

A Jilted Lover

By [Kai](#)

A non-canon personal story.
Characters belong to: [Kai](#)

Annavale isn't usually the jealous type, but when it comes to Antinov, the piscine would find a new jealous streak when his princely avian lover found another. With Antinov promised to Casval, a burning jealous rage would grow day by day in the piscine until it boiled over. Watching the two kiss and their love grow would eventually push the piscine to a jealous fury that would soon boil over.

And once Anavale's jealousy reached its climax the piscine would strike, pouncing on Antinov and his new lover. The jilted fish glaring down at both of them with a mix of anger and jealousy. "A-Anavale!" Antinov manages to get out as that rather heavy fish floors him and causes both him and Casval to grunt under him. "You abandoned me... All for this... This slutty fox!" Anavale snaps at Anti.

Casval gives a displeased growl at being called out on his somewhat promiscuous nature, but Anavale is transfixed on the bird below him. "Anavale! You know I love you, but it can never be! I was promised to Casval... And he and I..." Anti trails off, his eyes saying it all. Antinov had fallen in love with the other prince he was arranged to marry, Anavale could see it.

The big fish eyes Anti up, and although he's quite agitated, deep down inside he's still got powerful feelings for the bird. But he just couldn't bring himself to share him with the fox, or worse, lose Antinov entirely. The greedy fish leans in to lick at Antinov, holding Casval down with his tail as he does. But just as Antinov thinks that look of love was out of understanding, Anavale opens wide and engulfs his entire head and part of his torso.

Antinov almost squawks in surprise as the piscine glomps his upper body in his jaws and begins to lick him over. If Anavale couldn't keep Antinov to himself as a lover, he would do so as a meal. The Verroth's wide jaws easily work over the avian, working almost like a snake. The wide gullet easily able to take the bird into its grasp, giving him only what light filters in through Anavale's gills while the predatory fish works.

Soon Antinov's face would press up against the bottom of that long gullet, right up against the sphincter where Anavale's esophagus actually started. Antinov's head was down in the fish's chest, but he was still outside from the waist down. Anavale soon lifts his catch into the air though, swallowing repeatedly and bobbing his head. Antinov kicks and squirms, but between long tongue and strong jaws it's all but useless.

Soon enough the bird is into Anavale up to his ankles, upper body slipping down the short esophagus and into the fish's rather pungent gut. Anti just chirps in protest as he's balled up into the fetal position inside Anavale's steadily expanding stomach. With a defeated whine from Anti, and a triumphant rumble from his predator, the bird ends up fully enclosed in Anavale's stomach. The satiated fish letting out a deep, satisfied belch as he settles his lover turned meal comfortably within.



Antinov gasps and groans a bit as he's shifted, eventually settling into position curled up on his back. He can't believe it at first, but the heat, smell, wetness and symphony of organic noises around him all confirm it. Anavale had eaten him alive in a fit of jealousy, and the act gave Antinov mixed feelings. On one hand he was blushing that Anavale felt strongly enough about losing him to do this, on the other the betrayal of it.

Antinov *could* claw his way out in all likelihood, but the catch was that Anavale would most likely not survive the attempt. And even after Anavale devoured him, Anti still had feelings for the greedy fish. There was no way he could bring himself to harm Anavale, so he resigned to wait, hoping Anavale would come to his senses before too long. Hopefully Anavale would snap out of it before causing any real harm to him, *right*?

Meanwhile, outside, Casval was about fed up of being pinned under Anavale's hind end. He'd thump and kick, even scratch at Anavale. Those claws dragging over his scales and disturbing his slimy coating was enough to Get Anavale up off Casval. The fish glaring down at him in disapprobation of damaging his coating, but Casval just glared right back. "What makes you think you can assault not just one, but both crown princes!?" Casval spits.

Anavale just snorts at the fox before placing a hand on his face and holding him down. "This bird is mine, always has been, and always will." He says confidently, pausing to give Casval a smug look. "If I can't have him as my partner, I will have him forever as my meal." He adds. Casval gives a slow growl, pawing at anavale more and further mussing his coating. "He's mine! That bird is to rule by my side!" Casval growls, biting Anavale on the wrist.

The fish growls out, then tugs his arm out of reach before pinning the fox on his front. After some minutes of struggling, Casval stops, softly sniffing. Anavale slowly tilts his head, leaning in a bit closer to confirm it, Casval was nearly crying. "I... I love Antinov too, more than anything. Please don't take him away from me!" Casval pleads, not having the physical strength to overcome Anavale.

For a moment Anavale frowns, then he feels just a bit bad. He understands that Casval loves Anti just as much as him. "I won't separate you two." He says. Casval's eyes light up. "Really?" The fox asks in return, getting a nod out of the large fish. But before anything else can be said anavale lifts Casval up. "You two will be together forever... As part of me." He says with a mix of sadism and sincerity.

Anavale takes Casval's legs into his mouth, working the lithe fox in up to his hips before pausing to adjust his grip. "Oh what the hell is this!?" Casval complains, starting to kick and struggle in protest. The fox prince snarling and fidgeting and refusing to go down without a fight. But anavale lifts his head, using all that motion against the fox and *helping* him to get the feisty prince down his throat deeper.



Anavale lets Casval tire himself out with rather useless struggles and trying to get at anything soft, but Anavale's plated head lacked any such purchase, especially with his eyes closed. Casval pants and puffs, nearly out of energy and now into the Fish's gullet up to his chest. He weakly pushes at anavale's long snout and lower jaw to little avail, only able to stare the fish down from half way into his craw.

The stalemate wouldn't last for long though, as Anavale's tongue coils around the resistant fox and helps to pull him in. Casval's legs would slip down into that short esophagus and get gripped firmly, helping tug the fox in. Inside, Antinov would end up with Casval's paws pressed right into his face, making him groan just a bit as more and more of the fox slips in and further limits the space.

Casval would get to see the outside world steadily vanish, ringed by the fishes rows of teeth and striped gullet. Until Anavale closed his jaws, leaving only slivers of light shining in through his gills. And then in one big swallow, he'd fully consume Casval, dumping him into his stomach and right on top of Antinov. Another deeply satisfied belch erupting from the now extremely gravid fish. Anavale doesn't hang around of course, slinking along on all fours and dragging his gut.

He'd make for the closest body of water, slipping in to alleviate the weight of his stomach. It takes quite a bit to get his buoyancy neutral and comfortable, but once he does Anavale slinks off into the depths to savor his royal meal. Inside the two were struggling in their cramped confines, trying to get some semblance of comfortable in the disgusting fishey depths as they moulder in rank stomach slime.

All the movement gets a third, rather bubbly belch out of Anavale, eyes rolling back in his head. This was the biggest meal he'd ever eaten, and it was wonderful. Antinov, and that promiscuous little hussey were both all his. What's more, their statuses made the crime all the more exhilarating, committing a double regicide all in the course of such a filling meal. It was so wrong, but felt oh so right!

A bit of unchecked jealousy towards Antinov's arranged marriage had led Anavale into this, but he didn't truly regret it. That full squirming feeling was more than its own reward, keeping the fish right in the moment. Inside, Antinov and casval are firmly pressed together, hotly entangled in the mess of piscine stomach slime and saliva. The two groan softly, having been caught naked by their piscine predator left them to cuddle together in the nude within.

Outside Anavale found a pleasant place to rest, a soft bed of fluffy weeds with enough current that he could just point his mouth into it and let it do the work of breathing as he relaxed. All that squirmy food in his belly was having an adverse effect on the fish, making him drowsy as the blood rushes to his stomach and the organ begins to get to work. Large growls sound as the stomach walls churn and squeeze more vigorously around the two inside, moving around the gases trapped in Anavale's stomach.

What had been a fairly quiet and idle stomach very quickly picks up, vigorously churning and massaging rather potent piscine digestive juices all over the two inside as Anavale drifts off to a happy sleep. "Mmm, now both of you are all mine. I guess I was jealous of *both* of you, but that doesn't matter now." Anavale muses as his last thought before drifting off. Inside the two knew it was all but over, with a blush they start to kiss and make out.

Using the rippling motions of Anavale's stomach, the two princes inside would shift about until Casval managed to press his groin up against Anti's rump. If they were going to be fish food, they might as well enjoy their last moments to the fullest. Casval thrusts forward, aided by all the slick slimy mess all over them and his growing arousal slips right into Anti's pucker. The bird coos softly as Casval shifts atop him, the fox actually using the muscular contractions of Anavale's stomach to help thrust into his lover.

Back outside, Anavale groans softly, stirred from the edge of slumber by the motions inside his stomach. The rhythm of it, the sounds of his prey, it was abundantly clear the two were fucking inside. Anavale blushes at the realization, groping his belly softly as another bubbly belch erupts from his gullet. Anavale pants softly, rolling about, the vigorous feeling of the two breeding in his belly was wonderful. And a blush of arousal would start to creep up the Verroth's belly starting at his vent.

One of Anavales hands slowly moves down his belly, settling upon his loins. Spreading his fingers, the fish would press three into his vent, while his thumb and little finger tease the two slits to either side. All the rhythmic motion in his stomach were producing quite regular sloshes and gurgles as well as a distinct motion in that gravid fish belly. Anavale just pants, that blush working up the domed belly and up his neck until his whole underbelly was flushed dark blue with arousal.

Both Anavale's long, striped claspers work and caress over his belly, effectively grinding at the two within while Anavale moves to focus fully on his vent. The fish rubs and fingers it intently, occasionally moving to grasp and stroke along his claspers while panting and silently moaning. Inside Antinov and Casval would switch positions, the fox turning around and causing Anavale to moan out before starting to ride Anti's shaft.

The new position and motion inside makes the fish shift and roll onto his side, soon bucking his hips, joining in with the two as if he was riding Anti. Anavale leans down and passionately licks his belly as he thrusts and grinds, as lost in the throes of passion as his two meals. Inside, Anavale's stomach gropes and grasps at the two as it churns, muscular walls working over Casval's thick blue fox-prick and making him croon out as he both Rides Anti, and fucks Anavale's stomach wall.

The thick shag-like papillae lining the fish's stomach feel wonderful along Casval's shaft, making him huff and pant. At the same time all those wiggling fleshy protrusions would tease at Antinov's ass and sac, a teasing, ticking grope that couples well with Anavale humping into his own belly. The three were oh so close, teetering on the brink of a shared orgasm. And they'd keep pushing towards it, edging close, then pausing over and over to best enjoy the intensity of the brink of orgasm.

But eventually, lust would win out. None of them could take it anymore and with a shared crooning moan, the three boys would burst forth into orgasm. All thoughts of predator and prey lost in a moment of shared passion. Casval throbs and thrives against Anavale's stomach, deluging thick, black messy seed out and into the rather dingey stomach juices. Antinov similarly spills his own inky bird seed into the fox, plumping his belly with the impressive load while some spills out into the stomach and joins Casval's.

Outside, Anavale shoots thick pre from his claspers and vent, though he had no seed to spill, the orgasm was nonetheless full and pleasurable. But given the size of his meal, by the time breeding season for his kind rolled around the male Verroth would have ample seed thanks to his two meals. Anavale relaxes in the afterglow, kissing his belly sweetly and curling around it to snuggle the pair within. Oh, they were still food, but the feelings of jealousy were all gone. Now Anavale wanted the two out of pure greed, both those princes would be his forever, lovers and a meal.

With one last comparatively small belch, Anavale passes out and starts to sleep. That frisky episode has diverted blood flow and energy away from his stomach, but all the activity only served to worsen the eventual digestion. His body was both hungry for nourishment from the exertion, and a buildup of the waste products from it was surging towards the Verroth's stomach. What most creatures would exhale, Anavale used to help digest.

Carbonaceous compounds and potent basic compounds generated by Anavale's muscles pour from his blood into his digestive juices, sealing the fate of his prey. The gurgling, sloshing and grinding of the fish's belly picks up as the two inside find themselves starting to fade. But horror of horrors, the two are still alive and conscious even as Anavale's potent digestive juices work on them. The potent mix of hydroxides and carbonic compounds would readily break down fur, flesh, scale and even bone.

The two inside wriggle and squirm futilely, groaning and struggling more and more as their hides soften and swell. Fur and feathers slough off and break down into little more than discoloured sludge, massaged off by the ever churning walls around them. The potent digestive juices pooling up, fully rounding off Anavale's belly and forming a whirling bath around the two. As the fox and bird's hides soften, the constant massage would steadily rub it away, exposing layer after layer of them to more direct digestion.

But still alive, their own bodies would unintentionally help Anavale digest them. Their beating hearts circulating their blood and invading digestive juices absorbing through their skin, and growing chemical wounds with it. Anavale's slumber is quite peaceful, wondrous, he was ever so full and satisfied. But for his prey, it's a long and rather agonizing end. Though even still, the rather masochistic pair would work to share one last intimate moment, Embracing closely even as they are processed alive.

The sounds of digestion grow louder and louder with time, the pair in that fish's belly softening, extremities becoming spongy and structureless like wet bread. And as those extremities soften up, the rigorous churn of the walls would mash and massage them away. With more and more fluid, the liquid sloshing and churling would get all the more noisier. And as the two react with that potent mix of digestive chemicals plenty of gases would be released too, adding to the wet gurgling coming from Anavale's gut.

The satisfied sounds of a full burbling fish tummy would carry for kilometers in the water, dull and low like distant whalesong. Every now and then the pressure from gas in Anavale's belly would grow, and the slumbering fish would burp softly through his gills. Each time Anavale repositions himself, groaning and unconsciously caressing his belly. After some hours, the two had finally succumb, their pleasing squirms slowing to a stop.

Seemingly dissatisfied, Anavale shifts and rolls about, giving a few soft groans and kneading his belly. The soft masses of meat inside having rather considerable give now. Both bird and fox were nice and soft on the surface, their flesh chemically cooked and reduced to a soggy state much like a cracker in hot soup. In many places it was coming away from the bone, making a grizzly sight of mangled denatured flesh and bleached bone.

But now Anavale's stomach was just about done, and it was his gizzard's turn to enjoy the pair. Anavale's guts start to push the pair downwards, or rather, given their size, the two stay relatively in place while the guts shift over them like a snake ingesting its prey.

Antinov is the first into the gizzard, his body already breaking apart at the joints and it's squeezed into the next chamber. Inside a mix of stones and the denticle lined walls would churn and grind at the softened bird, stripping flesh from bone and rendering it down into a thick meaty slurry. The process was quite loud, gurgling, squishing, snapping and popping, muffled by the flesh between the source and outside. The wet onslaught of noises continues for hours, until nothing but bone remains intact.

From there the now liquid portion of bird is drained lower into the spiralled intestines of that fishy predator, working through slowly while the gizzard continues to mercilessly churn away. By the time it was done, even bone would be reduced to dust, not a single trace of the two would be left unclaimed by the greedy piscine. It would take time to finish with what was mostly Anti (A few bits of Casval had inevitably followed the bird.), But by the time Casval was shifting down into the gizzard it would be nearly morning, and Anavale would soon wake up.

The fox is processed in much the same way, ground and pulverized into slurry and wet muddy bone-dust by the powerful gizzard. The only thing escaping digestion being soft bits of fur and feathers that managed not to be dissolved in his stomach juices. But that was no matter, Anavale would cough those up later. Anavale starts to stirr just as much of Casval is already in his intestines, the few indigestible remnants working their way back up from the depths of his Gizzard.

As Anavale awakens from his slumber, he'd wonder if the night before was just a dream, a nightmare even. Could he really have turned on his beloved bird, and the crown prince Casval? But before he can ask himself any more questions or try to deny the night before, his stomach lets out a long, low gurgle that goes on for minutes on end. His body rather noisily confirming that he had indeed devoured two rather large prey. A reflexive wretch would answer the question of who faster than Anavale could ask it.

There, clear as day were a disgusting collection of indigestibles. Amongst them a few feathers and clumps of fur that escaped being broken down, and most of the piercings the two had been wearing. Undeniable proof Anavale had gobbled up both Antinov and Casval. With a soft huff, the speechless fish just blushed, embarrassed by such a loss of control. On the other hand, he was quite empowered by the previous night's events as well!

By now, both Casval and Antinov were no more, just a nutritious slurry winding its way through Anavale's intestines. The low constant burbling of their progress both felt and sounded lovely as Anavale swam along, feeling invigorated as the energy of his meal steadily pours into him. The piscine's pumping blood whisking nutrients away as fast as his intestines can soak them up. And whatever he couldn't use immediately, would end up as paunch on his tail, and just a bit on his hips too!

Even with the pair digested, much of their bulk was still there in his belly. Though after so many hours, a lot of the fluids from the two had migrated into the fish's twin bladders. As Anavale comes up out of the water, he'd pause, giving a groan before taking his morning piss right out in public ever so casually. The beach he'd come back to was still deserted, despite the fact it was nearly noon. Which is perfect, as it took nearly ten minutes for him to finish, even with two streams.

With his waist just a bit trimmer, Anavale sets off from the beach to get himself some clothing. He hardly even remembered where he'd disrobed the night prior, not that his old clothes would even fit anymore. Procuring a new bodysuit, and more importantly a new breathing apparatus, the piscine would just head off to work. Casval missing wouldn't be his jurisdiction, but he might need a cover story for Antinov. Having offed his superior, Anavale was now effectively the ranking officer, unless he was found out.

As the day goes on, both Casval and Anti's hot sloppy remains work down through Anavale's complex guts. The fish drawing nutrients and energy from the pair's remains steadily. He'd already woke up plumper than before, but by the day's end, Anavale already outsized his new body suit. That formerly lithe and slinky fish was now amply voluptuous. His tail nearly tripling in girth, hips soft and curvaceous, and an ass to utterly die-for, as Anti and Casval now know all too well.

By day's end, the bulge made by what was left of Casval and Anti resting in Anavale's bowels was barely noticable next to his new curves. Even his belly was showing just a bit of cute paunch. Were it not for his smooth chest, one might easily mistake Anavale for a curvaceous woman, granted, his kind were all smooth chested anyhow. Anavale once more finds new clothes to fit, admiring himself in the mirror as he shops around in Antinov's closet.

Unfortunately, much of the bird's wardrobe was *still* too small. The two boys he'd gobbled up put him far past Anti's thick frame. But a few of those lovely dresses do fit his new figure, though they reveal a lot more than when Anti wore them. But before Anavale can decide on anything, the two in his bowels would begin to shift downwards heavily. Anavale holds his belly, giving a quiet groan as a long, quiet bout of gas leaves his bowels, filling out his tight bodysuit and soon slips out around the collar.

Anavale mrfs at the pungent musky scent, it was quite meaty, given what he'd eaten. The fish would try to ignore the building need in his belly, but those two boys keep pounding on the inside of his anus relentlessly. Anavale groans as his guts pick up in pace, farting near constantly as his guts gurgle and shift noisily. Each long fart combines with a preceding growl, and a low gurgle that sounds alongside them. The fish tried to get out of his bodysuit fast as he realizes he can't hold back what's coming.

Anavale didn't even have time to get to a bathroom, but Anti's plush nest of a bed would do. Stripping off, the now pump fish hunkers down over Anti's nest and groans out. The piscine's long striped tongue lolled out as he lets loose, a stream of loud, pungent gas billowing out and filling the air with potent meaty fish-stink before a thick dark mass starts to appear. Anavale's anal slit opens wide, pucker pushing outwards from it to form an attractive ring as the head of his dump peeks out.

With a sigh that thick mass of polished lumps descends, a nice mix of black glistening spheroids with some hints of blue here and there. Those dark ichorous pigments from both boys stained their remains, alongside some of their signature blues leaving streaks of dark indigo too. Quite the exotic loaf, for an exotic meal, eaten by an exotic pred. Anavale drops to alfour's, panting and heaving, length after length squeezing from his pent up guts and piling under him in Anti's nest.

Time just seems to melt away as the fish rids himself of what his body didn't need, or more accurately what his body couldn't take. Anavale's greedy guts had taken enough from those two to nourish him for almost a year. But the now fat fish has guzzled it all down in a couple of days out of greed and lust, turning it all into rich sexy pudge and curves. And that greedy fish would forever relish their addition to him, cherishing the two in a most narcissistic manner.

With eyes closed, Anavale continues to heave his bowels, shifting onto his side, practically giving birth to that massive food baby. With one leg raised, Anavale compresses his abdomen, sending length after length of exoticly coloured fish shit shooting slightly upwards before landing with a hot heavy thud onto the growing pile. Thick greasy anal lube makes the entire mess slick and glossy, like an over-thick glaze applied over the steaming pile.

Anavale's anal glands work hard, deluging out thick lube to help the dense meaty mass of former fox and bird out of his gut smoothly. And of course all that greasy lube is rife with potent fishy musk, giving a rather pleasing and intoxicating smell to the entire mess. It all feels like an eternity to Anavale, hours, minutes, days? He couldn't tell how long he spent passing that pile. And by the end of it, one might guess he spent days producing such a massive, steaming pile.

All in all, the remains of his royal meal were almost of equal mass to the newly plumped up Anavale. But given he'd gobbled up two close to his own size, it wasn't surprising. But even with all the solids moved, there was just a bit more for Anavale to deal with. With a lewd smirk, he'd take both claspers, and aim them over the pile of Antinov's clothes he'd rejected. A soft sigh precedes him relaxing both bladders and showering those clothes in dark, golden piss.

The pungent musky liquid soaks the clothes and pools on the floor as Anavale sighs and lets out a few more soft farts, his poor anus not yet having recovered from that lengthy and wide shit he'd finished just minutes ago. And once those two streams trail off, the fish finally feels good and satisfied. Without so much as even cleaning himself, Anavale gets dressed and saunters off while happily humming to himself.

The fish pauses briefly before leaving the room, then blows a kiss to the steamy pile, then another onto his hand, before slapping it onto his own curvy rump. "Id say goodbye, but I'm sure all the best parts of you are right here, as more of me." Anavale muses, before walking down the main corridor. The fish turning even more heads now than ever. Thick, curvy and confident, he'd likely be on most of the crew's minds at the end of their shifts.~

- End -

Annotations.

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