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STOP!
Digesting My Darling
STORY BY BRAZZEL
ART BY SEEKGR


Big Fa
Sosig

Stop Digesting My Darling

A Vore Series

by

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art by

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Book 4

Special thanks to C. Hedge—your keen eye and thoughtful feedback made this book stronger.

There was a bulge in her panties. Astra had noticed it the moment she started coming onto him, but he was not alarmed, nor put off by the obviousness of her arousal. He was a diligent man, after all, and he had a certain amount of pride in his ability to handle monstrous anatomy.

Monstrous Anatomy

Astra slept with a different girl every night.

Well, not a *different* girl every night, but the same five girls in a rotating schedule that left him with very little time for classwork or extracurriculars. Sometimes they just slept together. Most of the time they had sex. Monster girls were constantly horny and missing their window meant waiting until their turn came again.

Penelope was a good bed partner. As a tanuki, she was soft and warm and curled around him like a teddy bear, nuzzling his neck through the night.

Skylar was the next best, almost human in physiology, but sometimes she would roll on top of him in her sleep and her sexual appetite was voracious. No missed sessions with her.

Ophelia was restless. When she had Astra, she tended to force him to sleep in her coils, which might have been okay if it wasn't for her nighttime tendency to slide him into her cunt. More than once, he had woken in the warmth of her womb only to realize he had missed his alarm. Mid-tier.

Grendel should have been in last place. The smallest in the group, she somehow took up the most space in bed, tossing and turning, flipping and burying Astra in her butt. She was half-nocturnal as well, so often she would wake him up with a blowjob and not let him get back to sleep until dawn the next day. Astra only slept with her on weekends—otherwise it would be untenable.

And Boo…

"You've got to stop eating me in your sleep," Astra said one brisk, winter morning. It was cold in Titan Hall. Like everything in the ancient building, the heater only half-worked, warming the ground floor, but distributing the heat unevenly through the upstairs. Astra was sitting astride Boo in her shell. Her face was flushed. She wouldn't meet his eye.

“I can’t help myself,” she said, jiggling in place. Astra’s breath hitched as she clenched around his cock. He was balls deep inside of her, trying to keep warm. “I can taste you through my skin you know, so when you’re cuddled up next to me, my body just…acts on its own.”

“We could keep a blanket between us,” Astra suggested.

Boo frowned.

“I’d rather not. I like the skin to skin contact.”

That was flattering and all, but the skin to skin contact was the second reason why Astra had a hard time sleeping with Boo. Boo’s skin was *slimy* and cold—not the best combination with the drop in temperature. It was why they were currently parked in front of the fireplace instead of in Boo’s room. The heat pouring in helped make it bearable.

“We’ll figure it out,” Astra said.

His hips bucked and Boo let out a moan which she quickly suppressed. They weren’t the only ones sleeping downstairs with their rooms being so chilly.

“Shut the fuck up,” Penelope yelled from the kitchen. “Jesus, it’s three in the morning!”

Astra laughed as Boo made a rude gesture in Penelope’s general direction. He began to thrust slower, taking his time as the warmth of the fire seeped into his bones. Boo kissed him and he reciprocated. Her cheek felt cool beneath his palm as he tilted her head back, stifling her moan with his lips.

“You’re getting good at this,” Boo said.

“Was I bad before?”

“You were…inexperienced.”

“Mmm, no man likes being told that.”

“Don’t worry. We managed.”

Boo shook her chest and Astra snorted. Their first sexual encounters had been a mishmash of blowjobs, boobjobs, and Astra doing his best to handle her cock with his limited experience. Boo was

hermaphroditic—her penis could extend and retract—but unlike Penelope, she could not change the size of it while erect. No matter how much lube was involved, Astra would not stretch that far. So he worked with his hands, his mouth, trying to give as much as he got. When they were tired and wanted to rest, P to V was the way to go.

A stray shudder made Astra buck. Boo's breasts were spread across his chest, slathering him with slime as she sucked on his neck.

"Hmm."

"Why 'hmm'?"

"I need you a little deeper."

Boo pulled on Astra's hips. He obliged, sliding backwards along her gelatinous body as she bent, undulating beneath him. With raised knees, he placed his feet at the mouth of her vagina and with a sigh from both of them, plunged inside. Warmth immediately flooded his senses. He buried himself instinctively, slipping down to his waist.

"There we go," Boo said, clenching around him. His face was level with the bottom of her breasts. She squashed him against her stomach, thrusting him into the transparent skin. "That should work."

He wasn't going to last much longer. Astra clawed at her hips, snarling, gasping, lost in the sensation of having his entire lower half squeezed in the hot alcove of Boo's cunt. The snail girl smiled down at him, playing with his hair. Her back tensed as his cock pricked.

"Gonna cum?" she asked.

Her excitement was palpable. Rhythmic contractions grasped at Astra's legs, pulling him deeper, greedily suckling at his twitching cock. It disappeared beneath the folds, then reappeared, then vanished as he sank to his chest. He heaved against her stomach. A few more thrusts and he'd have them both.

That was good. Once they were finished, he might actually get some sleep. Hopefully Boo wouldn't eat him in the middle of the night.

Again.

"Mmm."



KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

Astra's ears perked. Someone was knocking on the front door. He was so close, however, that an errant clench from Boo sent him over the edge. He leaned against her, hissing into her breasts as his semen spread through her transparent skin, absorbing as Boo hastened to put a bra on. Penelope was stomping toward the door. They could hear her muttering under her breath.

"Three in the morning, already gotta listen to fuckin' loverboy, freezing my tail off, who the fuck–"

BANG!

The sound of the door flying open startled Boo. She contracted at the same moment that Astra went to push himself out of her, sending him flying into the wall just as a man stepped inside of the building. A tall, extremely muscular man.

"Oops," the man said.

The door was hanging from its hinges. Penelope, dressed only in a bra and boxers, folded her arms beneath her chest, leveling a dead stare at their guest.

"Rubin," she said. "I thought it smelled like wet dog in here."

Rubin flashed her a wolfish smile and glanced down at Astra on the floor. He licked his lips. Astra threw a rug over himself, blushing, as Boo slithered past him, joining shoulders with Penelope. *Sorry,* she mouthed at Astra before aiming her own, judgemental glare at the werewolf.

"Do you know what time it is?" Boo asked.

Rubin raised his nose to the air and sniffed.

"About three AM," he said. "Give or take a few minutes. I was under the impression that most of your residents were nocturnal. Aren't you a raccoon?"

He lifted his chin at Penelope. Her frown deepened.

"Tanuki," she said. "And I've acclimated to a diurnal schedule. Besides, who the fuck appreciates a creep showing up on their doorstep at three in the morning? You literally kicked the door in."

“That was an accident. Don’t know my own strength.”

His rakish grin made Astra shiver. Rubin was tall and broad-shouldered, the dark brunette easily filling the doorway. His gaze bored into Astra, the predator's carnivorous eyes all but tasting him. Astra gulped as he grabbed a pair of his boxers off the warm slab by the fireplace. He slipped them on, and walked back to join the girls. Penelope moved aside to make space, but she kept her tail between him and Rubin. Her fangs were bared. Rubin looked unconcerned.

“I was just handing out pamphlets,” he said. “I thought you might be interested.”

Boo took the paper he proffered and gasped. Penelope snatched it from her, reading fast. Her jaw tightened.

“Is this your idea of a joke?” she asked.

Astra took the paper from her. The image on the front was a crude picture of humans in masks mixed with several monster girls. It looked like a Halloween party, only it was the middle of December. Winter break was only a week away.

“Monster Ball,” he read. “What’s that?”

“I’m glad you asked, my spiritual companion,” Rubin said, bowing low. “It’s a mixer for monster girls meant to increase relations between them and other students. A cultural event, if you will.”

“It’s an excuse to devour people and everyone knows it,” Penelope said. “The last time we had one, we all almost got banned from campus.”

The paper was ripped out of Astra’s hand and slapped back against Rubin’s chest. Was it Astra’s imagination or was he getting taller, drinking in the moonlight as he loomed on their porch? A strange tingle traveled up Astra’s spine. He could almost *feel* Rubin’s hunger—his barely repressed appetite for sex and violence. Rubin licked his lips as Penelope went to slam the door in his face, but the hinges were broken. Without any apparent effort, Rubin bent the frame back into place.

“Consider it,” he said.

With that he disappeared into the woods, there one moment and gone the next. Astra saw a large shape loping off into the distance. He shivered again as Penelope closed the door, her tail thrashing irritably.

“Monster Ball,” Penelope snorted. “How fucking insulting. Does he think we’re stupid? The only people who show up are the ones who are secretly hoping to be eaten and when we oblige them, the school cracks down on us. It’s not a peace offering—it’s a feast.”

Boo remained oddly silent, earning a raised eyebrow from Penelope. Astra was still standing between them, enveloped in Penelope’s tail. He couldn’t help but notice the tanuki’s agitation manifesting in the tensing of her thighs and the hardening of her cock. It strained against the fabric of her boxers, begging for release.

“Boo?”

“Huh?”

“Isn’t this bullshit?”

“Oh!” Boo said, rubbing her face. She was still looking at the door with a distant look in her eyes. “Yes, totally. Bad idea all around. Sorry, I’m tired. I think I’ll…I think I’ll sleep alone tonight, Astra.”

“Okay,” Astra called after her as Boo slid toward the stairs. She didn’t look behind her as she ascended, leaving Penelope and Astra standing in the chill seeping beneath the door.

Her furry hip bumped him. The waistband of her boxers stretched tight over the tip of her cock and her wet, black lips broke into a grin as her tail slipped into his underwear and dragged out his erection. Penelope kissed his throat, sending a shiver through him that had nothing to do with the cold.

“I think we could both use some company,” she muttered in his ear. Her claws dragged through his hair, pulling an involuntary gasp from his lungs. “Wanna keep each other warm?”

"It's not your night," Astra replied. But before she could bite him for being a doofus, he slipped from her grasp and led her into the kitchen.

Penelope had set up a makeshift tent beneath the huge oak table. The oversized comforter trapped the heat from the radiator, making him sweat as Penelope pushed him down into the nest of pillows and blankets, her weight descending on his hips. A click echoed against the table. Penelope's bra fell into Astra's lap.

"Well?" she asked.

Astra reached up and let his thumbs travel over the hills of her breasts, brushing her nipples until a pleasant shudder ran through her. He lifted her hips. Her boxers came off with a single tug.

"Someone's eager," he said.

Her cock was average-sized for once, stiff and throbbing against his stomach. It pressed into him as Penelope leaned forward, transferring her weight onto his thighs. She shimmied down his body until her mouth was on his and her cock was between his legs, rubbing against his own erection. Her kiss was sweet—over-eager and wet. Her tongue made cautious advances and Astra relented, grabbing the back of her head and pushing into her muzzle. Penelope groaned. The sound sent chills down Astra's spine.

"I need you," she whispered against his mouth.

A twitch of her hips confirmed the truth of her claim. Astra panicked for a second as she dragged herself backwards, preparing to thrust.

"No lube," he said. "Not ready."

Her desperate whine filled him like a cup. To be needed so carnally was Astra's guilty pleasure, but he had learned that playing with Penelope's instincts led to hurt feelings. He paused, pulling away.

"I…want you to get what you need," he said, choosing his words carefully.

Penelope cut him off with a hungry kiss. She pinned his wrists to the pillows, panting an inch from his face.

"We're good, Astra," she said. "I brought you into my bed. I've been thinking about you all week. This is not a spur-of-the-moment

devouring—this is a treat that I've been saving up for. Is that…alright?"

Astra nodded. Her grip tightened.

He sometimes forgot how large she was in comparison to him—how easily she could pin him and take what she wanted. She kissed him again with renewed vigor and his wrists twitched in her grasp. Her tongue slid into his mouth, hot and insistent, prying apart his lips. He tilted his head and took her fully, forgetting where he was. The pillows against his back might as well have been a void, his worries a universe away. There was only Penelope, her eyes glinting in the darkness, her body pressing against his, enveloping him.

She continued to rub against his cock, slowly at first, then faster, working them both into a frenzy. He broke the kiss to gasp for air and she bit his shoulder, drawing a hard, needful moan. Astra was twitching. He was getting close.

"How do you want to do this?" he asked.

Penelope's black lips broke into a devious grin. Astra could feel her cock growing, lengthening, until it subsumed his completely, hovering between them. Penelope began to kiss her way down his body. Astra arched his hips, hissing his approval.

"Fuck, that feels good," he said. "Penelope?"

She stopped at his waist, giving his cock a brief, but passionate kiss that left him dazed. Then she brought his feet together at the tip of her urethra, inserting him into the humid confines of her shaft with little more than a relieved sigh.

Her cock clenched around his legs. He struggled helplessly, moaning into the fur between her breasts. Penelope's breath hitched in the dark when Astra wiggled his toes inside her shaft. The tanuki hooked her arms under his, and planted her knees in the pile of pillows. Her cock pulled at him, slurping around Astra's calves until his entire lower half bulged inside her shaft, buried firm in the undulating flesh of her growing glans.



“When you first enrolled in college, did you ever think this is where you’d be by the end of your first semester?” Penelope asked. She grabbed him through her shaft, working her palms down toward her huge, churning balls. Astra could feel the heat rising against his toes. “Did you think you’d be hips deep in a tanuki’s cock?”

“Never in my wildest dreams,” Astra said. “But I’m glad I’m here now.”

He reached forward and stroked her ears. She was hidden in shadow, but her silky fur ruffled between his fingers. Another needy whine gave him the renewed strength to grind his hips into the tip of her cock. Precum leaked around his thighs, both his and hers, saturating the sheets.

Penelope took his hands gently, her lips brushing across his knuckles in a tender kiss. Her long tongue unfurled, curling between his fingers and tracing down their length with deliberate, savoring strokes. Her stomach growled.

There was power in his powerlessness. If Penelope wanted, she could eat him right then and there—Astra couldn’t fight her, couldn’t escape her if he tried, but he knew that she was trying to resist her instincts until she came. He was her plaything, her food. Embracing the role, he let his palm settle on her tongue, shuddering as the saliva ran warm between his fingers, Penelope’s curious glance quickly devolving into an earth-shattering groan when he pushed his hand toward her throat. Her cock squeezed around his hips.

“Tease,” Penelope breathed, pulling his hand out of her gullet. She pinned his wrists to the pillows again, smothering him in her breasts. He felt one of her knuckles stroke the tip of her cock. “Two can play that game.”

Slowly she began to thrust her hips, working his shaft inside of hers, letting him glide against the cum-slick walls as the heat of their bodies merged. Astra was suddenly on the defensive. He hadn’t realized how close he was. Penelope pulled him up to her mouth and kissed him, tasting and tugging, thrusting until he was engulfed up to

his stomach. Then she took him by the shoulders and shoved him deeper until his face was level with *her* stomach—her growling, active stomach which drew a groan from his lips and made his cock twitch inside of her.

"You've developed quite a fetish," Penelope said. "I'm going to *devour* you."

She held his head up to her mouth. His arms were draped over the tip of her cock, pressed firm against the soft glans which flared beneath him.

Smiling, she took one of his wrists and slid it into her cock, swallowing it with a gulp that made his whole body tingle. The warm churning of her balls was growing louder, frothier, and he could feel his toes slipping against the excess.

"Um."

It was all he could say. *Um*. Penelope kissed him on the cheek, pushing his other wrist into her cock. She pumped her hand along her shaft, working Astra's arm down into her urethra until it was pinned safely at his side. His chin rested on the tip of her tongue, watching the long beads of saliva lengthen until her maw was wide open.

The churning slop in her balls bubbled against the soles of her feet. She was going to squirt him out into her mouth. He was passing her teeth. The damp insides of her cheeks were collapsing over his head and she was…slurping him…giving him one last coat of lubrication before she let him free with a *pop.* Astra looked up at her desperately as the shaft of her cock widened around him. She gave him a wink, blew him a kiss, and then he was sinking, sinking into her balls.

The splash that Astra expected never came, but he sure did. His feet slid into the chamber, gliding along the mucus-coated curve as he bucked against her shaft. Astra spilled his seed, but the pathetic amount that dribbled out of him was nothing compared to the lake Penelope was churning up for him. If he wasn't trying so hard not to drown, Astra might have felt flattered by the sheer volume of lust he

had solicited. Penelope clenched, bringing the sack walls in to squeeze as she stroked herself.

"Oh, did you think I meant devour with my mouth?" Penelope sighed, leaning back against the pillows. Her legs were spread around her balls, cradling him inside of her. "I'd much rather churn you into a fat load before I swallow you down."



Astra instinctively put his arms up around his head to protect himself as the ball he was in throttled around him. The faster Penelope pumped, the harder it seemed to clench as if the act of wrapping her hand around her cock were a drawstring tightening a sack. Astra knew that she couldn't actually digest him—as far as he was aware, her cum was not acidic—but he could very well *suffocate* in her bubbling baby batter and he didn't think Penelope would stop to prod him if her goal was to shoot him out straight into her stomach. He sputtered as a wave

of thick splooge poured over his face. Penelope continued to pump, ecstatic.

"You look good inside of my balls," she said, stroking him with one hand. "I can see your outline; your scrawny, beautiful body all curled up in my furry brown sack. It makes me hot. I just want to pour you out on my tits, my stomach, only to push you back in and work up another, messier load until you're too exhausted to even squirm. Then I'd have my way with you, eat you, and digest you to recuperate the calories I lost churning you up. Honestly, the longer I talk about it, the more I just want to...do it. How many finals do you have tomorrow, Astra? "

Penelope was panting. Astra had slept with her enough to know the sound. Her head would be back, tongue out, hips bent as her hand raced up and down her throbbing cock. But Astra had never even considered what it would feel like from the inside as she jacked herself off—the hectic heaving and clenching left his body sore, but energized. The closer Penelope got to completion, the harder it got to move and the more effective his squirms became. A hand stroking the wall got a full-throated groan. Spreading his legs caused a spasm. Only the thickening cauldron of cum kept Astra from being crushed completely and only as it bubbled around his throat, filling her balls with the salty scent of her seed. He could feel it being pushed up her shaft. He could feel the other ball churning beside him. Her hand pumped. Her breath hitched. The elastic walls filled to bursting with her load until Astra pushed with all of his might, triggering a clench that sent him rocketing up through Penelope's spongy shaft, out into her mouth, and straight into her stomach where he belonged.

So much for talking about the Monster Ball, Astra thought as he digested amidst an ocean of splooge while Penelope snored uproariously.

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Ophelia almost made Astra miss his exam.

"But you're so cozy in there," she whined, her voice vibrating around him as he struggled against the slick, pulsing walls of her human stomach. His arms dug into the slippery flesh, trying to pull himself toward her throat, but his toes kept sliding into the entrance to her snake tail. Her human stomach was more of a waiting room—a warm limbo before the depths of her true body below. "It's freezing outside, and I don't get you that often anymore. Can't you stay just a little longer?"

"I. Have. A. Test," Astra groaned, emphasizing every word as if sheer force might make her listen. "You said it was at eight. I've got an hour, and I still need to shower and cram."

Her stomach gave a playful squeeze, and her laugh rippled around him. "I could quiz you in here. That'd give me at least ten more minutes with you."

Astra exhaled a long-suffering sigh, pinching the bridge of his nose even as he was jostled by her movements. "My notes are in my room," he said, resignation creeping into his voice.

Ophelia squealed in delight, her whole body shifting as she launched herself off the bed. The sudden motion made Astra slip, and he had to jam his elbow against the walls to stop himself from sliding deeper.

As she slithered down the hall, humming cheerfully, Astra took a moment to collect himself. At least digesting had refreshed him—Penelope had been quick and ruthless, melting him down in minutes. By comparison, Ophelia's method was almost... tender.

Astra's room was in the attic. In the summer it was boiling and in the winter, only the corner by the ancient radiator was warm enough to sleep in, but Astra didn't spend much time up there anyway. He used it for study and storage and even then, if he wanted peace, he'd have to go to the library otherwise one of the girls might sheepishly ascend the stairs to ask for extra time. Ophelia, Skylar, and Grendel were the worst offenders.

He bounced in Ophelia's stomach as she dragged him up the stairs. She was in a cheerful mood for once, her exams finished the day prior, and besides: as she had told him once a month ago, it was always a good day when she woke to find him reformed in her stomach. Sometimes she digested him out of sheer excitement.

"Which folder?" Ophelia asked.

"Red," Astra said. "Econ."



As Ophelia rummaged through his backpack, Astra slapped his cheeks to wake up. The night before felt like a dream, addled slightly by his reformation.

"Say, Ophelia," he said.

"Mmm, yes, darling?"

"Ever heard of the Monster Ball?"

Ophelia stopped rummaging.

"Who, um…who told you about that?"

She was trying to keep her voice chipper, but it had gone up an entire octave. Her stomach grew hotter with her blush.

"Rubin," Astra said, wiping some slime from his cheek. "He came by last night to invite us to one. Penelope said it was a stupid idea, but Boo…well, actually, I'm not sure what Boo thinks. She left before I could ask her."

"Curious."

"So…?"

"If the price of coffee goes up, what happens to the demand for tea, assuming they're substitutes?"

Right into the econ questions. Astra bit his lip, wanting to push the issue, but he really did only have ten minutes to study before he had to shower and rush to class. He racked his brain for a moment.

"Demand for tea increases because people switch to the cheaper option."

The quizzing continued in Ophelia's stomach, then in the shower when she released him, insisting on washing his back. By the time he was stumbling along the frozen path to campus, he had almost forgotten about the Monster Ball and all it entailed—at least until he saw Boo stopped ahead of him, bundled from head to hips in a huge orange coat.

"They put down salt again," Boo murmured, pointing at the sidewalk. Indeed, the whole sidewalk was covered in blue crystals. Her foot—the mucusy bottom half she used to move—twitched spasmodically. The bluish-green skin had turned a sickly white.

"Shit," Astra muttered. "Hold on."

Boo called after him, but her voice was lost in the wind. Astra blew on his hands as he trotted back to Titan Hall. It took him a minute to find what he was looking for buried under the inch of snow that had fallen the night before, but after clearing away some old crates, he rumbled up the path with a wheelbarrow. Boo covered her face with her hands when she saw it.

"I can't," she said.

“You have an English final in thirty minutes,” Astra said. “Hop aboard!”

Boo bitched and moaned, but in the end she slid onto the upturned wheelbarrow. Astra heaved it forward, pushing through the snow. Heads turned toward them as they rolled into campus, but Astra was too mad to notice.

“They could put sand down,” he said. “You’ve been here for over a year. They should know better by now!”

“They do,” Boo sighed, hiding halfway in her shell. “If I made a fuss about it, the school would put down sand, but then people kick it away and accidents happen. I’d rather just find an alternate route.”

“That isn’t right! Isn’t there like, a monster girl liaison or something here?”

Astra swerved to avoid a pack of pedestrians. A teacher in a green peacoat shook his fist at them. The wheel jammed against a curb and Astra had to jostle it to get it free again.

“There is a monster girl liaison,” Boo said. “The school technically has to have one, so they have Lucinda Stern, this ancient harpy who spends most of her time asleep in her office next to the boiler in the English building. If we have problems, we mostly go to Mandy.”

“Mandy?”

“Hyena woman. Has a laugh like a shotgun blast. She teaches poetry and spends a lot of time butting heads with the chancellor. Chancellor Loomin hates her guts, but he can’t fire her without looking like a bigot, so Mandy sticks her snout out for us.”

“Well, that’s great!” Astra said. “Why not go to Mandy?”

Boo shook her head sadly.

“You don’t get it,” she said. “It’s not your fault, really. People don’t like monster girls, Astra. The ones that do tend to fetishize us, but the general public? They hate us. Mandy can bitch at Chancellor Loomin all she wants, but if she annoys him, he just wraps the process in so much bureaucracy that it takes years to address, by which point

the student who was complaining has probably graduated. It's not worth it."

"Well that's–"

"–not fair?"

Astra stopped the wheelbarrow in front of the English building. It was a square, red box in the middle of the newer glass Engineering buildings, but he loved the charm of it—the hallways always smelled like burnt coffee and chalk. Boo slid out of the wheelbarrow and ignored the group of students that hustled past her to use the other door. Astra frowned after them.

"You're sweet," Boo said, kissing his cheek. He jolted, blushing as she wrapped his scarf tighter around his neck. "I wish there were more people like you."

"Then…shouldn't we help with the Monster Ball?" Astra asked. "Promote awareness?"

For a second, it looked like Boo might agree with him, but then she looked at the clock tower and gasped.

"Finals start in ten minutes," she said. "You need to run!"

"But–"

Boo wheeled him around and pushed him in the direction of the Econ building. Astra stumbled a few steps, caught between his desire to be on time and his desire to finish the conversation.

"Penelope was right," Boo called over her shoulder, sliding up the steps. "It's probably a bad idea. We should really just forget about the whole thing."

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Astra returned to the English building two hours later to find that the wheelbarrow was gone.

"Hey," he said, sticking his head into the building to consult a passing janitor. "Do you know where the wheelbarrow I left here went?"

The janitor took out an earbud and shook his head. Astra was about to ask again when a heavy hand fell on his shoulder.

"Problem, honey?"

He turned to look into the wool-clad navel of the tallest woman he had ever met. Course, black fur covered her beefy forearms, the sleeves of her sweater rolled to her elbows despite the chill. A thick tail hung between her legs, a patch of white traveling up into her shirt and past her neck to manifest as a tuft of short hair between her spotted ears. Her muzzle was darker than the rest of her face, with black lips like Penelope's curled over sharp, carnivorous teeth. The hyena woman bent over Astra as the janitor turned pale and disappeared into the nearest classroom.

"Are you looking for Boo?" Mandy asked, for Astra had no doubt that it was Boo's advisor. "The poor girl was stranded on the steps after her final. I carried her to the dorms, of course, but I'm going to have a firm word with the groundskeeper anyhow. You're Astra, I presume? The girls have told me all about you. I'm Mandy, or Miss Mandy, if you like."

She spoke so brusquely that Astra couldn't get a word in edgewise. Automatically, he stuck out his hand and Mandy took it in her own, catcher's mitt-sized paw. Her barrel-shaped belly bumped against him as she shook, mouth quirking at the redness in his cheeks. She drew in a deep breath. Astra got the feeling that she was scenting him.

"Hello," he said, clearing his throat. "Sorry, yes, I was looking for Boo."

"That was a good thing you did for her," Mandy said, bulldozing the end of his sentence. She put a hand on his shoulder and guided him further into the building. They passed a half dozen students milling around after their tests. Some flinched, but others waved at Mandy and she waved back. "Clever boy, thinking of the wheelbarrow. Surprised you had the strength to push her. Are they feeding you back at Titan Hall? Ah, they're feeding *on* you if

Penelope is to be believed. We have tea every Saturday. Do you like tea? Coffee? Come, come, I've got plenty of everything."

Astra shuffled his feet as Mandy opened a door he had never noticed before, leading him into a narrow staircase. Her frame filled the space behind him, blocking out the light, and the deeper they went into the bowels of the English building, the warmer it got. The staircase ended in a concrete hallway. Mandy bumped Astra with her hip as she walked past him, opening another door.

"Welcome," she said.

There was no placard on the door, nothing to indicate that it was anything other than a storage closet, but the inside was a cozy little office with a desk, a couple of plush chairs, and an old-fashioned stove with a fire crackling inside of it. A sagging bookshelf ran around the back wall, colorful volumes piled high and at random. Mandy lowered herself into a huge, black chair and Astra lowered himself into the other, a little confused as Mandy fussed with a complicated looking espresso machine. Two minutes later, there was a steaming latte in his hand and an enormous hyena woman staring at him over her desk.

"So," she said, "tell me all about Titan Hall."

"Erm."

The sliver of a smile on her lips gave Astra the impression that she knew all about his escapades in Titan Hall. He realized that he had seen her around campus a few times, towering over the other faculty, but he had never given much thought to the adult monster girl presence until that morning. He took a sip of his coffee. It was excellent.

"Titan Hall is great," he said.

"Getting along with your roommates?"

The thin smile widened. Mandy threaded her fingers together, leaning over her desk. It was hard not to notice how big her tits were, even beneath her thick sweater.

“I think, uh, I think you know that I am,” Astra said, determined not to stumble over his words. Mandy seemed like the kind of person who appreciated candor. Her deep, brown eyes bore holes in his consciousness.

“Mmm, but I wanted to hear it in your own words,” Mandy said. “Penelope, the dear girl, talks about you all the time. Sometimes she’s mad at you, sometimes she’s impressed, but you manage to come up once or twice in every conversation—Astra did this, Astra said that—with all of the girls. Even Grendel visits me sometimes. Her accounts are very…explicit.”

The word popped coming out of her mouth. Astra flinched.

“I’m…sorry?” he said.

Mandy laughed and then Astra really flinched because the sound was so high-pitched and crazy that it was completely disproportionate to the size of the woman sitting across from him. Mandy slid a finger beneath her eye, wiping away a tear. She had long, feminine eyelashes—a weird detail that drew Astra’s attention.

“Don’t be sorry,” Mandy said. “I’ll admit, I considered paying you a visit several times throughout the semester. I am fiercely protective of my girls and you wouldn’t be the first boy to charm them with supposed kindness only to take advantage of their natures. I’ve eaten one or two of those boys myself.”

She smiled wide, baring her canines.

Astra gulped.

“But you’ve impressed me,” Mandy continued. “Not only have you won their confidence, but you continue to fight for them in private, even if it damages your reputation to do so. When students snicker about your tenure at Titan Hall, you educate them. Of course, you’ve engaged in all kinds of…extracurriculars, but as to that end, the girls have no complaints—another oddity. Their anatomy is incompatible with yours, yet you’ve managed to satisfy all of them. Like I said, I’ve been curious."

It was getting too hot in the tiny room. Astra picked at the sleeve of his coat. Mandy pulled her sweater over her head, exposing her bare midriff only to pull her button-down shirt over it without comment.

"What do you want from me?" Astra asked.

His bluntness got another laugh. Mandy heaved against her desk, chuckling and snorting, nearly spilling her tea.

"Want?" she said. "Well, if I'm to be perfectly candid, I want to swallow you and see what all of the fuss is about, but that would be inappropriate for a professor to say, no? How about this: I want to know your opinion on the Monster Ball that Rubin is planning on holding."

A knock on the door provided a blessed interruption. Astra hadn't expected her to ask about the Monster Ball, but obviously Boo had talked to her on the way back to Titan Hall. A male student stuck his head in. His cheeks were red beneath a mass of freckles.

"I, uh, wanted to talk to you about my homework assignment," he said, staring at Mandy's throat.

The hyena's smile widened.

"Later, Conrad," she said. "Can't you see I have a guest?"

The student looked at Astra, nodded briskly, then pulled back. Astra heard him running up the stairs. Mandy folded her hands over her stomach.

"I don't know what he wants more," Mandy said. "To be fucked by me or eaten by me. Maybe I'll oblige him one of these days."

"Isn't that the problem?" Astra said. "Humans fetishizing monster girls?"

Mandy raised a knowing eyebrow and Astra held her gaze. Was it wrong to find Boo attractive? Penelope? He hadn't gone out of his way to get admitted into the monster girl dorm; it had been entirely out of his control. Mandy must have guessed his thoughts because she chuckled. It was a low sound, much different from her full-throated laugh.

“In a sense,” Mandy said. “We live in contradiction: our hunger, our lust, our carnivorous instincts. Some monsters see humans as nothing but food; a natural hierarchy with them at the top. Some monsters learn to loathe themselves. Some perform pride, for pride is the opposite of shame. There is no appropriate allegory for our condition—race, gender, sexuality—it’s all secondary when you consider the fact that monsters do, indeed, crave humans. The willing ones help alleviate the guilt…at least until they change their minds halfway through digesting.”

She licked her lips and Astra saw her hand dig deep into the fat of her belly, perhaps remembering her last meal. He shuddered, trying to quell the warmth rising in his jeans.

“So what’s the solution?” Astra asked. “How can monsters and humans learn to live in harmony?”

In response, Mandy turned and picked up a book from her shelf, throwing it onto his lap. The title was “Of Monster and Men” by P.R. Francis, PhD. Another book was thrown in his lap. Another. Mandy studied the fourth and shelved it, waving a flippant hand at him. Astra got the message.

“It’s complicated,” he said.

“Some of those books were written by humans,” Mandy said, nodding at the stack. “Some by monsters. All try to answer that question.”

She pointed at another shelf.

“Monster poetry. I’ve managed to sneak a plethora of it into the library stacks. I’m particular to the goblin poet Persides; her prose is extremely erotic, but it also encapsulates her desire to become human.”

Astra put the books back on Mandy’s desk. She shelved them without looking, piling them haphazardly next to a dozen similar volumes. When she was finished, she stood and stretched, plunking into the chair beside him.

“So,” she said, bringing her face close. “The Monster Ball. What do you think? Humans and Monster mixing, socializing. Will it go well?”

“I guess that depends on the intent,” Astra said. He could feel her body heat; musk rising from the patches of fur beneath her sweater. He forced himself not to look at her stomach. “Penelope doesn’t trust Rubin.”

“Do you know why?”

“Because of what happened at the last Monster Ball.”

It was an instinctive answer that he knew right away was the correct one. Mandy tilted her head back, closing her eyes. The sluggish air was making Astra sleepy, but he was too enthralled to succumb to it.

“It was a disaster,” Mandy said. “Biggest scandal the school has ever faced. It started off well enough—an introductory speech by an elvish valedictorian, a half-lycan student’s poetry reading—but then a group of protestors showed up. Actually, to call them protestors is…charitable. They came bearing signs and slogans. ‘Protect our campus”, ‘Go back to your caves’, other ignorant drivel. A few human allies formed a wall to protect their monstrous friends, but then the protestors started throwing stones and all hell broke loose. I’m not sure who was the first to eat someone, but the main event, the proverbial last straw, was Rubin biting a protester. The student had come up on the stage and Rubin had intercepted him, so everyone saw the transformation. Lycanthropy is one of the only ways to bestow the monster identity. There was silence, then hysteria. I’m sure the national guard would have been called if Ophelia didn’t swallow Rubin.”

A chill ran up Astra’s spine. Why was this the first he was hearing about the riot on campus? Wouldn’t such a huge event be campus lore? And Ophelia…no wonder she was reticent to let Rubin go. If he was changing people on purpose, they really would send in the military.

“How–”

“–did they cover it up, yes,” Mandy said. “It was a joint effort, monster and human. Videos had to be erased. Parents had to be lied to. Witnesses had to be digested. I used to have the Chancellor on speed-dial, but after that, shit, I can’t ask for a new chalkboard without getting the cold shoulder. Total disaster.”

“So it’s a terrible idea,” Astra ventured.

“Boo doesn’t think so.”

“Why?”

“Why don’t you ask her?”

Astra threw up his hands.

“I did,” he said, “but she wouldn’t talk to me. Still, from what I’ve heard, I think that Penelope is in the right to question Rubin’s intentions. There’s no way the school will sanction another Monster Ball.”

“Right,” Mandy said, “and…?”

“Rubin knows that,” Astra continued, following the thread. “He’s trying to start something, get the new monsters agitated.”

“...because?”

Astra’s stomach was churning. The words kept sticking in his throat. Mandy watched him, cheek in paw, her large, brown eyes blinking encouragingly.

“Starting a riot forces the issue,” Astra said. “If there’s news coverage of monsters getting killed by riot police, it stirs up the monster populace across the country. Humans get scared. More incidents occur. Soon there’s a full-on revolution.”

“And do you think this would be good or bad for the monster population?” Mandy asked.

“What?!” Astra spluttered. “Bad! Obviously!”

“Ah, I think you’ll find that others disagree.”

“And by others you mean Boo?”

Mandy shrugged, then looked at the clock and stood up. Astra stood up as well, feeling like he’d swallowed a beehive.

“I’ve got a dozen poetry collections to grade by noon,” Mandy said, “or else I’d love to continue our discussion. I’m glad we had this talk, Astra. You’re every bit the man that the girls said that you are.”

“I don’t know what to do,” Astra said. “I forced Ophelia to reform Rubin. I didn’t know he was some kind of revolutionary.”

Mandy cackled.

“C’est la vie,” she said. “Such is life. Talk to your friends, Astra. See if you can’t widen your perspective. I think you’ll find that discourse leads to wise decisions, but don’t forget that Rubin’s opinion is by no means unpopular. There are lots of angry monsters out there who have been mistreated by humans. Their pain is real. Likewise, there are plenty of humans who have lost friends and family to monstrous appetites. Their pain is also real. For the record, my take is that we were born into an absurd world. We should never stop striving for a ‘right’ answer, but we must also accept that the answer changes day by day, case by case, and that’s enough to drive anyone mad. You should read some monster poetry. I can recommend a few books.”

“Thanks,” Astra said.

He reached for the door, but Mandy barred his way with an arm. When he looked up at her, she smiled.

“Sorry, hon,” she said. “I can’t resist my own curiosity.”

Astra had spent enough time with monster girls to read the hunger in Mandy’s eyes. Her broad, red tongue traveled over her lips, wetting her spotted fur, and her potbelly rumbled against the fabric of her sweater which she lifted with a claw, revealing how her stomach squeezed against her jeans. One finger undid the strained button, letting it all flop out with a bounce and a gurgle. Astra gasped with instinctive longing as Mandy brought her muzzle to his ear.

“D-didn’t you say it would be inappropriate for a professor to swallow a student?” Astra said.

“Who said anything about swallowing you?” Mandy asked.

She growled and every hair on the nape of Astra's neck stood at attention. Excitement was rising inside of him. Alas, a rational part of him remained alert. *You're in danger*, it said. *Run.* Astra took an involuntary step back and Mandy tilted her head, curious, but when he didn't move further, she took his hands and placed them to her waistband. The most tantalizing ruffle of a pair of silky black panties brushed against Astra's knuckles.

"I thought you had to grade papers," Astra said.

His thumbs drew a line in the fur of Mandy's thighs. She bit her lip. Her hands were on his, guiding him, pushing his fingers smoothly down her hips.

"I do," Mandy said.

There was a bulge in her panties. Astra had noticed it the moment she started coming onto him, but he was not alarmed, nor put off by the obviousness of her arousal. He was a diligent man, after all, and he had a certain amount of pride in his ability to handle monstrous anatomy. It was with some sense of ceremony that he pulled Mandy's cock out over the top of her panties, marveling at the girth of it. Her balls dangled in the black silk, heavy and full, needing release.

Astra gulped.

Mandy was quite large; in height, in stature, in *length*. Standing in front of him, she dominated his vision. Her stomach alone was twice the width of his body, rumbling uproariously. It was not difficult to imagine himself inside of it, packed away beneath her enormous breasts, digesting under some desk as she scratched away at poetry. He found that he wanted to please her and was anxious to know how. Luckily, Mandy was a skilled instructor.

"Come," she demanded and took his hand in her paw. She dragged him over to her desk and sat, chair creaking. When Astra looked at her, she nodded at the floor. He knelt between her legs, halfway beneath the desk. "Kiss it," she said.

Her pen scratched overhead. There was no indication that she was paying attention to him other than the impatient tap of her paw as

he leaned forward, taking a moment to orient himself. He breathed deep her scent and let it flood him, then kissed the head. The scratch of the pen stopped, then started again. Astra blinked with pleasure.

"Are you going to fondle me or are you just going to keep staring at it?"

Right. Astra shuffled on his knees, pressing his mouth against the throbbing shaft just beneath the base. His lips brushed against her balls and her pen halted once more. Encouraged, Astra let his tongue run up the shaft. A moan echoed off of the office walls.

Astra kissed along the base, the head, slowly stroking her, working systematically. Her pen continued to scratch away, the occasional moan letting him know when he was on the right track or a frustrated squeeze of the thighs if he wandered off course. The scent of her filled Astra's nostrils and the taste, salty and warm, blossomed on his tongue. He kissed more vigorously, heaving Mandy's thighs up on his shoulders and her pen stopped altogether until eventually she growled and thrust her cock up beneath his chin like a dagger, the tip dripping with pre.

"Stop teasing and get on with it," she said.

A thin smile crept along Astra's lips only to be wiped away as Mandy's hand wrapped around his head and pulled him toward her hips. He opened his mouth obediently, expecting her to relinquish control, but then she thrust forward and pushed the entire length of her shaft deep into his throat. Astra gagged. Mandy pulled back.

"You're messing with me," the hyena said. Her grip on his hair tightened. "Penelope said you were a brat. Did you think I would be gentle with you just because this is our first time? I won't. Suck my dick like you mean it or I'm jamming it down your throat."

Astra blushed scarlet, his own erection stiff against the waistband of his pants. He bobbed forward before Mandy could pull him, taking her in deep, consistent movements as the scratching of the pen resumed.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!



Astra paused only for Mandy to kick him impatiently. Did she really expect him to keep sucking when there was someone at the door?

"Come in," Mandy growled. Astra scrambled to get up, but Mandy held him down, choking him with her cock. Boo's voice could be heard from the doorway.

"Sorry, Professor," she said.

"Boo? I just dropped you off. How did you get back here?"

"Penelope carried me. Sorry, I just…wanted to talk some more."

"Oh, honey. Take a seat."

Once again, Astra tried to pull away and once again Mandy stopped him, wrapping her legs around his back. The only way to prevent her from suffocating him was to keep sucking.

"Did you talk to Astra?" Boo asked.

"He has quite a mouth on him," Mandy said. "I see why you're so fond of the human."

The back of the desk was made of solid wood, so Boo couldn't see Astra beneath it, but surely she would notice Mandy's lack of pants? An errant shudder knocked him off balance. He grabbed Mandy's ass for support. She snorted.

"Are you okay, Professor?"

"Fine. What's this about Astra?"

Something heavy dropped on the top of the desk. Boo was slumped over it, inches away through the wood, and yet Astra continued to suck, hands buried deep in Mandy's plump asscheeks.

"He keeps asking about the Monster Ball. Penelope's totally against it and she's right: Rubin's a snake. The school will see the flyers. A meeting will be called. Rubin will make a scene about monster rights and proceed without support and then it will be a free-for-all. It's a terrible idea, but–"

"–it's better than nothing?"

Astra could swear the desk shuddered as Boo sighed. Mandy's claws bit into the back of his head. He took her deeper, pulling her all the way into his throat.

"Astra seems quite open-minded," Mandy said. "I think you'd be surprised. Maybe you should be having this conversation with him and not me. Is there some reason you're hesitant to talk to him?"

Two taps on his back. A pinch of the claws. Astra sped up. Mandy's cock seemed to be hardening in his throat. Her balls kept slapping against his chin. If Boo heard them…

"It's stupid," Boo said.

"Try me."

"He's just…I just…I want…"

"Spit it out."

Both of Mandy's hands were on Astra's head now. She was thrusting, humping, and the squeaking of the chair was so obvious that Boo had to be aware of what was going on, but she was lost in thought and Mandy's eyes were as attentive as ever. Astra held his breath. The hyena was about to cum.

"We have sex," Boo said. "And it's good, but he only seems to want me with a, you know, vagina. Which is fine, but sometimes it makes me feel…"

"Inadequate?"

"Incomplete. Like he only likes one side of me."

"Penelope says he's quite good with a cock."

Astra closed his eyes and let his throat open wide. Mandy hilted herself inside of him and came with a shudder.

Great pumps of hot, sticky cum poured into Astra's gullet. He had to swallow with Mandy still hilted inside of him, trying to keep quiet, struggling uselessly against her iron grip. Eventually, he went limp and Mandy released him. She slapped a paw over his mouth before he could take a gasping breath.

"I think you should talk to him," Mandy said, pinching Astra's cheek. "Tell him what you told me. He seems like an earnest boy. I'm

sure he'll–" she shook him, "–apologize and then you can move forward however you wish."

"Yeah," Boo said absently. "Sorry for bursting in on you."

"Not a problem," Mandy said.

Boo was moving toward the door. Only when he heard it slam shut behind her did Astra let out a rasping cough into Mandy's palm, licking away the last strands of cum from the back of his teeth.

"You could have choked me," he said.

"Thanks," Mandy said, looking at him under her desk. "Gonna do the same for Boo later?"

"She's huge."

"Then learn to handle it. Where do you think you're going?"

Mandy put a foot out to stop him from crawling away from the desk. She hooked a claw in his shirt and pulled him up onto her lap.

"Don't you have poems to grade," Astra said as she nuzzled his throat. He took in a nervous, hissing breath as Mandy bit gently into his shoulder, nibbling him. Her canines were enormous.

"You're beginning to sound like a broken record," Mandy said. Her cock was hard under his ass. Astra wondered if it was just an aftershock or if she really had the stamina for round two. "Why? Are you trying to leave so soon?"

"No, I'm just—*oooh!*"

Mandy's palm closed around his cock. She thumbed the tip of it, squeezing softly, then let her calloused fingers glide as she continued to nibble him, marking him, leaving red bite marks along his neck and shoulders as he shuddered in her grasp. Eventually, she licked his throat and he let out a whine, reaching the edge, but before he could finish, Mandy released his throbbing cock, pulling him from her lap.

"You're going to finish in my ass," she said.

Astra nodded. He stood awkwardly at her side, trying to work out the mechanics of taking a woman so huge.

"Okay. Do you want to bend over the table, or…?"

Mandy's howl of laughter made Astra's cheeks redden. She bent double over her desk, wheezing, flicking away a tear with the back of her claw.

"Ohoho, you're so fucking cute," she said. "Yes, I can see why the girls like you. No, honey, you're going to cum *in* my ass."

She stood and for the first time Astra got a clear look at the hyena's hindquarters. Each asscheek was as broader than his chest, soft and supple beneath her stubby tail. If that wasn't enough to entice him, then her asshole certainly was. It was round and puffy and wide enough to engulf his entire head. His cock twitched just looking at it.

Mandy bent forward, beckoning for him. With her other hand, she opened a drawer in her desk.

"Here," she said, handing him a bottle. "Douse yourself in this."

Astra read the label.

"This is lube," he said stupidly.



“Indeed.”

Still not comprehending, Astra upended the bottle in his cupped hand and slathered some of the lube on his cock. Mandy watched with a raised eyebrow. When she didn’t react, Astra figured that she wanted him to lube her as well, so, as gently as he could, he reached forward and placed his hand on Mandy’s asshole, using his thumb to coat the inner crevice of her asshole.

“What are you doing?” Mandy asked.

“Um.”

“Give me that.”

Mandy snatched the bottle from his hand and upended it on his baffled head. Astra blinked, drenched in lube, as Mandy tossed the bottle aside and pulled his shirt nearly over his shoulder, using it to slather the rest of him. Then she pointed at the floor.

“Kneel,” she said.

Astra knelt. From the ground, he stared up at Mandy’s plump ass as it hovered over his face, cheeks pulled apart, pucker twitching, dripping, a dark hole leading to a winding, pink maze. By the time that Astra connected the dots, it was already too late. Mandy was already sitting on his face, pushing her fat ass up and over his body.

WHUMP!

Astra felt the impact on his hips, but it was the least of his worries. He was sleeved inside of Mandy, arms at his side, face pressed into the humid inner workings of her bowels. Fetid air washed over him, causing him to gag as Mandy stood, propping his feet against the floor. He slid in a puddle of lube, trying to escape. Patiently, Mandy lined his feet up. He could barely hear her through the padding of her gut.

“Now, when I push you inside of me, I want you to cum,” she said. “Can you do that?”

An invisible hand pulled his cock up into the mouth of her anus. He was throbbing so hard that he could barely think.



“No,” he tried to wheeze. It was all happening too fast; there was no time to analyze. His body reacted on its own, sending a pulsing shiver up his spine. Pressure was growing around him, inside of him. He was inside of Mandy’s ass. He was—

SHLORP!

The overwhelming sensation of being plunged into Mandy’s bowels made him cum in a torrent of fear and pleasure. The hyena smushed her butt against the ground, making sure that he was fully inside of her before standing, jiggling him in the pit of her broad, furry gut. Surrounded by her intestines, Astra could not move. He was trapped in the hyena’s ass, completely at the mercy of her putrid guts.

“Phew, you hardly make a dent,” Mandy said, smacking her palm against the base of her belly. The blow was softened by layers of fat and flash. “I bet I could attend a staff meeting with you in there and nobody would notice.”

Astra opened his mouth to respond and immediately regretted it. While her pipes were clean (as far as he could tell), he was still in her colon and it knew its purpose well. In Astra’s imagination, being shoved up an ass was a sexually gratifying experience. In reality, it…okay, well, the *idea* was still hot, but it was also cramped, gross, and humid. The walls kept sucking at him, squelching, and the sounds of Mandy’s body were both muted and amplified, creating a sense of disorientation as she dragged him deeper into her big, beautiful body.

A thump shook her stomach as Mandy sat back in her chair. Her belly pooled over her legs, transforming her intestines into a cramped maze through which Astra was being slowly pulled. Mandy traced his path with a claw, moaning, muttering. Her cock grew hard beneath him, pressing into the soft flesh.

“I hope you don’t have any other finals today,” Mandy said.

Astra didn’t, but he was somewhat offended that she didn’t ask before consuming him. It seemed irresponsible for a counselor. Then again, their whole interaction had been inappropriate, though completely consensual. Astra made up his mind to stew in silence and

soon his world consisted of thunderous rumbles, muffled thumps, and the muted sound of Mandy's pen scratching on paper, her elbows occasionally nudging him as he traveled up, down, and sideways through her.

When he got close to her stomach, the rumbles grew louder, more prescient, rattling the teeth in his head. The intestines vibrated with the intensity of her stomach's anticipation and Mandy must have felt it as well because she tucked her hand in her lap, fondling her cock while Astra slipped through the flap into her well-prepared belly.

"Gah!"

Finally able to breathe, Astra gasped and scrambled to free his arms. The stomach was no less nauseating than the intestines, but it was more spacious and the weight of Mandy's body crushed him less in the confines of her belly. Still, he was exhausted, and there was nothing to be done about the fervor with which Mandy masturbated to his meagre squirms, nor her snorts or whines or howls as her cock dug into the fat underbelly. Normally, Astra would tease his captor, but after sucking Mandy off, he felt an unusual shyness that made his cheeks red, even as she digested him.

It was an interesting feeling. He'd have to explore it more later.

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Ophelia didn't want to let him go, of course. She wanted to know who had eaten him and where and why and when Astra was cagey with his answers, she interrogated him for another hour.

"But *why* can't you tell me?!" she asked, coiling around him. She did that when she didn't want him to slip into her tail, wrapping herself around her stomach so that he couldn't sink any deeper.

"Because it was a stranger," Astra said, banging his forehead against her fleshy gut. "I knew that I would reform inside of you, so I didn't make a big deal of it."

In truth, it seemed that Mandy was a confidant of every member of Titan Hall and he wanted them to be able to talk about him with somebody; good, bad, or otherwise. If they knew that Mandy had sampled him, they might be hesitant to come to her with their problems. Astra thought it was rather irresponsible of Mandy to put him in that bind, but then again, he hadn't resisted her advances.

Lust and hunger. Monster and human.

Eventually Ophelia let him out on the promise that he would return in a few hours. It was his own night—no girls in the bedroom—but he was free to choose whatever company he liked and besides, Ophelia could have peeked into his soul to figure out who had swallowed him and she hadn't. That was a big jump forward in patching up their trust issues.

"Just promise me you'll be careful," Ophelia said nervously when she spat him out onto her bed. "You can't die, but that doesn't mean you can't be hurt."

"I understand," Astra said, pulling on a pair of PJ's that he kept in Ophelia's room for his untimely reformations.

When Ophelia smiled, his chest warmed. He remembered a time when they were partners, married on her terms, and there were moments when he wished he could go back to that rather than his current, complicated situation. He gave Ophelia a peck on the cheek and her smile widened, tail lifting to touch his chin. She let him go with no further interruptions, but Astra turned back in the doorway.

"See you tonight," he said.

Ophelia's smile wavered.

"Whenever you like," she said.

Astra walked downstairs with a heavy heart. Grendel and Penelope were playing cards at the kitchen table, warming themselves next to the radiator.

"Go Fish!" Grendel screamed.

"Wrong game," Penelope sighed, nodding at Astra.

Her hair was redder than usual, freshly dyed and ready for the holidays. Ophelia and Skyler were heading back to their families for Christmas, but Boo, Penelope, and Grendel were staying in Titan Hall. Astra had received a letter from his parent's butler inviting him back to the house for Christmas. His parents were apparently in Italy.

"Have either of you seen Boo?" Astra asked.

Penelope fidgeted with her cards. Grendel was chewing hers, staring at Astra with her luminous yellow eyes.

"Boo just got back," Penelope said. "She's in her room, but I don't think that she wants any visitors right now."

When Astra raised an eyebrow, she met his eyes and gave him a smile that he was sure was meant to be affirming, but looked pained instead. Penelope was terrible at keeping secrets and they both knew she wouldn't hold if he questioned her further. Astra spared her the inquisition and instead turned to head back upstairs.

"I wouldn't," Penelope called after him, but she didn't follow him.

It was cold in the upstairs hallway. Thin, winter light illuminated the motes of dust floating amidst the junk that had piled up during the school year. Books lay scattered on the floor; backpacks and snow clothes were discarded in teetering piles. The mess in front of Boo's door had been cleared away and a fresh trail of slime led beneath the scarred wooden frame. Astra raised his fist and knocked.

"Go away, Grendel," Boo yelled.

Her voice was strained. She sounded like she had been crying. There was another sound, slightly muffled, like a record playing under a pile of blankets. Was she listening to music in her shell? Astra knocked again. He could hear Boo slithering toward the door.

"I told you to go away, Grendel! I'm not in the mood right…now…"

Boo had thrown open the door just in time for Astra to see the dark shape swirling beneath her translucent skin. Her lower half was distended, as if being pressed upon by a great weight.

“Oh!” Boo said, straightening her shirt. “Astra! I didn’t…tonight’s not…I just wasn’t expecting you.”



The longer Astra stared at her, the guiltier Boo looked. It was a trick he had learned from Clare: if you're quiet for long enough, certain people can't help but fill the silence. Boo was one of those people.

"Well," she said, slapping her hips. Her glasses were askew and the top of her shirt was saturated with more than just her usual slime. Saliva, if Astra had to guess, and he had some experience with it. Boo's cheeks were turning yellow. It was her way of blushing. "Um, if you didn't stop by for anything important, I was thinking of—*mmm*—I was thinking of—*mmmph*."

An errant squirm sent undulations through her whole, gelatinous body. A foot floated to the surface of her stomach. Boo tried to pull her shirt over it, but then another foot appeared, and a hand, and a face. Two faces. A pair of girls were trapped in Boo's stomach, floundering in the slime, both wearing winter gear that was slowly dissolving around them. Astra's eyebrow raised all the way to his hairline.

"Okay, okay," Boo shouted, throwing her hands in the air. "I ate the girls who were putting salt down in front of Titan Hall. Penelope and I caught them as they were coming down the trail and I made her feed them to me. I don't know what I was thinking. I was just…already upset and that was the last straw. I didn't want you to see this."

She relaxed her stomach, allowing the two girls to float freely inside of her. Despite himself, Astra couldn't help but be impressed with her gastric capacity. It looked like she could fit two more humans inside of her comfortably—maybe even someone Mandy's size.

Then he remembered that the girls were digesting.

He opened his mouth to chasten her.

Boo closed her eyes. Her hands were held in fists at her sides, preparing herself for a volley that never came. When she opened her eyes, Astra was sitting in the doorway with his chin in his hands,

watching the scraps of cloth stuck beneath Boo's shirt sizzle and melt. He bit the knuckle of his thumb.

"It's really messed up," Astra said. "That they were laying down salt. What an incredibly cruel thing to do."

"I shouldn't have eaten them," Boo said repentantly, prodding at a distended bit of transparent skin. A gurgle vibrated through her body as one of the girls dipped into her lower stomach. Her struggles redoubled. "There's a strict rule about eating people on campus. Humans already think that monsters are evil. It's not helpful to reinforce the stereotype."

"Are you going to digest them?"

Boo bit her lip and looked away. Her hands were spread over her stomach.

"I want to," she said. "Is that wrong?"

Astra shrugged.

"Seems like they were asking for it," he said.

He hadn't intended to startle her, but suddenly Boo was pulling him to his feet, hands clasped around his wrists. Astra was pressed against her slimy skin. The coolness was at odds with the warmth in his cheeks.

"But it is wrong," Boo insisted, shaking him. "They won't reform. Putting down salt won't kill me…at least not if I can wash it off right away. I have no right to digest them."

"Then spit them out," Astra said.

"They'll tell the Dean! I'll be kicked out of school! It'll tarnish the reputations of every monster on campus!"

"Then digest them."

"Astra!"

Her scandalized tone almost made him laugh. Boo was staring at him, aghast, her belly rumbling softly against his chest. Astra nudged her and she backed up. He closed the door behind him.

Boo's room was sparse. She mostly used it for storing things that wouldn't fit in her shell, so it was nothing more than a mattress, a

rickety wooden closet for her clothes, and drawers for her folders and textbooks. A small array of plants grew in pots on the windowsill. A dim, purple light kept them growing in the winter, adding its glow to the gray.

Astra led Boo to the mattress. He sat on the lone chair in the room, a stool left behind by the previous occupant.

"You seem distressed," he said.

"Distressed," Boo scoffed, indignant. She grabbed the hem of her shirt and pulled it over her head. She was wearing her usual bikini top beneath it. "Of course I'm distressed! I can't talk to anybody about it in this house. Penelope just said 'good riddance', Grendel asked me to share, Ophelia would probably laugh and Skylar ate someone yesterday."

"She did?" Astra asked.

"I wasn't supposed to tell you," Boo muttered.

"Because I'm human?"

"Why else? You're a nice guy, Astra, but there are just some things about being a monster that you'll never understand."

Astra leaned back on his stool. Boo, normally so level-headed, was freaking out. He needed to stabilize her. Maybe…

"Is this about me not sucking your dick?"

Boo's cheeks turned bright yellow.

"What?" she sputtered. "No! What does…who have you been…why would you even bring that up right now? Did Mandy say something? Actually, wait, nevermind! That has nothing to do with this!"

"Doesn't it?" Astra asked. "I won't know what you want unless you tell me, Boo, so help me understand, please."

Boo groaned into her palms. For a minute, Astra thought she was going to kick him out. She kept looking at the door, edging toward it, but when she reached it, she turned the lock. Slumping, she returned to the mattress.

“It’s wrong to digest these girls,” Boo said. “It’s unethical to take another, sentient life. But Skylar does it all the time. Penelope, Clare, Grendel, Mandy—they all eat people on occasion. Penelope tries to go for people who come to her willingly, but even then, they usually regret it once she starts digesting. *I’ve* digested people and I felt…nothing. I felt nothing, Astra. Am I a bad person?”

There were tears in her eyes. Astra stood and brought his hands up to her cheeks, brushing away her tears with his thumbs.

“I don’t think so,” he said. “It’s just nature.”

“Nature!” Boo hissed, slapping his arms away. “That’s what humans always say. Eating people is in our nature. We’re evil by default!”

Astra quickly shook his head.

“I don’t think that,” he said, but Boo wasn’t listening. Now she really was tugging him toward the door, intent on throwing him out of her room. If he didn’t do something fast—

Inspiration struck as she began to twist the lock. Wrapping his arms around Boo’s hips, he kissed right above her pelvis—right above the opening of her slit. Boo gasped and dropped him. A bulge appeared where he had kissed.

“That’s nature, too,” Astra said, wiping his lips. “Nature doesn’t mean evil, Boo.”

“What are you…I don’t…?”

Boo’s cock grew against her stomach, the flat tip wet and throbbing, swinging in the air like a dog hunting a scent. Boo tried to push it back inside of herself, but it was no use. She was already aroused from digesting—Astra’s kiss had made it impossible for her to ignore.

Astra wasn’t sure if he was doing the right thing as he reached forward and grabbed her shaft. The slippery length stiffened in his palm, thick enough that it took both hands to hold. Boo was covering her mouth, shuddering in his grasp, so Astra did what he thought she wanted and kissed the tip.

A desperate groan ripped itself from Boo's throat.

"You've crossed a line," she said.

Astra stepped back, ready to beg for forgiveness, but Boo pushed him against the door, her cock between them like a sabre. Her yellow cheeks glowed as she grabbed his shoulders. Her eyes were alight with hungerlust.

"I'm sorry," Astra choked.

She slapped him in the face with her cock.

"I'm really sorry."

"You're going to be," Boo snorted. "Natural, huh? Is there anything natural about humans and monsters being together? Does *this* feel natural?"

She pressed the tip of her cock to Astra's lips. The salty taste of her precum permeated his mouth. There was no way it would fit. To even try was lunacy.

But somehow Astra knew that this was the final straw. Like Penelope, he had taken advantage of Boo's hungerlust, inciting it in an attempt to get her to listen. Now he had to apologize, and there was only one way he could think to do so.

Astra opened his mouth and took the first three inches of her cock. Boo's eyes widened as the head disappeared down his throat.

"Wait," she said. "You don't have to—"

But he did. If he wanted to continue his relationship with Boo—if he wanted her to trust him—he was going to have to show her that her monstrous anatomy wasn't a hindrance and so Astra closed his eyes, opened his throat, and bobbed his head forward. Boo's cock jumped at the opportunity, burying itself in his esophagus.

"*OOoooooooh!*"

Boo's hands were on his shoulders. He tried to focus on the door against his back, Boo's hips in his hands—anything but the pain of having his throat forcibly expanded. The only thing that kept him from passing out was the fact that her cock came pre-lubed. The slime on it was thinner than the slime on the rest of her body, salty and sweet and



most importantly, slippery. Astra forced another inch down his throat. Boo's cry of arousal only encouraged him to continue.

"S-stop," Boo said, writhing against him. "You're g-going to h-hurt yourself! I'm too big! You can't—*mmmph*!"

She was throbbing. Only a few more seconds. If only to speed up the process, Astra wrapped his hands around the base of her cock and pumped like his life depended on it and it probably did, because the next second, Boo moaned and thrust herself inside of him, choking him with her dick. An errant shudder ran through her. She was throbbing so hard. Astra closed his lips and hummed as he stroked, black dots crowding the edge of his vision until the world narrowed to a prismatic point.

He was going to pass out. He was going to—

SPLOOGE!

Boo's cock erupted with the force of a firehose. Astra could actually feel the spray bending his stomach, filling it in seconds until it expanded past the point of comfort and then Boo was ejected from his throat, cum splattering against his face, his neck, his torso. Boo tried to control it, but grabbing her cock only opened the floodgates, sending a rope of cum up into the air to paint the ceiling. Astra dropped to his knees, choking. It would have been easier to spit, but in the end, he swallowed.

Boo looked down at him kneeling in a puddle of cum. With shaking arms, Astra rolled onto his back, giving her a thumbs-up.

"I did it," he gurgled.

Boo started to snicker. Then she laughed. Then she threw her head back and let out a full-throated guffaw, bending double over her stomach as tears rolled down her cheeks. Astra chuckled, scratching his arm, trying to contain the absolute torrent still sloshing around in his belly. When Boo unbent, errant giggles racked her body, but the smile on her face was worth the discomfort.

"Are you an idiot?" Boo asked.

"It worked, didn't it?"

“You’re a mess.”

Reaching into a drawer, Boo brought out an old tee shirt and wiped Astra’s face. When that only scratched the surface, she slithered forward and held Astra to her, reabsorbing the cum from his skin. She gave his cheek an affectionate flick.

“I don’t think you’re evil,” Astra said.

Boo rolled her eyes and ran her hands through her hair. Her skin glowed a healthy blue, an ocean blue, and her expression, while severe, was no longer irate.

“What am I going to do with you, Astra?” she asked. “You do the stupidest things sometimes, but it's impossible to stay mad when you’re so damn earnest. Couldn’t you have left me to my self-loathing?”

“A monster eating someone who tries to hurt them isn’t evil,” Astra said. “It’s just…Darwinism.”

“Now you’re starting to sound like Rubin.”

Snow flitted past the window. It was beginning to get dark. Long shadows obscured the two girls in Boo’s stomach, but Astra could still hear their thumping. It was quieter now—an exhausted pawing at impossibly slippery walls. Astra knew from experience that it wouldn’t help. Digesting inside of Boo was painless, but that didn’t mean it wasn’t terrifying.

He sat down next to Boo and rested his back on her shell. Astra watched the snow through the window and Boo kept her eyes on the rafters, thinking, stroking her stomach.

“I could do you, you know,” she said.

Astra jolted.

“Huh?” he said. “I don’t think you’d fit.”

“With my mouth, silly. Or my tits. You’ve got to be pent-up right now.”

“Ah, no thanks. Mandy dried me out.”

The color drained from Astra’s face as he felt Boo turn to look at him. A large, slimy hand cupped his chin, tugging on it so that he had

to meet her eyes. He had been so preoccupied with his own quandaries that he had forgotten to keep his tryst a secret.

"You slept with Mandy?" Boo asked.

Astra squirmed.

"Yes," he admitted. "But–"

"When did you sleep with Mandy?"

Oh, why couldn't he keep his stupid mouth shut? Astra considered lying, but he was already in hot water with Boo. In the end, he figured that honesty was the best policy, even if it could get the advisor in trouble.

"Earlier," he said. "Um, actually, I was still kind of doing it when you visited her the second time."

Boo's face remained stony. A chill went down Astra's spine. He'd have preferred screaming to the calm calculations taking place behind Boo's intelligent eyes.

He was in the room earlier when she told Mandy that he wouldn't blow her and then he came home and sucked her cock. It didn't take a genius to put two and two together and Boo was the smartest girl in Titan Hall. She leaned over him until her glasses dug into the bridge of his nose. Even though he was in trouble, Astra still shuddered at the weight of her boobs on his shoulders.

"Well," Boo said. "Well, well, well. Maybe we should take a little trip out to see Miss Mandy to discuss such minute points as 'confidentiality' and 'fucking students'. At least she didn't eat you."

Astra gulped.

Boo's mouth twitched as it lowered to eye-level. Astra could see straight down her throat when she spoke.

"At. Least. She. Didn't. Eat. You. Right?"

"Can I plead the fifth?" Astra squeaked.

Her mouth engulfed his head, tongue pressed flat on his neck, slobber coursing over his features as she picked him up beneath his armpits and heaved him over her head where she held him, dripping, spitting him out so that they could see eye to eye. At that moment, the

golden light of sunset flooded the room. A break in the clouds illuminated the two, half-melted shapes in Boo's stomach. The bullies hadn't lasted more than an hour.

"Do you know how long it takes me to digest someone if I don't sting them first?" Boo asked.

Astra shook his head. He knew that there was a stinger in her body that prepared her prey for digestion. Otherwise, her stomach was too weak. Or so he thought.

"Let's just say that if I ate you right now," Boo said, "you'd miss the whole winter break. Two weeks of non-stop digestion. Wouldn't that be fun?"

"Please, Boo, I'm sorry," Astra said. "I didn't mean to eavesdrop. I literally couldn't say anything."

Boo's eyes narrowed.

"Why?" she growled.

"Because Mandy was…kind of…breaking me in?" Astra said.

GUuuUUULP!

Boo's throat was more flexible than most, so she really had to be squeezing for it to be as tight as it was going down. Astra's head jammed in her gullet, his shoulders painfully thrust against her tongue as she drew her head back and gulped.

ULP!

A knuckle tracked his descent through her spongy skin. In the dying light he could see it, as well as the spreading darkness beneath her shell—the approaching cavern of her stomach gently sloshing atop the digested remains of the two bullies. Astra's instinct was to push his hands out—to slow his descent—but his arms were pinned to his sides and Boo's other hand held his ankles like shackles. Her tongue slid into his boxers at the same time that his head slid into her stomach. He drew in a quick gasp of humid air. She fondled his balls with his tongue, rolling them around in her mouth.

"B–Boo," Astra stuttered. "W–wait!"



Her cock was growing against her stomach. Astra could see the shadow of it, arcing toward his hips, and then he could feel it, the slimy membrane sliding between his cheeks.

"Wait, Boo, wait! That's not going to fit!"

Saliva was collecting around his cock. Boo bouncing it on her tongue, weighing her options, and all the while rubbing herself between his legs. Astra's eyes crossed as the studded head of her cock drifted over the back of his thighs. Then, she swallowed. Astra slid the rest of the way into her first stomach, packed tight between her breasts and the jiggling threat of her second stomach—and the students which stewed within it.

OOOUuuUUURRRP!

The disgusting belch was overblown. Boo rarely belched unless she made herself and Astra winced as the air in the stomach soured with bile. A hand caressed him from the outside, then closed around her cock. Boo began to stroke herself, chastening him as she did so.

"You could have warned me," she said.

"I didn't think Mandy would let me," Astra said. "Come on, Boo, I didn't do it on purpose. I was already, you know, down on my knees when you came in."

"And you didn't think to kick the desk or do anything?"

"It was embarrassing!"

"I'll say! And Mandy…she should know better! You might not be in her department, but she's still a professor! Unf. Can you move around a little?"

Astra pushed his hands into the oozing wall. Boo pressed her cock against them and continued to stroke herself.

"And to think that I was going to blow you," Boo said.

"I'm sorry."

"That I was going to let you use my face like a fuck hole. That I was going to let you soil my glasses."

"I'm…sorry?"

But Boo was in the thick of it now. Her hands were a blur, running up and down the length of her massive cock while Astra rubbed her from the inside. Her heartbeat quickened somewhere deep in her shell.

"It's not like…fucking your throat…was one of the hottest things that's ever happened to me," Boo grunted. "Seeing you…get hard as I…came inside of you. Feeling those girls in my stomach…melt. I'll bet you're hard right now, aren't you, Astra? You're just a huge sub when it comes down to it."

As a matter of fact, Astra *was* hard, though he was trying not to focus on it. His cock was between his knees, still tingling from being teased. There wasn't enough motion in her stomach for him to cum, though. Not unless his hands were free. Not unless…

Astra scooted his legs up to the wall of her stomach. It squashed down on his head and shoulders, resisting him, but with some effort he was able to push his hips up so that his cock pressed between his stomach and hers while she rubbed against him, palms racing, gasping, trembling as she realized what the stiffness against her navel meant. Boo moaned loud enough to alert the whole house as her cock twitched like crazy. She was about to cum. She was putting her cock to her lips.

"Wait, Boo, don't—"

SPLUUURGE!

Gallon after gallon of cum poured over Astra's shoulders as he bit down on his wrist, managing his own, ecstatic release. The warmth of it surrounded his body, sloshing too and fro, and when Boo was finished, only his head was invisible above the sea of sweet, white cream.

"T–that's how I should digest you," Boo said. "In an o—ocean of cum. It would serve you right, you know."

"For blowing a teacher?" Astra asked.

"For not telling me about it! I thought it was so sweet that you wanted to make amends. Was that Mandy's idea?"



“No!”

“Oh…oh dear.”

Boo’s hips swung from side to side as she pressed her hands to her cheeks. The sun was setting, making it harder to see through her transparent skin. Astra had to keep his mouth pressed against her esophagus to keep from drowning.

“I thought that you only did that because Mandy told you to,” Boo said. “That’s why I was mad.”

“I was too busy getting digested to talk to her after she was finished fucking me,” Astra said. “I probably wouldn’t have done it if you weren’t upset, though. I never want to upset you, Boo. I value your opinion too much.”

“Really?”

“Really.”

In what Astra could only assume a jellyfish felt like being yanked out of a tidal pool, he slid back up through Boo’s throat and out onto her breasts. The excess moisture was quickly absorbed leaving him not dry, but not covered in semen. Boo held him tight to her chest, apologizing in run-ons. Astra assured her a dozen times that he was alright before her concern turned to anger, this time directed at Mandy.

“She had no right to do that,” Boo said. If she could stomp her foot, she probably would have. “The nerve! And keeping you under her desk while I talk to her? I think we should have a word with that hyena. That’s what I think.”

“I don’t think she’s still in her office,” Astra said, but Boo was dragging him down the stairs, past a baffled Skyler, and through the kitchen before Penelope or Grendel could look up from their cards. Astra blushed, sure that they had all heard what had happened in Boo’s room, then blushed deeper when he remembered that those noises were common in Titan Hall and none of the girls probably blinked an eye anymore at the sound of him getting railed. Boo led

him out onto the porch, only pausing to grab their coats. She pointed at the wheelbarrow. Astra grabbed it and loaded her on.

"Seriously, what are we going to do if she's not in her office?" Astra asked as they trundled up the path.

"Then we'll go to her house," Boo said. "Don't you understand how serious this is? She's supposed to be our advisor!"

"Unofficially," Astra mumbled, but Boo wouldn't hear a word of it. They pulled off onto the campus as fat snowflakes dusted the sidewalks. Half of the students had already gone home and the buildings loomed sleepily around them, ready for hibernation. When Astra stopped in front of the English building, Boo hopped off the wheelbarrow.

"Come on," she said, pulling her scarf tight around her neck.

Astra followed her into the building, feeling for the first time like this might all be a way for Boo to avoid talking about Rubin. The hallways were abandoned except for the janitor that Astra had seen earlier, but he had his headphones on and didn't notice them slip down the stairs. To Astra's dismay, the light was on in Mandy's office.

"Hey, we don't have to talk to her," he said, pausing on the steps. "What good will that do?"

"I want to get to the bottom of this," Boo said stiffly.

She raised her hand to knock. The door opened before she could.

"My my," Mandy said, licking her lips as she looked down at them. "Astra and Boo. How did your chat go?"

Her body poured through the doorway, her belly wide with the addition of Astra's body. Were those lumps above her hips undigested bones? Astra avoided her gaze, letting Boo speak.

"Did you eat him?" Boo asked.

Mandy grinned.

"Yes," she said.

"Why?"

"Because you girls made him sound delicious and he was. Besides, nobody told me how good he was with his tongue."

Mandy winked at Astra. He smiled meekly as Boo spluttered. The fireplace in Mandy's office had been refreshed recently—the smell of pine permeated from the tiny room.

"You can't do that!" Boo said. "Mandy, how could you? You said you just wanted to talk to him. I thought, as a faculty member, that you had learned to control yourself."

"If I was trying to quit smoking and someone put a lit cigarette in my mouth, I would smoke it," Mandy said. "As monsters, we are constantly craving. Having Astra in my office? Smelling his hormones? Knowing that he will reform in Ophelia? That's like throwing a steak in front of a hyena and expecting her not to eat it. No offense, tasty."

"None taken," Astra said.

"Besides," Mandy continued, putting a finger to Boo's pursed lips, "this whole tantrum is simply a sublimation of your frustration with yourself. Do you agree with Rubin's tactics or do you oppose them? I told you to talk to Astra about it, but I'm going to go out on a limb and say that you, oh, I dunno, fucked and ate him? Am I reading that correctly?"

Astra went scarlet up to his ears and Boo's face turned completely yellow. Mandy let out a high-pitched cackle that did nothing to improve Boo's mood.

"Just because you have half of a psych degree doesn't make you Sigmund fucking Freud," Boo snapped. "You ate Astra knowing that he'd reform in the dorms and knowing that he'd probably tell me about it. Why?"

"Maybe I wanted a three-way," Mandy said. "Ever think about that?"

Astra had never been more aware of his surroundings. Mandy was leaning against the doorframe, scratching her belly. The janitor was singing one floor above. Wind rattled against the wooden shutters of the English building and the fire crackled merrily, spilling heat into the hallway. Mandy had propositioned them so casually that it took his

brain a moment to catch up, but as soon as it did, his cock wasn't far behind. A satisfied smirk played across Mandy's lips as she glanced down at his pants. Boo's mouth was open, but no words came out.

Mandy turned and flicked her tail.

"Coming?" she asked.

Boo looked at Astra. There was disbelief in her eyes. He figured that he would wait on her move, unwilling to risk another outburst, but then slowly, as if unsure of herself, Boo followed Mandy into the room. Astra took a deep breath and closed the door behind them.

Mandy was already pulling off her shirt.

A thin black bra covered her oversized breasts. She unhooked it with one claw, sighing as her boobs bounced onto her stomach and settled on the smooth, gray fur. The belt of her jeans was already unbuckled. The thrip of the zipper opening made Astra flinch.

"Why so nervous?" Mandy asked. She fingered the bulge in her panties, letting it grow against the back of her knuckles. "You've already handled this once today."

Boo was hovering in front of the fireplace, her hands clasped in front of her. She kept glancing back at the door, at Astra, then at Mandy. Astra knew that she was no monster virgin—Boo's room was the most frequently visited besides his—but was sleeping with her advisor over the line? He didn't want to push her into anything she didn't want and was prepared to leave if she asked, but then Boo slipped off her jacket.

She kissed Mandy softly, tilting her muzzle back and letting their lips brush together. When Mandy let out a hungry whine, she took her deeper, allowing the hyena's tongue to press against her own, but going no further until Mandy grabbed her by the waist and dipped her low. It was a battle of wills.

Astra wasn't sure who he wanted to win.

"Why did you sleep with Astra?" Boo asked.

'Standing', she was the same height as Mandy, but their torsos were misaligned. Mandy was broader, more solid, and she used her

bulk to bully Boo toward the desk. Astra followed, watching, taking off his own jacket and setting it on a chair.

“Because he’s delicious,” Mandy said. “And cute. I like the cute ones.”

“He’s ours,” Boo said.

Her hands danced over Mandy’s hips. The hyena bucked, a low growl building in her throat, but then Boo did something that Astra had never thought to do.

She grabbed the base of Mandy’s tail.

A girlish moan slipped from Mandy’s lips. The hyena clapped her hands to her mouth, eyes wide, then glaring, and tried to reassert dominance, but Boo closed the distance between them, swinging Mandy around the press her butt against the desk, kissing and stroking, disarming her prey.

It was a marvel to behold. A masterclass. Astra had slept with Boo enough times to know that she was experienced, but he had never truly seen how accommodating she could be. Mandy was putty in Boo’s palms. She fought and growled and hissed and snarled and even clamped her teeth down on Boo’s shoulder, but Boo didn’t flinch, nor did her hands ever stop. She let them wander over Mandy’s spine, her tail, her ass, her cock; never lingering, only staying long enough to leave an impression before moving on. The hunger in Mandy’s eyes was growing. If Astra had teased her like that, she would have filled and swallowed him by then, but not Boo. Astra finally understood why Penelope seemed to respect her so much.

Boo’s cock was sliding from its sheath. Mandy wasn’t intimidated, nor did she hesitate to rub herself against it. Precum leaked between her tits as Boo planted herself against Mandy’s belly and let the hyena work the head.

“Astra.”

Astra jumped. He had been mesmerized by the performance; so much so that he had forgotten that he was actually in the room. Boo was beckoning him.

She pointed at the desk.

"Go sit up there," Boo said.

Astra did as she asked, hopping up on the desk. He was still in his shirt and jeans. Mandy turned to look at him. Her tongue flicked over her sharp canines. Boo wrenched her muzzle around so that they were nose to nose.

"You can't eat him," she said.

"I was going to wait until we were finished," Mandy admitted, grinning. "Or wouldn't it be nice to have him in my stomach during?"

"You can't eat him."

Mandy huffed, but turned when Boo pushed her up against the desk. Her bulbous belly poured over the edge of the wood, churning uproariously, working through the rest of what had once been Astra. Astra sat in front of her, cross-legged, privy to every gust of hot breath and hungry glance Mandy shot at him.

Boo pulled Mandy's panties down and put a hand on her shoulder. Her cock slid between Mandy's cheeks.

"What should I do?" Astra asked.

"Sit there," Boo said. "Be tempting."

Ah. Mandy snarled at the proclamation, causing his cock to rise between her breasts. They were practically in his lap, her claws digging into the top of the desk, furry belly gurgling away. Mandy glared at him when he took his shirt off. Her nose twitched. A pool of saliva gathered at the corners of her hips and her pupils widened into pools of pure black. Astra almost fell off the desk. The danger was palpable, but Boo held Mandy back, using the same lube she had dumped over him earlier to grease the hyena's ass. When she was satisfied, Boo gave it a slap.

"Alright," she said. "Let's do this."

Mandy licked her lips. Her eyes glowed in the firelight, watching Astra with an intensity that he only ever seen in the library during finals week. It was absolute focus—that mind-emptying, sense-

sharpening application of will. She didn’t even flinch as Boo put it in her. Every ounce of her instinct was trained on the food in front of her.



At first the attention disturbed him. This was not the usual, carnivorous need. Even at their most feral, the girls treated him as a person and though they knew he would respawn, they also knew that it was painful to digest and that he went through it willingly for them. Mandy didn't care. Her need was pure hunger, the hyena and the steak, but this hyena had an owner with a leash and Boo wasn't letting her off of it yet.

Astra hesitated for a moment, then put his hand on Mandy's tongue. Her breath was hot between his fingers, drool marinating his wrist and palm as she panted, eyes narrowed to slits. She ground her belly against the table, jaws twitching. For a brief moment, Astra was afraid that she'd bite his hand off, but then her mouth widened and her tongue flatted and he saw it for what it really was: an invitation.

Boo was too busy taking Mandy from behind to notice. The plap of her hips hitting Mandy's rear was dampened by the tail between them. She was putting Mandy in her place, so she thought, unaware that Mandy was somewhere else entirely.

Astra spread his fingers and let himself pet Mandy's tongue. Keeping his fingers spread, he pushed his arm down into her throat.

To be fair, when she swallowed, it was not intended to take him whole. It was a reactive swallow; the kind that occurs when your toothbrush nudges your uvula. Astra felt the esophagus squeeze around his wrist as Mandy gave a snort of pleasure, rolling her eyes. Saliva spilled past her jowls to make a mess of her fur. The space between her breasts was damp with need.

Astra kept his hand in her throat. He flexed his wrist, moving his fingers in circles. The whines of pleasure continued, feral, as Mandy opened her mouth even further, inviting him to place more of himself inside of her. Boo's hips *whap, whap, whaped* away, oblivious to Astra's display of…masochism?

He wasn't sure what else he should call it. Boo had invited him to tempt Mandy; he didn't have to go all the way. He tried to remember how painful it was, digesting inside of her, but after Mandy



had learned that his connection with Ophelia was stable, she had basically massaged him into herself, churning him softer and softer until he was one with her belly. He looked down at Mandy's stomach and got hard all over again. He slid out of his pants.

Mandy growled when he pulled his hand out of her throat. It came loose with a pop, followed by a glob of saliva. Astra stared at his shimmering hand, marveling at it for a moment. Then, with his other hand, he loosened his boxers. Mandy began to pant even harder as his rigid cock came out and flicked her nose. She placed her tongue obediently in front of him, begging for a taste, but Astra stroked himself with the hand that had been in her throat first, using it to get himself right to the edge.

It took him all of a minute. With Mandy's breath washing over his hips and his imminent digestion, a few tugs were all that was needed to put him there. Satisfied, he let Mandy take over, kneeling on the desk with his cock on her bottom lip. Her tongue wrapped around it immediately, pulling it into her maw.

Mandy gave him a long suck. Astra shivered. Without the use of her hands, all Mandy could do was strain her head forward, hoping he'd oblige and he did, feeling the heat of her mouth spreading through his limbs. Astra swiped a hand over his face. What he was doing was insanity. Mandy was a wild animal and he was taking…he was taking…

He came, clutching her cheeks, fingers wound in her hair and cock thrust against her tonsils. She gulped expectantly, desperately. When she finished, she let his polished cock free of her muzzle. Her jaws opened wide.

A final invitation.

Astra glanced at Boo. Her eyes were closed. She was holding Mandy's hips and thrusting like her life depended on it, but Mandy was watching Astra, waiting. He didn't even think about it as he sat on the desk, draping his feet into Mandy's waiting gullet. He just took a deep breath, said a quick prayer, then pushed off into the dark.



Boo's gasp was audible even from the inside of Mandy's throat. She had obviously not been expecting him to feed himself to her and to be fair, neither had he, but he didn't regret it, not as he poured out of the hyena's esophagus and into her stomach and felt the satisfied heaving of her hips beneath him, thrusting her cock up into the Astra-softened flesh of her outer belly. Her stomach was already boiling. Liquid sloshed against his chest. The darkness around him was oppressive and the walls were uncomfortable, but between the weight of her body and the weight of her lust, Astra was sustained.

Hands dug into the sides of Mandy's stomach.

Boo's hands.

"God damn it, Mandy, spit him out!"

"Not on your life. He feels too good in there."

The whole pouch shook as Boo attacked it from behind, her blows cushioned from the inside, raining down on Astra. When that failed to motivate Mandy, Boo pushed her up against the desk. Her arms came around the bottom of Mandy's stomach and *squeeeezed*, but all that did was churn up the gas inside of the hyena which she released as a loud and abrasive belch.

BBrrrAaaAAAAAAAP!

"Excuse me," Mandy chuckled, turning to squash Astra between her thighs. "I've got to say, for someone who was just chastening me for sleeping with a student, you fucked me pretty good. I'm surprised it took you this long. Penelope broke during our second 'session'."

"You're unbelievable," Boo muttered, tracing the creases of Astra's body as it bulged against Mandy's navel.

Astra curled into a ball. He had learned that it was best not to fight against digestion, but rather to focus on the pleasure of being contained, of being smothered inside of the body of his captor. When Mandy bent forward, he was unconcerned. She wasn't regurgitating him—her stomach wasn't squeezing nearly hard enough—but he could hear Boo grumbling as she took hold of Mandy's cheeks. Was his cozy little chamber about to fill with her seed?

“Oh Boo, don’t be such a sore loser,” Mandy chided. A wet thump announced the arrival of Boo’s cock on her stomach, pressed tight against the flab and the fur. “He’ll reform in a couple of hours and then you can have him anyway.”

“That’s so not the point I was trying to make,” Boo said. Her cock stiffened. “And shame on you, Astra! You were supposed to tease Mandy, not slide down her gullet.”

“He’s an obedient little gut pet,” Mandy said. “Maybe I won’t digest him at all. Maybe I’ll keep him for all of winter break.”

Astra doubted that considering her acids were already sizzling around him, preparing to melt him into slop, but Boo must have taken her seriously because what followed was a scuffle that he couldn’t see, bouncing him inside of Mandy as they got into a slap fight.

“Hey, don’t just–”

“Let him go!”

“No chance, honey. I don’t spit.”

“Well then, open wide!”

Mandy relented, allowing Boo to place her cock on the tip of her tongue. Astra followed it all from below, taking his cues from gasps and gurgles and the wet sound of a slippery appendage slithering down Mandy’s throat. There was a gagging sound. Something thumped against Astra’s head. A cool mucus coated his palms as he reached up and grabbed the fleshy head of Boo’s cock.

“Hold on,” Boo said.

Astra tried, but when she pulled, her cock slipped through his grasp. The mix of stomach acids and mucus made it too slick for him to hold onto. They tried again, Boo thrusting deeper into Mandy’s stomach, and this time Astra held it tight to his chest. As soon as his head hit the esophagus, he slid off again, splashing down into the simmering liquid.

“Mmm,” Mandy hummed.

See?



It was a fool's errand. Mandy was probably right: Boo should just let him digest so that he reformed quicker. Astra tried to tell Boo that with his fingers, stroking her head, but that only caused her to harden, her prehensile appendage twisting in his hands. There was a puff of air as her urethra opened against his knuckles, leaking precum. Figuring that it wouldn't hurt, Astra put his mouth against the tip, sucking just enough to earn a moan.

"Astra, you idiot," Boo said. "What are you doing?"

He…wasn't quite sure. He was rarely sure these days, given how topsy-turvy his life had become, but mostly he was just following his instincts and his current instinct was to service two girls at once. His slimy dance inside of Mandy was turning her on. Her cock kept thumping against his feet, demanding attention. He figured that if he stroked Boo with his hand and Mandy with his squirms, it would be a winning situation for all.

Apparently, Boo didn't see it that way.

Astra wasn't even aware that his head was inside of her cock at first. The pressure was normal, as was the heat, but as the prehensile appendage worked its way over his shoulders and arms, he found himself immobilized, sliding through the firm, but pliant corridors of Boo's cock.

Ah, Astra thought. *That's clever. She'll pull me out.*

By the time his arms and stomach were firmly compacted inside of Boo's member, he started to doubt that she was just 'pulling him out'. In fact, he was being suctioned through her, compressed on all sides by elastic flesh and the further vice of Mandy's throat resisting his rescue. Boo pulled free of Mandy's throat just as Astra's head reached her hips. There was a lot of coughing and spitting and Mandy's disappointed whine.

"That's not fair," she said.

"Life's a bitch," Boo said, holding out her cock to the hyena. "Now do you want to pump him down into my sack or do you want to complain some more?"



Astra was suspended upside down inside of Boo. Like the rest of her body, the snail's cock was semi-transparent, giving him a good view of Mandy's bulk trundling toward him. Two firm hands gripped the bottom of Boo's shaft. Starting at his legs, Mandy squeezed her way down to Boo's hips, pushing him inch by inch towards…

Actually, Astra wasn't sure where he was going. Boo didn't have external testicles, but she did produce cum or something like it, so where exactly was he about to be deposited? The pressure around his head remained consistent as Mandy fap, fap, fapped him down into Boo's body, but after his head passed under his hips, the corridor bottomed out. Astra slid into another stomach-like chamber as Boo let out a delighted gasp.

"Wow," she said. "I didn't think…he's actually in there, isn't he? Are you okay, Astra? Can you hear me?"

Astra was lying face-down at the lowest point of her body, crushed beneath her weight. He sputtered as warm liquid filled his mouth and nose. He had to heave with all of his might to press up enough to avoid drowning, and even then his arms were trembling, unable to hold the weight.

"You're going to, urgh, crush me," he stuttered.

Boo shifted on top of him.

"Well that's one way to tell a girl she's fat," she said.

Mandy chuckled, but Astra didn't have time to rectify or retract. His back was braced against the ceiling and his forearms were beginning to burn.

"Come on," Mandy said. "Let him out inside of me."

"Or I could walk home like this," Boo said. "It would serve him right."

Astra was sure that if she tried, he'd drown before she made it up the stairs, but he was saved from having to find out when someone pounded on the door. Mandy and Boo looked at each other. Their outlines were faint, but visible.

“It’s like, 10pm,” Boo whispered. “Do students come by this late?”

“Just you,” Mandy said, pulling on her shirt. “I’m usually home by now.”

“Hey, Mandy!” came a familiar voice. “Let us in!”

Mandy waited for Boo to slip on her clothes as well before opening the door. Astra was slowly turning, making his way back toward her cock. If he could reach it, maybe he could use it like a breathing tube.

Only…

His limbs were starting to feel soft. Astra went to wipe the sweat from his brow, but when he put his hand down, it sank into the goo further than it should have. He was melting! He was melting, but it didn’t hurt. Sound became distorted as the weight of Boo’s body slowly crushed down on him, her cum churning, accepting him into her next load.

Penelope was at the door, panting. The rest of the Titan Hall girls were with her, equally out of breath.

“It’s Rubin,” Penelope said. “The chancellor denied his request to hold the Monster Ball.”

“What happened?” Mandy asked. “What did he do?”

Astra knew what Penelope was going to say before she said it, but it didn’t make it any easier to hear.

“He ate the chancellor,” Penelope said. “Shit, Mandy, they’re eating everybody!”

And that was all Astra got before he melted into a huge, gooey load.



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