

Final Ride

By Supernova

A commissioned work

“Come over.” The text was simple, but Matt’s heart fluttered when he laid eyes on it. Having been friends with Kate for years, he felt an excited contentment at their newfound closeness after he started grad school. In spite of her being a senior at his old college, she was already slated to join the same postgraduate program.

Driving closer to her house, Matt looked in his rear-view mirror to sweep back his tousled brown hair. His vision almost vibrating because of his rapid heartbeat, he pulled up in front of the shared house and turned the car off.

Pondering his recently-blossoming “Relationship” with Kate, he had grown excited that they had grown more flirtatious. Though it was mostly through text, he always burst with excitement whenever sending something risky paid off. Incessant heart emojis peppered with a lot of kissy faces after nearly every message. It was almost lovey-dovey, but never having crossed the border into outright sexual.

Thinking of her always made him nearly melt. He’d keep a close eye on her social media, especially Tiktok, where he hit “like” on every post and incessantly left dotting comments. He wondered if he came off as creepy, but if that were the case, she wouldn’t instantly respond to all of his text messages. That’s the way it works, right?

Sitting in his car, he planned out what he should say when she answers her door. “Oh, hi Kate! It’s a nice day!” He said to himself in the mirror, noticing the subtle movements of his eyebrows. “Hey Kate! Long time no see!” He pursed his lips, remembering that phrase might be a little racist. “Hi! Kate! You’re great!” He cringed before leaning his head back on the headrest. “Why can’t I just be normal?”

Now nearly terrified of what might spill out of his mouth when he goes to the door, Matt took a deep breath, deciding to wing it. Walking across her front lawn, hoping their mutual friend Sydney wasn’t the one answering the door. It was rather early, but he knew she might be awake. Now in the midst of procrastinating his journey across her front lawn, he started bouncing his foot, hoping that she wasn’t inside the house spying on him, killing time.

After opening the front door, he forced himself to place one foot in front of the other. The pangs of anxiety within his chest began to shift into spiking spheres of pain. Wanting to clutch his shirt, he pursed his lips and continued marching. Each step felt like it took an entire minute. Though the house was rather small, with only two people living in it, it appeared massive. As though it seemed more imposing than it was for such a momentous occasion.

As he grit his teeth, he put his pointer finger on the doorbell and held it there, feeling his pulse through the gentle pressure. He sighed deeply, feeling the internal pain blown away as if by a calming breeze before he pressed the doorbell. He heard the bright dings echo through his skull.

Nothing. No answer.

His anxiety exploded back, now feeling as though his internal organs were on fire. He couldn't even hear any movement coming from inside the house. He rang the doorbell again, each time he could hear the distinct "Dings" pierce his eardrums. Trying to suppress his urge to shiver, he breathed slowly in through his nose and out through his mouth.

Again. No answer.

Shivering, he slipped his phone out of his pocket before tapping on his touchscreen. "Hey. U there??" He sent a heart emoji, hoping that it wasn't too much. Each second he waited for a response felt as though it was an eternity. He embarrassed himself as he saw the phone vibrating in his hands from his own anxiety. Why did he have to be so forward with her? "She's so out of my league." He thought as he stared sternly at the phone screen.

A green rectangle popped up. "It's open. Go inside. Ur sweet." Strangely terse for Kate, but he reached for the golden doorknob, easily turning it downward, listening to the click of the bolt.

The gust of air that burst from the front living room smelled pleasant and girlish, almost like Japanese cherry blossoms mixed with a hint of patchouli. Looking downwards, he saw a small mat with a few sets of running sneakers. Having never been to this house before, he thought it wise to play it safe and take off his own shoes before walking further.

After closing the door behind him, he couldn't help but notice how desolate the house seemed to him. "Kate! Are you there?" He shouted, thinking that he should add "Babe" to the end of the sentence, but his internal filter stopped him.

Sitting on the nearby plaid couch, he texted her yet again. "U in the house?" He asked, changing the autocorrect from "You" to "U" to seem more casual.

"Ya 1 sec!" The response was quick, but not too informative. Bouncing his leg up and down on the maroon carpeted floor, he gazed at the rather sparse decorations in the living room. Knowing that rental houses for college students tended to be rather low-fi, he was still surprised, as Kate always seemed to have a keen eye for aesthetics and decorations.

Still wondering what he should talk about with her, he thought back to their shared major: bioinformatics. Maybe they could both bond over the new algorithmic models for tertiary protein folding techniques? Or new 3D rendering methods for biomolecular sequencing?

He sighed again. "This is why I'll never have a girlfr-"

Matt jumped as the door swung open, revealing a sweaty, blushing Kate in short running shorts and a crop top athletic shirt. His jaw dropped, looking at how her sweat soaked into her long, blonde hair above her hairline, how it glistened over her pale skin, making her freckles look like stars. He leered at her, unable to say a word, watching her effortlessly kick her sneakers off, both landing in the exact right spot next to the others.

"So you came." Kate said with a grin on her face as she whipped a white towel off of a coat rack next to the doorway.

Matt gulped. "I, um, yes I did! Of course I did! You're awesome!" He felt a tinge of embarrassment at his own words as he watched her undo her ponytail, spilling out her golden blonde hair out from her tight ponytail. As she wiped off her forehead, she walked towards him, cocking her hips to the side wordlessly.

Pursing his lips, Matt looked up at her worriedly. "So, uh, wanna chill out? Like, maybe smoke some weed or something?"

"Yeah, let's smoke in a bit." She said, still standing, slightly stumbling as she peeled her socks off with her toes. Matt couldn't help but notice the musky scent of her sweat filling the room. In spite of the fact that she was standing several feet away, he could feel her body heat emanating off of her body. "I always smoke after a run."

Trying to keep his eyes off of her sweaty, pale midriff, Matt found himself growing embarrassingly aroused, feeling his cock grow down the side of his thigh. Standing up right now might be a disaster, especially as he could see her curvy, toned hips right in his peripheral vision as he stared into her bright blue eyes.

"Not with you, though." Kate giggled to herself as she dug through the tight, spandex pocket of her shorts, fishing out a small, pink circle.

Matt's head shot back in shock. "What do you mean? I, uh, I thought we were gonna chill today."

"I mean, we can call it that if you want," she said, seemingly amused. "You do know there's only a few spots in the bioinformatics program next year, right?"

Taken aback by the question, he looked down at his knees, both of them bouncing lightly. Forcing himself to sit still, he slowly craned his neck upwards as he watched Kate slip a pink ring on her left ring finger.

“I, uh, yeah? I thought you were applying for it?” Matt swallowed, feeling a lump growing in his throat. He had no idea where to take the conversation, his social anxiety mixed with his undeniable arousal to form complete chaos in his mind. Watching Kate admire her own ring, which looked like a simple pink band, he couldn’t prevent his own stammering. His foot bounced nervously. “I, uh, why?”

Kate turned to him and put her hands on her hips. Matt watched as he saw each of her fingers slightly depress her curves, making her body seem softer than it looked. “Because the program is full! And there isn’t anyone leaving next semester, so...” After drawing out the “So,” she put one of her fingers on her lips.

“So?” Matt’s heart was now beating so fast that he couldn’t tell where one beat ended and another began. It was as though he were doing high-intensity running of his own.

Kate slumped. “So I’m just gonna cut the bullshit.”

She raised her right hand and Matt felt as though he were staring directly into a pink sun. Light felt as though it burned into the back of his skull. He instinctively covered his face, finding himself both blind and completely naked. Now feeling like he was laying on an endless bed, he grunted as his eyes re-adjusted to the light.

Blurriness surrounded him as the afterimage of the brightness began to fade away. “Did she just take a picture? I didn’t see a phone!” He thought, as he crawled forward on his hands and knees, feeling his erect cock bounce between his bare thighs.

“What the fuck?” He asked, craning his neck upwards. The sensation in his chest shifted. Anxiety morphed into confused terror as he gasped, seeing Kate, her hands on her hips, staring down upon him. She looked to be the size of a skyscraper.

Blinking his eyes in complete disbelief, his jaw quivered as he heard a strange, whooshing tinnitus in both ears. “K...Kate! Wh-what?” He screamed as he shot back, landing on his back before covering his private area. “What’s going on?”

Kate’s sweaty face descended upon him. Her pink, glossy lips puckered into a tight o-shape before as it made its way towards his position. By comparison, he thought that she must have made him just two inches tall through some unknown science or magic.

Shivering, he watched Kate’s face grow impossibly large, to the point that her visage took up all of the real estate of his peripheral vision. He could see her pores, still leaking sweat, as her glossy lips made their way towards his quaking self.

“Wait! Stop! Don’t!”

As her wet mouth came into contact with him, a shocking sense of vulnerability shot up and down his spine. He couldn't even recognize it as anything human, as though an immense, warm slug were slithering over his naked body. Putting his hands up he could feel his fingers brush against the gentle, slippery wrinkles of the outside of her mouth. "Stop! Get away from me!" Inhaling, he could smell a morning breath-tinged haze combined with the subtle after-smell of strawberries. His erection grew so severe it was almost painful.

"Mmmmmwah!" She held out the kiss so comically long and painfully loud that Matt couldn't help but scream.

She moved far too fast for something so large. As she quickly stood back up, a small string of hot saliva broke over him, covering his lower neck and right arm with a splotch of sticky goo. Looking down upon it, he saw it was an oddly thick, gelatinous layer pocked with tiny, floating bubbles, smelling strongly of Kate's breath. Wiping it down his arm, it seemed to cling to him almost violently with a hefty amount of mucus mixed into the watery saliva.

"Eugh. Kate! What did you do?" He screamed, still on his back, trying to crawl away over the mountainous landscape of his now-empty clothes.

Kate laughed. "I kissed you, what did it look like? Isn't that what you wanted?"

Matt could feel his chest rise and fall as he lost near complete control of his emotions. "I... What are you doing? What?"

"Is that all you can say? Isn't it obvious? I'm freeing up my spot next year! And I'm getting some fun out of it, too!" Kate sounded as though she were beaming. Matt crawled forward, feeling the strange texture of his own, warm clothes under his tiny hands. Confused as to how this happened and as to what Kate's plans were, he looked down the edge of the couch and saw Kate's tremendous feet, still with the indentations of her tight socks that had just recently been peeled off. Thinking that they seemed extremely threatening-looking at this size, he watched her wiggle her toes almost playfully.

"What, you think I'm gonna smash you?" She said as she bent her left knee, lifting her foot off the ground, leaving a sweaty indentation on the carpet below. Hovering her sole directly over Matt, Kate let out another giggle. "I could do it, like, so easily. Do you want me to? It'd be over quickly, I promise."

Matt's senses burst into near overdrive. He had never been this close to death. Looking upwards, he could see the tiny maroon coils of the polyester carpeting stick to the bottom of Kate's sweaty foot. So close, he could see the tight coils of her toeprints, as well as smell the slight odor wafting off of her body.

"No! Please! Kate! Stop this!" He said through quivering tears.

The foot's shadow immediately lifted away. "Oh, okay! You don't want it to be quick, then. Thanks!" Kate's voice appeared chipper, as though Matt gave her the answer she wanted to hear. "I didn't want to clean a stain off of my couch anyway."

Now shivering, he watched Kate hook her thumbs underneath the waistband of her spandex shorts. His jaw, still open, quivered as he stared at her pale hips becoming slowly exposed as she pulled the tight bottoms away from her sticky skin. Looking at her clear farmer's tan where her shorts ended, he gulped as he saw the short blonde coils of her pubic hair. As she leaned forward, he could see how tightly her sports bra held her breasts to her chest underneath the purposefully-frayed crop top. Seeing her long, wet, blonde hair almost touch the ground as she leaned forward, he noticed that each strand was almost as thick as a rope to his tiny form.

Seeing the shorts bunch up near her ankles, he could see a flash of one of her vaginal lips as she violently kicked the sweat-soaked spandex to the other side of the room.

"Wh-what are you gonna do?" Matt screamed as he watched her turn around, showing off her round, plump ass still sticky from sweat. Words became caught in his throat as he watched her grab her left cheek, spreading the crack open just enough that he could see a glimpse of her asshole, still mostly shrouded in shadow. As she rubbed one of the perfectly toned cheeks, she continued to turn her head around, biting her lower lip before slowly letting it go.

Matt's heart sank as she watched her hand creep down the crevice of her ass before sticking her pinky into the hole, knuckle-deep. "Ungh." She let out a half moan-half sigh. "You think you can fit in there?"

Terror blasted through him. He felt as though he wasn't in control of his own body, as though some basic instinct took hold of him, forcing him to get up and run in the opposite direction of a perceived threat. His erection quickly vanished as disgust took hold in his chest, adding to the mixture of anxiety and terror. His internal world was a complete haze of confusion and fear.

"This can't be happening, this can't be happe-" Two fingers grasped his bare torso as he felt his feet leave the ground. Still kicking as though he were running, he shouted so loudly he couldn't even recognize himself. "Please! Kate! Don't!" A brutal sensation of ascent gripped his entire body as Kate stood up with him in tow. Air felt forced deeply into his nostrils, mouth, and even eye sockets as the gust of wind continued rushing.

"There you are with the 'Don't! Please! Ahh!'" Kate said with a girlish, mocking tone. "Like I'm gonna listen."

Looking upon Kate's immense face, he could see every detail in intimate clarity. The glistening sheen of quickly-drying sweat. The peach fuzz, some of which was glued to her face

from the wetness, now in the process of perking up. Her facial pores, still tightly-knit, now ejected sweat more out of excitement than exertion. Her big, beautiful blue eyes looked like dazzling pools of azure waves surrounding impossibly deep, dark pupils. Her button nose looked larger than he was, with each nostril looking big enough to snort him up.

“I didn’t ask you that, anyway.” Her hot breath continued to waft over his body.

“I asked you....”

Matt felt as though he were falling as her crop top whipped by at a nearly impossible speed. Barely able to see her midriff, he felt swung to her backside, seeing a tremendous cavern of incomprehensible depth before him. Being so close to her ass at this side forced a sensation of violation through his body, as though he had no agency of his own.

“If you’d fit...”

The heat radiating between her cheeks had a distinct feel to it, as though it carried the distinct haze of anal sweat directly from the deepest point of Kate’s crack. Feeling a distinct urge to vomit, the nauseous Matt put his hands up over his head in a defensive posture as he quickly approached the dark, fleshy crevice.

Now shrieking, he coughed in horror, feeling spit become caught in his throat as he brushed past the miniscule hairs lining Kate’s ass crack. Never even having a remote interest in anal, he found himself quickly thrust towards a personal nightmare. His forearms brushed against the inside surfaces of her ass crack, oozing past, as her skin was still covered with a layer of hot, sweaty slime from her recent run. Gritting his teeth, he thrashed his arms in random directions, grazing the slimy inside of Kate’s ass crack.

“Come on, get in there. You know you want to.”

Kate’s calm, playful tone sent a wave of fury through Matt, as if someone truly vindictive had driven a spike into his soul. Craning his neck upwards, he could see the brown-lined hole of Kate’s twitching anus. Gritting his teeth even further, he ground them so hard he could hear a loud crack. “NNNN!” Wincing so hard, he couldn’t even see the tiny, blonde hairs that lined around the wrinkly sphincter. Inhaling, he could smell a heavily sweat-tinged odor with a hint of dry feces cling to the inside of his sinuses. Now heaving, he placed his arms up in front of his body, desperately trying to avoid facial contact with the hole.

“EUUUGH!” He screamed as his palms slid up against the smooth, winking muscle, slipping away from the layer of hot sweat that coated every surface around him. “Stop! Kate!”

A deep, bone-chilling shiver shook every one of Matt’s cells as he felt a harsh thrust forward. The hole before him grew large enough to the point of facial envelopment. Putrid warmth clung to him as the sweaty hole wrapped around his head, muffling any noise from the

outside. Now forced to endure Kate's quick heartbeat against his face, he felt as though his skin were being turned inside-out. He didn't recognize the emotions he was now feeling, like a transcendent disgust that warped into some Hellish torture. In spite of the fact that the rectum's grip was soft as Kate continued to slip him up inside her, the humiliating violation caused Matt to experience excruciating agony from within.

"No! This can't be happening! No! No! This is too much! I can't handle this!" He thought as Kate used her pointer finger to press against the soles of his feet. Her anus expanded to wrap around his shoulders, forcing his arms against his torso as he was being further bound by the woman's anal flesh.

Kate clenched, forcing the air out of Matt's lungs. Unable to breathe, deathly thoughts flashed through his mind as he found a place of oddly logical comprehension. Now flooded in the depths of horror, he found himself slipped up to his waist up this woman's ass. His arms found themselves free in the fleshy sac as he thought about the fact that he was in the same place as every single shit that Kate had ever taken. Thrust up again, Kate's finger had pressed him so deep into her body that he found himself free-floating up the woman's rectum.

Now thrashing both his arms and legs, Matt felt the oddly generous give to the flesh surrounding him. Covered in anal slime, he screeched out the last lungful of air before a vile gas bubble spluttered in from up top. His eyes felt so sore they almost felt like they'd melt out of his head. The heat continued to pound his wet body from every direction as Kate clenched again. As though he were hugged by a bear, the tube constricted him, pressing his arms and legs into unnatural, pained positions.

Hopeless and weeping, he began to contemplate his own death. How he'd die after somehow being shrunken down and slipped up some woman's anus. The only solace in his heart was how no one else would know he was there.

"Hey Sydney!" He heard, muffled, through the tight, oppressively hot prison of Kate's body. "You were, like, totally right! It fucking worked!"

Sparking up a joint in Matt's car, Kate felt the excited squirming of her former friend far up her rear end. "Ahh! I can still feel him!" She exclaimed as she squirmed while taking the first hit.

As Sydney pressed the starter, she laughed with her friend. Brushing her dark brown hair behind her ear, she looked down at Kate's recently-changed shorts. "He's lasting a long time, huh!"

"Yeah, I just hope he lasts long enough to get to the park!" Leaning forward, Kate gave her girlfriend a peck on the cheek, causing her to blush. Looking into her deep blue eyes with a

loving expression, she squirmed again, feeling the thrashing of the tiny man within her. "Let's go, we'll still have plenty of time to spend there."

On the highway, Kate felt another phenomenal squirm as she felt bubbling come from within her midriff. "Oh, God! I hope I won't have to go to the bathroom soon!"

Sydney laughed. "Yeah! And good thing you're not driving! Imagine if he drowned when you're on the fucking road, girl? You'd, like, totally fucking crash."

"Yeah, that's so fucking - Ahh! - true!" She said, interrupted by her own scream as she felt his feet flutter up against the inside of her anus. "It's so ticklish! I can't believe I didn't try this sooner!"

Ten minutes passed as Sydney pulled into the parking lot, Kate's toes curling over her sandals as she continued writhing. "I can't go into the park like this, Sydney. Oh my god, I'm getting so sensitive."

Biting her lip and looking Kate in the eyes, she leered at the thin blonde as she breathily exhaled "Maybe I could use him for a while."

Kate paused, looking at Sydney extremely seriously before bursting into laughter. "Yeah! You'll see how it - Ahh! - feels!"

After unbuckling her seat belt, Kate shifted in her seat, reaching her hand down the back of her shorts. Wincing, she effortlessly slipped two fingers up her ass as she fished for Matt's squirming body. "Stop wiggling! I'm taking you out!" She felt his ankle slip over her pinching fingers twice, forcing her to sigh. Grunting, she plunged her pointer finger and middle finger so far up her ass she could feel her anus spreading. Pinching Matt between the two fingers like a scissor, she slid him out with a wet "schluck" sound.

"Ahh, there you are, you piece of shit!" Kate laughed as Sydney grinned right next to her.

Matt choked on the woman's sweat as he hung his head low. His hair now soaked in Kate's warm juices, he blinked several times, feeling his dizziness subside slightly. Coughing up a foaming froth, each inhalation carried with it the distinct scent of Kate's rectum. He'd never be truly free of it, he knew that if he had ever found his way out of the situation, the smell would be burned into his memory. Painfully craning his neck upwards, he saw the face of Sydney, someone he knew only in passing.

Wanting to scream, he succeeded only in coughing up another bubbling mass.

“Eww, he looks, like, so gross!” Sydney smiled as she pointed at the tiny, naked Matt, mockingly.

Kate giggled. “Yeah, well, he’s gonna have to get cleaned off then, huh.”

Still facing Sydney, Matt couldn’t even react as he felt another one of Kate’s mucus membranes wrap around him. Now surrounded in the familiar heat of her body, he could feel her warm tongue slither up against his tiny body. Unable to shiver, he fell limp, allowing her saliva to soak into his hair, washing off the anal scum that had covered him prior.

Burned out on the sensation of disgust, he accepted the torment that his former friend was giving him. The scent of her ass now tinged into her breath, Matt felt another harsh suck over his body as he felt himself launched upwards into her mouth. Now against her hard palate, he continued giving very little resistance to the warm, probing tongue now smearing her slime all over his body. Clusters of spit bubbles fluttered past him, slipping down her throat. In the back of his mind, he wished he could slip downwards just to end his own torment.

“Get into the back seat you crazy bitch.” He heard blasting around him.

As he was sealed in darkness, he could feel Kate’s body shifting all around him. Listening to the immense woman’s laughter shake his bones, Matt fell limp, knowing that any resistance would be completely useless. The wet slapping sounds continued all around him as the undulating tongue slid him up against the inside of Kate’s cheek, the wrinkly front of her palate, and the inside of her cheek. He almost wanted to dive towards her throat.

Light spilled out upon Matt’s body as he laid limp on Kate’s tongue. Looking down, he saw a field of short, curly brown hairs framing a pink, leaking slit. Gritting his teeth, he slapped his hands down upon the woman’s bumpy tongue, splashing a few cords of transparent spittle.

“Wait…” he gurgled, barely able to recognize his own voice as Kate’s tongue slipped out of her mouth, heading directly for Sydney’s waiting pussy.

The tongue descended between his acquaintance’s legs as Matt inhaled a long breath for a scream that never came. Inhaling the musky odor of Sydney’s crotch, he grunted loudly as he was sandwiched between the wet flesh of Kate’s tongue and Sydney’s pussy. “Ugh.”

Having no attraction to Sydney whatsoever, he wished to puke as the tongue guided him downwards towards her gushing vagina. Giving minimal resistance, each time he thrashed was like a jolt of electricity pounding through his innards. It was as though he spent his entire day being whipped with bamboo sticks.

As the wet oozes of the two women combined over his body, he lost all friction around his body. Any attempt to push against the vagina or the tongue was met with a pathetic slip of a hand.

Still grunting, he couldn't fight back against Kate's tongue positioning his legs into Sydney's vaginal entrance. Kicking his legs, he could only weep, feeling his tears mixing with the hot wetness that surrounded him. Less tight than Kate's ass, Sydney's pussy had its own unique scent and texture. Inhaling the harsh, deep aroma of this woman's crotch, he watched Kate's tongue leave his face a split-second before her fingertip gently pressed his forehead, forcing him to slip deep in between the woman's legs.

In an attempt to flee the woman's hole, Matt thrashed his arms, trying not to be overwhelmed by the pain of his aching muscles. Hearing the woman moan deeply and sexually, he saw, through his juice-blurred vision, Kate pulling up her pair of white panties with her straight, white teeth.

Matt found his face completely obscured by white panties. Feeling the liquid that surrounded him soak into the fabric, he almost felt as though he were being waterboarded. Overwhelmed with the sensation of drowning, he felt his own face press up against Sydney's panties as she pulled up her miniskirt, seen only as a black shadow through the veil of her underwear.

Sexually exhausted, Matt could only experience Sydney as a dark, slimy, constricting tube. As she walked, he could feel the subtle motions of her muscles smearing against his body. The fluid clung to him like glue as the relentless heat almost seemed to slam over him. Not knowing where they were going, Matt knew that he had to remain along for the ride no matter what they decided.

Weeping, he let his tears leak into Sydney's panties as he felt her immense legs continue to walk with a seemingly giddy excitement. As he coughed out globs of someone else's bodily fluids, he knew he had a good reason to be anxious earlier.

Only able to experience the rhythmic walking motion of Sydney's gait, Matt squeezed his eyes shut as the temperature began to build. Now out of the air conditioned environment of his own car, Matt felt the heat and humidity rise rapidly as Sydney's salty sweat began to build around her pussy. With only his face poking out from the fleshy hole, he couldn't scratch the unbearable itching now covering his face. A constant flood of hot fluid leaking from above dripped downwards, tickling his forehead and eyes, where he had no real ability to slip his arms out from above.

A grid pattern now grilled into his face from the nonstop exposure to the fabric below, he continued to let tears leak from his eyes. Hearing muffled, girly voices, he couldn't tell where he was or what the women above him were doing.

Kate held Sydney's hand as they walked through the amusement park. With temperatures unusually high for a late spring day, they dragged each other to the various shops near the park's entrance. As the low rumble of rollercoasters blasted overhead, Sydney pointed out one of the concession stands and exclaimed "Funnel cake!"

Kate sighed. "You know I'm trying to watch my weight."

"You? You're a skinny bitch! You work out, like, all the time!" Sydney smiled. "Plus, we can share it."

Kate pursed her lips. "Fine. I'll splurge this one time."

Raising her eyebrows, Sydney grinned. "We can also add in some extra protein if you want. You know, 'cause of your workouts or whatever."

After thinking for a moment, Kate perked up. "Oh yeah! You're completely fucking right about that!"

Upon purchasing the funnel cake, Kate's mouth watered at the sight of the disc of fried dough covered with a thick layer of powdered sugar. Dragged to a small, secluded, two-seater table underneath a red-and-white patterned umbrella, Sydney plopped down the paper plate upon the surface, causing the powdery mountain to gently puff up in a small cloud.

Sydney giggled. "He's not really moving that much anymore. I feel a little wiggle every few minutes, but he might be, like dead."

Kate, taken aback, raised her eyebrows. "No! No! Don't kill him yet! Take him out!"

"Here?" Sydney raised an eyebrow.

Kate scoffed. "There's no one around. Just do it. Just be, like, subtle about it."

As Sydney reached into the front of her shorts, she darted her head frantically, hoping no one would see. Clenching and unclenching, she felt the limp Matt ooze into her hand after she gently pinched on his miniscule form.

Now in Sydney's palm, both women laughed as they saw him crawl on his hands and knees, failing to wipe the juice off of his face before falling forward.

The leathery surface of Sydney's palm felt rough to the touch. Feeling her hand's wrinkles scrape against his chest as he fell, he let out a low groan, bubbling out globs of her leakage. Unable to even crawl forward, he heard the giggling above.

Attempting to crane his neck upwards, he felt a spiking pain in his spine. Plopping down his wet hand on top of Sydney's, he quivered in complete weakness.

"What are you waiting for? Put him in?" He heard Kate's voice, sending a unique chill down his spine before his chest was gripped with the sensation of falling.

Landing in a pile of warm powder, Matt coughed harshly. Unable to see anything in the cloud of sugary fog, he wet his lips, tasting the strange mixture of feminine odor and sweetness. Sinking into the whiteness, he found himself looking upwards at the downward-facing visages of both Kate and Sydney.

"Look! He's all wet so it's sticking to him!" Sydney exclaimed.

Kate beamed. "Yeah! After marinating, it's time for the seasoning!"

Sydney bit her lip and looked at Kate. "Really? You're gonna eat him?"

Kate nodded, her blonde hair bouncing cutely. "Well I'm not gonna shove him up my pussy now. I heard that can, like, give you an infection or something."

"Oh, right..." Sydney said.

Matt's heart began beating quickly. Strangely, he could feel his own pulse in his wrists as he tried to tread through the oddly thick pile of sugar. Placing one of his feet on the funnel cake itself, he moaned at how surprisingly hot the fried dough was to the touch.

"Wait... c'gh... Please..." Matt groaned, knowing his raspy voice wasn't nearly loud enough to reach their massive ears. In an instinctive attempt to flee, he began crawling over the mounds of dough and sugar.

Kate screeched in laughter. "Look! He's trying to get away!"

Matt lost his footing, landing face-first into a pile of warm sugar, sending up another puff of whiteness up above him. The clinging of the sugar on his skin caused an excruciating itching, far worse than his face was while under Sydney's control.

Scraping the white layer off his skin, the difference in color was shocking. It was as though he were bleeding, but instead his skin was just rubbed raw from the constant contact with mucus-covered surfaces over the past several hours. The sugar hardened and flaked all over him, hardening into a sugary crust, making it hard for him to even move.

Looking forward, he saw Sydney's hands rip apart the very ground he was standing on. Tracing the rise of the torn dough to Sydney's mouth, he watched her effortlessly masticate it

before swallowing with an audible gulp. His eye twitched, knowing that easily could have been him, given that the treat was several times his size.

Now experiencing an electric terror as the powdered sugar shifted under his feet, he saw a tremendous crack develop in its center as Kate ripped the entire cake in half. The sugar, which has now fully adhered to most of his body, forced his body into near-immobility. Too sticky to even move, he kept his nose just above the powder as he inhaled it, stinging his eyes and his nostrils. Coughing up more wads of sugar-soaked pussy fluid, he couldn't even look upwards as he felt himself begin to ascend.

"See? Didn't I call you sweet?" Kate said right before her tongue slithered from her mouth.

Still staring down into the pile of sugar, he felt the shadows above him shift before he felt Kate's breath blowing over him. Now completely stiff from the congealed sugar, he could only scream through the tiny slit in front of his mouth. "Nnn! D'nt! P'ls!" He knew that pleading was useless, but some part of his brain forced it from his mouth.

His heart beat so hard he could feel the hardened sugar on his chest begin to crack. As the bottom of the funnel cake slid over Kate's tongue, he bit his tongue so hard he tasted an explosion of blood. Matt tried to struggle, but the sugar had grown too stiff. Now smelling the familiar scent of Kate's breath, the heat and humidity combined to slightly soften the sugar coating, giving it a little give. In an attempt to thrash, he only busted one arm free.

"Nnn!" Her palate landed on top of him, immediately softening the white crust. A brutal rolling sensation gripped him as Kate began to chew. Bubbling squelches between her teeth echoed through his ears as the sugar quickly washed away, immediately replaced with the warm mash of masticated funnel cake. Spitting out the chewed remains of another person's snack, he writhed, feeling an intense soreness in his arms. "No!" He shouted, right before he was smacked in the face with a thick wad of wet dough. As he swallowed it, he still tasted the stain of Sydney's vagina coating the inside of his mouth.

The heat blasted from all directions, tinged with the familiar flavor of Kate. Somehow, both her rectum and her mouth had a similar flavor, as though there were some unique essence to her. As her tongue formed him into a round, swallowable mass, he continued screeching, spraying blood over her palate. Embedded in the bolus of food, he scraped against the arching throat before it warped to accept his descent.

Now gripped on all sides by Kate's esophagus, Matt despaired. The wet, humid heat slathered all over him, forcing bubbles up his nose or fluttering past his eyes. Feeling the wet tube pulse and squeeze him downward, he could feel the immense heart in front of him rattle his bones with each pounding beat.

Muffled voices screeched from above. Though he couldn't hear what they were saying, given his ears were stuffed with chewed dough, he still felt a certain burning rage in his core whenever he heard Kate's booming voice. The bubbling, chunky slime continued its way downward, spluttering him into a hot, pulsing chamber of foamy mucus.

Heat radiated upon him from all sides, forcing him to experience flashes of memories of being up her ass. Unable to keep himself from thinking that his corpse would be slithering where he was struggling just a few hours ago, he cried out in emotional agony.

More food plopped upon him, landing with wet splats, covering him with acidic spittle. Wading through the muck, he found one of the stomach's many wrinkles, which lined the inside of the putrid sack. Inhaling, he couldn't smell Sydney's vagina, nor even the sweetness of the sugar. Only strong, sour, acrid vomit. Spitting it out, he felt it sting as it came into contact with his freshly bitten tongue.

Knowing he was inside the woman he thought he had a chance with, he pounded the wall between two wrinkles, spraying mucus all over him. "Fuck you, Kate!" He was out of tears, only able to experience an increasing burning sensation from his eyes. "Fuck you!"

Kate finished the funnel cake, sucking her fingers and ridding them of any spare powder. "I can't even feel him. It's almost a waste!" She said as she rubbed her belly. Jumping, she felt a slight vibration on the other side of one of her fingers. "Wait! Oh my fucking God! I think I can, like, feel him!"

"Oh my God! That's so crazy! I need to do that sometime!" Sydney said through a wide smile.

After they threw out the powder-tinged plate, they continued walking through the park. Kate continued holding her hand below her breast, feeling the light bumping coming from within her.

"Here, let's get some cotton candy before the rides!" Sydney exclaimed as she dragged Kate forward towards another concession stand.

She sighed. "Sydney! But my weight!"

Rolling her eyes, Sydney responded "Look, it's our day. That little shit inside you will probably turn into more fat than all of that cotton candy. Like, protein and all. That ship has sailed."

"I guess you're right. I just don't wanna get too sick after a ride."

“You’ll be fine! Come on! Do you want pink or blue?” Sydney asked as they found themselves at the front of the line.

“Pink, of course!”

Matt’s eyes burned relentlessly even when closed. Inhaling the putrid fog, he found himself almost lodged between two undulating wrinkles.

Only able to moan in pain as the acid began to etch away at his genitals, he felt more plopping sounds echo from the center of the churning sea. The stomach walls behind him warped, forcing the thick, chunky soup into motion. Not only left and right, but up and down. Now sick from the motion, he couldn’t help but vomit up into the muck, tasting Sydney’s vaginal fluid on the way out.

Smelling the sugary fluid dripping down into her stomach, he tried not to be swept up into the current. As he lost grip of the hot, slimy wrinkles, he lost his sense of direction. With no way to determine which way was up or down, he could only wince as a sugary ooze landed on top of him, forcing him under.

Now on the line for the biggest roller coaster in the park, Kate’s heart beat quickly.

“It’s okay, don’t be nervous!” Sydney said as she noticed Kate’s hand still on her upper midriff. “At least you’re not as nervous as that guy. Can you still feel him?”

Kate smiled. “Yah. Like, not as much as before. I thought he died when I ate the cotton candy, but he’s still squirming in there.”

“Wow, but it’s been like, hours. That’s crazy.”

As the teenager buckled them into the cart, Kate felt Matt writhing within her even without touching them. Gritting her teeth, she knew this coaster went from zero to seventy miles an hour in seconds. Watching the counter go down, she wished she could hold Sydney’s hand, but the safety bars were much too thick.

The coaster shot forward and the wind was so fast against her face, she could feel tears forced from her eyes.

Matt was pinned against the side of the stomach as the wall became a floor. Having no idea what was going on outside Kate's body, he found himself completely at the whim of intense G-forces. Splashed in every direction, he experienced the stomach slime slap against his body, forcing himself up into the stomach's floor before pounding him into the ceiling.

Each time the flood of chunky vomit shifted, he found it forced up his nose, down his throat, and into his eye sockets. Hearing Kate's heart flutter loudly, he wondered exactly what was happening. In the midst of his confusion, he smashed against one of the walls, hearing one of his fingers crack against the fleshy wall.

The fluid calmed, slowly pouring back into place. Cords of mucus drizzled from the ceiling, forming a layer of thick froth over the surface of the mixture.

Now churning differently, Matt could feel the stomach walls undulate in an unfamiliar way. The floor seemed to shoot upwards like a geyser, blasting him into the curved wrinkles above him.

"I'm gonna vom" Kate said as she stumbled off of the ride. "We gotta find a bathroom."

Rushing with Sydney under a sign that said "Ladies," Kate burst into the nearest stall and landed on her knees before the public toilet. "H'rk!"

Matt felt himself shoot upwards towards a waiting, widened sphincter. Bubbling foam coated his entire body, slipping him back up Kate's esophagus.

She was throwing up.

A sense of hope peeked into his mindspace, knowing that he might actually be freed from Kate's grasp. He might not die.

The esophagus warped as the gushing from below paused before another blast. Now feeling himself ejected by the fluttering tunnel, he saw a split-second of the back of Kate's teeth before splashing into a pool of coldness.

Bright light blinded him as he floated on top of a chunk of unrecognizable chewed mush. Attempting to stay afloat, he looked upwards, seeing Kate's face, bags under her eyes.

"Oh my God, he's in here." Kate said as one of her hands descended upon him. Matt wished he could simply sink back into the water to flee, but his arms remained limp.

Listening to the toilet flush under him, he heard Sydney's voice. "Ew, you, like, touched it. Isn't he, like, puke now?"

Matt coughed up a wad of hot vomit and stared at Kate with bloodshot eyes. Some hair missing.

"Ew, he looks like shit!" Kate said.

Sydney looked at him with a disgusted expression. "He's not shit yet. Not unless you, like, eat him."

"Do you think I should?" Kate responded as a distinct bubbling sound came from her stomach.

Frigid sink water blasted over Matt's body, sending him into spasms. Feeling less like a human being and more as a series of biological responses at this point, he still felt a sense of doom as he was held back over Kate's mouth.

"Get back in me! No escaping!" Kate's tongue slithered out as Matt felt the sensation of her tongue for a third time before intense darkness overtook him.

As he, again, felt her throat warp around him before a loud gulp, Matt felt completely broken. The glimmer of false hope shattered, Matt felt thoroughly humiliated. How could he have thought that someone as attractive as Kate would ever be into him? Thinking about how he used to admire her ass from afar, he felt truly, existentially disgusted at the fact that he'd be coming out of it tomorrow.

Upon landing in her stomach, he just laid still. Feeling the empty stomach warp and churn in spite of there only being mucus bubbles and scattered, tiny bits of dough, Matt slipped between two wrinkles.

Kate and Sydney smoked together inside one of the stalls. "This'll help with the nausea for sure." Sydney said as Kate took a big pull of the joint.

"G'lp!" Wincing as she swallowed a thick cloud of smoke, Kate giggled.

"You gonna smoke him up, too?" Sydney cocked her hips before taking a hit of her own, filling up the bathroom stall with the stench of weed.

Breathing heavily, Matt could smell the skunk-like odor of marijuana enter the woman's stomach. Now coughing to the point of pain, he found himself grow delirious.

Unable to recognize his own mental state, he simply rolled over into a pool of particularly acidic slime, intentionally trying to expedite his own death. Within the confines of Kate's stomach, he shivered until he felt another clump of chewed food land upon him.

With Kate now eating ferociously above, Matt didn't even attempt to swim to the surface. Having entirely lost the will to live, he allowed himself to grow further buried in the ocean of puke until finally inhaling, letting Kate take him in his entirety.

The next day, Kate woke up completely naked, tired, and next to Sydney. Slowly leaving the bed, so as not to wake her girlfriend, she tiptoed into her own bathroom.

Gazing upon her naked body, she couldn't help but feel that she got slightly fatter after pigging herself out at the park yesterday, but in her heart she knew it wasn't true. Though, as she turned around, she slapped her ass. "Maybe I should have cheat days more often," she thought as she saw her pale skin jiggle.

Closing the door she plopped her ass on the toilet bowl, grimacing slightly as she got used to the cold. Feeling the familiar release below, she let out a stream of hot urine before relaxing her anus.

Thinking back to yesterday's fun, she thought about how Matt must be settled deep within the shit she was now letting loose from her body. Curling her toes and exhaling slowly, she felt her anus widen, letting out a long, soft, brown turd with a few hard nuggets near the back end. Feeling her asshole ripple over the hard portions, she wondered if Matt were smearing against her ass at that very moment.

As the shit hung from her rectum for a split-second before plopping in the cold water below, Kate couldn't help but grin. Her plan was complete. Though she didn't need to dispose of him in such a brutal fashion, she knew that this was the best way to do so without any real witnesses, nor evidence. Having already shrunk and destroyed his car, Kate felt a sense of security as she wiped herself clean.

Looking at the bowl between her thighs, she could indeed see Matt's dead body, wrinkled frayed, embedded in the side of her bowel movement. Flushing him away, she felt a sense of added relief, knowing she had next year's program to look forward to.

After washing her hands, she put on her running gear before taking a nice, slow jog through the neighborhood. After all, she didn't want to get fat.