You could not believe the turn of events, but the impossible had happened. The girl with the blonde hair and the red-violet eyes looked at you intently with a smirky grin.

“Looks like I won,” she said. She raised her hand and held it against her mouth as she laughed like one of those upper-class women. It was always something that you hated.

Before you could say something in response to her, the leader of the club walked up with her teeth clenched so she would stifle her laughter. She had green hair that was tied back with a ponytail. Her large breasts juggled from the slightest movement beneath her yellow top.

“Well, Satoko won fair and square,” she said observantly, “time for your punishment.”

Earlier that day, you found yourself engaging with her and the other members of the club in a game of finding missing pens. The results would prove to be devastating for the one who was unable to find any of the pens. And tragically, the punishment befell you, now this annoying little brat was going to reap the benefits.

The green-haired girl pushed you sternly on the ground eliciting a small groan from you. “Sorry, but I am doing this to help Satoko get a head start.”

You looked up and saw that Satoko was walking towards you. Your eyes met her concentrated glare, and she licked her lips. It did not dawn on you what she was planning to do until a small grumble erupted from her stomach.

“My uncle hardly ever feeds me,” Satoko explained, “because of that, I came up with the punishment for today’s penalty game.”

Panicking, you began to struggle from the green-haired girl’s grip, but you were glued in place. Before you knew it, the blonde-haired girl was already over you. You catch a shot of her mouth opening wide in an exaggerated fashion, and warm saliva dropped on your face.

She wrapped her mouth around your head drenching it in thick layers of saliva. This forced you to close your eyes to keep the drool from seeping into it. Loud sucking noises rang through your ears with the slightest sense that you were being violently sucked upward.

The leader of the club slowly loosened her grip on your shoulders so that Satoko could go further. She lapped her way down the back of your neck making the hair on your neck stand up from the sensation. Satoko grabbed hold of your shoulders and bent them slightly to fit into her mouth. At this point, you try to push yourself backward, but your predator knew your intentions almost on a telepathic wavelength because she hurried along with your shoulders and bent forward to arch herself.

Now your arms were caught around the tight lining of her esophagus making your escape attempt worthless. With the way that you were being positioned, you could already see that the entrance of her stomach was opening to welcome you in. It was a putrid smell with the slightest hints of post-digested scraps of food littering your final resting place.

“Ooo, I can see his face poking out,” a brown-haired girl noted. Sure enough, your screaming face was pressed against Satoko’s stomach, revealing an impression of your screaming face.

A long, purple-haired girl quietly observed the event. “You okay with this, Mion?”

The green-haired girl looked at her. “To be honest, Rika, I was wanting to eat the poor guy.” She stretched her arms. “Would’ve been fun adding him to the girls.”

Rika nodded. She lowkey also wanted to eat the guy being envious of Mion’s rack. Though there was always next time.

Satoko could feel her legs getting tired from all the standing forcing her to roll over on her side. Her maw was firmly around your pelvis. You could already feel her stomach acid caressing your exposed skin. It was already stinging a little. Satoko’s belly was reaching down between her legs because of your weight. For someone that size, it seemed nigh-impossible for her to devour a whole person, but here you were now.

Satoko slurped loudly again, sliding her teeth past your groin, and drawing you ever so deeper into her. The last thing visible of you were your vibrant, kicking legs. When Mion had you pinned down on the ground, she tasked the brown-haired girl, Rena, with removing your shoes so it would not give Satoko any indigestion. Satoko’s slurping was beginning to die down likely because she was getting exhausted. True, you were a big guy, so it would tucker her out sooner than you would think. But despite that, she willed herself through it and closed her lips over your socked toes. With that, she mustered one final swallow and sent what remained of your body down her esophagus. Sweat beat down from her forehead.

“BUUUUUURRRRRRPPP…whew, what a meal,” Satoko lamented.

You found yourself tightly packed into a fetal position. Stomach acid began filling your tomb, but the slightest movements you made only resulted in small burps escaping her mouth. It was slowly dragging out your suffering with the little oxygen that remained being siphoned out.

“Well, Satoko,” Mion began, “how did he taste?”

Satoko smirked. “Like failure.”

Mion shrugged her shoulders clearly displeased with the half-answer. “Rika did mention making tea for us…maybe that will help you digest your meal?”

Satoko nodded. “Yeah, but I can hardly move because of this fat ass.”

She punched her tummy making a large belch roll off her tongue. “You better not give me a hard time and digest like a good little meal you are.”

You do tell her that you hoped she got a severe case of constipation or diarrhea when she was finally finished with you but the rumbling of her stomach drowned out your defiance. Satoko rolled over on her belly and kicked her legs back and forth to the rhythm of her stomach working hard to process you.

“If only Nii-Nii could have seen this,” she notes.

The hours were filled with low grumblings from her stomach with you passing out after three hours once all the oxygen was sucked out. Satoko remained her position slightly annoyed that it was taking so long to digest you. Rena held her hands together and wiggled her hips.

“Aw, Satoko is so cute,” she remarked, “I wanna take her home with me!~”

Satoko groaned in annoyance. “You know you can make this less stressful for me and maybe rub my tummy?”

Rena obliged and she caressed Satoko’s tummy. It was now four hours and your body was already beginning to be broken down into simpler components. Rena giggled from feeling your melting mass slosh in Satoko’s stomach. “Sounds like he’s almost done.”

More hours passed until Satoko was finally able to roll over on her back. Her belly was now about as big as a beach ball. Thick rolls of saliva slid down her cheeks. Mion and Rika were now taking turns massaging Satoko’s tummy. They could feel sharp objects poking beneath Satoko’s skin, sensing that to be your bones. There came a sudden jolt from Satoko’s stomach and with a grunt, your remains drained from her stomach and were now working their way through her intestines.

Very soon you would become pudge on her belly and legs, especially her thighs. Whatever was left of you could also potentially be added to her bust size but like any good meal, the indigestible parts of you such as your hair and nails will find their way out like any other indigestible objects. Soon your grand escape will be through Satoko’s ass with your final resting place being in a septic tank in a faraway place. No one will even bother to remember you.