**Thicc-Up**

**Commissioned by nullstuff**

*What are you waiting for?*

As it turns out, nothing. He had a name earlier today, but by the end it will be forgotten. As far as he was concerned, he was just a man. Society had, is, and will continue to see him that way even after he is gone, more oil poured onto the gears of progress.

Or as food for a beautiful woman, assuming the clinic’s advertisements was to be believed. During his daily commute to his 9 to 5, a gentle voice whispered into his ears. Though he had few things he was truly proud of, these ear buds were easily top of the list. They were noise cancelling, comfortable, and with the decal of a pair of lips over the cap, advertising his place in society to passersby. Some people have the kind of voice that paints a picture of them, and this woman’s tone was certainly that. Her sultry, motherly tone brought to mind the kind of person that you could tell anything, and her words offered a kind smile heard with every letter. He could have waxed poetic for hours, but denying her further would have been a crime in itself.

*Do you suffer from having a Y chromosome? Do you find those painful male urges too difficult to resist? You are not alone. We at the Center for Unifying Males have a solution to remove your inferior genetics for the betterment of society. Consults are free, and we guarantee one time fulfillment of your desires before donating yourself to the study of gastroenterology. Your contribution will keep women well fed and healthy, and we promise the process will be absolutely wonderful to you and your chosen partner. Apply today!*

By now, the man had already frantically dragged his notebook out of his backpack. He tried to cover the slowly growing bulge in his pants, barely managing to avoid the eyes of the women on the train. Scribbling down the address, it is barely legible, nearly tearing through the paper as he begins to sweat from the prospect. *Release at last?* He could barely look at a woman without feeling his desires claw inside his very bones, each movement pained with a lustful animal begging to be let out. It didn’t matter where or whom; he had to sow his wild oats, either inside or on top of a woman. He’d always had a preference for Asian women; the allure of their knowing smiles and raven hair. Given the chance, the man would bury his-

“Excuse me.”

He closes his notebook, hoping whoever had spoken to him did not see. As he looks up, he sees a younger woman, perhaps early 20s at the latest, staring down at him. She is polite, but a mild annoyance hides beneath the smile. The man stutters out a quick, embarrassed “Sorry…” before getting up from his seat. She brushes back her raven hair as the inconvenience of the moment fades, not looking up at him as she takes his spot on the bus. A quiet, mild growl of her stomach breaks the silence.

“Guess I don’t have to eat you after all.” She smiles, still not making eye contact.

He swallows, the image of this college aged redhead consuming him fueling his anticipation. “I-I mean, you have the right to, if you-”

She sighs. “I know. But, I’m kind of small, and a belly full of you would take me a while to digest. You’d get in the way. Go on, before I change my mind.” Her tone was cordial with a hint of hangry.

The man knew better than to linger, and got off at the next stop. He could just walk the remainder of the way to the clinic. Not bothering to call off work, the man carried on. Work wouldn’t notice another grunt missing, especially a male. Changing stations on his phone, he switches to some local easy listening. A few songs later, and the clean exterior of the Center for Unifying Males came into view. Through the large front window, a mousy, pudgy woman typed away at her bog standard office desktop while another woman left through a revolving door. She looked unremarkable other than a noticeable, football sized bulge in her midsection, which she quietly pats as she exits the building. The man is desperate, and he hastily crosses through the same door once the satisfied woman is a fair distance away.

Inside, he is greeted with the gentle aria of classical opera barely audible over the dutiful ticking of the secretary’s keyboard. He is alone in the lobby otherwise, and the walls are decorated with images of the female digestive system, as well as a cartoonish poster of a woman picking her teeth with a smile on her face. The slogan ‘*Caught beatin’? Get eaten!*’ frames the underside of the poster, along with a quote of the famous law of the land; unauthorized sexual release of males is punishable by death, men can be eaten for any reason, et cetera, et cetera.

The secretary looks up from her work, and gives him a genuine smile. “Good afternoon! Welcome to CUM. Are you here for a free consummation?”

“Uh...I’m uh, I don’t know?”

She quietly snickers. “It’s all right. Everyone’s a little nervous when they come in. Have a seat and we can get started. I just need you to fill out some paperwork before we can fit you into one of us.”

The portly secretary slides over a clipboard and attached pen; the man, a bit taken aback by the surprising amount of red tape in the process, awkwardly begins writing. His name does not matter, nor does his age. Gender only has one option: male. As she sees him struggling, the young woman clears her throat to get his attention.

“Please circle your answers if there is no other option given. Although our service applies only to males, we do need you to legally confirm your identified gender for demographic research.”

“Ah, okay. Thanks.”

“Certainly. If you have any further questions, just let me know.”

*Would you like to donate your possessions upon digestion? Do you have any next of kin? If yes, do you consent for your next of kin to be the second course should your chosen partner still be hungry? Are you gluten free?* He scarcely paid attention to the answers, moving to what he desired.

*Would you prefer to be eaten whole, or in pieces?* Whole. *Would you prefer to be reduced to a more digestible size?* The man hesitates…then, yes. *Please select a partner you wish to be paired with.* He browses, looking for the first Asian name he can find. He circles *Keiko Uchida*, noting the disclaimer below her name: *Please note: English as second language.* *Which orifice would you prefer to be consumed by? Please note: depending on your request, a specialist may need to be called in and you may not be eaten same day. Circle one: ‘Mouth’, ‘Vagina (Unbirth)’, ‘Rectally (Anal)’.* And then, the man hesitates…this was his last option, and this is how he would finally enter a woman’s body. He wants it to take a while; to be warm inside her body as he is slowly digested alive. A woman’s stomach is very, very good at absorbing men. So, in theory, entering the stomach last would…

“Are you almost finished?” She smiles, putting on a pair of reading glasses. Nervously, the man circles *Anal*, and hands her the form.

“Thank you, Mr…oh! Keiko! She’ll be thrilled to have something to eat. I think people get the wrong impression of her with the way she’s listed as an ‘ESL’ professional. Some people just don’t get it, you know?”

The man just nods, gently biting his tongue. As she scrolls down, she reaches the end of the document, and she quietly retches. She looks at him, then back to the paper.

“*Sir.* Is this a joke?” She purses her lips, and the man tries to stammer out words. She sighs, pinching the bridge of her nose. “Are you *sure* about this? You do realize that’s where…you know.” The man nods.

“Look, sir…if you’re under duress or something, a woman’s mouth and stomach are a much better option. She can *taste* you if you are swallowed. Don’t you want that?”

He glances back at the sheet. Then, for the first time in his life, he gives a firm answer. “No. No, I want this.”

The secretary nervously reaches for a cup of coffee, taking a long, thoughtful sip. She groans, and then regains her composure. Outwardly, at least.

“All right, Mr…well, either way, I’ll let Keiko know. You can wait for her in the back.” She hands him a still warm printout, and gestures to the door behind her. “Meal Room A, please. Inside the Meal Room, you will find a single pill. Take it *orally*, then wait for her on the bed.”

The man stands, and moves quickly. The secretary gives herself a pump of hand sanitizer and shivers. From there, the wait is a blur; he did not register, or care about the time he spent on the room’s provided exam table/bed, nor did he remember depositing his belongings in the chute inside the room. Nothing mattered, but *her*.

Suddenly, the metallic click of the handled turning, and there she was. The wait had been worth it, as Keiko was everything the man had dreamed of. Her face was kind, perhaps no older than thirty, framed by perfectly trimmed black hair that stopped at her neckline. Her breast and hips were generous and inviting, a perfect hourglass waiting to be appreciated by pleasures of flesh. Though she was not skinny by any means, her body had not an ounce of fat as a disservice; every pound was where it needed to be for a master class in curves. She smiled as she looked the nervous man in the eyes, a true rarity until today.

As she spoke, her voice was like music, the evidence of her native tongue subtle, but apparently. It was heard mostly with her “L” and “R” sounds, noticed only by the most obsessive ear. The man, already obsessed over the goddess he would be sacrificing himself to, indeed noticed, and hung on every word as he feels excitement welling up below. *Just a little longer.* He suppresses it with a deep breath, waiting for his moment.

“Good afternoon. My name is Dr. Keiko Uchida. But please, just call me Keiko. May I have that printout, please?”

Nervously, he hands the paper over. He had crinkled it with his firm grip, eager to take in the very scent of a woman for the first time. She smiled at him, reading it over.

“First, thank you for your donation. I speak for all of us at CUM when I say your contribution to my belly will be greatly appreciated. And deli-…oh.” Her eyes widen as she reaches the end of the document. She looks to him, then back to the paper.

“No one ever picks that, especially with me. You must be a real perv, aren’t you?” Keiko grins mischievously, and looks him over. “Please remove your clothes, and take the pill on the table next to the bed. I’d rather not ingest you rectally at full size if that procedure is not chosen today.”

The pill goes down easily even with a dry swallow. As the world slowly grows around him, Keiko gives him a little tease, peeling her layers of clothing off with a dancer’s flourish, dropping her lingerie to the floor. Her breasts are now easily big enough to crush his body; an idea that he finds appealing more and more as time passes. She sits next to him on the bed, her bare ass nearly crushing him.

“Don’t worry, I’m not eating you…yet. First, you have earned a reward. Before you feed my body, you may enjoy my body.” Keiko lays down on her back, her hips contouring perfectly to their shared space.

“Go ahead. Enjoy me…before I get too hungry.” This was his time now. She gently extends a hand, and he scrambles up her arms. Her skin is like warm silk, and the man feels his erection growing unabated for the first time. He frantically scrambles to her chest, intent on burying himself in her sizeable breasts. As he gets closer, she raises her left breast, giving him room to cover himself in her flesh.

“Never been this close to a woman before, have you? Don’t worry…I’ll take good care of you.” As the flesh surrounded him, he cannot help but touch himself. “Go ahead, sir…*cum* for me.”

He cannot contain himself any longer, furiously masturbating. He climaxes with barely a touch, years of eager desires unfulfilled. As Keiko feels the sticky seed beneath her, she grins.

“Someone was an eager boy…”

He kisses and rubs his entire body against her flesh. “You are…so beautiful.” Keiko’s smile never wavered, letting the eager man move all over her. He touches her lips, feeling her hot breath on him. He caresses her belly, the softness of her midsection coaxing him. Then, Keiko has an idea.

“It’s almost time for me to consume you…why don’t we finish where you’ll meet your end?”

This time, she picks him up, and rolls onto her back, sizeable buttocks straight up in the air. If the man were big enough, he would satisfy his carnal urges inside her…but he will be inside her either way in the end. As she places the man onto her ass, the man rubs his penis against it, gently coaxing it against her rectum.

“Oh? Trying to fuck me, sir?”

He kisses the cheek, managing to work his manhood between a small fold of flesh. “Very good…I can almost feel that. Mm, if only you were bigger…” The man doesn’t care, eagerly gyrating his hips. This time, he lasts about a minute before vigorously releasing a final load onto her, the sticky spot slowly running down her.

As he lays against Keiko’s buttocks, she glances to the wall clock. With a more firm hand, Keiko picks him up between two fingers, dangling him over her ass. “Your hour is up, little man. Do you know what that means?”

Keiko shifts her position slightly, keeping her hips raised while lying on her back. She gently leans the man’s head against her rectal muscles, and slowly the sphincter relaxes. “It’s time for my body to feed on you like the food you are. Like you *all* are.” Now, Keiko’s asshole is wide open, and the man can smell her insides; wet and acrid.

“Thank you for choosing me, and for such an uncommon, humiliating fate. Now…time to eat.” She slowly pushes him inside, his head and torso easily pulled inside, leaving his legs to dangle helplessly as she closes her muscles around him. Keiko spreads her legs, and with her free hand, presses her fingertips inside her exposed vagina with a wet squish.

“Mmm…my belly wants you, sir.” She caresses herself, slowly at first. Inside, the man can hear her gentle moans, the movement of her body quivering as Keiko’s intestines suck him further inside. Now, there is only darkness and the sounds of her pleasuring herself to her willing sacrifice. The man’s flesh is chafed and hot as it moves up into Keiko’s body, and as his legs disappear into her sphincter, Keiko’s moans only grow more pronounced.

“Little man…little *snack*.” The man feels something lapping at his body, each searing off a small amount of flesh as he goes deeper. More and more, her body is eating him whole. Keiko can feel him moving, and softening. With his size, there will likely be nothing left when she finishes.

Faster and faster now, Keiko’s fingers stimulate her clitoris, bringing herself to climax. The man has already lost consciousness with his body breaking into pieces, but not before hearing Keiko’s cry of passion as she vigorously orgasms on the table. With a final squish, the man is gone, and even his bones are absorbed whole, not a trace left behind.

Curiously, Keiko hiccups a bit as she slowly rises from the table, panting. She looks down at her stomach; the man didn’t even make it that far. Then, she licks her lips.

“You know, little man…” She says, quietly patting her stomach. “I could go for dessert.”