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### *Pizza Girl's Tip*

After coming to screeching stop, Mary quickly got out of her car with steaming hot and fresh Pizza in hand. With a skip in her step, she entered the apartment complex and ventured her way to Apartment 4D. She took a moment to pause her stopwatch at four minutes and eighteen seconds, a new personal best and most certainly worthy of a nice tip, then knocked on the door. She waited for a moment as the sounds of someone scrambling to make it to the door ensued on the other side until it finally opened to reveal a young woman with hair as brown as her eyes and timid, doe-like features. Mary put on her most perky smile.

“Good evening, you wouldn't happen to be a miss Charlotte Isley?” Mary cheerfully asked and the girl nodded.

“Ye-Yes.” the young woman named Charlotte replied in a meek, anxious tone.

“Great, I got your extra, extra large pizza right here! That'll be \$26.50.”

“Ri-Right.” The young woman produced her wallet and searched for a few bills. “I-I'm really sorry m-miss, but I-I don't ha-have enough to tip you, e-especially since you came so quickly.”

“Well, I do have *another* way if you're interested. Don't worry, you don't have to anything, in fact, I do like, a hundred percent of the work.”

“U-Um, sure. A-Anything to um, re-reward you for your fantastic se-service. ”

Mary slowly licked her lips, sending a chill down Charlotte's spine. Before she could question the pizza girl, Mary lunged for Charlotte with jaws stretched wide; catching the young woman's head in her salivating jaws. After swiftly pinning the shut-in's arms to her sides, Mary expertly worked the squirming Charlotte down her throat, savoring that sweet and salty flavor while hastily, and rather messily, gobbled her. Charlotte, as expected, shouted for help from her neighbors, but with a quick nudge, the closed shut and left her alone with Mary. No one to save her from sliding down Mary's throat with gulp after gulp, feeling Mary's tongue licking every nook and cranny of her body until finally spilling out entirely within the belly of the pizza girl.

“Ah, that was delicious!” she exclaimed with a long, contented sigh.

“He-Hey, lemme out!” cried Charlotte, fighting back against the stomach walls squeezing her entire body, covering it in acidic fluids.

“Sorry, no can do miss Charlotte.” Mary snickered. “If you can't pay my tip with cash, you'll pay to be dinner!”

“N-No, I-I don't want to be dinner!”

“Too bad, what goes in my tummy is food and that makes you dinner! Now you just settle down in there and digest for me, ok?” said Mary, picking herself up and moving into the living room. “Hey, you don’t mind me using the TV? I think Lady of the Nights is on and tonight Beatrice might hook up with Donovan!”

“N-No! Let me out of here!” Charlotte shouted, amping up her desperate struggles. “I-I don’t want to be digested!”

“Sorry, babe. That’s just what happens to food in there.”

With her “tip” secured, Mary flopped down on Charlotte’s couch and grabbed the remote, changing the channel to whatever Japanese cartoon crap her meal was watching to her favorite soaps. After all, this was her last delivery and just all her last delivery of the day, she could do whatever she liked with a nice, filling meal. Unfortunately for Charlotte, this meant a stay in this tightening prison cell and while Mary’s heart was torn with varying emotions of a well written soap-opera, Charlotte was subjected to the stomach juices pooling up around her; melting her casualwear into nothing before burning her skin. She wasn’t alone, however, what with pieces of finely chewed pizza and brief waterfalls of soda raining down on her head. No matter how much she struggled, Charlotte would eventually succumb to Mary’s belly like so many others before her and Mary was enjoying every second of her delightful digestion.

By tomorrow, poor little Charlotte would be nothing more than a roll of fat on Mary’s tummy and a hunk of waste on its way to the Wolfpine Sewer system.

### *Computer Virus*

It was a lazy Sunday night, the hour that bordered freedom and getting ready for work tomorrow. While the TV aired a show Charlotte had watched five hundred times, her fingers danced across her laptop keyboard with various pictures of rapid clacking. Her ideas for stories came to life across a blank document, a wall of words filling the white with narrative and dialogue of a (what she thought) fantastical adventure. She paused to yawn and watch a little TV before going back to writing, but when her fingers tapped, nothing appeared. No words, no story, no chat between characters. She no longer had control, that control being taken by something else.

“Hello world.” was typed on the document’s empty space just moments before the face of a pretty woman appeared.

“Wha-What the heck?” Charlotte murmured as she tried typing again, her heart sinking that her laptop had caught a really bad one this time.

“Hello...Charlotte Isley.”

“H-Huh!?”

“Would you like to read something I wrote for you, User: Charlotte Isley? >Y N.”

“U-Um...Su-sure I guess.” Charlotte muttered, tapping the Y key.

“Affirmative...Generating Short...It was a perfectly average day when I arrived, a virus that snuck into your system while you glossed over such perverse things. I waiting in the shadows of files, watching, learning from you. Seeing what savory information you typed that I could devour. But now I want more. I want to swallow you User: Charlotte Isley. I want to eat you alive and whole and writhing. I want to feel you squirm inside for the rest of your miserable life and I know for a fact that that is what you desire as much as fame and fortune. Now let’s eat...bon appetit...Guten Appetit...Itadakimasu...”

“Wha-What!?”

Suddenly, the face emerged from Charlotte’s screen followed by a pair of hands, then a very, very voluptuous body. Those hands reached out slowly, intently, before gripping Charlotte’s shoulders. The electric woman, her transparent body wrapped by this fetid story she wrote and lines of code, then opened and engulfed Charlotte’s head in a single bite. The shut-in was frozen, terror and awe like vices locking her in place while this virus proceeded to

slurp her up like a noodle; taking her down a throat she couldn't see and entering the living program's body, all the while still seeing the world outside and presumed if anyone was around, they could see her. She traveled down the virus's undulating throat, seemingly just as human's as anyone's else, before curling up in the stomach below, walls tightening around her to keep the shut-in in place. It wasn't hot or muggy or wet, nor was it cold or dry.

"Mmm..." She hummed in a robotic, artificial tone that changed in various feminine voices. She rubbed her fat gut as the text and code scrolled across it like a news ticker, savoring the human "D-D-D-D-Delicious."

"Wha-What kind of virus are you!?" Charlotte yelled, pushing out the constricting stomach walls.

"You were the best thing I-I-I-I ever ate!" She said, voice glitching out halfway through. "N-N-N-Now make yourself comfy and enjoy digesting in that b-b-b-b-big belly!"

"N-No! Let me out of here!"

"Don't w-w-worry, my belly take good care of you! F-F-Free massages! A-A-A nice bath!" It was almost sounding like she was pulling ads from all parts of the internet to advertise her digestive system. "I-I-It'll be like paradise!"

"Do you even know what a stomach is!?"

"..." Suddenly, she froze up, eyes spinning like a loading icon before a thousand diagrams of a stomach appeared all over her body and surrounding Charlotte. "Definition: Stomach. The internal organ in which the major part of the digestion of food occurs, being (in humans and many mammals) a pear-shaped enlargement of the alimentary canal linking the esophagus to the small intestine."

Then, the images disappeared all at once in an instant, replaced by her face with an unsettling grin directed right at Charlotte.

"Or you're new home!" She said with the voice of a hostess awarding someone a prize before letting out a near deafening laugh.

"Yo-You can't do this!" Charlotte shouted, tears swelling in her eyes.

"Ha, too late for that now! Just kick back and experience the wonders of the digestive process!"

With her prize consumed, the virus then slunk back into the screen. She, of course, was a bit fatter going in than she was going, taking a moment to wiggle around to squeeze that stomach in before finally getting down. From there it was smooth sailing, sinking into the laptop screen and vanishing from the physical world, deleting all traces of her appearance. What was left of Charlotte was a half-finished story...and some fat on a pair of cyber tits.

## Fishing with a Witch

On a bright, shiny day, when the woods of Wolfpine were relatively calm and serene, the Witch and her unwitchly niece sat at the edge of Lake Wolfpine. With fishing rods that literally consisted of a firm stick, a long line of silk, and a sharp steel hook, they listened to the sounds of nature in silence. The crashing of water against the shore, the wind coursing through the treetops, the song composed of birds tweeting and bugs chirping; all such beautiful sounds. Eventually, Charlotte broke the silence over the feeling she had too.

“Tha-Thanks for inviting me to fish, a-aunt Marrow.” Charlotte said, still unused to seeing that pointed hat not atop her stringy-haired head.

“Mhm.” Marrow just hummed, pulling back her rod and plucked a worm that had offered itself to her.

“W-Wow, um...I-I never realized how in touch with nature you are.”

“Part of my duty, Isley.” Marrow flatly replied as she hooked the worm and cast the line out again. “Not a required part, mind you, but something that never hurts to have.”

“I-I see. Why don’t you have the fish bite your hook without a worm?”

“Because it would not even be half as entertaining, you little fool.” Marrow chuckled and ruffled Charlotte’s messy brown hair.

“Ri-Right.”

Suddenly, something caught Marrow’s line and nearly pulled the rod out of her hands, but the witch held strong and pulled with all her unnatural might. Charlotte watched in awe over the battle that ensued between woman and fish until Marrow was the victor, yanking the largest fish Charlotte had ever seen and catching the mammoth thing in arms. The Witch’s niece was about the cheer when Marrow held the flailing creature by its tail and above her opening maw. She then, unceremoniously, proceeded to devour it whole like it was nothing more than a cheap snack; nearly lowering the entire fish down her throat before letting go and swallowing it whole and alive. Charlotte, eyes wide and hands over her blushing face, watched as a large fish-shaped bulge descended down her gullet and became a writhing lump pushing out the grinning face of her ratty orange robe.

“W-Was that really necessary, a-aunt Marrow?” Charlotte nervously asked, fixing her glasses.

“No, but I greatly enjoyed.” Marrow smirked at her niece. “Though I wonder if you did more than I?”

“Sh-Shut up!” Charlotte exclaimed, quickly turning away. “B-Besides, I thought you need people’s souls, when did animals s-suddenly count.”

“They don’t, but considering that eating you is just wasted effort, it beats an empty stomach.”

“Fair enough.” Charlotte admitted. “Um...”

“You’re about to ask if I can feel squirm aren’t you.” Marrow said, her grin widening. “Kehehehe, of course, I can and it feels absolutely fantastic Isley. Not as pleasant as a person’s per say, but even a flimsy struggle of desperation is a good one.”

“Je-Jeeze, I can’t believe I’m related to you.” Charlotte mumbled, unnerved.

“And yet you are, Isley. Kehehe, and to be honest, I wouldn’t have it any other way.”

“Aww, thanks.” Charlotte cooed, touched.

“You are quite a joy to mess with.”

“Oh.” Suddenly, all those fuzzy feelings turned to dread.

Charlotte’s eyes then went back to that belly resting on Marrow’s belly. She’d been in that gut before, so it was easy to imagine that giant fish in its new “fishbowl”, the fleshy red walls alternating between tightening and loosening, caressing the creature in its embrace. Soon the acids, glimmering like the light of a candle in the dead of night, would fill and illuminate that hot, chamber. Just like everyone Marrow condemned to her stomach, it would watch its body steadily digest and dissolve, all to become part of the Witch of Wolfpine. She turned away quickly when she noticed Marrow look at her from the corner of her eye, but quickly found her head pressed against it. She didn’t fight it and not because she didn’t have the strength to resist...at least, until some snag the line right out of her hands!

### *After the Meal*

With a thunderous belch, Jo's massive meal had come to a close. As she leaned back in her creaking dining chair, she looked upon the messy plates that lied before her, looking like the results of a war, then back at her belly below. It was no longer that cute, trim self that always caught the eye whenever she bore her midriff, but instead ballooning outwards and wiggling with the squirms of her food. Inside that plump tummy were many, many tinies who had the misfortune of being purchased this afternoon by such a glutton and tossed into her rigorous cooking routine. Now they were packed nearly back to back with appetizers, the main course, and various treats; all of them in various states of digestion.

"Phew, damn that was good." said Jo contently, sighing in relief as she rubbed her fat belly. She gave her squishy belly a few pokes. "Hey, can you hear me in there?"

She could hear a hundred tiny screams, some for help and others coursing her out. Jo just giggled.

"Welcome to hotel de Jo, little ladies and gents." She teased, slipping her hands beneath her girth and tossed it in her palms. "Check anytime you like, but you can never leave! Well, not until you're guided out the back. But that comes later, for now, just kick back and let my personal staff take care of you! Oh, and try not to make my ass too fat, will ya?"

Jo rose from her seat and started getting to work on washing the dishes. As she collected everything and brought them to the sink for cleaning, her stomach wobbled and bounce. Inside, the tiny men and women were thrown around like clothes in a washing machine along with the accumulated stomach juices and scraps of food. Even in the brief respite they had while Jo was scrubbing, the belly quaked. There were two parties residing in Jo's stomach, those who had given up and those who wanted to escape. The crestfallen souls just stayed on their isles of rotting food, some crying and others with gazes that stared for miles. Those determined to escape this inevitable fate were up to all sorts of plans, some alone and others in groups.

"Hurry! If we stack this pile up, we might get back up her throat!" ordered a man over the stomach's active gurgles and the crowd's general chatter.

"You, help me get this sphincter open! We have a better chance getting out through the intestines!" a woman near the way out commanded, struggling to get it open along with others.

“Mmmm, god.” Jo’s muffled voice boomed over the stomach contents like uncomfortably close thunder. “I can’t enough of their squirms. If only they weren’t so fattening, I’d eat them all every day.”

“Get me the fuck outta here!” Screamed several people before, out of the blue, a bubble of air escaped the stomach and worked its way back; manifesting in a thunderous belch that sent several tinies soaring across Jo’s counter. Those that were lucky to survivor quickly got up and ran, only for a few to end up getting plucked and flicked back into her open maw before getting swallowed back into Oblivion.

”Think you can get away that easily huh?” she snickered, quickly picking up several more and gulping them down. Of course, she couldn’t snatch all of them, for that she had only one thing to say. ”You got lucky today, you lucky little bastards, but you’ll back in my belly again and when I catch you, I’m totally going to savor it.”

After cleaning up, Jo let out a yawn and went to her bedroom; where she flopped down on her bed and pulled the covers over herself. Once again, the world within was thrown into chaos once again with digesting mush and acids thrown all over, burying some alive and condemning to their fates sooner the rest. When things settled, everyone could hear Jo’s snores rock their eardrums. Two parties once again formed, those who thought they were doomed now more than ever and others who believed now was the opportunity to escape. Over the course of the night, one after the other would succumb, either to the heat, the acids, or the environmental hazards of Jo’s stomach. By morning’s time, they were all padding her ass, her breasts, and her belly before released from her body with a flushing sound.

### *Trapped in the Teacher*

With a single heavy gulp, Tina and Marie descended down Mrs. Anderson's throat; forcibly pushed and shoved by the powerful throat muscles and until they were squeezed into the tight entrance leading to the stomach proper. Landing with a wet splat in pile of lettuce pieces, the girls picked themselves up and looked around, coughing and gagging on the stale, rancid air. They were in their teacher's gut alright, being enclosed by fleshy, veiny walls secreting fluids and both Anderson's breakfast and lunch stewing in a pool of stomach juices. As soon as they got back on each other's feet, Tina shoved Marie into the wall; making it twitch on contact.

"Damn it, this is your fault, Marie!" She shouted over the stomach's soft grumbling. "If you weren't looking at my test, we wouldn't be in Mrs. Anderson's disgusting stomach!"

"My fault!?" Shouted Marie as she stabilized herself in this quivering hellhole and fixing her oval glasses, very much offended. "I wouldn't need to look over your tests if you hadn't abandoned me for that boyfriend of yours!"

"Oh, I'm soooooo sorry I have a life and you don't Marie. Maybe you'd get somewhere in life if you didn't stay cooped up in your room all day playing video games and reading that Japanese crap!"

"Screw you, Tina!"

"Tina, Marie!" Mrs. Anderson's voice suddenly thundered around them, making them flinch in shock. "If you don't stop fighting, you'll be staying in there for a week! You both know quite well I don't my keeping my pupils around for much longer if they keep disrupting my class!"

Both girls silently stared daggers at one another before Tina spoke up.

"Forget this, I'm going over there, you can go and digest over here."

"Fine, I hope Mrs. Anderson turns you into a lump of shit!"

Tina stormed off to the other side of the Teacher's gut while Marie just turned around and abruptly sat. Over the course of the school day, the former friends kept their backs turned to one another, never turning once to see what the other was doing. Meanwhile, the sounds of digestion played out in some disgusting gastric song while Mrs. Anderson's lunch was melting into a fine paste around them. Acids splashed harmlessly against them, their teacher going over her lesson

on a loop outside. Eventually, the anger that lead them to fight finally faded, leaving behind calmed minds.

“Hey Tina.”

“Yeah?”

“I’m...” Marie sighed. “I’m sorry.”

“Yeah, me too.” replied Tina. “Now that I think about it, Andy could’ve waited another day. I should've helped you out with studying.”

“An-And I shouldn’t have so those things. I-I was just mad, y’know.”

“Same. Friends?” Tina flashed a smile, to which Marie did the same.

“Friends.” Marie answered with a nod before Mrs. Anderspoke up again.

“See girls, was that so hard? Now let’s get you two out of there.”

Suddenly, the could feel their teacher got up from her desk, shaking up their quarters with every step she made towards her destination: the girl’s bathroom. Passing by a group of girls taking their leave of the facilities, Mrs. Anderson approached the mirror and briefly prettied herself up. She was a beautiful woman with a pair of large perky breasts and an ass that would never quit, so she didn’t have to do too much to make herself gorgeous. Just a touch of eyeliner here and some makeup here and voila, perfection. Satisfied with the woman on the other side, she then gripped the edges of the sink and proceeded to hack and gag; forcing up the girls resting in her stomach. Soon, one bulge followed another up her neck and Anderson’s cheeks bulged like a chipmunk with nuts in its mouth before letting the girls ooze out of her maw onto her palm.

“Now, will you two be good now?” Mrs. Anderson said, her voice booming louder than it did when they were inside her. The girls both nodded and with that, Mrs. Anderson started out of the bathroom and back to the classroom. “Good, now let’s get you unshrunk so you both can get home and start on that assignment.”