

# You Are What You Eat, Or Something

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Commission for beezo

f/m, macro/micro, soft vore, digestion, disposal

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Irish groaned and stretched. Her body already felt stiff over the combined pressure and boredom of working the night shift alone. Working retail anywhere sucked balls; Working retail at a fast food joint was almost unbearable.

Bills didn't pay themselves for the petite twenty-something, a non-negotiable fact of life that necessitated her spending her weeknights managing the local burger joint. Irish was a petite young woman, short and thin, with long black hair currently tied neatly in a bun that looked exceptionally sexy when paired with her cute, tanned Asian face, even despite the obvious tackiness of her black polo, visor, and headset that made up her work uniform. Her glasses rested comfortably on her nose, giving her the allure of a serious and confident woman even despite her small stature.

Yet even the most competent fast food restaurant manager in the world could not claim to be immune to the stresses of the job, and neither could Irish. Late hours, rude customers, and exhausting work were only a few of the things she had to deal with on a daily basis... and then there was Ron.

If annoying coworkers were unavoidable, Ron must have been their fucking king. Impossibly difficult and endlessly frustrating, Ron was much more likely to spend his shift chatting on his phone than doing any actual work. Unfortunately for Irish, Ron was the only other employee scheduled for the night shift that evening, meaning that she would have to spend the next few hours dealing with him, a fact she painfully remembered when he strolled in the front door, late as usual.

"Hey, cutie!" He yelled out, winking at Irish as he walked into the kitchen, his phone up to his ear.

"Ron!" Irish began, already feeling her temper rising. "That's not an appropriate way to talk in the workplace... and I'll have to let the GM know that you're late again!"

"Damn, chill!" He groaned, shooting her a glare. "It's a fuckin' compliment. Why do

girls have such shitty senses of humor?" He complained, it being unclear if he was talking to Irish or to his phone. "Yeah, I just got to work..." he continued, walking into the back room, but his loud, annoying voice still easily audible throughout the restaurant. "Bitchy manager already giving me shit. She probably just needs to get laid... yeah, I know, I know..."

Irish was fuming, but she bit her tongue. There was a time and a place for everything, she reminded herself, before sighing and returning to the register. The dining room was empty, with no customers in sight. Off in the back, she heard Ron continue his inane conversation, with no sign of hanging up and actually getting to work.

"Yeah, I saw the preview of Scarybabe's new vid you sent me... fucking hot!" He exclaimed, "Oh my god, I wish she would eat me so bad!"

Irish rolled her eyes. They were talking about vore, some depraved fetish that was becoming very trendy on the internet that involved being eaten, or something like that. She didn't really get it.

Suddenly, an exasperated cry rang out across the kitchen, accompanied by a flash of electricity and a long, mechanical beeping sound. Irish rushed through the kitchen into the back of the restaurant, running into the resizing room.

Like all fast food restaurants in their day and age, food was shrunken down by the miraculous technology of size manipulation, and resized when it was to be cooked and served, thus cutting down dramatically on supply costs. Running into the room, Irish first noticed the bright red lever on the wall pushed down to the "shrink" position. The second thing she noticed was a cell phone on the floor and, just a few inches away, her coworker Ron, shrunken down to about half the size of a shoe - a good six inches or so.

"Ron!" Irish began, feeling her temper rise. "What the hell did you do?"

"Damn, chill!" Ron yelled, his voice barely carrying from his tiny spot on the floor to Irish's regular-sized ears. "I bumped into the lever for the fucking shrinky box. Can you make me big again?"

"Ron, can't you just get off your damn phone and get to work?" Irish complained, feeling like this was the last straw.

"How about you take the fuckin' stick out of your ass? Damn!" Ron retorted, beginning to walk over to where his phone had dropped.

Impatient and irritated, Irish snatched his phone off of the ground and began going through it, much to his dismay. She scrolled through various clips he had open of naked

women swallowing tiny people. *So this is vore, huh?* She thought, slowly getting an idea as she scrolled through. Sure, the tiny people in the videos were just clones, as eating a real person was... taboo, to say the least, but this opportunity was just too good to be true. She longed to get rid of Ron, but she couldn't fire him - she didn't have that power. But, for the first time, she found herself completely in control of him. Shrunken down, he was completely at her mercy. Furthermore, she knew from experience that Ron's timecards were wildly inconsistent to begin with, the result of his careful manipulation to disappear at whim and take breaks whenever he wanted. If something were to happen to him... well, there would be no way to tell when it happened. It was almost too good to be true.

Irish felt herself swell with sadistic confidence unlike anything she had ever felt before as she looked down at the shrunken man, who, for the first time, looked more afraid than anything else. This was going to be fun.

Her mind made up, Irish bent down and scooped Ron up with one hand, shuddering with sadistic delight as she felt him wiggle in her clutched hand. He really was totally at her mercy! Next, she sat down on the floor, leaning up against the wall, holding Ron in one hand and his phone - which wasn't hit by the shrinking beam - in the other. "So, let's see what's so important that you can't pay attention to your job, anyway..." she teased, scrolling through his phone but not really paying attention to what she was looking at, other than the fact that they were clearly vore videos in which actresses shrunk and swallowed human clones alive for fetish gratification.

"Psh... you wouldn't get it!" Ron pouted.

"Ew!" Irish yelped in surprise as she noticed one particular video in which a giantess was clearly bent over and visibly excreting what could only have been the remains of a previous tiny from her anus. "Why would you want to see them shit, too?"

"Because the girls are hot, and the humiliation is awesome!" Ron yelled, a bit ashamed, "now let me go and change me back, you crazy bitch!"

"Tch... how rude. Disrespecting your superior again, I see..." Irish observed aloud. "Well, that ought to cost you your job, I'd say. I can't fire you myself, but..." she continued, feeling herself emboldened by her rush of power. "But, maybe there's another way I can 'let you go?'"

"H-Huh?" Ron stammered nervously, taking a gulp. "What are you..."

"I mean," she continued, interrupting him as she thought of another clever play on words, "You're into this vore shit, right? Getting eaten and all that... you know, Ron, you're just like the greasy junk food crap we sell here. I mean, if I were to eat you..." she went on,

speaking more slowly and deliberately to let the words sink in, "you'd probably give my guts just as much trouble. But, hey, a girl's gotta treat herself sometimes, right?"

A mixture of awe and horror crossed Ron's face when he realized what she was talking about, only to be quickly replaced by pure, abject terror. "N-No... what?! You can't be serious! You've... You're joking, right?"

"What? No! Come on..." she continued, a smile crossing her lips. "It'll be just like those videos you like so much, won't it?"

"B-But those are... they're clones..." he stammered, "not real people!"

"Well, you've always been a piece of shit anyway," she retorted, "so I'm more than happy to help you complete that... transformation," she teased, narrowing her eyes on him as she dragged her tongue across her lips.

Suddenly, Irish felt a familiar pressure appear in her lower bowels. *This is just too perfect timing~* she thought, before leaning to the side and letting out a short but loud fart.

*Frrrrp!*

"Oh, excuse me~" she teased, blushing a bit with unexpected embarrassment. "Well, my last meal... what was it? Oh, I can't remember. But whatever it was, it... it must already be on its way through me, you know what I mean?" She teased, giggling at the look of fear crossing Ron's face. "I'm probably gonna need to take a shit soon. You know, kind of like when I eat you..." she continued, "your last shift here is gonna be spent taking the same journey. Except, when I finish with you, I'm not gonna post any videos on the internet like you've got on your phone. No, once I'm done with you, it'll be like you never existed~"

"You... you're insane..." Ron stammered weakly, feeling the blood drain from his face as he finally became too scared to come up with a comeback.

"Mhm... maybe a little~" she teased, winking as she brought him down to her belly, letting him listen to the soft grumbling of her stomach beneath her work shirt. "But I'm getting pretty hungry, so... Ah! I know what to do!" she exclaimed, before reaching over to the machine on the table and grabbing a box of sausage skin casings.

"Wh-What are you doing?" Ron began, panic filling his shaky voice.

"Oh, do you ever shut up?!" she retorted, before taking a single skin out and roughly stuffing him inside head-first. "In you go!" Ron cursed and struggled as she forced him

into the long casing, tying the end in a knot and leaving him tightly wrapped inside. Irish held him up for a moment, completely stuffed inside of the thin packaging meant to hold processed meat, compressing him so that he couldn't move, before bursting into laughter.

"Ahahaha! Oh my god, you look so stupid!" She laughed, covering her mouth with one hand as she sneered at him. "And kind of tasty, too! Alright then, listen up, Ron!" she barked, "As your manager, it's my duty to help you work to your... strengths, after all~" she grinned, a little embarrassed that she was going this far to tease him, but excited nonetheless. "Once I swallow you, well, you won't need to do anything at all as my body efficiently turns you from sausage... into shit!"

"You... You're out of your mind..." Ron stammered, voice quaking.

"Bottoms up!" she chimed in response.

Ron watched in horror as Irish lifted him over her head. He screamed and yelled, trying hard to struggle against the see-through skin, only to find himself completely unable to move his arms or legs. Instead, he watched with terror as he was lowered feet-first into her mouth, feeling his legs slide against her warm tongue as her lips wrapped around him.

"Ahhh~" Irish teased, opening her throat up as she slowly lowered him in. Swallowing him whole wouldn't be easy, but she didn't care much for blood, and hoped it would be less messy this way. As soon as she felt his feet touch her tonsils, she gulped, feeling her throat muscles wrap around his legs and pulling him deeper.

Ron screamed as his legs were engulfed by Irish's throat, the light fading as he slide into her mouth. She was actually eating him! Yet unlike those videos he loved so much, he was absolutely terrified. Despite his fantasies, he actually didn't want to be food at all, it turned out. "Let me GO!" he cried, gasping breaths as he began to panic. "I'm not food!"

*GLURK!*

Irish shut her eyes tight as she began to force Ron down her esophagus, feeling her throat bulge out with his weakly struggling form as she pulled him down. The giantess gingerly reached up and touched her throat, practically purring with delight at the feeling of his body moving bit by bit down her esophagus with each swallow. Ron, meanwhile, continued to scream and cry, helpless but to watch as his entire body was slowly engulfed by Irish's throat, until the only part that remained in her mouth was his head.

*GULLLLP!*

That, too, was short lived, as she pressed her saliva-soaked tongue up against the roof of

her mouth, forcing him the rest of the way into her throat. With that finished, all that was left for Irish to do was to lean back against the wall and let him slowly slide down her esophagus, his six-inch long form visibly squirming and wiggling against the harsh peristalsis of her throat muscles. Swallowing him was a challenge, but Irish managed it, and with gulp after gulp, she found him ever so slowly wiggling his way down her neck and into her chest.

After several minutes of pained, hard swallowing, Irish even going so far as to grab a few gulps of water to help wash him down, she finally felt him plop into her belly. Irish's eyes widened in surprise as she physically felt Ron drop out of the bottom of her throat and hit the bottom of her stomach, visibly bloating her midsection. "Oh my gosh..." Irish began, lifting her shirt up with surprise as she felt him squirm and struggle inside of her stomach. "I ate him!"

For Ron, the inside of his boss's stomach was utterly abhorrent. Finally breaking free from the tight sausage casing, the micro found himself instead compressed tightly by her slimy stomach walls as they squeezed down on their new treat. Irish's heartbeat pounded away above her, drowning out his senses except for the thick, rippling gurgles emanating from all around him like an echo chamber of bodily noises. "LET ME GO!" He screamed, kicking and punching against her stomach walls, only to quickly become covered in a heavy, sticky mucus that restricted his movements. Still, however, he continued to fight, whatever vorish fascination he had been feeling before quickly replaced by mounting panic.

"Ooh..." Irish cooed, cradling her belly as Ron struggled and squirmed from the inside. "Fuck, that feels... really gross!" She complained, looking down at the little lumps appearing on the outside of her belly. "Stop moving so much!"

"To hell with you, bitch!" Ron screamed, struggling even harder. "Let me out!"

*BWOOORP!*

Irish groaned as she stood up, expelling a rippling belch from her throat as she headed into the kitchen for something that could calm her upset stomach. Vomiting him up was absolutely out of the question - the only way he was coming out of her, she decided, would be if her ass was on a toilet seat. No, she needed something to restrict his movements so she could digest him. Finding a few prepared burgers, she quickly scarfed one down, followed by a second, giggling at the indignant screams emanating from her gurgling belly as mashed-up food splattered in on top of her prey.

Irish groaned as she leaned forward on the front counter - not a single customer in sight, still. The burgers she ate had bloated her considerably, leaving her with a sizable pot belly that groaned and gurgled in protest as it churned up its food. On the bright side,

however, the extra food inside of her stomach made it impossible for Ron to move or even talk, a point she was grateful for as she felt her tummy start to finally settle. Satisfied, she let out a few quick belches, feeling the pressure in her belly finally start to relax.

*BURRRP! BRAAAP! BWOOOORP!*

If Ron thought that the inside of Irish's stomach was bad before, it had become absolute hell. What had before been a slimy, fleshy sack had quickly become a hellish nightmare of churning, slime, and vicious stomach acids. Trapped in a pool of swirling digestion, he could do little but curse angrily as her belly squeezed down on him. Irish, meanwhile, was lethargic and full, plopping down in a chair with a sigh as she felt her pot belly groan and gurgle. "Ooh..." she moaned tenderly, poking at her bloated belly. "Hey, Ron, looks like you've finally found something you're good at~" she teased, leaning back in her chair. "I suppose I'll let you spend your last shift in my belly and cleaning out my intestines. Don't worry..." she continued, leaning to the side and letting out another little fart. "I'll clock you out myself sometime tomorrow on the toilet~"

*gluuuurple~*

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The next day, Irish yawned as she climbed out of bed. Having slept in after the night shift, the sun was already high in the sky, its warm rays shining through the thin slits of her shutters and illuminating the young woman as she sat up and stretched. In the summertime, her apartment was warm enough for her to sleep naked, and Irish's gorgeous nude body seemed to sparkle in the afternoon spotlight as she slowly stood up.

She was alone in the bedroom, her boyfriend having woken up some hours ago and presumably left to play video games in the living room. Alone with her privacy, Irish checked herself out in a floor-length mirror, happily admiring her naked body and even giving herself a little turn to smack herself lightly on the butt.

*phrrrrrt!*

Irish raised her eyebrows in surprise as she suddenly farted, an unexpected burst of gas coming out from between her shapely butt cheeks. The young woman placed a hand on her lower belly and looked down, feeling the pressure inside of her lower belly shift. *I have to poop...* she suddenly realized, unsurprised.

Irish strolled into the adjacent bathroom and closed the door behind her, just in time to let out another gassy fart, even louder than the first. Turning on the fan proactively, Irish strolled over to the toilet and sat down, shuddering with satisfaction as the warm,

smooth skin of her ass slid up against the cool porcelain.

*phrrrt...*

Letting out another forceful fart, Irish leaned forward and spread her cheeks slightly as she prepared to do her business. "Mmh... can't wait to see how that guy turned out~" she giggled to herself and pushed, preparing for the inevitable.

*phllrrrrrt...*

Irish grunted in surprise as she began to push the remains of her last meal out of her rectum, feeling the warmth of the wide log of shit as it slowly slid out of her anus. She was genuinely surprised by the size and width of the dump - undoubtedly a consequence of all of the junk she had eaten the day before.

Irish sighed in relief as the first log finally dropped off and splashed into the toilet bowl beneath her, only to register with surprise as a second log began to push its way out of her anus. She grunted and pushed, gritting her teeth as the second load of poop - even larger than the first - slowly cleared its way from her rectum and splashed down below.

*Urgh... he smells!* Irish silently noted, giggling as she pretended to fan the air in front of her. She couldn't help but to laugh at her former coworker's new incarnation after just a simple trip through her guts.

Irish sighed again as she happily clenched and unclenched her anus, feeling it finally free of waste. Finished pooping, she leaned back and smiled as she leaned back and began to urinate, happily turning the water a deep yellow tint as she filled the toilet bowl with her pee. Finally finished, she grabbed a few squares of toilet paper and happily wiped, before standing up to admire her handiwork.

Not a single trace of Ron's remains could be found in her dump - two massive logs of shit swimming in a pool of yellow. *Well, that's that~* Irish thought, smiling as she gave her butt a little wiggle, before finally flushing, thus forever wiping out any trace of her previous meal.

A few minutes later, Irish strolled into the kitchen. Still naked, she stretched and gave another yawn before rummaging through the cabinet for something to eat. "Morning!" she casually called out to her boyfriend sitting in the other room.

"You mean, afternoon?" he teased in response. "You okay? You were in the bathroom for a while."

"Yeah, I'm fine!" Irish chirped. "I just ate some junk food yesterday that didn't agree



with me, that's all." Then, with a giggle, she added, "Don't go in there for a while!"

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