
STOP! Digesting My Darling
The Conch that Swallowed Campus
A VORE NOVELLA
STORY BY BRAZZEL
ART BY SEEKGR

The Conch That Swallowed Campus

A
Stop Digesting My Darling Story

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Special thanks to CHedge for beta reading!
Your insights were invaluable.

This book takes place in outside of the canon of the main "Stop Digesting My Darling" narrative. Seek was like, "Yo, did you know that there are giant snail-eating snails? We need a giant snail-eating snail!" and Brazzel was all like, "Yo, we already have a book with a snail girl!" and so Friday was born, a voracious, snail-hunting conch let loose upon an unsuspecting universe.

The conch popped them out of her mouth. Strands of slime and saliva connected the three of them, spilling out over Friday's huge, quivering belly. She looked at them one final time, a dumb grin spreading across her face as Pan's screams reached a crescendo.

"Boo, you bitch! BOO, YOU STUPID FUCKING SLUT!"

"Oh, shove it, Pan," Boo said as Friday dangled them over her mouth by their shells. "I'll see you in Hell."

The Conch That Swallowed Campus



Boo was getting her guts rearranged.

Literally.

“Are you s-sure you know what you’re doing?” she moaned as Penelope fumbled around inside of her. The tankuki’s cock kept growing, stretching Boo’s rubbery innards to the point of absurdity.

“Shut up and let me work,” Penelope said.

Her tongue was hanging out of the side of her mouth. She was grasping Boo’s waist; thrusting, throbbing so hard that Boo kept bracing for the flood that never came. The hard knot in the center of Penelope’s cock wriggled. Boo wondered if he was getting enough air.

It was a Friday. The others were off campus for the weekend and the house was, for the first time in a long time, quiet. Grendel was hunting. Ophelia was at a theater festival at a neighboring college. Skylar was… actually, Boo wasn't sure where Skylar was, but seeing as she wasn't currently begging to have her turn with Astra, it was safe to assume that she wasn't in the building.

That left Penelope and Boo with their darling for the night.

Various lewd deeds were inevitable.

"Okay," Penelope announced. "I think that's good."

Boo would have to agree. Her entire lower body had been skewered, penetrated by the tanuki's massive member. They were face to face, connected at the hips. Boo wrapped her arms around Penelope's shoulder and kissed her cheek.

"How does it feel?" she asked.

"Fucking heavenly," Penelope growled. She buried her muzzle in Boo's neck. For a second, the snail was afraid that she'd bite her. "The bigger my cock is, the greater the surface area. If I did this with Grendel, she'd pop."

"You underestimate the goblin's endurance."

"Boo, my dick is literally three times the size of her body right now."

"So is Astra, but she manages to swallow him regularly."

"Touché."

"Guys?"

Astra's voice was muffled by two bodies. His elbows dug into the spongy surface of Penelope's cock, pressing out into Boo, making her think of some of the flared toys that she kept locked away in the attic. Slowly, she began to gyrate on the wriggling lump.

Penelope moaned against Boo's neck.

"What is it?" Boo asked. "Can you breathe?"

"I can, but I'm, um, slipping?"

Indeed he was. With every throb of Penelope's cock, he was pushed forward, then back. Only the grip that Penelope had on the

base of her cock kept him from draining into her balls. His sopping hands groped the walls of Boo's cunt for a second before sliding down the shaft.

"We better make this quick," Boo said, kissing Penelope's forehead. "You're going to let go of him in a minute and if he drowns, you-know-who gets him for the evening. Again."

"It's not fair," Penelope whined.

She drew back and slammed her hips into Boo's. The snail girl shuddered with pleasure.

"We're supposed to have a schedule, but every time we mess up, Ophelia gets him!"

"Which is why we have to be careful."

Boo ground her hips into Penelope. The tanuki throbbed, releasing a squirt of pre past Astra's groping hands.

"You can't slam him into me like a horny dog. You can't eat him on a full stomach, masturbate for an hour, and then wonder why he digested."

"Easy. For you. To say." Penelope huffed. "You can't. Accidentally. Digest him."

That much was true. For Boo to digest anyone, she had to 'sting' them first, filling them with enzymes so that they'd melt in her stomach (or anywhere else, for that matter). It was extremely pleasurable, but she resisted the urge with Astra.

Mostly.

The problem was that if any of them digested him, then they'd cede their night to Ophelia whose stomach he reformed in every time he died. Boo, unwilling to give Ophelia the satisfaction, had to scratch that itch in other ways: usually by digesting something else while she had her alone time with 'Darling.'

"Guys, I'm slipping."

Penelope had removed her hands from the base of her cock. In her frenzy, she'd begun to thrust harder and harder into Boo's gelatinous body. The snail girl closed her eyes as the throbbing mass

filled her. Astra was in there, fighting for his life. She could feel him scrambling, pushing into the walls, using all of his strength to resist the inevitable slide into Penelope's balls. He was just the right texture. She often thought that when swallowing him, but it was true this way as well. Having his body jammed into her was… it was…

"Delightful," Boo sighed, cumming with a shiver.

Penelope took that as her sign. Pulling all the way back, she grabbed the front of her cock and, like pumping a shotgun, slammed Astra into her huge, swaying balls.

"Just a few seconds, just a few seconds," she whined as Astra thrashed against her sac. Indents appeared in the leathery skin as he grasped at the walls, climbing, drowning in her cream. Every kick made her eyelids flutter. Every muffled thump gave a jolt of bliss. Penelope's crotch tightened. She cupped her balls between her legs and:

"I just need—"

Boo grabbed her hips and pulled them to her own, squeezing with all of her might. Penelope went cross-eyed for a second—doubly so when Boo took her by the back of the head and kissed her, tasting the sweetness of the tanuki's lips.

"Fill me," she said against Penelope's chin. "Fill me up."

Penelope obliged.

The warmth of her seed was nothing compared to the pressure. Penelope came like a firehose, pulling back slightly to accommodate the flood as Boo's body turned from a translucent blue to an opaque white.

WHUMP!

"There he is," Boo said.

He was still moving, which was good, but he was also drowning in a deluge of jizz as Penelope groaned, unloading day's worth of seed. She'd said she'd been saving up, but Boo hadn't believed her until her belly expanded to accommodate it all, bloating like a balloon. Astra swam to the surface, sputtering.

“I thought I was going to die,” he coughed.

Aftercare was Boo’s duty. Penelope, the dumb dog, had slumped to the floor, a goofy grin spreading across her thin, brown muzzle.

“Oh, you knew I wouldn’t let you drown,” Boo said. His head was right beneath her breasts. He was floating inside of her, hands pressed into the slimy walls. “That was only the first round, after all.”

Astra gave her a playful thump.

“Are you sure you’re getting a round two? Penelope looks like she’s done.”

“I’m sure we can find a way to reinvigorate her. Inserting you into her cock seems to do the trick.”

While Astra protested, Boo rested her hands on his bulge and closed her eyes.

Despite all of the strife he had caused between the roommates, Boo liked Astra. He was a human, and there were some things he would never understand about monsters, but he was also kind and caring and rock-solid in bed. Her affection for him had only grown in the recent months as she heard more about his advocacy outside of the dorms.

Fuck, she wanted to digest him so bad.

She bit her lip. Penelope was probably expecting to go again in twenty minutes. If she stung Astra now, then they’d lose the night with him, but she was starting to get hungry. And he *was* right there.

“Boo?”

Boo yelped. She’d been deep in thought and hadn’t noticed that Astra had stopped rubbing her.

“Are you making that noise?”

“Huh?”

Boo shook her head and listened. At first she didn’t hear anything, but then she picked up on a heavy ***shlllkt, shllllkt, shlllkt,*** like someone was dragging something across the lawn. They were on the second floor of the dormitory. Through the window, all she could

see was the orange light of dusk fanning through the leaves of the old oak tree. The sound was slow, but consistent. Boo nudged Penelope.

"Hey," she said. "Go check that out."

"Whoozawhat?"

Penelope's eyelids fluttered open. She licked her lips and scratched her balls. Her cock had returned to an appropriate size, though it would still put any self-respecting horse to shame.

"That noise," Boo said. "Check it out."

"What noise? My ears are still ringing. Whatever that… sucking thing you were doing with your pussy? I want that again."

Boo reached down and flicked her.

"Go, horny girl," she said, grinning.

There was a crash as Penelope pulled herself up using a pile of cardboard boxes. Boo's room was full of boxes—they were storage for everything she couldn't fit in her shell—and Penelope had torn right through the side of one.

Penelope swore, stumbling to avoid a line of shattered glass.

"Sorry," she said, picking up the broken picture frame. "Was this important?"

Boo looked at the picture and smirked.

"Not at all," she said. "That's my ex."

"Your ex? Holy shit, she's hot!"

"And a bitch," Boo said as Astra swam to the front of her stomach. "It was *not* worth the sex, I'll tell you that for free."

"Let me see."

Penelope pressed the picture into Boo's belly so that Astra could get a good look. Boo sighed and rolled her eyes, anticipating the inevitable.

"She is hot," Astra admitted, giggling as Boo clenched around him. "Not as hot as you, Boo, but she looks like fire. And what's with her shell? She's covered in spikes like she's about to go to battle."

"That's because she's a volcanic snail," Boo said, snatching the photo from Penelope before she could whisk it away. "The red skin is

a warning—something that *I*, stupidly, did not listen to. She's literally toxic. Her body produces toxins."

"She's got huge boobs," Penelope said. She nudged Boo with her shoulder, trying to get another glimpse. "I mean a real set of badonkers."

"You mean like these?"

Boo grabbed Penelope's chest. The tanuki's tits were so large that she couldn't even fit her hands around them.

"Or these?" Astra said, bouncing his head against the underside of Boo's chest. "I honestly thought it was a prerequisite for monster girls to have enormous racks."

"*Enormous racks,*" Penelope laughed. She leaned on Boo's stomach, pushing Astra deeper into the snail's guts. "You've been hanging out with us too much, Astra. We're beginning to corrupt you. But seriously, Boo, your ex is next level! You could drown a man in those calcium cannons! What I wouldn't—wait, is that the sound you were talking about?"

THUMP!

Something hit the windows, killing the light. Penelope screamed and rolled sideways. Boo, with limited mobility, slid backwards a few feet.

"What the fuck is that?" Penelope asked.

"I don't know," Boo said, frowning. "But whatever it is, it's slimy."

Streaks of liquid smeared across the window as the soft surface of the obstruction swayed left to right. Hard, pink nubs squeaked against the glass, framed on both sides of a pair of viscous, jiggling spheres.

SQuuEEEEEEK! SQuuEEEEEEEK!

"Is that… a monster?" Penelope asked.

As if to answer her question, a long, pink tendril oozed its way down between the spheres, slopping its way over the glass. Frothing

white papillae bent against the window, tasting it, seeking a way inside.

"That's a tongue," Boo whispered. Her body grew cold. Goosebumps broke out along her cool, blue flesh. "Which means—"

Suddenly, there was light. The spheres had pulled away slightly, flopping together with a sound like a gunshot. Sunlight shone through the mottled brown flesh as the tongue receded. A face appeared in the window. An enormous, familiar face.

"Oh fuck!" Boo yelled.

The creature was staring directly at her, mouth wide, throat undulating as it mawed at the window, slobbering on the glass. When it noticed Boo looking, it smiled.

It waved.

"What the fuck is that!?" Penelope repeated.

Her hackles were raised, claws out, the fur on her tail splayed behind her in an attempt to make herself bigger. The giant face continued to lick the glass, pressing its gargantuan body up against the side of the house. Wood creaked beneath the pressure. For a moment, Boo was afraid that the whole building was going to collapse.

"What's happening?" Astra asked.

Boo didn't have time to explain. Her body, amorphous, released him in a spray of seed onto the carpet. Penelope gave a honk of displeasure, but Boo wasn't paying attention. She was slithering toward the stairs.

HUCK! HUUuRRRRRK!

"Where the fuck are you going?" Penelope shouted. "What is that? What is it doing?"

Boo looked over her shoulder to see that the mouth had closed. Its throat pulsed as the sound repeated, louder this time, a bulge sliding up and over the hump of its gullet. The mouth opened again and this time, there was someone inside of it.

A soggy green head and a pair of angry, yellow eyes. Multiple golden earrings jangled as Grendel let loose an angry roar.



“LET GRENDEL GO! BAD SNAIL! NO SWALLOW GRENDEL!”

ULP!

The goblin disappeared down the creature’s long, slender throat. The face reappeared, grinning. It licked its lips.

“Holy fuck, it’s got Grendel,” Penelope said.

“Is it a monster?” Astra asked.

He was slightly dazed, his body covered in a glaze of slime and seed. Boo was tugging on his arm, ‘charging’ toward the stairs.

“She’ll be fine. We need to move. Haul Ass.”

‘Haul Ass’ was a codeword in Titan Hall. It meant ‘there will be time to explain later but right now we need to move’.

Penelope’s feet remained cemented to the floor. She was staring at the hypnotic display of the creature’s breasts gyrating against the window.

“She must be at least twenty feet tall,” Penelope said.

Astra broke away from Boo and yanked on Penelope’s tail. The tanuki yelped, but followed as he pulled her out into the hallway with Boo.

“Where to?” he asked.

“Away,” Boo said, cursing her lack of speed. The fastest she could move was Astra’s walking pace. Not for the first time, she wished for legs. “She’s even slower than me. If we cross campus, it will take her until morning to follow us, but she *will* follow us. Or, well, she’ll follow *me.*”

Astra opened his mouth to say something, but remembering that they needed to haul ass, he closed it and nodded. Boo’s heart filled with appreciation for the stout little human. Penelope, however, was not so keen.

“What the fuck do you mean she’s going to follow you?” she grunted. Grabbing Boo beneath the arms, she lifted her, shell and all, bounding down the steps. Astra followed them into the front hall. Boo cast a nervous glance at the windows. “You know her? Who is that?”

“It’s Friday,” Boo said.

Penelope stopped before the front doors, panting. A shadow was slowly moving across the windows to their left. The dragging sound started anew.

“What does it being Friday have to do with anything?” Penelope asked. “What are you talking about?”

“No, her *name* is Friday,” Boo said.

Astra pushed on Penelope’s butt, kicking open the door.

“Haul ass!” he said.

They stumbled onto the porch. The sun was sinking beyond the trees, casting wide shadows across the lawn. The dragging sound was getting closer.

“The wagon?” Penelope asked.

There was a wagon that they used to move Boo quickly across campus. It was particularly helpful in the winter when they put salt down, but at the moment, Boo couldn’t remember where they’d left it. Penelope grunted and shook her head. She was straining to hold onto Boo, nearly dropping her as she hopped down the stairs. Astra raced behind them. Only when they were halfway to campus did they feel safe enough to look back.

And there she was.

At nearly twenty feet tall, her head hovered above the roof of Titan Hall. The cone of her shell hung even higher, pink and yellow, spearing the sunlight. To the undiscerning human, she might come across as just a common gastropod, but Boo knew better.

“She’s a conch,” Boo said when Astra looked at her quizzically. “A snail-eater.”

Slime-covered glasses clung to Friday’s round face, framing a pair of heavily-lidded eyes. Her smile was lopsided and indistinct. Goo clung to every inch of exposed flesh, saturating the torn tee shirt that did nothing to cover her ample breasts. She was semi-transparent, like Boo, with a single ‘foot’ that undulated across the grass, leaving behind a trail that was six-feet thick.

Several shadows floated throughout her rounded stomach. Boo could *just* make out the glint of Grendel's earrings within the murky depths.

"She's moving at—forgive me, Boo—a snail's pace," Penelope noted, slowing down. She grunted as she placed Boo on the trail, snarling at a student who dared to do a double take. Boo had forgotten that she wasn't wearing clothes.

None of them were wearing clothes.

"She does seem to be following you," Astra said. "If that's the case, then why did she eat Grendel?"

"She's an omnivore," Boo said, wiping the sweat from her brow. "She'll eat anything in her path."

"But she's so… slow," Penelope said. "And hey, there's the wagon—"

At that very moment, the front of the conch's foot touched the edge of the wagon that they'd left on the side lawn. Instantly, her body twisted around it, scooping it into herself in a blur of motion.

PHTOO!

The wagon went flying, landing with a crash next to the oak tree. The conch unfurled herself and continued her crawl toward the group.

"Holy fuck," Penelope said.

"I'll bet Grendel tried to prod her with something and got snatched," Astra said, looking down and realizing that his whole cock was out. His cheeks went bright red. "I'll go and grab our clothes from the dorm. So long as I don't touch her, I should be good, right?"

"Her eyesight is terrible," Boo said, rubbing her own oversized glasses with her thumb, "but she's sensitive to vibrations and has a long tongue. If you go around her, take a wide berth. In fact, do a loop around the building. We'll wait at the edge of the woods."

Astra nodded and ran off. Boo felt another pang of appreciation for the small human, shaking her head as Penelope slapped her on the shoulder.

"So what do we do about this?" the tanuki asked.

Boo shrugged.

"Not much to do about it, I'm afraid," she said. "Friday is a nuisance, but she's also one of the last of her kind—a protected species. The school will probably try to remove her if she eats too many students, but the police won't do anything."

"As always," Penelope snorted.

"She'll probably just follow me around until she gets bored or she… catches me. It's definitely going to make this semester interesting."

Astra returned with clothes five minutes later. Friday was still only halfway across the lawn, her gaze locked on Boo as her giant body quivered in anticipation.

"She's really focused on you," Astra said, handing Boo a black tee shirt.

The snail didn't usually carry clothes in her shell, but she started to consider it as she slipped on the shirt. Penelope was given her jacket and a pair of tight shorts.

"Is this all?" she complained, wrestling her tail through the slit in the fabric. "What about a shirt? Bra? Underwear?"

"I was in a hurry," Astra said. "Now what?"

As Boo filled Astra in on Friday's protected status, Penelope ran back to the dorm, rummaging around the porch for a second before finding a bucket of paint. Boo's eyes weren't good enough to read what she wrote across the front door, but Astra clicked his tongue and nodded.

"That's a good idea," he said. Then, when Boo squinted at him, "It says 'Avoid the Giant Snail'."

The conch reached the edge of the path just as Penelope jogged back. Penelope stuck her tongue out at the colossal nuisance.

"Now what?" she asked, echoing Astra's earlier sentiment. "If campus police won't take care of her, then what are we supposed to do? You can't stay inside all day. And how are we going to get Grendel out?"

“If she… doesn’t make it out,” Astra said, remaining diplomatic, “then she’ll just reform inside of Ophelia, right?”

“That could take a year,” Boo said.

“What?!”

“Most snails—*most,*” she emphasized as Penelope and Astra shot her a look, “digest extremely slowly. If Friday isn’t looking to drop the weight, then she’ll probably carry around her prey for the better part of the semester at least.”

“So Grendel’s going to miss a year of school?” Astra asked.

“Does she even go to classes?” Penelope scoffed.

“It looks like it,” Boo said, ignoring Penelope.

“So what—”

“We wait,” Boo said, watching Friday push through the path, bending branches as she passed through the trees. “We wait and hope that she gives up soon.”



One Month Later

"Okay, this is getting fucking ridiculous," Penelope said.

They were sitting around the kitchen table: Penelope, Boo, Ophelia, Skylar, and Astra. Outside the kitchen window, a long tongue scraped across the glass, already opaque from multiple oozings. They could just about make out the now car-sized belly bumping against the side of the house. It was filled with squirming shadows.

Not everyone knew to not poke the snail.

"There has to be something that we can do to pacify her," Astra said. He was sitting in Skylar's lap—it was the elf's night with him—as she fussed with his hair. Ophelia shot them nasty looks from across the table, pretending to read.

"We tried talking to her," Skylar said.

"That was a bust," Penelope snorted. Her legs were up on the table, bulge on full display. "All she does is talk about how tasty we are, how much she wants to eat Boo, how *good* it will feel inside of her. She literally does nothing but sleep, eat, and repeat. How come the school isn't doing anything about it?"

"Because Friday is making them money," Astra sighed.

It was true. Days after Friday appeared on campus, reporters, biologists, and researchers began to show up in droves to inspect the rare creature. A few of them floated in her belly now, though not all of them entered through her mouth. Like Boo, the conch was hermaphroditic, and she seemed to take special pleasure in stuffing her cunt and cock full of would-be interviewers.

"Why doesn't Boo just leave?" Ophelia asked, not for the first time. She had abandoned her book to turn her icy gaze on Boo. Penelope rolled her eyes, but Astra didn't. He slapped his palm so hard on the table that they all jumped.

"*Boo is not leaving*," he said.

Boo smiled at him as Ophelia's frown deepened. She appreciated the sentiment, but she was tired. Every day started with the conch trying to break into Titan Hall and every day ended with the same. No matter how far they traveled, the conch would follow. She'd assumed that Friday would get sick of it eventually, but she'd underestimated the single-minded patience of a predator with a preference.

Her eyes flicked to Penelope. Penelope blinked back at her knowingly. They had discussed a solution the previous night, but it was… distasteful. They'd agreed to exhaust all of their options before trying it.

"Maybe I should take the semester off," Boo said, raising a hand to head off Astra's objections. "Mandy suggested it as well. If I travel far enough, Friday probably won't be able to make her way back here. Probably."

"But that doesn't do anything for the people that she's already eaten," Astra said.

Skylar excused herself to go to the bathroom. As soon as she left the table, both Ophelia and Penelope tried to move into her spot, elbowing each other until Ophelia's bulk won out. She placed Astra in her lap. The human gave her an affectionate kiss on the cheek.

"Grendel will reform inside of me," Ophelia said off-handedly. "So will the rest of you aside from Boo. I offered to eat her, but oh no, she's too good to be digested, even when there's a killer conch on the loose that's hell bent on escargot."

"It's not actually a bad idea, Boo," Astra said.

Boo shook her head and began to clean her glasses. Friday continued to pound on the window, the bodies in her stomach letting out a continuous, muffled stream of complaints.

"I don't want to be digested by Ophelia," Boo said. "I don't want my *soul* to be trapped inside of her. I don't know why that doesn't freak the rest of you out."

"It's handy," Astra said, shrugging.

Ophelia giggled and kissed his forehead. Boo looked to Penelope for support, but the tanuki was scratching her tail.

"It IS handy," she said when Boo raised an eyebrow at her. "I took the plunge and it wasn't entirely unpleasant. If one of us gets hit by a car or, I dunno, is swallowed by a psychotic mollusk, we just respawn inside of Ophelia. She'll even make you breakfast if you ask her."

"I'm particularly good at omelets," Ophelia said, giving Astra a squeeze. "Darling loves them, don't you, Darling?"

"They're pretty darn good," Astra said.

Boo was about to tell Ophelia just what she thought about her stupid omelets when a noise outside startled them all. Someone was ringing a bell. The giant belly was pulling away from the side of the house.

"Miss Snail! Miss Snail!"

"That's Skylar," Astra said, jolting to his feet. He moved to run out of the house, but Ophelia caught him in her tail and dragged him back to the table. The conch had moved beyond the slimy window. Cautiously, Ophelia opened it a crack.

Skylar was standing at the edge of the lawn. Friday was staring at her; large, gooey arms folded across her chest.

"You need to leave," Skylar was shouting, flapping her hand like she was trying to shoo an obstinate horse. "Go on. Git."

"What is that idiot doing?" Penelope asked, nosing past Astra and Ophelia.

Boo, stuck at the end of the table, could only see through the open sliver. Friday hadn't moved an inch. Her belly kept undulating, shuffling its inhabitants throughout her gelatinous innards.

"Go on," Skylar said, taking a step closer. The fat elf had a pitchfork that she must have found in the shed. Friday regarded it without urgency. "Go on, girl! There are other snails elsewhere. This one is ours. Git!"

"She's getting too close," Astra said.

Boo threw herself onto the bench, gliding over a startled Penelope. She heaved herself up to the window and wrenched it wide.

“Hey!” Ophelia yelled.

“Skylar!” Boo yelled. “Skylar, back up now!”

Skylar was jabbing the pitchfork at Friday. In her overalls and tank top, it looked like she was bailing hay.

The conch’s foot began to retract. Boo, in a desperate bid to get her attention, pulled her entire torso through the window, waving and shouting.

“Hey! Friday! Hey!”

The conch turned toward her. Smiled. Waved.

Skylar took another step forward.

The front of Friday’s foot gathered in a sudden, fluid motion—the broad, pliant edge folding inward like an ice cream scoop. The ground seemed to vanish beneath Skylar’s boots as that living surface rose to meet her, quick as a whip, closing the distance in a single, inevitable draw.

“Hey—!”

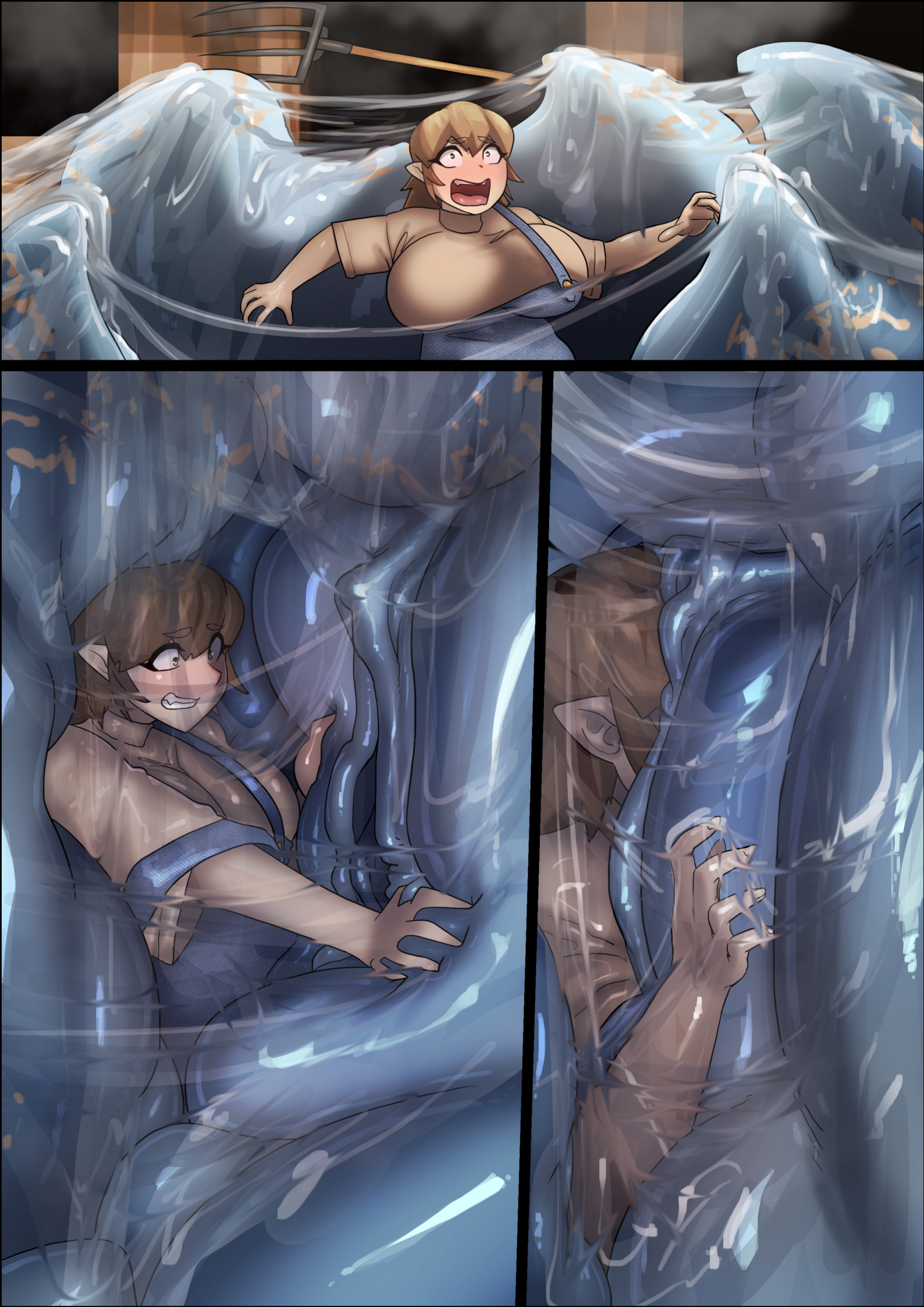
The word cut off as the mass pressed in around her calves, then her hips, the contact slick and tacky all at once, holding her fast. The elf was being drawn inward, the surface of Friday’s body tightening with a quiet, pulsing contraction.

Skylar disappeared under the conch.

With a patient, gathering pressure, like a drawstring being pulled closed, the conch’s foot rearranged itself. The edges folded and sealed, enveloping, subsuming, until Skylar was caught in the center of it, her shape already blurred beneath that translucent, glassy layer.

“Lemme—hold on—!”

Her voice came out muffled, dampened by the thickness around her as Friday’s body shifted again, a slow, deliberate kneading motion that fed her deeper. The surface stretched, then smoothed, drawing her along the length of that massive, gliding form.



For a moment, Skylar's outline was visible—distorted, warped by the slick curvature, limbs pressed in vague silhouette—before she was guided toward a subtle seam just beneath Friday's belly.

The slit parted with a soft, yielding give.

Friday lingered there, a faint, languid pulse passing through her body as she fed Skylar inward. The surface around the opening flexed and drew tight, sealing her in with a final, slimy slurp.

Then the seam smoothed over.

"Oh my God, she's in her vagina," Penelope said.

Boo ran a hand over her face as the conch let out a delighted gasp, sliding her fingers along her slit in smooth, shuddering circles. Friday pressed herself against a tree, folding her stomach down over her slit. Slowly, she started to hump. Then faster, until Skylar's complaints were drowned out by the heavy, incessant sloshing.

"On second thought, maybe I *should* let Ophelia eat me," Boo said as Ophelia and Astra dragged her back into the kitchen.

Friday winked at her, then came with a moan.

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"No, no, no! I won't do it!"

Boo leaned against the bedroom door, listening in as Penelope and Astra tried to convince Ophelia to swallow her. Boo had figured that the snake would be all for it, but Ophelia was being unusually obstinate, insisting that Boo should leave the campus instead.

"Come on," Astra coaxed. "Boo is your friend. You've tried to eat her once before, haven't you?"

"That was different! If she just leaves campus, then the big, stupid snail thing will follow her. I'm tired of avoiding her every time I leave the dorm. She almost got me with her tongue the other day! And the reporters and researchers and whatever are always on our lawn. It used to be quiet around here!"

"The conch won't wait around forever."

Penelope's voice. Unlike Astra, she couldn't keep the annoyance from bleeding into her speech.

"You don't know that," Ophelia insisted. "Why can't Boo leave for just a little while? You could accompany her as, like, a bodyguard, and then Astra and I can—"

"Is that what this is? You want the conch to eat everyone so that you can have your 'Darling' all to yourself? God, Ophelia, you're so fucking selfish! You've always been so fucking selfish!"

"Hey!"

"Don't defend her, Astra. This is bullshit and you know it!"

The door slammed open and Penelope stormed out. Boo caught a glimpse of Ophelia, hands on her chest, her face the perfect mask of indignation before the door closed again and Astra's voice continued to whisper assurances. Boo followed the tanuki down the hall.

"It's bullshit," Penelope repeated, kicking open the door of her room. Boo slid in behind her, taking her place on the only bit of open floor as Penelope flopped onto an old beanbag chair. Her entire room was filled with trinkets. Some she bought. Others…

"Let Astra perform his magic with her," Boo sighed. She nudged aside a Funko Pop figurine and settled on her haunches. Penelope's muzzle kept twitching as she stared out the window. "If anyone can convince Ophelia, it's him."

"I'm mad at him, too!"

"No you're not."

"No, I'm not," Penelope growled, getting up to pace. "But I hate how soft he is with Ophelia. Did you see how quickly she jumped on Skylar and Grendel's days with him? It's like she wants them to stay trapped for the rest of the year. Probably won't spit them out even if they do reform. That's why she wants us to leave—not because she thinks it's a good idea, but because she wants Astra's cock in her mouth 24/7."

"Well now you're just projecting."

That got a morbid chuckle out of Penelope.

“He always jumps when I suck him off,” she said, drawing back her lips. “Fangs, you know. Like I’d actually bite him. You don’t have to worry about that though, do you, snail girl?”

“Gummier than a grandma,” Boo said, smiling. “But seriously, Penelope, give Astra a few minutes. Ophelia’s always been unreasonable. Remember the dishes debacle?”

“Oh, oh don’t get me fucking started—”

A soft knock on the door stopped Penelope in her tracks. When she opened it, Astra slipped inside. There was a new hickey on his neck and he was walking with a strange limp.

“She has conditions,” he said, flopping into the indent Penelope left in her beanbag chair.

“Of fucking course she does,” Penelope snapped. “What does the Queen Bee want from her subjects now?”

Astra patted his lap. Grumpy, Penelope took a seat. Despite their height difference, Astra wrapped his arms around her waist, nuzzling her until her stern expression melted away.

Boo tried to contain her jealousy. It was impossible for her to ‘sit’ on his lap, though it looked like fun.

“Her conditions are mostly nothing that you two need to worry about,” Astra said. “Mostly some personal, ah, *kinks* that I’ve been hesitant to try. The one that does concern you is that she wants you to remove your shell, Boo.”

“Are you kidding?” Boo said. “Does she know that it’s attached to my fucking body?”

“Er…”

“I’m not cutting off my shell! My organs are in there!”

“Of course!” Astra said hastily.

Penelope was grinding on his hips. He had to shift her to his side, giving her a playful flick as she stuck her tongue out.

“I told her that, but she insists that swallowing something that large will ‘stretch her out,’ so, uh, the request is really for Penelope and I. She wants to swallow us first—”

“Sure,” Penelope said.

“—and digest us,” Astra finished.

“Is this girl fucking insane?!”

Penelope shot off of the beanbag chair. Before Astra could stop her, she had already stormed out of the room. Shouting proceeded from down the hall.

Astra looked at Boo helplessly.

“Regretting your time in the Monster House yet?” Boo asked.

She sidled alongside Astra who patted her flank. His sweat was salty and sweet, absorbing through the contact in a way that made Boo’s stomach growl. Astra leaned his head against her and Boo’s heart fluttered. She cleared her throat, listening to the sound of the conch sliding around outside.

“Is it terrible to say I’m getting used to this?” Astra asked.

“Our counselor, Mandy, might have something to say about that.”

“The hyena that made me suck her cock then shoved me up her ass the first time that I met her? *That* Mandy?”

“You loved that,” Boo said, mussing with his hair.

“I did,” Astra admitted.

Astra’s hand crept toward Boo’s belly. He had no clue how good it felt to be stroked when all of her nerve endings doubled as taste buds. Or maybe he did know, which made it even hotter.

The arguing in the other room had devolved into a series of slaps and moans. That gave Boo an idea.

“Trying to start something?” Boo asked.

“We have a few minutes,” Astra said.

Penelope’s bed was buried under a pile of clothes. Astra masked his confusion as Boo pushed them aside, gesturing to the center of the mattress. He blushed as he heaved himself into position, laying with his arms relaxed at his sides. Boo climbed onto the mattress, towering over him.

“Usually we do this standing up,” Astra said as Boo closed her eyes. She needed to rearrange some things to make her vision a reality.

“Shh. Give me a second.”

Changing her body came easier with age. When she was a young snail, it was confusing to wake up and find that parts of her, like her stomach, were not where they had been the night before, but through practice, she’d grown adept at shifting her organs and orifices throughout her amorphous body.

When she was satisfied with the change, she smiled down at Astra.

“What would you do if I bagged you like Friday did to Skylar?” she asked. “Just rolled you up in my foot, then shoved you up my cooch like it was nothing.”

His cock twitched beneath his waistband. Astra’s blush deepened as Boo reached over and removed his shorts.

“Something about being completely smothered,” he mumbled. “I don’t know, but I think I like it.”

“Then you’re going to love this,” Boo said.

She had to be careful not to completely crush the boy. The mattress helped, giving him a soft surface to sink into as she slid on top of him, pressing him down into the sheets with the weight of her body. Once he was barely visible, she had to rely on touch. With his entire torso trapped underneath her, it wasn’t difficult.

Boo bit her thumb as the pulse ran through her. He was *delicious*, his warm figure contrasting so sweetly with the musky taste of the tanuki’s bed. His cock had jammed itself right into a fold at the base of her foot. She needed him just a touch to the left. Instead of moving, she closed her eyes and did a small readjustment.

“Whoa!” Astra said as his cock slipped inside of her. The slit, which had previously been beneath her human belly, had traveled all the way down to the end of her metapodium—right where Astra’s hips

were currently pressed into her body. “I didn’t know you could do that!”

“There are lots of things I can do,” Boo said, proud of herself. “Like this.”

SHLIIK!

“MMmppph!”

Ah, to feel him squirming beneath her. Boo leaned her head back and focused on the subtle push and pull of his limbs against her sensitive underside as her cunt clutched at his cock. He wasn’t moving his hips at all—indeed, he couldn’t—but that didn’t matter. Her pussy lips were just as dexterous as the ones on her face, and Boo was using that flexibility to its fullest capacity.

“It feels like,” Astra breathed as her cunt squeezed and pulled, “like you’re sucking on me.”

“Because I am,” Boo said.

Sqlllrch. Sqlllrch. Sqllrrrrch…

She pulled at him, shivering as the warmth of his cock infiltrated her undercarriage. Every little gasp and moan she drew from him rippled against her, through her, until she couldn’t help herself. Leaning forward, she put all of her weight on his hips; sucking, milking, pumping until he pushed back, if only to avoid suffocating in her lush body. From that hint of a fight arose her predator instinct.

“Do you know how easy it would be to pull you inside of me right now?” Boo asked. If she pressed hard enough, Astra’s face appeared through her underbelly. He was covered in slime and gasping for air—just like he wanted. “All I would have to do is scoop you up and you’d be spending the rest of the semester hidden in my belly. I don’t have to digest you right away. I don’t have to digest you at all. In fact—”

She never got to finish. Astra, already edged by the new sensation, couldn’t handle the teasing. Boo smirked as he came inside of her, the milky white substance floating where all could see.

“This place has changed you,” she said, sliding backwards.



Astra sputtered as his face came loose, still covered in her slime. He tried to pull an arm free, but he couldn't.

"For the better, I suppose," he said, grinning up at her. "I never knew that being crushed could feel that good."

Boo chortled and let him go. Her body was abuzz with the nutrients she had absorbed from him, but there was no time to satiate herself. Penelope and Ophelia's pounding had devolved into a series of breathy groans. They'd be done soon and then it would be her turn to be eaten.

"Boo?"

She looked down.

"You don't have to do this if you don't want to," Astra said. He sat up in bed, propping himself against Penelope's pillows. "We can find another way."

Boo sighed. Was being swallowed by Ophelia really better than the alternative that she'd discussed with Penelope? The contact in her phone literally read 'never again.'

It was impossible to lower herself to Astra's level, but scooping him up into her arms was easy. He put his head on her chest. She loved how he never minded being handled. His skin was warm and dry, the opposite of her own.

"This is fine," Boo said. "You guys are right. I… dislike trusting Ophelia, but so long as her precious Darling is around to vouch for us, having a free respawn is game-breaking."

"That's my nerdy girl," Astra chuckled.

Boo dropped him on the bed with a scoff, but he continued chuckling until Penelope opened the door. Her fur was tamped down in a dozen places, tracing the path that Ophelia's coils had taken around her body. She was no longer wearing pants.

"Okay, Ophelia's ready," Penelope said, then sniffed. "Did you guys just fuck?"

"How can you smell that over the smell of your own jizz?" Boo asked, covering her nose. "Jeeze, Penelope, you reek."

Astra slid off of the bed.

"Does she still want to digest us to 'stretch her out'?" he asked.

Penelope grimaced.

"She's insistent on it," she said. "I tried to talk her out of it, but I, ah, might have lost the negotiation."

"Alright."

Boo's chest was starting to feel tight. This was a mistake, she was sure, tying her life to Ophelia's mercy. It really would be easier just to run away—cross the country for one semester, then fly back and hope that the conch didn't follow her. But Friday would follow her, of that she was sure, and unless she had a backup plan, one day the conch would break into her house and that would be the end of her.

So she took Astra's hand as he led her down to the hall. Ophelia was waiting at the bottom of the stairs, hair tied in a hastily assembled bun.

"I'm not doing this in my room," she grumbled. "I'd be stuck in there for ages since Boo doesn't want to remove her shell."

"I *can't* remove my shell, you dense creature," Boo said, oozing down the stairs. Ophelia tossed her head to the side and scoffed.

For all that the snake had put her through, Boo couldn't help the surge of fondness swelling within her. Ophelia was a hopeless romantic and a bit of a bitch, but there was something endearing about her singular focus. There was a suspicious bruise on her right shoulder that looked a lot like teeth marks. Ophelia caught her looking and frowned.

"What?" she asked.

"I just love you," Boo said.

Something in Ophelia's demeanor flickered, but then her frown deepened and she turned her back.

"Quit trying to confuse me," she said. "I'm still going to eat you."

With that, she slithered into the den.

“Dere for the Darling, tsundere for the rest of us,” Penelope said, earning a snort from Boo. Astra glanced between them, confused. The monsters didn’t explain.

“Come on,” Boo said. “Let’s get this done.”

Friday had gone back to smacking her full belly against the window in the kitchen. They could hear the heavy ***plap, plap, plap***, resounding through the house. Boo worried about the glass as they passed the doorway, but the conch hadn’t broken a window yet. Somehow, the construction of the old building was more solid than any of them had ever imagined.

In the den, Ophelia had cleared out space around a pile of pillows. The ‘nest’ she had formed would serve as her bedroom while she digested.

“Clothes off,” Ophelia demanded as they filtered into the room. “I hate digesting fabric. It makes me gassy.”

Penelope rolled her eyes and took off her tank top. It was the only piece of clothing that she was wearing. Boo stripped off her tee shirt and Astra stepped out of his shorts and boxers. After months of cohabitation, it was a wonder they wore clothes around the house at all. Boo briefly thought to ask what Astra’s parents might think of their son becoming a nudist monster-fucker. She decided against it.

Ophelia had finally noticed the slime covering Astra’s body. Her expression became immediately indignant.

“Hey! It’s not your night with him!”

“Ophelia, are you actually worried about the fucking schedule right now?” Boo asked. “It’s Skylar’s night. Technically he’s free game.”

Ophelia muttered something about the taste of slime and Boo counted backwards from ten, lest she sock the snake and ruin the ritual before it even began. Penelope stepped forward, hands on her hips. Astra stood beside her, tiny compared to the trio.

“Alright,” Penelope said. “Chop chop, Ophelia.”

“Chop chop! Oh, oh, where do you get off—”

“Sweetheart,” Astra said. “Please.”

Ophelia blushed and coiled around herself.

“You know I can’t help myself when you beg, Darling.”

Watching the snake work never ceased to amaze Boo. Ophelia’s tail unrolled in a large circle, scales shimmering, muscles rippling beneath the densely padded flesh. Her limber torso twisted left, then right. Her belly rippled. Something deep inside of her popped and her eyes narrowed into pinpricks. Boo was pretty sure it was her jaw.

“Alright,” Ophelia said. “Darling first.”

She picked up Astra under his armpits and gave him a kiss on the forehead. Astra reciprocated, long and low, whispering something in her ear. Ophelia giggled and a pang of jealousy stabbed through Boo. It didn’t help that Ophelia’s stomach was growling uproariously when Boo had only gotten to taste Astra.

“Ugh, a little slimy,” Ophelia said, pulling her tongue out of Astra’s mouth. “Maybe we could hop in the shower—”

“Oh my fucking god, get on with it,” Penelope said.

Ophelia sniffed and lifted Astra’s feet onto her tongue. Once he was properly placed, she put a hand on her throat and wriggled his ankles until they touched her thumb.

SHLLLRK!

“This is always interesting,” Astra said as Ophelia coiled like a spring beneath him. “When she opens her throat like that, she can—”

SLURP!

One moment Astra was there and the next he was sleeved in Ophelia’s body. The snake had pushed off of her own tail, sheathing Astra without so much as a gulp. Ophelia remained at the apex of her strike for a moment, working her jaw back into position. Only then did she swallow, tracing the massive bulge all the way into her stomach.

ULP!

“Like watching a snake swallow a hamster,” Penelope noted. “Bet you can’t do that to me.”

“Of course not, you oaf,” Ophelia said, though she was smiling and rubbing her stomach. “You’re too big, but my Darling is just right.”

Without looking at Penelope, Ophelia curled a finger. Penelope shrugged at Boo and stepped into her coils, folding her hands in front of her crotch, waiting for whatever was about to happen. Ophelia didn’t keep her waiting long.

Using her hands like a rolling pin, she pushed Astra deeper into her tail. He barely registered beneath the soft, tan flesh, but Boo could tell that Ophelia was holding him lightly, refusing to squeeze even as she fed him into her digestive system. Penelope received no such consideration. Once Astra was safely tucked away, Ophelia rose in an arc and came down on Penelope’s head, swallowing her up to her shoulders.

“Hey, hey, hold on!”

Penelope stumbled backwards, her face locked in Ophelia’s throat. The snake’s jaws worked tirelessly, forcing themselves around her arms, her breasts, her stomach. Almost like a defense mechanism, Penelope’s cock sprang up, growing to an absurd length. Ophelia didn’t even blink as she reached down and jammed it into her muzzle, swallowing it while Penelope moaned against her rib cage.

“Gentle, gentle, gentle, gentle!”

Only Boo was still available to see Ophelia ease up, waiting until the tanuki had stopped struggling to sheathe the rest of her cock and balls in her throat. She even began to knead the shaft (though Boo wasn’t sure if it was instinctual or not), chortling as Penelope’s legs kicked impotently against her tail. Heaving Penelope up over her head, Ophelia gulped, sending the tanuki to join Astra in her guts.

BBwwwAAaaaAAARP!

“Excuse me,” Ophelia said, wiping her lips. Her stomach had stretched to an absurd length as she pulled Astra back into it. The purpose was to increase her capacity, after all. “Ugh, I swallow so much air when she grows her dick like that.”



“Right,” Boo said. “So what now?”

“What do you mean ‘what now’?” Now I take a long nap so that I can digest these two and—”

“Take a nap?!”

“Yes,” Ophelia said crossly. She was already curling around herself in the nest, settling into the pillows. “I know you can digest someone in a few minutes, but for me it takes hours.”

“Can’t you, you know, speed it up?”

Ophelia tapped her fingers on her stomach. Boo could see a complex bouquet of emotions crossing her brow—annoyance, arousal, affection. The snake’s eyes flicked to Boo with a hunger that surprised her.

“Well, there is *one thing,*” Ophelia said, “but only if my Darling says—hey! What do you think you’re doing in there! Penelope! Penelope, you stop that this instant!”

A new bulge had appeared above her navel. Astra’s face had been thrust up between Ophelia’s breasts, hands on either side, mouth open as Penelope’s knees flanked his hips. There came a muffled groan. A grunt. The stomach began to shake as wet plapping sounds replaced the gurgle of predigestion.

“No, no, no! You *can not* fuck Astra in my stomach! You’re both going in my tail! Astra, don’t let her do that to you!”

“I think Astra’s pretty okay with it,” Boo snickered as Astra’s fingers grasped at the wall. “Yeah, I can see his dick right beneath your belly button.”

“Daaaaaarliiiiiiing!”

Ophelia shook herself, trying to pry them loose. It only seemed to aid in the enthusiasm with which they continued to fornicate. Throwing her hands up, Ophelia turned to Boo, glaring as Boo continued to chuckle.

“Maybe you want to tell me what it’s going to take to get you to digest them faster,” Boo said. “Then we can keep Astra’s defilement to a minimum.”



“Agreed,” Ophelia said, as if Boo had just made a perfectly rational argument. “Okay, yes, we should do that.”

Boo already had a pretty good idea of what this ‘solution’ was, which was all but confirmed when Ophelia lay back on her coils, hefting her stomach so that Boo could get at the slit below.

“Careful,” Ophelia warned as Boo’s cock began to emerge. “I don’t want to break them, I just want to get them back down into my tail. S-stimulation is one of the best digestive aids, so I hear, but you’re going to have to… be faster than you usually are.”

“You don’t like my tempo?” Boo asked. She eased herself up onto the pile of pillows, making her way to Ophelia.

“Your tempo is *fine*, but it’s not going to make me digest any faster. Maybe we should get Mandy. Mandy usually… usually…”

Ophelia’s eyes crossed as she looked down at Boo’s cock. The snail had slapped it down between her breasts, letting the ooze saturate the shirt that Ophelia was wearing. Ophelia’s eyes widened as Boo let

the head of her cock trail down the snake's stomach, up and over the bulge of the lovers, and down to the crevice in her tail.

"I'm too slow, huh?" Boo said.

"Well you *are,*" Ophelia said defensively. Boo's belly was pressed against hers, cupping the fevered flesh as their breasts touched. Boo couldn't help but notice that Ophelia kept glancing at her cleavage. She pushed forward so that her chest bounced against Ophelia's chin.

"Okay," Boo said. "Fine. Let's see—"

Ophelia gasped as Boo slipped inside of her.

"—how fast I can be."

It was true that Boo couldn't summon much force with her hips. If plowing her partner was her only option, then Penelope would be far better suited for the task. However, Boo *did* have one advantage that none of the other girls did:

Her cock was prehensile.

The head glided along the ridges that ringed Ophelia's cunt, dragging over the sensitive tissue. Ophelia's breath hitched. Her dainty fangs cupping the edge of her lower lip as Boo explored; pushing, pushing until she found the bottom.

"S-so what?" Ophelia stuttered when Boo gave her a smug smile. The nylla was trying hard not to wriggle. "You're not special. Penelope can fill me, too."

"Can she do this?"

Her cock dragged back up along the clenching walls, then down, then up again. All the while Ophelia and Boo stayed connected at the hips, neither moving but to moan, breath mingling in the interim. The constant plapping of Ophelia's stomach gave cadence to the delicious draw of Boo's cock as she stroked.

"That's…" Ophelia said, biting her lip even harder. "Okay, that's…"

Her eyelids were twitching. When Boo pulled her closer, she didn't resist, not even as the snail's soft lips pressed against her own.

The first kiss was stiff and awkward, but the second saw Ophelia burying her hands in Boo's hair, drawing her forward in a hungry embrace that left both girls breathless.

Boo continued to stroke.

"That's not fair," Ophelia whined.

The clenches were growing stronger—a thousand involuntary processes regulating the squeeze of a thousand different muscles. There was a gurgle, too. An influx of liquid in her stomach slickening the walls, making it more difficult for Penelope and Astra to hang on. They were sinking now, and as the bulge passed by Boo's waist, she gave them a hearty slap, then groaned as she felt their bulk pushing against her cock, kneading them on their journey deep into Ophelia's tail. There, digestion would begin in earnest, but for now?

For now, Boo had a point to prove.

She began to flick back and forth, the bulky head of her cock swirling through the creases of Ophelia's cunt. The snake gasped as Boo kissed her throat, thrusting her arms out only to be pinned by Boo taking her wrists. Boo lowered Ophelia into the pillows. Her bright, green eyes blinked helplessly as the snail devoured her.

Their mouths were a blur. Their bodies were entangled. Ophelia coiled around her twice, thrice, squeezing Boo's shell, but the snail would not relent. The heavy gurgle of digestion rumbled across Boo's underbelly as the surface of Ophelia's tail softened. Boo sank deeper into her, kissing, fucking, growling as months of repressed feelings expressed themselves in frantic thrusts. There was no tempo anymore. It was a race to the finish line and Ophelia was winning.

GURSH!

Mouth open, eyes flickering, back arching, Ophelia came with a silent scream as she squeezed Boo with everything that she had. Boo could feel Astra and Penelope's digested remains sliding through the tubes of Ophelia's bowels and it made her cum.

Warmth exploded across her abdomen. She filled Ophelia so fast that there was no way to avoid the splashback.



“F-fuck,” Ophelia muttered.

Boo was in a daze. Nobody, not even Penelope, could handle her like Ophelia could and it had taken a lot of effort to please the nylla. Now, she was drained and the reality of her situation felt like a distant dream.

“I don’t hate you.”

“Hmm?”

“I don’t hate you,” Ophelia repeated, refusing to meet Boo’s eye. Her tail was still lightly twined around the back of Boo’s foot. “Do you hate me?”

Boo rubbed her forehead and took a deep breath.

“No, you bimbo,” Boo said. “I’ve never hated you. I don’t always like the things that you do, but I don’t hate you, so please, please be careful.”

“Bimbo,” Ophelia scoffed, but she was smiling. “I’ll make you pay for that one later. I promise that, right now, since it’s your first time and all, that I will be *super* fucking careful with you. You’ll barely even feel it when I start digesting. Astra actually says—”

“Shut up.”

“Hmmph.”

The slamming sound from the kitchen had ceased. Both Boo and Ophelia tilted their heads toward the door. There was nary a whisper but the wind in the gutter.

“Maybe she fucked off,” Ophelia said.

“Maybe,” Boo sighed. “But I wouldn’t count on it. Are you ready?”

“Mmhmm.”

Ophelia’s gut was starting to glow. Astra and Penelope were reforming, but Ophelia would wait until Boo digested to manifest them in her stomach. For now, they were just twin balls of glowing light pulsing within the snake. Boo wondered if that glow would be present as she slid inside of Ophelia, and if so, would she have to watch herself melt?

“You’ll be inside of my tail,” Ophelia said, taking Boo by the shoulders. She was oddly precinct at guessing Boo’s thoughts. “Now: head first or ass first?”

“What ass?” Boo asked, wiggling her foot. “But I’ll go head first if that’s okay.”

She gulped. This was it. Should she close her eyes as Ophelia swallowed her, or should she keep a lookout in case something went wrong? She’d removed all of her belongings from her shell, right? Ophelia probably wouldn’t be able to digest it even if she—she—

“Ahhhhhhhhhh!”

Boo’s thoughts stuttered as she stared down Ophelia’s gullet. Her heart was thumping hard in her chest—harder than a snail’s heart was supposed to thump. Was this what her prey felt like? This electric jolt of fear and anticipation as the pink gullet spread across her face?

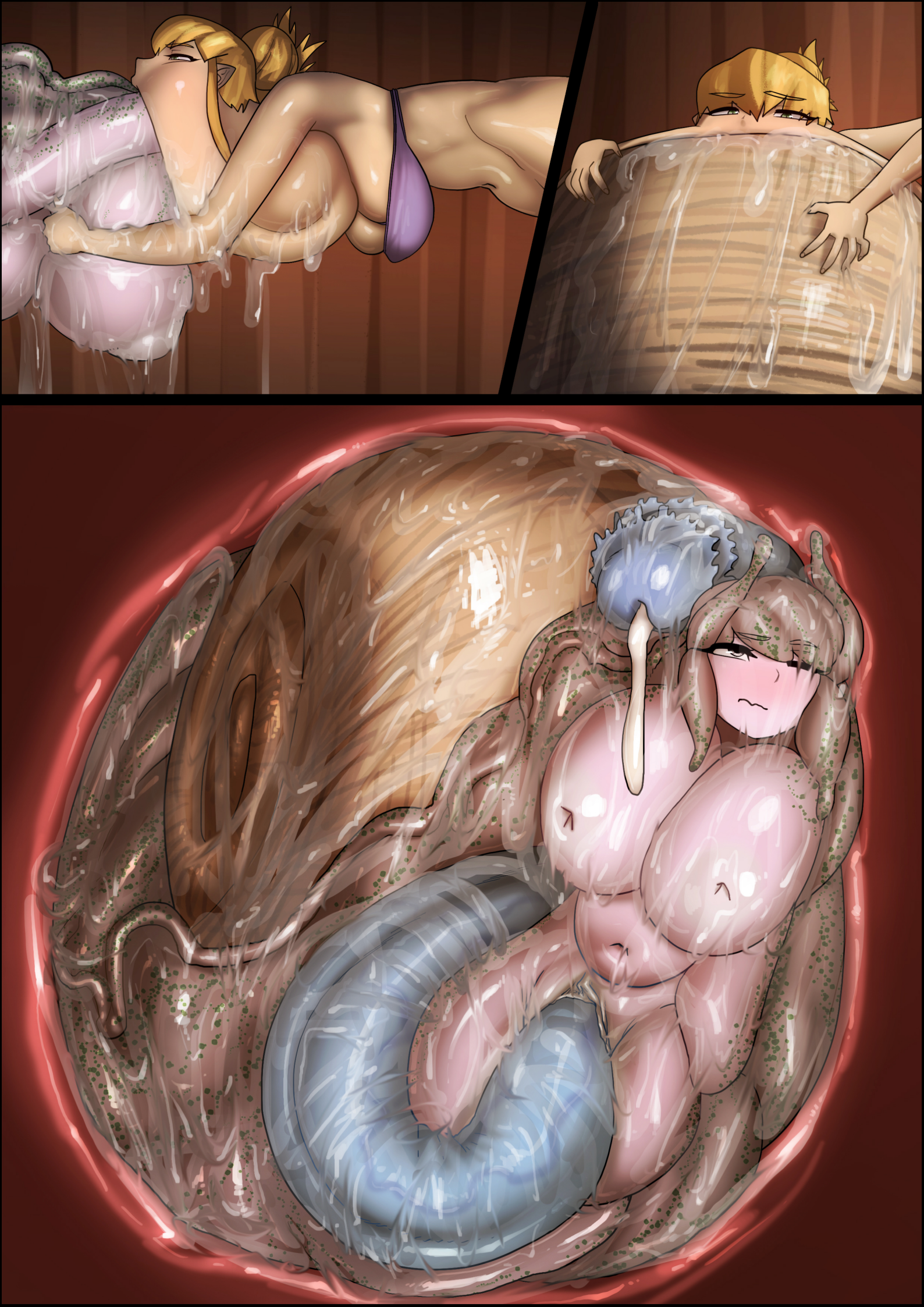
But then Ophelia’s mouth closed around her and something changed.

It was warm in Ophelia’s gullet. Warm and tight. Boo’s face was as gelatinous as the rest of her, molding to the walls, and the velvety skid of Ophelia’s esophagus felt… good? She rubbed her cheek experimentally against the slick surface. Ophelia’s muscles responded with a brief gulp that made Boo’s eyes roll back in her head.

Oh. Oh no, she thought, descending past Ophelia’s ribcage.

She had always been drawn to the concept of displacement—swallowing huge objects to observe the way their mass changed her shape. Now *she* was the one pressing outwards inside of Ophelia, a bulge sliding down her slender throat. How would Ophelia look with her shell stretching the limits of the snake’s stomach? How would it feel to watch herself shrink as Ophelia grew in tandem?

These images stayed with Boo as her head broke into the upper chamber of Ophelia’s stomach. The glow of Astra and Penelope illuminated the pulsing, red walls that clenched eagerly as Boo arrived. She was squeezed into a ball, groaning as her breasts dragged themselves through the luxurious curve of Ophelia’s throat, twin orbs



testing the limits of her capacity. Of course, Ophelia had swallowed bigger, and in a deluge of drool, Boo's torso was compressed into a jiggling, quivering lump in Ophelia's midriff.

Now came her foot.

Boo's lower half was much larger than her upper half. Her foot consisted of nearly six feet of muscle and mucus, the latter of which lubricated Ophelia's throat as she swallowed it in one, enormous gulp. The bulge it must have made turned Boo on so much that her cock popped out unbidden, and the thought of its outline slithering across Ophelia's navel made Boo squirm in absolute pleasure.

Ophelia noticed none of this, of course. Her vision was set solely on the problem of the shell—eight square feet of solid calcium shaped like a backpack.

Boo felt Ophelia's hands press into the sensitive connecting tissues that welded her to her home. She felt the snake's jaw widen, her muscles relaxing all at once. She felt the space around her distort as the claustrophobic press of the stomach walls receded, pulling away like the tide before a tsunami; stretching, stretching, until the biggest bulge of all entered Ophelia's throat and then Boo couldn't help it anymore.

She came again, filling Ophelia's stomach with an ocean of cum seconds before her shell dropped inside and the walls came snapping shut.

Displacement. Liquid in a bag. It really had nowhere to go but up.

"ACK! BLARGH!"

"BOO WHAT THE FUCK?! WHY AM I SWIMMING IN CUM?!"

"I'm sooorrry," Boo groaned as Ophelia squeezed her in retaliation, spitting and gagging, disgorging another batch of baby batter. "I didn't think that would happen."

Ophelia grumbled something under her breath. It was hard to hear her over the slosh of her stomach and the low, mechanical sounds of her body at work.

“I have to drop you into my tail now,” Ophelia said, grabbing her gut. If she meant it as a punishment, she was sorely mistaken. The indent of Ophelia’s hand pressing in on her had Boo whimpering. “Try not to fucking jizz everywhere.”



The bulge that was Boo crawled forward into the darkness of Ophelia’s true stomach. It was longer than her human stomach, stretched lengthwise through the first few feet of Ophelia’s tail. There was a valve connecting it to her intestines. Boo’s face pressed against it while muscular contractions conveyed the rest of her into the increasingly tight space.

“Ready?” Ophelia asked.

Boo closed her eyes and nodded as the walls began to knead. A sharp smell rose from the acids being pumped into the chamber, but there was no pain. She was being pulled into the crevices, condensed into a cylindrical lump of organic matter. Several times, she had watched Astra through her skin as the same was done to him, and she was elated to find that it was just as cozy as she had predicted. Fatigue weighed on her limbs as the air grew thin. She lay still, just a lump, a cozy little bump in Ophelia's belly. Then the darkness grew heavier still and washed away everything.

***

"Shit! Boo is still in there!"

"She's got her by the tail! I can't pull her free!"

"She won't fit through the window."

Boo opened her eyes to a sea of dim, pink light. Shadows flitted across her vision, racing back and forth in hectic motion.

"Ophelia?"

A hacking motion sounded above her. The snake was shuddering, arms flailing wildly as she grasped at the floor. She was being dragged backwards with Boo in her stomach—her human stomach. The shadows were Penelope and Astra as seen through the thin layer of skin separating Boo from the outside.

"What's happening?"

"She's awake," Astra called.

"It won't matter in a second if Ophelia gets eaten," Penelope yelled. "I'm getting a knife."

"Don't you dare cut my tail off!"

"I'm cutting her tongue, you imbecile! Hold on!"

Boo coughed as the stomach jammed painfully against her shell. They—she and Ophelia—were being pulled through a narrow space, but her shell was so large that they wouldn't fit. Wood groaned and

splintered as the force dragging them backwards wrenched them with all its might. Ophelia let out a cry of pain.

"What is happening?!" Boo shouted.

"I've got the knife," came Penelope's voice.

"Too late," Astra said. "She's got her hands around Ophelia. She can't get her through the window."

"Help me, Darling!"

"Trying!"

"You have to let Boo out, Ophelia!"

"Are you crazy? She's the only thing keeping this bitch from slurping me up! Oh ew, ew, ew, she's got her mouth around me now. She's sliiiiiimyyyyyyyy!"

"Ophelia!"

URK!

Boo shot forward, wedged into a narrow space. Instead of being pulled forward, the esophagus was being pulled away, unrolling around Boo as the light grew brighter, brighter, until—

"***ACK!***"

Her shell hit the ground first, leaving her upside-down to watch as Ophelia's body was slurped backwards into a pair of giant lips. The conch swallowed her with great relish, then turned her eyes on Boo.

"Shit!"

A long, dexterous tongue flew like a lasso toward Boo. Brown fur blurred as something hit the side of Boo's shell, sending her spinning across the room.

"Penelope!"

The tongue wrapped around Penelope's waist, flinging her backwards into the conch's waiting maw. Penelope managed to jam an arm into Friday's upper jaw before she could swallow. Grunting, she held the mouth open just long enough to point at Boo.

"Call her," Penelope yelled.

GULP!



Astra hustled Boo into the next room as the conch belched and slammed her stomach into the ground. It was now thrice the size of her body, filled with dozens of students and four unfortunate monster girls. She continued to slam her stomach against the ground as she sidled along the building. Her attempt at infiltration was done, it would seem. At least for the next hour or so.

"Shit, shit, shit," Astra said, running a hand through his long hair. It had come loose from his hair tie, blinding him as he fumbled for a substitute. "She got Ophelia! That's our whole plan out the window! What are we going to do? Who are you supposed to call?"

Boo reached into her shell before remembering that all of her possessions were upstairs. Taking Astra's arm, she led him to the second floor, talking as they walked.



"Okay, okay, so I actually never wanted to tell any of you this," Boo said. "Penelope knows, but that's only because I told her when I

was very, very drunk, and she was pestering me about that photograph. I'm going to need you to listen and not judge, okay?"

"Of course," Astra said, confused.

Dusty beams of light played through the stained glass windows, dyeing the stairs orange. Boo huffed as she climbed, Astra jogging behind her.

"So, um… remember that *girlfriend* that you and Penelope thought was so hot?"

"Yeah?"

"I'm kind of engaged to her."

"What?!"

"I *was* engaged to her," Boo corrected, waving her arm in frustration. "It's a whole story, but the short version is that snails tend to have their breeding pair chosen for them by the elders."

"Breeding pair?" Astra asked, then paled. "I guess I never considered…"

"Huuuush," Boo said, giggling despite herself. Astra's face had grown very white. He stood on the top step, paralyzed. "You're not going to be a daddy. Only a few monsters can properly mate with a human and snails aren't one of them. No, my partner was a rare breed of sea snail known as a scaly-foot gastropod—a sea pangolin."

"A… what?" Astra asked.

Boo's room was little more than a space that she used to store her things. Since she mainly slept in her shell, she didn't have much use for a bed or even a desk. Astra stood in the doorway as she rummaged through her supplies until she found her phone. She palmed it, deciding to finish the story before she did what she had to do.

"A sea pangolin," Boo said. "A volcanic snail. Their shells are made with iron and their bodies act like chemical factories, producing all kinds of valuable compounds. They, like the conch, are also highly endangered, so breeding with one is supposed to be a high honor."

“Wouldn’t the elders or whoever want to breed them with other volcanic snails?” Astra asked. “I mean, unless there’s only one of them, that would probably be the best, right?”

Boo patted him on the head.

“Now you’re getting to the main problem,” she said, “because you’re right, the elders *do* want to breed volcanic snails with other volcanic snails, but there’s this itty bitty problem with volcanic snails in that there’s a non-zero chance that breeding with one proves to be fatal.”

“WHAT?!”

“Again, long, super expedited explanation, but when snails breed, they shoot barbs into each other to help the process. Volcanic snails do too, but their barbs are, uh, laced with a veritable fuckton of drugs that can do anything from getting their partner high to inducing a seizure. Even other volcanic snails aren’t immune to being poisoned, so the elders choose a more expendable breeding partner. That isn’t to say that they want me dead,” Boo said as Astra raised his fist in indignation. “They chose me because I’m durable, but being durable isn’t a guarantee and besides, once you successfully breed with a volcanic snail, you breed with them for life.”

“So you ran away,” Astra said. There was no judgement in the declaration, nor an overabundance of pity. Boo would have kissed him right then and there if their situation hadn’t been so urgent. “You went off to college.”

“I did,” Boo said, pride swelling her chest. “First in my family to do so. I had to cut contact with everyone in my village to do it, but here I am. And the shitty thing is that I might have considered it—I might have considered pairing with the volcanic snail if I had thought we were compatible, but Pan is… well, you’ll see.”

Her phone was in her hand again. She had memorized the number years ago just in case, but she’d never thought that she’d have to use it. Her throat tightened as Astra slipped his fingers into hers. He seemed to understand the dilemma.

“Why do you have to call her?” he asked. “How does this ‘Pan’ fit into our current situation? Is it worth it to reestablish contact with your village?”

“Her body is poisonous,” Boo said. “If Friday swallows her, she’ll disgorge everyone else. And, as to whether or not it’s worth it… these are our friends. Besides, unless you can think of a better solution, this is our only option.”

Astra frowned. She could tell he was struggling with that, trying to find some way in which he could sacrifice himself for everyone’s sake, but Boo wouldn’t let him. Maybe there was a solution that they hadn’t considered—that was a distinct possibility—but if all it took was a phone call and some potential family awkwardness to save their friends, then it was worth it.

She plugged the number into her phone.

“Alright,” she said. “Are you ready to meet my fiancée?”

***

The bus station on campus was a rundown building near the South Quad. Boo had never seen a single soul inside apart from a bored-looking student manning the desk. Today, that student was a redheaded girl with a sleeve of flower tattoos. She didn’t look up as Boo and Astra entered.

“She’s supposed to be on the 4 o’clock,” Boo said, juggling her phone in her hand. “Friday will probably take thirty minutes to cross the campus, but if she arrives before Pan does, then we’ll have to circle around.”

She glanced at the dilapidated clock on the wall. It read 3:56. She double-checked with the time on her phone, ‘pacing’ by slithering in circles until Astra led her to a bench. The redhead finally looked up and saw the pair. She muttered something under her breath and went back to her book.

A bus pulled up to the port.

“Are you ready?” Astra asked.

He had been oddly insistent on dressing up for the occasion. Boo had tried to assure him that Pan warranted no such consideration, but Astra had thrown a polo on nonetheless and had picked out a fancier hair tie. Boo noted with some satisfaction that it was one that she’d bought him: a simple loop with a sakura petal design. Boo herself only wore her bikini top. She knew that Pan would like that.

The bus stopped with a hiss in front of the port. Boo and Astra waited for the door to open, but after a minute, it remained closed.

“Is that normal?” Astra asked, half to Boo and half to the student manning the desk.

The redhead didn’t respond, but Boo slithered up to the door, peering through the tinted glass just as something heavy slammed into it from the other side.

“Oh shit,” Boo yelped, pulling away.

The door squealed open to reveal a quivering, red blob. It spilled out of the entryway onto the asphalt, soaking the ground in a thick, bubbling liquid. A pair of breasts the size of medicine balls followed the belly out of the door, then a smiling face. As Pan ‘stepped’ out of the bus, her armored skirt clattered against the curb.

“‘Sup, Tits,” Pan said, extending her arms for a hug. “I knew you couldn’t resist the Red Rocket!”

“That’s what she calls her penis,” Boo whispered as Astra nodded sagely at her side. “Don’t touch her.”

Pan’s body was more or less shaped exactly like Boo’s except for her mottled red skin. She wore sunglasses and a flame-patterned bandana over her long, scarlet hair. Also like Boo, she wore the top half of a bikini, but in Pan’s case, it was three sizes too small and barely covered her nipples as it strained against the expansion of her belly. Three distinct shadows floated inside of her. One was wearing the standard cap of a bus driver.

“Oh yeah,” Pan said, slapping her gut. “I got bored on the drive. The guy didn’t even notice that the other passengers were missing

until we were stopped and then he was all ‘Oh, Miss, you have to spit them out’ and I was all ‘Oh, eat my ass, dude’. Then I ate him with my ass. It was funny as fuck.”



Astra’s smile grew significantly more strained. Boo prevented herself from laughing as she gestured toward the campus.

“It’s good to see you, Pan,” she said. “We’re going to catch up, but first let’s get you back to the dormitory.”

“Hold up. Are you gonna eat that?”

For a second, Boo was worried that she was talking about Astra, but then she saw that Pan was pointing at the student in the bus station.

“Uh, we try not to eat students here,” Boo said.

Pan wasn’t listening. She was already pushing her way through the door stomach-first, leaving behind a trail that smelled faintly like gasoline.

“She’s… certainly unique,” Astra said. “Should I warn the attendant?”

Through the glass, they could see Pan approaching the counter. The redheaded student looked up in shock as Pan climbed past the barrier. What followed was a series of lewd gulps, a crass belch, and the sound of a soggy stomach smacking against linoleum. Pan returned a moment later, larger than ever.

“You snooze, you lose,” she said, flicking Boo on the forehead. “Now where’s this broad you want me to waste?”

They drew several looks as they walked back through campus. It wasn’t just Pan’s stomach that garnered their attention—though it certainly didn’t help—but rather the coal-black shell she wore that made her look like a tank out for a stroll. Her ‘skirt’ was the same color, overlapping scales that rattled as she moved.

“Yo, Boo,” Pan said when they made it to the trailhead leading to Titan Hall. She jammed her thumb backwards at a group of students having a picnic. “How the fuck are you so skinny when there’s like, a million good meals just lying around? You on some kinda diet I should know about? You look hot, babe, but you’d look hotter with some meat on ya.”

Boo, who had been scouting around for Friday, grunted in disgust.

“I already said the students are off-limits,” Boo chided. “You’ve got to listen, Pan.”

“I am listening, bitch. You said ‘we try not to eat students here’, not ‘don’t eat the students, Pan.’ Jeeze, girl, did going to college make you a prude? Your grandma said it would.”

Boo’s shoulders tightened. Astra put a hand on her flank to calm her down—something that Pan’s astute gaze did not miss.

Uh oh, Boo thought as Pan licked her lips. *We better get her to Friday and fast.*

The conch was nowhere to be seen as they approached Titan Hall. A trail led off in the direction that Boo and Astra had taken to

get to the bus stop. Boo was going to suggest that they follow it when Pan groaned and stretched.

"So," she said, lounging against the rotting porch. "We should probably get to talkin' about my compensation."

Boo pinched her brow. She'd been waiting for this, but she didn't anticipate negotiations starting so quickly.

"What do you want?" Boo asked, knowing full well.

Pan pointed at Astra.

"What?" Astra asked. "Me?"

"She's only asking for you to piss me off," Boo said, feigning anger. They had discussed the chance that Pan would want to eat Astra while they'd waited for the bus. Pan didn't know about Ophelia, so she had no way of knowing that Astra would reform. "And it's working. Choose anything else, Pan."

"Whaaaat," Pan mused, jiggling her stomach. "I mean, you could always fuck me, Boo. We could return to the colony, but oh, wait, they don't want you back. I've already successfully bred with another bimbo, so even your tired pussy is of no use to them. Honestly, I just came to see if your life was as pathetic as I thought it was and goodness, it is! I'll bet this 'conch' was just an excuse to beg me to take you back."

There was no further need to feign anger. Boo rose up to her full height and so did Pan. Her fists shook. Her jaw clenched.

Pan looked back at her as smug as could be. Hitting her would be a mistake—she was coated in any number of toxins—and eating her was out of the question. Her protected status was the same as Friday's.

This was not the plan. The plan was that Pan would ask to eat Astra and Boo would hem and haw until she eventually 'gave in', swallowing her pride so that they could save their friends, but now it looked like Pan had no intention of helping at all. Had she just reconnected with her toxic ex for nothing? Was Pan just here to gloat?

"I don't think we need her."

It was Astra who had spoken. He was rubbing his chin, totally calm despite Boo's raised hackles. Pan regarded him with disdain.

"Who the fuck even are you?" Pan asked. "Get lost before I turn you into a cock snack, chump."

She shuffled forward threateningly, her iron skirt tearing splinters from the steps of Titan Hall. Astra merely took a couple of steps back. Burdened as she was, Pan couldn't reach anyone that wasn't in immediate grabbing distance.

"Boo talked about you like you were impressive, but you're just a snail," Astra said. "I mean, the conch is like, three times your size. She'd kick your ass and then eat you for lunch."

"I know what you're doing," Pan snarled, jabbing a blood red finger at Astra. "It ain't gonna fuckin' work. I could dissolve that oversized oaf from the inside out if I wanted to and Boo knows that. If you think you can bait me—"

"I was saying we should find a lamia," Astra continued, ignoring her. Pan's armor rattled as she shook. "Yeah, a snake could probably get this done. Don't snakes eat snails?"

"They do," Boo said.

"Then what do we need her for?"

Astra was standing at her side, the picture-perfect parody of Pan's smug smile painted on his face. The ooze bubbling off of Pan's skin was starting to steam.

"You—I—came here to—you know what?" Pan hissed. "You know fuckin' what? Yeah, new deal. Boo, I know you're not dumb enough to miss this opportunity. If you fuckin' grab that human right now and feed him to me, I'll deal with your stupid fuckin' conch problem. How's that, cocksucker?"

"Deal," Boo said, collaring Astra.

He looked over his shoulder as she carried him to Pan. There was tension on his brow. He had offered to be swallowed by Pan, not tortured by her, and by the way her stomach was churning, the red

snail was brewing something awful for him. He put up no resistance, though, and Boo loved him for that.

She loved him enough to jab him in the thigh with her stinger before dropping him at Pan's foot.

"Bon appetit," Boo said.

Pan didn't seem to notice that Astra couldn't stand on his own two legs as she picked him. The numbing agent was coursing through his veins—a pre-digestive that would guarantee that he lasted no longer than a minute in Pan's stomach. *That* hadn't been agreed upon previously, but as Pan lifted Astra, he gave Boo a thumbs-up behind his back. Boo promised herself that once this was all over, she would give that boy anything his heart desired.

"I'm going to make this hurt," Pan said. "I'm going to digest you piece by piece, starting with that stupid fuckin' grin of yours. How about that, huh?"

"Bet a lamia would do it faster," Astra mumbled through numb lips.

Boo hid her mouth behind her hand as Pan roared, sheathing him in her throat. She gulped him down her molten gullet with an expression of pure rage, jamming her knuckles into her stomach as he hit the weak acids she'd prepared for him.

"Oh yeah," Pan said. "I can make this last forever. You're my fuckin' pet now. You're my… hey, what the fuck?"

Her stomach was completely round. It wobbled as she prodded it, searching for Astra inside of her. Only Boo could see him filtering into her intestines, already digested.

"What the fuck? Is he a wizard? Are humans that weak?"

"Maybe you made the concentration too strong," Boo said. "I've never seen someone digest that fast. I'm kind of impressed."

Pan straightened, suspicious, but somewhat mollified by the excuse.



“I guess I don’t know my own strength,” she said, smirking. “Yeah, I guess I overdid it. Good riddance. Did you hear that bullshit about a lamia? Where did you find this guy?”

Boo was about to respond when a crash came from the edge of the property. Friday had finally made her way back to Titan Hall, more bloated than ever. She looked stupidly between the two snails, then smiled like a child on Christmas morning. Pan’s eyes went wide at the sight of her trudging toward them, taller than a house.

“*That’s* the fuckin’ conch?” she said, backing up to the railing. With five humans currently occupying her guts, she was only slightly faster than Friday was. “I’ve heard they were big, but… damn.”

“Nervous?” Boo asked.

She slid toward Pan who shot her a nervous look.

“Hey, so I was thinking, maybe I could make an extract or something,” Pan said. She angled toward the opposite edge of the woods, but Boo blocked her path. Friday was halfway across the lawn. “Yeah, a good extract would probably knock that conch right on her ass. I could have it ready for you by the weekend.”

The conch was two-thirds of the way across the lawn. Pan tried to climb the stairs up to the building, but with the weight of her iron shell and the people inside of her, the old wood simply collapsed under her bulk. Running the opposite direction was out of the question: Friday would intercept her. The only way out was through Boo and Boo wasn’t budging.

“Move,” Pan said.

She tried to force her way past Boo, but the snail was ready with a broken piece of railing. She prodded Pan’s stomach, stopping her in her tracks.

“Move, bitch!” Pan yelled.

Friday was almost upon them. She was rubbing her hands together, making a low ‘guh’ sound in the back of her throat. It was the fastest that Boo had ever seen her move. She was so excited that she was salivating.

“I’m just making sure that you keep your end of the bargain,” Boo said, chipper as could be. The ground was actually shaking. Friday was reaching for them with her gargantuan fists. “I’m sure she won’t actually digest you. You’re very important, after all.”

“You—”

The fists closed around the pair of them, lifting them off of the ground.

It was one of the first times that Boo had ever been airborne. She’d fallen, sure, but given her size, she had never been picked up. The sensation was nostalgic, somehow, like rising in a ferris wheel. Boo looked out over the treetops and drew in a breath. The air tasted cleaner here, somehow. At least until Friday opened her mouth.

Pan screamed from Friday’s other fist, shouting obscenities as the conch pulled them toward her maw. Gusts of fetid breath blew over the snails. Friday’s thumb was lodged right beneath Boo’s breasts, slipping over them. She rubbed in slow circles until Boo’s nipples hardened, then placed them against her tongue and dragged.

SLORCH! SLORCH!

“Let me go! Let me fucking go!”

Pan was enduring a similar treatment, albeit her breasts were so large that Friday could wriggle her tongue between them, slurping into her massive muzzle and spitting them out. Every inch of Pan’s pliable body twisted and thrashed, spewing all kinds of corrosive liquids that were immediately neutralized by Friday’s mucus. For the first time, Boo wondered if maybe the conch really could withstand Friday’s corrosive body. If that was true, she was in a lot of trouble.

The conch popped them out of her mouth. Strands of slime and saliva connected the three of them, spilling out over Friday’s huge, quivering belly and breasts. She looked at them one final time, a dumb grin spreading across her face as Pan’s screams reached a crescendo.

“Boo, you bitch! BOO, YOU STUPID FUCKING SLUT!”

“Oh, shove it, Pan,” Boo said as Friday dangled them over her mouth by their shells. “I’ll see you in Hell.”



SPLORT!

Boo landed on Friday's tongue with a squelch. Pan was not so lucky. The volcanic snail had hit the conch's throat directly and was hanging onto Friday's uvula for dear life.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?" Pan screamed. "Why are you doing this to me?!"

"Because you're an asshole," Boo yelled down at her from the tip of Friday's tongue. The conch was drawing her head back, leveling out her throat to swallow them whole. "Everyone knows it but you."

Friday's throat bobbed around Pan and she was gone. There was a pair of steaming handprints on the conch's uvula. Caustic liquid fizzled where it met puddles of saliva. The conch sucked on Boo for a minute longer, savoring her until at last she'd gotten her fill of Boo's flavor.

"Alright, my friend," Boo said as Friday stared at her cross-eyed. "Do what you came here to do."

The conch smiled.

Nodded.

And swallowed.

Her throat was wider than Ophelia's. That was both expected and disappointing, especially since Boo was barely even squeezed as she tumbled through Friday's esophagus. She slid into Friday's stomach in freefall, slamming into a pocket with enough force to drive the air from her lungs. There she hung, suspended, looking out through the conch's translucent skin.

Well this is… boring, she thought, jiggling. The conch bounced up and down in excitement, doing a little victory dance around the lawn. *Shit, is this what the others have been dealing with for the last month?*

She could see Friday's other victims quivering in dozens of different pockets. An upside-down reporter with blonde hair and a microphone. A student in a band uniform, trumpet still in hand. Grendel, inexplicably holding the half-dissolved handle of what

looked like a hammer. She chewed on it viciously, her tiny stomach bloated with prey that she'd probably stolen from Friday.

She always finds a way, Boo thought.

Pan was there, too. Her hands were outstretched, a look of outrage painted on her face as the air around her smoked and boiled. If it caused Friday any discomfort, the conch didn't let it show. She was still wiggling her hips, jostling Skylar who remained stuck in her pussy.

Maybe this was a bad idea, Boo thought as Friday stopped. *Maybe we should have—*



The conch retched.

From the inside it felt like the world itself was collapsing. All of the little pockets of Friday's stomach squeezed in on themselves, ejecting their slippery occupants into adjoining cells.

“Sorry,” Boo said as she came foot to face with the guy in the band uniform. He didn’t get much of a chance to speak, given that a second later he slid into her slit, pushed by another immense convulsion.

Boo caught sight of Pan somewhere near Friday’s esophagus. The volcanic snail was laughing maniacally, leaking some kind of billowing, green liquid.

Fuck, Boo thought. *Maybe she is a genius.*

The conch had her hands on her hips. Saliva flooded down her chin, pooling between her breasts before dropping in buckets onto the grass. Several voices shouted in confusion as the heaving continued, squeezing them all tighter, tighter, driving them inexplicably upward.

“Ophelia!” Boo called. “Ophelia.”

The snake looked sick to her stomach, holding her bulging belly with both hands as she wriggled against the pocket she was wedged within. Another convulsion made her face turn green. A lump was ascending through her throat.

“Astra!”

The man was flung into Ophelia’s waiting arms as all of them were siphoned upward toward Friday’s esophagus. The conch let loose a howl that devolved into wet wretching. The first batch of prisoners dropped into the mud.

“This is fucking gross!”

“Penelope!” Boo said, throwing her arms around the tanuki. She was wet and slimy and absolutely disgusting-smelling, but Boo buried her face in Penelope’s chest nonetheless.

“Damn, I can’t believe it,” Penelope said. “You called her. Is she as much of a bitch as you said she was?”

“Even more,” Boo mumbled, nuzzling her friend.

Grendel was ejected in a screaming, clawing bundle. Immediately, she dove for the crawlspace beneath Titan Hall and disappeared into the darkness, but not before dragging one of the stunned reporters along with her.



“Looks like we’re next,” Astra said.

He and Ophelia were packed beneath the esophagus along with Boo and Penelope. Ophelia gave Boo a withering look, but when Boo kissed her on the cheek, she blushed and looked away.

“Well, we survived,” Ophelia said. “Now I guess we have to go back to our regular sharing schedule.”

“That’s what you’re worried about?!” Penelope said. “God damn it, Ophelia, you’re so—”

BLAAAARGH!

They hit the ground in a jumble, rolling out of the way as another deluge of slime and saliva slammed into the quickly growing puddle on the lawn of Titan Hall. They joined a group of reporters and researchers standing on the stairs like castaways. Despite being one of the last things that Friday ate, Pan was one of the last ones ejected. She raised her fists in triumph.

“Take that you fucking hooligan!” she screamed into the giant’s face. “That’ll teach you to mess with the Queen of the snails, bitch!”

“You were right,” Penelope said. “Man, what a piece of work.”

Friday retched one final time and sat up.

“Skylar’s still inside of her,” Ophelia noted.

“Shit,” Astra said. “You’re right.”

But even as they were commenting on it, Friday was digging her fingers into her cunt, emerging with a saturated, babbling Skylar which she deposited next to the stairs. Penelope recovered her, keeping a wary eye on the conch as she dug more reporters out of her womb.

Pan was still screaming on the lawn.

“Fuck you! I’m indigestible, bitch! Crawl back into whatever hole you came out of and fucking die!”

“That’s a bad idea,” Boo muttered.

“Yup, the conch is reaching for her,” Astra said.

Pan was in the middle of her tirade when Friday's fist clenched around her. The conch pondered her slowly, then, with great forethought, put her to her lips.

"What are you doing? You can't eat me! I've already… already… whoa."

The conch had Pan's crotch in her mouth and was sucking with fervor. A bulge appeared against her lips. It grew and grew as Friday sucked it deep into her mouth, lapping and slurping until it tickled the back of her throat.

"Is that… her cock?" Astra asked.

"The famous 'red rocket'," Boo said. "Yup."

Pan was groaning, twisting and turning in Friday's grasp, but the greedy conch continued to suck. She deep-throated the snail, pulling her free with a pop, then slammed her back in place. Her lips folded around Pan's waist. The snail's eyelids twitched spasmodically.

"WhOooOOoaaaa…"

SHLORP!

Friday held Pan's cock in her throat for ten, agonizing seconds, then let it slide out in a spray of spit, holding the snail at arm's length. Satisfied, she nodded, then lowered the snail toward her foot. Her gelatinous body curved like it had done for Skylar. Her slit was open and glistening, ready for Pan.

"W-w-wait," Pan whimpered. She grasped at the grass, pulling clods free as Friday lined her up. "You can't just… we couldn't… oh fuck."

The conch gave a shudder of pleasure as she popped Pan into her pussy.

"Holy shit!" Penelope said. "Can you do that, Boo?"

"She can," Astra said proudly as Friday's cunt closed over Pan's cock, sucking at it just as fervently as Friday's mouth had. "It's awesome."

Boo shook her head in awe as Friday took the entirety of Pan's length. Her cock had to be over ten feet—longer and girthier than

even Boo's—but Friday didn't even flinch. Once she was done sucking at it, she grabbed Pan by the shell, slamming her into herself over and over again as the snail's tongue lolled out of her mouth.

"She's actually fucking her silly," Ophelia said.

Friday slammed herself down with a shudder, humping the snail a few more times before deciding that ten feet of cock was simply not enough. She lifted herself from the indent in the ground that she'd made using Pan's shell. The snail's eyes flickered as Friday lifted her, placing her head against the opening of her slit.

"Whazzat? What's happen—"

SHLOOooOOOORRP!

Using only one hand, Friday fit the armored snail inside of her, letting loose a tremendous groan as her insides began to bubble.

"Spicy," she said.

It was the first word that Boo had heard her utter since her arrival at Titan Hall. The conch fingered herself dully, giggling as Pan fizzled inside of her vagina.

"I'm not even going to question it," Astra said.

"Is she going to fuck off now?" Ophelia asked.

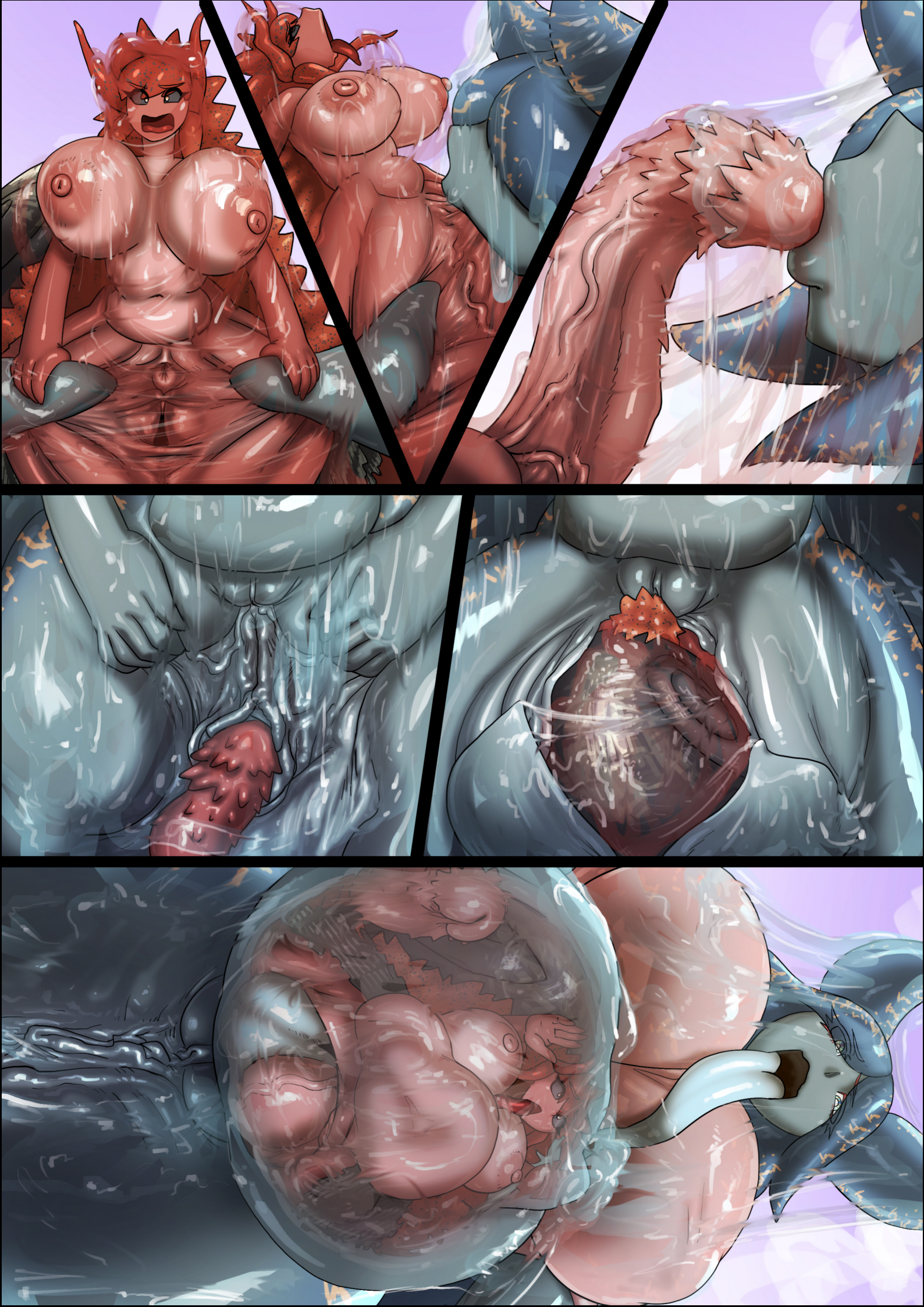
As if to answer her question, a bunch of the reporters and researchers descended from the stairs, cameras and notebooks outstretched.

"It seems that a new symbiotic relationship has formed between two extremely rare, extremely unique specimens," one of the reporters yelled into a microphone. "The agaronia has fully subsumed the chrysomallon squamiferum and is engaging in a complex mating ritual. This ritual is said to last for months to potentially years as the agaronia adapts to its poisonous partner in a veritable arms race."

"So that's it?" Penelope asked as Friday slid toward the treeline, stopping every few feet to orgasm. "She's going to find a nice cave somewhere and cum for the next year?"

"Pretty much," Boo said.

"How the fuck did we get eaten by that thing?"



“Guh.”

“Ahhhhh!”

Skylar popped up like a zombie, blinking blearily. Everyone on the stairs jumped as she looked left and right, eventually settling her gaze on Astra.

“Is it my turn yet?” she asked.

“I think,” Astra said before Ophelia could interject with something nasty, “that considering the major deviations from the schedule that occurred this last month, maybe today could be… everyone’s turn?”

“Yay! Everyone sex sex Astra!”

“Ahhh!”

Grendel had come crashing through the soft wood of the stairs like a demented gopher. Her stomach was thrice the size of her body, but she still moved with surprising agility, trying to climb Astra as Ophelia tugged at her.

“No fair, no fair! We haven’t determined who goes first yet!”

“Grendel eaten first! That mean Grendel go first.”

“What?!”

They bickered all the way inside, leaving Boo and Penelope to watch the conch disappear into the horizon. Boo had her hands folded in front of her stomach. Penelope was still trying to squeegee the slime from her tail.

“Think that’s the last we’ll see of her?” Penelope asked.

“Probably,” Boo said.

“But some bullshit is going to happen again next week, isn’t it?”

“Probably.”

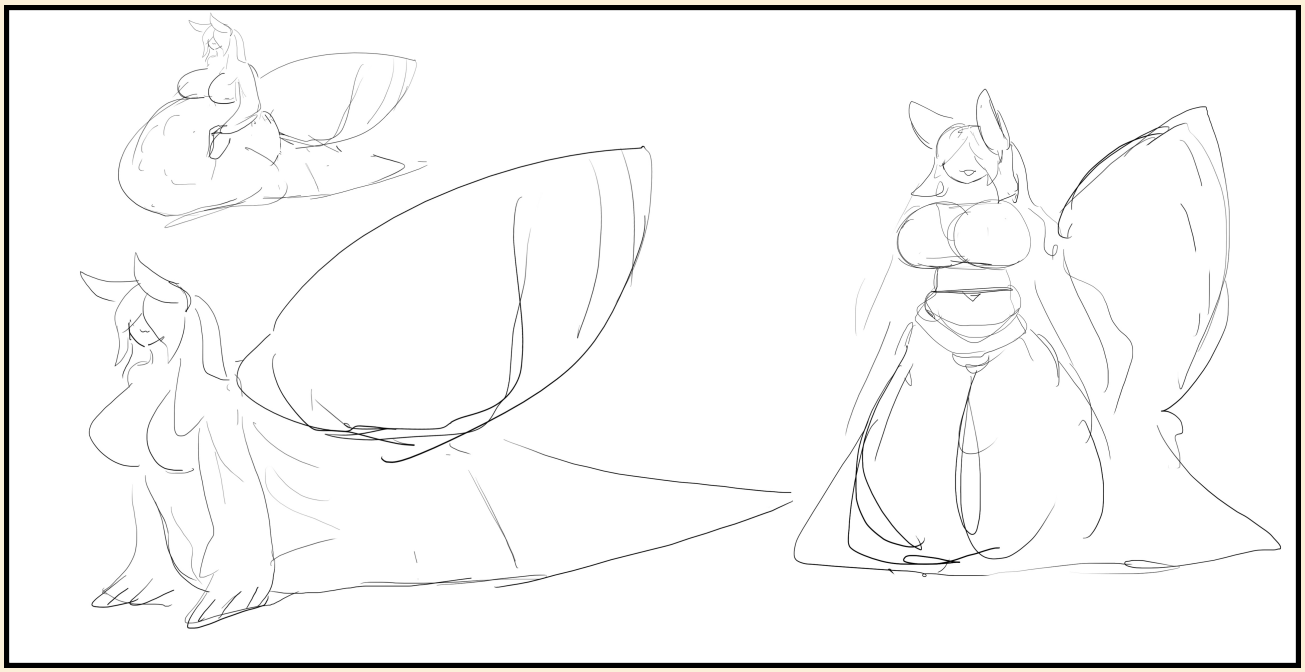
“Titan Hall,” Penelope sighed. “It’s a hell of a place to live.”

Boo looked over her shoulder. Through the open door, Astra grinned back at her, pulled from three sides by Ophelia, Skylar, and Grendel, each of whom had taken a limb and were loudly proclaiming their candidacy for ‘dibs.’

“Sure is,” she said, taking Penelope’s hand. “Let’s get inside before we miss all the fun.”

Then they all had lots of sex.

The End





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