

## Imperfect Chemistry: The Date

### A Vore Day story by saybingryph

It had been months since the snake and the owl's friendly competition. A brief argument led to an eating contest of sorts, resulting in a horrible mess somewhere near the back of the bleachers that led to the replacement of a certain portapotty, and a very awkward relationship between the two of them. Theurak, the apparent demigod snake, felt many complex feelings of the owl after the fact. Sure, she was quite attractive, but the fact that her diet gives his own a run for its money made him feel inferior, especially as someone who should by all means be more powerful. Val, in direct contrast, simply continued life as normal, hardly even giving the snake the time of day, unless it was to taunt him about the previous encounter. After all, it *did* end with his head smothered in owl ass, leaving the otherwise mostly dominant snake pinned.

Now far into the Spring semester, the pair still see each other rather often. They hadn't been paired-up for any assignments in the same way as before, but they've definitely made eye contact once or twice. The snake always traded a scowl for her smirk, from across the classroom. Occasionally, she'd clearly have another student stuffed into her own guts, bumping into Theur on the way out of class just to tell him how they'll end up just like the result of that binge months ago, sending a chill down his spine. Though nothing would chill the snake quite as much as seeing the bird bending over to pick up a pen that she "accidentally" happened to drop right in front of him, testing the very strength of her leggings before his very eyes, leaving little to the imagination as her tailfeathers flick... After about the dozenth wet dream involving Val, the snake finally gathered up the courage to swallow his pride and approach her.

"Owl." He'd say to get her attention, the bird writing something down in a notebook from her side of the classroom. Upon further inspection, it seemed to be a bunch of tally marks next to a crude doodle of a stomach. Val glanced up from her notebook, half-lidding her eyes at Theurak.

“Snake. What can I do for you? Overcome by an urge to feed yourself to me?” She taunted, biting the tip of her tongue. The snake growled a bit, staring at the ground. “As if. I was actually wanting to know if you wanted to, maybe...” The red serpent trailed off, staring down at his feet for a moment while clenching a fist. “Uhhhh... hang out?” He said in a hushed tone, fearing her response. Val simply chuckled a bit in response, flipping her notebook shut. “You know, I was wondering how long it was gonna take for you to come around. After last time, I’ve been aching for a chance to go out again. Count me in, D-cup.” She smiled, the name-calling related to his lady-like figure making the self-conscious snake gasp, covering his rather feminine breasts with an arm.

“Hrrrmph. W-well... That’s good. Guess we can talk more about it later, then.” The snake replied, blushing rather hard while sweating profusely, finding it hard to believe that she actually agreed to hang out with him again. And quite eagerly, too! He was already twitching a little bit below the belt from the very thought of it, something that made the avian chuckle. She found it funny that she had this effect on other folks, or at least dorky demigod snakes. “Sure thing, snakebutt. I’ll see you after school.” She smirked, giving him a feathery tap on the snout before gathering the rest of her stuff together. Dizzily full of lust, the snake tried to contain himself as he waved her away, cursing himself as he returned to his own seat to make a plan that would impress Valerie...

Hours pass. Classes feel like weeks as the snake anticipates another adventure with the owl he felt so conflicted about, tapping his fingers together. Once the bell rings, he’d gather all his stuff and go to the front of the school as quickly as possible, spotting the massive avian taking up most of the space on one of the benches right outside. Huffing, he’d nearly stumble walking up to her and clear his throat. “Alright, bird, I’ve got an idea for where we should go.” Val rotated her head towards him in a way that caught him off guard. Easy to forget that owls can do that... “I’d love to hear it. I was saving my appetite for whatever this is, anyway.” She taunts, her stomach emitting a low rumble that gives him chills.

“Uhhh... Right. I was going to say that we could go get some ice cream! Just the two of us.” He suggests with eagerness, finding it hard not to fantasize Val choking on his own ‘popsicle’ after the fact. Or at least getting a slice of all that bird cake... Valerie giggled, giving an eyeroll. “Nice plan. Hate to admit it, but I think I have a better idea, though.” She simply revealed, the snake raising a brow. “What? What could possibly be better than ice cream?” Theurak grumbled, his wish for a tasty frozen treat, and perhaps a few prey to go with it, fading to nothing. “Well, I was thinking we could go to the mall instead.” Hearing this, the snake’s confusion turned to annoyance. “Oh, greaaat. I want us to share a nice snack, and all you wanna do is go to the mall and do boring girl stuff, there?” He pouts.

Val paused for a beat, before laughing. “Do you really think I want to go there just to try on clothes? Not on your life. Besides, I’m sure you’d be singing a different tune if you were staring at me naked in a changing booth. Just trust me on this, you’ll have fun.” She chittered, getting another blush from the snake as he stared at his feet. “T-totally not true. Besides, I still think ice cream sounds way better. The mall is just boring stuff nowadays.” Theur restated, avoiding eye contact with the bird. Val pondered for a moment, before quirking a brow. “What if... it’s a date?” A date. The word alone made the snake flinch, a jet of pre darkening the front of his tight pants. “Hhhhhhfffff... Fine. It’s a date. Just don’t expect me to get you chocolates or anything, hah.” Theur replied, crossing his arms and looking to the ground. “Such a charmer. You’re driving.” The bird scoffed, getting up and stretching out, before following the snake.

It didn’t take long to get to Theur’s car. She didn’t quite know what to expect from a demigod’s vehicle of choice, but a four-door from twenty or so years ago probably wasn’t what she had in mind. Chuckling a bit to herself, she opened the passenger door and began to squeeze inside, tossing her bag onto the floor. At the same time, Theurak gasped, attempting to stop her. “Woah, woah, woah. Hold up. I don’t just let *anyone* into my car. You gotta promise not to ruin anything if you’re gonna get in.” Hearing this, Val’s chuckle devolved into much more laughter. “You really care a lot about this old thing, huh? Sure. I’d never do anything to it.” She

batted her eyes to the snake with a grin, who stared back at her in suspicion. “Fine.” With that, he hopped into the car and turned the ignition, pulling out from the school to begin his dream date with the bird.

It was a fairly standard drive at first, the snake sweating from the awkward silence of being beside his crush, alone, for the first time in a good while. Thoughts of the upcoming date filled his mind, biting his tongue somewhat as his eyes glanced over to the owl. Then, Val would break the tension. “Hey, snake. Guess what.” Theurak mumbled something quiet. “...What.” Instantly, the owl spreads her thighs a little bit, pressing down on her stomach as she pelts the seat underneath her in a raunchy peal of avian flatulence. *\*pffffppfpfpPPPLRRRPPTTT--!!\** “Ahhhhh... Just wanted to let you’ll probably never get my musk out of your upholstery.” She taunted, having learned a weakness of the snake. He coughed somewhat, fanning the air with his tail, tensing up. “Cut... that out.” The owl rolled her eyes. “I’d rather cut something else.” Val grinned, hiking up her thigh before putting the passenger seat of Theur’s ride on blast yet again, instantly flooding the car. Curiously, Theur never bothers to crack a window.

“Eughhhh, you’re vile. You’re totally paying for anything you do to my car.” He grunts, getting onto the highway. The owl doesn’t let up for a moment, rubbing her churning guts as she unloads into his car for a third time, vibrating against the seat. “Yeah, yeah. If you think this is bad, it’s probably gonna get a lot worse, sooner or later... Those underclassmen really know how to tear through a chick. Might have to use your back seat as a shitter, if push comes to shove.” The bird suggests, making Theur’s eyes widen. “You wouldn’t dare-- I’d throw you out.” He shudders, listening to the inner workings of the fellow pred beside him. It was starting to sound like she wasn’t bluffing, with those ass blasts getting deeper and wetter. “Whatever. Class ended pretty messily for me, earlier. All I’d have to do is press my ass up between the seats...” Theur was sweating bullets, his eyes darting between the parking lot right off the exit, and the owl starting to thumb at her waistband.

“I s-swear, I’ll kill you if you even...” His feet clench, the bird beginning to wiggle out of her sweatpants and unbuckle her seatbelt. “Ugh, good thing I saved this for now. School would kill me if I did this, there. Again.” She chittered, her tailfan flagging high as her fat, feathery flanks squished right up beside the snake’s head. Theur grit his teeth, listening to the car-rattling plumes erupting from the owl as he tears into the parking lot. Not wasting any time, he slams into a free spot and sighs. “We’re there. Get your pants back up. Hhhhhh...” Theur ordered, making Val roll her eyes. “I never thought I’d hear you say that. Whatever, I didn’t have to shit that badly anyway.” She harassed, slipping her pants back up just as easily, and shoving her way back out of the smoldering crater that was her seat. Before Theur would step out himself, he’d inhale deeply, staining the front of his pants with a bit more pre. “Alright, owl. Behave yourself.”

The pair approached the mall, the demigod wrapping his tail around Val’s rather massive middle possessively as they walked, hip to hip. The bird leaned up against him, making sure to press one of his hands into her feathery guts as she groaned. “Wanna hit the food court first, snake? I’m huuuuungry.” She groaned out in a comically exaggerated tone of voice, leaning up against him. Theurak bit his tongue a bit, quivering from the sensation of the bird teasing him with her appetite. “But I thought you were about to- ...Never mind.” He puffed, glancing up at the sign of the New Red Acres Mall, before glancing back over to the bird.

“What makes you want to hit the food court first, anyway?” He questioned, looking around the main plaza of the mall as they entered. For a building that had more or less lost all of its business after the advent of the internet, it wasn’t very surprising that it wasn’t too busy. As he looked at Val, he could see that her gaze was fixed upon the Quick n’ Easy Pizza in the corner of the food court, which a particularly dweebish deer employee with a bit of stubble was currently manning. “I’ll give you three guesses, scalebutt.” She replied, striking eyes glancing to the snake’s own, with a wink and a slight hip bump.

Theurak rolled his eyes. "I won't need a single one, feather ass." He replies, hiding a grin from her. "But before you get any dumb ideas that'll get us arrested or whatever, I gotta use some protection." He mumbled out, rummaging through his pockets for something. Val giggled from his wording, naturally. "Bold of you to assume you'd even make it that far for a first date, dork." Her words made the snake blush and freeze up for a moment, until he finally found what he'd been looking for. "Not like that. This is like, *real* protection." Theur would then pull out a strange rock, crush it into dust in his fist, and use the dust to write something in the air in front of him with his finger. Some kind of strange, glowing symbol. As soon as it was formed, a white aura blasts outward from the symbol, before dissipating back to normal. Val was left somewhat dumbfounded by it.

"What the heck was that all about?" She rubbed her temple, glancing the snake up and down just to check if anything had changed. Theurak simply chuckled back. "Time rune. I figured you'd wanna do something like that here, but it's a bit harder to get away with it here than back on campus. I made it so that anything we do here will be lost to time, and nobody's gonna know what happened. Nobody enters, nobody leaves." He shrugged his shoulders, making the bird quirk a brow a bit, rubbing her chin. "Ohhhh... I see. I kinda forget that you're a demigod, sometimes. Always did love your weird magic stuff." She giggled, the snake slightly offended that his divine status was little more than a talking point to his crush. "Errrrff... Thanks." Theur glanced to the side, somewhat embarrassed to be complimented by her, either way.

"Could you go and order me a deluxe cheese pizza from the cashier to distract the cashier? I still haven't lost my idea, you know." She teased, her hefty gut growling up against the snake's form. "Y-yeah. Should be easy. Watch this." Theurak cleared his throat, stepping up to the underpaid employee of the mall's pizza place and giving his order. "Uhhhh, hey. I'd like to order a deluxe cheese pizza. No drink... Oh, you've got a really nice shirt, there." The snake points out, making the deer look down at his own shirt. "You mean this? This is just my uniform!" He chuckled, completely oblivious to the thick owl currently slipping past him towards the staff only

door, casually shoving her way inside. Noticing this, Theur toyed with the tip of his tail, snickering playfully. “Well, I’m just saying you wear it well~”

As the two chattered back and forth, essentially wasting time, the snake began to hear some interesting noises from the Quick n’ Easy backrooms. A lot of clattering, slamming, struggling, the occasional muffled cuss, plenty of things getting knocked over. It was enough to eventually catch the deer’s attention, turning his head. “I think I should, uhhhh... Go check that out.” He said, beginning to turn. However, Theur’s tail would grab him by the shoulder and pull him back to the register. “Why, so they can pin some mess on you? I’m sure you’d prefer to stay out here.” He quickly replied, trying to pry his attention away from the door. Clearly, the cashier was rather hung up about it, still. “Well...” Suddenly, the sound of a low, rumbling belch echoed through the staff rooms, startling the deer. “I mean... You’re probably right, anyway.” He shrugged, returning to the chat.

The snake blabbed on to the deer for about another five minutes, until the noises from behind the staff door would go suddenly silent. “I guess it kinda resolved itself after all! You’re the best.” The employee smiled at the snake, rubbing the back of his head. As if right on cue, the staff door slammed open again, and out waddled a purple avian with a heavily squirming stomach, loud with sloshing chyme and various complaints as it stretched out her shirt. Val scored quite the haul on the employees of the joint, grinning to Theur as she managed to cram her gut through the area separating the counter from the main plaza. “Bwrrrrphhh... Alright, coast’s clear. You can eat the cashier, now.” She teased the snake, before wandering further toward the plaza to find a nice place to sit and digest. If any chair could even handle the task of supporting her in this condition...

As for the employee, he was looking as white as a ghost by the time he spotted the owl, horrified at the idea that someone like her could even slip by undetected. “W-what...!? Did she... just...?” Unfortunately for him, he also wouldn’t suspect the snake’s tail wrapping around him, the cashier of the two predators both chuckling and blushing over the other’s shamelessness. “Oops. Cat’s out of the bag, I guess. Good time to put the

deer into the snake.” Using his strength, Theur could somewhat effortlessly pull the worker over the counter with just his tail, looming over him as he struggles. “H-hey, let me go! We’re in broad daylight here, ya know!” The employee argued, the snake staring him down, pulled close towards the slight rumbling within his gut. “Must be too bad for you, then.” He teased, before slamming the deer’s head straight into his gaping, drooling maw with enough force to snap his antlers straight off, plowing through the slick tunnel towards his awaiting guts...

As his antlers clatter against the counter, the horrified deer couldn’t help but yelp as he slammed through the slick tunnel before him, straight down into the rumbling guts of the snake, splashing into a pool of warm fluids. “G-gah! S-spit me out, or I’ll call management!” He threatened, slamming against the slick walls that imprisoned him, still dazed from the sudden change of scenery around him. Theur simply chuckled, tail swishing from side to side after it slammed the rest of the underpaid worker down. “Hsssss. Sorry to burst your bubble, but your manager is going to become owl ass in a few minutes.” He threatened, licking his lips for trace amounts of deer flavor, before hauling his sloshing gut over towards the much-more-stuffed owl currently seated on a table in the food court, denting it a bit. Val seemed to be packed with three, maybe four meals at the moment, the remaining staff from the pizza place, all kicking around within the confines of her stomach.

“I told you it’d be fun.” She smirked, massaging at her stuffed guts with a wing, before casually belching up an employee’s acid-stained hat onto the floor. The sight was enough to get the snake shuddering a bit, hopping up onto the table to sit beside her, guts squishing against each other from the side. “I’m sorry that there’s nobody left to make us our pizza anymore, though.” She continued, glancing down at her stomach loaded with the cooking staff. Hearing this, Theurak seems to get an idea. “Hold on a second, I can remedy this...” The snake seemed to concentrate for a moment, before snapping his finger. Using his demigod prowess, the snake managed to materialize a dozen or so sandwiches onto the table behind them. Val rotates her head a bit to glance down at them, immediately



somewhat confused. “Sandwiches? Why can’t you just do the same thing with pizza, snakebutt?” She grumbled. Theur simply rolled his eyes. “Do you want lunch or not?”

Shrugging, the owl picked up a couple, quickly chomping them down her beak. “Fair ‘nuff.” The cooking staff in her stomach would soon be showered in bits of sandwich, stirring up further digestion as the snacks complained and struggled more heavily against the confines of her guts... Digestion was swift and agonizing, the predatory bird belching again as her stomach acids power through the prey within her, the feathery exterior of her gut poking out from under her shirt quickly beginning to smooth out until any noticeable lumps were little more no more. Naturally, a pair of predators like the two of them would make quick work of a bunch of supernaturally-spawned sandwiches, leaving them both satisfied. “That was pretty good, honestly. But I think I can feel some space starting to free up in me... Ready for round two?” The owl chirps, giving a sultry glance to the snake.

“Already? Damn, you just ate! You’re not even a demigod. There’s no way you could digest stuff that quickly!” Theur hissed a bit, prodding at her gut a couple times with the tip of his tail, rewarding him with an owl belch. “Whatever, I’m sure one measly deer isn’t gonna satisfy you for very long, anyway.” The owl hopped off the now-lopsided table she was using as a seat, beginning to walk through the first long corridor on one side of the mall to work the rest of her prey out, as well as seek out a next target. Of course, Theurak followed close behind. Juuuust far enough behind to gaze at the owl’s hips as she stepped and swayed, a purple, feathery rump squishing over the rim of her sweatpants. It was enough to make the snake drool a little bit...

But before too long, Val would come to a complete stop as Theurak kept walking, causing him to bump up against that fat bird crack. He’d definitely throb from the sensation, completely lost in lust... Until Val waved a wing in front of his eyes, clearing her throat. “Ahem. Anyways, I think it’d be nice to check out this clothing store. Would be nice to have a few things

to change into if we get a bit too fat from all this snacking.” She rolled her eyes, as the snake chattered. “Speak for yourself! I can digest a hundred people and keep this same attire.” He teased, causing the bird to scoff. “Well, maybe we can find something for you anyway, just so you can ditch those drab clothes.” Valerie teased, hipbumping him before walking into the store. The snake was visibly taken aback by her comment. “T-There’s nothing wrong with my clothes!” He hissed, beginning to consider replacing his shirt, if only to satisfy his date... The snake follows her in, beginning to look through the shirts on the wall.

Overall, Theur couldn’t say he was a fan of any of them. He felt none of them fit his general aesthetic, on top of being severely overpriced. Always the case, with clothing that has big-name brands behind them... Not that it even mattered much. With time rune and such, everything in the mall might as well have a “free” label slapped across them. He felt his stomach churning around the cashier, and realized that he had much more pressing matters to focus on than changing his outfit... He sauntered his way over towards the changing rooms, trying to scope out a few snacks that would help him keep up with his owl companion. “Perhaps I should wear the lot of you on my hips...” He chattered to himself, beginning to start a small buffet by using his tail to unlock the doors of the changing rooms from the outside. Sure, some of the shrieking ladies that he gulped down from inside the changing room were a bit cute, but none quite compared to the owl that he crushed on so hard.

Some parrot chick, an older horse lady, and some fuckboy possum all met their sudden and unexpected end in the powerful snake’s gullet, each getting chugged and choked down one after the other with the assistance of his tail. Compared to Val, he was a lot faster about his meals, given his rather otherworldly powers and status. It wouldn’t be long until the every changing booth was cleared out, the customers being melted in churning snakeguts along with the clothing that they were attempting to try on. With a satisfied belch, the swaying snake casually makes his way back to the main area of the clothing outlet to check up on Valerie. “How are you holding up, featherface?”

The snake wouldn't be too shocked to find the owl devouring whatever was left of the store staff over the counter, her guts shifting and kicking out with complaints, insides groaning deeply from the pizza place staff moving on deeper to make room. Tossing her head back several times, like a owl devouring a group of mice, she'd wipe the drool off of her beak and flash a smirk over to the snake. "I'm doing just fine, thank you." She teased, her feather guts stretching and overwhelming her top as she piles more and more sloshing meals into there. Shortly after addressing the snake, she could be seen shoving a nice-looking dress into the bag she had with her. Immediately, Theur was a bit confused by this.

"Why are you taking that one? Hardly your style at all. Plus, there's no way it would fit. No offense." He chuckled, moving close to give an affectionate squeeze to her complaining guts. The owl chuckled in return. "Oh, this? I'm not wearing this. This is just extra toilet paper for later. I did already throw a fitting shirt in there, though." She taunts, squishing the snake's gut in return. Hearing the owl speak so casually about her more foul processes made him bite his lip, shivering... The thought of her using up such a nice dress nearly had him blowing his load right then and there, adjusting his pants to hide his hard-on. "Mrrmph... R-right... Let's just get out of here before anybody sees what we did to the place, right?"

Nodding in silent agreement, the dangerous pair of preds left the clothing store in ruins. The changing booths were abandoned, and some of the merchandise was stolen, with the staff area in disarray from Val's snacking. Didn't even stand a chance... Walking through the main area again, Theurak suddenly stops by the vending machines. "I could probably do with something to drink, by now..." He thinks to himself, turning over to Val. "Got any money? I'm not paying for you, you know." She responded, getting the snake chuckling. "Won't need to. Watch this."

With one quick movement, the snake's tail crashes into the front of the soda machine, denting it inward and making it sizzle, the lights on the side of the machine flickering. Soon after, various brands of soda piled out of the bottom of the machine. "Bingo." Theurak took many of the cans of

soda out, beginning to chug them one after the other, to Val's amusement. A deep, wet belch surges from his stomach afterwards, crunching and compacting whatever meals were left fighting around in there. While Val was quite amused by the sight of it all, it was rather clear that somebody else wasn't... A mall cop watched the whole thing from his post, narrowing his eyes and pushing up his shades as he started to approach. A grizzly-looking german shepherd.

“Mind telling me what the hell you’re doing, punk?” He growled, prodding a night stick into the rather sizable bosom of the snake guy a few times. Theurak looked at Val, then back at the mall cop, before chuckling. “Believe me, officer. If you knew what I’ve been up to today, you’d be running for the hills by now.” He threatens, his tail trailing around to the back side of the mall cop, smacking away at his taser to knock it to the other side of the floor. The cop seemed visibly surprised by his taser being knocked away so casually, immediately sparking a furious response from him. “Nobody makes me look like a dipshit and gets away with-- Rmmph!” Unfortunately for him, he was too focused on losing his cool to realize the same snake tail was now slamming his head forward, straight into the dripping maw of the churning snake. From there, it was as easy as lifting him up by the thighs to take the rest of him down, lurching his head forward in repetitive swallows to send him flailing to his stomach as a squirming bulge...

With the mall cop settling in his stomach, Theurak chuckles to himself, leaning back against the busted soda machine to squeeze at his lumpy, scaly guts. “Mmmph... Child’s play~ Try a bit harder next time. Not that there will be one.” He replies, rubbing his hands deep against his fizzling guts, glowing as if he was attempting to apply a bit of his demigod magic to it. Whatever he was doing, it seemed to be effective, as it led to the snake belching up an acid-drenched badge onto the floor. Blinking, he picks it up and investigates it. “Guess that nightstick is still inside.. Guess I’ll be feeling that, later.” He winked to the owl, who rolled her eyes. “Whatever that was, I’m pretty sure it was a felony. But I mean, it was pretty hot, at least. I honestly didn’t think you were that bold.” She grinned,

rubbing at his guts for a moment with her wing, before taking a few of the sodas in the machine for herself. Theurak was left crimson from her compliment... She said he was hot!

Cracking open one of the sodas, the owl would take a sip, before belching again. "Mmmph... Well, now that you took care of that little diversion, we should go scope out that one Tyler's Souvenirs shop. They usually have neat stuff there." The oversized bird was referring to a local counterculture shop full of novelties, aimed towards stoners, nerds, and otherwise delinquents around their age. Essentially the perfect hangout spot. After a short, prey-churning walk, the pair would arrive at their destination, stocked with pop-culture merch, bongos, blow up dolls, and condoms. Every moment they were inside, the snake silently hoped to himself that the bird would consider swiping a pack of them for later. He still hadn't quite been able to take his eyes off her ass... Unfortunately, it didn't seem like he was alone, with that.

A small group of edgy goats and sheep around their same age group took notice of the snake and bird, heckling them as they entered the shop. "That's funny, I thought this shop had a weight limit." One of them snickers, the female sheep that seemed to lead the pack. A male goat replied from behind her. "Yeah! You two on a date or somethin'? Guess you two already have similar-sized tits. Love at first sight!" He chuckled, reaching up to give a firm squeeze to Val's tits. The bird was rather distracted at the moment, focusing on the store merchandise and ignoring their heckling. But when the goat touched her, she immediately rotated her head around to face him, eyes narrowed. "Errr... Chill out, lardass! It was just a prank!" He laughed nervously, stepping back defensively... Only to bump back into Theurak's own tits, looking down at him. The snake looked back at Val, who only gave him a slight nod. Didn't take much more convincing than that.

"Someone so obsessed with our bodies shouldn't mind becoming part of them, right?" Theurak taunts the goat, coiling his tail tightly around his body and getting him to grunt. Val, on the other hand, would already be squishing the sheep up against the rest of her other friend, another sheep

that hadn't done anything but squeak nervously as soon as the bird approached. "Of course. A bitch like you won't be in any position to complain about someone's appearances once you're a heaping load of owl shit. But who am I to judge?" Val mutters with a slight grin, dragging her tongue across her prey's face, running her mascara across the top of her head. It was enough to get her to shriek, but it wouldn't get much further than the reverberating walls of the owl's throat, all the while Theurak took in his own extra snack, goat hooves tumbling down his maw with the assistance of his tail.

If a mall cop, the staff of a clothing store, and the staff of a pizza shop went down so easily for the duo, a few all-talk defenseless edgelord teens were nothing that the pair couldn't take down in a few swallows. They'd tumble into the guts of the predators just as easily as the rest, smothered against tight, rumbling digestive walls that claimed others further along in the digestive process, and ultimately finished off with a mighty clench of a belch. Theurak rubbed his eyes, grumbling to himself as he pats his stomach a few times. "That felt good. How are you holding up?" The snake questioned, looking at the bird rubbing her own guts. "I'm doing fine. I guess I never really thought I could fit in this much prey at once, though... Guess I never tried." She quietly comments, her lower body gurgling up a storm as she turns around once more. She was clearly taking something off of the shelf... Their walked up to investigate it.

In her wings, the snake found a double-pack of extra large deluxe buttplugs. However, one side had been opened, and there was already one missing. "Would you like this?" She casually asks, passing it over to him. Theur was already deep in thought. "Where's... the other one?" He shuddered, feeling that he already partially knew the answer. The bird casually shrugged. "Eh, I had to keep this much prey in me a bit longer somehow. This was my best option." After she admits to this, she also grabs some very tight-fitting black lingerie and tosses it into her bag along with everything else. "I'm going to need this later, too." Just the mental image of the owl wearing something so racy was enough to get the snake

biting his lip and gushing with precum, trailing down his jeans and being enough to gunk up a storm drain in the shop...

Without needing to pay, the pair soon made their way back out into the main hall of the mall once again, trying to find somewhere else to go. However, with every step Val was taking, her insides were beginning to sound noisier and noisier, the bloating in her lower half becoming increasingly apparent, to the point where she doubles over a bit. “Nngh... Shit. I don’t think the plug is going to hold much longer. Gonna have to kill a women’s room real quick.” She puffs, catching her breath. The phrasing alone had the snake flustered, helping walk her towards the nearest female restroom of the mall, as she fidgets with her sweatpants, whining mildly. Theurak could practically hear the churning and bubbling deep within her, making him quiver. “Must be a mess, if even that huge plug can’t hold it back.” He remarks, following the bird in as she stumbles her way in towards the first open stall she could find, squeezing inside and causing the walls to dent outward a bit. Her panties slip down, and she plants her ass on the resident undeserving piece of porcelain.

The door left wide open, Theur would watch in anticipation as the groaning owl scrapes her talons along the tiled floor, ass stretching wide as she strains... And then, it happened. The telltale distinct pop of a thick buttplug crashing into the water. And all hell broke loose.

***\*PFFLRrRrPpppPptTTcHHhhhhHHhhh--!!\****

Val’s tongue hung out as she panted, pelting the throne in the wettest, heaviest compaction of waste she’s perhaps ever experienced, an endless barrage of shit and bone churned out of many mall patrons. All of which sent to an untimely porcelain demise. As it all thundered forth from the bird, a snooty woman occupying the adjacent stall gags in disgust, stumbling out in an instant. It was a peacock lady, covering her beak with a wing. “Good lord, never in my life have I experienced something more foul than...” Upon turning her attention towards the adjacent stall, the sight of the heavy owl gushing with bone-laced shit was enough to make her faint on the spot,

completely unconscious. Theurak blinked, still in shock and awe from how much the owl could unload.

Thinking quick, he picked the lady up, shoving her towards the open stall with a chuckle. “Here, catch. Churn her into more bowl-filler.” He comments, watching as the gasping owl grips onto the other bird with both wings, carelessly shoveling her into her beak and tossing the rest of her in. All the while, she stood up a bit in a mild squatting position, already having completely filled the shitter with what remained of customers and employees alike, beginning to overflow. Her guts were bubbling up a hurricane, and she looked like she was in bliss from the sensation grazing her shithole. “Errrrmph...” The pure filth of it all, and the cute moans from the owl, were enough to leave Theurak throbbing as he observed. “You know, owlface, I’d love to keep watching you. But I’ve got my own guests to evict, if you catch my drift.”

Even through the heavy task of disposing of her passengers, the owl was starting to come to her senses again. At least enough to make her remember what the demigod’s output looked like. Suffice to say, it was not pretty, and put even herself to shame typically. “Rrrrgh... No way, not here. These stalls are mine. You can ruin the men’s room.” She pants, the flow of owl waste stopping for a moment as she steps forward, exiting the stall and leaving the heaping pile burying nearly everything in there in full view. Theurak rolled his eyes. “Pfff, fine, have it your way...” He chuckled for a moment, leaving the women’s room behind with a slight sway in his hips. With the disposing demigod out of the picture, Val could squeeze into the adjacent stall where the peacock came from, planting her feathery flanks onto the seat yet again to continue the sloppy process, tailfeathers flicking up...

As another deluge of avian shit poured out of her, splashing into the straining mass grave of a toilet, the bird couldn’t help but listen in to the noises in the next room over. It sounded like a lot of hissing, and a lot of heaping coils of snake shit gushing and splattering against practically everything at once. Suffice to say, she felt content that she made the right



decision as she batters the second stall, occasionally feeling a skull or two piling out of her whole, or being crushed somewhere in her colon on the way out to join the rest of the filth. As disgusting as it all was, the owl really couldn't deny how satisfying it all was... Before too long, she was already needing to sit up a bit again. No point in even bothering to flush something like this, anyway.

But before too long, Theurak would already be shoving his way back into the women's room, grunting. Val's eyes widened immediately. "The hell do you think you're doing?" She squawked out, half-grunting as she spoke. Theurak rubs the back of his head, rubbing his guts. "Nngh, ran out of room back there. Not done yet. Gotta finish here." He responds, crossing his legs a bit. Val stands up fully again, shoving her way out of another ruined stall to make her way over towards the next one. "Fffine, you do you. Just squat in the corner over there to finish off, I'm still probably going to be needing the rest of these..." She pants, feeling water on the floor tiles from her other two messes.

That was all Theur needed to hear, squatting down and hiking his tail over his shoulder, as he completely blasts the corner of the room in a constant gush of shit, rolling his eyes back as his knees quiver. "Ghhhh..." It wouldn't take long for it to fill up all the space in that corner of the bathroom, forcing him to move onto the sinks, each quickly being buried under thigh-thick logs of snake cable. After the bird decimates another stall, she's shocked to notice that she can't even see the far wall of the room anymore beyond all of Theur's waste. "Shit, you're something else, Theurak..!" She pants, as Theur continues to pump everything out. "I, rrrgh, know! I'm a demigod of this crap!"

Over the course of the next few minutes, Valerie would relocate much of the content of her bowels to the remaining few stalls of the women's room, creating quite a stunning art installation in the process. Meanwhile, Theur's rampage of filth would finally come to an end, thankfully leaving enough space to exit the room as his tail finally lowers again, using an entire roll he snagged from the men's room to clean himself back off. Soon

after, he'd turn his head to see Valerie digging that lovely dress from earlier back out of her bag, sloooowly dragging the whole thing between her massive ass, smearing it a vile hue, and casually tossing it onto the last heaping pile she left behind. All in one swift motion. "I told you I'd need it." She flashed a smirk to Theurak, who was left throbbing in lust once again. "You're amazing..." He said under his breath, watching as the bird yanks the bottom half of her outfit back up, appreciating her new curves... "Let's get out of here. I'm already hungry again, and this place reeks." She taunts, stepping out of the women's room with one wing fanning the air.

Theurak followed her back out shortly after. Naturally, the first thing a pair of emptied preds like them would do upon offloading prey would be to fill up yet again. This was a rather easy task to accomplish at the nearest music store, full of records and more recent releases. Neither caught the name, but it was hardly important. Another set of struggling, hipster-looking snacks to shove down, slathered in bird and snake drool before being stuffed into the respective stomach chambers. As Val lounged back against the wall where all the records were held, she rubbed her sloshing, churning guts with a long sigh. "Is it just me, or does this keep getting easier?" She chitters, turning her attention towards the snake, who took the initiative in eating the store staff for once. Looking at all the portable music players on the rack, the snake got a fun idea. "Hey, watch this..."

The snake reached over to the rack with his tail, picking up a pill-shaped music player and tossing it into his hand. After a brief bluetooth connection to his phone, it'd be blasting with music, Theurak intentionally playing it all at max volume. As soon as it was as loud as possible, the predator swallowed the entire thing down at once, feeling the heavy vibrations of the device emitting its muffled Top 10 Pop tune, as it noisily splashes down onto other kicking prey inside of his stomach. The inner walls of his stomach were vibrating to the point where digestion was being stimulated at an accelerated rate, without even the need for any demigod-like assistance. His prey wouldn't be fighting for much longer, and the stimulated stomach acids would be doing a good job at degrading the noise quality of the device inside of him, the mechanics eventually failing.

As this happens, the snake tilted his head back to belch the device back up, now acid-stained and truly ruined from the encounter.

Val watched the whole thing in awe, not saying a word... Until she'd fall into a fit of laughter, walking over to give him a quick smooch on the lips. "That was cool. I didn't know you could do that." She compliments. The smooch made him bite his lip and feel his knees buckle again, gasping as his throbbing rager fills his pants with a bit more pre, swimming in lust over the smooch. "Rrrrghhh, I... Hah... Th-thanks... <3" The snake pants, the owl constantly tugging at his hairstring of a sex drive with her teasing. "Come on now, snaketits. I wanna see the video game store." She beckoned, tugging him along with her wing.

The video game store of the mall, a TBA Games, was pretty much what one would expect. A mix of new releases and old used copies. Fortunately for them, the customers and staff alike seemed to be well-groomed and bathed enough on that particular day to pummel down their throats without issue. Another outlet at the mall reduced to a ghost town, where anything was free for the taking. And naturally, Val would stuff a few into wherever else she could fit in her bag. "This time rune thing you did was something else." She mused, unhooking a handheld that was on display, and slipping a cartridge into it. Whatever was in there looked interesting enough, some indie release about a cat in a mech suit. However, when she glanced back at the snake catching his breath, sitting against the window near the front of the store, she got an idea...

The unsuspecting snake would soon find a rather massive owl ass hanging directly over his lap, tailfeathers flicking... Her pants were down just enough to give him a slight view at her striped-looking panties, before squishing right down against his lap. "I'm sorry, were you sitting here? I'm trying to play something." The owl taunts, starting to rub and grind her ass against the snake's body, Theurak lightheaded as his hands sink into those hefty owl cheeks. He could barely even hear the blips and beeps of the game she was playing over the deep, rumbling gastrointestinal processes surging through herself. "Nngh... Y-you're playing with fire, b-birdbutt..." He

whined out, hugging up against her bouncing hips as he unzipped his own jeans, beginning to hotdog her in broad daylight. As she gave him the casual lapdance, Theur had to exercise extreme restraint not to bury his entire length in her feathery asshole all at once.

As the snake kept humping against that bubbly, jiggling bird butt, he'd suddenly feel it lifting up a little bit, right in front of his snout... Before squishing back and burying his muzzle right into her cracked, pressed right up against the glass of the storefront. Probably made quite a show for anybody walking by. "This game is pretty fun, don't ya think?" She taunted, grinding up against the glass as she continued to play on the handheld. Theur couldn't hold back as he huffed the bird's ass, snorting in the natural musk of his date before flitting his forked tongue out, and giving a long, deep drag across her rim... This would reward the snake with a deep, low hoot. All of these factors would be enough to make him buck his hips forward between her legs, grunting as the tip of his cock twitches... And fires out a pressurized eruption of snake cum hard enough to knock the handheld right out of Val's grasp.

"J-Jeez...!" She yelps, feeling the snake eagerly moaning and tonguing at her hole, blasting rope across rope across the entire game store. The handheld she was playing sparked a bit before suddenly turning off, the gunky snake cum completely frying the system as she pulls her ass forth from the snake's muzzle, a bit of drool connecting the two. "Nnngh... Well, that was fun. Kinda broke the thing, though." She rolled her eyes, thighs still quaking as she hiked her pants back up, staring back at him with a grin. "That's all you get. At least for now." She teased, the snake still twitching in utter bliss. If he could have it his way, he'd be pinned under that bird's heavenly purple ass for the rest of his life. But given the telltale churning of her lower body, it seemed like it was soon going to do something else. "Guess it was about time, anyway. Dweebs usually move through me a lot faster than most prey."

It wouldn't be long until the duo were in another unsoiled bathroom of the mall, this time the roles being reversed. Theurak was the one bent over

and erupting with shit with all the force of a shaken-up soda can into each of the stalls sequentially, while Val was pinned to a trash bin in the corner, the whole thing constantly rattling with the sounds of splattering and clattering. She sighs to herself as she packs the bin with the contents of the prior two stores, wiping a bit of sweat off her head, observing the snake. "It really is impressive how much you have in you. I doubt you could sit down to do the job if you wanted. Unless it was over the rim of a cliff or something." The teased, rubbing her wing across her lower body. Things would be blocked up for a moment, until she spread her ass a bit with a feathered wing, accompanied by all the noise of a cannonball of a skull thumping deep into the bin. "Hfff..."

Theurak would press his hands against the walls of one of the stalls, already packed with shit and spilling over to the other ones at that point. "Nngh, that's just how I work. My house does a decent job at it. It's kinda made with me in mind." He pants, tail arcing a bit higher as the flow gets thicker. Val's mess would quickly come to an end again, lifting a leg to peer below her. "Oh wow. You know, I didn't think this through. Don't really have much paper to use after I finished off the dress." She chirped, watching Theur strain. "Rrrgh, what do you expect me to do about it? You can't really get the paper out of these ones, anymore..." He replied, which was pretty much the truth at that point. Chuckling and hopping off the bin, Val shrugged. "I dunno, I guess I'm just gonna have to use your tongue to clean off, then. You were doing such an eager job at it, last time."

The very mention of this had the demigod's eyes widen, quivering as his junk twitches and throbs again. He was already at half mast from all the anal stimulation, but that alone was enough to take him the rest of the way, blowing his wad yet again and painting the mirrors on the other side of the room. "Rrrghhmmmmph...!" Cackling a bit over the sight of Theur suddenly climaxing yet again, Valerie raised her wings defensively. "Come on, I was just teasing you, snakebutt! Never realized eating out my filthy ass would get you so rock-hard... You're one nasty snake." She laughed, shoving her ass into one of the sinks and turning it to maximum, like a woefully undersized birdbath for her to wash her ass off with. Seeing this, the shaky

snake just shook his head, still panting to himself. “Hhhhffff... You can’t just kid around about things like that!” He whined, finally finishing up. Now there was a thought that was going to be haunting his wet dreams for weeks to come... Stupid sexy owl.

The rest of the time spent at the mall would go on pretty casually. Store after store would be cleaned out of every customer and staff member, eventually leaving the entire place deserted. Practically every restroom of the whole establishment would be brimming with predshit from the both of them. Moreso from Theurak, but Valerie’s own contributions were nothing to scoff at either. The two would bond further over picking off the entire mall, one by one. Rubbing each other’s guts to aid digestion, smooching, occasionally even grinding against each other in the throes of lust. At one point, Theur would bust a sprinkler head for Val to take a shower, ogling at the bird’s feathery form as she washed herself off with stolen soap from the bath shop. Elsewhere, the owl would stare him down with a bit of dark mascara she discovered elsewhere in the same shop, pinning him against a wall to make him shiver in arousal. At a jewelry shop, the snake would cover the owl in lovely necklaces after shattering a display, tail curling into a heart-shape as he attempts to fit a few rings onto her feathered fingers... Which would all slide off immediately. They’d both laugh over it.

At the very end of the day, the dangerous couple would be found in the furniture chain at the very end corner of the mall, the whole store being removed at this point by the voracious appetites of the both of them. Theurak sighed as the owl napped, spooning the plush, feathery body of the bird with an arm wrapped around her, cuddling in the most comfortable model bed that they could find. After all, who was going to tell them that they can’t sleep there, at that point? It was a weekend anyway, so it’s not like they had anywhere else to be. Val was wearing that same lovely, tight-fitting black lingerie she spotted out earlier, giving Theur more feathers to trail his hand over. As much as he wanted her to, the snake never quite worked up the courage to ask her to ride him while wearing it. He sighed deeply, hugging up against her and reflecting on all the fun they had that night...

It all really got the demigod snake thinking. And he couldn't help but frown a little bit, pulling away. "Am I losing my touch...?" He hissed to himself, a rather troubled expression as he thought. Throughout their entire date, he found himself being outplayed, outeaten, and otherwise dominated by the owl. And she was a mortal! How could a demigod like him fall so far from grace? As easy as it would be for anyone else to let such a thought go, Theurak's ego just wouldn't let him. He needed to have the last laugh somehow. Something that would prove to the owl that he was just as much the dominant one, in this relationship... And then, it hit him. If he shat out the last of the mall prey over at her house, it would demonstrate to her just how in-control he was over the whole thing. Would need more than a mop to come back from that, and his ego would be sated once more. Theurak used some of his god powers to lean up against the owl's body yet again, a mild glow emanating from his head with his eyes closed as he hummed... By scanning through the memories of the owl, there was a good chance he could figure out where she lived. He never really bothered to ask, before...

As he might've expected the sights inside of Val's mind were enough to get him shuddering. Plenty of failed dates that ended inside of Val's stomach, one after the other. The owl trying to pull her top over her massive, struggling guts after a particularly excessive binge. The bird giving some sort of cyan wolf or husky a swirlie by shoving his muzzle into a toilet absolutely overflowing with owl shit, and slapping the flush lever. An occasion in which the owl's overloaded, sizzling, complaining guts were pressed tightly up against a desk as she rubbed them, ignoring each and every attempt to escape or reason with the bird... Val was absolutely a force to be reckoned with, that's for sure. But at the same time, he couldn't find any sign pointing towards where the owl lived. Grunting, the snake would search a little deeper... Until he would inevitably find something that makes him gasp, realizing that he went a bit too deep.

He could visualize the owl being pinned to what he would assume was her owl bed, with some equally-voracious-looking lizard dude he never met on top of her. He was slamming into the owl over and over again as

she moaned in bliss, plowing deeper and deeper each time, shaking the very frame of the bed. Val would wrap her wings around him, panting as he absolutely destroys her pussy, dripping with sweat. The owl just wouldn't stop moaning, really leaning into it all. By the end, he would collapse onto her pudgy frame and wrap around her body, giving her a deep, tongue-in-mouth kiss. The sight of it all was absolutely devastating to the snake. Val never even made an attempt to stop him, nothing in her memory about eating the lizard guy afterward... Was it really possible that someone else made it to fourth base with the powerful, dominant bird before he could? Was she still seeing this guy? Overall, the demigod felt more used and vulnerable than he had ever felt before.

Gasping for eyes, his eyes shoot back open again, looking down at the owl still deep in slumber... Before carelessly grabbing her shoulders and startling her awake. "Eeep--! The heck is your problem, Theur? I was having a good dream!" She narrowed her eyes. It was then that she noticed just how angry Theurak was, attempting to fight back tears. "Why are you cheating on me? Who is he!?" The snake demanded answers, his voice cracking a bit as he balls up his fists. "What the hell are you talking about..." Val started, before thinking back a bit. The dream she was just having... "Did you just invade my thoughts, you asshole?" She growled a bit, turning her head to look at him, becoming increasingly furious. "That's practically the only place I actually care about having privacy! You can't just intrude on my mind like that!" The owl blushed, feeling rather violated by her date. How much did he see?

"I want to know who he is!" The snake demanded, tail curling up as he stared her down. The owl sits up a bit, pulling the sheets over her rather exposed form. "He's not even real! I was dreaming! Are you really that full of yourself that you think you need to invade my thoughts just to act like you're in a greater position of power? You know, for a demigod, you're way too much of a pathetic, submissive dork to end up in a long-term relationship with me, anyway!"



Her words cut him like a knife. Furiously upset, the snake pounces her against the bed, staring down at her, sniffing a little bit. "That's it, you're snakefood!" He growled out, beginning to open his maw over her head, snake drool seeping into the feathers on her face... Squawking out in shock, Val used her wings to keep those jaws off of her head, grunting as she struggled to shove him back off. If she let him, the snake could easily succeed in taking her down his throat, hips and all. Thinking quickly, the bird rolled off the side of a bed with a grunt, shoving him down to the floor as he grunted. He could feel the full weight of the bird pressing down against his body, as she glared down at him. "I'm gonna slurp you down like a noodle, snaketits. You know, for a demigod with assets like yours, I thought you'd be packing more. Easy to tease you all the time when you can't even work up the self-confidence to ask if you want to bang."

Again, the bully of an owl was hurt by her words, grip on her arms weakening, just for a moment. A moment that she could fully exploit. Ironically, Val probably knew how to get into someone's head better than he did. Taking advantage of the snake's weakness, Val shoveled the snake down into her gaping throat, slurping all over his head as she yanked him in. Feeling his slippery body plowing down her throat, the distraught snake attempted to get a grip on his god powers. With how much training the owl had in swallowing others over the course of the day, her date would go down just as easily as any other... With the exception of his fat hips, which would block up her throat for a moment before cramming him down, followed by his legs and his lengthy tail. Slurping the last of him down like a noodle, her guts would appear absolutely packed with just the snake alone, grunting and panting to herself as she shakily sat back down onto the bed's side. "Damn it..." She grunted to herself, dripping with sweat from the ordeal, feeling at least a tinge of regret for what she did.

However, Theurak wouldn't go out that easily. "You bitch! You damn bitch!" The snake howled out around her gurgling stomach walls, slamming against the sides of them to make her shift and grunt. Valerie narrowed her eyes, kneading her wings deep into the walls of her guts against him. "Nnngh... Good night, Theur." She coldly responds, pulling up the sheets

yet again and turning over to lie down on her stomach, squishing the snake with her full weight. Theurak would grunt out, sandwiched between two stomach walls as her stomach acids seep and sizzle against his scales. “Should’ve known it was gonna end like this...” She mumbled out against her pillow, giving her longest, wettest belch of the night.

***\*hhhHHHwWUUOORRRRPPpPPpPpppp...\****

Theurak’s fighting seemed to finally come to an end, fizzling out in the vat of digestive bird acids kneading up against him, all the while the bird began to snore against that pillow, alone again. Her stomach struggled a bit to claim her largest meal of the night, but the godly snake would inevitably go the way of all the others in due time. At least now the bird could sleep knowing nobody was going to peer through her deepest, most personal thoughts and memories without her permission...

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Several hours later, the owl’s eyes would slowly open yet again, groaning to herself as she gives a slow stretch. Unlike other times where she slept after eating prey, Val didn’t have to think for a moment to remember who she ate last night. She felt a combination of satisfaction and sadness for doing this to her date... She might’ve gone a bit too hard on the guy. He wasn’t really a bad guy, and far from the worst she dated. At the same time, she was hard-pressed to think of anyone that treated her more weirdly than he did. So maybe it was for the best he was filling out her hips, now. Stepping back out with her bag and walking towards the main plaza, it was rather strange to see how much of a ghost town the mall appeared to be, especially with the droning music still playing. They really wiped the floor with the place. With every step, she felt the weighty demigod snake in her bowels pressing deeper and deeper towards the end of her colon. “Don’t worry, snaketits. You’ll get your great escape soon.”

Valerie had to think for a moment of where she was going to shit such a gargantuan snack back out, though. After all, the two of them probably

ruptured the entire septic system of the mall to hell and back, with the assistance of all the occupants filtering through them. There was nowhere else for her to go, unless she wanted to squat down or do it over the side of a table. Not like there would be any witnesses to it. Thinking about it, she didn't even really need her lingerie anymore either, stripping it off and tossing it to the side as she wandered the mall in the nude. As she neared the area where they entered, her eyes would focus upon the elaborate mall fountain, gushing with water with a large dolphin as the centerpiece. Val chuckled to herself. The would-be ultimate bird bath was about to serve her as the ultimate bird toilet, instead. Sighing, she drops her ass over the rim of the fountain. "Doubt anybody's gonna be making any more wishes with this thing, after I'm through with it... Or diving for spare change."

***\*FLRrRRRPPpPPPPTttCCHHhhHHH...\****

A thick, rolling deluge of avian shit would spread her wide, studded with black and red scales that seemed to almost tease at her hole on the way out. As Val dumped out everything that remained of Theurak, she held her head back and fought back a moan, reluctant to admit that the snake was at least pretty stimulating on the way back out of her. She could hear the mighty splashes of the waste crashing against the surface of the fountain, sinking straight to the bottom and displacing much of the water in the fountain. As the mess continued to barrel out of her bowels, she began to realize that much of the space in the fountain was being displaced, inevitably resulting in much of the water spilling out onto the ground around her. And the more Theur's remains were shat out into it, the more swampy and murky the once-beautiful fountain became.

It felt like Val was sitting there unloading for about fifteen minutes, occasional bits of bone breaking up the pace and jutting out over the water of the fountain at odd angles. Her tailfan would eventually lower yet again, but not before the snake's evidently-thick skull would squeeze out and roll off towards the middle, almost leaning against the statue. With a deep sigh, the owl would sit up again and look at what she did. The whole fountain was packed to the brim with owl shit, now too clogged up to squirt water

like it used to. It was probably for the best, given how much she befouled the water just by dumping every last bit of Theurak into it. As she glanced at his skull, it almost felt like it wore a sorrowful expression in the eyes, making her feel a bit more guilt for what she did to her date... "I'm sorry, Theur." She sighed, perhaps a bit uncharacteristically apologetic and vulnerable for her. But not too apologetic to stop her from taking the skinny jeans from the snake out of her bag, and using them to clean whatever was left of the snake off her ass, before tossing it into the swamped fountain.

Valerie got her regular clothes back out from her bag, finding that they fit her surprisingly well despite all of the eating that they did together... Maybe after unloading so much of the snake, she ended up losing a bit of weight. She'd never quite seen herself unload so much in one sitting before, anyway. Perhaps it had something to do with all that demigod magic. Either way, she was quite ready to leave the whole thing behind her as she stepped back out into the sun outside of the mall, her eyes taking a moment to adjust to the light beaming down upon her... But then, to her surprise, she heard a voice right outside of the mall that she never expected to hear again.

"Ahem."

After her eyes adjusted, Val couldn't bring herself to believe them. Her bag drops to the floor as she spots Theurak, completely intact, staring back at her. "But... How did... I thought I..." Val stuttered, sweating a bit as she looked from the snake back to where she came from, the main plaza. Theurak simply cackled to himself. "You thought it would be that easy, huh, bird butt? You have some apologizing to do." Val shuddered, rubbing the back of her head. "And you don't? Uhhhhh... Fine, whatever." She responds with an exasperated sigh, eyes glancing to a bench right outside the mall. "If I sit on your face for a few hours, can we just forget whatever happened last night?" As she says this, Theurak walks up to her, placing both of his hands on his shoulders, staring into her eyes... "Yes. That would be awesome." He simply replied, giving a smooch to her beak.

Despite his flaws, Val couldn't help but feel relieved that the snake came back after all. Theurak, while he still couldn't help but shake his frustrations due to his inferiority complex, was still more than happy to reconcile with the predatory avian. It would appear that this one-off date had become more of a relationship than either of them could've ever predicted. As for the mall, nobody would quite fully understand what occurred there that day. Within days, it would be shut down for repairs, and not reopen for a very long time. Not that it mattered much to Valerie and Theurak. There were always other places to have a date.