

Gym Rats

by Ty and Tyst Krigare

I had never been satisfied with my own body. It took some courage, but I had finally decided to join a gym. Because of my work schedule, I usually went at nights, and since the gym was open almost 24/7, I usually had the place to myself in the evenings, free from the judgement of the other muscleheads that populated the place during the day. I have however seen a girl there once or twice. She was absolutely stunning in every sense of the word. She was beautiful, fit, and she seemed nice, but I never had the courage to say anything to her, so I kept to myself and tried to work out on my own. One night, I was trying to work on my biceps, so I started try to do some bench presses. Being the typical guy, the primal instincts to show off to a pretty lady were kicking in, so I unfortunately loaded the weights a little too much, and found myself struggling to get a single rep in.

The clanking of the bar falling back into place rang out jarringly over the soft pop music paying throughout the building, pulling the attention of the one other occupant. As the guy struggled with the excess plates, a lovely voice spoke up from out of his field of view. "Uh, hey guy; need some help?" Kat stood time his left last the bar rig, wiping a sheen of sweat off her head from the intense cardio regimen she'd been up to. Her dark chocolate hair was pulled back in a loose pony tail, fully unveiling her stunning tanned face and upper torso. Her shoulders and collarbone shined with the fruits of her labor, bound by a tight sports bra and tank top that lightly draped her lithe, firm body. Paired with some adidas short shorts and sneakers, she carried a preppy, powerful aura as she approached from above his eye line. Capping off her overall elegance in exertion was her surprisingly soft face, with a small pointed nose, cute lips eternally fixed into a smile, and lovely green eyes finding his own. "Need a Spotter?" Her voice had a low smokey quality, a tone one would most associate with ScarJo, announcing each vowel with an almost intimate purr, "Not that I presume you can't handle two twenty-five. I just... don't see you handling it, hehe."

"Aww crap, she noticed..." I muttered to myself, completely embarrassed now. Try as I might, I wasn't able to get the bar off of me, so any help I could get to not crush my own chest would be best. With a pathetic wheeze, I nodded as the girl came over. Now I would have been lying to myself if I had said I hadn't ever checked her out the few times I've seen her, but seeing the girl up close, her

flawless tan body glazed in a fine veil of sweat, her beautiful brunette hair tied back into a lovely ponytail, her firm and toned body a work of art, glowing with power and achievement, I was completely awestruck to the point of losing my breath, and it wasn't because of the immense weight of the bar crushing me due to my own hubris. When she lowered herself to my eye level, I nearly went braindead over the idea that this goddess of a woman was even acknowledging me, let alone smiling at me and offering to help. With one final meager push, failing to free myself, I let out a reserved sigh and nodded. "I... uh... I maybe put on a little too much... An extra five pounds really makes a difference, heheh... ow..." I replied through exhausted breaths. "A spotter would be great..."

"Heh, gotcha bud," she nodded with a light grin, standing back upright and grasping the bar at the center with her hands gripped alternately for added leverage. She breathed in, then exhaled as her arms and shoulders visibly tensed, sure enough raising the bar up with his added, though minimal, contribution before returning it to rest on its usual perch. She took a step back, wiping another bead of sweat from the bridge of her nose, "There ya go. Now, if you wanna take a little off, I have five minutes of cool down I can stick around and spot ya for?" The crisis averted, her stance was more casual, her knee popped out waiting for his response. He'd already gone through the five stages of seeing her and coming to grips with her proximity, an effect that equally embarrassed and tickled her. Still, she hoped that he'd actually speak up and not just gawk, "Uh, you good? Or what?"

With the girl's help, we were able to get the bar off of me and back onto its perch with a loud metallic clang. It was stupid of me to put so much on, and I had learned my lesson through soreness and shame. I was lucky this girl was here, and that she was nice enough to help me when I needed it most. Rubbing my arms, I looked to her and to the weights, then to her again with a strained smile. "Uh, yeah, sure, I'm willing to try again..." I said foolishly, doing my best not to straight up gawk at the attractive woman. Averting my eyes as best I could, I took more than just the five pounds off, hoping she wouldn't notice, and sat back down. "So uh, what's the name of the heroine that saved me from crushing myself?" I asked with a weak laugh.

"Hehe, wouldn't call myself a hard drug, but I appreciate the compliment." She chuckled, extending a strong but pretty gloved hand to the guy, "Katarina. You

can call me Kat.”

I gave her another chuckle and shook Kat's hand, my grip firm. "Clever." I jested. "I'm Adam." I introduced, getting into position.

“Ooo! Biblical, I can dig,” she grinned, shaking his far too smooth, soft hands. ‘Oh man,’ she thought, ‘does that make this his wanking hand? Aww, that’s... grossly cute.’ “Whenever you’re ready, guy,” she patted the bar, moving back around to get in position and taking a firm stance just beyond the head of the bench, holding her arms at the ready for when he decided to go. “You goin for max or set reps?”

I snorted, unprepared for how she talked, but I brushed it off and got ready to lift, placing my hands on the bar. "i'm uh, not sure. I'm still pretty new to this. I usually just go until I can't anymore, take a break, then try again; repeat 'til sore."

“What?” She exclaimed, an amused smirk forming on her pretty lips, “You’re not kiddin? That’s wild man. No program? Do you know even what muscle group you’re workin’ here?” Her green eyes were skewed in a confused but friendly glimmer at the newcomer, casually intrigued to learn how green he was.

I looked up at her from the bunch and frowned with her, realizing how stupid it was to not know the proper workout routine. "I uh, my arms, right? Biceps? Damn I sound like an idiot don't I?" I felt bad with how uninitiated I was. Kat probably thought i was just some dumb idiot who didn't know the first thing about what they were doing. I silently started my reps, finding it a lot easier now that I wasn't trying to idiotically impress someone.

She looked on in amusement with her hands hovering just under the bar as he resumed, then grew more annoyed as he went. Not with him though. “Okay, no man. This isn’t an arm workout, and that’s showing in how shaky you are, here.” She reached her hand under the bar and past his head to his chest, “You’re supposed to work your pecs. The arms are a means to an end.” She had her fingers and thumb on separate pecs, using the positioning to demonstrate how

they closed in towards each other each time he went up. Pulling her hand back, she placed it on her own chest just above the collar of her top, "You wanna stretch them out a ton on the drop, then feel em squeeze together on the lift." She demonstrated with her own posture, flexing her chest and shoulders to mime her directions. "Also, don't exhale when you're lifting. Your breath doesn't help push. Breath in as you go up, you become harder to beat, then let it out when you drop back down. Rinse, wash, repeat, got it?"

With a sharp gasp of effort, I lowered the bar slowly and tried again. When Kat touched me though, I felt this surge of energy, again the desire to impress her. Instead though, I took things slowly and listened to what she had to say. Her body spoke volumes of her experience. Realistically, I could learn a lot from her. For this rep, I did as she instructed, breathing appropriately and repeating the process. "I think I got it... Thanks Kat... Sorry I'm so painfully new to this..."

"Hah! No prob, Bob. Form's everything when you're going high weight. You might think about going lower though, and trying for more reps inste-" she stopped mid lecture, recognition lighting up her pretty face. "Wait a minute... Adam? Adam Kelsey, from Mr. Cardiff's chem lab, junior year?"

I blink in realization and nearly drop the bar again. "Wait, Kat? That Kat?" I questioned. "That's you? Holy shit I don't even recognize you!"

"Hehe, yeah," she stretched her arm behind her and scratched the back of her neck, "I've been, well, working out! But I should've recognized you! Feel like a dummy, the chin was a dead giveaway." She smirked, pinching the chin in question playfully before bringing her hands across her chest, "So what are you up to man? You go to Uni?"

"Working out is an understatement. I barely recognized you. You look..." This time I was visibly checking you out, not to be rude and gawk pervertedly, but moreso just taking in how different you looked compared to the unassuming girl I once knew in highschool. "I... uh, oh, me? Yeah, graphics design. What about you? Trying for the olympics?"

“Haha, as if. Naw, I’m working in bio mechanics. Experimental medicinal sciences, some crazy shit that gets boring the more you explain it,” she chuckled modestly, her fingers shifting over her strong biceps with her focus entirely on Adam. “Graphic Design though, that’s rad! Anything I might’ve seen?”

"Wow really? I would have gathered you were training to be a Greek goddess with all those muscles... Oh... uh... Sorry that was probably a little blunt. You look good is what I'm saying..." I apologized for being so blunt with my compliments. "Seen? Uh, not yet... Still in the early classes learning shit, nothing special yet."

“Oh, you’re still in school,” she nodded, listening attentively even though he wasn’t really saying much. Then an alarm went off on her smart watch. She huffed, pressing the master button on the side to hush the blaring noise. “Ugh, sorry. Cool down’s over, gotta get to it.” She extended a hand, offering another shake in departure, “Well, it was good seeing you Adam! Keep an eye on that form, and you’ll be make a Greek god yet, hehe.” She shook his hand, then gave him a friendly wave as she turned away towards her mat across the large room, her firm rear swaying over her strong thighs pleasantly in her shorts as she walked off out of his life.

I was a little thankful to be saved by the proverbial bell. I wasn't very good at small talk, but I did enjoy catching up with an old classmate. "I think you've set the bar for what I need to work towards." I commented, watching her walk away, more attentively than I would have liked to admit aloud. Waving at her back, I resumed my own workout, trying to keep her words in mind. But that wasn't the only thing on my mind... "Uh, hey... Umm... Kat..." I called across the gym, which was easy given there wasn't the abundant clanging and grunting of a full group of people working out. "Do you need someone to spot you? Help you with your workout? I mean... it's the least I can do... plus I wanna know everything you do to get a body like that... I could really learn from you."

Kat was in the middle of a rigorous cardio routine, laying on the ground and pumping her knees up to her face in successive bursts of speed. She was surprised to hear his voice pipe up again after not so long, grunting that she was being interrupted. With a sigh, she sat up and paused her timer, looking up to the

guy, "Uh, don't so much need a spotter today. Mostly doin cardio." Kat was to the point, mildly irritated to being halted again. Still, she saw his hopefulness and saw no harm throwing him a bone. Shrugging, she continued, "But you can try joining me if you want? I'm doing five sets of penguins, bicycles, scissor kicks, crunches, and lateral sit-ups. End on planks, then repeat" She rested her hands on her knees, nodding towards the exercise mats on the wall for him to get one if he so choose.

I noticed her displeasure having been bothered in the middle of her routine, which made me feel bad. "A-Ah, right... umm... sorry about... wait, really?" I went to apologize, but instead was surprised to be offered a place at her side, to join her today. Wanting to get to know her better, both for the workout routines and otherwise, I was more than eager to take a spot next to her after I hastily grabbed a mat from the wall. "I'm gonna level with you and say I only understood about half of what you said, but I'm more than willing to give it my all today if you're willing to coach me. I hope I'm not burdening you Kat, it's just I could really use the help and the encouragement."

"Uh huh, not to mention the eye candy?" She raised a brow, teasing him for how easily flustered he was. If she pegged him right, he'd be just as easily flustered and unintelligible as most guys she called out like that, though he was doing well so far. "Ah, I'm only kiddin. It's cool havin some company, especially with this place so empty, never used to a quiet gym." The following minutes were comprised of Kat taking a step back in her intensity to guide Adam through her exercise. It was mostly ab focused, and ended with a one minute plank that he just couldn't get the hang of, even with proper form. She saw him as a bit of a clutz, but an earnest clutz. They were going into her third set, his second, when she came up from a crunch and suddenly keeled back. Resting on the mat with a grimace on her face, she winced with her hands resting across her abdomen, "Ah fuck... I shouldn't be doing these today."

I froze when she mentioned the whole eye candy thing. I didn't realize I was being so obvious with it. My face instantly flashed a shade of red, which wasn't going to go away whether she was teasing or not. "Y-Yeah... I'm not sure what makes me more self conscious, a full gym or an empty one..." What was only a few minutes felt like hours as I tried to follow Kat in her routine. Some things I got down easier than others, but the last bit was nearly impossible for me. It could

have been me just not stretching properly or just being too tired to press on, but I didn't want to back out now. However, my core was on fire, and I thought I was going to be sick. But I kept looking at Kat's stomach to be reminded what I was working towards. How she got that rocking six pack was beyond me, but I wasn't about to give up. Eventually she caved and fell to the mat, her hands on her abs, holding them in distress. Was she finally exhausted too? "Why's that? Did you overdo it?"

"No!... Maybe, I'm not tired or anything," she sat back up, and under the loud but not overbearing pop music playing over the speakers, the sounds of angry growling were coming from her gut, "I just... I had to work late, and I missed my workout yesterday, so I skipped dinner." She brought her gloved hand up and face palmed, annoyed that just a small irritation was enough to through off her groove, "Hold on, I'll be fine in a minute, just, um-" she reached over to her Nike bag nearby, pulling it over and rummaging through it. A few seconds passed until her eyes widened, her search becoming more frantic until she set the sack in her lap, a defeated look on her face. "Can't believe it, I forgot a snack too. Just... fuck." She bluntly stated, tossing her head back with a groan, "Uuuugh, I can't skip another day man, I still have another hour to get through."

Taking the opportunity to rest, I slouched back until I heard a very aggressive growl resound under the preppy gym music. My ears twitched, surprised such a groan could be so loud. "That was your stomach? Are you sure it wasn't a bear?" I teased, unable to look away from her toned core as beads of sweat dotted her caramel skin. When she got up I frowned, but found something else to shamelessly gawk at as she bent over and rummaged through her gym bag. "Is a snack that important? Can't you just eat something when you get home? We can call it an early night, right?"

"Noooo," her voice had become somewhat bratty, though it was likely for comedic effect more than her actual personality, "Gotta keep blood sugar up, and I don't wanna waste a trip." She grimaced, considering what he was saying to her. Then she looked around, they truly were alone in this place, not even a worker on hand to keep an eye on them. Kat sighed. It was an option, but she'd have to be quick about it. Turning to Adam, she walked back to him and crouched down, her spread legs and the proximity of her chest and face likely an overwhelming view to him. Just what she wanted before asking, "Hey, would you

mind helping me out? I think if I just had a quick bite, I could finish up here and head home." Her viridian eyes glimmered in the fluorescent lighting, pouring into him with apologetic earnestness.

I let an amused snort out by accident, but made sure to hide my smile over her overreaction. It was mildly entertaining seeing her flip over something so trivial. But when she stormed back over to me, determination and want plastered on her fatigued face, any semblance of a smile vanished. Joy was swiftly replaced by flustered intimidation when she squatted down next to me, not shy at all with how she spread her toned legs and let her feminine figure and proud chest loom over me. What was she doing? "Wha-What? A bite? I, sure but I don't have anything on me. Did you want me to make a run to McD or something for you?" I asked meekly, hypnotized by her beautiful eyes that peered through me like I was made of glass.

Kat sighed with a smile, "Thank you! Means a lot to me, guy," she brought a hand to the back of his neck, patting it fondly. What he hadn't noticed was that there had been a small patch in her hand which had now adhered to the back of his neck. In just a second, a small pinch nipped into his skin from the patch as it settled in and Kat lifted her hand away. She smiled at him, waiting patiently for the next step.

Smiling at her, I chuckled over how relieved she seemed, though she never really answered me as to how I was supposed to help her. She then gave me a thankful but forceful pat on my neck, which I thought nothing of until I felt a sharp, brief pinch, which made me jump and slap my neck, thinking it was a mosquito or something. Instead I felt a patch, and a funny tingling sensation soon followed. I looked to Kat, my eyes narrow with confusion. "Kat? What is this?" I asked as a wave of lightheadedness and dizziness overcame me. While Kat was a big, built girl, she looked... a lot bigger than she did a few seconds ago... "What's..."

It started, he was already reducing into his clothes before her eyes, "Oh, just a Biogenetic augmentation catalyst. When introduced to a host, it condenses the space of the electron field within atoms utilized by cells that share the subjects DNA." She smiled cheerfully, undermining the surreal horror he must've been

experiencing. "That's the technical description, but I'm sure you'll deduce the laymen's term in no time!"

"Bio-wha?" I slurred drunkenly, unable to fathom what was transpiring in my chemically induced buzz. Kat seemed to just... grow... and grow... and... Actually maybe I was somehow shrinking? The world seemed so much bigger than I remembered, and when I went to question Kat again, a layer of what looked like my own clothing buried me in darkness. "Wha da phuck if haffening!?"

Katarina chuckled, letting him fall into his clothing completely and giving it a minute before checking on his progress. She grabbed his shirt and delicately pulled it up and away from the shorts and underwear underneath. She felt a small weight tumble down the back of the shirt, making sure to remove it slowly so the fall wouldn't be harmful. Finally, the shirt was pulled away, and she quickly turned to stuff it in her bag before even looking at her work. There in the pile of his old, stinking garb was a tiny, two inch tall boy. He was huddling in fear, which she always found adorable. "Would you mind getting out of there? I need to pick the rest of your clothes up." she stated casually, like she was asking a simple favor while reaching past him for his socks and shoes to stuff in her bag too.

I was still a bit dazed when the neon lights of the gym hit me. I felt naked and vulnerable, confused and scared. Seeing Kat across the room in her bag again with what looked like my shirt, I tried to scramble out of what was apparently my own clothing, now huge, and call to her for help. However, her smile and coyness showed me this was her doing. I tumbled out of the mound of my clothes and screamed at the top of my lungs. "What the fuck is going on? What'd you do to me!?"

"Process of elimination, guy. Now are ya gonna move, or be weird about this?" His belongings were now stuffed into her Nike bag, phone turned off to be bricked later tonight. Now her attention was solely on the small guy hiding amongst his own groin sweat, "Ugh, fine. Guess I'm the better one at lifting anyway," she chuckled at her comment, and with an indifferent smile reached her strong hand down towards Adam, snatching him up between her thumb and forefingers. Small people always had a weird squishiness to them. As people, they generally have a sense of sturdiness and presence provided by their mass

and hard bones. At such small fractions of their original size, their pliability was far more notable. Kat could squish him like a grape despite the skeleton and meager yet reliable muscle mass that once shaped and gave him security. Now it was insignificant, like him, a point she made with a funny squeeze into his gut and back. "Hehe, I never get over how funny y'all are like this. Can you say something? Anything, just make it funny," she lifted him up to her entertained green eyes, now emerald pools amongst the smooth contours of her beautiful face.

"What the fuck are you doing with my stuff? How... Why am I... Why did y-hey!" Before I could scurry away like a frightened insect, I found myself pinched between Kat's fingers like a mere piece of popcorn she picked up of the floor. I started to flail, but the further I got from the floor, the less a good idea it was to struggle from this high up. Instead, I scowled at what I thought was my friend, right before she gave me a playful squeeze that forced all the air from my lungs. With a gag and cough, I glared at the giant woman. "Funny? This is fucking funny to you?" I slurred, admittedly captivated by her huge green eyes.

"Well, yeah? You're cute like this," she commented, swaying him to and fro lightly just to mess with him without moving him from her face, "Heh, and I don't mean to be rude, but I hope you're more of a grower, not shower." she quipped, watching his small penis flop around with her swinging. "Anyway, thanks for helpin' me out, but I need to get back to the grind. Nice seeing you again!~" She spoke bluntly up until her last preppy statement, which to her was as good a goodbye as she had the patience to give before her plush, soft lips smacked open in front of him.

Flinching being called cute, I was unsure how to really feel about her comment, but I didn't think we were on the same wavelength regarding the word "cute" in this situation. "Look, I don't know what's going on, but cute or not, I need you t-what? Hey Kat... Kat! What are yo- Kat!" It wasn't hard to put two and two together, but she couldn't have been serious, could she?

With little care, she flicked her wrist and tossed the boy into her mouth, her pretty lips sealing shut around his ankles as she got her first taste of him. While she

hiked his body into the back of her teeth and hard palette, she reached down and bundled up his pants and briefs, stashing them with the rest. She stood up, picking up the mat he'd used and returning it to the wall he'd got it from, while raising her arms to slide it into the rungs that held them all, she pursed her lips and sucked in his kicking feet, launching him fully into her mouth where she began working him around. The occasional smack of her lips and popping tongue sounds were the only noise that betrayed Adam's existence to the unaware world outside her cheeks. Everything set in place, she strode to her mat and sat down again, continuing to ween all the flavor she could from her mid workout snack.

"Kat! Kaaat! Ka-mmmff!" I tried to beg, but was quickly silenced by a pair of soft luxurious lips, like two pillows that smelled of lip balm and spit, smothering me completely. Everything was happening so fast. I was so confused, I was unsure if this was even real or a dream. I went from reuniting with an old classmate, to being somehow magically shrunken down and tossed into her maw with about as much care as one would give a cheerio. There was only darkness inside Kat's mouth, nothing but soft flesh and hard teeth, a bumpy, flexible tongue, and a pair of cushiony lips forcing me to endure it all. When I was flicked further inside, with the faintest glimpses of what light reached the inner prison of Kat's mouth, I saw a throat, a hungry one at that, more than big enough and eager to claim me. This wasn't really happening, was it? How could it? This isn't real... And yet... the saliva that clung to me skin, the humid, horrid breaths that wafted over my every pore, the scent of her empty stomach looming over the edge of her gullet, it all felt very real to me... Suddenly things got tight. Kat had begun suckling on me like sour candy, only to slurp up and fully encase me in her maw. Never had I felt so insignificant in my life. I was being tossed around her mouth with such pathetic ease, and Kat couldn't have cared less. I felt her draw the very salt from my sweaty, flustered flesh, felt the futility in my struggles as she worked me over, weakening me in some twisted world of both fear and pleasure. This was actually happening. This needed to end before I was... "Mmmff...Mmm... K-Kat! Stop! Please! Let me out!" I cried from inside the pearly white prison of her jaws.

"Mmmff, don' shtalk," she slurred around him, sitting with her feet pressed sole to sole and bent inward towards her groin, a butterfly stretch to get back into her groove while suckling the small guy. With nothing to secure him, she had total control to swish him over her tastebuds and get his full flavor. Still, he was nice. A bit awkward, but nice, so while she kept him swimming in slobber, she tried

giving special attention to his crotch. Least she could, if only until she was done with her warmup stretches.

"Wha- Don't tell me what to do! What the fuck do you think this is? I'm not your little fucking chewto-mmmff!" In the middle of my gripes, she had swung her tongue around me and grinded me into every tastebud, pressing me against her tongue and palate, as if to literally squeeze the flavor out of me. I was smothered in her tongue. No matter how soft it was, I still couldn't squirm my way to freedom, left at her voracious mercy. If it wasn't her tongue I was being suffocated by, it was the copious amounts of saliva that was pooling more and more by the second. It was like quicksand, the more I struggled, the more she would salivate, intentional or not. I was so scared and daunted, fighting for my life while being taste-tested. But then, little gropes and prods would slip between my legs, causing my fears to be replaced by fleeting waves of hot pleasure that shot up my spine every time her tongue graced my confused sex. "Guh! Uh... huh... mmmff... K-Kat, what are you... why are you... p-please I-I..." She was making it hard for me to plead for my life. I couldn't fathom that I was experiencing any form of pleasure during this whole horrifying experience, and yet here she was, playing with me in her mouth, not maliciously, just... passively... I didn't know what to think anymore. Any time I went to fight her off, she would pleasure me with that talented muscle she had me pinned against. I wanted to fight her. I wanted answers, freedom... but it just felt... so... good...

While this minute event transpired, Kat was just stretching, wearing a blank face as she bent forward to touch the ground past her toes. Just like in her yoga classes, she slowly raised her torso back up, elongating her spine one vertebrae at a time, her intense focus taking all her attention from the inconsequential mouthful. Rising up, her arms joined her torso until they were stretched over her, pushing high into the air until a small pop came from her back. She sighed, her lips open for a brief second as her arms came down to her lap, absentmindedly gathering a spit in her mouth and swallowing the boy with a thick gulp.

"Ahh~ Okay. Back to it," Almost immediately, she was on her back, jumping write into her bicycle routine, her legs kicking in the air in vertical circles trying to match her normal pace while the lump in her chest was already long forgotten.

It was hard for me to decipher what exactly Kat was doing outside of the

sanctum that was her mouth, but she was leaning forwards and back, very fluid with her movements, leading me to believe she was stretching like she didn't have a tiny me in her mouth that she planned on eating. But then there was a loud internal pop that I could even feel, followed by a sigh that wafted a hot breath up out of her throat as the light of day shined inside. Seeing freedom, I began to slowly scramble towards her parted lips, only to be washed around with a thick wad of pent up salivation that sent me back towards her throat. With nothing but spitty bubbles and a wet tongue obscuring my view, the light of the gym instantly vanished the moment I dipped down Kat's gullet, swallowed unceremoniously with a wet gulp.

With the folds of her esophagus pressing down on me, and all the saliva I was currently drowning in, I had no means of stopping me decent down her throat. Hell, I couldn't even tell what was even up or down. All that there was to experience now was the crushing autonomous flexing of Kat's neck forcing me down towards her waiting stomach... With what fragment of air I had, I squeaked a plea of mercy from the girl that had swallowed me, which was clearly unheard, be that unintentional, or sheer indifference. All I had now was slick saliva and blackness... While the true journey was but a few seconds, it felt like a slow, rhythmic eternity sliding down Kat's throat... Her heart was pounding like a tribal drum, the pulses throbbing through her very flesh and bone, thumping at my eardrums and shaking me to my very core. Her breathing hastened almost instantly, muffled rushes of air passing in and out of her ample chest, deafening with their intensity.

In some weird way, salvation lied inside Kat's stomach, where I was quickly deposited into with a repulsive splat. Strands of spit clung to me like glue as digestive bile sloshed around me. I... I was eaten... alive... "K-Kat!"

A minute passed, and she was done with her bicycles, about ready to move on to her scissor kicks and proceed. Then she had an idea, something she often did when indulging in this taboo habit of hers. Reaching into an outside pocket on her bag, she pulled out a pair of air pods and her phone. Opening the airpod app, she assigned them to send and receive audio between each other instead of acting as a stereo pair, then brought the right pod to her mouth. Slipping it over tongue was weird, a much less giving mass than Adam was, but she gave it little time to swish around before it was satisfyingly wetted and swallowed down. Content with her odd little motive, she lay back down, jostling the singular content of her gut in the process that would soon have high tech, liquid proof

company. The shift caused a bubble in her tummy, which ran up her throat around the pod as it ascended and came out as a small "Urp!". To anyone that was watching, it was a wholly strange, casually horrifying series of events. But no one was. They were alone. Katarina was alone, and she simply continued her workout, on her back crossing her stiff, flexing legs back and forth in the air just off the ground..

"Kat! Kaaaat! Kat!" I continued to call, but was ignored every time. I couldn't tell if she could even hear me or not, but the more active she got on the outside, her stomach reflected it. With her racing heartbeat throbbing throughout her very core, pulsing through the folds of rigid flesh lining her stomach, it secreted more and more of a thick, viscous bile that felt hot to the touch, even stung a little, like sticking my hand in fizzing soda. A momentary stillness gave me some reprieve and time to reorient myself. I caught my breath, as warm and thick and repugnant as it was. The sound of what seemed like another swallow echoed from up above, just as she laid down, tossing me and a torrent of digestive fluids over with a big disgusting wave. Slamming facedown into her stomach lining, I rose and retched from the stench and disgust. This situation felt so disconnected from reality, and yet here I was, facedown in a girl's gut as she worked out. It still couldn't connect to me in its entirety... With a belch that made the walls of Kat's belly jiggle, something descended down here to join me in this digestive muck. Albeit hard to see, I could make out the shape of an ear pod, a headphone of sorts, dangling and dropping from the sphincter that had sealed me away in the first place. "What the, Kat? Did you... eat your headphones or something?"

She couldn't hear him, of course. The dense flesh and muscle that contained him muted all hope of his voice reaching beyond her flexing abdomen. She fell back, exhausted from another minute of cardio and taking her minute cool down before jumping into crunches. However, while she had a moment to breath, she felt her food had enough time to discover his gift.

Grabbing her phone and the other air pod, she stuck it in her ear and made a call before place her iPhone between her securely bound breasts. The ringing tone went on for several moments, and content that the signal was received, she activated the mod which allowed the initial ear bud to turn on.

"Okay. I'm betting you can probably here me, guy. But go ahead and speak into the mic so I can hear ya." Laying back in a comfortable recline, she had thirty

seconds left before it'd be time to start back up, waiting to see if the graphic designer was smart enough follow directions, albeit from a booming all consuming voice that literally shook his world.

It was odd feeling what she was doing from inside her own body. Her stomach was so tight inside, with just enough leg room to keep things from being as miserable as possible. Every time she flexed I could feel the muscles in her abdomen clench and release, crushing me and freeing me with an indifferent pattern. When she rested, I rested. When she started working out again, toning the core I was trapped inside of, I had my own workout: trying to survive.

Her clenching stomach muscles were relentless with the contents of her own belly, namely me. It felt like a fist was squeezing the life out of me, only to let go just long enough for me to gag and gasp over the acrid, acid filled air, only to crush me again and again. It was borderline torture, horrible yet merciful in some weird way. All she was doing was working out, paying next to no mind what I experienced in her own digestive system. I wanted to be mad, I really did, but right now I was too spent to even curse at her anymore. That was until I heard a phone ringing, and it wasn't from the outside. No, it was right here next to me, that earbud she swallowed for some unknown reason. Needless to say, I was startled when I heard her voice, hearing her talk to me after making me experience her workout in ways neither of us intended.

"What? You can hear me? Wha- why did you swallow... Nevermind, let me the hell out of here Kat! Why did you fucking eat me!? Do you know what it's like to be inside someone else's fucking stomach!? Not to mention while they're doing crunches??"

"No, I don't." she responded bluntly to the voice that had chimed in. It was always a little private joke to address someone inside her, but this wasn't for her amusement. Not entirely. "Though I'm eager to learn. Perhaps you'd be down to share some data with me? I need to write this off for work anyway. How would you describe your experience in there?"

"Wha- Data!? I'm not your science experiment! My experience is fucking disgusting and miserable, what the hell do you think goes on in your own stomach!? It's hot and humid and slimy and gross and it reeks! Every breath I

take feels like I'm huffing your morning breath and every time you get active so does your damn gut! You're fucking digesting me faster when you're doing your fucking routine! Get me the hell outta here! I'm not fucking food!" I continued to ramble and complain, and I wouldn't have been surprised if she had stopped listening the second I started, but I was so distraught and confused and filled with questions I knew wouldn't be answered, all while sitting in a pile of acidic muck inside someone's putrid stomach...

"Okay, I'm hearing that the environment is noxious, likely from the direct exposure to hydrochloric enzymes. Typical. And the rest is continuously influenced by my voluntary muscular contractions." She sighed, tensing her core as she lifted her feet into the air, crossing her feet and bending them above and close to her gut. "Interesting. The rest isn't a biggie, but some manners never hurt anybody, my dude." With that innocuous comment, she began to jolt up from her recline into her legs, starting her minute of crunches.

I looked up at the girl from inside her, making a daunted face she'd never see. I couldn't believe she was making me endure all this, and there wasn't the slightest hint of guilt or anything from her end. I told her how miserable it was in her own stomach, and all she seemed to care about was writing it all down for some stupid project or whatever. Then she curled up and tensed her core again, causing the folds of her belly to bend inwards and crush me again, grinding me against slick, slimy flesh and quivering muscle, the earbud bopping me on the head just to add a humiliating cherry on top of the pathetically weak cake that was my ridiculous situation. "Wha- manners? You fucking ate me! Against my own will! I didn't ask to slide down your fucking throat!" I screamed, pounding my fist against her belly with the intent on making her sick. All her stomach did though was let out a mocking gurgle, complete with a repulsive bubble of stomach acid popping near my face. Again with the crunches, again with the torture of gastric squeezing and contracting, strings of slime stretching and jiggling in my face every time the muscular surfaces met and pulled away, just making the environment more and more disgusting to the point where I thought I might be sick. Would serve the bitch right too if I did... "Gah! Please... Stop... the... crunche-mmmfff!" I commanded between every contraction.

"Hmmp, huff.... huff.... huff" she was working hard to finish the set, grunting and seething through the burn as the minute ticked agonizingly by. When her watch

went off to signal the time up, she fell back to floor, gathering her breath. Now she had a minute to prepare for the plank, rolling over onto her trim belly and chest and hyping her arms up to handle her weight.

"So, I didn't catch most of that. You'll be better off keeping the mic away from any fluids in there." Her tone was a matter of fact, distancing herself from the odd interaction to devalue the severity of her habits in action. When the minute passed, she hoisted herself up. Compared to the active nature of what she'd done, the stoic burn of the plank was a piece of cake, also giving her time to speak clearly. "But from what I did hear, I must- huff- disagree. I asked if you'd help me eat; you agreed. Maybe- huff- you'll think about thinking over what you're volunteering for next time you-- oh, hehe. Well, yeah." she laughed at the hole in her logic, her diaphragm hopping up and down with her soft, feminine chuckles, giving her a little trouble holding the plank.

Quieting herself, she focused on maintaining her form. When the minute was up, she collapsed down and lazily rolled over into a sitting position. "Anyway, if all you're gonna do is curse at me, I think I can settle with the data I have. Laterz!" She stuck her tongue out, pulling her phone from her breasts and ending the call.

She sighed and pulled over her canteen to take a drink of water during her five minute cool down. She still had another set to go with these workouts, followed by various weight training and a half hour of running left after. For late it was, she needed to work fast if she'd want to get home at a reasonable hour.

The harder Kat worked, the tighter things got inside her. It was already difficult to breathe given the noxious environment. Added with how active she was, squeezing me in her guts, making her digestion even more active, it was unbearable. I could only pray I would last until the end of her set. Just needed to... hold... on... A large thump that bounced me from wall of flesh to wall of flesh signaled the end of her current workout. As she laid down on her back on a padded mat, I laid down on my back in a swamp of various bodily fluids. My rest wasn't to last though, because the moment I got "comfortable", Kat had begun to roll over, tossing me onto my face yet again, and sandwiching me between the walls of her stomach. A chilling squelch and gurgle echoed around me as the contents settled in the tight folds. I had but the tiniest of air pockets to breathe with, otherwise she'd have suffocated me outright. There was nothing I could do. I was firmly clenched against the floor Kat was laying on, and the muscles she

had me nestled between. What she considered a soothing rest was but another test of my mettle trying to survive being eaten alive... This experience was getting more tiresome every second I managed to eek out. "Easier said... than done..." I squeaked, growling at the mic halfway submerged in stomach acids. 'Hey, digest your own mic, serves you right.'

I still couldn't believe how distant she was given what she was putting me through, not to mention the fact she willingly made an effort to communicate with me after she swallowed me alive, meaning she was still acknowledging me in some way, she just didn't care. It made me angry, but being pinned down like I was, I couldn't do anything but seethe. "That's not... fair. Who the fuck... would have thought being eaten... was an option?" I contested. Surely common sense would prove me the intellectual victor. Then again, look where I was. The tired chuckles didn't make me feel anymore like a winner.

I finally rolled back over, I fell over and gasped for more sickly air, anything I could get really. "W-Wait! No! Please don't leave me in here!" I begged sadly, hearing the dial tone as she hung up on me. Even after being swallowed, being tortured and teased in her stomach, hearing her callously hang up on me to leave me to my gastric fate was probably what broke me. I stared at the mic like it was my only lifeline, desperate to hear Kat's voice so I can apologize and bargain anything I could to keep from being truly digested. Instead, I was greeted with a rush of cold water traveling down her throat, splashing into her stomach with chilling fervor. While the cold was admittedly refreshing next to the steamy heat of her belly, the fact that it was water she swallowed and was now currently drowning me in kept me from enjoying the refreshment. "Kat... Please... I'm sorry... no more..."

Her daily regimen played out as it usually did. Finishing her ab workout, she moved on to work her arms and shoulders. This rotation was less demanding on her body and orientation than the floor workout, but she still had to focus her all on pushing her max weight and reps with each set. She was proud of the body she'd worked for; after years of being the shy girl relegated to the edge of everyone's social circles, every muscle was an achievement, every moment an opportunity, and for these reasons she pushed herself harder and harder on a daily basis.

After an hour of weights and then running on the treadmill, she was spent, catching her breath as the treadmill slowed down. It had passed midnight, and the TVs hanging on each wall had stopped playing the music. Looking around,

she found it a surreal experience to being the only sign of life. A tinge of loneliness hit her, regretting how late she'd wound up there tonight. Sighing, she picked up her things and headed toward the front of the building. Closing in on the door, she looked over to see the sign for the sauna. Kat bit her lip eyeing the entryway. It was pretty late; was it even open? Risking a brief moment of disappointment, she hustled over to the oak lined door to the steam room. Grabbing her membership card on her keychain, she held it to the automatic scanner, and the little mechanism within clicked with a green light. She smiled, opening the door and feeling the hot air.

She hung her bag and canteen on the shelf nearby, removing her shoes and socks which freed her sweaty toes to the cool air of the gym. Then a thought, she looked around, reassessing the absolute absence of people, and chose to take a risk. Quickly, she removed her small top, exposing her pert breasts and trim stomach before bending down to slide her shorts off. Her underwear would stay on, but the gift of enjoying a hot steam bath mostly nude was an extremely rare opportunity she'd make the most of. Perfectly happy with a light air of mischief, she entered the sauna.

The air was stifling inside, immediately aggravating the layer of sweat she'd built up through the night with renewed intensity. She paced through, getting her sensitive soles used to the heat of the floor before taking proper steps in. She found a seat on the bench that ran along the wall, sitting her mostly bare rear down on the oh so hot wood. She'd brought her phone with her to read while on her own, but was remiss to find anything of interest in her reddit feed. Bummed, she closed her phone screen, clasping her hands together and resting her elbows on her knees while propping her head on her hands, staring straight at the wall opposite.

She sighed, as relaxing as the sauna was, most of why she liked it here was being able to chat with her friends or the brave stranger that approached the pretty gym rat. Kat would've killed for someone to talk with. Then another idea chimed in her head. Her air pod was still in her left ear. Bringing up her phone, she went to make a call, the ringing sound in her ear breaking the steaming ambience of the room until something clicked on. "Uh... hi. You still there?"

I waded in the pool of gradually warming water inside Kat's stomach as she went about her workout, silently sobbing sadly to myself knowing I was going to die in such an absurd way. At least she was done with her core workouts as far as I

could tell. This at least gave me time to... relax in some strange way. Despite this, her digestion was still as strong as ever. At least the water she drank diluted the stomach acids, giving me some extra time to somehow figure out a way to save my stupid ass from becoming fat for her to burn off...

It was hard to tell time inside a stomach, and I was shocked I was still even alive after enduring what I assumed was an hour or two of intense training. I was stuck in this odd euphoric state, high off of thick, spicy gastric fumes radiating from the vat of diluted acids I was wallowing in. Was it the heat? Was it the aggressive gyrating? Why was I so out of it now? Was this what it was like to die? I must've been going crazy, because I was now considering a way to find a positive in this messed up situation I found myself in. I tried to justify my own digestion, debating on it somehow being a privilege to be swallowed by such a beautiful, fit, attractive woman, to give my life to her, even though I wasn't exactly willing. She tricked me into being eaten, but it didn't look like I could get out of her stomach, not in one piece anyways. This was what my life had amounted to... being food for another person, a woman I was suddenly crushing on at that. The world had a really messed up way of playing people like me... The gentle swaying of Kat's movement was lost on me at this point. I've become jaded to the sloshing and the squeezing, barely registering it anymore. I could at least tell she was winding down for the night. Maybe if she drank a little more, I'd be able to last until morning. But it was an inevitability it would seem. Water would only bide my time, because it only took one meal to bury me alive and seal my fate...

Then I heard her talk, I wasn't exactly sure if she was speaking with me or not. I picked my head up and looked at the ear piece still dangling overhead, dripping with juices just like I was. I figured she was just going to mock me more, but I took the bait and answered. "I'm here... somehow..." I responded glumly. "Don't know how. That water you drank must've slowed things down, as rigorous as its been in here. You at least saved me a body waxing I think... heheh..."

When she got a response, an uplifting relief came up in her chest, "Whew, glad you held in, bud." She listened to his short diatribe with a queer brow raised, feeling an odd whimsy hearing him speak so normally about his situation. "Look man, I get it might be weird, but let's just be chill, yeah?" She leaned back against the wall, which then issued a slurry of wet sounds hitting the mic on the other end. This got a chuckle out of her, always forgetting that it was her own body directly messing with everything inside. "Uh, I could drink some more water if ya like?"

"Be chill she says..." I laughed weakly, hanging my head as I stared at my own skin tingling and turning red from all the gastric burns. "Think I woulda had a more chill time outside your stomach, Kat..." Feeling her lean back, a gentle wave of water lapped at me, daintily rolling over my head, to which I barely reacted to. "Not sure how well that'll work. Sure it'll dilute the acids more, but I'm nearly drowning in here as it is. Plus I'm not sure what the point would be at this rate, seeing that you've eaten me and all. I'm kinda powerless to stop you, which, I mean, is kinda obvious..."

"Suit yourself guy," she said, crossing her arms under her breasts for some support as she leaned into the hot wall. All of her body was dripping with a layer of fresh sweat, her body gearing into overdrive to compensate for the aggressively humid environment. "Shit, don't know if you can tell in there, but this sauna is making me melt, mmmmm~" she moaned and exhaled, relishing the subtle pleasure of just letting go of the tension she'd built on from another rigorous gym night, "Heh, think about it. I'm sitting in a hundred and twenty something degree steam. Human body's about ninety-eight point six I think? Technically, I might be having a rougher time than you." She giggled to herself, an act that shook her abdomen and the passenger within. "Maybe think about others before you speak next time? Having some perspective goes a long way, hehe."

I let out an audible huff through the ear pod, which was followed by a mean gurgle roiling from the depths of her stomach. I could feel a warmth radiate through the walls, which relaxed her muscles and encouraged even more slime to secrete through the lining. Her stomach was gearing up to finish me off it would seem, and Kat was so adamant about it, I didn't know how to get her to cough me up... Was she really going to just let me stew in her shapely guts? "Trust me, the sauna I'm in is making me melt...literally..." I grumbled angrily, inching away from the encroaching bile as if I had somewhere I could go to actually avoid it. When she compared her situation to mine, it sent a surge of energy through me, hot and furious. I snarled and batted at the ear pod sitting near me as if it were her. "You're not the one that was eaten alive!" I hollered, only to be giggled around by a callous laugh. "You tricked me! You know you did! How could I have known you had the capability of fucking eating me? It's not like you were very straightforward about it either! Now let me out of here!"

"Elementary Dear Watson," she said in a mock voice, letting her inner nerd shine through, "what can only be summed up by the impossible must in of itself be inherently probable.... or something like that." she shrugged, unsure whether her quote was correct. It was a bullshit excuse anyway. "Okay, fine. I ate you without being empirically clear with my intentions. Happy? Do you feel better about your situation?" Somehow her food was getting on her nerves, but a quick breather calmed her building frustration. He was understandably upset, and she rested her hand on her belly, just below her rib cage and started rubbing. "If it helps at all, it wasn't personal." she commented quietly, her voice invariably still ringing throughout his world, "I mean, you didn't wrong me or do anything bad. Wrong place wrong time. Sooooo... sorry?"

There was little in ways of a response I could have had, her innocent mocking lost on me given how reasonably upset I was. At least she acknowledged her deception. "Not unless you get me out of here. But hey, at least you admitted you fucked me over with some stupidly vague phrasing. I tried to be nice to you..." I muttered spitefully. Peering up, I noticed the walls of her stomach next to me gently moving in a way that didn't seem natural. It then dawned on me that she was rubbing her stomach, how much was she enjoying this? "Personal or not, you not letting me out feels personal to me. You try sitting in some hot chick's stomach during her raging workout and see how you feel being slathered in stomach acids and water, thrown around in a snowglobe made of flesh and blood and slop!" I snarled, slamming my fists into the shrinking pool of water, sending a splash up into my own stupid face and causing me to flinch. "If you're sorry, cough me up."

"That's some colorful diction ya got there, guy," she smirked at his description. It's not that she enjoyed hurting people. Her motivation was far more complicated than that. "And you know, I feel the need to point out that you went out of your way through some vivid Lovecraftian word painting just to call me hot," she patted her belly softly, emphasizing the hypocrisy she'd brought to the fore front. "One: not very respectful of you. Two: awww, thanks. I work hard for what I got." She comically flipped her pony tail over her shoulder for flair, "and three: It's not something I can go into, but trust me. You could have it a lot, a lot worse than feeding the 'hot chick'."

Again I grumbled, gritting my teeth and shaking with fury. But when she brought what I said to attention, the accidental compliment I gave her, I snapped out of my fury, and instead fell back on a wave of embarrassment. "Wha- n-no I... I didn't mean... It's not that you aren't but... I didn't... f-fuck me..." I groaned. "What the fuck could be worse than being eaten alive?"

"Well, slowly disintegrated by microbotics gone rogue," she looked overhead, envisioning the list in her head, "Being immediately disintegrated by a malfunctioning particle beam, getting pummeled to death by the android you dedicated your life to perfecting as soon as it's AI hits the singularity." Kat then looked down, directly at her stomach, "Working a dead end job while forces outside of your knowledge and influence likely wind up bringing an end to your world and everyone else on it in a matter of moments as the resolution of some sweet, sweet hubris?" She'd trailed off by this point, a beat of silence lingering on the line until she roused herself to attention, "You know, just some stuff off the top of my head. And sure, maybe those things wouldn't happen, buuut-" she brought her hands up to her tits and started massaging them, cooing into her mic to get the visual to him, "little Adam Kelsey gets to spend his end with the 'hot chick' at the gym. And not only that... she gets to talk to him." Even Kat knew her logic was askew, though tried rounding it out with some form of sweet sentiment. She just wanted to move on from talks of letting him out, trying to lighten the conversation, "Do you have anything you'd like to say? Maybe you saw me in the back of the class all those years ago and never got the courage to speak up, even to the shy girl?"

I remained completely silent as she listed off any scenario she could muster to justify her digesting me, but she made it seem like at least some of those, as absurd as they were, were hitting a little closer to home than she intended. Honestly, I didn't know what to think. I knew she was just trying to make both of us feel better in some weird way, but still... A sudden warm bolt went through me as I heard the womanly coos through her body, coos that made me weak with ease. I didn't know exactly what she was doing outside, but it almost sounded like... no she couldn't have been... and listening to me? She made it sound more intimate than it should have been. "What are you... I mean... I... This isn't the right time or place to... I mean maybe I had a crush on you back in highschool, before you looked like you could kick my ass..." I rambled shyly, my brain on autopilot, inconceivable I was discussing this while the girl I had a crush on was

currently digesting me as she chilled in a sauna.

"How about now, when I can kick your ass?" the tone of his voice over the line had calmed down, and she returned her hands to cross under her chest. "Were you really so eager to come to me for workout tips with zero ulterior motives?" She smiled, his silence spoke volumes, though she found it fair not to tease him too badly, "Eh, I won't be mad if you did. It's flattering."

I refrained from saying anything for a hot minute, not wanting to talk myself into another corner. "Look, I came to you because I really did need help with my routine, or lack thereof. But I'd be lying if I said I didn't think you were hot and wanted to get to know you more. I wanted to get to know you more when I found out you were that same shy girl in chem class, because I always thought you were pretty but I never had the courage to say anything to you. So yes, your looks were a factor but not the only factor..." I surmised that being truthful was the best and only course of action at this point. Sure I could have lied and lied and lied, but since I was already in her stomach, there didn't seem to be much of a point in trying to lie about anything anymore. Whether I won her over or not, it didn't seem like she was going to let me out any time soon... or in one piece...

Her expression lifted, actually somewhat touched by what she heard, "Awww, that's kinda sweet~" She rubbed her belly lovingly again, hoping it came through as some comforting gesture. "Well, you got me now? What do you wanna know?"

The sensual movements of her hand on her stomach rocked her belly like a mother pushing a cradle, gentle swaths of caring praise somehow soothing me as the rippled flesh around kneaded at me. All I could do was huff. There was no way I was going to let her make this experience something to be tolerated... I... I couldn't... "I don't think I got you in the way I had planned..." I murmured, difficult to tell if I was making a joke or just being depressing again. "If anything, you've got me."

"Lucky me~" she purred, swinging her legs up onto the bench and moving to lay down along it. The heat had become tolerable, though she figured maybe just

another ten minutes would be enough for. Laying with one knee propped up while lounging on the hot bench, arching her back up to stretch before settling in, one hand cushioning her head and the other on her abdomen, "So what do you wanna talk about? You prob'ly have quite a few curiosities on your mind."

"Are you seriously trying to make small talk while you digest me? Really?" To say that I was baffled was an understatement. "How about we start with how and why you shrank and fucking ate me?"

She sighed, smacking her gut, "Watch your mouth when you talk to a lady, ya shit." It was a joke mostly, but she'd rather have a civil conversation. "As for the shrinking, I already told you. Introduced a catalyzing agent that reduced your mass on the atomic level. Genius stuff, but don't think we've nearly figured out all of its applications quite yet. Sure helps with storage at least." The second part of his question took some consideration, a small furrow in her brow formed as she contemplated, "As for why I ate you? Umm.... I don't know." She closed her eyes, the benefit of talking to someone you didn't have to look at, "Besides the practical reasons that I needed a quick bite to finish my workout, it's hard to say. I guess I just... like it?" Her hand was now absentmindedly rubbing in circles around her bare stomach, pondering his concern, "You're not the first, if that helps at all. Haven't thought about why...I guess it makes me feel big. Important, like even the simplest thing I can do has huge meaning, even just for a bit. Maybe it's just the sad little girl in me that always wanted attention." Her fit shoulders shrugged, only slightly phased by the unintended introspection. "Again, it wasn't anything personal."

A large thump jostled me violently in her belly, sloshing everything around and again drenching me in various nasty fluids. I was so used to it though all I could really bring myself to do was sigh. "Looks and brains... impressive..." I slurred quietly to myself. "You don't fucking know why you ate me? I'm literally burning alive and you can't even think of a good reason as to why!?" I paused and let her finish, not really satisfied with what she had to say. "I could have easily gotten you something somewhere else, but you preferred to just down me like candy? All because 'you like it'?" I was forced to watch from inside her own stomach the soothing movements from outside, a subtle gyrating, circular motion of calmness moving the flesh around in a hypnotic fashion. "You really needed to kill me in your guts to feel big and strong? You're built like a goddess as it is, isn't that

enough?"

"No." She said it bluntly, her calming tone replaced with a cold timbre, "And frankly, I don't have to explain myself to a snack that keeps talkin shit. I called you so we could have a nice chat, but if you're gonna be a jerk, I'll just hang up."

"N-No! Please... don't leave me..." I begged sadly, holding the pod in my hands desperately. "I'm sorry, just... understand my predicament here..."

Kat considered his plea, then exhaled a light chuckle, glad he got the idea, "Oh, I understand. However, from my experience, it doesn't need to be so bad." A small pressure went up to her mouth, causing a small burp. "Scuse me, heh. You know, the first time I did this, the guy wanted it." Her rhythmic tracing of the skin over her abs now held a nostalgic fondness, remembering the first time she'd done this, "It was actually his idea to use the air pods. And lemme tell ya, he had a great time."

The walls wiggled inwards as air was forced up and out of her stomach, leaving even less air for me to breathe as she burped up my limited oxygen. Hearing someone asked for this merely dumbfounded me to the point of calling bullshit, but I held my tongue. "Someone asked for this? And had fun? The fuck?"

"Mhmm, a coworker. Think he had the same taste in women as you, with a few... uh, complementary interests."

"Anyway," she yawned a bit, wiping more sweat dripping down her temple, "The way he described it was pretty weird when I first heard it, but kinda makes sense now. The sensuality of consumption. Returning to a state of life where the balance of success and death is an arbitrary consequence of entropic decay. He put so much effort into trying to convince me, but I knew it was all just jargon to excuse living out his kink."

Her watch buzzed, and looking over showed that her time was up. Kat slid her legs off and pivoted into a seat before standing, stretching her arms overhead before heading to the exit. "Fact is, I don't know why. But somehow, it just feels

right. Just makes me happy. And when you realize how little ethics matter, is that so bad?" The air outside the literal steam oven was refreshingly cool, washing her mostly bare body in a pleasant breeze. Closing her eyes, she took in a large breath which raised her chest up then back with a pleased exhale...

And then looked forward to see a blonde guy in shorts and a shirt with the gyms logo staring right at her, "Uh... hello?"

Kat's eyes widened, and she hastily grabbed her things from the cubby to cover herself, "Hi! Uh, thought this place was abandoned?"

The guy just shook his head, probably saving the image of her for later, "Uh, I'm just doing my round, I usually chill in the employee lounge around... now."

"Oh, cool!" She smiled, handling being caught naked in public surprisingly well. "So... maybe you could look the other way, I get dressed, and we forget this happy accident? Hehe" her smile was infectious, and downplaying the moment was exactly the move to put the good looking trainer at ease.

"Heh, whatever ya say, lady, but don't be surprised if you wind up with my number after we're squared up." He grinned back at her, turning away with his arms crossed like he was secret service. He was cute, and well built, she thought, running down his backside with her gaze. Had a good wit too; maybe she'd take him up on that number, she thought as she quickly reclothed herself. She walked up to the guy with her phone already out, presenting it to him with her notes app open. "Sorry I can't punch it in directly, I'm in a call right now."

"Complimentary interests?" I parroted. "Sensuality? There's a kiink for being eaten? This is so much to take in... I'd say you're lying to me if I thought you'd gain something from it... I just... I don't know, I don't understand the desire to be in..." I paused and looked down at the water lazily swirling away into Kat's intestines, the lukewarm safety net draining away. Once that water was gone, it was back to my regular digestion. "to be in this..." I finished glumly. "I don't even know if I have the time to comprehend this all before you..."

There was a period of silence as Kat finished up her time at the gym, assuming that's what was going on anyways. I could tell she at least left the sauna because her stomach didn't feel like the core of a volcano anymore, so at least there was that. The less heat in here, the better. Then she started talking again, though it

didn't seem like it was towards me... And it sounded like she was picking up a dude, to make things magically even more humiliating. Sure, I try and be nice and flirt innocently, and I get eaten. She runs into some random dude and gets his number. Fucking fair. "Hey, what gives?"

The guy smiled, handling her phone carefully and typing in his number, Instagram handle, and name, "Taylor by the way. In case you didn't feel like typing in Gym Hunk to your contacts."

"Uh huh, right. And here i was just gonna go with peeping tom," she smirked at him, implying the tease for what it was.

"Yo, I'm just on the clock. You're the one blessin' my graveyard shift." He chuckled back, crossing his arms and leaning against the wall to his left.

"Fair point, but we'll see how history remembers it," her laugh was pretty, and made the trainer feel completely at ease with her, he'd be fun to come back to. "I'm Katarina, but Kat works fine~" She extended her hand which he accepted earnestly, "Nice meeting you Taylor. Hope you can sneak in some shut eye while no one's here." She shook his hand fondly, her thumb rubbing into the back of his hand.

He responded as expected, a slight half smile blooming on his handsome face, "What do you think I've been up to this whole time?" He laughed. A few more lines between the two, and they parted ways, Kat walking outside into the cool streets to start the trek home. After walking a few yards, she tapped her bare belly, "Sorry bout that. What were you saying?"

I stewed in both stomach acids and my own frothing jealousy, sinking low in Kat's belly and blowing aggressive bubbles in what water remained in the gastric chamber. "Yeah, I get eaten and he gets laid, fucking cool..." I mutter, uncaring if I was heard or not. It was clear I wasn't enjoying the flirting going on outside. I didn't know if it was intentional or not to make me feel worse about my situation. Thankfully the conversation didn't last gruelingly long, and it was over quick, not that it made me any less pissed. "I'm saying he gets a number and I get eaten... fucking cool..." I huffed, sounding both mad and hurt.

"Aww, jealous lil guy?" She grinned, building toward her usual walking pace to cover her ground quickly. It was very late, and even with her physical prowess and more shrinking patches as self defense, she didn't want to deal with any weirdos trolling the sidewalks. "Don't be. Not sure if I'll even call him. Too busy most of the time." Her hips swayed side to side with each step, finding a solid rhythm where she could comfortably power walk without pushing herself too much.

"Yeah, a little fucking bit..." I grumbled, almost childishly so. Even though she said to not be jealous and she might even bother with him, I still bubbled angrily to myself. Rather, at least until she started her walk home. It was when she was at her full stride did she display the majesty of her gorgeous hips. With every step she swung her divine body to and fro, rocking me carelessly inside that toned core she worked so hard to display. "Just... at least... wait... until I'm... g-gone..." I asked innocently, trying to save myself some humility for my final moments as a glorified protein bar. "Look, I'll ask one last time, you won't let me out, will you? You're hellbent on digesting me? I'm not mad anymore... I'm too tired for that... I'm just asking for confirmation so I know when to accept my fate as... food."

"Wasn't planning to, no." She maintained her pace, indifferent to his lax plea, "I mean, how often do you throw up your food?"

"How often does your food talk back to you?" I countered.

"Quite a bit. Sometimes daily, you'd be surprised," she smiled prettily, "Benefit of being me is they're kind of all over the place."

"You eat people often? I'm not sure how I feel about that, not that it matters at this point... Just hard for me to accept I came out here to get stronger and instead I just became... and I'm gonna be... I'm gonna..." I trailed off, tired of repeating what will more than likely happen to me by the end of the night.

"You gettin sick of obsessing over it yet? Cause I am." In a coincidence of parallel thinking, she'd also had enough of him repeating his predicament over and over. "How bout we talk about something else. What do you do in your free

time?"

'Not be eaten by pretty girls.'

"Ugh... I game... I read... I write... I had a lot of different hobbies... And what about you Ms Maneater?" I asked, not so maliciously as it was just a minor jest, unsure if that was conveyed well in my tone.

"Wow, clever. You write splash text for old b movies?" her laugh shook her diaphragm again, likely tossing him around a bit. "I don't get much free time. I really only ever work, work out, then... sleep. Comes with the job. The gym kind of is my free time." Saying it out loud, it made her kind of sad. She was still proud of her ethic, but putting it all in perspective made her life seem rather empty. "You do write though; what kind of stuff?"

I was having second thoughts of making her laugh when every time she did it I went for a bouncy ride in her guts, but at least she didn't seem mad at me. "All work and no play..." I mused. "Not that you're dull, anything but... Not many girls can say they eat people and maintain such a rocking figure... And not many guys can say they got swallowed by a pretty girl for their evening. Well, at least not literally, heh... As for me, I dunno... just stupid stuff, short stories and what not... I am... was... the creative type..."

"Hey! Don't sell yourself short, guy. I bet you have plenty of good stuff. I'll try looking you up, read a bit." In her mind, she wasn't being entirely genuine. If she found time, and she still remembered, maybe she'd give his material a whirl, though his in confidence likely betrayed the material as unimpressive.

Still, she felt that he deserved a bit of an ego boost. Might make him feel better in his situation. "Ya know, part of me's convinced you guys actually help me keep in shape," she remarked like it was an upside for him to consider. "And if you're actually upset at being belly fat, don't be. Your nutritional value covers plenty of needs, so you'll be much more than chub." Eventually, she rounded a corner and reached her apartment building. It was one of the nicer condominiums in the downtown area, pulling out her key card to unlock the main doors and heading for the elevator. The jolt of the lift shook her body, making her feel the soreness

in her limbs acutely. "Oof, may have gone too hard tonight."

"Y'know, in terms of seeing the bright side, that wasn't what I had in mind, but cool I guess..." I sighed, again watching the water in her stomach fall away like a decaying tide. A few more minutes and it was digestion time again. The mechanical sounds of what I figured was an elevator made her body bounce, and me along with it. And with that bounce drained the last of the water, meaning there was nothing to make her stomach acids any less aggressive. I had maybe an hour at best before...

"Yeah, you did. Take it from someone who experienced every second of your workout from inside you... Hell, you gave me a workout in here even. You don't need to go that hard on yourself... You look fine, perfect. I get you need to keep it up, but overdoing it is just as bad as not doing it at all. Chill once in a while Kat..."

"Thanks guy," her response was dull, like this was the millionth time she'd heard this 'advice' from someone, "but I'm not in the market for pep talks. I do my thing, and that's that." Kat had exited the elevator, walking out directly into her private apartment which took up the whole of the seventh floor. Whatever her job was, it paid well, a fact reflected in the minimalist niceties and decor that filled her abode. Her first instinct was to grab something else to settle her hunger then take a shower, nabbing a banana from her large kitchen on the way to the bathroom. "Gotta discipline yourself to get anywhere in this life. Don't care who you are. The moment you let up, you already lose," she peeled the fruit and took her first bite, wrapping her plush lips around the banana until her teeth bit through, reducing the soft snack into a mush. "Uh, no offensh tho-" glurk "- in case, uh, that applies... to you."

Shrugging, I slumped down the nearest wall of her stomach and sighed. "Fair enough..." When she started talking again, it sounded like she had something in her mouth. "Hey... Hey! You're not eating something, are you? What gives!? I thought you ate me to make sure you weren't hungry? You could've just eaten later!? What! I'm I not enough for you!?" I almost felt insulted more than anything else. Was I not a satisfying meal or something? That would have been even more insulting than being eaten in the first place, which was weird to me but I didn't give it much more thought than that.

She took her next bite, then realized a heads up might in order with her first bite already on its way down, "Oh yeah, in-shcoming."

"Wha-hey!" I complained as big yellowish glob splattered on top of my head, burying me and the ear pod in mush that reeked of banana. "Pppffftt bleh bleh..." I spat whatever prechewed muck worked its way into my mouth, frowning at the gross concept. Then again, this whole experience was gross, and one would have thought I would be jaded completely at this point. "Really? Now you're going to bury me alive with more food?"

"Wha'?" she couldn't understand him through the garbled mess her bite must've made around the pod. Swallowing again, she spoke clearly with her mouth free, "Yo, clear off the mic, I didn't catch any of that."

Angrily I dragged the chewed up banana off her ear pod, throwing it everywhere, making it splatter on the walls of her stomach with gag-worthy wet slaps. "I said are you really eating when you ate me to keep you from being hungry? Why did you eat me if you were just gonna eat when you got home? Am I not a satisfying meal for you?" I couldn't believe I even cared about such a thing, being a satisfying meal for someone. The hell was wrong with me? "Ugh, I think these gastric fumes are messing with my head..." I added under my breath.

"I'm still allowed to be hungry, you were barely a bite after all," she commented before turning on the shower. Kat bit off another chunk and mulled it over while she stripped out of her clothes fully, liberating the sweat caked, sun kissed body she was so proud of. "I ate you to settle my tummy so I wouldn't get thrown off my game. You were never enough on your own." She finished her banana in another few bites, sending the fresh mush down to rest with him. "You know, you might be more fit than you thought. Never had a guy last this long. You think it's cause I was runnin' on empty? Hmm... I'll have to write that down later." She pondered more to herself than Adam, stepping into the shower. The cold water was a stark contrast to the sauna, but she relished the freezing downpour as it washed away the grime and salt that covered her skin, running her fingers through her unleashed dark hair.

"Wow alright then..." Again I sounded far more upset about not being an actual meal more than anything, which bothered me. Why the hell did I even care? Another blob of yellow landed on me, caking me in the scent of her mouth and a nauseating air of banana. I liked bananas, but I didn't like swimming in them... "Bleh bleh pffffttt... goddammit... so nasty... Wha? Uh... I dunno, maybe, I never expected to last this long in your stomach either... I wanna chalk it up to the water you drank, but you're apparently the chemist so you would know more than me I imagine... Right now I'm just trying to survive, much to your displeasure I'm sure..." I heard the sounds of a shower starting up, followed by a feminine shiver that jiggled me around in the slop of banana that gyrated like gelatin. From in here, the shower sounded like rain, the harsh pitter-patter rolling off a hard surface, except it wasn't the roof of my place, the hard surface was her abs...

"Heh, you think so?" she laughed, grabbing a bar of soap and beginning to lather her shoulders and chest, "I'm glad you're still here. It's always a treat having company over." Running the suds down the length of her arm, she moved on to her belly, inadvertently pushing in on her firm stomach while cleaning herself, then bending over to cover her legs.

"I can't tell if you're joking or not... I'd be surprised if you're happy your company is stewing in our gut, but I'm glad I'm not in the same state as this banana at least..." What I wouldn't have given to see her now, in the shower, instead of seeing her from the inside. Oh well... A deep gurgle rose from the pile of fruit churning around me, her digestion picking up again. The walls of her belly secreted more fluids, oozing down the surface in a clear syrup. It drizzled all over the banana, and then me, hot to the touch and causing me to hiss and squirm. It didn't help that she was washing her abs now, because she kept pressing on them, squeezing those rock hard muscles against me and pinning me to the wall again. With the stomach acids in full force, having been compressed against several surfaces making the stuff, it made it super hot, tingly, and uncomfortable. I let out a weak squeak in an effort to convey my discomfort, but Kat had finished her belly before I could even complain. That was until she bent over, turning the contents of her stomach, myself included, over in a ninety degree angle. "Woahwoahwoa-n-n-nooo-mmmfff!" I cried as a wad of banana rolled over me, burying me in mush and acidic juices.

Her shower was the same as any other, spreading her body wash around her limbs, torso, chest, womanhood, and armpits, then spending a minute just letting it wash away with little input on her part. She left the bathroom refreshed, and happy she'd taken the time to freshen up before bed. "So, weird question, but what are you gonna do tomorrow?" Weird indeed, she was really thinking about her own coming work day while slipping on a loose, violet set of silky pajamas. Satisfied, she moved on to her large, california king bed and slipped under the thick sheets. "Sorry, that's wrong. I mean, what 'would' you have done tomorrow?" Pulling up her phone, she used an app to turn off the smart lights in her apartment, then rested it on the charging dock. The mattress was stiff, exactly what she considered an ideal bed, and she snuggled in while waiting for his answer.

I dug myself out of the gooey banana-scented muck and gasped for air, only for that air to singe my sinuses with putrid acids. Retching and gagging, I barely gave much thought into the cruelty of her question and just answered it without thinking. "I-I dunno, I... ppfftt bleh... Uh... I have... had... classes tomorrow... so much for that huh? Don't think I can bring in a doctor's note, huh? Heheh... heh..."

"Likely not. You want me to shoot an email? I could make up something cool so word gets around you went on the lamb and decided to see the world. That'd be fun." Kat giggled again, a light laugh which widened into a yawn. She was absolutely beat from work and the gym. If she was lucky, she'd pass out and still get five hours of sleep before leaving for her job. "If you need anything, best speak up now, 'cause I'm about ready to konk out."

"Haha yeah... yeah..." At first I thought it was genuinely funny, but I quickly realized I still was going to die by the end of the night, so humor was few and far between for me. "I need you to let me out of your stomach, other than that..." I trailed off, silently accepting my fate knowing she wasn't going to free me from my muscular tomb...

"You sure? No messages to loved ones? No last requests?" Kat was being maybe too callous with her wordings, but her friendly tone was evident

throughout. "Maybe there's a movie you wanted to see? I could go check it out, and you'd technically be there. Like a date, if you like?" She turned over onto her side, wrapping her arms around her pillows and pulling them to her face. There were at least seven spread out on her bed which she used to snuggle into, one body pillow that she liked was a good cuddle companion in place of an actual person.

The notion of making it a date despite the fact I'd be belly fat at that point was both cruel and disturbingly sweet in a way I couldn't describe, and I cursed at myself the moment I caught myself smiling, even if it was fleeting. "N-No... I can't think of anything like that off the top of my head... Just... I dunno..." I paused when she turned onto her side, tossing me over one more time as a tiny avalanche of banana landed on top of me again. I knew she wasn't doing this on purpose, so I didn't get mad this time. I couldn't imagine how conscious she was about what she did on the outside and how it affected her stomach and what lied within. "I like the idea of a date though, I'll admit that much... too bad I can't enjoy it." I answered glumly. "I guess just... enjoy the meal, heh... mmmff..." I sunk down in the mashed mush and tried to make myself as comfortable as I could. No, her stomach wasn't the worst place in the world. If anything it was soft and warm, but I could have done without the acids slowly eating away at my flesh, making me sensitive to the touch, making everything feel raw and tender... But I've been in worse places... I think...

"Phew... kinda glad. Don't think I'd've had time to get it in my schedule anyway," Kat shut her eyes, her right arm rest on her side and bent to drape down and place her hand on her stomach, shifting around to get more comfortable. Then her eyes opened again, an idea coming to mind, "Hold on, I have an idea. Reaching for her phone again, she pulled it over and opened her Spotify app. "Okay, so I'm gonna hang up now, but I wanna play some music to pass out to. Any requests? Ya gotta have a favorite song or artist, somethin' at least?"

"I get a requiem? Heh, fine, I'll bite... uh... Wow, I'm sorry, it's just hard to pick what the last thing I want to listen to is... I hope you can respect the weight of that decision..." I muttered, laying down in the same position you were unwittingly.

"Hmhm~, it's okay. I can pick something chill if you want." She scrolled through her playlists and found a tune she could happily see herself going to sleep with. "Alright, gonna hang up now. Hope you like Jazz." Kat patted her belly a few times as an indirect farewell, the last bit of attention he'd get from her, "Good night Adam. Sweet dreams~" With that, she ended the call, returning the phone to her nightstand dock. Shutting her eyes and getting used to the dark, she made one last command before going to sleep, "Hey Siri... play 'Clair de Lune' by Kamasi Washington." A few seconds went by, and then the automated assistant responded, "[Playing ('Clair de Lune') by (Kamasi Washington) on Spotify]." The piano started, and Katarina smiled as the lovely tune's intro commenced, hoping it be a nice selection for her guest.

[PLAY MUSIC LINK HERE: <https://soundcloud.com/user-547769010/clair-de-lune-in-a-belly-gym-rats-vore-story-accompaniment-piece>]

I made a gross pillow out of some moderately harder banana, a piece that I wouldn't immediately sink into, and made myself as comfortable as I could, being digested and all... "I like jazz... thanks Kat... I think..." I understood she was trying to do something nice for me, but her underlying indifference to my demise in her stomach would never sit right with me, but there was little use in dwelling on it now. This was it. This was how my life ended... I tried to justify it, make it not so bad, reason that there could have been worse ways to go out... which there was, as much as I hated to admit it. "Sweet dreams..." I bid farewell, nestling into her banana dessert with a reluctant and reserved sigh. I tried to let the music shine through the squelching bodily noises, the churning walls of Kat's stomach, the gentle thumps of her heart, and the white noise of her calm breathing. There was a twisted sense of peace with the music pulsing through flesh and blood. Perhaps it was the heat, or the bizarre high huffing stomach acids for a couple hours, but this was... nice... comfy... soothing... By some miracle I let myself rest, sleep, a forever sleep... I'll be a part of Kat now, a part of her gorgeous body, a part of her forever and always, no matter how much she burned off. There really were worse ways to go... and being claimed by a fit girl's belly, a girl I've had a crush on, wasn't so bad in retrospect... "Enjoy Kat... Goodnight... Forever..."

The chamber rolled around him, sliding him gently into the deepest pit of the sac where the juices and bolus were most concentrated, submerging him in the enzymes that would wash and knead into his body and break it down. He was long asleep by the time his extremities started breaking away, followed by the

rest of him blending into the slurry of banana and mucus. The music had stopped long before that, the air pod now submerged itself, putting its liquid resistant build to the test in the pool of bile sloshed around by the peristaltic that processed everything that entered this place...

[The Next Morning... Stop music here...]

A blender kicked into action grinding down a mix of fruits, yogurt, ice, and protein powder, congealing in a frothy mix with just the right balance between fluid and slop that Katarina liked in her morning smoothies. She held the ninja blender down up to a little less than a minute, popping it off and quickly pouring it into a to go thermos.

She already had her slacks and professional looking button up black shirt on, rushing to meet her time after accidentally snoozing an extra half hour past her alarm. There were consequences to being late she was convinced she could talk her way out of, but it was unwise to test those boundaries.

With her breakfast done, she hustled to the door where her knapsack and jacket were hung, chugging the first third of her smoothie in efficient, hungry gulps. Her lips smacked with a sigh when she pulled it away, rounding up the rest of her things for the work day. As she reached for the knob, it only then occurred what was missing.

"Dammit... ugh," she groaned, turning back to head for her room. She'd forgotten her gym bag. Her habit was to always go straight after work, and she couldn't quite do that without any gear. Finding it on her boudoir in the master bedroom, she hurried over and opened her drawers to pull out a quick ensemble of fitness clothes. A pair of tight leggings and a simple tank top fit the bill with some blue ankle socks, which she bundled up to toss in with her shoes.

It was then she remembered the extra load she'd brought home with her. The bag was stuffed with a mans shirt, shorts, socks, underwear, and shoes, all lightly smelling of sweat. It was a bit gross to find, though it did pleasantly remind her of her snack last night.

Kat smirked, taking what might've amounted to a moment of silence by rubbing her firm abdomen, whatever was left of Adam Kelsey melted and distributed somewhere inside.

"Thanks guy. Hope you had a nice time, or... whatever. Fuck it." she shook her head, pulling herself out of the distracted headspace and simply threw out his clothes to replace in the bag with hers. She'd take care of his things later. Right now she was close to being late, and it'd be a small test of endurance to avoid that uncomfortable situation.

Practically sprinting to the door, she swung it open and closed it in the bat of an eye, leaving the spacious home vacant until she returned that night. Always the same: work, lunch, work, dinner, gym, sleep, with only the rare snacks in between that livened up her monotonous lifestyle.

Who knows. Maybe she'd get to indulge herself a second night in a row. That Taylor seemed nice, she pondered with a deliciously pretty smile every passerby had to take notice of as she sauntered through the streets. Then again, perhaps she didn't have to expend that lead so soon. After all, there would always be nice boys for her to meet.