He had been perfect. Rotund. Cute. And Hungry.

"You didn't have this much trouble with Yuri... Come on, hurry up and swallow Monika!"

He was really doing it!

"Don't look at me like that! I'm not going to stop pushing her until her ass is behind your lips. And I'd appreciate it if you hurried your fat ass up because she keeps trying to **kick me**!"

In an effort to feed him Monika, my knees squish the contents of his gut. I'm mounting his gut trying to stuff a third girl between his lips while one of the previous two writhes inside his guts. I can see her face pressing out from his bare chest, she's obviously upset. Which is hilarious.

He had spent the better part of an hour melting Yuri, and much of the day churning Sayori. Was she even solid? I have no idea how long a girl takes to melt. Yuri was definitely still kicking, literally...

"Good piggy... eat her up... yes... there you go."

He had finally reached her waist. Her face descended into the great bulge beneath me. I feel the motions through his gut fat, her struggles persisting. It's adorable to think she has a chance. He devours her, the hardest part of swallowing a girl was done. And now... she was meat.

As her legs lose any leverage, I admire the boy. My pet. My hands lean forward as Monika's legs are fed to him. His throat muscles swallowing hard. They've had a long day. I covet his face, gently exploring his features. He'd gotten chubbier since I'd known him. That was my fault. I still remember...

"When we met all those months ago... is this what you imagined it would lead to?"

Weeks after joining, he'd found my dark secret. My vore fetish. What gets me going.

I expected him to think I was disgusting. But he had been accepting. Too accepting.

"I remember how shocked I was when you'd swallowed that melon whole. When you let me stroke it all night as it melted into mush inside you. I was masturbating all week to your guts..."

He had finished her. I watched the last of Monika disappear. I part my thighs and plant my ass atop them all. Muffled voices gasping as they recognize each other. And the struggles renewing. They knew no help was coming. Their struggles prod against my pussy. It sends shivers down my spine.

My pet gasps for air as his meal gathers beneath my ass. But, he can't fight it. I can feel it bubbling. My lower half is basically surrounding his guts. I can feel almost everything actively happening in there. His lips part. And his belch is unleashed.

BWWRRRUUUUAAAARRRRRRRRRRRRR

It shakes me to my core. The acidity tinges my senses. It's powerful and raw. The last breaths of Sayori? Who knows. But it's so unbelievably **hot**. This boy digesting his friends all at once, just because I challenged him...

"Bad boy... you know you're not supposed to belch without permission."

I reach for something... finding a collar. It's pink, with a little name plate dangling from it. I latch it around his neck, it's a tight fit. And his neck hasn't been getting any smaller. He couldn't swallow anything with it. And belches... well, they weren't as easy to get out.

"There... you did so well tonight. Who knew you could handle three girls? You'd seem full on one... Can't believe you really ate my dad... And your mom... And the student rep... And our club. You are such piggy..."

I fiddle with the collar, admiring his pet name emblazoned on it. Piggy.

They're crying beneath my ass. But his gut isn't struggling. His appetite has been satisfied. Two girls basting in the remnants of the third. My hips instinctively sway from side to side as I imagine their struggles. My ass is doing its part to crush the girls in his gullet. Girls? No. Food. Meat. Fat that hasn't found its place yet.

"Do you think they'll go to your ass? I'm not sure you could handle that... Or maybe your breasts? You're already bigger than me. Do they make D-cup bras for moobs? You might need one soon..."

I grin as I consider my favorite position...

"I hope they wind up on your gut... Useless fat that you'll just have to work off... Though knowing you it'll be there forever. You lazy pig~"

I bite my lip. My pink hair is a mess. I hadn't cared to fix it all day. There was too much belly to love. And it'd been messed up as we wrangled the girls here...

I lean in and kiss him, his tongue entwining with mine. His kisses are so sloppy. My cheeks are laminated in saliva. He doesn't just kiss my lips. He kisses my face...

Though it's better to say he's tasting me. Because his next move is to push forward and envelop my head in his mouth. His gluttony truly knew no end.

I'm tiny. I'd stand no chance against him. His throat muscles pull me in so quickly. There's no difficulty in eating me. I'm just a snack to him. My head is pulled down his throat...

And gets stuck. His collar is keeping me just barely from being just like the rest of the club. I can hear them. Crying for help. Despairing at finding parts of Sayori. Clinging to each other. The scent of them melting is so wonderfully hot.

I let myself stay half in his mouth. Breathing air from his insides that leak past the collar. My hands are vigorously fucking myself. I've been so aroused the whole day. I'm not sure I could count the amount of times I've cum. It feels impossible.

And he tries his best to swallow me. But I picked the best collar for a reason. It holds... for hours. Time that passes in a blurry mess of saliva and stomach fumes. Perhaps I got a bit high on it. God... It's embarrassing to think about. But considering my cum drenched thighs... I may be a bit crazy.

But it has been a long time. Long enough that he falls asleep. Long enough for me to pull myself out.

I slip from his lips and land atop his belly once more. I'm gasping. Fresh air after so long. The gut is still quite firm... Maybe Sayori was more solid than I thought. These three would take days to melt.

But.. what got me most was the cold. It was depressingly cold outside of his body. Was I growing addicted?

I briefly consider this... and turn my body around. Pushing my legs past his lips and reversing the position I held for hours.

My legs are held so tightly in his esophagus. My pussy is the perfect level to lick and slide across his tastebuds. And lick he does. In his sleep he eats me out for hours. I cry for my Piggy. And he sleepily slurps away at his sucker, eager for my cum to delight his taste buds.

I lost my mind. I don't know how much time has passed. But my lower half is still in his lips. His lips are just beneath my chest.

My phone is too far away to check the date... But I can tell it's been quite some time. His gut is soft. Smaller. Fatter. Stupid girls turned to belly rolls. I can finally see his cock too. It had been lost under his great belly. "Three girls all gone~"

I mutter to myself... And wonder if it's finally time to remove myself from his throat. I hadn't been paying attention but my Piggy had hardly moved. Maybe three girls put him in an immense food coma? Hot to think that's all they could really do to him. He hadn't seemed to really struggle with them.

"I love you Piggy..."

I pet his hair, as at long last I feel him stir...

We had more to do. I bet after all that... he could fit four down his gullet.

I wonder if I'll ever hit his limits...

We'll see~

But they weren't just fat.

The guts almost rumble past me. And that deathly scent makes its way out.

FRRRUUMPPPTTT

"Ugh... Piggy. Get up. You need to shit."

I slap his cheeks. Gently. And he stirs more. He seems to finally be over his digestive coma.

He mumbles around my body. Seemingly surprised to see me between his lips. He starts to let me out... but I pinch his cheeks.

"You let me out when I say to... Okay Piggy? Now go shit... not in the toilet of course. Backyard. Like the Piggy you are. You dug that hole just for this."

He sleepily mumbles and staggers out. His lower half is already bare so he's ready. And thankfully nobody is out right now...

He turns around and hunches over the pit, I pull myself up. Likely covering his eyes as I watch from above.

"Ugh... Lean forward... You know I love this part..."

He complies. His head tilts, he's likely very uncomfortable. But he does his best.

I hear his ass sputters open, and see the coiling turd drop from his asshole and plops into the ditch. The length continues... And continues.

"Yeesh... Girls make such meaty shits."

But it's turning me on. Seeing what's left of my friends. Knowing the useless cause they gave themselves to. I rode his tongue... Er wait... It's actually arching up my back. My pussy seemed to be deeper. But who cares. I sway my hips as I stare at the feet of shit he's already dumped.

And then something horrid happens. A metallic clink shatters and I see the collar fly into the pile of shit. And almost instantly, several feet of me disappear inside him.

Gravity had been assisting him. My own need to watch had helped break it. And the hours spent abusing it...

I barely have time to think or scream or anything before it's done. It takes seconds before I'm nestled in his mostly empty gut. Just filled with a small puddle of chyme and a few acid scorched bones... Leftovers...

"You fat fuck! Stop shitting and let me OUT!"

I struggle and writhe against the folds. But it's all for naught. I could barely hear the girls however many nights ago... and he's fatter from them. Can he hear me? Does he realize he's eaten me? Does he even care?

It all drives me to get madder. Struggle harder. Fight off that unpleasant realization that I had almost wanted this. Tempted fate...

I immediately notice the slop that falls on top of me. Masticated... something.

"Oh my fucking god... this fat fuck is EATING!"

It boils my blood. I was just a snack. I was going to be a meager addition to a meal...

This is how they felt...

It's too late for any remorse. I stem my urge to cry, and accept the suddenness my eminent demise came with.

More food comes... and more... and more...

And I am buried in it. Destined to be just more fat on his gut.

And shit in the hole...