

### *Minotaur's Milk Bar*

Thunder boomed and rain fell over the little village of Bale's Glen, water pooling in puddles scattered across the muddy streets. In this damp, cold night, the only place that carried a lively tune and jaunty cheer was the look tavern nestled in the village square. It was a rowdy night as usual and while the bards played a whimsical tune, those looking for a fight were throwing punches and tossing bodies over tables in a dogpile of fists. Others tried to keep out of the fighting to enjoy their mead and bread and meat in peace, among them a Monk known as Kiaru. Her skin tanned and raven-colored hair touched with white on the ends. If she wasn't hard enough to miss with her eastener's dressing that struggled to contain her massive bosom, being a minotaur much taller than the average certainly did it. After a long wander through the wide open grasslands of Aelia's Wink, which sat in the valley between the titular mountain range, a good drink, a hearty meal, and a warm bed to shake off the rain-driven chill was just the thing she needed.

She was seven barrels in when she felt someone tap on her on the back and drunkenly, she flung her horned head back, one of her ears twitching. Behind her stood three men, burly types that at first glance one could tell they worked the various farms and ranches surrounding the village. With rugged faces scowling with a smirk on their lips.

"What're you doing out of the pens cow!?" Bellowed one of them while another cracked his knuckles.

"Guess we need to get this one back in her pen, what'dya say lads?"

"I say that's a bright idea!"

Kiaru drunkenly grinned, rising from her seat at the bar. Normally, she would've ignored them, but with several barrels of booze flowing through her system, it was an understatement to say she wasn't thinking straight. Seeing that she was just as rarin' to fight as they were, they didn't hesitate to throw the first punch, knowing little that they were fighting the Monk at her prime. Master of the drunken fist, she was skilled in controlling her uncontrollable body, clumsily moving like water with every swing and sway. The first punch hit only air as she swooped around not unlike a leaf caught in the breeze. Her wild momentum carried her too and fro around her foes, swiftly and deftly punching and kicking when her wobbling, unending movements allowed. They tried her best to hit her, but that was practically the equivalent of trying to hit the breeze on a windy.

When they thoroughly left dizzy and confused, Kairu struck them with her deathblow of sorts. She lunged for the first, cleavage spread open enough to slurp the first man off his feet. His friends watched as she erratically swayed back, their companion swiftly vanishing between her growing breasts before charging her again. She promptly swept the legs out from one while driving her elbow into the other's face, the latter would be the next to be consumed by those great mammaries and turned into the sloshing contents within in the blink of an eye. The last had just barely gotten back on his feet when he was taken into the tight, yet plush between her milkers. The man's body was taken into a dark, wet place, disintegrating into milk almost as soon as he arrived.

Nearly toppling into the bar, she grabbed her drink and downed it one go. Heavy in breath, she looked to the barmaids nearby; all of whom looked worryingly at her chest nearly bursting through her robe.

"I'm sorry." She paused to hiccup that a bassy, wet beer belch, then slipped a finger in her dress and pulled it down to reveal her bare breasts; nearly four sizes larger than before. "Do you mind helping me milk these?"

The barmaids looked at one another, each silently debatingly until one shrug.

"Fine lassie, we're runnin' low on stock anyway."

With a wide grin on her face, she turned to the rest of the tavern, her mammoth chest shaking and sloshing, and called out in a boisterous, drunken slur of a shout.

"First round of milk's on me!"

To an explosion of cheers, all raised their mug high and crowded round to have their fill of the rare delicacy that was Minitaur. By tomorrow morn, she hit the muddy trail once more, bosom the size it was when she went in.

*Adopted by Savoir: Part 3*

Cold winds whipped and wailed around the snow-capped mountains. Upon its peak, before the weathered shrine that loomed in darkened skies, a fierce pokemon battle was underway between its maiden and another pokemon trainer in search of the legend within. As her pokemon did battle at her beck and call, Iona, now fully grown and trained, stood calmly and watched. Unlike most trainers, this one, a real hotshot with a lord of burning confidence, had some strength to back up her boasts, the two of them whittling away their six pokemon down to one on one. High above, Iris watched the show unfold from the Shrine top balcony, wondering if the trainer would be Iona's or hers.

A sharp breeze whistled by, two pokemon standing across from one another. One decisive blow would bring the battle to a close. They dug their heels into the stony earth, then, in the blink of an eye, they rushed forward and connected their final attack at once. Both stood frozen for a moment, but only one would collapse in a faint.

“No way!” bellowed the girl, huffing as he returned the pokemon to its pokeball. “I-I’ll be back!”

And with that, the trainer retreated, only to take five steps and find Iona emerging from the wintery fog. Without a word, she suddenly reach for the girl, grabbing her by the scruff of her jacket.

“He-Hey!? What’s gotten into you!?” She cried out, wrestling with Iona. “Ge-Get off me!”

“No. You know too much. You must be dealt with.” replied the shrine maiden in a cold, stoic tone. “Forgive me, but this is your own fault.”

“What’re you do-”

The girl's words froze in her throat as Iona's mouth opened wider than any she'd seen before. In an instant, she was shoved headfirst down a waiting gullet, lips soon expanding over her shoulders. She wasn't tasted nor savored. This wasn't a meal for pleasure, but one of business. Iona worked her in at a steady pace, well used to dealing with unwilling dinners. The girl screamed and cried, but Iona's throat dragged her down, mercilessly pumping the girl in the growing chamber below. There, a pool of acids waited, greeting her with a caustic splash that made quick work of her clothes on contact. Gulp after gulp, the offending trainer was dragged into Iona's throat, vanishing from the world into the hot, wet world within her. Once down to

her waist, Iona hoisted her flailing legs into the air where gravity helped her the rest of the way; dumping the blond completely into the hellish pit that waited for her.

“Let me out!” she was soon crying as the stomach began to work her down under Iona’s uncaring gaze. “Please! I’ll forget what I saw! Just let me out!”

But Iona didn’t give her a response, instead choosing to keep silent and let her stomach do the talking. Gurgling and growling, it quickly melted her down; its victim was forced to watch as her limbs dissolved before her very eyes, starting at the skin, then the muscle, then even the bones. Her eyes rolled back moments later, falling back against the stomach with the shock kicking in. In just a handful of minutes, she was reduced to nothing, her existence and her knowledge of this place wiped clean from the world and back to legend once more.

Letting out a sigh, Iona turned back to the Shrine and looked up to her master. With an approving smile, she nodded and retreated back to her quarters. Iona didn’t let it show until she was gone, smiling happy and proud before returning to her duties. Taking up her broom, she began to dust the snow off the tower entrance’s old boards.

The cold winds whipped and wailed and, for now, all was at peace upon the mountaintop shrine.

### *Sunken in Deadly Waters*

It was supposed to be a routine training exercise. A massive fleet of star cruisers came out of hyperspace to an instant stop, only drifting forward once they had all come together. The mission was to test their recently upgraded weapon systems and targeting A.I.s to destroy a small, unpopulated planetoid whose orbit went between their territories and that of the Sabrewing empire. It was just a rock, something to test their weapon systems on. Politically, it was a prime spot for the Sabrewing empire's mining industry, a ball of precious minerals that constantly shifted between the borders. With intel that it was their enemy was making moves to claim it as their own, the fleet was tasked with wiping it off the face of the galaxy and leave them without such a precious resource.

As they drew near, Admiral DeMarian gave the order to prepare. Every ship in the fleet turned broadside, their most powerful cannons facing the little chunk of rock. Generators hummed, light flaring up in the cannon's barrels. On the Admiral's orders, they would all fire at once and the target would be reduced to dust in a blaze of glory.

That was how it was supposed to go.

Alarms blared, voices cried out over the intercoms. Terrified crew mates desperately fled too and fro, some pushing and shoving others out of the way. The Admiral stared ahead in horror. Weapon systems failed and the fleet was no longer under his control, not under anyone's control but her's.

Princess Crystal Sabrewing herself standing on the planetoid meant for destruction.

All his ships, against their wills, drifted towards her, the woman gesturing them all like a siren beckoning a ship at sea to come closer. Her lips parted and one by one, each of DeMarian's ships vanished down her gullet. *Entire* ships, bigger than most colony planets filled with hundreds of thousands of crew and soldiers each, went right down her throat like little pieces of candy. Never had the admiral felt such incredible, paralyzing fear; his mind pushing all its functions on scrambling to comprehend the situation, lost even as his vessel was the last to be swallowed.

Either her mouth grew or they shrunk, the admiral didn't know, but all that he did was that his vessel entered her cavernous maw. Passing through the toothy gate and over the twitching tongue floor, the gullet yawned open to accept its final offering and granted the vessel

passage down the crimson tunnel of pulsating flesh. The hell creaked and squealed as the muscles guided it downward, seemingly going on for eternal until reached a deadend, which yawned open to allow them in their grave.

Her stomach.

In a massive, sprawling ocean of stomach acid, Admiral DeMariean's fleet lied piled on top of each other and his Flagship was the cherry on top, the entire ship quaking and squealing as it came in contact and slide to a halt nestled between vessels. Once he gathered his bearings, he walked towards the window. Like thunder, the organ rumbled and growled and snarled all around them, penetrating the hull and filling it with the gastric noise. It rung in the admiral's head like a bell. He came to a stop before the tempered glass, droplets sizzling on the pane's other side. Already, most of his fleet was going, sunken below the acid ocean. There weren't even scraps of metal left, just steam rising from the churning waters. Slowly, he turned away from the sight. He knew his entire fleet was now doomed to one horrific, not just death, but complete and total erasure. There was no running from the conclusion.

There was a sudden shift of gravity accompanied by the screeching metal outside and the last sound the Admiral heard was the glass giving way.

And then...nothing.

*CITY SMASH: Ink Idol Dining*

It was another warm, sunny day in City Smash and under blue skies and within the crowd, Callie and Marie were hitting the streets; fresh off the same two smash matches in a row. Starving, they waltzed right into a popular buffet. When they walked through the door, they expected to see a plethora of food just waiting to be eaten up. Instead, they only found a whole line of empty food trays, not even a crumb left.

***URRREEEERRRRROUP!***

The sisters spun around and there, sitting in the dining room, was Princess Peach; leaning back as she picked her teeth and let her gargantuan (formerly) Bowser-filled belly sit lazily. Surrounding her was scattered plates and remnants of food that fell off her plate and wasn't consumed, even some bones here and there. After such a massive meal earlier, it was no surprise that her chest was threatening to rip free from her dress or that her chair now creaked and cried under the weight of her ass. Upon taking in the sight, Marie glanced at the food, then to Peach, and shook her head.

"I knew we should've just ordered out." She muttered before slipping her hands in her Kimono sleeves and taking her leave. Callie, on the other hand, had other ideas. She wasn't about to wait an hour longer for the meal to meet her stomach and as her cousin, who didn't even notice Callie failing to follow, was heading out the door, Callie was creeping towards the Princess. With footsteps slow and quiet, she approached, Peach never aware of her at all; too deep in her mumbling complaints.

"What a pain, I should've figured Bowser would give me indigestion." She put a hand to her mouth and let out a wet, sickly belch. "I don't think that shell's going to digest anytime soon, I'm already feeling how sore my rump's going to be."

And before Peach knew what was happening, she suddenly found her head somewhere dark, warm, and wet. The princess was briefly lost in shock, giving Callie the opportunity to swallow up her neck and, more challengingly, her titanic chest.

"Samus!? Samus, is that you!? Let me out this instant!" She shouted angrily, but when Callie kept going, her lips beginning to stretch over the royal girth, her shouts turned to shrieks. Arms desperately flailing, trying to catch her devourer and halt the process, but her panic only helped get more and more of her body in, sliding down the tight throat and curling up in the stomach below with her own round gut. At that point, Callie was humorously dangling above

the princess, her engorged form slowly slipping downward as gravity helped push her towards her goal and none of Peach's frantic struggles seemed to slow her progress up Callie's throat. Eventually, Callie arrived at Peach's toes, her body flopping back as she swallowed the last of the princess and hit the ground so hard, everything in the dining room bounced.

Panting, Callie took a moment to relax, Peach's angrily thrashing and shouting in Callie's large, pale-skinned midsection. Wincing, the Inkling idol threw her hands over her mouth, letting out a long, bassy belch followed by a pained sigh, her throat caking from such gastric percussion.

"What a meal." Callie groaned, her hands sliding across the surface of her aching stomach, wincing with each pang that bit her insides.

"Callie!? An inkling ate me!?" each came to the realization. "You little brat, let me out!"

"Even if I could, I don't know how to." Callie replied with a smug little smirk, getting a raging jumbled mess of words and a much more fierce resistance. Once the digestive system kicked in and melted her down a bit, the idol could finally kick back and relax. It was only an hour into it, when her mountainous stomach was more like a rather large hill, that Callie noticed something different, her arms and legs growing longer alongside her chest growing in size and it wasn't until Peach was fully digested that it dawned on her what was going on what had happened.

In digesting Peach, Callie had become human...or at least *half* human. It took a moment or two to stand with her newfound weight, but once she rose from the buffet carpet, she looked over her new body in both shock and awe. Its once humble bosom was now so large, they nearly hung down over her waist all while her backside was like two watermelons packed in her pants, said pants threatening to burst at the seams at any moment. She took one step, then another towards the door, struggling to keep her balance with all that new weight.

***URRRREEERROUP!***

With a metal clatter, the only thing left undigested clattered against the wall and onto the floor, Peach's crown. Callie didn't even notice, focusing way too hard trying to walk out of the restaurant with the fear that if she fell there was no getting up, pushing her forward.



Marie would have plenty of questions.

### *A Stay with Witchy*

Under a warm summer day, a hiker named Marie was lost in the woods having left the trail in favor of exploring. She thought all hope was lost as the sun began to creep towards the horizon, the light fading to a mix of red and orange, and it was then that she stumbled on the most peculiar woman. With pointed hat and green skin, like a witch from the old children's stories. She seemed friendly enough, introducing herself as Witchy, which only added to her strangeness, and offered her a stay at her abode. The hour was growing dim and figuring Witchy would help her find the way back to the trail in the morning, Marie took the offer.

And that's how Marie ended up here, in Witchy's candy constructed abode, sipping at her tea between biting down her cupcake. In the kitchen, Witchy whistled and hummed over washing dishes. Never had Marie tasted such a delicious pastry in her life. As soon as she took the first bite, she was chowing down the rest of it in the blink of an eye; left in a state of flavorful bliss once the last of it went slipping down her throat. Unfortunately, that bliss wasn't long. Her stomach growled ominously and when she looked down, she watched in horror as her stomach started to swell like a balloon in every direction. Panic-stricken, she jumped from her seat and rushed for the door, only to fall on the first step and hit the chocolate floorboards hard. Turning on her back, she watched as her legs fused together before her very eyes.

From the corner of her eye, she noticed black heeled boots enter her and she looked to find Witchy coming closer, her hips swaying like a pendulum with every step.

"Wh-What did you do to me!?" Marie cried. Hearing the sound of crinkling paper, she looked to find her former legs now being wrapped in a thin sheet. She turned her attention back to the witch, her glossy black lips now sporting a bone chilling smile.

"You're turning into a cupcake, dearie." She said with wicked sweetness. "Think of it like paying me back for my gracious *hospitality*."

Marie stared frozen in horror, eyes trembling as the tears swelled. She took a deep breath, but before she could shout for help, her head morphed into a bright red cherry on the top. When the transformation was complete, in the Hiker's place was a giant, scrumptious cupcake half Witchy's size. Clapping her hands together and Licking her lips, Witch dug those delicate green hands into the pastries and proceeded to rip it apart; cramming each delicious handful in her mouth like a ravenous beast, nearly violently shoveling down her throat. Her trim, green-hed stomach began to grow and gurgle, bloating out with cupcake mush stewing inside. When it was

halfway gone, she took the whole thing and gluttonously cammed it down her throat, gulping down whole with unsettling ease and tracing the large bulge all the way down to her fat, chocolate and icing splattered girth.

With cupcakes packed away, Witchy sucked the remains off her fingers with a pleasure hum and playful, if not crass, sound before returning to her evening chores. While she wandered to and fro across the sweet treat property, her stomach gurgled and churned and growled with such rambunctious fanfare. While green walls mashed and glimmering acids soaked, what remained of the cupcake was completely eradicated by Witchy's stomach, leaving behind a black sludge of chocolate flowing ounce by ounce into the maze of intestines below. Outside, her stomach shrunk and by the time she was done the chores, her stomach was just a flabby blob of chub. Stopping at one point in front of a full body mirror framed in candy-canes, she marveled at her sexy, husky frame with a wry little smirk.

“Oooh, I must say, you look better on me than you did yourself.” She teased and chuckled, striking a pose and there. What didn't go to her gut went to her already impressive bosom and her wide backside, both juggling with even the slightest movement. “Thank you dearie, but you were hardly filling. Looks like I'm going to have to make plans for dinner to make up for your lacking.” With a nefarious little chuckle, Witchy departed for the kitchen, the last of Marie jiggling on her hips.

## *Smash City Fighters*

### *The Witch, The Princess, and the Goddess*

At the heart of Smash City, the Smash Stadium, another fiery battle was raging on. Bayonetta, Joker, Daisy, and Palutena entered the ring in a team match, only to quickly turn into two versus one when Joker was smashed early in the game. It was an understatement to say it was a difficult battle, balancing the fight between the spunky princess and the goddess, just barely managing to keep a one on one. The witch's back was against the wall now, her percentage high and stocks down to one. Next blow would likely know her out and her opponents knew. It was do or die, win or lose all resting upon what happened next.

With a smirk, Daisy was intent on finishing this. She rushed forward and threw her hips with all her might and even when she missed, she did it again and again. She wanted to best Bayonetta in the most humiliating way possible, beating the beautiful witch with her ass, but the Bayonetta caught on quickly. She waited for the moment and when it came, her wicked grin yawned wider than any mouth should. Daisy only had enough time to let out a startled yelp before throwing herself deep down Bayonetta's gullet, her body caught in an awkward, folding chair-like position.

"What the!?" She cried out, helplessly flailing her arms and kicking her legs. "Hey, let go of me!"

Bayonetta let out a muffled chuckle, hoisting her meal up as her wicked weaves turned to a hand with one finger outstretched. Without ceremony, she pushed Daisy the rest of the way inside, swallowing her whole without actually swallowing and packing her away in her now swollen midsection, bare from her spells using most of the hair usually meant for covering herself. Palutena watched in horror as her teammate was eaten alive, thrashing and screaming her demands, a fear that only worsened when the goddess realized that it was now one on one.

"Come now, you know one dainty girl isn't enough to fill a woman like me." the Witch teased, the side of her curling in a half-smile. "Just an appetizer to the main course."

Gritting her teeth, Palutena regained her bearings, she lunged at the witch for one last attack. She figured with Daisy inside her, Bayonetta would be too slow to dodge even her slowest attack. Oh how wrong she was. Raising her staff, a beam of light bolted up from the ground, but much to her surprise, Bayonetta deftly evaded her attack. The goddess was left

stunned, but she didn't let her stop her from resuming the fight...at least until the announcer spoke up.

***PLAYER 3 DEFEATED***

Palutena looked up to the scoreboard in shock and in her distraction, Bayoneta struck. Manifesting a black hole orb in her palms, the witch bent over and crammed the spell between her supple cheeks, sinking it deep in her asshole. When Palutena snapped out of witch time, she felt the black hole's pull; quickly realizing where its source was. It was too late for escape at this point. She was swept of her feet towards Bayonetta's yawning asshole, the witch moaning as Palutena's head plunged into the supple ass. Bayonetta's hair quickly formed into a hand and crammed the rest of her body into the rectal void, moaning again and again as her living butt plug disappeared inside her. Once her feet were gone and her cheeks clapped together, Bayonetta lifted her leg and let loose.

***PFFFFRRRRRBRBRBRPT!***

The witch let out a deep satisfied sigh. Inside her guts, Palutena was forced face first into the sloppy mess that was once princess Daisy. She could only scream before she was overwhelmed by the Witch's unholy digestive system. The result of which the crowd watched. Her stomach rapidly shrank, her breasts and rump growing larger and larger and stopping only until her midsection completely flattened; leaving behind a witch with a body that was the envy of all. She struck a series of poses, showing off her new body, before sauntering out of the arena the winner.

***PFFFRP~***



### *No Honorable Death in Digestion*

I failed. Failed to protect my village, failed to resist the vile giant as her lips parted to take my body whole like a scrap of meat. I tried to fight, to force my way back, but how pathetically I was tossed by her tongue and stolen by her gullet. Now I travel down her throat to oblivion, helpless. Her heartbeat thumps like a drums, growing louder as I descend, then shrinks away, replaced by the awful sounds of the hell that awaits, a constant groaning and gurgling like a beast risen from slumber. It gets louder and louder, signaling my end coming.

Finally, I reach the end of her throat, shoved through a tightly clenched entrance without mercy. As soon as my face slips in, I'm greeted by the dreaded sight: the fiend's stomach. The acrid, stale air hits me like a hammer to the face and fills my lungs with the noxious odor. However, I don't know which was worse, the air or the sight. Scattered across the acid pool below are the bodies of those that came before me. Some in the process of melting down, others whittled all the way to bleachwhite bones, but only I'm the one still drawing breath here. Like the instincts of a frog swallowed by a pelican, I squirm, but the overwhelming force behind me shoves me onward. My bones creak and some crack under the strain as the rest of my body follows.

Forcibly shoved, I hit the acidic waters below with a crashing splash, throwing myself back up coughing and sputtering on caustic fluids. Already I can feel the burn, hear my flesh sizzling. It's like I've been set alight by fire's blaze and the muscles I've spent years to hone into a powerful body cannot repel it. Breath heavy, I look around the sickening hell. The walls are in constant motion, shifting inward and out while more the burning waters pour in from the ceiling; on top of the subtle quaking that comes with her muffled footfalls. It lazily moves, like it knows that it doesn't need to put effort in breaking down such a small piece of meat.

Those words cross my mind over and over.

There is no honorable death here, no glorious battle. I was swallowed whole, eaten like a meer snack and left to rot a slow and agonizing demise. A fury begins to rage into a violent flame. Rising from the pool, I rush towards the closest wall, throwing fist after fist at it.

"Let me out, you damn monster!" I shriek in a raging cry, continuing to throw all my might, at the soft, pink flesh. "Face me like a real warrior coward!"

Suddenly, the organ roars and the chamber violently shifts beneath me, throwing me off my balance and sending me splashing into the acids again. There I lie, staring up at the entrance

above, twitching and throbbing. For a moment, I wonder if I could reach it, only to look at how slick this world within her is. Slowly, like a serpent's poison, despair's claws begin to sink into my mind. I turn my head, looking to the bodies surrounding me. Some have already lost their felst, lifeless faces now hollowed skulls, all of them staring at me as if to say, *you'll join us soon.*

Desperat now, I stand up again, taking a moment to keep my balance as the floor shifts briefly, I run at the walls again, striking even harder than before.

Above I can hear her talking, her voice muffled by the layers between I and the outside world.

“I want the northern and southern battalions to move out, center forces will back up the leads. Take those that surrender to the prisons, I'll deal with them personally as usual.”

I keep up the assault, but she continues to pay me no mind. It's insulting enough to bring my blood to boil again, giving orders so casually while I stew inside her.

Suddenly, my legs give out from under me, falling back until my backside hit the squishy floor. Looking down, my blood freezes and my breath sharply returns. My feet...My feet are gone, just stumps. The only thing that escapes me is a scream that rises into a blood curdling shriek. I look to my hands, my fingers are melting. I look to my body, my muscular form oozing into the pool surrounding me. Panic takes over and the last of my energy goes to mindlessly thrashing around trying to wipe the acids of my dissolving flesh, the flailing only splashing more on me.

In the end, I lie looking up to the stomach entrance, too weary to fight and consciousness fading fast. Tears begin to swell and sting, sliding down the sides of my face. This is the end, no honor or glory earned, just my existence broken down into nothing. Feeling myself begin to sink and the pool's surface rise over me, I take one more breath and close my eyes before I'm taken completely without resistance.

*Damn you...I hope the gods...strike you..down...*

In the depths of her fortress, Valencia sat upon her throne; dressed in her night black uniform adorned with medals and, more noticeably, the fearsome barrel rising tall from the Dreadnought Rail Cannon built into her right shoulder. Brushing away a strand of her long, golden hair, she gazed at the holographic map that marked the progress of her conquest, the cannon glimmering with lings reddish and yellowish light, eager to fire. As she considered



where next to forward her massive force, her stomach grumbled hungrily, empty and in want for more. Tracing an idly circle around her navel, exposed by two undone buttons, she gestured to a guard.

“Bring me the next prisoner.” her voice boomed over her much smaller generals and commanders.

“Yes ma’am.” The uniformed woman stoically answered and with a salute, departed for the prison wing. Turning her attention back to the map, Valencia wickedly grin; imagining the next unfortunate soul that would stew within her.

*Fairy Tail*  
*Bellies full of Food and Girl!*

Sitting at the table at the heart of the guild, Mirajane and Juvia sat glaring at one another. It all started when the latter thought the former was wooing the man of her dreams and after a spat, one of them issued a challenge and here they were. The details were messy and not many recall the verbal catfight that transpired, but nobody cared about that past and were more focused on the exciting present. Everyone placed their bets, staking their wages on who would come out top and the anticipation only mounted as the plates and drinks piled onto the table.

When the last platter found its place on the table and the countdown hit go, Juvia and Mira were off to the races, cramming food and drink down their throats like there was no tomorrow. They hardly chewed more than once, swallowing down in large lumps that all eyes followed travel down their slender necks and joined the pile growing in their rising stomach. Inside those gastric machines, rolling walls pulverized the acid drenched mush, bellies noisily gurgling and groaning beneath the crowd's cheers. Their stomach's only grew to incredible sizes as they practically cleaned the table of it all, leaving behind clean dishes.

They were neck and neck when they managed to run out of food and with rivalry still burning a blaze, they looked, and quickly found another source to keep their battle going strong. Lunging over their large round stomachs (and destroying the table, plates, and mugs in the process), the dove for the crowd with open arms and open maws. They grabbed who they could and swallowed them down, keeping mental count of the struggling morsels slipping down their gullets. It seemed like there was no limit to either their gluttony or their contempt for each other, swallowing nearly everyone in the crowd who couldn't get to higher ground. It wasn't until their guts were the sizes of houses that the contest finally drew to a close, so many struggling forms rising up across the surface of their stomachs, among them Erza in Juvia's and Lucy in Mirajane's joined by so many others. That didn't cross the competitors minds though, instead they just bickered and debated who the winner was.

Then, a thought crossed Juvia's headspace.

"Gray?" she asked the air, frantically looking down until, rising up from between her bosom, was the bulge of a face with a strikingly familiar face. While Mirajane burst into a fit of laughter, Juvia's blood went cold, eyes widened. "Oh dear."

*My Hero Academia*  
*A Meal Fit For a Hero*

To the sound of a blaring alarm and the sun beating down on her eyes, Jiro Kyoka rose wearily from her bed, pushing the sheets aside and bringing her feet to the floor. She took a moment to stretch the stiffness out before rising to a hunched stand and shuffling to the bathroom; soon coming out to the sound of flushing behind her. Standing in front of the mirror, she thrown on her tattered pink shirt and jet black pants, topping them with her jacket before slipping the gloves over her hands and getting into her boots. As Jiro admired herself in the mirror, a memory dug itself out from the back of her mind, thinking back to her graduation twenty years prior, nostalgia blossoming in her chest. So much had changed since then, some for the better and others that never should've changed the way they did.

Jiro breathed a sigh, head shifting to loosen her neck and rolling her shoulders. Whatever happened today, she had a job to do, to protect the innocent from those with dubious intent, and she was going to do it no matter who got in her way. Nodding in affirmation, she took her leave with a confident step.

It was mid-afternoon and after a whole morning of fighting crime scattered across the city, Jiro found herself at an abandoned warehouse in the crummy part of town. Storm clouds started to gather, drops of rain falling weakly but growing in numbers. Somewhere thunder boomed, but lightning didn't flash. Jiro's chest gently heaved forward and back. Two familiar faces she chased across the warehouse district, the destruction those faces caused littered behind her. Her fist clenched tight. She didn't want to do this, but it had to be done. Plugging into her gloves, she stepped forward.

It was quiet. Dust hovered in the air, this place not touched in years. What was once a massive building with rows of shelves chock full of goods was just a barebones facility, those shelves now scattered across the concrete floor. Standing at the far end where her former friends, Momo, Mina, and Ochako; once heroes lured to the life of villain, still dressed in their heroes garb though now tattered and messy. A tension took to the air as both sides stared the other down.

"I thought it was just rumors." uttered Jiro, shaking her head. "That three of MHA's greatest turned to villainy. I didn't want to believe it."

“I’m sorry Jiro.” replied Ochako weakly.

“Things change.” followed Momo. “You think we wanted to go this way?”

She shook her head.

“No, but they forced our hand. After the economy crashed, we were left with nothing and left with this being the only way we wouldn’t starve.”

Mina stepped forward, arms crossed and lips in a smirk.

“And as long as someone like Mirko or Mt. Lady doesn't come after us, us working together is working out pretty good.”

“And you don’t think I can’t?”

Mini huffed a half chuckle, briefly looking to the other girls.

“Alone against us three?” Mina shook her head. “Nah.”

“We’ll see about that.” Jiro shot back, taking a combative pose, which prompted the others to do the same. For a moment, they silently stared at one another, waiting for the first move. Mina was first to seize the opportunity running to the left while Momo took to the left and Ochako to the air. Jiro took on Mina at first, bobbing and weaving every acid-coated punch and kick, giving her a hard kick to the stomach before turning to Momo. Grabbing the conjured steel rod mid-swing, Jira threw a swift, hard punch to the jaw, cuffing her with a pair of quirk suppression cuffs, followed by an expert judo flip over her shoulder, sending both Heroines colliding into the wall behind them.

Catching something in the corner of her eye, Jiro turned to see several steel shelves careening towards, empowered by Ochako. At the same time, Mina threw Momo off her and charged towards Jira. With her jacks plugged into her gloves, the next flurries of punches Jira threw sent out a burst of soundwaves. The first knocked the shelf out of harm's way. The second slammed into the side of Mina head and pressed her into the ground with enough force to knock her out cold. She quickly wrapped another pair of cuffs on Mina before running towards a wall. Hitting it at an angle, she bolted up its surface towards Ochako, several shelves exploding behind her in a cloud of dust, before leaping at the last second. The third punch found Ochako’s stomach, the fourth slammed in the back, sending her hurtling towards the ground hard enough to make a small crater.

Landing on her feet nearby, Jira whipped out the cuffs and wrapped around Ochako’s wrists before leaning back and letting out a relieved sigh. She rose to a wobbling stand. It was a

hell of a fight, Jiro feeling maybe a rib or two broken alongside the cuts and bruises exposed by the cuts in her uniform. Heavily panting, wiping the sweat from her brow, she looked at the three girls lying unconscious at her feet.

“I feel you guys, I do.” she huffed sympathetically. “But there were other ways. It didn’t have to end like this.”

The jacks stretched down and snaked themselves around Mina and Ochako before lifting the two women off the concrete. As they did, Jiro slipped her thumbs into her waistline and slid both pants and panties down to reveal her bare, fair-skinned backside. When Mina was in position, she sat down right on her face, her asshole yawning open to accept the former heroine’s head into her rectum. Well experienced in taking perps this way, it was an easy slide down, Jiro’s stomach bloating out larger and larger; pushing up her shirt to expose her sweaty belly. It grew larger and larger the more Mina vanished into her slick and slimy colon on her passage to the victor’s stomach.

Meanwhile, Jiro’s lips were parting for Ochako’s feet, lowering them down her throat nice and slow. Unlike how Mina was unceremoniously devoured by her butt, Jiro took her time with Ochako, tearing her uniform apart as she went down so she could savor the woman’s mouth watering curves. Jiro couldn’t help let out a pleased moan as both former heroes vanished into her body, sensually stretching her most blissfully sensitive places. Ochako was especially pleasing to the tongue, her taste so sweet and savory and her backside and breasts so meaty and juicy. It was almost a shame to send them both packing into her stomach, both women curling up inside. Eventually all that remained of both was a head and a pair of feet, the former slurped up and the latter shoved right in. Ochako would arrive at her destination first, Mina being forced through the winding maze of guts.

“-*URRRROUPMphaaa*- That never gets old.” Jiro muttered to herself, taking a moment to caress that massive, two person-filled midsection before pulling up her pants. Took a minute or two to get the button back on, only for it to pop out with the velocity of a bullet. Letting out a defeated sigh, she turned to the last one. “Oh, you’re awake.”

Momo scowled back in a furious silence.

“You can give me that look all you want.” Jiro turned all the way around, her gut sloshing about. “It’s not going to stop me from doing this to you.”

Suddenly, with a mess of gastric noises exploding from out of nowhere, Jiro's stomach rapidly shrunk back to normal, inside a flash digestion reducing the villainesses into nothing but fat and nutrients for the heroine. One of Jiro's jacks wrapped around Momo's neck, slamming her into the sweaty surface of her stomach and forcibly rubbing it up and down its salty slick surface. Then, without warning, her navel yawned over Momo's head, barely giving her a moment to scream. The belly button stretched over her shoulders and breasts, over her stomach and over those wide hips and with every time it was opened beyond its limit, Jiro's eyes rolled back with a moan, the ecstasy exploding from her belly across her entity body until Momo's vanished into her navel with a wet slurp, the villain entrapped by fleshy walls on all sides, acid already burning at her skin.

“**-OOOOURPff-** Noone's ever made me this gassy.” Jiro remarked, patting the top of her stomach before letting out a yawn. “Welp, my job's done here. Guess I can head on home to kick back and digest this one.”

She paused and grimaced on the thought of those words. She took a deep breath and let it out, then departed out the way she came.

After making her way through the city, keeping out of the public's sight, Jiro crawled into her apartment through the bedroom window. After she closed it shut, she flopped down on the living room couch, her stomach gurgling and prey crying. Still a blissful daze, she caressed her stomach with a smile, a few belches forced up her windpipe here and there as her stomach worked.

Then came the sounds of footsteps. Instantly she snapped out of her daydream and sat up to find a stomach bigger than her's, her gaze looking up to find it was attached to none other than her fiance Kinoko; her dress failing to cover even the top of her belly, leaving her adorable red and white polka dot shorts exposed.

“Well, someone was busy today.” Jiro remarked with a cheeky little smirk.

“I wasn't the only one.” replied Kinoko, setting down at the foot of the couch and resting her head on Jiro's bloated midsection. Letting out a yawn, she continued. “You don't mind if I use your gut as a pillow babe?”

“Nah, think I'm gonna nod off too.”

Both women relaxed and steadily drifted off, Kinoko taking to sleep first with her fiance coming quickly to join her soon after; leaving the air filled with the sound of two fast stomachs gurgling and groaning in digestive harmony.

## *Goldi-buffet*

*(Warning: hard cooking)*

Deep in the woods, lost within the ocean of tree tops and brush, lies the cave of the big bad wolf, the foulest, cruelest beast in all this magical lands. From the maw of the cavern to its very depths, the bones of the many feasted littered the earthen floor, each telling the horrific stories of messily devoured, some even *alive*, and this wasn't to mention the countless that been swallowed and completely obliterated in the beast's stomach, bone and all. This cold, damp place alone was enough to haunt the nightmares of those who heard the tales and those that were dragged off into its deaths, kicking and screaming, wished it were just a passing dream.

Goldilocks, a golden-haired lass of twenty-one years, was another unfortunate soul wishing for just that. As her bare, fair skin body was doused in sauces and peppered with seasonings, she writhed in her bindings and pleaded through her gag to the big bad wolf looming over her, but her stifled pleas would fall on deaf ears. The wolf was too starved to let this little piggy go, her chops drooling and her stomach growled as she looked over this succulent meal. She couldn't wait any longer, her instincts taking over. Slamming the shaker down on the table end, the wolf grabbed the girl and crammed Goldilocks down her throat, teeth sinking into flesh, but not tearing. The wolf took her time, lapping at the sauce and seasoned skin, eyes rolling back moaning as the flavor exploded across her tongue. Those meaty breasts, that plump bottom, not only did they taste divine, but they felt oh so good going down her throat.

Inside the depths of the wolf's gullet, Goldilocks legs thrashed like a wild fish, her legs flailing outside of the Wolf's lips. Despite her desperate attempt at escape, the muscles held her tight and sent her curvy form down, soon squeezing through the stomach entrance and into the hellish organ that had claimed so many before her. The sphincter allowing her passage, she oozed into the expanding room. The acids sizzled and burned as soon as they touched her skin, getting a whimper and whine. Tears filled her eyes, hope lost when she felt the wolf's lips close over her feet. One final gulp sent the rest of her body packed inside the undulating chamber, tightly hugging her into the most uncomfortable fetal position. Caustic flow rose, the walls tightening. Bones splintered and cracked, meat peeling and dissolving. Goldilocks thrashing intensified with the suffering agony until she finally went still, eyes losing life. When the spirit left, the body left behind finally yielded under the pressing, squished into a messy, bloody pulp.

Outside, the big bad wolf watched the fight slow to a halt and her stomach shrinking,



licking her the taste still licking to her muzzle.

The thing about the Fairytale kind was that never really died, of course as long as those tales still stood strong in the minds of many, still told to people of all kinds. So it was no surprise when Goldilocks eyes still fluttered open to see the light. Unfortunately, she was still in the abode of the Big Bad Wolf, again bound, but not gagged and for a sinister reason. Detecting movement from the corner of her eye, she looked to see the wolf with a spit in hand. Instantly the terror gripped her.

“No! Please don’t!” She shrieked in fear absolute as the wolf approached the table and lined the iron’s sharpened tip towards her ripe sex. “Just let go, please!”

Without mercy or ceremony, the big bad wolf shoved that spit clean through from pussy to mouth, piercing every organ in between. Goldilocks screams of agony turning to steel-choked gurgles, which went on as she was hoisted from the table and placed over the roaring fire. Again the Wolf doused her sauces and seasonings while her flesh went from pain to a crisp golden brown, her body rotated round and round. Death came over the blaze, but like the acids, she felt the burning pain to end that took its agonizing time. Some hours after that she was taken off the bonfire and left to cool, then spit removed and flesh consumed whole and intact, left to gurgle and churn while the wolf relaxed with her belly fat and happy.

And the cycle continued again. Goldilocks awoke from another nightmare into a new one same as the old, a spit shoved right through her prepared body and put over the fires. The only difference being afterwards. Instead of gulping Goldilocks down immediately, she set her upon a greasy, bloodstained platter and took up knife and fork. Bit by bit, she cut into the roasted flesh and brought each bit to her lips to be chewed and savored; purposely saving her special bits and her head for last. Once she got to the main course, she started with the breasts, a chewy little delicacy that was more a snack if anything. The ass and pussy steaks, on the other hand, was a much more filling treat coupled with the flavorful explosion in the young woman’s loins.

Finally came the head. Taking Goldilocks by her golden locks, she helped it up high and dropped it down her gullet, tracing the bulge as it slid down her neck and into her flabby chub with the rest of the chewed up mush.

“Mmmph!” she cooed, sucking the flavor from her fingertips with wet pops off each end.

“That was *juuuuust* perfect if I do say so myself.”

With a wicked grin, she looked to Goldilocks cage as the girl once again reformed and stirred from her slumber in death. When the poor girl once found herself still trapped in this night, she broke down into a sobbing mess. The wolf approached, cackling.

“Oh don’t cry dear.” She reached for the cookbook lying nearby and held it down for her to see. “We’ve got six-hundred, sixty-three more ways to cook you to go!”

The wolf broke out into sadistic laughter that, mixing with the girl’s wails, traveled throughout the cavern, over the bones of the dead, and escaping to the outside world; startling the birds from their perches into the darkest night skies.