
Tales From
the Siren's Gullet
Written by Brazzel
Art by SeekGr
Some stories are hard to swallow...



Tales From the Siren's Gullet

A Vore Anthology

by

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Forward

"We're doing forwards again?" -Reader

Hello again! Brazzel here, back with a brand new anthology for your eyeballs. I've been on a *Hyperion* kick lately, so this one's (loosely) based on the *Canturbury Tales*. Four travelers share their stories in a cozy, oceanside tavern at the behest of an artist commissioned by a perverted lord.

I kind of included a smattering of everything. We've been on a same-size streak, so I wanted some mini-giantess, some shrinking content, small pred/bigger prey *stuff*. As such, this book has a diverse array of vore. Oral, Anal, Unbirthing, Cock Vore (er, uh, spoilers for the Seaman's Tale). Little bit of digestion, little bit of endo. Some navel content. Are we into navel content?

Anyway, the point is that we're trying a bunch of stuff and the best way to figure out what works it to hear from you! Let us know what you want to see more of in the comments of the Eka's posts, the Twitter posts, or directly on our Discord. We read everything and do take suggestions into account.



Please say that you like fat dragons. I've been trying to convince Seek that we need more fat dragons and if there are enough comments he'll be forced to draw more of them and oh gods please I need this guys, please–

The lord, who shall not be named, heard about me from a tailor, who heard about me from a maid, who heard about me from her aunt, who heard about me from my neighbor. One day he rode past my cottage and saw me sketching there, and he asked me if he could commission an odd piece of work.

He had a… fixation, you see, and he wondered, mightily, if I could draw him being consumed by a dragon.

The Siren's Gullet

The Siren's Gullet lay tucked into the hidden cove on the shore of Toumh. It was a lawless place, as it was a lawless land, and those that sought shelter there often did so at the risk of life and limb.

"What will it be?"

Ferrak was having difficulty drawing her eyes away from the bartender's stomach. Her sketchpad lay momentarily abandoned on her knee.

"Looking to join him?" the lepkith asked, rubbing a paw across her engorged midsection. It bulged beneath her apron, brown bristles of fur spilling out into her firm fingers. "Or have you just never seen a bunny bartender swallow a man whole before?"

She belched, opening her mouth wide to show off the chip in her buckteeth as Ferrak waved her hands in front of her.

"I meant no offense," Ferrak said. "The shadows, they're hard to depict."

The bartender tilted her head, her long, fuzzy ears twitching. Ferrak held up her sketchbook to show her the half-finished portrait depicting the lepkith washing a glass, her stomach pressed firmly against the sticky surface of the bar. A few patrons leaned over to see the portrait as well. Ferrak's cheeks burned as a low murmur of approval went down the line of stools.

"Aye, looks just like her."

"Uncanny."

"Her boobs aren't that big."

THWAK!

The burly seaman that had been the last to comment rubbed his head as the bartender threatened him with another snap from the soggy half of a washcloth.

"Keep my boobs out of your mouth, Ebert," she growled, then winked at Ferrak. "And that's a lovely picture, girl. My apologies. These looky-loo's are always trying to get a glimpse of something."

To illustrate her point, she turned to retrieve a glass. Four heads turned to watch her scut tail raise.



“So you’re an artist,” the woman to Ferrak’s left said. She was a dragonkin, well-endowed, and dressed in an ill-fitting suit of armor. Her tan stomach spilled out into her lap between the plates; a line of sweat trickling past her navel. “What brings a woman of culture to this shaggy dump?”

“Please,” Ferrak murmured, hunching over her sketchbook. “I would hardly call myself a woman of ‘culture’.”

“Compared to this lot?” the fairy on Ferrak’s right scoffed. She was halfway through a cup of mead, which is to say, totally sloshed. Her long, red braid bounced as she spun in a half-circle to gesture broadly at the clientele. “A clean shirt and you’re practically royalty!”

The drunk fairy had a point. Ferrak’s clean smock did stand out amidst the sweat (and sometimes blood) stained clothes that graced the patrons of The Siren’s Gullet. Dozens of ships crowded the hidden cove that led to the sandy mouth of the cave, lanterns strewn haphazardly above the carousing crews. All manner of creatures made their berth here, as compared to the sanitized, human population of the nearest royal port. Ferrak saw lamia and lizardfolk; even an enormous bearkin with a broadsword. The bearkin was currently *engaged* with a goblin a quarter of her size. His cock was… considerable for his stature.

“What brings you?” the seaman, Ebert, asked. He poured another cup of water over his gills. “Surely, it’s not the cuisine.”

The bartender shot him another look, but made no comment. Her stomach gurgled as she slapped it with her palm.

“Er…” Ferrak said.

She picked at her lip. How much should she say? She had hoped that the tipsy patrons would lose interest in the conversation, but even the bartender was waiting for her reply.

“I’m putting together a book,” Ferrak said. She pulled a notepad out of her pocket. Dozens of names were scrawled in looping letters. “A book of stories overheard in taverns like this one. A local lord has commissioned me. He has peculiar tastes.”

If the vague description was meant to elicit apathy, she had been far off the mark. Now patrons were turning in their chairs, their eyes glimmering at the chance for a new novelty. The fairy asked the question that Ferrak had been dreading.

"What kind of peculiar taste?"

Ferrak turned bright red. Hesitantly, she held up her sketchbook to the page of the lepkith bartender's bloated stomach, then flipped to the previous page depicting a gravid, green goblin; her inflated gut pressed tight to the shaft of her veiny cock. Ferrak had even depicted the shimmer of precum that had splattered on her belly. The goblin had agreed to pose for her in exchange for… "relief."

The dragonkin guffawed.

"Looks like the lord has a fetish for maneaters," she said.

"A fixation on ferals," murmured the fairy.

"Your lord's a fuckin' gut slut," the seaman roared.

"If you had asked, I would have posed for you," the bartender giggled, sloshing her stomach. "Mid-swallow. Would have only cost you a belly rub."

Ferrak actually cursed herself for the missed opportunity. It was always a gamble; people's reactions to her work. Some found it funny. Some found it offensive. A select few found it erotic. Either way, she had to be careful, lest she piss off the wrong orc sailor and end up a gut-filler herself. Encouraged by the outpouring of support, Ferrak chose to be blatant about her mission.

"It's not just stomachs," she said, flipping one more page. Everyone leaned closer. The bartender and the dragonkin licked their lips. "As you can see, the lord has an eye for variety."

There was no way that she was going to tell anyone it was a self-portrait. She had purposely distorted her features, depicting her face as a blur of gray and black shadows. It wasn't that difficult, considering that her face, at the time, was framed by the head of the same goblin's cock; her body a bulge in its tightening shaft and her legs a lump in its balls.

“Now that’s something you don’t see every day,” the dragonkin boomed. She took the sketchpad from Ferrak’s hands, only to have it snatched by the bartender.

“Is she single?” the bartender asked.

“Does she mind the short-statured?” the fairy asked, cupping her lack of breasts. “I wouldn’t mind taking a dip in her sauna.”

The seaman, curiously, was quiet. Ferrak, with her sharp nose for stories, jumped on the opportunity.

“You look like you’ve seen a ghost,” she said.

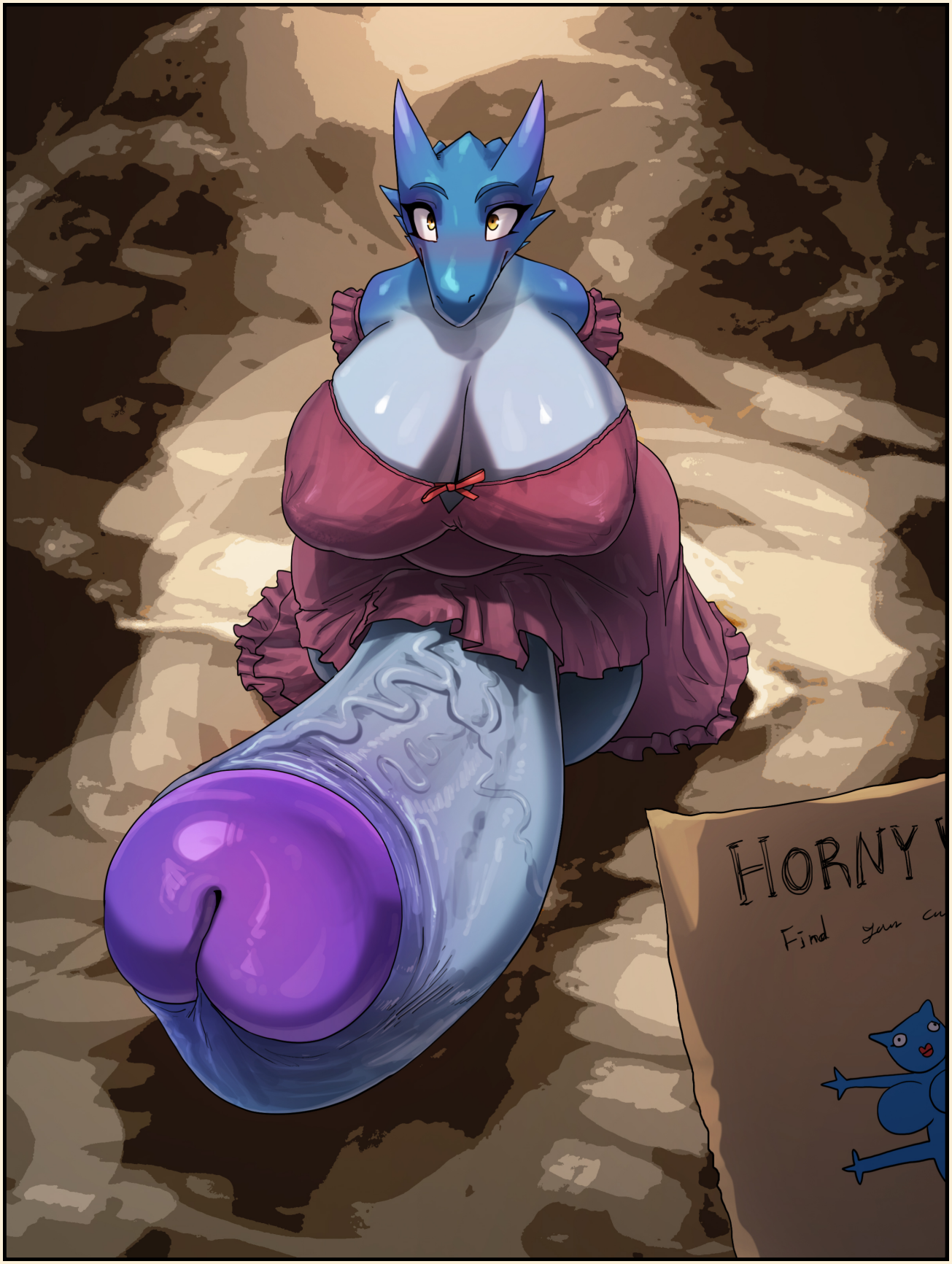
The bartender passed the sketchpad back to her, but not before murmuring something about paying for a copy. The seaman looked straight ahead, nursing his beer.

“You’ll, uh, have to buy me a drink if you want that tale,” he said. “Something strong.”

Ferrak raised a finger, but the bartender was already on it. She hurriedly poured a mug of something vile-smelling and passed it to the seaman. He poured it over his gills in one go. Almost instantly, his golden cheeks took on a pinkish hue.

“Alright!” he slurred, spinning in his chair. “If your pervert lord is looking for a bawdy tale, then I’ve got just the one! All I ask is that you don’t judge me, for I was young and lonely at the time, and the advert was very enticing.”

The Seaman's Tale



“Horny kobolds in your area! Find your future cock-sleeve at the Caves of Woe today!”

My first hint should have been that the advertisement was drawn on driftwood and pinned to a rock outside of a series of caves. Aye, I was an idiot, but at the time I had just been dumped by the most gorgeous dolphin you’d ever seen, and I was feeling right sorry for myself. The things I did to her blowhole…

Anyhow, I was sitting on the rocks, having myself a wank when I saw the sign. I was suspicious, of course. Kobolds are notoriously tricky—that’s a fact, not bigotry in any way, mind you—but like I said, I was sad and horny and already erect, and in the illustration, the kobold’s tail was raised just so…

So I found myself wandering into the caves, following the signs—oh yes, there were signs: arrows painted on driftwood—further and further into the rocks. Well, as you know, seamen need to keep moisturized, and given the distance I was traveling, it was getting more difficult to find tidal pools to wet my gills. I wasn’t paying any particular attention to my surroundings and especially not to the rocky terrain.

I’m sure you’re aware that kobolds are famous for their pit traps.

The ground gave way beneath my feet and I slid, slid, slid until I could slide no more and found myself in a new cavern. The walls were covered in luminous lichen and there were all kinds of sheets and pillows on the floor, pilfered from merchant caravans to create a nest for the kobolds. And so I’m laying there, dazed, when I hear someone giggle. A face appears above me. A face with blue scales like the sea, as pretty as a picture.

“Are you here about the advertisement?” she asks me.

“Well, yes I am,” I say.

“You’re looking for a cock-sleeve?” she asks me.

“Well, yes I am,” I say.

At this point, and given my embarrassment, you can probably guess the twist. A long shadow blocks out the light as the kobold lifts her skirt. I'm there, on the floor, staring at the throbbing underside of her fuckin' enormous cock, thinking to myself, "*How did I get into this predicament?"*

So I tell her that in no way am I interested in having that giant thing rammed up my ass. I'm very polite about it and she's cute—you know kobolds, like I said. All big eyes and big tits and yes, her tail was very enticing. But her cock was the length of her body, I'm telling you, sliding from its sheath like a fuckin' broadsword and seamen—we aren't stretchy like that.

She's kind of batting her eyelids and swaying her hips, right? And I think to myself, you know, maybe I can 'handle it' if you catch my drift. I'm not…

Listen, I know that there's nothing wrong with handling a pole, but this was uncharted territory for me, so I'm nervous. And my gills are getting kind of dry because, you know, I'm nervous, and she's just staring at me, shaking her hips and waiting. I ask her for water and she smiles.

Well, now I'm getting desperate. Seamen can breathe outside of water for hours and hours, but only so long as we're moisturized. I look around for a pool or even a damn crack in the rocks—seawater; anything—but there's nothing. The kobold keeps smiling and rubbing her cock.

A bead of pre-cum glistening on the tip.

Okay, so everything that I say next… I mean, I just want to know that this book is private-like, you know? Some pervert lord's personal collection? Okay, good, because if this got out…

So yeah, I'm literally choking, staring at her cock, and she curls her finger at me. I kneel on one of the pillows while she fetches something from a pile of garbage. When she turns around, she's holding a collar.

A collar and a leash.

And I'm, you know, a man with some pride, so I tell her no, but I'm so parched and she keeps insisting and I thought that maybe she'd fetch me a glass of water if I did what she told me to do, so I put on the collar.

She, uh, called me a 'good boy' and…

Okay, so she rubbed herself on my gills! And it was gross and warm and disgusting and salty and kind of sweet, but I was desperate and so I was kinda, I dunno, rubbing up against her too, right? Using my hands to like, squeeze more out of her. But it wasn't a handjob! I was just using both hands to stroke her cock like my life depended on it because *it did!*

The kobold is moaning—I guess I was doing a good job—and she's tugging on the leash a little bit. Kobolds don't really have a smell, right? Most scaly folks don't. But this one does. She's like, kind of sweating a bit and pulling my face into her balls and the smell is heavy and intoxicating. I swear there must have been some kind of pheromones in her musk because a second later, I'm kissing her sack!

And she's moaning more and tugging harder and her balls are huge and hot and filling up fast. Her cock gets even larger on my forehead as *she* starts to stroke it and more pre is dripping on my gills. I mean, *really* dripping. Dribbling, really. She was totally in the mood and I was going along with it.

Anyhow, she pulls me back. I'm sitting there like, 'ah shit, did I do something wrong?' and she's tenting out of her skirt, throbbing so hard that her cock keeps kicking up a bit. This thing is *massive*. I mean, my face like, totally fit into…

I'm getting ahead of myself.

So she's breathing all weird and touching herself and I'm kneeling there waiting for her to, uh, *lift her tail*, when she does something insane. With one hand, she grips the tip of her cock, and with the other, she slides the end of the leash into it. I swear her cock *gulped*, like, LITERALLY gulped, and the leash went tight again.



Well, this is too much for even ol' Ebert, so I try to take off the collar, you know? Only there's a lock on it. And the kobold's holding

the key.

Her cock keeps pulling and I keep struggling, fighting; and the kobold, I guess the leash being tugged felt nice or something, because she's moaning even louder than before. I'm watching the mouth of her cock get closer and closer, but her being in the mood had *me* in the mood—I'm a giver, you know?—so I'm like, kind of rubbing myself too, so she probably thought I was into it.

My face hits her cock, but her cock, it keeps gulping, and the smell of her seed is so thick in the air that I can hardly breathe but for the globs of it hitting my gills. Then her cock starts sucking at me. Yeah, it was like, actual suction, pulling me in. I stood up to try and escape, but I guess I misjudged the angle because it actually pushed me in *further.*

And so I'm this bulge in her cock. The walls are totally spongy and slimy and I can feel her dragging her hands over her shaft; both hands from tip to tail, pulling me in. The smell of her seed is getting stronger and now my neck and shoulders are in her, too, and I can *hear* her balls churning like fuckin' waves slapping against the cliffside, but I'm so desperate for moisture, you know, that it kind of excites me?

So when the head of her cock reaches the tip of mine and gulps it down all greedy-like, all I can think about is the voluptuous kobold and how she's just like, fucking screaming with pleasure, so I cum, right? I cum in her cock and she lets out this sultry groan and asks if this is what I came here for.

I want to tell her no, right? But I'm already being tilted forward, and my cock is still sensitive and so all I can do is kind of shudder, which she takes as a confirmation. My head is pushed through this narrow tube and suddenly, I'm being dipped into just a *giant* vat of this kobold's sweet, delicious seed.

Her balls were big enough that it wasn't all that tight. They kept clenching, though, and sloshing me around as she kneaded the rest of me into her nuts. It's a good thing that I can breathe underwater,

because I was down there for a while, all while the kobold is stroking and stroking and sitting on her tail and panting and humping and just totally going for it. And her balls are so hot and so full that I'm like, being pushed into the walls, and *my* cock is rubbing against them and she's kind of sitting on me?

This goes on for like, twenty minutes. She's whimpering and grinding her cock against the pillows; a plump kobold ass is in my face. Squirts of cum keep shooting up and out of her, but the big shot is building and her balls just keep filling until I'm swimming in them. She's making this noise, this needy noise. It's echoing around the cave and I can hear it even above the sloshing and fuck, it's so hot. The way she was grinding on my face, I could tell she wanted me to struggle, so I start kicking and yelling. Well, this makes her even needier.

She stands up. I'm hanging in her balls and she's waddling—no clue where she's going. And all the while she's stroking and whimpering, stroking and whimpering and clenching to make sure that she doesn't cum until she gets to whatever destination she has in mind, and I'm going crazy. I mean, she keeps bumping me with her knees, jostling me in her sac. The pressure from her clenches alone makes me cum, which only adds to the weight of the thing. By the end she was dragging me on the floor!

So she gets to where she's going and stops. I'm all worn out, totally tuckered, but I prepare myself for the finale. She's stroking herself slowly now, building it up, but after so much time she can't really hold it and her fist gets faster and faster and faster as her balls start to bubble. And she's clenching. *Clenching*. The pressure is rising. Her cork is about to pop, but she's edging herself into a frenzy and all at once, she lets out this gasp and—

SPLOOSH!

I flew.

I flew in an arc of fucking kobold jizz off of the cliff and into the ocean which I swear she stained white for a week.

Ferrak's Impression:



First Interlude

A small crowd had gathered around the bar to hear the seaman's tale. Ferrak had her sketchpad in her lap, furiously scribbling while the bartender passed out drinks. The bearkin was among the crowd, but the goblin was nowhere to be seen.

Her stomach was considerably rounder, though.

"So she made you do it," the fairy said, standing on the counter. She had acquired another cup of mead somehow and was properly soused. "The kobold, half your height, put a collar on you and made you suck her off because… there was just no other way to acquire *moisture* in a sea cave."

"That's what I'm saying," the seaman hiccuped. "I was down on my luck and she took advantage of me."

"And you never went back?" the dragonkin asked. "You never went back to that cave?"

The seaman opened his mouth, then closed it and grumbled something. Ferrak finished her drawing and stashed it before her sketchpad could get snatched by the crowd. It depicted a rainbow of jizz shooting over a sunset as the seaman swan dove into the ocean.

"My patron is going to love your story," she said, attempting to comfort the embarrassed aquatic. "I mean, the detail alone—"

"Sooo much detail," the bartender said, passing the dragonkin another tankard. The armored woman's stomach was starting to emit a hollow churn. "It's a wonder that you remember it all! Had a couple of late nights thinking about it, have you? Alone, at the bottom of the ocean, thinking about that kobold's meaty cock…"

That got an appreciative chortle from the crowd. The seaman got up and excused himself, stumbling toward the mouth of the cave. Ferrak was about to get up herself when the bartender yelled:

"Alright, who's next? This young lady right here is looking for the sauciest swallowing stories in the joint for a pervert patron with

deep pockets, and I'm willing to give free drinks to anyone with a tasty tale to tell."

"Wait," Ferrak said, but several patrons had already raised their hands.

Including the armored dragonkin who clutched a tankard in her fist.

"I'm not the kind of woman that passes up free drinks," she said. "I am Argotha, the Last Knight of Toumh, and this is my fucking story!"

The Knight's Tale



The village of Near was home to three hundred when I woke in the winter. Dragonkin hibernate as their draconic ancestors do, only we tend to sleep for decades rather than centuries. It was a surprise to find such a ready source of food had sprung up in my slumber, but not an unpleasant one. I ate a dozen villagers before they sent their first raid, and a dozen after those raiders had finished digesting.

At the time I wondered why they didn't pack up their village and move elsewhere. It seemed an easy enough task, watching their wagons lumber across my road filled with livestock and spices; textiles and trade goods. These, I took for myself, and in a season, I had built myself quite a hoard.

One thing I liked to hoard was men.

Women, they knew to fear me, but men? My body is considered quite average for a dragonkin, but to the human male, I am considered most well-endowed. One look at my naked torso was usually enough to convince even villagers who knew better that I wished to fornicate with them and, not being a monster, I often *would* before devouring them. I found that the longer I kept these men, the more convinced they were of my devotion to them, and the more deliciously they struggled when it came time to feed.

That was the extent of my understanding of human nature. Men were dumb, horny livestock, and women were their clever counterparts.

This continued for about a year before they sent any real force to challenge me. The villagers would come armed with knives and sickles and would be swallowed faster than they could swing them, but apparently the village was along a well-traveled trade route and the nearest town caught wind of the trouble I was making. They sent twenty men with swords my way. I sent one of my servile village men back to the town with all twenty of their skeletons in neat little boxes.

So I feasted and grew fat and they sent more men and I dispatched them. My hoard grew to a tremendous size and eventually they sent a real dragon-slayer.

A knight.

One thing you must know about me is that I have an appreciation for trinkets. All dragons do, or so it seems, but at the time, I had never seen a full set of armor.

It's a silly thing to wear when facing dragons, by the way. I cooked that man in his armor and ate him, still steaming, from the scraps. The armor itself, I kept. I was fascinated by the way the pieces interlocked; the shiny exterior in which I could see the gleam of my teeth. I liked using the helmets as bedpans and pelting sheep with the gauntlets.

I waited for them to send another knight, then another, then another. My little collection of iron suits grew, as did my stomach. It

probably would have continued to grow if they didn't end up sending a knight by the name of Hargan.

I knew from the first that this man was different. For one, the other knights were all old and grizzled and screaming about some king or another. Hargan was young and beautiful, and he approached me without fear or anger. So baffled was I that I allowed him to come right up to me, at which point he untied his scabbard and let it fall to the dirt.

"I am Hargan," he said, "and I have come to treat with you, Argotha."

I admit I was a bit taken aback. Here, finally, seemed to be a man who would not fall for my advances. I stood before him, naked, and never drew his eyes from mine, nor did I detect the odor of his arousal.

So we talked. And talked. And talked. He would come every day bearing gifts of fresh fruit and mutton, and I would try to seduce him while he told me about his city, his god, and the noblewoman he was charged with protecting, Lady Inès. He was devoted to this woman, this Inès, and over time, I grew terribly jealous of her and conspired to corrupt the virtuous knight.

He was immune to my breasts and my stomach, though I flaunted them. He seemed to care not for my tail, or the way I fluttered my eyelashes (as I had a villager teach me before swallowing her). The only hint I had that he possessed any kind of libido was when he saw my derriere.

Yes, the cleanest saint of a man had a dirty secret, and once I caught wind of it, I exploited it to my full advantage. In the end, he begged for his own, degrading departure from this mortal plane.

I had just finished packing away a meal of six men. My gut was particularly swollen and I could see his eyes tracking the progress between its deflation and the growth of my ass. The scent of his arousal was stronger than it had ever been, which in turn began to

excite me. Something about the challenge made him more tantalizing than usual.

Once I was finished eating, I made my usual show of lifting my tail. Usually, Hargan would step away from me, but on that day, he stepped forward.

“Please,” he said. Just one word, almost a whisper.

I will never know exactly what he was requesting. Maybe he wished to lick my ass, or for me to sit on his face. Both would have probably aroused him to his core, but neither aroused me as much as the alternative.

Standing tall, the top of his head just reached the base of my tail. All I had to do was stand on my toes to tower over him, my tailhole twitching in anticipation. He closed his eyes, putting his hands together as if in prayer, and once I was sure that I was aligned with his body, I sheathed him like a sword in my bowels, armor and all.

The orgasm was… memorable.



Once I was done shaking, I saw that he had splattered the back of my thighs. Thus satisfied that I had corrupted the knight, I sat the rest of the way down, ignoring the cracking of limbs and the anguished cries that soon ceased. When he was naught but a bulge in my belly, I gave myself some special attention, then sought a village man to finish the deed, packing his remains atop those of the knight.

I did regret my conquest. The climax was amusing, but I found myself missing the interaction. Hargan told many amusing stories, and while I did not value him as a friend, I did value him as a storyteller. None of the villagers could match his eloquence, and they were all too frightened of me to do much more than stammer.

Then who should come along one day but Hargan's charge, the Lady Inès!

Lady Inès was a 'Woman of God,' or so she called herself. She wore one of those funny black robes with a black and white head covering, but unlike Hargan, she swore like a sailor, and when she found out what I had done to him, she vowed revenge.

I let her try to stab me a few times. She could not even pierce my skin. Savage as she is, she tried for my eyes, but I knocked the blade away, after which she clenched her fists and waited for her demise.

"Do you know any stories?" I asked.

She cussed at me.

"Hargan would tell me stories."

Additional cussing of a more personal nature.

I decided right there and then that I liked this Lady Inès. Eventually, when the cussing stopped and she became convinced that she could not kill me, she told me about her life.

She was the daughter of a stupid nobleman and his clever wife. The clever wife taught her many things that the nobleman thought were beyond a woman and Inès grew up willful and rebellious. She might have made a fine politician in some court or another if her mother hadn't died of sickness and her father hadn't remarried a buffoon. The buffoon had her own daughter, you see, and despised

Inès for her cleverness. She had Inès sent to the church where she would be wed to a knight, to Hargan, instead of to a noble. This was considered “an honor”, but in reality, she was being relegated to a life of servitude.

Inès was not surprised when I told her of Hargan’s proclivities. “I knew there had to be something” she said, and sniffed. Despite her claim to have come to me out of a sense of revenge, she didn’t seem to feel much affection for the young knight, or for any man in particular. When I asked, she claimed to have no appetite.

Not for men, at least.

We lived peacefully for a time. I intended to eat her once she grew dull, but she never did, nor did she mind my diet. If Hargan had a special fondness for my tailhole, then Inès had a special fondness for my stomach, which she spent an inordinate amount of time pampering. I found myself seeking less company in village men and more in Inès.

Then, one night, bandits came.

They had tracked Inès to my cave and intended to ransom her back to her father. Without the protection of her knight, they thought that she would be easy pickings, and they were right. I did not keep Inès in a cage. While I napped, Inès went to fetch water, and when I awoke, she was gone.

I wondered if I should bother to get her back. It was dragon code, to be sure, that when our treasure is stolen, we fiercely protect our hoard, but I have no wings with which to track them across the skies, and Inès, while amusing, would eventually lose her novelty.

But then I thought back to the ennui I felt after Hargan’s messy end, and I decided that maybe I should try protecting something for once.

Like a knight!

And my goodness was it fun! I marched into the village that day with all of the armor I had collected and took it to a blacksmith, demanding they make me a suit my size. The poor thing, he nearly

fainted, but he did his best, and soon I acquired this fine set of duds. It's a bit small, and some of the pieces don't match, but it fits well enough and for that, I only ate the blacksmith's wife. Then I began my pursuit.

The bandits had made their way east toward the mountains. I tracked their scent, stopping, as a knight does, to aid anyone in need. In one village, two men were fighting over one woman, so I ate the men. In another village, there was a dispute about who owned a parcel of land, so I burned it down. Funny enough, this made a lot of people very angry, and soon I was travelling with a large stomach, which made the armor cumbersome.

Two weeks later and about two hundred pounds heavier, I found the caves that the bandits used as their lair. There was a fire burning deep in the darkness, and a tasty scout that struggled just enough to get me excited. I announced myself, as knights do, and was met with a hail of arrows that grazed harmlessly off of my armor. Then I began my crusade.

They attacked me at first. Two men in the narrow corridors, big and brutish, with axes sharp enough to cut through my scales. I disarmed them with a sweep of my tail and swallowed them screaming. Those big, brutish bodies made for a big, brutish belly, but the idiots had chosen a secluded location with only one exit, and I was in the way.

I decided to get creative with their justice. Knights do that sometimes, or so I believe. There were more than twenty men crammed into the caves and when they would not come out, I drew them forward with fire. In the dancing light of the flames, they charged; with ropes, with axes, with sticks and stones. Harnessing all of the air in my stomach (and snuffing out the two, trapped bandits), I expelled a belch so loud and concussive in the echoing space that the closest bandits dropped immediately, clutching their ears. The rest wandered, dazed, as I fed one bandit into my tailhole and another two into my maw to replace their mushy companions. My stomach

expanded past the armor to droop against the metal. I pressed a man to the wall with it while I ate another, suffocating him with my churning



gut.

By then, the bandit leader had come out of his hideout with Lady Inès in tow. He was a wild man, half-giant, and he had his hand cupped around my Lady's skull, ready to crush it like an eggshell.

"Release my men," he said, "and you shall have your Lady."

I belched up their bones. If I could have, I would have released the man in my bowels as well.

You might think me irresponsible for doing so. To anger a man so capable of snuffing out my Lady's life seems, on the surface, a tactical error, but I knew something that the half-giant didn't.

Lady Inès had a knife and was more than willing to use it.

She stabbed the bandit leader in the thigh with such brutality that he released her in shock, crying out. My Lady ran to me, past the stunned bandits, past the flailing limbs of their leader and dove, headlong, into the gap in my armor.



I felt her slide into my womb with a slick *pop*, and thus unencumbered, I exacted terrible retribution on the bandits.

I saved the leader for last. I sat on his head as I popped his men into my mouth, never chewing, letting him hear every gulp and gurgle and release of trapped air. My Lady, safe in my womb, felt the weight of my stomach growing atop her and pleasured herself to it.

When finally I was satiated and too heavy to move, I took upon myself the task of slurping the half-giant up into my bowels. I thought it fitting that, in the end, he would be forced through the sludge of his companions to boil in my belly, and, being a half-giant and thus highly resilient, it took me over a week to digest him, all the while sitting in the cave. My Lady attended to my every need and was quite thorough in her appreciation. We agreed that for her safety, it would be best if I kept her close, so when I walked out of that cave a week later, I did so with her in my womb.

Where she is safe to this very day.

Second Interlude

"So there's a lady in your pussy."

Argotha, the Last Knight of Toumh, touched the bottom of her stomach and smiled. Beneath the absolutely tremendous bulge she had accumulated drinking a barrel of grog that the bartender had provided, a small lump made itself known with a wiggle. Ferrak quickly sketched it, making sure to differentiate it from the wobbling mound above.

"*My* Lady," Argotha corrected, answering the fairy who fluttered in front of her. "Yes, it is unconventional, but it is a comfortable arrangement and it keeps her quite safe. Right?"

The rest of the crowd backed away, murmuring their affirmation as the armored dragonkin glared in their direction. Half of the bar was now crowded around the counter. The bartender was merrily pouring drinks, counting silver coins with a chuckle as she finished sloshing the man in her stomach. Outside, the stars spun in the mouth of the cave; the world moving in slow motion as time passed within.

"Incredible," Ferrak said. All noise ceased when she spoke. Somehow, she had taken on almost a reverent following—the arbiter of the entertainment for the night. A respectful circle gave her the space to sketch with ease and nobody tried to snatch her pad anymore. The bartender refilled her glass every time it emptied. She was making the lepkith a fortune, after all. "My patron is going to be over the moon when he hears your story—especially the part about the knight, Hargan. That was, um, incredibly detailed. Thank you for sharing."

"You're very welcome," the knight belched.

"Who's next?" the bartender called, jumping in before the crowd could disperse.

The fairy rose above the bar on unsteady wings. All eyes followed her light pink glow as she spiraled up and up, nearly disappearing amidst the lights strung between the stalactites. When

she descended, she did so cross-legged, and almost thrice the size she had been. By the time she alighted back onto the bar, she was human-sized, albeit a small human.

"The thing about being tiny," she said, "is that the whole world looks down on you."

The Fairy's Tale



People say that I don't look like a witch. They say that because I am a fairy, and fairies are inherently magical. If I can pluck magic from the air, they say, then why study herbs and potions? What's the point of mucking about with human spells?

Well, for one, you can touch them!

Fairies deal in glamour and contracts; illusions and tricks. I can make one thing look like another, or bind a human to my will, but I've always had a love for the tactile.

Oh, I love textures! Soft things, hard things, spiky things. Slime has a special place in my heart! I spent most of my youth flying along the coast, squeezing sponges, nibbling lichen; getting a *feel* for the world around me. I would roll in mud hollows and carouse with eels.

My friends thought I was crazy, but there were just so many interesting sensations to explore!

I came upon Tansy one day in the swamp while I was dancing on the mushroom caps. There are some wonderful, gelatinous growths that flourish under rotten trees, and I was doing a merry jig when I heard laughter. There was a witch leaning against the log, watching me. I knew she was a witch because she looked the part—pointy hat and black cat and all.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"Dancing," I said.

"Isn't that slimy?"

"It feels nice between my toes."

"Well, I need that mushroom, so if you'd please take your jig elsewhere."

Curious, I took a peek in the basket she had dangling from her arm. All kinds of delicious, decaying smells emanated from beneath the lid, and indeed the whole thing was filled with mushrooms and lichen, roots and crayfish shells! A bouquet of textures, all in one place!

While she was distracted with her gathering, I dove in unnoticed and had myself a snooze. When I awoke, I was in the witch's cabin.

People think that witches live in dirty places, but this one had a very cozy domicile! The walls were solid and snug, and there were jars and jars placed upon dozens of shelves, all filled with fun and interesting items! The witch was unloading her basket and might not have noticed me but for her familiar. The cat caught me in midair and pinned me to the table.

She had the most delightful, pearly fangs! They felt so good wrapped around my midsection.

The witch didn't mind my intrusion. A fairy is a useful thing, after all, and I knew the names of all of the fungi, as well as properties that were hidden from humans. She told the cat to release me and

asked if I liked strange textures. I said that I did and she showed me something that changed my life.

Humans in jars! Tiny, shrunken humans, pounding against the glass!

The witch told me that, in aiding the villagers, they sometimes made bargains for medicine that they could not uphold. She could very well have turned them into all manner of nasty creatures but, in her kindness, she would shrink them instead so that they could work off their debt in a fun and creative way.

Lovingly, she scooped one of the tiny humans out of their jar and, hitching her skirt, lovingly shoved them right into her cunt!

The noises that she made swirling this thing around intrigued me, as did the slick, slippery sounds that squelched from her skirt. When she put the human back in the jar, they were covered in glistening strands, and I was jealous. I asked the witch to do the same to me and she obliged, pleased with my suggestion.

It. Was. Wonderful!

What a delectable array of sensations! Rubbery and smooth, with just a hint of viscosity, all warmed by her body. And to be jerked around by her hands? Forced into this cave of muscle and flesh? It opened my eyes!

I begged the witch to teach me her magic. In return, I would teach her some of mine. The next month was a medley of learning, and we divulged many secrets to each other that must never fall upon untrained ears. I learned how to shrink and how to grow; how to strengthen my skin and how to make others malleable. The witch taught me how to swallow a human and keep them sustained in my stomach for many moons. She also taught me how to digest them in an instant; to painlessly turn them into slime.

Eventually, I insisted that she swallow me.

Savvy listeners that you are, you might have flinched at that statement. This witch was inherently untrustworthy, and though we had a good working relationship, both fairies and witches are

duplicitous people and thus, I was on the lookout for trickery. I knew that my usefulness to her was running its course and that she might be looking to depose a rival, so I promised her a fairy secret that we are never supposed to divulge:

Mass glamour. The ability to transfix an entire town to one's will.

You should have seen the way her eyes widened in greed!

The deal was that she would swallow me and, once I had had my fill of her stomach, I would give her my secret. Fairy deals are binding, so she knew she could take me at my word, and thus, on the night of the blood moon, she allowed me to indulge my most base desires.

Yawning tendrils of steam and saliva hung between her lips. I clutched the spongy surface of her smile, allowing my fingers to roam the transition between the dry outskirts and the damp, inner curve. Her tongue poked out between her teeth, enticing and warm, but I abstained, letting my knuckles traverse the edge of her gumline as wafts of tepid air boiled over me.

My excitement mounting, I instructed her to open her mouth as wide as she could. She obliged, letting her cavernous maw dwarf me in its magnificence, and I bathed in the glaze of heat and humidity. The underside of her tongue was as smooth as silk. When I hugged it to myself, Tansy pressed me down into the floor and held me there until I came.

She sucked on me, passing me from cheek to cheek. The walls were rubbery, though nowhere near as wet as her tongue which frothed with saliva at my taste. I kissed her throat and sighed as she bounced me over the buoyant wave of her tantalizing taste buds, dragging my fingers into the spongy carpet until she could bear it no longer and swallowed me.

Her throat was ridged and turgid, yet still smooth, and I discovered a new love for confinement; of all the sounds and smells of being consumed. Gas bubbled up from her gut, bringing with it new



heat, and I plunged into her stomach as excited as a fledgling, sinking into the muck of her breakfast and submerging myself in my mistress.

To list the sensations would have you dead in your barstools before I was finished, so I shall only list my favorite.

The tackiness of stew awash in enzymes, melting to the point of adhesion. The cerebral delight of being squeezed between living walls, every wrinkle its own, unique ecosystem of trapped textures; fibrous and soft, unusual and organic. The heavenly steam that rises from the muck, clinging to the insides of my nostrils; my hair, my eyelids. I could have spent centuries inside of her, which was the point. I had said that I would divulge my secrets when I got my fill of her stomach.

And I would never, ever get my fill.

After three days and three nights of feeling me flit about inside of her, Tansy began to grow suspicious. She demanded that I hold up

my end of the bargain and I told her that I would, in time. Displeased with my betrayal, she began to chant the spell that would turn my skin malleable, threatening to digest me. In turn, I chanted the counterspell which made my skin strong, cancelling her magic.

We went at it for hours, weaving in tricks and jabs, but over time it became clear that we were evenly matched. Tansy refused to let me out until I told her my secrets, which was fine by me, except that we had both forgotten a fundamental element of the human digestive system.

It's always moving.

My foot got caught one night while I was dozing. I was a light sleeper, always ready in case Tansy launched a surprise attack, but I did not anticipate this ambush from below. A knot had opened to drain the gurgling contents of her stomach, and I was caught in it, sinking ever deeper into Tansy's body.

Which was great!

The walls of the upper intestines are thickly crenelated; covered in bumps and crevices that absorb nutrients from the stomach slush. I, unabsorbable, was thrust into her pipes, crushed under pounds and pounds of muscles and flesh as I swirled through every inch of her. She tried not to let me out at the end, but biology had its way. Once I was free, she had broken the terms of her bargain, and thus she was vulnerable to my magic.

I decided to have some fun with her. I grew back the humans that she had shrunk and released most of them, keeping a few who had a taste for revenge. One was this spectacularly fat woman, a baker whom Tansy had kidnapped after failing to pay for the medicine that saved her son's life. I shrank Tansy to the size that she had shrunk the baker and, clutching her in one fist, bid the baker to bend over.

Tansy's protests were soon lost as I plunged her into the bowels of the baker to stew for the night.

She rotated between four stomachs, cunts, and colons over the next week; the baker, a tax collector, a seamstress, and I.



Yes, I also partook, growing to the size of a human to play with her as she'd played with me, experiencing the delight of pressing a

wriggling body to my nethers as they sputter and shake. I swallowed her to feel the flutter of little feet being crushed down my gullet and released her clean and intact, ready for the next participant.

The others were… not so forgiving.

After a week, the humans returned to their lives and I, in my generosity, returned Tansy to her normal size. I was grateful for her teaching and for her service to my survey of sensation, but I also knew that she would come for me one day to exact her revenge.

So I broke her bond with her familiar, grew the sentient cat to the size of the cabin, and made Tansy taste like tuna, leaving her with just enough materials to make her immune to digestion for, oh, a few years or so.

Cats make awful familiars, by the way. No sense of loyalty whatsoever.

Interlude 3

The entire tavern had shifted into one huge semi-circle in front of the bar. Tables and chairs had been rearranged, with patrons sitting atop them, hissing and hushing one another to hear the speaker. The fairy, pleased with the audience, hovered in mid-air, still human-sized and completely wasted.

"If, *hic*, someone wants to recreate, *hic*, the scene for the artist, I'm down!" she yelled.

More than a few hands went up. Ferrak, blinking, shook her stick of charcoal furiously in front of her.

"No, no," she said. "I have, um, plenty of material!"

Indeed she did. The night had been a colossal success in her approximation; her notebook was filled to the brim with anecdotes and her sketchpad had nearly run out of pages. She would have to acquire another one in the nearest town if she wanted to collect any stories on the way home.

The bartender bobbed up from the middle of the crowd where she'd been serving drinks to a table of rough-looking sailors. When she saw Ferrak's posture, about to pack up and leave, she leapt onto one of the tables and raised a glass.

"Her story!"

There was an immediate roar of approval. Patrons started banging on the tables, hooting and hollering and clamoring to hear the artist's tale. Ferrak tried to shout them down, to insist that she had no story, but Argotha was already picking her up to put her on the counter and the fairy had acquired a crown of flowers from somewhere, which she placed on Ferrak's brow. Even the seaman, Ebert, had slunk back into the tavern, though he sat low in his chair, ignoring the chuckles of recognition. Inexplicably, a kobold clung to his arm.

“Um,” Ferrak said, staring out at the sea of eyes and eager faces. “Okay! My name is Ferrak of Vorance and, uh, this is my story, I guess!”

The Artist's Tale

As everyone is aware, finding work as an artist is difficult. It's about the people you know, rather than the skill you've acquired, and as the daughter of a farmer, I knew nobody. To make matters worse, Vorance isn't exactly the cultural capital of the kingdom. To put it bluntly, I was fucked.

My parents were weirdly supportive. In these stories, the parents are always a hindrance, but mine were enthusiastic. Too enthusiastic. They would brag to anybody and everybody that their daughter could draw, and I would do portraits for pennies, which was nice. I, um… you all tell better stories than I do! I'll get to the point.

The lord, who shall not be named, heard about me from a tailor, who heard about me from a maid, who heard about me from her aunt, who heard about me from my neighbor. One day he rode past my cottage and saw me sketching there, and he asked me if he could commission an odd piece of work.

He had a… fixation, you see, and he wondered, mightily, if I could draw him being consumed by a dragon. Alive. Whole.

It was clear that he was wealthy, and as I had nothing better to do, I asked if he would provide me with materials I had never had access to. Paint, canvasses, charcoal that did not break off at the lightest touch. I expected him to resist these requests, but with a snap of his fingers, a servant came and jotted down my list, and a day later, the materials arrived at my doorstep.

My parents were overjoyed that I had landed a lord as a client. This was the start of a big thing, they said, even when I told them the strange nature of the painting. It took me a month to figure out how to use all of the material, after which I began painting. Once I was finished, I wrote to the lord.

A servant came and collected the painting and I heard nothing for a whole year.

I was sure that I had made a fool of myself. I cursed my arrogance in learning a new medium, and I nearly threw away my paints and extra canvases, but they were expensive and I, with no other prospects, might at least compose something that could earn a silver piece in the city. I made a dozen pieces in this time and sold none. Dejected, I was about to hang up my brush.

Then the lord came by again, but this time, he brought his entire entourage.

"Your painting is a cherished possession in my manor," he said, shadowed inside of his carriage. "To put it mildly, it is one of my favorite things that I own, and I have used it extensively."

I was taken aback by his declaration, but his servants didn't even blink an eye. This was, apparently, normal behavior.

Still, I was pleased.

"I would like to commission a collection of pieces of a similar theme," the lord continued. "I shall pay for your travels, all of your expenses. You shall roam far and wide and wherever you go, you shall keep an ear out for stories of gluttony in all of its many forms, and when you return, I shall make you a very wealthy woman."

With that, he left, leaving behind a carriage, a driver, and a servant who would attend to my each and every request, so long as it relates to my commission. I said goodbye to my parents, packed up my tools, and have been travelling ever since.

In the last year, I have met mermaids who waxed poetic about the sailors that they've savored. I've met trolls who eat humans by the bagful, and trees with organic digestive systems who fertilize their own roots. I have jacked off goblins and eaten out bugbears with huge, hairy pussies, all for the purpose of finishing this book, and I have learned more about the nature of consumption than perhaps any human in this realm ever has.

Which, um, brings me here.

Tonight.

That's the end of my story.

Fourth Interlude

A muted muttering went around the tavern. The bartender was waving for Ferrak to continue, but she didn't have anything else to say. That *was* the end of her story!

"Have *you* ever been eaten?" someone called.

"The closest I've come is, er, being inside of a goblin's cock," Ferrak said. "Not all the way in her balls like Ebert, but no, I've never been… swallowed."

It was quiet enough that she could hear the groan of the boats bobbing in the mouth of the cove. Her cheeks went bright pink, then red, as everyone waited expectantly for the rest of the story.

"You've *never* been swallowed?" the bartender asked.

Her gut had smoothed out over the last hour or so, receding into a formidable bump beneath her apron; a bump that she clutched in one paw, rubbing it in circles while staring at Ferrak and licking her lips.

"Er, no," Ferrak said.

"It's fun!" the fairy chimed in, tiny again. She fluttered onto Ferrak's shoulder, nudging her conspiratorially. "I can make it so that you don't digest, you know! I can shrink or grow you to whatever size you desire."

"Er."

But the offer had already been picked up by the crowd.

"How are you supposed to make art of something that you've never experienced?" the bearkin asked, surprisingly eloquent considering her savage appearance.

"Er.."

"How can you depict the sensuous softness of a stomach if you've never been wrapped in one?" the fairy quipped.

"Er…"

“It would be my honor as a knight to patron the arts,” Argotha belched, raising a glass, and at the back of the crowd, the kobold whispered something in Ebert’s ear and giggled.

“Uh, Molly is happy to give you the full experience that the goblin couldn’t,” Ebert said.

“Er……..”

The bartender leapt up onto the counter beside Ferrak.

“Who wants to help the artist in her quest?!” she roared to an avalanche of cheers. “Who wants to see this young woman complete her dream of helping some pervert lord get his rocks off? Who is noble enough to step up and—”

ULP!

Argotha, wasting no time, stood, picked Ferrak up by the knees, and swallowed her in one gulp. As the bulge of the artist rolled beneath her armor, the crowd went silent.

Then erupted in cheers.



The Artist's Tale, cont.

I could hear the cheers faintly over the gurgle of the dragonkin's gut. The fear of being swallowed was nullified by the surprise of it, and the speed at which she packed me down her throat. By the time I landed in her stomach, I was already cataloguing.

The fairy had infected me with her tactile infatuation. I noted the porousness of the cage; how my fingers sank into the bottom of her stomach, finding new space between every wrinkle to delve deeper into the dragon. There was heat, an ever-flowing outpouring coming from the living walls, but it was the humidity that had texture; an almost web-like saturation that soaked into every nook and cranny of my being.

Then there was the weight.

A scientist once trundled out from the town to enlighten the yokels in the fields. My parents scoffed at him, but I sat and listened as he spoke of the relationship between weight and mass; surface area and surface tension. Most of it went over my head, but the main lesson seemed to be that the bigger something was, the heavier it was over a wider area.

And Argotha was a *big* woman.

Even in the relatively spacious confines of her gut, I could feel the weight around me, pressing in whenever she moved or shook. There was a fine, soft layer of fat that surrounded her stomach, but beneath that there was muscle and lots of it. Beneath me, a whole keg of beer bubbled and fizzed, draining in wet slurps into the depths beneath.

"Are you, *urp*, getting what you came for?" the dragonkin asked.

Her voice vibrated strangely through her bones. All else was muted by the silky, oppressive walls.

I realized that I was blushing as I reached out to touch them. My hand had an effect on the dragon, making her tense and shudder. She

made some comment about me being a wily one even though I was just stroking her, and it seemed to be an excuse for the moan that she produced as I kneaded beneath her breasts.

Weight bore down on my shoulders, forcing me to crouch. The bottom of the stomach bent into her intestines, forming a bed of squirming flesh. I thought that I could feel a solid lump there—Lady Inès, presumably—but the shape was too indistinct to tell.

"Fascinating," I think I said, and the dragonkin purred with pleasure.

There was a secondary thrill to being enclosed, yet so exposed. Everyone in the tavern knew that I was in the knight's stomach. I was a bulge beneath her breastplate, pushed down past the armor into the soft, jiggling space above her hips. Several patrons touched me from the outside only to have their hands snapped at by the dragonkin, and I realized that I was panting, huffing as my saturated smock oozed between my shoulderblades and my legs splayed in the fizz and the foam.

"Give her the full experience," the bartender said. She was close enough to the dragonkin that I could hear her shouting. "Go on!"

I recoiled as another gulp made the walls ripple. I feared that Argotha had swallowed the bartender but, a moment later, a pink glow filled the chamber and a tiny face appeared above me, beaming.

"I wanna, *hic*, help!" the fairy said.

At least, that's what I think she was trying to say, because a moment later she got distracted exploring the space which I could now see in its fullness.

The walls were moving.

I knew that already, but the difference between feeling them and seeing them was vast. Thin, spiderwebbing veins pulsed through the membrane as the muscles beyond clenched and squeezed like a heartbeat. Where fat jiggled, the walls shook, and beneath, the intestines really did slither like snakes, changing positions to pump the chyme from the stomach deeper into the dragonkin's body.



All at once, the dragon grunted, and the walls closed in on us from all angles as I gasped and the fairy laughed in delight. Liquid

pushed up over our heads and the heat seemed to double; the stomach coming to a boil.

"Worry not!" the fairy shouted above the din. "I have made us immune!"

The walls closed around us completely and I had to trust that the fairy was right, because we were being crushed, kneaded in reverse, sloshed in acid and who knew what else in the roiling vat of the dragonkin's bulbous belly. She belched and it shook the walls. She moaned and the noise shot through me. My clothes were dissolving, but my skin remained unharmed. For a panicked second, I thrust my arms down through the gripping flesh to pat my pockets. Luckily, I had been relieved of my pad and notebook moments before being swallowed.

This digestive play continued for nearly ten minutes. The fairy was in ecstasy, shamelessly thrusting her fingers into herself as she continued to be battered. I must admit that I had the urge myself, though I could not tell if it was the environment, or the bawdy moans the dragonkin kept emitting; the feeling of her breasts bound tight under her armor. My clothes dissolved completely, leaving me naked, but somehow I didn't mind. When the dragonkin released us up onto her tongue, we arrived to brazen cheers.

Argotha took a bow and deposited us on the bar.

"How was your journey?" the bartender asked. Her furry face hovered over me, a smile upon her lips. "Was it enlightening?"

"Do you even have stock left to sell?" I coughed, sitting upright. The bartender covered me in a cloth to avoid the lascivious gaze of the sailors. "Surely, you must be dry."

"I'm selling the swill we've had in the storerooms for the last decade," the bartender whispered to me. "You've made me my weight in silver tonight, you blessed girl, and my gratitude runs deep if you'd care to join me in my bed when the festivities end."

She kissed my soggy cheek, leaving my head spinning as the dragonkin approached.

“How was my stomach?” she asked with her hands on her hips. “As fine as you imagined?”

“It was enlightening,” I said, borrowing the bartender’s word. “Anyone would be honored to be digested by you.”

“Ohoho, my Lady has competition,” Argotha laughed, prodding her belly. “A fine, silver-tongued wench is coming for my heart.”

Her stomach gave a thump of dismay. Argotha smiled and wandered off to placate her charge.

The fairy was lying on the bar beside me. She hadn’t gotten up from where her wings were stuck to the wood, and it wasn’t for lack of trying. I pried her from the counter and set her on my lap. She hiccuped over and over again, producing pink bubbles every time.

“Your magic was impressive,” I said. “And I must say that your enthusiasm for texture has given me a new appreciation. I thank you for that.”

“You’re, *hic*, welcome!”

The fairy shook herself and stood on shaky legs. She had grown a little in the dragonkin’s stomach, probably to be enveloped by a greater portion of flesh. Doll-sized, she looked up at me with her dazzling, green eyes. She winked conspiratorially.

“That’s the least, *hic*, of what I can do. If you *really* want the full experience, I can, *hic*, show you the full experience.”

Suddenly my skin began to tingle. The world widened in my vision as the fairy grew larger and larger and the bar grew smaller and smaller. Confused, I reached out for support and found that my arms were diminutive. The looming faces of the patrons had taken on monstrous proportions.

“What is happening?” I asked.

My voice came out as a squeak. The fairy, now a giantess, stood above me, naked and proud. Wolf whistles went up from the audience as the bartender beat back a couple of bolder patrons hoping to cop a feel.

“A little shrink,” she said, pointing at me with her pink, then at herself, “and a little grow!”

I gazed about in wonder. The change in perspective really was as fascinating as the fairy made it out to be. The texture of shirts took on new significance; every pull of wool, every snarl now the size of my hand. Unshaved stubble looked like branches; the bartender’s fur a delightful field of soft bristles.

And the smells! The smells were amplified. Beer and sweat, the salt of the ocean, the perfume of… the bearkin? The bearkin continued to surprise.

The fairy cupped her hand and I hopped aboard. I rose above it all, standing on the edge of a mountain, a cliff, looking out over my vast kingdom.

“Wow,” I said. “Wow.”

“That’s nothing,” the fairy hiccuped. Her breath smelled like mead; sweet and sour all at once. “I’m gonna show you something, *hic*, really amazing. One of my favorite textures!”

I looked toward the bartender and flushed a little. I wanted to dive into her fur, diminutive or not, but the fairy was lowering me to her thigh. Her body turned and two new hills presented themselves. When she was tiny, it was hard to tell, but now that she was large it was clear; while not endowed with a chest of any great size, the fairy had the ass of a well-fed noblewoman.

“Stupendous,” I said.

Each cheek was taller than I was. I could tell it was soft just by looking at it, but before I could touch it, the fairy parted her cheeks and a new warmth presented itself.

A pink, twitching pucker, glistening with sweat.

In my recollection, I like to imagine that I resisted, but the truth was that I was many cups deep and the atmosphere of the Siren’s Gullet had possessed me. The fairy was pretty and kind, and I figured myself an explorer; a scientist like the one that came to our farm. My only thought of substance was that my patron would be so jealous that

he would shed bloody tears, but I hoped that with the insight that I gained from my journey, I would be able to depict the scene well enough for him to forgive me.

SHLIP!

She slipped my feet in first, wriggling to pull me in all the way up to my waist. A deep, satisfied sigh rumbled through her as I clutched at her ass, pressing into the dimpled skin. After a few seconds, however, she seemed to change her mind. Grabbing me in one hand, she pulled me out of her bottom and flipped me around.



If the knight's stomach was spacious, the fairy's bowels were constrictive. She had to wiggle my head to fit it into her pucker and when it slid past, she gasped her little, musical gasp that hadn't changed, even with her size.

“Don’t worry, it’s clean,” the fairy said, guiding my arms and shoulders deeper into her derriere. “My magic, *hmm*, has many, *ah*, uses!”

With all that had happened, I had almost forgotten that she was doing this in front of a crowd. More wolf-whistles tore through the tavern, and shrieks of amusement as the fairy turned toward them, presenting her behind and mine. She bent forward, tucking more of myself into her with just the pull of her muscles alone. Sheltered by her bowels, I could hardly hear, nor could I do anything but yelp as a fuzzy finger caressed my butt.

The bartender, hoping to help, was pressing upon me.

“Ready?” she yelled.

I kicked my legs. The narrow passage gave me little agency and the pressure of the finger was already enough to slide me to my hips. My exposed breasts settled in a divot of coiling flesh. All around me, muscles pulled like hands on a rope, tugging me forward.

SHLORP!

The bartender’s finger buried me in the fairy, then receded, taking with it the last of the light. None of the fairy’s radiance permeated the twist of her bowels, and in the resulting darkness, I had time to consider my predicament.

I was a farm girl in a fairy’s ass.

My instinct was to struggle, and I did for all of one second. Something about the shrinking had heightened the sensitivity of my skin, you see, and my nipples, caressed by the living walls… well, they were already sensitive. I gave one little wriggle and gasped as my body lit up in pleasure. A pleasure I could not escape, mind you, nor hide from.

“W-w-wait,” I stuttered, overstimulated, but the intestines had no ears and cared not for my protests, carrying me along in a series of clenches that left me tingling from tip to toe. My hands, pinned to my waist, slid inward to my thighs where a trail of wetness led off into the winding darkness. I succumbed to the feeling as the fairy howled her

own pleasure, bending around me. Only when I felt a bulge beneath did I realize that she was bent over the bar.

The unseen stud pounded away at the fairy while the stimulation of their thumping rod amplified my already precarious arousal. My excitement only doubled when a hearty growl confirmed that the owner of said rod was none other than the bartender herself who, as did most lepkith, possessed both sets of equipment. The bartender grabbed the fairy's ass and pushed into her with gusto, setting the rhythm for my pleasure as she pounded away.

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

The tingle in my stomach doubled.

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

It was spreading through my limbs. The fairy was saying something, but I could not hear her over the rush of blood in my ears.

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

The pillowy depths of the fairy's bowels curved around my hips and carried me into shuddering bliss. Only after I lay twitching in the afterglow did my brain process the fairy's command as the bartender pulled out of one hole and entered another.

"Let it go, big girl," the fairy giggled.

"With pleasure," the bartender sighed.

I was too deep to feel the incursion of her cock, but I was not so deep that when she released with a guttural cry, I did not hear the oncoming rush before it flooded the chamber, carrying me up and up in a tidal wave of salt and heat. I was deposited in the fairy's stomach just as she orgasmed, and was privy to the private gasp of pleasure she uttered when my hands brushed her from the inside.

She collapsed on the bar, babbling, and the bartender smacked her rump. A muffled cheer tore through the tavern.

My skin began to itch.

"Spell… wearing off…" the fairy managed. "A little help?"

There was a shuffling sound, then a gulp. A giant, furry hand breached the stomach and pawed around until I gave it a polite tap. Climbing into the palm, its fingers wrapped around me and carried me

out through the esophagus with a hiccup. The itchy feeling amplified as I hit the light. I shot up into the bartender's arms, bowling us both



over behind the bar.

Nose to nose, I became aware that I was covered in her seed.

“Hi,” I said, giving her a kiss on the cheek.

Her surprised expression brightened as she barked with laughter, rolling over on top of me to plant a proper kiss on my lips. Her cock hung between my legs.

“Hi,” she growled.

Our rendezvous was interrupted by a brawl breaking out in the tavern. The bartender looked over her shoulder, tail twitching, clearly weighing her options, but the crunch of a chair breaking over a patron’s back tipped the scales and she eased off of me.

“Later,” she mouthed, leaping over the bar like a sailor over the railing of a ship. I rose, dizzy, and washed myself off with rags as she rained blows upon a group of inebriated travellers, beating them back toward the cove.

I was pleased to see my sketchpad and notebook safely tucked beneath the bar. The knight was guzzling another barrel of ale and the crowd had devolved into drunken merriment. Scraps of songs rose above the fighting, and my heart was filled with affection for the ragtag patrons of The Siren’s Gullet. In that glow, I looked up to see two pairs of eyes watching me over the counter.

“Ebert,” I cried, more than a little drunk. “You brought your lover!”

The kobold blushed and giggled, but the seaman looked away, embarrassed. She clung to his waist like a new bride, her club-like tail tagging beneath the skirt of her milkmaid dress. She was as busty as Ebert had made her out to be.

“He said you needed help with your story,” the kobold said. “I’m Molly!”

“Ferrak,” I said.

“Shall we, Ferrak?”

Something heavy slammed against the counter. From her position at the end of the bar, Argotha coughed into her ale, spewing it

as she eyed the absolutely enormous member of the comparatively petite and pretty kobold.

"By my Lady," she said. "You could choke a dragon with that thing."

The kobold blushed and giggled some more. I stared at Ebert, who seemed determined to look everywhere else, but eventually he caught my gaze and threw his hands up.

"What?!" he asked.

"Nothing," I said. "I'm happy for you, is all."

He grumbled at that, but his shoulders lowered somewhat, and he even put an arm around Molly's waist. Her tail slapped against his thigh.

"How do you want me to do this?" I asked, standing.

Now that I could see over the bar, I could appreciate the true frenzy of the crowd. The bartender was bobbing in and out of different fights, laying about with claws and teeth while shooing sailors back to their boats. Several impromptu orgies had broken out; piles of bodies, pumping and groaning, encompassing several species and quirks of anatomy. Huge, gurgling stomachs were very much in evidence. The bartender herself had eaten at least two men, and was battering others with her belly, throwing them into the sand. The bearkin, always interesting, was so full that she lay in the middle of it all, her stomach thrice her size and taut as a drum. Her snores could be heard even above the shouting.

"Just give me your head and I'll do the rest!" Molly chirped.

She put her hand in the slit of her cock and lifted it like a sleeping bag. I gulped as I saw the glaze of pre frothing at the tip, but I was committed to my task and besides, Ebert's story had me curious.

"How about feet-first?" I asked.

Ebert flashed me a warning look, but the kobold gave a giddy shriek. More pre bubbled out of her, leaking onto the bar.

"Of course, of course! Climb up here! Ebert, darling, help her!"

“You don’t know what you’re in for,” Ebert muttered as he joined me on top of the counter. The kobold, standing on a stool, raised her cock upright with both arms and held it steady as Ebert took my hand. “She likes this, aye, but a little too much.”

“What do you mean?”

I put one foot to the spongy head of Molly’s cock. It was *throbbing*, twitching; literally suckling at my ankle as my toes disappeared with a squelch. Ebert took my elbow and I braced, putting my other foot into the kobold’s slit. Thus positioned, he let go of me.

Molly dragged her fingers along her shaft.

“Open wide,” she told it.

And it did.

I fell, yelping, up to my waist before her cock snapped shut around me, halting my descent. It was strange to see my knees as mere bulges; twin lumps being caressed by the kobold’s capable palms as she guided me down, albeit at a slower pace.

“Theeeere you are,” Molly crooned. “You’re a natural, darling! It took my Ebert *ages* to stop struggling and learn to love the process. I have to keep him nice and moist, after all. When he sleeps inside of me, he makes these cute little—”

“Molly,” Ebert snapped.

I made a mental note to amend his story when I returned to my notebook.

The tip of the kobold’s cock gulped over my hips, hungrily licking my torso. My fingers were fed into the frothing mouth as more of my bulge showed along her shaft. The kobold stroked herself still more eagerly, using both hands to glide down the shaft.

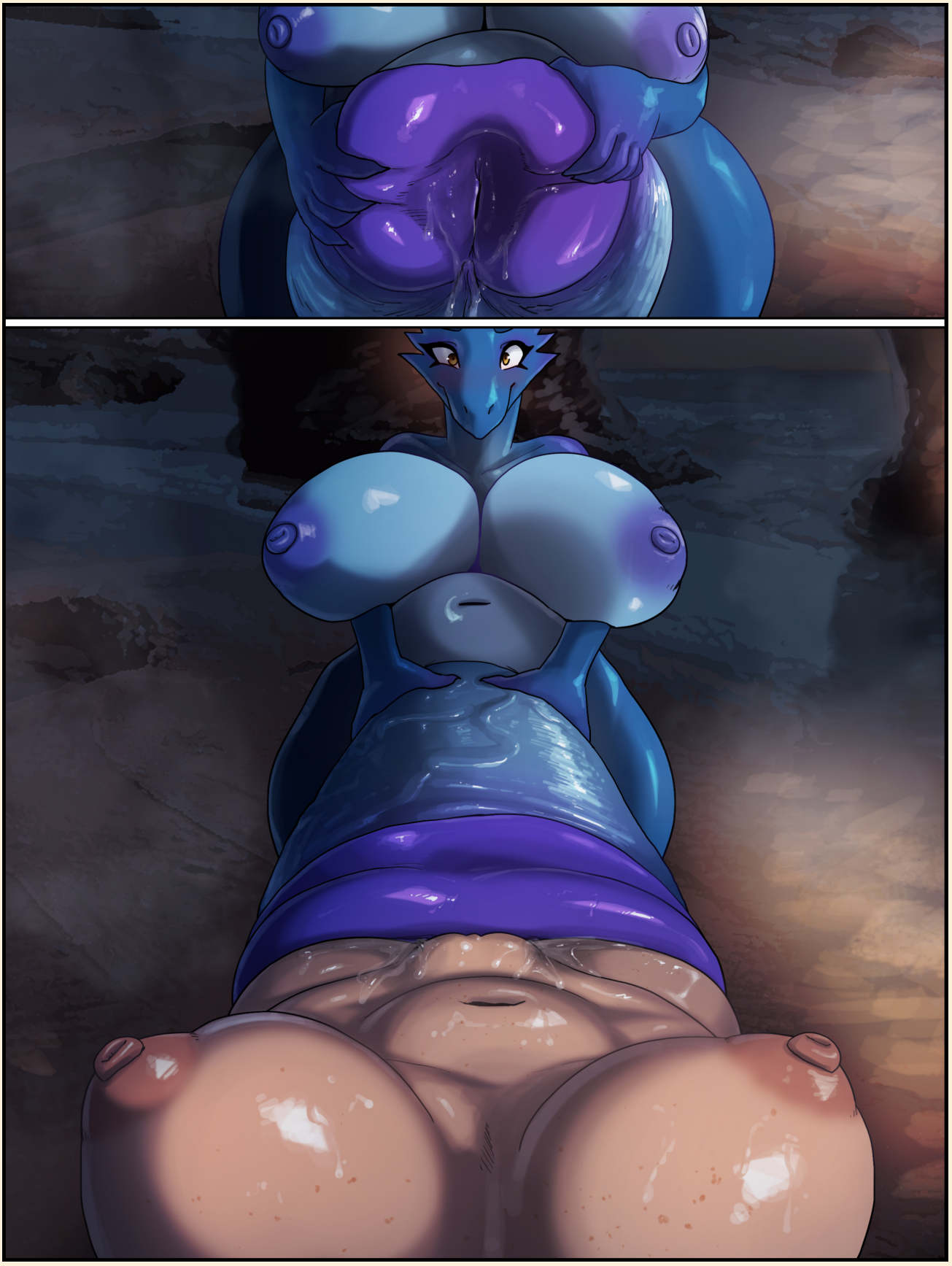
“Mmm, mmm.”

Her eyelids fluttered.

“Mmm, hmm.”

A spurt of cum shot past my toes and over my body to splatter upon my chest. Molly had entered a rhythm, head back, tongue out, and didn’t stop even as the cum leaked over her fingertips, soaking

between her claws. My elbow reached her slit and vanished into her shaft. Beneath me, her balls churned, hanging over the edge of the



stool.

"I've had a thought," I said.

Ebert looked at me mournfully.

"I cannot breathe underwater."

"She'll let you out before you drown," the seaman said. My feet had entered her dangling sack. There was still space inside of her, but it was not long until my toes dipped into the bubbling surface of her seed. "Her timing is uncanny."

I nodded, nervous now. I looked for the fairy, a lifeline if I needed it, and found her passed out on the bar, her tiny ass high in the air. I was about to ask the seaman to wake her when Molly let out a gasp and I sank to my neck. The turgid inside of her cock locked around me. I was up to my knees in cum.

"G- golly, this feels nice," Molly mumbled. Using one hand, she circled the head of her cock with a claw. The other hand continued to stroke, faster now, faster, rubbing the bulges my breasts made. Her cock twitched and I moaned. She was touching me all over, my body bent beneath the weight of hers. "Ah, ah!"

Another geyser of cum hit my chin. Her balls were completely filled, sinking all the way to the floor where they made divots in the sand. Heat surged up through her. Her cock was twitching hard. I raised my face toward the sky and took one last gulp of air before the salty lips of the kobold swallowed me whole, gulping me down in gasps and gurgles, all the way into her balls.

SPLASH!

Viscous seed clung in strands to my cheeks. My gulp of air had been futile; squeezed out of me by the force of her cock to rise as bubbles in another jet of cum. Luckily, there was an air pocket left behind by the emission. The air was tainted and tasted of salt, but it was enough to sustain me as her balls clenched.

"Ah, ah!"

To be needed so thoroughly was erotic indeed, but the body has a hierarchy. For as much as being in the kobold's balls made me tingle,

the scarcity of air was a constant concern. My head was thrust into the churn and held with a clench. The kobold's hands flew over her cock, her moans growing in volume.

"AH! AH!"

I tried to break the surface, but there was no surface to break. In her balls, I couldn't tell up from down, wall from ceiling, and I thrust my hands into the slimy sack only to have them rebuffed by a foot; the kobold pushing down on me from above. My only recourse was to make her cum faster, but how? My lungs were burning. I thought I was going to die.

Then the kobold gasped.

There was the thump of something hitting the top of her balls. It formed a ring around her cock, holding it steady as the kobold shook. The cum around me rose and at last I broke air. I took one delicious gulp of it before a violent clench sent me up through her shaft like an arrow in flight, spraying me into the wide-open maw of the bartender.

Never was I so happy to be swallowed.

"Gotcha," she gulped.

I rolled into a belly bloated with cum. The other two occupants had either been digested or been disgorged. Either way, I was glad to have the space, even if the acidic tang of the chamber stung my nose. More cum poured over my head as the kobold deflated in the bartender's throat. The lepkith released her with a squelch, stumbling backwards with me inside of her.

"I feel like I owe you an apology," she said. "I might have, ***urp***, gone overboard with the entertainment for the night."

She patted me affectionately. I nestled against her, hoping to convey my appreciation.

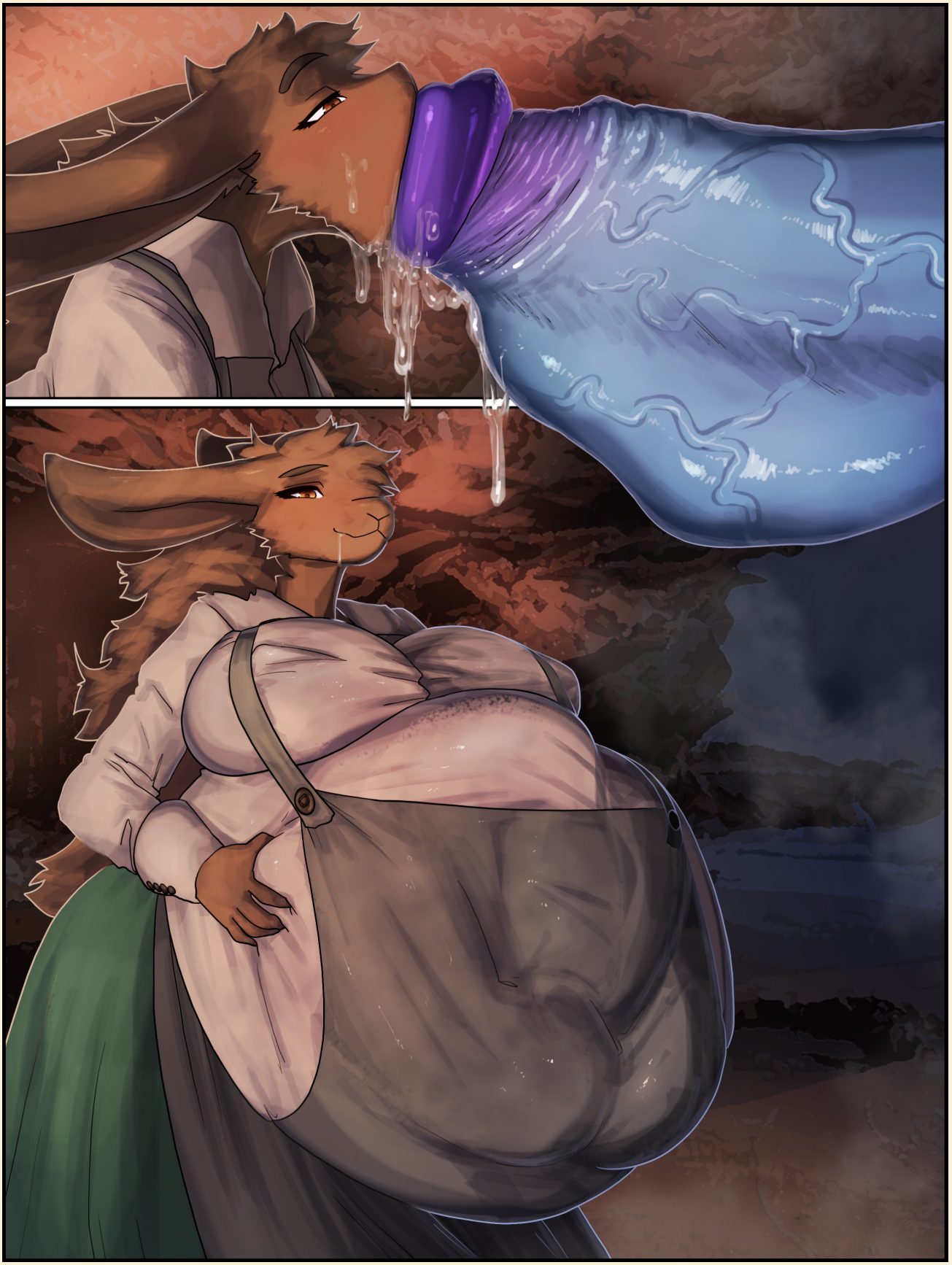
"You're forgiven," I said. "I never did get your name."

"It's Marigold."

"Marigold."

It was a pretty name for a pretty girl. The sounds of the tavern were far away, as were the rest of my responsibilities. Perhaps it was

the bias of my own attraction, but I liked her stomach best of all. It felt familiar, in an odd way. Like home.



“Er, the tavern is clearing up now. The seaman has carried the kobold away and the dragonkin has boarded one of the ships, much to the sailor’s dismay. Everybody else is strewn about, but I ain’t worried about them pilfering any freebies from the bar. They drank me clear out of my stock, thanks to you, and I am mighty thankful.”

Marigold’s stomach hung lower than either of the ones I had been in that night. I could lie comfortably on my back, albeit in a pool of cum and chyme.

“I am grateful as well,” I said, “for saving me and for helping me finish my book. I have plenty of stories to bring back to the lord, now, and he will be most pleased. The money he has promised will elevate my family. I will find a place in a town with enough space for my supplies and I shall settle, comfortable for the rest of my days.”

A quiet hum could be heard above me; the lepkith’s heart, which beat thrice as fast as a human’s. It seemed quicker still in the silence, and I nearly closed my eyes. Then I remembered where I was and shook myself awake.

“You won’t be travelling anymore, then?”

Marigold tried to keep her voice curious, but there was a mournful note to it that made me smile. I patted her stomach, hoping she could feel it.

“Oh, I shall,” I said. “Now that I’ve had a taste of it, I’ve found that travel suits my appetite.”

Marigold perked.

“And you’ll come visit us when you’re in Toumh?” she insisted. “I have a cozy little berth in a hidden cove. It’s quiet and solid and big enough for two. If you’re not in a hurry, you could even stay for a few days while you put together your book.”

“That sounds lovely,” I said, and her heart beat faster still.

I yawned. It was well past the time for my usual repose, and the excitement had taken the last of my stamina. I propped myself upright in the lepkith’s stomach and knocked on the dripping ceiling. She held me tight to herself, responding with a squeeze.

“You can let me out now,” I said.

“Haha, funny story about that... I didn’t really think about it when I swallowed you...”

And that’s how I learned that lepkiths, like their rabbit cousins, cannot vomit. Thus the fairy was roused from her slumber, for her work was required once more.

The End



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