

## Post-Workout

By Supernova

*A commissioned work*

Thunder pulsed through Ashley Zhao's home gym, causing the scattered equipment to vibrate against each other. Upon stepping away from the rack, Ashley breathed heavily, hearing her stomach growl and rolling her eyes. How had she already gone through her entire pre-workout supplement? Her normally pale skin turned red, she pursed her lips as she clapped her hands together, getting ready for her next squat. Her long black hair tied in one long braided ponytail, she looked over at the small, white box sitting on a nearby work bench.

Wiping the sweat off of her brow with the back of a fingerless glove, she took two steps across the re-fitted garage before she stopped herself. Looking at the shop fan blow over the dingy, poorly-lit room, she turned her back, undoing her large powerlifting belt before letting it drop to the ground. As she looked at the set of kettlebells and other weight equipment, she felt her sweat-heavy ponytail heave as she quickly turned her neck back to the box on the workbench.

Balling her fists, she couldn't help but walk over to the white box, sitting quietly next to the only piece of jewelry she wore: A thin metallic ring with a subtle shade of pink. Knowing she couldn't wear the ring without bending it, she always felt somewhat naked without it. Though she was wearing a tight, white crop top with matching shorts that sank lightly into her thighs, Ashley always felt self-conscious about how she looked to the little "Audience" within the box. Though she knew that they wouldn't see her for very long, she couldn't help but feel a sense of embarrassment that the last person they'd ever see would look her worst.

Ashley's heart beat quickly as she felt a bead of sweat drip down the side of her face. Another bubbling growl echoed from her midsection.

"Just one before I finish this last set," she thought. "It'll be fine. Just a bit of encouragement." She felt giddy upon coming to her decision. Digging through the edges of the box, she finally managed to spring it open.

---

Still blinded by her own tears, all Kathleen Murray could see was a haze of light as the ceiling sprung open. Blinking to regain her vision, she continued covering her nude body as she craned her neck upwards, feeling her bright red hair lightly tickle her skin. Her ears rang out as a harsh soreness blasted her throat. Her mind wasn't in the correct space to comprehend what was going on, but she knew she was part of a chorus somehow.

Upon realizing that the soreness was due to her own screaming, she couldn't help but shiver so harshly that every hair on her body stood up. The sound of her own shouting mixing

with the other women she was trapped with formed into a dissonant chord almost designed to emphasize anyone's terror.

Above all six of them was an immense woman's face, someone Kathleen had never seen before. She felt her eye twitch as the immense woman's mouth twisted into a grin, watching her tongue slither out of her mouth, leaving a thin sheen of saliva over her plump lips.

Kathleen coughed as her eyes burned abruptly. Her cold, clammy skin was abruptly made warm and soaking wet as a drop of hot sweat fell from the woman's forehead, landing right on top of her. Covered in the stranger's bodily fluid, she couldn't help but taste the salty warmth as it soaked into her hair and poured over her face. Trying to wipe it off proved impossible as she crawled up into a fetal position, laying on her side, letting the sweat soak into the wall.

"Oh my God! What the fuck is going on?" One of the women shouted. Kathleen looked over, but in her own fear, she could only see the subtle shape of another human being in the corner of the smooth, white, doorless room she was trapped in.

Darting her head back upwards, feeling a crick in her neck. A low, grumbling sound echoed through the room as she saw a tremendous gloved hand hover over their enclave. Now smelling strongly of sweat, the air grew tense as the electric terror of the women seemed to radiate through the room.

As she watched the hand itself eclipse the tremendous woman's round, cute face, Kathleen couldn't help but shriek as she watched two fingers pinch the leg of another woman sitting just a few feet from her position.

"No! No! Please! No!" The woman screamed as she flailed, lifted up slowly from the ground.

As the woman left the top of the box, Kathleen couldn't help but stare intently at the tremendous black-haired woman that still cast an almost otherworldly shadow over all of them.

Over the now-puny screams, the tremendous woman giggled lightly as she watched the tiny woman's hair flutter underneath her.

"You know," The woman's voice boomed over every person still within the box. Looking up, Kathleen saw the tiny woman, still dangling in front of the immense, sweaty woman, looking as though her bones were clattering with the vibration of her voice. "At least your death will serve a purpose!" The giant woman put on a fake-looking smile. A roar emanated from her belly. "Hear that? That's proof! I'm super hungry right now, so it'll be nice and quick." She sounded almost apologetic, but that tone struck Kathleen as so disingenuous that it added an extra layer of horror pulsing through her.

Kathleen's eyes nearly rolled into the back of her head to prevent her from watching the immense woman's lips part. Kathleen dug her fingernails into the softened cardboard behind her, feeling her fingers sink into the wet paper.

"In you go!" The woman said as she placed the screeching victim on her slithering tongue. Kathleen's vision went completely dizzy, looking as though she couldn't keep a stable view of what was in front of her.

Leaning back on the wall, she gawked as she saw the tiny woman's writhing limbs become enveloped by the giant's thick, wet lips. Her left eye twitched as she saw lumps formed in the giant woman's cheeks from the struggling.

"Hmm! You tashte good!" The woman said as she squeezed her eyes shut and swallowed loud and audibly. The box went silent as they all gazed at a lump descending the woman's throat.

Frozen in shock, Kathleen pressed up against the wall as hard as she could. Her heart exploded in surprise as the thin wall gave way, causing her to burst through. Landing on a dusty workshop bench, she crawled away from the white box, feeling sand and other detritus gather up under her shins and knees. Her eye catching sight of a ring, Kathleen slowly crawled behind it, using it as a pathetically ineffective hiding spot.

To her surprise, she watched the immense woman grab both sides of the box, bringing it up to her face, looking inside. "I thought there were more of you! Oh well. I'll just shrink more next time."

---

Ashley cocked her hips as she placed the box on the ground between her legs. Pondering how to make her workout more effective and less prone to error.

Using her flat-soled shoe to shift the box directly underneath her, she placed the barbell upon her shoulders and exhaled. Knowing that if she fell, she'd crush her hard-earned post-workout snacks, she knew that she had to have amazing posture during this set.

Gritting her teeth, she lowered her ass until it almost touched the top of the box. Though she knew that "perfect form" involved making your thighs parallel with the ground, an advanced tactic was the "deep squat" where, if you had enough muscular support, you could go further than your threshold.

Slowly lifting upwards, she slowly thrust her hips forward, feeling her heart beat faster and her face grow warmer. Standing, she said through pained breaths. "See that ass, girls? You're gonna make that booty pop."

Grunting as she lowered herself again, she imagined what it looked like for the four remaining women stuck within her little trap. Her ass cheeks, hidden behind a thin sheet of elastic workout shorts, spreading widely above them. She knew she had an enviously round ass from all the squatting, it must look like a planet to them.

Using all of the right muscles to lower the bar, she knew that she was well on the road to lifting over three hundred pounds if she kept with the consistent schedule and unique diet. As she lifted the bar back up into place, she thought upon how well these tiny people were working as a protein source. Hunting them and shrinking them without their notice was an excellent way to sharpen her senses. The pink ring that was now on the workbench was a godsend. The power it bestowed upon her gave her the confidence to start lifting. And now, after just eighteen short months, she was almost ready for her second powerlifting competition. Fueled by an endless supply of miniscule, screaming women.

Sweat continued to drip off of her hard, bulging muscles as the steel bar literally bent under the weight of the strain. Her 36-inch waist would have been a nightmare if she weren't working out regularly, but she has gotten used to the "fat" look that powerlifters often aim for. Pursing her lips, she knew that she should have started on a competition circuit much earlier, given that all one needs to do is sign up for a contest to be considered "Official." Having lifted for years, she knew that having support from the inside was enough to let her smash records.

Her thighs, both of which were as thick as tree stumps, jiggled slightly as she reached the peak of her squat. Her back rippled with the flexure of her rock-hard musculature.

Lowering her ass almost against the top of the box yet again, she couldn't help but feel the tiny woman struggling within her stomach. The light fluttering of her hands pounding her from the inside sent a wave of power coursing through her, leading her to engage in a swift thrust, pushing up the bar against her back. She exhaled strongly, feeling the sense of pure power course through her veins. Hot and strong, just like her. If she had the power to absorb an entire human life, she had the power to push a little bar upwards.

"The more I do this, the more I'll need my post-workout, the less you'll go to waste." Ashley exhaled. "Wouldn't you rather be a hot girl's muscles than a useless piece of shit?"

She giggled again as she placed the bar back on her rack. "Phew!" She said, sitting on the floor, feeling the cold, hard concrete ground under her sweaty thighs. Placing the box between them, she stared downwards at the four miniaturized women all held tightly against the walls of the box.

"Now who's first? I mean, uh, second." She laughed. "Sorry. I get a little woozy after my workout. You'll help with that, though."

Spreading her thighs widely, she pushed the box between her ankles, forcing her to stretch her muscles to grab one of them. Grunting, she straightened her knees and reached as

far as she could towards the middle, reaching her gloved hand into the box yet again. Feeling the tiny limbs flutter and escape from her grip, she gasped as she felt one between her fingers. Gently grasping it, she brought her body back to a neutral position as she felt her sweat almost glue her to the floor.

“Oh, you’re a pretty one!” She said. “You’ll probably go to my thighs. They’re pretty sore today.” Quickly opening her mouth, she heard the woman’s screams become muffled by her tongue. The tickling of their struggles was always the best part. Like an oral massage, feeling their tiny hands bash up against her palate, her tongue, her gums, and her uvula. Salivating heavily, she lubed up her tiny victim as best as she could before closing her eyes and swallowing hard.

The woman struggled hard all the way down her throat before finally landing in her stomach. Though the fluttering became a little less pronounced when she reached the final destination, Ashley could still feel it subtly. Rubbing her belly, she looked down at the remaining three.

Now staring down upon her remaining victims, she felt a burst of fury. Just yesterday, these women could have seen themselves as her equal. Ashley balled her fist, feeling her heart beat hard in anger. Though she tried to suck back her admittedly illogical burst of emotion, she wanted to let those tiny bitches know what true power really looked like.

Breathing heavily, she practically threw her workout bench under her squat rack, almost crushing the little box. Taking out the pin and letting it slam flat, Ashley didn’t even flinch as the loud, metallic crack filled the garage.

“You know what’s gonna happen to you, right?” Ashley asked, dripping a few more beads of sweat on the women below. “Like, during my workout, like, my muscles tear a little bit. It’s microscopic or whatever. So it needs protein to rebuild stronger and better and, like, hotter.” She sat up as straight as she could to flex her abdominals over the box. “Like that. Anyway. Most people get their protein from drinks, or whatever, but I get them from you!” She smiled widely, pointing at the three women, each looking up in wide-eyed horror as she turned around.

Adjusting the bar on the rack to hover just above the bench, Ashley exhaled, making sure the plates were held directly over the box. Grunting as the high-pitched clangs of the metallic weights crashed against her eardrums, Ashley felt her rage grow inside of her. She was going to do it.

She was going to show these bitches that she could bench three hundred pounds. And, if she couldn’t, the plates would crash down upon them and Ashley would lose her favorite snacks. Blood is disgusting and Ashley would do anything to keep it from touching her floor.

Biting her tongue, she felt an inner storm as she sat down upon the bench, wrapping athletic tape around her hands as hard as she could. Now gritting her teeth, she looked at the two edges of the barbell and sighed. One 100 and one 50-pound plate.

"Fuck it." She whispered to herself, standing up as straight as she could, taking out two 5-pound discs and slipping them over the edges of the bar. Three hundred ten pounds. Far more than she had previously, knowing she could smoke the competition at the next meet if she could keep this weight consistent.

Feeling the women inside her become extra squiggly, she knew that she needed that distraction to emulate an actual meet. There will be distractions in the field too, only now the distractions were completely inside her.

Laying on the bench, she grabbed the bar in perfect posture before pressing upwards as hard as she could. She knew that doing this with no spotter was dangerous, but she figured that the tiny women still crying in the box would have to do.

The steel bent as she pressed upwards, trying to focus on her chest as opposed to her stomach. In that moment, the women inside her had already melted away; just like everything else except for Ashley and that bar.

Fire erupted within every cell of Ashley's body as she felt herself benching over three hundred pounds for the first time in her life. An achievement few women had ever known. Upon reaching the peak of her bench, she gently lowered the bar back into its neutral position with a click.

Sitting up, she finally sighed, letting sweat fall onto her thighs. Her jaw quivering, her muscles almost felt cold after the legendary exertion. Now tasting her own sweat off of her tongue, she leaned forward and reached into the box below for her reward.

Using a pincer-grip, she managed to grab two women at the same time, lifting them up as though they were cigarettes. Sitting back upwards, she laughed again and shoved both of them in her mouth. Feeling their tiny hands slide not only against the inside of her mouth, but against each other, was truly divine. Their salty flavor tasted far better than any nasty sugar-ridden protein drink. Possibly more healthy, too, but she never exactly counted their calories.

As she rolled the duo around in her mouth, they felt strangely stuck together. Gasping through her nose, Ashley realized that the two were embracing each other! That's so cute! Knowing that their fate is inevitable, all they want is a nice hug. Swallowing hard, feeling a larger-than-average lump descend behind her breasts, she sighed happily, knowing that those two wouldn't die alone.

Knowing that there was only one woman remaining within the box, Ashley leaned forward extra hard, gripping the woman within a closed fist as she stood upwards.

Staring down at the little woman, looking up at her from her palm, she felt her lips spread into a gleeful smile. "Do you know what's gonna happen to you?"

The shrunken woman just stared upwards, her jaw quivering, her toes curled.

"I'm gonna take that as a no!" Ashley pressed the woman up against her sweaty bicep, flexing it until it turned into a hard lump. Smearing the struggling woman against her sweat, she could feel the light, massaging, tickling of the woman's panic.

"You might become part of my arms." Smearing the woman down across her sweat-soaked sports bra, she pressed her down hard. "You might become my tits." Slipping the woman downward, she felt the woman bounce over the ridges of her abdominals. "Or, like, you might be my abs."

"No, no. Please. No." The woman shrieked through her crying as she was covered in another person's sweat.

"No? You don't want that?" Sliding her lower, she slipped the woman over her covered crotch, pressing her deeply into the fabric. Sliding her down lower, she came into contact with the soft skin of the inside of her leg. "Maybe you might wanna add to the thickness of my thighs."

Letting her go, Ashley giggled as she felt the woman become completely stuck to her skin. Snapping her knees together, she could feel the woman struggle between her legs, right below her crotch. Feeling an undeniable level of arousal, Ashley felt herself grow hotter. Never even thinking about putting someone up inside her before, she bit her lip and saved the thought for another time.

"You know, I'd be able to pop you like a little cherry right now," Ashley said to the tiny woman. "I could just flex and then... pop! You'd be nothing more than a red stain I'd wipe away with a tissue."

Peeling her away from her inner thigh. "But not today. You're gonna be part of that flex. You're gonna make me stronger!"

Looking upwards, Ashley dangled the tiny, crying woman above her head. As she lowered her snack, she parted her lips slowly, making sure to drag out this woman's demise as long as she possibly could.

Feeling the tiny feet pitter-patter against her tongue, she gasped a split-second before releasing a light belch over the woman's body. The fact that her little burp made her struggle

even more sent a wave of delight through her. Dropping the tiny woman within her oral cavity, she sealed her smiling lips, feeling the woman slipping towards her gaping throat.

Closing her eyes, Ashley focused on the sensation of her tiny arms and legs attempting to climb upwards. Knowing this was in complete vain, Ashley felt her uvula bounce back and forth as the woman kicked at it.

Letting out an impulsive laugh, Ashley accidentally forced her throat to flex, grabbing the struggling woman and dragging her deep within her body. "I'd never thought that the little punching bag in the back of my throat would be actually used!" she thought, feeling the little burst of struggles slither down her throat.

Collapsing on her back, Ashley covered her belly and sighed. Knowing she'd have to take a shower quickly, to prevent her skin from breaking out, she wished she could just fall asleep right there on the floor. Envious of the people who actually grew more energetic after a workout, she felt her eyelids grow heavy. The five women within her stomach all felt extra lively, even compared to other post-workout snacks she's had. Maybe they knew each other or something.

"They're gonna be spending the rest of their lives with me," she thought. Wondering what they were thinking, she couldn't imagine it was anything good. She knew the whole "You won't die in vain" spiel was just teasing, but in her heart of hearts, she couldn't comprehend the horror of being eaten by another person.

Grunting, Ashley hoisted herself forward as she forced herself to sit up. As she placed both of her feet flat against the ground to stand up, she jumped in surprise as a loud crash boomed through her garage.

---

Kathleen found a small button on the outside band of the ring she was hiding against. Leaning up hard against it, she felt it depress gently with her touch. After hearing the giant woman consume five human beings with no remorse, Kathleen knew she was next. She needed to make a run for it somehow. Thinking about her options, she looked up and down what looked like a garage converted into a workout area. Hearing the woman pant on the ground, she knew this was her biggest chance for escape. Looking off of the ledge, she could see light beaming through the perimeter of the garage door. If she hid just long enough for her to take her ring and leave through the rear door.

Catching sight of a small pile of papers near the rear of the work bench, Kathleen knew that was her only chance of survival. Running forward, hiding, and waiting for her to leave. Hearing the woman grunt to stand back up, she pressed up against the button as hard as she could to give herself a little extra boost before running. Falling forward, she felt herself become blinded by a bright pink flash as she felt herself falling from the workbench.



To her surprise, the fall was quick and sudden. Placing her hands and knees on the ground, she looked to see how the texture was weirdly normal. Coughing, she looked upwards to see the very woman who was once the size of a skyscraper look to be around her height.

The eye contact seemed to last an eternity. She stared deeply into the woman's irises, gazing intently at her winged eyeliner.

In a flash, Kathleen dove forward for the garage door. Now in panic mode, her plan changed on a whim. She was now going to rip open the door and scream, naked, down the street. Trying to lift up the bar of the garage door, she felt her sweaty hands slip from the smooth surface.

"No!" She screamed, managing to lift up the door just enough for it to slam down when she let go.

Now forced against the floor by the woman, Kathleen screamed in frustration. "No! Fuck you!" The woman landed on top of her, holding her down with her hot, sweaty muscular arms. Clicking against her teeth was the ring, which the stranger had somehow managed to slip back on her finger in the time she panicked with the garage door. A phenomenal pressure and sense of helplessness washed through Kathleen's body wherever she was touched. She knew, inherently, that the woman on top of her was so much more powerful than her that any resistance was just a waste of energy.

"You thought you'd get away, bitch?" The stranger whispered directly into Kathleen's ear, causing the hairs on the back of her neck to perk up.

Grunting in disgust, she winced as she felt the woman's tongue slather against the side of her neck, leaving a trail of hot slime. "You taste good." She whispered. "I thought I had more. You're a clever cunt for managing to almost get away."

Kathleen felt like turning inside-out as she felt the stranger's hand grope at her soft skin. "You feel so fucking smooth. What's your routine?" The woman asked as Kathleen struggled, feeling a hot, sweaty hand grope her ass.

Struggling with all of her might, Kathleen couldn't imagine the uncanny strength of the woman holding her down. Unable to grasp her face, Kathleen let out tears. Smelling this woman's sweat drip over her body, she felt an intense sense of uncleanness as she felt her skin rub up against her nudity.

The woman let go of her face, allowing her to scream. "AIIYEE! Help me! Please!" The stranger shifted her body, still holding down Kathleen in a wrestling-type move, as she said "Shut up, cunt."

“AIIHH! No! Please! Don’t hurt me! Please!” Kathleen shivered intensely as she felt the stranger’s head descend between her thighs.

“I just wanna know what you taste like.” The stranger said with a devious tone to her voice.

Still held down, Kathleen felt herself become brutally flipped over on her back. It was as though she was being toyed with. Any resistance she put up was easily held back down. Kathleen truly was as vulnerable to this person at her normal size as she was when she was shrunken down.

“No! Nooo! No! Please! No! N-” The stranger planted her strong, sweaty ass directly on Kathleen’s face, muffling her voice and shrouding her vision in blackness. Only able to breathe through the sweat-soaked fabric hugging her kidnapper’s ass, she felt the need to heave.

A sudden sense of violation burst through Kathleen as a brutal, relentless sensation coursed through every cell in her body. The woman’s tongue had just come into direct contact with her clitoris.

Delirious, Kathleen surrendered herself to unstoppable panic. The woman’s tongue was worming its way all over her most private area, forcing Kathleen to experience an unwanted, painful arousal. Feeling herself grow completely wet as her own leakage mixed with the woman’s saliva, she attempted her best to punch or otherwise remove this impossibly strong woman from her body. She grit her teeth, unable to find any strength of her own given her limited breathing.

She had never squirmed more than she did at that moment, held down by arms that seemed to be almost unrealistically strong. Kathleen had never known that another woman, even one that seemed to be the same height as her, could overpower her so effortlessly. Any resistance at all was met by a phenomenal press that almost seemed to be from a machine.

“St’p! Pl’s!” Kathleen screamed as her skin shivered, feeling the woman’s powerful glutes contract upon her face. She knew that, if this woman wanted, she could pop her skull between her thighs like a watermelon. Her heart beating, she tried kicking her legs, but even her powerful quadriceps were held down by the woman’s arms.

Reaching upwards, Kathleen groped the person licking her. She could barely get her hands around the woman’s extremely large, round arms. Though she knew that the woman’s musculature was there, it was not apparent. It was as though she were grabbing the skin of a fat person, but the fat was composed of solid rock. Her biceps must have been at least thirteen inches all around, easily twice the measurement of her own.

Running her fingers down the woman’s body, she could feel the thin layer of hot sweat built upon her, knowing that just a few inches underneath the skin of her torso, a few people

were spending their last moments. Letting a tear loose from her eye, Kathleen could feel it soak into the fabric covering this woman's ass. Writhing for several more seconds, she could feel the woman's hand sink into her skin, instantly leaving an intense bruising.

Each time the woman's tongue brushed Kathleen's vagina, she wanted to disappear. Her body; her will was not her own. The indescribably disgusting sensation of a stranger's mouth sliding against her crotch caused her waves of nausea mixed with the fiery feeling of helplessness.

As the licking continued, she felt herself shake with an unwanted orgasm. There wasn't even any buildup to it, her body just forced her into feeling the inner quake of arousal.

Sinking into the ground and sobbing, she felt the woman's lips leave her pussy as her face continued to be straddled.

Her heart beat rapidly as she felt the weight of the woman's ass leave her face in a sudden blink. Looking upwards, still laying on her back, she saw the woman's thighs on either side of her, as large as buildings.

She had been shrunk again. It was over.

Despairing, Kathleen covered her crotch in a vain attempt to prevent her from any further violation.

"You're, like, the only person in history to be eaten twice in one day." The squeaky voice boomed from above as her fingers gripped Kathleen's ankle. A sensation of ascent gripped her as she saw the woman's face before her, taking up the entirety of her peripheral vision. She could see her facial pores, still leaking sweat from her workout.

As the lips parted, a stinking haze filled up her nasal cavities as she was slowly brought forth to the wet, waiting mouth. Cords of saliva dripped from the roof of her mouth. The tongue undulated horrifically. Kathleen could do nothing but weep as she smelled her own vaginal fluid mixed with this stranger's saliva.

An abrupt warmth caused Kathleen to shiver. Wanting to fight back, all Kathleen could do was cover her vagina. It was as though it was a reflex. Some part of her body felt deeply hurt, so her soul devoted all of her energy to protect it. In spite of the fact that she was now being covered by the woman's hot saliva and thrust to the back of her throat in a cluster of spit bubbles, she couldn't help but think about how that very tongue had just slid against her crotch.

Now on the precipice of her throat, she couldn't fight back. In the fetal position, she couldn't help but screech as the uvula above her painted her with a coat of mucus before the throat below grabbed her, coinciding with a sanity-shattering gulping sound.

A writhing esophagus on all sides of her, she couldn't escape from her near hallucinatory terror. The descent was smooth and quick, causing her to hear the stranger's heartbeat begin to slow down after her intense lifting session.

Gritting her teeth, she felt the stomach's entrance ooze over her before she fell into a hot, screaming soup of mucus and stomach acid. The chorus returned as she heard five other women screaming not in terror, but in agony.

Her eyes immediately burned as she felt herself become immediately slathered in the stranger's puke. Pitch black, Kathleen couldn't see anything as her eyes began to burn, as though she had sprayed them with lemon juice. Pounding against the stomach walls, she noticed that they were soft and wrinkly, ejecting a syrupy slime all over her upon contact.

Waist deep in hot vomit, she wept, continuing to cover her vagina in spite of the fact that it made her sink. "This can't be happening. No. No please."

The stomach churned, pressing her and the other five women into a mass of thick, stinking ooze. As the walls rubbed against each other, a loud rumbling almost burst her eardrums. "AIIYEE!" Kathleen screeched as the oddly forceful stomach walls groped her just as the stranger's hands did. Gritting her teeth, she couldn't panic like the other women. Emotionally exhausted, she felt her will to live melt away, just as she was going to.

To become the woman's ass.

Weeping, she let herself sink to the stomach floor. Now between two of the soft folds of the putrid sack, she let her lungs fill with the hot, bubbling mucus. Feeling her consciousness slip away, she continued covering herself, intent on not letting anyone violate her like that ever again.

---

Ashley admired her nude body in her tall bathroom mirror. Having already gone through a recent cutting session, she couldn't help but feel happy at her results.

Stepping into the shower, she felt the hot water soak into her hair, washing the pussy juice of her latest snack off of her face. Turning up the heat, she felt the steaming water lightly singe her skin.

"This. This must be what they're feeling inside me," she said as she rubbed her ripped abs.