

Asuka slowly pushed herself out of bed, her muscles still stiff from yesterday's training. Waking up before sunrise had become routine, and each movement made Asuka's joints crackle. Now 18 years old, she had defeated countless Angels, honing her skills, body and mind. However, no amount of personal gain was ever enough, she always felt like her partner Shinji was one step ahead of her. Back when they first met, the gap in skill between them was notorious, but as time went on Shinji improved tremendously, while Asuka's mental health deteriorated, and so did her command over the Unit. She was now relegated to minor, low risk missions, while Shinji had become leader of his own squad.

The walk towards the kitchen was almost instinctive, the small three-room apartment Asuka now called home was another reminder of her shortcomings. While Shinji and the others became notorious figures, the auburn-haired woman faded into irrelevance. What she found more insulting was how they treated her, the same way they did 4 years back, as if nothing had happened, as if all was rainbows and sunshine. It had been months since the last time she spoke to Shinji, but calling that a conversation would be a stretch. Their relationship had grown cold, the innumerable turbulences of the past, uncountable regrets, had created a chasm none dared to cross. Shinji moved away, avoiding contact with her whenever possible, and lying through his teeth whenever they were forced into the same room.

Adjusting her hair, Asuka stood naked in front of the kitchen's broken mirror, shattered by her fist when she vented her anger the night before, dry blood still clinging to the glass. Caressing her curious frame, she touched herself in front of her disfigure reflection, muffled moans echoing through the room. With one hand she worked her sex, fingers skillfully reaching into her sensitive spots, gaining momentum as she used her free hand to stimulate her D-cups. She stayed there, seconds feeling like an eternity, building up rhythm, fingers sliding in and out as juices started to pour out of her pussy. Moans turned into animalistic grunts, fingering herself with fervor, her nails digging deep into soft flesh, faint smell of blood mixing with her own fluids that dripped down her legs into the cold floor.

"Shinji...". She stopped, her masturbation gradually turning into an access of rage. Knees dropping and body going limp, Asuka fell static to the floor, her limbs spread as small convulsions rushed through her lower torso, as if her own body continued to masturbate even though she no longer touched it. "I want you...always wanted you...".

There she remained for several minutes, looking at the emptiness of the white ceiling, small particles of sweat forming over her, eyes fixated, hair undone and spread, collecting dust and crumbs from whatever she had eaten recently. She was a mess, her fall from grace made reality. Curling into a ball, Asuka sobbed while cursing all starts for her fate, a twisted smile of sadness and vile, the kind only a broken person can have. More time passes and she slowly regains control over her body, thumbling her way back up.

"But it's okay, I've got a plan to fix everything. I'll make everything as it should be, as it should always have been...". Asuka decisively walked up to the fridge, taking a large, glassy bottle filled with a strange red liquid. As she removed the lid made of same material as the bottle, a virulent smell filled the room, nauseating and powerful. Asuka didn't mind it, bringing the putrid stuff to her lips, parting them as the disgusting ambrosia descended into her mouth, entering her esophagus until finally reaching her stomach. As soon as the

bottle became empty, Asuka threw it against the wall, shattering into thousands of pieces. “Shinji... I do this for you, for us. I won’t let you go away. You’ll be mine and no one else. I’ll own you...protect you...I’m your ANGEL”

“Urhg...my head...”. Shinji complained, feeling a skull cracking pain his vision blurry. He didn’t recognize where he was, or what had happened. The last thing he remembered was going on about his business, like any ordinary day. It was late at night and he was making his way back home when suddenly he heard a voice behind him and everything went black. Looking around, Shinji distinguished he was in a room but not HIS room. Laying in a doubled sized bed, he tried to get up, but was held in place by shackles locking his arms to the bed frame. He still had his clothes on, so at least he hadn’t been violated...yet. The room had very dim light, and discerning the furniture only made his headache worse. Before he could cry for help, a shady figure emerged from the dark corner of the room.

Shinji sunk into the bed, fear taking over him. Asuka stood in front of him, naked, slowly reaching her hands towards his legs. He always knew she was kind of crazy, just not enough to kidnap someone. He thought about screaming but somehow Shinji knew it would only make things worse, allowing her to silently get closer, removing his shoes and socks, climbing on top of him. While Asuka matured and blossomed, Shinji barely gained any muscle or height, standing slightly lower than his captor. He looked deep into Asuka’s eyes, an aura of madness emanating from her gaze. Her breasts had developed a lot in the last 4 years, covering the distance between them.

“Like what you see?” She teased, gently pressing her tits against his torso. “Do you want to taste them?”. Asuka got closer, whispering into his ears. “Are you hungry, Shinji? Because I am. Would you let me eat you?”. She licked his face, caressing his hair. “It doesn’t matter what you want though...I’m taking control now...just be a good boy and do as your told”. She got off of him, unlocking the shackles. “Now undress”

“Like hell I will, you crazy bitch!!”. Shinji leaped off bed, getting close to Asuka before he threw a punch at her. He wouldn’t hit a woman, but this situation was way out of the ordinary. His effort was futile, Asuka easily catching his fist midair, throwing him back to where he came. She bolted towards him, hitting him in the stomach with one hand, then quickly lifting him off the ground with the other, holding the injured man by the throat.

“Now THAT is how you throw a punch, pipsqueak!” She said, her voice strangely distorted, grinning in satisfaction. She punched him one more time, completely removing the air inside his lungs before slamming him face first into the floor. “Now, will you be a good boy, and do as you are told, or should I punish you more?”

“Stop... I’ll do as you say, just don’t hurt me...”

“Then get naked already!!!”

Shinji obeyed, taking off his clothes before Asuka gave him another beating with that inhumane force she somehow had.

“Looking like a whole fucking meal now! Hands behind your back, NOW!”. She ordered, and he obeyed. “We can chat later, I’ll eat my food now, baby dick”. Asuka grabbed his

head, shoving it into her mouth, jaws opening apart so Shinji's skull would fit. Everything happened so fast, Shinji didn't have time to think, Asuka tilted her head back, lifting Shinji's whole body. Now helped by gravity, Shinji descended quickly down Asuka's throat, his shoulders getting stuck at her lips, but those would soon stretch even further to allow the food to pass.

Not believing what had just happened, Shinji tried to fight, kicking and screaming desperately attempting to fight the immense force pushing him downwards, but each movement he made only caused his body to fall further and further. A final muffled scream escaped Asuka's mouth when Shinji's entire torso got swallowed up, his legs sticking out, but their fight weakening. Deep inside Asuka's body, Shinji had entered her stomach, his naked body bathed in saliva and mucus. Blinking frenetically, Shinji couldn't believe this was real, repeating to himself that it could only be a bad dream.

Asuka laid in her bed, savoring Shinji's crotch before the inevitable. She took special care to suck his dick off just enough to cause some precum to come out, before swallowing everything that was left of him in one swift and strong GULP. Her belly was now huge with Shinji trashing around still trying to put up a fight. His puny punches and quicks tickled her at best. Once her jaw was back in place, Asuka used her powers to command her stomach to close around Shinji, forcing him to curl into a ball so he would not be crushed, the stomach walls now sturdy as steel.

"If I had known Angel blood allowed people to do this, I would have tried it years ago. Oh well, at least we both get to enjoy it, right scrub?" She teased, slapping enlarged belly with gusto, tiny waves rippling through her skin.

"What the fuck is this?!? Get me out of here!! What's wrong with you?!!?" Shinji screamed, his voice barely audible, muffled by the walls of flesh surrounding him. Suddenly, the little air he had was sucked out, and the walls around him caved in just enough to make it painful to stay in the fetal position.

"Shut up, limp dick. Food doesn't have the right to talk, plus I didn't hear you complain about the blowjob I'd given you just now." She joked, crackling a distorted laugh." It doesn't need to be bad though. If you behave, I can make it a pleasurable experience, my little doll". Asuka tenderly caressed her belly, as if calming a child. "But if you want to play rough, I'm happy to teach you a lesson about respecting your mistress. You might have noticed I can tighten your little cage whenever I want... and breathable air is a privilege". She taunted, knowing Shinji was struggling to remain conscious. "But since this is just the beginning of our bonding, I'll give you a vote of confidence". With a devious smile Asuka relaxed her belly, easing the pressure on Shinji as well as allowing airflow to return. "There, there. Much better now, right?"

"Asuka...am I going to die?"

"Not if you behave. I'll let you out when I believe we're truly bonded. Until then, get used to your new room, hope you don't mind the warmth". She laughed. "By the way, I want to practice my dance do you want to tag along?". A low pitched gurgled emanated from the bulge that was Shinji. "I'll take that as a yes"

Asuka stood up, a slight difficulty to rebalance her movements to the new mass that constantly pulled her forwards. She got dressed, using the same red jumpsuit she'd use all those years ago, the front zipper barely making it through the large bump on her gullet. Technology had advanced in the last years and now pilots could simulate fighting Angels from the comfort of their homes, the idea being that a friendly environment would improve their performance in battle. Putting on a VR set, that was comprised of head gear, special gloves and motion sensors, Asuka was ready to give her best.

“Shinji”. Asuka spoke softly, laying both her hands over the elongated belly. “This is important to me...to us. I know everything is happening so fast, but please do your best. The sooner we sync, the sooner you'll get to see sunlight. So be a good doll and dance with me”.

Asuka closed her eyes, a simulation of an Angel attack playing for only her to see. Controlling her old mech, Asuka began her performance Shinji's mind connected from within her belly. At first their movements were jagged and rough, Shinji fought her at every moment out of spite but Asuka wouldn't allow that. Her first instinct was to compress him until he submitted, but maybe another approach would be more productive. Taking a deep breath, Asuka let loose her muscle mass increasing the space available for Shinji. He could now more comfortably move around, brushing his sore body, drenched in strange juices that oozed from the fleshy walls.

Shinji thought about making a run for it forcing his way up to Asuka's mouth then breaking free, but a distinct aroma started to fill the enclosed space. His body started to tingle, and he noticed the pain he was feeling began to subside, substituted by an intense arousal. Shinji covered his mouth with both hands, but it was too late, his dick twitching between his legs, the temptation too great to resist any longer. Slowly lowering his hands, Shinji began to masturbate, each stroke making ripples through wetness surrounding him.

Asuka could feel it with each pump of Shinji's cock he lost control over himself, a slow but steady increase in the “dance” performance. She abruptly shifted her weight to allow better movement, rocking the stuffed gut hard enough to cause Shinji to do a complete 360, a bath of stomach fluids washing over him, the intoxicating air filling his lungs.

Their shared minds made it possible for Asuka to experience what Shinji was feeling her own legs dripping, clear lines starting from her snatch and ending on the floor, staining the red suit with her love. She wanted to get off, but that's what being the master meant, sometimes you need to make sacrifices in order to properly train your dolls. In the simulation her movements became fluid as clear water, they were almost perfectly connected.

Shinji had completely submitted, he no longer fought Asuka, letting her use his brain as she chooses. His masturbation became ferocious, leaning into the walls, his face sticking to them, coyly licking off whatever dripped down. It was warm and wet, his legs extended towards the inside of Asuka's body. What if he kicked her by accident? Would it hurt her organs? Will she know when he ejaculated? Those questions barely registered as Shinji came to a climax, his whole body becoming stiff, forcing his face against flesh, to the point where Asuka could see his silhouette forming on the outside skin. He moaned her name, caving in to her control as a string of cum splashed in front of him, his legs giving up losing balance and rolling around the dark cavity, his own load mixing with the liquids,

bathing his naked body. He was still rock hard, and the hormones in the air gave him extreme vigor, stroking his dick once again with even more fervor, breathing becoming erratic as Shinji tried to inhale as much as he could.

“YES!”. Asuka shouted, their sync complete. With incredible skill she easily dodge all incoming attacks from the simulated Angel, taking her time to dismember it limb by limb before lopping off it’s head. She removed the VR gear, tossing it aside before literally ripping off her suit, crashing with her back against the ground. “You don’t get to enjoy yourself alone...” Asuka purred, her belly wabbling as Shinji stroke his rod inside, a stronger shake happening whenever he came. Fingering her own sex, tears of joy ran down Asuka’s face, a sinfully smiling to herself. “Tell me Shinji, what are you?” She told on a metallic voice, contracting her stomach, making it too cramped for him to masturbate.

“No, please...I...I need to...” Shinji whimpered, his hands stuck on his sides, his cock centimeters out of his reach.

“What are you, little man?” She asked again, this time her voice had a dominant tone to it.

“I’m yours...I’m your...DOLL”

“And what should I do with my doll? Will you be good?”

“YES! PLEASE, LET ME WORSHIP YOU! I’VE NEVER FELT LIKE THIS!!LET ME MASTURBATE TO YOU! I’M SORRY FOR BEING RUDE TO YOU, OR TO LEAVING YOU BEHIND”. Shinji was in tears, his boner was starting to hurt, and he felt as if he didn’t cum soon his balls would literally explode.

“Apology accepted” Asuka relaxed, dilatating her stomach, Shinji quickly getting back to action. Unlike her toy, Asuka knew how to hide her eagerness, her pussy gushing out as she rammed in all her 4 fingers into it, her breathing hurting as she tried to hide her own pleasure, electricity running down her spine with each thrust. It doesn’t befit a mistress to show weakness to a servant. And that’s what Shinji was, a servant, a slave to her body, her little doll. She would use and abuse him, and all his melted brain could do would be to submit. And if he ever tried to fight her, she could easily deck him.

“I had planned to let you out in a day or to, that is if you were a good boy. Otherwise, I would have to digest you, can’t leave loose ends...” She chuckled.” But now I’m not sure you ever want to live. What number are you now? 5, maybe it’s the 6th time you busted a load inside me? How pathetic!” She laughed, but Shinji didn’t care, covered in cum and bile all he could think was the next time his body would become stiff and his cock would feel relieve.” At this rate I’ll have to let you out soon, otherwise you’ll masturbate yourself to death! And v can’t allow that, not when I have so many things in mind”.

Asuka didn’t care to clean the mess she’d made, simply wiping her pussy with a piece of her suit before going back to bed. As she laid there, Shinji was still active and that started to annoy her.” Play time’s over”. At her command, the walls around Shinji closed in, and the hair returned to normal. He tried to protest, but as soon as he was curled into a fetus

exhaustion came. So much masturbation had left him with no energy to move, and with no alternative all he could do was close his eyes and await whatever Asuka had in store.

“Sleep well, doll. You’re gonna need a lot of energy to satisfy me tomorrow”. Asuka looked over her breasts, the large lump that was Shinji was still a strange sight, but she would need to get used to it from now on. She wanted to explore more of her new abilities but for now having Shinji as food would need to suffice. With a satisfied breath, Asuka fell asleep, the occasional movement coming from her stomach made for a delightful reminder of what she was capable of.

“Guess It’s time I let you out, been two days now”. Her legs spread, Asuka stood on the bathroom shower, warm water pouring down her head and back, her hands pulling apart her buttcheeks.” Damn it, why is it so hard to get you out...the way in was much easier”. She groaned, making force as if to push a massive dump. Shinji had been moved through the intestines and was soon to be shat out. “I guess you’re soon to be a piece of shit...how fitting”. Breathing heavily, she pushed him further, feeling his head entering her rectum.

“Fuck, this is tough! I’m glad you have short shoulders”. She could feel him poking on the inside of her ass. “One...final...PUSH!!”. She struggled to force him out, at first all it came was his head, sticking out of her ass like a tail. She’d have laughed or taken a photo if her legs weren’t shaking so much, but as soon as his shoulders made through the rest of him launched out easily enough.

A yellow slime covered Shinji head to toe, entering every orifice, a strong stench emanating. His cock had gone flaccid, and his eyes were dazed, avoiding the bathroom lights after so much time in the dark”. Asuka turned around, letting the water calm her legs and wash away any residues of her “birthing”.

“Can you speak, or did your brains turn to shit too?”

“I...yes mistress.”

“Good, cause I’m not touching you. You smell like a sewer rat, and look like one too”. She stepped out of the shower, grabbing a towel to dry herself. “You have two minutes to take a bath and fix yourself, then drag that skinny ass to the kitchen, I don’t want you starving. Then I’ll see what to do with you, god knows I’ll need some time to mentally prepare before v try shitting you out...” She took her leave without taking another look at Shinji”.

He sat there, legs spread on the shower floor, water running through him, its warmth reminding him of the place he just had been, literally shit out of. It was a strange feeling but somehow, he felt like he belonged to her, as if she was his rightful master, sort of a divine intervention. Building up strength, Shinji stood up and began to wash away the stench and grime attached to his skin, the refreshing sensation of running water breathing new life on his tired form. As he stepped out the shower, Shinji silently waved goodbye to his old, normal life, and embraced the weird depravities that awaited his as Asuka’s doll.