*Akame Ga Kill!: An End to Psychotic Justice*

After a long and grueling battle between Mine and the suddenly insane Seryu, the latter fell at the former’s feet, too weak to carry on the fight any longer. The small, pink-haired girl tossed her weapon aside, wanting to handle taking the insane woman’s life much more. Despite being beaten near death, Seryu looked up to Mine with a crazed grin.

“No, no! This isn’t right!” she snarled, sputtering blood on the cold ground. “This isn’t justice!”

“Well, here I am, still alive.” replied Mine, kicking Seryu’s weapon war out of reach. “Hasn’t anyone told you *killing* people isn’t justice. It’s *murder.*”

Seryu just grinned, a hissing sound escaping her gritted teeth that steadily transformed into mad cackling. While Seryu just lied there, maniacally laughing away the last of her strength, Mine lifted her limp body off the ground. She knew just what she was going to do to end this monster once and for all.

“There’s only one use for someone like you, Seryu.” She muttered. “Lemme show you what *real* justice is.”

Mine then opened her mouth, lips spreading wider and wider beyond the human limit. Seryu was unfazed at this bizarre sight of a human opening their mouth like a snake’s, her mind too far lost to her own madness to rationally feel fear. Instead, as Mine’s maw closed around her neck, Seryu just kept laughing. At this point, Mine just ignored her, working the insane young woman down her throat, swallowing as hard as she could. Grabbing Seryu’s body with a purposely painful grip, she crammed the madwoman deeper inside, first taking in those small, yet perky and supple breasts. The tried to resist tasting, but with such a juicy chest resting on her tongue, she couldn’t help getting a lick in or two, savoring that rather spicy flavor she had.

After savoring those breasts and leaving Seryu in the incredible tight grip of her throat, Mine swallowed again. The large face-shaped bulge in Mine’s neck was then replaced by the formation of breasts, those too vanishing beneath her collarbone with another heavy swallow. Inside the tunnel to the stomach, the muscles tightened and squeezed, keeping Seryu more than firmly in place. Each pulse pressing the breath from her lungs, never letting her keep for long. No longer could she just laugh, instead of coughing and wheezing as she lurched deeper and deeper, eventually, she was pressured into a tightly clenched opening. With a sharp gasped, she looked around what was going to be her prison cell for the short remainder of her prison sentence, a hot, pink chamber that twitched and convulsed; almost as if it had gotten antsy just waiting for her. Every gulp that followed forced to curl up inside, her ragged clothing getting drenched in the acidic fluids.

Outside, Mine was having her fill of Seryu’s rump, getting the rest of her pants and armor off before savoring that succulent meat. If only she could’ve had it seasoned and cooked, it probably would’ve been the best thing she ever had. It was so plump and delicious, she didn’t want to part with it, but hearing stomach grumbling angrily demand its meal, Mine was forced to swallow. The rest was easy after that, slurping up Seryu’s legs like noodles of spaghetti with a loud, wet noise; sending the rest of the insane woman down her throat and curling up in her new home for the short remainder of her life.

Contently sighing, Mine struggled to stand as she held her belly up with one hand and rubbed it with the other. She couldn’t believe she actually did it, swallowing another person whole and alive. She’d been dying to try out, but now she actually did it! Never had she felt so full, her stomach reaching an almost painful limit. She could feel every little movement Seryu made within her, her instinctive motions to resist the encroaching stomach walls. The pokes and prods of her limbs pushing outwards bought a little pain and a little pleasure at once. Eventually, the weight of a whole person in her gut was too much and she collapsed to a sitting posture.

“Guess I’ll be staying here for awhile.” Mine groaned as her stomach got to work on Seryu’s body. Inside, the organ walls kneaded her body, applying the caustic fluids. What remained of her clothes oozed away and dissipated into nothingness, leaving her bare body exposed the elements of the digestive system. Seryu felt her skin tingle and itch, the acids digging her way into the flesh, as she tried to push the walls back. Her strength steadily waned the more she struggled until the stomach eventually overwhelmed her, balling her up in an uncomfortable fetal position. The stinging fluids started to burn now, turning her pale skin into a darkening shade of red.

Yawning, Mine let her eyes droop to a close, resting her head against her now greatly swollen belly. The drowsiness of a food coma struck and put her to sleep in an instant, leaving Seryu alone to face the digestive process. Hour after agonizing hour passed like moss growing on a rock and while that belly gurgled and groaned, Serya was slowly digested; her flesh melted from the bone. Until the lack of air finally took her, Seryu felt every part of her body burn and dissolve away. Mine’s stomach reflected the process of Seryu being broken down, steadily shrinking as the hour hand ticked onward. First, the defining features in her belly faded into a round ball of a gut, then that ball shrank until all that remained were pudgy flabs of fat. Inside, what remained of the madwoman was pumped into the intestines, where the nutrients were absorbed and the rest was making its way towards the exit. By morning, the woman was brought to true justice as a plump bit of a fat on.

The next day, Mine came back victoriously to her teammates, much more portly than she did going in. Everyone was happy to see her, but it was Chelsea who noticed the flab hanging from her midsection.

“Hit the buffet after you took her out?” Chelsea teased, poking the flab and making it jiggle. “I know you’re trying to get bigger, but I didn’t know that’s what you had in mind.”

“Shut up.” Mine giggled, pushing away Chelsea’s hand. “It’s not like your much better!”

“Oh really?” Chelsea replied skeptically before playfully grabbing those fat folds and shaking them all up, making Mine’s belly jiggle like jello. “Pretty sure my belly doesn’t wobble like that!”

Mine burst out into a fit of laughter.

“He-Hey, stop that! It tickles!”

The group laughter as Chelsea messed with Mine before heading back home, unknowing that Seryu’s existence now lied on the girl’s rolls of fat.