

You've been having the same dream for the past week. Ms. Swann is standing at the blackboard with her back turned, speaking to the class. Her brown hair cascades over her thin shoulders as she bounces left, then right, then left again. She never stops moving, so it seems. And as she bounces you hear sloshing. A grunt. A cry for help. All this time, Ms. Swann does not stop talking, but her stomach slowly grows and the speech is garbled by the muffled struggles of the student inside of her. You look around the class. Nobody is missing. Nobody is looking at you. All eyes are on Ms. Swann as she bounces and laughs. The struggles are becoming more frantic. Her shirt rips along the sides, exposing pale skin, and imprinted upon that skin are a pair of hands. She's turning now. Once she turns, you'll know who's inside of her. The giant orb of her stomach sways as she rounds on her foot, laughing, looking right at you as her mouth opens wide and then there is darkness and sloshing and the muffled chatter of the class as a loud burp shakes your soggy, new home.

You wake up in a cold sweat. Just a dream, you remind yourself, before the clock on the wall alerts you to a matter more pressing.

Shit!

For three years, you never missed a day of class. Perfect attendance, perfect grades, and a perfect track record. The teachers love you and you tolerate them, avoiding the voracious ones and aligning with the kind, but fair staff members that rarely eat students out of line. Still, now that you've been accepted into college, you've let your guard down. Senioritis, you've heard it called, and your relaxed nature has recently caused a slew of tardies. Ms. Swann has already threatened you with detention. You cannot be late today!

So you throw on an old set of clothes and stumble out into the sunlight with your backpack half strapped. Breakfast can wait. You run to the street corner where, at first, you are relieved to see the bus, but your relief soon turns to horror as you notice it peeling away from the curb. One of your friends waves at you from the back window.

"See you in detention," they mouth.

Crap!

You race back to your house. There's a stitch in your side, but you ignore it, flying into the kitchen where you hope to find your mother still, and...and...

She's gone. Of course. Early meeting. Crap, crap, crap!

It takes you a half hour to bike to school. You put your whole heart into it, but you aren't the most athletic and besides, the journey takes you up no less than three hills. By the time you arrive at the gates, you're drenched in sweat and the bell is already ringing. You swear under your breath. Hopefully Swann hasn't started her lecture.

There are only a few students in the halls as you creep toward the classroom, hurrying silently toward their destinations. Perfect student or not, if you are in the halls without a hall pass, you're liable to end up in someone's stomach, and depending on the teacher, that detention might never end. Take Ms. Lynch for example: a disciplinarian famous for digesting students who fail her pop quizzes. If she were to see you through the window of her classroom right now, you'd be snatched up quicker than you could say 'ah fuck'.

Luckily, Ms. Swann is far more forgiving.

Her door is closed by the time you get to the classroom. You can see her by the blackboard, coffee in hand, writing out the assignment for the day. Her stomach is empty, for once, though there's a bit of pudge left over from a previous detention that hasn't quite gone away yet. It jiggles beneath her green shirt as she moves, causing you to blush.

Part of you wonders what would happen if you skipped class. You could sneak out of school and call from the bushes, pretending to be your parent. Of course, if you're caught, it's game over. Unlike some other, wealthier students, you don't have any backups to rely on.

No. You're just going to have to take whatever Swann gives you. If it's detention, so be it. She's one of the kinder ones, after all.

You knock on the door. Ms. Swann jolts as she looks toward you.

"Goodness," you hear her say. "That scared me. Give me a moment, class, and please open your books to Chapter 3. Feel free to talk amongst yourselves."

There's an immediate clamor as the class falls into disarray. Taking another sip from her mug, Ms. Swann walks toward the door. Her face remains neutral as she slips through the crack and shuts the door behind her.

A few things to note about Ms. Swann:

The first thing is that she is young. Late twenties, early thirties maybe, and pretty. She's got these big, brown eyes that fill with excitement when she's speaking and an infectious humor that always has the class laughing. Most of the male students in class have a crush on her; some of the female students, too. It doesn't help that she wears these tight, form-fitting outfits with low necklines, such as the cotton shirt that currently hugs her curvy frame.

The second thing to note is that she's a bit weird. She'll laugh randomly, as if she's just thought of a joke, or smile into space in the middle of a lecture. She's fiercely possessive of her students, tolerating no bullies, and most of your classmates agree that she gives off a motherly aura only a little more...unhinged.

When Ms. Swann exits the classroom, she stands right in front of you. You can smell the soap she used to wash that morning and feel the warmth of her skin. She puts a gentle hand on your shoulder. You attempt to keep your eyes away from her cleavage which is currently bobbing beneath your nose.

“You scared me,” she pouts. “I was just thinking that you were missing from your seat and I was wondering if you were sick, and then you appear like a ghost outside of my window! Oh goodness, my heart is still racing.”

It certainly is. Given that she’s leaning over you, you can hear it an inch away from your chin.

“I’m sorry, Ms. Swann,” you say, and you mean it.

Her shoulders lower.

“Oh, you know I can’t stay mad at you,” she says, rubbing your arm. “I’m just jumpy, is all. This is my third cup of coffee today. Goodness, I’ve been sluggish. A big ‘ol slugabug, in fact, though, unlike a certain star student that I know, I seem to have no problem getting out of bed.”

She taps you with her fingernail. Her stomach brushes against your own. You pull away, attempting to make polite space, but she maintains her grip on you. It’s firm, but not painful. She pulls you close again and your bellies touch once more. Hers growls beneath your own.

“This is the fifth time you’ve been late this semester,” she says.

“I know,” you say.

“You were so good last semester! A bit of senioritis, I suspect?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Was I not clear about what would happen if you were late again?”

There’s no threat in her speech. She sounds almost sad. You bow your head, nearly bumping your nose on her chest as you try to make yourself suitably pitiful.

“I promise I won’t be late again,” you say. “I tried this time, really I did, but the bus came early and took off while I was running toward it. I had to ride my bike to school.”

“I believe you,” Ms. Swann giggles. “You’re a little damp, dear.”

“Sorry.”

“Oh, you know I can’t stay mad at you-”

Your heart soars, at least until she completes the sentence.

“-but this is still the fifth time that you’ve been late and I am afraid that I have to give you detention. Now let’s get this over quick! We have class to get back to and a test to prepare for. Hold still, please.”

Ms. Swann’s other hand comes up to grip your other shoulder. Despite the order, you have a hard time holding still, especially as her mouth opens and a wave of warm, gooey coffee breath washes over your. Her tongue flickers between her lips. She swallows twice, lubricating her throat.

“You’ve never served detention with me, I don’t believe,” she says.

“No, Ms. Swann.”

“Have you served detention with any teacher before?”

“No, Ms. Swann.”

“You’re trembling, poor dear,” she says with a smile. “I promise that you’re not in that much trouble and I swear that I will be gentle. You understand why I have to punish you, right? But don’t worry. I’ve heard that it’s rather nice inside of me, if a little wet. I’ll take good care of you. It will be over before you know it.”

Her stomach growls again, more insistent this time. You try not to think about the coffee swirling in its depths. The smell has always made you slightly nauseous.

“Ready?” Ms. Swann asks.

“Ready,” you start to reply, but before the sentence passes your lips, her mouth sinks over you and buries you in her soft inner flesh.

It’s a tight squeeze. You’ve never been swallowed before, but you’ve watched other students glide down their teacher’s throats, and the process always looked effortless. Hanging between Ms. Swann’s jaws, however, you come to appreciate just how much work goes into swallowing a student. The throat eases around you. Her hands latch onto your arms. The sound of the outside world comes to you in between squelches and hums and the steady thud of her heart beating through her chest, drumming against your ears as you slide forward in an avalanche of warm saliva. Ms. Swann bends over your body, sheathing you snugly. Then, in a surprising show of strength, she levers herself backwards and brings you with her, holding your legs above her head. Her mouth opens wide to accept your torso as more of you fills her already bulging gut.

You lurch forward. The squeeze is back, only this time, it's your neck and arms being crammed into the tight corridor. You can feel her teeth skidding across your lower back as her tongue comes up to lap against your stomach. The darkness inside of her is absolute. You can see nothing on the passage ahead, relying only on your nose and the sensation of her flesh sliding, groping. The air is getting rotten. As you feared, the coffee has curdled inside of her, mixing with the bile to saturate the walls. This is your prison. Her stomach rushes up to accept you.

GULP!

Something hot splashes against your cheek. Your head is forced into a squishy sac that spreads along your body, stretching to accommodate your shoulders and back. There's an uncomfortable moment where your face is submerged, only to rise spluttering from the acids as you curl in on yourself. There's a sharp pain in your neck. Your body isn't meant to bend this way. Half of you is still being squeezed down Swann's throat and the other half of you remains flailing in the air. Ms. Swann flicks your leg to remind you to be still. A solid slug is followed by a deluge of spittle.

"Ack!"

Her stomach is growing. There's only a thin layer of muscle and skin separating you from the outside, so you have a fair idea of where you are. Your head is nestled between Ms. Swann's breasts, with your back bearing the weight of her padded gut. Your arms and legs are being folded in around you so that you have no choice but to curl into a fetal position. Her boobs bounce against your cheeks. A final swallow proceeds a low, dry belch.

BBrrUUuuP...

"Ooh! Excuse me!"

Something hard slaps against your back. It takes you a moment to realize it's her hand. Slime dribbles over your face as she drags her palm across your spine, releasing a shudder that, from the inside, feels vaguely inappropriate. She belches again, befouling the air.

UuurrP!

She was right about one thing: it is incredibly wet inside of her.

The walls of the stomach are studded with deep wrinkles. Liquid trickles through the membrane to drip into a pool around your feet and ass. You can feel the soggy remains of her breakfast beneath you, as well as the coffee that has yet to absorb. The smell of bile makes you gag at first, but your nose quickly adjusts to the grotesque environment, masking the smell with the more recognizable, yet just as crude scent of a half-digested sesame seed bagel.

It's strange being carried inside of another person. You feel secure, given how tight her stomach is wrapped around you, but there's a constant, underlying vertigo, like Swann might somehow lose her balance and fall on top of you. Given your proximity to her breasts, the thought makes you blush, then blanch. You just remembered that everyone in the class is going to know that you're inside of your teacher.

"There we go," Ms. Swann says. Her voice echoes through her body. "Nice and snug! Well, almost. I can't exactly go around with my stomach hanging out. Luckily, I like my shirts extra stretchy!"

Her hands shift positions. At first, nothing happens, but then you feel the stomach contract, crushing your nose into your thighs.

"Oof!"

"Sorry," Ms. Swann giggles. "I didn't account for the extra weight. I've been on a diet lately, I swear, but the snacks in the teacher's lounge are killer. I shouldn't feel hungry with you inside of me, though! Ms. Swann diet trick of the day. Hehe. Anyhow-"

Another squeeze. This time, the stomach dumps a whole gallon of goo on your head as she wrestles with her shirt. You put out your arm to steady yourself, but end up doing a somersault, causing your teacher to yelp and your body to be further subjected to the malignant folds of her most intimate chamber.

"Calm down in there! This is difficult enough without you moving."

There's a yank, then a thud, then her stomach relaxes. You ease back into your original position, albeit a bit more cramped than before.

OOoUUUuuURRRP!

"Goodness, I apologize," Ms. Swann says. "It's so crude of me, but it can't be helped. Your detention will end after the final bell, so use this time to reflect on your tardiness, sweetheart!"

A door opens close to your ear. The general chatter of the class dies the moment Ms. Swann enters.

"Ms. Swann?" comes a voice.

Ugh. You wish you could disappear. The voice belongs to your crush who has already chastened you for your tardiness and now they're about to witness your ultimate humiliation. More than that, you can feel the eyes of your peers staring at your outline against Ms. Swann's shirt. Another poor soul in detention. The misery.

“Yes, dear?” Ms. Swann asks.

“Who is that?”

“I am afraid that I am not at liberty to say! Please go back to your workbooks. We will resume class as soon as I am finished grading your homework.”

WHUMPH!

Ms. Swann takes her seat too fast, smacking you against her hips. You yelp, she yelps, and the whole class giggles.

“Workbooks,” Ms. Swann says cheerfully. “And as for you-” her fingers drum on your head, “-we’ll take care of those pesky stomach acids right now. You’re only in detention for the school day, after all!”

You give a wriggle of confirmation. Ms. Swann pats you twice, then swallows something loudly. The antacid fizzes as it drops into the puddle at your feet.

For the next hour, you are subjected to the whims of your captor’s body; privy to every secret twitch and tremble. Ms. Swann tends to move a lot. When she’s sitting, she rocks from side to side, slowly sloshing you as you struggle to find a comfortable position. When she’s standing, she likes to jump and bounce and twirl. Once her twice, she accidentally mashes you against the blackboard, and each time she giggles and apologizes while the class snickers at your misfortune.

Then there are the subtler movements.

Every now and again, you’ll feel Ms. Swann’s body seize up, then relax. You’ll be squeezed in her innards until the episode ends, leaving you to wonder what it’s all about. The third time it happens, you realize that she’s pushing her legs together and rubbing them. An exercise, perhaps? A gentle hum accompanies the movement every time. A sigh. Her hands make their way over your back more often in an attempt to sooth you as her heartbeat slows to a comfortable crawl.

It occurs to you that it might be nice inside of Ms. Swann if it wasn’t so disgusting. There are moments where she’ll be patting you and you’ll be listening to the murmurs of her body surrounding yours, and then suddenly there will be a slorch as saliva is dumped on your head, or a sudden cramp that you have no way of remedying. Pressing out against Ms. Swann’s stomach causes her to moan. This is usually followed by another clench, squeeze, and leg rub, or, occasionally, a belch.

“Sorry, my sweet,” she says whenever it happens. Only you can hear the rumbly ones she keeps in her throat. Once or twice, however, she’ll be at the blackboard when a shift causes a

whole bubble of gas to lift through her throat. In these cases, her belches are loud and long, though they don't seem to embarrass her that much.

OOouuUrrrOOouuUURRRP!

"Oops! Just a little bit of a throat tickle! Pardon me, and also please, Tony, if you could read that next passage for the class."

As she walks back to her seat, you feel her muscles tense. She's fidgeting more than usual, bouncing from side to side, and at first, you aren't sure what she's doing, but then she raises an arm and lets out another, silent belch.

"Sorry," she whispers, giving you a playful rub. "I'm trying not to disturb the class. Got enough space in there? I haven't left you without any air, have I?"

You shake your head. Ms. Swann chuckles and folds you under the desk where another deluge of stomach slosh coats your already saturated clothes.

It's hard to tell time in the stomach, but eventually the first class ends. Ms. Swann hands out homework and waves goodbye to the class, accidentally lifting her shirt in the process. Another slew of snickers from your peers. Wonderful.

"Oh, lighten up," Ms. Swann says when the classroom is empty. "Everyone gets detention sometimes! And you're such a good student, you are, it's just that pesky senioritis! Well, my belly is the cure for that, I'll say. Hmm. I'm gonna have more coffee. Sorry if this tickles, sweetheart."

GLUG! GLUG! SPLAT!

You sigh. You haven't attempted to communicate much inside of Ms. Swann aside from the occasional wriggle of discomfort. Now, a fresh batch of cold coffee is dribbled on your shoulders, juxtaposing the heat and smell of the stomach. Another low belch rocks her belly.

"Hmm, next class isn't for another forty-five minutes, love, so I guess it's just you and me and this grading. I don't mind if you move a little bit—in fact, I encourage it—but please try to stay still if I'm standing. I'd hate to fall on you!"

There's a short pause. Her heart beats a little quicker.

"I encourage it so that you don't get muscle cramps," Ms. Swann clarifies. "No other reason."

She's doing the leg thing again. You hear the scratch of the pen above you. Her elbow bumps into your head. You can tell that she's working, but also that she's aware of you inside of her,

given that her stomach hasn't stopped tensing. Does she want you to talk? Maybe she's just holding in gas.

"Can I tell you a secret?"

Her voice catches you off guard.

"Sure," you say. When there's no response, you press your mouth up to the slimy wall and say it louder. "Sure!"

"Oh! Sorry, I thought you said that, but it's kind of hard to hear you right now. Anyhow, I only tell you this because you're such a good student and you'll probably never need another detention. Am I right about that?"

You nod.

Ms. Swann drums her fingers on your shoulders. She looks at the smooth lump you make beneath her shirt and her cheeks get warm. It's nice to have a good one in her stomach for once. Of course, all of her students are precious to her, but you are especially precious. She's watched you grow so much over these last four years and now you're a senior. Soon you will leave her. She only has so much time with all of her sweet little darlings.

"I'm glad that you got detention," Ms. Swann says. "And oh, don't think me cruel for saying so, but we haven't spent much time together since your exams. You used to come and talk to me about everything."

That was a bit of an exaggeration. Ms. Swann was the teacher you felt most comfortable coming to, but that was mainly because she was the least likely to swallow you. Oh well. You give another nod of confirmation.

"And you have to know that I'm going to miss you all," she continues. She's kind of bouncing in her seat. It's hard to hear her over the sounds her stomach is making. "There's always a new batch of students, but the ones that make it to senior year are special. Watching you all walk the stage—thinking about you moving on with your lives—oh, it fills me with such happiness and sadness all at once. I'm sorry. I get like this at the end of the year. Forgive me for my sentiment, but I'm enjoying our time together."

Then she leans forward and gives you a kiss. At least, that's what it feels and sounds like. You can't see anything inside of her stomach, so you can only guess. She seems to be waiting for you to say something.

"I'm sorry if I disappointed you," you say.

“Disappoint? You could never! No, a little discipline is needed sometimes, that’s all. Now I really do need to grade this homework. Wriggle around every once in a while so that I know you’re comfortable, okay? I’ll talk to you in a bit, sweetheart.”

The underlying joviality of her speech is marred by the popping of an enormous gas bubble beneath you, filling the chamber with the stench of Ms. Swann’s vomit. You spend the next ten minutes coughing and retching as she remains oblivious above you, scratching away.

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Hours drag by. You measure them by the classes and also by Ms. Swann’s whims. She gets up every half hour or so to stretch, taking you with her, and before every class, she does an adorable little shuffle. Well, you assume it’s adorable on the outside, because on the inside, it just feels like a lot of bouncing and slobber.

Eventually, you fall into a lull. With so little stimulation, your brain simply fast-forwards, speeding you up to every new checkpoint. There goes a class. A break. Lunch in the teacher’s lounge where soup is added to the noxious mixture forming beneath you as Ms. Swann makes polite conversation with Ms. Blewett.

“How long does this one have?” the other teacher asks, touching your head.

“Oh, they’re not for digesting,” Ms. Swann says. “I’m only keeping them until the end of the school day.”

“Sure you are, Helen.”

You can feel the student’s eyes on you when she goes back to class. *Some poor sap*, you’re sure they’re thinking. You have to sit with Ms. Swann as she goes through a girl’s test scores.

“You started the year so strong, Hannah,” Ms. Swann says, sucking her teeth. “92 on the first test. An 87. But you failed the last two tests and if you fail the final, you’re in serious danger of failing the entire class, and you know what that means.”

The girl started to cry, comforted by the sympathetic Swann, only, for all of her kind words, her stomach would not stop groaning and gurgling, slurping at you now that the antacid is wearing off. You try not to listen as Ms. Swann describes how, should the girl fail, she’ll be summarily “expelled”.

“And I know that it can be tough to juggle class and extracurriculars, but if you need extra tutoring sessions, I hold office hours before finals week. We’ll make sure that you get your grades up, honey, don’t you worry.”

“Thanks,” the girl sniffed. “I don’t wanna end up in your s-stomach like them!”

“Oh, this naughty little truant is one of my best students,” Ms. Swann says proudly, patting you. “They just needed a different kind of motivation.”

The last bell comes as a relief to you. After eight hours in your teacher’s stomach, your skin is starting to wrinkle and the acids, originally suppressed, are starting to foam again. The air in the stomach is getting hotter; more vaporous. It’s getting difficult to breathe.

“Have a good one,” Ms. Swann yells, bouncing and waving. “Don’t forget to do your homework! Goodbye! Goodbye!”

A door shuts, signaling your solitude. Ms. Swann stretches and yawns.

“Oof, what a day! I thought it would never end. I hope I didn’t give out too much homework; finals are coming up and you all need your rest before you...move on.”

Her hands rest against your spine, rubbing gently. You wait for her to regurgitate, wondering what it will feel like to squeeze back up Ms. Swann’s throat. It’s going to be embarrassing if you come up head first. You’ll be held by your teacher, soaking wet, as she disgorges your waist and legs. However, after several minutes, she has made no attempt to release you.

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There’s a mirror on the door in Ms. Swann’s classroom. She looks at the lump in her stomach, softly swaying, and feels a sudden tightness in her chest. That’s her favorite student, nuzzled up in her belly. Safe. Warm. The wider world won’t be as kind to you, no, no, and if you learned your lesson about tardiness, then she’ll never get to swallow you again. She’ll never get to feel your breath warming her insides, or be privy to your small, secret squirms. Of course, she has to let you go. You haven’t done anything that warrants an extended detention and besides, the longer she keeps you, the more she wants to *keep* you. Her hands spread over her stomach until she’s cupping you from beneath. As her shirt rides up, she watches your outline against her belly. You sure look comfortable.

“Ms. Swann?”

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She jolts. Inside, you feel her pull her hands away.

“Yes, *ahem*, well, I know that I said I would release you at the end of the school day, but I think to drive this lesson home, I will need to keep you until the evening. Oh, now no complaining, my pet. I’ll take another antacid so that you stay nice and safe, but I really think that an extended detention is necessary. Don’t worry! I’m sure that it will be fun. Just you and me. We’ll listen to

some music in the car and you can tell me about the college you chose. It will be just like old times, huh? Okay! Hup!”

You swivel inside of her and gag. The acids are starting to sting. You want to tell her that she promised to let you out at the end of school, but eight hours in her stomach has sapped your strength. Your back is cramped from the constant fetal position; your arms and legs are sore. There’s a crick in your neck that you’ve been trying to work out for the last ten minutes, yet the only way to get any motion is to shove your head into the slobbery wall and roll about as Ms. Swann goes about her business. Yes, you’d really like to escape her now, but you have no choice in the matter. Ms. Swann must have taken your silence as approval, because she clicks her tongue and goes to search for an antacid. Once again, it fizzes as it dissolves beneath you.

“It’s going to be a bit tight in the car,” she says, grabbing her bag. Her heart is beating faster than ever. “The ride is only a few minutes long. Bear with me, okay? I’ll play some music!”

“What kind of music?” you ask.

“I don’t know! Do you like Nickelback?”

A dour kick is your only response.

“Oh, come now. Every time I tell my students I like Nickelback, they think I’m terribly out of fashion, but if you listen to their songs, they’ve actually got a kind of punk rock message! Take their song *Animals*. It’s about having...well, this conversation might be a bit inappropriate for a teacher and a student to be having, so let’s just leave it at ‘it’s lewd’. I’ll play it in the car!”

She yammers on as she walks, shaking you like a cork, until you reach the car. As she promised, it’s a tight squeeze to get you behind the steering wheel. You’re lucky that she has some padding on her gut, or the bottom of the wheel would be jammed right up against your neck. Ms. Swann has to let out another belch to free up space.

OOouuUUUuRRRP!

“Excuse me!” she says, turning the keys. The rumble of the engine vibrates your enclosure. “Hehe, I can’t believe you’re visiting my house. I’m afraid it’s kind of messy. I guess you won’t see much of it. I’ll clean the bathroom so that you can take a shower when I let you out. I’ll see if I can find some clothes for you as well. Oooh, this will be fun!”

Fun? You wouldn’t describe your situation as fun. The antacid might prevent the liquid from burning you, but there’s no doubt that her stomach is fuller than it was an hour ago. Hot muck oozes against your hips and legs, forming uncomfortable eddies with every movement Swann makes. Her intestines are working hard on the food she managed to digest before she swallowed you, adding to the discordant sounds of a body doing what bodies do. You shift, embarrassed, as another belch trumpets through the car.

“Hehe. Sorry.”

The ride to her house takes about ten minutes, during which time you are subjected to three different Nickelback songs, all sung out loud by a very enthusiastic Swann. She belches during a couple of them, unable to contain herself, but overall, her pitch is correct and besides, you get to enjoy the moments where she presses her elbows into her breasts, kneading them against your face. It's one of the few good things about being inside of her.

“Home sweet home,” Ms. Swann says as she stops the car. “Well, it's a condo, not a house, but I like it all the same. We're on the second floor, which means stairs, so bear with me, sweetheart, because my legs are sore from carrying you around all day. Not that you're heavy! Just that I'm out of shape. Welp! Here we go!”

Thud!

Slosh!

Thud!

SLOSH!

The pattern continues, stair by stair, as you are lifted, then dropped, slamming against Ms. Swann's hips. She's breathing heavily, mumbling something to herself. You feel her reach for you unconsciously. You are starting to get dizzy.

Thud!

Slosh!

“Alright! We're here! Phew!”

A pause proceeds a giggle and a congratulatory belly rub. You understand the sentiment, but it's getting so hot in her stomach that you would rather she not touch you. Besides, you're too busy trying not to breathe the malodorous gas freed by the exercise to focus much on anything else. Is that what she had for dinner last night? Salami?

“Okay. Just a few more steps to the door. Got my keys. Backpack. Oops! I forgot your backpack in the classroom. You can pick it up tomorrow.”

Ms. Swann's voice peters off, then comes back more chipper than ever.

“Anyhow, we have the entire evening! I'll make some snacks. For me, I guess, it would be gross if you ate them, although you must be hungry after a whole day in there. I'll make you a meal

after you come out. How about that? As for the movie we're going to watch tonight, I'll choose something that's easy to follow just through sound. Ooh! Maybe we'll just listen to an audiobook. Yes, I think that's a good way to go about it. Let's get started!"

The chatter comes out as an uninterrupted stream while Ms. Swann sets down her bag and waddles into the kitchen. She's less careful with you now that there aren't people around to accidentally bash with her stomach, so when she twirls or skips, you temporarily become weightless before slamming into the walls. Her shirt slips up over her stomach and she doesn't pull it back down. The increase in space allows you to relax a little.

"I just put some chicken in the oven," Ms. Swann says after a few minutes of fiddling. "I'm gonna take a shower now. Try not to peek!"

A shower? Even though you're in her stomach, an inch away from her naked flesh, the thought of Ms. Swann washing her naked body with you inside of it causes you to clear your throat. She hums to herself as she walks to the bathroom. You hear the water turning on and feel her disrobe.

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As the steam fills the small bathroom, Ms. Swann looks in the mirror again. She turns left, then right, admiring the curve of her belly, slightly softening over the course of the day. You aren't digesting yet—the antacids make sure of that—but rather her belly has conformed to you, causing the skin to appear smoother. Oh, what she wouldn't give to hug you right now! A big, belly hug should do. You are her star student and you'll go on to do great things. She has to show her appreciation now while you're still with her. Still with her...

She shakes out her long, brown hair. You really are comfortable in there. It feels right to have you on her hips, or rather, it feels wrong *not* to have you on her hips. No, no. She mustn't think that way. Oh, the other teachers tease her for her love of her students, but she can't help it! She'll just enjoy the time she can spend with you now.

—

When Ms. Swann steps into her shower, her hands glide over your shoulders and arms and neck. The shlick of the soap forms a soothing cadence as she kneads every inch of your body within hers.

"How is that?" she asks, resting you against the wall. "Nice?"

You shake your head. She watches her breasts ripple at the movement.

"No? Why?"

How do you tell your teacher that her gut is a smelly, cramped dungeon when it's clear that she cares about your opinion? Lukewarm liquid sloshes against your chest. It's getting harder and harder to move.

"Just a bit...achy," you manage.

Ms. Swann's hands immediately begin to knead harder.

"Oh no! I always forget how squished you must be inside of there. Don't worry! Let me rub your shoulders and make it all better."

Her hands dig into your lower back, coursing against your tight muscles to loosen some of the knots that have formed, but at the same time, she's also slathering you in mucus and goo. While she cleans her body, she taints yours, and the fumes that once only nauseated you are making your head spin. You're not sure how much longer you can survive inside of her.

"Your mother has been informed of your detention," Ms. Swann says. "So don't worry about that, either. Ooh, I just wanna squeeze you! Control yourself, Helen. Aww, what the heck!"

Her arms wrap tight around her stomach and lift. Colored dots appear in the corners of your vision as all of your muscles twitch at once.

"Hehe, that was fun. Let me just wash the rest of myself and we'll get some food in us."

You're pushed sideways, then backwards, then fully upside down. Ms. Swann bends low over her toes, flipping you around inside of her so that your head rests against her pelvis when she flips back up. You have to wrench yourself upright using the walls. Whenever you dig into the tender flesh, Ms. Swann moans. She isn't trying to hide it anymore.

"I'm sorry, dear," she says. "It feels good when you move. Teachers can get cramped, too, sitting upright all day, and I have to keep my posture or I'd set a bad example for the students. Having someone pushing against my muscles from the inside feels like a massage."

Her grip on you tightens for a moment, then eases. You are released back into the pool as Ms. Swann steps from the shower and towels off.

"The oven should be heated by now," she said. "I'm making some breaded chicken and rice. Brown rice. I really am trying with the diet, you know, but those last few pounds always stick to me like glue. Mary says that I should try the gym. I'm afraid to tell her that I'm horribly unathletic. Well, that's not entirely true. I really liked dance class back in the day and I aspired to do cheerleading at one point. Even learned the poses! A one! A two! A-"

The stomach twists 90 degrees, then flips. Ms. Swann jumps about, giggling, while you smother in the folds of her putrid belly. Maybe it's her proximity to the oven, but it's getting hotter by the

minute. The dancing doesn't help, either. By the end of her routine, her heart is beating fast and you are seriously considering the possibility that you might drown before Swann ever has a chance to regurgitate you.

"Ooh! Ooh! Too much activity, *hic*," she giggles. You feel her reach out to steady herself and then suddenly, you're falling.

SPLAT!

"Uuuurrgh!"

An enormous weight settles on your back as Swann hits the ground. She gasps, rolling on her back, but the motion only serves to disorient you further as your head is ducked beneath the bubbling acids again and again. When you finally emerge, you're forced to press your lips up against one of the walls. The air in the stomach is heavily tainted. Ms. Swann rubs you from the outside, apologizing profusely.

"Sorry, sorry! I got carried away. Forgot about the extra weight. Let's just...there we go!"

She swings herself back onto her feet and you resume your position tucked inside of her. A rumbling belch filters through her throat.

OOuUuruuup!

"Hehe! I can feel you panting in there. Don't worry, I won't fall again. You aren't hurt, are you? No? That's good. I never want to hurt you. Ooh, the food is almost ready. I haven't chosen an audiobook, though. Is there anything you want in particular?"

She drums her stomach, waiting for a response.

"I don't care," you say.

"Don't care! Well, if you leave it up to me, we'll go with a classic. How about *The Wind in the Willows*? That's a nice, comforting story and there's a narrator I really like. You don't mind if I pour a glass of wine, do you? It's been a long day. We'll choose white wine, it's sweeter, and it pairs with chicken. Don't drink any, okay?"

The sentiment is followed by a loud glug and a trickle of cold liquid, rapidly warmed by her saliva. Sour grapes do *not* make the stomach smell any better. In fact, you think that the antacid that she took might be reaching the end of its effectiveness. Heavy bubbles form on the surface of the lake, tickling your jaw. Just endure. Only an hour or so to go.

But it's difficult to endure the humiliation that is having food dumped on your head. For all of her talk of loving her students, Ms. Swann is perfectly willing to engorge herself with massive

quantities of food, dropping the masticated tidbits onto your hair and shoulders and neck. More burps ring out as she eats. Her thighs knead against the cushions.

“I thought about ordering Chinese food tonight,” Ms. Swann is saying. “I have the biggest craving for egg rolls. But the diet, you see. The diet is key. Ooh, that rhymed!”

She nudges you with her knees, expecting a reaction. You give a noncommittal grunt.

“Don’t be grumpy,” Ms. Swann says. “You were the naughty student who thought they could get away with being tardy five times in one semester. I did warn you! So, are you excited for college? What about high school are you going to miss the most?”

“With all due respect,” you say, “I’m really tired, Ms. Swann. Could you let me out, now?”

Her stomach tenses. Whether consciously or not, she’s wrapped her arms and legs around you in a manner that can only be described as possessive.

“Your detention isn’t over,” she complains. “Oh no! No, no. There’s another hour left, at least. You’re going to stay right here with me until I believe that you’ve learned your lesson. No, it wouldn’t be fair to the other students who have served detention, either. I’m afraid you’ll have to endure.”

Most of the other students who served detention for tardiness were let out after one class, you want to say, but it’s not worth arguing with her. She can get like this sometimes. Where other teachers are almost apathetic to their student’s needs, Ms. Swann is clingy to a fault. You’re pretty sure she’s digested a few students she wasn’t supposed to, too, recalling a particularly chaotic lecture where Ms. Swann kept on talking as her stomach bubbled and hissed, rounding into a ball right before the student’s eyes. Anxiety begins to dig its icy fangs into your mind. What if...

No. Ms. Swann adores you. You try to relax as she puts on the audiobook, ignoring the mild pain the acids are starting to cause. It doesn’t help that she keeps nudging you with her thighs like she’s trying to make sure you’re still there.

The walls of the stomach are getting louder. They squeeze and release; squeeze and release, ebbing and flowing as the waves in the ocean, only broken by the occasional gurgle that echoes through the dark chasm. You listen to the drip of the acid raining from the top of the stomach. It reminds you of water dripping from stalactites in a cave, only the stagnant pool is a rancorous mess of Ms. Swann’s food, you included. She rubs the walls which have gone rubbery due to the volume of liquid in her gut. Sometimes, she kneads your back. Sometimes your head.

OoUuAaRrrRP!

Her belches are becoming troublesome as well. Each belch expels some of the precious air that you have left, crushing you in her gut. It's a test of endurance just to stay conscious through the strain. Ms. Swann's constant chatter comes to you at a distance. One more hour. One more hour and then you're free.

"-now Rodney was troublesome. When I informed him that his detention was being extended, he actually bruised me, he thrashed so hard. Of course, I had to lay on him to get him to stop, and it had completely slipped my mind to take the antacid, so he was soft. Ooh, I felt so bad, but of course, these things happen sometimes. He behaved much better the rest of the night. I like to think that every time I look at these love handles in the mirror, he's looking back at me. It's such a shame that all students have to leave eventually. Much easier to be love handles."

What is she talking about? Has the wine gone to her head?

"You never consider the effect you have on teachers when you leave," Ms. Swann says. She's pressing her palms hard into your back, nestling you closer to her heart. "No no, we watch you learn and grow for four whole years and then we have to let you go. The world is a dangerous place. So dangerous. Us adults, we can handle it, but it's a shame to subject our students to it—a real shame. Of course, that's how adults are made, isn't it? We all have to fly from the nest sometime, right? Oh, now I'm sentimental. Where are my tissues?"

She reaches over the side of the couch, crushing you against the cushions. This time, there's a definite bite to the acids. Your skin is getting tender. How much longer are you meant to be imprisoned?

—

Ms. Swann blows her nose and cups her stomach with her legs. You really do look cute as a giant blob of fat on her gut. Fat on her gut. What a luxurious life. No tests. No hardships. Constant love and attention and closeness. Hmm. She drums her fingers on your spine and looks at the clock. It's already ten. Time to let you out.

But...but...

She traces the bump you make in her belly. You look *really* comfortable in there and you feel really nice as well. Such a well-behaved student. This might be the last quality time you spend together before you move away. Ms. Swann bites her lip. She has to let you out now. Or does she? Surely, the administration won't mind if she digests another one. Lynch does it all the time. Do you have a Backup? She doesn't know. There's a list of students with Backups, but that's over at the school and besides, does it matter? If you do, she'll see you in class tomorrow and be delighted, but if you don't, she has a nice, open space for you on her thighs. Her fingers brush her thighs. She can imagine you there, jiggling between her legs. Warmth is spreading through her crotch. She can *really* imagine you there.

—

You jolt awake as Swann stands up. Eager to be released, you wait.

“I think it’s time for bed,” Ms. Swann yawns.

You agree. The acids are nearly to your mouth and your skin feels like it’s being jabbed by millions of little needles. Every part of your body aches. Stretching is going to be a nightmare.

Ms. Swann starts walking. Where is she taking you? The bathroom? Right, she said that you could use the shower after she lets you out. Mmm. You’re not sure if you want the water to be hot or cold. Hot water will soothe your muscles, but you’ve been bathing in this miasmic hot tub for so long that the thought of cold water makes you drool. You’re hungry. You’re thirsty. You crave air that doesn’t smell like your teacher’s bile.

You hear Ms. Swann open a cabinet and start brushing her teeth. That’s nice of her. Preparing the landing strip. Will it hurt, going back up her throat? Probably. But you’ve heard rumors at school of teachers taking too many antacids and accidentally sending students on a trip through the opposite end. That wouldn’t be good. You don’t have a Backup. You can’t risk a messy end in your teacher’s bowels.

The cabinet closes. Ms. Swann is walking again. To the shower? No, she’s left the bathroom. Your ear is pressed up against the stomach wall. She’s changing her clothes. She’s...she’s getting into bed.

The mattress creaks when she sits on it. She’s breathing hard. The thud of her heart resounds through the liquid which now coats your ears, adding an eerie echo to everything that she says.

“Goodnight, my darling.”

No. Wait! You pound on the wall, summoning all of your strength. The most you can do is make a wet slapping sound and tire yourself further. Ms. Swann is rubbing you murmuring under her breath.

“Please let me out,” you cry. You’re forced to spit out a glob of something sour. “Please! I’ll never be tardy again! Ms. Swann!”

“It’s okay, it’s okay,” she cooes. “I know you won’t. You’ll be right here.”

She presses a finger into her belly and giggles.

“And here.”

You’re pretty sure that she’s pressing against her thighs.

“Wait, wait, wait!”

SLUSH!

The entire stomach tips forward. She’s rolling on top of you. Her arms are pinning you from the sides.

“I know this will hurt, but do your best to get through it,” she says. Her arms begin to move. A shlicking sound can be heard beneath you. “Mmmph, do your, *ah*, best. I won’t be taking another antacid. This shouldn’t take long. I can’t let you go, sweetheart, I’m sorry. If it’s any consolation, I’m doing this because I love you, my dear student. You’ll be with me forever.”

“Ms. Swann! Ms. Swann!”

The darkness becomes oppressive. When you were first swallowed, you learned to quell the primordial panic that rose within your chest. For centuries, creatures have been swallowed whole, and for centuries, the response has been a desperate case of fight or flight. But now that you know you’re going to be digested, your senses jump into overdrive.

You can feel everything from the sludge between your toes to the slurp of the walls as they close around your arms. The vapor in the air had steadily grown hotter; more corrosive. It settles in your lungs when you breathe in and lingers when you breathe out, blowing bubbles in the pool of liquid enzymes that enshrine you. No more comfort can be found in Swann’s belly. There is only the pain of your body’s slow dissipation and the sounds of her stomach gaining access to its food at last.

Gurgles drown out the noise of the outside world. Vast rumbles shake her stomach as you brace for the squeeze, the clench that will end you, but you have another hour to stew before you are soft enough to break. The smell becomes unbearable. You are being boiled alive in a fleshy bowl of vomit and bile and the only thing you can do is struggle.

“Keep, *mmf*, moving,” Ms. Swann gasps.

Her arm thumps against you as her fingers fly faster. Is she...masturbating to the sound of your demise? You scream and pound, but your futile attempts incite her to push you down with her hips and hold you still. She’s humping against your body. She’s going to reduce you to mush.

“This isn’t...appropriate...for a teacher,” Ms. Swann huffs. She kneads her breast with one hand while the other occupies her clit. Both elbows tap against your head in unison. She’s tensing as she speaks. “But seeing as you’re going to, *ah*, become a part of me, *unf*, I figured that I’d give you a head start. The thought of you melting turns me on, my dear. I’m sorry. It’s true. But grit through the pain, sweetheart. Once you digest this will all feel really, *oooh*, good for you, too!”

You doubt that! With her weight pushing you into the mattress and the constant clenching of the walls, it takes the greatest application of will for you to move inside of her. You push down against the bottom of the stomach, feeling for the mattress, then heave with your arms and legs, pressing back against her hips. Ms. Swann gasps as you rise an inch off of the bed. Good! Now it's just-

HHyoooUUuuuurrrRrrRrRrrRRRP!

A sharp pain jabs through your skull. Oxygen! She's siphoning out the air in her stomach through her throat! You scramble toward the esophagus, desperate to plunge your hand into the open throat, but it's too late. The stomach closes tighter around you, flooding with liquid, and now there's no air, no escape, and nothing to cling onto as you flounder about, oblivious to Ms. Swann's shudder of absolute pleasure.

"Keep that up," she purrs. "Oh, this is naughty! Hehe. You always were the cutest student and you're going to make the cutest pudge on my thighs. Mmm. And if you go to my ass? Oh, that's so, so naughty! I'd be, *nnng*, sitting on you, *ooh*, every day."

SQUELCH!

Her stomach rolls one way.

SQUELCH!

She's rolled on her back. Her hips arch skyward as she lifts you up in a stunning display of strength and kisses her stomach, only to come crashing back down as you lean to the side, unsteadying her. She giggles as she lands on top of you.

"Such an active partner, you are," she says. "Oh, if only the other teachers knew, they'd never look at me the same. Bah, I'm sure they do this, too. Hehe. Are you getting warm in there? I can feel my stomach trying to digest you. Please don't cry. The world is a cruel place. My ass is much better. Definitely softer. *OOooh, oohh, oohh!*"

Ms. Swann shivers on top of you, hips slapping on your back and ass before she collapses, rolling onto her side. You cough as you enter a pocket of air left in the wake of her orgasm. She pats you as you shudder.

"I'm surprised you made it through," she said. "I guess those antacids really do work. Usually my students are so mushy by this point that they just...well, hehe, it's a bit gross, actually. But I like hugging my big, soft belly and knowing that they're safe and sound at last. Mmm, you're just the right size to snuggle. See you in the morning, sweetheart."

Her legs tuck up beneath you. An arm is draped over your head.

“Ms. Swann!”

Your voice is hoarse; you can barely speak above a whisper.

“Ms. Swann, please. Ms. Swann. I don’t have a Backup. Ms. Swann!”

Her heartbeat eventually slows as her breathing levels out into a soft rasp. Her chest rises and falls, but while your host is at peace, her stomach is just getting started.

GgllrrrRrrRRTtt...

“This can’t be happening.”

You never thought it would end like this, in the stomach of your favorite teacher. Part of you can’t believe it’s happening at all and instead believes that this is all some kind of fucked up dream—some kind of sexual unwiring that took place in your head. Ms. Swann isn’t so perverted that she would masturbate on your back as she digested you, is she? Of course not. You need to wake up as soon as possible.

Wake up! Wake up!

Bile slurps across your neck. Bubbles rise from the base of her stomach to pop beneath your nose, bringing with them the scent of her bowels. Every so often, you’ll feel a knot of flesh open and close, siphoning off some of the chewed remains of her food, but it’s not enough to level out the acids still flooding into the chamber. You punch the wall. Ms. Swann sniffs and scratches you from the outside. You scream and thrash, but there’s no response; only the biological process of a stomach breaking down its food as you get softer and softer and weaker and weaker. The acids sting against your skin. You lay your head on the gently moving wall.

It’s not a dream. All of this is real. You close your eyes and imagine what it must look like from the outside. You have a pretty good picture. Her round, bulging stomach creates a divot in her mattress. Yes, you can feel the curve of it beneath you, cupping you tight. And her arm is draped over you and her legs are tucked in. She’s sleeping in a fetal position. Her hair is probably a mess. She didn’t clean up after masturbating, so there’s a thin sheen of sweat coating her thighs; your new home if her comments are to be believed. Your imagination pulls back to inspect every supple curve of your teacher’s body. She always was attractive. You imagine yourself adding to those curves and what it would feel like to be the jiggle of fat on her ass, squashed beneath her every day. It would be like she was sitting on your face. Haha. That was always a dream of yours.

Ms. Swann burps in her sleep, rolling onto her back. A lazy hand scratches her midriff. She mutters something about the taste of meat.

You're stalling, whirling, trying to drown out the panic, because if you panic, you'll drown faster in the disgusting slush. If you panic, you'll have to pay attention to the way your skin crawls as it softens, or the liquid that has almost completely filled the stomach. Your mouth is pressed up against the only pocket of air. You suck in the vile scent of your teacher's belly as it consumes you, alive and whole.

"Help," you rasp.

Who are you calling for? Thoughts of your mother fill your head. What will your friends think when you don't show up tomorrow? Your crush is going to see Ms. Swann's fat belly and know that you were digested.

"Help!"

Your crush is going to stare at her love handles through Ms. Swann's shirt. It's always too small the day after she digests. You know exactly the way the cotton will hug the lump you make in her stomach. You've seen it before. You imagine it now.

"Please..."

Strands of slime cling to your skin. How can the stomach of someone so pretty be so disgusting? So cruel? Ms. Swann burps again and the last pocket of air is siphoned out of her esophagus and into her bedroom.

There was a future waiting for you after college. There might have been a spouse and kids and a house in the suburbs, but your future dissolves along with you. Ms. Swann will carry it on her hips; on her stomach. Your future is to be her fat.

And it was sealed the moment that you entered detention.