

Persona 5

Neet's Unbridled Wrath

With great anticipation, Futaba Sakurai paced back and forth in front of her home's front door. She would've been farming the rare event in the latest MMO that hooked her, but apparently Makoto was taking her sweet time getting the instant meals and several liters of soda she requested. As soon as the doorbell rang, she threw open the door, startling Makoto on the other side.

"Where've you been?" demanded the orange-Hair neet, a sharp glare beneath her glasses as she folded her arms. Another look and she noticed Makoto wasn't holding anything, that her face and clothes were stained with food. "What happened to you?"

"So um.." Makoto began, almost anxious fidgeting as she went on. "I might've been coaxed by a certain someone into an eating contest and...spent all the money you gave me to enter. But hey, at least I won?"

Futaba just stared blankly, baffled. That was her money (Actually her adopted father's) and she spent it on an eating contest with Ren!? Slowly, she began tipping over the edge and all it took for her to go completely go over the edge was a single sound.

gurrrrrrgle...

Her belly was hungry, so much so that anything looked like a good tummy stuffing. *Anything.*

The last thing Makoto Niiijima saw was a furious NEET lunging towards her, jaws agape and rapidly coming closer until the hot, wet darkness engulfed her entire world. Instantly panic settled in and in that terror she struggled to push Futaba away. When that didn't work, she tried prying the shut-in's mouth open as a last ditch effort. Unfortunately, those were promptly sucked in too, leaving Makoto utterly helpless as her head began to slip down the angry gullet. Like a machine, the small girl rapidly devoured Makoto, grabbing and shoving and gulping before repeating the process with the next chunk of her the young woman's body, her surprisingly powerful throat doing most of the work. Neither Makoto's shoulders, chest, or hips caused her any trouble all, though she wasn't really taking time to savor this chubby, thick treat.

Soon after Makoto was first swallowed and sent down the tight, pulsating passage was her head emerging on the other side. Immediately, the sickening smell of stomach and the acrid scent of acid struck her nostrils with a one-two punch, her eyes watering from the burning sensation. Her shoulders followed and right that was her chest, then her hips. She was swiftly curling up inside the constantly shifting, fleshy confines of the NEET's hungry stomach and no matter how much she squirmed, it

didn't do anything to slow her descent, let alone reverse it. Moments passed and the last of her body came squeezing. Fifteen minutes was all it took for Makoto to be completely swallowed and packed in Futaba's gastric chamber, the walls forcing the brunette in a painful fetal position and soaked her with highly acidic juices.

"HURRRRRROUP!" Came the deafening, bombastic displaced wind from her within, then looked down at her massive, sagging stomach, hugging Makoto's curves and contours.

"Futaba, let me out!" screamed Makoto, inside the acids searing through her clothes and tingling against her skin. "Seriously, it's starting to burn now! You're actually digesting me!"

Yeah, that's what happens to food in a stomach, miss student council president. Futaba mentally taunted before backing her way into the house and closing the door. With such a heavy weight now sitting in her stomach, every step was a challenge, which only got worse when she started climbing up the stairs back to her room. If Makoto's new home wasn't tight enough as it is, Futaba squeezing her fat stomach through the thin corridor that led up to the bedroom door, then the door itself briefly clamping down on her. Flopping down in her seat, Futaba let out a sigh that it was finally over, her stomach happy and sated. With hunger out of the way, Futaba leaned towards her computer, letting her stomach sag between her legs as she commenced farming for rare, once in a lifetime gear.

As Futaba sunk the next twelve hours of her life into the latest MMO event, her stomach started getting to work on the class president and for almost two hours, she fought hopelessly to escape before exhaustion set in. She stood no chance against the NEET's unrelenting, unmerciful stomach, acids rising and walls getting progressively forceful in breaking down her slender form. Meanwhile, Futaba was so engrossed, not only did Makoto's struggles go unnoticed, but so did the changes her body underwent as the digestive process took its toll. With every passing hour, with every couple of inches of her stomach shrinking, the thin shut-in's chest grew out one cup size at a time, her backside growing so curvaceous that it was threatening to tear out of her jammies.

Eventually, that joyous moment finally came, the rare piece of equipment she made her goal finally appeared before. With pent up emotion exploding from its jar, she leaped out of her chair with her arms in the air, only to get promptly smacked in the face by her new, massively improved bust with so much force, she toppled back several steps and landed on the bed behind her. She instantly sat up, staring at her chest with stars in her eyes, excitedly grasping her soft, pillowy orbs. They had to be K-Cups at the very least! She shot up out of bed and looked at herself in the mirror, gasping again as she looked at how much her body changed from digesting Niijima.

“Wow! You really leveled up my body Makoto!” she cheered with a gleeful, if not mischievous grin turning with a little hop to look at her gigantic rear trying to slip free from her pants. “I look like a hentai game character now!”

Throwing open the closet door, she reached for a few outfits she hid from Sojiro, cosplays of various sexy characters from her favorite games that now, thanks to Makoto, she actually had the features to fit the provocative attires. She happily giggled and gleefully announced.

“Forget sleep, it's time for cosplay!”