

Anko nearly jumped when she heard the footsteps. Fortunately, she was more professional than that and instead slid quietly into the shadows, looking for a suitable place to hide.

Under the table was too obvious, and too visible. The dark corners would conceal her from a casual inspection, but that wasn't ideal. What about up? There were some suitable looking rafters stabilising the ceiling of Orochimaru's underground hideout, perhaps she could hold herself up there? It was worth a try. Nobody ever checks up.

She had just gotten into position when a person walked into the room. Dark haired from what she could tell, and masculine in stature, but it was hard to make out much more from her angle in the dim light. Plus, her grip was rapidly failing. It turned out the rafters weren't such good supports after all – being just a little too slick and far apart for her to get a good purchase. She would drop any moment now.

The figure below her checked the room over slowly, seeming to sense something amiss. He was being more cautious than she had hoped. Soon he would either look up and spot her or – more likely, she would fall right on top of him!

But, actually... maybe that wasn't such a bad idea...

A slow, reckless plan began to form in her head. Before she had a chance to fully think it through, one of her legs slipped. She would just have to go for it.

Anko half fell, half swung from the rafters plunging down onto the weary figure, too fast for him to react.

Sasuke strode along the corridors of Orochimaru's hideout. It was nearly time for him to leave. Just a few more days of pandering to the old ninja and he would be ready. He had no intentions of becoming merely another peon for the man. No, he would strike out and make his own name infamous.

He picked up on a strange sound all of a sudden. He turned, calmly stepping toward the source. Something was different. Something that shouldn't be here... was here. He doubted it was anything he had to fear. Still, if he captured an intruder for Orochimaru... Well the old man would be so pleased with his charge that wouldn't see his subsequent betrayal coming.

Sasuke stepped carefully, but steadily, through the doorway, his feet silent on the hard tiles. He looked around calmly. Nothing immediately obvious. Nothing hiding in the corners, nowhere else in the room to conceal a person, except with a novel jutsu. He considered for a moment, he didn't sense any jutsu at the moment, was it possible... that he was mistaken?

There came a slight scuffing from above. Of course. The roof! A rookie mistake. Sasuke looked up just in time to see the form descending upon him, the black shape covering steadily more of his vision until it connected. He braced and stood strong against the impact, but suddenly the pressure on his



face parted, opening around him until he found himself engulfed in darkness. A slick, squishy sack spreading down over his head, the rough opening pulsing around his throat – threatening to strangle him as it slid over his neck.

Anko took the few moments of surprise she had left to attempt to relax her stretched anus further. Its opening would have to at least double to take in the ninja's shoulders. So she took a calming breath, reaching down with her hand to stretch the pucker over the left shoulder.

There was a sudden crackling sound, like the chirping of a thousand birds. What? A chidori? Wasn't that Kakashi's specialty? What would Orochimaru steal next?

Before she could think further, she acted, grabbing at the rising arm and tugging, hissing in pain as her buttohole stretched over the right shoulder and down over the muscular torso. This partially pinned the arms to the ninja's sides, but still the elbow bent, bringing the crackling light closer to her legs.

Anko, shifted, rippling her muscles and swinging her arms, jerking forward and down, shifting her weight forward and unbalancing her mount. The ninja slipped another few inches into her pucker before he toppled beneath her, crashing to the floor as she landed awkwardly on her spread feet.

Her leg tingled, and she looked back, surprised to see the chidori still advancing on her. Anko hastily grabbed the offending wrist, wrestling with it as she pushed her weight back onto the struggling ninja. This one was strong. She couldn't quite stop his arm from inching closer toward her backside. If that touched her... It was all over. Her butt would be blasted over the walls. Meanwhile his other hand had started pushing against her thigh and she felt him slide a half inch back out from her bowels. This wasn't good. Suddenly the tables seemed to be turning against her. Her bulging gut grumbled uncertainly as she struggled for an idea.

Her belly grumbled again, and she finally realised what was coming and there was nothing she could do to stop it. Her gut rippled and a foul pocket of air was forced, slowly, around her captive before finally making a faint squeaking peal as it passed between her pucker and the ninja's back. The man froze at the motion, the chidori sputtering out. She sniffed, and cringed at the foul aroma, before taking advantage of the brief respite. Anko relaxed her buttohole further and sat backwards, squashing in the momentarily unresisting forearms and waist.

She stood back up to a crouch, her legs still spread wide from the protrusion stretching out her rear. She took a few moments to tug off her victim's sword belt and clothes, discarding any other hidden kunai and shuriken he had stored away. Her fingers brushed his crotch momentarily and he twitched in her grip and started struggling again. Anko grinned, feeling him squirming pleurably inside her. She knew men, and she knew how best to calm them. She reached back with both hands and began caressing his shaft, feeling it steadily harden at her touch. She smiled as his struggles increased, but simply let the pleasure wash over her, the flush rising to her cheeks as his squirms excited her. She knew he could no longer hope to resist her from this position, all his struggling could do now was make this even more enjoyable for her!

She continued her caressing for several minutes, feeling him stiffen completely in her skilled grip. His struggles soon became desperate bucks as he tried to thrust against her hand, seeking release. She smiled wickedly as she felt him tensing inside her, approaching his climax. Carefully she placed his

shaft against his stomach and sat back, pushing down to stretch herself over his kneeling form, her rear sliding over his eager manhood and sending him over the edge. Anko sighed in ecstasy as her prey bucked and grunted inside of her as she slid down his thighs, his body rippling deliciously through her bowels as his seed sprayed out into her rectum. She slid down to his knees as his bucking subsided.

She waited now for what was coming, tensing, bracing in anticipation for him to recover, realise his position and just how he had been manipulated. Just a few moments until... There it was! Her prey resumed struggling, even more desperately than before.

Anko leaned forward, raising her rear in the air, the calves flailing uselessly above her. She lazily pressed a single finger to her clit and burst into orgasm. Arching her back as her bowels spasmed around her captive buttsnack, eagerly dragging the last of his calves inside before clamping shut greedily after his wiggling toes. She convulsed on the floor, her hand over her mouth to stop her from moaning, the other fondling her clit with ecstatic vigour as she felt his struggling body being dragged further up through her intestines.

Finally, her climax subsided as her prey stopped, exhausted by its ordeal, into her tight, welcoming belly.

Sasuke was thoroughly disoriented by his position. He appeared to be wrapped in a fleshy sack that undulated readily around him. His first thought had been one of Orochimaru's snakes had somehow managed to eat him. Had that person dropped down on him been carrying a snake? They had certainly made sure to distract and restrain him as more of his body was trapped.

But then... that muffled moaning had seemed to come from all around him. That heartbeat he could faintly hear over the surrounding gurgles. Plus, he was curled up in here. If a snake had managed to devour him, shouldn't he be still stretched out?

It must be some kind of strange jutsu. That was the only explanation.

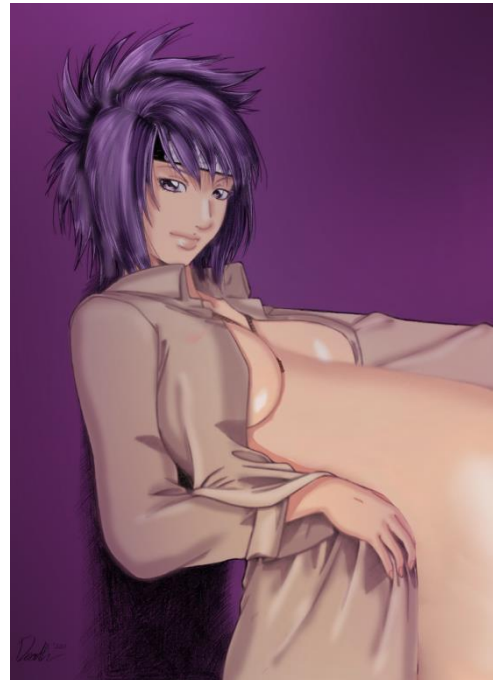
"Where am I?" He called out angrily. Finally deciding to reason with his attacker, hoping to at least distract them as he thought of a way out.

"Huh?" came a feminine voice that vibrated down through his chamber "Well, you're in my stomach of course."

"What?" He called out, now confused "How... How did you..?"

"Well, I shoved you up my butt, silly!" She chuckled, "...Oh, but of course you're asking how a big strong boy like you can fit into my tiny little girly belly? Well... Let's just say it's a little trick I picked up when I studied from your master."

Sasuke was reeling from what she had just said when he suddenly realised where he'd recognised the voice. It was Anko, from the chunin exam all those years ago. If she had indeed studied from



Orochimaru, it was believable she had developed some weird snake-like flexibility jutsu. But if he was simply in her belly, the all he needed to do was blast his way out.

He clenched his fist, and concentrated, focusing his chakra... And couldn't.

"Oooh, that tingles. But I'm afraid you can't perform jutsu from in there."

"What the-? How?"

"Well, it's a little trick I learn--"

"Bloody Orochimaru! I get it already!" He yelled, frustrated now.

"Quieten down in there, or I'll have to silence you. You'll blow my cover."

"I'll tell you-!"

"Silent box no Jutsu."

Sasuke, paused, hearing the unfamiliar jutsu take effect. "What was that?" he asked apprehensively.

"Oh, in case you're wondering, I can't hear a thing you're saying right now and, more importantly, neither can anyone else." Anko's voice seemed slightly distorted now, probably an effect of the jutsu, but what she said seemed possible. "Now, I'm afraid I don't really have time to spare so, it's been nice chatting, but I'm going to speed up digesting you now. I can't exactly sneak around with this giant belly after all. I've had some practice with this, so I'd say you have about twenty minutes left. I'm just gonna sit here and get myself off to the thought of you adding to my arse. I suggest you do the same."

Sasuke sat, listening to her words as the fleshy sack groaned around him, undulating with more vigour and belching out hot fluids that set his skin tingling. This was not an ideal situation, but he was an Uchiha, he wouldn't be beaten this easily.

Within a few moments he had found the opening at the top of the belly and forced his arm through. He roughly jammed his hand up Anko's throat and into her open mouth.

Anko, held back her gag reflex as the arm slid up her gullet, reaching up out of her throat, past her tongue and through her-

She snapped her teeth shut, biting the offending fingers and feeling them recoil back instinctively. She closed her jaws tightly and swallowed, her powerful throat tugging her prey's arm back down. She felt him resisting, pushing back against her gullet, but within the space of a few swallows it was trapped back in her stomach with the rest of her meal. Anko let out a quiet moan, her fingers still lazily fondling her nethers. She did really enjoy playing with her food.

"Oooh, that was close, maybe next time you'll actually escape me..." She taunted.

She felt him scrabbling at the sphincter again, but she had sealed it back up tightly. She could easily swallow him back down again, but she didn't want to take chances on one of Orochimaru's subjects.

Eventually, he gave up, and she took the moment to let out a small belch, letting her stomach close in a little tighter around her prey. She thought she could feel him softening up already, but he was

still struggling furiously inside her. He certainly put up more of a fight than most of her meals, she wandered momentarily who exactly it was had she devoured. Must have been a high ranking minion to fight like this. Still, she could tell her belly was getting to him. Each new squirm or pull at her stomach's opening was less potent than the last. 'Soon he'll just be another layer of fat on my ass... Maybe he'll even add to my tits!' She thought, letting out another moan at the idea.

Her meal shifted once again, and suddenly she felt something unexpected. He was forcing his way through to her intestines! He certainly was trying his hardest to escape, perhaps this one wasn't just some nobody goon after all. She sighed, arching her back pleurably as she felt him shifting inside her stomach, forcing his way through her tight opening and thrusting his body through to the depths of her gut. She felt the last of him slip through the tight sphincter and let out another belch, her stomach contracting to its normal size and squirting out the remaining digestive fluids after her squirming meal.

She panted in ecstasy as she felt him shifting again, crawling along her winding intestine. He really was determined to escape, even that jounin she had eaten hadn't put up this much of a struggle.

"Ooooh, you're a diligent one. Ahhhh... You're trying to force your way out through the way you came in! You naughty thing, you must really love my butt! But I'm afraid it's far too late for you, you're inside my guts now, and they're not going to let your nutrients go free! Oh, don't worry. *giggle* You'll get to experience my gorgeous rump again... Mmmm... Yes, once you digest, you'll pad it out quite nicely!"

Anko burst into orgasm at her words, her gut clamping down around her meal's squirming form.

Sasuke felt the gut clamp down on him once more, the hot acids that followed him from the stomach were squeezed up around him by the contraction eating into his melting flesh. He could hear Anko panting and gasping in pleasure as her body convulsed around him. She was clearly enjoying the feeling of him trapped inside her, about to be digested like a simple piece of food.

No! He was Sasuke Uchiha, he couldn't die like this – trapped inside some slutty Konoha ninja as she masturbated to his demise! He pushed his limbs out, reaching forward to pull himself along once more. Then there was another spasm, the gut rippling around him again, the strong muscles of her abdomen clenching over him and forcing his weakened form back down. He found himself once again smushed into the eager acids, though they barely even burned against his now numb flesh. He tried to move again but felt too weak, his muscles giving out as they melted. He had never had as much brute strength or stamina as some ninja, relying more on his enhanced reflexes and speed – but those couldn't save him now.

He tried to curse, but couldn't even move his jaw properly. He finally knew that the belly had won. Anko's gut had beaten him down, soon he would succumb to the acids eating through to his brain, he would die leaving only his melting body to steadily digest like the piece of meat he now was. Then, just like Anko had said, he would be reduced a layer of fat on the backside she had just shoved him inside. How humiliating. And she didn't even seem to know who he was...

Maybe that was a good thing, he didn't exactly want it to be common knowledge that he had been beaten by a butt. He had the sudden mental image of Anko telling his former team about his fate and slapping her ass for emphasis, then they all laughed...

Anko finally finished panting and let out another small belch. It looked like her meal had finally stopped moving, whether he had finally given up or just passed out, she didn't know. She ran her sticky fingers over her gut, feeling the softened outlines of her meal within. It was definitely good to have another prey inside her after all this time. She had been restricting herself to half rations before this, but she was pretty sure this meal could keep her going for at least a day or two.

"Thanks, whoever you were, I've had a lot of fun with you. It's almost sad that you're about to digest! Almost..."

She felt her intestines start absorbing her prey, seeing her gut begin to visibly shrink as more of the meal's nutrients were siphoned into her own body. She hoped not too much added to her chest, the bouncing orbs were already an inconvenience as is, regardless of how sexy they looked outside of missions. Anko grinned, well... maybe another cup size wouldn't hurt.

It took her gut about ten minutes to shrink down fully. Anko wondered once again who she had just digested. They had certainly put up one hell of a fight in her belly. But she eventually decided that anyone important wouldn't have been so easy to shove up her butt in the first place. She straightened, adjusting her clothing over her slightly enlarged assets and the quietly left the room.

She had a mission to get back to. That was more far important than the identity of some buttsnack.

