AYAME'S PLANET: Volume 2 - Chapter 3 "Oops! All Skaraana"

CHAPTER THREE – OOPS! ALL SKARAANA

After swimming for what seemed like an eternity, Ayame and Joshua finally reached the shoreline alongside the Daytona Beach Pier. Their fellow survivors from the crashed jet stepped cautiously out of their life raft and onto the sand. Screams accompanied by multiple gunshots could be heard just beyond the tall apartment buildings and resorts that line the beach. The shoreline itself was completely desolate, something incredibly out of character for Daytona on a sunny afternoon.

But what bothered Joshua and Ayame more was the absence of their friend Charlotte, who had been missing since the plane crash. No one was found near the wreckage of the rest of the plane when they had passed by it while swimming to shore. Much to their heartache, they had a pretty bad feeling as to what her fate was. But in the wake of their current predicament, the duo was forced to press onwards for the sake of their own survival. Surely if they turned back to search for her, they too would end up as alien food.

A heartbroken and silent Joshua pushed himself to rise to the occasion, focusing on getting the seven passengers from the life raft to safety. His comradery and trust in his girlfriend to guide them through the hell they were enduring allowed him the confidence to move forward the best that he could.

"What… the hell… is happening?" questioned a crash survivor, another young man who was still struggling to comprehend the situation.

Joshua looked to Ayame uneasily, unsure of who should be the one to break the apocalyptical news. She sighed, her soggy purple hair accentuating the curves of her chest and put her hand on the frightened man's shoulder.

"It's a longggg fucking story. But your planet's inhabitants are all being consumed."

"WHAT???"

The man's jaw nearly hit the floor.

Joshua looked to Ayame, shrugging and unsure how to follow up.

“Look uh, there's no time to go into details, we have to find somewhere to hide. NOW.”

The couple led the group of survivors past the pier, along Main St., and then hustled into a beach apparel shop. A small crowd of people had already taken refuge at the back of the store. Their phones buzzed with emergency alerts, warning everyone to seek shelter. Some people cried; clinging to their loved ones. Others drew their firearms or searched for anything that they could potentially use as a weapon. A few exchanged stories of their encounters.

“...and she was gone. Just like fuckin’ that. Killed my neighbors too.”

“Wait, so a human ate them?!”

“Nah man… that shit looked human, whatever it was.”

“I thought they were bugs?!”

“Saw one pounce and that motherfucker got ate up. Don’t know what the fuck those things are…”

“There were at least 10 of them running around campus… They got my boyfriend…”

As more and more stories were aired, Joshua felt an overwhelming urge to take action. Even realizing that it most likely was a suicide mission, he felt strong enough to stand up for humanity with his Skaraana girlfriend by his side.

While sitting together in a back corner of the gift shop, Joshua took Ayame’s hands and looked right into her eyes.

“We have to fight back, Ayame. We have to. We have to… for Charlotte.” he said, trailing off as he choked up. He continued “For everyone… this can't be how humanity dies.”

Ayame removed her right hand from Joshua’s grasp and wrapped it around him, pulling him closer.

“I’m so glad I chose you.” She gave him a quick smooch on the cheek before responding sternly.

“But there is no fucking way earthlings are stopping our decimators…” Ayame said, thinking aloud.

“But… there HAS-” Joshua argued before Ayame explained herself.

“No, really. It doesn't matter how many people are on this planet, or what kind of weapons you have. The decimators are endlessly growing tanks that will eat thousands of lifeforms with ease. They can absorb any attack and consume everything they come across.”

“So Skaraana have no weaknesses at all??” Joshua asked, feeling uneasy at how his girlfriend described the Skaraana.

“Not really… except… uhhhh…” her thoughts haunted her with the only potential solution.

“Except WHAT?” Joshua persisted.

Ayame shuddered. “For the sake of everyone, you’d better hope *they* don't show up.”

“Wait, so… we’re completely fucked regardless??”

“Listen. As long as you and I are alive, there’s still hope for the humans. You’re stronger now. Together we can at least give the humans in this town a fighting chance.”

After a moment to process everything he’d just heard, Joshua chuckled and replied.” I mean, there’s no one I’d rather die with while standing up against annihilation.”

“Well good! Because there's no other dork I’d rather have at my side” Ayame said, grabbing Joshua by his hair and rustling it playfully.

The two shared a short but sweet kiss.

Ayame abruptly stood up and began stripping off her soaked leather apparel. Joshua looked up at her with a slight blush and a slightly concerned expression.

“Oh, just trust me hun” she said while patting her empty yet flabby belly. “Can’t have anything in the way of all this.” Joshua in turn also decided to take off his green cotton hoodie that was still dripping wet.

In another corner of the shop, three bikini clad women consoled one another, one sobbing uncontrollably. The younger man from the plane crash stepped away from the other crash victims to help the distraught females.

“Are you missing someone?” The man questioned sincerely.

“Yes… yes. Yes I am.” A woman with long blonde hair in a red bikini summoned him closer. Her friends stepped aside so that he could better comfort her.

Through her muffled sobbing, she mustered up the strength to speak again. She placed one hand on her belly, and the other gently on the young man’s back.

“See this?” she said, her chest heaving and her breasts bouncing with every breath.

He nodded uncomfortably as he tried to avoid analyzing her figure. She traced a finger up and down her abdomen. “I’m missing you inside here!” she said with a devious smile.

Perplexed as to whether or not the woman was flirting with him, he leaned in closer to examine her belly. “What are you talking- WAIT!”

Her maw opened and shut furiously, engulfing the man’s entire head and muffling his screams. Before he could even fight back, the other two Skaraana ladies pushed him further and further into her gut until he’d completely vanished in under five seconds. Once he was fully encased by her stomach, she and the rest of the Skaraana ran towards the rest of the tasty snacks that were seeking refuge in the shop. In the ensuing panic, the Skaraana managed to chase a few individuals out into the street.

Joshua and Ayame hopped into action, attempting to intervene.

“STAY HERE WITH THEM!” Ayame shouted to her boyfriend as she darted out the open store doorway. Joshua heeded her words and guided those who stayed in the store into the back room.

A few blocks away, Ayame tracked down two of the Skaraana from the gift shop into an alleyway, where she hid around the corner so as to not be seen by them. These two Skaraana were shorter than most in their human form. They resembled twins, both with dark green hair and fair skin. Ayame observed them as they prepared to pounce on a young woman who failed to find someplace safe to hide.

“This is too easy! Let's eat!” One said to the other.

“Yeah. Lets.” The two Skaraana jumped as they heard a voice from behind them. The duo were in shock to see who it was that chimed in.

Ayame lurched forward and grabbed the two Skaraana ladies by their necks. She pulled one into a chokehold, while unceremoniously devouring the other. The young woman who was nearly eaten snuck into an adjacent dumpster.

“What are you doing?? You're one of us!!” She thrashed around and struggled to get out of Ayame’s grasp before finding herself squirming in Ayame’s gullet. With the twins confined to and compacted inside her belly, she turned to hunt her next meal. With saliva drooling from her mouth and heavy breaths, her primordial hunting instincts had assumed full control. She needed MORE.

Across the street, an armada of other ferocious and famished Skaraana ladies ran amok, pulling people out of cars and scarfing them down. The blonde Skaraana from the gift shop had gobbled up the driver as he tried to flee the scene. An engorged Ayame licked her lips and stomped right over to her next victim. Though her spirits were high and her appetite greater, she had one hell of an uphill battle ahead of her. All of humanity did.

High above the city, a massive grey brutalist saucer hovered in the clouds. The ship disengaged its cloaking device upon entering Earth’s atmosphere. It spanned the length of twenty city blocks, and towered tall enough to accommodate even the wildest of the Skaraana’s creations. The ship itself was filled with sprawling tunnels and tight knit quarters for each Skraana to reside. Neatly nestled near the core was the laboratory and control room, more commonly known as Esnir’s quarters. It was from there that she watched the invasion with bated breath. Almost every Skaraana was already on the planet, consuming everything that they could possibly ingest. Every missile hurled towards the ship was absorbed by the ship’s impenetrable shields. Things were moving along swimmingly.

But despite having to stay up on the ship and simply watch her sisters conquer another planet, she craved the taste of human flesh for herself, and sent forth an extraction team that would bring her a few succulent offerings. Both for her, and one of her most prized abominations.

“Ugghhhhhhhhhhh…….what….the….hell….”

A stunned Charlotte slowly opened her eyes as she regained consciousness. Her vision was foggy, barely making out the drab room filled with foreign mechanisms and screens

that she found herself in. The humid steam that hung heavy in the air made her think that she was merely hallucinating.

Her head tilted downwards, revealing that she was stripped to only wearing her burgundy undergarments. In her dazed state, Charlotte admired the fact that her pillowy belly completely hid her panties.

Then, a finger coerced her chin upwards.

“You creatures are disgustingly weak.” a voice said.

Charlotte winced. As her vision focused, she recognized the same pink haired Skaraana she had seen eat someone the previous day. At this point with all that had happened, yesterday felt like an eternity ago.

“wha……YOU??? WHY???” Charlotte stammered, trying hard to comprehend everything.

“WHERE……WHERE IS SHE???” Charlotte begged.

“Oh, her? That doesn't concern you. You won't be seeing her again.” Melanie scoffs. “Why? Because she wouldn't just eat you like she was supposed to. She couldn't stop thinking about you. She won't do her job, so now I have the pleasure of doing it for her.”

Charlotte’s eyes widened. “Fuck… you….” she muttered as she attempted to lunge at Melanie. She quickly came to the frightening realization that a sticky substance was adhering her to the chair that she was placed in. To make matters worse, she noticed that her arms were tied behind her back when she tried to swing at Melanie, making any attempt to fight back futile.

“Don’t bother trying. Ayame can't reach you here, either. And speaking of that traitor… Sure, we’ve been searching for a good enough excuse to kill or leave her behind for as long as I can remember. But you’ve been nothing but a distraction for Victoria, just like that green one has been for Ayame.”

Another voice chimed in from behind Melanie, this one sounding cheerier. “Andddddd, we have the PERFECT resolution!” The short, silver haired scientist Skaraana revealed herself at last. She carried a small white cat in one arm, and proudly patted her protruding gut with the other. It was filled with a human that was still squirming around inside of it.

Esnir stepped to the side of Charlotte, tauntingly tapping the sides of the chair Charlotte found herself adhered to. “Mmmmm, she knows what comes next, does she?” Esnir

giggled. Her breath smelled of beer and cheese with every word she spoke. “At least she THINKS she knows! Hehehe...”

URPPP

Melanie burped right in Charlotte’s face with a stench that permeated through the air. “Ooooooof, I do see the appeal to these cheesy pizza disc things” Esnir boasted. “But I enjoyed the entrée even more…” She then leaned in, deviously poking and prodding at Charlotte’s bare belly. “We have big plans for you, human.”

Fear mixed with slight arousal rattled through Charlotte’s body.

“Yeah! Emphasis on big...” Melanie piped in with a smug grin and widening eyes. For the first time since Victoria strayed from the mission and Melanie took the reins of the invasion, she relaxed and began to feel like herself again. Taunting prey and playing with food was undoubtedly her favorite pastime.

Although her burping and the constant gurgling of her gut interrupted her, Esnir divulged some damning information about the fate of humanity.

“Despite what you must be assuming, human, we aren't exactly at the top of the food chain. We just go from planet to planet, eating everyone and moving on to the next before someone else shows up to eat us. We’re efficient. Resourceful. Adaptable. You name it. It helps that the only chemicals that can break us or our materials down are our own digestive juices, apart from that of other species in the vast endless abyss of space. That's why no matter what sorta ballistic missile or attempt at an attack you throw at us, we’ll endure it. I’ve been studying your planet for months, and your planet is completely void of anything that can stop us. ESPECIALLY, her.”

Esnir stepped away from Charlotte and Melanie and headed to a control station, where she opened a massive doorway that towered several stories high. More steam came flooding into the room as the doorway rose. A pair of yellow dots beamed through the darkness of the open chamber. The creature let out a bloodcurdling hiss that made Charlotte grit her teeth in fear. The control room shook as the massive creature slithered out from the darkness. The light revealed its form: a gigantic creature very similar to a naga, complete with the upper body of a human woman and lower body of a snake. The yellow irises of its eyes stood out from their red sclera backdrop. Its blue tail slithered from side to side with excitement in anticipation of feeding time. It came to a stop directly in front of a restrained and helpless Charlotte.

“You’ve REALLY outdone yourself this time with the decimators, Es!” Melanie cheered.

Charlotte struggled desperately in an attempt to free herself and flee, but to no avail.

“Nghhh! Come on!! PLEASE!!! I’LL DO ANYTHING…”

Esnir made her way back to Charlotte and sat on the floor beside her. “Human, you’re gonna do exactly what we need you to do.” She raised a finger and pointed up at the massive beast.

“This beautiful girl right here is a decimator. Every invasion I change the forms they take so it's easier for them to consume the planet’s inhabitants. For your planet, the idea of fusing humans with giant serpents was something I couldn't resist. A hybrid of my two favorite earth species!”

“Humans… favorite??” Melanie interjected.

Charlotte sat in silence, stunned.

“Yeah.” Esnir raised an eyebrow. “I thought you liked her look?”

“I mean… sure… but humans are ugly and pathetic wastes of space on the planet.”

“Hey, you’ve used your human disguise longer than you said you would! That tells me you like your human form enough to tolerate it at least. You know how it is, Melanie. It’s just a quest for survival. Why not have some fun with it and change appearances?”

“Fair enough…” Melanie rolled her eyes. Not only was she in her human form, but she had a white shirt and blue skirt on.

Esnir turned back to address Charlotte. “This decimator has been one of our most successful during invasions. She’s conquered small planets nearly singlehandedly. But right now, she’s only a FRACTION of her true size. I’ve been working on something to help her reach that size faster, but no one has volunteered to try it for me. And that, dear human, is where YOU come in.”

Melanie sneered with pleasure. “We’ll finally get rid of you AND she gets a meal!”

“She deserves a more filling… and savory meal than you are currently. And I have a feeling you know how we’re going to fix that! Hehehe…” Esnir, licking her lips, stood up and slapped Charlotte in the belly.

PLAPPPP

The slap on Charlotte’s midriff echoed through the control room and far into the decimator’s chamber.

“Ohhhhhhh god……ughhhhhh” Both petrified and strangely aroused by the prospect of being fed and then eaten by a giant lamia, Charlotte moaned and leaned back into her seat. After the day she had, nothing made sense anymore. She survived a plane crash, her friends were all missing, and she was now kidnapped by aliens in the middle of Armageddon. There was no escape. So why not at least TRY to enjoy it?

The Skaraana’s prisoner looked up to the source of a mechanical whirring sound coming from the ceiling. A long metallic tube descended towards her.

“Oh god oh god ohhhh my god there's no way this is happening! What’s gonna happen to me? What if it hurts? What if it feels… good? They said they want to fatten me up… uggghhh…” Her mind raced, bound to an endless frenzy of confusion, panic, and excitement. She watched anxiously as the tube creeped closer and closer to her. It felt like an eternity. Once it reached her, it forcefully affixed to her face and immediately began pumping the special weight gain substance that Esnir had been perfecting.

Charlotte whimpered as her first gulps of the cold, thick and creamy liquid was ferociously forced down her throat. It tasted bland at first, but had a subtle sweetness to it the longer the taste lingered. Within seconds, she’d already felt her midsection being forced outwards by the heavy contents filling every inch of her insides.

“MNGGGHHHHHHH!!! HMPHH… HMGH….. HMGH…HMGH…HMGH…HMGH…”

Her initial wariness gave way to gluttony, swallowing each time faster than the last.

The whole scene was a euphoric nightmare. Too incredible to ignore, too haunting to forget. Though she was gorging herself, she would soon be nothing but fattening nutrients for a Skaraana decimator.

The muscles in her throat guided the relentless stream of cream down into her stomach. Every bit of it was immediately digested and converted to fat, exactly how Esnir had hoped. Charlotte’s body struggled to keep up. But there was something about the bubbling pressure, the pain, and the fullness, a sensation of fullness like she’d never felt before.

Her chest muscles contracted. She could feel sweat pouring down her back. It was a struggle to breathe properly with so much liquid continuously coursing down her throat.

“HMGH..HMGH..UMHHG..UMHHG..UMHHG..UMHHG..” She’d become completely entranced by the spectacle. Everything was happening so fast that all she could think about was slurping down more and she hoped it would never stop.

GULP…GULP…GULP…GULP…GULP…

A few minutes passed, and her belly now bloated out like dough rising in an oven. Her fat rolls were huge, and her muffin top had given way to a mound of marshmallowy lard. She could feel it all spilling out further and further across her thighs with every gulp. An unbelievable amount of pressure built up in her lower extremities, as well as the core of her belly as the slop continued to rapidly expand her insides.

Then, suddenly, the tube removed itself as the last of the slop reached Charlotte's mouth. It detached so quickly that some of the fattening goop didn't make its intended target, and instead splattered all over Charlotte.

"AHHHHHHHHHHhhhh……HAAH……Haah…..hooooooooo……"

Her face blushed as she struggled to catch her breath. Not just from minutes of relentless funneling, but from orgasming through much of the ordeal. With the tube now removed, she could freely admire her new figure. It was little wonder why she'd been so horny. Her belly had quadrupled in size. The substance managed to enlarge her gut from roughly the size of a cantaloupe to an exercise ball in mere minutes. Its modest, mushy exterior had now been replaced by a massively thick and doughy surface with a taut core.

In all of the excitement, the vivacious trembling and throbbing between her plush thighs was overwhelming as evident by the moist spots on her underwear.

"I thought you'd like that." Esnir winked and menacingly shoved her whole hand into her prisoner's belly, her middle three fingers filling every last bit of space in her bellybutton. Charlotte's eyes widened with delight. Her navel was nearly engulfed by pure fat, making it far deeper and cavernous than she'd even imagined possible on her tall frame. The fact that it took three whole fingers into its depths was tantalizing. With her index finger still lodged in, Esnir thrust her hand upward, stimulating the navel and shaking the entire gut upon its exit. She then leaned in and licked up the residual goop that had dripped between the top of Charlotte's stomach and breasts.

"Oh, yeah. I see why Victoria had her sights on such a tasty treat like you."

"Noooo no no not doing this again, nope nope nope!" Melanie pressed on Esnir's cheek. "Go eat some more human food or something."

"Fine, fine. But I'm watching her feed first." Esnir motioned to the ginormous decimator to move down to where Charlotte was still tied up and stuck to her seat.

Still coming down from a trance of arousal, the soon to be snack glanced up at the massive naga extending its saliva filled tongue towards her.

“Oh yeah. Somehow I *completely* forgot about that. Fuck.” Charlotte thought to herself as the decimator closed in on her.

It laid flat down on the ground in front of its prey. The decimator’s eyes studied its well fattened victim, who was still groaning and way too full to even attempt an escape. With that, Esnir released the suction on the seat, allowing the giant naga to wrap its massive, slimy tongue around its victim, and lifted her in the air. It poked and prodded at its pudgy prey, repositioning Charlotte so that she laid flat out on its tongue and her feet aimed right for the creature’s gaping maw.

“Ohhhhhh dear. What the FUCK is even happening?” The decimator’s tongue lurched inward, immediately shoving everything from Charlotte’s robust thighs to her feet down into its throat. “Wahh…WAIT!!” Completely overwhelmed, she struggled to talk as the slithery tongue guided her further and further into the slimy cavern. Her belly momentarily blocked the entry to the decimator’s maw, stalling her consumption. But the blubbery mass proved to be no challenge for the decimator. And in a scene resemblant of a snake consuming an egg whole, Charlotte felt her entire belly engulfed, compressed, and coated with saliva as she slid deeper into the naga’s mouth. Her breasts and head followed shortly thereafter, she was soon slurped up entirely by the beast as it tilted its head upwards. Her body was grazed by its gigantic teeth on the way down. Once the creature sealed its mouth shut, Charlotte found herself in complete darkness.

As she plummeted, the decimator’s warm slime coated throat encased her with saliva. Its throat muscles compressed her flab which had still been growing and gurgling from the weight gain solution she ingested just minutes earlier. Her entire body was saturated with viscous slime and squeezed through a tight, muscular passageway. The heat inside was sweltering, and her bra and panties had been ripped off as she was sucked down, but something about the intimacy of being inside the naga’s gullet was euphoric. She couldn't help but moan as she was pumped down the passageway of pain and pleasure.

The dumpling shaped bulge she made in the decimator’s throat journeyed further and further downwards, eventually vanishing into its chest cavity. The bulge then reappeared a few seconds later in the naga’s midsection, filling it out considerably.

Melanie walked under the decimator and patted its belly from below, hoping to find the struggling prey already digesting inside.

“It’s about time your fatass went someplace useful…” Melanie sneered.

She watched closely as the Decimator's belly sloshed from side to side, surely churning its catch. The end of Charlotte Hartford, and with her, the beginning of the end of humanity, appeared to be at hand. No more distractions. No more mercy.

WHAM!!!!!!

Esnir, Melanie, and the decimator looked to another doorway in the control room that had been crashed open. There, in the doorway, stood the Skaraana invasion leader herself. But with a single glance at the decimator's distended gut, she knew right away that she was too late.

"WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?! YOU OVERGROWN FUCKING SLUG!"

"Hshhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh" The decimator hissed in disapproval.

"Wow! Glad to hear you using the human's English language to the fullest, Victoria! GET YOUR ASS BACK IN THE PIT YOU MISERABLE TRAITOR!!!!" Melanie yelled.

Esnir tried to intervene. "Melanie, don't engage-"

"Why don't you die trying to drag me back there yourself, bitch??" Victoria proposed.

In an instant, the decimator slammed its head down on Victoria, completely trapping her in its mouth. It sealed its lips, and tilted its head back. And in an instant, Victoria found herself sliding down the same slimy path Charlotte just had.

"Do you realize what this means? Aside from turning two of your biggest foes into food…" Esnir questioned, clutching her stolen pet cat.

"Mmhm... I'll finally be the invasion leader… as soon as the old one is dead!" Melanie exclaimed with maniacal laughter.

However, her celebration was abruptly cut short.

The decimator's gut began to thrash around violently. Through the grunting and sloshing coming from inside, Melanie could faintly hear a buzzing sound.

"No… NO!" She shouted at the realization of what had just taken place deep inside the decimator. With the chemical reaction that took place, the decimator hurled up both of its prey, both of whom were still alive and relatively unharmed.

"HASHHHHTTTTTTTTTTT" The decimator hissed and clutched its core in severe pain. An injured decimator is something most Skaraana had never even witnessed. Ignoring

the regurgitated and motionless prey, Esnir and Melanie urgently rushed over to nurse the damaged beast back to health in Esnir's dormitory.

Victoria, still laying flat on the ground, looked up at Charlotte. She extended her arm out and ran her fingers through her thick, black hair until she found exactly what she was looking for: a bold blue stripe.

"I guess you're mine forever now…" Victoria said, optimistically.

"There's worse fates I guess..." Charlotte's response was muffled, her face still buried in the puddle of decimator saliva. Being sure to put her sarcasm aside, she turned her head to face Victoria.

"Thanks for coming back for me." Charlotte mumbled sincerely as she firmly grasped Victoria's hand.

"I was actually… You're welcome."

The former invasion leader was the first to rise. And from the looks of it, her new partner would need some help with doing so. Charlotte struggled to even roll over on her side. Victoria knelt down and helped her newfound companion to her feet.

"And I thought Ayame was greedy." Victoria said slyly.

Charlotte moaned as her gut continued to churn loudly. "Ughhhh. I literally can't move." she complained, clutching her doughy belly between her arms."

"Lemme guess, I get the pleasure of carrying your lardass outta here?" Victoria said, leaning down and preparing to attempt to sling Charlotte over her shoulder.

"Yup." Charlotte said proudly.

"You're lucky you're cute, lardass."

"I do have a name, you know."

"Hm?"

"It's Charlotte."

"Cute. I like lardass better though."

Charlotte faintly blushed and smiled as Victoria propped her on her back, and lifted her up.

“You can call me Victoria. My other name isn't that important now.”

Victoria hauled Charlotte out of the control room, but not without taking some collateral.

“Hmm, my weaponry suit is still here.” Victoria swiped the gold canister from the shelf. “Those idiots never had a chance to use it yet. Fucking shame.”

“We should really get the hell out of here before they realize we're missing.”

“You know I’m only saving you just to eat you again, right?” Victoria said, her eyes narrowing as she licked the corners of her lips.

“I’d be disappointed if you didn't…"

“DAMN, I knew I liked you.”

“See this? THIS is what Ayame saw with Joshua.”

Victoria rolled her eyes. “Ayame sees a lot of things…”

“Look, I know you hate her, but she really needs our help if she's still alive down there.” Charlotte said, pleading.

“A lot has changed in the last hour or so. And right now, I hate that pink bitch even more.” Victoria sighed in exhaustion.

END CHAPTER THREE