
WICKED
APPETITES
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Wicked Appetites

a Vore Novella

by

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Happy Halloween!

“Is this what we’re doing?” Sawyer sneered. He was a few beers deeper than the rest and swaying slightly. “We’re doing a story circle?”

“And I think we just found our next volunteer,” Jason said.

Sawyer complained all the way up onto the soap box where he stood with his hands thrust into the pockets of his jeans. They had thirty minutes until the pizza arrived and plenty of time to kill.

“So the theme is ‘creatures that eat people’, yeah?” he said.

Jason shrugged.

“Loosely.”

“Fine,” Sawyer said, clearing his throat. “Then let me tell you about an old legend that I heard while urban exploring.”

Prologue, A.K.A. The Pumpkin-headed Witch Who Fucking Eats People



“Hey guys, have you heard of the Pumpkin-headed Witch Who Fucking Eats People?”

“No, Jason, we haven’t heard of the Pumpkin-headed Witch Who Fucking Eats People. Why would we have heard about the Pumpkin-headed Witch Who Fucking Eats People?”

Jason exhaled a massive cloud of smoke, watching as it swirled in the crisp autumn wind that flowed through the treehouse window. Somewhere, from a stereo playing in a neighboring yard, the opening notes of *Monster Mash* wafted up to the four adults splayed in misshapen beanbag chairs.

“It’s like, a local legend, man,” Jason said. His head was bent over the back of his chair, eyes level with a faded Black Flag poster from Sawyer’s punk phase. “Totally drenched in Pendale lore, man. Home-grown.”

“Jason,” Kirsty interjected. Her hands were clasped politely in her lap. Looking at her, it might be hard to tell that she was five beers deep.

“Yeah?”

“We’ve all lived here just as long as you have, and none of us have ever heard of the Pumpkin-headed Witch Who Fucking Eats People.”

“You’ve all like, been away, man,” Jason said. He passed the joint to Mina, who passed it immediately to Sawyer. “There are things they don’t teach you in universities or trade schools.”

“Like how to be unemployed?” Sawyer snorted.

He leaned out the window, ignoring the neighbors’ scandalized glances as he released a cloud into the breeze. Today he was wearing a tank top and a pair of secondhand jeans. Tomorrow it might be a leather jacket and a kilt.

“Tell us about the pumpkin thing,” Mina said.

Her book was neatly tucked against her knee. She was always holding a book, or two books, or a pile of books, at least in Jason’s memory. Tonight's selection was Dracula—a thick, hardcover copy that had been annotated to near illegibility.

“Thank you, Mina,” Jason said, bowing so low that his beanie fell off, exposing his curly brown hair. “Finally someone asks me about the Pumpkin-headed Witch Who Fucking Eats People.”

He took his place upon the literal soap box in the middle of the treehouse. It had been Kirsty’s joke, that Jason was always on his soap box, but Mina was the one who had actually thrifted the antiquated crate upon which he perched. Sawyer passed Jason the joint, which he gladly accepted, then he raised his arms to his adoring, captive audience.

“It all started in a field just a little south of Pendale,” Jason said, “when a small town farmer made a big time discovery. You see…his pumpkin patch was fucking haunted.”

“Boo!” Sawyer yelled.

Kirsty threw an empty beer can. Jason batted it away with a grin.

“No bullshit, no bullshit,” he said. “He was growing pumpkins for the contest. First prize was a cool hundred dollars, and his competitor, Farmer Jenkins—”

“Farmer Jenkins?” Sawyer guffawed. “Scooby Doo-ass name, J.”

“—Farmer motherfuckin’ Jenkins had won the last three years running, and this time, our hero Farmer Smith—”

“Boo, part two! You didn’t even try!”

“—was determined to win by any means necessary. Can you guys shut the fuck up and let me tell the story?”

His friends grumbled and leaned back in their chairs. Kirsty cracked open another beer.

“Go on,” Mina said encouragingly.

“Thank you, my literary queen,” Jason said with another bow. “Anyway, Farmer Smith was like, a practicing Wiccan or something, and big into the voodoo—”

“God damn it, Jason.”

“—and so he like, called upon the spirits or whatever to bless his pumpkin patch,” Jason continued, grinning through Sawyer’s objections. None of them had forgotten Sawyer’s Wiccan phase, either. “And the spirits like, totally did bless the patch! There was one pumpkin that grew bigger than the rest, double the size, triple the size, quadruple the fuckin’ size! And the farmer was like, psyched and all that. He went over to Farmer Jenkins’s house and bragged about his huge pumpkin, but what he didn’t know was that Farmer Jenkins? Farmer Jenkins was *also* big into the mojo!”

Sawyer snorted. Mina laughed. Kirsty rolled her eyes, but nobody interrupted as Jason picked up a drumstick and held it out like a wand, pantomiming the curse.

“Pew, pew, Avada Kedavra or whatever! Dark stormy night blood sacrifice hoodoo! Farmer Jenkins cursed the giant pumpkin and made it rot from the inside, but like…metaphorically.” Jason waggled his fingers. “You see, one of the evil spirits took up residence in the giant pumpkin. That night, when Farmer Smith went to check on his crops, he found…a Pumpkin-headed Witch That Fucking Eats People!”

Everyone fake-gasped.

“And what did the Pumpkin-headed Witch That Fucking Eats People do?” Kirsty asked.

“It like, totally gave him a blowjob.”



“What?!”

“I suddenly like this story,” Sawyer snickered.

Kirsty jabbed him in the ribs.

“No, seriously,” Jason said. “It opened its pumpkin mouth and totally garbled his knob. Sloppy style.”

“Jason,” Mina groaned.

“So what you’re saying is that this evil spirit which, by some logic beyond human comprehension, possessed a *pumpkin* so that it could, what, suck some dude’s dick?” Kirsty asked. Sawyer handed her a beer. She nudged him away, leaping to her feet. “Jason, this is the kind of story that only a stoner would come up with. A porn-addled stoner, at that.”

“Finish the story,” Sawyer said. “I’m almost done.”

Jason chuckled as Sawyer shoved his hand down his pants. Kirsty and Mina exchanged exasperated glances.

“Alright, but seriously, think about it,” Jason said. His voice lowered to a whisper. “Cold pumpkin guts would feel gross, right? But *warm* pumpkin guts? Pulpy lips wrapped tight around the shaft,



head bobbing, ball fondling, knowing you're about to splatter in that gourd's throat? Farmer Smith was in heaven, man. And the pumpkin witch? Tits the size of—"

He held out his hands to the crowd.

"Pumpkins!" Sawyer cheered.

"Fucking pumpkins, man!" Jason said. "Totally anthropomorphic—tits, ass, the whole fuckin' package! Like if…like if Jessica Rabbit wore a pumpkin mask."

"He pronounces 'anthropomorphic' perfectly and makes a Jessica Rabbit reference," Sawyer said, popping a cigarette between his lips. "Man, Jason, self-report. I didn't know you were a furry."

"Oh shit, was that, was that Sawyer that I just heard judging people?" Kirsty said. She was pacing the treehouse, running her fingers along the dusty collection of movie posters and ticket stubs. "Damn, the Sawyer that told us that his first animated crush was Lady from *Lady and the Tramp*?"

Mina snorted, spilling her beer. Jason grinned. Even Sawyer couldn't help but smile as he turned to the window to hide his blush.

"I've known you people for too fucking long," he grumbled.

"Anyway," Jason said cheerfully. "Farmer Smith wasn't done with his new pumpkin fleshlight. He propped her up against her giant pumpkin house and fucked her until the cows came home, which is a totally apt metaphor because he's a farmer. I'm talkin' hands under the cheeks, face in tits, *50 Shades*-style rodeo. Oral, anal, traditional; they did it all! When they were finished and Farmer Smith was finally tuckered out, The Pumpkin Headed Witch Who Fucking Eats People cradled him in her arms, gave him one last kiss on the brow, and then she shoved him down her slimy pumpkin gullet to stew in her slimy pumpkin guts! And her belly was like all huge and shit and he was screaming and crying and 'oh god why', but it was like, totally hot inside of her and he couldn't help but rub himself in her pulp and cum and cum and cum and—"

"Jason!"



“—until it all came out her mouth like cream filling.”

“You’re fucking disgusting,” Kirsty said, pushing Jason off of the soapbox. He fell into his beanbag chair, grinning from ear to ear as Kirsty took the pulpit. “That was literally just your sick fetish disguised as a folk tale. I wouldn’t let you within ten miles of a jack’o’lantern.”

“That’s how they got their name, actually,” Jason said.

“Gross,” Mina giggled.

“That’s not actually the first legend that I’ve heard about a pumpkin-based entity that needs to be creampied,” Sawyer said, then flinched as Kirsty drew a finger across her throat.

Everyone had a drink in their hand, the string lights were lit, and the sound of trick-or-treaters echoed through the neighborhood. These were the good times. The easy times. Just four friends in a treehouse with nothing else on their minds.

Kirsty cleared her throat.

“So the theme is perverted folklore, right? Well, do I have a story for you. Have any of you ever heard of…the Red Mask?”

The Red Mask

“Am I beautiful?”

You stop at the top of the slanted street. A cold wind tugs at your scarf as you stare into the lengthening shadows, watching the dead leaves tumble past a line of darkened houses.

“Hello?” you call.

Someone is standing just beyond the streetlight. A woman, you think, given the cut of her knee-length coat. You wait for her to step out of the shadows. When she doesn’t, you call again.

“Hello?”

Instinct causes you to look over your shoulder. There’s nobody on the street except for you and the woman. When you look back, she’s halfway up the hill.

Should you wait for her? You don’t want to. There’s something wrong with the way she walks—her strides are too smooth, too fluid. She doesn’t move her shoulders. As she passes beneath another streetlight, you see that she is wearing a red coat, a red mask. You are about to call out again when she disappears.

You sense her before you see her. A tingle down your spine. A mass that wasn’t there before. You hear the rustle of fabric as a voice whispers in your ear.

“Am I beautiful?”

Her face is next to yours. You want to turn. You want to crane your neck, but to take more than a glance would be dangerous somehow. The edges of the world fall away—the wind, the sidewalk—until all you can hear is her hoarse breathing. You give her the answer she wants to hear.

“Yes.”

There’s a sharp intake of breath that might be a chuckle. A rustle of fabric. The woman is reaching for the loop of her mask, slipping it from her ear. There’s something wrong with her mouth. You can see it out of the corner of your eye.

There is something.

Wrong.

She’s right in front of you. You didn’t hear her move, but no matter where you turn, there she is. You keep your eyes on her chest.

She’s leaning forward.

You close your eyes.

Her face is right in front of yours.

You whimper as a cold hand takes you by the chin, as warm breath breaks over your nose, as the question comes again, louder this time.

“Am I beautiful?”

You open your eyes and immediately suppress the urge to scream.



Her mouth! Her mouth, if you can call it that, is simply a slit from ear to ear. As you watch—as you are *forced* to watch—the

woman slides her finger into the slit and pulls. Her cheek comes apart like taffy. It stretches and stretches as she shoves her whole hand into the crack, pulling until her mouth is as wide as your head, as wide as your body, until you can see every pink crevice leading in a line to her throat.

"Am I beautiful?"

Her lips don't even move. The question resonates in your mind.

You must answer.

—

"No."

Honesty is a virtue. In ancient fables, liars are punished by supernatural beings. You decide that it's best to be honest. You tell the woman the truth.

"You are not beautiful."

Right away, you can see that this was the wrong answer. Her brow furrows. Her shoulders tremble. A terrible groan erupts from her throat, and you cover your ears, hoping for it to end, but it only gets louder, louder as she leans over you, shrieking. She grabs you by the shoulders and you cry out. She grabs you by the shoulders and you scream as the horrid gash of her lips descends upon you, smothering your cries in her soft, wet gullet.

There's hardly a gulp as she pulls you into her. One moment you're standing in the street, and the next you're being pulled into the humid chamber of her stomach. Slimy walls wrap around you, binding your limbs as you punch and kick. Like her lips, her stomach stretches. You scream into the darkness, but the only response comes in the form of a fatal rumble.

Her stomach begins to tighten.

You redouble your thrashing, beating the walls, bracing as liquid bubbles up around your shins, your waist, your chest. It takes a moment for your chilled flesh to register the burning, but once it does,

you flail like a wild animal. Hands grasp you from the outside. Fingers dig into your skin. The stomach tightens like a winch, making you smaller and smaller.

“I’m sorry!” you cry. “You are beautiful!”

It’s too late. The woman pulls her hands away.

You feel her abdomen tighten.



—

“Yes.”

You give the entity what it wants. Who knows what she would do to you if she was angry?

“You are beautiful,” you say.

She smiles, or at least you think she does. The corners of her ‘lips’ twitch upwards, tickling the lobes of her ears. In fact, a blush is spreading across her cheeks. She likes your answer! Surely, she will let you go.

“Am I beautiful?”

“Yes,” you say, resolutely this time.

Her blush deepens. She sways from side to side, holding her cheeks.

“Am I beautiful?”

“Yes!” you cry. Now you’re smiling too. This was the right answer all along! “Yes,” you declare, and the woman howls with pleasure. “Yes,” you shout, and the woman surges forward, and now your lips are parting as she kisses you, fondles you, holds you to her in a huge embrace, sharing her warmth.

You gag as her tongue enters your throat.

The kiss is sloppy. Your eyes roll back in your head as you grasp at her arms, suffocation depriving you of all reason. She holds you tightly. She is infatuated. Her lips spread over your mouth, over your face, deepening until your entire head is set between her jaws and still her tongue wriggles and seeks. You gulp and swallow her.

She gulps and swallows you.

Her tongue retreats as she pulls you into her gullet. You heave a breath of relief, of sheer abatement as hot air fills your lungs. Then you see the circle of the streetlight fade against the pink of her throat and you panic.

The creature holds you. Cradles you. Strokes your neck and shoulders as you push against her arms, trying to pry your head from her throat. She doesn’t release you, though. She just waits until you stop pushing, until your strength gives out and your hands flop feebly

to your sides, and then she opens her massive mouth wide and swallows you whole.

Sliding into her stomach feels like plunging into silk. There is no purchase, no grip; frictionless flesh bounces as you hit the bottom and sit, saturated in her juices. She lets out a sigh. Her body relaxes. One arm slides beneath you and the other cradles you from the top. She holds you like a lover, letting you acclimate to your new home.

Hours pass. You expect discomfort. Digestion. You can hear her body working around you, but the pain never arrives. Every once in a while she will touch you, dropping to her knees while you sag against her navel. Every once in a while she will touch herself, and you will feel the tension of her body ebb and flow.

Days pass. Maybe weeks. It’s hard to tell. You never grow hungry. All functions seem to cease. You exist in the twilight of the Red Mask’s stomach with no end in sight.

Maybe you shouldn’t have complimented her.



—

"Maybe."

It's the middle of the road. The non-answer. You hope to confuse the entity so that you might run the fuck away and maybe does the trick. Her head tilts to the side. Her lips seal. She replaces her mask.

Did…did you do it?

The entity, the Red Mask, turns. You wait with bated breath to see if she disappears into the mist, but instead, she reaches around her waist. A belt flutters to the ground, then the coat itself. You watch, perplexed, as the buttons on her shirt are popped one by one, exposing a lacy black bra. It hits the pile, leaving only a pair of sheer, black stockings. These she removes with one hand, sliding them down over her ass cheeks. She watches you.

Is this an invitation?

You should run. She has her hands on her knees, staring at you over her shoulder. If you bolt the nearest house, there's a chance that you can bang on the door before she catches you, but…but…

Butt.

It's huge and plump and parted for your pleasure. There is no ambiguity in her stare. She wants you to bury your face in it and, gods damn it, you want that, too.

You kneel behind her. When she doesn't kill you, you reach up and touch her thighs. A shudder. A nod of approval. Bolstered, you let your hands slide up and over her cheeks. They are as supple as you imagined, barely bending beneath the curve of your fingers. You gulp. You say a quick prayer. You bury your face in that beautiful booty and for a second, you are in heaven, in heaven, and then—

You're in her ass.

Her pucker squeezes around your neck like a noose. You claw at her thighs, digging your nails deep into her skin, but the pain only stimulates her. In one hiccup of movement, your shoulders are pulled into her colon. Then your elbows. Your wrists. You're up to your

waist, buried in booty, when you hear a needy whine. She grasps you through skin, muscle, and intestine, plunging you into the dark, hot embrace of her bowels.

There you wait. The bubble and slop of her digestive tract rings against your ears. The Red Mask takes a deep breath. Her knees tremble. Only your feet remain between her two oversized cheeks, but you can feel her fingers sliding down the crack. She grabs onto your ankle.

“I will ask again soon.”

With that you are sealed, lost in the bowels of the beast.



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Kirsty finished her story to the roaring ovation of dead silence. All of her friends squinted at her; Jason with obvious arousal. She began to blush, flustered by the lack of response when Sawyer let out a low whistle.

"That was grisly," he said. "How did you come up with that?"

"How was that different from my story?" Jason asked.

"People didn't have sex with the Red Mask," Mina pointed out. "It just ate them. But, uh, that was pretty detailed, Kirst."

Tight-lipped, Kirsty vacated the soapbox, flopping back onto the beanbag chair. Blue twilight crept up the walls of the treehouse, the silhouettes of houses painting the horizon as trick-or-treaters flitted below. Sawyer put in a pizza order. The rest of the friends made themselves comfortable.

"So," Kirsty said eventually. "Who's next?"

"Is this what we're doing?" Sawyer sneered. He was a few beers deeper than the rest and swaying slightly. "We're doing a story circle?"

"And I think we just found our next volunteer," Jason said.

Sawyer complained all the way up onto the soap box where he stood with his hands thrust into the pockets of his jeans. They had thirty minutes until the pizza arrived and plenty of time to kill.

"So the theme is 'creatures that eat people', yeah?" he said.

Jason shrugged.

"Loosely."

"Fine," Sawyer said, clearing his throat. "Then let me tell you about an old legend that I heard while urban exploring."

An Old Legend That Sawyer Heard While Urban Exploring

Have you ever heard of the rules of urban exploring?

Most of them are practical: Never go alone, leave no trace, carry extra lights.

A few of them are superstitious: Don't use names inside, don't mark your path in red, no echoes after midnight.

A few of them are a mix of both.

You might have heard "respect the lock" before. It seems antithetical to urban exploration, right? Old buildings are locked. You're breaking in. It's the whole fucking point of the excursion.

That's not what they're talking about.

Say you come across an old apartment building. Abandoned, condemned, probably a few unhoused people living inside. The lobby is littered with graffiti and the windows are all smashed and boarded up—that's another rule, by the way: the older the graffiti, the truer it is. The whole place reeks of mold and the floor is soft in places.

You're exploring with your friends—never alone, remember?—when you hear something approaching. It's a strange sound, a smooth sound, somehow mechanical in nature. You shine your flashlight down the hall, but it's only more debris and shut doors, ominous in the darkness. You get the feeling that you're being watched, and that sound, it's getting closer, but from where? It sounds like it's sliding through the building itself.

Then your light falls on the doors of an old elevator, and it all clicks into place.

"It's working," you say, and your friends don't believe you. The electricity has been off in this building for ten years and the wiring's been plundered. You gather at the slit in the elevator doors. A light is approaching, sliding up, up from the pitch black basement, rattling its way toward you.

"Who hit the button?" you ask.

Nobody responds.

You worry that the sound might attract people. These buildings are rarely as abandoned as they seem and while you carry a blade for protection, you've never had to use it. You look nervously down the hall, but the silence, it's deafening, and suddenly you feel the need to run.

But you don't.

The elevator dings as it arrives. The noise is so loud that you all jump, and the doors rattle open. Inside is a cage—one of those old, iron gates that you have to pull back to enter, and there, on its rusty clasp, is a shiny, new lock.

Your hair stands on end. You take a step back. If you leave now, you'll have a killer story, but your friend is already pulling out their hammer.

Don't.

The word stalls in your throat. What are you, a pussy? Something is written on the floor of the elevator, but it's hard to see through the rusted bars. The light in the elevator pulses, but the doors never close. It's waiting for you.

There's a spark as the hammer meets the lock. Your friend holds it up in triumph, but your mouth is too dry to cheer. The gate opens with a creek and you get your first look at the interior of the elevator—and the words written in blood on the floor.

"Do Not Ride."

Your knees start to buckle. One of your friends, bolder than you, crouches next to the words. They're halfway inside the elevator, and an image flashes in your mind—a sudden descent, a body cut in twain. You pull your friend back, and they curse at you.

"It's spray paint," they say. "Old spray paint. Stop being a pussy."

Old spray paint. All of your instincts are telling you to get the fuck out, but your friends are already inspecting the mirrors. There are two in the elevator, on opposite walls. Somehow, despite their age, they have remained completely clean—no streaks, no graffiti. Your

curiosity gets the better of you. You put one foot inside and look at the mirrors.

They form a sort of illusion. If you look at them just right, the reflection multiplies into an infinite hallway. A single, bald lightbulb hangs from the center of the elevator. On either side of the infinite hallway, there is only deep, oppressive darkness.

The elevator rumbles.

With a click, the doors slam shut, and you begin your descent.

“Where are the buttons?” you ask.

Exposed brick slides past the back of the elevator. The front—the side you came in—is covered by both the silver doors and the iron cage, but the back is open space, the chute itself. Nobody speaks as you wait. Surely there will be an opening. Surely there is an escape.

But when the exit comes, the black corners of the opening rising from the lowering platform, there is nothing but darkness that swallows the light. Even your headlamp fails to penetrate more than a foot beyond the rapidly closing mouth. None of you exit. The bald lightbulb above has become a sanctuary.

“Buttons,” you repeat.

You search the walls, half expecting to find that the elevator has no means of operation and in a way, you’re right. There are no modern buttons on the wall—no emergency stops or fire calls. There is only a lever on the floor.

“Should we?” your friend asks.

Your response sticks in your throat. You catch a flicker of something in the corner of your eye. A floater? No, the movement was too smooth, too consistent. You stare into the mirror—that infinite hallway—and for a second, the darkness seems to peel back, exposing…teeth.

A maw in the darkness.

You flinch, pulling away to the opposite wall, but your frightened reflection hangs in the middle of that darkness and that maw, that long mouth filled with gnashing teeth—it’s getting closer.

“The l-lever,” you rasp. Your friends haven’t seen it. One is crouched near the exposed wall, waiting for the next opening, and the other is inspecting the lever. “Pull the lever.”

“We have to wait,” your friend says. “We have to wait for an opening. If we pull the lever and the car stops, then we’re stuck and there’s no signal down here.”

You tear your eyes away from the mirror and pull your phone from your pocket. There’s no signal. When you look back into the mirror, the maw is gone.

“An illusion,” you mutter, but your heart is racing.

“Opening coming up,” your friend says.

Another crack shows beneath the brick. The exposed wall gives way to fresh darkness. You plug your nose as warm air floods the small space, carrying the smell of rot.

“What is that?” you ask. Over half of the wall is filled with the opening. Your friend at the lever looks at you questioningly.

“Mold, probably,” they say. “Should I?”

A shiver runs down your spine. The air—it’s moving. There shouldn’t be any ventilation in the basement, but somehow the air is being drawn into the crevice, then back out into the elevator, almost like…almost like…

“Now or never,” your friend says.

You want to tell them no, but this might be your only chance. There is no telling what lies at the bottom of the elevator well—*if there even is a bottom*, you think, then shudder at the thought—and this opening is an opportunity to test the lever. If it works, you won’t have to get out here. You’ll reverse course. You nod at your friend. They throw the lever.

The elevator grinds to a halt.

Haaah. Haaah.

“That sounds like—” your friend says.

“Breathing,” you finish.

Warm air continues to draw into the elevator at regular intervals. The smell grows stronger, as does the humidity. Your skin is covered in a glossy dew. Whatever's leaving that condensation is filling your lungs. Images of black mold flood your mind.

As before, the light of the elevator only penetrates the first foot into the subterranean dwelling, enough to illuminate a single, ceramic tile swimming in an ocean of black. *A diving board,* you think, then wonder at the thought.

Haaah. Haaah.

"Should we…get off?" your friend at the lever asks.

Your other friend is crouched in front of the opening, staring into the darkness.

"Do you see something?" you ask. "Is there an exit?"

Slowly, your friend shakes their head.

"It looks like," they say, "something's moving in there."

Haaah. Aaaaaaaaaaah.

The elevator shudders.

"The lever!" you yell.

Your friend throws their entire body weight against the lever, but it doesn't budge. They look at you, eyes wide, and in that moment, your other friend begins to float.

"Guys?" they croak. "Guys?"

Sheer terror paints their face as the stale smell fills the elevator. Their legs sway a foot off the ground, their arms limp at their sides. You are about to grab them, to brave the dark opening, when their neck bends to the side. There is a loud slurp. A sigh. Strings of moisture cling to your friend's skin as they finally manage a scream, but it's cut short when their head jolts forward and their jaw is sealed by the soft, invisible force.

"What the fuck, what the fuck?" you whisper. "What is that?"

Your friend begins to kick. Their feet collide with something solid, but there's nothing in the doorway. Their hands claw at the



invisible shape as they are lifted, bent, folding forward into nothingness, up and over a hump that you cannot see.

“Grab them!” your friend at the lever shouts, but you cannot move. You saw movement in the corner of your eye and turned to look. Now you’re staring in horror at the scene playing out in the mirror.

A woman in white has swallowed half of your friend’s head. Her jaw is unhinged like a python’s, sliding smoothly down their chest as she lifts them with arms that are too long and far too pale. She stares at you in the mirror. Her gaze is pure black, a blur in the glass, but you can see the relish with which she swallows and the outline that your friend makes under her long, white dress.

Beyond the mirror, your friend is now folded in half. Their arms are pinned at their sides, eyes closed, mouth puckered as saliva

courses over them in invisible rivulets. A squelching gulp dampens their shirt. Their body lurches forward. Fingers drag uselessly over invisible flesh while in the mirror, the woman's stomach begins to bulge.

"What are you doing?" Your friend wrenches at the lever. A low rumble sounds beyond the opening. "Grab them!"

The woman looks at you in the mirror. A long, pink tongue winds around your friend's twitching foot, pulling it into her mouth as she opens wide. You watch your friend's toes disappear into her throat. You hear the gulp. Outside of the mirror, you see their body twist and bend, contorting in the invisible stomach.

The woman in the mirror curls her finger toward you and smiles.

VVRrRRRRRM!

"Grab him!" your friend yells as the elevator shudders, and you try. You know it's useless, but you lunge forward and when you do, your hands meet warm skin, the folds of a dress. An invisible finger traces your jaw. Then the elevator gives a final whir and descends, leaving your friend to their fate in the dark hallway.

You look toward your other friend, but their knuckles are white on the lever.

"I..I pushed it," they say. "We should be going up."

The light above blinks, then dies.

There's fumbling in the dark. You click the side of your headlamp, but when the lamp ignites, the elevator is empty except for you and the infinite corridor between the mirrors.

Numb lips call your friend's name. The sound echoes through the vast nothingness as you stare at your shrinking reflection, its tiny light a pinprick in the distance. *This isn't physically possible*, you think. The elevator is still descending. *This is all a dream*.

Your reflection moves with you, turning in circles. You stop when you come to face the mirror on the opposite wall.

Your friend pounds against the glass. They, like you, float in that infinite space, but their presence only occupies one cube, one room

adjacent to yours, while your reflection goes on forever. You press your hand to the glass and feel it vibrate. You cannot hear them, but you can see the figure standing over their shoulder.



It’s the woman.

You scream. You pound. You try to warn them, but they’re already turning, paralyzed by fear as the creature bends. Its features are crude, like a child’s drawing. Its black slash of a mouth opens and folds over your helpless companion.

And its stomach grows and grows.

You place your hand against the cool glass. Your reflections do the same—a line of them a mile deep. Then, behind them, the woman appears.

One by one, your reflections turn toward her. It takes you a stunned second to realize that you have not done the same. Was she

standing behind you? Was she reaching for you with those crooked hands?

You whirl, but there is nobody in the elevator. Throat burning, you turn back to the mirror to see the horror play out in a hundred different ways.

In one image, you back against the mirror with your hands upheld. The ghost lifts her dress and feeds your hands into her asshole, the ringed muscle squeezing around your wrists like a winch. Thrashing, you ascend into her bowels as one room over, you are enveloped by her breasts, absorbed into her slender body as her tits grow to an absurd size. If you stare too hard, you begin to feel the jiggle around you—the softening bonds of being surrounded by quivering breast flesh.

In the mirror closest to you, you are being lovingly smothered. The woman has you by the wrists, holding you up as she licks your neck. She's staring at you, the real you, as she slides her tongue over your panicking doppelgänger. As she lifts you, you feel the heat of her breath on your crotch, your legs, your feet. Her throat constricts around your ankles and you are dropped into a writhing cocoon of ballooning flesh beneath her pristine white dress. She presses herself against the mirror and it bends around her like plastic. Grinning, she points behind you.

Your reflection in the opposite mirror is being dragged by their ankles up into her fetid bowels. She squats above you, waving to you as your cock is constricted by her warm colon. You grow stiff, aroused by the warmth, by the sight, by the terror as you reach for yourself through the mirror only to be covered by the clap of the woman's massive, pale ass. She presses it into the mirror and like the reflection on the opposite side, it bends around her. You can touch it if you want.

So you do.

You reach out and grab a handful of the woman's ass. She arches, stomach swaying, pushing against your hands. Slowly, she raises a finger and points. Her reflection does the same.

And there, standing in the elevator, is the woman.

You stare up at her, unblinking. Her indistinct features spread into a smile as she raises her arms.

"Choose."

The word never leaves her mouth, but you can feel it vibrate through you. Hundreds of versions of the woman press at the confines of the mirror, crowding you.

A plump stomach presents itself to you on your right. Gurgles radiate beneath the skin, bubbling against the folds of the white fabric. The woman is digesting you. Slowly. Painfully. Even so, she turns to the mirror. Her ass spreads across the glass. An invitation.

A mouth presents itself to you on your left. The woman points into her maw, then points at your cock still stiff against your jeans. You turn toward her.

Her lips wrap around your cock before you can change your mind. She's still in the mirror, but you can feel it—the tip of her tongue gliding over your shaft, pulling you deeper into her gullet. The heat is unimaginable. The pressure is divine. She sucks with the enthusiasm of a new lover, head bobbing, tits slapping against your knees.

In the mirror behind you, a similar scene plays out. You grip the woman's hips, driving your cock home as her stomach squashes between her legs. Somehow, you can feel this as well. Parallel sensations overwhelm you—the tightness of the woman's ass and the heat of her throat. You thrust your hips in unison. Your cock is in your hand. You close your eyes as climax approaches and tilt your head back. Just as you cum, the lights go out, and something smooth and heavy spreads over your face like a mask.

The sweetness of her cunt is like honey on your lips. The woman in the elevator grunts as she folds you into her, letting her cervix glide



over your neck and shoulders. In the light of your headlamp, you see it all—the new, pink interior of your holding cell, its membranous walls quivering at your arrival.

The haunted elevator is not a place, but an entity. It haunts abandoned spaces, preying on those it thinks nobody will miss.

And, every once in a while, if it reaches capacity, it will spill.



***

"I liked that last bit," Mina said. "The image. Just a…big belly spilling out of an elevator."

She held her hands out to approximate the distance. Her cheeks were red after just two beers, and her glasses were slightly askew. Jason and Kirsty's mouths were wide open. Sawyer blushed and scratched his neck.

"What?" he demanded.

"Nothing," Jason said. "Just…cervix? Unbirthing? That's like, some hardcore shit."

"What?! You told a story about a pumpkin with a vagina! Someone got fucking shoved up an ass in Kirsty's story! I was keeping on theme!"

"Seems Freudian," Kirsty yawned.

Sawyer surged upright, then deflated as Jason and Kirsty began to snicker.

"You're fucking with me," he grumbled.

"We are," Jason said. "That was fucking fantastic, dude."

The pizza had arrived near the end of Sawyer's tale. The delivery driver had called up to the treehouse, and Kirsty had dropped the basket they had installed ten years prior, along with the tip. Now they were all humming along to the music in the yard. Children shouted in the distance, their colorful costumes bobbing between the buildings.

"I guess that means it's my turn," Mina said.

She brushed off her skirt as she stood, spraying crumbs all over the tattered carpet. Jason bowed as he vacated the soapbox he'd been using as a table. He settled deep into his beanbag, lighting another joint.

"Settle in, gang," he said. "This is going to be a long one."

"Will not," Mina said, adjusting her glasses.

Kirsty and Sawyer looked at each other.

"Will not!" Mina repeated.

But, of course, her tale was the longest one yet.

The Flooded City

In 1959, the city of Shicheng was purposely flooded when a hydroelectric dam was constructed, creating Qiandao Lake. The city remained remarkably preserved, serving as a tourist attraction for divers with experience diving at night. In pitch-black waters, one can crawl through its submerged gates and explore its haunted shell.

Our history is full of buried cities. Some are lost to time, and some are lost to nature; some are a result of human progress, and some the ravages of war. Most are forgotten until the winds or archaeologists bring them to light.

Some prefer to stay hidden.

—

Rotted boards squelched under Damien's boots as his flashlight probed the brown waters. The swamp was alive with the hum of insects and popping mud, tramping feet and muted swears. Large things moved beneath them, around them, unseen except for the ripples in the water and the occasional shifting log.

"Almost there," Damien whispered. "Almost there."

Sulfurous fumes rose from the stagnant water, releasing in violent pops with every lurch of the boards. Damien was used to the smell—he hardly noticed—but his guests coughed and gagged, plugging their noses.

"Are you positive we're going the right way?" Bibi asked. Pink hair fell in short curls across her neck. Her bare shoulders were prime mosquito targets, as were her legs, dressed as she was in only a skirt and a T-shirt. She slapped her arms in a futile jig, clutching the back of Damien's olive shirt. "We've been walking for hours."

"You aren't getting paid if this is a wild goose chase," Chet added.

Damien scowled, imagining what it might look like if the buff researcher were to fall off the boardwalk straight into the jaws of an alligator. There were plenty lurking around, their yellow eyes glinting in the beam of his flashlight. The soft city dweller would probably taste like chicken to them.

"Just a few more minutes," Damien said.

Sweat dribbled off the tip of his nose. The swamp was claustrophobic at night, hemmed in by stunted cypress and black gum, ferns and vines. Witchlight pulsed amongst the reeds, creating illusory paths beyond the boardwalk. Damien was trying to parse the correct route when he felt Bibi tense against him. She pointed toward a distant plank of wood.

"Is that…a building?" she asked.

Damien opened his mouth to answer in the negative, but then stopped as he noticed the yawning doorway, half submerged in moss and mud.

"We're here," he said.

The Sunken City was little more than a village that had long since succumbed to the bayou. Flat-roofed structures jutted between the cypress roots, their wooden knees punching through the waterlogged wood to rest upon stone chimneys. The smell of peat and iron hung low and heavy above the corpse of civilization.

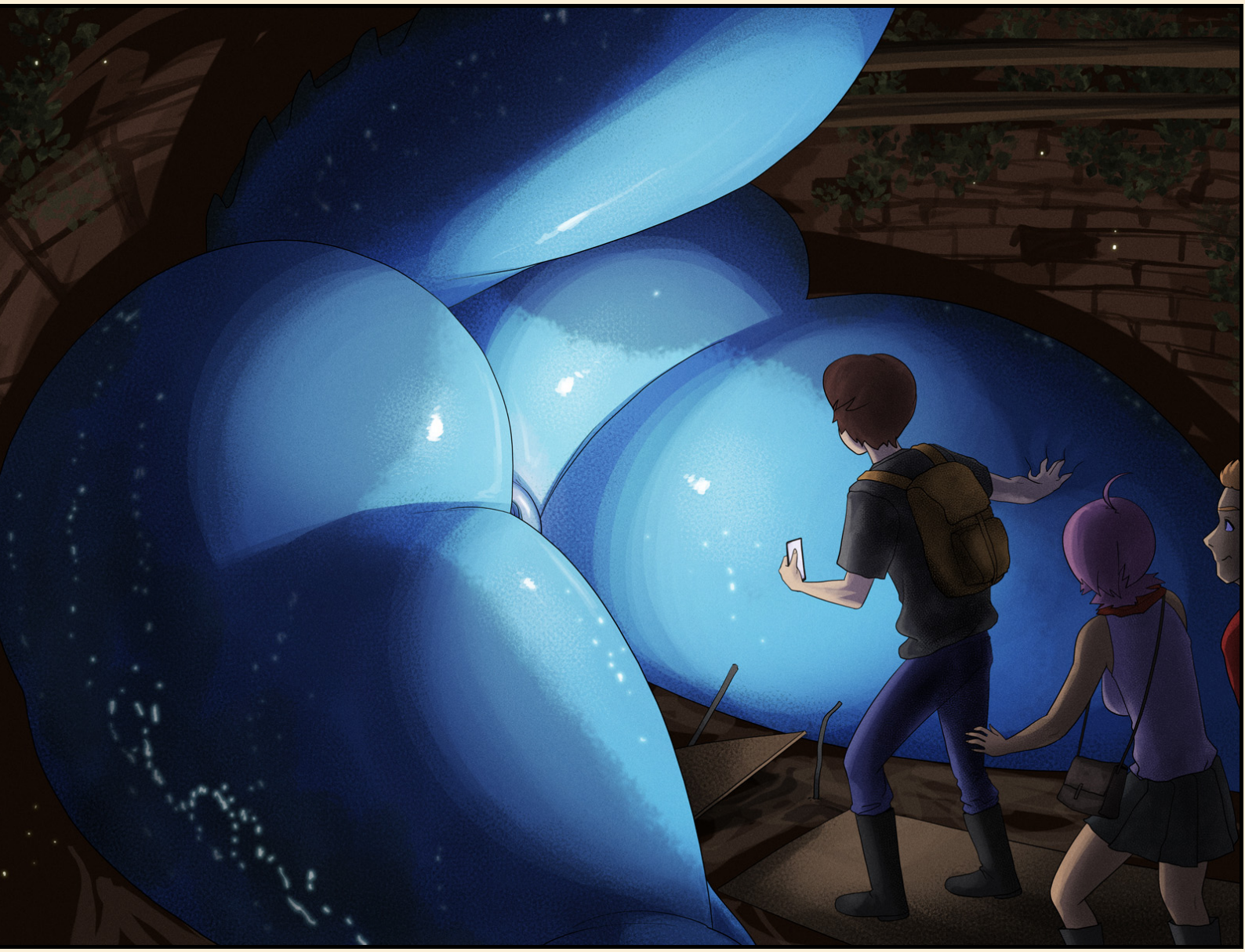
"Fantastic," Bibi breathed.

Chet just snorted.

"This is it?" he asked. "These hovels are what, twenty, maybe thirty years old? This was supposed to be an ancient city. All of my research points to an ancient, sunken city. This is a…fuckin' backwater hillbilly camp. No offense."

Damien remained silent, scanning the water. There were snakes in these parts, most harmless, some not. He hoped one of the more venomous varieties might nibble through Chet's waders and leave him alone with the pretty archaeologist who was already crouching near

the first hut. His light skimmed off of her ponytail and onto a bulbous, blue ass.



Damien blinked.

It was an illusion, of course. Mossy stones often resembled faces in the water, their emerald mouths gaping like drowned sailors. Sometimes, bones drifted to the surface, creating the impression of a swollen corpse, but this was the first time that Damien had ever seen a swamp butt.

Its mottled blue ‘skin’ was the color and consistency of kelp, reflective, forming two ample cheeks. A crease in the middle evoked a slimy crack; a bisected mound, a glistening vagina. Damien wondered

at the composition. Two boulders, sunken in the swamp, draped in algae? Each was easily the size of his body. There was even a tree that grew from the top of the ‘cheeks’ that looked suspiciously like a tail, mossy ‘fins’ hanging from its draped visage. The image was so striking that Damien felt compelled to point it out, but what might the two researchers think of the backwater yokel drawing attention to the poignant, but inanimate thickness rising from the mud?

“That boulder looks like an ass,” Chet said.

“Doesn’t it?” Bibi gasped.

They had congregated around the rocks, crouching at the edge of the boardwalk to lean over their lush slopes. Damien joined them sheepishly.

“Have you ever seen anything like this, Damien?” Bibi asked, pointing.

Bioluminescent slime glowed along the surface of the water. It looked like…like patterns in the trunks of two ancient trees, but nothing of that size grew in the iron-rich atmosphere of the swamp. The slight ebb of the water made them look like they were moving. Quivering. Warmth radiated from the trunks. It wasn’t impossible for heat to become trapped in the mud, but the fragrant steam only rose from between the boulders.

“Never,” he said.

An uneasiness was starting to creep into his throat. The frogs, a constant chorus, had grown silent. Even the swarming bugs had dispersed. The researchers, non-natives, didn’t seem to notice, but Damien, born in the mud, took an unconscious step back along the boardwalk.

“It’s soft,” Chet noted.

He prodded the left boulder with a stick. Indeed, the glossy surface bent beneath his rod, then sprang back into place. The strobing glow of the algae bathed them in strange light.

POP! POP! POP!

“What is that?” Bibi asked.

It was coming from further into the sunken village. A fountain of bubbles rising through the muck.

POP! POP! POP!

"Hibernating frogs," Chet guessed. "Maybe a gator?"

"That's no gator," Damien said quietly.

The researchers turned to look at him, and as they did, the boulders moved. It was slight, almost imperceptible, but Damien nearly jumped out of his skin.

"What?" Chet laughed. "Don't tell me the swamp dweller is afraid of alligators. Don't you like, ride them to school or something?"

"It moved," Damien said.

Chet followed his pointing finger. The boardwalk cut off about a foot from the boulders where the frame of an old hut floated just beneath the water. Disturbed mud sloshed against the structure. It pulsed from the boulders, spreading in circles. Bibi and Chet leaned closer. Damien, in his wisdom, took another three steps back.

SLORCH! SLORCH! SLORCH!

"There's something in the building," Bibi said.

SLORCH! SLORCH! SLORCH!

"A gator?" Chet asked.

SLORCH! SLORCH! SLORCH!

"Gators aren't that big," Damien pointed out, and as he did, the boardwalk exploded.

SPLORCH!

Bibi and Chet slammed into Damien. The three of them tumbled backwards as a geyser of mud erupted from around the boulders. A shadow rose before them. A head. A pair of shoulders. A spine, pulsing that same, eerie blue light as huge, yellow eyes blinked open, then locked onto the trio.

"What have we here?"

The air in Damien's chest froze. His lip trembled as he beheld the rising form pulling itself from the mud. Webbed hands gripped the sides of the structure, forcing it open like a pair of jaws until the rotted wood splintered and broke. The creature let out an erotic moan. Its

tail, for it was a tail, curled beneath the cheeks of its ass, for it was an ass, and hefted its supple curves.

It talked, Damien thought. *Holy shit, it talked!*

The creature turned its torso toward the ground, revealing a heavy pair of tits that swayed above its azure belly.

Holy shit, her tits are huge, Damien thought, all wonder at the creature's sentience vanishing as more of her luscious body shook free of the swamp. Bibi and Chet gaped. Their necks craned as the creature crouched before them, licking her thick, blue lips.

“An Atlantean,” Chet whispered.

“A goddess,” Bibi breathed.

“Fish lady,” Damien said.

The creature’s breasts tapped against Damien’s nose as she clicked her tongue. They were as heavy as sandbags, each tipped with a glowing blue nipple.

“I am none of these things of which you speak,” she said. “I am merely Nalia.”

“Nalia!”

Chet crawled forward on his knees, prostrating himself before her. Bibi followed his lead. When Nalia raised a thin, blue eyebrow at Damien, he shrugged.

“Are you going to eat us?” he asked.

It seemed a sensible enough question. Chet and Bibi stared at him, mouths agape, but Nalia put a finger to her lips and looked up at the treeline. Her tail tapped a rhythm behind her.

“Would you like me to?” she asked at last.

Damien snorted. The question was asked so innocently that he couldn’t help it.

“Why would we?” he said. “Is your stomach magical or something?”

“Magical.” Nalia tasted the word. “Maybe not magical, but I’ve heard it described as cozy. I could easily fit all three of you and an

entire breakfast of fish! Not that I would eat anything else while you were in there," she added hastily.

Chet was still gawking. Bibi prayed with her eyes closed. Damien wasn't sure how he'd become the default ambassador to what was clearly an alien, but she hadn't crushed them all to death yet, so that was something. Maybe he was dreaming.

"What exactly are you?" he asked.

Nalia tilted her head.

"I'm Nalia," she said. "Why is that man bowing to me?"

"They, um, think you're some kind of god," Damien said. Chet and Bibi had both prostrated themselves in the mud. "You aren't, are you?"

"Just Nalia," Nalia said.

Her lips were dangerously close to Damien's neck, each fang longer than one of his fingers. All she had to do was open her mouth and *chomp,* he'd be dead. Instead, she sniffed him. The warm exhalation of air tickled his throat. Her breasts thumped against his chest.

"Oh my."

"What?"

Damien jumped. Had she noticed the tightness growing in his trousers? Could she smell it on him? He squeezed his eyes shut to avoid the anticipation, but when he opened them, he saw that Chet and Bibi were kissing the creature's feet. She had her hands on her cheeks, looking oddly flattered.

"This isn't the reception that I normally get," she said. Her long eyelashes made each blink a dainty flutter. "Usually there's more screaming."

"Have you come across many humans?" Damien asked. He nudged Chet with his toes. The researcher looked up in a daze.

"A few," Nalia nodded. "I rarely come to the surface and when I do, I try to be gentle! This time, however, I found this deliciously

warm mud pit and couldn't help but take a little nap. Then, when I woke up, you were here!"

Her tail wagged. Damien's heart fluttered.

"Right," he said, gulping. "It's been wonderful to meet you, Nalia, but I think that my friends and I should head out now. We've got this, uh, thing in the city. Human thing, very important. We were just out for a stroll."

Nalia's tail drooped.

"Oh," she said, clutching her enormous chest. "I was kind of hoping…that you'd come back to my village with me?"

"Village?"

Chet's expression was half feral; Bibi's, exalted. They swarmed to Nalia's knees, groaning with almost sexual delight as she plucked them up by the back of their shirts and deposited them on her lap. Damien looked back toward the boardwalk. If he ran now…

"Where is your village?" he asked, stalling. How was he going to convince Chet and Bibi to get away from the monster? She hadn't done anything to harm them, but for all he knew, she was just saving them for supper.

Her tits, though, screamed his id.

"Down," Nalia said, pointing toward the mud. "Not far, but far for humans. I would have to carry you."

"Please show us your village," Chet begged.

"Please," Bibi echoed.

Nalia smiled at them, petting their heads.

"Oh, you two are just the sweetest. My sisters are going to love you."

Chet and Bibi sighed in ecstasy. Damien, brain whirring, only barely kept the panic from his voice.

"That's very kind," he said, "but we really should be going."

Mud bubbled around Nalia's knees as she pouted. She pouted like a human, bottom lip trembling. Even her radiant yellow eyes

misted with tears. Chet and Bibi glared at Damien who put his hands up in supplication. The smart thing would be to run, but, but…

Her tits.

"Um, how would you carry us?" Damien asked.

Nalia opened her mouth.

Wide.

Her tongue was deepwater, dark and liquid. Like the bottom of the bayou, it oozed and swelled, warmth cascading up and around the cove of her cheeks to break on Damien's brow. She smelled like fish. Like slime. Saliva collected in swirling pools along her jaw, deep enough to drown in. Yet, as Damien stared into the depths of her throat, he felt neither fear nor trepidation. Nalia waited patiently as he put a hand on her lip. The softness surprised him, as did her hum of approval.

"You don't expect me to climb in, do you?" Damien asked. "I mean, you're going to swallow me."

"Your kind can't breathe underwater," Nalia said. His hands continued to trace the line of her lips. When his fingers brushed her gums, she shuddered. "My stomach will keep you warm, keep you safe. Nobody has ever complained."

Digested people usually don't, Damien thought, but the smell of her breath was clouding his mind. He wanted to make her happy, for some reason. She looked at him like he mattered. When she batted her eyes, his heart fluttered.

"Okay," he said. "Alright."

Chet beat him to it. One moment, the researcher was perched on Nalia's knee and the next he was sliding down her throat.

"Whoa!" Damien yelled.

Nalia winked at him. Chet was halfway down her throat, twisting, turning, swimming through her body like a diver. The remarkably flexible surface of Nalia's skin bulged around him, only slightly at first, but then in one large mass as she tilted her head back

and swallowed with relish. The bulge traveled to just above her breasts where it stopped.

A loud moan burbled from her gullet.

"Ish plesherable, I shwear," Nalia said, open-mouthed. "Hob in!"

Damien hesitated. It was immature, but *he* wanted to be the first down her throat—the first to experience the apparent bliss of her stomach. That desire was insane, he knew. To be willingly swallowed was, in itself, insanity, but the fact that the big oaf Chet had been the first made him eager to milk every drop from the experience. Propping his hands on Nalia's jaw, Damien stuck his head between her teeth and let himself drop onto the middle of her tongue.

PLOP!

It bounced playfully beneath him, tasting him, suckling him. Damien was swished from one cheek to the other, colliding with the soft surface of the midnight blue tissue, only to roll like the tide to the other cheek, getting soaked in the process. All the while, the throat got closer. He could hear her swallow. The sound *echoed* in the darkness. He was almost to her gullet when the panic returned, but before it could consume him, Nalia gulped.

And it was, indeed, pleasurable. Tactile bliss.

The velvet slide of her throat caressed his cheeks, his arms, his torso. Lively swallows carried him down between Nalia's breasts, rivulets of saliva paving the way through midnight blue flesh. The sounds and smells of the swamp were replaced with the soothing rhythm of breath; the gentle undulations of a body unfurling to greet him. Her pulsing light glowed through her skin, illuminating her belly, but just before his head could break through the ring of muscle, Nalia stopped.

"W-what's wrong?" Damien asked.

Warmth tickled the back of his thighs as Nalia's tongue slid beneath his jeans and wrapped around his bare hips. Damien's head jerked back in surprise, burying itself in the tender folds of the creature's gullet. She was tasting him, sucking him, lips wrapped firm

around the backs of his ankles as she lifted and shifted his body on her tongue. Heavy groans rippled through her. When her tongue found his cock, Damien unleashed his own, lustful hiss.

"Delicious."

The word boomed around him. Pride flushed Damien's cheeks—Chet hadn't received such treatment, had he? His hands were still in Nalia's mouth, pinned against his hips. He reached for Nalia's tongue and felt the slimy muscle respond to his touch. Another moan. Another swallow.

Damien spilled into her stomach. His face was a blissful mask, undaunted by the squeeze or the sudden appearance of another occupant. Chet was similarly enchanted, kneeling as he was against the front of Nalia's spacious belly.

"She's going to take us to Atlantis," he whispered. "Isn't this amazing?"

The residual tingle of Nalia's tongue stayed with Damien as he listened to her working on Bibi. High-pitched squeals gave way to quiet panting, followed by a long, slow gulp.

"Fantastic," Bibi breathed, sliding into the stomach. She landed in a puddle between Chet and Damien, bouncing twice on her exposed ass. Her skirt had ridden up to her hips. She didn't seem to notice. "We're actually inside of a real-life goddess."

"Are you cozy in there?"

Nalia's voice cocooned them. She gave herself a shake, jostling them as she dropped her stomach in the mud.

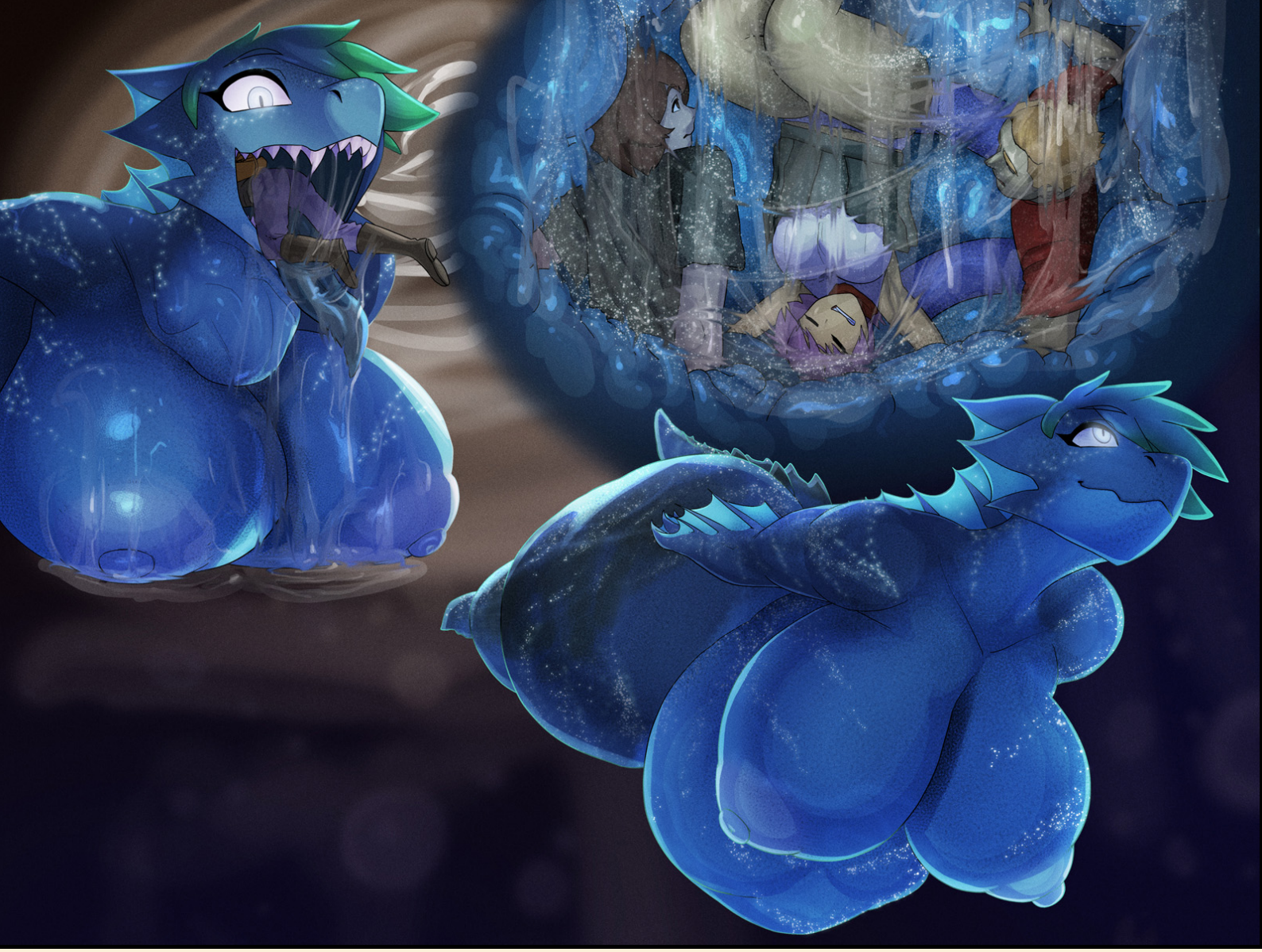
"Yes, goddess," Bibi said.

"Absolutely," Chet bellowed.

"What happens now?" Damien asked.

Nalia stretched. The three of them were squeezed against the front of her belly, squashed together until her muscles released them back into a pile.

"Now we dive," she said.



Fear stuck its needled fingers into Damien's spine. Up until that moment, the whole ordeal had been but a dream, but now, reality crept into his consciousness and nested there. He was in the stomach of a sea creature. They were about to dive to unknown depths. Would the pressure of the journey crush them? How were they going to return to the surface?

The buoyant enthusiasm of his devourer suppressed some of his worries. Nalia shook herself, jumping from foot to foot. She drummed her hands on her stomach, did a quick turn, then slapped her cheeks.

"Okay, okay!" she said. "I think I'm ready!"

Chet and Bibi giggled like schoolchildren. Damien, holding his breath, clutched the drooling walls and braced for impact. Surrounding muscles twitched in preparation. Nalia's heart drummed steady overhead. The creature took a long, deep breath and then,

approaching the hole she had just been stuck in, she raised her arms over her head and dove.

There was a brief moment of weightlessness. A splash. Then…

SLORCH!

Impact!

Damien shrieked as he rebounded off the front of the stomach and into its two other occupants. Bibi had done a front flip. Chet had face-planted in goo. As water rushed around them on all sides, compacting the stomach, Damien found his nose buried firmly in Bibi's ass. Pale pink fabric rustled as she giggled.

"Tight in here," she said.

There was no way to remove himself from her crack. Stomach walls locked around Damien's elbows, soft, but impenetrable, equalizing the pressure as they sank lower and lower into the depths of the swamp. The temperature dropped. Not enough to take the stomach below balmy, but enough that Damien let out a sharp exhale. Bibi moaned.

"That's naughty," she said.

"Sorry," Damien muttered through gritted teeth. "I can't exactly move out of the way right now."

"I don't mind."

Unpacking that would require too much effort, so instead, Damien focused on his surroundings.

The only light was the glow of Nalia's markings. They strobed in the black water, blinking in coded intervals. Liquid sloshed under the soles of Damien's feet, but it didn't tingle, even though bubbles occasionally rose between his toes. The smell of fish was strong, but not overwhelming. In fact, the stomach smelled rather…sweet.

Down, down, down they went. Damien wondered how long Nalia could stay underwater. Minutes? Hours? Days? She'd taken a breath before they dove, so she clearly needed oxygen, but would the amount change with three people inside of her? As if she could feel

his anxiety, Nalia put a calming palm on his cheek. Actually, she put it on Bibi's ass, driving it *into* Damien's cheeks.

It's okay. Everything is going to be okay.

"Did…did you hear that?" Damien asked.

"Hear what?" Chet grunted. He was still upside down.

They can't hear me. I am speaking directly to you. Already, you are a part of me, and soon, we shall be as one.

Damien gulped. Did that mean she was going to digest him? There was nothing threatening about her tone of 'voice', if he could even call it that, but the words themselves were cryptic.

Are you going to digest us?

He directed the thought toward Nalia. Immediately, he experienced a delighted warmth in the pit of his chest. Happiness. Nalia was happy with him.

We will be as one, she said, *but only if you choose to join us. I have been speaking with your friends. They are excited, though they have not figured out how to respond to me as you have.*

Involuntary pride filled Damien.

I'm a quick learner, he thought.

Nalia's affection was more than mental. She squeezed around them, hugging them with her stomach.

Yes you are, she said. *I am so glad that I found you.*

Minutes passed, then hours. Damien, who knew the swamp like the back of his hand, was aware that mud holes swallow entire houses, but Nalia swam the length of a city and kept going for what seemed like miles and miles. Eventually, she slowed. Damien pulled away from Bibi's ass, embarrassed to have been caught napping.

"We're here."

Nalia said the words aloud. The pressure surrounding the stomach had ceased, the flesh reexpanding. Chet, Bibi, and Damien slid down the walls as the bottom clenched, then—

SHLIP!

All at once, they were pulled into Nalia's throat.

Damien landed in a heap on top of Chet. His hair hung in his eyes, slime dripping down the bridge of his nose. He clutched his throat. The water…where was the water? He sat up and cracked his neck, taking in the landscape. They were in some kind of dome made out of dark, gray stones. Nalia crouched behind them. She nudged Damien with her nose.

Welcome to my home, she said.

The fact that she could still speak in his mind should have bothered Damien, but he was too busy gawking. There was a fish swimming past his face, a trail of bubbles following it as it flitted around the corner. Damien held his throat. He was breathing just fine. Had Nalia given them the ability to breathe underwater? Was it linked to her ability to speak in their minds?

"Space is different here," Nalia said aloud. Chet and Bibi were also staring at the myriad of floating life. The shadows of sea creatures passed beyond the glassless window. Other figures moved in the distance. "It…converges."

"Atlantis," Chet said.

Nalia smiled and shook her head, but he wasn't paying attention to her. He had run to the window to stare.

"Is it magic?" Bibi asked. She'd straightened out her skirt, but her clothes stuck to the surface of her skin, fresh from Nalia's stomach juices. "Is this heaven?"

"Nothing of the sort," Nalia said. "You will understand soon, but come now. My sisters would like to meet you."

"Sister!" Chet said, pulling away from the window. "Atlanteans!"

Damien stuck close to Nalia's tail as they walked down a narrow, stone hallway. He couldn't wrap his mind around the sea creatures swimming past, or the fact that they were somehow miles underwater in a place nowhere near the ocean. That, and the mental communication reaffirmed his theory that Nalia was an alien, but a kindly one. After all, she had swallowed them without digesting.

As if reading his thoughts (and perhaps she was), Nalia craned her neck to look at him. She offered her hand and he took it, blushing as her thigh bumped against his shoulder. Chet ran down the hall. Bibi kept stopping to admire the architecture. Everything was bathed in that watery green light that grew stronger as they approached another, larger dome.

Two more Nalias waited for them at the entrance.

Aside from their color, they were identical to Nalia. Same large, glowing eyes and short snouts. Same height, webbed hands, and enormous tits.

Oh, and they had massive dicks.

“Guests,” the green one said, clapping her hands together. “You’ve brought guests!”

“They’re beautiful,” the purple one gasped. “Wherever did you find them?”

“I’m Chet!”

Chet had stopped between the two, apparently unabashed by their flaccid members hanging inches from his face. They both leaned over him, grinning.

“I’m Nalia,” said the green one.

“I’m Nalia,” said the purple one.

“I’m confused,” said Damien.

“I can explain,” said the blue Nalia.

There were ‘chairs’ in the dome—chairs adorned with coral and gems. Chet stared at them like they were made of gold, hesitating before sitting down. One of the Nalias, Green, picked Bibi up and placed her on her lap. Damien sat apart from the others.

“Alright,” Nalia said, clapping her hands together. “So—”

It turned out that Nalia, the species, reproduces asexually. They gather ‘genetic material’ from far and wide to avoid inbreeding, though the species did have something analogous to sex to ‘mix’ the genetic material. They had been living in the Underswamp for

thousands of years, occasionally surfacing to interact with the locals, but had otherwise lived quiet lives beneath the murky depths.

Damien listened, nodding occasionally. There were local legends about lizard creatures that would sometimes kidnap villagers to breed. What he couldn't wrap his head around was the fact that, if these creatures—Nalia—existed, then presumably there were *other* legends, other creatures. The world was so vast and human experience so limited. By the end of the story, he was rocking in his chair. Nalia blinked at him, not unkindly.

Are you alright? she asked, directing the question via psychic link.

I'm okay, he answered. *It's just a lot to take in. I've spent most of my life in one place and…there's so much I don't know.*

Nalia giggled.

We've spent most of our lives here, as well, but we live considerably longer than you. I'm considered young and I'm over 1,000 years old. But can I tell you something?

Hmm?

You are the cutest human I've ever met.

The coughing fit that resulted from Nalia's proclamation gained Chet's attention. He had been listening intently, the goofy expression on his face sliding off as the researcher in him came out. It was clear now that they weren't in Atlantis, but he *had* just discovered a new species. Bibi…was making out with Green.

"You say that you come up for genetic material," Chet said. "But you reproduce asexually?"

"Asexually might not be the proper word," Nalia said. "We contribute our own material, but to maintain biodiversity, we also contribute *other* material."

Chet leaned forward on his rock.

"So…" he said. "Is that what you need us for?"

Damien jolted. He looked at Nalia, waiting for her denial, but the placid smile on her lips never shifted, nor did she refute Chet's claim.

His chest tightened. He slid away from the three, beautiful sea creatures.

"Y- you're going to eat us," he said. "I knew it!"

Calm down.

Nalia was looking at him.

We are not going to eat you.

The thought was hardly reassuring. If they weren't going to eat them, then how were they going to get…genetic…material…

Oh.

Bibi was way ahead of them.

"Guys, I think we should help out," she said. Her skirt was already down to her ankles and Green's cock was sandwiched against her ass. "With the genetic material or whatever! I mean, we could save a species!"

"I don't," Damien said, but at that point Nalia came up behind him and draped her arms over his shoulders. She kissed his cheek, leaving behind a patch of warmth that spread through him like wildfire. He turned in her arms. Her luminous eyes held him.

Please?

Chet was starting on Purple. He'd thrown his pants aside and bent her over one of the chairs. Even standing, her ass was level with his face, but Chet compensated by scaling her like a mountain, mounting her from behind.

"Alright," Damien said out loud. "Okay."

Nalia kissed him then, and she tasted of salt and heat. Damien closed his eyes as she cupped his cheeks, bending his head back. A peck to his neck, his chest, his ears. Her blunt claws drew a line down his shirt ,and it fell to the floor, exposing him to the slimy surface of her skin. There she held him, good and tight, making out with him sloppily until his will eroded beneath her tongue. She hooked a finger in his waistband. He beat her to it.

You're so much larger than me, he thought. Nalia lay on the floor with her arms behind her head. He didn't need to bend. Her cunt

spread before him like a magnificent flower, quivering, throbbing, waiting for him.

Please?

The second plea broke the dam, and Damien, cock in hand, inserted himself into Nalia. Immediately, the pressure made his eyes cross and his breath hitch. Nalia squeezed him, smirking.

Come to me.

Damien almost came on the spot.

His thumbs carved dimples in her thighs. There was no tension in her skin, no rigidity to resist him. Every thrust sent waves through her body, a resonance which she returned in kind, grinding against him as the moan built in her throat.

Don't cum too fast, don't cum too fast, Damien chanted to himself.

Nalia's head appeared over her breasts. She'd lifted herself up on her elbows.

Cum.

So he did.

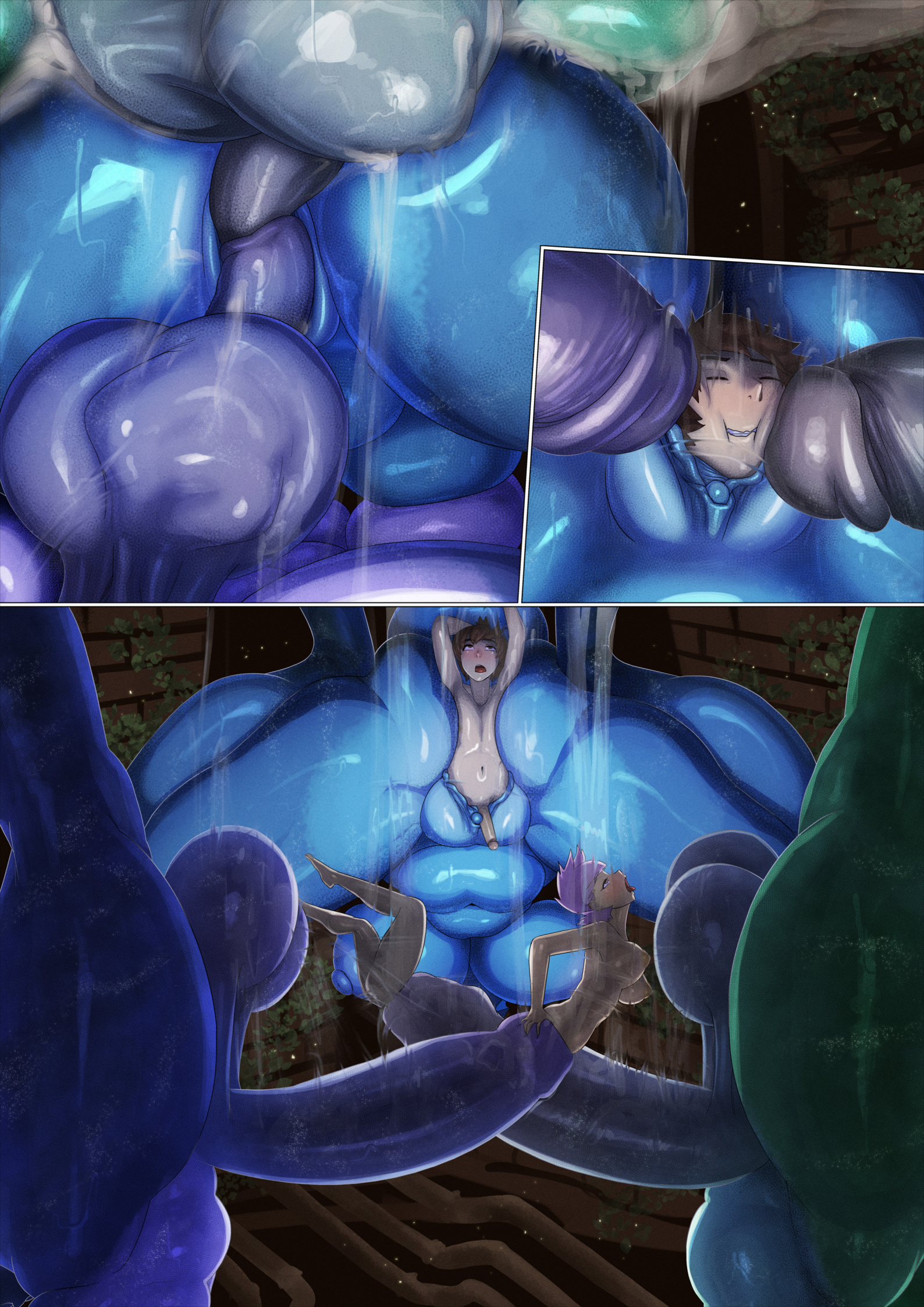
His seed pulsed out of him, bending him over her belly. He listened to it gurgle as Nalia writhed in ecstasy, but he could tell that she wasn't finished. Not quite. Not nearly. Before disappointment could set in, he felt himself being lifted by her tail. Her webbed fingers brushed against his back as his feet met with the lips of her cunt.

What are you doing? Damien asked.

I need you inside of me.

Her thoughts came as a desperate plea. Damien hurried to allow his feet to slip inside of her, only hesitating when the first clench sucked him in up to his shins—the second clench to his hips. He could no longer see Nalia's face, just the pouch of her stomach and the curve of her thighs. Her cunt was warmer than her stomach. Wetter. Smoother. It dragged at him needfully and he succumbed to its will.

SHLORP!



Up to his neck in Nalia, Damien took his last look around the room. What he saw shocked him to his core.

Chet and Bibi were balls deep in their respective partners. As in, they were halfway inside of Green and Purple's cocks, their feet already bulging against their partners' swinging sacks. They were in bliss. Damien wasn't sure how he could tell—if it was the psychic connection or what—but he could *feel* what they felt and what they felt was unimaginable pleasure as they were squeezed down through the shaft and into the bubbling, churning pits of their partners' balls. There, they began to change, and all at once Damien understood what Nalia meant by 'genetic material'.

It's us, he thought, and felt Nalia warm at the thought. *You want us…to become one of you?*

You will not disappear, Nalia thought, lovingly, lustfully. Her cunt was still pulling at Damien, eager to consume. *You will merely change.*

Damien closed his eyes. He wouldn't mind a change. The lips of Nalia's cunt were folding over his face, but the final push came when Green and Purple pressed their cocks against her entrance, stuffing him inside of her along with their large appendages. The change came over Damien in the form of slimy walls sucking at his skin, their liquid heat warping him like he was made of Play Doh. He was melting and it was okay.

He was melting and it felt like heaven.

As Green and Purple grunted, filling the chamber with their seed, Damien remained within Nalia. Her mental whispers soothed him as the change began, the genetic materials mixing and growing. Soon, he didn't know where he ended and Nalia began.

Nalia.

Nalia.

***



Mina let the last whisper waft into the cold night air. The sun had set during her story, but the sounds of trick-or-treaters funneled up to them in the silence. Jason started to clap. Kirsty and Sawyer picked it up a second later.

"And we have a winner," Jason said. "We can crown our pervert queen!"

"Here-here!" Kirsty and Sawyer parroted.

"I am, *hic,* not a pervert," Mina said, lifting her empty beer can. Jason had been steadily handing them to her throughout her story. So enthralled was she that she hadn't even noticed. "What about my story was, *hic*, perverted?"

"Uh, the fucking lizard women shoving people down their massive futa cocks," Sawyer snorted. "I mean, fuck, Mina, there was

full-fledged body-horror transformation in your story. They went to Atlantis and shit."

"Good stories need details! I filled out the details!"

"Let's get you off the box, Pervert Queen," Kirsty said.

She helped Mina down from the soap box, gently setting her next to her book. Mina picked it up automatically and frowned.

"The words are squiggly," she complained.

Jason and Sawyer began to laugh. Kirsty cracked a grin. Mina stared at them, wide-eyed, then broke out in a fit of giggles. Soon, all of them were hollering, joining the chorus of jubilant voices that rang with Halloween spirit.



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