

# Beneath the Waves

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Tags: chubby pred, F/? , female pred, kraken, massage, monster girl, oral vore, prey POV, second person, sensual, size difference, soft vore, unknown fate

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It is a warm and serene evening on the Kanaloan Sea. The setting sun sits just above the horizon, painting the sky a hazy orange that shimmers in the tide of the deep blue ocean. Waves lap gently at the shorelines of the Makaha Islands while the palm leaves rustle in the light breeze. The Makahan villages begin to glow with torchlight as the tribes prepare for a special occasion.

Paddling through the island chain you call home, the evening sunlight warms your bare back coated in a film of sweat and seawater from your day-long fishing trip. It was an excellent haul: you speared four fish large enough to feed a whole family! Glancing back in your canoe, you take a moment to admire your haul. The fish will be served tonight at Kamehama in celebration of another year of good health. They will surely make a substantial contribution! As you round the end of the last island between you and your home, your village comes into view. Across the water, children are dancing and playing along the beach as the adults prepare for tonight's feast. There is food cooking over a grand fire while the village huts are being adorned with traditional decorations. Seafood and tropical fruit pile upon the crude, wooden banquet table in the village center as your fellow tribesmen return from outings of their own. It is a splendid scene to behold. Tonight's feast is shaping up to be quite the bountiful one! You row towards your village filled with anticipation.

Suddenly, two tentacles as thick as your waist emerge from the water, splashing you and wrapping themselves around the middle of your canoe. Eight smaller tentacles follow suit, latching onto other various parts of your boat. Startled, you drop your oar and reach for your spear, only to find it pinned beneath one of the large appendages. You try to pull it free, but recoil as the wood of your canoe begins to creak from the squeezing of the two large tentacles. The creaking soon becomes cracking as you helplessly watch them clench tighter, causing your canoe's wood to splinter. You turn towards your village and call out to your tribe for help, but they do not hear; your voice lost among the rustling of the leaves. Then finally comes the dreadful *CRRRRRRAAAACK* as the tentacles unceremoniously split your canoe in two. Warm

seawater rushes into the canoe as the force from the break folds each half upwards. You close your eyes and hold your breath as the sudden incline causes you to fall back, plunging you head-first into the ocean below.

After getting your bearings, you open your eyes. It is abnormally dark; the water around you is pitch black, and the visibility is so poor that you can't even see all the way to your feet below you. You reach upward to start swimming to the surface, when something slimy and squishy—presumably a tentacle from before—coils around your ankle in a gentle but powerful restraint. Three more seize your remaining limbs before a fifth wraps around your chest and pulls you further into the darkness.

The appendages bring you to a halt and spin you around to face your captor. Through the water it is difficult to make out the details, but to your surprise she is unmistakably humanoid. Her appearance matches that of a creature from ancient legends: a kraken. Her pure white body stands out against the darkness. A dark object resembling the fins of a squid crowns her long hair that cascades down her back like a sapphire cloak. Her lower half, however, is comprised of numerous tentacles identical to the ones that assaulted your canoe, and you gauge that you are no taller than her human half by itself. Before you can take in any more of her, she wordlessly pulls you in close to her chest, pressing your bodies together. Your hands sink into the supple flesh of her belly as your face squishes against her ample bosom. She then releases her tentacles and instead holds you intimately close with her human arms as she shoots out of the cloud of darkness, deeper into the sea. Your need for air becomes increasingly apparent as she drags you further into the depths of the ocean, the water becoming colder and darker with each passing moment.

You gasp sharply as you and your captor emerge from the sea into an underwater cave. You lie back and sprawl out while you steady your breathing in the loose embrace of the kraken's tentacles. Once your breathing returns to normal, you look up at your captor. Crystals on the rocky ceiling illuminate her face like bright moonlight as she brushes her hair to one side of her face revealing sapphire eyes, a petite nose, and a gentle smile. You can now see just how plump and voluptuous she is. Her breasts hang like large melons above her thick waist and her wide hips transition into the tentacles that surround you. She gazes upon you softly like a mother gazes upon her child, though a glint of mischief sparkles in her eyes. She leans in toward you and reaches out to caress your face. The touch of her hand is warm as it smoothly rubs against your

skin. Her tentacles begin to move about, the suckers that line her appendages latching on and off of you. The mucus covering them makes the sensation surprisingly pleasant, softening their suction and preventing them from leaving marks. They massage your body leaving no part untouched as the tentacles slip across your chest, down your back, around your butt, and between your thighs. She leans in and gives you peck on the cheek before slowly drawing her tongue across it. She giggles warmly at your reactions to her pleasant assault, but otherwise remains silent as she continues grasping and squeezing your body.

After some time, the kraken releases you from her tentacles into the embrace of her arms. She pulls you upright, your face level with her breasts. She squeezes you in a tight hug as she buries her face in your hair, deeply inhaling your scent. When she relaxes her grasp, you look up to meet her gaze. She still looks at you gently, but her expression is neutral; her lips slightly parted. Something else lies deep within her sapphire eyes; something more than that glint of mischief from before: hunger. She opens her mouth wide and plants it around your forehead. You can feel the warmth and humidity of her breath on your scalp and her lips feel smooth sliding over your face and neck as she pulls your head into her mouth. She pauses for a moment to taste you, sliding her tongue all around your face and coating it in saliva. She moans contentedly at your flavor, and you feel the vibrations as it reverberates throughout her mouth. Her tentacles wrap around you once more, pinning your arms at your side to accommodate the width of your shoulders and chest as she takes her first swallow. Your face is plunged down her throat as your upper body is pulled in up to your waist in her maw. The fleshy walls of her throat begin to tug rhythmically at your face, attempting to pull you in. Unable to swallow you in your current position, the kraken lifts you up and tilts her head back, allowing gravity to aid in her endeavor. Without any way to resist, your lower body slowly disappears down her gullet as the rhythmic movements of her esophagus inch your slick body down into her stomach.

With one final gulp, the kraken sends your feet down her throat to join you in her belly. She lets out a content sigh as your legs curl up with the rest of you in her stomach's tight embrace. Inside it is hot and humid. Her stomach itself undulates around you and emits hypnotizing grumbles. She begins to hum a gentle tune to herself while caressing her distended belly. From within, you can feel her soothing touch rubbing your back. All of this begins to tire you, and before you know it, you are lulled into a deep sleep. As you slip into unconsciousness surrounded by rumbles, you understand that you and the kraken are one now, never to part again.