

Sneaking a Bite to Eat

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Content Warning: Bondage, vore, digestion, willing, implied fatal, implied reformation, food play, bones

The party gave a thankful sigh when the armored roegadyn gave a nod at the surrounding terrain. "Flat ground. Tree for shade. Seems alright for camp," Mason observed shifting his large axe from off of his shoulder to lie against the tree. No sooner than he did, every single party member shrugged off their bags and let them thump to the ground atop the dry savannah grass.

"Finally! Been scouring the area for hours," Ayrinde groaned, the elezen bard rolling her shoulders now that the weight was off. "Not a single trace of these supposed rogue Amalj'aa raiders."

"Awfully kind that Flamecrest Derajj Goh tipped us off, though, huh?" Ina snickered, tail whisking through the air as she brushed some sand and dust from the bottom of her red-trimmed white robes. "Wonder where a big priest like him got so friendly with Ul'dah?"

"It is only fair, given the informal treaty we helped establish." Mason's response clearly wasn't what the miquo'te wanted to hear, the cat girl's cheeks ballooning impatiently; the warrior could tell she was half-stifling a giddy exclamation she didn't want to say herself and half-stifling uproarious laughter that would trigger should anyone else say it.

Jules gladly took the bait, eyes twinkling as he gave his fellow feline party member what she wanted. "I don't think it hurt that he got one heck of a meal to talk over, either," he purred, letting down his pack only a *slight* bit more gently than his friends did, "Honestly, I'm more surprised he could hear us over all its moaning and churning."

The white mage bowed over laughing. Mason just chuckled as he unbundled the tent pieces. The bard rolled her eyes with a silly, amused grin at the strange crew she'd ended up adventuring with.

And Kariani? Well, other than the grunt she gave from her inventory-cushioned impact upon the ground...she just huffed and wiggled in an attempt to shake out the rush of embarrassed excitement she got from such a blunt observation. There wasn't much else she could do given how she was half-buried in potions, packaged cooking ingredients, bottled sap, and other harvested herbs and flowers (most of which she herself had harvested) within the red mage's pack.

“Speaking of, what’s for dinner?” Mason mused, jostling the tent poles into place. “Not sure I’m really into *that* sort of meat, but it did remind me.”

“Guild already said they wouldn’t compensate us for revive costs if she’s not used for quest purposes,” Ayrinde pointed out, joining the bulky tank and helping him with the canvas, “so unless someone’s wanting a smaller cut, none for us.”

Jules chuckled, opening his pack with a smirk. “Hear that, my trussed-up lala-piggy? You’re off the menu tonight.”

Kariani winced at the sudden light change, the evening sun forcing her eyes to blink away the spots. The lalafell’s little hands and feet were hog-tied behind her back, so the comment wasn’t without merit. To her blushing shame, the giggle-fits from her white mage friend (who was busy warding the perimeter) weren’t without merit either. She sighed out as the jaw-aching ball-gag was removed from her mouth. “...thought you’d want me once we found the raiders,” she mumbled, refinding her voice.

“As bribery, or as a fifth fighter?”

“A-as a fighter, of course!”

The miquo’té male laughed, untying their initial fourth member and offering the small girl a water bottle. “I did say I’d let you out and give you your knuckles if we happened to find them today,” he assured her as she drank, walking behind her new seat next to his pack and rolling his hands into her back to massage out any remaining tension, “but you were just so *needy* today. Squirming that hard from just an offhand comment about the local pig farmer? I *had* to pack my favorite quest item away...otherwise, you might’ve just surrendered to a beastfolk mid-battle.”

“I’m...I’m not that desperate,” the lalafell huffed, eyes casting away and adjusting the plain leotard that had served as her sole garment during her time in the bag.

“Yet,” Jules added, dodging and grinning at the emptied bottle chucked over her shoulder at his head. He didn’t stop massaging her, though, and the small “*ooh*” of approval from the noble-turned-adventurer assured him there were no hard feelings.

The soup Jules prepared was hearty enough for the crew, each spoonful filling the various adventurers as they watched the sun set over the canyon walls of Southeast Thanalan. Only *some* of the stories told about the fire were of Kariani’s various “usages”; sometimes she was just a footnote in a larger tale. As easily as they’d considered her an item, she easily slipped back into being their friend and ally.

As the air began to chill, each of the adventurers began settling down in the canvas tent. Soon, only Jules and Kariani remained, each helping to finish off the pot's leftovers; the two's appetites always surprised even their roegadyn tank.

"So...got all your naughtiness out for the day?" he teased.

Kariani chewed her lip. "Y-yeah," she lied.

Jules noticed, yellow ears twitching. "You know...when I started teasing you in our first adventures, I didn't know I'd be awakening a libido twice your size." He placed his empty bowl aside, standing and slowly striding towards the girl who was trying to hide her face. "You really are an addict, huh? Wanting nothing more than to be toyed with and *used*..."

The lalafell monk and scholar shifted in her seat guiltily. "Is...that a bad thing?" she quietly asked. "...are you ashamed of me?"

Her answer came when he squatted down behind her and nestled his chin atop her shoulder, nose tickling her soft neck. "Not at all," Jules purred. "I love seeing you reduced to a mere consumable plaything. You can be a person in the morning. For now...let's get you put away~"

By the time Jules extinguished the campfire, Kariani was trying her best to be quiet, now naked and snug inside her black rubber package with that all too familiar tag: "Fresh Lalafell Meat". Thankfully, her happy, shameful squeaks and moans were muffled by the tight, thick sack that encased her and the other inventory of Jules' bag, leaving her to have her fun without waking her friends before she followed the rest of her party to sleep.

A pair of eyes caught the distant darkening of a campsite, and their owner smiled. "Opportooniteee~"

The canyons, buffeted by the arid winds of Thanalan, made for imposing and rugged walls of stone. Scratched across them were lines of wear, and more blunt-facing outcroppings were riddled with many indentations, small caves, and even a few worn-through holes. It wasn't entirely secret that these made great hideaways for less scrupulous sorts, but it was too much effort for the local guard to check without a specific quarry in mind.

With all the above in mind, it was quite obvious that this particular cave was perfect for Didiroon Mutefoot to use as a stash site. After all, he'd never been spotted or caught as to be identified, and so he never was sought. Qiqirn were often stereotyped for their thievery and wit, but Didiroon didn't mind the stereotype himself; he was *especially* sneaky anyway, as the moniker he shared with friends suggested.

The round-bellied rat beastman shrugged the three packs off his shoulders. One of the bags at the campsite had been a little too large to carry in one trip, and he wasn't about to risk a return trip and possibly lose his perfect streak over some big guy's bag. One of the three he'd lifted had been heavy enough anyway. He slumped each of his finds against a sandy-colored tarp that covered some crates—filled with goods not able to be immediately pawned off—and rubbed his hands together. "Oooh, goood day for Didiroon," he cheered to himself, plopping down onto the rough stone floor and reaching his long fingers out for the first bag's flap. "Adventurer packs always fooll of good ingreedients."

Rifling through the packs, Didiroon trembled his whiskers at each sellable find. The first pack had some freshly caught local fish, various spools of cloth and thread, and a small portable loom with weaver's tools. The loom and textiles went to his right side, but it took almost all of Didiroon's will to set the wrapped fish aside in front of him. The next pack was sorted similarly: the hides went in front of him, the lumber and carpentry tools went to his right side, and the small bottled potions were placed to his left. "Hmm...lots of stoooff to sell now," he observed at the decent pile of material in front of him. "But more potions woold make Didiroon better moneee later."

As he reached for the third backpack, his pointy ears twitched at a muffled noise. Suspiciously, his hand hovered over the main flap's latch, big blue eyes locked on the patch. His caution was immediately proven to be merited, the bag giving a strange outwards shift that was far more than some mere displacing of contents. Didiroon hopped up onto his feet, whiskers stiff in alarm. Slowly, he reached out again, tenderly pinching pointed claws around the small leather band that curled through the metal buckle. "Carefoool..." he hummed to himself, dragging the band up and out to...

"Nmmf..."

Didiroon leaped backwards, yanking the buckle free and letting the flap fly open as he reached for his dagger. His tall pupils narrowed, gazing over the lip of the bag. There was a mild excitement seeing the assortment of portions and herbs available, but the Qiqirn was far more concerned with the surely live contents. Eventually, in the flickering torchlight of his hideout, he caught the source of the movement: something packaged in a tight, sizeable black rubber sack, the barest glint of its head and subtle airholes peeking up amidst the other contents. Whatever it was, bundled up and trapped inside, it was large enough to be almost the size of Didiroon's entire belly. Curiosity welled in the ratfolk. "...probably safe, ya?" Carefully, he walked to the bag, reached down, and lifted the black package up.

A gold tag caught in the light. "Fresh lalafell meeet...?" he read aloud. "...dooo littlefolk eeet live meeet?" The same persistent hunger that had slowed his sorting coaxed his belly to grumble at the idea of fresh meat, inviting him to consider losing something to sell so he might

gain something to eat. Unable to resist a peek, he found the zipper hidden subtly along a seam in the thick polished bag and drew it down.

Two pointy ears popped free, slightly red from their tight compression, and long purple hair rolled down the opened back. The creature inside leaned back, groggy green eyes blinking the sleep away and adjusting to the gentle light in the cavern just below a tiny forehead gem and some elegant markings. A small button nose tilted back to look at the long face of its finder, and the mouth gave a dopey smile. "...g-good morning."

Befuddled, Didiroon could only stare at his find, straightening his arms to hold the packaged girl at a distance. "...it still night, ya?" he responded with a sniff.

"Oh." Kariani looked around, only able to see cavern walls and the faintest trace of an opening into the dark desert sky. "...where's Jules?"

Didiroon's mind raced, clever mind working in overdrive to both understand what he was holding and save face. "...Didiroon the onleee one heeere," he slowly explained. A full Spoken squirming alive in a bag? Surely, there was only one explanation. He put on his best brave smile, puffing up his chest with fake pride. "Didiroon saved yooo from kidnapper!"

Kariani's cheeks flushed. "Um...I wasn't...kidnapped."

The Qiqirn blinked, the confidence of his bluff immediately deflating.

"I um...I'm just sometimes a...quest item. Willingly."

Blink-blink.

She squirmed in the bag. "...you know, if there's a need for...recreation." The ratfolk's expression remained unchanged, not registering the meaning. "...or bait for some...hungry beast." There was a slow recognition building, but now the embarrassed girl couldn't stop herself. "...or some folk that wants...squirming meat."

Didiroon's eyes grew wide, ignoring his belly's rumble from those words. "...then this Joooles..."

"He's my friend," she assured quickly before her bright voice caught and her blush deepened. Her green eyes shifted to the floor.. "...owner. He's my friend and...owner."

The ratfolk gulped, slowly placing the half-unzipped package down on the ground. The flustered wiggles of the lalafell girl caused the rubber bag to unzip a little further, the remainder of the tension keeping it covering her releasing and allowing the material to fall off and crumple against the floor. The girl was hog-tied and nude, little wrists and ankles wiggling behind her

back. Didiroon averted his eyes politely. "...yooo sure?" he asked, "...there no one heeer. It okay tooo speak troooly."

Kariani gulped and nodded. "Really! I, um...enjoy this."

"...yooo enjoy beeeing...fresh littlefolk meeet?"

Another nod. This one was unaccompanied by a verbal response, though, forcing the Qiqirn to glance back at the helpless and unclothed girl he'd accidentally taken off with just long enough to catch her response. "...y-you can look, it's okay," she excused, seeing his uneasy looks. "Just think of me like...a pig in a market stall? Just...a Spoken one."

The awkward comparison at the lalafell's own expense did soothe Didiroon's nerves slightly. He turned back to the girl, the bag behind her, and the various piles of loot. "...Didiroon confess," he sighed, knowing he couldn't explain away the situation the second she got a glance behind her and unwilling to become a killer in addition to a thief, "...did not know yooo were in there. Didiroon stole packs from quiet camp. Didiroon Mutefoot theeeef by trade."

Kariani's expression eased, the confession shifting her focus from her lewd identity and the cold air rolling over her prone body to the beastman's story. "It's okay. I kind of figured that was the case after you asked about Jules. ...I'm Kariani."

"Weeerd name for dooonefolk, ya?"

"It's an...adventuring name."

The Qiqirn poked his fingers together. "Didiroon not know what to dooo now."

The pale dunefolk just smiled. "It's okay. I forgive you," she offered. "But...is there any chance I could get you to return my friends' belongings?"

Didiroon looked at the pack and its small horde of potions longingly. The wrapped fish received an even more hungry and tormented look from the sad rat-like beastman. "Sorreee. Didiroon neede it," he responded honestly, walking to the crates and finding his small bedroll tucked away. He laid the warm sleepsack out and lifted the shivering lalafell off her loose packaging, tucking the hog tied girl belly-down and knees first into the cushioning so she could watch. Then, with renewed confidence, his own words steeling his thief's spirit, he plopped down amidst the loot piles and began to sort once more. Potions to the left, herbs in front...culinarian gear, an lalafell-sized set of high-class adventurer's clothes, and some pugilist's knuckles to the right...

Kariani watched the Qiqirn work. Sure, the gear was replaceable, and, given his consideration for her chill in the night desert's cold, she didn't feel particularly threatened. It also

didn't hurt that repeated revivals had begun to dull her sense of self-preservation. But she still felt like she could do something...*should* do something...

"...if Didiroon drop Kareeanee off at Drybone," he quietly asked while busying his hands with his work, whiskers twitching as he spoke. "...will yooo say you seee nothing?"

The girl chewed on her lip. Unbeknownst to the ratfolk, she'd noticed how his stomach grumbled every time "meat" had been said. She'd noticed the subtle lick of his lips when she conjured the image of pork on sale. How could she not? Every low *glrrrrk* and every hungry look was something she now associated with herself...with someone *wanting* her...

"...why don't you eat the fish?"

Her voice perked Didiroon's ears, even the question forcing him to take a big breath of willpower. "...feesh sells goood," he said, "good eenough to buy foooll meeel. It tasteee but...needd foooll stomach."

"So...the most important thing is something filling?"

"Yes. Didiroon needd a foooll belly for a goood life!"

The mental image in her head was too clear. She could hear Jules teasing her about how he'd just cautioned her against being so needy, but it only stirred her even more. She'd never once *asked* for it...no one could be so embarrassingly shameful, right? Who would ask to slowly vanish inside a beastman stranger's belly? "...how much of my friends' stuff would you give up for something extra filling *and* tasty?"

Didiroon paused his appraisal of a small bag of unlabeled spice to consider. "If it is worth twooo foooll meeels *and* tasty? ...crafting geeer, half of potions, lumber, hides, non-silk fabric and thread, ya?" he counted in his head. "...maybe feesh. Depends on meeel."

It's not a question of who would ask, she answered herself in her head, guiltily shifting against her hog-tie, *it's a question of what. And the answer is...* "...what about f-fresh lalafell meat?"

The Qiqirn slowly turned his face back towards the nude, vulnerable Kariani, closing the spice bag and dropping it in front of him. "...yooo are seeerious." The lalafell's face was firmly red, but her eyes were steady. "...why do Kareeanee want to be meeet?"

Were they not already bound together, the girl's thighs would have squeezed together from the sheer humiliation of having to say it out loud. "...i-it's kinda naughty, isn't it?" she asked, running through the words she'd found to explain that first gastric trip down a peiste's guts. "All

that warm flesh engulfing me...watching everything disappear..getting sealed in? It's like...letting someone have complete power over me. Enjoying my body."

"And then, their stomach starts working," she continued, taking deep breaths to control herself as she spoke. "They start digesting, and I'm overwhelmed. They don't have to even think about it, their body just...dominates me automatically. I can squirm and fight and say anything, but it just treats me like anything else...I-like meat." Kariani bit her lip. "But I don't. I just let it happen. They *wanted* me, to feel themselves full of me..."

"Yooo die, ya?" Didiroon asked cautiously, nose twitching as he approached. "It not hurt? Or feel uncomfortable?"

"Hurt? A little... Uncomfortable? A lot," the girl admitted. "But...it's a comfortable uncomfortable. Like, it's hot...cramped...it burns...my body breaks...but it's just a belly doing its job. It's claiming me...satisfying itself on me. Enjoying itself, sometimes. The talking ones, they...they tell me I taste good. How long I kept them fed. How good they felt...*destroying* me. I...it doesn't really matter what it is? If it's for someone else, I...I want them to *use* me."

Didiroon marveled at how the similarly-sized person wiggled and grew more enthusiastic as she talked of such a degrading prospect. "...if Didiroon dooo this," he cautioned, long, clawed fingers tapping together, "yooor friends will not know, ya? And Didiroon not have moneee to revive yooo...maybe not for a while. Maybe not ever, ya?"

Kariani shivered at the implication. "...would you enjoy it, though? A rare lalafell meal?" she asked in return. "Would you enjoy knowing you'll be doing that to me? ...enjoy knowing where I've gone? Remembering me fondly...but as a meal instead of a stranger?"

The Qiqirn's greedy desires flared at the bound girl's words, and his limitless appetite and utterly unpicky hunger stirred. He felt his belly rumble with a particularly firm *glrrrrrrp*, and the embarrassed squirm of the lalafell told him she was telling the truth. "Hmm...yooo reelly are meeet, ya?" he quietly tittered. "Didiroon is a theeef and stranger, and yooo want to fill him? To beee Qiqirn feed?"

The lalafell just gave a soft, muffled moan from deep in her throat. "It...it'd be warmer in there at least," she lightly joked, shifting in her bondage.

That only encouraged him, seeing how much she liked to hear such naughty things. "Do yooo know Qiqirn biologieee?" he asked, lifting the hog-tied bundle of increasingly warm and eager food. "If yooo go down, yooo are not coming back up even if Didiroon wanted it. Yooo'd be seeeed in...gone for good! Qiqirn bellies take evereeething."

Kariani's breathing was hastening, but there was no take-backs. The rat pressed his nose into the side of her neck, the cold sniffer bringing in her scent and tickling her. She gasped

when his thin but long tongue dragged over her shoulder. “Mmm...yooo taste like tender pigeee,” he said, eyeing over her. “Beeegest meee! Didiroon ever had! Yooo’d fit snug. Wonder how it feel to have meeeet squirm while churn?”

Skrrr-gwrrrk...glrp~

Any sense of propriety quickly fled Kariani’s mind hearing that eager gut grumbling for her. Her party, even if they knew, wouldn’t mind she was sure. This is what she was for; she was convinced. “Please...”

“Pleeese what, tasteee?”

She looked straight in those hungry blue eyes. “Please eat me! Use me!”

A greedy twinkle shined in Didiroon’s eyes. “What if Didiroon did not give yoor friends their stuff back?” he pressed. “What if stranger just digests yooo and keeeps loot? Yooo’d just beee meeeet to beee meeeet. Like common pigeee!”

Kariani felt her heart stumble, the suggestion of him breaking her proposed deal not having once occurred to her. But now the need was too much, the Qiqirn’s uncaringly hungry expression and increasingly enthusiastic words driving her heart to a race. “...e-even still!” she whimpered. “Please, Mr. Qiqirn...Mr. Didiroon...I want to be your meat! I want you to digest me without a thought! I want to squirm trapped in you until I’m gone!”

Didiroon didn’t have a single qualm left after that. “Luckeee Didiroon,” he hummed with delight, shifting his weight from foot to foot in a pleased dance, “get to eeet rare meee. Bye bye, Kareeanee! Hello, fresh squirm-meeet!”

Kariani gazed deep down that long muzzle, an equally long tongue leading her bright eyes down its length until she gazed into a rat’s gullet. He’d been obviously drooling all night, but the pools and stretched lines of slimy fluid were clearly new; they were for her, icky lubrication before that dark and tight turn down into nothingness. Her bindings fell away with a few sawing motions of those claws, strands of twine tumbling to the cave floor; as her chin was pushed along against the floor of Didiroon’s mouth, she knew this was the last possible moment for escape before the biologically-literal one-way trip to a stomach grave.

So, of course—instead of a dignified denial or shout—she gave a deeply shameful groan as her cute round facial features pressed into throat-flesh, the Qiqirn smearing her expression against it as he tried to find the perfect angle to send the most massive gulp of food he’d ever attempted down. Hearing no protests, Didiroon let his throat take hold and began dragging the live meat down; all Kariani could do was moan, once more feeling a creature many might’ve considered beneath her leaving her to their body’s devices.

Gl-p-gl-k! “Mmmrmrrrhhh~”

The thief’s eyes rolled back, groaning at the incredible sensation of indulging in such gluttony over such tasty flesh. A more reserved creature might’ve savored the squirming creature, but, like many of his kind, Didiroon couldn’t resist. Stuffing his mouth, he began unceremoniously shoving the girl in, manhandling her with the early muscles of his digestive tract and splattering slobber across the ground and his own sleepsack.

SNARF, GWORK-GULP-GLUCK, ShLorGf, “Hrrk!” SHLUG-GLUP-GULP!

“Mhh! Mhh! HFF! Mnh...mMMnnHfrfff...mmmmmmph~”

Despite her previous recreational flings as food under Jules’ coaxing, never before had Kariani felt such a tight squeeze. Even while still descending his throat, she could feel extra muscles clenching her and pinching at the throat to ensure no option of her return. Never before had she felt so carnally stuffed down like common grub, either; there was no languid descent or gentle roll of flesh from the similarly-sized person. Before she knew it, that tight entry ring was letting her pile into a smooth sack of flesh.

Didiroon’s belly bulged with Kariani’s form, his head tilted back to allow those small curling toes to vanish down his throat. Even while her legs were still kicking in his neck, he knew he’d never been so incredibly full and *satisfied* before. All of that trembling, groaning meat was *his*. And he knew his body knew just what to do with all of it given his eagerness.

The forestomach trembled as the last of her body piled in. To her surprise, the sack she felt stretched over her and kneading at her wasn’t pungent in smell or especially rough. Perhaps the comparative comfort of this organ should’ve tipped her off that she wasn’t where she was meant to be yet, but it didn’t; Kariani did not study the details of Qiqirn anatomy during her scholarly training (prior to her job change into martial arts), so she was utterly unprepared for a sudden squeezing below her. The chamber dragged all of her slightly deeper and slightly lower over a fleshy ridge, mucousy walls casually sliming over her and messing her hair up into a soggy mess. Her prior section squeezed her in like a hand squeezing the cream out of an éclair until, finally, she was pinched and pressed down into the caustic, foul-smelling, and tightly compressing corpus for the long haul.

The Qiqirn was deeply amused by the noticeable shift in his stomach, never before seeing or feeling that tremendous feeling of food being shunted into his digestive chamber. Even more amusing was how the somewhat girl-shaped bulge smoothed out slightly as it did; between her deep position and part of his tribe’s traditional clothing—a tight band of fabric constricting across his tummy—all that remained noticeable was a shifting, occasionally jostling curve. He’d packed a similarly sized person into his body as a meal, and all it looked like was he’d binged on a large midnight snack. He could feel the tightness in his guts, the squirming as he placed his hands on his belly, and the shudder of his stomach secreting more and more

digestive juices to utterly destroy his chance find. “Oooh, now yooo *reeelllee* look like meeet, ya?” he snickered to his stuffed stomach.

Kariani grunted and wiggled in agreement as the slime and fluids kneaded in. There was a small sense of shame left in her, but mostly there was a delight she could only barely explain in words before. If she never got revived, then that was fine; fresh lalafell meat deserved this. She squirmed for Didiroon to feel, gently jiggling a big ratfolk belly. With her cute little face pressed into gutflesh and her own curled up body, she was muffled into obscurity; the only sounds that made it out were the pleasant sounds of food being put to use.

Gwrgk...gurgle, squish, glorp~

Didiroon shivered, tongue drooping from a wide open smile as he rode out the sensations of being so full of a former person. But the Qiqirn was a hard worker when he wanted to be. With Kariani’s external sounds as quiet as his own walk, he figured it was time to get back to his trade. “Little more sorting, then some delievereees, then intooo town for some sales,” he said to himself since there was nobody else around. “Didiroon so luckeee~”

His work didn’t stop him from placing any idle hands on his belly, feeling the contents’ wiggles, and enjoying the sounds from slow-churning meat at every available opportunity, though.

The next morning, the party woke up to notice their bags in a different spot. It didn’t take long for them to find that, between them all, a number of potions, herbs, spices, rolls of silk, and ingredients were missing. With no tracks and no sounds during the night, they weren’t left with much of a clue to pursue their missing items, and so they wrote themselves off as lucky to have gotten off relatively lightly. While Mason, Ina, and Ayrinde broke down camp, Jules curiously reached down into his own bag to pluck out the small scrap of paper he’d noticed.

*Thank you for the meal.
Sorry there wasn’t any left for you.
I was very hungry.*

The miquo’té understood its meaning; the smile he got, after all, was one he most commonly wore while “managing his inventory”. “Ah, looks like they got my meat supplies,” he called to his party. “Don’t suppose we still have enough business funds to pay for a long-distance revival?” He knew they didn’t even before the shake of the warrior’s head or their white mage trying her best to muffle the sudden bout of laughter she’d been inspired to. Nobody called him out on assuming she was as good as dead, either. But the party had a feeling their quest item wouldn’t mind if they took some time getting the funds to get her back.

“Well, somebody remind me to make an appointment when we do,” he sighed in mock disappointment. They wouldn’t, though. It was far more fun to see how long he might leave their little lalafell friend’s spirit squirming from all that exciting degradation in some stranger’s belly.

In the morning markets of Ul’dah, Didiroon felt rich. Sure, he’d been moving stolen goods and travelling all night without a wink of sleep, and the morning was filled with attending various merchants up for purchasing goods and selling his ill-gotten gains wherever possible without attracting unwanted attention; however, he’d never had such a high value meal stewing away inside him. It was all the better that nobody noticed the weak jiggles of his food-stuffed gut were from one of their own breaking down like any other grub. He wasn’t surprised she was still shifting about deep inside him. This stomach was working on something big all at once, but it could afford to take its time; the meat wasn’t going anywhere, after all.

The Qiqirn hadn’t afforded his belly any special care, and Kariani could tell. As the thief had slung the re-packed backpacks around while repacking and moving them back to her party and friends, more than a few times she’d felt their weight thump against her from the outside. The packed-away girl knew her party wouldn’t have heard her even if she’d shouted, and it made her all the more hot. She groaned as he pressed his belly against a box or jostled it around playfully, squirming her best in return. The thick crowds of Ul’dah bumped against his laden gut and sent her head spinning, too. Even if the stranger hadn’t spoken a word to her since sealing her in where she belonged, she could tell he wasn’t doing it out of malice. Her last words outside had, after all, been about how she’d wanted exactly this; hours deep into her flesh softening and mushing up, she still did.

SshgLLrRRk, glorp GUUUURRRRGLE, sHLorP-squish, blrp~

The impossible clench of her confines were beginning to cause her body to creak, aches and burning sensations covering her entire form as her prison gastrically encouraged her to melt. The smell was unquestionably of pungent dissolving meat, and the feeling of such slimy flesh rolling over her nude form was just gross. The noises were loud and shameless, the only sound not luridly embarrassing to be a part of being the background thump of the Qiqirn’s heart. This was unabashedly how food was processed, and it’d be no different for her....and that fact excited her in such a way that kept her moving.

Then came the dull sensation of something dropping from above, dribbling over her acid-worn form with heavy, wet plaps. What little stretchiness the chamber had left accommodated, more and more mass shoveling atop her until, buried in new mash, it began to fill the forestomach. Kariani couldn’t identify it in the dark and cramped organ, but it was pretty obvious that the thief was enjoying a sizable early lunch without a care in the world. It didn’t matter she was in there; food was food. The chewed-up mush that grossly settled atop her was a convenient preview to what her own meat was slowly churning away into.

GlP! Glrrrrrk, GWOORrGGgle! "Mmf...blbl..." sllsh, slosh, gLrRkKkgK...

What visible jiggling the lalafell was responsible for on the outside vanished entirely as Didiroon stuffed himself with cheap mutton stew, the only motions now being the bob of his belly against gravity; every trace of Kariani was gone. His clothes strained with the overly bloated gut, but it was an acceptable discomfort for the sheer excitement of being so well-fed. His necklaces, usually low-hanging, now were loose and rested on a massive curve as he sat back at the diner's table. Even with her entirely buried, he could still feel her squirming against the bottom of his stomach as his own personal secret.

Curiously, he reached below his belly and kneaded up against the main source of his weight. Yup, there was definitely still a girl in there giving her all to be good meat. He could tell as his long, thin fingers began to sink a little deeper than firm lalafell flesh should've allowed, He might've felt bad if he hadn't been assured of just how deeply committed she was; instead, he felt pure pride at how his body was so good at claiming a gutslut like her. There was no way he'd find more lalafell meat like this, so he planned to enjoy every guttural sound from his digestive tract and the meat who was getting everything she wanted.

Gllrp, chuuumurn, GLRK-sCruNCH! Sqrk-squelch, GLRRRN~

By the time he was waddling his fat rat-belly back to his hut outside the walls of Ul'dah, he could tell even his chewed-up stew meat was beginning to press into Kariani. His nightly mean was curled tighter than ever from all the rough squeezing, and the wiggling had reduced to a twitching. "Luckeee Didiroon," he chuckled, patting his filled guts as the mushier parts drained down and away, "yooo are all mine. Luckeee lala-meeet, nice and soft in Qiqirn belly. Well worth the reeturned loot, ya?"

There was no response but the steady smooshing and gurgling of his belly, his meal entirely subsumed by his body and vanishing bit by bit. He lifted his gut and dropped it, giggling at the feeling of all that mass sloshing about. "Didiroon will remember best grubl ever had," he assured the lumpy, boney, mushy mass. "If yooo ever get back, visit Didiroon aneeetime; Didiroon will treat yooo right again! If yooo don't...happeee ending, ya?"

Only four things remained unsold and in the Qiqirn's possession by the time Didiroon settled into bed with a steadily shrinking belly early that afternoon. One was the rarer silk fabrics he'd stored to let sit for a while at his hideout, but the other three he kept at home in a drawer all to themselves: the lalafell's outfit, her pair of pugilist's knuckles, and a gold tag he'd removed from some packaging reading "Fresh Lalafell Meat". If anything recognizable of Kariani survived his body? He'd consider adding it there, too. Maybe a skull, maybe that little forehead gem...

"Mmf...maybeee Didiroon will tell friend Babaroon about tasteee food..."