

Timed to Die

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(Inktober 2021 Prompt, Day 8: Watch)

Content Warning: Extreme sadism, vore, unwilling prey, fatal, extremely graphic digestion, pain, crushing, breast abuse, gore, bones, harsh language, casual cruelty, sexual content, masturbation, molestation, penetration, stepping, hair-pulling, betrayal

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaand...that's time!"

CRK-GRUUNNNNCH! 💀

Clementine's thumb tapped the button, the stopwatch freezing with 0:54 on its face. The beaver laughed, broad tail thumping the back of the couch. "*Haw-haw-haw!* Not even a minute! Geez, so much for your new raccoon friend!"

The three human women stared in wide-eyed horror. This wasn't a theme park with safety measures, and they hadn't heard anything about this club having anything similar. But the sweet girl who'd led them to the back rooms was there anyway below the toned muscles of a blue-collar beaver's chest. Just over a minute ago, she'd been alive and smiling on the sofa next to the lady she'd just introduced them to. Now, after tens of seconds marked by terrible writhing and agonized screaming, they could see the grizzly impression of her broken skull and shattered bones as a bulge in Clem's guts, just decor amongst the lumpy, mangled mash that used to be a living, lovestruck girl.

"D-...didn't she say you were her girlfriend?" Skyla gasped.

"Yup!" Clem chortled guiltlessly, patting the ghastly impression with pride. "Datin' three months. Head over heels for me, she is. Well, was. Betcha could tell what a darling she was, given y'all followed her back here for some bondage playtime with her mystery dom. Not that that innocent girl knew what bondage was b'fore meetin' me."

"Y-you..."

"Squished her like a grape? Killed her in my guts? Hell yeah! Gawd, can you even imagine," the short and stocky beaver chortled, clenching her belly rhythmically to *munch* and squelch away those final details, "Danielle, fresh outta high school, dreamin' of marryin' and havin' a family...goin' from pretty to pulp in fifty-four seconds? Wow! Bet she didn't imagine she'd die gettin' ground down by girlfriend gut!"

SCRuNcH-SPLuRcH-glrcH-munch-mush-glllrrrrrglll-glt-glt-glK-glP~

There was no way any of the Darling family could tear their eyes away as the beaver's belly shuddered and drank every trace. It wasn't as though the three girls could go anywhere, knees tucked up against their breasts with frog-leg binders tightly squeezing each of their legs folded and more leather snugly locking their wrists in place. They were in for the long haul: a mother and her two college-age daughters left to grow wet despite their revulsion and fear.

"So, now that she's gone and we're alone," the strong beaver woman began, lazily reaching down to her own sex to play with herself as she spoke, "I think *our* fun can begin." Stocky fingers stretched open her muff, the milf she'd collected getting a straight-on look at just how happy Clem was to be here. "Y'all look like real slutmeat, given how y'all are dribblin' on the carpet while lookin' at a born snuff chamber like my gut—not to mention those huge knockers lookin' like udders on fresh beef—so maybe y'all will even enjoy it a little! Not that I care. Won't make it hurt any less."

"Any chance we could convince you to let us go?" Jade asked quietly, shyly closing her knees together to try and hide the wetness collected within her snatch.

"Why? Got some final exams to prepare for on the way to some important future job?"

The smirk on the strange naked lady did not comfort the youngest, but she nodded anyway, black ponytail dragging up and down her smooth back as she did. "Yeah, um...I'm going for a biology major. I want to be a doctor."

"Aww," the beaver cooed, hopping up from her seat and striding across the private room towards the green eyed cutie, "that's wonderful. Guessin' Slut Studies is just a minor to follow in your family's tradition, then?" She kicked between Jade's legs, stepping and grinding on the girl's mound until she began to squeak the pressure "Or is it genetic your family starts soakin' themselves at a stranger *churnin'* someone they knew?"

Elaine winced, watching her freshman daughter get pushed up against the wall and ground over like a bathroom rug; seeing her daughter moaning in unwanted arousal. "Please," she begged, tucking her elbows into the curves of her chest and mashing against the sides of her wide and heavy breasts, "we don't want to die."

Clem stepped off Jade, wiping the fluids off her sole on the floor. "Well, I believe you." She squatted down, lowering her buck-tooth smile to the middle-aged woman's face. "But those fat cow-tits are *beggin'* to get destroyed. And only one of you is gonna get whatcha want." She reached out and harshly grabbed the flesh, whistling low as her tough palms couldn't even cup over those broad pink circles, much less the whole sagging funbag. "Like hell, where'd you go to get done up like this?"

Watching their mother groaning, unable to resist the dominant's bruising molestation, wasn't doing either daughter much good in quelling their arousals. Skyla in particular couldn't help but let her bound wrists fall down, hands attempting to hide the moisture she no longer wanted and mind trying to ignore a subtle jealousy. "I-if you've got some way of bringing us back, just say," the long-haired girl said hopefully. "It won't ruin the mood....promise."

The beaver chuckled to herself. "Nope," she casually answered, pinching a plump nipple on the largest boob in the room and tweaking it sharply, "and even if I did, wouldn't use it. No better feelin' than the knowledge I'm fuckin' *erasing* somebody. Danielle's *never* comin' back, all that love 'n hope 'n trust like it never existed, and you three are less special to me than she was." She leaned her head down, licked the bullied tip of the older woman's chest, and sucked the small trickle of milk that finally leaked out from the persistent abuse. "Heh. You go in me? You're doomed. Just a painful demise as my body wrings the life from you with ease. It'll be your last few minutes alive."

Then Clem paused. "Unless..."

Skyla took a deep breath. "...unless?"

The dominant Danielle had introduced the family to before being reduced to a meaningless snack stood up. She released the prior focus of her attention and only took a second to appreciate the darkening spots and blotches where she'd squeezed and the trickle of fluid she'd now coaxed into dribbling freely down the woman's chest. "Well," she began, stepping back to Jade, grabbing her ponytail, and dragging her head between her beefy legs. The girl took the hint, diving her tongue into Clem's sex as the beaver continued without a care. "I've been kinda bored. If I don't do anythin' to hold my stomach back, it just automatically *mulches* any slut I put in there."

She juttet a thumb over her shoulder at the couch, the watch there still showing those fifty-four final seconds of her ex-girlfriend's life. "So...let's have some fun! I put you in the churner, you see how long you can last. Last longer than Danielle, and I'll give you a little pleasure before y'go bye-bye. Last three minutes? You win!" That buck-tooth smile grew into a plump-cheeked grin. "Cum during the game? Better moan your last words, 'cuz I'm poppin' you immediately."

Skyla curled her hands tighter to her groin as if to still the quiver she got in her folds. None of her family, bound and overwhelmed, had the guts to disagree. Clem didn't really give them the chance to respond. She stepped back towards the couch, dragging Jade along by the hair as she gasped and teared up before Skyla could gasp an alarmed "*Jade!*".

The beaver threw herself into the cushioned seat, turning her head down to the aspiring doctor with a lick of her lips. "Jade, huh?" she cooed. "This whatcha were hopin' for when joinin' your slutty mommy and sis lookin' for a family dom?"

“N-no!”

“Good,” Clem replied with clear pleasure, hoisting her onto her own lap and plunging her middle finger up the girl’s cunt. “You’ll struggle and squirm so much nicer then. Now, it’s been a few minutes, so my belly is ready to kill and, compared to your big boobied family over there, you’re quite small with those perky D-cups of yours. So let’s give you a lil’ biology test to make things fair! You yell out a part my acids start to sizzle into slop, I’ll give you five extra seconds on your total time. Sound like a deal, lil’ miss doctor?”

Jade looked down at the beaver’s chest, the layer of fat not doing enough to hide just how strong she looked. The fingering didn’t distract her enough from that dangerous destination. “D...do you think I can do it?”

“Ha-haw! No. You’re going to die. Bye!”

SgLomp! GLUCK-GULK!

The freshman only got a brief glimpse of the beaver’s wide-open throat before the rough-and-tumble lady started wolfing her down like hot dogs at a county fair, buck teeth chomping over huge expanses of naked flesh while Jade violently and rhythmically jerked downwards head-first with every raucous gulp. Being engulfed in throat squeezed the very breath from her lungs, and the only replacement upon being popped into Clem’s gut was stale air carrying the scent of spoiled meat and death.

Even though they’d watched a kind new friend go out in much the same way, the horror was fresh. Elaine’s youngest daughter—Skyla’s little sister—was getting unceremoniously stuffed into a proven killer’s favorite lethal tool, and all their minds could do is have them watch and feebly hope the game went Jade’s way. All their bodies could do, meanwhile, was shift awkwardly on the floor and channel all that helplessness into a shameful, repulsive arousal.

Clem yawned over those folded legs and let those spread toes vanish down her throat. One hand followed the outline of the young woman’s muff down, and the other picked up that familiar stopwatch. With a single button’s press, Danielle’s last memory was erased and cleared with a fresh timer for a new slab of squirming slut. Gulp, gulp, feeling it all the way until the last bit slipped into the death chamber and was sealed tightly in with a squeeze. “An’ go~”

Click! Sqsh, GURGGGLE!

The beaver’s belly immediately began drenching the poor girl, the thick organic sack applying a relentless pressure that felt to Jade as if being crushed by a hydraulic press. Her

upside-down and outwards-facing bulge was clear to all the observers, squirming in unrestrained mortal fear as the burning and sizzling began.

“M-my scalp itches,” she groaned at 0:02. “My soles are burning!” she yelped soon after. “M-my shoulders! Oh, oh god my vagina...they’re pouring into my womb! P-please! Help! **Help!** **Ahh! AAAAAAAIEEE!**”

GWGWWROOORORRRRL-fssssss-SquELCH!

The bulge bucked and writhed, soft girl flesh burning away until the powerful muscle surrounding her squeezed tight enough to deform the tender meat before their very eyes. Acids were pooled high now, shrill shrieks interrupted by gargling noises. Clem leaned back, moaning in perfectly relaxed delight, not needing eyes on her recreational meal when she could just feel how it became increasingly misshapen by the sudden inward squeezes of her stomach. Her flat tail beat out the seconds against the sofa cushion with glee. “*Mmmph*, that’s twenty-five bonus seconds, Dr. Darling!” she mocked. “Better keep goin’ if y’want to live!”

“MY BODY! IT HURTS!”

“No credit. You have to be specific, food~”

Clearly there was an attempt to take steadying breaths, the bright young mind racing to satisfy the beaver’s rules. “*Glrb...ah!* It...it ate through my womb,” she gargled in a hoarse whine. “My...intestines are melting, lower and up-*glrk...*...m-my eyes...m-my lungs...m-...*gbl...hr...b-brain?*...”

Clem glanced at the stopwatch as, losing coherence and consistency, the first of the Darling family began to jerk about in those all-too-familiar death throes she loved to feel inside her. “Mmph, just too slow for some pleasure,” she said with fake pity. “Looks like you don’t even get one last orgasm. So much for being a doctor. Say bye, girls~”

They couldn’t, though. Elaine and Skyla, tears in their eyes, were both breathing heavily. The expression of their young 4.0-aspiring student had turned grave, deep sockets and a stuck-open mouth dissolving away into the full impression of a skull. They just stared, powerless as a stranger massaged her own soaked sex while her body just automatically squeezed the soft, acid-sizzled meat into a tight ball and....

CHURRN, GwORgLE, SPLUTCh-CRR-RUUNNCH! ☠

“Time!” Clem called, clicking the stopwatch, her other hand leaving her sex on the edge of orgasm. Jade wasn’t worth peaking for. “...fifty-six seconds! With bonus time, that’s...one minute, forty-one seconds!” She smiled at the two remaining Darlings as the girl’s remains

continued collapsing into a meaningless mush . “Not even halfway there. Y’all have a long way to go.” She patted her brown-furred belly and let the slushing insides wobble.

Elaine clearly hadn’t gone into the club with Jade expecting she’d be outliving her. What she *had* expected was to have some arousing fun being taken by the same dominant guy or lady. To mommy’s utter humiliation, her body was still meeting expectations; the milk-dribbling woman was utterly drenched between her legs, driven to lowering those bound hands down to her groin and grinding her knuckles against her mound to the sight of her baby girl’s decimated remains getting digested down until nothing visible remained.

Clem’s gaze pierced her. “C’mon, meatcow,” the beaver called, curling a finger towards herself, “let those huge udders of yours tip you forward and crawl over here on those elbows and knees; let’s get you fitted for your coffin.”

She couldn’t bring herself to resist and obeyed. Her weighty breasts suffered for it, dragging her sensitive areolae against the carpet until they were both tender and aggravated red. The milf trailed darkened lines of soaked-up milk on the carpet as she hobbled her heavy, bound form forwards. Despite the bulk of her mammaries and her curvy, pudgy middle-aged body, the sheer confidence emanating from the beaver told her she’d go down without any issue.

The beaver hoisted the woman up onto the cushions next to her. “*Hooghf*, you’re heavy. All this slut-killin’ is givin’ me a thirst.” Clem pressed herself into the mother of two, tucking a knee up and **slamming** it into the woman’s mound. And as the human cried out, her hands wrung one of those sore, fatty tits and chomped over the nipple.

Skyla had never seen her mother’s expression twist like that. There wasn’t a shred of dignity in such a face, and she felt genuine second-hand shame for having seen it. There was no love in this nursing; this was a stranger using Elaine like a milk *dispenser*, wrenching each sack to supply increasingly firm squirt after squirt straight down her throat and gulping away until her belly was sloshing, half with milk and half with her milk dispenser’s liquified youngest.

Clementine wiped her mouth clean with the back of her forearm. “Mmmm, hits the spot,” she hummed approvingly. “Prolly the last time anyone gets to really *use* these knockers, so...you’re welcome~”

glrg-glrrp~!

The beaver was quite pleased with the motion her next meal gave at the sound that flitted up from her guts. “Little biology fact, since your baby girl won’t be sharin’ them again.” Clem tapped at her powerful belly, just below her two respectable yet sensibly-sized breasts. “That part that seals you in, traps meat like you in for the rest of its stupidly short life? Called the

esophageal sphincter.” She turned and shoved the woman’s chest down into the sofa. “Just thought you should know the name of the thing you’ll die kissing.”

Before Skyla’s eyes, the beaver winked at her, lowered her body to the seat, grabbed her mother’s legs and ass, and yawned her maw over them. The smaller, younger lady **chugged** the massive moaning milf down feet- and cunt-first, not so much gulping as crawling over the despairing woman. Those big, round cheeks bulged with every expanse of smooth human flesh she mouthed over; despite all of the muscle and power the predator’s body had, the sheer mass of meat was forcing it to stretch grossly to accommodate. The languid pace only forced Skyla’s mind to take in the details: the splattering of drool with every wider stretch over hips, belly, and—most of all—tits; her mother’s pained groans as two hundred fifty pounds of living person was viced, compressed, and wrung into a bulge that looked sixty pounds lighter; the sound of Elaine’s feet and visibly needy muff splorcing into a milky mess made partly from her former sister...

After lifting the weight up with her hand as if weighing a sack of potatoes, Clem nearly choked guffawing as she chomped over the burdened tits, milk spraying all across the sofa’s arm and the carpeted floor. Soon, the source of that tasty drink was just splattering up into Elaine’s own face, watery whitish fluid helping to lubricate and expedite the slut’s disappearance from the world. Dribbling that tender liquid down her chin, she truly appreciated tasting so much of what was reserved for new life marking some fertile, mild-mannered mom’s demise. The beaver gulped, a squeezed-lopsided pair of tits slipped into her chest, and she forcefully shoved the face on her neck down to follow until....

Click! GwOrrrrRRnnn~

The timer started all over again, Skyla watching the digits speed upwards on the stopwatch’s face before—as Clem rolled back into a sitting position to reveal her work— looking at the grotesque folded-up shape over her mother hanging from Clem’s body. So tight and obscene was the fit that she could clearly see every shift from her mother’s increasingly pained looks, to her humps of that slightly-gaped sex into the mess she was held sitting in, to even the kneading gut walls shifting those huge rounded curves.

Clem licked her lips. “C’mom, Skyla. Danielle’d said you were a chef, right?” she said, ignoring for the moment that gloriously full feeling beyond a jostle of the sagging mass from below. “Don’t you want to come see ‘n hear how your mom cooks in my stomach?”

Unlike her mother, Skyla at least had a flicker of rebellion in her heart, a moment of strength fighting against the terrified obedience Clem had drilled into them in the short time she’d known them. Then she saw her mother’s back arch amidst a wash of acid, o-shaped mouth making a telling divot on the external shape; as soon as the moan hit her ears, she had a feeling that this was it for her beloved mom. So, she followed her mom’s example, falling

forward to hobble her best towards the sofa by knees and elbows and periodically inhaling a sharp hiss when her breasts rocked and her nipples brushed on the soft yet abrasive flooring.

“*Ooogh*, you think she has a chance?” Clem groaned in delight towards the girl hobbling to sit near her feet. “All that milk dilutin’ my juices? All that bulky, tasty fat to chew through?”

Skyla gulped. “N-no,” she unwillingly admitted. “I think she’s...I...”

“Why’s that? Forty-five seconds so far...”

She could hear her mother’s flesh burning away. “I...I think she might...cum.”

Clem’s head rocketed backwards. “*Ha-HAW! Ha-haw-ha-haw-hahaw...*hear that, cow?” Her eye caught the one-minute mark, immediately slamming her hands upon those bulging tits and manhandling them through layers of beaver. “Your last remainin’ daughter thinks you’re gonna cum yourself right where I pulped and ended your daughter! *Snrrt!* Gawd, what a slut you are! *Ha-haw*, might as well be ‘what a slut you *were*’, huh?”

Skyla could tell that, despite all the factors in Elaine’s favor, her mom wasn’t in any less pain than Jade was. Perhaps the only reason she wasn’t constantly screaming was because of her roasting, groped-over tits distracting her. The plump bulge was growing noticeably squishy in places, thighs and ass cheeks beginning to squish, and soon responding a little too pliantly with every particularly deep grind of the stomach over its contents. But her mother was hanging on even as she writhed in her surely fatal captivity, face seemingly flush with and kissing that sphincter just like Clem promised.

The beaver caught where Skyla’s hands were going. The early chef hadn’t been subtle. “So, tell me, did your mom ever think of marryin’?” she asked with a chuckle, one hand leaving the meat’s breast to tuck under her sagging gut and start brazenly pumping her fingers into her own cunt. “Saw she didn’t have a ring when I locked away her freedom. Not even an imprint.”

The girl was caught off-guard, the casualness of both masturbating a mere foot away from her face and talking about her mother while she agonizingly digested alive spiking her own guilty pleasure. “*Ah!* I...I think s-she wanted to...I think maybe that was part of why we were doing this...”

“Oooh, family bonding *and* seeing how some sexy dominant played nice with her and her family?” Clem grinned. “I could’ve done that! Give her a nice beaver tail spankin’ and talk about takin’ a milf down the aisle b’fore pegging her college girls.”

“You still could!” Skyla tried hopefully.

"I could!" she agreed. "But it'll also be pretty good to wake up tomorrow knowing she'll never make it to any appointments she might've had. That she'll never take the aisle again. That I *destroyed* her for fun. Just listen~"

GWORRSH, BlrrgBblrggbll-

"AhHh...**NO!** I...I don't want to **DIE! Please! Skyla! AHhh...please...AH!**"

Swrsh, glrch! GWRrggGlle-glorp, shlrrg-snap!

"Mmmh...nothin' she *or* you can do to stop it. Sounds just *horrible* in there, too." Clem looked down, finally releasing the other breast and lifting it to hide Elaine's face and shove it in. And, as if to make fun of the mood even further, she gave a lazy snicker. "Look, Sky. Without that meanin'less face, looks like I've two pairs of boobs!"

Shluck, shlip, shlick, slish...

There wasn't a point in hiding it anymore. Skyla was furiously masturbating.

There wasn't a point in pretending not to notice either. She let Elaine's expression return and put her hand to the acid-chewed curve of that snug milf cunt and laughed. "**Ha-haw!** You prolly can't hear it in stomach-hell, mommy, but your daughter's shlickin' herself to your snuffin'!" she jeered, the shape inside her shuddering and choking mid-whine on the news. Clem rewarded her by stopping her own self-pleasure to grab the stopwatch and glance. "Hey, thirty more seconds and you win! But that'd disappoint your girl here. Why not cum so she can too while I send you to oblivion?"

The beaver's hand thrust into her own belly, pushing her own body in to penetrate the bellied woman's sex with wrinkled gutflesh. The resulting shriek only encouraged Clem to alternate between grind over and fucking into the vulnerable hole inside her. Her eyes, though, were solidly on Skyla. "C'mon, all it takes is one final quiver and you'll never have another one again. Show me how bad your body wants you to be *dead meat!* How slutty your cunt is that you'll splatter wh~"

Skyla's green eyes widened in horror. Elaine's face contorted into utter despair too. The bulge arched moan-shrieked a pathetic "No!", and clenched around Clem's fingers. The stopwatch was clicked to a stop, and Skyla looked at the round-cheeked badger's intensely pleased gaze with a final plea.

"Oops, guess that's it~" she cooed without a drop of concern before her hands reached up and squeezed at one of the saggy, squeezed firm masses of fat within her. She clenched her abdomen and squeezed as strong as she could.

SPLUG-GLHURCSH!

Her mother's left tit burst into a fatty slush with a nauseating sound, Elaine's entire body jerking from the impact mid-orgasm. The beaver reached for the other one and...

SHLIPP-popBLURRGSH splortch...

...popped the massive, twisted-up sack like a meat balloon. Skyla whimpered, tears welling as her own body trembled, interrupting the beavers triumphant moan of "Say 'bye, mommy!" with her own firm squirts of peaked pleasure amongst the wracking sense of hopelessness.

"..b-bye mommy," she sobbed, eyes rolled up but not far enough to not see Clementine wrap her hands around her mother's skull..

"Sky-" K-KRACK...CRUNCH! sBLgfffft... ☠

The first stilled her mother in total shock. The second crushed her skull into dust, her final thoughts splattering into a chyme while Skyla's cunt drooled down her thighs. Allowed to work in earnest, the gut quickly began to churn away every other remaining person-like shape until the beaver's belly was rounded and full of sloshing meat-mash and bone dust.

"Ooghh...ladies," Clementine grunted, clenching her thighs beneath where her shuddering stomach worked and lifting her hands.. "Almost got me cummin' early. Don't wanna lose this until I've memorized *all* of y'all's times! Gawd, what a rush ending pretty people like y'all is. No doctor, no married life, no *nothin'*."

The built beaver reached over and placed the stopwatch in front of Skyla's face as she cooled down. The face read "2:58.56". "So close..." she hummed to the bound girl with joy, "but now...boop!" The numbers reset to 0:00.00. "No more mommy."

"Please..."

Clem's roundish ear twitched. "Huh? What's that, Skyla?"

Sky breathed heavily. "Please eat me already..."

The lady who'd snuffed her sister and mother out raised an eyebrow, crossing her arms. "What, think I won't eatcha if you're willing?" she asked. "Notta chance. There's going to be no better pleasure than knowin' your entire family will *never* be seen again."

"No, I..."

She caught a glint in Skyla's eye. Hope? After all this? But that glint was enough to inspire Clem. "Oh? Heh...well fine," she said, reaching past her gut to lift Skyla with a huff, already salivating at the thought of reducing one more person to a taste and a stretch. "You want to go swimmin' in what used to be your mommy? I can do that. But you're not gettin' a look outwards like your family. You've nothin' to see out here anymore. You're gonna face into my body and scream as it takes you apart, yeah?"

Skyla took a deep breath as Clem hoisted her by the waist above her head. The pit opened below her, a dark tunnel straight down. Hot breath wafted up carrying the scent of broken dreams, tickling her ass and feet. Then, she began to descend, sat into a soaking, stretchy pair of cheeks with a tongue slapping across her ass. The dooming gullet eagerly pulsed as she was wiggled down and then....

GULK!

One firm swallow seized the human girl. Compared to the last slab of meat, this one was easy. Those inherited boobs were easily stuffed in and down, and that was all there was to it. Clem didn't even bother giving another gulp, letting gravity take Skyla away and fit her in for her scheduled churning. Slowly, bit by bit, she watched those terrified green eyes slip out of view, let all that lovely black hair slip over her bottom lip to follow its owner, closed her mouth, and waited. She could feel every inch sliding through that relaxed ring of muscle deep inside her, kind and inviting except to those already inside. Her hands felt Skyla's ass seat itself, petting over her back, and feeling her squirm from those feelings no person with dreams and hopes ever would want to feel.

To her credit, as Clem hit the stopwatch outside, Skyla found her plan had worked. The disgusting mash Elaine had been turned into was still plentiful, a layer of food helping to dull the acidic assault. Having peaked outside and taken the time to steel herself, that flood of unwanted bodily need had been released, preventing that hated arousal from rearing its ugly head too quickly again. It was the perfect situation in which she might win and remain alive after Clem's game.

The drawbacks, however, were dire. Finding herself encased in a dissolving mass that she knew used to be her mother, she felt that feeling of disgust and despair terrifying her into a struggle that greatly pleased the predatory beaver. She also underestimated how kind her family's positions had been. Positioned as she was, back to the outside and seated against the pylorus as it noisily burbled over and drained down mulched-up slut, she could barely hear anything outside; her head curled deep and close to the joyous beat of her captor's heart, and the sense of pressure and claustrophobia on her senses was tremendously worse. Bending her head back wasn't nearly powerful enough to force open the way she'd entered, and there was little air to take in without potentially drowning on melting fat.

All she could do was hope, and there was little of that left.

GURGLE-CHURRNN, GLORP! SquEcch, glt-glt-glut-glug...

Clem's hands wandered down as the first minute passed, finally beginning to feel the motions that tickled her sadistic desires. It wasn't enough, though, so she groped the burning asscheeks and coaxed the first honest scream from her final meal of the night. Grinding and kneading, the beaver toyed with Skyla to feel each and every limited motion the girl had left: side-to-side wiggles, pushes of her bound legs down into her guts, elbows flailing against the firm rear wall, and face smearing into her wrinkled insides. Her juices were finally getting to work, that smooth, tender human flesh peeling, melting, and sizzling.

Two minutes in, Skyla could feel Clem beginning to masturbate again, rhythmic pumping just below where her bulge hung. The break in molestation, though, proved to be more a detriment than a reprieve; Clem's other hand positioned itself to begin fingering the girl's tight ass, raping her ass while aiding her own acids in flowing inside the girl's now vulnerable bowels. Her insides began to burn. Her eyelids began to fall apart, leaving her tender eyes to wash with stinging stomach juices.

Skyla lost track of time, the agony overwhelming her. Whatever words the beaver said were mostly lost on her, gargling and sobbing as four fingers' worth of stomach folds fucked her spread pucker. Where she'd gotten a hint of how her family had been turned into horrific skeletal impressions from the outside, she actually could feel her flesh being scrubbed off down to the bone. Then she could feel the bone popping, snapping, and cracking from the relentless digestive assault. Part of her insides collapsed, fluids flooding into her abdomen through a sizzled away section of intestines. Much of her mother had been drunk away by Clem's burbling guts, and now the pasty meat mash was from her. The complete powerlessness overwhelmed her, her suffering only entertaining the sole witness; without any other recourse, her pussy began to shiver its half-ruined folds in a building peak and...

Plunk! Fssssssst...

The acids stopped hurting. Her body, within its tight gastric prison, shuddered and shifted, attempting its best in the reprieve to close the most crucial of weaknesses, take in a surprising hit of fresh air, and heal. She was attempting to survive.

Something tapped on her back. "Three minutes! Can't believe it," the muffled voice from outside announced. "Y'win, Skyla!"

The relief choked a sob from the girl, leaning her head into the beaver's body and letting the shape of her back slump down from inside that still person-shaped belly bulge. "T-thank you...thank you," she gasped. "Thank you...thank you for sparing me."

“Huh? What’dya mean?”

Skyla’s spine ran a chill. “Y...you said this was to avoid dying!”

“No, I didn’t.” Skyla could somehow feel Clem grinning. “I said ‘it’ll be your last few *minutes* alive...unless you won my game!’ So congratulations! With your endurance and that antacid, my stomach will take *hours*, maybe even *days* to slowly dissolve you away. Y’won’t be dying until you’re practically already a pile of bones! It’s genuinely one of the most awful experiences imaginable, I’ve been told, but you really earned it~”

Clementine couldn’t stop herself. As the girl inside her began to scream for help once more, the volume and despair ramping as she began to notice the steady, mind-rending pain that was slow-acting acids wearing into her body, she dove her hands past all that doomed meat and played with herself. “Gawd, I can’t wait to see your time once your skull finally crumbles and you’re *gone*,” she moaned. “You’ll hafta tell me all about what you had planned t’morrow...tell me all those things t’do, all those goals for th’future, All the stuff my gut’s going to *ruin*. *Ooohh* heavens...*nnf*, heh, I mean, this does feel heavenly having my gut slow-work on you, yeah, but I’m doubt you’re makin’ it there, even after I’m done...with...yoouuuuuuuu!”

Her tongue rolled back, the beaver drenching the sofa with a thigh-shaking orgasm. Her toes curled as she groaned in pure delight; her peak was only extended when she felt something new squish in on her meal and heard that shriek. The squirming sensation in her belly coaxed her forwards, hovering her mound off the edge of the cushions and letting her juices drool onto the ground near the soaked-up traces of fresh slut-milk.

It was such a tremendous feeling, knowing just how one-way her belly truly was. Skyla was never making it back up her throat, and that was how she liked it. All of the Darlings’ belongings joined Danielle’s in a garbage bag tossed out in the club’s dumpster save for Jade’s college ID, Elaine’s driver’s license, Skyla’s name pin from work. Those three would get spots in the blue-collar girl’s scrapbook with their times, a lovely reminder of good times. A photo booth picture of her with Danielle slotted just above on the same page with her far less respectable time.

“Hmm...can’t really say thank you if y’don’t exist,” Clem pondered those couple days later, gazing over Skyla’s record 16:44:57.21 of pure torture—not to mention the small note of the nine entire orgasms she got while killing her—with casual, guiltless satisfaction. “Oughta go visit Danielle’s family again and thank them instead. They were so nice at Thanksgivin’; only fair they know of their daughter’s sole accomplishment in her sad, short life! *Ha-haw!*”