"How much farther are we from the location, Melone? You drive so goddamn slow!" Ghiaccio tapped his foot as he and Melone drove out to the location of the next contracted hit, just some loser gambling addict who refused to pay debts. Neither of them really gave a shit, they just wanted the cash. "Not far, and I'm not driving slow, I'm driving at the speed limit." "Why do care about the fucking speed limit?!" He whacked the purple-haired man with his hand, already getting pissy. “Why is the fucking speed limit 50 anyway?! We could go at fucking 60 and nobody would give a shit! We’re assassins not fucking CIVILIANS.” "You are so adorable when you're angry~" "Just get to the location already, I'm getting antsy." He fiddled with the manual window crank, rolling it down and up to calm down.

"We're here, I'll stay in here and relay information and act as back-up should things go wrong." "Don't you need a 'mother' for Babyface to work?" "What do you think that thunking noise in the trunk was?" "... Jesus Christ, Melone." He was wondering what the noise was though, question answered! "I'll get the target, he's on the third floor right?" "Yep. Go get 'im~" "Don't be weird." Ghiaccio stepped out of the car, “..the boss could at least give us a better fucking vehicle.” Just as he finished his sentence, the car door fell off. “WHAT THE FUCKING FUCK DID I TELL YOU, YOU FUCKING PRICK.” “Way ahead of you, Ghiaccio.~” Melone responded, trying not to crack up laughing from the comedic timing.

Making his way up to the third floor, Ghiaccio stalked around looking for his target, no doubt the guy had holed himself up in a room hoping nobody would find them, what a joke. Ghiaccio slowly chilled the whole building, getting to 65 degrees in seconds, "*Where'd you go, you pussy? What room are you hiding in?*" Everything he touched grew icy and hard, the guy wasn't too well hidden, Ghiaccio could see the stairwell to the fourth floor, there wasn't anywhere else to run but up. He heard a door creak and then close shut "There you are!" He turned and ran back to one of the rooms behind him, kicking the door open, there's the fucker! "No no no!" "Get over here!" Using his stand, he immediately froze the bimbo slut’s feet so she couldn’t get away, a woman this time? Interesting.

"Hey Melone, the person ordering the hit fudged a detail when filing it." Ghiaccio said over the communicator in his ear "What do you mean?" "It's a chick!" "**A woman?**" Melone immediately started getting horny, "I wish they told us!" "Yeah me too-" "I mean a woman is much more interesting!" "Don't start, I said." "I have an idea!" "Is it gross and horny?" "**Yes**." Melone was so giddy "Ehehe, you should totally eat her!" "You're a blight on society, Melone. No." "Come oooonnn! It would be so hot~" "For *you.*" "Do it and I'll never ask you to do it again!" ".... Fine." Ghiaccio groaned, he was gonna wring the bastard's throat when he got back to the car. "...I just noticed something, people always use the term 'eaten alive' when referring to time people are eaten by animals like lions or bears. But in reality the person dies long before they're fully eaten, from blood loss because it's literally impossible because a person can't be reduced to bloody remains without dying!" He was having another ranting fit and started punching a wall "So why not just say the person was killed and then eaten?! IT MAKES NO SENSE, THE ONLY WAY FOR A PERSON TO BE EATEN ALIVE IS IF THEY'RE SWALLOWED WHOLE!" by the time he was done, there was a sizable hole in the wall from his fist slamming into it. "You done, Ghia?" ".....Yeah I'm done. I'll eat the bitch."

The woman was already trying to free her legs, not wanting to rip off the skin from her bones due to how cold it was. But she was frozen to the floor, until Ghiaccio unfroze it to grab her, "So how do I do this, Melone?" "Shove her head down to the back of your throat and swallow hard, don't bite down and ignore your body's natural reaction of spitting her out." "Gross but thanks." He couldn't believe he was actually doing this, he really hated this 'vore' thing in all reality, but if it shut Melone up then he'd do it. He opened his mouth and pushed the woman inside, trying to get her down as fast as possible. It already felt like he was going to strain his jaw, humans weren’t built with the same jaw structure as something like a python, and feeling another human being go down your throat painfully slow was exactly that. Painfully slow. "*How do Melone and Illuso do this shit? It feels like I'm gonna choke at any moment!*" He kept going though, not because he *enjoyed* it or anything, he just wanted it to be over. Melone could subtly hear the sounds his coworker made, it was music to his ears, if only he chose to go with Ghiaccio, he would love nothing more than to watch this unfold.

Feeling his throat cramp, Ghiaccio swallowed down the woman's legs, his gut already swollen, it only getting worse. He actually felt ill, but the only way the strain would be over was if he finished gulping his prey down. Pushing against his prey’s feet, he gulped once more, his outfit ripping open to accommodate for his prey filling up his stomach. “FOR FUCK’S SAKE.” he punched his gut, his prey struggling and whined in response. "Dammit, now I gotta get my coat fixed! After I'm done with you, that is." He held his gut as he talked to the woman balled up in his gut "I can barely stand up, getting back to the car is out of the question…" he poked his stomach "You better melt fast, I got other stuff to do tonight you know! Can't spend time waiting for you to become slush." His face turned pink as he felt her kick around, this was degrading. "How do you do this, Melone?" "I just love the idea of being completely in charge, I rarely get any killing action with a remote controlled stand. Maybe I could come up there and wallow in embarrassment with you~" "No, because I know you'll do something to make me feel *worse*."

Melone licked his lips and pressed his finger against his own gut “Like this?~” imagining what it felt like. That's it, he was going in there. "Too bad, here I come~" "Don't you dare! I will freeze you the moment you step in the room!" "Mhmm, suuure.." He left the car and headed inside, utterly horny from the thought of touching Ghiaccio's soft tum. "Ehheehe… like a chubby snowman~" "I can hear you, you know!" Melone already had a hard on from imagining the blue-haired irate man with a fat stomach. He wiped the drool off his chin and opened the door, "Oh it's even hotter in person!" "I hate you…" Ghiaccio covered his face to hide the blush he had, "You must have a small stomach, I can see almost every outlined curve of the target in your gut!" "Don't sound too excited." Melone placed a hand on the bulge, it was so warm, ironic considering the whole ice thing. "Did she taste good?~" "Shut up.." "Heehee, are you blushing? Do you enjoy this?" "No!!"

God, he just wanted to feel those curves and fuck the shit out of him- he felt the lady kick, "Oh you got a fighter too!~ This gets better and better! Di molto!" "Ugh… good thing you're having fun…" Ghiaccio tried not to burp, god he hated this, Melone not helping by being shamelessly aroused. "Mmm I'm sure you feel woozy from all your energy being focused on your gut to help digestion, are you sleepy~" "No, I know if I fall asleep on the job you'll try to suck my dick or something." "I could do that while you're awake." "Don't try it." He was *not* getting sucked into Melone's gross vore fantasy, he had dignity and self respect goddammit. “Come oooonnn.. You must be so tired..~” “NO. I FUCKING HATE WORKING WITH YOU, YOU PERVERTED COCKSUCKER.” Melone simply moaned in response. "You're so grouchy, they say that when men go a long time without ejaculating they get aggressive." "That sounds fake, but whatever. I'm pissed because you're a freak!" "It wouldn't hurt to let me rub your gut a little, you might even like it." "No way, your hands are freezing cold anyways." "You mean these hands?~" Melone placed his hands on Ghiaccio's stomach and lightly squeezed the softening bulge "Hey! Don't you know what 'no' means?!" "Mmmm not really~" he patted and rubbed the angry iceman's stomach, poking the pale squishy flesh while Ghiaccio tried to push him off.

“Already softening up?~ Good.” “OH FUCK NO.” Ghiaccio yelled, his whole face red, he was gonna start ranting again before he beat Melone to a bloody pulp. "Why do people find this garbage hot?! I mean honestly!" "Mmm.. get it all out~" "What kind of freak finds eating a person and digesting them hot?! Can't people have normal fetishes?! I'm an assassin but I'm not a weirdo who gets off to killing people!" He seethed with rage, but fizzled out quickly. "Feeling better?" "God yes! Uuggghhh!!!" He hit the back of his head against the wall "fuck, ow.." "Your stomach's getting softer, you digest fast. I'm kind of jealous~" "Frickin' whoop." Ghiaccio felt his gut shift, becoming more of a pudgy layer of fat as time went on. “I wish I was in there instead..~” “No. Fuck you.” Ghiaccio stood up, his gut hanging over slightly, "This better not stick around for too long, the guys can't know about this so do *not tell anyone about this*." "Mmm my lips are sealed~ Maybe I could seal them around your co-" "Do not finish that sentence." He punched Melone in the arm, "Let's go, I feel like I need a shower." "Me too~" "Don't try getting in the shower with me you freak." "What if I do though?" "...Don't."

-END-