knight make it out alive?”

Juniper’s hair tumbles over her shoulders as she turns her head. Her hand is on the doorknob.

“I guess you’ll just have to wait and see,” she says before disappearing into her room.

This... this is a test. It has to be. Maybe the King set it up to see if you were trustworthy or maybe Juniper just likes to mess with humans. Either way, the safest thing to do right now is to leave, find the King, deliver your letter, and return to the human realm with all of your senses intact.

But your mouth still tastes like Juniper’s.

Was that a trick? How far was she willing to go? It’s not like you have anyone waiting for you back home and Juniper is by far the prettiest girl you’ve ever met. In fact, she seems almost perfectly catered to your taste. What was the worst that could happen?

You could offend the King, the last vestige of your logic whispers. You could find out why she’s the only elf with a rounded stomach and breasts the size of watermelons.

“Coming?” you hear from beyond the door.

“Yes,” you say and with a shake of your head, you banish your doubts and enter her inner sanctum.

The first thing you notice is Juniper lying on her bed. She’s sprawled out on the satin sheets, legs splayed before her, and through her black shift you catch a hint of pink before she pulls the fabric around her knees.

“Well?” she asks.

What is she referring to? Her? The room? She’s lying on a four-poster bed that looks like it could fit your entire family. The windows overlook the forest and the river beyond and in the distance, the mountains rise like spires to heaven. Warm light floods through them, basking Juniper in the orange rays of the setting sun, and you are reminded all the more thoroughly that she is not human and that you are far from home.

“What are you thinking?” she asks. “I can see a thousand thoughts flickering behind those beautiful eyes of yours. Tell me. Come.”

She pats the bed beside her and you come to stand next to it. The canyon between her breasts spreads as she gets up on her hands and knees.

“I’m, er, impressed,” you say. “By the view.”

“Oh?”

“And I’m... confused.”

“Confused?”

Amusement drips from every syllable. You look down to see her black eyes glimmering as she holds back a laugh.

“Yes,” you say, somewhat offended. “Is that such an alien concept to elves?”

“We don’t often get confused,” Juniper says, flipping onto her back. Her skirt rides up again and you can see her thighs. “We just do what we feel like at the moment we feel like doing it. Humans are the ones who repress themselves.”

“Then tell me, Princess, what do you want to do right now?”

Her lips quirk. The blankets rustle beneath her.

“Isn’t it obvious?” she asks.

“Obviously not,” you say

“You can’t guess?”

“I believe that you are teasing me?”

“Oh, I am,” she says. “It’s wonderful, isn’t it?”

“Not in the slightest.”

Juniper rolls over once more and sits up on her knees. With her hair disheveled and the strap of her shift hanging from her shoulder, she looks positively girlish. Only her sharp grin reveals the mischief hidden inside of her.

“You always need things laid out for you,” she says, “But you don’t trust the conclusions that you come to yourself. And if I can’t guess the conclusion that you’ve come to but won’t admit, then you won’t believe me even if I tell you. Do you follow so far?”

You tilt your head.

“I guess.”

“So I know what you want me to say,” Juniper continues, delighted. “You want me to say that I want to have sex with you because you want to have sex with me, but you can’t admit those feelings because if you are wrong, you think I might get offended or tease you. You have no confidence in your own ability to seduce me.”

“And do I have that ability?” you ask, regretting every word.

“I don’t know! Do you?”

You slip off your jacket.

Juniper watches with those hungry eyes as your fingers fly up the buttons of your shirt. Yes, your cheeks are red, and yes, if you’re wrong you’re going to be in trouble, but you’ve been in trouble since the moment you were dragged into this damn castle and for once, you’d like to be right. Juniper’s rapt attention shifts to your forearms as you toss off your shirt, then moves to your chest as your undershirt drops as well. Somewhat cold and feeling rather foolish, you put your knee on the edge of the bed and lean down to kiss Juniper.

“Was that so hard?” she asks, smiling against your lips.

“Yes,” you say.

“Are you still worried?”

“Yes.”

“How positively human.”

With a twist of her hips, she brings you down to the bed, and once she’s straddled you, it’s over.

As her hair hangs in curtains, obscuring the room, her mouth presses firm against yours. Her fingers brush against your palms to twine with your own and her body, as lithe as a cat’s, eases you into the sheets.

“What are you afraid of?” she asks as her lips find your neck.

“Nothing,” you say. “Everything. What happens in the last panel of the tapestry? The one your father took away?”

“Later,” she sighs, and your face is suddenly enveloped in her breasts.

She smells like honey. Like spring. Like nature and health and running water. Breathing in her scent feels like taking a breath of fresh air and you find yourself getting lightheaded, intoxicated by her eternal youth. Two pink nipples frame your cheeks as she leans back, smiling down at you as her hips rub up and over your leg. Her stomach, heavier than the rest, sags against your own.

“How does it feel?” she asks.

“Good,” you say.

“Want to make me feel good, too?”

“Yes.”

“Here.”

She presses one of her nipples to your lips and, taking the hint, you encircle it with her tongue. Your arms, which were previously bound, are now free to wrap around her back as every shudder and gasp becomes known to you. Muscles beneath her skin are like banded iron. Her lips are tireless and so are yours. The motion of your bodies rumples the sheets and yet for all of your contact, Juniper never breaks a sweat. The same cannot be said for you.

“Tired?” she asks, smiling at the sight of your reddened face.

“No,” you say. “Just warm.”

“Mmm. How about this?”

You gasp as her hand slides under the waistband of your pants, brushing against your stomach. It wriggles for a bit until she finds what she’s looking for and then, grasping, she eases herself off of you, taking your pants and underwear with her. Thus exposed, you wait as her shift comes untied.

Naked, she is even more beautiful than you ever imagined. Underneath her, you felt the full extent of her flexibility, but seeing her unburdened, it’s like gravity has ceased to exist. She moves as subtly as the wind. Even her stomach, which jiggles as she bends, has a natural cadence to it. You find yourself entranced by her, hypnotized by all that has been revealed before you.

“That’s another thing that I adore about humans,” Juniper says. “They’re always so... amazed.”

“Then you’ve been with other humans,” you say, feeling a stab of jealousy. “The courtesans that went missing.”

“Not like this,” Juniper says, and you believe her.

Her vagina glistens like a hungry mouth as it hovers over your cock. Juniper keeps it just out of reach, close enough to be tantalizing and yet far enough that you whimper at its inevitability. Her eyes take in your body just as greedily as yours take in hers. For the first time in your life, you feel not just adequate, but attractive.

“I... I’m normal,” you feel compelled to say.

Juniper's grin seers itself into your psyche.

“No,” she says. “You’re extraordinary.”

With that, your hips connect, and then you are on fire, an inferno of longing and passion surging through your veins as your hands wrap around her waist. You don’t even remember the details after it’s over. Just the stroking and groping – the motion of your bodies like ships at sea, heaving against each other only to crash back into the valley of every

wave. You forget yourself, your duties, your past. You forget to be self-conscious about your body or the way you vocalize, crying out as Juniper crests upon you for the first time. She is an elf and you are a human, but right now, you're both just animals, and you fuck as such until your feeble human body can handle no more and you release within her, prompting a delighted moan.

"T-this is f-fantastic," Juniper says, grinding down against you. "Y-you came!"

"I did," you manage to squeak. "Is that bad?"

"No. No. But do you know what that means?"

"No?"

"It means that I can't let you go."

Despite her ominous words, Juniper makes no attempt to detain you, and as the headrush of your orgasm passes, she even kisses you on the lips, giggling as your cock falls limp against the inside of your leg.

"Father is going to be so pleased," she says. "He's wanted stronger ties with the human realm for years, but the men they sent were always so stuffy and Father has no concept of taste. You were the first one that I got to choose for myself and what do you know – you are perfect."

"S-so you've been looking for a spouse," you manage.

"A partner. Spouses are a human thing. Elves live a long time, so they usually have many partners. I've chosen you to be mine."

"But –"

"Do you not want to be my partner?"

You look up at Juniper and know with all of your heart that you do, but there's still one question scratching at the back of your mind. Fortunately, Juniper seems to know what you're about to ask. She slides off the bed and opens a drawer on her nightstand. The fabric that appears in her hands is frayed along the edges.

"You probably want to know what happened to the others," she says, handing you the last panel of the tapestry. "And I guess, if we are to

be bound, you'll find out anyway, though I think you've already guessed."

"The stomach was a giveaway."

"You don't like it?"

Leaning forward, you plant a gentle kiss on her belly, and then, with reverence, you flip over the final panel.

The image on the fabric is almost the same as you imagined it. The door, previously closed, is now open to show the princess with a large, distended stomach. Armor litters the floor as she seems to heave herself out of bed.

"You ate them," you say.

"I did. They were delicious."

"Will you eat me?"

"Darling," she says, straddling you once more. "I am going to *devour* you."

The door of the Princess' chamber remained closed for the rest of the night as your voices rose and fell. By dawn, the only sound came in the form of rustling sheets, giggling, and your own exhausted sighs.

You filled her four times that night. Between sessions, you talked.

"So you're not going to eat me," you confirmed.

"No," Juniper laughed. "Did you want me to?"

"It wouldn't be the worst way to go."

"Then maybe I'll do it as a birthday present," she said, chucking your chin. "Keep you locked up in my belly like the others until you beg to be released."

"It sounds gross."

"So you don't want to?"



Saito

“I didn’t say that,” you mutter. “How very human,” she says. “And what’s this about not letting me go?”

Instead of answering, Juniper just shook her head and smiled.

“I’ll tell you in the morning,” she said, lifting her ass only to bring it down on your head.

But now, morning is here, and you and Juniper are lying in a heap on the sheets. Even the elf’s indefatigable body seems to be feeling the effects of your night of passion and you are both staring out at the forest, letting your thoughts trudge through the brain fog that oft accompanies sleeplessness.

“So,” you say. “I’m your prisoner now?”

Juniper rolls onto her side and brushes away a few strands of hair that have fallen in front of your face. Thus satisfied, she nuzzles your nose.

“Yep.”

“And this is really an elf custom?”

“For thirty days and nights, uh-huh.”

“And I’m just, what, gonna hang out in your chambers? Wear a collar? Fuck you for hours on end?”

“That would get exhausting,” Juniper giggles. “But it’s true that you will be inside of me. I’m afraid it might be a little grosser than me eating you, at least for the first half.”

She’s piqued your curiosity, but you’re too tired to care. Even when she rises and stands over you in bed, you can only find the energy to stare up at her perfect rear as she takes a cheek in each hand and spreads herself wide.

“Oh,” you say. “That’s different.”

“I’ve never tried this before,” Juniper says, circling her asshole with a finger. “Do you think you’ll fit? Elves have a particular... elasticity.”

Her intestines quiver against your nose.

“What an interesting and convenient evolutionary trait,” you manage to say.

You didn’t mean to come across as snarky, but Juniper clicks her tongue all the same. When her asshole spreads, you can see the first inch of her gooey passage.

“While inside, the magic in my body will sustain you,” she continues. “You won’t need to eat or drink and you will remain conscious the whole time.”

“So I just have to wait thirty days,” you confirm.

“I’ll do my best to make it interesting.”

Maybe it’s the lack of sleep, or maybe it’s the fact that your life has been turned upside down in the last twenty-four hours, but the prospect of spending a month inside of Juniper doesn’t alarm you as much as it should. In fact, as you watch her ass get closer and closer to your face, you feel a familiar warmth spreading through your crotch.

“I thought this was going to be the biggest hurdle,” Juniper says, watching you between her legs. “But I guess I’m marrying a pervert.”

“I thought elves didn’t get married,” you say as her ass brushes against your cheek.

“I’ll make an exception.”

Her voice is muffled as your nose presses up against the crease of her asshole. That’s when another thought occurs to you.

“Hrmergerna burth?”

“What?” Juniper asks, lifting herself off of you.

“How am I going to breathe?” you gasp.

“Well, er, for a while it’s going to be... musky.”

“Musky,” you repeat.

Juniper clears her throat. It’s odd to see her flustered. Throughout the entire night you’ve spent with her, no matter how many depraved acts you committed, she’s always been in control, but this? You guess this is pretty intimate, even for an elf.

“Just for a little bit,” she assures you. “But once you’re in my stomach, it should be fine. Father likes to joke that whenever Mother farts, he’s reminded of their... honeymoon...”

Now her cheeks are bright red.

“Oh, shut up,” she says, sitting back down. “You’ll get used to it.”

Musky is probably the best word to describe the smell as her asshole spreads over your nose. It’s not pleasant, but it isn’t unpleasant, and as she stretches to engulf your entire head, you find your mind straying away from the smell.

All light ceases after the first foot of her intestines. You can feel Juniper’s muscles through the thin tube, straining against the incursion of a foreign object, but as she relaxes, so too does the pressure on your head.

“Is this okay?” she asks once she gets to your shoulders. “I, uh, thought it would be best to get it over with, but usually couples wait until they’ve known each other for a bit before, well, committing this hard.”

You put a thumb up. Listening to her through her guts is like listening to her underwater except with a lot more *glorps* and *burbles*. To break the tension, you pinch the back of her thigh.

“Ow! What was that for?”

You point to her, swirl your finger, then point to yourself. Luckily, she seems to understand.

“Worrying is very human, huh?”

Another thumbs up. Her asshole clenches around your neck.

“Then I guess I’ll stop worrying and just, *ah*, enjoy it. See you in a month, darling.”

There’s a wet slurp as she passes over your shoulders. Her thighs wriggle against your arms, struggling to get a grip, but as soon as she manages to engulf your back and chest, instinct kicks in and the going gets easier. Her muscles, which had previously been resisting, reverse course, pulling rather than pushing. Juniper’s slumps down onto the bed,

guiding you with her hands. “This is, *ah*, a really sensitive part so if you could, *uh*, keep very still.”

Keep still? How are you supposed to keep still? The hot slime that coats her intestines sends you gliding over the ridged surface which expands and contracts the further you go. Every time you so much as flinch, Juniper moans, and when she moans, she squeezes.

GLURCH!

“S-stop moving!”

You try to keep still, focusing instead on the feeling of her hands kneading you through her skin. Her touch is muted by the layers of fat and intestines, but every time she brushes against you, you’re reminded that she is your partner from this day forth. Her laugh, which you’ve come to adore, will be your constant companion over the next thirty days, and when you are released, it will be to a new life and new challenges.

Maybe you accepted her offer too soon. Maybe a night of passion was not enough time to decide. She might snore, or maybe she’s a slob, or maybe you’ll bicker about every little thing until the day you die, but hearing her groan and feeling her body shudder around you in unabashed lust is enough to ease your fears. For once in your life, you’re going to do what you want and nothing more. Juniper has at least given you that.

So instead of keeping still, you start to brush the gooey walls. You start slow at first. A few twitches of the fingers to keep her squirming, then a full on slide from your pelvis up to your chest, stimulating the sensitive passage until Juniper’s hips leave the ground.

“Stop, stop, stop,” she begs. “Too much. I can’t –”

But at that moment, in a turn of events that really should have been obvious, your cock enters through her asshole and immediately entrenches itself in her walls. The entire length of Juniper’s body goes stiff as she puts up one last act of resistance before she melts entirely.

“Ab, ab, ahb...”

Gods have mercy on your soul, this feels good. Ignoring the smell and the fact that you're hip-deep in a woman's bowels, the sensation of having your cock squeezed from base to tip by her asshole lights up fireworks in your head. You can't see, your ears are filled with the sounds of Juniper's groaning stomach, your whole torso is being kneaded in her lubricated passage, and you have about twenty-two feet left to go in her intestines.

Yeah, you're gonna cum.

“D-don't you dare,” Juniper says, regaining enough composure to press in on you with her elbows. “I can feel you throbbing.”

“I can't help it,” you say.

The pressure is building. In an attempt to delay the inevitable, Juniper clenches, but the motion only feeds the rest of your legs into her faster. With a pop, her asshole closes around your toes, and you are now completely surrounded by your lover.

“Don't,” Juniper warns. “T-there will be t-time for that lat – oh sweet mercy!”

As your body folds around another bend, your cock buries itself in her walls and drags a few inches before it dislodges. The motion is enough to make Juniper spasm.

“I t-thought you were tame!” she gasps.

“What about having me last night gave you that impression?” you ask.

“Well, you weren't exactly objecting when I got on top.”

“You bring it out of me.”

“Yeah, I fucking guess.”

There's no stopping yourself anymore. Her warm folds spread around your crotch and a shake of her hips sends you over the edge. You burst, leaving a trail as Juniper's body heaves you deeper.



The rest of your journey into Juniper's stomach is quite dull. After your little performance, Juniper falls back upon her pillows and hugs you between her thighs. She murmurs something in elven that you can't quite catch, but then again, your ears were still ringing from the orgasm and you were glad for the chance to recover. Only when the intestines open up over your head and you're free to wriggle for the first time do you realize that you've made it to your destination.

"Oh," is all you manage to say. "It's roomy."

Smooth wrinkles make up the bulk of the walls which jiggle as you are deposited into their caring embrace. It's cooler here than in her intestines. Cleaner, too. While her flesh seems to be secreting some kind of damp slime, the smell reminds you of spearmint and some other fragrant herb. Juniper seems to relax around you, sighing as you settle.

"There," she says. "Your new home. How does it feel?"

"Less cramped than I thought it would be," you say. "My back was all scrunched up in your bowels, but now it's kind of smoothing over."

"Mmmhmm. You're going to have to spend thirty days in there, so I figured I'd make it comfortable."

"How charitable. I can talk easier too now that there's not a risk of you farting –"

THWACK!

Her fist contacts you through her skin. You barely feel the impact, though even in the pitch black cocoon of your stomach, you can see her face starting to redden.

"It happened once," she complains. "Once!"

"I know," you chuckle. "But you got to tease me all of yesterday. Now it's my turn."

"I've made a mistake," Juniper groans. "I should have just eaten you." She rolls over, putting her full weight on her stomach to keep you

from moving. When you are sufficiently stifled, she rolls back onto her side.

“So this is it,” you say. “For the next thirty days.”

“Just about.”

“Got any games you’d like to play?”

Juniper snorts.

“How about the ‘be quiet while I get used to lugging around the weight of another person’ game?” she says.

“I’ve always been bad at that one,” you say.

“You’ve really gained some confidence in the last twenty-four hours.”

“Someone told me that I should be myself.”

“What an idiot.”

“See? We’re already bickering like a married couple.”

Now Juniper actually laughs. Her arms and legs come up to cradle you as she gives you a brief squeeze.

“In all honesty,” she says, “I think I made the right choice.”

“Me too,” you say.

“But I don’t know much about you.”

“Me either,” you yawn.

“So why don’t we use this time to get to know each other?”

You think about it for a moment, resting your head against the soft lump of her breast.

“What if we find out that we hate each other on day three?” you ask. “What if we have irreconcilable differences?”

“Then I digest.”

“For real?”

“I promise to do it as gently as I can.”

“Right,” you say, closing your eyes. “I guess we’ll find out.”

“I guess we will.”

Juniper nestles herself into her sheets. You nestle yourself into her stomach. For a while, you just listen to her heartbeat. It's so much slower than a human's. Maybe people only have a limited number of heartbeats and that's why elves live so much longer. Maybe...

There are still many things to think about. You assume that Juniper will tell the King who will contact the human realm, but your friends are going to be alarmed when they hear you're marrying an elf, and then there's the future to consider. What is your job now that you're Juniper's spouse? Still a messenger? An ambassador? The King wanted to strengthen the ties between the humans and the elves, but you're not anybody important in the human realm. Will it be enough?

All of these thoughts swirl through your head as Juniper strokes you through her skin. You can hear her soft breathing and feel when she twitches or shifts.

For a while, you just listen, until the thoughts fade away.

And then there's only Juniper.

And life is good.