

The young man of barely twenty four screamed in pain, falling back from his telescope, as a blindingly bright object entered the lens and stabbed sharply at his vision. Blinking back the spots appearing in his vision, he rubbed his eyes and looked up into the night sky - unaided by his telescope - and gaped. A monstrous fireball streaked through the sky, it seemed to burn the very fabric of reality, leaving in its wake a sparkling, almost glittering, strip of night sky that seemed to come alive, writhing, breathing in comparison to the untouched sky; that was how the man would explain the experience to his family. It wasn't the wake of the fireball that set his jaw hanging though, it was the fireball itself; burning with an incandescent, otherworldly green; the flames licked at the very stars, tearing away from the main body of fire to linger in the air a little longer than seemed natural.

The hurtled through the air, seemingly straight towards the man; as it neared he swore he could see glyphs, carved into some form of rock beneath the fire and - though he would never recount this to his friends - felt he could nearly understand it, like a memory half forgotten. The comet's (meteor? UFO? what would you call that thing? he wondered) trajectory sent it screaming, literally thundering, through the air above him; he tilted his head back as far as possible, craning his neck to watch the alien (in the truest sense, he realised) fireball pass what seemed like a few feet above his head; as it did, an arm of green fire broke free and fell, condensing into a sphere, a single drop of green fire; it fell down, straight into the would-be astronomer's open mouth. Reflexively swallowing, he gulped down most of the fire before realising what had happened; instinct kicked in and he doubled over, trying both to spit out the remained, and retch the contents of his stomach before he got burned. After several seconds, his brain couldn't understand the lack of pain, so gave up with instincts; straightening, he experimentally opened his mouth, watching as green flames licked his lips and flickered against his nose; it was without a doubt the strangest experience he had ever had, he felt the burning in his mouth and belly, but it neither hurt nor seemed to do any damage, it seemed to have substance, thickness unlike normal fire, but was nothing like liquid; at best he would describe it late as what he imagined eating cold plasma would feel like. It tasted strange too, an almost familiar taste and smell he couldn't quite put his finger on; with a shock he realised, swallowing the last of the fire his face turned red as he matched the taste, with his wife's crotch when he ate her out.

He spun around in time to see the massive fireball slam into the ground some distance away, a few seconds after impact, a wave of warm air rushed over him, accompanied by a dull *ker-whumph*. Stunned, the athletic, tall man grabbed his bicycle and began to pedal in the direction of the crash site.

LUST

After a mile of hard cycling across the grasslands, wind whipping through his blond hair, he finally reached the impact site, quite near to the sea judging by the heavy salt smell in the air. Surrounding the area were small fires, some plain orange, but many were of the strange green variety; he briefly contemplated simply collecting some of the iridescent flames, before deciding a piece of the rock itself would be much better. As he walked closer to the suprisingly deep hole, he failed to notice the abnormal fire moving beyond what should be possible, as though alive it seemed to gravitate towards the normal fire, smothering it out, engulfing the orange type, before slowly dwindling away.

The man moved closer and suddenly realised the crater seemed so deep because it was a hole! whatever it was had punched straight through a meter or so of earth and rock, into some form of cave. Inching very cautiously towards the rim, he paused, realising exactly where he was; turning, he excitedly dashed away from the hole, intending to run down onto the beach and into the entrance of the natural cave he and his friends so enjoyed playing in as children.

A few minutes later he was dashing across the beach, sand spraying around him, towards the gaping maw of 'Zlyptic Cove' a faint, almost bird-like call, gave him pause, and he stopped beside the entrance, rather than running straight in. Peering cautiously around the edge into the gloomy interior he spied the crater, in the dead centre of the cave, lit up by a picturesque moonbeam, flooding through the newly punched hole in the roof of the cave.

The noise sounded again, a little louder now, and moments later the man almost screamed aloud as a creature climbed over the rim. Stifling himself, the man continued to watch as it fully emerged to the (from his point of view) left of the crater; the strange creature seemed to be an amalgamation of creatures, at the end of a thick, elongated neck sat a pointed, bird head, albeit one covered in soft grey fur; with longer hair towards the back of the head forming spike-like triangle, making the head appear bigger and distinguishing it from the end of the neck, while the creature's beak, yellow at the front and abruptly turning red halfway back, resembled an eagle's, but stretched much further back around the head. A belly, rounded but not large, hung between four legs clad in the same downy fur as its head. The rear legs almost looked human, powerfully muscled with barely any fat, ending in feet sharing the elongated shape of a rabbit and the appearance of a bird's, covered in a muddy yellow smooth skin and ending in four long 'fingers' tipped in thick, ebony black talons. The chest between its forelegs bulged out a little, reminding the man uncomfortably of a woman's chest. A long reptilian tail, thick at the base and tapering to a rounded tip, doubled the length of the creature to a good ten feet, beak tip to tail tip. Its hide completed the look, the grey short fur covered its back, head and extended down to wrap around the legs, while the lower three quarters of its tail and belly were covered in a similar skin to its feet, the same murky yellow, but smoother, more like an eel's skin.

Overall the creature shone with the grace and power of eagles, cats and snakes, and somehow the man found it beautiful, not in the sense he found dolphins or mountains or artwork beautiful, but it almost appeared sexy, somehow oozing sensuality through its very being.

He stared for what felt like hours, not noticing the growing tent in his trousers, until the creature's head moved, breaking the trance, it looked towards the back of the cave, and moments later walked further away from the man. With its back to him, he took the opportunity to dash into the cave, sticking to the shadows, to a fairly large crop of stalactites, concealing him from its view while giving plenty of holes to look through. Leaning with his back against the rock to catch his breath, movement at the cave entrance caught his eye as Anoyk, oldest of the Zlyptics, slithered slowly home. Zlyptics are Gryff's, animals with characteristics of multiple animals, (which, reminded him, probably meant the creature was a Gryff too, although he had never seen one like it). Zlyptics, being a curious combination of snake; slug, and bat, for all appearances look like giant black snakes, they navigated by sonar and were covered in a very thin layer of extraordinary slime, the slipperiest thing ever discovered, few teaspoons of the slime could let a man skate a hundred meters across loose sand. Bizarrely, zlyptics are completely vegetarian, and virtually docile, despite their considerable size and enormous appetite (Anoyk's granddaughter had been rumoured to swallow whole tree's, just to reach some fruit at the top). Zlyptics' intelligence grew over time, and at over two hundred years old some thought Anoyk was even smarter than humans, apparently attempting to speak to them, and interacting with them the way an old man might. The twelve foot serpent slid gracefully into the cave, its two foot, tubular tongue darting in and out frantically. As he slithered closer to the crater, the creature gave a loud cawwing hiss, as the man watched, it leaped straight over the large crater, pouncing onto Anoyk.

The pair rolled about for a short while, almost seeming to play, Anoyk writhing and squirming while the creature rolled over and under him. Finally, the creature managed to do the impossible, despite the super slick slime over his body, it was laying on its back, tail towards the ground of stalactites the man stood beside and neck on the slight slope created by the crater, gripping Anoyk's body a foot or so below his head in the powerful rear feet, the black flesh compressing slightly in its powerful grasp. Anoyk writhed and flicked, but seemed unable to break the hold or even slither through the large feet. The man did gasp out loud at what he saw next, although the creature seemed too busy to notice, Anoyk's whole body lurched to the side in an attempt to free himself, revealing the creature's whole underbelly. There was no tailhole, instead was a huge - easily a foot long - slit, confirming what the conspicuously bulged chest had suggested, 'it' was a she; although it was squeezed tightly closed, a black line outlined in slightly bulging flesh, the man didn't doubt it could open at least as wide with ease, something Anoyk had also concluded, since all his struggles seemed directed away from that ominous line.

The powerful legs flexed, and she pulled Anoyk further from her head, at the same time releasing one foot and grabbing much higher up, just below his head; it was an astonishing display of strength and co-ordination - especially in an animal - but the man barely noticed, still staring at her colossal slit, his erection harder than most people would get in their whole lives. What happened next would shock and haunt him for the rest of his life; while her front legs lay uselessly - folded like a dog asleep on its back -

her powerful rear legs moved, pointing Anoyk's head straight down between her legs and began to lower him, slowly, almost teasingly, towards her slit. Even more frantic, his tongue reflexively darted out; and slid smoothly between her folds. Although the man couldn't see it, her eyes widened in mild surprise and her beak opened slightly. The tongue flicked back into Anoyk's mouth and moments later the tip of his muzzle touched her slit; nothing happened for a brief moment, save for her pushing his snout slowly harder against her slit, his hard head pushing against the skin and denting the smooth surface slightly. Whether because of the pressure, her natural 'size' or his natural lubrication, or a combination of all three, her slit suddenly gave way with a wet squelch - like pulling a boot from mud - and spread effortlessly around the ancient serpent's head, swallowing his mouth, eyes, sliding over his entire head in a few seconds. Anoyk's body froze in shock for a moment, but that was all the female creature needed, the foot squeezing around his neck released, and shot up, gripping a footfull of his body further down.

The serpent began to squirm frantically in her grip, lifting his whole body into the air in attempts to break her grip. As the man watched, Anoyk seemed to be gaining ground, the creature's feet slipping slowly, so very slowly, but definitely moving, towards her slit, causing her to caw softly in annoyance. As her left foot came within a few inches of her slit his mind broke through the optical illusion and saw the horrifying truth. Her feet weren't slipping at all, she was slowly, deliberately, feeding inch after inch of the thick black body into her vagina; the light cawing wasn't in annoyance, it was in pleasure, she was enjoying it using a probably sentient creature like a dildo!. The foot snapped back, grabbing a coil of his tail. Now the man had a clear view of her slit, parted around Anoyk's large body, the section between her feet and slit flexed and bent sporadically as he tried to pull himself free, her lips didn't give an inch, bulging out slightly but keeping a hold around the unfortunate serpent's body.

[Image on FA version]

As the man watched she wriggled in delight and anticipation, slowly sliding inch after satisfying inch of Anoyk's body deeper into her sex. Her stretched and slightly bulging nether lips started to drool, thick, gluey translucent fluid, which after a moment the man realised was the zlyptic's natural slime, either her slit was much tighter than it looked, and actually scraping the layer off or, in sheer panic inside her, Anoyk was overproducing, so much that it began to ooze back out of her slit, looking for all the world like her own natural lubrication as she eased the massive serpent deeper. He blinked in shocked awe, and just a little bit of sexual excitement as he realised she had crammed over half the zlyptic into her pussy. Anoyk's struggles became more and more frantic, the ungripped tail flicking and spinning out of control, but seemingly without effect, only the barest ripple of thigh muscle gave away she was holding him steady as she cawed in blissful delight.

So slowly the man didn't even notice, her belly grew as her sex was slowly filled. When almost three quarters of Anoyk's entire length had vanished into that voracious slit, her legs stopped pulling him deeper and she groaned. A fully, almost human, satisfied groan; the terrified, and undeniably turned on, man prayed for Anoyk's sake she really was satisfied and would pull him out soon. She groaned again and brought her front legs lower, rubbing her paws against the now noticeably larger belly. As she rubbed, the man noticed faint movements, barely more than twitches, in her skin, all of a sudden, a large bulge grew out of the side of her belly, Anoyk's eye-sockets clearly visible. The man finally screamed at the horrific sight and fled the cave, forgetting his bike, his telescope, his erection now completely diminished as he fled for the city.

Desireé smirked, as well one with a beak can, as the fleshy pink creature fled her home. She had no doubt he would feel even better than her current toy, but somehow she knew they would meet again. Her thoughts returned again to the creature that called himself Anoyk, writhing so deeply within her, and stretching her sex so deliciously wide. Groaning in pleasure, her insides squeezing and crushing around her foolish would-be instructor, she resumed slowly sliding his slick body deeper, she hoped all creatures in this world were as slimey, it was almost like he was designed to sate the burning desire in her loins. Inch after inch of the serpent vanished through the ochre lips into the blackness within. Her front paws resumed sliding gently over her growing belly feeling the motion as the life within her struggled desperately for freedom and air. Faint bulges could be seen moving beneath her skin as Anoyk was slowly forced into a space smaller than him.

Her foot once again brushed her nethers - slime soaked courtesy of her guest - and as she reached up to grab another foot full of gloriously thick flesh, Desireé was surprised to grab thin air. Craning her neck to peer past her writhing belly she was disappointed to see only an inch long tip of tail protruding from her other clenched foot. Barely two feet of the twelve foot behemoth protruded from her slit. Cruelly, Desireé removed her foot and relaxed, feeling Anoyk go berserk with hopes of freedom as he felt her release his tail, the black tailtip spun like a propellor and her belly shook and bulged as he fought desperately to escape. To her disappointment, he did not end up pulling himself in with his struggles, he was already so tightly crammed in that even with his slime he wouldn't slide deeper without help. Patting her belly Desireé clenched, her thigh muscles rippled and her rear legs squeezed together slightly as her vaginal muscles contracted, sucking the last of Anoyk inside, slurping down the last two feet like so much spaghetti. Her slit squelched shut behind the very tip, a mixture of his slime and her own internal lubricants oozing out of the slightly bulged lips before Anoyk's tailtip was drawn deeper, away from her entrance, and her slit returned to little more than a large black line, slightly bulged around the edges.

Desireé swooshed her tail from side to side, building momentum, rocking herself slightly before managing to tip herself onto her side. Deceptively powerful muscles and taunt skin and flesh kept her filled womb as a round orb. Squirming a little, she managed to get her feet beneath herself and stood, her belly definitely bigger, swaying a full foot lower, but remarkably compact considering what was now trapped within. She smiled and lifted a front paw to her face, licking it contentedly like a cat; the magnificent, ancient and powerful serpent Anoyk reduced to nothing more than a bulging belly and dildo for her sated sex. Desireé glanced down into the crater as her belly gurgled ominously and the struggles grew more desperate. She couldn't remember if she came on the meteor, or if the meteor woke her, but that wasn't important, she knew what she was supposed to do as a Gyphon, Anoyk had told her as much, and she decided not to. As soon as he had brushed her slit, she knew what she wanted and it wasn't to help the world. A few drips of sexual fluids dripped from her slit, burning green with desire, a glob landed on a small pebble, and it oozed over the rock, engulfing it in green fire. Anoyk's struggles grew slowly weaker as she padded gently towards the cave entrance, completely unhindered both by a suddenly gravid belly, and a twenty stone snake slowly being dissolved inside her. Standing in the entrance, tail swishing slowly in a wide arc as she surveyed the lake before her. Her whole body tingled pleasantly as her womb digested Anoyk, part of him being used to grow her body, much of him simply being turned into thick, gloopy femcum. In a final bid for freedom, his tail found the entrance and pushed, succeeding only in making a weak bulge in her belly just beneath her slit. Desireé didn't possess a cervix as many females of this planet did, according to that fleshy creature's mind - which she had begun to probe as soon as she awoke and felt his presence - her sex was much simpler, a small but stretchy, womblike sphere in her belly, connected to her slit by an equally stretchy tube, the tube could clamp down with bone crushing force, acting like a sphincter, keeping Anoyk trapped within.

She felt his struggles cease, as she fully processed him, growing taller and longer, and gaining a little bit of pudge. The remainder, turned into cum, sat wonderfully heavy in her middle, and she was stopped from simply crouching and rubbing her aching slit against the ground by a splash in the distance. Tempted by the lure of a new sextoy, she bounded forwards, diving into the water and swimming briskly towards the splash. Somehow already knowing she could breathe in this clear liquid, Desireé angled down and swam effortlessly beneath the waves, her body undulating from side to side - a tip she picked up from Anoyk's memories - as she sliced through the water. Shortly she sensed motion in the water of a large creature ahead, moments later, a large dark shape grew out of the gloom.

The dolphin had smelt her a mile away, or rather, smelt her sex - still oozing fluids slightly - curious, it began to swim towards her. Desireé's eyes widened at her luck, the creature was willingly coming closer. She stopped swimming, and relaxed, letting her body drift slowly through the water as the dolphin neared. A large bull, the dolphin was already fully erect from the enticing scent of her nethers and took little heed of her apparently pregnant state, or large stature in comparison to him. He swam about her, nuzzling and snuffling all over her body, seemingly taking quite a bit of pleasure rubbing his - nicely tubular, she noticed - nose between the two breast-like swellings between her front legs. He swam lower, rubbing himself cat-like over her large, soft belly, a dorsal fin causing her to caw gently as it dug particularly deep, squooshing the contents of her belly. He reached her slit and nuzzled around it, licking at the fluids that

had, seemingly hydrophobically, clung to her nethers.

Minutes passed, and Desireé grew more and more impatient, waiting for the dumb creature to push his nose between her lips, just one millimeter and she could take him, but he insisted on some kind of foreplay, nipping and licking at the soft yellow flesh around her slit; Desireé cawwed with impatience and curved her back, attempting to grab him with her tail, only to find the creature had - by luck or deceptive intelligence - placed himself in her reaches blind spot, her legs could not bend enough to grab him, especially not with the added blubber from Anoyk, and her tail was naturally too thick at the base to curve all the way round to her sex.

Pondering how to get this slippery, phallic creature inside herself, Desireé's eyes widened as a thought hit her. Her tail swayed, small currents rippling through the water as she built up momentum, slowly moving forward; as she expected the dolphin followed behind, now easily within reach of her tail, instincts told Desireé to simply grab him, but she realised even if she caught him, she couldn't feed him into herself. Instead she swam faster and faster, luring the smitten creature, intoxicated with her scent, faster and faster to keep up with her.

Suddenly, she arched her tail straight up, and threw her arms and legs out, causing her to spin slightly in the water, but the more profound, and desired, effect was a dramatic drop in her speed. The dolphin squeaked in surprise as the infatuating yellow thing before him suddenly grew much closer, unable to stop as she did, he managed to give one more pitiful squeak of panic before swimming, nose first, straight into her slit. Desireé's back arched and she cried out in lust as her sex, lubricated by water; Anoyk's slime and her own fluids, spread effortlessly around her would-be suitors snout. In moments the unlucky dolphin found himself blind and waist deep in something warm and constricting. Unable to think logically and realise what happened the dolphin could feel the sheer terror of being in such a strange environment. His snout was immersed in another, strange substance, very hot and cloying, it smothered his senses and made breathing difficult; when he opened his mouth to squeak for help, the stuff oozed thickly into his maw, although it tasted pleasant and sweet, the dolphin was too terrified to notice, he wiggled his fins and found them constricted, almost bound by the same tight, wet substance that squeezed around his head and upper body. His tail and - though he couldn't understand why - still erect penis felt like they were still surrounded by water, he experimentally waved his tail...and moved nowhere. Becoming increasingly panicked, both by his restricted movement and a strange tingling sensation on his snout, he bucked and squirmed, waving his tail powerfully and wriggling his dorsal fins, actions that usually propelled him at maximum speed through the water; now however, they moved him only a few millimeters forward, further into the tight, hot confines of this new world.

Desireé cawwed in pleasure and victory, surprised the maneuver had worked so well, the only reason he hadn't swum all the way straight through her vagina into her humid depths was because those three sticking out fins had slowed him down. Muffled squeaks resounded from her nethers, and she watched as his tail beat at the water, working himself a little deeper, probably the reverse of the desired effect she thought with a cruel smile, when he wriggled his fins at the same time, her sex reflexively clenched, sucking in a whole foot of the dolphin's smooth body, his hard fins rubbing and stretching her vagina wonderfully, cawwing, practically screaming her pleasure, she put her paws on her belly and rubbed the swollen dome as it bulged a little as the dolphin pushed deeper displacing some of the cum.

[Image on FA version]

Glancing down at her slit, stretched and bulging inwards this time - unable to pull back against her grip like Anoyk had, every movement only drove the dolphin a little deeper - she smiled, satisfied that this creature was already hers, and wriggled her tail, beginning to swim lazily through the water, drifting into the gloom with half a dolphin hanging from her voracious nethers. Desireé all but ignored the mammal slowly feeding himself - fully unwillingly, judging by the frantic squeaks - into her sex, the only acknowledgement of his existence in her dreamy expression and occasional bucks and caws of pleasure as she clenched, drawing in several inches at once, her belly now emitting muffled squelches as well as squeaks as his upper body is forced into her girlcum-filled womb. As she swam, she discovered a wealth of new information about the world from passing creatures, there were dozens of different creatures in this lake alone, and the fleshy pink voyeur from earlier was not alone, there were hundreds of them, so many the birds couldn't comprehend the number, and they called themselves 'heu-man'.

After a while Desireé noticed she hadn't felt the wonderful tugging, filling sensation as her nethers claimed a few more millimeters in several minutes, bending to peer at her groin, she saw her slit squeezed tightly around the circular base of his body, his large, jutting tail wiggled slightly, pressed tightly against her sex but too wide to simply slide inside. Muffled squeaks, much more pitiful and weak than at the beginning, came from the middle of her large belly, as the poor beast was forced to curl up in the confined space. Sighing Desireé stopped swimming, instead floating on the currents, and clenched, hard. The dolphin squeaked in pain and tried to writhe away, his back dorsal fin pushing up against her belly, bulging it visibly around the boney protuberance. Desireé's tongue lolled from her beak at the sight, and a rush of pleasure rippled through her body at the delicious stretched feeling (the gryphon version of an orgasm). His tail was pulled hard against her slit, but didn't slide inside. Her eyes narrowed, he would be her's. Desireé's rump wiggled in preparation, then she clenched as hard as she could, pulling him deeper with all her might, her back and tail arched and she let loose a great caw of lust as his tail pushed against her slit, pushing it inwards further and further until, finally, with a slick *squorch* her lips gave way, parting and swallowing the dolphins tail - and a large amount of water - whole.

She panted, satisfied, as her new victim was drawn entirely into her womb, the tight passage of muscle squeezing tight, trapping him inside. After more than two hours, she finally had a second meal, and her womb got to work on digesting the already softened dolphin who, too weak now to struggle, simply squeaked feebly, immersed in the hot cum-like product of his predecessor. Feeling the last of the dolphin worked away into her system she stretched, feeling the pleasurable tingle through her body as she grew again, to nearly fifteen feet long, and substantially fatter. Content with her new size, and the orgasmically delicious weight in her middle of two animals worth of girlcum Desireé swam on, searching for a new toy to feed into her dark 'cave'. As she swam, she wondered, and remembered how the dolphin moved, not by swaying like her, but beating its tail up and down. Curious, she attempts to mimic him; her first attempts are unsuccessful flailings, succeeding only in sending her spinning through the water. Eventually she mastered the 'up-down' motion and was rewarded with moving through the water, albeit slowly, beating her tail once more, Desireé was about to give it up as a useless skill, when she noticed a strange sensation, of water pressing harder beneath her tail, more importantly, against her slit. A devious thought sneaks into the horny females mind, she beats again, relaxing as she does, and is pleasantly rewarded with water being forced into her hungry sex, before being squished straight back out as she lifts her tail to beat again. Scowling, Desireé tries again, clenching after she feels cold water flood into her hot nethers, most is squished out again, but she manages to hold a litre or so inside, and delights in the cool rush that flows from her sex as the cold water is pushed into her womb, mingling with and cooling her steaming hot belly, before thickening and heating, slowly turning into just another glob of cum, trapped within her gravid body.

Learning extremely fast, Desireé practiced manipulating the muscles of her sex in time with beating her tail to swallow large amounts of water, 'gulping' water into her womb she grows ever so slightly with each swallow, as does her belly. Eager to try getting something a little more wriggly than water with her new found prowess, Desireé swims in no particular direction. Almost immediately she stumbles (or rather, swims) across a school of fish, easily one hundred strong. About a foot long each, fish are large by normal standards, but still not something Desireé would waste time with, even with her now nearly two foot long slit. Her eyes flash excitedly and she swims slowly into the school, careful not to spook them. She needn't have bothered, not recognising her as a shark or other predator, the fish completely ignore her. Swimming into their midst they barely move out of her way, and she is forced to nip several on the tail just to make them move - discovering they have a distinctly pleasant taste -. Surrounded by fish, brushing up against her sensitive, stretched belly and even against her slit, she can't help but shudder in pleasure and anticipation. Her mouth opens slightly into what can only be a smirk as she raises her tail slowly. Her eyes narrow suggestively and she brings it swooping down through the shoal, water forces her sex open, gaping it to a huge maw as it swallows fish and water alike. At the base of the swoop she pressed her thighs together, the motion squeezing her labia together, then she clenches, feeling the large body of water roll deeper as the fleshy sides of her sex come together. The water thickens into cum, and she feels wriggling in half a dozen different places in her belly as the fish struggle in the thick, hot gloop. It's much more difficult, but they can still swim through her cum it seems, as the delightful wiggling sensations move through her belly, occasionally pleasing her with a faint muffled thud as one swims into

the walls of her womb.

The shoal of fish panic, but instinct tells them to stick together, so Desireé soon finds herself completely surrounded by fish as they press together, pure instinct forcing them closer to the creature they just watched swallow half a dozen siblings and friends. Her tail lifts again, and she pauses at the apex, remembering the taste of the fish. Deciding to sate a far more natural hunger Desireé snaps her beak shut around the tail of a fish in front of her. Pulling her head back she drags the fish back, before opening her beak, jerking her head forwards birdlike, and snapping it shut - lightly - around the fish's middle, repeating the process, her beak snaps shut on water, sealing the fish inside her mouth, it's tail brushing the back of her throat, wriggling her head and tilting it upwards, the water in her mouth pours easily down her throat, the fish lasts a few seconds longer, before losing grip and slipping deeper into her throat, then, all the way in. A powerful gulp on Desireé's part drags the fish entirely from her mouth into her throat, where it is forced down the smooth, mucus-coated tunnel, not even bulging her thick neck, and finally deposited into the furnace of her stomach. Desireé snapped up several more fish in a similar manner, fish piling into her stomach, accompanied by enough water to dilute the acids to safe for quite awhile. The ones destined for her womb were not so lucky; as the lascivious gyphon swallows more fish, she repeats her vaginal 'gulping', sucking gallons of water and countless unfortunate fish into the sticky heat of her womb. In less than an hour the entire shoal of over one hundred fish are on the other side of Desireé's smooth yellow skin. Her belly, hugely swollen, is turning slightly iridescent, shimmering like spilt ochre oil in the muted light filtered from the surface, and has become very sensitive, causing her to groan every time a fish bumps into the fleshy walls of their new container, or whenever a paw or fattened thigh brushes the skin. In her belly, the fish are in a pitch black goldfish bowl, her belly stretched out by a few dozen gallons of water. Her stomach acids, though heavily diluted, are slowly bleaching their scales and the fish swim in their new constrained space, occasionally the walls ripple and gurgle and Desireé will belch up an air bubble or some water; the water is slowly absorbed and the stomach walls slowly shrink down, it will still be days before only the fish remain, and even longer before they are digested. Inside her womb the water has already been transformed and absorbed, the vast majority of the shoal wriggle and swim slowly through the sticky mire inside Desireé, the first fish are already nothing more than cum and a layer of fat on her thighs, and soon the others will join them. Sated and growing slowly, ever so slowly, Desireé swims deeper deeper and further into the gloomy waters.

A Year Passes

The man, a fisherman, has long forgotten that night one year ago, little more than a distant memory, although occasionally he still wakes in the middle of the night, soaked in sweat with a raging erection, horny and terrified at the same time with a vague inexplicable memory of strange, green fire. On the rare occasion someone mentions the strange disappearance of Anoyk, he will shiver and glance in the direction of Zlyptic Cove. Daily he sails into the colossal lake to fish, with increasingly few catches at the months draw on. It's becoming a point of worry for him and other fishers, and concern in general for everyone, for some reason, fish seem to be becoming increasingly scarce, shoals are the same size, if not bigger. But there just seem to be less shoals; for awhile, fishermen joked, blaming one another's lack of skill, but when even the whales sometimes seen began to grow rare, people started fretting.

Ten Years Later

The fisherman long ago had to give up fishing and work in the expanding metropolis when he could barely catch a fish a week, as a result, shipping vessels had grown stagnant, remaining as crude wooden sailing ships, while the world moved on.

Almost in sync with the fish vanishing, scientists started complaining the waterline was dropping, scientists blamed global warming, and others blamed god, but overall, there was little visible difference, so no one cared.

Seven years ago, the rims of sewage pipes became visible at low tide, and people were convinced; the water was receding.

Five years ago, the bottoms of the sewage pipes were visible at high tide, and people were very worried, the water was definitely receding. People tried desperately to discover what was happening, but crudely built submarines sent to explore either found nothing, or were never found, with the exception of the H.M.S Nautilus, which managed to send back a single, disturbing transmission.

H.M.S Nautilus, final transmission

Sound of Red Alert Siren

Cap'n - "We've found a [STATIC] it's [STATIC]"

Unknown Crew - "Sir we're trapped, [STATIC] run! [STATIC] GONNA DIE!"
[STATIC]

Cap'n - "Fire Torpedo's one through eight [STATIC] everything!"

Screaming

Unknown Crew - "Firing!"

Muffled explosions

Unknown Crew - "we [STATIC] close! Engines [STATIC] broken and water [STATIC]"

Unidentifiable Noise - "KKKAAAAAAAAAAWWWWRRR!!"

Cap'n - "I think [STATIC] least of our problems.."

Unknown Crew (interrupting) - "Captain! [STATIC] closer!"

Cap'n (over inter-com) - "Gentleman [STATIC] honour and [STATIC] privilege to [STATIC]"

Screaming

Unknown Crew - "oh god! is that a v-[STATIC]"

Unidentifiable Noise - "SHHLLUURRCKK, SQUUOORRCHH"
[STATIC]

- End of Transmission

The Nautilus was never recovered, but that chilling transmission prevented any further exploration, and so the small sea's surrounding cities, including the fisherman's, were forced to watch as the water slowly dwindled away, hearing of other strange disappearances of lighthouses, boats and other seaside buildings; and after a few more years, as the beaches extended further and the waterline was lost over the horizon. The cities simply turned their attention elsewhere, "there are dozens of other sea's, still full of fish" the people reasoned. The fisherman for the most part agreed, the lack of water disturbed him though, and he frequently visited the 'Edge' - where the ground drops sharply some fifty feet - just to stare at the expanse of earth, gazing out across the dead and dry sea.

Miles and miles away, in the middle of the dead sea an earthquake rumbles the earth, huge boulders are knocked loose, tumbling into a crevice near the epicentre.

Minutes pass.....

A titanic beak, the size of a boat, crests the rim of the abyss and caws, remarkably softly. Another rumble, and the beak rises, followed by a head and neck of increasing width. Two hand-like paws appear and grip the ground, ebony talons, twice as tall as a man dig deep into the parched earth as an increasingly wide body thrusts itself into the air. Desiree's huge belly looked far too huge to fit through the crack in the earth, but it easily squished and molded, virtually oozing up from the earth like so much treacle.

Dragging her huge bulk effortlessly back onto flat land, the gyphon rested atop her huge belly, licking her lips, having finally consumed the last of the water and deep sea creatures (some of them nearly as big as her) hiding in that abyss before crawling back up the mile deep crevice. She reminisces over her decade of sex fueled exploits, stuffing a sea of water and life into her belly, swallowing everything - one way, or the other - and more. Some of Desiree's favourites were, sadly in her eyes, the rarest. A strange, huge pink thing with a dozen limbs, lined with suction cups, had put up a very valiant fight. Even with it's main body already in her womb, her vaginal muscles crushing down on it's remarkably rubbery and boneless limbs, it hung on, limbs fixed fast to her hide for nearly two days. She only ever encountered three of them, and although each one prevented her feeding in her preferred manner - bar the second, which she swallowed orally - she relished the challenge. She had picked up new skills from the minds of her victims as she went, learning long ago how to leap from the water, snatching flappy creatures from the air - although Desiree rarely bothered, they were all but impossible to get into her slit, flapping away when she

gave them any leway.

The ecosystem - and sea - might have survived if Desireé was a little more like the other creatures. If waste left her body at the very least the sea could have lasted a few more years. If she wasn't so insatiable the life probably could have been sustained. But the potentially alien being lacked an anus or urethra, and from what she could determine, her stomach was the end of her digestive process. With the exception of the occasional bit of air or water released in a satisfied belch - to her shame she once belched so loosely a large, thirty foot long snake escaped.....nearly - nothing ever left her body. Looking up from her lamenting across the horizon, Desireé saw lights, and remembered a distant memory from long ago, of very intelligent - possibly her equal - pink fleshy creatures. Grinning her usual sadistly lustful grin, she cawwed softly and began to walk towards the lights. Her huge belly and thick tail dragged across the ground causing her pleasure matched only by trapping living things on the other side of her belly, she groaned lightly as she walked astonishingly lightly, given her size, without causing any noise or commotion.

The fisherman had gone down to the Edge again, sat a short way along from a now useless lighthouse, and spent several hours daydreaming about times gone past. A sharp gust of wind snapped him from his thoughts, opening his eyes he was stunned to see a huge eye staring at him over the rim of the Edge. The eye lifted into the air, followed by a wall of yellow. He jumped to his feet, running several hundred feet inland to get a better look.

As Desireé straightened and put her front paws on the fifty foot shelf, heaving a portion of her belly onto the shelf, the man almost fainted with shock. Blown up beyond all proportion, and no longer the lithe, muscular creature he watched use Anoyk as a dildo all those years ago, this was still that same creature, there was no mistaking her. Desireé recognised him too, she glanced briefly at the lighthouse - she had consumed several before, but only when she was smaller, the first time was glorious, at barely forty feet she had wriggled and squirmed, fitting the whole thing just barely inside, feeling the top push out against the back of her belly was glorious, and an accidentally shift to the side had torn the whole building from the ground, leaving the bricks and metal to clunk around inside her for weeks before fully digesting - before returning her gaze to him.

He didn't run, couldn't run, somehow he knew this day was coming, eleven years ago he knew he would see her again, and he knew if he ran he would just end up as one of the masses. Her head came down, rushing through almost two hundred feet of air to stop in front of him, her huge, black eyes examining him, the tip of her beak only feet away. He reached out, touching her beak with one hand, feeling the cool boney substance. Slowly, oh so slowly, her beak opened, and a pink, dexterous tongue crept out, he didn't run as the tip hooked under his legs, knocking him off balance and causing him to land on the warm wet muscle. As the tongue retreated with him back into the beak, he accepted his fate, reasoning "I tasted her all those years ago, I guess now, she gets to taste me"

Desireé hadn't eaten anything in awhile, so when she swallowed the familiar 'heu-man' he was treated to a slide down her skin-tight, constricting, pulsing mucus slicked throat, deposited into a tiny, unstretched stomach barely large enough for him. Inside he struggled to get some semblance of comfortable, her stomach muscles squeezed gently around him, coaxing him a little roughly into a foetal position, he tried to stretch out, hands squelching through thick liquid and pushing at incredibly soft, pliable walls, her stomach lining easily stretched beneath him, but always returned to it's original position as he moved his hands. In minutes he could no longer feel his hands or feet, and was thankful for the utter blackness within her. As the numbness crept up his legs, and his back began to tingle, the fisherman relaxed in the almost soothingly clenching stomach, and felt content for perhaps the first time in over a decade.

Desireé felt as though a small piece of herself had been returned, unable to describe how or why, she quickly shook the odd feeling and licked her beak. She had been right, 'heu-mans' taste glorious, and from what other creatures had told her, there were thousands of them, just waiting for her. She closed her eyes and wriggled happily, cawwing. Before moving, dragging her huge bulk pleasurable over the lip onto the original ground, and padded softly towards a...the man called it a 'sit-ee'. An apt name given what she will have to do to take it within herself...

[image on FA version]

