

She was up to something.

My senior, Itsumi Toudou had invited me over. She'd moved away after high school. After her fair share of drama. She was a self absorbed, self centered, brat. But I couldn't help myself...

So here I was, in her small apartment sharing tea. It was good to see her again, she had hardly changed. She had the same look she had all those years ago. The look that meant *she was up to something.*

"Come on Hanei, drink your tea!" the smirk on her face said it all. As if she was one step from victory. Whatever victory making her drink tea would give...

I didn't really grace her with a response. Merely stared at her. Remembering the past. We had been in the same club for a time. But things had changed... Until the day she'd confessed to me. Seemingly out of nowhere. I had no idea how she figured out I loved her... but I did. It's why I could be a bit harsh on her. That and her capacity for trouble.

But... things hadn't worked out. She had cheated on me. Honestly, I thought she had come to apologize. But... well...

"Come on. I made it myself! It has my love in it~"

But she was just being so weird. Inviting me out of the blue and then this. I had been happy to get the call... but this was a bit disappointing. I can't say my feelings from back then were... resolved.

I raise my teacup and say to her, "Toudou-san. You should be careful, storm clouds are brewing. Your clothes outside may not dry..."

She almost jumps in spot, "W-What? Rain! No way!" She runs to the window, looking all around to see any sign of the storm approaching.

Of course, there was none, she was as daft as usual. I took the chance to swap our drinks.

“Ugh. There’s not a cloud out there, you shouldn’t tell pointless lies! Also... you should really call me by my first name. We’re close, aren’t we?” she turns around, grimacing, as she takes her seat across from me. Her eyes still on the teacup in my hands...

I ignore her and take a sip, and watch her face explode into glee. A smug smile crept onto her face.

“Hehehe... Hanei. Don’t you find me pretty. Aren’t I beautiful...”

She looks as if she’s about to go on a long speech about herself. But she interrupts her own sentence with a sip of her tea.

She immediately drops the teacup and it shatters atop the table. Her face is overwhelmed with a foreign emotion. She’s staring right at me, and she’s huffing.

“Hanei... Hanei...”

I’m not sure how to respond. I was planning a cynical joke at her expense... but she’s different. There was *definitely* something in the tea.

“What Toudou-san? You’re looking ill... do you need a doctor? What the hell did you put in that-”

She sinks beneath the table. I hear shuffling. She’s coming closer, and her clothes! They’re being tossed to either side of the table. I’m too confused to react. Her hands grip my thighs, a tongue coming up to lap at my flesh. Her tongue slithers up my thighs as she grows closer. It sends electricity through me. Itsumi would never do this... Right? She always had been... a bit much.

I catch the first look at her face. Her pupils have hearts in them. Her face is flush with what has to be love. She stares into my eyes and calls me by my first name. "Rin... please... call me Toudou."

I can't help but scoot away, but she uses the newly freed space to overwhelm me, and push me to the floor.

"Toudou! I-"

She's naked. Her breasts press against me as she leans in, her lips connecting with mine as she sticks her tongue into my mouth and we entwine like doves.

I feel her quaking chest breathe into me. I feel her love through the shivers in her tongue. The scheming girl is gone, replaced with this love-wracked replacement. I can't help but think she's so much easier to deal with now...

She separates, a single strand of our fluids connecting us.

"Its~um~i~"

I understand. She'll do it again if I don't call *her* by her first name. Admittedly... I kind of adored that. But... I need to see what she has planned. She always has a plan.

"I-Itsumi... what do you want?" her name feels lumpy to say. Like it comes with a burden.

She smiles, raw delight at hearing her first name from my lips. She slides back, falling away from the threat of more kissing and down to my tummy.

She lifts my shirt, and presses her lips into my abs. I hear the kissing sound... and she leans in again. And again. I feel every kiss. How deep she's pushing herself into them. They're filled with love. She's obsessed. It almost feels wrong to let her do this. But then she says it.

“I’m uhm... not food... or prey or anything... But I need to be yours... I need to be in your tummy. This strong belly... It’ll crunch me up nicely. Leave me all soft for your stomach... Hehehe.”

“Y-You want to be eaten by your kouhai? Isn’t that embarrassing?”

“Maybe... but if it’s you... I don’t think I mind... I’ve missed you. Ever since things didn’t work out in highschool... Besides, I’m hardly your senpai anymore...”

It brings back bitter memories. In fact, this whole day feels familiar...

But this time she had taken a drink of... whatever it was.

“You’ll die. You may not be food... but my belly won’t know the difference.”

She purrs into my belly, “I don’t mind... I’d be with you forever... And then I wouldn’t screw it up... I’m horrible at not messing up...”

She was... she couldn’t really be trusted on her own. I still loved her... but she was difficult to be with.

Maybe this was the best way for us. I look down at her, nestling up to my belly like a puppy to the teat.

Maybe she did belong inside me...

I’m not one to debate with myself. I grip her by the wrists and force her out from beneath the table. She’s weak, and doesn’t fight my manhandling as I push her atop the table. She presents her feet, wriggling her toes as I eye them up. They were clean. She almost always was clean. As if she was always ready...

Her eyes sparkle as I draw my lips down to her toes. I don’t see any reason to wait. I engulf her legs together, they taste wonderfully sweet, vanilla with a hint of cinnamon. I shut my eyes, and I devour her. My hands push more of her into me. The room echoes

with my swallows and Itsumi's little squeaks. I can hear the tiny squelches of her hands between her thighs...

I can't help but think of all the time we spent together back in the day. She was always incredibly rambunctious and caused all kinds of trouble... It's almost amazing none of the girls from back then did this to her.

I can't help but also remember the intimate moments we shared... How happy we were then. How much I delighted in exploring her body...

The whole experience melds into one immense tasting. My tongue imprinting the knowledge of her taste into me. I will never forget how she compared to any other treat. My own isolated delight sprinkled with her gasps of pleasure.

I'm unsure how long it takes... but I run out of Itsumi to taste. The last of her hair passes between my lips, and my belly begins pressing into the table.

It was unbelievable how it all went by in a blur. And how full I could be. No meal had matched her size. I unbuttoned my shirt, it hadn't been blocking the full gut but now it wasn't in the way. I could see marks from her kisses, lipstick and hickies stretched far past being recognizable. But more importantly, my trim belly held her meal tight enough to make out her body. She could even see the girl's face of ecstasy as she climaxed.

"H-HAHHH!"

As if on cue, my own lips pop back open and I do something rather unbecoming.

UUUOOORRRRRRRPP

A few of her hairs flirt from my lips, landing atop her table. I lick my lips, both hands exploring her quivering body as she recovers from her climax.

"Good girl... I'm glad you decided this."

“I...Wait... what...”

There’s something... different in her tone. Less... adoration?

“I’m... oh god. I fed myself to you! Please Hanei! Let me out! I didn’t-”

I slap my belly where I believe her ass is,”No Itsumi. You convinced me to devour you. You said you wanted it. I’m not some kind of slut who allows girls to safely dive into them. Food is food.”

Itsumi was an endlessly confusing girl... She had been so willing just moments ago.

“No! Uhm! You don’t understand! Ngghh! I don’t get it... Wait... I remember! DID YOU SWAP OUR DRINKS AGAIN? Yours had a LOVE POTION! I didn’t mean it!”

Oh. It all made complete sense now... She truly had done the same thing as she did years ago. And I had figured it out once again... There was something truly hilarious about Toudou making the same exact mistake. Though something I’d expect from her.

“It would seem whatever you intended to drug me with... instead was given to you.”

My hands grow harsher, my frustration with her turning into painful gropes.

She gasps sharply from the pain, attempting to wiggle her way out from my belly.

“P-Please! I’m sorry! I’ll do anything! I-I’m not into v-vore! I mean it! I’m not some gutslut! I just-”

I briefly humor letting her go... but remembering my dissatisfaction with our relationship...

“Hmm... I don't think I'll let you go. I missed you all those years, Itsumi. I was never satisfied with our goodbye. You cheating on me... Now you can't mess it up. Just like you said. We'll be together...”

My hand drifts to her pussy. I tease it. She has no power to stop me, especially not as my gut crunches inwards with a timely **BYYOUURRRRPPP**. Her body scrunches ever tighter. It's actually quite fun seeing her fight back... so pitifully.

She cums again, her voice crying out once more as her body slumps against my core.

“Oh no... I...”

“You came... again...”

My hands brush atop her head, petting her.

“Just accept... you're food. Perhaps always meant to be food... And you like it in my guts. Whatever you attempted to spike me with... it let your true feelings out.”

Itsumi doesn't respond for a while... I may have hit the nail on the head.

In a tiny voice, she finally says, “Please... Just don't tell anybody I was such a gutslut.”

I giggle... Perhaps it's the bloated confidence granted by being a predator... but I can't agree with this.

“The only way I'll be satisfied is when the world knows you're mine. Last time we kept it hidden... and that didn't work out... This time we do things my way.”

She starts to complain, as expected... But I try something. I tense my core and try to suck in.

My gut loses all its slack, and Itsumi gasps as she's compressed once again. A small belch passes my lips as the gut forces her into a tight ball clinging to my midriff. Almost like lumpy fat on my belly... My hand runs against the hanging curve of my gut.

"Hah... Can you even speak like that?"

There's no response besides the tiniest of mumbles, so small they're effectively ineligibile through my abs.

"Who would've guessed this was a benefit from my club..."

MYybelly is still quite large, there's no hiding the fact a person is beneath my clothes... But my shirt buttons up around it, just barely. If Toudou somehow got the strength and energy, she could pop it open...

I rub my belly through my shirt and tell her,"If my shirt pops open in public... I will crush you... So be a good girl Itsumi. Remember, you're exactly where you want to be."

I expect some sort of noise as a response... but I think I'm underestimating how difficult being cramped like that is. In truth, it's a bit taxing on my muscles as well... I should get going.

I pick up my own stuff... And a few of Senpai's things. Some underwear... a few things I remembered of us... her picture. They're mine now. Trophies? Memories? I don't care to distinguish.

I step out, and begin to make my leave...

And run into Itsumi's sister in the doorway. Arare toudou. She had just come in and was taking her shoes off. Frankly, it was surprising to see her here... She was outrageously successful with her career having taken off. It was surprising she had time to visit her sister in the city...

“W-Wha... What are you doing here Itsumi? I thought sis lived alone... and... what... what’s that belly...”

We were close forever ago. Close enough to call each other by our first names... But that was long ago. I don’t have any special interest in bowing to an idol.

So instead, I walk up to her, and turn my head down to her. My belly touches hers. And I can see the nervousness in her. She likely knows exactly what’s happening. But I can’t help but spell it out.

“I ate your sister.”

I belch directly into her face, her sister’s scent coated in my gut’s smell wafts across her face.

“I’m going to digest her... Bye.”

I walk passed, as she stammers a response.

“W-Wait.. I was... no... that... ***I wanted to eat her!***”

I glance back to see a bottle in her hands... it looks familiar. Hadn’t Itsumi called it a love potion... she’d had it today...

I stop caring. And walk further away. She doesn’t pursue...

Itsumi is mine. She knows it.

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Itsumi does not digest quickly... And after getting over her hang-ups, she accepts her role as my prey. She opens up about her vorish desires... and how she had gotten off to this exact scenario in her bed quite a few times.

It tickled me to hear that. Without telling her... I snapped a few pictures of my belly and posted them to social media. I said exactly who was inside... and even held up something I'd taken from her as proof.

Several people commented with jealousy. I recognized some of the faces from Itsumi's escapades back in the day.

Notably, the Student Council President from back in the day just said, "Well, It was kind of inevitable."

I have to bite my lip not to chuckle. Thinking about it... Itsumi was kind of a snack.

It takes days to digest her. She joins me as I go through my life. Every moment of University, every time I'm working out in club, every cup of water, every lovely night together...

It may be the happiest time of my life. Having her so close, with no worries...

But... my belly softens every day. Eventually, I don't have to clench to contain her in my clothes. Eventually, people stop really noticing her.

And eventually... I wake up one morning. And she doesn't respond.

She's just food. Meat in my belly. Nutrients coursing through my veins.

I smile to myself... and accept this. It's what we both wanted.

My body had already been making great use of her. My breasts were growing. I had never been very large, so this was a bit of a surprise. At first, I liked the idea, but they had become a pain during club.

But... it means she's close to my heart. So it's worth it.

The rest of her must have been used as regular protein. I have been maintaining my exercise regime, even with an extra hundred pounds or so hanging off me.

One morning... a few days later... my gut grumbles... it's grown flat. Not even a potbelly left. Just a thin layer of fat atop my muscles. Any other useless calories had been burned. I'd feel worse for that if several thousand of her calories hadn't gone to my breasts.

But... it's time to say goodbye.

~~~~~Disposal Ending~~~~~

Truth be told, I'd shit out most of her by now. Digesting a person meant it came in waves. I'd actually teased her about the fact I was shitting the parts of her I'd already claimed. Even called her my little poop.

That had turned her on far more than expected. She'd asked me to cum on her remains...

So I did. Who was I to deny my old senpai's request?

But now... I felt no need to. This was what, the tenth day in a row I'd seen bits of her hair in the toilet? An acid-scorned bone prodding my asshole on the way out?

Truthfully, I was sick of it. And was happy this felt like the last one.

The last few feet of Toudou trickled from my pucker in lumps. The coils were long past, back when my guts were full of her. Now it was just leftovers.

But one piece gives me trouble. A large hunk of bone that refuses to break apart. Not my hands smooshing it, my core crunching it, or my asshole clenching it can do the job...

I grunt and gasp as this final piece is squeezed out. It slops onto the pile, I part my legs and see just what it was that gave me so much trouble.

It was Toudou's skull. Almost perfectly preserved, despite everything. I chuckle as the words immediately come to me.

"I suppose you were always a bit thick-headed..."

An insult... but I wasn't looking down mockingly... I always loved her stupidity... It was alluring to me.

I do clean myself up of Toudou's last clingy bits. Tossing the paper atop the skull. I give her a warm smile as I pull the flusher. Watching the last rotten bits of Toudou swirl away...

Or... not...

The skull doesn't fit down the drain. It does spin a bit comically... Is it a sign? Should I keep her skull? As a memory?

...

No, that's morbid. I find something to pick it up with and I toss it in the trash. I tie it up and prepare to take it to the dumpster.

If I want to remember her, I'll simply look at one of the things I took... Or think about my breasts. Not some skull.

But... my heart feels at peace. My first love has effectively concluded... In a way, I couldn't be any happier with this. I wonder if I'll finally be able to live life like she did...

I'd never forget her. I don't know if I'll eat anybody else. But... I don't regret having devoured Toudou. I love her. And she loved me...