Shipgirl Seafood V

Pzu

Image: https://gelbooru.com/index.php?page=post&s=view&id=4048831

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“###”s denote where disposal begins

*I really wish they’d quiet down once in a while…* Hamakaze thought, raising her eyes from her book. Shimakaze and Tokitsukaze chatted loudly, some prattle that Hamakaze had neither concern nor patience for. *I’m not gonna be able to concentrate like this.* She clapped the book closed and stood up. The clock read 12:32 in the afternoon, which she noted with disdain. Her next sortie was supposed to take place at 3:00, and she really hadn’t finished reading the briefing. She examined her progress. *Almost halfway there,* she thought, a fold marking her progress in the journal. *I’ll just take a break.*

Hamakaze left the common room, leaving the two other destroyers alone, shouting at each other despite being at the same table. In their argument, they failed to notice Hamakaze’s exit, as well as her shiny hairpin glistening on the sofa.

“Speed isn’t everything!” Tokitsukaze pouted, leaning far across the table. “You have to have firepower, too! Otherwise, you’re useless!” she said, accusingly pointing a finger at Shimakaze.

“Don’t act like I don’t have firepower!” Shimakaze retorted, crossing her arms. “I can put it to better use when I can actually get in range!” She gave a smug, side-eyed look at Tokitsukaze who opened her mouth to reply.

“Would’ja quit it, already?!” Ryuujou shouted, slamming the doors open. The two girls stopped cold. “It ain’t a big deal being better than one another! Strength ain’t everything!”

Shimakaze and Tokitsukaze glanced at Ryuujou, still poised in the doorway. The girl turned her head as she heard someone behind her: Nagato, one of the most powerful ships in the naval base. Ryuujou scowled as a pair of large breasts jiggled in front of her, as if to mock the point she was making. *God damn it.,* she thought, knowing exactly what was coming.

“Being strong is important, Ryuujou” Nagato said, a stupid passion in her eyes. “Any true shipgirl would do anything for her admiral,” she continued, clearly unconcerned about Ryuujou’s disdian for her. “I’m sure you understand! So in order to protect our admiral, we must-”

Ryuujou tuned out the big freak. *Freakin’ annoyin’...* she thought, pulling the brim of her hat down. Unsurprisingly, this reignited the dispute happening between Tokitsukaze and Shimakaze, now going at it louder than ever. *Well, can’t say I didn’t try,* Ryuujou thought, walking into the room. *Anyway, where’s that book?*

Ryuujou lazily strolled over to the bookcase, browsing the selection of journals kept by naval officials. “Let’s see…” she muttered, quickly shuffling through the shelf. She scanned the titles quickly, her fingers throwing each one onto the next as she searched. “Admiral… Bismarck… Capsized…” she idly stated, reaching the end of the lowest shelf. Starting again on the middle shelf, she stood on her toes, barely able to reach. To her disappointment, she only reached the word “Law”. *It’s on the third shelf,* she thought, frowning. She strained her back, trying to gain as much height as possible. “Modernization…” she struggled, feeling the edge of her finger hitting the book. “Modern…”

Nagato appeared behind her, retrieving the book easily. She held it out to the smaller shipgirl, as if assisting some little kid. “This is what you’re looking for, right?”

“Thanks,” Ryuujou said abruptly, snatching the book from her hands. Did this girl really have to rub it in that she was so much more developed? She walked over to the soft sofa, planting herself down heavily.

“HYAH!” Ryuujou jumped, throwing the journal into the air. Regaining her composure, she rubbed her ass, feeling a small cut. “What the heck?”

Behind her, Ryuujou saw a bright glint, recognizing Hamakaze’s hair clip. “What’s this doin’ here?” she asked, remembering the girl’s signature hairstyle. *How was she going to keep her hair out of her face without this?* she thought, pocketing the item. “I suppose I should go and find her… I think she sorties at three…”

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Hamakaze brushed her hair out of her face a fourth time, irritated at her current predicament. *How the hell do I forget my hair clip?* she thought, walking back to the common room. *It must be there… There’s nowhere else I could have forgot it…* As Hamakaze concentrated on her search, Nagato passed by, noticing the girl’s preoccupation.

“Oi, Hamakaze,” she said, catching her attention.

“What is it?” Hamakaze asked coolly.

“I think Ryuujou went over that way with your hair clip,” she said, gesturing vaguely towards the west wing. “I think she was gonna leave it in your room or something. Or maybe she took it to Kamikaze. I’m not sure.”

*Hmm… That’s pretty far… I don’t have much time....* Hamakaze thought, feeling her stomach rumble. She looked at the grandfather clock in the hall. 1:30. *But I really need that clip.* she complained to herself. *I guess I’ll just have to find her.*

“Thanks Nagato,” she said. “See you later.”

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“Argh…” Ryuujou grunted, feeling the large hair clip in her pocket. “Just where the hell’s she?” Ryuujou glanced at the hallway’s clock as she walked, noting that she had been searching for two complete hours. “Jeez, it doesn’t usually take this long to find a shipgirl, does it? Maybe she’s out on her sortie, already. Maybe I’ll go take a nap or something. Hamakaze probably isn’t missing it if she hasn’t found me by-” Ryuujou’s sentence was cut short as her face nestled between two warm bumps.

Hamakaze pushed Ryuujou away, guarding her chest. “Oh… Ryuujou,” she said, dropping her guard. Pissed off, Ryuujou regained her footing. *You titty monsters should watch where you’re goin’!* she thought, harboring her usual grudge against her contrasting comrades. “I heard you might have my hair clip...”

Doing her best to feign friendliness, Ryuujou retrieved the hair clip from her pocket. “I have it right here, in fact…!” she said, forcing a smile. Hamakaze couldn’t help but notice Ryuujou’s suspicious behavior, giving such a strange smile. *Something’s not right here…* she thought. *Wait, is she angry?*

Hamakaze parted her hair, placing the hair clip back in its rightful spot again. “Thanks,” she said simply, running her hand through her hair. Ryuujou let out a deep sigh. *I need to get modernized already…* she thought, hanging her head. *How else am I gonna be able to compete with shipgirls like her…?*

Hamakaze glanced at the clock. *Shit…* she realized, smacking her forehead in frustration. *I only have thirty minutes to eat, and the cafeteria’s at the east wing…*

Ryuujou rose from her self-deprecating slouch, watching as Hamakaze bit her fingernails. “I still have to get my rigging and everything ready, too… Plus, Akatsuki said she wanted to see me… There’s no time… But I can’t really make her wait...”

“Oi, everythin’ alright?” Ryuujou asked, walking over to the girl.

Hamakaze looked at the small girl approaching her. She didn’t really offer much in her upper body, but she actually had quite the ass, and not a bad pair of legs, either. As she walked, Hamakaze noted her skirt brushing upwards, revealing her cute pair of panties beneath- a pure white garment. *Wait, why am I thinking that now?* she thought, flustered.

*Grrrrnnnnnnnnn*

Hamakaze felt her stomach rumble, eyeing the small girl’s thighs.

“Oi, you ok?” Ryuujou asked. “You need to go to the infirmary or somethin’? You’re lookin’ a li’l pale...”

Hamakaze ignored Ryuujou’s words, her mind clouding in hunger. In any other situation, she would have appreciated her friend’s concern, but at this point, all she really wanted was lunch.

“Oi, wha-”

*GLOMP!*

Ryuujou didn’t even have time to react as Hamakaze lunged over the girl, enveloping her head in her maw. The girl was caught blindsided as her body contorted, confused by the sudden, wet darkness. Beginning to realize what was happening, Ryuujou began to push out against Hamakaze’s lips, her body suspended in midair. “Stop! What’re ya doin’?!” she shouted. Her feet kicked against Hamakaze’s lean stomach as she scrambled against her predator.

*She actually tastes quite good…* Hamakaze thought, swallowing again Ryuujou’s arms and shoulders inside her maw. *Well, let’s hurry up… I need to be there at three…*

*glurk!*

Ryuujou felt her face pass into Hamakaze’s throat as her abs were covered in saliva. “Stop!” she yelled, wiggling as hard as she could. The only thing she could do was cover herself in more slime, making her struggles more and more difficult as the clothes clung to her body. She stared down into the void that she had begun to enter, the darkness looming, ready to claim her. “Don’t! I’m not food!”

Hamakaze smiled as she heard the desperate protests of the girl, now halfway in her throat. *She sounds so cute when she struggles like this…* she thought, swallowing again. *I wonder how cute she’ll sound on the way down~*

*Glurk!*

Hamakaze swallowed hard, leaving Ryuujou suspended by her feet only. The poor girl was now mostly in her predator’s gullet, squirming against the soft flesh of her insides. “You can’t eat me! I’m a shipgirl!” she cried, feeling her head touch a tight ring- the entrance to Hamakaze’s stomach. Ryuujou screamed. “DON”T DO THIS!”

Hamakaze giggled, hardly hearing the muffled cry of her prey. She removed the cute girl’s shoes off her wiggling feet, tossing them onto the floor next to her hat. *Say goodbye!* she teased, breathing in deeply.

*GLURK!*

Hamakaze’s belly rounded out as Ryuujou collected in her gut. The predator felt herself falling forward, weighed down by the small girl she swallowed. “Oof…” she panted, cradling the sagging gut in her arms. “Kind of a heavy meal before a sortie… But it’ll do,’ she muttered, feeling sweat running down her cheeks. *Swallowing her was actually quite the workout…*

“LET ME OUT!” Ryuujou yelled, kicking and thrashing against Hamakaze’s tight belly. “The admiral’s gonna get mad!” Hamakaze giggled as indents riddled her distended stomach futilely. *What cute struggles,* Hamakaze thought, *But there’s no way I’m gonna let her out now… Maybe I can have some fun with this~*

“Calm down, Ryuujou…” Hamakaze said, putting on her best calm facade. “I’ll let you out after I sortie. I’m just doing this to hold myself over…” she said, patting the indent of the small girl. “But if anybody finds out… You know what’ll happen, right?” Hamakaze evilly grinned.

“Uh… alright, if you won’t… y’know...” Ryuujou said flatly, unsure of Hamakaze’s promise. At this point, however, she didn’t have any other options but to believe her.

“That’s right. I won’t,” Hamakaze said. “But here’s the deal. You have to act like a meal the entire time so I don’t get found out. I don’t need to get called up by the military police… Got it?”

Ryuujou shuffled in place, the tight walls of Hamakaze’s stomach starting to press on her. She felt the pulse of her stomach and the beats of her heart. *I guess… I just gotta be quiet...* she thought, trying her best not to struggle in the tight confines.

Hamakaze hummed happily as she strolled to the naval yard, her large belly in tow, unmoving except for the jiggles in her steps.

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Hamakaze sulked back from the naval yard, her combat gear in dragging behind her. “What does ‘being a liability’ have to do with my weight? I can still float…” she pouted, looking down. She strolled in beat with the pulse of her stomach, now starting to speed up as it grew accustomed to the large meal.

“Uh… can you let me out, then?” Ryuujou asked bluntly, feeling some acid beginning to tickle her bottom. “It’s… kinda hot in here…” She felt the heat of the gut caking her body, her clothes sopping wet from her sweat and the slime of the stomach.

“Oi,” Hamakaze snapped, slapping her belly. “Do meals talk? I don’t think they do.”

Ryuujou jumped, feeling her confines shake around her. The acid splashed up onto her lap, pooling into a small lake in her legs.

“That’s better. I’ll let you know when I’m done with you. Don’t talk to me again unless you feel like digesting.

Ryuujou shuttered at her words. She didn’t want to think about it, but digestion seriously was a possibility and her fate was in the hands of Hamakaze. However, she started to worry as she felt the acid rising to her waist. Her lips quivered, urging her to cry out for help, but knowing exactly what might happen if she did.

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Later, Hamakaze sat on her bed, flipping through her magazine angrily, still brooding over the admiral’s remarks about her condition. He hadn’t called her fat, or useless, or anything of the sort, but being called a liability was still far too much an insult for her proud self. She flipped to the next page, seeing a beautiful model advertising some dieting program. *Stupid admiral…* she thought, pouting as she examined the model’s body. *Calling me a liability… What a jerk...*

Meanwhile, Ryuujou began to panic as she felt her ass melting beneath her, causing her to sink lower into her own mushy body. Tears streamed from her eyes as she felt herself becoming less and less a girl and more the mushy substance beneath her. She tried to struggle, but she only felt herself thrash about in her own stewing body, losing control of her limbs as they turned to mush. She sobbed, knowing that she was done for. In a final plea, she called out to Hamakaze: “Help… Hama… kaze…!” she groaned, feeling her lungs begin to melt into the pasty liquid beneath her. “Don’t…! Do… this!”

Hamakaze smiled. “What, are you stupid?” she teased, looking over her magazine, pleased by her retracting belly. “Then I’d just get hungry again. You’re my food, and you were stupid for ever thinking you’d be let out of there.”

Ryuujou’s eyes dilated in fear as Hamakaze’s words stung her. “No…” she muttered, feeling her shoulders sinking into the off-colored sludge beneath her. “I’m not… food…!” She opened her mouth to scream as she felt her head dip beneath the surface, down into the consistency of former shipgirl. A few bubbles escaped the mixture, the last of Ryuujou’s pleas drowned out by her own gurgling remains. As the bubbles stopped, the surface of the lake went calm, Ryuujou efficiently snuffed out by Hamakaze’s merciless gut.

Hamakaze felt her stomach lurch, letting out a small burp. “Well, you’re food now,’ she said happily, flipping to the next page of her magazine. This page had Naka on it, advertising her next live. *Stupid…* she thought, turning the page again. She felt her stomach getting to work, pumping former Ryuujou down into her intestines. “Ahh…” Hamakaze moaned, laying her hand on her now flat belly. “And you’re not quite done being food, yet…” She closed her eyes. *I guess I won’t be needing dinner today,* she thought, feeling herself sinking into her bed. *I think I’ll take a little nap to sleep this brat off…*

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Ryuujou awoke, hearing Hamakaze’s deep breaths and sudden starts of snoring. *What the…?* she thought, feeling her body involuntarily guided down a tube. *Where… am I?* She felt herself getting smaller, compacting into herself as the walls of the intestines absorbed more and more of her into Hamakaze. Suddenly, she smelled something. *Hurghk!* she thought. *It reeks… Wait, am I gonna be…?*

Ryuujou’s fears were realized as she felt herself hit a tight ring, still unable to move. *I’m… in her asshole…* she thought pathetically. *And now, I’m just...*

Hamakaze pushed open the bathroom door, the heavy entrance giving her a bit of trouble as she bent over at the waist. “I really have to poop…” she groaned, slipping into the nearest stall. She pulled her skirt down, feeling it tug on her hips as it fell. She quickly did the same with her panties, planting her ass on the seat.

*FFFRRRRRRRTTTTTBBTH!*

Hamakaze covered her nose as she caught wind of Ryuujou’s stench. “Urgh… just accept your fate as my shit, already…” she mocked, pushing hard.

Ryuujou felt herself emerge from Hamakaze’s tight pucker, overlooking a vast, yellow pool. She saw a torrent of the same color behind her, knowing exactly what had happened to her- she was now just a sentient turd. She felt herself smear against Hamakaze’s cheeks, now mountains of flesh to her small self. “Hnnngh!” Hamakaze struggled, feeling Ryuujou limply hang out of her asshole. *This… is humiliating…* Ryuujou thought, smelling her own remains in the toilet, the smell sealed inside by Hamakaze’s fat ass. She felt the back end of herself finally emerge as she dropped down into the yellow lake, dipping in with a cute *plop!*

The rest of Ryuujou wasn’t far behind. As Hamakaze grunted and moaned, she pushed out three more similarly sized logs. Soon enough, Ryuujou had been transformed into a steaming collection of Hamakaze’s poop, floating in her own liquid remains. She gazed up at the ass that had shat her out, watching as it dislodged itself from the seat.

Hamakaze looked down into the bowl, dominantly smiling at her turd. “I know you’re not quite the same Ryuujou anymore,” she teased, stroking her widened ass. “But I like you quite better where you are now: in there, or on my hips~” she said, resting her hand on the toilet’s handle. “But I have to get rid of this smelly part of you before anyone complains! I’m sorry, Ryuujou, but this is goodbye!” she said, pulling on the mechanism.

Ryuujou felt herself plummeting down as a torrent of water pulled her into the pipes. She couldn’t do anything as she traversed the elaborate tubes beneath the naval base, down into the sewers. She was nothing more than an insignificant shit for a larger, more developed ship, and that’s the way she belonged.