

*Her Casual
Supplement*

A Rather Short Story

By

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It all happened so fast that I didn't have any time to really comprehend what was going on. Her tongue shifted under me, then jerked back with sudden force. The resulting surge of flesh and saliva carried me down into her throat as she swallowed. Its thundering sound echoed around my head as I plunged downward into its dark, slimy embrace.

The journey was claustrophobic, and so painfully tight that I couldn't breathe. But mercifully short, at the very least. With a wet spirt, I popped through a tight ring of muscle and took a deep, gasping breath of air before dropping into the already quite full and seething digestive chamber.

I fell a short distance, bounced off a slimy wall of flesh, then splashed down into the soupy, churning mix of chewed food. A small cry of alarm escaped my lips as my bare skin was submerged in the caustic, turbulent stew. Which left me sputtering and trying to clear my mouth and throat of the disgusting bile for several horrifying seconds.

The heat and darkness of the wet abyss closed in once I cleared as much of the mess from my face as possible. It was a somewhat futile act, as it did little to lessen some of the ominous prickling over it. But I could breath a bit easier, which was better than nothing.

I took a moment to orient myself as the sounds of her colossal body thundered into my ears. From the constant roar of air as it rushed through her lungs, to the rumbling gurgles of her expansive maze of guts below me. All while the steady beat of her heart pounded around me. Where each hammering pulse could almost be felt coursing through the slick flesh as I moved to rest my back against it.

Just then, through the near deafening noise, I was just able to make out the sound of her voice. However, the usually slightly accented, soprano pitch of it had become muffled and down to a low, mumbled growl. So, I couldn't quite make out the exact words. Not that it really mattered all that much to me at that point.

Whatever it was she had to say, whether a thankful complement or otherwise, made little difference to me. After all, my entire existence had just had been reduced to a piece of food. Nothing more than just a small addition to her evening meal. And no longer worthy of any consideration... by either of us.

At least, that's how I felt about it, and would anyone blame me? Was it my concern whether she enjoyed my taste or the feel of me writhing in her belly? I had become her food, it really didn't matter what I thought of her. Especially as there wasn't anything I could really do about it.

Did she give a second thought about me once the taste of my flesh left her lips? Unlikely. After all, who spent more than a few seconds contemplating the last bite of potato they'd just swallowed. So, why should I spend the last few moments of my life worrying about whether Phoebe appreciated my sacrifice. It wasn't as though she cared all that much about me, considering what her stomach was eagerly preparing to do to me.

Even so, I couldn't help but think about her for a moment as I scrambled to find an adequate place to stand in the chest high muck around me. Where my thoughts lingered on various parts of the body I was about to become part of. From the alluring twist in her lips whenever she smiled, such as just before I had passed through them. To the delightful swell of her breasts and how they moved every time she laughed or breathed a little heavily.

But it was the shapely curve of her hips and the taunting way they had always swung side-to-side as she walked that soon occupied my mind. I'd always secretly admired her butt, especially after my new size had changed it the size of a house. Something that had made the more unfortunate aspects of my situation a little more bearable, in the end.

I had even gotten a glimpse of it once, some time before. We were in her bedroom; I was standing on the dresser as she set out clothing... I think it was just after she'd showered. I couldn't quite recall just then. Either way, it was an experience that left me both in shock and awe of her at the same time.

The image of that one, glorious moment filled my mind and I let the last of my guilty inhibitions fade away. To let some of my darker fantasies loose and run free through my mind. All of which worked to elicit a different kind of ominous tingle that started to arise from my midsection.

Perhaps that was why she'd done it. Maybe I had somehow grown too close to her and gotten a little too comfortable in her presence. After all, I had made a couple of *suggestive* comments afterwards. And being a bit of an asshole to her, despite how much she may have deserved it, might have been a bad idea as well.

Of course, it then dawned on me that I would soon have the honor of being intimately acquainted with hers very soon. Not that there was likely to be anything left of me to fully appreciate it. But the mental picture of me getting rebirthed through her crinkled starfish was a surprisingly pleasing thought. A rather grim and somewhat perverse outlook, but there was no use denying the inevitable culmination of my life. So, I might as well get some enjoyment out of it while I could.

As it turned out, the image of my flesh fusing with hers, and being transformed into a small part of that jiggling mass, that let me fully accept my fate. But also managed to get me a tiny bit excited about the prospect of it as well, oddly enough. A state of mind that, once I managed to find a stable enough position against the swirling eddies of liquefying mush, led to some experimental self-gratification.

After a few passionate seconds, the repetitive action caused me to slip and I paused for a moment to adjust myself. "Fine, just be sure to put me to good use," I sighed in resignation and thumped the wrinkled flesh behind me with my fist.

Which had probably been a really bad idea, as it didn't go as well as expected. Although, there was some comfort in the fact that it was the last I would ever be able to make. As the thin air around me burned my lungs and caused a short bout of sporadic coughing. While the sudden twist caused my feet slip and plunged me under the surface of the digestive muck, yet again.

The entire event took less than a second and caught me completely by surprise. I went from casual masturbation to painful digestion so quickly that a gasp of shock rose in my throat before I could stop it. Which sucked in a mouthful of the caustic liquid as the taste of beef, potatoes, saliva, and bitter bile flooded my senses while I struggled back to the surface. Its biting discomfort only served to make the coughing that much worse and kept me from getting a good foothold.

So did the sudden, almost violent, churning convulsions of her stomach. Which, whether from my own spastic movements, or my own dumb luck, had just woken up and started to put serious effort into digesting her dinner. A drastic turn of events that not only put an end to my lustful contemplations, but also signaled the beginning of my torturous demise.

A deep, eager sounding groan rose up from her bowels and rumbled around me. I didn't have any time to contemplate its implications for, as if in response, her stomach heaved with a particularly strong convulsion just then. The sudden spasm sloshed its contents so much that I was swept away and became lost somewhere within it.

I probably could have dealt with the tumult, after things settled back down. Since, despite the growing activity, there was still plenty of room to maneuver and find a relatively safe spot. But just as I had regained my bearings and began to work my way toward the stomach wall, a fresh torrent of liquid burst into her gut.

The sudden flood poured down in several waves, each heralded by the low, thunderous reverberation of her gulping swallow. It not only drenched me in whatever after-dinner drink she was enjoying, but also renewed the chaotic maelstrom of corrosive enzymes and partially digested food as it settled while starting to fill her stomach. And I was once again forced to try and fight my way to the surface as the instinctual, and rather futile, urge to survive kicked in.

However, the desire to live was soon eclipsed by the still smoldering heat between my legs. It made me pause for a moment to consider the strangest, and thankfully last, conflict in my depressingly short life. As both somehow managing to survive the next few minutes and having one last, furious wank before she digested my ability to do so.

In the end, it was my dick that won out, of course. So, as her gut continued to convulse and groan with ever-increasing savagery around me, I began to gratify myself with the same desperate fury. My hand clenched around my yearning manhood with in death grip and began to assault it with the reckless abandon only a doomed man could produce. All while I writhed and twitched in the churning, digestive stew from the electric waves of bliss it produced.

The sudden burst of pleasure served as a rather effective means of distracting me from everything. As already the constant, prickling tingle had grown into a smoldering flame. Which blazed across my exposed flesh with a rapidly increasing intensity that soon fought to drown out the rush of endorphins surging through my brain.

But there was something else that danced into my thoughts as well, an unexpected feeling that drove my arousal surprisingly higher. An odd sense of defiance. It welled up within me and seemed to pulse in my chest in time with each, passionate stroke of my hand. A sense that my short eruption of self-satisfaction was a rebellion against the domination she had come to claim over me.

It was something I hadn't quite expected and unfortunately didn't have time to fully explore. But the more I focused on it, the more it sent ever-stronger surges of erotic bliss shooting out from my loins. All while the environment within her churning gut continued to become increasingly hostile as it sloshed me around.

Each subsequent convulsion or groan seemed more powerful than the last. Some of which were strong enough to expel some of the air trapped with me as well. So much so, that despite the tide of joy streaming from my midsection, I began to grow a little concerned at the dwindling supply. Not to mention the disconcerting numbness that had been slowly spreading across my body.

Although, it did quench the acidic fire as it expanded, which made it easier to concentrate on the matter at hand. Where, despite my previous thoughts about it, I found my mind drifting back to her. It was all I could think about. She had become my entire universe, the final resting place for the parts of me her body deemed worthy. And I had grown to want that more than anything else in the world.

I was struck a little dumb by this sudden realization, not knowing where it was from or how I could have come to feel such a way. But the longer I held it my mind, the more excited I got about it. The feeling continued to grow and surge within me, until my entire body pulsed with the first, imminent waves of my last, joyous climax.

It hit with a glorious swell of bliss that rocked my tiny, deteriorating body with enough force to make me writhe in passionate agony. Which used up what little reserve of strength I had left. All while the horrors of the world around me faded away as an orgasmic cloud fogged my mind.

When it finally ebbed, my lungs had all but gone out and I was dizzy from the lack of air. While the withering effects of her stomach had already broken down too much of my flesh for me to move anymore. And the way my body twisted and jerked had caused several important feeling things to break free and slip from my crumbling body.

So, I held onto the last lingering remnants of electric bliss as my lungs struggled to take the last, few gasping breaths they were capable of. I could already sense my consciousness slipping away,

but it didn't really concern me. Instead, there was only peace. Peace, and the oddly fulfilling feeling of knowing that I'd been able to give something back to my friend.

Perhaps..., I thought her stomach expelled the last bit of air and closed in around me,
“...*Perhaps she'll think of me whenever she sits down. Or gets an itch someplace that feels just like tiny feet used to. Wouldn't that be something.*”

A loud gurgling groan rumbled through the soupy liquid. My body twitched reflexively as part of it was torn away by the powerful currents. Followed by a short burst of pain the tore through my belly. I felt something within it give... then cold, eternal nothingness.

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