“So, what’s the scoop?” Ray closed the door behind him and sat across from Lewis, whose expression was unreadable. “They put in a new ‘update’ on Anderson, yeah?”

“Yes. Though it’s more of an overhaul. It’s an experimental new mechanism that allows him to digest any and all organic matter for energy, and converting the resulting waste into a fuel substitute for our ships. Two birds in one stone, I suppose.”

Ray frowned. “Right, when you say ‘organic matter’—“

“I’m going to be upfront with you, Ray: the purpose is for dispatching and disposing of undesirables without leaving a trace of mess or, more importantly, evidence.”

Ray felt an unease come over him. “You don’t mean…?”

Lewis nodded. “Yup. Anyone that needs to be taken out goes down the hatch. Swallowed *whole.”*

“Wait. How is that even possible?”

“They pretty much replaced his jaw with an artificial one that can… unhinge, I suppose?” Lewis rubbed his face with his hand. “Listen, they want to give him a test run. You remember that guy we brought in for running that trafficking ring?”

Ray shuddered. “Yeah, I don’t think I’ll be forgetting that one any soon. But wait, isn’t he supposed to go to trial?”

“Yeah, as it turns out, his home planet doesn’t want anything to do with him. He’s in our jurisdiction now. And frankly, we know for a fact what he did. There’s no reason to waste resources housing that bastard. At least this way, he’ll be something useful. Thing is… I think you should keep an eye on Anderson during the process, at least for the first time. I don’t know how much this’ll freak him out. I understand if you’re a bit apprehensive—“

“Don’t even worry about it. I’ve seen worse. Besides, I’m going to have to get used to it eventually.”  
  
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Anderson shifted nervously as he waited for his ‘meal’ to be brought out. “Are you sure that they can’t… drug him first? So that he won’t be aware of everything?”

Ray smiled apologetically. “I’m afraid not. They want to make sure you’re physically capable of overpowering and eating when the target is still struggling. Because in the future, you might have to do this with someone trying to actually *fight* you. Someone you can’t incapacitate beforehand.” He put a hand on Anderson’s arm. “Listen, I know you feel nervous about this. But this is someone who’s done *horrendous* things. You were there too.”

Anderson might have replied, but at that moment the door opened, with a man being led out in handcuffs and chains by a very apprehensive guard, who handed Anderson a remote. “Just press this button when you’re ready to undo the restraints.” The speed at which the guard exited was rather impressive.

Anderson glanced at Ray. “You ready?”

Ray felt for the stungun at his side. He was confident enough in Anderson’s abilities to be almost certain he wouldn’t need it, but it was reassuring to have on him nonetheless. “Yeah.”

As soon as Anderson pressed the button, the criminal froze for an instant before attempting to tackle Anderson. It was only an attempt, because Anderson immediately grabbed him by the shoulders and pinned his arms to his sides. Anderson tentatively opened his mouth, quickly realizing that yes, this new jaw worked quite differently from his old one. It was surprisingly easy to engulf this guy headfirst, as the man was frozen in fear as stared in absolute horror at the inhuman sight before him…

It wasn’t until the entirety of the criminal’s head was inside Anderson’s mouth that panic set in. Anderson was quite ready for this, however. Their difference in size and strength allowed Anderson to more or less pick him up entirely. His legs kicked wildly as his torso was swallowed down, though his position made it difficult for him to do so with any actual intensity.

Anderson tilted back his head to allow gravity to assist him—which it certainly did—and the wild, thrashing protests became entirely moot. Sticking straight up in the air, legs disappeared past his knees, he was able to do little more than twitch desperately as the last of him slid down Anderson’s gullet.

Ray found himself utterly transfixed as Anderson staggered over to the wall to brace himself, practically panting. “Are… are you okay?”

Anderson glanced up at where Ray was staring with a mix of horror and wonderment on his face. “Ah... I think?” He could still feel the bastard wriggling inside of him, though the efforts were rather stymied by how tightly the walls of Anderson’s stomach squeezed around him. Even so, the sensation left Anderson unable to concentrate on anything else.

“It doesn’t hurt, does it?” Ray couldn’t take his eyes off of Anderson’s squirming belly.

“N… no.” Anderson felt a shiver go up his spine suddenly. “It’s, uh, actually good. Really good.”

“Huh.” That wasn’t the answer Ray had been expecting, but he was glad Anderson wasn’t suffering. “Well, uh, if you need anything, I’m here.”

“R—“ Anderson was interrupted by his stomach clenching around his ‘meal’ as he let out massive, roiling belch. “Right. Excuse me.” He squeezed his eyes shut as the thrashing seemed to actually become more desperate. “Can I go lie down or something?”

It turned out that there was, in fact, a room already set up for him to rest. Ray found himself intensely aware of the horrified stares Anderson was getting as they walked through the halls. It was only the fact that he was more concerned with helping Anderson that stopped him from snapping at anyone.

Anderson seemed more than content to lie back and rest his eyes. His breath seemed to hitch every time the writhing started up again, hands grabbing fistfuls of bedsheets. At one point he looked over to where Ray was sitting beside him. “I’m sorry you have to see me like this.”

“Sorry? What are you sorry for?”

“Isn’t this… horrific to you? Disgusting?”

Ray shrugged. “If anything, seeing your jaw unhinge like a fucking snake was the creepiest part. Anyway, I’ve seen so much worse at this point. I’m just glad you’re not in pain.”

“Yeah, buh—ah, *fuck—*this feels… so good. Too good.”

“No such thing. It’s always hot seeing you enjoy yourself, if I’m honest.”

Anderson hiccupped. “Even like this?”

“Yeah, of course. Just enjoy it.”

“I guess I just worry that—“ Anderson was cut off by a rather loud, sloshing *gwooooorg,* followed by the faintly struggling bulge seeming to slump in defeat. He swore under his breath. “Ahhh shit. Fuck.” He grabbed a pillow and buried his face into it.

Unsure of how to help, Ray cautiously reached out to rub Anderson’s incredibly full belly. Almost the instant that his hand made contact with him, Anderson sucked in a sharp breath, letting out a sound almost like a whimper. Ray retracted his hand as if it had been burnt. “Shit, did I hurt—“

The speed at which Anderson had grabbed onto his hand was almost superhuman. *“Don’t* stop. Please.”

If Ray felt silly giving Anderson literal belly rubs before, that feeling melted away as soon as he saw what it did to Anderson. The cyborg practically *growled,* eyeing Ray with an absolutely *primal* expression, beyond lust or hunger combined. He pressed a bit more firmly, rubbing in wider circles, and it took Ray a second to realize exactly how *loud* Anderson’s stomach’s gurgling was.

Anderson began moving… strangely, appearing to attempt to thrust up against something. It took Ray a moment to realize that Anderson was a) hard as a rock and b) that his erection was pressed up against the curve of his belly. “Could… could you—“

Ray understood immediately, continuing to massage his belly while he starting jerking him off, pressing the cock flush to the churning flesh. It was a shame Ray didn’t have a free hand, as seeing his partner in crime and life absolutely blissed out of his mind certainly had his own pants a lot tighter. Especially when Anderson practically *snarled* his name when he came.

Almost the moment Ray finished cleaning Anderson up, Lewis rushed into the room. “Okay! So! The geniuses behind this whole thing didn’t tell me until just now that there is, in fact, a second part to this whole process. Turns out, the, ah, ‘waste’ produced is to be used as a sort of… bio-fuel substance? That’s, uh, how there won’t be anything left of those being consumed. Because they’ll be powering the facilities. Don’t worry, we have a room set up to receive it all, but you’ll… want to get there soon. Because his metabolism is damn efficient now.”

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Anderson rushed into the room as fast as one could weighed down with the remains of an entire person in their digestive system. As soon as he crouched over the funnel, everything spilled out in a thick, almost chunky mixture. He didn’t really have to push as it gushed out almost effortlessly, the pressure in his gut already having built up intensely in the time that’d passed. He sighed in relief, relaxing as his system effortlessly and mercilessly churned up its contents, groaning and gurgling as it turned the rest of its occupant into an unrecognizable yet useful mush.

A strange thrill ran through him when it sunk in that he was literally shitting out what had once been another person. A cruel, sick person, who had done nothing but hurt. And who he had turned into a far more beneficial source of fuel, all the while utterly powerless to it the entire time. The entire process, from start to finish, had been absolutely, hedonistically blissful. A process that he was not just encouraged, but *required* to repeat.

He could certainly get used to this.