

*RWBY: Dressing Room Disaster*

Best clothes shop in town they said. Find whatever you want they said. Everything to fit the budget they said! These statements rotated ad nauseum in as Jaune Arc looked through the array of ‘fashionable’ apparel lining the racks, draping the models, and hanging from all over the place. All lies, to him at least. The clothes were gaudy, there was nothing exactly he wanted, and the prices were way out of (his) budget. If that wasn’t bad enough, he had the eerie sensation that he was being watched ever since he walked in, though every time he looked, there was no one looking back (save those giving him perturbed glares from one too many look-around).

Eventually, he settled on trying out *something* at least and grabbed a pair of the least expensive pants in the store, heading into the closest changing booth. At least, he thought, he could shake off the feeling of being watched all the time. However, moments after Jaune pulled the changing room draping closed and let his jeans fall, it opened again with a surprising name Coco, a tall young woman with a sense of style not a single eye could miss. Closing the drape behind her, there was a confident smirk on her face as she looked at Juane from over her sunglasses.

“Well, well, well. Here I am shopping at my favorite store and look at the tasty treat I find.” She said so sure of herself. “Good thing I haven’t had lunch yet.”

“Huh, wait what are you talking about?” Jaune replied, utterly baffled with the situation.

“I’m talking about you filling my gut, whether you like it or not!”

Faster than bullets, Coco grabbed the cuff of his shoulders and almost as quickly, Juane tried to push her away; though completely caught unprepared. With his pants on his ankles in such an enclosed space, he could hardly resist effectively and she knew it. Her conceited smirk parted into a large, stretched maw and firmly grabbing the back of his head, she crammed him inside headfirst. Knowing someone could come in at any point, Coco worked swiftly, working his shoulders and chest down her gullet before grabbing his the waistline of his underwear. With a hard tug, not only was the unfortunate young man given the wedgie of a lifetime, but the rest of his upper body was forced down her esophagus; his head poking into her stomach with shoulders quickly following. Shoving in tandem with swallow sent Jaune tucked in the pit of her gut,

blowing up her stomach until it was bursting free of her fanciful attire.

Dumped inside the hellish, unmerciful organ, all Jaune could do was struggle and fight and thrash in the hot, slimy cell with acids pumped and walls squeezing to the gurgling tune that seemed to radiate all around him.

“Coco, what the hell!?” He shouted, though his voice far too muffled by the flesh to escape the confines of her large, pale gut.

“Phew, who knew Jaune was actually super tasty.” She said sweetly, her hand idly patting her now swollen stomach. She turned her attention downwards, watching his struggles appear across her stomachs round, smooth surface. “Yeah, keep fighting in there, pal. You’re not gonna last too long in there.”

And that was an understatement. Her stomach worked vigorously to reduce poor Juane into colorless mush that flowed into the intestines like a sick, disgusting river. Everything that Jaune ever was, his body and strength, rendered onto his devourer. By the time Coco opened the dressing room blind, Jaune was long gone and what was left was now jiggling pudge up and down Coco’s body, her fashionable attire now barely able to restrain the fat paunch, greater bosom, and thicker thighs.

With that conceited little smirk, she went to the cashier, grabbing a cute pair of pants along the way; the memory of her meal fading out of mind.