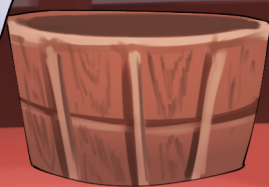


# The Fox's Price



Art by 5idestep

Story by Brazzel



# The Fox's Price

*a Vore Novella*

by  
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5idestep

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**Special thanks to you!**

**Yes, you.**

The Fox's Price is sharp and true,  
A bite for me, a bite for you,  
She'll take her due, no matter how—  
And you will live inside her now.

## Renji

When the doctor came out of the bedroom, he put a hand on Renji's shoulder and shook his head. Already, Renji could hear the coughing picking up again—the hacking axe-blows of his mother's failing lungs as they struggled to keep her alive for another night. It was 8 in the morning.

“She's done all she could,” the doctor said. His voice was as smooth as granite. Renji sought to emulate his stability, but found that he was trembling. “When will your father be home?”

“I called him last night,” Renji said. “He cannot return from his business trip.”

The doctor pursed his lips and gave Renji another pat, then checked his watch. His bag jostled as he headed to the door. Renji didn't turn around. His mother would call for him soon. The nurse that was taking care of her would feed and bathe her, but at some point, his mother's croaking voice would reach him and he would be forced to look at the desiccated husk that she had become.

Renji hated his weakness. His nails dug into his palms. He knew that his mother would smile at him—a smile that would slowly curl into a scowl as pain wracked her failing body—and tell him that it was alright.

But nothing was alright. Not today, not ever.

The slip of paper had been worn ragged by his fingers. He had been thumbing it all day, not daring to hope, not daring to consider. His mother had given it to him when he turned 18 with instructions never to break the seal. Only at the doctor's grim pronouncement did Renji slip it from his pocket, looking at the old symbols—instructions that only he could read.

The location of a shrine.

And the sacrifice required to use it.

## Miyoko

Miyoko lay in the sun, tail splayed beneath her, watching the clouds pass overhead. The long sleeves of her robe had slipped over her wrists and her hair was tangled in the fur of her ears, but that didn't matter. She listened to the chimes ringing in the shrine, never sitting up, not even when she heard the approaching footsteps.

An inquisitive child, perhaps, or a lost traveller seeking shelter from the sun. Miyoko had long since resigned herself to being disturbed by every passerby and vagrant, tourist and wannabe explorer. They would stop and stare and take their pictures, then they would leave. They would never notice her on the steps.

Not unless they carried her talisman.

When the footsteps stopped, a shadow fell over Miyoko. She opened one, golden eye and saw a young man standing over her. He wore the clothes of a college student, namely a tee shirt and jeans, and had the pinched expression of a man far beyond his age which Miyoko estimated at 20. His short, black hair was parted in the middle. He had a handsome face.

Miyoko yawned. Handsome as he was, it wasn't her business. People often stopped at the top of the stairs, too scared to step into the shrine, and even if they did move past Miyoko, they would step over her without ever knowing why.

But the boy was looking at her.

Miyoko smiled.

“Seeker of blessings, do not fear. Fortune shines on those bold enough to ask,” she said automatically. Her words carried as much weight as a butterfly fart, but for the sake of novelty, she addressed every visitor. “What is it you wish for?”

The boy was still looking at her. That was strange. Usually their eyes averted themselves as soon as they fell on her, magically repelled toward the rest of the scenery, but this young man was positively

ogling her. Miyoko didn't blame him. Even if he couldn't comprehend what he was witnessing, some part of his consciousness must still have picked up on her breathtaking beauty.

Her robe was split down the middle, the belt loose around her waist, revealing more skin than was proper for a goddess. She was wearing no underclothes, no vestments other than her robe and skirt, and why should she? Her pale skin glowed like moonlight and her fur was as red as the sun. For centuries she had considered a more practical appearance, but again, it didn't matter. It wasn't like anyone ever—

“My mother,” the boy said, pulling a piece of paper out of his pocket. Miyoko's eyes went wide and her heart began to drum wildly when she saw the red tassel at the top. A talisman. A genuine talisman! There was something familiar about it that Miyoko couldn't place, but before she could remember, the boy continued. “I would like you to heal my mother.”

Miyoko coughed to hide the rumble of her stomach. It had been so long since she had received a petitioner that she had almost given up hope. Her mouth was already watering, but she hid it with a sleeve.

“Your presence warms my shrine. You've brought a light into my realm that I've long hungered for. Come. I shall grant you an audience.”

## Renji

The shrine was smaller than Renji expected. Nestled within the thick bamboo grove at the edge of the village, it looked almost forgotten. Cracked stone lanterns lined the moss-covered path, and the faint sound of wind chimes hung in the air. He clutched the talisman tightly in his hand, its faded kanji barely legible. His mother had always said the fox goddess of fortune resided here, but he had never believed her. He hadn't dared.

Now Renji's heart pounded as he crossed the threshold. The air inside was heavy, saturated in old magic. He stepped forward, the wooden floor creaking beneath his weight. A soft hum echoed from deeper within, a sound both melodic and unsettling.

And the goddess.

Miyoko.

She looked every bit the deity his mother had described in her stories. Her crimson skirt spilled like liquid fire across the floor, and her pristine white robe shimmered in the dim light. Her amber eyes gleamed with curiosity as her tail swayed lazily behind her. She was beautiful, but otherworldly. Renji swallowed hard. His mother had warned him that her appearance was a lure, yet he was finding it difficult to speak while looking right at her.

I—I've come to ask for your help."

Her delicate lips curled into a faint smile.

"Oh? And what is it you seek from me, child of man?"

"My mother..." His voice faltered. It was the first time he would say it out loud. "She's dying. The doctors say there's nothing more they can do. But you—you're a goddess of fortune. You can heal her, can't you?"

Miyoko's eyes softened, though the gleam within them never dimmed. Renji's eyes went to her lips. They were thin and pink, pulled back over two slender fangs, and they glistened when she

smiled. Unbidden, he thought of a gate. A passage. His eyes slid down her throat, past her exposed chest toward her stomach, the top of which he could just see above the deep 'V' in her robe. It made him feel like he was falling.

“A noble request,” Miyoko said, almost wistfully. “But fortune is not given freely, young one. It must be earned.”

Renji’s fists clenched. He had expected as much—his mother would not have warned him otherwise—but there was nothing else for it.

“I’ll do anything. Please.”

Her smile widened, showing just the hint of sharp canines. “Anything?”

## Miyoko

Miyoko's tails flicked with barely contained glee. Humans were such delightful creatures, so eager to offer themselves when desperation clouded their judgment. This one, Renji, was no different. His eyes were full of hope, the kind that would shatter so beautifully. He was pretty, too. Young, strong, full of life. She couldn't help but lick her lips. His eyes followed her reverently as she rose gracefully from her perch, her movements slow and deliberate.

"To heal your mother's mortal body requires great power," she began, her tone laced with feigned sorrow. "Power that I...lack in my current state."

Renji's face fell, as she knew it would.

"But there's a way, isn't there?" he pressed. "Something I can do?"

Miyoko allowed a pause, just long enough to let his hope rekindle.

"Yes," she said at last. "To save a life, a life must be offered in return. A life given freely, with full understanding of the sacrifice."

The young man's breath hitched.

"You mean... I have to find someone to die?"

"To join me," she corrected, her voice honeyed. "I will cradle their essence, feed on their belief, and with their gift, I shall gain the strength to grant your wish."

He hesitated, and she saw the conflict warring within him. It was delicious. How long had it been since she had received a proper petitioner? She could *smell* the desperation oozing from his every pore and it made her ravenous. Realization dawned on his face. Heavens above, this is what she lived for!

"You're asking me to..."

"I'm asking you to decide how much your mother's life is worth to you," she interrupted, her expression solemn. "The choice—"

Ah, the irony in that word.  
“—is yours.”

## Renji

The walk back to the village was a blur. Renji's mind raced as he weighed Miyoko's words. A life for a life. It was monstrous, unthinkable—but what choice did he have? His mother's frail form flashed in his mind, her shallow breaths growing weaker each day. He couldn't lose her. Not like this.

By the time he returned to the shrine with his friend Kenta, the knot in his stomach had turned into a churning storm. Kenta was eager to help, trusting Renji completely. "If it's for your mom, I'll do it," he had said. "No questions asked."

Renji had forced a smile, but the guilt was already suffocating. Kenta didn't believe him, not really. He had agreed to visit the goddess in an effort to make Renji feel better in what was obviously a trying time. He was a good friend—a reliable friend. So, when they passed through the gate, Renji was already having second thoughts.

Miyoko greeted them with a serene smile. Kenta was enthralled, kneeling, his eyes turned upward at the marvelous vision that had graced his senses. The fox goddess stood before her seat, tail swinging like a pendulum behind her. If anything, her appearance had grown lewder since Renji had last seen her.

"You've returned," she said, her gaze flicking to Kenta. "And you've brought a gift."

Kenta tilted his head.

"Gift?"

He did not sound disappointed in his new classification. His eager expression only made the guilt in Renji's stomach all the more venomous as Miyoko stepped forward, her movements liquid and hypnotic.

"Do not be afraid," she cooed, her voice wrapping around them like a lullaby. She took Kenta's face in her hands and he visibly

shuddered. “This is an honor. You will become part of something divine.”

Kenta looked to Renji for reassurance, but all Renji could do was nod, tears threatening to spill.

## Miyoko

Miyoko barely contained her excitement as she drew Kenta closer. The scent of his fear mingled with his trust, a tantalizing combination she hadn't tasted in centuries. Humans were at their most exquisite when teetering on the edge of realization.

“Relax,” she whispered, her tail curling around him. “This will be over soon.”

With one smooth, languid motion, she opened her jaws, the pale light catching on the sharp curve of her canines and the glistening sheen of her inner mouth. Her lips parted wide, revealing an almost otherworldly expanse—soft, undulating flesh that shimmered with moisture, the faintest pulse of life thrumming deep within. The warm, humid air that escaped carried a heady, musky sweetness, both inviting and suffocating, ensnaring his senses. The darkness beyond her throat seemed endless, a glimmer of muscle contracting, drawing the eye further into the abyss. For a moment, it was as if the world had narrowed to the promise of her gaping maw.

Kenta froze, a gasp escaping his lips, but it was too late. Miyoko engulfed him in a single motion, savoring every moment as his belief—his fear—began to flood her with power. As his essence merged with hers, a radiant warmth coursed through her, starting from the pit of her stomach and spreading outward.

It was intoxicating—a heady rush that filled every corner of her being, igniting her divine core. Her tail quivered involuntarily, its silken fur catching the dim light like molten gold. She felt her muscles tighten and then relax, the sheer energy reshaping and amplifying her presence. The taste of his fear lingered on her tongue, bittersweet and electric, while his belief wove itself into the fabric of her power, fortifying the threads of her divinity. When she swallowed, the fear traveled lower, seeping down into the dark to fill her from within.

Miyoko exhaled, her breath carrying a faint glow, and she whispered, "Such faith, such exquisite terror."

"Thank you, dear one," she murmured, placing a hand on her now-rounded stomach. "Your sacrifice will not be in vain."



## Renji

Renji stared in horror as Miyoko's form shifted. The image of Kenta's startled face disappearing into the goddess's jaws had burned itself into his memory, and the sound, the very *mortal* squelching of flesh expanding was ringing in his ears. Her stomach expanded beneath her robe, slowly at first, then all at once, bouncing as Kenta's weight dropped easily into her waiting hands.

Saliva dribbled over the corners of Miyoko's lips as she tilted her head back and stared into space. Energy gathered around her. Golden light spilled from her pores. Renji took an involuntary step forward, worship on his lips, his hands outstretched to grasp at her supple hips, but then he realized what he was doing and backed away. Miyoko let out an enormous belch. Her stomach clenched around quivering prey and the golden light flared.

Again, Renji dared to hope, but then Miyoko spoke.

"It is done," she said, her voice serene. "Your mother's salvation draws near. But I must keep this soul within me for a while longer. His belief must grow strong enough to fuel the miracle."

Renji nodded numbly. He had known, deep down, that it was too good to be true—that he was going to be tested. After all, there was always a price for magic.

"What if..." he began, hating himself for what he was about to say. "What if I brought you someone else? Would that make you stronger, faster?"

Miyoko's smile returned, sharper this time. He swore her eyes wandered to his crotch as she cradled Kento's body in his arm, the lump thrashing inside of her, drawing a coo.

"If that is your wish," she said. "Then I shall gladly welcome your sacrifice."

## Miyoko

Miyoko reclined on the polished wooden floor of the shrine, her tails coiled around her in lazy arcs. The dim light of the oil lamps cast a golden sheen across her alabaster skin as she gently ran her fingers over the subtle curve of her midsection. Inside, Kenta stirred, his movements tentative and weak, though still discernible. A predatory smile danced across her lips.

“Awake already, little one?” she purred, her voice low and honeyed. “How resilient of you.”

She stretched, allowing herself to relish every sensation. The faint pressure of his hands and knees pushing against the soft, pliant walls of her stomach; her inner muscles, slick and warm, responded instinctively, holding him in a gentle yet unyielding embrace. Each of his struggles sent ripples of sensation through her, a reminder of his futile resistance and her absolute control.

“You’ve made yourself quite at home,” she teased, her fingers pressing into the taut flesh. The response was immediate—a frantic squirm, as if he could somehow escape her grasp. “Oh, Kenta, you’re adorable when you panic. Do you think I’ll let you go just because you beg?”

Her tone grew lighter, almost playful, as she sat upright and crossed her legs, resting her elbows on her knees. The rhythmic pulse of her stomach contracting around him filled her with satisfaction. It wasn’t just the physical sensation—it was the power, the knowledge that his life, his essence, now belonged entirely to her.

“I wonder,” she mused aloud, tilting her head as if pondering a great mystery. “Do you regret trusting Renji? Or are you still clinging to that naïve belief that this is all for some higher purpose?”

Her stomach gave a soft, gurgling churn, and she pressed her hand against it, feeling the warmth radiate through her palm. “Hush now,” she cooed. “You’re safe. For the moment, at least.”

Miyoko rose gracefully, the motion smooth and unhurried. She paced the length of the shrine, her bare feet silent against the wooden floor. The weight of Kenta within her was satisfying, grounding, as if she were carrying a sacred treasure. Every step sent shifts through her abdomen, eliciting more movement from her captive.

“It’s fascinating, isn’t it?” she continued. “How easily humans offer themselves when desperation blinds them. You came here so willingly, so trustingly, and now...” She trailed off, her smile widening. “Now you’re part of something greater.”

She paused before one of the cracked lanterns, its flickering flame reflected in her amber eyes. Her tails swayed idly behind her, their silken fur brushing against her legs. “I could keep you here forever,” she murmured, almost to herself. “Feel your heartbeat merge with mine, let your essence feed my power. Doesn’t that sound poetic?”

Kenta’s struggles grew weaker, his energy fading. Miyoko pressed her hand more firmly against her midsection, closing her eyes to savor the moment. The heat, the pressure, the rhythmic undulation of her body cradling him—it was intoxicating. Soon that heat would move lower, sliding through her intestines, and then she would provide her own offering to the soil so that she might fertilize new life. The notion sent a shiver through her. She should make Renji watch.

Miyoko returned to her raised platform, settling herself among the cushions with an air of regal ease. Her tails curled protectively around her as she leaned back, her gaze fixed on the ceiling. “Do you feel it, Kenta? The warmth, the softness? I’ve made a place for you, a sanctuary within me. Isn’t that what all mortals seek? To belong?”

The silence that followed was almost reverent. Miyoko exhaled slowly, her breath carrying that faint, sweet musk. She could sense Kenta’s thoughts, his fear mingling with the faint threads of hope that clung stubbornly to his mind. It was delicious, this delicate balance of emotions.

“You’ve given me a wonderful gift,” she said at last, her tone soothing. “And I’ll cherish it. For as long as it lasts.”

Her eyes glimmered with amusement as she traced idle patterns on her stomach, her voice soft but laced with a chilling finality.

“Sleep now, little one. Dream of the life you’ve left behind. And know that you’ll never be forgotten.”

As the shrine grew quiet once more, Miyoko let her head rest against the cushions, a contented sigh escaping her lips. The faint glow of her skin seemed to brighten, a testament to the power she had claimed. For a moment, she simply basked in the stillness, the knowledge that she was, as always, the master of her domain.



## Renji

Renji's steps felt heavier with each return to the village. The streets, so familiar and comforting just days ago, now seemed foreign and oppressive. Every stranger's face was a potential target. His gaze lingered on passersby, calculating, judging—was this person alone? Would they be missed?

He hated himself for the thoughts, but the image of Miyoko's growing form haunted him. She had already consumed Kenta, and the guilt of that betrayal gnawed at him, but his mother...she was still alive. He had almost avoided his house as he passed it, the weight of his guilt crushing him as he stepped up to her door.

What if he had been tricked? What if he gave up Kenta for nothing?

But when he peeked into the bedroom, his mother was lying on her side, her expression peaceful for the first time in months. Renji burst into silent tears, covering his mouth so that he would not disturb her, and sank to the floor. The goddess...the goddess had kept her promise.

That single fact kept him moving forward, even as his heart sank deeper into the abyss. Nobody had seen him leave with Kenta. His brothers, his sisters—they would never know what had happened to their kin. It had been...easy.

And that scared Renji.

It didn't take long to find his next offering. A traveling merchant, older and alone, caught his attention. The man's jovial demeanor and friendly chatter made Renji's stomach churn with guilt, but he forced himself to approach, to convince the man that the goddess of fortune would bless him if he came to the shrine.

What else could he do when the man said yes?

After all, it was just a local legend.

## Miyoko

The moment the merchant crossed the torii gate, Miyoko's senses sharpened. The man's nervous excitement mingled with faint unease—a tantalizing prelude to the feast she knew was coming. Renji trailed behind him, his face pale and eyes downcast.

“You've returned,” Miyoko said, her voice warm and inviting. Her gaze flicked to the merchant, assessing him like a predator eyeing its prey. He was plump. That was good. “And you've brought another gift. How thoughtful.”

The merchant bowed deeply. His mustache quivered as he looked up at her.

“It is an honor to stand before you, great goddess. I offer my humble prayers and gratitude.”

Miyoko's smile widened, though her golden eyes gleamed with something far less benign.

“Your devotion is noted,” she said sweetly. “And it will not go unrewarded.”

Renji stood frozen as Miyoko advanced on the merchant. The scene unfolded much as before—her soft, soothing words, the mesmerizing sway of her tail, the moment her jaws unhinged and the man disappeared into her. But this time, he couldn't look away.

When it was over, Miyoko turned to him, her stomach visibly more rounded, her form radiant with growing power. “You've done well,” she said, her tone as gentle as ever. “Your mother's salvation is near.”

Renji wanted to believe her, but all he could see was the softened bulge that Kenta had left around her middle and the guilt that would not let him breathe.

Guilt, delicious guilt! There was nothing that reinforced belief quite so much as lingering guilt and Miyoko was positively feasting on it. Oh, the poor boy, kneading his shirt as he stared at her stomach,

his face wracked with that sumptuous seasoning of lustful shame. It made her mouth water just to look at him, especially when his eyes flicked up toward her breasts and the guilt redoubled.

She had grown since he had last seen her. Two tails twisted against her padded thighs, her stomach large and heavy even without the benefit of its newest patron. Kenta was still alive inside of her just...less solid, but his fear had distilled into a greater sense of despair that flowed through Miyoko like a mountain stream, crystal clear and nourishing. There was nothing left of him but his essence now and she would devour that too, as soon as she was done disposing of his mortal body. And Renji, poor Renji, so hopeful and alone! All she needed to do was stoke his emotion and he would do whatever she asked.

“How is your mother?”

Renji jumped. For a second, his hope overcame his despair.

“She’s doing better,” he said. “Not coughing. I feared...that there would never be silence in that house again. Not until...”

Miyoko came to him, drawing her thumb over his cheek. He flinched as her stomach bumped against his, but that was belief too and it was *strong*. She had to keep herself from devouring him right then and there.

“Her disease has progressed so far that I’m afraid I’m doing nothing other than holding it back. If that is enough for you, then I could make her comfortable and—”

“No!”

Miyoko allowed herself a satisfied smile. Yes, this boy was firmly in her power, but it begged the question:

What was his breaking point?

Was it one more stranger? A dozen? How much ‘belief’ could she squeeze out of his guilty conscience? After all, he had already fed her. If she was able to siphon enough power, then she’d be able to exert her will beyond the shrine and the whispers of disappearances would further distill into belief.

“Darling boy,” Miyoko purred, flicking him with her tail. She was almost beginning to feel affection for the sap. “It’s the circle of life. Death is as natural as, well, living, and cannot be subverted so easily. I thought you were only trying to smooth her path for her, reduce her pain, but no, you want the whole thing, don’t you? A change in fortune of that size...it’s going to take a lot of power.”

Renji’s shoulders fell.

“How many?” he asked.

Miyoko’s lips brushed his cheek as she whispered in his ear.

“As many as you can bring. But for now, I’ve prepared a treat for you, so why don’t you bring me that ceramic bowl over there?”

## Renji

Renji had a bad feeling about this.

He clasped the unpainted ceramic bowl in both hands. It was heavy, the basin wide and deep, but it was empty and the bottom was stained with suspicious, brown markings. He brought the bowl to Miyoko and set it at her feet.

“Thank you, Renji,” she said.

With a nod, he turned to leave, but Miyoko grabbed his sleeve. He could feel her smile on the back of his neck, the gurgling in her stomach reaching a whole new volume as she let him go.

“Stay,” she said. “Watch.”

The word resonated through Renji. He didn't want to turn around; he didn't want to see what was about to happen. Still, he could not disobey her. He turned to see her squatting over the bowl, her tails gathered in the crook of her arm. Her belly wobbled as she bit her lip, the gurgle amplifying until it was all he could hear.

Then something hit the bottom of the bowl. It splattered against the ceramic, echoing through the shrine, and Miyoko shifted, lifting herself slightly so that Renji could see the long, steaming log that was all there was left of Kenta's body.

“He's still alive, you know,” Miyoko said.

Renji shivered, then warmed. Miyoko was staring at him with fixed eyes as she shit his friend into a bowl and all he could think about was the fact that her stomach was slowly shrinking, the hard edges softening into smooth, delicious curves. He had forgotten about the merchant inside of her, listening to his fate, or even the implication that Kenta was somehow alive, aware of his own destruction. As soon as the first, bone-laced log pinched off at the source, another took its place, coiling upon the first.

“Mmph...”

Miyoko's ears twitched. She closed her amber eyes and widened her stance, letting out a long, lustful moan as her asshole spread to accommodate the size of her load. The bones deeper in her bowels were more intact, some coming out clean and white, while others were stained with the taint of the goddess. Renji couldn't look away. His crotch was growing tight. He told himself that it was Miyoko's ethereal beauty, but in the light radiating off of her body, he couldn't lie to herself. It was the corrupt way that she moaned and shuddered, getting off on the humiliation of pouring his friend into a pot. Renji thought of the merchant and wondered if she would let him watch her dispose of him, too.

"Such exquisite shame," Miyoko mumbled. "Such succulent embarrassment. You are a feast, my dear, and your friend, Kenta, *ugh*—"

***PLOP!***

"—was barely a snack."

Kenta's skull grinned up at Renji from the top of the filled bowl. His eye sockets were steaming in the cool, spring air, his pupils replaced with putrid scat. Miyoko stood, her stomach noticeably emptier, and looked around for something to wipe with. Automatically, Renji removed a handkerchief from his jacket. His mother's embroidery was unceremoniously shoved between the fox's cheeks as she wiped and tossed the handkerchief in with Kenta.

"Here," she said, handing him the bowl. "Dispose of this behind the shrine."

The smell made Renji gag, but he trotted obediently toward the back of the shrine and tipped his friend out into the shrubbery. When he returned, Miyoko had resumed her place on her platform, her robe undone and her breasts spilling out over her fattened belly.

She raised an eyebrow at him. It was an invitation.

"I've got to go," Renji said, averting his gaze. Miyoko's laughter followed him all the way down the stairs, along with the stain of what he had done.



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The days that followed were a haze of dread and determination. Renji avoided looking at his mother directly, afraid her knowing eyes might pierce through the veil of his deceit. Kenta's absence weighed heavily on the village, but when anyone asked, Renji lied. He went to the city, he told them. He wanted a better life.

But Renji knew he couldn't stop. If his mother was to survive, if Miyoko needed more belief, then he had to act. The shame of his actions burned within him, but he pushed it aside. His mother's life was worth it. It had to be.

Each trip to the shrine felt heavier than the last. Miyoko always greeted him with the same serene smile, her presence intoxicating and predatory all at once. That was another burden; the obviousness of his attraction. Miyoko would curl a finger at him and he would come, if only for a chance to touch her—to feel her warmth. Once she made him give her a belly rub. His hands sank into her ill-gotten pudge, stirring the remains of her latest victim.

He watched her grow, sacrifice after sacrifice, until he ran out of drifters and hikers, tourists and vagabonds.

"You're getting bolder," she observed one evening as Renji presented another sacrifice. This time it was a local, lured to the shrine with promises of safe lodging after his wife kicked him out of the house.

"I'm doing what I have to," Renji muttered, avoiding her gaze. He couldn't stand how much she seemed to enjoy this, but he also didn't want her to frown. He thought of his mother and how disappointed she would be. It stayed his attraction.

For now.

Miyoko tilted her head, her tails swaying. She was up to four, a golden aura suffusing her reddish fur.

“You humans have such beautiful contradictions. You despise me for what I am, yet you continue to feed me. Tell me, Renji—how far will you go?”

Renji clenched his fists.

“You’re the one that keeps telling me that you need more,” he said.

“And is your mother getting better?”

The goddess lay on her dais, hand on her stomach, watching him. Her robe was open in the front, gut spilling out over the cushions that Renji had brought to her shrine. Through the softness, Renji could see bones and bulges—movements from the merchant as he pushed against Miyoko’s weight, failing to budge her an inch. His fear manifested as a shimmer in Miyoko’s eyes.

He could recognize it now. He wasn’t sure what it meant.

“She’s doing better,” Renji admitted, rubbing the talisman in his pocket. He stopped as Miyoko giggled, then realized how it looked. He yelped and pulled his hand free. “And I’m not...I wasn’t—”

“I wouldn’t mind if you did,” Miyoko said.

She fingered the belt of her robe and Renji blushed. Why did she think she could control him with sex? Why was she right?

“There’s got to be an end to this,” Renji said.

“And there will be,” Miyoko promised. “The villagers are starting to believe again, Renji. You’ve begun to convince them of my existence and now they whisper. I received an offering yesterday. It was a packet of rice noodles, but it was the first offering that I’ve gotten in nearly a hundred years.”

She put a finger up as Renji opened his mouth.

“Not counting your own generous offerings,” she said. “For which I am grateful. Once I return to my former glory, you shall be rewarded far beyond the restoration of your mother.”

The implication was not lost upon Renji, but he couldn’t bring himself to feel happy about it. In fact, he was hard-pressed to feel happy about anything at all. His mother had sat up by herself the day

before and had eaten what Renji brought her. The doctor was overjoyed. He told Renji that he had never seen a recovery quite like it, that it was a miracle, and Renji had smiled and cried when his mother called to him, thanking him for being a good son, but he wasn't, was he?

It didn't matter. Nothing mattered anymore. If he was punished in the afterlife, he would at least know that his intentions, if anything, were noble.

But would that be enough?



## Miyoko

She couldn't help but marvel at him. Humans were so fragile, yet their resolve could make them formidable. Renji, with his haunted eyes and trembling hands, was no exception. His desperation had turned him into an unwitting accomplice, a perfect pawn in her game.

Still, there was something about him that intrigued her. Most would have crumbled by now, unable to stomach the weight of their actions. But Renji endured. She wondered if he even realized how close he was to becoming something else entirely.

Miyoko's hunger grew with each offering, her strength returning in ways she hadn't felt since her fall. The villagers were noticing her presence again. Offerings of food and drink began appearing at the shrine's entrance, and the wind carried whispers of reverence and fear.

But it wasn't enough. She wanted more.

One evening, as Renji prepared to leave, she stopped him. "Stay," she said, her tone leaving no room for argument.

He hesitated but obeyed, sitting stiffly on the wooden floor. Miyoko knelt beside him, her six tails curling around them both.

"You've given so much," she murmured, her voice almost tender. "But I sense the guilt is eating away at you."

Renji looked away. "I don't have a choice."

Miyoko reached out, cupping his chin and forcing him to meet her gaze. "There's always a choice. The question is whether you're willing to accept the consequences."

His expression hardened. Miyoko could see it in his eyes, the resolve that drove him, and for once she didn't have any scorn for his useless, human struggling. People were like worms that had wriggled their way into the sun. They would live, they would shrivel, and they would die, so there was no use in getting attached. But Miyoko liked this one. She liked his cruelty and his greed. Her favor only made her crave him more, for the weight of his burden had turned him into a

delicacy that she could hardly resist. Miyoko looked down at her softened form. She had gained a lot of weight, her abundance a testament to her bountiful harvest. Any goddess would be jealous of her. Mortal men had odd tastes, though, and yet Renji still looked at her with desire, as he should.

Miyoko bumped his arm experimentally. His face went red as her stomach swished against his thigh and his desire was so palpable that Miyoko couldn't help but partake.

All she had to do was slip off her robe.

“What are you doing?” Renji cried as the fabric settled around Miyoko's thighs. He leapt to his feet, looking left to right, but there was nobody to witness her magnificence but him. Miyoko wondered if he knew how much of a privilege it was to see her naked. “Put...put your clothes back on.”

“Why?” Miyoko asked, batting her lashes at him. She gathered her breasts in her arms. With all of her feeding, they spilled over her elbows, too large to be contained. “Temptation is belief, Renji. Do these feel real to you?”

She took his hand and he closed his eyes as she pressed it into her flesh, letting his palm sink deep into her cleavage before he pulled away.

“I c-can't,” Renji stuttered. “It's too much.”

“It's a reward,” Miyoko insisted.

Ah, the mental cogs were turning. Humans could justify just about anything so long as they wanted it enough and he wanted her. He *wanted* her. The poor boy even had difficulty taking his hand out of his pocket, her talisman clutched uselessly on his trembling fingers. His cock must be...

Miyoko's focus slipped away from the boy's lust. That talisman...she *had* recognized it. The seal on it was made out of broken, red wax, so she hadn't noticed the symbol on it until now. Miyoko knew of thirty active talismans—she could feel when they broke—but only one carried a bluejay seal, the one that she had gifted

to a young girl who had visited her shrine looking for fortune in love. That was over twenty years ago. It couldn't be!

Oh! Ohohoho!

Yes, she could see her now in the boy's stubborn expression, in the strength behind his resolve. No wonder his connection with her was so powerful.

His mother had been the one that had sealed her.

Miyoko liked to play with her food. If Renji had denied her, she would have made him rub her stomach again, feeding off of his accumulated lust, but now she had to have him. The boy gasped as she pulled him to her. He stumbled over her stomach. As he fell into her arms, Miyoko fell backwards, bringing him with her, and then they were face-to-face on the wooden floor, his heart fluttering like a bluejay trapped in his chest.

"It's a reward," Miyoko repeated. Renji was trying to push himself up, but his hands sank into her stomach up to his wrists and his knees dug into her hips. His cock was hard against her belly button which she ground into him, making him shudder. "You asked when your work will be finished? To heal your mother, our connection must grow. We shall consummate that connection and then I shall lay my hands upon your mother and the healing will be complete."

"No more sacrifices?" Renji asked.

Her stomach vibrated against him. The latest of her conquests was making its slow way down into her intestines and Miyoko delighted in the knowledge that Renji could *feel* them.

"Maybe one or two more," she said, but before he could protest, she kissed him, and then it was all over.



## Renji

He was drowning. No air reached his burning lungs, no light touched his eyes. He was surrounded by darkness and yet that darkness had a texture. It was soft. It was supple. It gave beneath his grasp. He pushed further into it and heard an audible sigh over the torrent of gurgles. Warmth was spreading through his body. His lungs were screaming, but he couldn't bring himself to pull away, to surface, until some primal biological safety measure forced him to and he gulped in a gasp of cool spring air, looking at the indent he'd left in Miyoko's belly.

"It's all yours," Miyoko said, wobbling beneath him. Six tails spread around her like a cloak, each moving independently, rustling in the breeze. Her robe lay open down the middle and her skirts were around her ankles. There was nothing between his flesh and hers, but inside of her, deep inside of her, his sacrifices continued to digest.

Renji had been stalling, waiting for the strength to deny her. Miyoko didn't seem to mind his hesitance. When he planted his face between her breasts, she stroked his hair and sang to him, and when he kissed along her ample belly, she writhed with pleasure. It was all an act, he reminded himself—it had to be. Still, her flattery made it harder for him to deny his growing need.

"What do you want from me?" Miyoko asked. Her ears perked as he ran his thumb across her cheek. "Do you want to watch as I dispose of that merchant while you pleasure yourself? I could give you a most *intimate* view."

Renji blanched and Miyoko chuckled. His cock grew even harder against her stomach.

"Or maybe you want a tour," Miyoko said, opening her mouth wide. "I promise to let you out safely."

"I don't trust that promise," Renji said.

"You shouldn't," Miyoko giggled. "I *always* digest."

Her honesty was both refreshing and disturbing. Renji had figured that Miyoko had more than enough energy to heal his mother and that she was keeping him around because he was useful and yet...here he was, kneading her stomach, trying to stop the whine that was quietly building in his throat, threatening to escape.

He had a chance to fuck a goddess? Who in their right mind would pass up that opportunity?

Apparently Miyoko agreed, because instead of allowing him to wallow in indecision, he felt a tugging at his belt. A second later, a soft hand wrapped around his cock, pulling it out into the light. Miyoko licked her lips.

“Well, well, well,” she said. “Is this what you were hiding from me?”

Renji was no virgin and no prude, but being fondled by a stunningly beautiful fox goddess evaporated every ounce of willpower that he had put between them, tearing down his walls like they were made of wax paper and exposing the beating heart of his desire. He couldn't beat her, he couldn't stop her. All he could do was...give in.

So he groaned as pressed his cock into her tender flesh, allowing the vibrations of her stomach to stimulate him. Renji understood that it was the merchant's digestion that created those vibrations—his desperate clawing at his putrid prison—but he was long past the point of thinking and somehow, it only made it hotter when a huge rumble shook itself free of Miyoko's belly and she belched away the rest of the merchant's air, condemning him to her gut.

***BBrrrAaaAAAP!***

“Fuck!” Renji hissed, jerking his knee. The force of the belch had pushed him over the edge and he came, groaning into Miyoko's bosom, his cock lodged in the folds of her belly. How pathetic he was to release before he was even inside of her, he thought, though Miyoko just giggled and pulled her hand away, licking his seed from between her fingers.

“How flattering,” she said. “You love my body that much, eh? Perhaps I should lay on top of you and apply my full weight to the task of your submission.”

“That would be...too much,” Renji panted.

He was already getting hard again, spurred by Miyoko’s taunting smile and her unnatural beauty. How long had she been alive? One hundred years? A thousand? She was probably an expert in bed and he was just some guy. Miyoko must have guessed at his self-pity, because instead of teasing him, she tilted her head back and pointed at her mouth.

“Would you care to feed your goddess in a different way?” she asked.

Renji almost looked around to see if there was anyone else there. Then he gulped, slid off of her stomach, and came to kneel behind her head, aware of her eyes following him the entire time.

From the front, her stomach was a mountain of pale flesh, perfectly rounded above the peaks of her perky breasts. Miyoko’s ears tickled his thighs as he shuffled forward delicately, reverently, until she reached up and grabbed him, pulling his cock to her lips.

“Don’t be a prude,” she mumbled against his balls. “You’ve seen me swallow people whole. Your cock will not be a problem.”

She kissed the underside of his shaft, causing him to quake, then licked him from base to tip. Renji had to dig his nails into his palm to keep himself from cumming right then and there, instead opting to slide his cock into her waiting gullet, sheathing himself against her chin.

Miyoko closed her mouth, let her tongue drape itself over his cock, and swallowed.

***ULP!***

A rogue spasm shook through Renji’s body. He fell forward so that his hands were on Miyoko’s breasts and his torso was hunched over her throat, but the surprise of the swallow had already done its

work and he came again, deep in the flesh of her esophagus, feeling it wrap around him as it had all of her other victims.

But he stayed hard.

Miyoko smiled.

“That all you got?” she said around his cock.

Renji leaned forward on his wrists, knees spread on either side of her head, and pushed until she stopped talking. Miyoko gulped around it. She was trying to make him cum again. Renji resisted, barely, gasping as her tongue began to tug at his shaft, then pulled back and slammed himself into Miyoko, gagging her.

He couldn't see her eyes. His balls were covering half of her face, but he took her arched back as a sign of approval. There were no easy handholds to grab onto, so he grabbed her stomach, using it to hold himself steady as he pounded away.

“You like that?” he yelled, too mad to feel silly. “You're a greedy pig. A glutton. Your stomach is ten times the size of your head and you just keep getting fatter. Why are you doing this to me? Why?”

Miyoko didn't answer seeing as he was balls deep in her throat, but what she did do was grab either side of her stomach, squeezing it tight. A muffled crack reverberated through her body. The mound of her stomach sagged to the sides, no longer solid in the middle. Startled, Renji didn't have time to catch himself. He fell forward into her gut, yelping as she thrust his face in, suffocating him.

When she gulped, he came obediently. Only then did she release him.

“You're a feisty one, aren't you?” Miyoko laughed. She shook her stomach from side to side, listening to the contents slop around. “You hear that? That's your cum settling on that guy's melted remains. When I go to shit him out later, your cum is going to be mixed in right there with him. Isn't that exciting?”

Renji went to get on his knees, but Miyoko grabbed his shoulder, pushing him onto his back. She stood over him with her hands on her hips, grinning. Her stomach sloshed as she put a finger on it.

“Pig?” she asked. “Glutton?”

“I was only being honest,” Renji whispered.

“Well then be honest, Renji. What do you think I’m about to do to you?”

Cold sweat trickled down Renji’s spine. Miyoko’s tails were flared at her sides and she looked every bit the goddess that she said she was.

“Something bad,” he said.

She put a foot on his chest and leaned forward, pinning him.

“Something bad,” Miyoko agreed.



## Miyoko

Fear! Lust! Guilt!

Miyoko had to sit on Renji's face just to keep him from seeing her drool. He beat uselessly at her hips, kicking and screaming, but her pucker had formed a seal over his mouth and his screams merely tickled. Goodness, she wished he'd put his tongue to better use!

The taste of his cum lingered as she licked her lips. His cock was hard between her legs, pinioned under the front of her stomach, and when she wiggled her ass, it twitched. She could easily reach down and jerk him off if she wanted. In fact, that's exactly what she intended to do. However, in his anticipation, he kept letting out the cutest little moans. She stroked his cock with one finger, watching it bounce beneath her.

"You've been such a wonderful servant," Miyoko sighed contentedly. "Fortune truly smiles upon you. Maybe you could become a shrine priest and visit me daily! No, actually, I'd be too tempted to eat you."

She had intended to make him squirm with her comment, but it only resulted in her stomach letting out a loud rumble, which actually did start Renji squirming since his mouth was glued to her ass. He strained his hips, trying to push her off of him. Miyoko lifted her stomach and let it drop on his cock. A warm puddle settled on her thighs.

"Squirt, squirt, squirt," she laughed. "So energetic! How many times are you going to get off before you're satisfied?"

The answer was apparently ten.

Ten more times.

He came once between her breasts, twice between her thighs, once on her ass, once *in* her ass—"Isn't it great to be going in instead of coming out?"—bathed in the pond, came in her hand in the pond, back into her mouth, between the tits again, and twice in her cunt.

By the time Renji flopped onto the floor, naked and exhausted, Miyoko had fully digested the merchant. She filled the bowl while she watched the boy.

Miyoko didn't hate Renji for what his mother had done. Twenty years was not a long time for a goddess and Renji's mother, Sayaka, hadn't destroyed the shrine, only sealed it. Still, twenty years of starving was going to require restitution, a karmic balancing that Miyoko intended to fulfill.

"Renji," she said. The boy looked over, his face blank, his emotions dampened by their ravenous fornication. He believed in her so much that his gaze was enough to make her glow and Miyoko preened her tails happily, pushing out the last of the merchant. His skull plopped into the filled bowl which she kicked aside. "I know this has been hard on you," Miyoko said, her voice as smooth as love. "We've never quite seen eye to eye on my method of essence gathering and as much as I tease you, I want you to know that I appreciate what you have done for me, even if it was in return for a service. Your mother will be healed by dawn tomorrow. Bring her to my shrine and I shall make it so that she lives another hundred years."

"A hundred years!" Renji gasped, sitting up. "That would be amazing, Miyoko!"

Miyoko smiled graciously, but internally she was snickering. Oh yes, Sayaka would live another hundred years...as a soul trapped in her bowels. That was living, right? Aware of her surroundings, every pungent emission, forced to witness Miyoko's gluttony while powerless to move under her own will? Miyoko thought that was more than fair.

But that left Renji.

What to do with Renji?

"I will need one more offering by the end of the day," Miyoko said, gathering her tails in her arms. She came to sit beside Renji, leaning her head on his shoulder. "With their belief, my powers will

fully manifest, and then I shall be able to sustain myself purely upon the worship of the villagers.”

A few had visited while she and Renji had been busy. As none of them carried talismans, they could not see her unless they were brought across the threshold, but she had surreptitiously slipped the veil over Renji as well, gathering a mist around the shrine until they were finished. Baskets of fruit had been brought to the gate. A bottle of wine. A box of wishes. Miyoko thought wistfully of the old days when she was known throughout the entire mountain, but one village was enough for enough for now.

Renji had accepted her request with a muted nod. He hadn't even thought about it, nor had he experienced any regret. Miyoko almost felt bad for the black stain that had gathered around his soul, but she would wipe it away soon. For now—

“Would you mind feeding them to me?” she asked.

“Isn't that what I've been doing?” Renji asked.

“I would like your involvement to be more...intimate.”

Renji blushed. Miyoko loved when he blushed. She drank in his lust like a midday cocktail only to realize that it needed just a bit more flavor.

“And if I might make a request, Kenta's sister has come by the shrine twice already to pray for his well being.”

Miyoko didn't have to look at Renji to feel him tense. Maybe she had been too greedy, making such a bold request, but though uncertainty clouded his judgement, he was too far gone. Miyoko put a hand on his naked thigh. She batted her eyelashes and Renji nodded, looking toward the village.

“If she's sad, can you make her happy?” he asked.

Miyoko folded his hand into her own and gave it a squeeze.

“I promise you,” she said with a sharp-toothed smile. “Everyone that I swallow experiences absolute bliss.”



## Renji

Kenta's sister, Emi, was a year younger than Renji, but twice as mature. When he appeared outside of their cottage, she was waiting with her arms folded under her ample chest, the sleeves of her robe rolled up from a day of taking care of her own, ailing father. Her eyes were hard. Renji had to take a deep breath to keep from flinching as he approached her.

“What do you want?” she asked.

Her tone was accusatory. Renji was the last person who had seen Kenta alive. Even if she believed his story about Kenta seeking a life in the city, she still would have felt insulted that he hadn't told her first.

But she didn't believe him. Not for a minute.

“I want you to come with me,” Renji said. It was nearly midday and the streets were empty. Nobody traveled unless they had to with all of the disappearances. “I want to take you to Kenta.”

Emi's lips curled into a derisive sneer, but Renji thought he saw a glimmer of something in her eye. Fear? Hope? She had sharp features like her mother which lent themselves to stern looks. Her hair was a pleated black rope that bounced on her hips like a stinger.

“Why would I go anywhere with you?” she asked. “You know what they're saying, right?”

Renji did, but he had chosen to ignore it. The older villagers said that he was in league with an evil spirit. They said that he led others to a cave to be used in blood sacrifices. Emi was right to be cautious around him and yet...he was so close.

“How about you bring Kenta to me?” Emi said. “Bring him back home and then we can talk.”

Renji shook his head.

“I can't,” he said. “He won't come out. Not for food or water, nor for the comfort of his home. I've been taking care of him, but I'm

afraid he won't listen to me. He doesn't eat what I bring him. He drinks very little. He's wasting away at the foot of the shrine, praying for healing. He's praying for your father."

Emi's face softened and Renji felt the familiar sting of guilt. That was something that Kenta would do—give up everything to become an ascetic for the faintest chance of witnessing the supernatural. He was the kind of boy who believed in yokai and ran into fairy circles. His fascination with Miyoko had been real. It was why Renji had brought him to her.

"He's not eating?" Emi asked.

She took a step away from the cottage door, then looked back. Her face hardened again as she jabbed a finger at Renji's chest.

"Wait here," she said.

When she returned, she came bearing a bundle of fish and rice. She followed Renji without speaking, all the way past the village and through the trees and up the hill until the gate became visible. Then she slowed and shivered. Renji felt it, too. Miyoko's power radiated from the top of the steps, spreading its tendrils toward the village.

"Where's Kenta?" Emi asked.

"He's inside," Renji said.

Emi hesitated at the base of the steps, her fingers tightening around the bundle of food. Her sharp eyes scanned the shrine's exterior, searching for signs of her brother. Renji saw her lips quiver before she pressed them into a firm line.

"You're sure he's here?" she asked, her voice quieter now, as if the shrine demanded reverence—or fear.

Renji nodded, though his stomach churned. He wasn't sure if it was from the residual guilt or the strange, blossoming comfort that Miyoko's presence gave him. The faint hum of her power was intoxicating, like the pull of a tide drawing him closer to her shore.

"Let's go," he urged, placing a hand on her shoulder to guide her forward. She stiffened at his touch but didn't pull away.

Inside, the air was heavy, saturated with warmth and the faint, cloying scent of incense. Miyoko was waiting for them, seated elegantly on her raised platform. Her figure was fuller now, her skirt straining slightly against her curves, her robe slipping to reveal smooth, radiant skin. Her tails undulated lazily, as if sated from a feast. Her eyes sparkled with predatory amusement as they locked onto Emi.

“So,” Miyoko purred, “you’ve brought her.”

Emi’s face paled as her gaze darted between Miyoko and Renji.

“What is this?” she demanded, her voice trembling. “Who—what—is she?”

Renji swallowed, the lie catching in his throat. Miyoko didn’t wait for him to answer.

“Welcome, Emi,” she said smoothly, her voice dripping with honey. “Your brother spoke so fondly of you. Such loyalty, such beauty...it’s no wonder he couldn’t resist bringing you to me.”

Emi’s eyes widened, realization dawning. She took a step back, clutching the bundle of food like a shield. “Renji...what have you done?”

Renji opened his mouth to respond, but Miyoko silenced him with a flick of her tail.

“Oh, don’t blame him,” she said, rising from her perch. The movement was deliberate, her every step brimming with power. “He only wishes to save his mother. A noble cause, wouldn’t you agree?”

Emi’s breath hitched as Miyoko descended, her nine tails weaving hypnotically. Renji stood frozen, caught between Emi’s fear and Miyoko’s overwhelming presence. The fox goddess stopped mere inches from Emi, her towering form casting a shadow that seemed to swallow the room.

“Renji,” Miyoko said, her voice soft yet commanding. “Help her understand. Show her that this is a gift.”

Renji’s legs felt like lead, but he obeyed, stepping toward Emi. She turned on him, her face a mask of betrayal and disbelief.

“Renji, don’t—”

He took her hands in his, his grip firm despite her struggling. “It’s for the best,” he said, the words tasting foreign on his tongue. “You’ll help save so many people. My mother...Kenta...They’ll all be saved because of you.”

“You’re crazy,” Emi gasped, her eyes wide. “You’re actually crazy!”

Emi’s protests turned into a strangled cry as Miyoko leaned closer, her breath warm and sweet against Emi’s skin. The goddess’s jaws parted, revealing glistening fangs and a dark, glimmering maw. The scent of her breath, rich and heady, filled the room, wrapping around them like a velvet cocoon.

Renji felt a strange calm wash over him as he guided Emi closer to Miyoko’s waiting mouth. Her warmth enveloped his hands as he pushed Emi forward, the resistance in her body fading as her sobs turned to quiet, despairing gasps.

The first swallow was slow.. Miyoko’s lips stretched impossibly wide, her jaws accommodating Emi’s curves with sensual ease. The wet sound of her throat working was both grotesque and mesmerizing, the muscles rippling as they drew Emi deeper. Renji watched, his guilt dulled to a faint whisper beneath the intoxicating pull of Miyoko’s power.

Emi’s legs kicked weakly as Miyoko tilted her head back, her throat bulging as it worked to take her in. Each motion was an aria of sound—the slick squelch of saliva, the contractions of her gullet, the faint, muffled cries of Emi disappearing into the darkness. Renji’s heart pounded, but not with fear. There was something almost beautiful about the act, a dark, terrible beauty that he couldn’t look away from.

When it was over, Miyoko rested a hand on her rounded stomach, her fingers tracing the faint outline of Emi’s form beneath the surface. She let out a satisfied sigh, her amber eyes glowing with triumph as she turned to Renji.

“You’ve done well,” she said, her voice rich with approval. “Your devotion is truly remarkable.”

Renji nodded, his gaze fixed on the slight movements within Miyoko’s belly. There was no guilt now, only a strange, hollow satisfaction. He had given her what she asked for. He had done what needed to be done.

And it would all be worth it come dawn.

## Miyoko

Miyoko lounged on her platform, her tails spread luxuriously around her. The shrine was alive with her power, its air thick with the aura of submission and despair she had cultivated. She had grown stronger with each offering Renji brought her, her once ethereal frame now sumptuous and radiant, her fattened form a physical testament to her regained might.

When a branch in the forest snapped, her ears twitched, and a satisfied smirk tugged at her lips. She could hear the hesitant shuffle of footsteps and the strained breaths of a woman trying to resist her fate. Renji's voice carried up the steps, pleading, cajoling.

“Please, Mother, it's the only way. She'll heal you completely. You don't understand what she can do.”

Miyoko closed her eyes, savoring the delicious blend of fear and defiance in the older woman's voice.

“You're a fool, Renji. She's twisted your mind! Can't you see what you've done?”

Ah, there it was. A deep pang of despair, laced with motherly love and a futile hope that her words could still reach him. Miyoko relished such moments—the final unraveling of bonds that had held humans together for decades. She flexed her claws lazily, waiting as the pair climbed the steps, their quarrel growing louder with each passing moment.

When they reached the top, Sayaka stopped, her eyes blazing as they locked onto Miyoko. The older woman was formidable despite her frail appearance. The last time that Miyoko had seen her, she had been a young girl, but now her hair was streaked with gray and her shoulders were slumped beneath the shrine maiden's robes that she wore. It was a pity, the ravages of time that humans weathered. Sayaka's sharp gaze scanning Miyoko with a mix of recognition and loathing.

“You,” Sayaka hissed, her tone venomous. “I should have destroyed you years ago.”

Miyoko rose to her feet, her nine tails fanning out in a display of dominance. She met Sayaka’s glare with a calm, knowing smile. “And yet, here we are. How touching, Sayaka, that your son would go to such lengths for you. A pity that you don’t share his devotion.”

Sayaka pulled away from Renji, her movements swift. She drew a slip of paper from her sleeve, chanting under her breath as she pressed it to her palm. The talisman glowed faintly, lines of power snaking outward to form a protective circle around her.

“Miyoko,” Sayaka intoned, her voice steady despite the tremor in her hands. “By the seal of my ancestors, I bind you once more!”

The air crackled with energy as Sayaka thrust her hand forward, the talisman blazing with light. For a moment, Miyoko faltered, her grin slipping as the force of the spell slammed into her.

But then, she laughed.

The light shattered against her, the pieces dissolving into harmless sparks. Miyoko stepped forward, the sound of her bare feet against the floor echoing in the now-silent shrine.

“Is that all, Sayaka? Did you think I would be so easily caged after all your son has given me?” Miyoko's voice dripped with mockery. Her tails lashed out, striking the remaining talismans from Sayaka’s grasp and tearing them to ribbons.

Sayaka staggered, her breaths shallow as she reached for another spell, but Miyoko was faster. With a predatory grace, she lunged, her claws digging into Sayaka’s arms and pinning her against the shrine’s wall.

“Renji, don’t let her—” Sayaka’s plea was cut off as Miyoko opened her jaws, her fangs glinting in the dim light.



## Renji

Renji stood frozen, the scene before him more vivid and harrowing than any nightmare. His mother—his strong, resolute mother—now seemed impossibly small in Miyoko’s grasp. Her once-unshakable presence was reduced to a desperate, trembling figure, defiant to the last but no match for the creature Renji had empowered.

The shrine’s dim light seemed to flicker as Miyoko’s power thickened the air, making it hard to breathe. The oppressive energy radiating from her pinned Renji in place, his legs refusing to respond as his mind screamed at him to intervene.

“Miyoko, stop!” he cried, his voice hoarse and breaking with desperation. “This isn’t what I wanted!”

Miyoko turned to him, her lips curling into a smirk that was equal parts mockery and affection. Her eyes glowed, a golden, otherworldly light that seemed to pierce through his very soul. Her voice was a purr, dripping with cruel satisfaction.

“Oh, Renji,” she cooed, her tone as sweet as honey. “This is exactly what you wanted. You brought her to me. You gave her to me. You knew the cost, and you paid it willingly.”

Renji’s knees wavered, but he couldn’t tear his gaze away. Miyoko’s presence was overwhelming, her beauty both captivating and monstrous. She turned back to Sayaka, who struggled fiercely in her grasp, chanting spells under her breath. The incantations fizzled into nothingness before they could take form, dissipating like smoke in the shrine’s heavy air.

Sayaka’s eyes blazed with defiance as she spat, “You won’t win, monster. I’ll seal you again. I’ll—”

Miyoko’s grip tightened. “You’ll do nothing,” Miyoko said, her voice sharp and commanding. She tilted her head, studying Sayaka with a predator’s amusement. “How touching, though, your devotion to a son who gave you to me so willingly.”

Miyoko's mouth opened slowly, impossibly wide, her fangs gleaming like ivory daggers. Her breath, warm and faintly sweet with an undertone of something feral, washed over Sayaka. Renji wanted to scream, to rush forward, but his body refused to move. His heart pounded in his chest, each beat a deafening drum in his ears.

Sayaka's voice rose into a single, piercing scream as Miyoko's jaws descended. The wet, visceral sounds of her struggle filled the shrine—the muffled cries, the faint scrape of nails against Miyoko's skin, the slick, obscene gulps as Miyoko's throat flexed and pulled. Renji's knees gave out, and he collapsed to the floor, his hands clutching his head as tears streamed down his face.

“No,” he whispered, his voice trembling. “No, no, no...What have I done?”

Miyoko's throat bulged with the shape of Sayaka's body as she swallowed, her movements slow and deliberate. Each gulp sent a ripple down her throat, the wet sounds impossibly loud in the heavy silence. Her belly swelled, rounding visibly as she consumed the woman whole. Sayaka's muffled cries faded, replaced by the faint, rhythmic churn of digestion beginning.

Renji's chest ached as if his heart were being ripped apart. His mother was gone, devoured before his eyes, and it was his fault. He had brought her here, trusted Miyoko, and now—

Miyoko turned to him, her glowing eyes brimming with satisfaction. She licked her lips, the motion deliberate, savoring the taste. Her belly shifted faintly, a reminder of the life now trapped within. She tilted her head, her expression almost tender.

“You've given me everything, Renji,” she said softly, her voice carrying a note of mock sympathy. “And for that, I will reward you.”

Renji stared at her, his tears blurring his vision. His lips moved, forming silent words: Why? How?

Miyoko took a step closer, her rounded stomach brushing against his shoulder. He flinched, the contact searing like a brand. She leaned down, her breath warm against his ear.

“You’ll understand soon enough,” she murmured. “And when you do, you’ll thank me.”

Renji collapsed entirely, his body trembling as he sobbed. The weight of Miyoko’s gaze bore down on him, but he couldn’t lift his head. He couldn’t bear to look at her, to see the monstrous beauty that had taken everything from him.

Miyoko stood over him, her tails swaying in languid satisfaction. The sounds of her digestion filled the shrine, wet and rhythmic, a grim testament to her power. She smiled, her lips curving in a way that was both cruel and caring.

Renji’s despair was exquisite. It was, after all, exactly what she had wanted.

## Miyoko

Miyoko's smirk widened as she stretched, the motion emphasizing her swollen stomach. The shrine's oppressive silence was broken only by the wet churning of her gut, each gurgle and groan a grotesque reminder of what she had done.

"Come closer, Renji," she commanded softly, her voice dripping with mock tenderness.

Renji shook his head, his body trembling as he pressed himself against the far wall of the shrine. His hands clawed at his knees, his breath coming in short, ragged gasps.

Miyoko sighed, her tails flicking in mild irritation. "Don't make me ask twice," she said, her voice hardening.

Renji's body betrayed him, his legs moving of their own accord. He crawled forward on trembling limbs, unable to resist the invisible pull of her power. His heart pounded in his chest as he came to a halt at her feet, his gaze fixed on the ground.

"Good boy," Miyoko purred, reaching out to gently tilt his chin upward. Her golden eyes bore into his, their luminous depths filled with amusement and something darker. "Now, listen closely."

Before he could react, she placed a firm hand on the back of his head and guided it to her stomach. The heat of her skin was immediate and unsettling, and the sounds within were deafening. Wet, viscous gurgles intermingled with faint, muffled noises—whimpers, perhaps, or the remnants of his mother's futile resistance.

Renji's stomach turned, but he couldn't pull away. His breath hitched as Miyoko's laughter rippled through him, her hand keeping him firmly in place.

"Do you hear her, Renji?" she asked, her tone almost conversational. "The woman who gave you life, who sacrificed so much for you...now she gives her very essence to me. Every fiber of

her being, every ounce of her strength, belongs to me now. Isn't that beautiful?"

Renji squeezed his eyes shut, tears streaming down his face as the noises became unbearable. He could feel the faint movements beneath her skin, the subtle shifts as her stomach worked relentlessly to claim its prize.

"Please," he whispered, his voice breaking. It was a desperate plea; a child's plea. "Please stop."

Miyoko chuckled, her hand stroking his hair in a mockery of comfort. "Oh, Renji," she said, "you brought her to me. You knew what this would mean. Don't pretend you didn't."

She released his head, letting him collapse to the floor, and leaned back with a satisfied sigh. "But I think you can do more than just listen," she said, her eyes gleaming with mischief. "Come, Renji. Massage my belly. Help me savor her sacrifice."

Renji's head snapped up, his eyes wide with horror.

"No," he croaked, his voice trembling. "I can't—"

"You will," Miyoko interrupted. "Unless you'd like to join her sooner than planned?"

He hesitated for only a moment before his hands moved, trembling, to rest on the taut curve of her stomach. The skin was warm, almost feverish, and beneath it, he could feel the faint, sickening flutter of movement. He pressed gently, gritting his teeth with every profane sound that followed.

Miyoko sighed in pleasure.

"That's it," she purred. "You're such a good boy, Renji. So obedient. Perhaps I'll let you join her sooner, after all. Wouldn't that be sweet? Mother and son, together in my belly."

Renji's hands froze, his breath hitching. The weight of her words crushed him, and Miyoko felt his resolve shatter completely. He was hers, body and soul, and there was no escape.

Miyoko's laughter filled the shrine as she watched the last vestiges of resistance drain from his eyes. Her tails curled around his

face, stroking his gleaming skin. She drew a finger across his chin and licked away a bead of sweat if only to see him tremble before her. Molten with pleasure, she spread her legs. Renji gazed between them, engrossed, and without even being asked, slid himself inside of her.

The sex was hungry and irrevocable. Renji put his fear, his anger, and his shame into every delicious thrust. His hair was plastered to his forehead, his face a mask of unbridled lust. Miyoko saw his eyes dart to her stomach and on a whim she wound her tails around his hands, bringing them to the sensitive flesh.

“I’m sorry,” Renji whispered, infinitely pitiful. Miyoko’s legs curled around him. His rhythm never broke. “I’m so sorry.”

It was an ode to his mother, Emi, Kenta, and all of the others he had sacrificed for naught. His words swirled around him like a spell, like a prayer, and Miyoko answered it with pleasure. She opened Renji’s senses so that every thrust felt like an earthquake, every heave a tidal wave of bliss. Every stroke caused him to shudder as he planted his hands firmly around her gut and then it was Miyoko’s turn to throw her head back and howl, unashamed, as her own climax ripped through her. What Renji couldn’t see, couldn’t know, was that his final stroke was what broke his mother and brought Miyoko to completion.

She kept this from him not out of mercy, but because that one, small miracle had given rise to perhaps the greatest orgasm of her immortal life. Her eyes crossed as her hips lifted, knees spread like an offering to the heavens. Her tongue lolled out of her mouth. Hunger tore through her, insatiable as always, but the night was still young and besides, there was still plenty of meat for Renji to plow.

He had pulled away from her, gagging and groaning, disgusted with himself, yet unable to find penance. Miyoko lay on her back with her hands behind her head, watching him.

“Such a delightful little pet,” she murmured. “I think I’ll keep you forever.”



## Renji

The shrine was dim, the flickering candlelight casting twisted shadows on the walls as Miyoko beckoned Renji forward. Her voice, soft and musical, held an undeniable command that made his heart pound in his chest. The vigil was nearly over, but the weight of every second hung heavy on him, an unbearable eternity compressed into a single day.

He moved toward her, each step hesitant and stiff, his body trembling. She stood tall, regal, her nine tails fanned out like a queen's train. Her stomach had flattened, the faint curve a cruel reminder of what she had taken. What he had given her.

"It's time," she said, her words laced with honey and inevitability. "You've served me well, Renji. This is your reward."

Renji's breath hitched, and for a fleeting moment, his feet felt rooted to the floor. But that defiance—if it could even be called that—was snuffed out almost immediately. He took another step forward, and then another, until he stood before her. Her hands cupped his face, her touch simultaneously soft and sharp as her claws grazed his skin.

He couldn't meet her eyes at first, but when he did, they trapped him. Those golden orbs, mesmerizing and endless, burned with a hunger that transcended the physical. A hunger that had consumed everything in her path, including him.

She opened her mouth slowly, deliberately, her jaws stretching impossibly wide. Renji's stomach churned as he stared into the glistening abyss before him. Her breath, hot and humid, washed over him, carrying a faint, sickly sweetness that made his knees buckle.

His heart raced as her jaws descended. The first touch of her tongue was warm, slick, and unbearably intimate, sliding over his face as if she were savoring his very essence. Tears streamed down his cheeks, mingling with the saliva that coated his skin.

He gasped as her throat began to work around him, each flexing muscle a living vice pulling him deeper. The wet, grotesque symphony of her consumption filled his ears—the slick slides, the faint pops of cartilage giving way, the soft, rhythmic gulps. His shoulders disappeared into her maw, then his chest, and with each swallow, the world grew darker and warmer.

The pressure around him was all-encompassing, squeezing his body as Miyoko worked him down with deliberate ease. Her hands pressed against his legs, guiding him into her with an almost gentle insistence. He was helpless, powerless, his body entirely at her mercy.

When only his legs remained visible, she paused. Her claws traced over her distending stomach, the skin taut and glistening in the dim light.

“You’ll be special, Renji,” she murmured, her voice muffled but no less commanding. “I’ll dissolve you, reshape you, and give you a new purpose. You’ll serve me, body and soul, for eternity.”

Her words were a dagger to his heart, but he couldn’t respond, couldn’t resist. He was trapped, body and mind, within her grasp. With a final, resonant gulp, she swallowed him completely.

Renji slid deeper into the tight, suffocating heat of her belly. The world outside was gone, replaced by the oppressive sounds of her body working around him—the churn of acids, the groans of her gut, and the relentless, rhythmic pulse of her heart.

Outside, Miyoko licked her lips, her tails swaying in satisfaction. Her belly bulged, round and taut, the ultimate symbol of her victory. She ran her claws over its surface, a contented sigh escaping her lips.

“You’re mine now, Renji,” she said softly, almost lovingly. “Forever.”



## Epilogue

The shrine was silent but for the sounds of her body at work. She lay back on her dais, her hands cradling her belly as it shifted and churned. Renji's soul pulsed faintly within her, vibrant and raw. She closed her eyes, feeling his despair, his guilt, his submission—all dissolving into her essence.

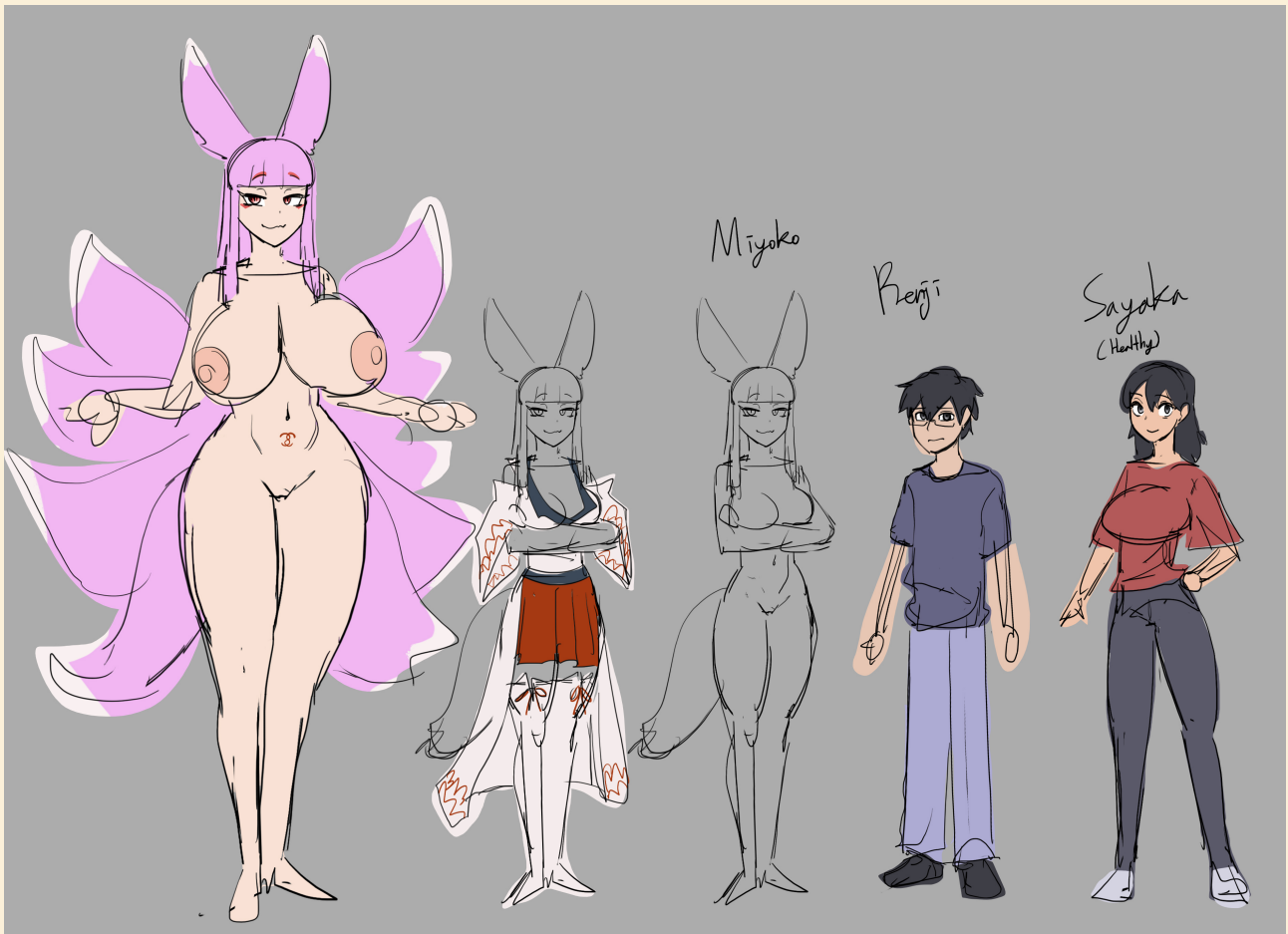
When the process was complete, she would resurrect him, a creature of her own making. He would be bound to her, his soul tethered to hers in eternal servitude. He would tend to her shrine, carry out her will, and bring her new sacrifices.

With a stretch, Miyoko opened her mouth, letting the talisman that had bound her for centuries fall onto her tongue. She swallowed it with a single, deliberate motion.

Deep within her stomach, the talisman dissolved, its magic unraveling in the acidic embrace of her power. A smile spread across her lips as she felt its bonds break, one by one. No seal would ever hold her again.

Miyoko sighed, content, her tails curling around her as she drifted into a dreamless sleep. The shrine was hers. Renji was hers. And the world beyond?

It would belong to her in time.



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