

Some alone time

Day after day, dimension after dimension, enter, look around, explore, onto the next.

Despite the wonders and horrors of the multiverse, there would be times where nothing would happen in the dimensions Kaz visited, they were sometimes dimensions where all life had ended, or where life had not started yet.

Kaz never truly chose where he arrived. Every portal he tore open shimmered with prismatic colors, no indication of where it'd take him, its surface rippling like liquid glass before swallowing him whole. Destinations he's already been to required anchors if he wished to return to them—something tangible. A memory of the place, sharp enough to cut. A trinket heavy with meaning. Without those, it was as if the multiverse decided for him.

And so, in his endless wandering, he often found himself in a dimension empty of interaction, alone.

Completely alone.

Resting on a bench of a ruined city, long abandoned, no sign of life except for the green growth on the buildings and streets, vines growing through shattered windows and concrete.

Kaz was just there, sitting, letting the wind pass by, looking at the inside of his cloak from time to time, the inside having a beautiful cosmic effect that he couldn't help but stare at from time to time. It was quiet, nothing to do, no one to interact with, except for maybe one being who's technically now with him at all times.

"..." he stared at the floor sidewalk in silence, thinking, "Berla?"

He called, and from deep within him, a voice answered, surprised.

"Well well well, would you look at that? You do still remember me..." Berla, the demon queen he quite literally ate, compressed into essence, contained yet far from diminished, answered. "Been a while since you unmuted me!"

"Sorry..."

"I was afraid you forgot all about me, and we've had such great times together before you ate me..." she said, her tone dipped theatrically, feigning heartbreak, though amusement shimmered beneath it.

"You mean when you were trying to kill and eat me?" He asked.

"Yeah." She answered.

He chuckled, a little amused by her.

"Heh...seems like your roommate hasn't arrived yet..." he said.

“Oh yeah, whatever happened to that delicious goddess you had for dinner?” she teased. “It’s been weeks, I thought she’d be absorbed like me...”

...

Meanwhile, somewhere deeper inside Kaz’s body...

“I refuse to be reduced to mere nutrients inside a mortal boy!” Kah’ri’s voice rang out indignantly.

The sun embraced, recently fallen goddess wandered through fleshy corridors pulsing with life, the rhythmic thumping of Kaz’s heartbeat echoing like distant drums. Her expression was furious, but regal—even now—as her bare feet padded across organic floors, robes flowing behind her.

“My power may be sealed but I am still a Goddess! And you will suffer my wrath!” She punched the flesh wall with one of her four hands.

...

Back outside...

“Good question, I definitely got some of her powers, but besides that, I don’t know...” Kaz muttered.

Berla laughed. “You even burped up her tiny robes! And even kept them, remember? Tucked into your cloak like a trophy!”

Kaz winced at the memory, his cheeks turning pink.

“Maybe you are a naughty boy after all, Kaz~.” Berla said in a sultry tone, “My favorite thing to watch is a golden heart cutie learning of the pleasures in being evil, like dipping a juicy, perfect red apple into caramel~...so honestly, living inside you might not be so bad...why don’t we go find another goddess for you to snack on! Don’t you want that feeling of dominance and power again? Or maybe you’d prefer another demon queen, though I doubt you’ll ever find another like me~.”

Much like before, whenever Kaz talks to the demon queen forever trapped inside of him now as part of him, she just tries to corrupt or tempt him. Every sentence was a gentle nudge toward imbalance, a soft push toward indulgence. She was chaos wrapped in deceitful charm.

Kaz rolled his eyes, “I’m starting to remember why I keep you on mute...”

“No no, okay I’m just joking! Jeez... can’t you take a joke?” Her tone shifted quickly—still theatrical, but also a little rattled, “It’s really boring in here, all by myself and your memories...”

“You kind of deserve it, don’t you think...? Given what you did in your world.”

“Yeah yeah...you said it a hundred times already...” she sighed, “But...you keep leaving me on mute for days, weeks even... I thought you, of all people, wouldn’t wish

such a deathly loneliness on anyone...”

Kaz paused, her words processing in his head, turning out to be true. Despite Berla being one of the worst people he’s ever had the misfortune of meeting, she was beaten, no longer capable of harming anyone, and eternally a part of him, all by herself, no more freedom. And if he for some reason ever forgets her, she will just remain inside of him forever, no one to talk to, nothing to do.

Trapped in an endless stretch of awareness with nothing but his drifting memories to keep her company.

An eternity of boredom.

An eternity of silence.

Something he could never wish on anyone.

Kaz’s fingers tightened slightly against the edge of the bench, his empathy getting the better of him. He felt bad for her.

“I suppose you’re right, Berla...” he said.

“I am?” She asked surprised.

“It is cruel of me to doom you to such an existence...but if it’s any consolation, I promise I won’t forget you...in a way, neither of us will ever be alone...again, even if it feels like it sometimes...” he said as he pondered, gazing up at the blue sky, “With time, I hope it becomes less of a personal purgatory, less...mentally draining for you to be... well, in me...”

Berla fell silent.

She couldn’t believe it, he was showing empathy to her, a demon queen, who destroyed her own world simply because she thought it was fun.

The boy who had defeated her, who had reduced her from a world-ending queen to a contained consciousness, was offering her something she had never cared for before.

Kindness.

“...hm...” She chuckled softly, but the sound was quieter now—less sharp, more thoughtful.

Without really thinking about it, Kaz focused and emanated black and purple flames in his hand, before throwing a fireball to the street. The orb struck the pavement with a low, resonant boom. Purple and black flames erupted outward in a spiral, licking across broken asphalt and climbing briefly into the air like a blooming obsidian flower.

As the flames thinned and dissolved into drifting embers, a figure stood at their center, Berla.

Her skin grey in color, her body seemingly leaking a black liquid that covered her

private areas while still leaving a lot of skin exposed, her wings flexed once behind her before gently folding inward, the membranes dark and veined with faint violet glow, her dark eyes with purple pupils wide with surprise. Dark hair with a violet undertone cascading down her back, small purple flames at the end of her hair, with two black horns crowning her head, and the same purple flames dancing at their tips. Now wearing a black lavish, cloth around her waist, like a draped loincloth, with a dark purple interior

“...!” She looked around surprised, “Why are you summoning me?”

“Thought you could use some air...” Kaz said smiling, “This place is already lifeless, except for mother earth, I guess...you can play around a little, entertain yourself...”

Sunlight filtered between leaning skyscrapers, casting fractured beams across cracked pavement and climbing ivy. The city was silent—no sirens, no voices, only the distant whisper of wind moving through hollow corridors.

Berla was shocked, unable to understand Kaz’s objective. She stared at him, confusion softening her usual sharp expression, and for once, there was no scheme immediately forming behind her eyes.

“You don’t make sense, ya know?” She said.

“So I’ve been told...” he chuckled.

She looked around, the city was only a husk of its former glory, with a touch of growing greenery. Her gaze turned back to him, she stared at him for a moment longer, then stepped closer and sat beside him on the bench.

“I...don’t feel like destroying things...” she said, sounding faintly puzzled at herself.

“Oh, must be a first for you...” he commented surprised.

“It really is...”

Despite the city being in ruins, it was still pretty. Vines wrapped around shattered traffic lights like decorative garlands. Sunlight shimmered against broken glass embedded in the pavement, turning debris into scattered prisms. It was quiet, peaceful, things she wasn’t used to, things she hated, or at least she thought she did, but now she felt oddly at peace, no urge to destroy the city, no urge to ruin the nature around her.

She crossed one leg over the other, the black talons on her toes catching the sunlight with a faint sheen as she gently rocked her foot back and forth. The motion was absentminded.

“You...actually don’t hate me...” she said to Kaz in realization.

“I don’t have a reason to hate you, not anymore at least...like I said, you’re defeated, hating you would be waste of time...” he commented “I have better things to do rather than hate a defeated foe...and, even though you’re evil, we’ll probably be together forever now...might as well try to be friends right?”

“How stoic of you...” she teased, though the usual bite in her tone had dulled. “Then again...I suppose things could have been a *lot* worse for me, who knows where I’d have gone to if you killed me in a normal way...?”

She pondered, feeling something itching in her mind.

“Since it’s just me in that head of yours all by myself when you mute me...I had a lot of time to think...” she said, “...ever since being born, I always felt that I should just take... and destroy and kill and eat...it brought me joy, made me feel alive...”

“...okay...?” He said a little confused to what her point was, “Is there a ‘but’ coming?”

“No...” she said, holding his gaze for a moment, before her playful sparkle momentarily returned to her dark eyes, then she giggled softly, the sound light and almost playful. “I jest...” she sighed.

Berla looked up to the sky, the clouds gently, slowly passing by.

“But...after I became a demon queen...things felt different. I still loved to destroy and to take, and winning—oh, winning was the best ecstatic feeling at the time! Especially as the last demon...” Her lips curled faintly at the memory, a flicker of old pride flashing across her expression. “And then nothing...everything was destroyed, everyone was either dead or...I had already eaten them...then my dear paladin Dicir challenged me one final time, with a mysterious boy helping her.”

Her eyes shifted slowly toward Kaz, the usual predatory gleam softened by distant recollection. The violet pupils glowed faintly in the sunlight as if reflecting memories only she could see.

“And then you ate Dicir...” Kaz said, also remembering when they first met, and how Berla ate the first and only person Kaz had interacted with in that doomed world.

“And then I ate her...” Berla said.

“Feeling regretful?” Kaz asked a little curious.

“Oh, no, gods no!” she laughed immediately. “She was delicious, even better than the king and queen she had sworn to protect.” A pleased smile crept across her lips, sharp and satisfied for a moment—before the expression slowly faded away, leaving her face strangely blank. “But, that was it, it would be just me in that world from then on, no one to hurt, to fight, to even interact with, if not for you...”

“Hm...you sounded pretty excited about taking my powers and going to other universes to do the same...” Kaz said.

“I know, and I was...but now I realize that it would have ended in two ways, either I was killed, which is unlikely let’s be honest...” she said smugly and with confidence, “Or, I would eventually have won so many times that I would have lost purpose...”

Kaz was a little surprised, seems like the demon queen had quite the epiphany while locked away within him.

“Where are you going with this, Berla?” He asked.

She stared at nothing in silence, her mind gears turning behind her eyes, then she frowned.

“Tch, this feeling is so annoying though...” She clicked her tongue in annoyance.

Kaz tilted his head to her, confused as to what she was trying to say.

“I...I guess I’m...” stumbled on her words.

Her fingers fidgeted together—long, sharp, dark nails tapping lightly against each other. She avoided his eyes. The flames at her horns flickered unevenly.

“*Hnkgh! Gluck...*” She gagged, but swallowed her disgust back down, “I’m...*grateful*...it was you who defeated me...despite my boredom within you...it’s peaceful...”

Silence settled between them.

Wind moved again, brushing through her hair and stirring Kaz’s cloak so the cosmic interior shimmered faintly at the edges. For a brief moment, they simply existed there—two beings from different ends of morality sharing a bench in a dead world.

Then Kaz’s shoulders shook.

“Hmhmhm...hehahah...” his laughter was childish, cute and innocent.

“D-don’t laugh!” she snapped, heat rising to her cheeks in a subtle darkening of grey.

“Hahah...sorry, I just wasn’t expecting it...I thought you were literally incapable of gratitude...” he said smiling. “I’m glad to be wrong.”

“I never felt like this before, it honestly makes me sick...and yet...I don’t think I hate it...” she muttered, pressing a hand lightly against her stomach as if steadying herself. The admission felt foreign on her tongue. “Just know that I’m with you now, for better or for worse...*forever~...*”

Kaz blushed at her words, taken off guard by her phrasing.

“That...sounded a lot like...” he mumbled.

“A confession?” She finished, lips curling into a smug grin, regaining some of her familiar confidence. “You wish, boy...*buuuut~...*”

She stood up from the bench walking to the street with her hands behind her back.

“That’s not to say I don’t find you cute...” she said carefree like. “I just don’t feel like manipulating you anymore...”

“Oh...uh, thanks I guess?”

“You’re welcome!” She smiled as she turned to him and leaned forward, making her

cleavage much more visible, “So how about some fun between some really good friends?”

Before Kaz could inquire on what she meant, Berla body began to glow with her flames, Black and violet flames erupted around her in a spiraling column, swirling upward like a storm of dark embers. The ground trembled faintly beneath Kaz. Her form began to rise —growing, expanding, stretching upward in smooth, controlled escalation until she was at least 60 meters tall.

Kaz had to look upwards to look at her eyes, now in comparison, the city was like a playground to her.

From her perspective, he was tiny, almost fragile.

A single grape-colored speck standing before her feet.

She looked down at him, tilting her head slowly. One hand rested against her hip while her wings spread slightly behind her, casting a vast shadow over blocks and buildings.

Her smile curved with renewed confidence.

“What’s wrong little boy?” she asked teasingly, her voice now rolling through the air like distant thunder, vibrating through concrete and bone alike. “Am I too beautiful? Too grandiose for you to form words now?”

Kaz stared up, from his angle, Berla’s boobs were big enough to hide the lower half of her face, only seeing her smug eyes looking down at him.

“W-why did you grow? I thought you said you didn’t feel like destroying things now.” He said a little confused and blushing.

“And I don’t...however~, I do feel like playing a little with my little...flesh prison?” She said, pondering, tapping a claw lightly against her chin as she thought. “Eternal warden...? My devourer?”

“Are you thinking of nicknames for me?”

“What’s a fitting name for my prison...?” She murmured to herself, momentarily ignoring him as she looked off to the side in exaggerated contemplation. Then she shrugged, the motion sending a subtle ripple through her towering frame. “Guess I’ll continue with prince~.”

Berla bent down, and sat in a smaller building across the street, between two taller ones, resting her arms on the taller buildings, looking almost like she sat on a throne, her thighs resting on the building, looking squishier, the building shaking slightly under her weight. Her posture was relaxed, confident, like a queen lounging in her court. Her legs rested comfortably in front of her, and the sunlight highlighted the smooth grey tone of her skin as she leaned forward slightly, resting her head against her knuckles.

“So, how about a little game, prince?” She suggested smiling.

“A game?”

"We do a little bit of role play! Let's pretend it's our fight when we first met, but I was the winner!" She suggested almost innocently.

"..." he looked at her dumbfounded, "Why on earth would I want to role play as a victim? *Your* victim no less!"

"Because I don't intend on hurting you, on the contrary really..." she said, "I'll grant you some of your fantasies!"

Kaz leaned back on the bench, blushing immediately.

"I-I'm sorry!?"

"You heard me, I'll do to you exactly what you always wanted done to you..."

"D-don't say it like that!" He said embarrassed, eyes narrowing, "You don't even know what I like!"

"I don't?" She said, shifting her legs.

She stretched her legs, laying one over the other, and exposing the soles of her feet to him. Her grey colored, delicate looking, perfectly sculpted and almost completely clean soles covered his view, her toes wriggling playfully, some small debris falling off her skin, long, dark and pointy toenails shimmering. In a moment of weakness, Kaz stared for a bit too long, blushing, before he shut his eyes and looked away.

"W-what are you doing?!" He asked blushing and frustrated.

"Fufu~...just stretching." She said, giggling at his reaction, "One of the first things I did while inside you, was look for your fetishes, I know *exactly* what you like, Kaz."

"Oh no..." Kaz said in realization.

"Then again, you can order me to stop...and I'll have no choice but to obey..." Berla said expectantly.

Kaz managed to look up at her again, still blushing, wanting her to stop, and yet, he did not order her, he didn't even say anything, he looked down in defeat.

"F-fine..." he whispered.

Berla sighed blissfully, "Ah, how I love shy boys~...!"

Then Berla stretched one leg slightly further, and grabbed Kaz between her toes, her grip tight but not aggressive or hurting. The sudden grip caught him by surprise, pinched between her big toe and her index toe, her skin feeling a little cool, smooth, and surprisingly the faint smell of lavender and grape.

She raised her leg up vertically, showing off her flexibility, while holding Kaz above her.

"Do try to sound like you lost to me, Kazy~...Look helpless and afraid, some begging

would be nice too~.” She smiled up at him.

“I’m not begging!” He said with a frown, but still blushing.

“Hm...we’ll see!” She said, eyes narrowing.

She quickly lowered her leg and dropped Kaz on the street, he rolled a little, until stopping facing up, only to see Berla positioning her foot right above him, toes flexing and wriggling, before she dropped it.

PRAM!

The stomp shook the street like a small tremor. Though she remained seated atop the building, the impact of her step sent vibrations through the pavement beneath him. Dust puffed outward in a faint cloud. Although he didn’t feel any significant pain, he couldn’t move, and the sudden impact was startling.

“Hehe...*hahahahahahah~!*” Her laugh turned into a cackle, “Oh Kaz, another hero has fallen to the big, bad demon queen! Like so many before you, I wonder if I’ll be picking my teeth for pieces of you~!”

She started acting, and seemed a little too good at it, and excited about it. Kaz couldn’t move, his vision slightly dark now as ashen colored, smooth and squishy skin surrounded him completely, pinning him down on the ground. It was an oddity to him, to be in such a situation, and yet, feel relaxed and even a little excited about it, to be beneath the immense weight of someone so powerful—and undeniably beautiful—there was a strange sense of safety, to sink onto the flesh surrounding him, all while knowing that Berla wouldn’t *really* injure him or hurt him. But he did still have to act the part.

“You...have not beaten me yet Berla! While I still breathe, your defeat is certain!” He said, trying to sound brave.

Berla grinned, amused.

“Well, how unfortunate that you won’t be breathing for much longer...” she said.

Berla pressed more weight into Kaz, and started to slowly twist her foot. The extra weight forced some air out of Kaz, and the twisting motion created a subtle grinding movement against the pavement. It wasn’t enough to truly hurt him—but it was enough to make him tense slightly, and yet he liked it.

Berla suddenly lifted her foot, his form was stuck to it momentarily before dropping back to the ground.

“Ow...” he sighed.

Then she lowered her foot again, a lot slower, more gentle this time, and once she stepped on him again, Her sole settled over him once more, but instead of pressing down with force, she rested it there with only the faintest amount of weight—just enough to keep him pinned comfortably in place. The gentleness was surprising to Kaz, but not unwelcome, it felt nice, the warmth of her skin surrounded him, but this time it

felt almost soft... protective. Like being wrapped beneath a living blanket.

From where he lay, he could see every subtle detail of her skin above him—the faint lines, the smooth curves, the soft shifting as she adjusted her balance.

His cheeks turned red again.

“I-if you think this hurts...well...” he said embarrassed, his acting failing.

“Hmhmhm...it sure feels good~...” she cooed, “However, I am a benevolent queen! I am willing to show mercy to the brave hero, if only because you’re cute, you simply have to do one tiny little thing~...*kiss*~...”

Kaz paused.

“What?” He asked.

Berla added more weight.

“Come now hero! You have no idea how many would pay to even be under my feet! I used to have them worshiped almost daily!” She said gleefully.

Kaz hesitated, feeling a little too embarrassed for a moment, before he shyly and quickly gave Berla’s sole a quick peck.

“T-there...” he said, barely above a whisper.

Berla’s smile widened slowly, satisfaction glowing in her eyes.

“Good boy~.”

He felt a sudden brain flutter, those words sending a chill through him.

“D-don’t say that!” He said startled and blushing.

Berla slowly raised her foot off of him, allowing him to move freely again, resting her foot beside him, she leaned forward, looking a little surprised at him.

“I was certain you wanted to be called that...” she said a little confused.

“...” Kaz looked away blushing, mind racing with conflict, “I do...but you have to mean it...”

Berla noticed his look, it was embarrassment, shame, cute, but also an odd expression, a belief of undeserving.

“Oh...” her eyes narrowed in understanding, “But I did mean it, little prince...”

She leaned and plucked him off the ground, using only one claw to hook him up by his cloak. She brought him up to her eye level, gently not to whiplash him with the movement or drop him.

Holding him in front of her face now, her expression was different now—not the cruel amusement he expected, but something softer, more curious.

“Hm...” she hummed thoughtfully, watching him sway slightly in the air, so small and defenseless in her grasp. “...the other times, I was, in fact, trying to manipulate you, as you probably guessed, but now...now i think I meant it...”

Kaz looked at her shyly, blushing and nervous.

“Um...well...thank you then...” he said.

“Oh, don’t thank me hero~!” She said, slipping back into her role playing, “You don’t know how long I’ve wanted to *taste* you! I’m salivating already...”

“Eh? T-taste?! Hold on—“

Before he could protest, she opened her mouth, Berla’s black, pointed tongue slid outward and swept forward quickly, brushing against Kaz’s upper half before he could react. The texture was smooth, slimy and squishy, not like a normal tongue, it rubbed against him, but it suddenly paused.

Berla’s eyes widened, her expression freezing, the moment Kaz’s flavor reached her senses, her entire expression shifted in stunned disbelief. Like a sweet nectar, pouring off of the richest, most perfectly balanced essence of a mythical fruit, it flowed through her tongue, reminded her faintly of the powerful warriors and adventurers she had devoured in her world before, yet a lot richer and unique.

“...” she pulled away for a moment, tongue slipping back behind her lips.

Shifting her grip, she lowered Kaz onto her open palm instead. He landed sitting upright, quickly rubbing his face with the sleeves of his shirt.

“You could have warned me...” he muttered, wiping away the lingering saliva from his face, cheeks flushed.

Berla didn’t answer, from her perspective, he looked incredibly small sitting in her palm—almost fragile, almost precious. His cloak draped around shoulders like a tiny blanket as he wiped his face, completely unaware of how defenseless he appeared.

Was this truly the same boy who had fought her so fearlessly, and in her own words, very luckily defeated and consumed her entire being?

Her fingers flexed a little, almost threatening to close around him, her breath growing uneven at the sight of the vulnerable boy in her hands, her eyes filled with a dark, possessive, predatory hunger now. She slowly drew her hand closer.

Then leaned forward and licked him again.

“H-hey...! Berla!” He protested, yet his voice was weaker.

Her tongue passed on him multiple times, with each lick she wanted more, her tongue moving slower, savoring as much as she could, her voice coming out in soft moans.

Feeling her warm breath washing over him, her saliva coating him, Kaz felt a little powerless, but also...oddly aroused, his body reacted to it, it was sensual, intimate to be in such a position, he could tell she liked his taste, and that gave him a small sense of worth and comfort, to be wanted, even in an odd way like this. However, he started to feel too overwhelmed by the intense emotions, he attempted to push her tongue away, not wanting to let his more carnal feelings take over, but to no avail.

"B-Berla...s-stop! It's too much...! I...please stop...!" He said weakly.

After one more long lick, she paused, and looked at him, smiling with pride.

"Hm..." she chuckled softly, "Told you you'd beg~..."

"Stop!" He yelled blushing.

Berla raised an eyebrow, amused, because she felt no compelling force in her mind, no urge to stop. His request didn't affect her as an order, her smile widened.

"You're telling me to stop...but I feel no urge to stop, which means...you don't *really* want me to stop, do you~?" She said with a grin, "After all, you love...to be wanted...and right now, *I. Want. You~...*

Her words pierced him like a needle, Kaz looked up at her, face still red as he met her gaze. Her expression was confident, her eyes gleaming with a strange mix of amusement and understanding now. He hesitated, but slowly nodded in defeat.

"And goodness you taste absolutely divine!" She said, licking her lips, "Ahhh~..."

She opened her mouth again, her sharp teeth gleaming, behind them, her flesh was dark, it was like staring at a moving darkness, pulsating, her gullet flexed in anticipation, and on her uvula, there was an eye, just like her normal ones, it stared back at him, a little scary.

Her tongue stretched and coiled around Kaz, and pulled him in.

"Wait!" He said.

"*Nom!*" She closed her lips, sealing him within.

Now inside her mouth, Kaz was immediately surrounded by warmth and dim violet shadows. The space moved with subtle life around him, the soft surfaces shifting as Berla's tongue began to roll him gently from side to side. The broad muscle curled beneath him and then pressed him against the inner wall of her cheek, the slick surface yielding slightly as it pinned him there.

"Godsh...! We'll have to do thish more often prinsh~..." she said with her mouth full.

Her tongue slid beneath him again, coiling upward and wrapping around his body with deliberate care. The motion was slow and exploratory, the warm surface of it folding around him until he was nearly enveloped entirely. She hummed faintly as she tasted him again, savoring the flavor with obvious enjoyment, almost as if lingering on a rare

treat.

“Ah...this is...gross...” he groaned while blushing, struggling slightly against the living cushion surrounding him. “Stop it Berla! I...I can’t let you eat me...”

Finally, Berla stopped.

The motion of her tongue slowed until it relaxed beneath him, uncoiling and settling flat again so he could sit upon it. The dim glow filtering through her mouth cast soft shadows across the curved surfaces around him as the space grew still.

Kaz exhaled quietly and looked upward.

Above him, hanging from the back of her throat, the small, fleshy shape of her uvula swayed slightly with each breath. Embedded within it was a familiar eye—identical to the ones on her face—staring directly down at him with unsettling focus.

“What, don’t you trust me?” She asked innocently, her tongue shifting gently beneath him like a living platform.

“There are limits to my trust in you...” he admitted, brushing damp strands of hair away from his face. “I would rather not get absorbed by you, even by accident...”

“Oh come now, I can control literally every part of my body, it’s how I’m talking but barely moving my tongue now...my stomach will even have some light for you.” she scoffed. “And...well, let me earn your trust...at least today, prince...you know I can’t willingly hurt you...”

Kaz crossed his arms, pondering, saliva dripping from his hair. He crawled over to the back of her mouth, and looked down her gullet, pure darkness stared back.

“I...I don’t know...” he said, suddenly a little scared.

“Don’t you?” She asked, “Don’t you want to be...eaten? To be stored safely inside my stomach? Warm, cozy...*intimate*...” she almost tasted the last word, “Just let me take care of you...show you that I’m not all evil...heh, well, I am evil, but not *all* evil now...”

He couldn’t help but chuckle at the last part, before sighing.

He did want it, to be completely consumed in such a manner, by a giantess that wouldn’t really hurt him at the end of the day, to be tucked away within her, safe, away from any problems on the outside and any uncertainties of the multiverse.

“Well, you can come out if you want...” she said, a little disappointed. “Ahhh...”

Light shined into her mouth as she opened it, Kaz turned to see the outside again, and yet, he made no effort towards it. He felt conflicted, but ultimately, he felt no malice from Berla now, he shook his head, sighing, blush returning.

“Fine Berla...I guess...you can eat me...” he says embarrassed.

He could see from the inside, her open lips forming a smile as she closed them again.

“By the way...why is there an eye on your uvula?” He asked confused.

“I like to watch my food disappear down my throat.” She answered casually. “Now then...back to it~!”

“Woah!”

With that, she tilted her head back, the sudden shift causing Kaz to slide down to the entrance of her gullet, hitting the flesh, causing the muscles to immediately snatch him and pull him down.

GLUCK~!

Her swallow echoed through the confined space.

Outside, Berla gently raised a clawed finger and rested it against the smooth column of her throat. Beneath her skin, a small moving bulge traveled downward, tracing Kaz’s passage as he was guided deeper into her body.

She followed the movement slowly with her finger as it descended past her collarbone... down across her chest... and further along until it reached her abdomen.

“Ah~!” she sighed softly in delight as the movement finally settled within her stomach.

...

It was dark, he could barely see anything as her gullet pulled him down, he could only hear the wet noises, the noise of her breathing and her heartbeat, it was rather soothing. He eventually plopped inside her stomach, sliding softly into a stop.

He looked around, immediately noticing the faint light shimmering from her stomach juices, a faint white light, surprisingly, like a small pond in the middle of the stomach. Surrounding him was also violet veins in the stomach wall, pulsating with a faint glow.

“Huh...I thought it’d be more purple...” he commented.

“Not everything about me is purple...” her voice, slightly muffled, sounded from the outside. *“But how do you like it? Inside me, that is~”*

He looked around, analyzing the space he was in, black flesh surrounding him, faint gurgling noises, her breathing and heartbeat echoing around him. It wasn’t the first time he was in a stomach, but it was the first time he willingly went into one, knowing he’d supposedly be safe.

“It’s not as eerie or dark as I thought it’d be...” he said.

“No bones or weapons from my previous foods right?” She asked a little teasingly.

“Uh...no, fortunately no...” he said.

“A shame, I thought I might be able to show you my collection of trophies, not even

magic weapons can't last in my belly, it seems~..." she said with a tone of pride.
"Oh...!"

A small gurgle traveled upwards.

Burp...

A burp came out of Berla's lips, the sound muffled to Kaz, but very hard to ignore. Her body's way of saying thanks for the food.

"*Hmmm~..."* she hummed blissfully.

Tap...tap...

A gentle tap came from the outside, slightly trembling the space Kaz was in, he could only assume Berla was giving her tummy a gentle pet.

"*The most scrumptious hero I've ever had~..."* She teased, licking her lips.

He blushed at her words, as he couldn't help but feel a sense of being cherished, combined with the fact that he was technically at her mercy now, but in no real danger.

"Well...it's...nice in here..." he absentmindedly said.

"*Told you~.*" she said smugly, "*Welcome to your new private chambers, prince~!*"

"My what?!" He asked blushing.

"*Hehah!*" She laughed, "*It can be, if you want to... and like I said, I can't digest you even if I wanted to, and given how incredibly powerful I am~, I doubt anyone would be able to reach you in there, without going through me first, that is.*"

He let her words sink in, then shook his head in annoyance.

"Why am I actually considering it?!" He muttered to himself.

"*You are?*"

He sighed, "It's...nice...I can't lie...cozy..." he said, "And I can hear your heart...turns out you do have one!"

"*Perhaps I grew it recently without realizing...*" She replied thoughtfully.

"Hm...I'm happy for you then." he said with a smile.

"*Hm...*" she seemed to be pondering now. "*You can take a nap if you want...*"

"A nap?" He asked, glancing around again.

The space truly was comfortable in an unusual way. The walls were warm and slightly yielding, the dim glow from the stomach fluids casting a soft light across everything, and the constant rhythm of Berla's body created a steady, calming atmosphere.

"I guess...it wouldn't be the worst idea..."

"I noticed you barely sleep, for a human, even though you want to most of the time..." she commented.

"Well I don't really need it anymore...but I do miss the feeling..."

He lowered himself down, leaning against one of the curved stomach walls. The surface shifted slightly beneath him, almost embracing his weight as he settled into it.

"Berla?"

"Yes, little prince?"

"Are you really... not going to absorb me?" he asked quietly, a trace of lingering fear slipping into his voice. Despite everything that had happened, a part of him still wondered if this was all part of some elaborate trap she made.

She remained silent for a moment then a giggle escaped her lips, not an evil, malicious and mischievous one like usual, just a simple giggle of amusement.

"Heheheh, you're... scared, that's adorable!" she giggled, before her voice turned calm, *"But...no...no I won't, Kaz..."*

Her voice seemed honest, for the first time since he met her.

"G-good..." he said a little embarrassed, "Sorry for the sudden question..."

"It's fine...I definitely don't blame you for it..." she said, *"It was fun to be out like this Kaz, to talk and play with you...so...thank you..."*

The demon queen thanked him, he stared up at the softly moving ceiling above him, eyes widening for a moment before a small smile formed.

"I'm glad we talked too, Berla...and, well, thank you too..." he said blushing, "For...well, indulging me...I suppose..."

"Your taste alone was well worth it~..." she said. *"I feel like my taste standards shot up now...might have to try you again~..."*

His blush intensified, but he sighed, "Ok, fine...whatever..."

"Good..." she said satisfied, *"You can rest in there for as long as you want, I'm enjoying this... seeing the growing nature in these ruins, it's rather satisfying to see something grow out of something ruined."*

Her voice carried a thoughtful tone now. Hearing that, Kaz couldn't help but giggle softly. She really had become a little more relaxed, compared to her old self at least.

"It really is..." He said, eyes growing heavy, "I'll just sleep for a few hours...probably... wake me up if you get too bored."

“Alrighty...sleep well, little prince.”

And with that, the quiet rhythms of Berla’s body slowly lulled Kaz into sleep. The steady pulse of her heart, the soft movement of her breathing, and the gentle shifting of the living chamber around him blended into a peaceful lullaby.

Outside, the demon queen remained seated comfortably between the ruined buildings, watching the slow drift of clouds across the sky.

Eventually, even Berla’s eyes grew heavy.

And as Kaz slept peacefully within her, the demon queen leaned back against the broken skyline and quietly drifted into sleep as well.

The end...for now.