

They say that trust is the foundation of a good relationship. Irie and Dack's foundation cracked on a Wednesday evening. Dack arrived late from work. A stacked plate of dinner waited for him in the microwave. Irie cooked amazing dinners, and she always kept Dack well fed. In the bedroom, she saw the dim light of Irie's computer. She wore headphones, so she must not have heard him enter.

Something on the screen caught Dack's eye. Over Irie's shoulder, he saw what looked like the heading of an old school forum. A bold banner read, "/SG/" and below it, "F/M Thread." The microwave dinged, and Irie hastily closed the tab before Dack saw more.

"Hey honey!" she greeted, clearly nervous.

"What were you watching?" Dack asked in a friendly tone.

"Nothing," Irie said quickly. "Just some sports."

Dack did not respond. Why press the issue? The rest of the evening passed normally. Dack ate. The couple caught up. They played at romance. And Irie went to sleep. But Dack did not go to sleep. He said that he needed to do some last-minute work, and he took his laptop to the kitchen table.

It took an hour to find the /SG/ board. The site was not listed. Dack only found it by following a chain of references from other forums. He needed to download a new browser just to find it. Like before, the banner at the top read "/SG/". To its side, in plain black caps, was, "SLUTS → GUTS". Scrolling down, he found a thread labeled "F/M".

The thread contained embedded posts in various forms. Images, videos, audios. Some of them were captioned. Over the next few hours, Dack read through them all. This is what he saw:

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The first post contained two pictures.

Picture 1 was taken from the perspective of a woman sitting on the edge of a bed. A head of tight black hair peeked between her legs, which were draped over a man's shoulders.

This picture had a caption: "Getting head the *wrong* way."

Picture 2 was a clumsy closeup of the woman's crotch. Something like a giant pillow blocked the top of the frame, and the phone needed to flash to take the photo. Ahead, the woman's sex stretched wide around the crown of a head, and only the tight black hair was visible. Clear fluid soaked the hair, the woman's sex, and the bed below.

This picture's caption read: "Getting head the *right* way."

Scroll

A video opens on a crowded house party. Several sets of hands shove a young, skinny man into a dark room and slam the door. Around the camera, men can be heard chanting “Lion’s Den!” repeatedly. Inside, screaming can be heard alongside noisy gulps and slurps. Eventually, the screaming fades with a heavy *glurk*. The door opens, and an athletic blonde woman with whiskers painted on her face walks out, barely slowed by her enormous gut. She starts to roar, but it quickly turns into an enormous belch. The crowd cheers.

Scroll

A single image of a photo studio with a jungle backdrop and a few potted ferns on each side. Two naked men kneel facing away from the camera. Their wrists and ankles are bound with rope. A tall, muscular woman stands slightly farther back. She is dressed in a skimpy Tarzan-like outfit with a short skirt. A third man, also kneeling, is shoulder deep into that skirt. The bump of his head is clearly visible in the woman’s abdomen. Overhead, a banner in all caps reads “EAT OR BE EATEN.”

Scroll

A phone camera looks down on a mature-looking woman laying on a bed. She could be anywhere from her late thirties to her early forties. Given her incredible shape, it is hard to tell. “Baby, quit messing around,” the woman giggles, wiggling a little back and forth.

“One sec, it’s important,” a boy says. “I want my, uh, new self to see this.” The camera turns to face him. He is much younger than the woman, smooth-faced and clearly nervous. “Hi future me. You’re probably wondering about why I’m calling you that. Well, I really screwed it up this time around. Never really studied. Just dropped out of college. If my parents find out, they’ll kill me. So I hired Miss Rachel here,” he turns the camera to the woman, who waves halfheartedly, “to take me into her womb and make me a kid again. I didn’t even know that was a thing until she told me about it. I wished I knew sooner. Anyway, I’m about to go in. So, uh, don’t screw up like I did, okay?”

“So *now* are you ready?” the woman demanded.

“Sure,” the boy chirps. “But, uh, can you do one thing for me? Can you keep the video going as I, uh, change? I want the new me to eventually see a time lapse or something.”

The woman made a sour face, but she quickly changed it back to a smile. “A little weird, but why not? Anything for a paying customer.”

“Thanks!” he replied. “So what now?”

“Okay, first hand me the camera,” the woman instructed. She set it down next to her, facing the ceiling. “Next, kneel down on the bed across from me. Perfect. Okay, next, take both your hands and clasp them together, sort of like you’re praying. Yeah, like that. Alright, now, put them between my legs, right up to my lips. Come on, don’t be shy. That’s a good boy. Unf.” The phone picked up a wet slurp, a satisfied moan, and a surprised gasp.

"It's really tight," the boy remarked.

"I just, oof, need to get warmed up," the woman reassured. "It will feel like, unf, slipping into a cloud. I promise." A messy slorp caused the boy to gasp.

"It's *really* hot on my face," the boy complained.

"Warm and cozy inside," the woman cooed. "Just what a, *aah*, growing boy needs. Now *shush*, I need to focus." The boy might have responded, but a fast series of squelches muffled his voice. "There's a good snack," the woman moaned. Her hands tugged at the bedspread, nearly knocking the phone to the ground, but she managed to catch it.

She turned the phone to a closeup of her face. It looked flush and satisfied. Sweat dripped across her light wrinkles. Auburn hair spread wildly on the bed around her. A dull pop accompanied a wet gulp as the woman's muscular tunnel dislocated the boy's arm as it chewed greedily. From within, the boy yelped. On camera, the woman rolled her eyes. Winking, she stuck out her tongue and turned the camera off.

Following the video, the post contained a phot of an off-white bathtub. Along its base was a shallow puddle of clear fluid speckled by tiny bits of hair and bone.

Below the photo was the caption: "Can you believe he thought I could turn him back into a baby? He really was a dropout. Great snack though. Don't tell his parents. They might actually know he achieved something. I have never had that many orgasms over just one cumstain of a boy."

Scroll

A phone camera shows the bouncing crowd at a rock concert. A metal band plays on stage. The lead singer is a woman with wild black hair and a wilder outfit. Even from a distance, she looked like she could out-bench most of the rough-and-tumble crowd. A group up front lifts up a particularly scrawny boy. Security makes no move to stop them as they toss the boy on stage.

Without pause, the woman drops her microphone and pounces on the boy. The rest of the band continues playing. Like an animal, the lead singer rips off the boys clothing and devours him on stage. He kicks and wiggles on stage. On all fours, the singer crawls back to her microphone and belches loudly, flinging away a saliva-soaked sock. The belch transforms into a guttural yell, and the music intensifies.

A caption below reads: "Now I know why they call her 'The Beast.'"

Scroll

An image of a fit-looking woman crouching in a mirror-walled exercise room. Between her legs dangles the torso of a rubbery mannequin, complete with a featureless head and extended arms. Her belly is swollen with the upper half of the mannequin.

A caption below reads, "Just bought one of these 'boy toys' last month. I can't recommend them enough! Really helps train for heavy-duty Kegels. Slurped up a boy last week, and I didn't even have to use my hands!"

Scroll

A video opens with man and a woman stand in front of a bench with an array of cloth and sewing tools. The woman is dressed in a practical dress with no excess cloth. Her mild wrinkles and pinned-back hair gave her a mature look. The man is dressed in button-down shirt and slacks.

"Hey everyone!" The woman says cheerily. "Today, me and our lucky intern-assistant here will show you how to modify a maternity dress for your favorite hobbies." She winks.

First, the woman extends the skirt down to her ankles and raises it such that she skirt begins just below the dress. Next, she carefully weaves a pattern of wires into the dress. By tightening a strap, the wires subtly lock into place, blooming the skirt out and keeping its shape. Finally, she works in a second layer below the skirt, like an undershirt. Tightening the same straps pressed this second layer in like a corset.

"Okay, now that we've put together our new hobby-suit, let me show you how to use it!" She said with a smile. "Alright assistant, hold this dress out and face the camera." Moving awkwardly, the young man held the dress by its sleeves and displayed it to the camera. In the meantime, the woman walked behind him and put her hands on his shoulders. Yawning her mouth wide, she chomped down on the young man's head, reaching his shoulders in two quick gulps. The pair tumbled out of site behind the desk, and for the next minute, the desk wobbled in a cacophony of bumps and belches.

Eventually, the host's hand appeared on the top of the desk as she lifted herself up. "Oorp!" she burped. "Alright," she addressed the camera, "so you've just had a nice snack away from home. But what's this!?" she hefted her intern-filled gut onto the counter with a thud. "You have this huge belly in the way! How will you find a place to digest without being seen?" The host flexed her gut, and the squirming intern's outline became even more apparent. "Conventional skirts do *nothing*, and even normal maternity dresses can't hide all this tasty *meat*." She patted her belly twice, issuing a tiny burp.

With a clockwise spin, the camera transitioned to a new shot. The host now stood fully in frame a few feet from the camera. This time, she wore the modified maternity dress. Though slightly obscured, the outline of her gut was still plainly visible, and it wobbled slightly back and forth with the intern boy's feeble squirms.

"Like I said, conventional maternity dresses can't hide a belly this happy," she wobbled her gut. "But watch as I pull our newly-installed strap." The dress's wires tensed out, and the inner layer constricted around her boy-filled gut. When it finished, the dress clearly hid *something*, but an onlooker would have

no idea whether it was a pregnant bump or an entire adult. “Look,” the host continued, “even as I lean back against the counter and thrust by tummy out,” she demonstrated, “you can’t tell that there’s an entire tasty boy squirming in there!”

Smiling and waving, she thumped her chest and stifled another belch with her hand. “I mean, he *was* squirming. Now he’s just sort of twitching. And *glorp* no, there he goes. So it’s not that great if you like feeling them struggle, but at least it hides them well! That, uh, concludes our demonstration.”

The caption below reads, “No wonder I don’t see these things around. Squirming boys are the BEST!”

Scroll

An image of two women each lick a cheek of a blushing man seated at a barstool. He looks bashful, but each of the women eye the camera and open their mouths a little wider than necessary.

The caption below reads, “Annual fuck-and-gulp. Whichever girl successfully seduces and gurgles this guy gets to pledge. To the loser, better luck next year!”

Scroll

A single image of a tall woman in a trim business suit walking down the street. The suit bulges in the front, but the buttons hold in place. On inspection, the bulge is a bit too large to be a pregnancy.

The caption below reads, “Holy shit mush me mommy! Where can I find a girl like *that* to gurgle me up?”

Scroll

Gastral noises overloaded a phone’s speakers. Half of the sounds turned quickly into mute static. Especially the frantic sobbing. “That’s it sweetie,” a sultry voice said from outside. “You’re so hot in there,” it giggled. “Gurgle up for me,” it whispered over a sharp gasp. “Nice and slow, mmm.”

The video continued like this for almost two hours. Skipping by minutes at a time, Dack caught snippets of tear-filled begging and frequent taunting until each slosh of the belly became accompanied by a dull crunch. Over time, the crunches became softer and softer until the audio settled into a contented rumble with light snoring from outside.

Scroll

A picture of a messy college dorm room seen through a barely-open door. Morning light shines dimly through closed blinds. On the bottom bunk of a bed, a girl’s rear end sticks up into the air. Below, blankets partly cover an enormous gut with suspicious bumps. The girl’s head is buried in a pillow, apparently asleep.

The caption below reads, "Roomie just belly-humped another guy into slush. Why do boys keep letting her do this? The whole hall could hear it, and I had to sleep in the commons. It's really gross. If you're reading this, I'm going to keep posting pics of your nasty ass until you stop!"

Click

Dack closed the tab, shut his laptop, and stared at the corner in silence. From the bedroom, he heard his girlfriend breathing steadily. For the first time since the start of their relationship, he wondered whether he actually wanted to climb into bed with her.