

Day 12: Isolation in Ingestion

Out in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, a pair of newly-weds are fighting a losing battle against despair and hunger. Cammy and Julian Harris are the sole survivors of a terrible plane crash heading back from Hawaii on the epilogue honeymoon. The sun hangs over them, and unfortunately, the couple don't have any remaining sunscreen from their trip. They lost almost everything, only escaping the sinking wreckage with only the clothes on their backs, as well as their wedding rings.

It's a miracle that Cammy has managed to hold out for so long. The tan-skinned woman is a predator, and unfortunately, she's grown to depend on eating more than the average person. The woman has been struggling with harsh hunger pangs every day. This sight Julian has of his beloved has led him to think over some drastic, temporary solutions to that problem.

Julian quietly lays in the boat, staring up into the sky and trying to reserve all the energy he has. He's been lost in thought for hours since he's awoken.

Right beside him, his large, loving wife, sleeps restlessly. She groans weakly in her slumber and snuggles up against her man, who happens to be much smaller than her. He stands around five feet high, while Cammy is nearly seven feet and several hundred pounds, though she's been losing weight rather quickly as of late. The cute pudge that rests on her tummy has been receding.

The man grimaces as he feels a shiver from his lover once more, followed by a pained groan from her. Looking over her, Julian makes the hard decision to do what he feels like needs to be done to ensure the love of his life can continue living.

"Man... Wish I still had those spices... Oh well," Julian sighs as he looks at Cammy's mouth.

The predator continues resting as the man reaches for her lips to slip his hands inside. A smile filled with sorrow adorns his face as he watches her natural

instincts kick in.

Cammy slurps up his palms, saliva dribbling down her lips as she starts subconsciously eating him alive. \Unfortunately, this doesn't last long.

“Hmnnng...” she groans, slowly opening her eyes to find her husband nearly shoulder deep in her mouth, “MMPHH!? Jhh—”

“C...Cammy, hush. Just relax...” he asserts, getting her to quiet before continuing, “At this point, either one of us is gonna make it through this mess or neither of us. Eat me, a-and... pray that I'm enough meat to hold you over until rescue comes. Heh...”

Tears well up in her eyes as she gently shakes her head and tries to spit him out, but she is shocked by his strength in forcing himself down her throat. Her body has become so weak after not eating anything that her meek husband is able to overpower her.

“Don't struggle... Conserve your energy,” he says before pressing a kiss on her nose.

Soon after, he jams his head inside and starts climbing in, creating a bulge in her throat as his arms begin their trip down.

“GULP! Hmnnng... GLRRRP!”

She holds his sides and allows him to slip his way down, not resisting the urge to regurgitate him.

As Julian glides down her throat, she just starts trying to think of ways to keep him from having to die for her, but her stomach is notoriously potent at pulverizing prey. There's no way help is gonna find them before he's padding out her hips.

Cammy's eyes close as she lays on the life raft and rests her hands on her exposed midriff while her soul mate enters her guts.

It takes Julian a couple of minutes to get settled in, but eventually, his feet are lapped up by Cammy's tongue and his fate is sealed as mere rations for her.

With one powerful gulp, she sends him the rest of the way in, immediately rousing some life out of her unstimulated stomach. It growls and rumbles as it heats up and gets to work on melting down her man.

“**BBHURRURRP!** E-Ehh! What should I do... I don't want you to melt already!” she whines, grabbing the sides of her stomach.

Julian huffs and tries to get comfy as the acids coating the walls and his body. Hearing his wife in distress makes him worry, so he tries his best to reassure the poor predator he forced himself into.

“Babe, just relax. Take a nap. Save that energy so you can go back home.”

“But... b-but...”

He cuts her off and continues, bringing something up that he saw before they left the hotel to return home, “I... I saw the pregnancy test in your carry-on earlier, Cammy... I want you to live. Just, please, relax... It's bad for the baby. Heh...”

She stutters as he brings it up. Cammy wanted to keep that a secret until they returned home. Biting her lip, she nods and looks out across the sea, wiping her eyes dry as the sounds of her gurgling belly grow louder.

“I love you, Julian.”

“I love you too... Now, I'm gonna... huff... rest a bit too.”

Cammy bites her lip harder as he says this, closing her eyes and laying down to try and sleep through the digestive process. Despite how terrible she feels to do something like this, she can't deny that the sensation of being full makes her

happy. The sounds of her rumbling tummy fade in the background as she drifts off, caressing Julian absentmindedly.

The woman sleeps through the entire day, awakening all by her lonesome in the middle of the ocean. For a moment, she was hoping that the events of yesterday were just the climax of an awful nightmare, but it turns out it was all very real.

“God...”

Now, she’s alone with her thoughts, as well as a gut full of digested Julian soup. She rubs her tight tummy, hoping to soothe her insides. Cammy wants to give him a proper burial, but she isn’t sure how long she can hold the impending bowel movement.

Another day would pass with not a single other sign of life in sight. No boats, no planes, no birds, and even no fishes. She’s all alone, completely isolated. Her belly holding her beloved’s remains is much more plump than it was before she ate him, but she wonders how long this fat would rest on her.

For now, she chooses to continue resting, laying in the raft and staring into the sky as her guts tremble, begging to be emptied.

“Hmng... C-Come on. Julian... just, r-relax... like you told me, eheh.”

Several days pass before Cammy finally decides she needs to just let Julian go.

“**Bbhfhrtt!!** A-Ahh! I... I’m sorry,” she says while hanging her ass off the side of the boat.

The girl’s rounded buttocks squeeze out several greasy logs of brown gunk which plot into the ocean’s waters. For a little while, she mulled over the idea of dumping him in the boat with her, but she doesn’t want that disgusting pile to remind her of what she did. She also doesn’t want to deal with the smell of her famously rancid shit for God knows how long.

The once calm waters that surround Cammy produced only brief sounds of crashing waves and splashes, though that relaxing ambience is eliminated by the woman's flatulent rear.

“SSHHBHRRTSSFFRHHFRT!! Hahhhnn... Julian...” she reaches behind herself to spread her asscheeks apart, allowing for a more unobstructed flow of her dung.

Her lover always knew how to play with her butt better than anybody else, and it continues to prove true as the dense logs of shit scrape and tickle her hole pleasantly. Occasional bones slip between her cracks and plop into the sea, caked in mud and fouling up the waters.

“CCHHRSSFFRTCCH! A-Ahh... There you are,” she mutters as she feels his skull crowning outwards.

She easily pushes it out of her rectum, hearing it splash loudly behind her. After that, the remaining sludge he had become drops in after.

“Hmmng... **FFrrrbhhshhrt!** I'm sorry, Julian...” she says with a sigh.

Cammy turns around and looks into the water, seeing the dense hunks of butt fudge sinking to the bottom, along with all of Julian's bones. She says her last goodbye before tearing some cloth off her shirt to wipe herself up with.

As she drags the fabric over her hole, she flinches, feeling something else that's still caught inside. Cammy cringes at the feeling of digging her fingers inside. Eventually, she finds the man's discarded wedding band, stained brown with feces.

“Oh... Goodness...” she reaches over the side of the raft, rinsing it in the salty waters, “He's gone...” she mumbles.

The woman holds the damp, smelly ring in her hands and rolls onto her side once she finishes cleaning, whimpering to herself.

Even more time passes. By this point, Cammy is starting to lose her sense of time. She doesn't know exactly how long it's been since she's been lost at sea, or even how long it's been since she was forced to devour her one true love in this world. Shortly after having awakened, she looks to her empty stomach, noting the fat that Julian granted her beginning to wither away.

“Fuck... S-Stupid... stomach. Why do you have to be so hungry all the time!” she shouts at herself, grabbing what pudge she has left as it growls back at her in response.

She looks down to it as if it spoke back at her rudely and all she does is huff and lay out across the raft, trying her best to take her mind off her growing hunger.

Cammy never thought how hard it'd be to remain isolated for so long, detached from society and others to talk to. Now, all she has to talk to is her greedy gut that took her husband from her.

“You bastard... You horrible little thing... I hope... I-I hope you shrivel up... I won't be hungry anymore if you're gone...” she trails off, rubbing her belly and fingering her navel absentmindedly.

More time passes, and soon, Cammy is left with less and less of Julian to hold onto. Isolation pushes her closer and closer to total madness as she develops a greater sense of disdain towards her stomach. As she lays out, having dropped several dozen pounds in the last few days, she mumbles to herself.

“All you do is take... That's all you do. You never give... I wish I never became a predator... I would still be with Julian...” she mumbles, wincing in pain and rolling onto her side as she experiences another harsh hunger pang.

As the woman lays out, huffing and nearly about to slip back into unconsciousness for the afternoon, she flinches at a new sound coming from the distance.

“Hm?”

Blinking a few times, she slowly pushes herself up and spots a helicopter approaching rapidly. She remains silent, unsure if her eyes are starting to turn on her like her stomach has, but sure enough, it eventually calls out to her.

“STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE!” the people in the helicopter say simply as a rope ladder falls down, splashing into the water right beside the raft.

The large, yet brittle woman starts breathing more heavily as the tears return to her cheeks. Rescue is here, but they’re too late.

She watches as a man climbs down the ladder to meet her, though Cammy feels her building starvation take control of her. Her guts growls angrily as she sees some fresh meat approach her. The armored individual eventually gets down to her level and reaches a hand out, beckoning her forward.

“Ma’am, are you hurt? Any medical attention needed?” he asks.

Nothing external needs repaired, but one does not simply repair a broken soul. An empty stomach on the other hand is much more easily addressed. Instead of speaking out, Cammy licks her lips and jumps up at the man, grabbing him by the waist and shoving his arm down her throat.

“OMPH! GULP! SSHHLRRRP!” she loudly gulps, pulling him towards her roughly.

“Woah woah woah! I need backu—” he tries speaking into his headset, though his face is quickly shoved into her slavering maw, breaking the fragile earpiece he wore as he’s tightly squeezed by her throat.

The man is made a meal rather quickly, losing his boots as Cammy plucks them off his feet before slurping all of him down. It took no time at all to reduce him to nothing more than a stomach filler, but she’s still hungry. She needs more.

Wiping her mouth of saliva, she grumbles as she grabs the ladder and starts climbing up.

“U-Uhhh s-sir? A woman with tan skin, a torn shirt, and panties is coming up the ladder. She ate Greg.”

“She ate him?” says one of the pilots in the cabin, “Heh, I don’t blame her. If she’s a survivor, then she’s no doubt starving. If she’s climbing up, she’ll probably stuff you away too.”

“W-Wha... What should I do?! She’s—Ack!”

Cammy had already climbed in, hanging halfway out the helicopter and grabbing onto his ankle. The starving predator drags him away, eliciting a fearful yelp from the rookie.

The pilots both laugh to themselves as they hear loud gulping and slurping coming from the ravenous woman. They begin flying off, making their way back to the mainland.

“**BHHWWUUROOUURRP!** Bahh... Huff...”

One of the two pilots gets out of the cabin to fill the rookie’s role, pulling the ladder up and ignoring the predator who lays tiredly on the floor of the helicopter.

“Sorry we’re late ma’am. Just rest. You can keep those two. Least we can do for what you’ve been through.”

“**Huurrp.** Hmmnnng... J... Julian...” she mumbles before passing out, looking to the man’s wedding band on her right ring finger.

She managed to fill herself thoroughly, but no matter how much prey she devours, nothing will be able to fill the vacant space left inside of her from the passing of her loved one. All she can be sure of is that he’ll always be with her in spirit.