

“A lamia? Menacing the village?” Sheira repeated, looking up at the innkeeper in surprise. The young adventurer blinked in surprise for a moment, and then grinned excitedly. “Yeah! I can help with that!”

“Yes...” The innkeeper was an older woman, with red hair that fell down past her shoulders. “She’s been a big problem lately.” She sighed, and Sheira had to resist staring at the older woman’s breasts as they bounced slightly. “Only last week, she attacked a merchant on the road. Poor woman hasn’t been seen since.”

Sheira nodded eagerly. “Well, don’t worry any more, ma’am!” Closing her hand into a fist, the young adventurer tapped her metal armor. “I’m an adventurer. This kinda thing’s exactly what we do!” She had experience fighting monsters, after all.

Privately, Shiera couldn’t be more delighted. She’d only arrived in the village a few hours ago, on her way to the capital, and she already had a quest! To tell the truth, she hadn’t expected much from such a tiny village. It was such a tiny, ragged place, barely a collection of houses and a small church. That, and a surprisingly large inn. Despite it’s size, the inn was pretty empty, and she soon found out why. She hadn’t sat down for more than a few minutes in the inn’s dining hall before the innkeeper approached her for help.

“Oh, thank you so much!” The innkeeper heaved a big sigh of relief, and Sheira had to resist staring at her breasts again.. “Normally, we’d be full up! But since this lamia moved in...” She shook her head and smiled. “I was praying a big, strong adventurer would come and take care of that terrible lamia... Oh, but you don’t need to kill her, of course. Just make sure she doesn’t bother us anymore.”

“Understood!” The young adventurer smiled. The innkeeper seemed like a kind woman, so she probably wouldn’t want Sheira to kill the lamia if it wasn’t necessary. The innkeeper smiled warmly at that, looking relieved.

Outside, the sun is setting and Sheira could feel her stomach growling. She wasn’t very big, to tell the truth. Well, she was kinda short, actually. But the young adventurer had quite an appetite. “Um...” She looked up at the innkeeper again. “Could I get something to eat? I’d like to stay the night, and deal with the lamia problem in the morning.”

“Oh!” The innkeeper looked a little embarrassed. “Forgive me, where are my manners?” She clapped her hands loudly. There was the sound of footsteps, and a young woman poked her head around a nearby doorway. The innkeeper’s daughter, judging by her red curly hair. “Dani, my love! Would you be so good as to cook up this wonderful adventurer a hot meal?”

“Is she going to help with our lamia problem?” Dani grins at Sheira, as her mother nods. “Awesome!” The young redhead looked just slightly younger than Sheira herself, in her early twenties. “Thank you so much!” She called out to Sheira, and blew a kiss to her, before vanishing again.

“N-no problem!” Sheira felt her heart flutter slightly. She’d never had so much praise before. Reaching down to her coin pouch, the young adventurer turns back to the innkeeper. “Um, how much do I...”

“Hm? Oh, nothing at all!” The innkeeper holds up her hands, smiling happily. “Please, you’re already taking care of that ferocious lamia, it’s the least we can do to feed and give you a good night’s sleep...” She gestures for the adventurer to sit back and relax. “And once the lamia’s taken care of, we’ll give you a nice reward, I think!” Her green eyes flashed slightly. “And perhaps before as well, I think...” She winked and turned away, before Sheira could ask what she meant.

Sheira felt a little guilty for accepting such generosity, but she couldn’t refuse. Actually, she didn’t exactly have a *lot* of money. The money her mother had given her before she’d struck out on her own was dwindling. At this rate, she might have ended up having to work in a brothel for a little while, like her mother had done. But thankfully, this quest would mean she probably wouldn’t have to.

Not far away, the innkeeper was lighting the large fireplace that dominated the dining hall. Sheira felt a little grateful, as the heat began to spread through the room. It was late in the year, and nighttime had a bit of a chill lately. It would be winter soon. Sheira hoped to be in the capital by then. The Adventurer’s Guild was there, and they’d give her somewhere to stay for the season, as long as she had enough coin.

At least, that’s what her mother had told her. Mother had been an adventurer herself when she’d been younger, and she’d spent many years fighting monsters and fulfilling quests. Those stories had been a big part of why Sheira had wanted to become an adventurer like her. Her mother hadn’t been too happy to hear that, but when her daughter had proved how serious she was about it, she’d supported her all the same. She’d trained Sheira how to fight, and helped her save up for her equipment. Sheira had to do her best, for her mother’s sake at least...

“You look a bit troubled, friend.” Sheira flinched slightly, and broke away from her thoughts. Nearby, the innkeeper’s daughter, Dani, stood holding a plate of food. “Here, eat up and forget your troubles, would ya?”

“Oh, er... thank you.” The young adventurer shook off her melancholy thoughts, and gratefully took the plate. As the redheaded woman waited patiently, Sheira picked up a spoon and tasted some of the meat. “Mmm, great food!” She gave Dani a smile. It was more adequate food than great, but it would be rude to say anything else.

Dani smiled widely at the compliment. “Thank ya for sayin’. Mother’s been teaching me to cook now that I’ve turned twenty.” She pointed to the bread on the side of the plate. “This came from the baker, her bread’s really good!”

Privately, Sheira was a little surprised that this little village even had a baker. "Er... yes, thank you." Politely, the adventurer took a bite of the bread. Thankfully, it actually is rather good. They must have decent millstones here, Sheira guessed, though she was rather curious how the tiny village's baker could afford such a thing. "Ah... would you like to sit with me?" Sheira suggested, feeling a little awkward with the young woman just hovering next the table.

"Sure!" Dani said cheerfully, and sat down opposite Sheira. "I'm Danika, by the way. But you can call me 'Dani', like Mother and my friends do. Been a few days since we had a customer in the inn." She looks Sheira up and down. "If you don't mind me sayin', you look like you're kinda new to this whole adventurin' thing." Dani smiled at Sheira.

"Ah, I'm Sheira..." Sheira blushed slightly. "Ah, well... I've only been doing it about a year or so." She patted her worn short sword. "Mama... I mean, my mother and I had to save up a long time to buy me this sword and some armor." The small adventurer grinned. "B-but, don't worry! I'm pretty strong, y'know?"

The innkeeper's daughter laughed softly. "Oh, I'm not worried about that!" She reached out and gently ran a hand along Sheira's arm. "You've got some nice muscles, don't ya?"

"Oh, er... Thank you." The young adventurer felt a little flustered by Dani's touch. "I... I worked out every day while I was saving up, so..." Now that she took a good look, the innkeeper's daughter had inherited her mother's... endowments. When Dani sat back in her chair, her white cloth tunic slipped down slightly, revealing no small amount of cleavage. Sheira gulped nervously and looked away.

Dani seemed to think for a moment. "You ever fought a lamia before?" She asked, looking curious.

Sheira blushed slightly. "Er... well, no." She'd only killed a few weak monsters before, but it was time for her to move up to bigger enemies anyway. "But, I'm pretty strong, so it should be an easy battle if it comes down to it." Her mother had always told her she was talented, after all.

Smirking, Dani leaned back. "Well, I'm sure that lamia's not gonna be much of a match for ya." She tossed back her hair, red curls bouncing along her shoulder. "Should be a pretty quick piece of work, honestly. Too bad nobody in the village is strong enough to do it instead." She winked at Sheira. "Lucky for us, we've got a strong, well-equipped adventurer to help us out."

The young adventurer felt a little flattered. "Um... how long has this lamia been a problem for the village?" She asked, trying to wrack her brain for everything her mother had taught her about the creatures. Lamia were a type of beast-girl, human upper half and serpentine lower half. The older they got, the bigger and stronger they were. Sheira had never seen one in person before.

Dani bit her lip for a moment, apparently thinking hard for a moment. “Well... she moved in about two years ago, I think.” The redhead thought for another moment. “She wasn’t too much trouble back then, but her appetite’s only growing bigger. None of us villagers have been attacked, but she likes to eat travelers. Normally, our inn would be bustling, but ever since that lamia started attacking...”

Sheira blinked for a moment. “Really?” She asked, chewing some of her meat slowly. This village is rather... *small*, to put it politely. “I wouldn’t have expected you guys to get a lot of travelers here.” Most travelers would have just taken the main road to the capital, and the village was on a small side route. Sheira had only come here since adventurer’s usually tried to look for work in places less traveled.

Dani smirked slightly. “Oh, well... perhaps you hadn’t heard of our inn’s, uh, *speciality*.” She nodded over to her mother, who was now reclining in a chair near the fireplace. “Mother is a very generous woman. For a little bit of coin, she will join our customers in bed, if you catch my drift...”

It took Sheira a few moments to catch her drift. “O-oh!” The young adventurer blushed slightly as she understood what Dani was alluding to. This wasn’t just an inn, it was a brothel as well. No wonder it was a little bit more lavish than it should be for a village this size. Feeling rather embarrassed at how frankly Dani had told her, Sheira tried to laugh it off. “Well, I imagine you must get a lot of men coming through here, then!”

“Men?” Dani thought for a moment, and then shrugged. “No... well, we got *some*, of course. But we mostly get women spending the night.” Her eyes flashed for a moment, a hint of amusement in their green depths. “You see, Mother and I both prefer the company of women...”

Sheira understood what *that* meant of course. She looked over at the young redhead, who winked and pulled down her tunic slightly, to show off her cleavage even more. “Oh, gods...” Sheira gasped, and felt a little bit of heat in her breeches. “Well... I suppose I can understand the appeal...” Dani grinned happily at that.

The innkeeper looked up at Sheira, and smiled over at her. Standing up, the older woman made her way back over to Sheira. “Ah... how did you enjoy your meal?” She asked, nodding at the adventurer’s empty plate. “I hope it satisfied your stomach?”

“It... it did, ma’am.” Sheira politely patted her stomach. “It was very much appreciated.”

“Wonderful!” The innkeeper smiled warmly, and walked behind Sheira’s chair. The adventurer felt slightly confused for a moment, until the innkeeper’s hands grabbed her by both shoulders, slipping under her armor. Gently massaging Sheira’s neck, the innkeeper leaned in slightly. “Now, you should get some rest. But it will be a cold night, so perhaps you could use someone to warm up your bed, hmm?”

“O-oh, you don’t need to...” Sheira gulped nervously. “I mean, you’re already paying me to...”

“Oh, I insist!” The innkeeper let out a soft laugh, and Dani nodded quickly on the other side of the table. “It’s the least we can do for such a brave adventurer!” Her massaging became stronger, and Sheira had to suppress a moan of pleasure at her touch. “Now... Dani is young and energetic, but if you’d prefer a more experienced woman...”

Sheira blushes deeply. Well, since they had offered so politely, surely it would be rude to refuse. “N-no, I’m quite happy with, uh, Dani...” She bit her lip, as the young woman giggled softly at her. “No offense, ma’am...” Not that she wasn’t interested in the innkeeper, of course.

“None taken, my dear.” The innkeeper continued to rub her shoulders. Perhaps she was trying to get Sheira in the mood already. If that’s what she was trying to do, it was working. “I’ve trained my daughter quite extensively.” She looked up at her daughter with a smirk. “Make sure our brave adventurer gets a good night’s sleep, would you, my dear?”

“Yes, Mother!” Dani said eagerly. The young woman stood up and offered her hand to Sheira. “Come, let me show you to my room...” Sheira stood, and took Dani’s hand with a deep blush, allowing herself to be led toward the stairs. “Goodnight, Mother!” She called behind her.

The innkeeper gave Sheira a vaguely amused look. “Sleep well, my love.” She answered her daughter. “I have work to do in the basement before I sleep...” Before Sheira could ask what she means, Dani has pulled her away.

“Um...” Sheira said nervously, as they began to ascend to the upper floor of the inn, where the bedrooms are. “I’ll have to fight that lamia in the morning, so...”

Dani gave her a flirtatious smile, and linked her arm around Sheira’s. “Oh, don’t you worry about that lamia, Sheira. That’s for tomorrow.” Leaning her head against the adventurer’s shoulder, the young redhead smirked. “Now, let’s get that armor off you. Mother gave me some lovely toys for my birthday...”

Sunlight filtered in through the shutters of the bedroom window, the early light of dawn shining down on Sheira’s eyelids. The adventurer woke slowly and sat up, looking around in sleepy confusion. She was naked, Sheira realized, as the heavy fur blanket fell away.

“Mmm...” Beside her, the innkeeper’s daughter stirred as well. The redhead is just as naked as Sheira. Ah, now the adventurer remembers. She and Dani had spent the night together, making love. It had been decidedly quite pleasant. Sheira had not been a virgin, though she hadn’t much experience with sex. Her mother had taken her to bed when she’d come of age and taught her how to make love, as was traditional. After that, they’d sold her virginity to the local

blacksmith, who'd had an eye on her for years. Sheira didn't regret it. She'd used that money to buy her sword, after all.

Sheira had never slept in a bed with another woman before, though. Well, apart from her mother. It was surprisingly pleasant. And warm. It had been a pleasant night all round, in truth. Dani clearly had experience in making love, given how aggressive she'd been in bed last night. Sheira wondered how many women Dani had spent the night with. Probably a *lot*. Though she imagined the innkeeper probably had an even higher score.

It was truly tempting to just roll over and resume cuddling with the young woman. Warm, pleasant, and would almost certainly lead to more sex later. But, Sheira had a job to do.

Rolling out of bed, Sheira grabbed her clothes. Pulling on her tunic and breeches, the adventurer looked around for her armor. It was stacked neatly in the corner, where Dani had left it, after sensually removing it piece by piece. Sheira picked up her greaves and thigh armor and began the well-practiced routine of suiting up.

After a few minutes of dressing, Dani rolled over in bed, apparently woken by the sound. "Ah... already awake, are you?" The redhead grinned sleepily at Sheira. "You were a stallion last night, love. Won't you stay and indulge me again before you leave?"

Tempting, but no. Sheira grinned back at the young woman. "I would, but there's a lamia I need to take care of first." She leaned over and kissed Dani on the forehead. "Go back to sleep, I'll return to you when I'm done."

"Mmm..." Dani laughed softly at that. "She lives in the forest south of the village. I'm sure you'll find her quickly." She grabbed Sheira's hand for a moment, and squeezed it. "I pray that the battle goes as well for you as Mother and I hope." Then, Dani rolled over and sat up. "It's cold in bed without you." Pulling the blanket around her shoulders, the redhead stands up. "I'll go and join Mother in bed in the meantime. She'll keep me warm until you're done."

Sheira nodded slowly, tightening her sword sheath to her belt. "I hope I won't be too long."

"I hope not either..." As Dani walked out the door, she turned back to Sheira with a flirty look on her face. "Mother and I will be waiting for our third, so don't keep us waiting." She winked at the adventurer, and then hurried away with a shiver.

Sheira blushed a little at the thought of joining mother and daughter in bed at the same time. All the more reason to get this over with, she thought to herself.

The morning air was chilly when she left the inn. A light layer of frost still lingered on the wide road that intersects the narrow village. Sheira couldn't see anyone else around. All the other villagers must be asleep or something. And yet, as she turned south, toward the wide expanse

of trees, she could sense distant eyes watching her. Shivering slightly, Sheira began marching toward the forest.

A lamia... Sheira had never seen one before, let alone fought one. Mother had shown her an old book of monsters once, and told her about each one. Lamia were... half-beasts, if she remembered correctly. Human upper half, serpentine lower half. Dangerous beasts, but still only an animal, Mother had told her. And an animal was no match for a pureblood human like Sheira or her mother. Mother had been quite insistent about that last bit.

As soon as Sheira entered the shade of the trees, she began to rub her sides, and winced slightly. She hadn't noticed it as much when she'd been in the warmth of the inn, but there was a soreness in her stomach and thighs. Dani had been quite energetic last night. At one point, the young woman had pulled out a disturbingly large wooden dildo she called her 'mother's favorite'. Having that thing shoved inside Sheira had made the adventurer feel incredible, but this morning, she was paying the price. As the adventurer stumbles slightly on a rock, a mild pulse of soreness shoots through her vagina.

The forest to the south of the village was not large, thankfully. It only took about an hour of wandering around for Sheira to stumble across long, undulating tracks in the dirt that she recognized as similar to that of a snake's, but much larger. Once she began to follow them, it didn't take long to find the lamia's lair. In a small clearing below a natural rock wall, Sheira discovered the mouth of a small cave. Disturbingly, as she drew near, the adventurer could see bones littering the entrance of the cave, lying in the dirt as if they'd been tossed there. It was the lair of the filthy lamia, no doubt.

Sheira felt a flash of fury as she saw the discarded bones. She put her hand on the hilt of her sword and carefully picked her way over to the entrance of the cave. Peering down into the shadowy depths, Sheira called out. "Hey, I know you're in there, lamia! Get out here, or I'll come in there and drag you out!"

Deep in the back of the cave, something big stirred. There was a sound of something heavy sliding across the ground. "Who...?" A deep, female voice drifted out from the cave, echoing slightly. "Ahh... very well..."

Underneath her feet, Sheira felt the world begin to vibrate, just slightly. Around her, the discarded bones began to shiver, as the cave's inhabitant surged toward the entrance. The adventurer felt a flash of alarm, and stumbled backward. Just in time, as it turned out.

A large, human hand reached out and gripped the side of the cave's entrance, as the lamia reached the entrance. Her pale face glared out at the adventurer, pale white-blue eyes that seemed to glow even in the daylight. Long black hair fell to her shoulders. Sheira took a few more steps back, as the cave's inhabitant dragged herself out into the light. Her body was completely naked, leaving her large pale breasts hanging freely. Each one was larger than

Sheira's entire head, crowned with a puffy pink nipple. Her stomach was flat and thickly muscled, and beneath her belly button, a long pink vagina sat.

But that was where the similarity to a human ended. At the lamia's waist, at the point where the human legs might begin on a human, a thick layer of blue scales glitter in the sunlight. A serpent's tail isn't quite an accurate description, now that Sheira saw a lamia in the flesh. The lower body of the lamia was actually about two-thirds of her length, and looked heavily muscled. As she dragged herself out of the cave, Sheira saw that her eyes were slitted, like a snake's.

As the lamia slithered out of her cave, she stopped and folded her arms, glaring down at the adventurer. The lamia towered over Sheira, easily twice the adventurer's height. Balancing easily on her lower body, the lamia looked supremely irritated. "For what do you dissturn my sssleep, human?" The lamia complained, her voice hissing slightly. "I had a hard time falling assssleep lassst night, sssso you'd better have a good reassson!"

"I... er..." Sheira felt a bit shocked. "You can talk?" Her mother had said that lamia were just dumb animals, hadn't she? Maybe she'd been speaking metaphorically.

The lamia rolled her eyes and looked up at the sun. "Ugh, iss it that time already?" She yawned lazily, and began to slither away, to Sheira's surprise.

"Wha... hey, get back here!" The adventurer complained, flinching back as the lamia's heavy body passed in front of her.

The lamia snorted derisively. "Oh, calm down, you sstupid human." Moving over to a large rock on the other side of the clearing, the lamia slithered onto its surface and laid down in the sun. "Ahh... much better." She groaned, running her hands down her long scaled lower body. "Now... what did you want?"

Awkwardly taking a few steps toward the lounging lamia, Sheira cleared her throat. "You know there's a human village nearby, don't you, beast?" She asked angrily.

The lamia scowled. "My name iss *'Drusssilla'*, you arrogant little creature."

Sheira rolled her eyes. "The gods give names to humans, not beasts." She pointed at the lamia. "It's time that you vacate this place, and move on to somewhere else. I don't care where you go, but as long as it's not..."

"Leave?" Druscilla raised a dark eyebrow at that. "Why should I leave?" She waves her hand, indicating all around them. "This place is quite lovely for a lamia, actually. Nice and quiet, with decent food nearby. There's even a nice church nearby that I can pray at." She winked at Sheira. "And sometimes cute girls stop by to chat."

Sheira wasn't sure what she'd expected from meeting a lamia today, but being *hit on* wasn't one of them. "Ex... Excuse me?!" She stammered, feeling rather shocked.

Druscilla looked her up and down, licking her lips. Her tongue is long and forked at the end. "I am *flirting* with you, you brainless human." The lamia clicked her tongue in irritation. "Godsss, give me patience. I know humans are dumber than us lamia, but still..." Shaking her head, the lamia smiled at Sheira. "Now, why don't you come over and join me on this rock? I know you humans are warm-blooded, but if you strip off, I'll help you warm up..."

"N-no, I won't..." Sheira cleared her throat, and decided to stop entertaining the beast before her. "My name is Sheira Ranasdaughter." The young adventurer placed a palm on her sword, hoping to threaten the huge creature before her. "I ask again that you vacate this place. The village nearby has suffered enough."

"You *assk*?" The lamia chuckled lightly at that. Lounging luxuriously on the large rock, the huge serpent-woman appeared to be enjoying the sunlight on her blue scales. "How polite. You adventurers usually make demands. It's pleasant to talk with one for a change." Druscilla seemed to consider this for a moment. "Very well, human. I am open to negotiate."

"Negotiate?" Sheira wasn't quite sure what to make of that. "What do you mean, 'negotiate'?"

The lamia rolled her eyes. "I mean, *negotiate*. You desire that I leave. I desire to stay. What will you give me to leave, then?" She looked Sheira up and down, and a pearly smile came to Druscilla's lips. "Money would be welcome. Or perhaps, you could offer your own flesh. A lamia is always hungry, after all. If you do that, I may *consider* leaving."

Sheira's temper flared. "The only negotiation is *this*, beast!" She partly drew her sword, letting the blade flash in the morning sun. "You will leave, or I will kill you, here and now."

Druscilla snorted. "A shame. I had thought you were smarter than the rest." Her white-blue eyes narrowed. "But I thought wrong."

With a ringing sound, the adventurer drew her sword. The innkeeper had asked her to avoid hurting the lamia if she could. "Now, don't be hasty, beast. I will kill you if I *must*, but if you simply leave, there will be no bloodshed."

"There will be no bloodshed either way, human." Druscilla hissed with a sneer. "But I would love to knock your arrogant behind around, if that's what you desire."

"So be it." As the lamia slid off the rock, Sheira held up the sword. The blade felt oddly heavy, probably because the adventurer didn't get a great deal of sleep last night. "You'll only have yourself to blame if I..."

The lamia's tail shot out, whipping through the air with astounding speed. Before Sheira could even react, the sword is slapped out of her hands, bouncing away across the clearing. Stunned, the adventurer is knocked back a few steps, almost losing her footing.

With an angry hiss, Druscilla pulls back her tail and begins to swiftly slither toward the now-unarmed Sheira. The adventurer gasped in shock and turned, beginning to sprint toward her fallen weapon. But when she did, the soreness in her vagina from last night slowed her down.

She only made it a few steps before a heavy blow struck her between the shoulder blades, sending her sprawling onto the forest floor. Druscilla had struck again with her tail. Sheira hadn't known that a lamia was that dexterous with such a massive, weighty appendage, but now she was getting a real education.

There was a painful throbbing feeling in her back. Trying to crawl toward her sword, Sheira sensed the sunlight above her fading away as a huge shadow fell over her. "Looking for sssomething?" Druscilla drawled, sounding more than a little amused.

It finally began to dawn on Sheira that she might not win this battle. And if she lost, only the gods knew what the lamia would do to her...

"Oh, gods..." Sheira tried to crawl again, but before she could, a powerful grip seized the back of her armor. With no apparent effort, the lamia hauled her into the air, holding the young adventurer off the ground with ease. Sheira's legs kicked feebly in the air. "N-no!"

"Ssstupid human..." Druscilla sneered, as her long serpentine tail began to coil into a thick spiral beneath her. "I ssshall punisssh your arrogance..." It was only when she moved Sheira over the hole she'd formed inside her coils that the young adventurer realized what the lamia was intending.

But there was nothing Sheira could do. Druscilla released her, and the adventurer fell a short distance toward the ground... and was seized by the serpentine coils. In an instant, they constricted around her body, easily stopping Sheira from moving her arms and legs. "Let me go!" She demanded in vain. "Let me *go!*"

"I ssshall not." Sheira felt the lamia's scales pressing into her body. "What quaint armor." Druscilla sneered down at her. "Ussseful against an enemy sword, no doubt. But against something as heavy as a lamia's embrace, it will do you no good at *all...*" And then, she began to *squeeze*.

In an instant, the adventurer felt all the air in her lungs driven out, as a monstrously powerful grip began to tighten around her entire body. Pain exploded in her chest, as Sheira tried and failed to take a breath. With every passing second, the coils around her got tighter and tighter...

“What’ssss that?” Druscilla held up a hand, mockingly pretending to listen to Sheira. “I can’t quite hear you, human.”

Continuing to gasp in pain, the adventurer desperately tried to struggle free, but it was an utterly hopeless action. The lamia had her in an unbreakable grip.

“Ah, and thiss is only the beginning, human.” Reaching down, the lamia pressed Sheira’s head against her humanoid stomach. “I ssshall crush you until you black out. Then, I will ssswallow you whole, and let you wake up inside me... just in time for *digestion*...”

“N-no...!” Sheira saw an image of her mother’s face in her mind’s eye, and managed to speak, her voice weak. “Please, don’t... I... surrender, please... ngh!” Gods, it was awful. All around her, she could feel the pressure growing. Her bones couldn’t handle it! If the lamia wanted, she could easily just squeeze the life from her entirely. “Please...”

“Hmm?” Suddenly, Druscilla seemed quite interested. “What was that?” Letting her grip on the young adventurer slacken just slightly, the lamia leaned in. “What was that word you just ussed, hmm?”

Feeling the pressure recede, even just slightly, felt like unimaginable relief to Sheira. “I... surrender.” She begged, no longer caring about her honor. “Please, don’t... kill me...”

Druscilla seemed to consider this offer for a long moment. Then, the lamia smiled cruelly. “Very well...” Her teeth flashed, revealing rows of sharp, pointed teeth. “I ssshall accept your sssurrender, human.”

With that, her coils release Sheira. The adventurer was dropped unceremoniously onto the ground, falling into a heap for a moment as she gasped for air. Her lungs felt like they were on fire. “T-thank you...” She stammered to the lamia, who was now looking down at her expectantly.

“It is customary to addresss the one you are sssurrendering to as “mistresss”, human.” Druscilla hisses threateningly.

Flinching at the lamia’s icy tone, Sheira nodded quickly. If she didn’t, she knew she’d be back in the embrace of Druscilla’s coils rather quickly. “Y-yes, mistress...”

As the words leave Sheira’s lips, the lamia smiles triumphantly. “Exsscellent, human. You learn swiftly.” Stroking her chin for a moment, Druscilla seemed to be wondering what to do with her new prize. “Ah... let’sss do the usssual, ssshall we?” She clicked her fingers and pointed at the adventurer’s chest. “Remove that armor, and place it neatly on the ground.”

Sheira blinked fearfully for a moment. If she removed her armor, would the lamia just eat her anyway? It was possible, but the adventurer didn't really have a choice, did she? After a moment's hesitation, she reached down and began to loosen her belt.

A few minutes later, Sheira placed her left greave, the last of her armor, in a small pile. In front of her, Druscilla watched with cruel delight. Once her armor was gone, the adventurer looked up at the lamia. After a moment, Druscilla nodded for her to continue.

Feeling utterly ashamed at her own cowardice, Sheira began to undo her tunic, pulling it over her head and placing it on the pile. Then, with a moment's hesitation, she undid the strings that held up her breeches, letting them fall down to her ankles. With a few kicks, they joined her tunic on the pile.

The young adventurer was now stark naked, the same as she had been when she'd woken up this morning. But now she was nude in front of a ravenous predator, not a sweet innkeeper's daughter.

"Ah, the godsss have blessed you with an erotic body, human..." Druscilla seemed to like what she saw. To Sheira's horror, the lamia began to slither toward her.

"Wait, what are..." Sheira took a few terrified steps back, as the lamia drew level with her. "What are you going to do to me?!"

"Mmm?" Druscilla sneered at her, as she began to rub the vagina located just above where her scales began. "I'm going to take my pleasure, human. Sssurely you expected thissss?"

Sheira had expected that, to tell the truth. There wasn't much other reason to order her to strip naked. "I..." She gulped nervously, trying to steel herself. "As long as you show me mercy, I will do as you command."

"...*missstress*." Druscilla prompted.

"I will do as you command, m-mistress." The young adventurer choked out, feeling her cheeks flush in shame.

"Good!" The lamia sighed in delight. "It'sss rare to have one like you sssurrender so *easssily*. As a reward, I may even fill you with my sssseed."

Sheira nodded obediently for a moment, and then blinked. "Your... your seed?" She asked, as the lamia's words caught up with her brain.

But Druscilla was a bit too busy to answer her at the moment. Sheira is horrified to see the skin around the lamia's vagina begin to pulse as it's rubbed. Something huge was moving under the surface.

A few seconds later, something huge and meaty began to slide out of Druscilla's sex, thick and already hardening. Sheira had only seen a penis once before in her life, but there's no mistaking the shape. A huge, bulbous head at the apex of a massive throbbing shaft, easily as long as Sheira's arm. As it slid all the way out, two heavy testicles popped out as well, swinging beneath Druscilla's erection with a ponderous weight. They look... virile.

"Oh... Oh gods..." Sheira paled, as the massive penis began to poke her bare stomach. It felt heavy against her bare stomach. "What is *that*?!"

Druscilla's forked tongue lashed out, as the lamia sneered down at the young adventurer. "Oh, you didn't know?" She snickered to herself softly, amused at Sheira's terror as her member twitched in excitement. "Usss Lamia are blessed with the favour of the godsss. They gave usss the power to breed with everything we desssire to." She clicked her fingers, and Sheira flinched. "Now... prostrate yoursssself, human!"

"Y-yes, mistress!" Sheira slowly and fearfully knelt down in the dirt, as the heavy shadow of the lamia's penis fell over her face. "I'll... I'll service you, just don't hurt me!" The young adventurer gulped nervously, closed her eyes and then opened her mouth.

Feeling her erection stiffen even further, Druscilla reached out and grabbed Sheira's long blonde hair. "You have *sss*uch lovely hair, my dear... I mussst give my thanksss..." Leaning down, the lamia scented the hair in her hand, and gave an aroused sigh. All along the length of her tail, the adventurer could see the lamia's scales shiver slightly.

"My... my mother has the same hair..." Sheira said desperately, as sweat dripped from her face. "She... she's looking forward to seeing me again... I'm the only... the only family she has..." She was hoping that perhaps the lamia might feel a hint of sympathy. Perhaps even mercy.

But, alas not. "Oh, how *tragic*..." Druscilla let out a low chuckle. "Perhapsss if you were to divulge your mother's location, I could travel there and keep her company?" Her white-blue eyes flashed cruelly. "It would *sss*imply be tragic if your poor mother had to *sss*pend the resist of her life grieving for you... I'd be honorbound to end her misssery..."

Honor... was nothing in the face of death, Sheira was realizing. "No, please..." She took a deep breath, and threw away her honor completely. "L-listen, not far from here, there's a..." She choked for a moment, disgusted with herself. The gods would never forgive her, but Sheira can't die like this. Not this early in her journey, now when her mother was waiting for her to return home some day. "There's an inn... there's a really hot innkeeper and her daughter, okay? Instead of eating me, I could take you to them, and you can eat them instead, how's that sound?" She tried to grin weakly up at the lamia.

Druscilla appeared to consider the idea for a moment. "Oh, what a *wretched* creature you are..." She licked her lips for a moment, her forked tongue flicking out at lightning speed. "Mmm... I

will... *consssider* your offer." Then, she nodded down to her massive erection. "But... only *after* you pleasssure me..."

Sheira cursed herself for a long moment in her mind, and then nodded. "D-deal." She said, and leaned forward. Swallowing deeply, the adventurer reached out and placed a hand on the massive, pulsing erection that protruded from the lamia's body. It felt obscenely hot in her hand, and she could feel slime on her skin. The whole penis was slick and shining wetly, probably from being inside the lamia's body. Sheira could feel Druscilla's heart beat through her touch, which sped up as the lamia became more and more excited. "Gods... give me strength..." Sheira moaned, closed her eyes and then took the head of the massive penis into her mouth.

Precum had already been building up on the head, and the dizzying taste of cum assaulted Shiera's tongue almost immediately. It was like taking a draught of alcohol, not that the adventurer had ever tried any. Her mother had made her swear not to touch the stuff. The lamia's cock was shockingly hot to the touch, and Sheira shivered slightly, wondering if her tongue was burning for a moment.

It was only when the lamia began to slowly force the massive penis down Sheira's throat that the adventurer realized that there was even *more* to swallow. Sheira opened her eyes, and stared down the colossal length of the lamia's penis. She'd only swallowed less than a quarter of it, and Druscilla didn't seem particularly keen on only having only a part of her dick sucked. If Sheira's mother hadn't trained her to do this kind of thing, the adventurer would probably be gagging badly right now.

Sheira closed her eyes again, and thought of her mother. She thought of her mother's beautiful face, and tried to focus on that, instead of the jaw-breaker in her mouth. Her mother had once told her the trick to being a prostitute was having something nice to think about while your client was enjoying themselves. Her mother had wanted Sheira to become a prostitute like her instead of becoming an adventurer. Maybe she'd been right.

"Ahh..." Druscilla moaned in bliss, as her erection sank deeper and deeper into the adventurer's throat. "It'sss been a long time sssince I've had my cock sssucked. My lover hasss been quite bussssy of late..." With a twitch of pleasure, another inch of her dick surges into Sheira's mouth. "Once I'm done with you, I'll be able to sssee her again..." With that, she began to slowly thrust in and out of Sheira's mouth.

Sheira wasn't listening to the lamia's words anymore. She was lost in the memory of the first time she and her mother had made love. As was tradition, on the day she'd come of age, her mother had taken her into their bedroom and slowly stripped her naked. She'd kissed Sheira between the breasts, and then kissed down, trailing her lips down her daughter's stomach, until she reached...

"Human..." Sheira's pleasant memory was interrupted by Druscilla's grip painfully twisting her hair. "Human! Lisssten to me, damn you! I won't assk for a *fourth* time!" Now that she had

Sheira's attention, the lamia glared down at the adventurer that's impaled on her cock. "Open your throat wider, I want to get all of myself inssside you..."

Sheira could feel the head of Druscilla's erection down near her collar bone. She shook her head fearfully, trying to indicate that there was nowhere else for the lamia's cock to go. The adventurer was struggling to breathe as it was.

Druscilla thrust a few more times, and then sighed in irritation. "Very well... I sssuppose I ssshould commend you for being able to take that much." She seemed to think for a moment, and then began to pull her erection back out. "If I cannot fit myssself into your throat, I ssshall sssimply find another way..."

The feeling of having a cock stuffed down her throat was brutal, but having a heavy cock pulled back out again was even more visceral for Sheira. Finally, with a loud wet schlorp, the head of Druscilla's cock popped out of the adventurer's mouth. Sheira was left coughing on her hands of knees, trails of saliva dripping down her chin, as the lamia snorted in amusement at her.

"F-forgive me, mistress..." Sheira stammered fearfully. "I just... I just can't... it's too big!" Her jaw was already sore, and her throat felt like it was on fire just from the small amount of precum that had trickled down there.

Druscilla heaved a theatrical sigh. "Fine, human." She clicked her fingers impatiently. "Then, on your *kneesss*! I will have to ussse a different hole..."

Sheira let out an involuntary gasp of shock, and then covered her mouth. "I..." She began, wanting to refuse. But, she had already sold her honor and her dignity. There was nothing left, but to submit. "V-very well..."

Turning around, Sheira knelt down and placed her hands on the ground. Then, she laid her head down, turning it awkwardly to look up at the lamia. Reaching out, she placed her hands on her thighs and awkwardly tried to spread her vagina. Sheira was not a virgin, but she doubted it would matter much. A cock as big as Druscilla's was an experience all of its own. "Is this... is this what you want?" She asked, hoping that she was arousing the lamia.

Druscilla does indeed look quite aroused. "It'sss a *ssstart*..." Her smiled widens. "But... you have the wrong hole, human. I'm going to ussse the *other one*."

Sheira blinks for a moment, confused. "Huh? What other...?" Then, she realized what Druscilla meant. "N-no, wait...!" She shivered in fear, as the lamia slowly began to slither toward her, erection pulsing. "T-things aren't supposed to go *up* my... it's a s-sin!"

"Indeed... the gods will watch me profane your body, human." The lamia doesn't seem even remotely bothered by the idea. "Not to worry, I ssshall pray for your sssoul after I gunk up your lower intesstines with my sssseed..." She reached out, and took Sheira's butt cheeks in both

hands, squeezing almost painfully. “Now... relax your sssphincter, human, and this will go a lot better for the *both* of usss...”

Terrified, Sheira began to breathe slowly, trying to calm herself. With how sore her vagina was, perhaps it was a mercy that Druscilla was going to use her other hole. Still, calming down was hard work, especially considering that she could feel the head of Druscilla’s penis probing at her butt. But, after a few moments, she managed to relax her anus a little bit. “T-there...” Sheira groaned loudly. “I’m... I’m ready for you to... e-enter me...”

“You are *not* ready.” Druscilla stated with a smirk of cruel delight. “But I ssshall begin anyway...” And with that, the head of her cock pressed down on the tight ring of Sheira’s anus, and began to enter her.

“Aaah...” Sheira felt her anus begin to stretch. “Argh... Gods above...!” As big as Druscilla’s cock had felt inside her throat, it felt twice as big now that the organ was entering her rectum. Objects weren’t supposed to go *into* that part of her body, her brain was screaming. She’d never felt as violated as having something thick and hot stuffed inside her rectum. “Please, go slower, I beg you!”

“Damn prissy humans, can’t even take a Minor Lamia’s cock.” Druscilla growled with irritation. Pausing for a moment in her assault, the lamia sighs. “Very well, human, I will try to go ssslower. But I will be getting *all* of it inssside, sooner or later.”

True to her word, Druscilla’s dick slowed down, only very gently sliding deeper into Sheira’s anus. Gentle or no, Sheira still gasped in shock as her asshole stretched further and further. “Gods, f-forgive me, please...” It was a sin, she knew. That must be why it felt so good.

“Honesstly, I don’t know why some of you humansss consssider it a sin.” The lamia grunted as she bent over the adventurer, grabbing onto her shoulders. “The godsss don’t care if we have our fun, as long ass we worssship properly...”

“What would a lamia know about... ah!” Sheira grunted as another inch of lamia cock entered her butthole. “About religion?”

“I daresssay more than *you*, you cocky little *fuck*.” Druscilla hissed angrily at the adventurer, and Sheira cringed fearfully. “What, you think you humansss invented worssship or sssomething? My people have been praying to the godsss sssince long before your kind arrived.” She clicked her tongue irritably. “You’re jusst lucky that I know that not all humansss are thiss rude...”

Sheira couldn’t respond to that. Right now, there was about ten inches of lamia dick inside her rectum, and it was hard for her to think straight, let alone retort. “Gods... is there still more to come?”

“There isss... but I will ssspare you the ressst. I can cum from thisss much.” Druscilla chuckled softly. “Besssidesss, any more and I might break you in half... no, really!”

The adventurer took a deep breath. Then, she reached behind her and grabbed her ass cheeks, spreading them as much as she could. “Then... please begin!” She begged, eager to have this massive organ out of her as soon as possible.

“Mmm... ass you wisssh...” Druscilla took a deep breath, and tried to shift around to a better position for a moment. “Then, I ssshall ssstart with a ssslow pace...”

The massive organ inside Sheira’s guts pulled back... and then slammed down into her. Her entire body shuddered, and Sheira was deeply ashamed to realize that part of her enjoyed the feeling. Perhaps it was the humiliation, or perhaps it was the physical stimulation, but something about being violated in her anus was deeply and uncomfortably arousing. The lamia pulled back again, and Sheira braced herself for the next thrust...

The next few minutes were as humiliating as they were brutal. Druscilla’s massive cock punched its way in and out of Sheira’s colon, each time sending a shockwave through the adventurer’s body. Initially, Sheira struggled to deal with the impact, but she started to get used to it after a little while. Steeling herself, the adventurer managed to push up onto her hands and knees, heroically accepting the lamia’s heavy weight on her hips.

Druscilla, for her part, seemed to be having a pleasurable time. From the sounds of her grunts and moans, the lamia was very much enjoying Sheira’s anus. Perhaps all the training she’d done to become an adventurer had tightened her up down there. Sheira doubted she’d be tight down there for a long time after this, if ever again.

Gods, this was humiliating, wasn’t it? As a child, Sheira had always imagined herself becoming a famous adventurer like her mother had been. Someone who battled monsters and bandits, and became the stuff of songs. She and her mother had saved up to buy her armor and sword, so she could pursue her dream. Now here she was, getting buttfucked by a creature she’d sworn to get rid of. Forget being able to keep her word, Sheira would be lucky to limp away when the lamia was done.

No, this would be a black mark on her forever, Sheira knew. She could never try and become a real adventurer now. She’d always have the memory of being utterly humiliated by some random lamia in some random village. Her dream was dead. Perhaps she should just limp back home, and join her mother in the prostitution business. They could start a brothel together or something. That would be nice. One of the customers would knock her up eventually, and she and her mother could marry and raise the child together.

“Godsss...” Druscilla moaned above her, her heavy breasts squishing down on Sheira as she thrust. “Godsss! Thank you! Thank you!” Inside her dick, Sheira can feel the lamia’s heart beat speeding up even more.

Ah, this was it, then. It was time for the climax. Sheira had been wondering how this part would go. She understood how it worked for humans, after all, but with a lamia? She had no idea. She had no idea about lamia's at all, she knew now. If she had, she never would have humiliated herself like this.

Druscilla paused for a moment, and then slapped Sheira on the ass, causing the adventurer to flinch. "Bessst get ready, human... thissss will get a little *messsy*..."

Sheira took a few deep breaths, and then looked back up Druscilla's pale face, which was flushed badly from arousal. "Do it..." She begged, unsure if she was begging for it to end, or her own pleasure.

In the end, it didn't matter. As one final humiliation, Sheira's own body betrayed her. As the lamia started her thrusting up again, the adventurer's vagina finally gave in and exploded into orgasm. Orgasm, from being fucked in the ass by a beast-girl. Sheira genuinely couldn't imagine something more humiliating. Then again, with the white-hot pleasure that surged through her nerves, the adventurer couldn't imagine anything much in that moment.

It worked out quite well for Druscilla, too. As Sheira came, her anus muscles went wild, tightening as hard as they could over and over again. A few thrusts later, and the lamia joined the adventurer in climax. Sheira vaguely felt the massive dick twitching inside her, and then...

"Yesss... ah... Yesss..." Having a lamia climax inside you was not unlike being lightly punched in the intestines, Sheira reflected, as hot liquid began to fill up her colon. There was a good deal of force each time a new load was spurted into her. "Godsss, I love having ssex with humansss..."

Finally, after a few long moments, the lamia finishes ejaculating into Sheira's butt. For a long while, Druscilla basks in the afterglow of her orgasm, lying on top of the adventurer's small body. The lamia was breathing heavily, but she looked very proud of herself. "Ahhh... that wasss *wonderful*. It'sss been a long time sssince I had sssuch sssatissssfying ssex." She lightly slapped Sheira on the bum. "What about you, human? Feeling a little lesss cocky?"

"Y-yes, mistress." Sheira replied obediently. As much as she wanted to tell herself she was lying, she knew that a part of her had *really* enjoyed that.

"Good." Druscilla grinned smugly. "Then, you've ssserved me well enough..." And with that, she began to pull her cock out.

"Oh... Oooh!" Sheira groaned out loud as the cock inside her ass was pulled out. It felt disturbingly like she was taking a truly massive shit, as Druscilla's rapidly softening penis exits her body. Finally, with a loud pop, the head of the lamia's cock slipped out, leaving a gaping and twitching asshole behind.

The adventurer was left with the disturbing feeling of a gaping anus, which was still flooded with lamia sperm. She could feel a large river of cum trailing out of her hole, soaking her vagina below. It was unsettlingly hot and she could feel some of it trickling inside her. That... wasn't good.

Druscilla seemed to notice as well. "Oh dear..." The lamia chuckled to herself. "I wasss going to sssay it wasss too bad that I didn't knock you up, but it ssseemsss that you've taken care of that for me anyway." Reaching out, the lamia grabbed Sheira's ass again. "Ah well... you can consssider gessstating a clutch of lamia's for the next twelve monthsss a form of divine payback, I sssupposse." Idly, she began to gently push more cum into Sheira's vagina with her fingers.

Sheira didn't try to stop her. The thought of a pureblood human like herself giving birth to a clutch of lamia spawn filled her with utter disgust, but it was already far too late. "I will... I will take good care of our children..." She lied, hoping that it might sway the lamia toward sparing her. Privately, she knew if she gave birth to this beast-girl's young, she'd swallow each and every one of them right away.

"Mmm..." The lamia didn't seem particularly swayed. In fact, she seemed to be coming down from her post-orgasm high. "Now... what wasss that about the innkeeper and her daughter?"

Oh gods, Sheira had said something about them, hadn't she? "N-no, I mean..." She'd been desperate and rambling when she'd said that. The adventurer had no desire to sell them out, even if it meant saving her own life. She'd already failed them enough. "P-please, forget about that!"

"No, you offered their livesss in exchange for sssparing your own, did you not?" Druscilla smirked, and reached down, placing a hand on the back of Sheira's neck. It was a threat, even if she wasn't squeezing right this instant. "Pleassse, continue..."

"No, please..." Sheira begged desperately. "Please don't hurt them..."

Druscilla glared down at the adventurer for a moment, and then began to chuckle. "Oh, you sstupid human." She leaned down, and whispered coldly. "I never had any intention of hurting anyone in that kind little village. And I never will."

Sheira felt confused, as a strange terror begins to dawn inside her gut. "W-what...?" She stammered. "But they said you ate a merchant..."

"Oh, I ate a merchant. She was quite delicious." The lamia sneered down at Sheira. "Oh, come on, human. Haven't you figured it out yet? You were tricked, even from the very beginning. I was watching you when you first set foot in our village. *We all were.*"

“Huh?!” Sheira didn’t understand. She tried to stand up, but her legs wouldn’t obey her. Between the action last night, and the pounding just now, her body won’t obey her anymore.

Druscilla heaved a theatrical sigh. “Ah well. I don’t have time for this. My belly is *aching* for some food.” She licked her lips and looked down at Sheira. “Well, time to fulfill my end of the bargain.”

“N-no!” Sheira protested weakly, as she realized what the lamia was intending to do next. “P-please, I’ll bear your children! Please, don’t!” She couldn’t end here. She just couldn’t!

But Druscilla had no interest in mercy, it seemed. Sheira could only watch in horror as the lamia carefully began to unhinge her jaw, opening her human mouth far wider than any human could ever open. Then, she descended on the helpless adventurer, seizing her legs.

Sheira could only cry out in terror as she felt her feet being swallowed down at a terrifying pace. Within a few gulps, her ankles are being sucked down the lamia’s massive gullet. The adventurer tried feebly to crawl away, to find wherever her sword had fallen. But Druscilla had an iron grip on her thighs.

The lamia was clearly quite experienced in the process of swallowing a struggling human. Even as Sheira tried to kick out, Druscilla lazily ignored the weak attempts to break free and continued to swallow the young adventurer down at a stunning pace.

As the lamia’s laps flow over her cum-filled ass, Sheira resigned herself to her fate. There was no breaking free now. Claspng her hands together, the adventurer began to pray. “Oh gods... please forgive me for failing you today...” There was a loud slurping sound as Druscilla began to suck down the adventurer’s breasts. “P-please, protect my mother, I beg you! Please let her know that I love her with all my heart... Ah!”

With a truly gargantuan gulp, Druscilla managed to slurp down Sheira’s shoulders, leaving only the adventurer’s head and arms dangling awkwardly from her mouth. The lamia lurched up from the ground, and Sheira felt the world shift as she was dragged upright into the air. Gravity began to weigh down on her, and she slowly began to descend into the lamia’s throat.

But then, two strong hands grab onto her wrists. Druscilla held the adventurer in place for a long moment, preventing her from falling down into the lamia’s abyss. For a long moment, Sheira wonders what the lamia is doing, and then realizes that she’s waiting for her to finish her prayer. “Mother...” The young adventurer moaned. “Please forgive me... I should have listened to you. Forgive me...”

Druscilla nodded slightly, and then let go of Sheira’s wrists. Slowly, the young adventurer sank down into her throat, letting out only a choked groan as the lamia’s mouth closed above her. Druscilla savored Sheira’s taste for a long moment, and then swallowed. Her human stomach

ballooned out awkwardly, the heavy shape of the adventurer's outline clearly visible inside her belly.

The lamia took a deep breath and then patted her stomach. "Ahh... fine lassst wordsss, human." Putting her hands together, Druscilla began to pray as well. "Godsss, please watch over this poor human'sss sssoul, and forgive her for her sssinsss..." Inside her, Sheira began to struggle awkwardly, as painful stomach acid began to wash over her. "Ahh... forgive me, human. That'sss the wrong stomach for you..."

Putting both of her hands on her bloated belly, the lamia began to push downwards. Like all lamia, Druscilla had two stomachs. The one Sheira was in was for digesting normal food. With a grunt of effort, the lamia felt the adventurer begin to slide down into the serpentine half of her body, where her second stomach awaited. This stomach was for digesting live prey, specifically humans.

After a few minutes of awkward effort, Druscilla was finally relieved to feel Sheira descend fully into her second stomach. She looked down, and could see a faint outline of a human's body underneath her blue scales. Ah, that felt *much* better. Now, Sheira was where she belonged.

Now that there was a big meal inside her, the lamia felt rather sleepy all of a sudden. "Ooh..." She moaned, rubbing the outline of Sheira inside her tail. "I think you and I need to ssspend sssome quality time together, human..."

Gathering up the adventurer's armor and sword, Druscilla placed it next to the entrance of her cave. Then, the lamia slithered back inside the darkness, to digest her prize in peace.

A few hours later, the lamia woke up again, hearing the sound of someone else approaching her cave. She yawned and stretched out her arms, her forked tongue flicking out to taste the air. Ah, a familiar scent.

Reaching down, Druscilla rubbed her tail, where the adventurer had been stewing while she'd been slumbering. She'd gone to sleep before Sheira had died, but at some point in the last few hours, the young adventurer had clearly expired. Well, she had to have, considering that she was trickling through the lamia's intestines at the moment.

"Hello?" A familiar voice called out from the entrance of the cave. "Anyone home?" The lamia took a deep breath and rubbed the sleep from her eyes. Then, she slithered back out of her lair.

In the entrance of the cave, the innkeeper's daughter was kneeling, examining the adventurer's sword that had been placed on top of the pile of discarded armor by the lamia. When Druscilla slithered back out into the afternoon sun, Dani looked up with a cheerful smile and put the sword back down. She certainly didn't need a weapon, after all.

“Dani!” The lamia slithered over to the young woman, a happy look on her face. “It’sss good to sssee you again, my love...” Druscilla reached out and picked up Dani, as the redhead let out a squeal.

It was not a squeal of fear, however, but one of happy delight. “Scilla!” The young redhead threw her arms around the lamia, and kissed her on the lips. “Ah, I missed... mmm!”

The lamia’s long forked tongue has cut her off, driving down the length of the girl’s throat. It was the traditional greeting in lamia culture for one’s lover, after all. The redhead relaxed, and let her lover taste her throat, sliding deeper and deeper down her neck. Finally, the lamia pulled back, slowly slurping her tongue back into her mouth. “Ahh... how is your beautiful mother?” Druscilla asked, licking her lips and savoring the taste of her lover.

“Still sleeping in bed!” Dani chirped happily. “She was going to come and see you as well, but I may have... worn her out this morning. She told me to send you her love, though!” She reached into her basket, and pulled out a small package covered in cloth. “I’ve got some gifts for you from the village! The baker made you some nice bread, and the priestess gave you some apples from the church orchard.”

“They are mossst kind...” Druscilla blushed slightly. “I don’t dessserve your kindness...” She coiled her tail and gently set the young woman down on the warm scales.

Dani gave the lamia a look that was a mixture of amusement and irritation. “Don’t be silly, Scilla, of course you do!” She patted the scales beneath her. “Our village was almost in ruins before you came along. Your appetite saved our village from those nasty bandits, and now you’re making us more money than we ever have before! Why, that rude merchant you ate a little while ago left us enough money to fix the church bell after, what, a decade?” She smiled up at her lover. “You’re a member of our village and we love you. So, eat the gifts and be loved, okay?”

“I appreciate the gesssture, but...” Druscilla’s lower stomach growled loudly. “I’m rather... full of that lassst adventurer you sssent my way...” With that, the lamia felt a familiar pressure in her lower colon. “Ah, do you mind if I...”

“Not at all!” Dani gestured excitedly for the lamia to continue. “Please, I *love* watching this part.”

The lamia blushed slightly, and lifted the end of her tail off the ground. A few moments later, a few of her scales parted, revealing a pink hole. Suddenly, a pungent scent filled the air, as Sheira began to exit the lamia’s lower body.

The lamia grunted with effort as she pushed the former adventurer out of her intestines, taking care to keep the flow of shit as far away as far away from Dani as she could. It was deeply rude in lamia culture to splatter one’s lover with poop, and it was probably the same in human culture, Druscilla imagined.

Dani peered along the length of Druscilla's body, enjoying the sight of her lover's muscles flexing in unison to push out the adventurer. "Ah!" She exclaimed, as she watched the lamia shit out the woman she'd made love to last night. "I see young Sheira met her match. I knew she was too weak to fight you." She turned back to the lamia, an aroused blush tinting her pale cheeks. "Tell me, did she pleasure you, my love?"

"She wasss quite the little ssslut, my love." The lamia smirked, as she continued to crap out the adventurer. "Took my cock almosst as well ass you do."

The redhead grinned back at Druscilla. "Yes, I had a taste of her last night myself, as usual." She looked the lamia up and down for a moment. "Didn't present much of a threat to you, did she? I tried my best to wear her out last night."

"Well, ssshe *did* seem pitifully easssy to defeat." Druscilla chuckled to herself, as she felt her lower stomach digesting the remnants of the young adventurer. Oh, speaking of... The lamia picks up Sheira's discarded armor and sword awkwardly, trying not to move her still busy tail. "Thesse are your ssshare, ass usual..." Behind her, the flow of former adventurer eased off, and then ended. The hole closed up, and the scales moved back into place, as Druscilla pulled her tail back under her body. Now, her intestines felt clean and empty. Wonderful.

Dani took the armor pile with a grunt of effort. "Oof! Gods, I wish I was as strong as she'd been! I can barely carry this stuff!" She looked over Sheira's equipment and seemed to find it satisfactory. "This stuff's pretty good. Good enough to keep the village going until the end of winter, if we sell it quick, I bet." She looked back up at Druscilla and grinned. "After that, we'll have to find some more adventurer's for you, won't we?"

"Indeed." Druscilla licked her lips again. "I'll have to hunt down some more soon." Winter was coming, and she'd need a big meal before hibernation began.

"Try to sniff out some rich ones if you can. We can sell the jewelry." Dani blinked for a moment, and then reached back into her basket and pulled out a long, knitted shirt. "Oh, right! It's getting cold, so Mother made this for you as well!"

"How sssweet!" The lamia took the shirt without hesitation and pulled it on with a happy smile. "Ahh... I can feel her warmth around me."

"You'll need more than that soon enough. Mother's been worrying about your hibernation for a while." Dani leaned back and began to rub the scales underneath her gently. "When winter comes, Mother wants you to sleep in the inn this year. None of this cave nonsense anymore, she says." Dani grinned. "Rest of the village agrees."

Druscilla blushed slightly. "You and your mother have been sso kind to me... I couldn't possibly..."

“Don’t think she’s gonna take ‘no’ for an answer this year, love.” Dani winked up at her lover, easily dwarfed by the lamia’s size. “She’s already prepared a big nest for you in the basement, right in front of the big fireplace.” She leaned in a little closer. “And I think the two of us will sleep down there of a night as well...”

“Ooh...” Druscilla’s forked tongue tasted the air, as the lamia imagined spending the winter in a warm basement with her two lovers. It sounded truly wonderful. “I... I guess I must accept such generous hosspitality...” She looked more than a little aroused at the thought. “B-but, I ssshould warn the two of you that when a lamia wakes up from hibernation, we enter a severe state of heat...” The lamia shuddered a little at the thought. “There’sss a good chance I may impregnate you both if you sleep with me...”

“Oh, Scilla...” Dani smirked as she led the lamia away. “I think the two of us can live with that.”

The remains of Sheira were left on the forest floor, slowly steaming in the afternoon air. A few weeks later, when winter rolled around, the pile froze solid. When the cold finally began to fade away months later, her remains thawed. Not far away, her armor was sold to another young adventurer, who paid a handsome sum for her sword as well. The money was spent on digging out a new and improved basement for the nearby inn. A few weeks later, the spring rains washed her away, leaving a golden necklace lying in the grass. It glittered in the light of the sun, as the years began to pass...

Many years later, the village would become infamous for its many mysterious disappearances, its surprisingly wealthy inhabitants, and its remarkably lavish inn. Perhaps that’s why a certain older adventurer chose to visit one day, hot on the journey of vengeance for her missing daughter. Clad in the armor of her daughter that she’d painstakingly hunted down, and bearing her lost daughter’s sword, the woman would come across a village populated by a remarkably high number of lamia children, all of whom had red hair.

But that’s a story for another time...