

You whimper and whine as Hubble's stomach squeezes your body, growling loudly as it does so. "C-Can you please let me out?" you ask the predator. "Please, just let me go. . ."

"Not a chance, my little morsel," the blue bee replies, laughing. "In fact, I think I'm going to keep you for good. . . Can't wait to see how you look on my paunch again. It's gonna get even bigger now!"

Wait . . .he's going to /keep/ you? Does that mean. . .?!

A loud grumble interrupts your thoughts, echoing around the belly, and a moment later, the walls start dripping with juices, just like before. Digestion has begun.

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End of preview. To read the rest of this fatal vore story, become a patron at <https://www.patreon.com/tastyace>