
Some people take roleplay way too seriously...
How are you doing that?
Doing what?
The muffled voice thing.
Oh, Harry...
A Role to Play
Snakethroat Books
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A Role to Play

A Vore Novella

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Join us on Discord!

Disposal Version



Lucy 18
@LucyPredNSFW

LOOKING FOR PREY / LONG-TERM RP PARTNER

Experienced predator looking for a new one-on-one partner. Prefer someone who enjoys **soft vore, swallowing, digestion, burping, stomach sounds, helplessness, and permanent messy endings.**

I use text, voice, pictures, video, and audio. I keep extensive records of my sessions and occasionally make personalized content for partners who inspire me.

A few requirements:
• 18+ only.
• Human prey strongly preferred.
• Comfortable with voice chat eventually.
• Must be willing to stay in character.
• No resurrection/reforming after digestion. Once you're gone, you're gone.
• Don't message me if you're going to disappear halfway through a session. I hate wasting food.
• Please include your height/weight when you message. This is important.
• Local partners are a plus. ;)
I'm 7'10", female, experienced, patient, and very hungry. If you've ever wanted a predator who takes the fantasy a little too seriously, my DMs are open.

Come introduce yourself.

I promise I don't bite.

3:23 PM · Sep 6, 2026

565 Retweets **143** Quote Tweets **9.1K** Likes

Lucy 🔞
@LucyPredNSFW

16:36

Hey. Sorry if this is weird or too forward.
I've followed you for a while and saw your post looking for prey. I've almost messaged you a few times before but always chickened out, so I figured I should just do it before I talk myself out of it again.
I'm Harry. I'm 26, 6'0", about 185 lbs, human, and yes, I'm local.

16:38

I'm pretty experienced with written RP but I've never done anything as involved as what you're describing. I'm into swallowing, digestion, stomach sounds, burping, helplessness, disposal, all of that. Especially the permanence aspect. I like the idea that once the prey gets swallowed, that's actually it. No escape hatch afterward.

16:40

I should probably admit that the

Start a message

Lucy 🔞
@LucyPredNSFW

16:40

I should probably admit that the burping thing is a pretty big one for me too, which is embarrassing to type directly to somebody who can actually read this. I'm okay with voice eventually, although I'm probably going to be nervous as hell at first.
I don't really know what you're looking for personality-wise. I'm not a particularly prolific RPer or anybody important in the community. Mostly I just saw your post and thought that what you described sounded basically perfect.

16:48

Also, I know the 7'10" thing is part of the predator persona, but it absolutely works on me.
Anyway. Sorry for the wall of text.
If you're already talking to somebody, no worries. I just figured I'd regret it if I didn't at least introduce myself.

Finger's crossed,
Harry

Start a message

A Role to Play

Minutes crept by as I watched the ellipses bounce in the chat window. Those three little dots held so much potential.

Lucy is typing…

I distracted myself by wandering around my room, kicking aside discarded clothes as I kept my eye on my laptop, waiting for the words to appear. My stomach growled and my back ached. I had been sitting all day and I really needed food, but I couldn't leave the room. I wanted to be here when Lucy responded.

The fact that she was responding at all filled me with hope.

And dread.

She could have been finding the best words to tell me to fuck off. I was nobody in the community. She was a voice actress and a prolific roleplayer. Hundreds of people probably messaged her every day, so I don't know what I was thinking when I sent her a DM on Twitter.

"Maybe I should apologize," I muttered to myself, chewing my nails as I returned to the bed. "Cut my losses."

My laptop was making horrendous noises. It was old and in need of an upgrade, but I didn't have the money to fix it. The dots kept bouncing.

And bouncing.

And bouncing.

DING!

>Hello, snack :)

>Want to move this to Discord?

To admit that I got a boner right there and then would be both embarrassing and accurate. I stared at the message for

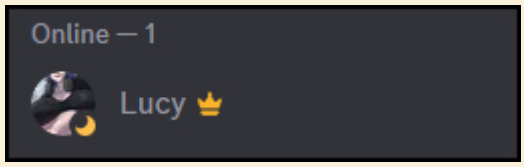
several seconds, erect as could be, then gulped and started to type back.

Before I could finish, another message appeared.

It was a Discord link. The embed led to a Discord server named “Lucy’s Dungeon.”

At first, my heart sank. Of course she was just inviting me to her Discord server. But then I read closer and my throat began to clench.

1 Member Online.



It was a private server. A private server for just the two of us.

Was that… normal?

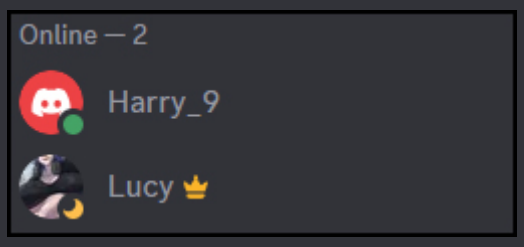
I didn’t care. My breaths were coming out ragged and I could feel my pulse in my throat. I clicked the link and it opened the app, then asked me if I wanted to join “Lucy’s Dungeon.” I clicked ‘Join’.

A new window appeared. My eyes widened.

Lucy’s Dungeon was not just a small, private server with a text and a voice chat. It had over thirty different channels with names like **#progress-pics** and **#the-graveyard**. There were text channels that were locked and a list of members on the right. Fifty names appeared in grayed-out font, each given the server role of **DIGESTED.** The only member online was Lucy herself.

The only channel currently unlocked was **#welcome-prey.**

I clicked it, holding my breath.



March 30, 2025

Lucy 3/30/25, 1:48 PM

Welcome, prey.

This server is a private space used exclusively for one-on-one predator/prey roleplay. If you are here, you have already been invited. Access to the rest of the server will remain restricted until you have read and agreed to the following rules.

Read them carefully. Once you accept, I will assume you understand exactly what you volunteered for.

THE RULES

1. You are prey.

Once the session begins, I am the predator and you are the prey. You are encouraged to struggle, bargain, plead, threaten, insult me, or beg for mercy. None of these things will be interpreted as a request to end the scene.

2. Stay in character.

Fear is good, but panic is better. I want reactions, not stage directions. If I ask what you are feeling, tell me what you are feeling. If I ask what you think is going to happen to you, answer honestly.

3. Don't spoil yourself.

Do not browse ahead looking for information about previous sessions before introductions are complete. Part of the experience is discovering what kind of predator you've agreed to play with.

4. Everything I send you is part of the experience.

Photos, video, audio recordings, voice messages, screenshots, and other materials may be used during our session.

5. I keep souvenirs.

Anything created during our session may be archived in the server afterward. By entering, you acknowledge that your time here may leave a record.

6. Previous prey are not available for comment.

Do not attempt to contact former participants regarding their experiences. Their sessions have ended. Yours hasn't.

7. Digestion is permanent.

I do not do resurrection, reforming, magical escape, or "waking up afterward." If our roleplay reaches digestion, your character is gone. Please plan your emotional investment accordingly.

8. Predators burp.

There will be bodily sounds. There will be stomach noises. There may be belching, hiccups, gurgling, sloshing, muffled vocalizations, and other unpleasant reminders of where prey eventually ends up. If those bother you, this is probably not the server for you.

9. Don't ask me to stop once you've been swallowed.

That's the whole point.

10. Most importantly: understand what you are agreeing to.

If you have read the rules and still wish to enter, click **I CONSENT** below.

I CONSENT TO BE PREY (edited)

Message #welcome

I spent ten minutes reading and rereading the rules. I had to readjust my laptop on my thighs several times, blushing as Lucy's name remained omnipresent in the sidebar. She knew I'd joined the server. She probably guessed what kind of effect the rules were having on me.

This was… too much. When I had messaged Lucy, I had expected a text RP like the ones she did on Twitter. What was all of this about audio? Pictures? Was she going to… was she going to send me sound bites of her belching? There was a voice chat that drew my eye and filled me with dread. The thought of actually talking to her, having her tell me the things that she was going to *do* to me…

PING!

The Twitter notification made me jump so hard that my laptop almost fell on the floor. I flung myself sideways to catch it, banging my elbow on the nightstand as I opened the Twitter message.

>Did I scare you away?

My mouth went dry. She really was just watching the Discord, waiting for me to accept the invitation. My cursor hovered over **I CONSENT**. This was… exactly what I wanted, right?

I clicked it.

My name in the sidebar changed from **Member** to **Prey**.

A new message appeared in the channel **#the-den**.

Lucy: That wasn't so hard, was it?

Lucy: ;)

Now what? My fingers trembled over the keyboard as I tried to think of something clever to say to her. Something that would convince her that all of this effort was worth it despite the fact that I was nobody and nothing.

Me: I wanted to make sure that I read the rules thoroughly. I like the part about you burping.

Those blessed ellipses blinked on the screen.

Then:

Lucy: I think you'll like the channel **#after-dinner**. I think you'll like it a lot ;)

Lucy: Give it a look, but don't go too far.

Lucy: I want you back here soon.

I looked at the channel list and found **#after-dinner**. The entire channel was filled with sound .wav and .mp3 files. I read the first name and blushed. Then I read the rest and my fucking cock throbbed so hard that I almost came against the back of my laptop.

that_one_had_some_bass.mp3
post_meal_burp_01.wav
excuse_me_lol.mp3
sorry_about_him.wav
still_tasting_you.mp3
after_dinner_belch_03.wav
big_meal_big_burp.mp3
you_can_hear_him_move_first.wav
caught_on_mic.mp3
deep_one.wav
little_aftershock.mp3
oh_that_was_nasty.wav
worth_it.mp3
last_word.wav
goodbye_Fred.mp3
compliments_to_the_chef.wav
settling_in_nicely.mp3
burp_with_background_gurgles.wav

one_hour_after_Alexis23.wav
two_people_one_burp.mp3
that_was_all_of_him.wav
mic_was_too_close.wav
long_belch_do_not_headphones.wav
oops.mp3
proof_of_purchase.wav
victim_23_aftercare.wav
dinner_recap.wav
sounded_better_in_person.mp3
had_to_record_this_one.wav
still_full.wav
morning_after.mp3
breakfast_was_loud.wav
final_burp_Kevin.wav

Audio files. The entire channel was dedicated to over a hundred burp audios. Were these… real? There were messages dating back to over two years ago, each with a silly name and a myriad of reactions from previous RP'ers.

I clicked on the first audio, that_one_had_some_bass.mp3

Goosebumps spread over my arms as I turned up the volume.

BUuuuUUUuuuuURRrRRRRRRRRRP!

That was it. Just one, huge, rumbling belch right into the mic. I sat there in my bed, stunlocked, the sheer magnitude of the archive hitting me all at once. There were hundreds of these? Some of the clips were over a minute long?

#the-den

Lucy: Did you like that, Snack?

Me: Oh my God.

Lucy: I can send you another one right now. I had a biiiiiig meal tonight and it's making me feel… soooo bloated.

Before I could even wrap my head around what she was suggesting, three channels lit up with new messages.

#after-dinner

#belly-cam

#gut-audio

Since I was already back in **#after-dinner**, I saw the new audio file appear. I actually let out a gasp as I read the name.

burp_for_Harry.wav

Harry. That was me. She had made a burp audio just for me. We hadn't even been talking for more than five minutes and yet, here it was, archived along with all of the others. It might have just been an old audio that she had renamed, but still, I was in awe.

I clicked it.

The sound bite rumbled for a second like a microphone was being adjusted. There was a long sigh, then a gurgle. I braced myself, anticipating the explosion, but when Lucy's breathy voice came over the mic, I froze.

"This one's for you, Harry. Ugh, I really stuffed myself tonight."

GuuuURrgglllllllrrrt…

BBBBwwwAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARP!

"Feel free to cum to that."

I did. I was already so close, so fucking hard, that hearing Lucy address me personally before blasting a belch into the mic sent me into a spiral. I didn't even manage to get out of my shorts. When I was done gulping, gasping, there was another message in **#the-den**.

Lucy: Well?

I laughed. Here I was with cum dripping over my thigh and this woman, this beautiful, erotic goddess was asking me to rate her belch. There was no point in being anything but honest anymore. She had literally told me to cum in the audio.

Me: You got me.

Lucy: Was it the burp, the belly audio, or the picture?

Despite literally just blowing my load, my cock twitched as I remembered the other two channels that had lit up.

Me: I, um, only just listened to the burp.

Lucy: There are some good ones in there. Spencer *really* did a number on my stomach. Speaking of, don't scroll too far back in **#belly-cam**. I wouldn't want you to spoil yourself ;)

***

I cleaned myself up before returning to my laptop. When I returned, there was another message in **#belly-cam**.

#the-den

Lucy: Sorry! Couldn't resist.

My hand shook as I hovered over **#belly-cam**. The audio was one thing. It was faceless. Anonymous. But a picture?

Lucy had posted pictures of her stomach before on Twitter. It hung over her thighs, swollen and huge, but disproportionate to the rest of her body. I assumed that she used photobashing for the effect, enlarging herself to appear as if she had swallowed someone whole. I had masturbated to her several times, feeling guilty at falling for the fantasy.

And now here she was sending me a personal picture.

I clicked **#belly-cam.**

"Oh… fuck," I whispered.

The first picture that loaded was undoubtedly Lucy. She had a tattoo on her thigh, a dragon that went up and around her ass. Even though the dragon was half-hidden in the first picture, it verified to me that this was not some random model that she was using. This was *her* and hot DAMN she was beautiful.



Lucy was laying on her back with her face out of frame, taking the picture from above looking down. Her stomach bulged against her manicured nails, pressing its girth into her palm hard enough to indent the smooth, white skin. It was round and huge, but not overexaggerated like the vore photoshops she posted on Twitter.

Was this… really her?

The second picture was just a shot of her stomach. I stared at her bloated gut for over a minute before remembering that there was a whole channel to explore. The top of the previous image was already showing. I saw a pair of enormous breasts and the same, manicured hand rested atop—

#the-den

Lucy: Come back here, sweet thing. Enough exploring.

Despite the fact that she couldn't see me, I flinched and returned to the text chat. I had to fight the urge to click away as I typed.

Me: I'm sorry. I only saw one picture that I wasn't supposed to.

Lucy: Oh?

The image was burning into my brain. It was another vore photoshop, but it was incredibly good.

Lucy's stomach, overflowing over her arms.

A man's face, trapped within the taut skin, his knees and elbows pushing against the heavy walls as Lucy's abdomen clenched around him.

Me: The amount of work that you put into this is incredible, Lucy. It almost feels real.



Lucy: That's because it *is* real, silly. And it's going to happen to you.

I blushed up to my ears, imagining what it would look like to have my own face photoshopped against Lucy's navel. That seemed to be the gimmick. We would roleplay until she ate me, and then there would be a new deluge of audios and pictures, meticulously documenting my descent through her digestive tract. Then, once she was done with me—once I was 'perma'd'—the roleplay would be over.

Me: Why did you choose me?

Lucy is typing…

Dread crept across my throat. Damn it, that was probably too needy. Why had I thought this was going to work anyway? One look at this server was enough to tell me that Lucy was a motivated, talented woman. What did I have to offer? My wit? I was nothing special. I was nothing—

Lucy: Because I like you, Harry.

Lucy: Because I want to eat you.

Lucy: Because I want to turn you into a pile like all of the rest of my food and then I want to take cute pictures of the fat you leave on my tits and tummy.

Lucy: If I'm really lucky, you'll go to my ass.

Lucy: Would you like that, Harry?

Suddenly there was not enough oxygen getting to my lungs. It was too hot, too fast. I was already reeling from my first orgasm and she was well on her way to pushing me toward my second.

Was that the point? Was she a succubus?

Lucy: Feeling insecure?

Me: Yes.

Lucy: What are you feeling insecure about, Snack?

I thought for a moment.

Me: I am so attracted to you that I feel like I'm going crazy. I'm just… not sure what you get out of this.

Again, I cringed.

Lucy is typing…

Lucy: Give me a minute.

I waited, rooted to the spot. When no further message was forthcoming, my eyes flicked to the dozens of other channels waiting to be explored.

***

The channel **#souvenirs** caught my attention. What did it say in the rules? That anything created in the server could be archived? I wondered if there were other, older RP's that I could glean something from. Maybe there were other players who shared my insecurities.

But when I clicked on the channel, that isn't what I found. Instead, it was full of pictures.

The first picture was just a pair of glasses folded neatly on a table. The golden rims gleamed slightly and there was a glob of what might have been saliva on one of the lenses. The date on the post was only one week prior, as were the other two most recent posts. The next picture was a pair of gold earrings; same table, same angle.

Okay…?

I clicked to the next and saw it was an album with the first picture being a wallet. The album opened to show the contents.

Twenty dollars, a credit card, a driver's license, and a business card for a landscaping company. The name on the

driver's license and the name on the business card were the same.

Spencer Crest.

What… was all of this?

The name Spencer rang a bell, so I went back through **#the-den**. There, in our earlier messages:

Lucy: *There are some good ones in there. Spencer really did a number on my stomach.*

So Spencer was the last person that she had RP'd with?

I went back to **#souvenirs** and stared at the driver's license. The man in the photo was around my age, mid-twenties, with thick, golden glasses and long, blond hair. There were two golden hoops in his ears.

"Holy shit," I whispered.

I was starting to understand it. It was genius, really. Lucy collected pictures from her partners to use in her catalogue, making it look as though they were items left behind when she digested them. The pictures were staged to make it seem like they were taken from the victim's pockets, but really it was all in service of telling a story.

I wondered what Lucy would ask me to take a picture of when we were finished. I probably wouldn't be comfortable sending her my driver's license, but maybe a headless photo and some kind of distinct jewelry?

There were hundreds of entries in **#souvenirs**. It wasn't until I had scrolled past a dozen more wallets, purses, and articles of clothing that I noticed something strange.

All of the photos were staged on the same table, framed in the same way.

Did Lucy have people send her old junk to photograph? Why were so many people comfortable sharing their faces on a porn server?

PING!

Several channels lit up at once, including some new ones.

#progress-pics

#feeding-log

#the-den

I checked **#the-den** first.

Lucy: Just got back. You asked me what I get out of this and the answer is “a meal”.

Lucy: But also an audience.

Lucy: Psst, I’d start with **#progress-pics.**

I clicked **#progress-pics**.

There were no folders, no introduction, and no explanation for what I was looking at. Just rows and rows of photographs arranged chronologically, each series separated by a name in bold. The most recent set belonged to Spencer Crest.

The first picture was labeled **BEFORE**. Spencer stood beside Lucy in what looked like a kitchen, wearing the same golden glasses from the photograph in **#souvenirs**. His blonde hair was tied back in a loose ponytail and he had one hand raised awkwardly in greeting, smiling in the way people smile when they aren’t used to having their picture taken. I recognized him immediately. There was no question that this was the same man whose driver’s license I had just spent five minutes scrutinizing.

Lucy stood beside him.

For a moment, I forgot about Spencer entirely.

I had seen Lucy before. Obviously. I followed her on Twitter. I had seen selfies, cropped pictures of her stomach,

Spencer_Before.jpg



short clips where she pressed her face close to the camera and threatened whoever was watching. None of them had prepared me for seeing her entire body in one frame. She was wearing an oversized black T-shirt and gray sweatpants, barefoot on a tiled kitchen floor, her dark hair tied up in a lazy bun. She wasn't wearing any visible makeup. She had a pudgy stomach beneath the shirt, thick thighs, broad hips, heavy breasts that stretched the fabric across her chest. She was soft, but not fat.

And she was fucking gigantic.

Spencer's license said he was five-eleven. Lucy had almost two feet on him. His head barely reached her breasts and his shoulders were flush with her gut. I stared at the photograph for so long that the screen dimmed.

"No fucking way."

Lucy had told me that she was seven foot ten, but that was just her RP profile. Everyone exaggerated online. Preds said they could swallow people. Macro girls said they were fifty feet tall. Lucy said she was seven foot ten.

But there she was.

It had to be edited.

That was actually comforting. Editing, I understood. Maybe Lucy had taken two pictures and composited them together. Maybe Spencer really had sent her a photograph of himself and she inserted him into her kitchen afterward. The shadow beneath his feet looked right, but with AI and some creative editing? Making a blond guy stand next to a seven-foot-ten woman probably wasn't that difficult.

The caption underneath read:

Spencer — Before dinner. 6:13 PM.

Lucy had commented beneath it.

Lucy: He was really nervous here.

I scrolled to the next photograph.

Lucy was alone.

She stood in the same kitchen, in the same shirt and sweatpants, one hand braced against the counter. The other supported a stomach so large that for several seconds my brain refused to connect it to the woman from the previous picture. Her gut protruded from beneath her breasts in an enormous, round mass, stretching the black fabric until it rode halfway up her abdomen. She had apparently given up trying to pull the shirt over it. Pale flesh filled the bottom half of the photograph, taut and glossy beneath the kitchen lights.

The caption read:

Spencer — 6:41 PM.

Twenty-eight minutes.

I looked back at the before picture.

Spencer.

Then forward.

No Spencer.

Huge stomach.

“Okay,” I whispered, reaching into my shorts. “That’s good.”

It was really fucking good.

The swelling wasn’t perfectly spherical the way most vore edits were. It sagged like it had actual weight. Gravity pulled it downward and slightly to one side, deforming the mass where Lucy’s hand supported it. Her navel had stretched shallow. There were faint pink lines across the skin where something beneath it seemed to be pushing unevenly against the walls.

Something about the imperfection sold it.

I clicked the image and zoomed in. There was a shape near the bottom. A knee, maybe. I leaned so close that my face

Spencer_After.jpg



was reflected faintly in the screen. The bulge pressed outward beneath her skin, rounded at one end and narrower beneath it. Above that was another point of pressure, then another. It could have been an elbow. It could have been a shoulder.

It could have been anything.

Photoshop. Generative fill. Lucy clearly had access to equipment. She was a voice actress, so maybe she knew filmmakers? Maybe this whole server was some giant collaborative art project that a bunch of people had contributed to over the years.

Whatever it was, I wanted to touch it.

The thought arrived so abruptly that I felt embarrassed despite being alone. I imagined putting my palm against that huge belly, feeling the tension of it, feeling Spencer supposedly squirm beneath the skin. I imagined Lucy standing over me while I did it, smiling down from that absurd height.

Then I remembered what she had said.

And it's going to happen to you.

My own reflection looked back at me from the dark parts of the photograph, wide-eyed and flushed.

I scrolled.

Spencer — 7:15 PM.

Lucy was sitting on a couch now. Her stomach had settled heavily between her thighs, spreading over her lap. The shirt was gone. She wore a sports bra that looked inadequate for the job it had been assigned, her breasts spilling over the cups as she leaned back against the cushions. One hand held a television remote. The other lay casually on top of her belly.

There were five distinct fingertips pressing outward beneath her palm.

My mouth opened.

The caption underneath read:

He objected to the movie.

I stared at the picture for a second. Lucy was looking over her shoulder, smirking at the camera. It was like she was looking right at me—like she had taken this picture for her future victims, not the man in her stomach.

The handprint was excellent.

Too excellent.

You could see where Lucy's palm pressed down over it. Her skin dimpled around her fingers. The shape beneath pushed back in a way that distorted both surfaces simultaneously, little creases radiating out from the contact point.

I tried to imagine how I would fake that.

Somebody underneath a silicone stomach? Did Lucy have a huge, silicone stomach that she used for photo shoots?

Maybe.

But Lucy's real navel was visible twelve inches away. The tattoo on her thigh continued uninterrupted beneath the lowest edge of her belly. I could see pores. Little hairs. A faint mole near her hip that I recognized from one of her Twitter pictures.

If it was a prosthetic, it was movie-quality.

If it was Photoshop, whoever made it understood anatomy better than most professional artists I followed.

I scrolled again.

Spencer — 8:03 PM.

Lucy was lying on her side.

Her stomach was smaller.

Not much smaller, but definitely smaller.

I went backward.

Forward.

Getting_Quiet.jpg



Backward.

Forward.

There was no ambiguity. At 7:15 the mass filled her lap. At 8:03 it had softened and contracted, the skin no longer pulled quite so tight across the shape inside. The handprints were gone. There was only one broad bulge near her ribs and a second, smaller one lower down.

The caption said:

Getting quiet.

There was no comment from Spencer.

I moved to the next picture.

Spencer — 9:26 PM.

Smaller again.

Lucy stood in the bathroom wearing panties and the same sports bra, one hand on her hip, the other rubbing the underside of her belly. The enormous sphere from two hours ago had become a heavy paunch. It still projected farther than her breasts, but the individual shapes beneath the skin had blurred together. There was no hand. No knee. No face.

Just mass.

The caption contained a single heart.

I swallowed.

This was where the roleplay started doing something to me that I wasn’t prepared for.

I liked digestion. Obviously. I liked the mechanical reduction of a human body into something else. The obscene intimacy of being converted, slowly and completely, into another person.

I had seen drawings of it. I had read thousands upon thousands of words about it. I had never seen somebody

document it like this. Lucy had turned it into a timeline and that made it feel different.

There was something horrible about the timestamps. **6:13 PM. 6:41 PM. 7:15 PM. 8:03 PM**. Spencer whole. Spencer *diminishing*. Every photograph claimed to represent a little less of him than the one before. You could see where his body went soft, filtering into Lucy's own softness, the plush of her gut. It filled my mind with the visceral image of *melting flesh.*

I kept scrolling.

At 10:47 PM, Lucy was in bed. Her stomach had gone soft enough that it folded slightly against the mattress, still swollen but no longer impossibly so. She was smiling at the camera with one hand tucked beneath her cheek.

Almost done with the hard part.

At 1:18 AM, the photograph was taken in near darkness. Lucy's belly was visible beneath a sheet, a rounded mound rising above her hips.

Couldn't sleep. Too much gurgling.

There was an audio attachment beneath it.

I hesitated, then clicked.

The recording was quiet. For a few seconds there was nothing except the faint rush of air conditioning and fabric moving near the microphone. Then Lucy's stomach growled.

It was not the clean, exaggerated sound from **#gut-audio.** This one was messy and wet. A deep contraction rolled through her, followed by several smaller pops and gurgles. Lucy shifted in bed. I heard her exhale sleepily.

Then, very faintly:

"Spencer?"

Silence.

Another gurgle.

Lucy chuckled.

“Yeah. Thought so.”

The file ended.

I stared at the time-stamp, my cock hard against my thigh, and again I imagined Lucy on the other side of the computer, waiting for me to comment.

“What the fuck?”

Why record that at one in the morning? Why stage the sleepy voice? Why leave ten seconds of dead air at the beginning? If she was manufacturing all of this for roleplay, she was manufacturing parts nobody would ever notice. The imperfections. The pauses. The bad lighting. The files where almost nothing happened.

The next picture was from 7:42 AM.

Lucy stood in the kitchen again, wearing a robe. Her stomach had shrunk to something almost ordinary. She was still bloated, still carrying several inches more around her middle than she had in the before picture, but if I saw her like this on the street I would never have thought she had supposedly swallowed an entire man the night before.

The caption read:

Morning, Spencer.

No response.

I clicked Spencer’s name. His profile appeared offline. I wondered, if Discord were to show it, if his account went offline the day that he was digested.

Play digested.

Because that was a thing on Twitter, right? People making profiles that were burner accounts, meant to be gurgled by someone roleplaying a pred. In fact, there tended to be drama around *who* got to digest someone of the more prolific prey

Morning_Spencer.jpg



roleplayers with it being a great honor to digest a long-term RP'er.

Sighing, I returned to the progress pictures.

11:20 AM.

Smaller.

3:05 PM.

Smaller.

Lucy wore jeans now. Her belly rolled slightly over the waistband, soft and relaxed.

8:11 PM.

She was back in the bathroom mirror. Almost normal.

Her stomach was thicker than in the before photograph. Her hips looked fuller too. Maybe her breasts.

I frowned and opened the first picture in another window.

Before.

After.

Before.

After.

The difference was subtle enough that I wondered if I was imagining it. Lucy had always been soft. The angle was different. She was wearing different clothes.

But no. Her waist *was* thicker. Her thighs touched a little higher. There was more weight on her.

The caption underneath said:

Kept the good parts.

The next post was not a progress picture. It was a photograph of the golden glasses from **#souvenirs**. Lucy held them between two fingers.

Found these in what was left of him.

My scalp prickled.

Of course the props crossed over between channels. That was the entire point. Lucy had taken pictures of Spencer's things for #souvenirs, then worked those same items into the end of his progress log. Continuity.

This was storytelling. Really, really fucking good storytelling. I went back to the top of Spencer's sequence and looked at him again. He was smiling. Lucy had her arm around him.

He looked nervous, but happy nervous. The same sort of nervous I imagined I would look if I ever stood next to her.

The idea sent a hot flutter through my stomach. Me beside Lucy. That was rapidly becoming less abstract.

She said it was going to happen to me. Presumably at some point she would ask me for pictures. A full-body shot, maybe. Something she could composite beside herself. She could make a before photo where I looked tiny next to her, then build an entire progress series afterward.

Harry — Before dinner.

Harry — 30 minutes.

Harry — 2 hours.

Harry — Getting quiet.

Harry — Done.

I rubbed my palms against my thighs. The thought was so intensely flattering that it embarrassed me. I would be part of the archive.

That was what was getting to me more than anything. Lucy had done this with dozens of people, maybe hundreds, and somehow that should have made me feel less special. Instead it made me desperate to qualify. Every gray username in the sidebar was proof that there had been someone before me.

Every photograph was evidence of a complete experience Lucy had given someone else.

I wanted mine.

I wanted to know what filenames she would give me. I wanted to hear what she would say in the audios. I wanted to know whether she would call me Harry or Snack when she posted the final picture. I wanted to see myself transformed into one of these little histories that began with a person and ended with Lucy looking slightly fatter.

The whole thing was pathetic.

I knew that.

I didn't care.

There was one more note for Spencer before the messages moved on to the next "victim". It was a link to **#the-graveyard**, one of the channels that I hadn't been in yet. Considering the theme of this server, **#the-graveyard** was probably a channel dedicated to the "digested" players. Something like **#souvenirs** but more…

I stopped with my cursor on the link.

So far, Lucy had been a stickler for realism. Modified pictures in chronological order. Detailed photoshops. Cataloging every step of the process. If **#progress-pics** was a photo journal tracking her partner's digestion, then the next logical step would be—

But there was no way, right?

I had been following Lucy for a long time. I had seen her tease disposal before, but I had never seen her actually post anything saucier than her sitting on a toilet. There had to be a limit to what was in this server and if what I thought was in **#the-graveyard** was actually in **#the-graveyard**, then I was in trouble.

She'd asked me if I was into disposal and I had said yes. She had reacted to the message with a winky face.

Cock throbbing against my thigh, I clicked the link.



Oh.

Dear.

GOD.

It was *exactly* what I had been expecting, but somehow much more graphic than I had anticipated. If you're in the community for long enough, you've seen a photoshopped stomach. In all of the years I had been in the fandom, I had never once seen a photoshopped pile of shit.

Bones stuck out of the coiled brown logs at strange angles. Hair and gristle hid amidst the filthy contents of the toilet bowl.

The pile spilled over the edges, heaping high above the tank. And at the very top of that steaming pillar of scat?

A grinning white skull picked clean of flesh.

“Holy crap,” I whispered.

It felt perverse to click on the photograph. Hell, it WAS perverse to click it, but I had to see for myself. The mountain of shit was so detailed and grotesque that the only way I would be able to comprehend it would be to find a flaw—some obvious marking to show that it was fake.

But the longer I looked, the more I felt a sense of unease creeping into me.

There were no flaws in the pile. No break in the pixels. Every log was thickly crenelated; dotted with bone chips and the detritus of a pulverized human body. Something gleamed in the lower left corner of the toilet bowl. I scrolled over and froze.

Two earrings stuck out of the pile.

Two, golden earrings.

***

#the-den

Me: I think I have to log off for the night.

Lucy: Aww. Did I scare you?

Me: A little.

Lucy: Good ;)

Lucy: You know your place.

Me: Like Spencer knew his place?

Lucy: Hmm, he went straight to my tits. Want to see?

It was approaching one in the morning and I was sitting in bed with my blanket over my head. My laptop was burning a hole in my sheets, but I didn’t dare turn it off. I had spent the

last thirty minutes exploring the contents of **#the-graveyard.** My body was so filled with adrenaline that there was no way I could sleep.

Lucy: Tell me what you're thinking, big boy.

What was I thinking?

On one hand, this was the hottest thing that had ever happened to me. There was a woman on the other side of the computer for whom I was the sole focus. She was, quite possibly, the most thorough roleplayer to ever have existed. Over the course of the night, she had not only sent me custom audios, but had also invited me to 'commission' poses, all of which went straight to **#belly-cam.**

On the other hand, I could feel myself losing my grip on reality.

The fantasy was so strong, so *real*, that I could see myself spending the next week at my computer, jumping at every opportunity to milk more content from this exceptionally horny, eager partner that I had stumbled across.

But what about when it was over?

Me: I'm feeling overwhelmed.

Lucy: How many times have you gotten off tonight?

Me: Five.

Lucy: Poor boy.

Lucy: I'm at about eight ;)

Lucy: I like to jerk my prey off before I swallow them, then see how long it takes for them to get hard in my stomach.

Lucy: Want to see a picture?

I did, but my cock was already feeling bruised and abused, twitching helplessly as the teasing did its work. Without waiting for my response, Lucy linked to a post in **#belly-cam**.

Lucy: They weren't a partner.

Lucy: Just someone off the street, but eager nonetheless.

The picture had the same, realistic quality that all of her pictures had so far. Lucy was standing with one hand on her hip, the other stretched in front of her to rub the cock bulge of the man tucked in her gut. Her belly was angled upward toward her breasts, held aloft by a knee. The tip of Lucy's middle finger stroked the head of the cock while she smiled down at his trapped visage.



Lucy: There's a video, too, but he's a little more digested.

Lucy: Had to get home.

Lucy: I think there might also be a few burps, too.

Lucy: Let me see…

Ping!

Ping!

Ping!

subway_stranger.mp3

bubbly_but_big.wav

The_last_of_his_air.wav

Me: You're killing me, Lucy.

Lucy: That's the point, babe. Feel free to save these and jerk off to them in the morning.

Lucy: Goodnight <3

Me: Goodnight, Lucy.

I closed my laptop and sat staring at the wall for several minutes. My body felt like it had just gone through an ordeal. I hadn't eaten tonight. I needed sleep. But all I could think about as I sat in a trance were the hundreds of pictures, audios, and videos that were sitting on my laptop right now.

PING!

The phone notification almost gave me a heart attack. I looked at the screen to see that Lucy had sent me one last audio.

Goodnight_Harry.wav

For a moment, I considered leaving it for the morning. I was exhausted. Closing the laptop had felt like returning home after a long trip abroad and now here was Lucy ready to drag me back.

But it was a goodnight message, after all, and she could probably see that my mobile icon was online.

I sighed and hit play.

Lucy's sultry voice filled my room.

"Goodnight, Harry. I had a lot of fun with you today. Tomorrow, we'll really get into the meat of it. Maybe, when you

wake up, after you touch yourself, you can tell me exactly how you imagine me swallowing you.

“One last thing.”

BBwwwooUuuuUUUUURRRRRRRRP!

“Goodnight~”

Click!

***

I woke up at eleven with my phone underneath my cheek and absolutely no memory of putting it there.

For several seconds, I stared at the cracked paint on the wall and tried to remember why my entire body felt like I had spent the previous night fleeing a natural disaster. Then the phone buzzed.

Lucy.

Everything came rushing back.

I grabbed the phone so quickly that I nearly dropped it between the mattress and the wall. I had two new DM’s.

Lucy: Morning, Snack.

Lucy: Did you think about my question?

I knew exactly which question she meant.

Tell me exactly how you imagine me swallowing you.

I groaned and buried my face in my pillow. It had seemed hot at one in the morning. In daylight, with traffic groaning outside my window and somebody running a vacuum cleaner in the apartment upstairs, the prospect of actually putting the fantasy into words felt substantially more humiliating.

I opened Discord.

Lucy’s Dungeon was still there.

For some reason, part of me had expected it to disappear overnight. The channels would be gone, the photographs revealed as some kind of fever dream brought about by sleep deprivation and excessive masturbation.

Nope.

There was **#the-graveyard**. There was **#feeding-log**. There were fifty gray names labeled **DIGESTED.**

And there was Lucy, online and waiting for me.

Me: I thought about it.

The response came almost immediately.

Lucy: Good boy.

Lucy: Tell me.

I stared at the blinking cursor. How specific did she expect me to be? Judging by everything I had seen yesterday: *very.*

Me: Like what part?

Lucy: Everything.

Lucy: How you want me to catch you.

Lucy: How you want to go down.

Lucy: How long you want it to take.

Lucy: What you want me to say.

Lucy: What you want to happen afterward.

My stomach tightened.

There was something dramatically different about this conversation in the morning.

Last night had been a whirlwind of content. One ridiculous image after another. Audios, pictures, burps, stomach sounds. I hadn’t had enough time to think about anything before Lucy threw something new at me.

But now? This was the meat, as she’d put it. We were actually about to start the roleplay.

I sat up against the wall and pulled my blanket over my legs.

Me: I think slow.

Lucy: Slow how?

I hesitated.

Me: I don't want you to just put me in your mouth and gulp.

The ellipses appeared.

Lucy: Good.

Lucy: Keep going.

I rubbed my face. Fine. If she wanted honesty, then she was going to get honesty. As embarrassed as I was to describe my erotic vision to someone, I had literally seen pictures of Lucy's butthole.

I owed this to her.

And to myself.

Me: I think I'd want you to play with me first.

Lucy: Play with you how?

Lucy: :)

God damn it.

Me: Lucy.

Lucy: Harry.

I could practically hear the amusement in her voice.

Me: Like picking me up. Holding me. Making it really obvious how much bigger you are than me. Touching my cock.

Lucy: Mm.

Me: I'd want to struggle.

Lucy: Would you want me to let you think it was working?

I stopped.

That was—

Good.

Annoyingly good.

Me: Yes.
Lucy: Cute.
Lucy: Headfirst or feetfirst?
I thought about it.
Me: Feetfirst.
Lucy: Why?
Me: Because I could see you.
There was a pause.
Then:
Lucy: Oh, Harry.
Lucy: You really are perfect.
My face became hot. Never in my entire life had anyone called me perfect before. I reminded myself that this was just a vore roleplay and that Lucy had no real investment in me. Taking a deep breath, I continued.
Me: I'm not perfect.
Lucy: You'd be looking up at me the whole time?
Me: Yes.
Lucy: Watching yourself disappear?
I swallowed, imagining it.
Me: Yes.
Lucy: Watching my stomach get bigger?
I stared at that one.
Me: Yes.
The ellipses bounced.
Lucy: Would you want me to stop halfway?
Me: Stop?
Lucy: Around your waist.
Lucy: Let you hang there for a while.
Lucy: Let you get one last orgasm off in my mouth.

I imagined Lucy standing over me. Seven foot ten. Her hands around my ribs. My lower half gone, my cock braced against her tongue.

Me: Yeah.

Lucy: Long enough for you to regret agreeing?

I smiled despite myself.

Me: I think that's the point.

Lucy: Good prey.

I spent the next twenty minutes answering questions. Lucy wanted details I had never considered.

Did I want her standing or sitting?

Standing.

Did I want her to use her hands?

Yes.

Did I want her to talk the entire time?

Absolutely.

Did I want to know when I reached her stomach or have her make me guess?

Know.

Did I want her to tell me when digestion started?

I hesitated at that one.

Then typed *yes.*

Lucy reacted with a heart.

The whole conversation had a strangely clinical quality to it. She was building something. Taking notes. Occasionally she would circle back to an earlier answer and ask me to clarify, as though there were going to be a test later.

Eventually:

Lucy: Voice?

My hands stopped. I had known it was coming. It was in her rules, after all:

Comfortable with voice chat eventually.

Eventually had apparently arrived twenty-four hours after meeting her.

Me: Now?

Lucy: Now.

Me: I look like shit. My room isn't clean.

Lucy: Voice, Harry.

Me: Right.

I looked at the voice channel.

Lucy's Den VC

2 slots. One occupied.

The thought of clicking it made my throat constrict.

I had only ever interacted with vore over text. I had never voiced my fantasies aloud to *anybody.* Once, I got close enough with a girlfriend to mention that I liked it when her stomach growled and she'd just made a disgusted face and told me not to bring it up again. After that, I had resigned myself to the fact that this was a purely online fantasy.

Purely text.

Voice meant Lucy would hear my pauses. She would hear me stumble over words. She would hear that the confident little comments I occasionally managed to type were being produced by a man sitting in a room with three empty soda cans on his nightstand and a blanket with a cigarette burn in one corner that I had owned since college.

I looked at everything Lucy had shown me. Her face, her body, her voice, her apartment. Apparently her entire digestive history and several pictures of what resulted from it. It suddenly seemed incredibly unfair that she had revealed so much of herself while I sat behind a username and profile picture.

Me: Okay.

Lucy: :)

I put on my headset and clicked **Join Voice**.

For a second there was only the Discord connection sound.

Then—

“Harry?”

Every hair on my arms stood up. Her voice sounded deeper than it usually did over her professional microphones. Somehow, that made it all the more erotic to hear her say my name.

“Hi,” I said.

Lucy laughed softly.

“There you are.”

“Yeah.”

“You sound nervous.”

“I am.”

I leaned back against the wall.

For several seconds, neither of us spoke.

What… was I supposed to do in this scenario? Should I tell her how much I was enjoying myself? That seemed safe. But I felt like I should lead with a compliment. Nice… *belly*? That would definitely make her laugh, right?

But as I tried to come up with something, I heard a noise. It filtered through Lucy’s mic, close enough to be picked up, but far enough away that it couldn’t have been a belch.

Grrrrrrrlllllkkk…

I frowned.

That wasn’t…

Then came another noise.

Glrrrk. Glk. Grrrrrrrruuuuuullllk.

My mouth went dry. It was Lucy's stomach. I recognized the sounds immediately.

I had listened to enough of **#gut-audio** yesterday.

"Are you eating?" I asked.

Lucy chuckled.

"No."

There was another churn, louder this time, and something else beneath.

A voice.

I sat straighter, pressing the headset to my ear. The voice was distant enough that I couldn't make out the words, but I could hear the panicked inflection. There was definitely someone else in the room.

"Mmph—!"

I pulled one headphone cup away from my ear and stared at it.

"Lucy?"

"Hmm?"

"I heard something."

"I know."

The sound came again.

"MMPH!"

It was a person. A woman, maybe. Muffled almost beyond recognition, but only a few feet away by the sound of it.

Then:

GRRROOOOOOOOORRRRRK.

The voice disappeared beneath the stomach noise.

I felt goosebumps crawl down my arms. For once, I wasn't hard. Somehow, being in a voice call made this different from the recordings that she'd done. This was all happening live.

"Okay," I said.

Lucy laughed.

“What?”

“What are you doing?”

“Talking to you.”

“No, I mean—”

A belch interrupted me.

A small, casual belch.

“Excuse me.”

I stared at my laptop. It was just a recording, right? She had a speaker next to her microphone with some vore audio that she’d done playing on a loop. It was insane to think that this was anything other than an extension of the effort that she put into roleplay, but, but…

It sounded so fucking *real.*

“Lucy.”

“What?”

“What is that?”

She let the silence stretch.

Then:

“You, Harry.”

“What do you mean?”

“You got me all worked up this morning.”

I laughed nervously.

“Oh, come on.”

“I was hungry.”

Another gurgle.

Then another muffled noise.

“Mmmph—!”

Lucy sighed.

“So I grabbed something to tide me over.”

My scalp prickled. I could *hear* the drumming of her fingers on her stomach. There was no delay between her words and her little sighs; her belches. When she moved, something sloshed inside of her and the sound was *right there*, right next the microphone, impossibly synced with our conversation.

“You’re insane,” I said.

“I know,” Lucy purred.

A squelch resounded through her as she hugged her knees to her chest. I couldn’t see it, but the audio was descriptive enough.

“How are you doing that?”

“Doing what?”

“The voice.”

“What voice?”

I laughed again. This was… honestly unbelievable. There *had* to be a speaker somewhere near her microphone. She had one of the **#inside-voices** recordings playing quietly in the background and was syncing our conversation to the track. Actually, that was probably exactly what she was doing.

How far ahead did she prepare for her roleplays? It seemed like she did a new one every week!

“You planned this,” I said.

“Did I?”

“You absolutely planned this.”

Lucy laughed.

“Harry, you give me way too much credit.”

Grrrrrrk…

“Mmph!”

Her moan bordered on pornographic. I could almost *hear* her digging her fingers into her stomach, sighing as she

stretched on her chair or her bed, patting her bulging belly as its occupant continued to squirm.

I shook my head. The commitment was extraordinary and I had to admit; it was warming me up to the voice chat.

“Who is it?” I asked.

Lucy went quiet.

Then:

“Her name is Erin.”

“Of course she has a name.”

“She had lots of things.”

I heard something shift near Lucy’s microphone. Fabric, maybe? Then she grunted softly and there came another loud groan.

“She’s mostly just food now.”

“Lucy.”

“She was my neighbor. I actually kind of liked her, but you got me *really* worked up, Harry. I couldn’t resist. Just like I can’t resist touching myself right now to your voice. I’m thinking about how yummy you’ll be.”

Even without seeing my reflection, I could tell I was bright red.

“You can’t just say things like that.”

“Why? Afraid to touch yourself over VC? Don’t be bashful, Harry. The sound of you is already… *mmmph*.”

There was an enormous slosh, followed by a sigh. My cock sprang up in my shorts, but I resisted. This was just a bit, after all.

A notification jolted me.

PING!

#feeding-log lit up.

I glanced toward it.

“Did you just post something?”

“Maybe.”

Another notification.

#belly-cam.

My heart sped up.

“Lucy.”

“Go look.”

I clicked **#feeding-log**.

There was a new entry.

ERIN — AUGUST 11

5'9"

Approximately 130 pounds.

Feetfirst.

Swallowed at 11:31

*Status: **Still Active***

I looked at my clock.

11:57. Twenty-five minutes ago. The post had an image attached. A woman in her mid-thirties, maybe. Brown hair. Blue button-up shirt. They were standing in a hallway next to Lucy. It was framed like a selfie.

It *was* a selfie.

I froze.

Lucy was wearing black leggings and a loose green shirt. Her hand rested on the woman’s shoulder. The woman looked nervous. Lucy looked delighted.

Alright, I thought, downloading the image. *Alright, this is enough.*

Every photo taken has metadata that is hidden in the file—camera settings, date and time, equipment info. It didn’t take a genius to change these settings, but Lucy had just sent the

photo a few seconds into our conversation. There was no way—

“How the fuck?”

The picture was taken at 11:31. Today. It even included the location data which pulled up to an apartment… only three blocks from my own.

Lucy giggled in my headphones.

“Impressed?”

“Who is that?”

“I told you. My neighbor.”

“No, I mean… the picture.”

“What about it?”

“You’ve had twenty-five minutes!”

There was another wet contraction. The woman’s muffled voice squeaked as the walls around her squelched. It sounded like Lucy was squeezing her stomach.

I immediately clicked **#belly-cam**.

A new photograph had appeared and I stopped breathing.

It was another selfie. Lucy was sitting on a couch in the same green shirt and the same black leggings, only now her stomach bulged outward beneath the fabric in a huge, heavy curve. Her shirt stretched tight around something uneven inside her. One end of the mass pressed beneath her ribs while the rest sagged over her lap. Lucy’s hand rested on top of the bulge.

“Okay.”

I zoomed in.

Lucy’s laptop was sitting behind her, almost like she wanted to see it. There, on the screen, in tiny, tiny pixels, were our profile pictures sitting in a voice channel.

“Okay, seriously.”

“What?”
“How?”



“How what?”

OouuuuURRRP!

“How did you make that?”

“Make what?”

“The picture!”

“I took it.”

“No, the edit.”

There was a pause.

“What edit?”

I laughed hysterically. I couldn’t help it. This woman was going to kill me with her absolutely batshit commitment to the bit. Even my incredulity seemed to be planned. She *wanted* to impress me, to have me enter her own, insane reality.

“Lucy, we have been talking for less than half an hour. You somehow made a before picture with a completely new person, edited yourself to look eight feet tall, made a stomach composite, matched your clothes between both images, added realistic lighting, uploaded them to two separate channels, and somehow you’re also running stomach audio and a muffled voice in the background.”

Silence.

Then:

“Harry?”

“Yeah?”

“Do you want to see her?”

My laughter stopped. Something about Lucy’s tone implied that she was completely serious. Was she about to send me a video? Another recording? I wasn’t sure that I could handle watching it in VC with Lucy listening to me in the background. I was already guiltily stroking my cock. To do any more—

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“Do you want to see?”

“See what?”

“Erin.”

I stared at the screen. My heart felt like it might stop at any second. If she sent me another photo right now, I just might lose it.

“How?”

A video-call request appeared.

A cold sweat broke out on my brow. There was no way. There was no *fucking* way.

I could grasp that she had prepared some photos beforehand. I could explain the audio and the belches and everything leading up to this voice call, but the video request broke me. Because, if I clicked on that link, and it showed what I thought it was about to show, then I might just lose my mind.

“Lucy.”

“Hmm?”

“This is too much.”

“Harry.”

Her teasing voice carried through my headset. She was smiling, probably getting ready to shout “gotcha” when she saw my blushing face. My laptop technically had a camera, but… but…

“Click it.”

Every reasonable instinct in my body told me that I had already gone too far. This was getting weird. Not hot weird; *weird,* weird.

I had known Lucy for one day. I had sent her a message because I liked her fetish account. Now I was sitting in my underwear preparing to accept a live video call from a woman who claimed there was a human being inside her stomach.

The muffled voice sounded again.

Closer somehow.

“Mmph!”

I clicked **accept video** and the screen changed.

For several seconds the image was black. Then the camera adjusted and Lucy appeared. She was sitting on the couch. Green shirt. Black leggings. My eyes went immediately to her stomach and…

The photograph had not prepared me for movement.

The enormous bulge in Lucy’s middle rose and fell with her breathing. The weight of it rested against her thighs. The fabric of her shirt stretched over it, catching little shadows every time she shifted.

“Hi,” Lucy said.

She waved.

I stared.

“Harry?”

“What the fuck?”

Lucy smiled.

She looked exactly like the pictures. Actually, no. She looked more ordinary than the pictures. Her hair was kind of messy and her face was more sallow; less put together than she appeared on camera.

There was no dramatic lighting; no set; no production. It was just Lucy and her enormous stomach.

And she was *talking* to me.

“You look scared,” she said.

“I’m confused.”

“That too.”

I leaned closer to my laptop, trying to see if I could identify any flaws in the disguise. Because that’s what it had to be now.

A prosthetic. One of her previous partners was probably hidden inside of a big, prosthetic stomach, playacting the part of a victim.

“Stand up.”

Lucy raised an eyebrow. Her elbows rested on her stomach, swaying gently whenever the… *occupant* moved.

“What?”

“Stand up.”

She laughed, but I was dead serious. She pouted her lips in a teasing simper and leaned forward, tits jiggling atop her prosthetic.

“Bossy.”

“Please.”

“Since you asked nicely.”

Lucy braced one hand against the couch and stood.

She rose.

And rose.

And rose.

Her head disappeared out of frame. I felt something cold settle into my stomach. Lucy bent down, picked up the camera, and repositioned it farther away.

“Better?”

Now I could see her. All of her.

She was enormous. Her body, which I had assumed was digitally altered, stretched to fill almost the entire screen. She had the same proportions as she did in her photos, only this time, I couldn’t justify them. She wasn’t wearing stilts.

She wasn’t wearing fucking stilts.

Seven foot, ten.

“Oh,” I whispered.

Lucy rested both hands beneath her swollen gut. It sagged heavily into her palms, gurgling as she squeezed the pudgy base. She lifted it and it responded, bunching in her arms only for her to drop it with a slosh.

“Here.”

She turned sideways.



The shape protruded nearly a foot and a half from her body. I kept staring, looking for the seams of the prosthetic, looking for the hidden door that was surely built into it, but there was nothing. Nothing but real skin and fat and muscle, all serving to pack away the girl, Erin, that I was just now realizing must be inside of her.

But… but…

“This isn’t real,” I whispered.

Lucy ran her hands over her sides. She did it slow; rubbing in circles as her stomach gurgled and popped, the muffled figure inside growing all the more desperate as digestion started to kick in. In real time, I watched the walls start to soften. The hard corners sticking out of her gut receded into her leaving only softness and skin. Lucy groaned as a tremendous shudder ran through her.

She jiggled her stomach from side to side and it sloshed. The woman inside of her let out a final, desperate sob, then went still.

Did I… just watch someone die?

“Goodness, that felt great,” Lucy said, covering her mouth to belch into her fist. “I didn’t think that Erin would have any fight in her, but she was really moving. Now she’s just calories and soon? A clogged toilet.”

She belched again and this time something fluttered against the corner of her lip. I nearly fainted as she pulled a scrap of soggy, blue fabric from her throat, yanking on it until it popped free. She held the shirt up to the camera. It was the same one the woman had been wearing in the photograph. Without missing a beat, Lucy reached behind the camera and pulled forward a box.

“Souvenirs” was written in black sharpie on the side.

“Some partners say that I’m quite organized,” Lucy said, like I hadn’t just watched her turn her neighbor to mulch. “Some say I have a hoarding problem. Oh well. I live alone, for obvious reasons, and it’s not like I hear any complaints.”

She winked.

“Harry?”

I had been staring at her in horror, my laptop open on the bed. Despite all evidence to the contrary, I knew that this had to

be a trick; some kind of AI algorithm that worked in real time. Lucy must be rich. That was the case, right? She was some wealthy billionaire with a vore fetish who had gone deeper into the hobby than anyone before her.

“I’m, uh, feeling a little nauseous,” I said. “I think I’ve got to go.”

Lucy smiled.

“One last burp for the road?”

I nodded, if only to have a graceful escape from the encounter. Lucy took a deep breath and leaned forward so that her mouth covered the camera.

BBBwwwAAauuuOOouuuuUUUURRRP!

Click!

My body felt like it was made of taffy. I felt like I could pull apart at any moment, or that I would simply melt on the bed. I didn’t know whether I should go to the police or book a psychiatrist, but I didn’t have a chance to make a decision, because only a few seconds later there was an update in **#feeding-log.**

The status for Erin had been changed to ‘*Digested.’*

***

It occurred to me that I could simply leave the server and never come back. Every profile I had ever used to contact Lucy had been under a pseudonym and even if she knew my real name, I doubted that she would pursue me. But something kept me there, hours after I had left the voice chat, browsing through all of the channels, searching for signs.

“It has to be fake,” I would say, scrolling through picture after picture, audio after audio.

Carolyn Brown had been the partner before Spencer. She was a short middle-aged woman, who wore her hair in a braid.

The braid showed up in **#souvenirs**, as well as her hair clips, her rings, and her overalls. The hair clips and rings turned up once more in **#the-graveyard** in a pile half the size of Spencer's, along with another, grinning skull.

Then there was Gerry Anis with his wide shoulders and jutting chin. Lucy had taken a selfie sitting on his chest, followed by a POV shot of her pulling apart her asscheeks. Her asshole spread inhumanly wide, covering the camera in a looping gif that was supplemented with a video in **#belly-cam**.

A pair of hairy legs stuck out of Lucy's rear as she grunted and pushed. Her asshole snapped shut around his ankles, then twitched as his feet were slurped inside of her. Lucy straightened and patted her stomach.



“Comfortable?” she asked.

Packard Knowle, Wren Harrow, Szymon Woźniak—their lives spread across dozens of channels. Pictures, gifs, essays describing how easy Packard was to digest and the indigestion that Lucy had suffered with Szymon. Dates, times, receipts for the plumber. Hundreds of hours of recorded history, all leading to the same, inevitable conclusion.

She’d digested them.

In a dozen different ways, catering to each and every preference, she had digested them.

And now it was my turn.

Eventually I pulled away from the server and started to search the names.

Carolyn Brown had been a teacher at the local community college that had gone on vacation and never returned. She’d left her cat with a neighbor and told her sister that she’d met someone online.

Gerry Anis was a chiropractor who had been practicing at a mall just one city over. One day he told his wife that he was going out for cigarettes and was never seen again. His car was found parked under an overpass right next to the community college that Carolyn had taught at. There was a reward for any information leading to his whereabouts.

The story was the same with all of the others; every name, every grayed-out profile picture, every Facebook post from concerned family members looking for their loved ones.

Lucy had swallowed them all.

***

She continued to update the server throughout the day. Even as the sun set and I grew restless in bed, she posted in **#belly-cam** and **#progress-pics**, **#feeding-log** and **#gut-audio**.

“Softening up!” one photo read, displaying Lucy forming a heart with her hands over her navel. This was followed by a picture of a microphone pressed to her stomach and a link to **#gut-audio**.

The .mp3 was thirty seconds of violent crunches, then a satisfied sigh. I listened to it over and over again and, to my great shame, I masturbated to it.

#the-den

Lucy: Erin hit the spot

Lucy: Still a little hungry.

Lucy: Come over?

I began to type, but then stopped and stared at my hands. It was nearly midnight. My neighbors downstairs were having a screaming match. Somewhere in the building, loud music played, shaking the walls.

Come over.

My apartment was a mess. It wasn’t just clothes on the carpet and dishes in the sink, but a rot that went deeper, spreading like spores. When was the last time that I had left this apartment? When was the last time that I had cleaned?

Before I knew what I was doing, I was in the bathroom, scrubbing the shower. My shoulder hurt from the unfamiliar motion, but I didn’t stop until the tub was spotless and the tiles were free of mold. Then I washed myself for the first time in days, standing naked under the stream, and thought about nothing.

I ignored the laptop as I walked into the bedroom. The clothes on the floor went into the hamper, revealing weeks of dust and debris beneath. I unearthed my vacuum and fired it up, letting the noise drown out the complaints of the neighbors below who had stopped fighting and were now fucking, yowling like alleycats as they bore into each other.

Little by little, my apartment got clean, until, at five in the morning I stopped and looked at my sink, bare of dishes, and the top of the kitchen counter, free of clutter for the first time since I moved in.

Come over.

***

I fell asleep at my kitchen table. When I woke up, it was well past three, and the smell of cooking chicken wafted through the building.

There were several messages waiting for me in Lucy's Dungeon.

Erin's **#feeding-log** had been updated through the night. A new album had been created in **#progress-pics.** There was a new post in **#the-graveyard** that I left unopened and a brand new entry in **#souvenirs**—probably the blue shirt.

Curiously enough, Lucy had left me alone through the evening. There were no "where are you" messages or anything suggesting that she had missed me. However, the moment I got online, I got a ping in **#the-den**.

Lucy: Sleep well?

Me: I did.

Lucy: Voice?

Her icon appeared in the voice channel. Without hesitating, I followed her, waiting for Discord to connect us as I rummaged around for my headset.

“Good morning,” she said.

I could hear clinking in the background. Dishes. A sound like a cup being filled, then the *whush* of a heavy body sinking into a chair.

“I’m sorry for running off last night,” I said. “This is… a lot to take in.”

Lucy laughed. A spoon tinkled against the side of a mug. Heavy gulping played over the staticky speaker of my headset.

“Sorry,” she said. “Erin did a number on me, but ginger tea usually does the trick. Did you see my post in **#the-graveyard**? There wasn’t even a skull left, the poor dear. I pulverized her. She did leave some nice new additions, though. Want a peek?”

“Sure.”

The picture in **#belly-cam** showed a significantly plumper Lucy strewn across a recliner. She had a blanket half-covering her ample stomach and a cup of tea in her hand. She smiled shrewdly at the camera.

Despite myself, I got hard.

“I wish this was you,” Lucy said.

She held the microphone close to her stomach so that I could hear her squashing her hands against it. She grunted as she squashed too deep, drawing up a belch.

“About that,” I said.

I had rehearsed this speech for thirty minutes before opening my laptop. If this was real, if she was *really* digesting these people, then I had an obligation to go to the police, right? Even if all of her partners had agreed to die in her stomach, to slowly marinate in her gut until they reappeared as jiggling fat in

#progress-pics, Erin hadn't. She was a bystander, cruelly reduced to a pile in **#the-graveyard**, her belongings catalogued in **#souvenirs.**

If this was real, Lucy was a serial killer.

But as I opened my mouth to condemn her, something stopped me. My hands, which had curled into fists, flattened on the table.

"Do you really… want to eat me?"

Lucy let out a long, adorable sigh. It was the sigh of a girlfriend who had made her point a dozen times.

"Harry," she said. "Do you want to be eaten?"

A thousand answers leapt to the top of my tongue. No, of course I didn't want to be eaten. There was not a single documented case of Lucy releasing her prey. If she ate me, then that was it. I would be digested over the course of a day, listening to her snap pictures of me as she reduced me to pudge. It would be painful and humiliating and it would be permanent.

But…

This fetish, this fantasy, this fixation that I've had for so long… it was impotent. For years I had been getting my gratification through pictures and stories and roleplays with strangers. The best one could do was to find a partner who shared the fetish, who was willing to take the roleplay into the bedroom, but it wasn't *real*.

For some reason, despite all of the risks, *I wanted it to be real*.

Lucy was still waiting for me on the other line, her stomach gurgling softly beneath the clinking of her spoon.

"If I say yes," I said. "How… *when* would you want to do it?"

“Mmm. I’m pretty hungry right now. Your cute little stutters have me touching myself thinking about you, imagining you in my belly. I bet you’ll squirm, but not enough to give me indigestion.”

My cheeks grew hot.

“Y- you’re hungry right now?” I asked. “After digesting a whole person?”

“Mmm, there’s not much of her left and she was a waif of a thing. I want a *meal,* Harry. I want to feel you touching yourself inside of me. I want to feel you shudder when you cum. I want to cradle you in my arms before I swallow you and force your head against my stomach so that you can listen as I spill the rest of Erin into my intestines and I want you to touch yourself then, too. We can make love for the first and last time and you can stare down my throat as I tell you exactly how I’m going to swallow you. I’m so large, Harry, that you’ll have to take me at the edge of the bed. Can you imagine my legs over your shoulders as you pound away, hands on my belly, thinking about what’s going to happen to you? Are you touching yourself right now, Harry?”

I was.

“Are you thinking about rubbing your cock on my stomach walls as I jerk you off from the outside? Are you thinking about how I’m going to slosh you around as I orgasm, timing it so that we cum at the same time, my stomach *clenching* around you? How about the next thirty minutes of post-orgasm bliss when you realize that you’re going to be digested? I’ve got an old Polaroid camera that I use for scrapbooking. I can take a picture of you and swallow it down so that you can see what you look like from the outside. Your cock will get hard again and we’ll

start all over; over and over, until you digest. How does that sound, Harry?”

There was a sharp intake of breath, followed by a loud exhale as Lucy came. Even through the microphone, I could feel the force of her shudder.

Then something inside of her squelched.

UUuuurrAAAAAP!

“There’s Erin again. Naughty girl.”

My thoughts were sluggish and stupid. I was pressed against the edge of the table, cheeks red, resisting the urge to give her exactly what she wanted. Maybe an orgasm would clear my mind, but I didn’t want to clear my mind.

Lucy could eat me.

Lucy could *swallow me whole.*

And then my brain was flooded with images. Arriving at her door. Being led inside. Blushing as I looked up at her, towering above me. She’d tease me in the living room. Show me her box of souvenirs. Then she’d take a picture of us for **#progress-pics**.

I could already see the caption.

Lucy: Before ;)

If Lucy was to be believed, we’d have sex. Somehow, that concept was even more crass than the thought of her swallowing me whole. She would force me to stare into her gullet while we fucked on the couch and the whole time I would know exactly where the night was ending.

Then she’d swallow me whole.

She’d do it exactly as I described to her only one day prior. I’d go feet first into her mouth, stopping at the knees, the hips. She’d let me watch myself disappear, stopping at the hips to give me one last orgasm. Then:

GULP!

It was real. Everything she said was a possibility. I was in a call with her right now and if I told her that it was okay, that I would come over, it would all play out exactly as I imagined, carefully documented every step of the way for some new RPer to discover in a week.

I would be digested.

“Are you scared?” Lucy asked.

I hadn’t said a word for the last three minutes, listening to the sound of her stomach and sighs. **#belly-cam** lit up, but I didn’t look. Instead, I glanced out the window.

It was a sunny day. The park across the street was busy. An ice cream truck had set up shop on the corner and if I listened, I could hear the swell of many voices.

There was a life out there for me, somewhere.

“No,” I said. “I’m not scared.”

I opened my mouth to speak, but the words were so heavy that it felt like I would choke on them. I had to swallow several times, willing myself not to stutter.

“Where should I meet you?”

Through the Looking Glass

It was the hallway that made me pause for the first time since leaving my apartment. The walk was a blur, my eyes glued to my phone's GPS, heart rate rising as I closed on my destination. My legs seemed to move automatically; left, right, left, descending and ascending through the city of light and sound until I reached the muffled mouth of the apartment complex and stepped through the revolving, glass doors. Now I was on the second floor, standing in front of 2b, staring at the carpet as my numb fingers opened the Discord app and flicked back to the first picture of Erin.

My chest tightened as I stared at the peeling, yellow wallpaper in the photo only to look up and see its duplicate right in front of me, down to the graffiti'd "C&R Forever" written in black sharpie. Erin's face stared back at me, her nervous gaze an accusation.

If Lucy was telling the truth… if any of this was real…

A door slammed at the end of the hall, startling me. I yelped, dropping my phone as an old man in a tank top exited his apartment. He looked at me, then looked at the door I was standing in front of and shook his head.

"Whore," he grumbled, shuffling toward the stairs.

The walls suddenly seemed all too close. My heart was beating so hard that I could feel it in my throat. I put a hand on the peeling wallpaper and gulped for air, sweating as I picked up my phone.

There was a message from Lucy.

Lucy: Is that you, Snack?

My breath caught as I looked at the door. There was a shadow beneath it, blocking the light.

She was waiting for me.

The urge to run nearly overwhelmed me as I got to my feet. A primal fear took hold. I was prey in the presence of a predator; a mouse in the sights of a hungry owl. Every instinct inside of me was screaming at me to run for the stairs, but another, deeper drive held me in place.

Like a puppet on a string, my hand rose in mechanical motion, fist raised against the wood of the door. I could feel Lucy there, her mass behind the door, and I could almost see her little smirk as she waited for me to knock.

“This is crazy,” I whispered to myself. “This is crazy.”

My hand remained in the air for five seconds, ten. I could not bring myself to knock, no matter how hard I willed myself to bring my knuckles down. A carousel of thoughts paraded in my head:

Every gray name in the Discord server. Every satisfied belch in **#after-dinner**. Every crunch from **#gut-audio** and morbid aftermath in **#the-graveyard**.

It all spun together, bobbing up and down, faster and faster, until the colors blurred and I could no longer differentiate between fear and elation; anxiety and arousal.

If only in an attempt to break free from my stupor, I brought my hand down in three, sharp knocks. The knob on the door turned almost immediately. I jumped back as the door opened and… there she was.

Lucy filled the doorway without trying, leaning with one arm braced against the wooden frame and the other slid beneath her gut. My eyes only came up to her chest, holding there before sliding up to her face, her lips, and her playful grin. She

was wearing a thin, blue shirt rolled up over her stomach and a pair of black shorts that squeezed her thighs. The dragon tattoo



disappeared into the fabric. All of this I took in while staring at her face; paralyzed by her bright, gray eyes and the smile that widened as I took a step back.

“I told you,” she said. “Seven foot ten.”

She was wearing her hair down today, or rather, it looked like she had just gotten out of bed. Stray, dark brown strands clung to her shoulders where a pair of headphones lay nestled against her throat. There was an erotic softness to her that I couldn’t look away from; from the voluptuous curves of her breasts to the bit of puffiness where her shorts pressed into her thighs. It was the texture of her shirt and skin, a smoothness that begged to be touched and held, that had ensnared me since I first saw her picture on Twitter and was now blessed to see in the flesh.

And there was, of course, her stomach.

It hung over her arm, huge and heavy; rounded, yet malleable. I could tell that if I dug my fingers into it, they would sink deep, but there was a hardness too, beneath the surface, that I could not identify until Lucy squeezed herself, drawing it to the surface. I stumbled backwards until my heels hit the opposite wall.

“Surprise,” Lucy said. “Honestly, I thought I’d digested it, but I guess not.”

It was a skull. Erin’s skull, eyes hollow, mouth open in a ghoulish grin. Lucy swished it around her navel, groaning as it dragged loudly through her inside, then clenched. A crunch echoed through her, followed by a softening of form. She let her stomach drop with a heavy sigh. It bounced on her hips before coming to a rest.

A rumble ran through her.

“Hold on,” Lucy said. “I think I have a—”

BBbwwoooUUuuuuuUUUuRRP!

"—burp."

I cowered against the wall, shaking, watching Lucy play with her stomach as she stared down at me from her great height. It was only when her smile turned mischievous that I noticed the bulge in my shorts.

"We're going to take care of that," Lucy said. "Follow me."

With that, she pivoted, giving me a beautiful view of her ass as she walked into the apartment. After a moment, I stood on trembling legs and followed her.

***

Lucy was waiting for me in the kitchen.

Up close, it was easy to appreciate just how massive she was. Her head was inches from the ceiling while mine only came up to the underside of her bust. When she leaned forward, I flinched, and she crooned my name softly, touching my cheek.

"Harry, Harry, Harry," she said. "You have no idea how excited I am to finally meet you."

Her thumb passed over my lips and I blushed, turning away. Talking online, I had been able to keep my composure, but here in her apartment? I wasn't sure if I'd be able to bring myself to speak. All of the promises that Lucy had made, all of the teases, the scenarios; were they just things that she'd said, or were we really about to—

"What's on your mind, Snack?"

A loud groan filled the kitchen, coming from Lucy's stomach. She rubbed it idly, keeping her eyes on me. I had the sudden urge to do something very, very stupid. My blush

deepened at the thought, especially when Lucy bent over me, expecting an answer.

“I- I- I suppose I’m overwhelmed,” I said, hating myself for stuttering. “Y- y- you’re so… so beautiful that I can’t… think properly.”

That’s when Lucy did something entirely unexpected.

She blushed.

“Oh,” she said softly, bringing her hands to her face. “Oh, um, thank you! I was a little worried when you didn’t say anything.”

Her bashfulness jarred me.

“No, no, no,” I said. “I’m just shy, is all. I didn’t mean to insult you. I’ve just… I was…”

I stopped. A smile had crept over Lucy’s lips, showing through her splayed fingers. Without really thinking, I kicked her ankle lightly, beginning to pout. She was teasing me about my bashfulness in the Discord server.

“That was mean,” I said.

“Sorry, sorry,” Lucy laughed. “You really weren’t talking. I knew you were nervous and I just wanted to break the ice. It’s not every day you meet the woman meant to devour you.”

Now I was right back to blushing. Lucy hummed and drummed her fingers on her stomach. The sound was absurdly amplified in the quiet of the room. There was no rattle of the AC or peal of chatter from the surrounding apartments. All I could hear was the thump of my heart and the slow roil of Lucy’s stomach, waiting to engulf me.

“I want—” I blurted, then bit my lip.

Lucy crouched before me, resting her arms on my shoulders. Her breasts bounced against my chest as we came nose to nose.

“What do you want, Harry?” she asked. “Would it be easier to tell you what *I* want? Because I’ve already told you, haven’t I?”

Her lips brushed my ear.

“I want to feel you inside of me,” she whispered. “In so many ways.”

I groaned then and Lucy pulled back, satisfied. She stayed crouched though, waiting for me to regain my composure. Warmth radiated from her body. I was awash in her glow and it emboldened me—at least enough to speak my mind.

“I want to kiss it,” I said.

Lucy didn’t have to ask what I was referring to. She stood to her full height, grabbing her stomach with both hands. Pinched between her fingers, it wobbled and shook, the smooth edges of it in constant motion as she held it out to me.

“This thing?” she asked. “You want to kiss *this* thing?”

My jaw clenched. I was so hard that I thought I might pass out, but to have her stomach actually in front of me was more than I could handle. The girth of it alone had me feral, but I knew what gave it its size. Lucy, guessing my thoughts, pressed her advantage. She swung her gut from side to side like a pendulum.

“I’m almost done with her, you know,” she said. “There’s still a little bit of Erin left stewing inside of me. When you push your face into my belly, you’ll be able to hear her. It almost makes me want to go out and swallow someone else so that you can experience the full thing, but if I might be brutally honest with you, Harry? Seeing you standing there, smitten with my stomach, has given me such a powerful urge to eat you that there is no way that I could hold out for even one more day. You’re going down my gullet tonight, feet first, like you asked,

and you'll just have to appreciate the experience from the inside, hmm? Now, if you understand me, I want you to get your cock out and press your face right into my fat, full stomach. Let's see how many times we can make each other cum before I swallow you whole."

Red did not begin to describe the color of my cheeks. I could not breathe, nor could I respond when Lucy laughed and pulled out her phone, tugging me close so that my head was against her breast. There was a flash of light as she took a selfie. Winking, she showed me her phone.

#progress-pics

harry_is_a_cutie.jpg

Lucy: Before ;)

I actually stumbled a little. Lucy caught me before I could fall, but I still needed several seconds to catch my breath. So much stimulation in so little time…

"You okay, cutie?" Lucy asked.

I nodded. Her hand on my shoulder felt charged, like any second lightning would come and strike us both. I was shaking from excitement, an embarrassing tremble that only heightened my arousal as Lucy pressed my cheek into her stomach and held it there. She did not need to bend.

GGrrrgGIIILRRrRRT!

A deep, beckoning groan resonated from within her. It sounded like water flowing from stalactites; liquid being squeezed from a sponge; organic matter draining through intestines. The warmth of it, the firm, yet pliable softness—-it was *real*.

And then Lucy gathered my head in her arms and turned me so that my face was against her navel and *pressed.*

Buried in her belly, feeling those gurgles around me, all other thoughts were obliterated. There was only Lucy then and her promises. Her stomach molded to the shape of my face, groaning as she mashed me into Erin's remains and then, without a word, Lucy reached down and tugged on my waistband.

My cock popped free, erect and throbbing, and though I groaned in surprise, the groan was swallowed by her stomach. I felt her move forward, lifting my cock. She placed it between her legs, between her thighs, and clenched.

Splrt!

"There you go," Lucy murmured. "I bet you've been waiting for that aaaaall day."

I shuddered, the echo of my orgasm dulling the taint of embarrassment. Lucy drew in a sharp breath as well, releasing me from the sweaty grasp of her stomach just long enough to look down.

Her thighs were so large that, in trapping my cock between them, I had not made a mess of her floor. Instead, I saw glistening streaks, far higher than the mess I had made above her knee. My gaze drew upward to see that the front of her shorts were absolutely saturated. Suddenly, all of my embarrassment was abolished.

"Yes," Lucy said, answering my unspoken question. "I've been waiting for this all day, too."

She mashed my face into her stomach again and this time, I heard her grunt as she drove her fingers into her shorts. There was a small gasp, then a sigh. More gurgles filled my ears as she rocked me from side to side, swaying with her gut, each shallow breath leading her closer and closer until her stomach

tensed and she pressed me in with full force, digging me into her belly as she came.

When she released me, there was no shame in her eyes.

Only hunger.

“To the bedroom?” she asked.

I nodded, remembering everything that she had said that she was going to do to me; that she wanted me to do *to her*. Lucy made no attempt to clean herself as she took my hand. We walked through a door into a short hallway, then made a left into her room.

There were three distinguishing features in Lucy’s bedroom. The first were the shelves that ringed the walls, set just beneath the ceiling and filled with boxes. The second was the mirror between those shelves, reflecting the deep, red sheets of the massive bed. Another, standing mirror also faced the bed. There was a bra draped on top of it, each cup large enough to conceal my entire head, but that wasn’t the third distinguishing feature.

No, the third distinguishing feature was the 65-inch, flatscreen television set into the wall behind her bed. Or, more to the point, it was the time-lapse video playing on the screen, showing Lucy’s stomach going from round and full to flat over the course of ten seconds.

“I like to remember my conquests,” Lucy said by way of explanation as I stared, agog. “There’s audio as well, but I think my stomach will be enough for this encounter. Do you agree, Harry?”

I nodded, incapable of producing words. My cock was already hard again.

Lucy let go of my hand as she fell backward on the sheets. The bed bent beneath her, red sheets framing her beautiful



body as she stretched. One of her breasts thumped free from her blue shirt, resting on the upper curve of her belly. She had

soft pink areolas which she cupped with her thumb, waiting for me to take the hint.

“It’s real,” I said, stupidly. “Everything you said: it’s real.”

Lucy giggled.

“Harry,” she said. “We live in an era of repression. Everyone’s so scared to ask for what they want that they don’t even know *themselves.* Do you know how much money is spent on therapy every year to address this dishonesty? We wrap ourselves in guilt and shame when really, the solution is simple.”

“Which is?”

Lucy’s spine bent as she slid off her shorts and panties and let them drop to the floor. Curling a finger at me, I came, my head shorter than the top of her knees as she placed her calves on my shoulders.

“Hedonism,” Lucy sighed. “Pure hedonism.”

I could see myself in the mirror above us, trapped between Lucy’s thighs, cock outstretched between the swollen lips of Lucy’s pussy. I felt myself then, *all of myself*, and let go of any doubt I might have retained.

I grabbed Lucy’s thighs. She moaned as my hand found the lines of her tattoo, tracing it up and over her ass. She was wet and I was hard and there was only one thing left to do.

The weight of her calves pulled me forward into her. Her warmth spread across me in waves, her excitement palpable as she clenched and squeezed. My chest was barely as thick as one of her thighs, but I held onto her, doing my best to remain upright as my stomach bounced against hers.

We stayed like that for a while, enjoying each other, images of Lucy’s distended gut flashing on the screen behind her head. She was right about the sound. A gurgle rolled

through the room like distant thunder, vibrating against me as I rested my cheek on her leg. Lucy pushed her fingers into her pudge, kneading. Her legs kept me pinned to her. I couldn't have run away if I wanted to.

"Which do you prefer?" I asked.

Lucy looked at me over her stomach.

"What do you mean?" she asked. "Like how I want you to fuck me?"

I shook my head.

"Head first or feet first," I said. "Which do you prefer?"

Lucy flopped back on the sheets, giving me a cheeky squeeze with her thighs. She was throbbing, waiting for me to pound her, but I needed a second to recover my stamina.

"Now that you're here, you want to please me," Lucy said. "So you're wondering if my preference lines up with yours, but here's the thing, Harry: I am already enjoying myself. I'm enjoying myself thinking about the taste of you. I'm enjoying myself thinking about how that thing—"

She clenched around my cock.

"—is going to be rubbing my stomach walls. I'm enjoying myself thinking about gulping you down, resting my elbows on your head, and watching some television as you bubble away, and I am enjoying myself at this very moment, feeling your rock hard cock inside of me, twitching every time I mention I am going to swallow you. So please stop worrying if I am enjoying myself Harry and focus on enjoying yourself… while you still can."

I shivered.

Lucy's smile widened.

"Is that what it's going to take to get you to pound me?" she asked as I began to thrust. "Talking about how I'm going to

digest you? Because I promise it won't be pretty. This isn't that painless, melty digestion that people write stories about. This is the real deal and it's *messy.*"

I could tell that she meant it. I could tell by the way she squeezed me while she talked, fondling her breasts as she bent her hips into me. I could see her eyes in the mirror above, staring at her stomach, staring at *me* beyond her stomach, imagining *me* inside of it.

It turned her on.

I started to thrust harder, hips slapping against her bare ass. The warmth of her was intoxicating and her words seemed to stir us both; a shared roleplay continuing into the real world.

"You're so large," Lucy said. "You're going to fill me to the brim. Once I'm big and heavy with you, I'll give you a shake, get you *really* sloshing in my juices. All of the air you brought down with you is going to need to be belched back up and you'll feel every squeeze as I force them out of me, recording it for **#after-dinner**. Your cock will be pressed up against the sloppy curve of my stomach wall and you'll be terrified, but you won't be able to help yourself. You'll spread your knees inside of me and touch yourself for all you're worth until you feed me a second time. And a third. And a fourth.

"And then you'll start to struggle. It's a subconscious thing. My stomach is anything but cozy, so you'll need to wriggle just to buy yourself space, but I'm so much bigger and stronger than you are. Eventually, the air will start to get thin. The acids will start to hurt."

Her hands continued to grip the corners of her stomach, pulling on it, pressing into the meat. The screen behind her showed Erin now.

Before. After. Everything in between.

I put my knees on the edge of the bed and climbed up on top of her. Lucy didn't seem to mind that I was leaning on her stomach. In fact, she moaned as I closed my eyes and gripped her gut, continuing to pound her as she grew tighter and tighter.

"Then you'll beg," Lucy said, swirling her hips. "Even the hardcore masochists beg in the end, when the pain outweighs the pleasure, but there will be pleasure in the begging as well as I rub you deeper into my gut. You'll hear me taking pictures. I'll read you your entry in **#feeding-log**. If you're really good, I'll even print out one of those pictures and swallow it, then shine a bright flashlight on my stomach so that you can see what you look like on the outside—and the inside."

My breath hitched. Lucy had wrapped her legs around me and was not letting go. She reached up to stroke my face, then licked her lips as I sped up inside of her. There was an odd satisfaction in watching her control slip. The clenches were getting more frequent—her speech broken up by hums and moans—but she kept talking and I kept fucking, both of us getting closer by the second thinking about what came next.

"I have to admit that I like playing with my food," Lucy said. "Especially when they start to get soft. I love all of the gasps and, *mmm,* groans when the acids really start working. I love *rolling* on top of my huge belly, humping it while it starts to get mushy, *feeling* the first parts of you slurping down into my intestines. I keep a piece of all of my lovers, but you, Harry? I feel like you're going right *here.*"

She rolled up her shirt and nodded at her chest.

Then she opened her mouth wide.

Every neuron in my brain seemed to fire at once. Staring down her throat, *Lucy's throat*, was like seeing the ground from atop a high cliff while I was already falling off of the edge. She

ran her tongue over her canines, then let it splay out so that I could watch the pink folds of her throat unravel into a long, dark tunnel. I could feel her hot breath on my chest as she leaned forward. I leaned forward, too, still pounding.

"That's right," Lucy said. "That's where you're going. Into my mouth, down my throat, and ***GULP—***"



She swallowed, then pressed a finger to her gut.

"—right in here."

Her stomach growled so loudly that it startled us both. Lucy lay flat, moaning as a wet crunch shook through her, then shuddered against me. She took my hand and plunged it into her fat, pressing it down until I felt something hard.

"Her skull," Lucy said. "Her skull just—"

I came.

Already at the edge and unable to stop myself, I came while crushing Erin's pulverized skull into Lucy's intestines. Her legs locked around my spine, holding me in place as her hips bucked once, twice, thrice, then released with a gasp. Her stomach arched toward the ceiling, dropping with a ***thwunk****.*

"G-good job," Lucy said.

A heavy draining sound heralded the end of Erin's journey as Lucy took her phone out of her discarded shorts and held it up. I gave it a halfhearted peace sign. I was probably cross-eyed in the picture, but it didn't matter. The next picture would be…

"Having second thoughts?" Lucy asked.

I hadn't meant to glance at the door. Lucy was laying on her side with her cheek in her hand, watching me as I stood, unsure what to do.

"No," I said. "No, I…"

Lucy curled a finger at me and, with one last glance at the door, I obeyed, lying in bed next to her. The bed creaked as she pressed her stomach into my back and threw an arm over my shoulder. Her breast sagged against my head. We lay like that for a while as a montage of Lucy's victims played above us, cycling through all of the gray names in the Discord server.

"Do you know why I had sex with you, Harry?" Lucy asked.

Lost in thought, the question startled me, and I looked over my shoulder, somewhat hurt.

"I thought it was because you wanted to," I said.

"That's right," Lucy laughed. "You're a cutie and a snack. Don't be offended, Harry, you could literally feel how wet I was. But that wasn't the only reason."

I relaxed a little, leaning back into her breasts.

"Why?" I asked.

Lucy wrapped her arms around me and rolled onto her back. She did it as easily as if I was a teddy bear, turning me over so that we were face to face.

“Because I like you,” she said, kissing my cheek. “I’ve enjoyed talking to you. I’m going to miss you when you’re gone.”

She put a finger to my lips.

“That doesn’t mean I’m not going to eat you, so don’t even ask.”

“I wasn’t going to,” I said around her finger.

Lucy chuckled.

“I see you wore a watch,” she said, changing the subject. She nodded at the shitty Seiko on my wrist. “You don’t usually, do you?”

I had no idea how she could tell, but I shook my head, which made Lucy smile.

“Is that for **#souvenirs**?”

“You’re very perceptive,” I said, stripping the watch from my wrist.

Lucy held her hand out and I placed the watch in it. I waited on the bed as she stood and retrieved one of the boxes from the high shelves and came to sit next to me. The box was empty and so was the label on the side.

“Go and get me a sharpie from my desk, please,” Lucy said.

I went and retrieved the sharpie. Lucy took it from me, beckoning me to sit as she meticulously wrote my name on the side of the box. When she was finished, she smirked, looking me up and down. Silently, I handed her my phone and wallet, and the keys from my shorts beneath the bed. She stopped me as I started to take off my shirt.

“No, no, that can stay on,” she said. “The nylon will probably survive where you’re headed. Put on your pants as well. I like the texture.”

The sound of her stomach was a low, persistent growl. It filled my ears as I dressed, reminding me constantly of my decision. It was too late now to back out. Soon, I would be just another entry for Lucy’s latest meal to find.

I had made my peace with that fact while we were having sex, but now that she was really about to swallow me, my old doubts came creeping back.

This is a trick, they said. *She won't actually digest you.*

Once I was finished, Lucy stood. She pointed at the standing mirror and I shuffled toward it, too nervous to speak and too anxious to disobey. Lucy came to stand beside me, once more dwarfing me with her body. Her stomach growled loudly when she touched my shoulder. It was nearly time.

“Still want feet first?” she asked.

Her phone was in her hand. She had scrolled back to the interview in which I told her exactly how I wanted to be swallowed—or, actually, she had screenshotted it. She flicked from screenshot to screenshot, humming as she read the words, *my words*, describing every horny detail from my imagination. As she read, she held my head close to her gut. Eventually, the silence became too much.

“Have you really eaten people with your ass before?” I asked.

Lucy’s eyes slid toward me. She was still naked from the waist down.

“Curious?” she asked. “Want to change your answer?”

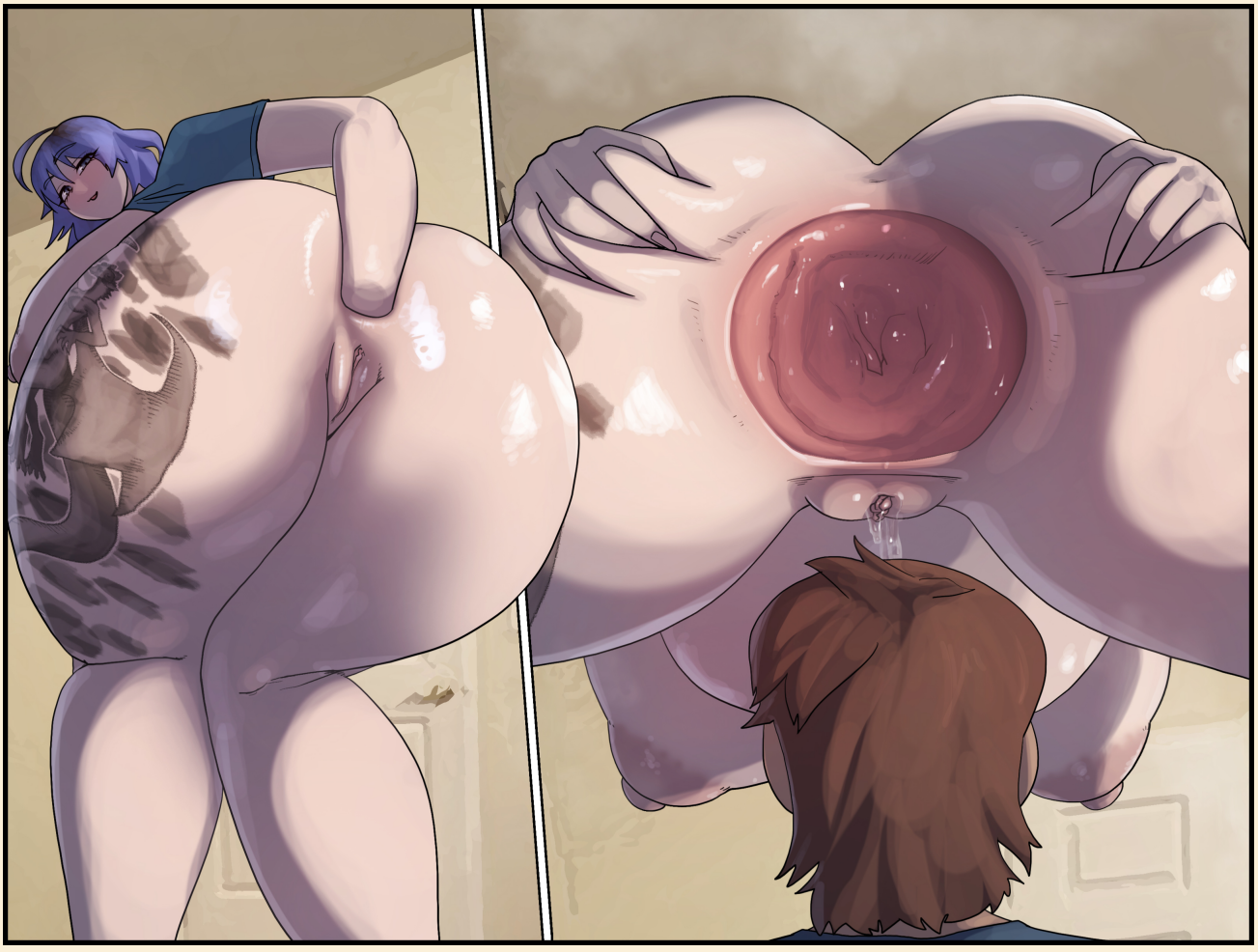
She turned and bent, spreading her ass beside me as I remained standing still, watching in the mirror. Her pucker

twitched as she tapped a nail on it. Then, hooking her finger in the hole, she pulled.

And pulled.

And pulled.

Until the hole was head-sized and gaping; a yawning portal of seething pink flesh. I could imagine myself turning, placing my face against it. I could imagine her sitting, sheathing me bit by bit, until my entire upper half was encased in her intestines. She'd pop me inside of her with a grunt, then wait as I made my way up, up through her dirty bowels until I reached the destination I was meant for, only to make the journey some time later in reverse.



Lucy let her asshole snap shut when I shook my head.

"Feet first," I said.

“Alright.”

There was a hint of tension as Lucy turned that scared me. Her body was taut, jaw set, brow furrowed in concentration. At first I thought she was mad about me not wanting her to swallow me with her ass, but then I heard her swallow three times in quick succession. Her hands were shaking as she grabbed her stomach, kneading it almost compulsively. She leaned forward to smell me and I shivered. Drool coated the corners of her lips.

“I’ve been waiting for this,” Lucy said. “Since you messaged me. I’ve been waiting for this moment right now.”

I said nothing, but felt that familiar warmth creeping into my cheeks. She was staring at me with such desire that it was hard not to be bashful. When she brought her lips close to my ear, I gasped. Her voice was an erotic whisper.

“You said you wanted me to play with you. You said you would struggle.”

I took a tentative step toward the door. Her hand closed around my bicep.

“Where are you going, Snack?”

She pulled me close to her, pressing my back to her hips. I could see her in the mirror, one large hand spread across my chest while the other held me, preventing me from moving. The hand on my chest slid down beneath my waistband. She fondled my flaccid cock until it jumped in her palm, all while kissing my throat.

“Is this what you meant by play?” Lucy asked. “You were so bashful back then. You could have just asked me to suck your dick.”

She licked her lips noisily, laughing as I strained against her.

“No? You’d rather I just swallow you now? Or did you want me to chase you across the apartment first, pin you down, and smother you under my belly until you become a little more submissive?”

I froze.

Lucy laughed.

“Too many options?” she asked. “I’m sorry, Harry. That’s why I usually stick with what you tell me early in the RP, but your reactions are so delicious that you make me want to tease you. I really would *pounce* on you if you let me.”

She gave an exaggerated growl that left me breathless. Her hand slid from my cock to my waist, gripping me gently.

“Well?” she asked. “Are you ready?”

“I’m ready,” I said.

I don’t know what made me do it. It was a spur-of-the-moment decision. As Lucy squatted down to pick me up, I turned in her hands and kissed her.

Her lips were… soft. She gave a little gasp of surprise, half opening her mouth and I kissed her deeper then, bending into her warmth. When I pulled away, I looked up. I was scared of seeing disgust on her face. Instead what I saw, past the surprise, was unbridled affection.

“Oh, Harry,” Lucy said. “If you wanted me to taste you, all you had to do was ask.”

And then she kissed me, and the force of it sent me into deep orbit. I had never been kissed like that in my life; not by high school crushes, nor the few girls I had dated since. It was a hungry kiss. A devouring kiss. It was a sweet and needy and comforting kiss and I was swept away by it, closing my eyes as her lips devoured mine.

“I’m going to eat you now,” Lucy said when she allowed me to breathe.

I nodded, my voice still stuck and my head still spinning.

“Please,” was all I could manage, but it was enough.

Lucy picked me up by the waist. She lifted me like she was lifting a doll, and I experienced a sense of vertigo looking down into her throat. I could see nothing aside from the darkness, but I could feel the heat of it on my toes. Lucy held me aloft for a second longer than she had to before lowering me into her gullet.

As she had promised, she took me slow.

Her throat locked around my ankles. The wetness surprised me, though it shouldn’t have. Saliva squelched between my toes, pushed by the peristalsis of muscles flexing; an entire biology maneuvering me deeper into Lucy. When she gulped, my ankles clicked together, and again there was pain and pleasure as my calves sank into the beckoning flesh.

“This is really happening,” I said. “You’re… eating me.”

It should have hit me then, but it didn’t. Nothing felt real about the moment—not the heat, nor the tightness, nor the feeling of her teeth on my shins. Her hands remained steady on my hips, fighting gravity’s desire to plunge me straight down inside of her, but I was still sinking, watching myself in the mirror.

My legs were a bulge between Lucy’s breasts. When she gulped, they dropped into her stomach.

Splash.

The change in temperature was extreme. Her throat was tepid in comparison. The texture was thicker, *slimier* than her gullet, but the bulge… seeing her skin expand with my body…

It was divine.

Her lips were around my thighs. My cock hung above her, soaking against the tip of her tongue. If I reached down, I could



pry at her cheeks, but I didn't want to do anything to jeopardize what was about to come next.

As her tongue wrapped around my cock, Lucy let go of my hips. That short drop, just an inch or two, was enough to bury my shaft in the back of her throat.

"Shit," I whispered, squirming in place. All that did was marinate me in Lucy.

Still it had not dawned on me that I was in any danger. Lucy stopped swallowing me, waiting as I fought against the rising urge to cum. She kept… gulping. Not to sink me deeper inside of her, but just a short motion that pulled her gullet over my cock before depositing it back on her tongue. The softness and the heat were making me tingle, but worse was that Lucy had started to stroke my legs through her stomach walls, bunching her gut so that I could see the outline that I made.

"That's not fair," I said.

I couldn't see Lucy's expression, but I could feel her chuckle. She was giving me *exactly* what I asked for and nothing less.

I was not quick to cum in her throat. If this had been my first encounter with her, she might have finished me in seconds, but it was my third orgasm in under an hour and the combination between the mental stimulation—the *knowledge* that she was going to swallow me—and the physical restraint made me feral. I twisted from left to right, gasping, writhing, until at last blissful release came with a gulp and Lucy finally allowed me to sink up to my stomach.

She raised her phone.

"Really?" I asked. Only my arms, shoulders, and head were visible outside of her body. The rest was sheathed within

her; entombed beneath her breasts and belly. “I’m all, *mmph,* red in the face.”

It wasn’t the right thing to be thinking about. My brain was starting to catch up to my penis and it was becoming increasingly clear that I was being fucking *eaten alive*. But somehow, the indignation of being archived in this moment kept me sputtering long enough for Lucy to get her lips up and over my armpits. It was when my face entered her maw that I really saw I was in trouble; when I breathed my last gasp of fresh air and took my first lungful of Lucy.

The taint of her stomach was fresh on her breath. I could smell it beneath the sweetness of whatever she had eaten earlier, coating her tongue and poisoning each humid exhalation. My face was covered in condensation, not the least of which came from the soggy, pink walls that were suddenly surrounding me; Lucy’s cheeks sucking around my own.

“Lucy,” I said.

Her tongue lapped over my face. It swirled over my nose, my eyes, my mouth, curling as if asking permission for entry. I kissed the top of it and Lucy giggled. The laugh was louder, more resounding inside of her. It shook free saliva from the roof of her mouth to drip on my forehead as a wet lurch sent me deeper inside of her.

She bent to show me what I looked like in the mirror.

I whimpered.

Her stomach had doubled in size. The pudgy circle had elongated beneath her breasts, as it had with every other guest. I knew exactly what it would look like in an hour, four hours, a day; and the implication made me lash out in fear, but I was already trapped.

Lucy stroked me lovingly, winking at me before her mouth began to close. I started to sputter something, to beg for release, but it was too late.

GULP!



I had… wished for this. As her throat clenched around my face, choking my way down into the humid depths of her belly, all I could think is that I wished for this. I was about to digest inside of Lucy, to be churned like meat, and I had *begged* to be a part of it.

And the crazy thing is that I still felt that way.

I expected the fear to erase my desire as I slid down her throat, but all it did was add a tantalizing new layer to it. I was *excited* when my face finally slipped through the sphincter and into her stomach.

The smell; the taste; the boiling, rancid atmosphere—it was all *exactly* as I had imagined.

I laughed then. Lucy was gulping, swallowing down the pocket of air that had followed me into her throat. Her stomach expanded wetly, then contracted with a whoosh.

Uuuuuuuurp!

The belch shook the chamber, sealing me in for good.

“Theeeeere you go,” Lucy said. “All tucked away.”

Her hand came around to stroke me. When she moved, her stomach lurched. The walls were in constant motion, squeezing and squelching with every second that passed.

“How do you like it in there, Snack? Is it all you ever dreamed of?”

“Yes,” I said, and in that moment, I meant it.

Another picture was taken. I heard the click of the camera and the hum of approval. Lucy swayed from side to side, chuckling as I bounced from wall to wall.

Then she touched me.

I don’t know how she found my cock in her stomach. I had my knees together, arms spread wide to give myself space. Her hand, stifled by fat, muscle, and flesh, pressed through the pulsing space and rested on my balls, sliding up to stroke me as I tried to wriggle away from her.

URRAAAAP!

“Trying to get away from me? I thought you wanted this, Harry. Your little gasps are going to make such good audio. My stomach is groaning so loud. I think it likes you.”

That was true. It was hard to hear anything over her churning gut, but Lucy’s voice resonated through, as clear as anything. I leaned my head against the wall and bucked. My cock hardened in the swathe of her stomach. Lucy masturbated

me without mercy, adding her own moans as she pressed me against the mattress.

“I am going to break you down,” Lucy said. “Oh, Harry, you’ve been lovely, but you have no idea how good it is going to feel to *digest* you.”

“I… want that,” I said, hoping she could hear me. “Lucy. Oh, Lucy.”



It was hard for her to maneuver me through her stomach, but she did it. Her belly kept slipping, sliding me up and down the walls of her stomach as she readjusted her fat, digging in just below her navel. Eventually she got a good grip, folding me up and onto the side of the mattress. Then she swayed her stomach back and forth, humping me slowly, all the while crushing my cock between her gut and my pelvis.

“Wow,” I said. “Wow.”

It was not totally dark inside of her. There was a deep, red glow; brighter sometimes when she angled toward the light. It wasn’t enough for me to see myself, but I could see outlines. Lucy’s arms, pressed against her sides. Her thigh coming up beneath me. The indents of her breasts overhead and the corner of the mattress she was using to pleasure herself.

SLOSH! SLOSH! SLOSH!

“Harry…”

My name, whispered in the throes of pleasure, was all I ever hoped to hear. I pressed my palms into her, wanting her to feel me.

I knew I was just food for her. I knew that she was going to digest me. I knew that she was going to dump me tomorrow, but of all the people that Lucy could have chosen, she had chosen me. I was, in a way, important to her.

That’s how she made me feel.

So I humped her like I was supposed to and I caressed her inner walls and I played the part of willing prey to a hungry, horny predator as Lucy crushed me against her hips.

“I need you to cum for me,” she said, and I obliged.

There was only a pitiful amount left in the tank at that point, but I obliged with gusto. When I was finished, Lucy leaned back, panting. For a moment, all was quiet but the gurgle of her gut and her hammering heart.

“How many times did you touch yourself to the server?” Lucy asked.

It was a fair question.

“I didn’t count,” I said. “A dozen, at least.”

“To my burps?”

She shook herself cheekily, letting out a tiny belch. Every clench of her stomach felt like a tsunami inside of her; flesh rippling from the bottom up to smother my entire body. I put my hands between my legs and blushed.

“Yes,” I admitted.

Lucy giggled. She was walking now, thumping over the carpet of her room. I heard a door open, then a creak as we passed through the hall.

“What else?” she asked.

“That first audio you sent me,” I said, thinking back. “I had been… watching you for a long time, so the thought of you sending me something personal? That got me.”

“Is this personal enough, Harry?”

Lucy jiggled her gut. A fresh coating of slime made me sputter as I battered the walls away with my arms.

“Yes,” I said. “Oh God, yes.”

“Hmm… What else?

“The pictures you sent of Erin.”

“Oh?”

“I still thought it was fake at that point.”

“Did finding out it was real make it better or worse?”

Gravity inverted as Lucy bent forward. It was like being in a rollercoaster, hanging over the drop. Even though I couldn’t see the ground, I could feel the pull toward it, throwing out my elbows to hold myself steady. Lucy’s stomach smacked against her hips as she righted herself. She’d just been picking something up.

“It made it… different,” I said. “Better, I guess.”

“Oh ho? Ever get off to… anything from **#the-graveyard**?”

I jerked inside of her, losing my grip on the wall. It took several seconds to disentangle myself as dozens of pounds of

muscle and fat crushed in on me from all sides. Lucy was laughing. She was putting something in the microwave.

“Some folks *really* like that channel,” she said. “They can’t wait to fill my bowl. I had one girl, *ummph*, who just couldn’t get enough of it. I think I went through four neighbors before she finally agreed to visit, and she wanted to watch me get rid of them *all* before she would let me swallow her. A darling, really.”

“Carolyn Brown,” I said, remembering her posts. They were *extremely* graphic. “Her name was—”

“Appropriate,” Lucy laughed. “Right? It must have been fate.”

The microwave dinged. Lucy removed whatever she had put inside and shuffled sideways. I could see a solid, white rectangle of light; indistinct through her stomach walls. A button clicked and the muffled sound of a television bled through. Lucy sagged into her armchair. I sagged with her, grunting.

“Oof.”

“Mmm, don’t expect me to accommodate you,” Lucy said. “I’m a big girl, remember? This part is for my pleasure and my pleasure alone, so it’s up to you to find the most comfortable position.”

“Got it,” I said.

Lucy took a sip of something. I heard it hit her throat; heard her *swallow*. A second later, a stream of warm liquid dripped onto my forehead. The smell of ginger supplanted the smell of bile.

“Am I upsetting your stomach?” I asked.

“Oh no, dear,” Lucy said. “I just like the taste of ginger tea. I consume boxes of the stuff every week. Helps get things… softened up.”

She gave me a playful squeeze.

It was starting to get cramped in her gut. When she had been standing, there had been no external pressure, but now her bowels were bunched beneath me and her upper body was slouched over her distended belly. Instead of complaining, I extended my elbows further, giving myself a little more space. My arms were already aching with the exertion, but it was also oppressively hot and having my skin touching the walls only made it worse. Sweat was trickling into my eyes. If my clothes weren't already completely saturated, they would be soon.

"How long will I be… in here?" I asked.

Lucy took another sip of tea.

"I don't know," she said. "Sometimes my food lasts a day, sometimes a week. It depends on how active I am, but considering how *ravenous* we just were in the bedroom, I wouldn't be surprised if you were mush by the morning."

She said it so casually. I closed my eyes, my resolve wavering now that there was discomfort involved.

So this was how it was. In the stories, predators usually digested their prey over the course of minutes, but of course that wasn't how it actually worked. I would probably die of suffocation long before the… acids… got me.

BUuuuuRRRP!

The air suddenly felt very thin. I knew it was just me overreacting, but combined with the heat and the shallow breaths I was taking, panic was starting to set in.

"What about air?" I asked.

"Oh, I'll make sure you stay squirming until the end," Lucy yawned. "Don't worry, Harry. I'll make sure you feel *everything*."

I let out a nervous giggle.

An hour passed inside of Lucy. At least I think it was an hour. I could faintly hear the theme music of the show she was

watching and it played at roughly twenty minute intervals. At first, I tried to hold up her stomach, but eventually I had to let it collapse around me. It became unbearably hot and stuffy. The minutes ticked by.

GgrrGGLLrrrrT…

Erin was passing below me. Her skull, properly pulverized, was being absorbed in her intestines and the rest of her was being packed away in her bowels. The acids in Lucy's stomach coated the floor. Every time I shifted, they rose around me, causing my skin to itch.

"I could let you out right now."

I jumped.

"What?" I asked, trying not to sound hopeful.

"I won't, but I could," Lucy clarified. She stretched and her stomach squeezed. My shoulders ached as her breasts bounced on the back of my head. "I could let you out right now and maybe your skin would be a bit red, but you'd be no worse for the wear. I just wanted you to know that because soon, it won't be the case. Does that still arouse you?"

It did. An hour had passed, giving me plenty of time to recover, and her words sent a tingle through my spine.

"If you're going to jerk off, I suggest you do it while you still can."

"Right," I gulped.

I slid my shorts around my ankles. It was gross, sitting in the puddle of tea and acids while my balls dipped into the simmering mixture, but having my cock up against her stomach quickly made me forget my discomfort. It rumbled gently as I stroked myself, keenly aware that Lucy was watching from above.

CLICK!

“Another picture?” I asked.

“I like this one,” Lucy laughed. “Hold on, I have a little phone printer. Let me just—”

Whiiiirrr…

GULP!

A laminated piece of paper fell in my lap. It depicted Lucy, leaning back in her chair, with her full gut pressed against her thighs. There, in the center, clearly displayed beneath her navel, was my cock.

“Oh,” I whispered.



Lucy pulled her flashlight away from her stomach. I had been so focused on the photo that I had only seen my surroundings in the peripherie, but I was still shaken.

It was one thing to see a stomach in an anatomy video and another to see it in real life. Throbbing, pink flesh constituted the walls of the organ, pulsing with the invisible twitches of surrounding muscles. Greenish-brown liquid coated said walls, steaming faintly as they came in contact with the many mushy bits of *food* still stuck in the cracks. There were white chips as well. A few of them, here and there. I thought they might be part of the stomach, but when I rubbed my hand on the wall, I felt the sharp corner of the piece of bone and shuddered. I was rubbing my cock in Erin's remains.

"Gross, huh," Lucy purred. "Gonna cum to *that*, Harry?"

She had been less active over the last hour. Now she sat up, holding her stomach in both arms to watch me masturbate.

"You're still so *big*. I can feel you starting to tremble. Are you going to cum, Harry, or is that fear that I'm tasting?"

"I'm just tired," I said.

Lucy shook her stomach. The wet slosh brought me to orgasm, after which she clenched, imprisoning me once more.

"Good," she said. "Now it's my turn."

I barely had time to wonder what that meant before Lucy moved.

The floor disappeared beneath me. Her stomach pitched sideways as she rolled onto her hands and knees, sending me tumbling through the shallow pool of acids. I slammed shoulder-first into one wall, bounced, then slid along the slick folds until gravity changed again and dumped me against the bottom.

"Fuck!"

Lucy planted her hands against the floor and snapped her hips from side to side. The acids surged over my waist as I rolled across her stomach, arms flailing for something to grab. There was nothing. The walls were too smooth, too wet, and

every fold I caught flattened beneath my fingers as Lucy's body flexed.

I hit the opposite side.

WHUMP!

“Lucy!”

She moaned somewhere overhead.

“Ohhh, that feels weird.”

She shook again.

One second I was lying against the floor and the next I was airborne, carried forward by a wave of half-digested tea and stomach juices. My shoulder struck first, then my hip, then my back. The laminated photograph disappeared somewhere beneath me.

I felt her shift her knees farther apart. The stomach stretched beneath me, becoming wider and shallower. For a moment, everything settled.

Then Lucy rocked forward.

I slid toward the front of her gut.

She rocked backward.

I slid the other way.

SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!

The concussive force of her stomach hitting her thighs was barely dampened by the surrounding flesh. I threw my arms over my head to protect myself, gasping for breath as Lucy’s moan pierced through her.

“Yeah, now you’re *really* gonna marinate inside of me. I am going to coat you in acids. Get you all nice and ready for what’s about to come next.”

She shook herself vigorously, ending with a slap to her belly.

SMACK!

I groaned. My head hurt from being flung around and my body was all jumbled up in the middle of Lucy's stomach. She had succeeded in soaking through the rest of my clothes, covering me in a sticky layer of acids. My skin was starting to itch, but Lucy wasn't done. She bundled her stomach between her thighs, squeezing me with her legs as she fumbled for something behind her.

"Lucy," I croaked. "What are you doing?"

"Finding a toy, dear."

Her collection came up often in **#progress-pics**. Lucy had a prolific assortment of sex toys that she would rotate between. I had no way of knowing which she was pulling from the chest next to her chair, but I heard a *thwick* like a suction cup as Lucy turned upright. She was squatting over something, her stomach clenched between her thighs.

"The thought of digesting you is getting me rowdy," Lucy said. "I just want to get, *hmmph*, started already."

She grunted as she ground down on her toy. It slipped smoothly inside of her, earning a moan.

"Okay, brace yourself."

What followed was ten minutes of stomach-shaking, teeth-jarring, gut-pounding masturbation. Lucy bounced up and down, her earlier lethargy apparently supplanted by her desire to grind me down to nothing. When she was finished, the acids in her stomach had risen significantly.

"There," she said. "Can you feel that, Snack?"

At first, I thought she meant the heat.

The acids had risen past my hips, lapping sluggishly against my stomach every time Lucy breathed. They were thicker now, less like water and more like soup, clinging to my skin when I lifted an arm out of them.

“Yes,” I said.
“No.” Lucy sounded amused. “Not that.”



Her stomach squeezed.

I grunted as the walls pressed against me, forcing the air from my lungs. The contraction passed slowly, leaving me folded awkwardly against the floor.

Something felt wrong; something to do with texture. My hands felt pruny, like they'd been soaking in a tub for several hours. The skin beneath my thumb rolled strangely, soft enough that the pressure left a groove. My pulse was pounding.

I… was starting to soften.

No, no, no, no, no.

I had read hundreds of stories about digestion, some wholesome, some gruesome. I had masturbated to several of them, imagining myself in the same scenario. In just the past week, I had masturbated to the *idea of digesting in Lucy*, and indeed, only an hour before, inside of her stomach, I had 'resolved' myself to the idea.

But this was…

I could feel my skin softening.

"Oh dear," Lucy said, her voice sounding more distant. She had settled on her back again, kneading her stomach with her knuckles. Wherever she touched, my skin stung. "Usually, the shock makes my prey panic, but you're just sitting there, aren't you? Don't worry. You'll start to wriggle soon. They all do, in the end, no matter how much they want it."

"Wait," I said.

The word was so useless that I wasn't sure why I said it. Of course Lucy wasn't going to wait. She was digesting me. It wasn't like she'd been secretive about it, either. I had come to her apartment of my own volition for the express purpose of being swallowed by her.

Because, on some level, I had not believed that she would digest me.

But now—

“It goes by quick,” Lucy said. She prodded my chest and her finger left a dent. “If there’s any consolation, know that this is extremely, *extremely* hot to me. Goodbye, Harry.”

CLICK!

Another picture.

For some reason, that broke me.

“No,” I said.

Lucy hummed.

“No?”

“I don’t want a picture.”

The words came faster now. I pushed against the wall, but my hand sank farther than it should have. The muscles gave around my fingers, then squeezed them back out.

“I don’t want a picture, Lucy.”

“A little late for modesty.”

“I’m serious.”

“So am I.”

Her stomach contracted.

I screamed.

It was pressure. Heat. A thousand little stings across every inch of me as the acids worked their way through the outermost layers of my skin. When the contraction released, I gasped for air, whimpering.

“Lucy.”

“What?”

“Please.”

Silence. I heard the television playing somewhere outside. People laughing. Applause. It was some stupid sitcom about normal people living normal lives.

Lucy lowered the volume.

“There,” she said. “Now I can hear you better.”

“Let me out.”

There it was. The sentence I had spent the entire week pretending I would never say. One that I had signed a contract to uphold.

Lucy sighed.

“Oh, Harry.”

“I changed my mind.”

“I know.”

That frightened me more than anything else. The chamber was rapidly filling now, each growl louder than the last. Her stomach churned in steady pulses, squashing me, kneading me into her walls.

“You know?” I asked.

“You all change your minds.”

Her palm pressed against me from outside. I shoved against it, but nothing happened. She was rubbing me idly. Contemplatively.

“You knew you were going to change your mind, Harry.”

“No, I didn’t.”

“You told me you might. You had to be thinking about that when you touched yourself. How it would feel to melt? You described to me in great detail how much you would squirm when it happened. You saw what my stomach did to the others.”

“I thought it was roleplay!” I screamed.

Lucy stopped rubbing.

For a moment, neither of us moved.

Then she said:

“Yes.”

The answer was so calm that I wanted to scream.

“This isn’t roleplay anymore!”

“I know.”

“Then let me out!”

“No.”

I kicked.

The movement accomplished nothing except sending another splash of acid over my stomach.

“No!”

I kicked again.

Lucy groaned as my heel struck her from inside.

“There it is.”

“Fuck you!”

“There’s my little fighter.”

“LET ME OUT!”

Lucy laughed. She sounded happy. Genuinely happy. I was finally giving her the reaction she had been waiting for.

I pushed both hands against the wall and strained until my shoulders shook. The flesh stretched outward with me, carrying my hands several inches before pulling them back. I tried again.

Again.

Again.

Nothing.

I was inside a stomach. There was no handle; no zipper; no secret button hidden in one of the folds; no moderators; no safeword; no way to close Discord and return to my bedroom. I had come here. I had walked into her apartment. I had let her swallow me.

The realization landed harder than any contraction.

Nobody knew where I was.

“This is what you wanted, Harry,” Lucy was saying. “This is what you really wanted.”

“No,” I whispered. “It’s not… it wasn’t real. It was roleplay. Roleplay.”

Lucy did not answer immediately. Her stomach clenched instead, the walls drawing inward from every direction until my knees were forced against my chest and my chin pressed into them. I tried to speak again, but there was no room in my lungs for words.

When the contraction finally released, I sucked in a thin breath and lay where she left me. I had expected panic to give me strength, some final animal reserve that would let me kick and claw until I tore my way free. Instead, my arms felt heavier than they had ten minutes ago, and lifting my head from the floor required enough effort that I eventually stopped trying.

That was when I understood what Lucy had meant.

You’ll start to wriggle soon. They all do, in the end.

I had imagined that line differently when she said it. In my head, digestion would be this immediate, violent thing, the acids suddenly becoming unbearable while I thrashed around and Lucy laughed above me. I had never considered that there might be a stage after the panic.

I pushed my foot against the wall.

It sank.

Not far, but farther than before. My heel pressed several inches into the flesh before Lucy’s stomach slowly tightened and forced it back, leaving me staring at my leg with a cold feeling that had nothing to do with the heat.

My foot looked wrong.

Everything looked wrong.

There was no flashlight anymore, only the faint reddish glow filtering through Lucy's skin, but I could still see enough to make out the shape of myself. My legs had lost some of their definition, the hard lines of my shins and knees becoming strangely rounded beneath the coating of acids. When I ran my fingers across my thigh, they left shallow tracks behind them.

I stopped touching myself after that.

Time became difficult again. The television continued playing somewhere outside, episodes beginning and ending while I floated in the dark, but I had lost track of how many theme songs I had heard. Sometimes Lucy shifted positions and the acids rolled around me; other times she remained perfectly still for so long that I wondered if she had fallen asleep.

Her stomach never stopped.

GgrrrrrLLLrrrrrk…

Every few minutes, a contraction gathered around me. It would begin as a twitch behind my back, then spread outward until the entire chamber narrowed and squeezed me into whatever shape Lucy's body demanded. I stopped fighting those too, because fighting only made my muscles hurt and accomplished nothing except amusing her.

The first hour after I realized what was happening was the worst.

I thought constantly about escape. I tried to remember everything I had ever read about anatomy, every ridiculous forum argument about whether a person could survive inside a stomach and every fictional loophole authors used to rescue characters they had swallowed. None of it mattered, because

those stories had been written by people sitting safely behind keyboards, just like I had been.

There was no loophole here.

There was... biological certainty.

And there was whatever remained of Erin passing somewhere beneath me while I followed her.

That thought made me shiver, although I wasn't sure my body actually moved. I had seen Erin in **#the-graveyard**, or what Lucy claimed had been Erin, and I remembered zooming in on those pictures looking for seams or AI artifacts. I had been impressed by the continuity.

How fucking stupid. Lucy had shown me her victims. She had catalogued them. She had let me listen to them. Then she had looked me directly in the face and told me I was next.

Lucy’s stomach compressed around my ribs, cutting the laugh short before it could become anything else. I heard her hand drag over the outside of her belly afterward, fingertips pressing shallow valleys into the ceiling above me as though she were checking my progress.

I wondered what I looked like from outside.

That thought had excited me yesterday. I had imagined myself stretched beneath her skin, imagined Lucy taking pictures and posting timestamps.

In some terrible way, it still excited me.

Right up until the end.

CLICK!



Lucy 18
@LucyPredNSFW

LOOKING FOR PREY / LONG-TERM RP PARTNER

Experienced predator looking for a new one-on-one partner. Prefer someone who enjoys **soft vore, swallowing, digestion, burping, stomach sounds, helplessness, and permanent messy endings.**

My last partner was wonderful, but unfortunately things didn't work out long-term. I'm ready to meet someone new. <3

I use text, voice, pictures, video, and audio. I keep extensive records of my sessions and occasionally make personalized content for partners who inspire me.

A few requirements:
• 18+ only.
• Human prey strongly preferred.
• Comfortable with voice chat eventually.
• Must be willing to stay in character.
• No resurrection/reforming after digestion. Once you're gone, you're gone.
• Don't message me if you're going to disappear halfway through a session. I hate wasting food.
• Please include your height/weight when you message. This is important.
• Local partners are a plus. ;)
I'm 7'10", female, experienced, patient, and very hungry. If you've ever wanted a predator who takes the fantasy a little too seriously, my DMs are open.

Come introduce yourself.

I promise I don't bite.

EDIT: Wow, that was fast.
I think I found someone. :)

1:16 PM · Sep 13, 2026

31 Retweets **4** Quote Tweets **354** Likes








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