

The Ones You Wrote About

By the Court of Predators

The journeys between stars were never dull.

For all their power, they were still (barely) bound to the laws of physics, and they could not move faster than the speed of light. It took years, sometimes centuries, to fly from system to system. They did not mind. Sometimes they slept in each others' arms. Sometimes they talked about anything and nothing and everything, for months on end. Sometimes they made love, naked in the void of space with only the stars to watch them. It was more than enough simply to be together.

Still, it was always exciting when they got close enough to a civilisation to begin to understand its radio waves. They had felt the tickles of communication coming from this star cluster for centuries, but they had been too weak and distant until now, less than a light-year away. The two of them drifted, holding each other and letting the signals wash over them in a slow, perfect massage. Every electron that touched their utterly black fur vanished into them, never to escape.

"I've cracked their language, my love," Tenebrous said after a few weeks.

"Well done. I'm nearly done with decoding their image formatting." Gloam stroked her cheek. "Could you share what you've learned?"

She pulled him close and kissed him, passing the knowledge straight into his head. Instantly, the patterns of waves resolved themselves into letters and words. This species had an intriguing alphabet, fourteen vowels and eighteen consonants. It would likely sound quite musical, once they were able to decipher sound files. Text was enough to learn, however. And learn they did, gorging themselves on the echoes of the innocent world before them.

-the Royal and Precise Empire of Aonais is a spacefaring civilisation originating from the planet Aoni, comprised of two hundred colonised system- try these flowers for extra-colourful wings - space travel booms as terraforming of moon declared successful, but - each Ministry is headed by a member of the Royal Family, intended to represent the perfect equilibrium of Aonais society - how to keep your tail in perfect condition during the summer - shock today as the royal family's official spokesperson confirmed that due to an implant malfunction Queen Weia Firstborn is pregnant with an unintended twenty-seventh child, the first in history - top five tips for a successful flower-farm - why the Orchid Council should ban moon worship -

"Oh, they're precious." Gloam stared up ahead, at the tiny point of light they were speeding towards. He could see it growing with every second that passed. "We're going to have so much fun."

Tenebrous shivered with pleasure at the thought, cradling her husband as their bodies ravenously consumed information. Already, Gloam's arousal was rising, hot and firm against her thigh. She felt it as if it were her own, as to a degree it was. They shared all sensations, a strange quirk of their joining. Tenebrous smiled, and Gloam growled softly against her. They kissed again.

And then he tensed, cocking his head and extending one large arm to catch a particular wavelength. Tenebrous raised an eyebrow, but did not speak. It took several minutes until he found it again, and sent pulses down their tail to communicate the frequency of it to her. It was words, of course. Hidden on a small, quiet corner of the rapidly expanding map they were building of the Aonais' internet. Words arranged in a very, very unusual order.

"Who are you?" Aiesl whispered. But he knew. The enormous sinuous shape lowered her head, and a tongue as thick as his neck caressed him. He had never felt heat before this moment.

She growled like the earth ripping asunder, and pressed his soft little body against the mountain of her voluptuous curves, letting his wings flutter in pure terror. "I am your end, little one."

There was more. There was much, *much* more. Dozens of monsters, each one an avatar of gluttonous, blackhearted greed. Hundreds of innocents sacrificed to their desires, each one fleshed out with care to make their churning end a little more cruel. Across almost four million words written over a span of a mere few years, the same dance played out over and over and over. Fear. Despair. Hunger. Delight.

And all from the same source. An anonymous creator, who had not written a single word about their life beyond these lusts. Even the metadata of their computer use suggested they were bouncing every click across dozens of false servers and temporary IPs, shielding their real self as thickly as possible. All they had was a name, which Tenebrous had to admit was extremely well-suited.

Flutterslut.

"Really?" she said, reaching out in a playful attempt to caress the little cheek of their unseen quarry. "You're just begging for it, aren't you?"

"The closest thing this species ever had to a predator - the *Synia Ocelthryx* - went extinct three hundred million years before they evolved into a civilised species," Gloam murmured. "They've never known a world of dangers. And so this adorable little darling, this wonder, this *delight*, decides to *imagine their own*."

For a few moments, they flew in silence.

"We have to find them," Tenebrous said.

"We do."

"They hid themselves very well."

"They did."

Gloam reached out his hand as well, flexing his gravity to draw a few fleeting atoms of hydrogen into his grip. They tingled in his fingers as he swirled them around, before vanishing into his form. It did not satisfy. Nothing did. Nothing could. So he took Tenebrous in his arms, pressing her against himself and wrapping their tail around them.

"We'll find them."

"Yes," she whispered. "Yes, we will."

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"You can't! You can't do this! Please, p-please just stop!"

Mieil grabbed desperately at the thick heft of her colossal thighs, trying to hold on with all his might. They were gorgeously soft, and it made him whimper to think how many thousands of innocent people had made them so. But they provided a solid grip, slowing the pace of her gluttonously gulping sex for a few seconds. "Please, please, p-please," he whimpered. "I did e-everything you wanted! I'll d-do anything else! J-just please stop for one second and we can talk this out!"

Tyolia moaned, the sound running through her enormous body. Her loins began to gulp even more wetly and greedily, and his hands began to slip, no matter how desperately he held on. "Oh, my dear nectar. You can beg me harder than that. I'm going to]

Prince Qaion Twentyseventhborn paused, delicate fingers still on the keyboard, and leaned back in his sumptuous pilot's chair. What would Tyolia gloat about at this point?

He considered for a few minutes, absentmindedly running another deep-layer security scan of his system. It returned nothing, as usual. He tried to type a few more words, shook his head to the silent stars, and deleted them, then ran a check on his shrouding program again. He had written the code himself, basing it on a program gifted to him by his older sister, Princess Aorae Twentysecondborn, who was the head of the Empire's entire cybersecurity division. The shrouder was a word of art, ensuring that his data ran through a gauntlet of several hundred encrypters, decrypters, server bounces, and virtual private networks. The end result was that not even a military espionage team with twenty years on their hands would be able to track his words back to him.

After all, she had said to him, Qaion was a Prince. He was a full-blooded member of the ruling royal family of the Aonais Empire, generally considered the seventy-seventh most powerful civilisation in the known galaxy. And as everyone knew, in political terms the royal family practically *was* the Aonais Empire. Any Prince of the current ruling generation would be targeted by hackers, phishers and worse.

Even you, were the words she didn't need to say.

Qaion was the twenty-seventh and youngest child of the ninety-fourth generation of the Aioi dynasty. Each of his siblings had been born with a specific role in government in mind. Aorae Twentysecondborn headed the cybersecurity ministry. Others were in charge of the flower-farming industry, interstellar trade, the starfaring navy, espionage, manufacturing, diplomacy, and dozens more areas of vital importance to the existence of their civilisation. Through their hard work, society prospered, and billions of Aonais lived safe, comfortable and happy lives.

And then there was Qaion, the first twentyseventhborn in ninety-four generations of rule. His birth had been an accident, the result of a malfunction in one of his mother's implants. By the time he had been born, it had been agreed: there was no aspect of society for him to govern. To create a new Ministry purely to give him a role would be unimaginable, an insult to everything the Royal Family's dominance stood for. To make one of his siblings share their role would be worse. So Qaion grew up knowing that he would be a Prince in name only. He lived a life of bottomless luxury, every need and whim catered for, and with no duties to uphold and no expectations to live up to. He was entirely free, so long as he never, ever, ever tried to do or be anyone of significance.

The computer beeped, and he squeaked, startled out of his daydreams. The shrouding program was running well. His data was untrackable. His fantasies of towering voluptuous beasts remained hidden. Good. Now, about Tyolia...

This time he had a thread he liked, and spent the next hour contentedly writing her slow, decadent murder of the little morsel who had fallen into her clutches, pausing occasionally to stare out through the cockpit window. The stars twinkled softly back, beautiful even through multiple layers of hyperdense crystal armour. Qaion's personal spaceship was a light pleasure craft, agile and luxurious, mostly intended for surfing solar flares and interplanetary jumps. It was also as heavily armoured as a battlecruiser. The Aonais were very protective of their royals. It had taken two centuries of the space age before royals were even *allowed* to pilot their ships solo.

And thank moons for that. Qaion had named his ship the *Honeysuckle*, and it was his favourite place to write: private, secluded, and safe. He was a skilled pilot, but most of the time he just found a quiet corner of the solar system, set the autopilot to drift gently in the solar wind, and opened his little hidden folder of fantasies.

The light dwindled as Tyolia's ravenous body devoured his vision from either side, slowly, tauntingly sealing closed over his face. Mieil wailed, straining his hand out in a desperate attempt to touch the cool night air one last time. His fingers only met more steaming, squishing flesh. He bit back his sobs, and managed to speak. "I

Now it was Mieil's turn. What would his last unsmothered words be?

Qaion curled his luscious tail up between his legs, toying with it thoughtfully. He didn't bring prey characters back. Mieil belonged to Tyolia now. His fate would never, ever, ever change. But he had been adorable to write, so he deserved a memorable final appearance.

He tapped out a plea cut short, but it wasn't good enough. He tried a return to an earlier conversation the gigantic monster and the meek little slut had had, but it felt forced. The words refused to flow.

Oh well. He got up and stretched, fluttering wings stiff from sitting down for hours. He needed a break anyway. Even as he arched upwards on tiptoe, Qaion only just reached five feet in height, a little short for a male Aonais. The species was often compared to a hybrid of two creatures from a distant alien world: a fennec fox and a butterfly. The prince's head was topped by two large, fluffy ears, which would add another six inches to his height, and also two elegant golden antennae, which would add nearly a whole foot. His body was bipedal, with a slender, gently toned torso leading to lusciously plump, feminine hips and a voluptuous, soft rump which would have been perfectly sized on someone a foot taller than his waifish frame. His tail was an avalanche of fluff, longer than he was tall and tipped in glorious blue. From his back, two large, multicoloured gorgeous wings spread forth, silhouetting his body's fur patterns of cream, black and gold. They caused a slight breeze as they beat lazily in the warm air, enjoying the opportunity to flutter freely. Qaion took a long drink of nectar-infused water, looking out the window as he puzzled over his words.

Quietly, the stars flickered.

Qaion froze, mid-sip. There was no doubt about it. A point of light had been blocked, just for a second.

He must have imagined it. The chances of another ship obscuring the light just by chance were minuscule. He had chosen an isolated area deep in the 2nd asteroid belt, almost 1.2 billion miles from his system's sun. The spot was random, too far from the interplanetary jauntways for any other crafts to come within fifty million miles. No one should be here. No one *could* be here.

Unless they knew where "here" was.

The flicker happened again, this time across a small constellation, and this time it stayed. The patch of darkness was growing. Judging from the size, they might only be a hundred miles away.

He was deep in the heart of Aonais Empire space. Nothing could have evaded the security blockades without detection. It made no sense. And yet there they were. It couldn't be members of his personal staff, they would never dare to invade his privacy. None of his siblings even knew where he was. Who was this?

Without taking his eyes off the tiny spark of light, he reached down to open the Honeysuckle's communicator. No messages. No notifications. The shrouding program was still running. He hesitated, then switched to a frequency scanner which would detect any incoming wavelengths. Perhaps there was a communication he had mis-

The sound nearly blew his speakers apart, along with his eardrums. It was a roaring note so loud that it seemed like a physical wall smashing into him, so low that it made his slender bones vibrate like tuning forks. He squealed, recoiling and clapping his hands over his ears, which only meant that it continued. It was like listening to the sun. Qaion staggered forwards and fumbled desperately with the dial, trying to turn it off before it shook the entire ship apart. As his fingers slipped, the sound... changed, modulating its bellowing tone. It was not just a blast of raw energy, it was information. It was... a voice?

He slammed the volume down by a full twist and fell to his knees, panting. It was still loud, but not enough to nearly knock him out. There were no words, no tones. Just the rumble of pure electromagnetic energy turned to sound. But the cadence of it was... vocal. He was unmistakably listening to a mountainous, indecipherable language.

The sound stopped for a moment, before another, different, equally powerful cascade of noise rumbled forth. It was like hearing a conversation between earthquakes. He clung to the control console, trembling, and looked back up. The patch of darkness was bigger.

"H... honeysuckle," he stammered. "I... I think I'm under attack." The words didn't feel *real*. "Notify the Royal Guard and-"

The ship *groaned*, wobbling like a drop of dew in the morning breeze. For an instant, Qaion could have sworn he could see the walls and windows flex in front of him. The air seemed heavier in his lungs. Distantly, there was a crunch of collapsing metal. The overwhelming tones came again, both of them overlapping in a sonorous, rhythmic chorus. It sounded like... laughter.

"Broadcast antennae destroyed," his ship informed him pleasantly.

The second he had tried to cry for help, they had taken it away. Qaion hugged his tail, trembling with horror. "H...honeysuckle," he said, more urgently. "Set a course, maximum acceleration, heading, um, 135.63 degrees sunwise. R-right no-"

Another series of metallic screeches, another sense of weight. He slumped against the console, straining against artificial gravity which seemed to have tripled, quadrupled. He could feel his blood pooling in his paws... and then it vanished.

"Main thrusters destroyed. Auxiliary thrusters destroyed. Manoeuvring thrusters destroyed." As if recognising how bad this was, the ship flagged up a shot from the ship's exterior, showing what had happened in crisp billion-pixel detail. Qaion stared, his jaw falling open. His thrusters had not been blasted by laser fire or torn away by kinetic strikes, they had been flattened, crushed like a drinks can until they were nearly two-dimensional. No weapon in the known galaxy could do that.

He was paralysed, and silenced. He could not flee, or scream. All he had left was to fight. He took a breath, remembering the words his teachers had drilled into him during Royal security training. "Ac... activate Battle Protocol Ocelthryx. Override n-nine four two s-sev-"

This time he was almost ready for the screeching sound, and the dreadful sense of pressure. It still drove him to the ground, panting and gasping for breath. "All weapons destroyed," Honeysuckle said. Even it sounded shocked this time.

Qaion was completely defenceless. He staggered to his paws and, tail wafting with panic, looking around for some secret failsafe he had missed. It took a few moments of desperate searching before he realised that the unholy voices had faded away, and that his wings no longer felt the starlight on them.

Slowly, trembling, he turned and looked out the window.

They looked back.

It was not a ship. It was an impossibility. Two enormous shapes floated in the void of space, a mere few feet from the window. Each of them was easily twice his height, and far broader, their bodies powerful and softly curved, their hips nearly as wide as Qaion was tall. One was female, judging from the enormous breasts that splayed across her heavy paunch. The other was very, very male, his plush thighs spread around a pendulous sac which reached to his knees. His belly was dimpled by the pillar of his shaft, as thick as Qaion's waist. The glistening flesh was pure black, as was their fur. They were panthers, their feline muzzles curled in soft smiles, their ears twitching as he took a step back, as though they could hear him. Their eyes were a deep, molten orange. They were... enrapturing. And terrifying, in a way which was utterly new and yet inexplicably familiar.

Long seconds passed. Qaion was still frozen. The two panthers watched him, still smiling. Their tails coiled lazily in the vacuum. No, not tails. They had only one, an enormously long serpent of black fur which ran seamlessly from one huge rear to the other. It was far from the strangest thing about them, but it was so bizarre that he found himself trying to follow it several times

before their looming bodies drew his gaze back. They did not seem to mind his ogling, and let his gaze flicker over them in an increasingly panicked dance, patient as the stars behind them.

Finally, a few tiny words managed to creep from his lips, into the silent air.

"Wh... who are you?"

The male panther licked his lips, his black tongue glistening even though any water should have frozen instantly in the vacuum. The female reached out with a hand larger than Qaion's head, placing it on the window pane. A band of bright gold was wrapped around her enormous ring finger, the twin of one on the male's. She moved her mouth, and her deep, rich voice reverberated from all around him.

"Why, we're the ones you wrote about, little Qaion."

She flexed a single finger, and the window imploded. Six inches of industrial diamond shattered into dust like sugar-glass, and the barrier between the air and the vacuum beyond was broken. Qaion screamed, instinctively clutching at the pilot chair, but the expected rush of decompression never came. He could breathe, easily, and he wasn't so much as touched by the shards of the broken window. They were swirling around the two towering figures who floated out there in the darkness, like glittering planets orbiting two pitch-black suns. The male reached out, toying with them, while the female kept her hand up. He could see a faint shimmer around her palm, like a heat haze.

"That's better. We don't want you suffocating... yet. May we come in, Qaion?"

"Y...yet? You... what is this? Are you... are you kidnapping me?"

Both of them closed their eyes in perfect synchrony, a soft shudder running down the soft vastness of their bodies. The male spoke this time.

"Oh, Qaion. We decided to avoid listening to your voice files. We wanted to savour the moment we heard your voice for the first time. And it was worth it. You sound... beautiful." He extended a hand, and the female accepted it. The two of them descended, gently touching down on the floor of the ship, which groaned beneath them. The shimmering cloud of glass and air remained behind them. "I am Gloam. This is my lovely wife, Tenebrous. We're so, so, so pleased to meet you."

"And no. We're not kidnapping you," Tenebrous said, looking down at him from over her voluminous curves. He barely came up to her thighs. "A cute idea, but no. We have... mmm... other plans."

For a moment, they just stared at each other. Then Qaion's brain finally caught up with his ears.

The ones you wrote about.

He took a step back, his eyes widening. No. No. It was impossible that anyone, *anyone* in the entire *galaxy*, could have traced those writings back to him. And even if it was... even if they did... it was even more impossible that these two were anything like his stories. This was reality, not some obscene fantasy.

"I, um, I don't know what you're talking about. I... I don't w-write. " He shook his head.

"You're an adorably bad liar, little one," Gloam purred, taking a step around the side. He moved gracefully despite his size, and each step caused another metallic groan. It almost looked like he was leaving pawprints in the smooth polymer floor. Qaion swallowed, his tail curling up between his legs so he could clutch at it. He could almost feel his fear growing.

"N-no, really. I, um, I think you have the wrong person. I don't know anything about-"

"-being swallowed?" Tenebrous said, taking a step forward.

"Being crammed down inside the clenching, steaming body of a creature so, so much stronger than you?" Gloam said, reaching the other side of him. Qaion twisted to stare at him. It wasn't possible... it wasn't *possible*...

"Begging for mercy until your sobs overwhelm your pleas, and knowing all the while that it all only causes more pleasure for your murderer?" Tenebrous said, her eyes glowing like lanterns in her dark face.

"Staring at the soft, weighty mountains of a monster's gorgeous body, and knowing that it's all people, *millions* of them, and wondering how much you'll add to it?" Gloam said, leaning down so that his hot breath tickled Qaion's wings.

"And... oh, so much more," Tenebrous said. They were so close now that either of them could have reached out and grabbed him. But they did not. "You thought about almost everything, didn't you, Qaion? Such detailed fantasies. Such wonderfully decadent sadistic horrors."

The way they spoke. The gentle, confident, tender tones in both mountainous voices. The slow dance, where every step - oh moons, they actually *had* crushed the imprint of their enormous paws into the floor - took them closer to their victim. The looks in their burning orange eyes. The smiles on their faces, born of pure delight and anticipation, without a hint of mercy. Qaion's head snapped back and forth, staring up at them, his mouth slowly falling open. He knew every move they made. He had spent thousands of hours cataloguing each one.

But he had never, ever, ever believed that such things could exist outside of his head.

"That... t-that's not... possible... You... you're just t-trying to intimidate m-me," he mumbled, unable to believe his own words. In comparison to their rich voices, his own sounded feeble and piteous. "You're... pirates, or mercenaries, o-or something. Look, I d-don't know a-any state secrets, and my f-family will pay a lot for me unharmed. W-why don't you jus-"

His feet left the ground, pulled upwards by an utterly irresistible force. He had a second to squeal, wings attempting to flap, and then the two panthers stepped forward and buried him between them.

"The sooner you stop trying to deny it, Qaion dearest, the sooner we can have a proper conversation," Gloam purred. "You feel... heavenly."

Qaion wanted to reply, but all that came was a smothered, choked whimper. He was sandwiched between Tenebrous' enormous breasts and Gloam's weighty belly, and both of them were the softest, silkiest *densest* things he had ever felt. It baffled his senses. His shocked squirms pressed easily into soft black fur and *deep* layers of heavy pudge and yet somehow every time he squished his fingers in, it felt like he was struggling against a mountain. He had the distinct, horrible sense that their bodies were *letting* him deform them, like solid steel remoulding itself around his body to cradle it gently with every movement he made. It was luxurious, and terrifying. He remembered the footprints Gloam had left in the floor. They were heavy. Very, very, very, very heavy.

"What... what the m-moons are you?"

"Better." Tenebrous reached out with both hands, running them up and down the edges of Qaion's wings, right where they were most sensitive. It felt like traces of fire running up and down his spine, and he gasped, bucking his hips reflexively. She chuckled, grinding her soft stomach back against him. "We told you, Qaion. We're the monsters you wrote about. Well, I don't mean we came into being because of your fantasies. I mean we found you through them. You were so very inventive in creating these huge hungry predators, weren't you? But to us... it was like looking in a mirror."

"B-but... they were... I wasn't... I didn't think any of i-it was real! It was just... I... was... p-please, I-"

Gloam reached around, smothering his pleas with an enormous hand. "Hush, Qaion dearest. You don't need to be embarrassed. You liked it. You wanted to be adored, abused, and annihilated. There's a lot of information about you out there on your internet, Qaion. Did you know your unofficial fan page on Starwatch is the third largest of all royal blogs? Mystery is attractive to people, and such a pretty little not-prince, so desperate to be valued... it's delicious. But enough about you. As for us... would you like to do the honours of explaining, wife dearest?" He gently turned Qaion around, forcing him to face the orange glow of Tenebrous' eyes, and placed his chin on his head. Qaion whimpered.

"H... honours? I k-know I'm a Prince, but this is- p-please, I d-don't need any honours!"

"But you want them. Normally we like to cultivate a sense of mystery as to who we are, Qaion. It's fun being cosmic horrors, after all. But you've spent so much time fantasising about things like us that we agreed: you get the full story. You're very, very special like that. We haven't told this tale to anyone else in the universe... but then again, we haven't met anyone in the universe quite like you."

Qaion felt his ears grow hot, and his antennae glowed faintly. He tried to hide it with a desperate attempt for freedom, which failed completely. "T-that... I... I don't... need to know... that..."

"Oh, but you do," Gloam whispered from behind. "I can see it in you, dearest. We could leave right now and never return and you'd spend the rest of your days having lustful nightmares about us. You're obsessed, already. You crave to know more. Even when you know how horrifying it will be."

And it was true. How did they know him so well? Qaion felt a lifetime of secrecy torn apart by the tender words, but all it caused was more desperate curiosity. And terror. A lot of terror.

"Settle down, dearest. It's a longer tale than the history of your species. We are Solara, Qaion. I don't think your civilisation has discovered our kind yet. The ones who have often call us... star gods, which is fun." Gloam rumbled, his throat vibrating against the back of Qaion's head. Tenebrous winked at him, then returned her searing gaze to her captive audience. "We are beings of pure energy, and we live in stars. The egg of a Solara flies through space for aeons, blindly seeking the heat of solar fusion and only once they have plunged into the star's molten heart does the newborn hatch. As they grow, they attune themselves to their star, becoming one with it, and leaving only once, briefly, to mate."

Qaion's frightened gaze flickered from the stars outside, through the shimmering bubble of atmosphere, and then back to her. Tenebrous shrugged, her cleavage wobbling around him. "Well, we're special cases. By a truly impossible coincidence, Gloam and I hatched from different parents, at the same time, in two stars of a binary system. Orbiting barely a million miles from each other. Normally, even a child Solara would destroy any other which dares enter its territory. We're not a very social species. But us... we never knew anything different. We were always there for each other. Always. We fell in love within a mere million years."

"M... million... years..."

"Yes, Qaion. That's nothing compared to how long we've been together, or even how long we've been... our new selves. We're *old*. And our desires have only grown with age." She leaned over, kissing him on the forehead, and Gloam met her lips, the two of them submerging Qaion in soft, heavy heat. For what felt like an eternity, the world was soft and dark and hot. He could not breathe. This time he was certain of it, they were much, much, much heavier than they were

pretending to be. The weight should have pulverised him, and yet it did not. Was this how they survived within stars?

The two drew back, again in unison, and this time he was permitted to gasp for air. Gloam began to nibble tenderly on his ears, his teeth terrifyingly sharp but so gentle. Tenebrous stroked his cheek. "Ssssh. Breathe, dearest."

"I can't! You're t-too hot... t-too tight..."

"We're hiding our heat from you, just like we hide our weight," Gloam murmured wetly into his ear. "It's all a matter of gravity. So yes, we could be a little cooler and gentler with you. We could be light as feathers. But we won't. We just like how you weaken."

"P-please... I... I-look, if you... if you really d-do live in stars... I... w-what c-could you possibly want with me?!"

"Oh, we don't live there anymore." Tenebrous steepled her fingers over her colossal breasts. "You see, as Gloam and I grew up together, sharing our stars with each other, we attuned to them. We learned to understand the raging torrents of energy within them, as though they were part of our bodies. They were huge stars, young and healthy, just like us. They would have burned for eight billion years more before expanding into red hypergiants, and beloved Gloam and I would have spent every second of that time together."

Qaion swallowed. Gloam had now suckled both of his ears entirely into the slick, steaming cavern of his mouth, and his dark tongue lazily folded his antennae in as well. It was unbearably sensual. "W... what do you mean, would have?"

For the first time since they had met, the blazing orange of her eyes dimmed a little. "They collapsed. Both of them, simultaneously. No warning, no clues. To this day, we do not know why. There was a pulse of curious gravitational energy, and then.... crunch." She *squeezed* him closer, and again he felt a hint of her true weight. Mountains were not enough to describe it. She might be heavier than his home planet. Which meant...

"Oh, yes. Do you know what happens when a large star collapses?" Gloam purred. But Qaion had already guessed. He tried to squirm away, but that only buried him deeper in the heavy heat behind him.

"It... i-it becomes a... black hole."

"It does. And so did we. Our bodies and souls alike were crushed down to an infinitely small point, our very reality bent into shapes your language cannot describe. It was dark. Slow. Heavy. And worse, we did not even have each other, for we were spending some time apart when it happened. Two black holes orbited just as slowly and endlessly as the stars they had been, and

inside them, Gloam and I called each other's names, over and over and over." She shivered, her smile slipping, and Gloam put his hand on her cheek.

"Yet we survived," he intoned. Tenebrous' smile returned.

"To this day, we don't truly know how. And we've eaten a *lot* of astrophysicists. Gloam believes we merged with our homes on a truly cosmic level, absorbing their nature into ourselves. I think we simply tapped into some form of rapid evolution to our new environment - Solara are *very* adaptable creatures - and became like them to survive. But it doesn't matter. Yes, we survived. On the very edge of oblivion, trapped, suffering, and *alone*."

For a long moment, they were silent. Qaion could see it. Two orbs of darkness slowly twirling around each other in stately silence, each one screaming silently for the other. He trembled.

"And over aeons - or perhaps just seconds, time was... strange in there - we pulled towards each other. With all our heart. Nothing else mattered. Nothing but our Want. And oh, so, so slowly, taking nearly two and a half million years, we shifted the orbits of our prisons, using our sheer will and our gravity to drag the trillion-trillion-trillion tonne weight. Inch by inch, the two black holes began to drift towards each other. It was so, so slow. It was agony. But there is no patience like love."

Her eyes slipped up to meet her husband's. A flicker passed between them, before their gazes returned to Qaion. He felt his eyes watering.

"And finally, after aeons apart, we collided, our homes melding into one another. When black holes meet the result is an implosion so vast you can measure the shockwaves through reality. That was our chance. We joined our power, and it was enough. We escaped. Together. Together we have been, ever since. We could not go back to our homes, lest they trap us again. And when we tried to find a new star to inhabit, we... well, we ate it." She smirked. "We are as dense as black holes, too. Everything you see and feel is our event horizon. Unless we control our own gravity, we consume everything we touch."

She giggled, her fingers tickling his nose. Again there was that sense of *heaviness*, and now Qaion knew why. He whimpered, trying to avoid her fingers. They might have weighed more than his whole planet, and yet they stroked him as tenderly as ever. "So we explore the cosmos instead. We keep our gravity from crushing the planets we walk on, or pulling the sun towards our maws, and we meet people. Fascinating, beautiful people."

"People like you," Gloam added.

Qaion swallowed. "A-and... when you meet them..."

Tenebrous smiled gently. "Black holes are hungry, dearest. Not even suns satisfy us. We gave up on ever, ever being full a long, long time ago. But a remarkable, innocent, delightful little soul

like you... oh, you're sweeter than a whole solar system. Much, much, *much* more fun." She licked her lips slowly, black tongue glistening. Qaion's felt like her words were as heavy as her fingers. Gloam began suckling on his ear again.

"You're going to die inside us," he whispered, voice low and loving despite the obscene slurping noises. "We've been fantasising about murdering you ever since we first read a single word you wrote. And the best part of it, the part which is better than we could have hoped, is that *you're getting off on it.*"

And he was right. Qaion had not even noticed. But every word had plunged him deeper into his terror, and somehow, it had fed directly into his desire. His shaft was fully erect, pulsing thick as his arm and long enough to nearly reach his sternum. His balls, each weighty as a ripe melon, quivered eagerly against Tenebrous' paunch. Aonais were well endowed by the standards of species of the galaxy, and Qaion was very well endowed by the standards of an Aonais. But he could not believe he was being turned on by this.

Gloam's hand burrowed into the soft heft of his belly, gripping Qaion's hips and fondling between them, his fingers trailing that sense of weight across the butterfennec's cock. It felt so good, and before Qaion could stop himself he moaned, a soft, whimpering wail of pleasure. The panther growled.

"Good little dearest. You can't wait for us to melt you, can you?"

"N-no, no, wait, it- I'm not- this- I don't w-w-want this! Please-ohhh..."

Tenebrous reached down as well, caressing his heavy sac as Gloam continued rubbing him. Qaion plunged his own hands to stop her, but he might as well have tried to stop the world from turning. Her touch was so delicate, so skilled, like she could see his individual nerves and tease each one of them into a firestorm. He groaned, tears leaking from his eyes.

"P-please... stop... stop... f-fuck..."

But they didn't. They continued pleasuring him, and with their free arms, the two panthers reached around, grasping at each other's voluptuous frames. Tenebrous gave a growl in the same unholy language of pure *force* as before and shoved forwards, crushing the little creature between her and her husband. Gloam yielded gracefully, collapsing against Qaion's pilot chair and crushing it to an unidentifiable ruin beneath his hips. They kissed, and Qaion's head was between their lips. Two enormous maws smothered his skull completely, trapping him in the wet, dark heat within. He screamed claustrophobically, crying with panic, trying desperately to part their lips, but there was no shifting the weight. Their huge, hot, slick tongues entwined around his face, teasing the tears from his eyes and savouring his open mouth. He was going to asphyxiate, kissed to death between his loving murderers. And that thought was only making him more aroused. His fear and his lust entwined just as the beasts' tongues did, driving each other to new heights of despair and desire. He screamed again, his desperate squirming

bucking his soft, feminine hips against the black oceans of star-weighted pudge, ploughing his shaft into the squishing masses before him. It was unbearable. It was heaven smothered in hell.

And just as he came close to annihilation, they stepped away from each other, lowering him to the ground. Qaion stumbled back, still trembling with unsatisfied desire, and collided with the pitch-black monolith of Gloam's shaft, thicker than his waist. It was drooling, pearlescent globs of lust as big as his fist dribbling from the tip. One collided with his upturned face, splattering across it. It was molten hot, and the taste sweeter than any nectar he'd ever tasted in his life. It was so dense that he could barely keep his head upraised under its weight. He wriggled forwards, trying ineffectually to wipe it off, and collided with Tenebrous's massive thighs, sinking several inches into their soft, perfect surface. The titans laughed softly, but they did not stop him as he squirmed free and began to run down the corridor, away from their terrible heat and their obscene girth.

Honeysuckle had three escape pods. Qaion had never thought he'd need to use one. But the panthers had destroyed his engines, which suggested that they were concerned might be able to outrun them. If he could just get to the pods, perhaps he might have a chance.

Those were his surface thoughts. Below them were other thoughts. *Do I think they would have let me run if there was the slightest hope you could escape? Would Tyolia have done that? Would any predator?*

They're black holes. Living black holes. Literally the most inescapable things in the universe. Oh moons. Oh fucking moons.

*How the flowering **fuck** am I still so turned on?*

He staggered on, starting to cry, his arousal bouncing uncomfortably between his plush thighs. Honeysuckle was not a large ship, built around a central corridor with a few small rooms branching off. The escape pods were towards the back. From behind, he heard Tenebrous murmur something to Gloam, and a heavy crumpling crunch as something was obliterated by their dreadful curves, but he didn't dare turn. The voluptuous forms might transfix him with terror again. He was getting close. Just a bit further up-

Up? Qaion stumbled, tail swishing desperately for balance. The ship's artificial gravity was breaking down. The corridor was sloping, more and more, and his delicate form was feeling heavy. He took another few steps, gripping onto a nearby ornament for balance. The slope was close to forty-five degrees now. What was this?

Before he could stop himself, he flashed a glance behind him. He froze, even as his paws temporarily left the ground under the pull.

Tenebrous sat in the doorway, her huge legs splayed on either side of it. Between her thighs was the final apocalyptic vision of this wet-nightmare-made flesh. Her sex was enormous, the

lips thick and plump as Qaion's leg, the gooey chasm between them wide enough to swallow his entire head... and from the rippling, squelching flexes it was already making, it would not stop there. She was leant back against Gloam, who lapped adoringly at her neck, one hand fondling her massive breasts. The other was raised, lazily shaping the immense forces of their bodies to pull Qaion right towards them. It was not telekinesis, but simple gravity. Both of them were staring directly at Qaion, their orange eyes hotter than furnaces. Both were smiling, white teeth bright against their black fur.

And just like that, the concept of "down" flipped. The corridor was no more. Qaion was now hanging on for dear life in an elevator shaft, leading down towards the black bodies below. As the pull increased, his fingers began to slip.

"Y-you're k-kidding," he mumbled, trying to brace his legs against the wall. Already the gravity was more than twice normal, and his arms were burning. "This isn't r-real. This is just s-some dream. I'm g-going to wake up and I won't even r-r-remember any of this."

"Really, dearest?" Tenebrous purred, and somehow her molten voice seemed to be coming from right next to his ear. "Back to disbelieving, are you? Come down here, Qaion. We're going to *melt* you." She beckoned with one hand, lazily stroking her quivering sexlips. Gloam growled, and leaned forwards, suckling at her heavy breasts. Qaion felt his erection throbbing in sync. It wasn't a dream. It had to be... but it wasn't. And he was barely hanging on now.

"Please... *please*... y-you... you I-liked my stories, right?" His paws slipped, and he whimpered, wings beginning to beat furiously. He was a skilled flier, but against a force two, three, four times his planet's gravity, he would barely be able to slow his fall. The colourful flutters did little more than exhaust him. There was only down, towards the suckling abyss of that snatch. "I- I can write m-more. I'll w-write about you! A-all your a-adventures, all your... c-conquests... all your I-love for each other, PLEASE JUST STOP!"

Gloam shuddered, licking his lips as he looked up from a swollen areola. Tenebrous kissed the underside of his chin as he spoke. "Tempting. But we wouldn't want to deny you the chance to experience the terror and despair you desire."

"And besides," Tenebrous added, "we'd rather write one last story with you instead. The tale of Prince Qaion's end, in our churning black insides."

"Y-you're monsters," Qaion whispered. "Y-you're fucking *monsters*."

"I thought you liked monsters, little wordslut," Tenebrous whispered back. "So come on. Come here, and get as much of us as you'll ever, ever, *ever* want." She reached up with both hands in a greedy, grasping gesture, and clenched her fingers. The force of their *pull* doubled, tripled. With a hideous crack, the handle Qaion was clinging onto collapsed, and he fell.

His wings slowed it, but only barely. The corridor of his beloved ship became a blur, and the black shapes below loomed larger and larger. Qaion fluttered in a frenzy, snatching at doorways and shelves as he went past, a full-throated scream of terror finally pouring free from his throat. But it was hopeless. With a sound so obscenely wet and hungry it defied description, he landed paws first, directly between Tenebrous' thickly padded thighs, in the gooey, suckling gash of her sexlips.

It was a nuclear furnace. It was the heart of a neutron star. It was smooth enough to devour friction itself and soft enough to be a new state of matter. In that first dreadful moment, Qaion was certain that he was going to die instantly. The heat was an imploding nuclear furnace. The weight was a billion billion tonnes. His bones would become dust, his blood would be flashboiled to plasma. She was going to obliterate his body on a subatomic level.

And yet, as he was forced to a squelching stop by his wide, trembling hips, he realised that it didn't even hurt. Tenebrous was holding her impossible body back from annihilating him, just as she had before. But from inside, there was no pretending. He could feel the luxurious squishing walls of her loins as they suckled greedily at him, and they were heavier than planets, hotter than stars. It should have been agony. Instead, it was just pure *sensation*, enough that he screamed in terror and nearly came on the spot. His legs were gone, devoured by the black maw of her sexlips, and as he tried to kick and push his way out, he squelched his questing toes through an infinity of ebony flesh. It felt unfathomable.

But Qaion didn't escape. The weight made sure of that. He grabbed at the great hill of her thighs, trembling and straining, and somehow he could tell that not a single atom had escaped the slick dark lips.

"This is our event horizon, little flutterslut," Tenebrous cooed. She stroked his wings, caressing their sensitive surface, and his wail turned to gasps and moans. "The point beyond which nothing escapes. I'm not even sure we could pull you back out. We've never tried."

Gloam moved around to the front, lazily stroking his monolithic shaft. "You really are everything we dreamed of. So sweet, so squirmy. Your tail is still trying to fluff up in panic, isn't it? It tickles her walls so well. Such a pleasure." He held Qaion's chin up, forcing him to meet his eyes. "Is it everything you dreamed of too?"

"H-how... how do you even k-know how I f-feel in her?"

"We share everything, dearest," Tenebrous purred from behind, her voice heavy and soft with pleasure. "When we broke free of our prison together, we were joined. Perhaps you noticed our tail?" She raised her hand up, grasping a handful of the tree trunk-thick mass of the shared tail. "We are connected completely. It keeps us together, and it also means each of us feels every sensation of the other. Keep gasping for breath, little light. Your mouth is going to feel perfect on my husband's cock."

Qaion's eyes widened, staring at the swollen mountain of glistening black arousal before him. It was nearly as wide as his waist. He couldn't even open his jaws wide enough for it, let alone his throat. "Y-you can't be serious," he whispered. "P-please, no, no, I- I haven't - I don't want this. I don't want this! Please, PLEASE!"

"We know, dearest," Gloam whispered. "That's the pleasure of it." He thrust his hips forwards, jamming the tip of his drooling, pulsing member into the butterfennec's open, pleading mouth.

Sure enough, it did not fit. Instead, it lazily smothered every single millimetre of open space in his mouth with steaming-hot, impossibly-heavy black flesh, burying his tongue, pushing his lips back to their limits, and plugging the entrance to his throat completely. The complete suffocation was terrifying. And the panther kept going, pushing further forwards, forcibly showing the soft, curvaceous body of his prey deeper into his wife's swollen sex. Qaion tried to scream, but the sound came as a weak, gurgling whimper, vibrating his slender muzzle around the monstrous cock dominating it. He tried to squirm around and only succeeded in grinding his fat ass against the squishing walls of Tenebrous' gluttonous cunt. The panthers moaned again, deep as the darkest oceans, perfectly in unison.

"Oh, you're so fucking good. Harder, slut." Tenebrous clenched her thighs greedily, swallowing in a suckling squelch that devoured Qaion's plush hips completely. He sank half a foot into her, the dreadful heaviness smothering more and more of him. He screamed again, and again only managed a moaning sob, for Gloam had moved forwards in synch to thrust his shaft deeper, prising Qaion's jaws apart to an impossible degree to fit more of himself inside. His throat trembled weakly, and then spread, forced apart to an impossible degree. He should have split in half, and it felt like he was. But Gloam's huge hand was on his head, and Qaion could feel the tingling heat of the star god's power running through his body. Compared to the impossible weight of these two, most beings in the universe must be as fragile as a gossamer wing. Of course they'd learned how to stop their toys from breaking too early.

Without a word, the two monsters began to work together to claim their prey. Gloam thrust forwards, his heavy hips squishing and wobbling, his paunch filling Qaion's tear-stained vision, and just as he shoved, Tenebrous gulped, her ravenous loins devouring her prey's throbbing shaft and swollen sac with a mountainous snarl of delight. Steadily they built up a rhythm, humping and swallowing in unison, each obscene squelch signalling another few inches of Qaion's body devoured.

He tried to grab at Tenebrous' thighs, feeling the dreadful *dense* softness within them, and found that no matter how desperately he gripped at the thick, malleable fat of her body, her suckling slurping cunt was hungrier. He tried to push Gloam's cannon-like cock away, hands pressing desperately at the pulsing black surface of his shaft, but nothing could stop those godlike thrusts. He tried to scream again, a feeble plea for help which broke down as Gloam's shaft stretched his gullet out again, and his belly was gulped up by Tenebrous' suckling snatch. His arousal pressed against his stomach, smothered by the impossible weight of her sexlips, and the pleasure was white hot. Before Qaion could stop himself, he was bucking as well, crying

with anguish and lust as he felt Gloam's shaft sink deeper into him, and sink him deeper, with every hump.

"You just can't resist us, can you?" Tenebrous reached forwards, caressing his skull. "The feeling's mutual, dearest." She flexed her loins, slurping him inside up to his chest with a dreadful squelching suckle, and Qaion screamed, the sound muffled by Gloam's shaft. His vision was hemmed in now, by two black cliffs of Tenebrous' vast thighs. In front of him was the edifice of Gloam's body, colossal hips rolling in lustful, patient humps. He could see nothing but the two of them, all around. And with every squelching swallow more of his body was submerged in the impossible reality of Tenebrous' loins, and the black softness of their bodies swallowed up more of his sight.

"It's not fair," he tried to say around the massive shaft. It came out as a weak gurgling noise. Gloam shuddered at the sensations of lips and tongue on his glans, reaching out to wrap his fingers around his wife's, caressing Qaion's face as well. His vision was nearly smothered by the suckling darkness.

"No, it's not," he purred. "You'd need to be several million times stronger to resist me, dearest. As a matter of fact, we didn't even realise other life forms existed until we started exploring, let alone how soft and weak and delicious they were. None of this is fair. Isn't it exquisite?"

Of course they could understand Qaion perfectly. He coughed feebly as another thrust threatened to split his throat.

"N-no..." Qaion mumbled. "I m-mean... it's n-not fair... you c-came for me... for wh-what I wrote. It... it was fantasy. It was never... never meant to happen. I n-never asked for it to be r-r-rea-"

Tenebrous caressed his shoulders with both hands, and then shoved, moaning with delight as she crammed him inside. Qaion screamed, and Gloam buried his shaft in his mouth, shoving him in up to his neck. He reached down to the pushing, squirming arms, gently but inexorably beginning to feed them into the dribbling lips. Qaion struggled harder than he ever had before, and it meant nothing at all. He screamed, and this time he couldn't even get the slightest breath of all out. Tenebrous' sex tickled his ears as it nibbled on them and devoured them. He could see her belly bulging overhead where his body had been forced to bend and contort, a teardrop swell near the bottom of her considerable paunch. That was his life. About to end.

"Qaion, dearest, slut," Tenebrous said. "We know you didn't ask for us. We're not here to provide divine justice for your lusts. We're here because we thought you'd be delicious. And terrified. And aroused. And we wanted to taste all of it as you sank into us." She clenched something inside her, and the smothering weight of her cunt squeezed Qaion's pulsing shaft so perfectly that he nearly came on the spot. His arms were buried inside now, and he couldn't stop them from reaching for his loins, stroking himself as he screamed in despair. One of his ears vanished into the rippling maw of her sex, and the sound of her guts battered him, an unending

roar of cosmic gluttony and carnal desire which should have shaken his atoms apart, but did not. Because they wanted him to squirm.

"B-but... I... I don't want to..." he whimpered, bitterly aware of how stupid it sounded. Where were the good last words he always tried to give the prey characters he wrote? But it was true. He didn't want to. He didn't want to, so hard that it was all he could say as Gloam tenderly pulled his colossal hips back, dislodging his shaft from the butterfennec's mouth for the first time. He kept stroking it with one hand, keeping it close to the edge. The other reached out, lovingly stroking Qaion's ears and then folding them tenderly into the squelching black abyss of Tenebrous' cunt. Qaion tried to flinch away from it, but he had nowhere to go. The dark flesh began to suckle down over his brow.

"We always enjoyed the care you took with last words, dearest," Gloam said, leaning down so that his face was mere inches away. His gaze was unblinking, and his breath was odourless and hot as solar flares. "In every story you wrote. I'm guessing you're trying to think of your own now?"

Qaion nodded before he could stop himself. Tears mingled with the slowly gushing fluids pouring out around him. Gloam smiled, his teeth perfectly white. "It's so precious. You never even considered that you might have to, did you?"

"N-no," Qaion whispered. His jaw was so sore he could barely feel his mouth moving, but he didn't care. "No, I n-never dreamed of it. Please, please, please, just d-don't do this. I want to live, I want i-it so badly. I- I can't even think of a-anything good t-to say! They... they always took so l-long to think of when I w-was writing, and- and now I- I- I can't think of any other than... this. I-I'm sorry. Just... *please!*"

Gloam leaned closer, and licked his nose with a tongue as heavy as a country. Hot saliva flooded and mixed with the tears and pleasure-fluids. From above, Tenebrous reached down and stroked the two of them, moaning softly. "That's okay, dearest. The truth is, it's not your pleas we'll remember when you're on my curves."

"It's your everything," Gloam said. "Every word, every squirm, every pound. Every part of you. Because that's what we're taking from you. Everything. *Everything*. He licked Qaion again, pushing him deeper into Tenebrous' sex, and the gooey squelching darkness nearly swallowed his vision completely. "And in return, you get to be part of us, soft and wobbling forever, until we've suckled every last star and every last species in the universe into our maws. It's not a fair exchange. Not at all."

The last thing Qaion saw was Tenebrous' finger reaching down to tease his nose, and then she pushed him, just gently. With a wet, sordid gulp, his eyes were devoured, and only infinite darkness remained. He felt Gloam's huge tongue lap at his trembling mouth once more.

"But that's how you like it, isn't it?" Tenebrous said, her voice pulsing from the tight crushing walls all around. "No escape. No hope. Nothing but us. Goodbye, Qaion."

With a sound like a planet falling into the abyss, she gulped, and the lips of her sex sealed over his screaming muzzle. There was nothing but the weight, the heat, and the darkness, all of them lethal, none of them killing him. And yet he could feel himself sinking deeper into her squishing, soft depths, the outside world slurped further away with every gulp. Gone.

Qaion screamed in misery, and climaxed so intensely he thought it was giving him a heart attack. His hands found his fountaining shaft unbidden, holding it steady as he thrust into the pillowy walls all around, knowing how easily they could crush him. He moaned, over and over, the sound lost in the infinite insides of the towering felines. Thick, rich pleasure gushed from his cock, splattering white across the black of their insides, but he could not see it. The searing pleasure poured through him, washing away his hope, his love, his desires. Nothing was left but these two monsters. He wept as he pleased himself, and his devourers, for long, blissful, agonising moments, and collapsed, spent and broken.

He was still being swallowed deeper, the soft flesh lapping and suckling at every inch. He couldn't breathe, but it didn't seem to be a problem for him. When he opened his mouth it was filled with sticky, steaming fluid which was hot enough to vaporize him, but didn't. He was just left, a weak, squirming little bulge somewhere in the impossible depths of a star god's sex. Her churning guts were loud as ever, but the sound seemed to become less noticeable as he sank endlessly deeper. Qaion hugged his tail, stroked his still-tender shaft without thinking, and moaned with despair. He kept begging, under his breath, a soft, gentle murmur of pleas and offerings, but there was no hope in it anymore.

Then he began to feel them moving again. Heavier. Hotter. Harder. Too much. Far, far, far too much. And he heard Tenebrous' voice above the gurgling roar.

"You're so fragile, aren't you? Even by the standards of carbon-based life. But don't worry, we know how to take things slow. Time to break, dear."

*

"B...break?"

"Yes, Qaion, break," Gloam said, kissing the squirming bulge in his wife's thick, swollen gut. "As fun as it is to torment you, we have to be gentle throughout all of it. But no more." They had set upon each other, kissing and caressing, from the moment Qaion had vanished. But they had held back their desires until their prey was properly settled and ready to die.

Not any more.

With a snarl loud enough to shatter every other window in Qaion's pretty ship, Gloam buried his throbbing arousal in his wife's loins. Qaion's soft little mouth had tickled it delightfully, but her sex devoured it with the ravenous greed of a planet-eater. They entwined with each other, gasping and moaning as he buried himself deeper with every decadent thrust. They felt each other's sensations, and so each knew exactly where to touch. Hands reached for breasts and rears and balls, mouths lapped soft guts and then at each other. They never tired of each others' bodies. Qaion's pretty pilot's chair was flattened under their weight as they rolled over, and over. And all the while, they felt their little prey within, his desperate queries getting quieter and weaker. Slowly, they began to relax the limits on their powers, and Qaion began to feel their *true* weight. The smothering walls squeezed him, tighter and tighter, until his squirming turned to twitching, then to trembling, then to nothing but fevered little gasps. The heat simmered him, overwhelming his delicate metabolism in moments and sending him into immediate exhausted misery. Tenebrous felt his little tongue, cool by comparison, flop from his muzzle. He couldn't beg any more, but she could read the convulsions of his heart and throat, smothered utterly but still trying to plead for mercy. It was adorable. It was delicious. She raked her claws over Gloam's back, knowing he could feel it too. He kissed her, pressing her against the control console, which groaned as it dented and flattened under their weight, and thrust deeper inside her.

Deeper inside still, Qaion began to crackle and creak, and the two of them shuddered with delight as his bones went first. Ribs shattered in crunchy little spurts, limbs were shattered. He could not scream, but from the way he shook he was certainly trying to. The heat rose, and rose, going from steaming to boiling to searing. His soft, gorgeous curves began to melt. The two star panthers kissed each other as the swollen bulge in Tenebrous' gut softened and shrank, a gurgle loud and deep enough to shatter the remaining windows churning forth from them. They fucked, snarling in blissful pleasure as the little life within them was ruined, for hours, then days, then longer. The life within them suffered through it all, his fragile, broken body sustained by their powers. They were patient in their pleasure.

But they were still holding back. Qaion's quivering little bulge managed to summon a weak push as the pillowy soft, mountainously heavy walls closed in further, and further. There was another crunch, and another near-silent scream. Gloam's swollen balls slapped against Tenebrous' heavy thighs, their hyperdense load churning eagerly for release. The control console gave way with a screech of metal, and the walls began to bulge inwards towards the two lovers. And still little Qaion survived, feeling the weight and heat build and build as his hellish prison clenched and thrust all around him.

Gloam met Tenebrous' eyes. She smiled, and brought his lips to hers. "Ours."

"All ours."

They climaxed together, and as the ecstasy surged through them, they *let go*. With a subsonic roar, the remains of the *Honeysuckle's* atmosphere was dragged inwards, vanishing into the soft black curves of the two titans. The remains of Qaion's life followed shortly afterwards, his

databoard flying into Gloam's broad hips, where it simply vanished into him as though he was made of water. Other objects were next, disappearing into the gluttonous bodies without a ripple. Finally, the ship itself lost its brief battle with their gravitational greed, and collapsed around them, funnelled straight into their voluptuous curves in a splintering of metal and ceramic. The soft black-furred flesh quivered as it devoured its prize. Every inch of them was ravenous.

Qaion did not hear his beloved ship's death. He was obliterated, squeezed and melted to a subatomic soup and then absorbed into the ebony flesh of his murderers. His last thought, through the pain and terror, was of their searing orange eyes, and how impossible it would be to describe the way they had looked at him. And then he was gone. Tenebrous and Gloam roared with pleasure as they came, speaking in their true tongue: electromagnetic waves stronger than solar storms. Tenebrous' sex gushed white-hot pleasure fluids, all that remained of her prey, and Gloam replaced the void with a flood of searing, impossibly potent cream, his balls clenching and deflating with pleasure. The long-lived Solara took their time with their pleasures, and they held each other and climaxed for hours on end, surrounding themselves in a galaxy of decadent fluids which were immediately reabsorbed into their bodies. When it was finally done, they stayed in the embrace, shuddering contentedly. Gloam ran his hands over the fruits of their banquet. Technically, Qaion and his ship should not have added even a nanometre to Tenebrous' impossibly-dense flesh. But the two of them liked to display their gluttony, and Tenebrous had thickened several inches, her breasts soft and heavy enough to crush a glacier, her ass wide as a truck, wobbling with their ill-gotten gains, and her slick, still-drooling sex fatter and wider than before. Qaion had been beautiful, and he looked just as beautiful on her curves.

"You're the most perfect creature in the universe, you know that?"

Tenebrous smiled at him, and flexed their tail, transferring a little of the mass across. Gloam's own hips widened, and his balls swelled between his legs, fat and heavy. "Now we both are, my love."

He laughed, and kissed her again. They were alone now, not a single atom of their prey or his belongings remaining outside their bodies. The sun of this system, which Qaion had called Oa, played its light across their dark curves.

"So," Tenebrous purred eventually. "A whole new empire. We could mock up some interstellar passports and pretend to be tourists."

"Or we could chase down one of their pleasure stations in orbit."

"Or see if dear, dear Qaion's siblings are as sublime as him."

"Or just gorge on them all as gods of gluttony."

"Or-" she twirled their tail between her fingers, and snuggled against him. "They all sound heavenly. I just want to do it with you, my love."

"And we will." Tenebrous yawned, his dark maw already drooling. "Oh, I did absorb the information on Qaion's hard drive as I consumed it, by the way. It wouldn't be fair to look at his works in progress, but there's a couple of finished tales on there he hadn't got around to sharing yet."

"Oh, how delightful." Gloam stroked the heft Qaion had given her, her newly-fattened stomach churning gently with desire. "I'm sure he'd be blushing adorably if he wasn't padding your sinful hips. Blushing and begging us not to. But what kind of monsters would we be if we left anything behind?"