

Ann looked down at her phone, then back up at each of the dorm room numberings right above her, before staring back down. Her clacking footsteps, outside of the random hushed voice here and there, were some of the only noise in the empty school housing.

“Room 31, this is it.” Ann said to herself, a chipper step to her voice as she let out a breath. She was excited to help her friend, but she would be lying if she said that she wasn’t feeling just the slightest bit awkward about the whole thing.

It had been a few months since Yusuke had practically begged her to strip down to her bare essentials as it were, and while their relationship as friends was now a solid one, she still couldn’t help but feel just a tinge of worry that his eccentric qualities would take over.

Smiling and shaking her head, she shook away any bad thoughts she possibly had, and let her phone click locked, as she pocketed her cheery red phone into her jean pocket, and knocked on the light brown wooden door.

Within the first wrap of of her smooth pale knuckle against the soft door, it had opened, presenting the tall, blue haired, passive faced man. Ann beamed as she saw Yusuke, and Yusuke nodded.

“Ah Ann, it is quite nice to see you here, and quite early to add to it!” A small smile crept onto Yusuke’s usually natural face as he stepped aside to let the blonde in, moving a strand of dark blue hair from his face.

“Of course, anything for a friend.” Ann laughed, mostly genuinely as she walked into the chaotically organized clutter that was the artists room. As she looked around, she noticed sketches of lobsters, Mementos, and other things before her eyes gazed upon and ‘interesting’ portrayal of herself to say the least.

“Ah, I see you’ve found the piece I have been slaving over the past week!” He said proudly, approaching from behind as he smiled confidently. Ann perked her slowly dropping smile back up, doing her best to wear her ‘winning’ smile as she nodded.

“Uh huh, the resemblance is uncanny!” She said, her acting atrocious as always, but Yusuke didn’t seem to pick up on Ann’s white lies that she was speaking to him. Yusuke nodded, before turning around and collecting some supplies, setting up his canvas.

“So, what sort of posing should I be doing today?” Ann giggled, striking a sensual model pose she typically made for her photoshoots, one hand on her head, the other on her hips. Yusuke motioned for her to take a seat on the wooden, slightly crooked stool right next to her.

“I simply want you to sit as though it was coming naturally to you. No posing please, I want this to be a true capture of what Ann Tamaki’s inner fire is truly like!” He spoke, his voice filled with deep passion as he curled his fist around the wooden paintbrush in his grip.

Ann sighed, rolling her eyes playfully as she assumed her usual, almost slacker like slouch, her hands on her lap, as she looked at Yusuke, flashing her eyebrows a bit to play up her part.

“Yes, yes, exactly, not just hold that!” Yusuke demanded, not even focusing on Ann as he started to strike his brush against the canvas and pallet, meshing colors and strokes with ease, Ann just watching as the ‘master’ passionately worked his craft.

“This simply can not be! Why am I failing at such moving ideas!” Yusuke suddenly exclaimed, defeat and hurt in his voice as he threw his hands in the air, before letting them, along with his head fall crestfallen.

“What’s wrong Yusuke?” Ann said, pouting a little as she reached over to comfort her friend. Yusuke looked up, but his stomach gave a growl, answering for him, as he clenched his stomach.

“It appears that the ramen from yesterday is not holding me over...” Yusuke said, his eyes glancing away from Ann, who frowned at him. Not before long however, Ann smiled and pumped her fists, her red letterman flashing like her smile.

“I know! How about I get you something to eat! My treat? It’s the least I can do for you for painting such lovely paintings of me!” Ann yet again lied, glancing over at the otherworldly version of herself, but looked at Yusuke, who smiled.

“Thank you Ann, I truly appreciate the gesture.” Ann took note that he didn’t once say anything close to objection, and reached to grab her wallet... Which was not currently in her pocket.

“Oh no, no, no!” Ann muttered, annoyed as she felt all around each of her empty clothing compartments. Yusuke looked at the frowning girl questioningly. Ann frowned and looked back at him, cartoonishly showing her empty linings.

“I’m sorry Yusuke, it seems I forgot my wallet at home today...” Ann apologized, Yusuke once again frowning as he stared down at his now threateningly low growling gut. Shaking his head, Yusuke stood up, putting his arm onto Ann’s shoulder.

“It is no problem at all Ann, besides, you did offer to help.” Ann smiled softly at him, before her eyes opened wide in fear. It happened in a flash of perfectly white teeth, before everything went a dark red dark, Ann’s vision obscured, and her breath and smell filled with the smell of wet spit.

“Y-Yusuke what are you doing?!” Ann shrieked as she tried to grab onto Yusuke’s white uniform covered shoulders. Not like Yusuke could even respond, as he had the entirety of the blonde models head inside of his now outstretched mouth.

“Yusuke! STOP!” She screamed, pounding her fist against his shoulders, but it didn’t stop him. In fact, the tall, skinning pred took another gulp, as he pinned Ann’s slender shoulders to her side with incredible strength.

Quickly, without much effort, Yusuke swallowed Ann bit by bit, licking all over the incredibly sweet treat that was Ann Takamaki. Ann could feel Yusuke’s wet tongue caress her details in her face and chest, his tongue swimming around her breasts and tits.

“P-Please!” Ann choked out, but speaking at all was hard with the intense grasp of flesh coiled and pressed around her. It was like being in a swimming pool tube or a tight sleeping bag, a grotesque combination of both as more of her became soaked in spittle and drool.

Finally her legs and eventually feet were whisked away like cheap ramen noodles, as they vanished behind Yusuke’s pale pink lips, his tongue trailing over them to get any excess flavor he could.

Ann sobbed and cried out as she was painfully shoved and curled right into the boys bloated stomach, her vision wet, but slightly returning as her eyes tried to adjust, not that the heat helped with that at all.

“W-What the Hell Yusuke!?” Ann called out in anger, trying to punch the fleshy walls dripping with warming acids. Yusuke didn’t reply at first, instead letting out a long winded, and airy belch, before covering his mouth with his fist, a deep blush on his pale cheeks.

"I am sorry for that Ann, that is incredibly uncouth of me!" Yusuke exclaimed, apologizing more for the belch, than consuming his friend whole. Ann was in disbelief as she heard his words, not for the act of eating her, but for the fact that he had burped.

"Seriously?!" Ann growled, feeling her clothes start to melt off of her body, her eyes growing both fearful and full of anger. Yusuke gently rubbed his struggling and hanging stomach, as he walked over to his cheap bed.

"Ann, you did say you wanted to help me in any way you could today..." Yusuke frowned as he started to lay down, his gut, along with Ann, shifting awkwardly around with a loud slosh. Ann tried to pull out her phone to call anyone she could, but it wouldn't turn on due to the damage the waterlike acids had caused.

"I didn't mean you could eat me you eccentric idiot!" She cried out, trying to get the point across as simply as she could so Yusuke could understand what she meant. Yusuke let out another burp that he tried to cover.

"I would be lying if I said I was truly sorry Ann, as you tasted quite delectable, but I must say that at least you will be fueling creativity for days to come!" Yusuke said proudly, kneading his gut with a look of uncomfortable pleasure as he tried to calm his meal down.

"Y-Yusuke, please! L-Let me out..." Ann tried to say, but her next set of words were simply screams as she realized that his acids were tearing and eating away at her flesh, corroding her bone away, the once greenish clear liquid starting to turn bright red as the now naked girl painfully melted away.

Her breasts, and arms followed suit, her face trying and failing to stay above. Ann's face filled with tears as the acids burned through her red eyes, her face curling as it sunk below, her skull crackling into slight pulp before forming into the sludge like stew in Yusuke's tummy.

Yusuke gripped the now orbish smooth gut that was filled with Ann-soup, small gusts of winds escaping both his mouth and his rear. He smiled contently as he rubbed and enjoyed the shape and contour of his deep navel.

He gave himself another few moments of enjoyment and time alone with his stomach, before getting up from his bed, taking some effort to do so, as he wobbled over to the restroom. Sitting his now admittedly plusher rear onto the cool low sitting toilet, Yusuke let out a sigh, as he let Ann out.

The brown turds splashed violently like a flood against the water in the bowl, large chunks of girl shit sputtered and thudded into a now raising pile of poop and shit. While it was a lighter brown, most likely thanks to Ann's blonde hair, it was still darker than most of the boy's stools for what he assumed was all the sugar Ann ate during her life.

Grunting, Yusuke tried to keep his composure, but some of the particularly rounder and fuller bits were just too much, as he let out gasps of discomfort as large logs of shit slipped out of his pink, stretched hole.

It took about ten whole minutes of breathing and relaxing to finally get the final bits of ass fudge to fall into the huge pile down below, before Yusuke felt comfortable to wipe and stand back up.

Cleaning himself and pulling up his pants, Yusuke admired the movement he had just produced, smiling softly at it.

“Goodness Ann, you truly are an inspiration. I think I will call this next piece: ‘The Forms of Gluttony.’” Yusuke chuckled, making a mental note of the curves, shapes, and other forms in the toilet before giving it a flush, returning back to his art.