

Don't Run While Eating!

"Ten seconds", said Caleb.

John smiled. "5 seconds" he said.

Caleb smirked. "No way dude! He hasn't improved that much!"

John just shrugged. "He's got what it takes. That \$10 is going to be all mine!"

The two teammates were looking at their newest recruit, a muscular eastern Asian man like John named Adrian. He was sitting on the bleachers on his phone in his track uniform while an annoying girl tried flirting with him unsuccessfully. While she tried to show off, even dance in front of him and get real close, he just ignored her and focused on his phone. Of course, this routine was not the first time something like this happened. And the last time- well, it ended with... well, let's just say Adrian had a nice pre-game snack.

"Oh! Here it comes!", said John excitedly. Adrian's face had started to grimace as he was quickly getting annoyed by the girl. He finally rolled his eyes, and with one hand still holding onto his phone as if it were an appendage of his own body, he grabbed ahold of the annoying girl with the other. The girl struggled but gained little leeway in Adrian's powerful grip, and eventually stopped, accepting her fate. She knew as well as anyone what was coming next. Adrian cracked out his jaw, unhinging it, and shoving the girl into his gaping maw with just one hand. With his esophagus muscles actively grabbing onto the girl and pulling her down, Adrian could let go of her. Unlike John's more methodical approach to swallowing, Adrian was brutally efficient, like a well oiled eating machine. With a few slurps and gulps, the lady had been yanked down Adrian's throat and was now mostly filling out his gut. By the time her legs were dangling out Adrian's mouth, his attention had finally turned back to his phone. He slurped up her legs, closed his mouth behind her feet, and swallowed hard and methodically a few times. The girl was now fully enclosed in Adrian's gut, but the young Asian man was too focused on whatever social media he was scrolling through on his phone to care.

"Here it goes!" exclaimed Caleb. Both he and John had their smartphone timers out, ready to hit the "start" button whenever digestion began. They knew it was soon- while John liked to keep his prey locked in his gut for some time before brutally digesting them, Adrian just pretty much digested them right away, crunching down the prey by massively increasing the pressure within his gut using his enormous abs, just like John. Again, he was a well oiled eating machine. Sure enough, Adrian's gut soon began to stir and both Caleb and John slammed their fingers down on the "start" button. They watched mesmerized as Adrian's gut quickly melted the poor girl within, churning her to slops within just seconds. Within just a single scroll from Adrian on his phone, a fully grown girl had been reduced to nothing more than soup as his gut crushed inwards, rapidly returning to flatness.

"Done! I win!" shouted John. He showed Caleb his time and it agreed with what Caleb had- 4 seconds. "Fine. Fair and square", said Caleb, handing over the \$10. "At his rate of improvement, though, you know it's only a matter of time before he breaks your digestion record. 4 seconds is not too far from slightly less than one second". John nodded. "Let him. I'm cool with that". Caleb looked at John incredulously. "Dude! He's probably almost already there! He was just annoyed, not angry. Plus, he was just chilling on his phone, not exercising. And his abs barely showed signs of active work- he was not actually trying to digest her quickly, his gut just happened to work her down in that time!" John nodded. "I know. I just think it's cool other people are digesting as quickly as me. I'm totally fine with it. I even kind of get off to it, too." Caleb nodded. Unlike John and Adrian, he wasn't a pred, but that didn't mean he didn't also enjoy a quick digestion. "But where did all that mass go? Conservation of mass and all that, right?" asked Caleb. "It's like what I did with Tom. He converted the digested soup into an aerosol gas and ejected it out his butt." "So... he farted his prey out then. Well, it's a good thing we are not downwind of that!" replied Caleb. "Yeah, you would pass out", said John.

But who was Adrian and where did he come from? Well, after John had devoured Tom and posted the first sub-1 second digestion in the world digesting him just 3 months ago, he quickly went viral as the world learned his story. It even arrived in China and Japan, inspiring millions of preds living there to live up to their full digestive potential. There was then a mass exodus of millions of Asians to the west as they sought to escape their home countries where populations were decreasing more quickly due to the increased rate of digestion leading to an increased rate of predation. This was followed by another exodus, this time of Asian preds, who traveled to the west in search of vore safe zones and the tasty Caucasian prey they heard so much about. Adrian was one of those preds. Before the arrival of Adrian and hundreds of Asian preds like him to UBHF, John's school and a vore safe zone, the typical digestion was 10 minutes and sub 1 minute digestion were unheard of. After the arrival, this number quickly decreased. In fact, it was unheard of for an Eastern Asian pred in somewhat good shape to digest slower than 30 seconds unless they were intentionally slowing their digestion, were sleeping, or had consumed some form of alcohol. Already the Asian preds had been training hard to work down their digestion times, with the average now sitting at just 10 seconds. However, there were also obvious digestion prodigies like John who learned fast digestion quickly, and Adrian was certainly also one of them.

At UBHF, John had become quite popular and even had his own fan club filled with the most annoying people imaginable. All they did was either beg John to eat them, or to try and break his own digestion records. John did neither, opting they would go away if he just ignored them. But, of course, this did not occur and sure enough, the stands were littered with them. They all held up signs with John's face, were chanting John's name, and worst of all, they were all wearing black shirts with a picture of John mid-digestion covering the whole front. John thought this was only the icing of the cake in terms of how obnoxious

these people were. They had all gathered to see John compete in his first major game of the year, which he and his team were currently warming up for. Their rival school was not a safe zone, so no preds were on the team, but the team did have to sign a temporary waiver acknowledging they could be eaten legally while within the premises of UBHF.

A member of John's fan club approached him. "I'm out" said Caleb, leaving to conduct warm ups elsewhere and leaving John stuck with this idiot. "What do you want?" asked John in an exasperated tone. "You need a pre-game snack, and I'm just here to be a good volun-" "Hey", said John cutting him off. "I thank you, but I already had a mid game snack." John then examined the fan and noted he was extremely bulky, was 6' 4", and his muscles not covered by the obnoxious John shirt were bulging out visibly. "Hey, aren't you on the swimming team?" asked John. "Yep! And they are having a game right now, I know. But you were more important." "Than your own team!" exclaimed John incredulously. John's eyebrows knit in concentration as he tried to find a way to get rid of this pest in front of him. Then John frowned in thought, a brilliantly mischievous idea jolting into his mind. This guy was muscular- if someone needed to quickly digest him, it would certainly give them a challenge, and certainly test the limits of their digestion. And John wasn't NOT interested in seeing how fast Adrian could digest. Maybe he was a little curious as to his competition's potential. That's why he said, "Hey, so, you know who hasn't had their pregame snack? Adrian, he's the guy over there. Just go over there and to get him to eat you, just annoy him. Then bet with him that you can survive 5 seconds in his stomach. Sound cool?" The guy smiled. "Of course I can survive that long in there! Only your stomach, great John, could digest me faster! And plus he is a pretty good looking Asian guy so I guess he'll be an okay substitute for you!" With that, he left for Adrian. John grinned, getting his stopwatch out.

John watched intently as the big dude continued to tap on Adrian's shoulder and pester him. While the guy was big and muscular and tall, Adrian still somehow managed to dwarf him, being almost as muscular as John and 6' 7" - just one inch shy of John's height. Just when it looked like the guy was about to give up, as Adrian was still sitting on his phone trying to ignore him, the guy got smart and realized Adrian's weakness. He grabbed Adrian's phone. It all happened in a flash- Adrian whipped around, grabbed the guy, shoved him into his mouth, and grabbed his phone back all in the space of a second. John even had to rub his eyes to make sure they were seeing things properly. "Man, do NOT mess with Adrian's phone. Got it!" John thought to himself as sort of a mental note. It was only a few short gulps and the guy, obnoxious shirt and all, was stuck entirely within Adrian's gut. Adrian pulled his stretchy UBHF shirt over his stomach and returned to his phone. John was so mesmerized by Adrian's effortless swallowing that he almost forgot to set his alarm when Adrian's gut began squirming in preparation for digestion. This time, John saw Adrian's abs and gut muscles actively pump in order to ensure the prey within was thoroughly squashed and pulverized. The very first pulsation of the abs was clearly fatal to the prey within, and the subsequent work down was just there to ensure thorough mixing of the human juices squirted out by the first round with Adrian's powerful gastric acids. John watched as Adrian

pulsed his abs a few short times, each time getting his stomach smaller, until absolutely nothing was left. He slammed his fingers down on the "stop" button- 2.54 seconds.

"Holy fuck" said a voice over John's shoulder. It was Caleb, of course. "That's a pretty fast digestion time. You gotta be worried now". John spun around to see Caleb, his obviously erect penis throbbing in plain sight. Clearly, he had severely gotten off to Adrian's gut and how effortlessly it pulverized the muscular prey within. The two watched as Adrian got up and, still on his phone, walked towards them. "Damn, does that guy ever get off his phone? Is he going to be on that thing during the race and then on his deathbed?" exclaimed Caleb. "Hey", announced Adrian, only briefly looking up from his phone to address them. "Thanks for the meal man. Can you believe that little shit? Asking me to make a bet that he could last longer than 5 seconds in my gut?" Adrian just laughed. "He fucking digested in like, what, half the time? And he was dead long before then. What a fucking pathetic loser. You need to find better meals if you are going to send them to me. Or else!" "Or else what?", asked John. "Well, you know," replied Adrian. He gave his now completely flat stomach a good few pats. "I might just have to beat the current world digestion record by digesting the current record holder." Adrian laughed and then walked to meet the coach, as the game was beginning soon. John's penis, partially hard after watching the digestion and seeing the digestion time, and only made harder after Adrian's comments, fully allowed his member to bloom. While John was a pred, that didn't stop him from getting off to threats to be eaten like that. After all, if he was going to be eaten by anyone, he would want it to be someone who would digest him faster than his own record. "Dude, he got you GOOD!" teased Caleb, looking at John's dick, as he walked to join the rest of the team. John sheepishly followed.

An hour later, the race was all set to go. There would be two race events today, the 500 and 1500 meter runs, with John, Caleb, and Adrian participating in both of them. Already the other team arrived, looking uncomfortable especially at Adrian and John given they were already informed of their predatory nature. The competitors lined up along the starting line and got on their knees. "On your marks. Get set. Go!" said the referee, and a gun was fired into the air. All at once there was a flurry of pounding feet as the runners took off. "And off they go! Oh looks like Darren from the visiting school has an early lead. Oh- but Lawrence from UBHF is quickly catching up!" boomed the announcer. John had not taken an early lead- he was conserving his strength for the last stretch of the race. He watched as Adrian pulled ahead of him and saw his butt shaking at him. "Control yourself", thought John to himself, and to his groin. The runners approached the end of the first lap. "So far so good!" said the announcer. "Was expecting some kind of cheating by the preds at UBHF but looks like it is clean play out there today!"

Of course he had to jinx it. As the runners started their second lap, a runner from the visiting school began to run into Adrian. "Hey!" exclaimed Adrian, ramming back into the other runner. "Uh oh! Looks like a little tussle is starting between Adrian from UBHF and the visiting Andrew! Let's hope it doesn't end in tragedy for either one of them!" goaded the

announcer. Andrew rammed back into Adrian. Adrian was obviously getting annoyed but kept his composure and continued running. But then Andrew made a fatal move. Now Adrian was quick to annoy, but he rarely completely lost his cool and got mad. Unfairness, as it happened, was just one of those hot buttons for him that got him mad. And Andrew just happened to do something really, really unfair to Adrian. As the runners were running along the bend, John saw, out of the corner of his eye, Andrew's foot out in front of Adrian. All of a sudden, Adrian tripped and took a nasty tumble, quickly falling behind the runners as he tried desperately to get back up again. "Oh no! Looks like Adrian has just taken a spill like a big sack of potatoes! The refs are checking right now if this was an act of cheating by Andrew!" presented the announcer. Adrian grumbled and got back up, regaining his composure and using bursts of angry energy to try and catch up. "And it looks like Andrew is in the clear! The refs have ruled that Adrian tripped all on his own- maybe even in the process of trying to trip Andrew!"

At that point, Adrian lost it. Like a wild feral animal, Adrian chased down Andrew not as a competitor, but as a lion would chase down its prey. Adrian easily caught up and grabbed ahold of Andrew. "Stop that!", shouted Andrew, but even he knew he had made a fatal mistake. Adrian seized Andrew and opened his mouth. Still running, he hoisted Andrew off the track and right into his maw, with Andrew's final destination already determined- Adrian's hungry, gurgling gut. And unluckily for Andrew, this moment was the perfect storm for a really fast digestion- Adrian was beyond mad, and his metabolism was at a maximum as he was in the middle of intense exercise. "Oh and there he goes guys! Called it here first!" eagerly exclaimed the announcer. Adrian's throat pulsed as he shoved Andrew in as fast as possible, eagerly and savagely feasting on his squirming prey. It only took a few short gulps before Andrew was sitting entirely within Adrian's stomach. Then, all of a sudden, with all of his might and anger and increased metabolism, Adrian concentrated and his stomach began to move. "Oh shit", was all John could think before a sickening, brutal CRUNCH resounded from Adrian's crushing gut, echoing off the sides of the bleachers all around the track.

It wasn't even a contest. Adrian's gut just crunched his prey down with just one pulsation of his abs. There was no way this digestion was more than a second. John felt a pulsation of his own begin in his own groin region as he witnessed the savage sight. John snapped back to reality with the announcer's voice: "Oh oh oh, and there he goes! Andrew not long for this world! Well, Adrian is disqualified for this race, but he's still in the running for fastest digestion time! We're analyzing the footage now to see if he did indeed break the record held by another runner here, John!" Adrian stopped his running and, exhausted, plopped himself down on the bleachers as the rest of the runners approached the last leg of the race. John's heart skipped a beat when the announcer came on next: "And it looks like it's official! Adrian has officially beaten John's digestion record, and by a lot it looks like! It looks like that guy was toasted in just 0.7 seconds! Sorry John, but there's a new digestion champ in town!" With that, John's dick reached full length. "Oh and it looks like John just can't stand having lost that spot. And we would know- just look at that tent going on in his pants!" As if

his boner being called out by the announcer wasn't embarrassing enough, the fact his underwear was rubbing against his dick as he ran was not helping. As John approached the finish line, the memory of Adrian's instantly shrinking gut, the awareness people could see his erection, and the rubbing of the underwear against his crotch became all too much. The second John crossed the finish line, he soon realized the race wasn't the only thing he finished. John moaned loudly as, in his exhausted state, he could no longer hold back, and his shaft pulsed and throbbed until sticky white cum shot out and into his pants. "And there he goes! The winner of this race has just crossed two finish lines at once! I would hate to be him!" taunted the announcer. At least a John had won, right?

After the race, the runners were given a break. John dashed as hard as he could into the nearest bathroom, closed the stall, sat down on the toilet, and began furiously pounding his dick. He then unashamedly pulled up a picture of Adrian on his phone and imagined his stomach compressing at the rate he had seen. Just as John was about to orgasm again, he smelled something vile and noxious, but he figured it was his own farts and continued masturbating. Just then, he got an unwelcome surprise when his stall door was kicked in. "Aha! I caught you red- I mean dick handed!" John looked up just in time to see Adrian grab his phone and see what John was getting off to. At that exact moment, John's penis just had to throb one last time and squirt cum all over the floor, with some of the sticky milky substance squirting and splattering all over Adrian's legs. John watched in horror as he saw his own bodily fluids dripping down with a "splat, splat" off Adrian's bottom legs and onto the floor. "Uh, dude, that's gross man! Shit!" exclaimed Adrian. "Dude, I'm so sorry! Please don't-" "Please don't eat you? Now why would I do that?", Adrian interrupted teasingly. "You are still the best runner on the team. Plus, I think all this embarrassment, plus your loss of the title of fastest digester in the world, is punishment enough for you". With that, Adrian turned around and bent down, farting out the last of Andrew right in John's face. As the green gas caused John to temporarily lose consciousness, Adrian laughed and left John slack jawed the bathroom.

After another hour, the next race was about to begin. John had regained some of his composure, but the other runners, on his team and opposing him alike, were catching glances at him and snickering. John looked up into the bleachers and saw that most of his fan club had vacated the premises, and those that remained looked confused and horrified that they had just watched their idol humiliated like that. John rolled his eyes and prepared for the race. "On your marks! Get set! Go!", announced the ref as a gunshot sounded out. The race was off! John settled back into his usual pace, but Adrian quickly pulled up beside him. "You so have an Adrian fetish now, don't you?" he teased before pulling ahead. John's face turned beet red in a combination of anger, humiliation, and horniness. Most of the race went by without a hitch. However, things were about to take a turn- in one way or another.

The racers had just entered their final lap when John noticed something out of the corner of his eye- one of his fans! He was wearing athletic shorts and the obnoxious John shirt, and

was surprisingly keeping pace with John, although to be honest John was exhausted by this point. "Hey, hey", he said, annoyingly tapping John on the shoulder. "What! Can't you see I'm busy!" barked John back at him. The announcer did not help, saying, "Oh and who is this! A fan come to join John! Must be pretty bad to be a fan now that your idol is this humiliated!" "Don't listen to him! That result was bad. He totally digested slower than you!" said the fan. "Go. Away!" said John, clenching his jaw in frustration. "No. You need me", said the fan. At this point, John was quickly turning angry, but had not reached his breaking point yet. That was, of course, going to all change. "So you see, you need a little bit of encouragement. So-" the fan said before punching John right in the face. John fell off balance and collapsed on the side of the track while everyone else started running right past him. "That's. That's IIIIIITTTT!" exploded John. He lunged with full ferocity at the fan, who smiled and closed his eyes in preparation for the inevitable. John unclenched his jaw, then proceeded to open it wide so he could shove the annoying fan right in. John did not even bother swallowing methodically- emulating Adrian, he just took off running again and swallowed heavily. He felt his prey slide easily down into his gut, and he felt pleasure as his empty gut expanded slowly with the entrance of the fan. John swallowed one last time with a resolute "BEEELCH" and his gurgling stomach was now fully extended.

John eyed the end of the track. There was no way he was going to win even fifth place- it was too far away, and everyone else was too far ahead. That stupid fan had cost him the game! With all the fury in the world, John pushed himself forward one last time, and in the process, he pushed his stomach in. All of a sudden, John tuned the world out, no longer hearing even the annoying announcer's voice, just the beating of his heart and pulsing of his gut. Then, his stomach just quivered and then collapsed, almost as fast, if not faster, than how fast a balloon deflates when one sticks a needle to it, and looking very much like a deflating balloon. However, unlike the "pop" of a balloon, there was just a sickening crunch as flesh was torn from bone and bone was reduced to powder, and as the skull of John's victim was helplessly crushed, churning his brain into mincemeat. John felt the prey crush in his powerful stomach, reminding him much of the sensation of crushing a handful of potato chips in hand by forming a fist. He felt his prey's remains fall into his churning pit of acids and get mixed in, quickly digesting into raw energy. John then felt orgasmic as this raw power was fueled right into his muscles. Grinning, John once again lunged forward, quickly closing the gap between him and the runners in front of him. With this extra boost, he shot past a shocked and boner-clad Adrian, and right to the finish line.

"And we have a winner!" said the announcer. "Congratulations to John! You did it!" "I know, I won, right!" said John, collapsing onto his knees. "The race? Oh no. Zachary from the visiting team won. You were disqualified because eating someone mid race gives you an unfair energy boost," said the ref, coming up to John with a towel and helping him up. "What!" exclaimed John. "No, but you won back your record!" "My record? My record! My digestion record!" "Yup! That was fucking brutal man. You just ended that annoying prick, that pathetic hunk of meat that's now nothing but soup churning in that powerful Asian gut of

yours." John ran over to Adrian. "Suck it! Suck it hard man!" He then looked up to see Caleb approach. "So sounds like someone is a little more competitive over his digestion time than he lets on". John nodded, rolling his eyes. "Ok, yes, you caught me. Maybe I do care. A little." He patted Adrian on the back. "You'll get it back from me in no time. Then I'll get it back from you. What do you say? Competition helps both parties improve, am I right?" Adrian slowly nodded. "Sure dude. But first I got to- uh- take a big shit in the bathroom. So don't come in okay?" With that, away he dashed. "He's not taking a shit, is he?" asked Caleb. "Nope. Now let me go pay him a visit like he did to me earlier today", answered John with a mischievous smile. With that, he left for the bathroom.