Childhood Friend 3

An Illustrated Novella

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Art by SeekGr






MIRA

The Childhood Friend

a Vore Series

by

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Book 3

Mira put a polite hand to her mouth.

“That’s the point of this experience,” she said. “I assure you it’s no problem. Your partner has indicated that you would like a massage as well?”

I rolled my shoulders. A massage would actually be perfect. I looked around the room for another table, but there wasn’t one. Was she going to roll it out or…why was Mira licking her lips?

Oh.

“Julia?” Mira asked.

Julia waved a hand lazily.

"Take him. He deserves it."

I blinked.

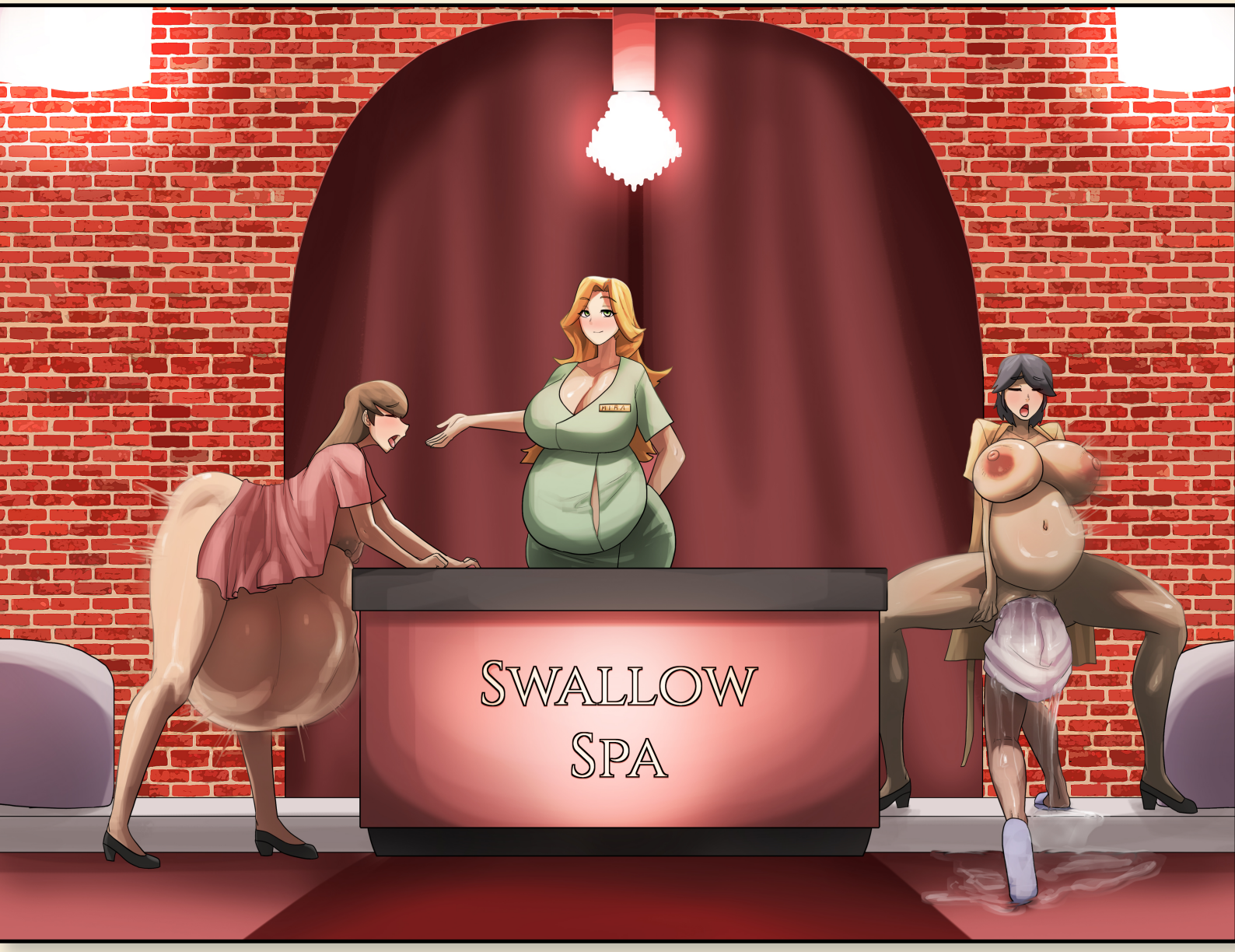
"Wait, take me—"

But Mira was already behind me. One hand slid around my waist. The other lifted my chin.

"Relax," she whispered. "Just let go."

Her mouth opened wider.

1



Swallow Spa & Suites looked like it had been designed by a very horny architect with a background in hospitality and a deep, unshakable respect for bellies.

It started with the entrance: twin archways shaped like open jaws, complete with tiled teeth and a plush red carpet that ran down

the throat—I mean, hallway—into the lobby. Soft flute music echoed from hidden speakers. The air was humid, floral, and heavy with the unmistakable scent of massage oil and faintly digested meat.

"You see that?" Critter asked, jerking his thumb toward a lounge chair near the fountain.

"Mmhmm," I said. The woman—a seven-foot-tall redhead in a silk wrap—was scrolling through her phone while a very relaxed man was chest-deep in her pussy. The woman smiled when she saw us watching and folded a leg over the man, squeezing him deeper.

Julia sighed like she'd just arrived in paradise. She adjusted her sunglasses, stepped forward, and put a hand on my shoulder.

"Now this is a resort."

Celestia, behind her, snorted. At 6'5", musclebound, and perpetually annoyed, she somehow made a sundress look like tactical gear.

"Could've let me pick the hotel," she grumbled. "This one smells like citrus and sex."

"That's the point," Honey murmured. She was barely paying attention, halfway asleep against Evangeline's shoulder. She had that dazed, floaty look predators get when they're running on post-swallow bliss. Her stomach bulged against the front of her dress. I wouldn't have even been able to tell she was full except for the fact that I watched her swallow our Uber driver.

A woman behind the front desk waved us forward. She was short and plump, with round cheeks and a professional bob, her nametag reading *DELILAH*. Her blouse was straining a little over a sizable, occasionally twitching belly.

"Welcome to Swallow Spa & Suites," she said, like she'd said it a hundred times today and loved every one of them. "Checking in? Names?"

"Under Critter," Critter said. "It was a group booking. Swallow Package."

"Perfect," Delilah said, tapping at her screen. "Two nights. Predator-prey pairs, yes? Mated or casually involved?"

Celestia raised an eyebrow. "Bit of both."

I glanced at Celestia, then at Julia. We had discussed…arrangements between the predators, but I wasn't sure if I'd consider us 'casually involved'. Then again…

"Lovely. Just need you to sign the consent waiver." Deliliah slid over a glowing touchpad. "It's mostly for liability. Standard stuff: don't swallow anyone without permission, no digestion unless previously discussed, and please no screaming in shared areas."

"Wait, digestion is allowed?" I asked, blinking.

Delilah smiled. Her belly let out a faint *glorp*. She patted it. "This is a luxury resort, sir. We don't judge what brings people closer together."

Julia made a sound like a purr and signed with a flourish. Her grip tightened on my shoulder.

We each got keycards—cream-colored with gold-embossed stomach icons—and a printed spa map. The lobby opened into a wide central atrium lined with pools, curtained alcoves, and daybeds. Every ten feet, there was someone either halfway in a belly or just coming out of one. Critter stared in obvious amazement. Evangeline could barely contain herself. Honey hummed lazily; Julia and Celestia licked their lips.

"You're in the Heron Wing," Delilah continued. "Private tubs, mirrored ceilings, full swallowing mats, and proximity to the belly bar. Enjoy your stay."

As we walked, Honey drifted over to a wall-mounted display and poked a glowing button labeled Digestive Services. Evangeline gently tugged her away. "Not on the first day, love."

Julia linked her arm through mine.

"I cannot wait to get you alone."

"We're not even in the room yet," I said, wary.

Her stomach rumbled against my ear. She drew my head in, sighing happily.

"Exactly."

***

The suite was bigger than our apartment.

A king-size bed with a latex acid-safe cover sat under a skylight. A sunken tub big enough to drown in steamed quietly beside a fully stocked minibar. The walls were soundproofed. I knew that because I could see the panel marked *privacy digestion enabled*.

Julia dropped her bag, stretched like a cat, and said, "Clothes off."

"We just got here."

"So?" She turned to me, eyes dark with amusement. "You're telling me you booked us a swallow spa and expected me to wait?"

I opened my mouth to reply. That was a mistake.

Her mouth opened wider.

There was a moment—half a breath—where I could have backed away.

I didn't.

She lunged.

Her tongue swept under my jaw, curled, and dragged me in chest-first. My arms pinned to my sides as her lips sealed around my ribs. I gasped, already sinking.

"Julia—!"

She moaned. Her throat flexed.

We had discussed this beforehand. All of us had. This trip, the Swallow Spa, was Critter's idea—a gift to the girls and a pseudo bachelorette party for Julia. As such, I had told Julia to 'follow her instincts'.

I guess I had, uh, forgotten just how bad her cravings were when she hadn't eaten in a while.



One of her hands—the one with the engagement ring—wrapped around my cock as I struggled against the pull of gravity. I gasped, moaning, as Julia's practiced fingers made short work of me. I was already semi-rigid. A few pumps and a faceful of stomach air was enough to take me the rest of the way, squirming in her palm as she hummed around me.

"Sho good," Julia managed. Her throat opened and closed. I slipped deeper and the tip of my cock pressed against her tongue. We both shuddered. "Shoooo good."

She closed her lips around my balls, still in her hand, and gulped. The tightness of her throat contrasted with the arching of her tongue and my cock slipped through her fingers, slapping against her uvula.

With one strong, slow gulp, she pulled me past the waist. My legs kicked once—reflexively. She hummed again, satisfied, and tipped her head back. By this point I was twitching, gasping, reflexively swallowing hot gusts of stomach air as I slipped down into the hot, slick embrace of her gut.

It was immediate and total. Pressure on all sides. Steam. Motion. Her body knew how to hold me. I drew my face up into the sweating walls and let it all go in her throat. Satisfied, Julia gulped.

"Fucking fantastic, sweetheart."

She settled onto the bed with a long, contented sigh.

"You good in there?"

I shifted. Her stomach clenched around me in response. Loud, gurgling appreciation.

"Yeah," I said. "Just...surprised."

"You'll get used to it."

She rubbed her belly—my bulge visible just beneath her navel—and giggled.

"First swallow of the trip."

From inside her, I could hear the faint echo of voices in the hall.

Critter: "Wait, there was a minibar?"

Celestia: "You're going in the minibar if you keep whining."

I grinned.
Welcome to Swallow Spa.

2

Julia didn't let me out for at least an hour. Which, to be fair, is probably the most romantic thing she could have done. I drifted in and out of a belly-warmed daze, rocked gently by the motions of her walking around our suite, nibbling snacks, and—based on the laughter I kept hearing—bragging to the others.

I couldn't see her, but I knew the look on her face: smug, satisfied, like she'd just won a prize.

"I told you he's comfy," she was saying to someone. Probably Celestia.

The next voice I heard was unmistakably hers: dry, sardonic, sharp.

"Mine doesn't cooperate," Celestia was saying. "He was trying to write down his lunch order when I swallowed the menu. And him."

From inside Julia, I burst out laughing.

"You ate the page with my dinner order!" Critter's voice echoed.

"Don't worry," Celestia replied. "I remembered the important part."

"What was that?"

"You like potatoes."

"I fucking hate potatoes, Celestia."

"He's getting potatoes," Celestia said. There was a sound like a page flipping. A grunt of amusement. "Looks like they've got a special way of dining. If you've got your partner in your stomach, you can use *them* as your dining table."

"Then how do they get their food?" Julia asked.

Another half-chewed corn chip fell on my head from above. I didn't need a PHD to answer *that* question, and while Julia seemed to contemplate it for a second, I was happy to hear her sigh and shake her head.

"Nah, that's too gross."

“Not for this little pervert,” Celestia said, slapping her stomach. “Critter can stay inside me for days at a time. He *loves* snacking on my leftovers.”

“I do not!” came Critter’s muffled protest. “She makes me, Ollie! It’s, like, a sex thing for her.”

“You don’t have to justify it to me, Critter,” I shouted. Julia’s stomach was starting to get loud. An hour was about our limit, anyway. “Celestia loves to tell us all of the weird stuff that you’re into.”

Celestia snickered. There came a wet *shlick* as she flattened the angry bulges Critter was making against her abdomen.

“She does *not!* Celestia, that’s not true, yeah?”

“Oh, it’s just ‘girl talk’, Critter,” Celestia said. “Don’t you worry your pretty little head about it.”

“She’s teasing you,” Julia said. She flicked me through her stomach. “And if Ollie doesn’t stop riling her up, I’ll tell you about all of the weird things that *he’s* into. For instance, did you know that he *looooves* it when I bur–”

“Okay!” I yelled. “Let’s not be hasty.”

“–rp. He loves it when I burp.”

“Pervert,” Celestia scoffed.

I threw my hands up despite knowing that nobody would see it. Julia snickered to herself. I could *smell* the wine currently dissolving in the liquid beneath me and got the feeling that this was going to be a long night. In fact, the fumes were starting to make me a little dizzy.

“Out,” I said, knuckling Julia’s esophagus.

She bounced me on her lap. I heard the mattress creak beneath us.

“No, no,” Julia said. “Just a few more minutes! I wanna do the belly dinner thing. I promise to cook up *plenty* of gas for you.”

Celestia howled. Even Critter seemed to snicker. Blushing, I rapped a bit harder.

“Lemon cakes.”



Immediately, Julia's throat opened. I slid up and out onto Celestia's belly which shook beneath me. Celestia, blanching, threw me into the bathtub across the room. I did a full arc before landing with a splash.

"Ew!" Celestia yelled. "Warn a bitch, Julia."

"Sorry," Jula giggled, wiping her lips. "Lemon cakes is the safe word. Sometimes we like to roleplay–"

"Julia," I sputtered, pulling myself from the tub. "Seriously, honey, they don't need to know *everything*."

"At least not until the weekend is up!"

Honey ambled into the room, her hands clamped around her own, bulbous gut. Evangeline's giggles rang out beneath the black fabric of her dress (as well as the semi-embarrassing *schlick, schlick, schlick,* of what was probably meant to be a *private* session). Julia clapped. Celestia rolled her eyes. I ignored Evangeline's moans just as I hoped she'd ignore my own and grabbed a fluffy towel.

"We took a bath," Honey continued.

She sat on the bed between Julia and Celestia and the bed *dipped*. Even the predator-proof steel frame couldn't handle two full ladies.

"Did you know that stomachs float in water? I've never been swimming with Evangeline. I'd be super interested in experimenting!"

"Are you drunk?" Celestia asked. "You smell drunk."

Honey flashed us a peace sign, which I guess was a yes, and Evangeline hiccuped, then groaned. I saw the indent of her knees briefly appear against Honey's dress as she arched inside of her, then settled with a gurgle. Honey patted her stomach proudly.

"Was that good for you, Angel? How's my cutie butt doing?"

"Ooookay!" Celestia said, slapping her legs and rising. "I'm getting the fuck out of here before this gets weird."

"Before?" Julia asked.

She tossed me my clothes and I dressed in a hurry. Honey meandered into the bathroom to release Evangeline as Celestia's foot

tapped impatiently. She made no move to release Critter. I guess she wasn't joking about making him eat inside of her.

"Alright!" Honey said, returning from the bathroom with a dripping Evangeline in her arms. "Let's eat! I'm starving!"

3

It was late morning when we stepped into the Atrium of Devotion, and the smell hit us like a warm breeze: honeyed bread, fresh fruit, butter, spice, and that underlying note of full bellies and digestive ambition. Glass walls let in the sunlight and gleamed against the polished marble floors. Everywhere I looked, someone was eating or being eaten.

One table had a pair of women reclining on floor cushions, bellies distended, plates balanced delicately on top. They laughed with every squirm from within. At another table, a waiter was delicately placing a carafe of orange juice on top of a stomach that was clearly still in motion.

"Holy shit," Celestia muttered, eyes wide.

Julia clapped her hands. "This is adorable."

Honey leaned into Evangeline. "I want to be so full I can't sit up straight."

A woman in a champagne-pink dress approached. She had a hostess nametag, a clipboard, and a belly just beginning to swell with what I assumed was her last satisfied guest.

"Welcome! You're part of the Critter group, right? We have a booth prepared. Would you like to devour your partners before you dine, or shall we bring separate plates?"

Celestia didn’t wait.

"Get in," she said to Critter.

"Oh, come on," he said, but he was already sliding his robe off.

She opened her mouth. He glared at me as she unhinged her jaw with a pop.

"Tell my story," he grumbled.

And then Celestia swallowed him in one practiced gulp, belly rounding out with a pleased groan.

The hostess smiled. "Beautifully done. The rest of you?"



Julia rested a hand on my shoulder. I raised an eyebrow.

"Let me eat first," I said.

She gave me a mock pout. Then nodded. "Fair."

"Same," said Evangeline. "I want to chew."

"Of course," the hostess said smoothly. "Would you like a house-prey for your partners to enjoy in the meantime?"

My jaw dropped.

Julia lit up. "You have those?"

"All willing, all contracted. You may digest them fully."

Honey’s eyes went dreamy again. "Yes, please."

The hostess clapped once. Two women emerged from behind a curtain: tall, toned, and smiling. One had sleek red hair and the other wore braids and sparkled from wrist to ankle in glitter lotion.

They didn’t say anything.

They didn’t need to.

Honey opened her mouth with a breathy moan, and the braided girl practically walked into it.

“Holy shit, holy shit,” Evangeline muttered. Her hand vanished beneath the folds of her sundress and I didn’t blame her. Already, I could feel myself stiffening against the front of my shorts. Several couples in the booths next to us were either masturbating or in the middle of sex.

Julia turned to me.

"You okay with this?"

I nodded.

The redhead stepped up to Julia and bowed. She had a face full of freckles and a body like a model.

“It would be my pleasure to dine with you this evening,” she said.

Julia took her by the chin and lifted her head. The redhead was practically quivering with excitement, but I was glad that Julia asked:

“Are you okay with this?”

“It would be my *pleasure*,” the girl said, winking. “Is there any particular way that you want me?”

Now it was Julia’s turn to look at me, amazed.

“Um, I’ve never…I guess feet first?”

I gave her a thumbs up.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” Evangeline hissed as Honey stood, belly jiggling. She let out an enormous belch, slapping her gut. I blushed, remembering Celestia’s teasing, then blushed deeper when I saw Evangeline looking at me. Arrangement or not, I shouldn’t be thinking of Honey that way. Evangeline’s mouth quirked. She probably knew.

“Now I’m ready for brunch!” Honey said.

The redhead rubbed her knees together as she glanced at Honey. Now that Julia was sure she was willing, Julia took the girl by the hips and knelt. With a damp squish, she opened her mouth. The redhead stepped into it with no hesitation.



"Holy…"

"Feel free to pleasure yourself," the hostess whispered, bumping her belly against my arm. "This is a safe space. Even the staff is allowed to let themselves go…so long as their partners are willing!"

I almost passed out as she blew me a kiss and walked back to the host stand.

The redhead was ankle-deep in Julia's throat. She stepped into her like she was stepping into a shallow pool, daintily placing both feet in Julia's mouth as Julia moaned, salivating. I knew from experience that my fiance had a special affinity for willing prey, but the fact that she could *digest* this one…oh, she was having a field day.

Julia's eyes glimmered as she swallowed the girl's legs. She kept her hands on the redhead's hips, holding her steady, rising smoothly around her supple thighs as her belly grew, bursting out of the fluffy white robe she was wearing. Then came her breasts, flopping out onto her stomach which expanded beyond her knees and at that point, I couldn't take it anymore. I thought I saw Julia smile as I reached into my shorts and pulled my cock out, keenly aware that I was in public.

The redhead moaned.

"A-am I delicious?" she asked. "Am I doing a good job?"

Julia, whose mouth had just closed around her breasts, finished standing. With one hand, she pushed the girl down into her throat and swallowed.

GUuuUULP!

"You were, ***Bbruuuup***, excellent," Julia said.

She patted her stomach, the hollow sound of it sending a shiver down my spine as I neared my climax. Evangeline was on top of Honey. Celestia was looking at the menu. Julia's eyes were glued to my own. She licked her lips.

"How about a chaser?"

Once more, she knelt, and this time I went to her, groaning as her hot breath swept across my crotch. She took my quivering meat from me, handling it gingerly, kissing the tip before *swallowing it.* With her

lips locked around my waist and my cock in her throat, I could do nothing *but* release inside of her. She gulped it down greedily, releasing me with a *pop*.

"This place rocks," Julia said. "I never thought I'd ever see you do this in public."



"I'm mortified," I said, zipping my shorts. An older woman with a gut twice her size gave me a thumbs-up as we passed her walking to our table. Aside from that, nobody seemed to notice or care. "This is a 'when in Rome' situation, Julia."

"Yeah, yeah," she said, too giddy to banter.

“Fucking finally,” Celestia said as we sat. “I was about to start digesting Critter.”

When the waiter returned with menus, Julia was rubbing her rounded belly. I had my hands in my lap, still ashamed, and Honey and Evangeline were making out over the squirming hump of the glittered-up girl.

"You want to feel her?" Honey asked.

Again, I glanced at Evangeline. It was hard to tell what she was thinking behind her glasses and placid expression, so I placed a hand on the soft curve of Honey’s gut and felt a twitch beneath my palm.

"Still moving."

"Not for long."

Celestia had already started in on her omelet, Critter squirming gently under her ribs.

We feasted. The food was ridiculous: candied bacon, truffled eggs, fruit sliced so thin it melted on your tongue. The waiter balanced dishes on Julia's gut. She kept licking syrup from her fingers, occasionally massaging the moving mound of her stomach like it was dessert.

I watched every swallow. Every burp. Every soft sigh.

I was so, so glad I hadn’t let her eat me.

Because watching her do it might have been even better.

Still, I felt a bit awkward about ogling Honey. Everyone was ogling everyone, I justified, and I could see Evangeline glancing over at Julia’s gut whenever she pulled her face away from Honey’s. This arrangement:

How far did it go?

Little did I know that by the end of the day, I was going to find out.

4

After brunch, Julia leaned back with her hands on her massive, softly squirming belly and groaned in delight. "That was perfect," she said. "Now I need a massage."

"You're going to get a massage with a full belly?"

She turned to me and gave me a grin that could have swallowed me whole. Again. "No, *you're* going to give it to me."

Before I could protest, she grabbed my wrist and pulled me toward a hallway marked Inner Glow: Belly Massage Studio. The tiles were warm underfoot and the air smelled like cinnamon oil and citrus.

The room they led us to was softly lit, all creams and golds, with a massage table that was more of a padded mat the size of a bed. Beside it stood a tall woman in a pale green robe with a nametag that read *MIRA*. Her voice was a husky alto as she greeted us.

"Welcome. You're with the *digestive integration experience*, yes?"

"He is," Julia said, pointing to me.

Mira smiled and gestured for Julia to lie back on the mat, her belly rounding up into a perfect dome. It gurgled softly, pleased.

"You'll kneel beside her," Mira said to me. "Hands on her stomach. Start at the top. Gentle circles. Follow the shape of the meal."

I knelt beside Julia, my palms splayed against the warm swell of her gut. Her skin was soft, satiny, and subtly shifting beneath my touch. She had eaten a lot at brunch—enough to pack the spaces between the redhead and the stomach walls. Even now, I could feel the slosh of the digesting girl, the weight of the meal making the curve taut and heavy, but pliant.

"Slow circles," Mira murmured beside me. Her fingers pressed lightly over mine. "Like this. Work with her—not against her. Let her body show you where it needs you."

Julia let out a low, contented hum as I traced the curve of her navel. The noise came from deep in her chest, vibrating through her belly and into my hands. I could feel motion inside—small, twitching movements, the occasional roll of a foot or elbow pressing out against her stomach wall before sinking back down.

"She's still fighting a little," Julia breathed. "But not for long."

My thumbs moved lower, kneading into the lower swell of her gut where the prey had settled. The texture changed subtly—firmer here, more pressure. Her stomach gurgled wetly in response, like it recognized the attention.

"More pressure now," Mira whispered, guiding me. Her hand slid over my wrist, pushing just a bit deeper.

Julia gasped. Her legs shifted open slightly on the mat.

"Right there. Oh my god. Don't stop."

I worked her in slow, deliberate strokes, my palms gliding over sweat-slick skin. Each movement drew a new sound from her: a sigh, a moan, a deeper rumble from her gut as digestion picked up. Her stomach flexed gently under my hands, as if trying to hug itself tighter around its occupant.

The flesh beneath my hands pulsed with heat. I could feel the belly working—contracting and kneading. I pushed deeper, deeper, following Julia's moans all the way to her underbelly.

"You're doing so good," Julia whispered. Her eyes fluttered shut. Her fingers curled in the sheets. "Just a little…more."

"Ease off," Mira said, gesturing to Julia's open legs. "Her body can do the rest now. All you have to do is encourage it."

I blinked.

"You mean…?"

"However you like," Mira said, hands folded politely in front of her. "Mouth is my favorite, but we offer a full array of *implements* if

you so choose. As long as you bring her to completion, I'm sure she'll be happy. I can guide you if you need any tips."

My cheeks grew red.

"I don't need…I shouldn't…Julia?"

"T-tongue," Julia whined. "And tips."

With a click, a padded stool unfolded from the massage table. I had been wondering what it was there for—now I knew. I knelt between Julia's legs, her stomach jiggling overhead, the hardened lumps softening in front of my eyes as sweat dripped between her thighs. Mira, gently, but firmly, pushed my head forward. I wanted to tell her to turn away, but the crescent of her belly kept bumping my neck and it was…just so fucking hot.

"Start slow," Mira said. "Soft licks, barely grazing. There you go. Now, one finger at the entrance and sliiide. Very good."

Julia clenched around me. The sweetness of her saturated my senses, enveloping me as I licked her long and slow. Her thighs twitched; her belly wobbled. The rumble of digestion vibrated through her, lending me its warmth and friction in a way that was just as stimulating for me as it was for Julia.

"Slow down," Mira said. She was fully leaning into my shoulders. Apparently she liked it when I blushed at the contact. "This isn't a race. Keep your fingers moving, gentle, gentle, and just…stroke."

A hand slid into my robe. It took me a second to realize that it wasn't my own. I yelped as Mira gripped me, attempting to pull away, but trapped between two bellies, I couldn't move.

"I, um, we didn't talk about this," I said. "I'm not sure if—"

Mira used her other hand to press my face back between Julia's legs. The hand holding my cock kneaded in tantalizing circles.

"Each pred in your party signed a consent form when they made their reservation," Mira said. "I will, of course, defer to your own comfort, but if you're worried about your partner, know that she indicated that, for this experience, you should both get a–"


MIRA
MIRA

“Happy ending,” Julia breathed, squeezing me with her thighs. “Relax, Ollie. I know that you sometimes worry that, *nnrg,* I might get more, *oh god,* gratification eating others than I get with eating you. And while, *fuck,* there is a certain p-pleasure in digestion that I’ll never experience with you, eating you is by *far* the hottest thing in the world. Apart from you eating me out while I’m digesting oh my fucking god, Ollie, don’t stop.”

“You heard her,” Mira giggled as Julia bucked against me. Her hand ran the length of my shaft, her breath hot on my ear. “Don’t stop.”

Her expert grip had me gasping against Julia, eyes rolling, back arching in tandem with my fiance as we both approached climax. Julia’s belly rumbled louder and louder, bubbling and boiling to the point where I could feel the heat radiating off of her; the chemical reaction within only heightening the pleasure without. And pleasure it was. I was about to…

About to…

“Fuuuuuuuck,” Julia and I moaned as we came.

I stayed a moment between her quivering hips, then slid backwards into Mira’s arms. She caught me and held me against her breasts, smiling.

“How was that?” she asked.

“Amazing,” I said. “Julia?”

Her thumb rose over her belly. I couldn’t see her face, but I knew that her eyes had glossed over the way they did when I did particularly well. Mira helped get me to my feet. I stared at the puddle I’d made on the floor.

“Sorry,” I said.

Mira put a polite hand to her mouth.

“That’s the point of this experience,” she said. “I assure you it’s no problem. Your partner has indicated that you would like a massage as well?”

I rolled my shoulders. A massage would actually be perfect. I looked around the room for another table, but there wasn't one. Was she going to roll it out or…why was Mira licking her lips?

Oh.

"Julia?" Mira asked.

Julia waved a hand lazily.

"Take him. He deserves it."

I blinked.

"Wait, take me—"

But Mira was already behind me. One hand slid around my waist. The other lifted my chin.

"Relax," she whispered. "Just let go."

Her mouth opened wider. I felt her tongue slide along my neck, curling with purpose. Then came the pressure—wet, snug, rhythmic—as her lips stretched over my shoulders.

I gasped. Her throat gripped me in pulses, each one pulling me deeper into the tight, velvety tunnel of her body.

She swallowed me slow, careful, cherishing every inch. Her hands stroked my back, guiding me inward. My chest slid between her lips, then my stomach, my hips. Her tongue cradled me, slick and strong, before pushing me down.

Her belly was already warm around me by the time my thighs slipped past her lips. It wasn't tight—not at first. It was plush. Cushioned.

Like being pulled into a hot bath lined in silk.

Then came the massage.

From the inside.

Her stomach began to work me in long, deliberate kneads. I felt the muscles shift around me, contracting gently and releasing, coaxing out tension I didn't know I was holding. Oil-slicked warmth surrounded me, coating my skin, soaking into my joints.

I moaned. She swallowed the sound.

Julia's voice came distantly from outside.


MIRA

"How’s he doing in there?"

Mira giggled. Her belly gurgled as I shifted inside.

"Melting nicely."

And god help me—I was.

Then she lay back on the mat beside Julia and let her belly roll against hers.

The two stomachs met with a *plop*—soft against soft, heat against heat. Mira's belly, glossy with oil and taut from within, pressed and shifted against the swell of Julia's. The pressure was electric. From inside, I could feel the contact, a second weight pressing through Mira’s belly wall and into my side. Julia’s stomach was unmistakable—firm, fluid, squirming with its own motion.

I shifted slightly, pressing into that pressure. It felt like our partners were kissing through their bellies.

Outside, Julia let out a breathy sigh.

“You spoil him.”

Mira chuckled. Her hand slid over her gut, fingers following my outline beneath the flesh. “He’s incredibly responsive. Most prey go stiff inside. He *oozes*.”

I would’ve said something sarcastic, but I was far too relaxed to speak. Mira’s stomach kept rolling over me in slow, kneading waves. I could feel her skin ripple with each pulse, could hear the wet squelch of fluid being displaced around me. Her body was warm and slick and utterly in control.

Another motion. Julia leaned in, draping herself over Mira’s side, so her breast pressed into the curve of Mira’s belly, right where my head rested. Her voice came through clearer.

“I’ll want him back,” she murmured. “Eventually.”

Mira’s laugh vibrated through me. “Of course. But let him rest a moment longer.”

She adjusted her position slightly, and I shifted with her, the soft walls holding me like a hammock made of heated flesh. Every motion outside translated into slow, rhythmic motion inside. I could feel her

breathing, the way her stomach rose and fell with each inhale, the way the muscles around me sighed and flexed, not to digest—but to soothe.

I lost all sense of time in there. There was only sound and touch: the glurp of Mira's digestive tract gently working around me, the soothing thump of her heartbeat just beyond the membrane, the steady slide of fluid that warmed and eased every nerve ending.

Her stomach wasn't just soft—it was intelligent, intuitive. It pressed where I was tense. It kneaded where I ached. Even my scalp, my jaw, my fingers, they all were slowly unwound, loosened, made tender.

And through it, I could hear Julia, murmuring to Mira, to me, laughing softly now and then when Mira described how I twitched or relaxed. She ran her fingers over Mira's belly, traced my shape through the wall, and every time she did, I relaxed even deeper.

Finally, Mira gave a contented sigh. I felt her shift forward again. The stomach muscles tightened. It was a practiced motion, a push that guided me up, up, up, until the narrow pressure of her throat returned.

I emerged slick and dazed, blinking in the warm lamplight, and collapsed into the fresh towel she laid out beneath me.

Julia leaned over me with a smug, loving smile. "Feeling better?"

I groaned. "I think I transcended."

She kissed my cheek.

There was a ruffle of bills exchanging hands as Julia tipped Mira and thanked her in a low voice. The masseuse bowed and left us in the room to cool down. I felt Julia rustle. She pulled me up into her arms and we lay together on the table, breathing gently.

"How was her stomach?" Julia asked.

"It was nice," I said, "but not as nice as yours."

A chuckle.

"Good answer, Ollie."

5

Honey and I have an interesting relationship. We've recently discovered a shared love of literature—Haruki Murakami in particular—and have, on occasions, tried to form a book club with the others. Celestia had no interest, nor did Critter. Evangeline tried, but she never did the reading, and Julia is more interested in westerns than dry, contemporary lit. Honey, undeterred, has invited me over for coffee more than once, and while I've enjoyed our discussions, I've often found it hard to penetrate her anemic personality.

All of this to say that, when Honey found me about to slip into the sauna and grabbed my arm, I was surprised, but not alarmed.

"Ollie," she breathed. Her soft belly rammed against my hip as she tugged me toward her, pulling me away from the sauna. "I have to talk to you."

For once, her eyes were bright. She was literally shaking. Curious, I let her lead me down the hall and into one of the many private pools that littered the spa. Only when she closed the door did I think to ask the obvious question.

"Eva–"

"Angel can't know about this," Honey said.

Her hair was damp like she'd just taken a shower. She smelled like lavender and her robe, tied lightly in front of her bulbous belly, was open down the middle. Honey either didn't notice or didn't care that her breasts were out and I tried my best not to care either.

Honey sat on one of the wooden benches. I waited as she ran her hands through her hair, pulling a blonde strand away from her mouth.

"Um, um, something happened," Honey said. "Something kind of exciting, but also a little unconventional. Can you keep a secret?"

"Sure," I said, opting to sit by the edge of the pool. I regretted it immediately when Honey turned. Her crotch was at eye-level and she

wasn't crossing her legs. "But if it's something that involves Evangeline…?"

"Huh? No! Or actually…I don't know. Maybe it does. That's why I wanted to get your advice."

More baffled than ever, I folded my arms and waited.

"Okay," Honey said. "Okay! Um…actually this is kind of hard to say face to face. Would you mind…?"

She nodded at her belly.

"Fine," I sighed, stepping up to her. "Go ahead."

"Oh, thank you, thank you!"

GULP!

Honey was heavier than Julia and Celestia. A lot heavier. I imagined myself as Atlus as I slid into her stomach, holding the weight of the world on my shoulders. Only, in this case, the world was extremely soggy and smelled like frosting.

"Did you eat an entire box of cupcakes or something?" I asked. The suffocating girth of her belly was not made any less claustrophobic by the lukewarm puddle of food I was kneeling in.

"Huh? Oh, yes, actually. They were on a cart and I was so nervous that I just kind of ate them all. Actually, none of that is relevant! Oh, Ollie, I'm just dying to tell someone."

I lodged my back against the wall and sighed. The space around me collapsed inward, pinning me so that every movement was a struggle. Honey let out a stressed belch. If she decided to keep me…

"Go on," I said. "And please don't digest me."

"Okay, um, here it goes!"

ULP!

Something hard and rectangular hit the back of my head. I yelped, relaxing my grip on the walls, and they closed around me again, forcing me into a ball. I had to struggle to unfold myself, blinking as the warm, pink walls resisted my every movement. Pink walls? I looked down.



Honey's phone was sitting in the middle of a pile of half-digested cupcakes.

"Ew," I said. "Honey, I don't need to *see* the contents of your stomach."

"Really? Evangeline loves that. She says it makes her feel like my food. She'll often send me videos of her–"

"Honey!"

"Right, right. Sorry. Um, open my phone. The photo app should already be open."

Pinching my brow, I dug her phone from the sludge and opened it. The first picture was of a very short, *very* well-endowed woman. She was wearing the same robe that we were. It was obvious that this photo was taken in the spa.

“Who is this?” I asked.

“That’s Winona,” Honey said. “I met her in the pred lounge.”

Winona was a little older than us, maybe in her mid-30’s, with long black hair bundled up in a bob. She had a hearty, well-fed look to her, with chubby cheeks and chubbier thighs. Like Honey, her belly kind of hung against the front of her robes.

“Did you…have sex with her?” I guessed.

“Worse,” Honey groaned.

“Worse? What could be worse—oh, Honey, what the fuck.”

Without thinking, I had scrolled to the next photo. It was a selfie. A selfie of Winona. A selfie of Winona with Honey’s ass and legs hanging out of her mouth as she winked at the camera. Her robe had slipped off completely, revealing what I could only imagine were a M-cup pair of breasts resting on her half-filled stomach.

Honey trembled. I could feel her pinching her love-handles, making me jiggle as she swung from side to side.

“I know, I know,” she repeated. “It was an accident! Or, no, it wasn’t an accident, but I didn’t intend for it to happen! Angel was taking a nap, you and Julia were getting a massage, and Critter and Celestia were doing some kind of yoga thing! I thought it would be nice to meet other predators.”

I swiped to the next photo. Still Winona, still a selfie, this time with a huge belly and a gang of other women around her. She was giving the camera a peace sign as the other women pointed at her stomach like a hunting trophy. The outline of Honey was much apparent.

Too apparent.

“Okay, you can’t say this is an accident,” I said. “You’re literally masturbating in this photo.”

“I knooooooow!”

The swinging was getting worse. I slapped from wall to wall, bouncing around her stomach. The phone went flying from my hand



and landed back in the slop. As I bent to grab it, Honey hunched over her stomach.

"Unf!"

The full weight of her nearly crushed me.

"How am I going to tell Angel?" Honey said. "I told her I had no interest in being swallowed. She was always worried that one of the other girls would gobble me up and that I would be too lazy and just let it happen. I didn't think I wanted it, but then Winona offered and it was like, well, I've never tried it, you know? And then she opened her mouth and I was like…is this what Angel feels? Looking into her mouth, all hot and ready for me–"

"I get it," I said.

And I did. That was exactly how I felt staring down Julia's gullet. Aroused. Dominated. Just a little bit scared, but mostly excited. I could see how, faced with those feelings, Honey allowed herself to be swallowed.

"Angel and I have a thing," Honey continued. She had stopped rocking and was now pacing. The wet slap of flesh on flesh was concussive. I pressed my arms into her and she moaned. "Oh, Ollie, that's a bit naughty."

"Quit moving!" I said.

"Hmm, I didn't say I minded. But what will Julia think?"

"Are you really lecturing me on this right now?"

"No, I suppose not," Honey sighed. There was a splash as she finally sat in the pool. It was like gravity had been reversed. I found myself floating inside of her, the weight halved as she rubbed her stomach. "Angel doesn't mind if I eat other people and I don't mind if she's eaten by other people. I signed her up for a massage here. The masseuse—"

"Yes, yes, I've partaken," I said.

"Yeah. As for sex, we're not exclusive, but I've never been *eaten* before. And wow, Ollie, it really opened my eyes. It was so…so hot!"

The next photo was actually a video. I hit play and was treated to a wide-open shot of Winona's maw as she belched for the camera.

BBbrruuUUuuuuUUuuuP!

Honey's aroused cries could be heard echoing up from Winona's throat. Feeling myself growing hard against Honey, I set the phone down.

"Right," I said.

"Right," Honey said, rubbing me absent-mindedly. "I mean, I know that it's hot for prey, but I didn't expect it to be so *effective*. The problem is that it's not something that Angel can do for me."

"And you want it again," I guessed.

Honey nodded.

"I do," she said. "Is that bad? It seems bad."

I rubbed my chin and blanched. My hand was covered in cupcake goo. The contents of Honey's stomach were beginning to bubble, but I would only begin to worry when I started to smell the bite of bile. Until then, this was just her stomach being playful.

"Why do you think Evangeline will freak out over this?" I asked. "You two seem to be the queens of healthy communication."

"Well, yes," Honey hummed. She rubbed me again, pressing her palm into her navel right where my crotch was. Maybe it was instinct, maybe it was intentional, but I had to grit my teeth to avoid groaning as she worked my shaft into her quivering pink folds. "Angel does so much for me. I'd be a wreck without her. I get…lost sometimes and she keeps me tethered. And oh, she's so easy to please. She worships me. I barely have to lift a finger. I wanted to be more proactive, but this…what will she say? I just wanted to understand what she liked about it."

"That," I said. "Say that."

"Oooooooh, but it's haaaaaaaaard!"

It sure fucking is, I thought, burying my face in my arm as her stomach twisted and turned. She was rubbing me with vigor and it was *working*. If I wasn't careful–

OOOuuuUUUUURRP!

Just then, the stomach squeezed tight and a rush of rancid air blew past me up Honey's esophagus. Pressed flat against the vibrating wall with both of her hands shoved into her gut, I could do nothing to prevent myself from spasming against her, cumming into the folds of her belly.

"Sorry," Honey said in a sing-song voice. I wasn't sure if she knew what had happened, but she removed her hands from the base of her gut. I resumed floating inside of her, suddenly exhausted. "But–"

"Honey?"

Honey whipped around.

"Angel? What are you doing here, darling? I thought you were taking a nap."

"I was," Evangeline said. There was a sound like water being displaced and a contented sigh. "But then I decided to check out the bar. It was amazing. The bartender, Harriet, looked like a viking. Tall, not quite as muscular as Celestia, but with the tightest tummy I've…what's wrong?"

"Wrong? Nothing is wrong. Why do you think something is wrong?"

"Is that…Ollie?"

To this day, I have no clue how she could distinguish that given Honey's figure. There had to be at least a solid three inches of padding between me and the outside, but Evangeline rushed forward anyway. Honey cringed away. She had a bad habit of clutching her belly when she was nervous.

"Why did you eat Ollie?" Evangeline demanded. "What's happening here? You're literally naked! Is that why you told me to take a nap?"

"Eva," I said, only for a knee to press against Honey from the outside, smothering me.

"Stuff it," Evangeline said. "Oh, you wait till I tell Julia about this, buddy boy. I don't know what kind of arrangement *you* have, but

I'll bet it's not half as lenient as Honey and I's. Spit him up. Spit him up, now!"

"Darling," Honey said. "Sit down, please."

"Oh! Telling me to sit! Telling me to sit right now—*mmmrrph!*"

Honey had pulled Evangeline to her bosom. Evangeline beat against her for a few seconds, then went limp, allowing herself to be led into Honey's lap. She was still grumbling, but Honey had managed to, er, *distract* her.

"You're lucky you're so cute," Evangeline said. "I can't wait to hear this. Can't wait! Gonna tell Julia…"

"I don't think Julia will care, darling," Honey said casually. "We have a free use agreement when it comes to eating each other's partners."

"You **WHAT**?!"

Both Evangeline and I shot up, fuming.

"This is the first I've ever heard of this!" I yelled.

"Free use? What does that mean? That Julia and Celestia can eat me with no repercussions?!" Evangeline sputtered.

Honey cringed even deeper into the pool. Apparently, she hadn't anticipated this reaction.

"It was…mostly to make sure that there was never strife between us," she said. "It's hard for predators, sometimes, when they lay claim to prey–"

"Lay claim? Oh, I'll show you 'lay claim'. Come—*mmmmrrrrph! Hrmm…"*

While Honey smothered Evangeline back to rationality, I picked up Honey's phone. It was hard to use the touch screen with all of the slime, but I managed to pull open her texts and fire off a quick one to Julia.

"Free use policy??? -Ollie"

A second later, a *read* notification popped up.

"**Where are you?"**



I closed the phone and returned my attention to the thick membrane that separated me from the outside world. Honey was kissing Evangeline, trying to reassure her, and Evangeline was squirming like a cat, trying to escape her grasp. No part of me wanted to be here when they started arguing again.

"Honey, it's time to let me out," I said.

"Never mind that!" Evangeline said. "I'm coming in!"

"Wait, what?"

ULP!

Spurts of light flashed across my vision as Evangeline's skull collided with mine. I shouted, Evangeline shouted, and chaos erupted in the darkness while limbs and torso twisted in awkward positions. Eventually, Evangeline managed to right herself. She sat in my lap with her knees on either side of me, her slimy body pressed against my naked chest. In spite of cumming three, no *four* times that day, being squashed into a pretty girl in *another* pretty girl's stomach made me tingle.

"Why are you only wearing a robe?" she hissed.

"You're also only wearing a robe! Why did you think this was a good idea?"

A hearty belch pressed us together. My cheek slapped against Evangeline's chest. In the light of the phone, I could see her blushing.

"Ow! Pervert!"

"There's nothing there to—stop hitting me!"

"What's going on here?!"

"Julia!" I yelled. "We're in here!"

"And we're not coming out!" Evangeline added.

This led to another round of whispered bickering as Honey struggled to stand, failed, and flopped us back into the water.

"Hi, Julia," Honey said. "I thought you were taking a nap."

"I was watching a video," Julia said. I could just imagine her there, hands on her hips, one eyebrow raised as she glared at Honey's

belly. “What the hell is going on? I got a text from Ollie on your phone. Did you swallow your phone?”

“I have a waterproof screen protector! It’s actually really cool. It can–”

“Who cares,” I yelled.

“What about this ‘free use’ policy?” Evangeline shouted. She pushed me head into Honey’s esophagus and I was nearly swallowed by it, toppling on top of her. She grimaced so hard I thought she was going to bite me. My hands were on her thighs, slick and sweaty.

“Oh dear, they know about that?”

Celestia’s voice was added to the mix as well as the muffled sounds of Critter. I’m not sure if he’d spent a single second outside of her stomach after breakfast. She must have taken some kind of antacids because I’d seen her digest people in *way* less time.

“They know about that,” Honey said. “My bad! I was talking to Ollie and it was kind of embarrassing, so I ate him.”

“Understandable,” Julia said slowly.

“Then Evangeline came in and was upset and I was just trying to explain that he wasn’t cheating on you or anything and oh, it’s all getting jumbled up. Are you mad?”

“Mad?” Julia asked. “Why would I be mad?”

“It smells like cum in here,” Evangeline yelled.

I twisted my neck to stare at her. She stuck out her tongue and winked.

“Now we’re even,” she whispered.

“Okay, *now* I’m mad!” Julia said.

“No, no,” Honey said. She sloshed through the water. Evangeline and I swayed from side to side, thumping against her thighs. “I mean, I don’t know about that. I guess I was rubbing him pretty hard. It’s a nervous habit.”

“That’s hilarious,” Celestia chuckled. “Hey, Critter, Honey got—”

“Why is there a ‘free use’ policy?”

Critter's voice was quickly stifled, but I was glad for the distraction from my indiscretion. Actually, could it even be called an indiscretion? Honey was right: things were starting to get jumbled up.

"It's complicated," Julia said. "Free use is a misleading way of putting it. It's more that, if one of us eats another's partner, there are no hard feelings."

"What about *our* feelings?" I demanded.

"Did Honey eat you without your consent?"

"...you got me there."

"And Angel, I know you've talked about wanting to try Julia's stomach," Honey said. "Isn't this-"

"I told you that in private!" Evangeline interrupted.

"Why does nobody ever want to try my stomach?" Celestia asked.

"Because you're a gorilla," Critter said, or at least I assumed that's what he said because halfway through the word, there was a hearty squelch followed by a whole lot of thumping. Two splashes indicated that Julia and Celestia had entered the pool.

"But free use only referred to eating," Julia continued. "I didn't tell you to get him off, Honey."

"I, um, it's been a long time since I've been with a man. I forgot how sensitive they were. You can get Angel off if you want."

"What?!" Evangeline said. Now it was my turn to stick my tongue out. Her ears were maroon. She avoided eye contact as she kneed me in the chest. "I never…once in a dream…it wasn't…"

"Just eat her and start rubbing your stomach really vigorously. She'll do the rest herself. Honestly–*oof!*"

Evangeline had reached back and punched upward into Honey's breasts. Unfortunately, her fist slipped on the way back and collided with my cheek. I yelped, Honey reeled, and Julia got accidentally belly-bashed into Celestia. Now everyone was shouting and nobody was being heard.

"Shut up!" Celestia screamed.

Instant silence.

"Shit! We're at a spa, people. This is supposed to be relaxing. Honey, spit up Eva and Ollie so we can actually talk this out."

"Okay!"

Honey's stomach contracted, but just as Evangeline and I were squeezed toward her gullet, Evangeline grabbed me and brought our bodies together. We jammed against Honey's esophagus. She began to cough, thumping her chest, and I strained away from Evangeline. Her arms were locked tight around my back. Her grip was…rather intimate.

"What's up?" I asked.

Evangeline's nails bit into my spine. I stifled a yelp as she put her mouth to my ear.

"What did Honey want to talk to you about?"

"Nothing bad," I hissed. Her nails really did hurt. Honey's stomach turned sideways as she tried to heimlich herself against the edge of the pool. My cock was between Evangeline's legs and we were both getting aroused. "I'm sure she'll tell you about it when you're alone."

The nails dug deeper. Eva's teeth were on my throat. It was like a dream—a sexy, sexy dream—but I'd never imagined myself being attracted to Eva. Something was wrong with this spa, I told myself, but that wasn't the case. Something was wrong with *us.*

"Ollie."

"Ow, ow, fuck! She got swallowed by a predator in the predator's lounge. Apparently it was an eye-opening experience."

Evangeline let go of me. I only had a second to feel some relief before her knee collided with my chin. She scrambled over my soggy body, using my shoulder as a springboard. There was a flash of light as Honey's esophagus opened and then it was just me again. I waited for the next squeeze, but it never came.

Blecht!

"Oh, Honey, ew! At least aim for the pool—"

“You let a predator eat you?!”

Suddenly, I was falling backwards, buried under the weight of Honey’s belly as she backed away from her girlfriend toward the opposite side of the pool. Julia and Celestia were yelling, all decorum forgotten, and in the ensuing chaos, apparently Honey forgot to control her acids.

Her stomach started to get hot. Very hot. I pawed at the walls, struggling to have my voice heard over the ruckus.

“It was…I was…oh, Angel, I wasn’t going to—”

“Who was this predator? Some random girl? Did you have any assurance that she wasn’t going to *digest you?* What were you thinking?”

“I wasn’t–”

“Damn right, you weren’t!”

“Evangeline–”

“Oh, fuck off, Celestia.”

“Say that again and you won’t have any assurance that *I* won’t digest you.”

“Forgive her, Celestia.”

“Fuck off, Julia.”

“Hey!”

Honey was rubbing her stomach again, but this time, it was followed by a wet, churning sound. The slop under my knees bubbled against my skin and the air, already thick with the smell of bile, began to turn rancid. I slapped against the wall and it rang like a drum. The liquid was rising.

“I can’t believe you! This whole trip you were talking about how much *I* needed this, how *I* needed to unwind. ‘Oh, Angel, I even signed you up for this belly massage! Oh, won’t that be *divine*?’. How long were you planning this?”

“There was no plan! It just kind of happened.”

“Guys!” I yelled.

“It just kind of happened? Oh, that’s comforting. You could have died!”

“What? I thought you liked it when I…you’re always talking about…”

“Stranger danger, Honey! I don’t care that you got eaten by a random pred! I care that you got eaten by a random pred without any of us being there if they decided to keep you! What would I do if she digested you, huh? I tell you what I’d do! I’d find the predator that ate you and feed myself to her. That way we could be together as *pudge*.”

My head was dipping beneath the chyme. Honey’s stomach was rumbling, the walls clenching and churning, burying me in her navel. I tried to climb, but my hands slipped and I choked as a wave of liquid hit my mouth and nose. It was getting difficult to move. It was getting difficult to breathe.

“It’s kind of against predator code,” Celestia was saying. “Have you ever tried it, Julia?”

“Me? No. I had a dream about it one time.”

“Yeah it’s…actually, Honey, your stomach is starting to look pretty smooth.”

“Oh my god! Ollie!”

A pair of arms wrapped around the base of Honey’s stomach. I was violently squeezed out of her throat, landing in the pool only to be picked up again by Julia. She shook me, checking my skin for signs of damage.

“Ollie! Are you okay? You’re looking a little pink. Can you breathe? Blink twice if you can breathe.”

“I can’t breathe if you keep squeezing me,” I gasped.

Julia released her grip, letting me settle on the edge of the pool. Honey and Celestia eyed me sheepishly. Evangeline had her arms crossed. Critter…was still a lump in Celestia’s stomach.

“What now?” Honey asked.

A serine voice came from the doorway.

“It looks like you are all ready for your group therapy session.”

6

The woman in the doorway was tall, ageless, and unnaturally agile, her presence filling the space as she stepped into the room. The white dress she wore flowed like ritual garb, sleeveless and simple, draping gently over the soft curve of her belly—not large, but unmistakably full. Laugh lines softened her cheeks; her eyes, half-lidded and kind, seemed to look through me.

"I am Isba," the woman said, spreading her arms wide. Her stomach jiggled against the front of her dress. "I shall be your guide for this evening's activity."

Celestia got over her shock first.

"Look, lady," she said. "We're kind of in the middle of something here."

If Celestia was looking for support, she wouldn't find it in Honey or Julia. Both girls were transfixed by the 'guide' who moved like mist, barely disturbing the displaced water that had pooled on the terracotta tiles. Her platinum gray hair was clipped up in a bun. A few stray strands tickled her neck. I found myself transfixed as well—not by her beauty, though she was beautiful, but by her aura of absolute calm.

Isba stopped next to Evangeline. Slowly, she cradled her head and placed it against her belly. Everyone tensed. Evangeline, shocked, opened her mouth as if to protest, but then all of the muscles in her body seemed to relax and she slumped against Isba who held her like a child, smiling.

"There is strife in your circle," Isba said. "Perhaps that is why fate has drawn you here, to the meditation center, where the healing energies of the spa are strongest. You, too, are strong."

Honey gulped as Isba handed Evangeline to her.

"You can help us?" she asked.

Isba nodded. Her eyes were half closed.

“Relationships,” she said, “are complicated.”

“No,” Celestia said, sarcasm dripping from her lips. She had one hand planted firmly on Critter’s head, stopping him from squirming. “Is that really the case? Well, problem solved, gang! We can all go home!”

“Relationships between predators and prey are complicated,” Isba amended with a small smile. “Relationships between predators and other predators? Even more so. You’ll find that even the tightest knit friend groups dissolve when boundaries are not clearly established—when important discussions are not had and silence leads to resentment. I believe that you all want the same thing, but you are having trouble facilitating that discussion because, quite frankly, what you want is not conventional. At least, not in this modern era.”

“So what do we do?” Julia asked.

Up until today, I thought that Julia and I had been doing pretty well in terms of communication. This ‘free use’ policy bothered me—not because I was opposed to being swallowed by Honey or Celestia, but because they hadn’t asked us about it. Then there was the ‘massage’. Being jerked off while going down on Julia was perhaps the most sexually adventurous thing we’d ever done together, but because Julia was okay with it, *I* was okay with it, and I hadn’t really processed that.

What…what did we all actually want?

The answer seemed obvious, but we were all too shy to say it.

So Isba did.

“You liberate yourselves,” she said, dropping her robe. Her bare skin shone as she stepped into the water. “You embrace extreme honesty. You allow yourselves to find where your boundaries truly lie.”

I looked at Julia. She was salivating, watching Isba with barely concealed hunger, and I felt the familiar pang of jealousy. I stood on my toes and kissed the corner of her mouth. Her eyes turned to me and her hunger…it transformed.

It was love, as cheesy as that sounds. Love and fear and anticipation. She didn't want to hurt me—to fully give in to her craving, but the craving itself was carnal and real and I relaxed against her side. We would be fine. No matter what happened, we would be fine. So, with that trust established, how could we explore that newfound stability?

There was a wet ***shlock*** as Celestia reached into her maw and found Critter's leg, pulling him up and out over her head. He dripped in her grasp, naked and grinning. Honey gulped and glanced at Evangeline. Evangeline frowned at the quickly receding bulge of Celestia's stomach.

Even prey, it seems, felt hunger from time to time.

And Isba watched us all. Her expression was serene, patient, like she was just waiting for us to crack, and the slow warmth of the mediation room filled us like helium, making our heads light.

"I liked it," Honey said. "Being eaten."

Her small voice filled the space and Evangeline, instead of frowning, sighed and pinched Honey's cheek.

"I was just worried about you," she said.

"I worry about you, too," Honey said. "Because I love you. I love you so so much."

There were tears in her eyes. Evangeline wiped them away with her soggy robe, grunted, and discarded the garment. She was pretty. I felt guilty for noticing, especially when noticing resurfaced the memory of us inside of Honey.

Celestia scratched her chin.

"I guess…I could take a crack at eating you," she said. "I mean, it would be safer than some random pred, right?"

"Same," Julia said, raising her hand. "And actually–"

She glanced at me.

"–maybe you could return the favor?"

Something was loosening in all of us. We were standing on the precipice, nudging toward the edge. I let my robe drop. It was covered

in stomach acid anyway. The sound was disproportionately loud as Honey and Celestia looked at me—ravenous predators both. It was embarrassing. It was liberating.

For a minute, we all stood still, eyes darting between each other. Of course it was Critter who broke the silence.

"So…are we gonna fuck?"

And over the precipice we went.

Epilogue

The shape of Julia loomed over me, a parody of form. Her breasts formed lumps in the alabaster skin, nipples erect, pressed into flesh from the inside as her own engorged stomach jiggled against the base of Honey's. The blonde predator stood with her legs parted, mouth open, a hand between her thighs. A finger slid across her vulva, circled her clit, then trailed back down as I pressed my back into the cushions and waited.

"It's been so long since I've done this with a man," Honey said. Her other hand squeezed Julia's breast. A long, throaty moan vibrated through her guts. "Are you sure I won't be too much for you?"

I gulped. I wasn't sure. Seeking confirmation, I retrained my eyes on the bulge in Honey's stomach—the bulge within the bulge. Evangeline was somewhere in there, arm working between her legs, sheathed in the heat that was Julia. I nodded up at Honey.

"Go ahead," I said.

She squatted. I knew the weight was coming and yet it still surprised me when the bottom of her stomach pooled on my hips, then my stomach, then my chest. Honey lowered herself slowly, letting me adjust in increments. Then she leaned back and I felt the heat of her spread around my cock and all reason left me. I grabbed onto her stomach and Julia grabbed me back.

I leaned my forehead against my fiancee's and took a deep breath.

"Alright," I said. "Celestia?"

"I thought you'd forgotten about me," she sneered.

Her toned thighs brushed against my cheeks as she straddled the massage table. It had been lowered just enough that she could stand, squatting, hovering over my face without needing to kneel. Her stomach bore the familiar shape of Critter—just in an unfamiliar position. While he normally rested between her breasts, he had



traveled lower, deeper; trapped beneath the firm embrace of her abdomen which Celestia flexed.

I was afraid, when she sat on me, that her ass would be hard, but as her soft cheeks spread across my nose, burying me, I felt myself buck inside of Honey.

All three girls had settled on top of me.

Celestia pressed her stomach into Honey's.

"Alright," she said. "Let's fuck."

To be continued
(very soon)



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