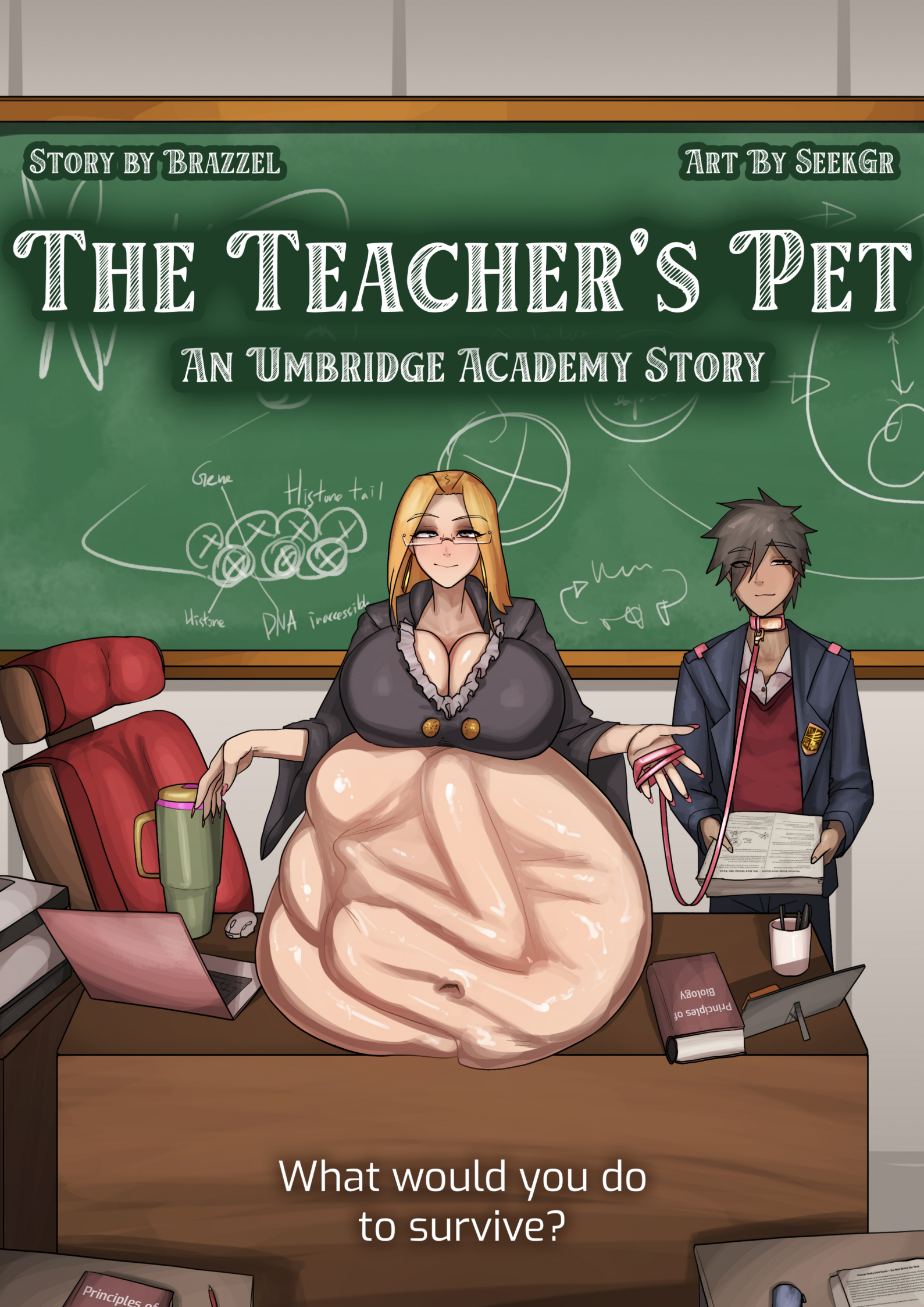
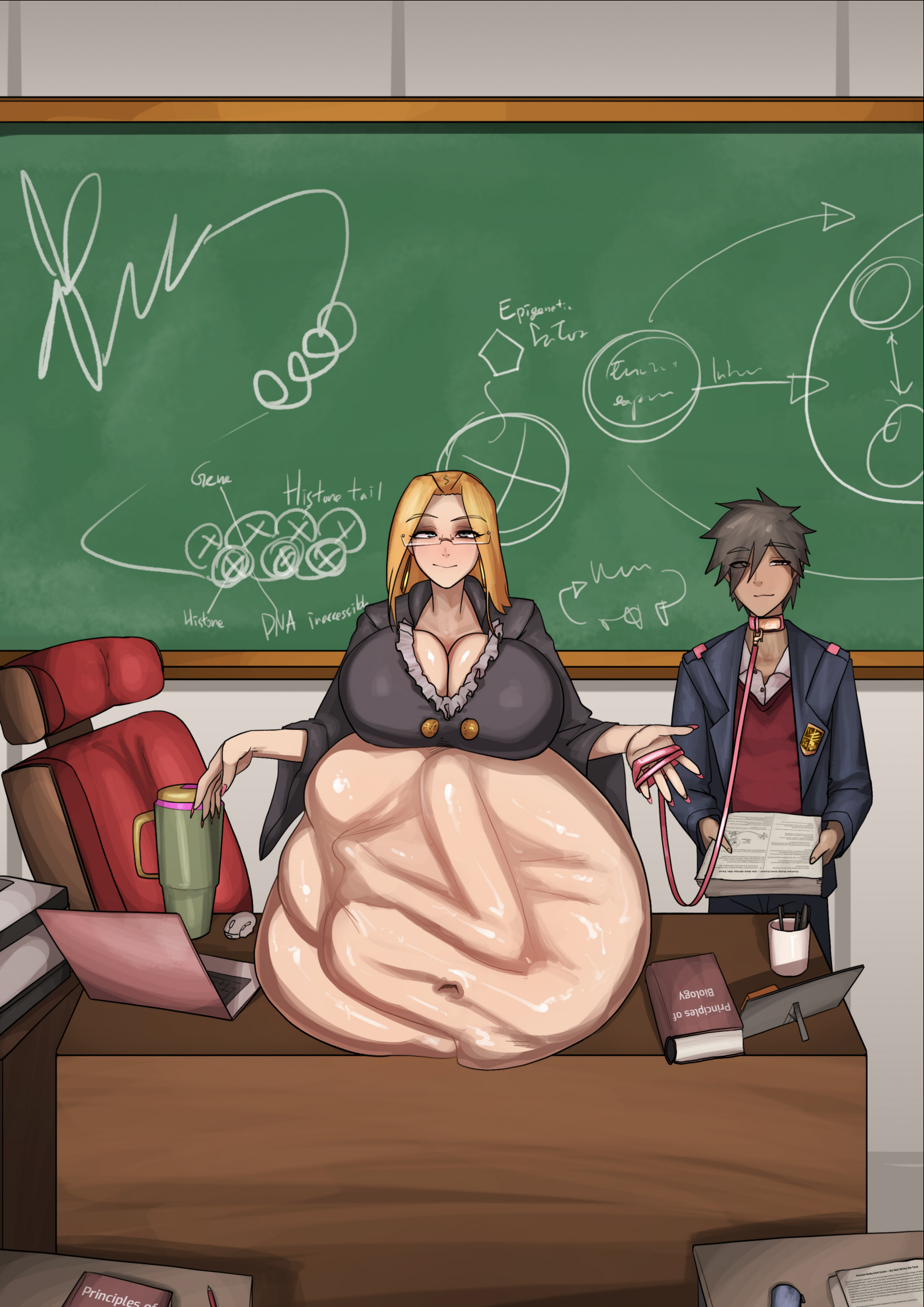

Story by Brazzel
Art By SeekGr
The Teacher's Pet
An Umbridge Academy Story
Gene
Histone tail
Histone
DNA inaccessible
Principles of Biology
What would you do to survive?


Epigenetic
Gene
Histone tail
Histone
DNA inaccessible
Principles of Biology

The Teacher's Pet

An Umbridge Academy
Novella

by
Brazzel

art by
SeekGr

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Heist

Class that day started with an execution.



“Cheating,” Miss Clear said, her voice rising above the shrieking groan of her overfull stomach. “Will *not* be tolerated.”

The students looked around the room. Nobody spoke, nor did they risk staring too long at the unfortunate outline of their classmate pressed against their teacher’s belly. Whoever was inside of her was definitely a boy. A well-endowed boy. The only person missing from the class was nerdy Richard Jenkins, but surely he couldn’t—

“Richard here thought that he could sneak a peek at next week’s test questions,” Miss Clear said, drumming her fingers on his forehead. “I caught him rifling through my desk, intent on gaining an unfair academic advantage.”

“I just wanted to see my grade on the last test,” Richard yelled. “I didn’t know that the new tests were—*mmmmmph.*”

Students shifted uncomfortably as Miss Clear rubbed her knuckles against the outline of Richard’s cock. The boy attempted to writhe and kick, but her stomach was tight and allowed for barely a squirm. She continued to stroke him as she spoke.

“Richard has disrespected myself, this institution, and your own academic integrity through his flagrant attempt at espionage. You have all worked hard to earn your seats at this elite academy and he has spat on the face of that hard work, of that effort, and now resides in my guts like the foul little parasite that he is. We have a choice now, don’t we, class? Umbridge Academy allows its teachers full discretion when selecting a punishment for cheating. Does he deserve to live?”

Her stomach tightened and Richard howled. Miss Clear’s beringed fingers moved faster and faster across his cock, working him into a frenzy as she buried him in meat and writhing flesh. The boys in the class blushed and bit their lips. The girls in the class stared in awe.

“Or does he deserve to melt?”

Richard came with a tremendous groan. His cock pulsed against the side of Miss Clear’s navel as she dug her fingers into the fat on either side of him, kneading his balls.

Nobody spoke. Miss Clear’s glinting eyes looked over the rows of silent students as they bowed their heads. Only one boy was brave enough to meet her gaze. His name was Tidius Thack, the teacher’s pet.

“Opinions, Tidius?” Miss Clear purred.

Tidius shrugged.

“I think he should digest,” he said. “But that’s just my opinion.”

“Ah. Does anyone else want to voice *their* opinions? This affects all of you, you know. Had he gotten away with this data breach, he would have soared above you all in the rankings, bumping a different,

deserving student into the bottom 10. And you know what happens to the bottom 10, right?"

The students shuddered and bowed their heads further. Miss Clear's cruel smile widened as she placed her stomach on her desk.

"This weasel," she said, emphasizing each word with a shake of her gut. "This cretin, this *lech* would have seen one of you digested without a second thought. He would have slept like a baby. It's true that this is his first offense and that he'd usually earn an out-of-school suspension."

Another shudder. 'Out-of-school suspension' was code for 'spending a night in their teacher's stomach'. Most students didn't come back from their 'suspensions'.

"But I think that, given our proximity to the end of the term, the severity of the breach warrants a more permanent solution. Does anyone disagree?"

Silence.

Richard began to plead.

"Guys, please," he begged, his voice faint. "You know I wasn't cheating. I wasn't! Please, someone, anyone, say something!"

Miss Clear placed her elbows on Richard's head and leaned forward. Her blouse was unbuttoned, her taut belly spilling out over her gray skirt. Abundant cleavage jiggled atop the upper curve of her stomach.

"Anyone?" she called. "Crespin?"

A boy with a shaggy mop of red hair jumped. He'd spent a week in 'detention' only a month before and he knew better than most about Miss Clear's proclivities. He put an unconscious hand on the burn he'd sustained in her stomach and shook his head. Miss Clear's gaze turned to the girl sitting next to him.

"How about you, Wilma?"

The girl turned so green that she blended in with the chalkboard. Once, for talking back, Miss Clear had dipped her head—and only her head—into her gut. Her pigtails had dissolved in the vat of bubbling

acid, leaving Wilma to breathe in their acrid scent as she cried against the slowly gyrating walls.

"Tidius?"

Tidius scratched at the collar around his neck. As the 'teacher's pet,' he was literally chained to the teacher's desk, the name 'Clear' emblazoned on his choker.

"It seems like you've already made up your mind to digest him," he said. "Who am I to question your judgement?"

"Who indeed?" Miss Clear laughed. "If there are no further objections…?"

The silence cut like the blade of a guillotine. Every student trembled in their seats—all except for Tidius, sitting on the floor, watching Miss Clear's hand slip surreptitiously into her skirt behind the privacy of her desk. He knew that as soon as the classroom emptied, he'd be asked to 'help'. He bit his cheek.

"Alright!" Miss Clear said with a clap of her hands. "Then let's get on with it."

A shriek rang through the skin of her stomach. Richard was thrashing, tossing from side to side in the confines of Miss Clear's abdomen. The horrid sloshing sound soon gave way to weak, sludgy whimpers, and then finally sniffles. Miss Clear smirked as she wrapped her hands around his torso.

"Are you done with your tantrum? Ready to confess?"

"I'm sorry," Richard gasped. He was out of breath. The few students in the classroom who had survived a detention pitied him immensely. Moving even an inch in that dark, claustrophobic chamber was like rolling a boulder up a hill. "I'm so sorry for cheating. Please, Miss Clear, have mercy."

"Mercy?" Miss Clear laughed. Her laugh was a high-pitched giggle, incongruent with her stature. "Mercy is for students who *try*, Richard. You lost my mercy the moment you chose to peek at those tests." Her stomach tightened around him. The outline of his terrified face appeared between her breasts, his hands sinking deep into the

surrounding skin. “It’s a shame. You were a good student. Now: Crack or Slosh?”

A gasp went up throughout the students. A few even chanced a stupefied glance at Miss Clear to see if she was serious.

There were a few methods of digestion that teachers employed at Umbridge Academy. The first, and widely considered the most brutal, was ‘Crack’. It involved tightening the abdomen, squeezing and squeezing until whoever was inside was pulverized. The action was usually accompanied by a loud ‘crack,’ giving it the moniker. The other popular method for fast digestion was ‘Slosh’. It involved releasing a heavy deluge of acids into the stomach. Often, the victim drowned before they dissolved, but the pain was said to be immense.

Of the two methods, Crack was considered the most merciful. There was only a moment’s pain before termination. Slosh was ‘gentler’ by comparison, or at least less violent sounding, but it involved minutes of torture before dissolution. Crack and Slosh were only used in cases of extreme punishment. Usually, if a teacher digested a student, it was slowly, over the course of days or weeks.

It was especially cruel to give the victim a choice.

Richard choked in response. Miss Clear was stroking his head, rubbing him through the warm skin. Her stomach was still propped upon her desk, front and center, so that everyone could watch its gruesome transformation. After ten seconds with no answer, Miss Clear clicked her tongue.

“Slosh it is.”

“Wait, no—!”

Miss Clear closed her eyes and leaned her head back. Her hips thrust forward into the edge of her desk as the last buttons on her blouse—those holding back her massive breasts—burst outward, exposing her braless tits. A great gurgle echoed through the room. Her stomach shook. Rumbled. It vibrated the wood of the desk as the sound grew wetter, each *clench* of the abdomen squeezing more and more acid into the chamber. Richard began to scream. The students



trembled at their desks, watching, witnessing the outline of their classmate's body smooth in a series of damp heaves.

The stomach rippled. It grew. It spread over the corners of the desk, filling like a balloon as Richard's screams reached a crescendo and then, with an almost sexual grunt, Miss Clear clenched.

CRACK!

"Oops," Miss Clear said as her stomach returned to its usual size. The protrusion in the middle was now a smooth bump. "I guess it was Crack after all."

Tidius saw her hand glide between her legs and come away wet. She smiled down at him. A familiar warmth filled his chest. Fear. Excitement. The chain around his neck tightened as Miss Clear twirled it casually around a finger. He wasn't pulled under her desk (yet), but the tug was enough to let him know that soon he'd be listening to the sludgy sounds of Miss Clear's digestive tract as her glistening belly slapped against the back of his head.

A meaty belch filled the room with the scent of rot. The students didn't dare cover their noses.

"Wonderful," Miss Clear said, rebuttoning her shirt. "Now, if you will all take out your packets and turn to page five: 'The Function of Ribosomes.'"

A shuffle of papers hitting the desk could barely be heard over the horrid crunching occurring within Miss Clear's gut. She pretended not to notice, rifling through her own desk for her packet, but her finger continued to twirl around Tidius's chain. She wanted to yank him under her desk, he knew, and only the facade of sexual innocence kept her from doing so. Despite every student in the class having seen her tits (and many having spent 'detention' in her stomach), Miss Clear liked to proclaim herself virtuous—and maybe she was, compared to the other teachers at Umbridge academy.

"Alright," she said, dragging her knuckles over her exposed gut. "Let's begin."

***

Crespin and Wilma waited beneath the stairs, ignoring the couple making out in the hallway. It was a pred/non-pred couple, the girl a foot taller than the guy, and the guy had a panicked look on his face as the girl kept taking breaks to tell him how good he tasted.

"What's taking him so long?" Crespin whispered.

His knee bounced against his backpack, his moppy, red hair even messier than usual. Wilma chewed her nails. Both flinched as the predator giggled, placing her boyfriend's hand on her exposed stomach. Neither could forget the sound of Richard's digestion.

"He'll be here," Wilma said. "Once he's done tending to Miss Clear, he'll be here."

Crespin paled.

"What if she ate him?" he hissed. "What if she found out that he was going to—"

Wilma slapped a hand over his mouth. The couple had ceased their necking, also listening attentively as the sound of heels clicked down the hall. Only one teacher consistently wore heels and that was—

"Mrs. Glen," the predator said by way of greeting. She had taken a step back, hastily pulling her shirt over the hump of her belly. Her boyfriend was even more conspicuous. He had a dazed look in his eyes, a giant red hickey already spreading across his throat. "We're just waiting on the rest of our study group."

The Vice Principal was tall—even taller than the pred that trembled before her and *much* taller than the boy whose head only came up to her breasts. She wore a suit, immaculate, impeccable, except for the human-sized bulge currently occupying the center of her cream colored blouse. Her blonde hair was pinned with chopsticks. The rumor was that when she removed them, you knew that you were toast.

“Are you?” Mrs. Glen said, narrowing her eyes. Both predator and non-predator alike held their breath. “Then I suggest you wait for them in the study room.”

“Of course, Mrs. Glen.”

Pounding footsteps faded away up the stairs. Mrs. Glen sighed and adjusted her shirt, retreating back down the hall.

“This stairwell seems to attract trouble-makers,” she said to her stomach as she left. “It’s a shame that you chose to cut class today or I might have made an example of one of them. Ah, Tidius! What brings you to the North Hall?”

Crespin and Wilma perked up as a silky voice replied.

“Running some graded papers up to the Teacher’s Lounge. You look wonderful today, Mrs. Glen. Did you cut your hair?”

“Goodness! Nobody’s noticed all day, not even the Principal herself. Run along, you little flatterer, or I might just think about plucking you away from Miss Clear to serve as my personal assistant.”

Indistinct dialogue floated back to Crespin and Wilma under the stairs. Despite the order to ‘run along,’ Mrs. Glen seemed content to chatter with the teacher’s pet for minutes on end while her prey’s muffled sobs echoed down the hall. Every once in a while they’d hear a slap as she chastened them.

“How does he do that?” Crespin whispered, peaking around the stairs.

Wilma yanked him back.

“It’s called ‘being handsome,’” she whispered. “Something that you’d know nothing about, freckle face.”

“Says you, hairdo.”

Wilma’s hands went automatically to the burned-off nubs of her pigtails. Crespin sneered, but only for a moment before she smacked him with a book. Soon they were fighting, slapping each other as quietly as they could. Neither noticed when Tidius crouched under the banister. They only noticed when he grabbed them by the collars.



“Eep!”

“Shut up,” he snarled, releasing them. The older boy’s face had a pink, freshly-washed look to it. There was a strange bruise hidden beneath his neckline. “I risked my life for you idiots. Now pay up.”

“Let’s see the goods,” Crespin said, a little ruefully.

Nobody liked the teacher’s pets. Every teacher had one, a student who gained preferential treatment, and while their classmates knew that the student often had no choice in the assignment, their graduation rate was thrice that of a normal student. Tidius was no different. With his square jaw and dark eyes, he drew the hungry looks of teacher and student predators alike, but with the choker around his neck, nobody dared to take a crack at him.

Tidius shook his head.

“Money first,” he said.

Crespin and Wilma emptied their pockets. Several bills were secreted away into a pouch Tidius wore around his neck. Once they stood barehanded, he reached into his bag and drew out two pieces of paper. He pulled them away before Crespin and Wilma could snatch them.

“These are copies,” Tidius said. “I have to return the originals back to her filing cabinet. For the love of everything holy, do *not* pull these out where anybody can see you. Take them into the bathroom. Memorize them. Flush them. If you get caught—if you tell anyone where you got them—then Mimi will swallow you both. *And she won’t use her mouth.*”

Crespin and Wilma both paled. Mimi was a predator that Tidius saw on the side. In exchange for sex, Mimi would sometimes do Tidius’s dirty work—emphasis on the dirty. She was a huge girl in every sense of the word, a bully, and she was famous for her *unorthodox* method of digestion. Being caught by her was worse than being caught by most of the teachers. Mimi liked to play with her food.

“We won’t show anybody,” Crespin said.

Wilma nodded enthusiastically.

With one last snort of derision, Tidius handed over the papers and straightened up. He cracked his neck.

"One last question," Crespin said.

Tidius glared at him. He had already turned toward the hall.

"What?" he asked.

"Richard. If Miss Clear thinks that he cheated, then maybe she'll change the tests. And if she changes the tests, these," he waved the paper, "are useless. If we fail…"

There was only one punishment for failure at Umbridge Academy.

Tidius rolled his eyes.

"If you fail, it's your own fucking faults," he said. "If you *fail*, it's because you decided to cheat rather than learn the fucking material. If you idiots didn't want to live this way, you should never have signed up for Umbridge Academy."

"Like we had a choice," Wilma grumbled.

Umbridge Academy had one of, if not *the* best job placement program in the country. It was run by predators *for* predators, and it all but guaranteed a six-figure income right after graduation. Plenty of low-income students applied every year for a chance to improve their station. The trade-off was obvious. To join, you had to sign The Contract and once you signed The Contract…

Tidius's eyes narrowed. Wilma and Crespin took a step back.

"Everyone's got a choice," Tidius said, voice soft. He turned, stalking back down the hall. "It's not my fault your lives suck. Remember what I said or Mimi will be in touch."

Crespin waited until Tidius's footsteps faded.

"Asshole," he said, stuffing the paper in his backpack.

"Useful asshole," Wilma agreed.

They trudged toward the dormitory, avoiding the hallways and opting instead to walk outside. Fresh snow drifted past them in glittering crystals as their breath fogged the winter air. The further

they got from the big, brick building, the lighter they began to feel. Crespin cracked a smile. Wilma laughed. With the papers in their bags, the weight of the upcoming finals had lessened just a touch.

Neither noticed the eyes following them from the second-story window.

The Duties of a Teacher's Pet

Tidius stashed the money in his pouch behind the toilet paper holder in the library bathroom. He knew that if something happened to him, Mimi would make sure that the money got to his mom. Everyone assumed that they were just fucking, but they had known each other long before coming to Umbridge Academy and long before Mimi knew that she was a predator.

"Why Umbridge?" she'd asked him when he'd told her about his plan. She'd been sitting on his bed playing Smash while he studied at his desk. They'd just had sex. The bed bent under her massive body, indented from frequent use. "I'm a dumbass, so it's my only option, but you could probably get a scholarship to any college you want."

"You know why," Tidius had responded.

His father had been an administrator at a famous university. He'd been caught embezzeling and it had resulted in a very long, very public court case that had ended in multiple people going to jail, his father among them. Then came the divorce and the reporters and the moving. Tidius had considered changing his name, but he was stubborn. As the oldest of five siblings, he hoped to pave the way for his brothers and sisters by refurbishing the tarnished family name.

So he'd studied, and he'd kept his head down, and he'd taken the choker with all that it entailed. Even if the other students hated him, it didn't matter. In one year, he'd be free.

He came to Miss Clear's door and put his ear up against it. No sound came from the other side. He slipped a key from his pocket and unlocked the door, slipping inside before anyone could notice.

The smell of sex was still heavy in the air. Tidius wrinkled his nose, cringing as he remembered the way that Miss Clear's stomach had slapped against the back of his head. Half of Richard had already filtered into her intestines, but the other half bubbled away, lurching as Miss Clear humped his mouth.



Tidius had offered a silent apology to the nerdy boy. He had been the one shuffling through the tests. Richard had only been looking at the desk when Miss Clear noticed.

Pulling the papers from his bag, he slotted them back into the pile. With one last look around the room, he stepped into the hall.

“Tidius?”

He froze.

A teacher was coming out of the adjacent classroom. She wore a rumpled pair of overalls atop a fuzzy, purple sweater. Her voluminous black hair was tucked beneath a bandana, her glasses slightly askew. If not for her giant breasts, it would be hard to tell that she was a predator, even though her stomach spilled against the front of her overalls, tenting it out as she scratched her head. This teacher’s informality even extended to her name.

“Princess,” Tidius said, bowing his head. “I’m so sorry to disturb you. I was just leaving.”

“Oh same, same,” Princess said, airily. Her stomach jiggled as she closed the door behind her. Tidius wondered if someone was inside, or if she simply held weight longer than the other teachers. Most predators burned off prey in a matter of days. “I was grading papers. Lost track of time. Took a nap. Can you tell?”

There was a sharp red line across her cheek where she’d been laying on her desk. Tidius shook her head.

“Of course not, ma’am,” he said.

“Liar,” Princess tittered. “I checked myself in the window before I stepped out. You’re such a kind boy, Tidius. It’s a shame that Patricia got to you first.”

“Miss Clear treats me well.”

“Apparently not! She has you doing errands at this hour, even with finals so close. Shame on her. Even a prodigy needs to study.”

Tidius tried not to let the relief show on his face. Princess assumed he’d been on an errand for Patricia—Miss Clear—and the two rarely spoke outside of the classroom. If they did talk, he’d need an excuse for returning to the classroom, but he’d already thought of that. He’d hidden his boxer shorts where he knew Miss Clear would find them. If she asked why he’d snuck in, he’d just say that he was embarrassed to have forgotten them.

“Right, right,” Tidius said with a winning smile. “I better get back to it, then.”

“Oh, but I can’t let you leave.”

The blood cooled in Tidius’s veins. Princess’s expression was vacant, her finger pressed to the side of her mouth. One of the overall straps had slipped from her shoulder, hanging just below her left tit. Students assumed that her airheaded mannerisms made her soft. Those students often found themselves on the receiving end of week-long detentions in her gut.

“This wing is closed off to students at 5pm,” Princess said with an apologetic blink. She tapped her watch. “It’s 5:03.”

“I’m on official business,” Tidius said. The plan was in freefall. He needed to pivot. “Miss Clear gave me permission—”

“An oversight on Patricia’s part,” Princess said. She clicked her tongue. “It’s nobody’s fault. We all let time slip away from us. But rules are rules, Tidius, even for you. Being caught in the teacher’s wing after curfew is, at minimum, an overnight detention. You’re lucky that I was the one that caught you and not Mrs. Glen. The Vice Principal has been extra strict about curfew lately!”

Tidius groaned inwardly. Princess *was* soft, yes, insofar as she rarely digested students, but as the ethics teacher, she was also an absolute stickler for the rules.

I’m going to kill Crespin, he thought as he approached the teacher. Her arms were spread wide, waiting for him. *That freak cost me an entire afternoon with his incessant fucking questions.*

There was no point in running away or fighting this detention. He’d never personally been inside of Princess, but he’d heard enough to know the drill.

“I must admit that I rather look forward to this,” Princess giggled as Tidius stepped into her grasp. Heat radiated from her body. Her hands on his shoulders were friendly, but firm. “You keep a tight ship, Tidius! I’ve never had reason to discipline you before, but Patricia brags about you often. She says that you leave a pleasant aftertaste.”

“I aim to please,” Tidius sighed.

Princess smacked her lips. Her stomach growled.

“Well then,” she said. “I think we’re in for an incredible evening!”

Tidius’s nose was buried between Princess’s breasts. The fabric of her wool sweater draped comfortably over her chest, heat radiating outward from beneath her overalls. She smells earthy, like pavement after rain. It was hard to perceive her as a threat, Tidius thought, even though she was clearly a predator. Her plush body was inviting and

warm. She held him for a moment, stroking his hair, humming away any of the tension he might have felt. Once his shoulders slumped, Princess pulled away.

"Ready?" she asked.

"Ready," Tidius said.

She lifted him easily. Tidius marveled at her strength as his feet left the ground, his perspective shifting, narrowing on Princess's plump lips. She wore sparkly lip gloss, strawberry-scented, and when her tongue flicked across the bowline, Tidius shivered. It looked for all the world like she was puckering up for a kiss. He was sure she could feel his heart thumping in his chest. An amused purr rumbled from her throat.

"There, there," Princess said. "No need to be nervous. I've done this a hundred times and I've never lost a student."

"Just primal fear," Tidius said, forcing himself to chuckle. "Prey instinct."

"Oh, and I'm the big, bad predator here to gobble you up. Hehe. After so many times with Patricia, I assumed you would be used to this."

Tidius blushed and looked away. What was he supposed to say? That being swallowed by someone new was as intimate as having sex with them? Miss Clear was rough and ravenous. Mimi was playful and familiar. Princess, by comparison, was downright sensual, her teasing gaze electric against his skin.

"It's, uh, hard to get used to," he said.

"That's understandable," Princess said with a nod. "Since this is our first time, I'll be gentle."

She rested his knees on her breasts, slipping off his shoes one at a time. They fell to the floor with a clunk, followed by his socks, then his belt, then his blazer. Her finger lingered on his collarbone as she contemplated unbuttoning his shirt, but after a moment, she smiled and shook her head.

“I’ll leave you some dignity, dear,” she said, holding him aloft. “Let’s get you packed away.”

From above, Tidius could see straight down her throat, down her cleavage, down the front of her overalls where the hump of her stomach covered her hips. It sloshed as Princess cleared her throat, expanding and contracting with every breath.

She swallowed his feet first. The motion was so casual that it took his brain a second to catch up. One moment his toes were dangling above her lips and the next his ankles were pinned against her gullet, the soles of his feet gliding down the slickened slope as her breasts bobbed with the swallow. Princess held him by the waist. Her lips moved to his thighs.

ULP!

Tidius covered his mouth. He could see his feet entering her stomach, forming a soft curve against the protruding flesh. Another gulp saw further expansion. The stomach sagged against the overalls, cupped by the denim, held aloft as Princess hummed with pleasure, her tongue wrapping around hips.

Down, down he sank in a velvet stupor, enveloped in warmth and cushioned innards, sliding into the jiggling pit of Princess’s belly. Its tender grip enfolded him, guiding his knees to his waist, then his chest as his torso glided into position. Only his face remained framed by the yawning pink walls of Princess’s throat. The circle of light narrowed as gravity worked him down into the plump teacher until, with an efficient gulp, Princess made good on her promise to pack him away.

“Patricia was quite right,” she said as her esophagus closed over Tidius’s head. “You leave a delightful aftertaste!”

A surge of humidity greeted Tidius at the bottom of Princess’s gullet. All stomachs were hot and most were humid, but Tidius ventured to guess that most wouldn’t leave you soaked after only a few seconds of stewing. His hair clung to his forehead in strands, beads of moisture connecting his arms and legs to the heaving,



sopping walls. The weight of the teacher piled on top of him, forcing him into the front of her overalls where he hung, snug against the fabric. Princess gave an experimental wiggle. Tidius sighed as the liquid at the base of her stomach sloshed over his bare feet.

"Well?" Princess said.

Her voice boomed around him, though it sounded like he was at the bottom of a well. Tidius coughed, overwhelmed by the miasma of half-digested food.

"It's… nice," he said.

A cheerful laugh shook his enclosure.

"Now now, it's not nice to lie," Princess said. "All stomachs are disgusting, or so I hear, but I'd like to know how I compare to Miss Clear."

Tidius had been looking forward to a quiet evening of studying. Now he was in for a night with the chatty ethics teacher and her noisy, bubbling gut.

"You're more flexible than Miss Clear," he said. With some effort he managed to ease his back into the front of Princess's stomach, flush with her navel. It didn't help. He had to keep an arm raised or the quivering roof would suffocate him in slime. Her boobs thumped when she walked. They had to weigh twenty pounds a piece. "More comfortable."

"You can say fatter, Tidius. I've been informed by many students that my accommodations are more ample than most."

That much was true. Miss Clear's gut was tight—too tight. She liked to watch the outline of her prey squirming against her abdomen as she teased them. Even her willing prey was no exception. Princess's stomach was warm and wet and heavy, but he could imagine himself falling asleep against the cushy surface. In fact, his eyelids were already fluttering.

"It's nice," Tidius repeated. He dug his elbows into the walls next to his face, resting his head against his hands. "Kind of like a

hammock. It rocks when you move. I assume this is what it feels like—"

He stopped. The end of that sentence was too embarrassing.

"—to be a baby in a womb," Princess finished for him. She chuckled, as if she could sense his blush. She was walking down the hall. Contained by her overalls, her stomach didn't jar him quite as much as he'd thought it would. "Yes, I've been told that as well. You are a wonderful meal, though, if I do say so myself. Polite, filling, no poky bits sticking into my ribs and just the right amount of squirming. You're becoming quite the professional. Recruiters will just snap you up!"

Tidius couldn't help the surge of pride that swelled his chest. That was the goal, after all. Predators often hired personal assistants for this very purpose and if Princess said he was good at it, there was nobody he could trust more.

"Is there anything I could do to make this experience more pleasurable for you?" he asked out of habit.

He regretted ever opening his mouth.

"Actually," Princess said, stopping dead in the middle of the hallway. "There is! Oh, but it might be inappropriate for a teacher to ask this of a student. Even a very special student."

Tidius rolled his eyes. She was going to ask him to touch himself, or to play with her boobs, or to push his knees out at a certain angle as she humped her stomach. Those were Clear Classics, and even Mimi seemed to enjoy a certain amount of debauchery. Still, he wanted to get out of detention as quickly as possible. Compliance was the fastest path to freedom.

"I'll do whatever you like," he said. "This is a punishment, after all. I must atone for my wrongdoing."

Princess positively chortled at that one. She put a hand on her breast, squashing him down inside of her.

"Well," she said. "I've never actually tried this before. I like to assure my students that they will come to no harm which usually

results in a docile few hours as I read or grade papers, but I've often wondered what it would be like to feel my prey kick and squirm in mortal terror. I've heard it feels divine."

Ah, yep. That was the other thing Miss Clear and Mimi tended to request. Only, in Princess, every movement was liable to crush him and the chamber was half full of liquid. Tidius took a deep breath. He nodded.

"Okay," he said. "I can try. You aren't going to digest me though, right?"

"Oh heavens, no! Over a simple curfew infraction? You'd have to do much worse to deserve dissolution—academic dishonesty, or worse!"

Tidius gave an involuntary kick. Princess, assuming that the 'mortal terror' was starting, cupped her breast and moaned.

"Yes, yes, digest!" she shouted, then, in a whisper that he could barely hear above the sloshing, "This is all roleplay of course, my dear. You're quite safe. Now, digest! Yes! Melt for me! Thrash for me! Naughty students caught after curfew deserve to die in my gut!"

Tidius threw himself against the wall. It hardly moved. He punched and kicked and screamed and cursed and with every blow Princess grew more enthusiastic, moaning, swaying, swirling him in circles as his burning limbs beat frantically against her. From the outside, minor bulges tapped against the denim.

"Please let me out!" Tidius screamed.

Princess pressed herself against a wall, squashing him. If she had been any less soft, the blow would have caved in his skull.

"Never," she panted. "You deserve to digest."

Dizzy, Tidius continued to kick. Princess didn't seem to mind that his squirms were slowing, nor did she let up on the verbal abuse as she promised him a painful and humiliating demise. It might have been embarrassing, but they were alone in the building, and besides, Princess would make for another, excellent reference.

What Tidius didn’t count on, and what Princess never noticed, was the pair of hazel eyes watching from the stairwell.



Mimi

Crespin and Wilma were dead meat.

Mimi was standing guard in the second-floor stairwell when Tidius sold the tests to the dingus duo. He hadn't asked her to—he'd probably be mad if he knew—but for someone as smart as Tidius was, he could be a naive dumbass sometimes.

That's where Mimi came in.

She always had Tidius's best interests at heart. She protected him from other predators that would eye him in the hallways. And, while she couldn't do much about the teachers, she *could* do something about the scumbags that had killed her boyfriend.

***

"They're gonna fuck you," she'd said the previous night as Tidius got ready for bed. She was lounging in his dorm room, as she often did, lying on his roommate's bed with her boots on the headboard. The roommate hadn't lasted more than a week. "Maybe not intentionally, but these idiots are already flunking. If they get caught, they'll take you down with them."

"Relax, Mimi," Tidius had said. She liked his voice, *had* liked it since the day he moved into the same apartment complex. It was soft and slightly raspy. Mimi could fall asleep listening to it. "They won't tattle. Besides, Ben needs braces."

"He doesn't *need* braces. Your mom is overreacting. They can wait until you graduate."

"That'll be a year from now, Meems."

Mimi grunted. She was hungry. She was *always* hungry, but it had been a while since she had had a substantial meal and Tidius was shirtless, brushing his teeth. She slipped off her hoodie.

“Besides,” Tidius continued, oblivious, “Miss Clear always eats one student at the beginning of finals week to make sure that nobody cheats. She never counts her tests, nor does she actually care about academic dishonesty. Her tests are nonsensical, anyway. They’re impossible to pass *unless* you’re cheating.”

Mimi grunted again, removing her shirt. Tidius still had his back turned. He was rummaging through his drawers.

“Still, you do too much,” she said. Her bra unhooked with a click. “Everyone always wants a piece of you. You hardly have time for me anymore.”

Tidius snorted at that.

“It’s the curse of competence,” he said. “And what do you mean, I never have time for you? I see you literally every—”

He turned, finally noticing her braless on the bed.

Mimi relished in her ability to render him completely speechless. It seemed that the only time his clever brain stopped working was when she got naked in front of him. Even though she was a foot taller than he was. Even though she swallowed him whole sometimes.

“It’s late,” he said, but there was no resolve in the proclamation. “Curfew is in ten minutes.”

“Rosa will cover for me,” Mimi said. “If she knows what’s good for her.”

Tidius hesitated for a moment.

“Fine,” he’d said. “But quickly.”

He’d climbed up on the bed with her. Mimi opened her arms and he flopped on her chest, nestling there for a moment as the tension went out of his limbs. Mimi stroked a bruise on his back. Her stomach growled beneath him.

“Is that from Clear?” she asked.

“Mmhmm.”

“They aren’t supposed to fuck the pets.”

“They aren’t supposed to do a lot of things, Meems. It’s Umbridge Academy. Welcome to the jungle, baby.”

“Baby,” Mimi had snorted. She stroked his short, black hair, running her fingers through his curls. “Who are you calling, ‘baby’?”

“Mmmm, the girl who cries every time she watches *Toy Story*, maybe?”

“It’s a sad fucking movie, Tide!”

He giggled. Mimi smiled. She was the only one who could make him giggle like that.

He was growing hard against her stomach. Mimi reached inside of his boxers and gave him a squeeze.

“Jesus, Mimi!”

He’d jolted upright but her mouth was already there. Without hardly trying, she had swallowed his head, jerking him off while he pounded against her breasts.

It was just a quickie. He knew what to do. With his head in her gullet and his cock in her hand, he struggled and thrashed and generally made a nuisance of himself as she slurped him down. Mimi ran her splayed fingers over her throat, watching the bulge descend into her athletic abdomen. She loved the taste of him, the feeling of his shoulders rolling into her gut. His overeager cock. For someone who was normally so in control, it was a delight to be able to make him wriggle and hump the air.

Mimi let her hand slide between her legs as Tidius’s cock slipped between her breasts. His body was a crescent, back bent, shoulders twisting inside of her while she searched the bedside table for what she was looking for. She found it, her small, rubber friend, and set it to her clit with a sigh and a gulp, jostling the boy in her belly.

That was their evening routine most nights. The positions changed, as did the circumstances, but one way or another, despite all of his exhaustion, Tidius would end up inside of her.

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Mimi quivered with rage and disbelief. She couldn't accept what she had just seen. When Princess had swallowed Tidius, she had assumed it was for breaking curfew, but then… then…

"Melt for me!"

The whumph of flesh being pressed against the wall was too much for Mimi to bear. She'd been watching from the stairwell, building up her courage to leap out and eat the teacher, but it had all happened so fast! At first, Princess had just been cradling him. She was rumored to be a total softie. Mimi had even snickered, thinking that a night in the dottie ethics teacher's gut was what Tidius deserved for risking his life over a few bucks. At least, that's what she'd thought until Tidius started screaming for help.

Now it was all over. Princess was panting, her gut quiet. She'd undone the shoulders of her overalls and had loosened her belt to allow her sludgy stomach to pour over her hips. Whistling, she had descended the far stairwell leaving Mimi to fester in her grief.

"Tidius," she whispered. "Tidius."

She'd known, somewhere in the back of her mind, that he wouldn't survive Umbridge. He was too pretty, too bright. All of the predators had a thing for him. Still, she'd thought that as a teacher's pet, he'd be immune to the staff's discretion and, as her friend, he'd be immune to the other student predators who might have snapped at a chance to taste him. How had it come to this?

"Crespin," Mimi said through gritted teeth. "Wilma."

They'd ratted on him. They had to have! Princess would never have digested Tidius over a curfew infraction and he was too smart to be caught with the tests. She'd overheard the duo insult Tidius. She'd even considered roughing them up. Had they reported him to the ethics teacher, or had they just spread a rumor that *someone* was selling biology tests?

"Idiot, idiot."

She'd told him not to deal with these dweebs! She'd told him! Mimi balled up her fist and drew back her arm, but resisted the urge to punch the brick wall. Her anger was misdirected. Snarling, she descended the stairs.

"Dead meat. They're dead fucking meat."

It was an informal rule at Umbridge Academy that predator students shouldn't be too overt about their feeding. Eating a student in front of a teacher was grounds for detention, while actually digesting a student was grounds for expulsion. Into a toilet. Or a wastepaper basket. Or, if you were the Vice Principal, onto a stage in front of everyone during a PSA about bullying.

The point was, while staff might overlook an overlarge stomach or a sudden growth spurt, carrying around two students was asking for trouble. Luckily, Mimi had a unique method of fast digestion.

It started to rain as she stalked onto the grounds. Umbridge Academy was built like a rectangle with a North, South, East, and West campus. Most of the classrooms were on the West campus while the dorms were on the South. North was for administrators and East… East was for troublemakers, teachers and students alike.

Mimi was soaked through by the time she pushed open the doors to Hawthorn. The smell of dust and paper rose from the ancient wooden floorboards as she stomped her way past the students in the lounge, ignoring their incredulous looks. Maybe they were staring at her chest—her shirt was plastered to her skin. Maybe they had caught her expression and knew better than to call out to her.

Crespin's room was on the second floor. Tidius, ever prepared, had forced her to memorize their room numbers in case of this exact scenario. Mimi's heart panged at the thought of him. Her cheeks grew red from anger.

A few students were congregated in the halls. They scattered as she marched toward Crespin's door.

Knock! Knock! Knock!

Mimi waited a second, then knocked again.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

"I know you're in there, shithead," she yelled. "I can see your shadow in the peephole. Open the fucking door."

She hadn't actually seen anything in the peephole, but the threat brought out a frantic shuffle and the door opened a crack. Crespin's freckly face peered out at her from behind the chain. Before he could say a word, she shouldered the door open, breaking the chain in a crunch of wood and metal.

"They're going to charge me for that!" Crespin yelled.

Mimi scanned the room. There was no sign of Wilma, but the bathroom door was closed. The contraband tests were on the bed. The room was bare aside from the standard desk, beds, and chest of drawers.

"Do you even fucking live here?" Wilma snorted. "Where the hell are your belongings?"

"I like to keep my room neat," Crespin complained. "My roommate was always super messy, but then they—"

He put his hands over his mouth. Too late.

"So you don't have a roommate?" Mimi purred. She put her arm around Crespin's shoulder. He trembled as she pulled him toward the center of the room, keeping her eyes on the bathroom door. "That's great news, considering what's about to happen."

The bathroom door opened in a blur as Wilma threw herself toward the exit. Mimi was there in a flash, grabbing her by the collar and dragging her toward Crespin.

"Let us go, let us go!" Wilma screamed. "We paid! We paid—"

SMACK!

"Shut the fuck up," Mimi said, throwing her to the ground. Both Wilma and Crespin cowered before her, clutching each other's arms. "No more talking. You're both going to listen to me and you're going to listen well, because only one of you is going to make it out of here undigested."

Their eyes widened, then went straight to her stomach. She was empty today, but she raised her shirt anyway, letting their gaze linger on her abs as she circled her navel.

"So," Mimi said. "Which one of you is the rat?"

If she had been hoping to ascertain their guilt by their reaction, she was shit out of luck. Both of them jolted, mouths agog, then they looked at each other with a hint of accusation. They couldn't have rehearsed it better.

Mimi crouched in front of them. She put a hand on their shoulders.

"Which one of you is a fucking rat?"

Wilma spoke first.

"We didn't say shit," she babbled. "How could we have? It's been ten minutes since we got the tests! And the teachers—none of the teachers would let us live if they knew that we'd bought them in the first place. We couldn't—"

Mimi silenced her with a flick to the forehead. Her gaze turned to Crespin who shrank away, gasping like a fish.

"I wouldn't—we couldn't have—the teachers—not worth—"

"Alright," Mimi said, standing. She cracked her knuckles. Her stomach growled. "I guess we're doing this the hard way, then."

"No, please!" Wilma shouted as Mimi unbuttoned her skirt. She was wearing bright red panties that day. The crotch was already dark with anticipation. "We couldn't have! Why are you doing this? We already paid!"

Her voice cut off as Mimi reached down and grabbed her by the throat. She lifted her easily, smiling as Wilma's tiny legs flailed against her stomach.

"Didn't I tell you to shut the fuck up?" Mimi said. She grabbed the front of Wilma's shirt and tore it off in a single motion. A hail of buttons plinked to the floor. "I know that one of you ratted. I don't know if a teacher put you up to it or if it was your own hare-brained scheme, but one of you is getting fucking obliterated in my stomach

tonight and if you don't give me a name, I'm just going to have to mulch you both."

"It was Wilma!" Crespin yelled. "I would never!"

Wilma coughed as Mimi dropped her. Immediately, she picked her back up again, this time by the wrists.

"So," Mimi said, licking her lips. "You're the rat."

"I'm not," Wilma rasped. A bruise was already spreading across her damaged throat. Mimi might have felt bad if she wasn't about to melt her. "Makes no sense. If anyone was stupid enough to do it, it's Crespin."

"What?!"

Crespin tried to scramble backwards, but Mimi booted him in the chest. While he was bent over coughing, she grabbed him by the wrists and heaved him up as well. Now they both dangled in her grasp. Mimi had to fight the urge to stuff them in her maw.

"It seems," she said, "that we don't have a consensus. Neither of you want to confess?"

"It wasn't me," they said at the same time.

A wave of revulsion passed over Mimi. She spat in disgust, snarling as Crespin let out a halfhearted sob. These fucking weaklings should never have been admitted to Umbridge. They were fodder for the preds and now they'd gotten Tidius killed with their cowardice. She had no pity for them. In fact—

"Fine," Mimi said. She began to lower Wilma to the floor, keeping a firm grip on her wrists. "I guess we're going to have to find out the old fashioned way."

"No," Wilma said. "NO–"

Her cry was stifled by the weight of Mimi's ass descending upon her face. Wilma was on her knees, face up, nose pressed deep into the dense fabric. Mimi's cheeks swallowed her up to her neck. Mimi allowed herself a moment to savor the sensation.

Warm breath on her pucker. A frantic tongue worming its way between her thighs. Useless squirming.



She needed the girl inside of her.

So she pressed and the fabric spread, straining against Wilma's face, suffocating her in the intoxicating miasma of her sweaty ass until something snapped.

Mimi grunted. A hole had torn in her panties. Wilma's head had plunged straight into her bowels.

The girl began to jerk frantically. She was no longer being suffocated, but was instead treated to a horrific shift in environment. Contractions squeezed her shoulders in a hot slug of pleasure, gulping more of her frail body into the twisted confines of Mimi's colon. Mimi placed Wilma's fingers at the edge of her pucker. The girl tried to push her away, but at the moment, Mimi relaxed, and Wilma's hands disappeared inside of her along with her torso.

Crespin went rigid about the bump forming in Mimi's stomach. His face was sheer white, teeth chattering in terror.

"No," he whispered. "No."

"What are you worried about?" Mimi asked. "You've got the easy route."

She was sitting on Wilma like a stool, squeezing to keep herself upright on Wilma's hips. If she wanted, she could slide all the way to the floor, but given that Wilma had killed Tidius… she could bear her weight for a few minutes longer.

Crespin opened his mouth to scream. Quick as a snake, Mimi covered his mouth with her own, choking his scream with her thick tongue.

Maybe he's got some fight in him after all, Mimi thought as he tried to bite her tongue. It tickled a little. *That's good. I don't want him to go limp in my stomach.*

When Crespin let out a choking cough, Mimi retreated, a bridge of saliva connecting their tongues. She stared at the tiny man and grinned.

"I'll bet that was the most action you've gotten in years," she said. "Did I steal your first kiss, or were you and Wilma an item?"

“That was… my first.”

“Aww, poor baby. Well, you’re about to be as deep inside of a woman as anyone can ever get, so take comfort in that.”



***

Tidius was exhausted. For the past three hours, he had kicked, screamed, scratched, and kneed at the surrounding, heavy flesh. His arms were bruised from beating the sweating walls. His face was drenched in slime.

At first, Princess had taunted him in earnest. She had crushed him against the steering wheel of her car, shook him as she waddled into her house, and smushed him as she rolled onto her bed, all the while throwing out cliché verbal jabs while also muttering simpering apologies.

“You were delicious. The best meal that I’ve had in, ***urp***, months. You can scream all you want: nobody is going to hear you digest.

Detention will be over soon, sweetie! Keep, umph, keep rubbing like that!

I could crush you in a single instant. Just clench and ***slosh***, you’re gone, but you feel too good squirming between my legs.

Is that too much? I don’t want to push any boundaries, but you did tell me that it was okay to, um, enjoy myself to my heart’s content, which is so sweet! Oh, why did Patricia have to snap you up so fast? If you were my pet, I would treat you, ***umph****, I would treat you,* ***oh fuck yes****, I would treat you so right. I would treat you,* ***oh right there, right there, right there~***”

Orgasm after bucking orgasm cinched the walls of Princess’s belly, tightening its hold on Tidius as he began to harden. He whispered a brief curse toward Miss Clear, who had trained him to be aroused whenever he smelled bile, or soaked in the sloshing remains of another, digested student. Princess was downright tame by comparison, even while role-playing, but she was heavier and she liked to be on top.

WHUMPH!!!

The buzz of Princess’s vibrator hummed through the surrounding mass. She was lying flat on her gut, rocking back and forth, pressing Tidius down into the cushion of fat that padded her middle. She would be done soon, he knew. A year of being Clear’s slave had given him an ingrained sense of his captor’s stamina and Princess was flagging. She would sleep soon.

“Princess?” he said.

The humming grew louder, followed by a grunt, a sigh, and a shudder. Her weight collapsed down on him, forcing him to raise an arm lest he drown in dripping flesh.

“Yes?” she called softly. “I’m not hurting you, am I?”



“Not at all,” Tidius said, affecting his most apologetic simper. “In fact, this experience has been divine. I was just wondering… it’s the last week of classes… and technically, if my internal clock is correct, it’s past midnight…”

“You believe that your ‘overnight’ obligation has been fulfilled.”

“I believe I have met the minimum requirements considering my infraction, yes.”

“...was all of that squirming just to butter me up to let you out early?”

That earned a genuine chuckle from Tidius. Princess flopped onto her back, dragging a flirty finger over his spine.

“No, no, that was just for you,” he said. “I had a good time. In fact—”

Tidius took a deep breath. This was a risk, he knew, and if Princess interpreted it the wrong way, then he was in for a long, long night. He raised his hips to the wall and pressed his hard cock into the surrounding flesh. He had to put all of his weight into it to get the outline to show through Princess’s flab.

“Goodness!” Princess gasped. “You’re not offering what I think you’re offering, are you?”

“I am,” Tidius said.

“You must understand how inappropriate this is! A teacher and a student… the power imbalance… you’re an adult, but—”

She was wriggling on the hook. Tidius just had to reel her in.

“When I graduate and am recruited by a predator company, this will be an expected duty of mine,” he said, grinding his cock into her belly. “This is not bribery, nor does it go against any explicit code of conduct. I’ve read my contract backwards and forwards. I would know.”

“So would I,” Princess said. She stroked him and Tidius lurched in her hand. The vibrator was still buzzing on the bed. She was thinking about it. “And, as I’m sure you are aware, that exclusion is an

intentional loophole. Hardly moral. There is a large difference between enjoying myself while you are in detention and… and…"

"I'm giving you pleasure either way," Tidius stressed. "I don't believe that you *used* me in any manner—I offered. Just as I am offering now."

"Hmm."

Which would win out: sleepiness or horniness? Princess had to know that Miss Clear fucked him regularly. Sex with a teacher's pet was de facto. Princess herself had implied that, if he were her pet, that he would regularly be giving her cunnilingus. Still, it was late, and after so many orgasms, maybe she was—

"Alright."

Tidius perked up. Princess squeezed his cock.

"I will let you out early," she said. "I will not be having sex with you tonight, Tidius Thack, no matter how tempting of an offer it is, but I shall drive you back to campus. I assume you'll want to shower before you leave?"

"Yes," Tidius said, hiding his excitement. "That would be nice."

"Then I'll join you. That is about the extent to which I am comfortable engaging in physical contact outside of the stomach—at least until you graduate!."

Tidius wasn't about to mention the hypocrisy of that, so instead he just nodded and prepared to be disgorged.

***

Swallowing Crespin was the easy part. He'd struggled in her grasp, thrashing from side to side as she'd lifted him by the collar, but when she'd placed his legs on her tongue, he'd gone stiff as a board. From there, all she had to do was relax her throat. When her prey didn't struggle, gravity did most of the work.

Wilma, however, was proving to be a pain in the ass.

“Girl, I will break your fucking legs,” Mimi growled. She belched into her arm, kneading her stomach with her left hand. “Let. Go.”

“No,” came Wilma’s muffled voice from her lower abdomen.

The girl was kneeling, keeping her legs locked in an ‘L’ position while Mimi sat on her calves. It had to hurt like a bitch and a half, but Wilma was holding out.

“Suit yourself,” Mimi said.

Crespin was already settled in her stomach. His head was a solid lump beneath her tits, knees splayed sideways, his unfortunate erection imprinted on her navel. Every once in a while Mimi would give him a light tap. He’d beg and moan, but not nearly enough for Mimi’s tastes. She’d have to get Wilma fully inside of her before the fun could begin… or would she?

Experimentally, she lifted her hips. Wilma slid out of her up to her waist, but anticipating a trick, remained locked in position. Mimi slammed back down on her. A shiver of pleasure ran up her spine as her makeshift dildo let out a grunt of pain.

Mimi did it again.

And again.

And again.

“You’re killing your friend,” Mimi said. Her stomach hit her thighs with a meaty slap. Crespin’s whimpers grew louder as her stomach began to fill with acid. “The more worked up I get, the faster I digest, and girl…?”

She released Wilma all the way up to her neck, crouching over the poor girl’s shoulders. Wilma raised her hands in a feeble attempt to stop the inevitable. Mimi sat back down with a heavy ***SLORP!***

“You’re going to make me cum.”

Anal stimulation. Was there any topic more demure and girly than anal stimulation? There were supposedly millions of little nerves packed away down there—even more in predators—and every single

one lit up with glee whenever she shoved some poor, unwilling sap into her dirty back door.

Mimi moaned as Wilma's elbows jammed in her colon. Crespin was fighting as well, half submerged in bubbling goop as an overwhelming sense of fullness drove Mimi to elation. She reached into her pocket for her phone, then stopped.

She'd almost called Tidius, but Tidius was dead.

Anger ripped through her.

"You stupid cunts," Mimi snarled, digging her hands into her stomach. "You stupid, fucking cunts!"

Wilma let out a shriek. Mimi had brought her whole bodyweight down on her legs, nearly snapping them as, at long last, she plunged over her ankles. A series of contractions rippled through Mimi's intestines, gulping the girl deep into Mimi's bowels before she had a chance to protest. Dizzy, Mimi spun toward the wall. She slid down on her back as her stomach continued to bubble and pop.



Crespin was starting to digest in earnest now.

"Help me!" he yelled. "Someone! Anyone!"

Mimi's back arched as a tiny orgasm came and went. She loved it when prey begged. She loved it when *Tidius* begged, even if she knew he was just doing it to amuse her. How many times had she imagined gurgling him just like this? Now she imagined Princess gurgling him and it infuriated her even more.

She took hold of her stomach from the sides and gave it a good shake. Crespin was wheezing—the toxic air would make him pass out long before the pain did, but Mimi wanted to keep him awake, keep him suffering, as long as possible.

"Why'd you have to do it?" she asked. "He was helping you! He was fucking helping you!"

"We didn't rat you crazy bitch!" Wilma yelled.

Mimi clenched her ass tight, using the stimulation to ride out a medium-sized orgasm. She was working her way up to the big one. It would probably happen when she crunched what was left of Crespin.

"You had to have," Mimi said. "Stop lying!"

Crespin let out an inhuman yelp when she slapped her gut. It was 80% full, rounded, sloshing as it sank between her legs. She would melt him and then, in a half hour, Wilma would filter into a full stomach. A very full, very *acidic* stomach.

Mimi smiled in grim satisfaction as Wilma began to scream as well.

She hoped it hurt.



Oops!

The shower sex took longer than Tidius anticipated.

It was his fault, actually. When Princess had let him out, he'd been so overstimulated that he'd cum on her tongue. After that, it would have been downright rude not to fuck her. He'd pressed her against the glass and had gone to town. Thirty minutes later they were driving back into campus.

"Just so you know," Princess started.

"You have my complete discretion," Tidius said with a wink.

Princess smiled at him and patted his head. Her stomach was still somewhat distended from his time inside of it. He had no doubt that she would go back to her house and masturbate herself into a coma imagining his demise. He also had no doubt that she'd be looking for another excuse to put him in detention soon.

He'd give her one, of course. Anything for that recommendation letter.

They pulled up in front of Hawthorn and Tidius said his goodbyes. Exhausted and smelling like Princess's lavender soap, he trudged into the building, eager to get at least a few hours of sleep.

The sound of muffled whispers stopped him on the second floor landing. A group of students were huddled around a door.

"Leave it alone," Tidius sighed to himself, but then he paused and counted. The door was the fifth down the hall, evens on the left, odds on the right.

202…204…206.

Crespin's room.

"Oh, fuck me, dude!"

At a jog, he tramped down the hallway, startling the crowd. They all looked at him sheepishly, pulling away from the door.

"What's happening?" he asked a boy with a mop of golden hair.

“What are you talking about?” the boy asked. “You didn’t tell her to do it?”

“Tell who to do what?”

But then he heard it, a sound he was very, very familiar with:

Mimi’s moan rang through the hallway as a loud crack echoed against the closed door. Cursing profusely, Tidius pounded on the keyhole.

“Mimi!” he yelled. “Mimi!”

The students scattered completely then, running back to their rooms. Nobody wanted to get caught up in whatever this was and besides, the noise would probably attract an RA soon. Tidius looked at the corkboard on the wall and cursed again.

The current resident advisor on duty was Daphne.

“Tonight is the fucking worst,” Tidius hissed, pulling out his key.

The skeleton key was Miss Clear’s gift for whenever the classroom wasn’t an option. He’d rendezvoused in janitor’s closets, locker rooms, and even the cafeteria after hours, but he’d never used it on a student’s door. He offered a silent prayer to the gods when the key clicked in place. Checking the hallway one last time, he slipped through the door and closed it behind him.

There was Mimi, stomach in her hands, staring at him dumbly like she had just seen a ghost.

“What the fuck are you doing?!” Tidius said. Mimi kept staring as he marched toward her, inspecting her gut. “Who is that? Crespin? Is there someone else in there too? Why? I said to threaten them, not to fucking…”

He pressed a hand into her stomach and heard a deep crack. His hand sank up to his elbow in the recently digested mush. He pulled away, clicking his tongue.

“Why?” he repeated.

Mimi got up. He thought she was going to punch him, but instead, she wrapped him in an enormous, noisy hug.



“I thought you were dead!” she wailed as her stomach bubbled against his chest. She lifted him off the floor, crushing him to her. “Princess… she said she was going to digest you!”

“It was roleplay, Meems,” Tidius said when the air returned to his lungs. Mimi put him down on the bed, still staring. “She wanted me to, you know, thrash around.”

“Oh. Oops.”

“Oops is right!”

Whoever was in her stomach was dead. There was someone still solid in her, though, and if his knowledge of her methods was correct, then they were probably about halfway through her intestines. Could she even release someone from that position?

Tidius wrinkled his nose. Did he *want* her to release someone from that position?

“Who?” he asked, though he had a good idea. The tests were on the bed, after all.

“Wilma,” Mimi sniffed, a bit ruefully. “Again, I thought they got you killed.”

“I know, I know,” Tidius said, putting a hand on Mimi’s shoulder, “but Mimi, even if you can digest two people in a night, the fuckin’... meat isn’t going to leave your system for another three days. Were you planning on going to class tomorrow looking like that? I mean, the teachers are lenient on pred students, but they’re not *that* lenient. It’ll be obvious that you digested both Wilma and Crespin. If you get detention during finals week, then you won’t be able to take your tests. And if you fail…”

Predators were not immune from the consequences of failure at Umbridge Academy. The requirements for success were miniscule, but a 0 on every one of her finals? There was no surviving that.

Tidius pinched his brow.

“Okay,” he said. “Okay, this is manageable.”

“Why do you smell like lavender?” Mimi hiccuped. She wiped her eyes. “You hate lavender.”

“Long story. Bend over.”

Mimi did what he asked without question. Despite the bruises, despite the exhaustion, despite his frustration at the situation, Tidius’s mouth still went slack seeing Mimi’s ass spread before him. Her stomach wobbled above her toes. She looked over her shoulder expectantly.

“Are you going to—”

“I am not going to fuck you,” Tidius said, cutting her off. He placed a hand on her asshole. “I am going to pull Wilma out of there.”

Immediately, Mimi clenched.

“No,” she said. “Too dangerous. I might accidentally trap you in there and then… then I wouldn’t know what to do with myself!”

Tidius sighed and bent forward, sliding his tongue along her glistening cunt.

Mimi groaned. Her asshole relaxed.

“Trust me,” Tidius said.

It was tempting to continue going down on her. Maybe he was overreacting. Maybe the teachers would ignore her massive stomach the following day. Daphne, the current RA on duty, had once come to class with a belly the size of a boulder and nobody had said anything about it.

Then again, Daphne’s parents basically owned half of the school and it would have taken a teacher with some real balls to discipline the daughter of the current chairwoman.

But no, they couldn’t take that chance. Not with finals week and not with Mimi. Tidius cracked his neck and put his hand on Mimi’s asshole again. This time, it welcomed him, and he pushed his way up to his shoulder.

“Wilma,” he called. “Wilma, can you hear me?”

There was a wet thump. Apparently she didn’t want to open her mouth, not that Tidius could blame her.

“Wilma, I need you to stretch out your leg. I’m going to reach in and get you.”

Another, angrier thump.

It was difficult to maneuver himself inside of Mimi. Her hungry ass kept pulling at his arm, yanking it in its socket. His fingers brushed the hot innards, grasping and groping, but strain as he might, he didn't feel anything solid. He'd have to go further.

"Can't you just… you know," Tidius said.

Mimi was wriggling from side to side. It was clear that she was enjoying the stimulation.

"I can't," she said. "She's too far up. If I push now, everything will come out, and then she'll drown."

"That's so gross," Tidius muttered, but he adjusted his grip and tried again.

He knew that Mimi had a proclivity for shoving things up her ass. She often asked for anal, which he was happy to oblige, but for the very reason why it was so difficult to extricate Wilma, she had never asked him to explore deeper than up to his shoulder before. He wasn't sure what to expect when he put his other hand against her asshole and slipped inside, but if he wanted to rescue Wilma, then he was going to have to go diving.

"Okay," he said. "Mimi, listen to me. I'm going to need you to sit back on me. Don't go past my knees, alright? If you go past my knees, let me out and we'll think of something else."

"What?"

Tidius stood so that she could see him over her shoulder. She was biting her lip, clenching around his wrists.

"I'm going in," he said. "Let me out when I give you a kick."

"Tidius!"

It was now or never. Taking a deep breath, Tidius pressed his face between her asscheeks and pushed.

SHLORP!

Terrible idea. Why the fuck did he think pushing his *face* into Mimi's *ass* would be anything but a nightmare? It was twice as tight as being in her stomach, twice as hot, and twice as smelly. He gagged



as the first wave of nausea passed through him. Only his fear for Mimi's life kept him pushing forward, reaching out with both hands, desperately hoping to touch something solid.

***

Tidius was in her ass.

Tidius was in her ass!

Mimi had dreamed about this moment for years, though she had always been too much of a chickenshit to ask for it. The feeling of having him twisting and turning inside of her, exploring every nook and cranny was just… just…

"Divine," Mimi sighed, squeezing her eyes shut.

She came and they both felt it. She almost giggled as he let out an annoyed sigh, reaching deeper and deeper inside of her with every passthrough.

"Lower," he said.

Mimi pressed her ass down over his thighs. He was getting close. Wilma had straightened out inside of her, but it was taking every ounce of willpower to keep her body relaxed. If she clenched, it would be back to square one.

But Tidius was in her ass!

And he was alive!

She was already planning out the next week. Finals would be over soon and they'd both pass; Tidius because he was Tidius and her because she could swallow people whole. They were both staying for the summer program, but there would be a whole week of freedom before classes started. That was a whole week that Mimi planned to explore this new development.

"Does it feel good on your cock?" Mimi asked as his bulge passed through her pucker. "You should have taken your clothes off before you tried this."

Tidius answered with a kick to her leg, but she could feel him getting hard. Good! He was hers and she needed him to know that. It wasn't until he kicked her leg a second time that she realized what he was saying.

"I've got her," he said.

Mimi licked her lips. Crespin was bubbling nicely, having digested into a rapidly softening slurry. Maybe none of this needed to happen. She could digest Wilma tonight and Tidius could help her work off the calories. He always was a worrywort.

Another kick, angrier this time. *Oh well,* Mimi thought, pushing with all of her might.

Nothing happened.

A cold sweat broke out along Mimi's back. She pushed again, reversing her grip on the bedposts. Nothing came out. Tidius was kicking her harder and harder. She tried to relax, but she couldn't. He just felt… too good.

"Okay, okay," Mimi whispered to herself. She waddled to the side of the bed and heaved herself atop it. The motion caused her to clench again, sucking Tidius in up to his heels. "Okay, okay, I'm going to get you out!"

Tidius was screaming profanity. He had one hand wrapped tight around Wilma's ankle and the other scratching at the walls. It felt *heavenly*, but Mimi, concentrating harder than she had ever concentrated in her life, was focused on reaching past her stomach without flexing her abdomen. She caught hold of Tidius's heel and yanked.

No movement.

"Okay, okay," Mimi shouted, panicking now. "I need a better grip!"

She didn't dare squeeze and risk sucking him in completely. Instead, she heaved her stomach over the headboard and pushed, working him manually down the shaft.

“Sorry, sorry” she said as more profanity filtered through her stomach.

His ankle was in her hand now. She grabbed and yanked.

SHLOP!

Two bodies slid off the side of the bed and onto the hard floor. Tidius grunted as his back hit the carpet, then grunted again as Wilma landed on top of him, naked and shrieking.

“Holy shit! Holy shit! Holy—”

“Shut the fuck up!” Tidius hissed, slapping a hand over her mouth.

There was movement in the hallway. It was well past two in the morning and all of the students should have been asleep. Then came a knock on the door.

“RA, open up.”

“Shit!” Tidius said.

Wilma was naked and steaming. Her clothes had been dissolved in the intestines and her skin was slick and red. She also smelled terrible, which Mimi only noticed when she rose and tried to race for the door. Tidius grabbed her ankle, tripping her. A fight ensued.

“What the fuck is going on in there? RA, open up!”

“The papers,” Tidius said.

Mimi slid off the bed and gathered the papers that she had just crushed. She tossed them under the mattress. Tidius, pulling Wilma back into the room, whispered something in her ear. Wilma stopped fighting.

“Shower,” Tidius said.

Together they entered the bathroom. The pounding on the door redoubled.

“If you don’t answer, I’m going to unlock the door,” the voice called. “I’m going to count down from ten. Ten, nine, eight…”

The water turned on. Furious sounds of bodies being lathered emanated from the bathroom. Mimi, clueless to what the plan was, sat on the bed, pinning it against the illicit tests.



"...seven…six…five…four."

A key was jiggling in the lock. The water turned on and then off and then on again.

"...three…two…one."

The door came open just as Wilma and Tidius scurried into the room, naked and dripping. The RA stood in the doorway. Of course it was Daphne.

Daphne Bellport was a cliché. Blonde, tall, and beautiful, she looked like every sorority pred that had ever existed, with her tennis skirt and her school tee shirt. Mimi had hated her guts from the moment she laid eyes on her. She smelled like privilege and strawberry perfume.

"What. The fuck," Daphne said, slicing the sentence down the middle. Her lizard green eyes flicked first to Wilma, then to Tidius, then to Mimi. Her lip curled in derision. "Is this a weird sex thing?"

"Yes," Tidius said automatically.

Only Mimi saw him squeeze Wilma's wrist in warning. They were both still sudsy from the shower. Wilma looked utterly shellshocked.

Daphne's eyes narrowed as she stared at Mimi's stomach. Mimi smiled back at her, sweating.

"Who is that?" she asked.

"Nobody," Mimi said. "Old meal."

Her stomach betrayed her with a loud gurgle. Daphne raised an eyebrow.

"New meal," Mimi shrugged.

"Crespin?" Daphne asked, disgusted. "Was he part of the weird sex thing?"

"Yes," Tidius said, more convincing this time. Mimi nearly lunged forward as Daphne looked at him and licked her lips. "We were studying. This was stress relief. I'm sorry that it got so loud."

Daphne's bitchy smirk wavered. Tidius had that effect on people—he could diffuse almost any situation. She seemed on the

verge of leaving when Wilma opened her mouth. Tidius stamped on her foot, but it was too late.

"Tidius sold Crespin and I copies of Miss Clear's final, then Mimi ate him and shoved me up her ass!"

Mimi and Tidius froze. Wilma was panting, pointing at both of them, her back turned to the pred in the doorway. Daphne's smile widened in petty delight. She closed the door behind her, stepping into the room.

"Well," she said. "Well, well, well!"

Wilma seemed on the verge of insanity. She was bouncing up and down, jumping and shouting and pulling her hair.

"They did it!" she screeched. "The tests are under the mattress! Tidius forced us to buy them from him! He said the test was impossible to pass without his help! We're victims in this! We're—"

She looked up when Daphne put a hand on her shoulder.

"Wilma," she said, staring directly at Tidius. "Shut up. The adults are talking."

Tidius exchanged a glance with Mimi. If he was nervous, he didn't show it. Instead, he sighed and sat on the edge of the bed.

"What do you want, Daphne Bellport?" he asked.

"What do I want?" Daphne said, tapping her lips. "Hmm. If I report this, Miss Clear will probably execute you in front of the class. She'll make it slow and brutal to really drive the point home and to clear the embarrassment of having tests stolen from right under her nose. As much as I'd *love* to watch you gurgle, there's actually something else that I want."

"What?" Wilma said, throwing Daphne's hand off of her shoulder. She turned to face her, shaking with rage. "What are you talking about? Of *course* we're going to report this! Mimi *ate* Crespin. She fucking swallowed me with her ass! Both of them should be digested in front of the whole school!"

"Wilma?"

Wilma saw the look in Daphne's eye too late. She tried to run, but Daphne caught her by the neck and dragged her backwards, tilting Wilma's head back so that they were nose to nose.

"I told you to shut up."

Even Mimi, aghast, had to admire Daphne's technique. The way she swallowed Wilma was so fluid that there was no bounce, nor garish gulping as her stomach expanded. Her shirt didn't even rip, much to Mimi's chagrin. Daphne merely rolled it up over her bra, slapping her stomach with the palm of her hand.

"So," she said.

"So," Tidius said.

Mimi looked from Tidius to Daphne. Should she charge? Throw a punch? Fling the bed at her? Tidius didn't seem to be making any sudden moves. His arms were folded over his chest, waiting.

"We both know what this means," Daphne said, nudging her head toward Mimi. "Maybe that idiot doesn't, but we do."

"Idiot?!" Mimi scoffed.

Tidius raised a hand to silence her.

"What do you actually want?" he asked calmly. "Surely you don't want money."

Daphne laughed and Mimi couldn't help it. She leapt to her feet, but it was Tidius who stepped in front of her. Daphne didn't even flinch.

"I keep telling Mother that we need to be more discerning about what preds we let in here," Daphne said. Her stomach rumbled and she slapped it again. Wilma's face pressed briefly against her shirt. "I guess there always does have to be someone at the bottom of the totem pole."

Mimi bared her teeth. Tidius looked at her pleadingly.

"What do you want?" he repeated. "You have us by the balls here."

"You see, we *do* need more of you," Daphne crooned, stroking Tidius's jaw. It took everything, *everything* for Mimi not to stab a



bitch. “Smart, capable. You know your place. Yes, I think we could use a little less of—” she gestured toward her stomach “—and more Tidius Thacks.”

After ten seconds of Tidius ignoring the compliment, Daphne sighed and rolled her eyes.

“Fine,” she said. “I guess there is something that I want. Obviously I could just report you or whatever, but that would be such a waste. What I really want are two very simple things. I want you—”

She pointed at Tidius.

“—to be my personal belly masseuse and gopher for all of the summer semester. If I call you, you come running. You’re already used to being a pet, so this should be easy for you.”

“Done,” Tidius said. “What’s the second thing?”

“Oh, it’s easy,” Daphne said, beaming at Mimi. “It’s such a tiny little task that I doubt that it’s worth asking, but seeing as you two literally owe me your lives—”

“Spit it out!” Mimi growled.

Daphne shrugged.

“My mother’s been having a bit of a spat with a member of the staff. Normally this would be handled… bureaucratically, but the principal is rather protective of her teachers and firing her isn’t an option.”

Mimi looked at Tidius who had gone white in the face. What wasn’t she getting? What did Daphne want them to do? Why was Tidius looking at her like she had just been given a death sentence?

Daphne turned to face her.

“I need Mimi to swallow and digest Miss Clear,” Daphne said. “And I need her to do it by the end of the summer semester.”



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