

Seth's resume shook with the trembling of his hands. This was his last chance to get out of academic probation and graduate from MDU in good standing, with his reformer privileges intact. With the recent housing market crash and recession, Darlington Vore Solutions was taking reformers away from guys who went to college and got reformer training but didn't graduate, and he had no intention of being a one-off summer snack for some slut.

It looked like he had plenty of competition, though. There were seven other guys in the room with him, holding paperwork of their own, but how many Expulsion Administrative Assistants could they need? He knew what the job title implied, of course—students expelled from MDU had their reformers disabled and were devoured, usually by Mallory Darlington herself. It only happened once a month, if there were any students to expel, so of course they would make it a minimum-wage work study job rather than hiring someone full-time.

"Seth? Come on in." Mallory's assistant called out.

He let out a deep breath as he walked over. *At least I'm first*, he thought.

Mallory was sitting at her desk when he walked in. It was elegant, carved out of a dark walnut that stood out against the white marble floors. The morning sun shone through the tall Gothic arched windows behind her. Seth knew she had just turned forty, but she looked so much closer to his age that he might have mistaken her for a student—if not for her expensive midnight-blue pinstripe suit, along with the sparkling diamond necklace and earrings she wore. And then there were those massive boobs, barely contained by a white silk blouse, which showed off decades worth of man-eating. Seth knew he had never encountered such a powerful pred before.

She stood up to greet Seth, towering over him. "Nice to meet you!" she said with a smile, and leaned down slightly to shake his hand before sitting back down and taking a look at his resumé.

His heart pounded even more than it had during his interview with Professor Xiao. Rumor had it she was the one who permanently digested the last male professor at MDU, Toby Hughes, more than a decade ago, and it was no secret she wanted all the male students gone, too. During Seth's college career, more than half of the expelled students had ended up flushed on Professor Xiao's recommendation. When he was put on academic probation at the beginning of the semester, he'd been sure he was next.

Mallory bit her lip. "Your application looks good," she began. "I'm sure you know that you'll be processing expulsions. That's not a problem for you, is it?" Seth shook his head.

She raised an eyebrow. "You're sure? Even if they're your friend?"

"I just don't wanna be next," he admitted with a nervous laugh.

Mallory laughed softly. "I suppose that's a good attitude." She sat up slightly and adjusted her top, and Seth couldn't help but glance down at her rack.

*Thank god it was cold out today*, he thought to himself. He'd had to wear his winter coat, which was now on his lap, hiding a boner.

"I see you're planning on graduating soon, if this academic probation thing goes away. What are your plans after school?"

Seth scratched his head. "I mean... things are pretty different than when I started college. I honestly just want something where I can keep my head down, pay off my student debt, and not get digested. Permanently, I mean." *No reason not to keep my options open*, he thought. His friend Charlie graduated last year, and worked at one of those strip clubs where the girls get to eat the dancers. It was grim work, but at least he got decent pay and an infinite reformer out of it.

"I think those are very reasonable expectations," Mallory told him as she looked over his college transcript. "Depending on your performance, there may be a larger role for you in the school administration starting in the summer."

He held his breath. "So I got it?"

Mallory just placed a job contract in front of him, and Seth felt a weight drop from his shoulders. He scanned it quickly, signed at the bottom, and smiled. *And here I thought she was hungry...*

"Now, go out and bring me the first one." She handed him a clipboard.

He looked down at the list of names, then up at her, confused. But when she glanced over at the door to the waiting room, his stomach dropped and his cock perked up to full erection. Seth realized with horror that he was starting his job right away.

His new boss busied herself putting papers away in her desk. "Go on now, I haven't had breakfast."

"Y-yes ma'am," he replied, and hobbled over to the door, still holding his coat to hide his boner. That would be awkward—and probably give away to the other guys why they were here. "Chris?" he called out.

A tall guy with light brown hair got up from his seat. "Finally!" he groaned.

Seth winced—it was the guy he'd chatted with a bit while waiting for his interview. But he led Chris into the room where they found Mallory standing next to her desk. "Sit," she said simply as she unbuttoned her jacket.

Chris sat and looked up at her. He had to crane his neck to see her face instead of just her chest. She simply grinned and put her hands on his shoulders as she opened her mouth.

Chris's eyes went wide. "Wait, I thought this was a—*mmmpf!*" He never finished his thought. Mallory's throat clamped around his face, and although his hands tried to push against her breasts to get away, one swallow

overpowered him. Seth quickly grabbed Chris's wallet out of his pants, then turned around and distracted himself with the paperwork as he let Mallory feast. *Schhlp... gulp... glorp...* The wet sounds of Chris being swallowed echoed around him, he couldn't help but stay rock-hard and dripping with precum as he checked that all the information was correct. *Time of ingestion... 8:45am... March 11<sup>th</sup>, 2008...*

"UrrrRRRP!" at last she was done, and he turned around to see her squirming belly. She cleaned around her mouth with a handkerchief, then held her hand out for Chris's paperwork. She looked it over quickly while Seth stared at the floor. She initialed it, handed it back to him, and pointed to the reformer ID number. "You'll need to fax this to the lab before he digests, then confirm this number over the phone," she told him as she rubbed her gut absentmindedly.

Seth stared at her belly and nodded. He could hear Chris scream as the outline of his face came to the surface, only to fall down beneath stomach acids and be replaced by handprints desperate to break free. Every muscle in his body was screaming at him to leave—or start jerking off. He took a deep breath to try to calm himself.

Mallory yawned. "Well? Get to it, or I might need to eat him again."

Seth rushed over to the fax machine and sent the paperwork over to the lab. A few seconds later, the phone rang.

"Darlington Labs calling to confirm reformer shutoff due to expulsion."

"Yes."

"Confirm the reformer ID, please?"

"Ummm... yes, it's E as in Edward, T as in Thomas, eight four five, six two one, eighty-three."

"Confirm reason for expulsion?"

He gulped. "Academic probation, unable to improve."

"And time of ingestion?"

"Today, 8:45am."

"Cutting it close, huh? He currently has four reformations remaining..."

Seth heard a few switches click near the operator. "...And I've zeroed them out for you. Is there anything else I can do for you?"

A chill ran down Seth's spine. He'd just heard her sentence Chris to permanent expulsion. "Not yet, but we'll be sending more soon."

"Talk to you later, then! Unless you're one of them, sweetie."

She hung up. Seth looked over at Mallory, who was sitting on her desk shaking her belly up and down. It had softened down to large chunks by now, and she let out another burp before looking up at him expectantly.

"Are you ready for the next one, ma'am?" he asked hurriedly.

Mallory nodded.

“Yes, ma’am.” He went back over to the waiting room and opened the door. “Robert?” he said, and a short, quiet boy stood up. “Right this way.”

Robert took slow steps, his eyes narrowing as he got close to the door. And when he got past Seth and saw Mallory at her desk, belly full and rumbling, his eyes went wide. Robert dashed past Seth, who watched helplessly and cursed under his breath as his boss’s next meal made for the exit. Robert reached the door, grabbed the knob, and turned it—but it was locked.

It suddenly dawned on Seth where Mallory’s assistant had gone. She’d locked them all in. The windows were barred. They were trapped, and so was Seth. *Clack. Clack. Clack.* Mallory’s slow, methodical steps got closer and closer. “Ugh, you’re supposed to lock the door behind them as soon as they come inside!” she told him. “I should’ve mentioned that. Don’t let it happen again.”

“Y-yes, ma’am,” he mumbled as she entered the waiting room with them. Six terrified boys stared back at her in silence, looking for an escape as the sounds of Chris digesting filled the room.

Mallory looked them all up and down, then smiled as she took off her suit jacket and draped it on the back of the receptionist’s chair. “First one of you to strip naked goes free,” she said, and suddenly all of them were scrambling to remove their clothes. When Robert pulled off his last sock, she pronounced him the winner and had him stand by her side. Seth tried not to look at Robert’s throbbing boner as he took his place next to Mallory, but a few of the shirtless guys on the other side of the room were exposed too, with their pants around their ankles. *At least I’m not the only one who’s hard,* he thought to himself as consolation.

*Clack.* Mallory took a step forward. *Clack.* Another. One boy broke from the group and ran, but she reached over and grabbed him by the arm, twisting it above his head while her other hand reached into his pants and gave a few quick strokes. He struggled to get free, but she was too strong—and too experienced. It only took a few seconds of her jerking his cock for him to start squirming, his toes curling up as the pleasure overwhelmed him. “Nnngh... mnnnh... ahhhhn!!” he moaned as he finally shot a wet spot of cum into his pants. When he let out a sigh and went limp, Mallory let him collapse in a heap on the floor, too exhausted now to escape.

After this quick demonstration of her power, Mallory claimed victory in one fell swoop. With four boys remaining, she pinned them all to the wall—one with each breast, and one with each hand. In seconds, the latter two succumbed to her handjob and collapsed, just as the runaway did. The other two didn’t even struggle. It was like her tits had taken over their brains. With her hands now free, she pulled their pants to the ground, leaving them both fully nude. One she grabbed by the balls and squeezed them, forcing out a scream which was soon muffled as she lifted him by the crotch into her mouth and

swallowed. He went down like a strand of spaghetti, her belly bulging out and pushing harder into the other guy's back. He groaned weakly, struggling to breathe as his face and mouth were smushed against the wall. It was over soon, though—with her mouth full, Mallory pulled down her own pants and grabbed him by the torso, crouching down and angling her hips so she could feed him into her rear as his legs curled up. Her anus opened wide, then snapped shut around his feet.

Robert was on his knees, jerking off, and Seth couldn't help but join him. Only top-tier preds could eat a guy anally. Normally you'd only see this kind of thing in expensive porn. But here was Mallory Darlington, performing it right in front of them! The poor boy realized too late what was happening to him. She clenched her sphincter and pulled him up to his waist, and try as he might he couldn't push himself back out more than an inch or two. Her ass owned him now, his life was forfeit. To add insult to injury, as he pushed against her cheeks his hands slipped into her buttocks. He could only wiggle and stare at the last little bit of the world before he disappeared into her poop chute.

Mallory let her pants fall to the ground and removed her top, leaving her in only a bra as she plucked the two spent boys off the ground and devoured them both face-first. They could only twitch pathetically in response before joining their fellow students in her belly to be expelled. As the last of her meals disappeared between Mallory's lips, her gut bigger than ever and nearly touching the ground, Seth and Robert both grunted as they ejaculated in unison. *Clack. Clack.* Her shoes tapped on the floor as she made her way back toward them. *She can still walk in heels?* Seth was amazed. *Those shoes must be really strong.*

Mallory wrinkled her nose as she saw the messes they'd left on the marble. "Predictable," she sighed, then reached down and grabbed Robert by the underarms.

"Wha—you said—!" Robert pleaded, but she didn't care. He got stuffed between her lips just like the others, only he didn't struggle nearly as much. His arms flopped around desperately and his hand slapped at the flesh of her belly and breasts a few times, but he'd wasted all his energy masturbating to the sight of her. He was nothing but a snack, and the MILF's gut clearly loved having more meat to churn up. It growled eagerly as he splashed down with the rest of them, and got to work breaking down her massive breakfast.

"Well, don't just kneel there in your filth," she told Seth, and turned to walk to her desk. As she left, he couldn't help but glance at her ass—only to find she'd left her buttsnack's head on the outside! The poor guy winced with every step that creaked and crunched his bones in her bowels. Even though Seth had just cum, the sight perked his cock up all over again.

"I'm not fired?" he panted.

“It’s your first day,” she shrugged. “Anyway, now you’ll have to match their IDs to their paperwork—here, you can ask him first!” She bent over to show off the boy’s head that was sandwiched between her fat ass cheeks, only to accidentally press her belly against the floor, lightly crushing the prey within. “Oops!” she giggled. “That might speed things along a bit...”

“My name...” the boy in her butt coughed. “My name is—” he didn’t have time to say it before a fart trumpeted from her rear, the wind fluttering his hair. His eyes rolled back in his head and he tried to catch his breath, but Mallory’s anus clenched up after passing the gas, tightening on his neck. Finally, her butt muscles tensed up and—*crack!*—something in him gave way. His skull? His spine? Either way, he was gone, and disappeared slowly into her butthole, never to come out. Not in the same form, anyway.

Mallory barely seemed to notice that she’d just ended his life with her rear. She was busy lifting up the top of her desk, which opened up to accommodate a belly as big as hers had become. Before she sat down, though, she turned to Seth. “Once you’ve filed that paperwork, you can get under the desk.”

Seth nodded, and spent the next half-hour in the copy room on the phone with Darlington Labs. Reformer number DA-529-158-30 had three reformers left, expelled for poor academic performance. Reformer EC-711-952-01 had only one left, expelled for truancy. He probably kept missing class by getting digested—Seth had learned the hard way that it didn’t count as attendance if one of your female classmates brought you with her in her belly. Reformer AY-696-969-69 (nice) had been a TA and was given an infinite reformer, but was expelled for abusing that privilege.

The last victim he processed, he recognized as the boy who’d met his end by his boss’s butt cheeks. “Reformer number CC-051-231-77.”

The girl on the other end laughed. “Oh my god, he actually didn’t have any! Isn’t that funny?”

“I guess...”

“Aww, sorry, I forgot boys can’t take a joke.” She cleared her throat, then went back on script. “Is there anything else I can do for you?”

“Nope, that’s it.”

“Talk to you later then! Bye~!” She hung up, and Seth closed his eyes to enjoy the silence.

“Seth?” Mallory called from her office. “You done?”

He took a deep breath. “Yes, ma’am.”

“Well come on in, this belly isn’t going to massage itself!”

Seth trudged back out to Mallory’s office to see her pointing under her desk. He nodded and knelt down, and she rolled her chair over to block his view. He reached up and kneaded her belly, hearing it groan and grumble as it digested the remains of the boys within. At least none of them were alive anymore—but

every once in a while her belly would groan a bit louder, and something would bubble up to the surface or he'd feel something brush against his hand from inside her, and he couldn't help but imagine it was one of the guys grasping for dear life.

As Mallory got more used to his touch she leaned forward, forcing his head against the front panel of the desk and nearly smothering him. He pushed back a little harder and felt the chyme in her gut give way, allowing him room at least to breathe. *This is worth way more than \$6.55 an hour*, he thought to himself, but he kept doing his job. It was either this, or end up like the guys in her belly.

Besides, it wasn't that bad. He felt himself getting hard again, truth be told. It reminded him of when he'd dated a pred a couple years ago. He'd had to get eaten a few times, sure, but mostly she ate other guys who asked her out without knowing she was already in a relationship. She'd usually had him massage her just like this. And when he did...

Without thinking, he leaned in and kissed Mallory's bloated belly. He felt her stomach walls clench up a little at the spot, then his heart leapt. *I didn't ask to do that*, he thought, and sat there frozen in terror for a few seconds, only the soft gurgling broke the silence.

"Well, keep going," Mallory told him.

He nodded. *I got this. I got this.* He went back in with his hands, feeling the hefty mass starting to shrink and take weight off his lap—it gave his cock more room to stand up and poke at her.

"What, that was the only kiss I got?" she teased from above.

"Anything you want, ma'am," he replied, and leaned back down to kiss her belly again.

"Mmm..." Mallory moaned softly, and shifted her hips in her chair. *Schhhllllopp!* A mass of nutritious slop drained down the sphincter to her bowels. He could feel the vibration of it against his cock as he rubbed it against her belly.

Seth grinned. *She likes it! ... Oh fuck, she likes it. What do I do?*

As if she'd heard his thoughts, Mallory leaned back in her chair and pulled back her belly with a loud sloshing noise. She didn't say a word, only showed him her pussy and he understood. Seth leaned in and placed a kiss on her inner thigh. Then higher, then higher... just to make sure. She didn't stop him. At last he pressed his lips against her labia, and she let go of her gut, letting it fall around his head and ears.

He was surrounded by her. Thick thighs on either side of him, squeezing his chin and cheeks as he buried his face in her pussy. Her fat sexy belly rested above him, still sloshing and gurgling softly, reminding him where he would end up if he disobeyed. His cock twitched and dripped in the cool air, and he knew she could feel him bucking his hips, but she did nothing to satisfy him.

Instead, she rested one leg down his back to keep him in place. It was strangely comforting, in a way. Down here he belonged to her. He knew his purpose was to please her, nothing more, and so he explored her pussy with his tongue until she started to moan. Her hips shifted around him slowly, he could feel her thighs rubbing at his ears. It only encouraged him. He licked harder and harder, lapping desperately at her clit as her rhythm sped up. Faster, faster, legs starting to squeeze his face in appreciation. *She's close*, something deep within him knew, and he lost all shame, moaning into her pussy and clutching at her thighs before his hands reached up to see if he could massage her belly at the same time. *Squelllllch!* he squeezed some slushy remains down into her intestines.

At last he felt her thighs clench hard around his jaw, and a rhythmic pulsing of her muscles. Through her belly he heard her let out a sharp, horny cry as she rode out her orgasm... then she started rutting her pussy into his nose roughly. She cried out again—and came again, and kept abusing his face. Seth lost track of how many times she'd cum, he just let his tongue hang out as she pleased herself. His cock soon sputtered to life and made another mess on the marble, but somehow it seemed like she wouldn't care this time.

He was about to pass out when a *prrrrrffllflflbrri!* came from Mallory's rear, and the smell of her prey about to come out jolted him back awake. She rolled backward, freeing him from between her legs, and he squinted from the light. A gurgle came from Mallory's belly as she stood up and the mass of digested flesh shifted around, followed by the soft hiss of another fart. "Mmmh... almost done, sweetie," she told Seth before grabbing his hair and pulling, forcing him to crawl behind her toward a nearby door.

As soon as it opened, he knew what was coming. It was the bathroom, bigger than his dorm and luxurious beyond belief. There were six toilets, each nearly the size of a bathtub. *What could she possibly need six for?* he wondered, but as she took a seat on the first one he realized he was about to find out. After she got comfortable, her face tensed up ever so slightly, and a hollow rush of air echoed in the chamber below before the waste came sliding out.

*Crrlllrrk... Plunk!* "Ahh..." Mallory grinned as a log of shit started to pass from her rear, breaking up and splashing into the toilet below. Her stomach joined in the symphony, loudly draining more slop down to her intestines as she evacuated her bowels.

It wasn't Seth's first time watching a pred dump her prey, of course. It was difficult to make it to age 22 *without* witnessing it at some point. His first time had been at age 16—his mother thought of herself as an ethical pred, and knew that the first time seeing disposal could be shocking for guys. She'd heard stories of inexperienced prey ending up frozen in place as they watched a girl crap out a previous meal, leaving them helpless until that girl decided she was



hungry again and turned them into a snack. So she decided exposure therapy would be best for Seth, to give him a fighting chance.

She found a family friend who had an infinite reformer, and churned him up every day only to dispose of him in Seth's bathroom. First, she just let him find the mess after she'd made it. Then she insisted he wait outside and listen to her. Before long he was in there with her, watching as lumpy brown logs flecked with bone plopped down into the porcelain bowl. At the time, Seth hadn't enjoyed these sessions. But now, looking back at his college years, he knew that all that preparation had kept him alive while several of his classmates had gurgled away in girl-guts.

Mallory made his mom look like a newbie pred, though. She pinched off a log and gave her ass a slap as she hopped over to the next oversized toilet. With another grin in Seth's direction, she let loose. As he listened to more shit splatter down from her ass, he couldn't help but glance at the pile she'd already left in the first toilet. It was huge, the biggest he'd ever seen come out of a pred's ass. He'd heard the rumors that Darlington women had super-powerful digestive systems, and it seemed to be true. It was probably enough shit to fill one of the giant chamber pots around campus. Seth had the sudden realization that perhaps those same pots had been sized specifically for Darlington-sized dumps, and a chill ran down his spine.

It was after she filled the fourth toilet that Mallory finally stood up and wiped her ass. She raised her eyebrow as she looked down at Seth. "Most guys would be lying in a puddle of cum after seeing that."

Seth shrugged. "I'm used to it."

She smiled. "Good. Since we didn't do them one at a time, you'll need to fish out the skulls just to make sure they're all accounted for—once you're done, you may leave."

"Thank you, ma'am."

She stepped over to the shower and opened the frosted glass door. "And I'll see you next month! Congrats again on the job."

Mallory closed the door and turned on the shower. The room quickly filled with steam, and Seth sweated as he shoveled literal shit to find the skulls of her meals. When at last he had all six, he rinsed them off in the sink and plunged the tub-sized toilets until everything was flushed. Mallory was still in the shower. He could see the silhouette of her washing her hair. Seth took a deep breath. *I made it through the first day.* There would be more, he knew. Expulsion was a monthly occurrence at the school, but at least he wouldn't be the one getting expelled. He left to go back to his dorm room, hoping that he'd do a good enough job to walk across the stage at graduation.

*The End.*