Oboro wiped her forehead of sweat as she glanced down at the table below her. *Another job well done,* she thought, *but we still aren’t done yet*. Normally a task as mundane as cleaning up after dinner wouldn’t merit the drops of sweat falling down the blue-haired woman’s face; but an individual table accounting for each member of Prince Corrin’s personal army, in addition to the scorching summer heat would earnestly attempt to debate that. Still, the end was in sight, and after a couple more tables Oboro was feeling rather pleased with herself.

“OK, almost every table is clean except for...hers...”

The spear fighter glared towards the last table standing between her and her ticket home for the night. Incidentally (and unfortunately, for the blue-haired girl), the tables occupant was still residing there — long after everyone else had already finished up and left — and didn’t appear to be wrapping up soon…

As it turned out, the spear fighter had even managed to stare long enough for the woman in question to break from her feast and notice her observer.

“Oboro? Is that you? What's with the thousand-yard stare?” Rinkah questioned. “Oh! Right! You're on cleanup duty after meals. Sorry, I'll get out of your way.”

The club fighter’s sudden exclamation quickly roused Oboro from her trance.

“Rinkah! Wait.”

“Wh-what's up?”

Pleased as she would’ve been for the warrior to get up and leave, Oboro couldn’t help but be a little appalled by the state of her eating area. Rinkah was slightly known for her gluttony, but this was just… Absurd! Countless ribs and chicken legs lay all about the table, finding their way practically everywhere *but* her plate! If that wasn’t enough, meat sauces of all kinds coated the food, table, plate, and Rinkah’s hands alike. Normally Oboro wouldn’t have minded such a thing, but the fact that she had to clean up such a mess made it all the more repulsive.

“The way you eat...especially the mess you leave behind...it's a lot to clean up. Could you try to start eating more carefully?”

Rinkah raised a brow at the woman’s proposition.

“Carefully? Like how?”

“Like, don't spray the meat's juices all over the tablecloth! Or leave chunks of food on the floor!”

The Oni Savage scoffed boorishly in return.

“Hmph. Maybe that's not how YOU eat. But the Flame Tribe always digs into their meals with both hands! We wolf our food down like actual wolves! Someone told me once I should use utensils when eating with you people...but I assumed they were joking.”

Oboro grimaced at Rinkah’s rebuttal. Apparently nobody taught this girl about common decency OR how to eat properly

“Huh...so table manners are different where you come from? Well, be a messy eater if you want, but I'm the one who has to clean it up. So like it or not, I'm going to teach you the basics of eating with utensils!”

Rinkah was visibly taken aback by her acquaintances’ proposal. Who did she think she was to suggest such an outrageous thing?

“What, you're serious? That's going too far...”

“Then can you eat without making such an ungodly mess?” Oboro exclaimed.

“Impossible. It goes against everything I stand for.”

The spear fighter clenched her fists as her face shifted into a pronounced frown. She quickly found herself at her wit’s end with the barbaric woman.

“This isn't the Fire Tribe village, Rinkah! You're supposed to abide by the customs of your land, right?!”

The spear fighter took a couple of breaths to calm herself down.

“D-Don't worry - I'll teach you everything there is to know. You'll catch on quick!”

Oboro looked expectantly and optimistically at her fellow soldier. Maybe a little kindness was all she needed to come around…?

“Or…” Rinkah started…

“You could just let me eat in peace!”

Oboro’s eye twitched as her cheerful visage shattered into a million pieces. *This is it,* she thought. *This is finally it…* Rinkah’s eyes went wide as the blue-haired woman’s face morphed into her trademark scowl. Nothing good ever came out of this…

“Oboro? Are you oka-

“I CAN’T BELIEVE YOU!!”

Rinkah gave an incongruous yelp as the spear fighter shouted. She wasn’t all that intimidating a minute ago, she thought! Yet here she was, slowly walking towards her like a woman possessed…

“All I wanted to do was help!!” Oboro continued. “Yet you continuously shut me down in the rudest ways imaginable!”

The blue-haired woman continued forward as Rinkah sat still in morbid silence. The normally hotheaded and defiant warrior had been thoroughly chilled by the harrowing aura of the woman before her…

“You have no right!” The spear fighter scowled. “You need to be taught some manners!”

As Oboro placed her palms against her terrified acquaintance’s exposed shoulders, her demonic scorn shifted into an equally hellish grin.

“Now… I’m going to show you how to eat properly… whether YOU LIKE IT OR NOT!!!”

Rinkah continued to sit in motionless terror, even after Oboro stretched her mouth around her head. After the first gulp, Rinkah wanted nothing more than to panic and yell, but for some reason, she couldn’t. Was this some sort of magic, she thought? Or… Or was she just too terrified to move after all… Whatever it was, it made sure the dark-skinned tribalist stayed nice and still as Oboro swiftly and eloquently gulped down her muscular body.

 As much as she didn’t want to take enjoyment out of what was supposed to be a lesson to her adversary, Oboro simply couldn’t help herself. Not only was Rinkah made up of the most tender and flavorful meat she’d ever tasted, but the leftover rib sauce on her meal’s dirty fingers made it just *that* much better.

Sooner rather than later, Oboro sucked in the last of her unfortunate meal’s legs, resigning her fate to her bloated tummy.

“Mmm… Delightful~” She mused.

The spear fighter sat against the edge of the table, letting her belly sit between her legs. Even with the coarse wood against her back, and only the thin onyx-colored fabric separating her butt from the cold pavement, Oboro couldn’t help but feel comfortable. It wasn’t often she got to enjoy a full-sized human in her belly after all, let alone one who *wasn’t* a simple Nohrian prisoner.

“See Rinkah? It’s not hard to keep your eating space clean!” She giggled.

Giving her massive belly a pat, Oboro figured it was time to let it do what it did best. The blue-haired woman smiled fondly as she closed her eyes. Rinkah would have plenty of time to think about her actions while she got some well-deserved rest…

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Hours later, Rinkah wasn’t doing much better. Still she found herself immobile, but she figured now it now a result of her tight, fleshy prison confiding upon her rather than anything else. The dignified warrior could do little besides grunt in discomfort as stomach acids began to bubble around her, burning and irritating her tanned skin. How disgraceful she thought that she’d be done in by the very sensation her tribe was named for. There was no dignity for her to be had, in neither her searing, organic tomb, nor in her state to come. The once proud tribalist groaned in defeat as the acids melted her bubbling skin and flesh into a soft slurry, with no aspirations sans fueling its host…

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Oboro yawned loudly as she woke early the next morning. Judging from the sky outside, she guessed it to be around 3 or 4 in the morning. *Perfect*, she thought. A rather vivid dream she’d had the pleasure of experiencing during her nap gave her an idea. One that would make her job a little harder in the end, but it was simpy too good to pass up the opportunity.

The blue-haired woman rose from the hard floor, rubbing any dust off her leggings in the process. Looking down, she noticed her now sizable pair of breasts resting firmly and pleasantly on her chest. Similarly, the spear fighter also took note of her thickened thighs and squishier bum. Oboro patted her expanded rump and giggled contently.

“Jeez Rinkah, and just when I thought these pants couldn’t get any tighter!” She laughed.

Though she was happy to enjoy her body’s new additions, speaking the name of her meal reminded her of the dream she had. Oboro couldn’t help but grin. Grotesque as it was, she absolutely planned to enjoy every moment of this…

--------------------------------- (Disposal Warning!) -------------------------------

Oboro stepped up to the table Rinkah had been sitting at. Still, it was littered with the bones and remains of her unfinished food.

“Tsk tsk…~” Oboro teased. “Fine Rinkah, you’ve convined me! You get to make one more mess… Hehe”

The blue-haired woman turned around and dropped her pants, revealing her large, pale bum to the cool morning air. Oboro’s face gradually shifted its way into a bracing expression as she felt the remains of her last meal pushing against her rear exit. After much anticipation, thick, brown logs began to spill from the Hoshidan’s ass, plopping unceremoniously onto the table below. Oboro grimaced as more and more steaming piles of Rinkah squeezed their way out of her rump. She knew it was gross, and she knew she’d have to be the one to clean it up later, but the irony was simply too sweet for her. The spear fighter felt her knees giving out as even more of Rinkah’s remains poured from her pasty pucker. Compromising, she placed her ass on the edge of the table, letting the rest of her shit flow out into a not-so-neat pile along with the rest. When the brown stopped flowing however, Oboro knew her fun was over. She fake pouted to nobody in particular before looking back at her dark deed.

Immediately her pout shaped itself into a smile as she took in the sight of reeking Rinkah shit adorning the table she’d spent so much time at. Truly, it was almost poetic. Oboro carefully grabbed a couple of clean napkins which the late Oni obviously hadn’t bothered to use beforehand, and wiped her ass clean. Pulling her pants back tightly over her squishy cheeks, Oboro shot another glance towards “Rinkah’s mess” before smiling and heading for the door. She wasn’t looking forward to cleaning it up tomorrow, but one last look at today’s accomplishments told her that in the end it was — without a doubt in her mind — all worth it.