

“Now, your goal here is to not get distracted, no matter what.”

“As long as I have flesh, I will get distracted.”

“That doesn’t mean you get to play with yourself.”

“Nah, it’s more fun to play with my elbow skin than my dick.”

Ashley turned away, sighing and shaking her head at Aaron, not in the mood for his banter currently. “I’m gonna pretend I didn’t hear that, and move on. Once again, no matter what I say, you need to be able to focus on your writing, and give me honest answers if I ask any questions. You got it?”

Aaron nodded, already typing away. He had wondered earlier why Ashley wanted him to work on honesty if they were already honest with one another to begin with, and especially if they trusted each other so much. A nagging feeling told him it had something to do with the anal vore incident from the other night, though he didn’t know the exact reasons. A few times he had tried to apologize, but she either avoided the topic or told him not to worry about it, *yet*. The *yet*, along with the fact that she hadn’t lightened her mood since, began to make him more and more anxious.

“First question: Have you finished your chores for today?” Ashley began.

Aaron didn’t look up from his typing. “I have, though I didn’t check the cat boxes yet.”

“Why not?”

He shrugged. “From what I remember, they were changed yesterday, so I didn’t think they needed to be done today.”

“You might want to check again. Best if you do it now before you’re too entrenched in your work.”

Aaron paused and looked at her. “Is that a distraction?”

“No, but it’s helping with a clue to one of the lessons for today, so get to it,” She stepped aside so he could walk past. Reluctantly, he got up and quickly scooped the clumps from the boxes into bags and went outside to throw them in the garbage bin. After washing his hands, he sat back down and was able to type again before Ashley queried him once more.

“Next question: how much writing have you done before today?”

He thought back for a moment. "Not too much, I don't think."

"In your mind, how many words do you think you've written in the past week?"

"About... 500 words, maybe?" He said meekly.

"What kept you from writing more, considering you had mountains of free time?"

"I mean, we hung out together a lot of that time, didn't we?" That wasn't the best answer he had, but it felt the most honest in that moment.

Ashley was not pleased, however. "I'm not supposed to be a distraction, remember? You could have told me you wanted to write, and I would have gone to the other room to sew, read, or watch YouTube on my own. But you didn't say anything, did you?" The last part of her pressing felt like there was another question underneath, noticed though unheard by Aaron.

He scrambled for a response. "I... I thought you liked hanging out?"

"I do, but that's not why I'm here, remember?" A hint of anger lined her tone, further confusing Aaron. Before he could speak again, Ashley interjected.

"New question: in your own words, why am I here helping you?"

"You... made a promise with me?" His mind was all over the place, searching for some other reasoning, but he was too far gone to find any other. This only served to raise Ashley's temper to a higher, more dangerous degree.

"Is there more, do you think? Or is that it? I'm just here to hold up my end of a random deal we made?"

Aaron cowered under her glare, stuttering as he searched for a response. Ashley simply shook her head and walked out of his room, slamming the door behind her. He was frozen in place, at a complete loss for what to do. He heard her wander to the living room and sit on the couch, turning the TV on.

You've really messed up now, Aaron, he thought. Of course she's not here just to fulfill the promise! She's here to help you get out of your slump! Why couldn't you have said that? You need to go out there, be honest, and stop-

Wait...

Facepalm. "Fuck me..."

Ashley brooded silently while laying on the living room couch, not really watching the TV. She knew Aaron could be dense at times, but to be so... *enthusiastic* with her that night, going well beyond platonic, it just wasn't ok! Sure, it was partly her fault, and he'd made attempts to broach the subject, but part of her was still hurt, which is why she avoided it altogether so far. She was apprehensive to take him when she initially made the deal that one morning, but his silence afterwards about it made it seem like he was just as afraid to go through with it as she was. That was enough to at least give it a try and see what happened, but she *never* thought he'd be that rough, especially after she thought he-

"I need to stop making excuses."

Ashley looked up, seeing Aaron in the doorway.

After a long sigh, she pulled her legs in to allow him a spot. He sat down carefully, still fearful of her anger.

"I didn't do the cat boxes because at the time I didn't have any desire to. I knew I needed to do them, I just didn't want to. That's not ok, especially since it goes against your lesson about my work ethic, doubly so when it came to my writing. I do enjoy hanging out with you, though you're right, I do need to put work first. It's part of my end of the promise to adhere to your lessons, just as the purpose of that promise was so you could guide me out of the rut I've dug myself."

Ashley turned towards him, some of the anger falling away, though she still looked at him harshly as he continued.

"I also need to be more honest with you, no matter how hard it might be. I know you may not want to hear about... the other night just yet, but I do owe you at least *some* sort of explanation." He rubbed his neck and blushed deeply at the memory. "You, uh... s-smelled nice. Well, more than nice. It was enough to drive me a little crazy, and I don't stand by what I did. If I had said something about it before you decided to simply... *do* it, then we could have worked things out better, at least in my mind. And that's not your fault, it's mine, I should have been the one to say something. I suspect that's another lesson for down the line, where I need to be the one to make the first move, I can't just wait for things."

Nodding slightly, Ashley sat up a bit and dropped the rest of her angry look, going to a neutral expression as Aaron went on.

“One of the things that kind of threw me off was when I was finished weed whacking, and I happened to see you were, uh... looking for others.”

“Looking for- wait, what do you mean?” A suspicion formed in her mind, but she held it back for a moment.

“The pictures of the dudes. Weren’t they...” Aaron forced the word out quietly, “...*dates*?”

Ashley wore a mask of “are you fucking kidding me?”, shaking her head gently. “I was looking for *MEALS*, Aaron. I only broke up and ate my ex a little over a week ago, I’m not ready to jump back into things, I don’t think. Plus, having you inside me twice has gotten me more than a little hungry, and since I don’t want to slosh you, I was looking for someone else I could cram down.”

“That... makes a lot more sense.” Aaron said.

Ashley took a deep breath. “I should also be honest with you as well, since it’s fair,” She scooted closer to him, heat already rising to her face. “Considering how much you, ah... e-enjoyed me, what do you remember from that night?”

“Uh... o-outside of me going in and your scent, not much really.”

Ashley steeled herself and continued. “Well, let me back up a bit. Originally, I had planned on us discussing things beforehand since I was a little bit apprehensive, but when you never said anything, I decided to just try it and see how you would’ve reacted. When you... *smelled* me, you got a lot more... i-i-intimate than I thought you would.”

Aaron looked away, embarrassed.

“I’m not sure what you felt or heard, but you uh... b-basically... I came a few times...”

The slight scent of smoke came to Ashley, which she figured must have been Aaron’s brain on fire. She waited for some response from him, but nothing came, not even a blink. Gently, she laid him back on the couch to allow him a moment’s rest while she stood and went to get something to drink, knowing it’d be a while before he’d function again. Overthinking kept him frozen, which would be another thing they’d *both* need to work on. Currently, Ashley was also beginning to overthink a little bit. She sat and stared at the statue of Aaron, deep in thought.

It's obvious he's crushing on me, at least to some degree. I'd be lying if I denied any sort of feelings for him as well. I don't want to act on anything though, especially if it means we run the risk of keeping the promise unfulfilled. Do I even want to be with him, or is it only infatuation from what happened the other night?

Still he had not moved. Ashley started to grow concerned, but continued her thoughts.

He does care for me, otherwise he wouldn't have come out and apologized the way he did, crush or not. How much have I done to show him I care just as much? ...almost nothing. I've eaten him twice, but that's more or less part of the deal, not just something showing affection. The promise itself shows I care, but I feel like I need to do more. Maybe... maybe I should act on feelings, at least a little. I can stop at any time, in case it doesn't feel like the right thing to do.

Slowly, she pulled him up and wrapped her arms around him, not expecting any response, just wanting to show some level of care for him. Aaron eventually began to thaw out, returning the embrace without a sound. Soon, they were both completely relaxed, absorbing the moment. Ashley felt... safe, for once, considering her past and abilities.

I guess that's one more thing I'll have to be honest with him about.

She leaned back slightly to look right at Aaron. Here was the person she trusted the most, beyond anyone she ever knew, family or otherwise. Perhaps he *could* be the one to find out...

"Aaron, there's one more thing I need to be honest about," She looked right into his hazel eyes, struggling to gather the words. "I... I uh..."

He tilted his head slightly, listening intently. Though his mind was still recovering from the shock of earlier, he knew well enough to be patient and hear her out, despite seeing the inner conflict show on her face.

Why can't I say it? She thought. Tears welled in her eyes at her frustration. *Why do I feel like he won't trust me if I tell him? I know he would, but... oh, to hell with it!*

Going for the hail mary, she pulled him close and kissed him deeply. The smoke scent returned, but was more of a 4th of July flavor this time. Aaron returned the kiss, ignoring the buzzing of questions in his head for the moment. Ashley's tongue meandered out and prodded against Aaron's lips, who accepted it and made his own tongue dance with hers. His hands moved down to the small of her back, bringing her closer as she clutched him tighter. The minutes they spent there together felt eternal, though eventually they broke away to breathe again.

“I wasn’t-”

“Speak and I’ll stop,” Ashley threatened.

The words and joke died on Aaron’s lips. He closed his mouth in silent acknowledgement, surrendering full control to Ashley, who went right back to tasting his tonsils. She guided him down until she laid right on top of him, hands exploring his torso with light strokes. He knew well enough from experience to not lay there like a dead fish, so he returned the motions in kind.

Internally, Ashley was distraught. *I need to tell him. He deserves to know. Why can’t I say it? Is this going too far? I don’t think either of us care at this point.*

Aaron, however, was distracted for a moment by doing his best to only smile slightly and not laugh. *She’d smack me so hard if I said she tasted familiar and left it at that.*

Swallowing her own self control, Ashley’s hands maneuvered south, tugging slightly at Aaron’s sleep pants. When he offered no resistance, she slid them down along with his boxers, letting his member flop free. A quick glance and nod from him gave Ashley all the permission she needed to continue, dragging her tongue from balls to tip to bring him to attention. She made small circles around the top, slowly moving downward while continuing the motion, eventually pulling his entire shaft into her mouth and throat, massaging his sack tenderly with her lower lip and tongue. Aaron was doing his best to hold back, but after a few swallows that sucked on his tip, he couldn’t hold back any longer, pumping several times straight into her stomach.

With a loud slurp, his dick was released. Aaron looked up to see Ashley taking her shirt and bra off, revealing a sizable bust. He didn’t know cup sizes very well, but he could tell she wasn’t oppai, nor small, but somewhere perfectly in-between. She leaned over him, placing one of his hands on her butt, the other over her crotch. Taking the hint, he kneaded the face cushion he was under not too many nights ago and pressed against her labia, moving his fingers up and down gently while keeping the pressure. After a moment, he slipped his hand down below her leggings and thong, teasing a couple fingers against her damp slit.

Ashley hummed slightly in pleasure, taking a second to strip the both of them completely and casting the clothing to the side, along with all other thoughts. Aaron resumed, slipping a finger inside and burrowing his way in steadily. Leaning down, Ashley held one hand against his, silently imploring him to continue further, while she put a boob against his mouth, which he licked and sucked at eagerly. Putting another finger into her vag, Aaron dug his way to the roof above her cervix, where he hoped to find her more sensitive spot. Listening to her panting, he managed to find it within a few seconds, and rubbed away at it soothingly. A small whiff of the scent from the other night wafted to him, but he ignored it for now. Up until this point, Aaron had been working off of

personal experience. Now though, he was starting to venture into unknown territory. *Reddit, don't fail me now*, he prayed.

With his left hand, he stopped kneading her plump tush and headed inwards, intent on attacking from two sides. He circled around her pucker, making her giggle slightly. Though a little surprised at her ticklish spot, Aaron continued, pushing a finger inside, unsure of where to rub apart from against where his other fingers were in her love canal. Ashley moaned outright, moving her hips a little against the fingers inside her. Seeing that she enjoyed it, he added an extra finger in each hole and began massaging away, working Ashley into a fervor. The scent grew stronger, but he kept a tight grip on his focus. If his “research” was to be believed, then changing his course of action or speed would mean throwing off her concentration, so he stuck with his current plan and let Ashley handle her own lust, which seemed to be paying off each passing moment. As she grew closer to finishing, Aaron fought off the fatigue in his fingers, struggling to keep pace.

Suddenly, Ashley shook in place, moaning loudly and spraying juices all over Aaron’s hand and torso, dousing him in her scent. Recovering her breath, she looked at him with a predatory gleam in her eye. Making a “hold on” gesture, she moved back, never taking her eyes off of him, positioning her crotch over his feet. Realizing what she wanted, Aaron nodded again, growing hard once more. Gently, she grinded against his toes, lubing them up and slipping them into her pulsing womanhood. The fresh scent completely assaulted Aaron’s nose full-force again, and he let go of his will freely this time. Once his ankles were inside, Ashley leaned back and clenched, pulling him in several inches up his calves, almost to his knees. Another clench, and they were waist to waist.

She held him there for a moment, gripping his cock and giving it a little squeeze. He cooed, completely at her mercy, being pulled in a few more inches at a sluggish pace, enough to make every inch of his member feel the entry into her cooch. Once his hips slid past, he put his arms against his sides and let them be taken as well. Clenching again, Ashley brought him up to his collarbone, where she let the rest of the process play out a bit more naturally. Aaron was enjoying every second, panting just as hard as she was from sheer pleasure. By the time he slid up to his chin, he leaned up and licked at her clit just enough to get her hot and bothered before he disappeared from sight completely.

Inside, the heat was immense. Combined with the moisture, it felt like the tightest sauna ever, not that he’d complain about it. Born of Californian blood, heat was a welcome feeling, no matter how strong. After slipping completely into her womb, he could hear her breathing rapidly and the walls pulsate quicker around him. His little stunt earlier must’ve set her off again, causing him to smile. While in here, Aaron decided to masturbate, using the texture and heat of the walls to climax several more times, though he made sure he didn’t do it to exhaustion this time.

Once they both calmed down and managed to breathe easy, Ashley spoke up. “Aaron?”

“Yeah?”

“I’m a Thallimus.”

Aaron was silent. He remembered back to when he was first swallowed by Ashley, and the fact that she was able to *not* digest him. He also remembered her intoxicating fragrance. Now it all made sense. Thallimus were ultimate predators capable of full body control, almost like a shapeshifter, though they couldn’t change their faces or colors, so it was closer to a slime that didn’t drip, if anything. Plus, they could spread their powers to others temporarily if they wanted. Most other predators and prey avoided and even shunned them, as in the past a few bad eggs spoiled the whole carton, so-to-speak. Current laws didn’t directly discriminate against them, but being outed as one would most certainly cause a witch hunt to take place, often with the disappearance of said Thallimus.

A thought occurred to him. “Is that what you were trying to say before you kissed me?”

“Y-Yeah...”

“That would also explain your, uh... nice smell from the other night...”

“Yep.”

Aaron’s pause made Ashley more worried.

“Well, you won’t hear any complaints from me. Does anyone else know?”

“Not even my family.”

“Then my silence is yours.”

Ashley took a shaky breath, the weight of her secret finally lifting. Aaron had no idea how much she appreciated his words, and she vowed to find a way to express it later on. For now, she said a quiet “thank you”, choked with emotion. The two of them relaxed together, enjoying each others’ company for a while.

“Hey Ashley.”

“Hmm?”

“I’m baby.”

Laughter rang out, with Aaron happy that Ashley was in better spirits once again...