

Meltdown

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Rachel

Heat and humidity laid the air heavy upon Rachel's sticky curves. She leaned her back against the park bench and groaned, spreading her bare arms across the backrest; delighting that the wooden surface was a few degrees cooler than the soupy mist surrounding her. Spreading her legs apart, she experienced a satisfying chill as the soft skin of her slightly chubby thighs separated after a slow, sticky peel. Summertime is not ideal for thick girls.

A sense of embarrassed modesty coursed through her body. Knowing her pose wasn't exactly "Lady-like", she allowed the barely-noticeable breeze to flow up her loose short shorts, letting the extra fabric flutter up against her behind. Until it sticks!

"Ugh!" She grunted, paring the cotton sheet from her pale, sticky skin. Rolling her eyes, she felt a bead of sweat drip down the side of her face, landing upon the center of her grey shorts, leaving a darkened circle. Licking her lips, she pulled out her phone, still slouching on the park bench, allowing the cold spots to give her sweaty skin a brief reprieve from the beating sunlight. "I wanna die", she thought bitterly.

Trying to ignore her sweaty face and unkempt hair in the screen's reflection, she almost reflexively tapped into her clique's group chat and sent "4got my FUCKING water bottle again" with a series of red, sweating emojis before flipping to TikTok. She didn't really care what anyone else had to say about it, but she felt a bit of satisfaction in getting it out. This was supposed to be her first jog in her "Weight-loss journey" after pigging out on her favorite snack for so long, but for now it looked to be reduced to status of "Test run".

Shifting on the bench, she felt an immediate relief in the fact that she wasn't stewing in her own warmth. Now desperately grasping the cold, metal armrest, she looked back up on the spot she was sitting in, disgusted at the large, darkened wet spot left by her sweat. Flipping back to the GPS on her phone, annoyed after spending a few seconds watching all the skinny bitches dance on the small screen, she jutted her jaw forwards in annoyance and puckered her lips. She was a full half-mile away from the park's entrance. That was, like, a full two hour walk or something.

Still spread-eagle upon the bench, she attempted to pull her top down so that her somewhat pudgy belly would remain obscured under the black surface, but it clung far too closely to her skin to be moved. Rachel shot her head back in frustration when the cotton sprung too far backwards, exposing her midriff up to her belly button. "Fuck it," she thought, fiddling with her ring, which also annoyingly clung to her sweat-covered skin. Though she understood the fact that her ring wasn't simply a piece of mundane jewelry, she couldn't help but twirl it between her fingers when she felt anxious or uncomfortable.

Trying to muster up the energy to stand up and walk the entire half-mile to the entrance, she experienced a thrust of almost painful annoyance thrum up from within her depths. A skinny Barbie Doll-looking figure cutely bouncing down the park's neatly-kept trail. Rachel stared at the figure growing larger and larger as it came closer to her. A sense of envious anxiety

bubbled through her chest, knowing that this bitch will probably judge her on her way past. She was probably stupid, anyway, with her tube top and those dumb-looking compression leggings that reached down just below her knees. They looked like Yoga Pant-Capris. Disgusting. Still staring at the rapidly-approaching young woman, who appeared to be maintaining a pace faster than Rachel had in her three-minute attempt to jog, she closed her legs and sat upright, not wanting to look like a slob. Scooching over to cover up the darkened sweat-spot, she felt a stabbing shard of rage as she saw she had already made another one. Her eye twitched; her internal filter was breached, allowing negative thoughts to flood her already-addled mind. "I'm a fat, sweaty, lazy bitch who can't even jog for five minutes", she thought as her heart began beating faster and harder. Scrunching up in her seat in an attempt to minimize herself physically, she tried yet again to cover up the sliver of midriff skin, and failed. "My clothes don't even fucking fit me anymore." Twirling her ring, a thin, ornate circle of pink, she stared down upon it, thinking "It's because of this thing, too."

She grit her teeth, wondering how many shrunken people had added to the chub she was attempting to cover. Grasping a spot on her outer thigh, near her behind, she squinted her eyes at the little spot of fat before craning her head upwards to look at the approaching runner. Turning her lip up into a snarl, she lowered her eyes back down to her pink ring. Now within earshot of the runner's footsteps, she noticed the maraca-like sound of ice cubes buffeting the inside of her water bottle. Rachel licked her lips.

Anita

"Just one foot in front of the other, girl, you got this!" Anita thought, experiencing the low-key exhilaration of her blood pumping through her veins. Smelling the freshly-cut grass, she adored the gentle cooling effect the shade of the trees had over her glistening figure. Feeling her heart beat quickly in her chest, she couldn't help but suppress a smile as though she were in on a secret joke. Grasping her clear pink plastic water bottle in her hands, the gentle shaking of the ice cubes inside helped her maintain a breezy pace. She knew that these workouts helped with her chest pains, even being in public didn't feel so intense anymore. A park run was the best of both worlds: Going outside while not having to feel all that close to anyone.

Each time her sneakers pressed against the soft ground of the trail, she experienced another pang of self-satisfaction. She had told herself that she'd get fit within the year and, after maintaining a steady schedule and healthy diet, she considered her goal to be completed. "It's not a diet, it's a lifestyle change", she told herself. Feeling her blonde hair flow in the wind, she felt slightly irritated at the heavy humidity, but channeled that annoyance into motivation to continue running.

Keeping her pace nice and steady, she caught sight of a bench in the distance. Exhaling slowly, expelling her anxiety as her therapist taught her, Anita found it a good sign. It meant that she was close to the exit. Just another half-mile or so, which was nothing! Running faster, she knew that there would only be a few minutes left before the workout was over.

Approaching the bench at a normalized pace, she noticed a woman seem to scrunch herself up as she approached. A sense of empathy curdled within her, knowing what it was like to experience that kind of insecurity where you instinctively curl up in the presence of others. A sense of borderline pity wormed its way into Anita's thoughts, thinking about how black was such an unfortunate color to wear on a day like today. She must be sweltering.

Turning her blue eyes to the trail before her, she knew there really wasn't anything she could do about it, so she elected to ignore her. Though she felt the human need to make eye contact with her, she actively attempted to keep her gaze focused forwards.

"Hey, girl!"

A cluster of emotions fought within Anita as she heard the strangely-mischievous tone of the girl on the bench calling to her. Slowing down her pace, she took a few steps before stopping in her tracks. She suppressed the desire to run in place out of fear of looking like a weirdo to this rather intimidating woman. Though she knew her color was mismatched with the climate, Anita felt a sense of anxiety while facing her, like she knew that this girl was "Cooler" than her.

Twisting her pursed lips into a smile, Anita used the back of her arm to swipe the sweat from her forehead. "Yeah, what's up?" She hoped she didn't come off as too rude starting off with "Yeah", but she suppressed the thought in an effort to combat her social anxiety.

The girl on the bench crossed her legs and leaned back in a weirdly seductive way. Her short shorts exposed so much skin that it almost looked like she may as well have been wearing a thong. Anita subtly scrunched her eyebrows, trying to reconcile the woman's anxious scrunching earlier with the rather forward display she was looking at right now.

"This is, like, a little weird, but can I just have a sip of that?" The girl pointed to Anita's pink water bottle, sealed since the beginning of the run.

A rush of anxiety took Anita by surprise. Instinctively holding her bottle close to her, she could feel the cold dew splash against her bare midriff, soaking into her compression shorts. Feeling a sense of violation, a stranger asking to put her lips where they shouldn't be, words got caught in her throat. Her internal filter turned into a tangled net. Nothing got through. Though she was just on a long run, her heart began beating faster than it was just a few seconds earlier. Her eyes widened. She knew that this girl was hot, well, physically hot, but also knew that she should say "No" to such an inappropriate request. Anita attempted to respond, but the mixed confusion within her brain caused her to almost choke. The girl on the bench grinned while playing with a gaudy-looking ring in one of her hands.

"Well?" The woman on the bench asked. Anita couldn't help but feel like the tone of the word was somehow bitchy, as though she were talking to Regina George from the movie "Mean Girls". This sense of smug superiority from a stranger caused Anita's mental functions to enter lockdown. Her heart rate was now far faster than it was when she was running, and all because

of a simple ask from a stranger. In the tangled mess of thoughts, she knew that, at the very least, she had something to talk about in her next therapy session.

“I, um. Hm.” Anita smiled widely while furrowing her brows in a clearly worried expression.

The stranger leaned forward, facing her ear towards Anita in a clearly mocking pose. “What was that? I can’t hear you?”

Anita’s head shot back, causing her to grit her teeth. The sensation in her chest changed from a pleasant workout heart rate to an extremely unpleasant anxiety-induced fluttering.

The woman opened up her legs and crossed them in the other way. Anita looked at the woman sitting down, looking at the sweat dripping down the sides of her head. One sip won’t be bad, right? She has cleaning wipes in her car, it’ll be fine.

Her water bottle felt like it was fifty pounds. Holding it forward, she could see it bounce lightly with her shivering, causing the ice to gently clatter around the inside. “Sh-sure...”

“Thanks!” The woman said in a saccharine, sweet, mocking tone as she lifted up her pink ring, which was now glowing as if it were radioactive.

Carnation burning scorched Anita’s pupils. Her heart shifted from a quick thrumming to an agonizing pulsing, experiencing a bizarre sensation of falling backwards. She could hear the sound of her water bottle landing against the asphalt ground, but the sound was loud enough to vibrate her to her bones. Her teeth clattered together as her whole body struck the floor, but it strangely didn’t hurt as much as it should have. Blinking her eyes, she felt tears escape her lids while her limbs, jelly-like and quivering, barely managed to hold her torso up on all fours. Coughing, she continued to blink her eyes over and over in an attempt to regain the lost clarity. It was as though someone had shined a flashlight directly over her eye socket, or she stared at the sun for too long. Crawling forwards, she felt large stones and strangely-textured crevices underneath her sweaty palms.

Her heart pounded so hard and so quickly that she could literally hear it within her ear drums. “Sorry,” she coughed, “I’m having a panic attack.”

Craning her neck upwards, she could feel her hair cling to her sweaty forehead as she looked up into the sky. A dark silhouette shrouded the sun. It was the head of the bench woman, though still in a state of extraordinary blurriness. Anita reached her hand upwards, as though to ask for some help to her feet.

Two soft, leathery pads squeezed Anita’s forearms like a vice. The ripping sensation of ascent tore through her chest, making her heart feel as though it were a bag of broken glass. Feeling a sharp sensation in her eardrums and a soreness in her throat, she looked down upon the floor beneath her, finding it to be falling away at a delirium-inducing speed. A dissonant

orchestra of conflicting emotions jumbled all of Anita's thoughts to form nothing but confused fear. Kicking her legs, she felt her compression shorts brush together with her flailing, which was hard enough to force off one of her shoes into the endless fall.

Darting her head to the side, a few stray strands of her blonde hair stuck to her forehead as sweat drenched her face, stinging her eyes and maintaining a consistent blurriness in her field of vision. Blinking several times, she felt a wave of nausea as her brain attempted to comprehend how gargantuan her pink water bottle had become as the woman's other hand gently picked it up off the floor. Looking down at her struggling body, she suppressed the desire to vomit in the instant she realized that she had been somehow reduced in size to roughly an inch tall.

"You have no idea how much I needed this," the woman stated. Though she was speaking in a nonchalant, almost uninterested tone, the volume of her voice sent a chill down Anita's spine. The stranger's words literally vibrated her down to her core, as though every single bone were conducting her speech in unison.

Anita couldn't form words. Trying to figure out exactly what plea to eke from her tiny mouth, she realized only then that she had been screaming at the top of her lungs since the instant the stranger's fingers grasped her up off the ground. She didn't even recognize it as her own voice, she sounded more like a wounded, shrieking animal. Her throat clamped open and shut as her blubbing screams caused her voice to spasm. Tears poured from her eyes, slipping into her mouth, coating her tongue with a familiar saltiness. Spitting, she inhaled a choppy breath, screaming "What are you doing? Please! Let me go!"

A thump resonated through Anita's chest as she watched the woman's round bottom land against the sweaty bench. Her thighs were just thick enough that she could see waves of soft skin shake gently upon impact. Now leering at the woman's body, her vision found a state of adrenaline-fueled clarity. Her brain took in every detail of her now-kidnapper, how her tight, sweaty, black top stretched over her busty chest. Each one of her breasts was so much larger than she was, it was as though she were looking at literal mountains. Her eye twitched, still leaking tears, as she tried to take in the scope of something being both alive and so much larger than she was. Everything about this stranger moved too quickly, giving her entire visual field an alien sensation.

Flooded with a sense of disgust at her proximity to some stranger, she could feel the woman's sweat cling to her forearm as she was lifted through the humid air. The sound of plastic scraping against plastic reached her ear drum. Shooting her head below, she watched as the woman's fat thighs held her pink water bottle in place. Seeing the uncapped container, she hyperventilated, knowing that she could easily be dropped into the liquid and freeze to death. Breathing short, panicked breaths, she knew she couldn't possibly resist anything this stranger was doing. Even if she did free herself from her grasp, she was still dangling over a deadly height. Shivering in fear, she watched as two tree trunk-like fingers scooped out a perfectly clear cube of ice from below the lid, pinching it delicately.

Watching drops of water drip off of the cube, Anita retched, gritting her teeth hard enough for her to hear them squeeze against each other, as the cube made its way towards her body. From her perspective, it looked like a prismatic boulder, reflecting light from the inside, seen far too clearly as it made its quick approach.

Anita knew that ice was supposed to be cold, but as soon as it touched her writhing body, she felt as though she were being branded with a hot iron. Nothing felt right, especially as the cube of rock-hard ice developed a bizarre softness to it while her body embedded itself right into the side, trapping her.

The stranger's fingers slipped away from her forearm, causing her to attempt to grasp upon the slippery surface. Screaming yet again, she watched below, knowing that the only thing preventing her death was the gentle indentation of the melted cube behind her.

Craning her neck back upwards, she belted out another screech, watching the woman's lips and tongue head right for her struggling body. "W-wait! No! W-"

A soft sheet of warm flesh coated the front of her body, spilling hot ooze that soaked into her hair and clothes, mixing with the meltwater. The stranger's taste buds slid smoothly over her bare midriff and legs, leaving a trail of saliva that clung to her much worse than the water did. Spitting out the sour gunk, she felt herself dragged along the woman's lower lip as her rank breath wafted over her. Heaving again, she felt the stranger's mouth odor cling to her sinuses; the aftertaste of artificial strawberry flavoring added an element of familiar horror to the already terrifying experience.

Spitting out the stranger's saliva, Anita shivered yet again as the woman let out an almost sexual-sounding moan over her tiny body. Her teeth literally clattered together both because of her quivering and because of the deep resonance.

"So good", the stranger whispered, causing Anita's now-soaked top to flutter against her skin. Wanting to push the woman's lip away, she knew that she couldn't move, lest she risk the fall below.

As the cube left the woman's lips, Anita watched as a disgusting cord of translucent slime attach itself between her chin and the woman's lip. Staring at the dangling wire, she saw clusters of spit bubbles squirm within the thin, web-like line before it snapped back painfully upon her face. Now covered in warm goo, Anita scraped the surface of the ice cube with her fingernails in fear, watching the environment before her change. Seeing the woman's body from a different perspective, Anita couldn't cover her face as she found herself heading right for the woman's inner thigh.

She didn't even have enough time to react before a sea of soft skin muffled her screams. Now face-to-face with the woman's leg, she blubbered against the surface as though she were blowing a "raspberry" against the vast, sticky ocean of flesh. With zero warning, the ice cube slid against the woman's thigh, dragging Anita against the surface, which was now slippery in a

mixture of water, saliva, sweat, and body lotion. Trying to rid her mouth of the stranger's vile flavor, Anita could only wail while the stranger sandwiched her between the cube and her thigh, spreading as much cool water over her skin as she could. Hearing the woman above moan in delight caused a scorching rage to boil up within Anita's chest, made worse by the sense of trapped helplessness she was forced to experience.

The salty sweat of some stranger coating the inside of Anita's mouth led her to nearly hurl, but given that she had an empty stomach, she could only eke out a wad of disgusting foam, which quickly washed away. Now being slid against the woman's lower thigh, Anita wished to push away, but couldn't, as the stranger's ass fat contoured against her, pressing her body further into the ice itself.

With each swish of the ice against the woman's thighs, more of her sticky sweat forced its way up Anita's nose, into her mouth, and into her eyes. With only a moment to breathe between each shift, Anita tried not to choke or inhale any extra sweat. Feeling especially violated as she was slid up against the uppermost portion of the stranger's inner thigh, she could detect the stranger's sweaty crotch odor, causing her to heave out another cluster of froth. Anita's mind couldn't shake the fact that she was so close to a stranger's vagina, unwillingly, that she could smell the sweat clinging to it. Spitting out the thick cluster of sweat coating the inside of her mouth, she attempted to scream "Please!" before she was muffled yet again with another long swipe down the thick girl's leg. Experiencing the thick layer of scum built on the stranger's knee pit sliding into every one of her crevices, Anita bubbled away another wicked shriek before she felt herself detach from the hot, smooth skin completely.

Shivering, still overwhelmed with the frigidity of the ice cube and the violating warmth of the stranger's body fluids, she looked down to see the world twisting around her yet again. Staring below her, she gasped, gazing upon a pair of immense, sweaty breasts and a cleavage longer than she was tall, looking like a gap into complete darkness. Squished against the top of the left mound, she was faced with an ocean of warm, slimy sweat. Spread around the much softer surface, Anita continued to blubber against the stranger's skin, feeling her nose and lips compress and slide against the chest of the immense stranger. Blowing bubbles composed of lotion and sweat, Anita attempted to bite the woman's skin, but finding no purchase upon the smooth, endlessly-moving surface.

Swirled around in circles over the top of each one of the stranger's breasts, Anita felt herself subsumed with darkness as she was forced to dive between her tits. Hugged against the spot of sweaty scum that builds up in the middle crack, stinging blasted her eyes as the warm, salty water continued to flood over Anita's struggling body. Slipped around the front of the stranger's boob, Anita groaned in revulsion as she felt the texture of the woman's skin change.

Now up against the stranger's tremendous nipple, she could feel the wrinkly surface react to her cold touch. The skin before her hardened as the woman swirled the cube against the tip of her breast, causing the minuscule cracks to pinch Anita's face with surprising force. Still wanting to push away the endless tide of flesh, she was still forced backwards by the soft globe's endless pressure. Each subtle motion felt like another deep violation that stained her soul. She knew

that, at this point, even if she had managed to flee this situation alive, she'd be forever changed. Screaming up against the stranger's hardened nipple, she could feel her body again slide upwards, now atop the soaked breast, spreading cold water over the stranger's parched skin.

Lifted upwards, she looked upon the stranger's all-encompassing face. Slathered with sweat, lotion, and spit, she hung her head low as her heavy hair weighed her down. Weeping, she choked, trying to take in the image of the woman who had so deeply violated her. Though Anita could tell the woman was attractive in a somewhat atypical way, all her brain allowed her to comprehend was a monster.

Staring forwards, she could only watch as the woman's jaw lowered, exposing a hot, dark, wet cave filled with strings of saliva that hung down like vile netting. Her pupils dilated, looking at the dangling, jumping uvula in the back of her throat drizzling a wad of goo into an unspeakable flesh pit.

"AIIYYEE!" Anita screamed, feeling a brutal scorching permeate her throat. Seeing two rows of shiny, perfectly straight, white teeth approach her, Anita's mind sank into a state of adrenaline-soaked terror. Losing every shred of personality she once had, she could feel as though her soul were flayed, exposing nothing but the animalistic core that focused purely on survival.

Slipped up against the center crevice of the stranger's tongue, she screeched as her teeth scraped up the woman's tongue scum, filling her mouth with foul-tasting slime. Spitting out the thick scum, she could sense that the stranger had let go of the cube itself, stranding her inside as the lips closed, sealing her in hot darkness. A mattress of soft, warm lumps cascaded against Anita's shivering body as the now-partly-melted half-cube trailed along the center of the woman's tongue as though it were on rails. Buffeted by the disc-shaped taste buds on the back of the fleshy precipice before her, Anita's mind fully snapped as she felt the tube around her wrap her body tightly, guiding her forwards.

"N-N-N! Mmmph!" She attempted to scream as the smooth wad of ice was effortlessly passed through the threshold of the woman's throat with a sonorous "Gluck".

Anita, slipping through the stranger's esophagus upside-down, widened her eyes and screeched until her voice cracked into silence. The combination of hearing the inner workings of the stranger, the bubbling guts below, the calm heartbeat, and the squelching sound of her body resisting against a pulsing tube, sent her into a delirium. Experiencing the cube quickly melt around her as the heat developed a piercing depth, she could only form a froth of bubbles over her face with her incessant, weeping shrieking.

The fleshy surfaces that slipped against her descending body were far smoother than the woman's thighs or breasts, giving it a violating sensation that penetrated her deeply. It was as though she were being actively assaulted while being surrounded by the presence of another human being. Disbelief coursed through Anita's mind, which almost refused to maintain a stable connection to reality. She knew what had happened, but it was so ridiculous that she still

couldn't believe it, even as the woman's heart beat thrummed up against her struggling body. Wanting nothing more than to simply run away and go home, the fact of her own mortality seeped into her, forcing her to feel so fragile that she could melt away with the little ice there was left.

Her descent slowed as the cardia below began to expand, sliding over her face and leaving a sheen of hot, vomit-tinged mucus. Still shrieking as her face was sliding through the muscled ring, the stinging in her eyes devolved from light soreness to severe burning. Inhaling a deep lungful of air as she was dangling halfway out of the wrinkled hole above the chasm of the stomach below, she could feel the acid-tinged fog react with the tender sting of the back of her throat. A thorough sense of humiliation blasted through Anita as she heard the distinct sounds of swallowing from above before a brutal shock of cold water flooding in from above.

Spilling into the stomach below with the force of the water of her own bottle, she screeched again, painfully, as she landed on a field of wrinkled stomach folds. Detached from the now-melted ice cube, she felt an instant burning in her eyes, lips, nose, and genitals as the soupy mixture she was treading instantly soaked into her clothes. Not knowing what to do other than to tread the mucus-tinged mixture of bubbling froth, she fell forwards, feeling a soft ripple of flesh give way under her weight. Smelling nothing but the overwhelming scent of some stranger's hot vomit, she could feel the body around her shift before another shockingly cold flood landed upon her from above.

"Ahh", the voice moaned from above. Anita wept, her tears giving her brief reprieve from the stinging slime that coated every inch of her body. Now quivering in fear, she felt her arms weighed down from the sheets of the stranger's snot that was now hanging off of her limbs. Her hair stuck against her forehead in wet sheets. Her tongue could taste nothing but wretched, sour heat. As another spluttering of water spilled in from below, she could sense her own skin growing more sensitive to every sensation that surrounded her. The soft ripples below scraped her. Putrid fog, already hard to inhale, provided almost no oxygen, leading her to lightheaded delirium. Still weeping, another cascade landed upon her, forcing her between two stomach folds. The frigid water thickened the snot that clung to her, making every single one of her movements difficult to muster. Every attempt to sweep away the mucus felt like smearing it over her.

Placing her quaking hands upon her face in the complete darkness, she felt something she didn't recognize. She could sense that her skin had already loosened, drooping from the incessant contact with the harsh chemical bath that was surrounding her. Barely able to breathe, she shrieked again, feeling her lower eyelid peel away as she fell forwards into another pool of thickened mucus.

The stomach walls, activated from her arrival, began to groan and press against each other, causing a loud, thunderous growling noise. Now splattered between two groping walls, Anita screeched as the slipping surface flayed a large flap of skin away from her forearm. Now experiencing nothing but complete, physical agony, she could only continue weeping from frayed eyelids as the stranger's body continued to digest her alive.

Wanting to flee from the churning surfaces that ground against her, she could barely lift up any of her limbs. Her consciousness remained stubbornly active, even as her breathing was reduced to ragged growls. The sounds of her fluid-filled lungs beginning to fade away echoed within Anita's mind. She tried to think back to who she was before this, but her mind was far too steeped in trauma for any active control. She was already gone as a human being, destined to be absorbed into some stranger with the very water she had brought with her.

Squirming in her decay, she experienced a sense of supreme, overriding fear as her muscles all locked up in unison, causing her head to sink below a puddle of the stranger's snot. Inhaling the goo as hard as she could, bright flashes of light filled her field of vision as the sensation of a thousand knives stabbed from within her chest. Bubbling out an exhalation of stomach mucus, Anita lost herself, feeling her consciousness fade away into the darkness.

Rachel

Fiddling with the water bottle in her left hand, she moaned as the sensation of sweet relief covered her skin. The little vibrating sensation slipping all over her body gave the little ice cube the extra kick she needed. Pondering about how it boosted her mood enough to walk through to the park's exit, she rubbed the ice around her tits a little bit, enough to cool them down under her tight, black top.

After popping the ice cube into her mouth, she made a little fold with her tongue and swallowed it whole. Having never actually swallowed an ice cube, she traced its descent down her throat, behind her breasts with a finger. After drinking a few swigs of water, she sighed, stood up, and started making her way towards the exit with her new water bottle. It even matched her ring.

Not even a day later, Rachel had already forgotten about the woman she had swallowed. Having done so dozens, possibly hundreds of times before, performing a magical disappearing act had become mundane. Walking around her house in her pajamas, she grabbed her water bottle, clicking her ring against the hard plastic, and took another few swigs. "Maybe this'll help kickstart a good habit. I gotta stop drinking so much soda", she thought, placing it back on the counter on the way to the bathroom.

Sitting on the toilet, she stared down at her thick thighs, pinching the fat. Musing about her snack yesterday, she wondered if those secret snacks were healthy or not. Feeling herself loosen up, she let out a hot stream of piss as she released yesterday's waste. Anita's clothes rubbed up against Rachel's asshole before landing in the cold water with a soft plop. Detached from the rest of the log with the jet of urine, which was mostly the fluid she drank at the park yesterday, the clothes settled to the bottom with a few patches of human remains clinging to it.

After wiping herself, washing down, and heading back to her water bottle, she smiled, twisting it in her grip and watching the bubbles flutter behind the pink transparency. "Like, twenty people can fit in here", she thought happily.

Thank you for reading!

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