

“Just what the Hell is going on?!” The cool, husky words were the first of the four shrunken women to actually be shouted up to the frowning, bushy browed girl staring lazily at them. Nana’s face lacked any emotion except for the harsh, uninterested stare of disappointment.

“You hurt Brochoski’s feelings, and for that, I, co-stars with the brostar himself, can never forgive you.” Nana’s ocean blue eyes narrowed ever so slightly at the gull the well bossomed business woman sitting below her was displaying.

“But... why did you do this, how did you do this?” Despite how quiet, and tired her voice sounded on the surface, Shizuku’s tone was laced with concern. She had remembered asking if Nana disliked her the first day they had met, Tohko’s reassurance then now being a wince inducing irony.

“Yawn, doesn’t matter, what matters is, I’m hungry, and Broskiwiththemosty is running late with my dinner, so you little heart breakers are gonna be my pre-ramen entree!” Nana crossed her leg, her stomach giving a menacing rumbling call from deep within her soft fuzzy hoodie.

“You’ve got to be kidding, you’re going to eat us? You’re not even a Synthister, what good would that do you?” Tohko rolled her eyes, coming to the self serving conclusion that Nana was more full of gas than anytime she drank her sodas.

“Ah, Tohko, or should I say, protein for ‘Brosif’s loving sis’.” Nana’s eyes shot to the light chestnut haired tomboy, who froze at the utterance of the supplement she used daily. It was a fitting title for the tiny toned fitness otaku, her skin now sweating for other reasons than her usual bike routine.

“Ugh, this little brat is just bluffing, stop your sniffing and cowering.” Shion rolled her eyes, nudging the sobbing and confused Kati next to her, the maid dressed gaijin just covering her eyed and shaking.

“No, I don’t want to be food!” The tiny Finnish cried, as a dry chuckle escaped from Nana’s uninterested lips. Something that all the girls before her would not have the fortune of doing.

“Hmmm, actually, I might eat Miss Expandable Maid there... I’ve never had foreign food before, and the blond is always the one to go in a horror game.” The final part was intentional, the big shut-in imouto knowing MOGRA’s employed eye candy hated even the thought of gory games.

“Alright, that’s enough, whatever we did in your eyes surely isn’t enough for you to eat us.” Shizuku still couldn’t believe she had to defend her life, and the other girls, from such a ridiculous and unfair fate.

“Like I said, you hurt Bro-bro, and I made the promise of always protecting him.” This earned a slightly more animated reaction, the skinny girl’s arms crossing as she leaned closer, the tiny girls each Kating a few trembling steps back.

“We did no such thing-... wait... Nana... you can’t be serious...” Tohko had to pause, before she winced, putting her thumb and forefinger to her temple as she let out a sigh. The trio of girls around her glanced over to her, silently asking for what crime had just been realized.

“Alright, girls, other than me, which of you asked him out for dinner this weekend?” Tohko looked around at each of the frozen, wide eyed women standing to her sides. Slowly, but surely, each girl raised their hand.

“Nana, we just wanted to treat your brother to a nice meal after all the hardwork he has been putting in to help the Freedom Fighters...” Kati sniffled, her heavy accent slurring her already questionable pronunciation of the Japanese she spoke.

“Exactly, and like Hell that’s ‘hurting his feelings’! If anything it should be that young man’s job to treat us ladies like.” Shion’s voice would usually have cut like a seductive knife through anyone’s defenses, but Nana simply let her harsh, snack food reeking breath wash over them to break their guard.

“You did, he told me he wasn’t sure which of you he should go with, and I could see how much trying to make that decision was stressing him out.” Nana’s eyes remained as calm as they always did, but the heat from the fire burning inside them practically kissed the girls down below.

“No, no no no, that is not how this works, you can’t simply be mad at us for such a stupid reason!” Tohko shot, rolling her eyes as she took a step forward. The others sniffled and murmured their agreement, Shion Kating a stand as well.

“Meathead here is correct, a woman of my class and stature does not have to stand for this-” but as Shion began to tap away at her contacts, a morbidly wet crack signalled a clacking skitter, and a shrill, womanly shriek of pain.

“W-What the Hell Nana?!” Was the general cry of confusion and horror from the uninjured girls, as Shion collapsed to her slack covered knees, her right arm holding the now soaked, misshapen left.

“B-Brat cunt! H-How dare you!” Shion hissed, as her eyes and mouth filled with glimmering moisture, Nana simply letting out a bored sigh at the pathetic display of bravado oozing from the broken figurine sized cougar.

“Boooring, anyway, I’m hungry.” Another simple flick sent Shion’s neck ratcheting, the torn neck making a one eighty as the wobbling back of the healthy chested woman’s head met with her actual back. Kati screeched and gagged, as she gripped her stomach, the now Tohko filled pale gigantic hand of the ‘small’ girl whipping past her.

“I never liked how you punched Bro-bro’s shoulder anytime he upset you...” Nana tasted the shivering, shaking bit of boyish girl meat gripped tightly in her hands, before full on tasting her treat with her awaiting tongue.

“S-Stop! NANA STOP!” Tohko’s voice cracked as she tried to close her legs to fend off the invasive young teen’s tongue, but her well toned biking thighs were no match for pure pusling organ, as the pink tasting tongue pushed up into Tohko’s spat covered crotch.

“Hmmm, yeah, I’m saving Brochief disappointment here, his taste in girls doesn’t really line up with your flavor.” Nana pulled her tongue back, a bridge of spit quickly being severed as she spoke. The violated gamine let out girlish whimpers, simply shivering the same plead over and over.

Closing her eyes, and letting out her deadpan ‘aaah’ the tanned girl’s entire form was engulfed behind pale lips, Nana’s cheeks slowly bulging a little here and there with pathetic kicks and shoves.

A single roll of the tongue was all that was needed to unlock Nana’s much anticipated throat bulge CG, a display that the two surviving members of Akiba’s Freedom Force watched with morbid curiosity and almost unequalled horror. Shion’s corpse was of course spared the fateful feast.

“Ah... I think soda might have a rival for what feels better to swallow, and for what feels nicer to have fill my tummy...” Nana looked down at her now uncovered pale wall of flesh that was her stomach, small struggles just barely registering against the thick lining of her petite tum.

“S-She was your friend...” Kati sobbed, her beautiful face now an abstract bit of art due to her running smeared make up, her blue eyes throbbing with red. Nana slowly raised a brow, but before she could speak, a quick, raunchy belch escaped her wetted lips.

“Nah, none of you are my friends. I only put up with you because Bropector was, but now that he sees how much trouble you all cause him, I’ll be there to always love and protect him.” Another burp, this time deliberately blown onto the knee fallen girls.

“Do you seriously think your brother will love you after what you have done?” Shizuku finally spoke once more, standing strong, her eyes filled with a surprising amount of emotion. Nana sighed, waving a yawn from her mouth at the generic speech that was to come.

“He promised to protect the innocent from monsters and danger, and here you are, harming those he cared for-” But the girl who had trained for the fight against Synthister’s and evil alike was not prepared for the semi-truck like back hand that shattered every rib, tore every vital organ, and liquified all major limbs to smash into her.

Shizuku’s body went limp as it flew through the air, a red vapor cloud slowly precipitated. With a muted wet splatter, the buglike girl’s body exploded somewhere near the rideable arcade cabinets.

“Huh. Well it looks like it’s just you, Kati, and... hold on.” Nana’s attention returned from where she had heard the deathly commotion, before she remembered the now hardened corpse of the predatory CEO. With a quick brushing flick, the seductive stiff tumbled into the rubbish bin filled with drink cups and snack wrappers.

“Anyway, I was going to say you and me, but it’s soon just going to be me. I’ve never had Finnish food, but Bro-bro has always tried to get me take out from one of those non-Japanese places. Can’t hurt to try... well, can’t hurt me.” Nana’s hand quickly wrapped itself around the whining, blabbering blond, bringing her up to her mouth.

“I figure you’ll be sweet, so no different than my usual diet... just, don’t make me gassy, me and my Brotagonist are gonna be watching Stripism again tonight, and I don’t want any foreign gas attacks ruining it.” Nana’s voice had a slight growl to it, but without another second waste, the tiny tasty Kati’s entire world went dark, wet, and sickeningly warm.

The ride down Nana’s tight throat was worse than Kati would ever have thought, not that the simple girl would have even ‘humored’ the idea of being swallowed, but that was exactly what was happening to her.

Despite the groaning, droning, churning sounds of acids spitting and splashing around, Kati’s high pitched squeal cut through it like a warm knife to butter, as she entered the short lived free fall.

Despite the stench, and the stinging sensations already eating through her blue uniform, Kati’s landing was almost as soft as the poor devoured girl was, a simple rub to her mush covered bum and back was the ‘worst’ she had to nurse.

“T-Tohko... a-are you in here? I-I don’t want to be alone...” Kati sniffled, her eyes stinging from the burning heat, her noes dripping and leaking as if she had just drunken a cup of hot green tea.

Kati got her wish after a few seconds of shifting her hands around the mush, the sensation of soaked fabric filling her grip. Somewhere in the universe a monkey's paw had curled once more, and Kati's scream of horror that matched the sanded away face was ripped from her lungs, as Nana belched once more.

"Ugh, I knew it... foreign food is always fatty, and fatty food gives me gas..." Nana patted her tummy with indignant frustration, before letting her hoodie fall back over it with a pleasing plush tickle.

"Hmmm..." Nana humored a thought she already knew the answer to, as she plucked up her phone. Her fingers tapped away at the screen like the mad woman the tiny girls had thought she was, before she clicked send.

"Hey Brofriend, cancel my snacks, I found some small treats to tickle my appetite for a bit. Just come home so we can watch the show... and... you know..." Nana flushed an uncharacteristic blush as she reread the message. With those other skanks gone, her Bro-bro's heart was as good as her's, and with such ownership, she would give him her all to show him unlike his gone friends: she would never hurt him.