

Delta's Delightful Descent

Written By – RestorationStation

Sponsored By – My Beloved Community

Butt Play, Butt Plug, Anal Massaging, Sweat, Willing Prey, Willing Pred, Taunting Pred, Oral Vore, Safe Full Tour, Semi-Clean Digestion

Average Reading Time: 30-40 minutes

Heat pulses, bearable yet intense.

Dampness clings, comfortable in its embrace.

Dimness reigns, yet light pierces even the darkest corners.

You are Delta, the 4th Mechanoid in a line of robotic creations no larger than a human's thumbnail. But despite your scale, you've already accomplished so much in your single day of operation here in Meadows Mansion.

B-THMP!

PLP!

Your soft chamber is jostled, a fragrant droplet of moisture from above mats your fiery hair with salty stickiness.



You pay it no mind as you ruminate on your accomplishments thus far proudly. Your adventure, your goal, was to obtain your defeated older sister's CORE from the dark reaches of the Manor's Backrooms.

Along your travels, you bested the giantess Hall Monitor Avery, a spunky, short twin pig-tailed blonde who barred your entrance to the Mansion's great Ballroom. There, inside the jade hued dance hall, you faced off against one of the Manor's Mistresses, Meduna, a serpentine woman with a ferocious appetite. Allied with Bethany, a student dancer of Meduna's, you assisted the tan girl in completing the mistress's rigorous dance routine, all while stuffed inside her panties.

SPLP!

B-THMP!

SPLPT!

More droplets of sweat bead down the caramel hued halls that lock you in on either side. You're slipping deeper into the divide, the environment growing hotter and more fragrant the farther you slip forward.

It's getting darker, but not as dim as things were when you faced off against Ghost, the spectral giantess of the Backrooms. Alternating between her alter ego, Elizabeth, Ghost was the one responsible for swallowing your sister, Beta, whole. Thus, you dove deep into the anal depths of the frigid woman, pulling free your sister's CORE and living to tell the tale.

SQUUUEEEEZE!

You press your hands out on either side of you firmly, digging them deep into the hot fleshy walls.

After your adventure, you laid battered and bruised, on the brink of death, stranded in the Manor halls but inches away from salvation. Yet, before you could fade away into nothingness, the very woman, Beth, who you assisted earlier found you in the nick of time, repaying the favor.

B-THMP!

By shoving you into the back of her shorts, now pressed into the depths of her ass crack... again.

Peel...

The plush walls part, unveiling a starburst of thick, pleated folds, pink and pulsing. Beth's asshole winks with eager awareness, sensing your gaze.



Before you can touch the inviting sphincter, blinding light floods from above, brown fingers descending.

You're hoisted from the back of Beth's shorts, the world a blur around you as your pulled into the comparatively cool air. Then, her fingers level out into an open palm. You're sat atop her smooth hand, staring forward at the very real girl next door, face of Bethany the Dancer.

Her wicked grin flashes, sharp canines framing her parted lips. She sweeps her navy hair aside, the other half bare and clipped, embodying her alt-girl style.



“Easy there, don’t let my asshole hypnotize you yet, Toy! I know you’re eager, but we’ve got some stretching to do first. Make yourself comfy in the meantime.”

Then Beth flings you upward with a playful toss.

“Stay put!”

Swoosh!

You sail through the air, your giantess ‘savior’ having thrown you in the direction of a couch, thankfully.

Plumf.

You bounce off the black leather twice before settling. You're strong, your BODY reliable, a simple toss does you no harm, and Beth knows it.

You get your bearings and glance at the small space you know find yourself in. It's Beth's room, you assume, but you wouldn't know it based on the décor. The blue haired athlete gives off delinquent vibes, based on her actions, speech and even choice of fashion. Yet, her own personal space spells out a different story.

Beth's room gleams with gilded splendor! Walls framed in ornate golden wainscoting shine in morning sunlight, streaming from lofty cathedral ceilings. Stained glass panes, alive with ancient sagas of ascending angels, stretch toward a radiant golden orb crowning the dome.

Amid the divine décor, cherished items emerge: dance trophies, fine tobacco, and blue aquatic plushies, among others.

Across the room, Beth retrieves yoga gear from a golden chest - foam roller, mat, and more. She'd hinted at 'fun' earlier, igniting this game by teasingly tucking you in her shorts. Embracing your toy role, you leap boldly from the ancient couch, darting to the yoga mat. If she craves a plaything, you'll prove this 'toy' exceeds limits.

Beth's fingers hover over the open trunk, exercise gear strewn at its base. Yet her hands settle on a small bundle, veiled in crimson velvet, bearing the Manor's three-women insignia at the corner. With steady resolve, she grasps it confidently.

"Hmph, I think this is the right time to use this."

You stand poised on the blue yoga mat, hands on hips, eager for Beth's next move as her plaything. Across the room, she squats, teasingly sorting through the golden chest's treasures.

You stare, both curious and aroused at the giantess across the room. Despite the distance, your eyes fixate on the way her black shorts hug her taught curves. Given her years of dancing experience, Beth's glutes fill out her shorts fully. Her cheeks are thick and firm, not an ounce of misplaced fat. Between the crevice, right at the center, a damp dark line forms, no doubt from the moisture of Beth's crack that you experienced earlier.



Then, the cheeks press together firmly as she stands, turns, and walks towards the yoga mat.

THMP, THMP!

“Oh, good, you’re ready to help out with my stretching routine then, I assume?”

She towers over you, reaching the mat in two strides. You tilt your head up, awestruck by the colossal woman above. Her skyscraper legs, thick and powerful, frame you. Higher, her creamy bronze

thighs flex, shifting stance, converging at her crotch where black shorts delve into her womanly cleft.

Beth scoffs, tracking your gaze, “Tch, tired of ogling my bits yet, perv?”

The spunky girl plants her palms on her hips, reveling in your gaze. Your eyes climb her athletic frame to her firm, exposed midriff. Beth's belly gleams triumphantly, abs subtly defined beneath a soft layer of healthy fat.

She slaps a hand tauntingly beneath her left breast.



“Heh, getting a look at ALL of me, eh? You’re not thinking anything too naughty in that little head of yours, are you Toy?”

The both of you have known from the very beginning how your little ‘game’ will conclude. You stare at Beth as she casually rubs her belly, a subtle gurgle sounding off from within, your ears picking up the deep rumble even from far beneath her.

Grrm...

SMACK!

Beth slaps her tummy before lowering herself down into a folded sitting position. “We’ll save that for later, Toy. I need your help first loosening me up. You’ll be sharing my body with another Toy, believe it or not!”

Your face scrunches in confusion, swiftly easing as clarity dawns.

Beth pulls from behind her back the small bundle of red velvet cloth. She whisks the cloth aside, exposing a shimmering golden butt plug crowned with a flared ruby base.

“Ta-Da! Check it out, big, isn’t it?”

THUMP!

Beth slams the massive plug adjacent to you on the mat. She’s not kidding, the sex toy is the size of nearly six of you! You gulp, gazing back at your own distorted golden reflection in the shimmering walls of the plug.



“Haha! Ya, it’s impressive, I know. My weird aunt gave it to me as a present for my graduation. Its actually real gold dude.”

Mesmerized, you trace your fingers across the pristine golden walls, gazing curiously up at the flared ruby at the top. It glows bright in the room’s golden light, almost beckoning.

“Ya, she’s super rich, considering she runs the Lounge. I thought of pawning it off, but that probably would have cursed me or some shit.”

Beth rolls her eyes. “My aunt likes to dabble in the occult, said to use this toy with a tiny I want to keep as a slave. Said I could use and abuse them to my hearts content, and as long as I had this plug in, their Soul wouldn’t fade.”

Then Beth scoffs. “Can’t say that I believe in that witch shit really, still, I figure you’ll be fine since you’re like made of metal and all.”

You press your hands to your synthetic body, nodding eagerly up at Bethany in affirmation.

“Good, because I wasn’t planning on playing nice with you, Toy.” She grins that wicked smile again. “Now, come on, let’s start by loosening up.”

Beth moves, her navy hair sways, the clipped side baring her sharp jawline, while loose strands frame her mischievous grin.

"Alright, Toy, let's get those joints loose. Follow my lead, wouldn't want you stiff for the ride ahead."

All rough charm and zero bullshit now, a far cry from the poised dancer who twirled for Meduna's gaze.

She drops into child's pose first, knees wide, forehead to the mat, her black shorts stretching taut over the swell of her glutes. The fabric clings like a second skin, damp from her earlier tease, outlining the firm curve of her ass. You mimic her, tiny arms extended, but your eyes lock on the shadowed crevice where the material rides up, hinting at the heat beneath. A faint musk wafts in the air, salty sweat mixed with her natural scent, earthy and inviting, making your CORE flicker.

B-THMP.

She shifts to downward dog, hips thrusting skyward, shorts pulling tighter. The seam digs into her cleft, the damp line darkening further, barely concealing the pouty outline of her pussy lips. Her breasts hang heavy beneath her top, nipples pressing against the fabric, swaying with the stretch.

"Like what you see, little Toy? Keep up, stretch those little limbs."

Her breath quickens, a hitch of strain in her exhale, her thighs flexing, bronze skin taut over muscle honed from endless rehearsals.

THOMP!

Cat-cow next, she arches and rounds her back on all fours, ass rising with each dip, the shorts wedging even deeper. From your vantage, it's mesmerizing: the cheeks flexing, thick and toned, the central seam tracing the valley where her asshole must wink beneath. A bead of sweat traces her spine, dipping into the dimples above her tailbone, soaking through to reveal the curve of her lower back.

"Feel that burn, Toy? Good, means you're limbering up for me."

She glances back, blue eyes sparkling, her grin wicked as she sways her hips, the motion sending a fresh waft of her arousal, musky and sweet like salted caramel laced with heat. Her midriff tightens, the subtle ridge of abs peeking from under her top with each arch.

Your movements flow in unison with Beth, CORE buzzing from the mimicry, your tiny body heating against the cool mat. The poses build, her body a symphony of control and tease: warrior lunge, hips thrusting forward, shorts straining over her mound, the damp patch spreading as her thighs part, a glimpse of inner lips swelling; bridge pose, back arched, ass lifted high, the crevice parting slightly under the fabric's grip, her breasts heaving with the lift, nipples dark shadows against the thin material. Each shift eliciting a soft grunt,

"Nngh, yeah, right there,"

Beth's voice husky, cracking with genuine strain. Your sensors overload, the air thick with her scent, erotic and overwhelming, your gem pulsing in rhythm with her breaths, the faint salt of sweat on your tongue from the humid air.

THMP. SPLP-DRIP!

Sweat drips down from above, one landing near you with a wet plop, its salty tang sharp in the air. She's glistening, the shorts translucent at the edges, revealing the curve of her labia majora, plump and flushed, a trickle of arousal tracing her inner thigh.

"Not bad for a first stretch, Toy. But we're just warming up."

She rises, peeling away from the mat's edge with a sticky rip, her eyes locking on yours, dominant and unyielding, that alt-girl fire blazing in her brown eyes.



With a smirk, Beth hooks her thumbs into her shorts' waistband, shimmying them down in one fluid motion. The fabric clings, dragging over her hips, revealing inch by inch the smooth bronze of her skin. Shy at first, a flush creeps up her neck, her hands hesitating at mid-thigh, eyes flicking away as her crotch comes into view, trimmed, framing her swollen pussy lips.

"Heh, don't stare too hard... or do. Fuck it, Toy, you earned it."

The alt-girl snaps back, confidence surging as the shorts pool at her ankles, kicking them aside with a

defiant toss, her ass cheeks jiggling slightly from the motion.

Naked from the waist down, Beth stands tall, thighs flexing, her pussy bared, lips full and parted, a glistening sheen of arousal catching the light, clit peeking from its hood like a hidden pearl. The air shifts, her scent blooming fuller, heady and feminine, mingling with the room's gilded warmth. She hooks her top next, peeling it off with a shrug, her modest breasts bouncing free, nipples hardening in the cool draft, dark and pert against her bronze skin. The flush lingers, but she owns it now, hands on hips, towering over you like a goddess reclaiming her throne.

"There, better? Now you're seeing the real Beth. No more hiding behind the dancer bullshit."

Her dominance clicks in, the shyness evaporating like mist.

"C'mere, Toy. Now that your body is primed, it's time to make you useful."

She snatches an oil bottle from the chest, squirting a generous dollop into her palm, thick and clear, scented faintly of blueberries. Her eyes gleam as she kneels, the mat dipping under her weight, her naked form a landscape of bronze curves and shadows, breasts swaying with the motion, nipples brushing the air.

"Hold still."

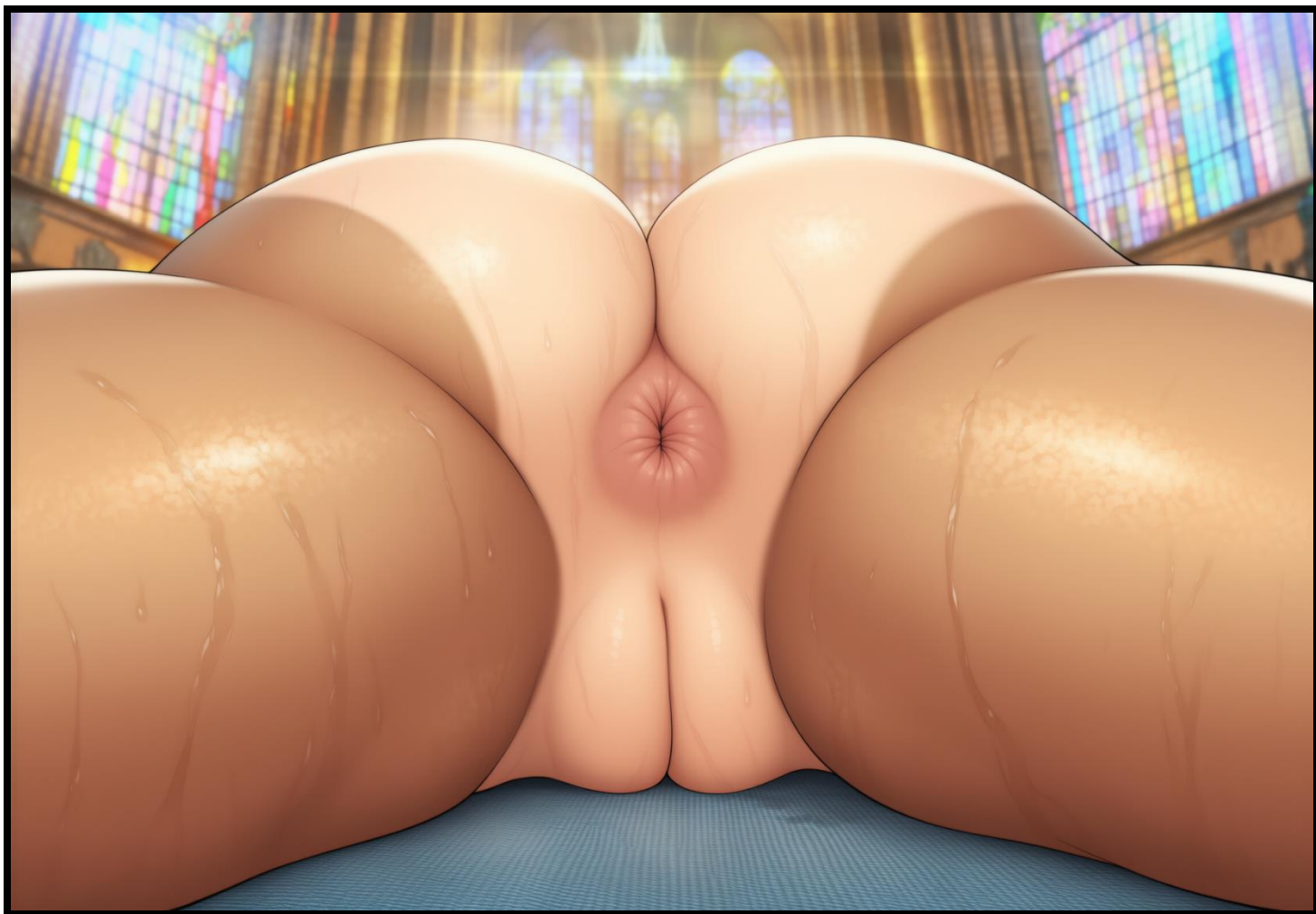
The oil-slick hand descends, fingers enveloping you, rubbing the viscous liquid over every inch of you body. Her gentle hands start at your feet, cool and slippery, gliding up your legs, seeping into seams, making your synthetic skin tingle with a warm buzz. Higher, over your hips, belly, the pressure firm yet teasing, her thumb circling your core gem with deliberate slowness, the sweet scent filling your sensors.

"Mmm, shiny now, aren't you? All lubed up like a proper plaything."

You buzz under her touch, it feels nice. Your circuits fire as the oil warms, slick and invasive, coating your dress, your hair, dripping in rivulets down your back. Beth lingers at your chest, palm pressing just enough to arch your frame, then trails to your shoulders, neck, finally your face, fingers smearing across your lips, the taste blueberry-sweet on your tongue, her breath hot and minty as she leans in close.

Beth smiles warmly, care in her tender complexion despite her earlier words. "Good girl. Now, for the main event."

She sets you down, the mat cool against your oiled form, and shifts into a wide split, legs splaying in a dancer's grace, her ass lifting toward you, cheeks parting naturally to reveal the full glory of her rear, round and firm, bronze globes framing her tight pink pucker.



The anus winks subtly, a starburst of fleshy wrinkles contracting in the open air, hairless and pristine, a faint sheen of natural moisture glistening, the scent sharp and intimate, musky with a hint of her arousal. Below, her pussy lips pout, swollen and parted, clit throbbing visibly, a trickle of slick tracing down to her perineum. Beth glances back over her shoulder, brown eyes hooded, her grin wicked.

"Like what you see, Toy? Come on, lube me up back there. Make it nice and slick for the plug."

She spreads her cheeks wider with one hand, the motion pulling the pucker taut, exposing more of the pink interior, a subtle gape forming as the muscle relaxes, the cool air kissing the sensitive ring.

You approach, hands slick with oil, the mat squelching under you, the blueberry scent mingling with her musk in a heady fog. Her ass looms, massive and inviting, the cheeks warm to the touch as you press in, fingers spreading the oil along the crease, the skin yielding soft yet toned. You work upward, circling the pucker's rim, the ridges smooth under your touch, the oil making it glisten like dew on rose petals. The scent intensifies, earthy, aroused, with that salty edge, your CORE throbbing as you rub in slow circles, feeling the heat build beneath the cool lubricant. The muscle twitches, a soft sigh escaping her,



"Nngh, yeah, Toy, right there," her voice husky, the vibration rumbling through her flesh to your hands.

Grrrm...

A low gurgle echoes from deeper within, vibrating the walls of her ass, the pucker fluttering under your finger. Beth tenses, a hitch in her breath, her cheeks clenching slightly around your body on either side.

"F-fuck... something's building deep. You're making me relax too much! Hurry, Toy, grab the plug, now! Before 'it' slips out."

Urgency cracks her dominance, alt facade slipping as she grinds back against your touch, the anus gaping a fraction more, the interior pink and slick, a faint whiff of her inner warmth escaping, deep and forbidden.

Heart pounding, CORE overheating, you wrench the golden toy, its weight heavy in your grip, the ruby base cool against your palms. You're strong, you're mighty, your BODY must carry this toy towards its rightful sheath inside Beth's anus!

With a ferocious primal growl, you position the monumental plug at her entrance, the tapered tip kissing the oiled pucker, the metal gleaming against her skin. She exhales sharply, relaxing just enough, her pussy lips quivering below, arousal dripping in a slow bead.

"Push it in... all the way. Cmon Delta!"

No help from Beth, she's trying to hold in that gurgling buildup in her rear. Just your strength against her tightness. You lean in, muscles straining, the toy's gold sliding against the slick folds, the ring resisting with a wet schlick before popping past, stretching her wide.



Beth gasps, a guttural

"Ahh!"

tearing from her, her body shuddering as you thrust deeper, inch by inch, the plug filling the winking hole until the ruby base kisses her cheeks. Her anus clenches around it, puckering tight, but it holds firm, the toy locked in place. The sensation tips her over, her back arches, a small orgasm ripping through her with a sharp cry,

"F-fuck, yes!"

Her pussy convulses, squirting a warm gush onto the mat, the liquid pooling hot and slick, her thighs trembling as waves ripple through her core. The anus spasms around the plug, milking it, but it stays seated, the ruby glinting wetly.

Panting, she slumps forward, a satisfied groan rumbling from her chest, her breasts heaving against the mat.

"Shit... that was... intense."

Her voice, rough and sated, carries a new hunger, that post-climax edge.

"Always get ravenous after cumming."

She rolls onto her side, eyes locking on you with predatory gleam. The air thickens with her release, musky and sweet, your sensors overwhelmed. Time for the main course, cus this girl's getting hungry."

Beth rolls onto her stomach, cheek pressed briefly to the mat, before she props herself up on one elbow. Her other hand snakes out, plucking you between slick fingers, lifting you until you're placed before her lips. The dancer's grin widens, teeth flashing, breath hot and humid on your oil-sheened body.

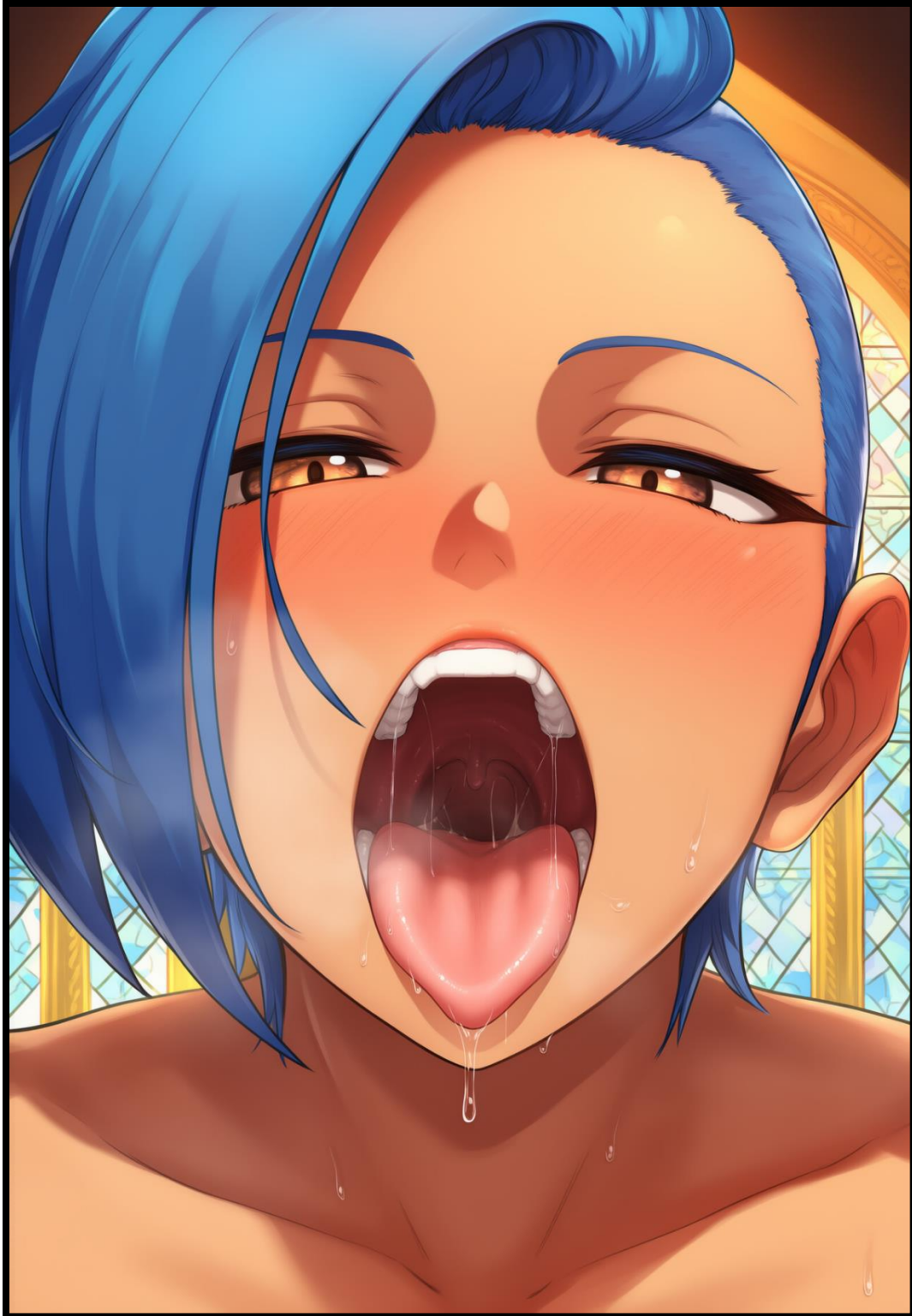
"Toy..." she purrs, voice low, lazy with satisfaction yet sharpened by hunger. Her tongue slips forward, a wet stripe glistening across her plush lower lip.

"You know where this is going, don't you? Don't pretend you don't crave it too."

She pushes you forward until you're level with her face. Bronze skin glows with sweat, blue hair sticks damp to her temple, brown eyes half-lidded, predatory. Then her mouth parts.

Wet heat yawns open before you. Her lips stretch, revealing a cavern rimmed by gleaming teeth, each enamel peak massive, perfect, slick with saliva that strings and snaps as her jaw lowers. Her tongue, thick and pink, flexes upward to meet the roof, rolling in slow anticipation. Ridges line its surface, glistening with pooled spit that drips down the muscular slope.

Beth's breath rolls over you, hot like the inside of a sauna.



“See this?” she murmurs, throat and tongue shifting, words vibrating through the moist chamber. “This is all you’re good for, Toy. Sliding down, making me full.”

The uvula dangles above the dark throat, twitching with each husky breath. Beyond it, the tunnel pulses, a vertical gullet of slick flesh contracting in slow waves, a living slide already calling you inward.

Beth drags her tongue slowly across her teeth, a languid sweep that leaves trails of saliva glistening like glass. She exhales, sending a misty gust that coats your synthetic frame in warm moisture. “Mmm... I could just close my jaws right now and gulp you whole. One... wet... swallow.”

She hasn’t yet. Instead, she flicks her tongue outward, a hot, slimy whip that slathers your legs, tasting you, savoring. The muscle curls, pressing you against her lip, dragging you across the plush, wet surface until you’re sticky with her spit.

“Fuck, you taste good already. Blueberry flavored. My perfect snack.”

Her lips smack loudly, exaggerated, as though savoring an imaginary bite. Spittle snaps between her teeth when she talks, saliva dripping from her tongue in thick strands that swing before the abyss.

She knows you’re watching. She lets you watch.

Beth’s eyes darken, narrowing with wicked glee. “Ready to take the plunge, Toy? Your eyes are buzzing like crazy; I can see it in your gaze. Don’t you dare lie. You *want* to be inside me.”

Her jaw opens wider still, lips stretched taut, saliva spilling from the corners to drip down her chin. The tongue flattens, broad and glistening, a slick slide awaiting its passenger. The uvula trembles. A deep gurgle rolls up from her belly, ushering up from her depths like a drum.

She chuckles, throat vibrating. “Hear that? My gut’s begging for you.”

She tips you forward in her grip until you teeter directly before the horizontal steaming maw, spit-strings stretching toward you, heat wafting forward in visible waves. One flick of her fingers and you’d be inside her. One swallow and you’ll vanish.

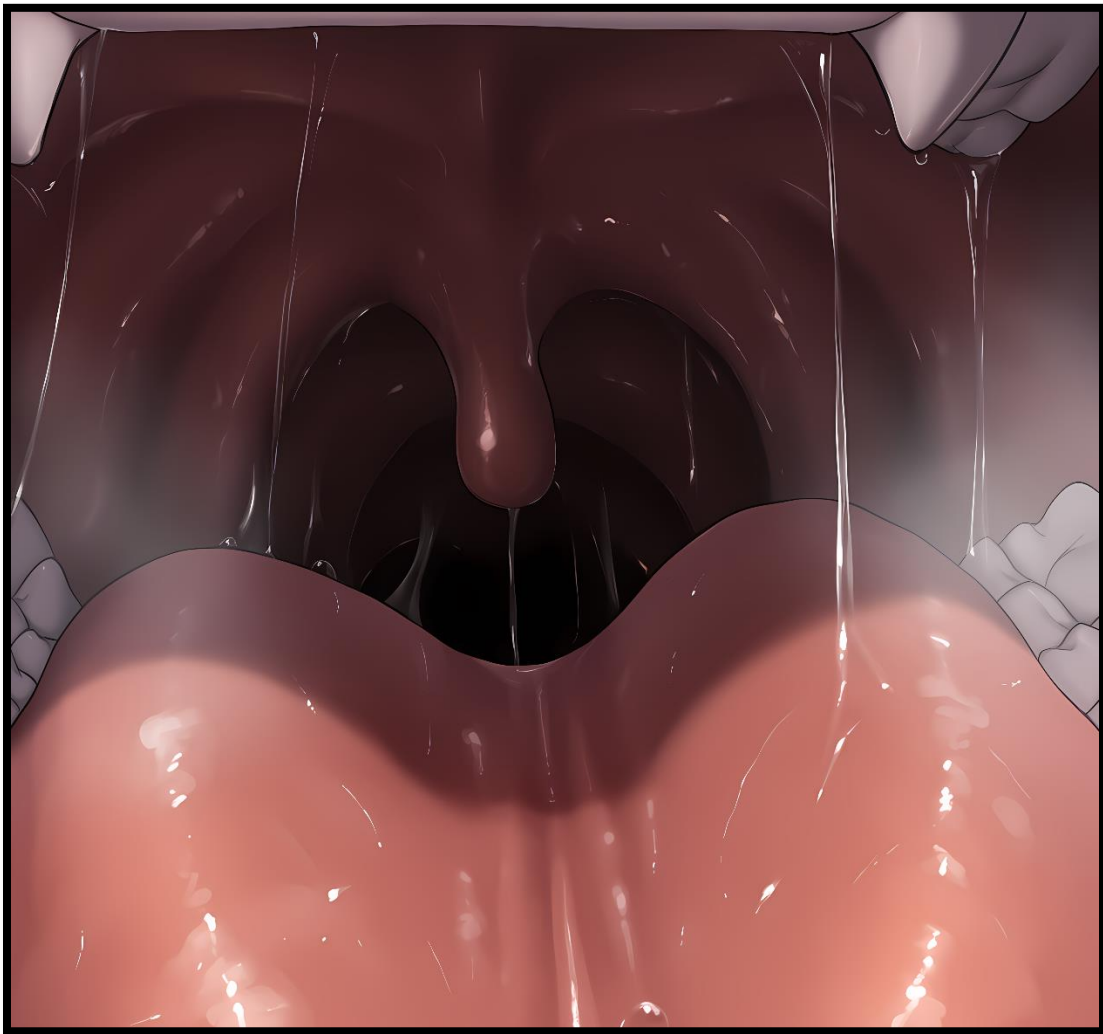
Beth licks her lips again, pupils dilated, grin feral. “Time to go in, Toy.”

Beth chuckles, throat flexing, the sound reverberating through the steaming cavern before you. Her tongue rolls once, then thrusts forward. Behind you, her fingers fling you forward.

Wet heat engulfs you instantly. The fleshy lips sealing off the light with a sticky smack. Beth's maw closes in, spit strings cling to your limbs, glueing your synthetic frame to the plush, undulating tongue.

"Mmm..." Beth hums around you, words muffled yet thunderous, the vibration rattling the chamber. "In you go, Toy. Right where you belong."

The tongue tilts, lifting you sideways toward the waiting gullet.



GLK!

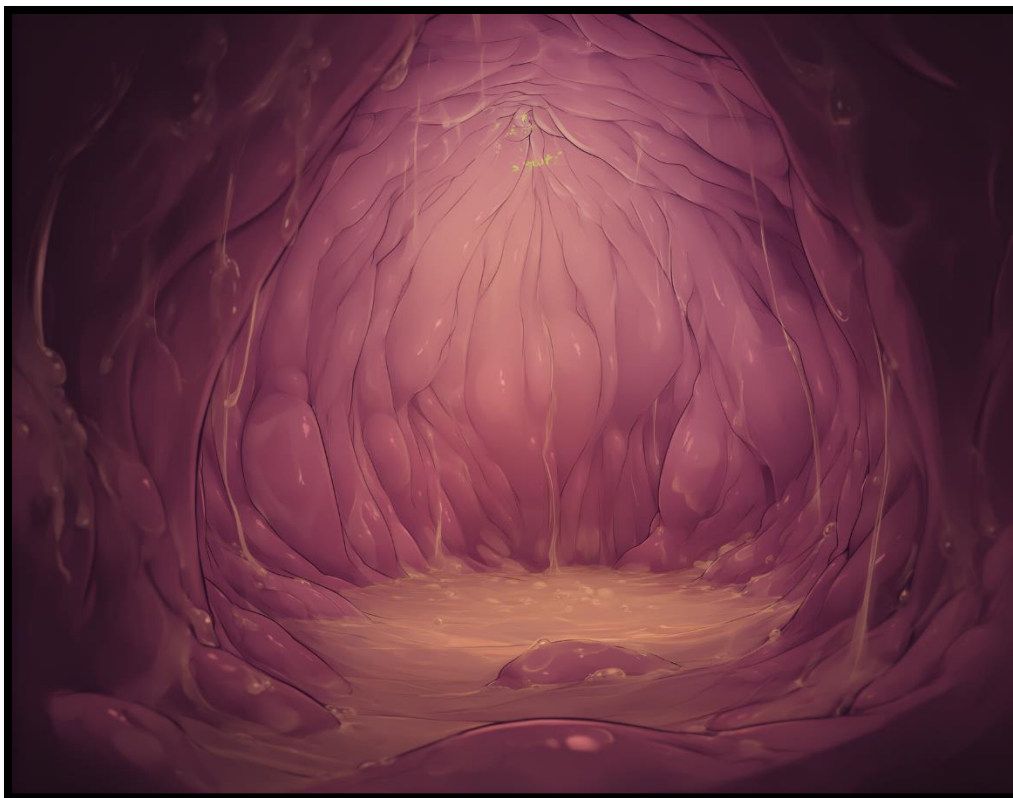
Her throat clamps around your head. The passage contracts, dragging you sideways. It's no straight drop, her body is sprawled out level with you, so the swallow is a squeeze, a horizontal crush that presses you deep forwards between slick, rippling walls. Flesh molds tight, gripping in convulsing pulses, saliva flooding down with you as lubricant.

"Feel that squeeze?" her voice rumbles above, every syllable a shiver through the muscular pipe. "My body pulling you in. You're nothing but food now, Toy."

The esophagus works greedily, drawing you deeper inch by inch. Each spasm presses you harder, her breathy chuckle echoing from overhead as if she can *feel* your tiny struggles. The angle turns you sideways, then downward, but never a sheer fall, just relentless contractions, a living vice pushing you where she wants you.

SCHLK... GLRRMP.

With a final convulsive shove, the throat spits you into a new chamber. You tumble into a shallow puddle of warm chyme, thin broth left from her breakfast, tinged with a faint acidic tang. It splashes up your legs, bitter and sour, fizzing faintly against your synthetic plating.



Beth exhales contentedly outside, the sound rumbling all around as her belly expands minutely to accept its new morsel.

Inside, her stomach walls glisten, pink ridges folding inward, faint gurgles bubbling in the humid air. Droplets of fluid patter from above, spitting into the puddle where you sit. The chamber sways with

her shifting posture, the fleshy basin sloshing lazily.

For a moment, her voice filters through, smug and low: “Enjoy the ride, Toy. My gut’s got you now.”

Then nothing.

The dancer ignores you. Already, her heart thuds distant above, her body shifting as she props herself up to continue her routine. Around you, the stomach groans in idle digestion, a background noise, treating you like the food she decided you are.

Beth has her day to get on with. You’re just along for the ride.

Afternoon settles over the Mansion, sunlight tilting amber through the stained glass of Beth’s window. The dancer stretches lazily on her bed, belly soft against the mattress, her mind already elsewhere. Inside her, however, your journey has only just begun.

The stomach has worked its will. Hours of churning, acidic tides, and relentless compression have broken down what once stood as your frame. Metal seams softened, synthetic plating warped under the heat, your body reduced to a slurry that mingles freely with the remnants of Beth’s breakfast. The chamber’s rippling walls fold and knead, pushing the slurry toward the waiting gate.

SCHLK! Glorm...

The pyloric sphincter yawns, a muscular ring quivering before opening. With one final convulsion, Beth’s stomach ejects its offering. You are swept along with a wave of chyme, sluicing into the duodenum. The air changes: tighter, hotter, more focused. This place is purposeful, enzymes seep like liquid fire, caustic, dissolving, reforming. Here Beth’s body does not toy with you. Here, it works with clinical efficiency.

You feel yourself unravel. Circuits blur into bio-electric static. Limbs dissolve into motes of heat. Only your CORE flickers defiantly, glowing now, no longer grey, dim beneath the chemical storm.

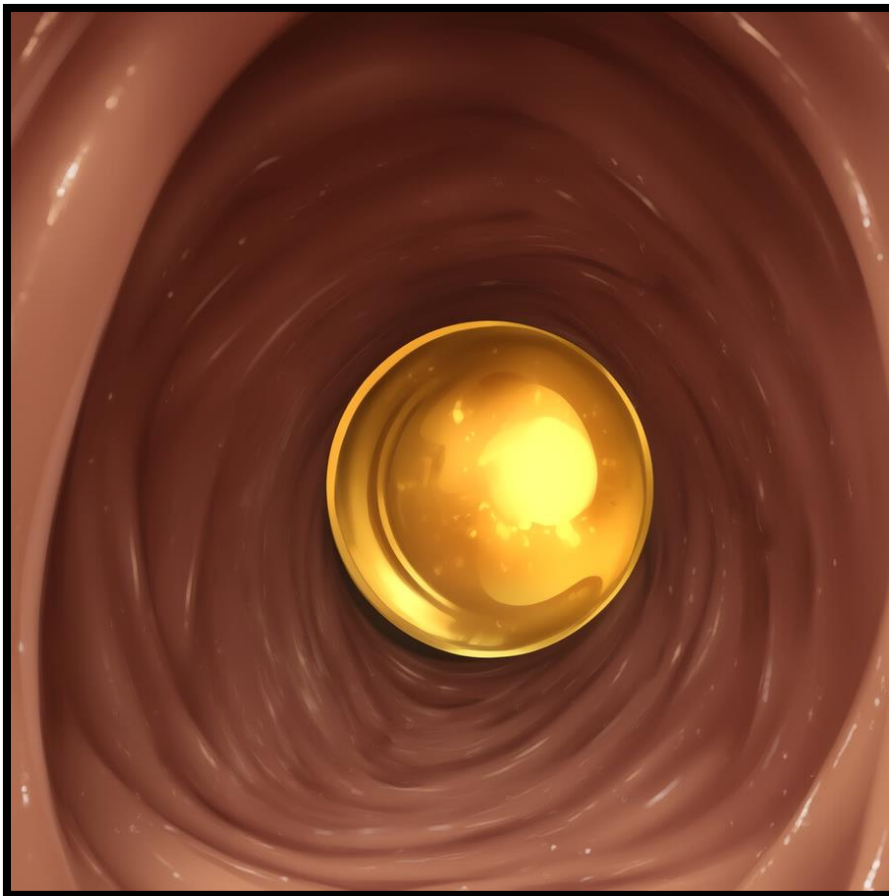
Beyond, the long corridors of the small intestine await. You are ushered through looping coils that grip and ripple like an endless serpent. Each contraction pulls you further, stripping more away. Bits of your Essence bleed into the villi, delicate fingers reaching, absorbing, claiming. Beth stretches, yawns, and somewhere in her belly a spark of energy kindles, her body feasting on what was once you.

Part of you is hers now, energy in her thighs, heat in her breath, a faint tremor in the belly she presses absently with her palm.

But not all.

The rest, the mass of congealed muck, presses onward, thickened and glowing red. Time blurs. The passage narrows, then widens, the air changing from sharp acid to heavy musk. You've reached the large intestine.

Here, the slurry condenses. Water is drawn out, leaving a slow-forming bulk. Walls squeeze lazily, pushing the mass toward its inevitable fate. The light, if it can be called that, grows strange. Not natural, but red, glowing from deeper within.



The chamber near Beth's rectum pulses with a faint, otherworldly sheen, the glow of life force mingled with waste. And there, embedded firmly in the tight star of her inner anus, the golden plug gleams, its ruby base glowing from outside of Beth's mighty rear.

The bulk presses forward, carrying with it your Essence and ruby CORE, thinned but not gone. And when the residue of your being brushes the plug, something ignites.

FLASH!

Your CORE erupts with visions. Not mechanical, not logical, but primal, human. Faces, bodies, urges, souls blended and chanting, chaotic and lustful. Passion, hunger, desire. Voices overlap, whispering, moaning, crying out. They urge you: survive. Hold fast. Do not let go. Succeed where we could not!

Your synthetic being fractures beneath the storm, but your Soul, that strange, stubborn ember, flares.

Beth jerks above, her body arching slightly as she lounges on her bed, practice cancelled today. Her brown eyes widen, confusion flashing across her bronze face.

“Ngh, what the fuck...”

She presses a palm to her lower belly. A pressure builds behind the plug still lodged in her rectum. Her anus twitches, clenching around the golden toy as if trying to expel something, but the ruby holds firm.

Inside, you awaken. Your body, whole, firm, alive and renewed. Your mind is yours once again.

Beth gasps, eyes narrowing, sweat beading at her brow. “No way... you’re still kicking in there?”

Her laugh is shaky, incredulous, but thankful. She presses her hips harder into her bed, grinding against the pressure as though testing it.

Against all purpose, all biology, all inevitability - Delta has survived a Full Cycle through Beth’s mighty body.

...

“Ngh... Urgh, its big... Cmon, don’t be lazy in there, help me push it out, Delta!”

SQUEEEZE! FLEX!

...

F-PLURP! Plp.

With a jettison of musky air and lubricant, the nude slick Mechanoid tumbles free along with the slick hot plug onto Beth’s bed.

Later.

You lie upon the warm supple swell of Beth's tummy, head resting just beside her shallow belly button. Subtle squirts and gurgles usher out beneath your ear, a lullaby of organic sounds setting your now clear mind at ease.



You knew, through your synthetic programming, that a Full Cycle through a giantess's body was the only way for you to clear your mind. You even told Beth about your journey in detail, how your mind changed. She took it all well.

With reality settling back in, you slowly rise up from the comfort of Beth's warm midsection and gaze at your blue haired beauty.

Beth lies, arms behind her head, peaking open one eye to glance down at you curiously.

"Hm? Done resting Delta?" She smiles warmly, having enjoyed herself as much as you.

“Crazy how you little Mechanoid’s can survive digestion like that so easily, maybe we should make this a regular thing, eh?”

You blush deeply, eagerly hoping for another session with the bronze goddess before you. However, you know for certain that you wouldn’t have survived that trip through her digestive tract if not for that strange golden butt plug. Something happened back there when your Essence met the ruby inlaid sex toy deep in Beth’s colon. You’ll need to ask your siblings if they know anything more than you.

Suddenly, you jump, recalling the very sibling you fought so hard to save, Beta! You kept her CORE safe inside your BODY, back when you retrieved her from Ghost’s clutches. But thankfully (and embarrassingly) you feel a familiar pressure in your rear. You blush, knowing that Beta’s CORE is safe, albeit in a rather ‘tight’ place. You waggle your butt and shrug off Beth’s initial question.

She snorts, “Well, anywho Delta, remember tomorrow you promised to help me out with my Waltz. I’ll hold ya to it, little bot!”

Beth winks, gently placing her hands before you on the damp bedsheets.

“Cmon, hop on. I’ll take you back to that little vent in the hall, I bet your sis is dying to see you again.”

You stare up at Beth, a warmth radiating from your CORE. It felt good sharing your Essence with her. Stretching together, playing with her butt, then ultimately giving yourself to her primal hunger. Maybe, for you, that’s what a Full Cycle really is. Just a candid connection with someone you care for.

You nod up at Beth, tracing your tiny fingers against her massive index digit. You kiss the tip and wink up at the blushing Giantess.

“Eh, err. Thanks Delta, for trusting me. This morning was fun.”

Above, the warm glints of sunlight filter past the angelic windows above. A blossoming relationship between Bot and Human burgeoning into something more. Yet, discarded and forgotten, the gilded red gem tipped butt plug lies upon the bedsheets, slick and still steaming warmth.

Then, the ruby cracks.

T-CRCK!

To be continued...