

Dressed in nothing but a leopard skin loincloth and boob-tube to contain her impressive bust...clearly where most of her meals went, Soline clenched her greasy hole happily, squeezing out a snake skull to plop thickly down into the small pile of droppings she'd just deposited under a tree, a few feathers and tufts of hair, coupled with the occasional undigested twig or berry seed adding to the texture of her waste. In the jungle, the panther's diet was varied...but scarce as the snake she'd gulped down a few days ago. She straightened and stretched, swishing her tail and padding away from the pile to resume hunting, the primary activity of her life, besides sleeping and shitting.

Later that afternoon, the jungle-cat's belly growled. She'd been stalking a bright blue, plump bird for an hour, and now she was finally closing in. ten paces....eight...four...a loud SNAP rang through the forests, and Soline lurched forwards in a panic, oversized paws smashing the branch...now devoid of bird. The rage of losing her meal quickly gave way to curiosity and, ears twitching, she dropped to all fours to pad after the source of the noise. What she saw stunned the panther, some strange creature. Two legged like her, but almost completely hairless! The young girl wore canvas shorts and a shirt, large, dirt coloured hiking boots and a wide brimmed 'explorer' hat to finish off her ensemble, a backpack full of useful objects hung from her sweaty shoulders. She'd frozen at the sudden eruption of noise and fleeing fauna her misplaced foot had caused, but as the tribal feline stared at the biggest, easiest looking meal she'd ever seen (crocodiles were a particularly tough, if satisfying, catch after all) the girl relaxed and continued walking, eyes looking all around, except up into the overhang Soline crouched atop.

Finding a quiet, clear patch of ground devoid of insects, the girl turns, hikes down her shorts and panties, crouches, and lets loose a pungent, berry infused stream of yellow piss. Delighted to catch the girl in such a compromising situation, she dives down, landing in front of the girl, and before the adventurer has time to open her mouth and scream, unable to stop peeing, Soline's grabbed her under the arms and crammed her head-first into her slobbery, drooling maw. Not knowing to 'peel' this new source of meat first, the poor girl's hat is smushed down around her head as Soline licks and slurps, delighting in the taste of her bare, salty, sweaty flesh beneath the hat. Scooping a hand down between the girl's legs, clearly unbothered by the urine pouring over her fingers, she presses down further, pulling and pushing and gulping powerfully, gulping the entire adventurer, shorts, boots and all, in a matter of minutes, reducing a whole human being to a squirming, screaming lump in the nine foot feline's gut, partially hidden by her breasts, her backpack discarded on the ground.

Soline couldn't understand speech, but even if she could understand the muffled, muted screams for help and begging, she wouldn't have cared. Meat is meat, and such a prize is too big to give up. Clambering back up the embankment, backpack in hand and barely hindered by her gut at all, the feline only just slips from obvious view as more, louder noises break through the foliage, and turning, crouching low to the ground, wary of predators, Soline watches with growing delight as twelve more adventurers, a party of girls, trample into the clearing.

“Mauvis, come *on*! You could have just peed in front of us!” one yells. Soline just hears noise, but from the increased activity of her meal, she understands they’re looking for their friend. Purring happily, the feline slips away, keeping low to the ground, her nethers growing damp with pleasure at the increasingly frantic struggles and screams as ‘mauvis’ hears her friends voices growing even more distant and eventually fading away completely.

Across the next few days, Soline performs a little reconnaissance, tracking the group back to their camp, a half dozen tents set up around a nice big firepit in a clearing, smaller torches burning around the edges to keep predators away with smoke...well...most of them. Soline might not be ‘civilized’, but she’s anything but dumb, even not understanding why, she quickly works out what the torches and tents are for. With that done, she spends a day or two lounging up a tree, sleeping or rifling through Mauvis’ backpack, her bulging gut steadily softening and shrinking, a pocket of gas escaping as a wet, drool laced belch or a musky fart, rippling the hem of her loincloth.

Three days later, she steals into the clearing in the dead of night, after drinking and scary stories have sent the women to their sleeping bags, and crouches down on the *inside* of the torch line, ears flicking at the warmth of the fire, as she crouches and finally lets her meat go, thick, turgid logs of shit oozing out and splattering into the floor, peppered with the odd broken bone, forming a two foot high pile of shit, with a pair of ruined panties, canvas shorts, and the eye socket of a human skull peeking out of the mess. With a final groan and a filthy plop, a pair of almost intact hiking boots, caked and filled with the rest of Mauvis, lands atop the pile, and the panther steals off back up her favourite tree to wait and watch. If the adventurers simply looked up, they’d have seen the loincloth-clad tribal feline, and their friend’s backpack, less than two trees beyond their camp.

The noises the next morning told Soline her plan was working. The girls were in an absolute frenzy, some in tears, others in shock; one had wet herself, hustled away by another, tears of embarrassment burning her face as the group stared at what were unmistakably the remains of their friend, left *inside* their protective torch ‘fence’. As Soline had predicted, the girls didn’t sleep that night, keeping watch for her. After three days of solid activity and observance, no one daring to sleep, exhaustion claimed them and the adventurers, twelve in total...well...thirteen counting the pile of shit, collapsed into their tents, hoping whatever predator, a snake maybe, that got their friend had moved on. Instead, Soline slunk down from her tree, backpack in hand, and slipped casually into the first tent.

Soline set about the duo in the first tent with terrifying speed ; conditioned by the wild to eat quickly and greedily....and quietly, in case of nearby contenders for a source of meat. Both women awoke smushed up against each other in Soline’s stomach, one fully dressed, the other in nothing but her bra and panties, the panther had gulped them down as they lay, preferring to get meat in her belly over savouring that delicious, salty-sweet taste. Covering her mouth with a paw to muffle the noise, the feline let out a thick, wet belch, her breath stinking of meat, her cheeks bulging comically wide

to contain the air. After a moment, Soline gave a great, gurgling, sucking gulp and swallowed the air back down...rounding out her already impressive stomach a little and giving the dopey girls more air to survive on, already screaming desperately for help, floods of tears trickling down their cheeks as they tried to work out what on earth had happened.

Stepping outside, she used a claw to slash down the side of the tent, marking it as empty to herself, and systematically slipped straight into the next tent! One of the girls had chosen to sleep inside her sleeping bag, and the other simply sprawled, naked and sweaty in the heat, on top of hers. Though Soline didn't notice or recognise it, the second girl had the cord of a vibe-egg dangling from her pussy, the swollen lips glistening in the moonlight. Deeply curious about the sleeping bag, Soline gently lifted up the girl and stuffed the bottom end of her bag into gaping kitty-maw. Making 'nomming' motions, Soline discovered the contours of the adventurer's feet through her bag, and gulped greedily, content that the wrapper contained more meat.

The girl moaned and squirmed in her sleep as she felt pleasant, muggy, cuddling warmth ooze up over her legs, smushing the lining of her sleeping bag against her sweaty form. The odd sensation roused her as Soline's lips crept over the edge of her bag and closed around her throat. Confusion and fear crossed the stirring girl, and she managed to get out a "wha-" as Soline sat back, cradling a satisfyingly full and distended gut. Opening her jaws and gulping lightly, She tugged that head down inside as well, clamping her teeth shut around a hip-long mass of hair, the golden locks draped down her front and onto her engorged gut. Drool oozed out, running down the length as her hair slowly slid up and out of sight, pulled deeper as the girl's protesting body sank down, trapped inside her sleeping back, into the panther's already full gut. Her noises were enough to rouse the other girl, not 'truly' asleep, simply languishing in post orgasmic bliss and enjoying the vibrations. She sat up; staring in horror at the distended, predatory beast before her, and squirming vigorously as Soline casually grabbed her with both hands. Soline seemed to smile, but she didn't make a sound...not even a purr, save for the wet, drooling schlurrrrk as she slurped up that long length of hair like a noodle, gulping wetly. Her jaws opened again with a wet smacking noise, thick ropes of saliva stringing across her mouth, dribble running down her chin, and the stunned adventurer watched a glimmer of golden hair vanish from sight down her gullet before she too was dragged forwards and plunged head-first into that greedy gullet.

Crawling out of the tent, her belly dragging between her four limbs, Soline straightened, slurping around the legs dangling from her jaws and kicking furiously, her knees 'hooked' into Soline's lower lip. Slashing the now empty tent, she waddled to the next one, letting each step rock and jostle her gut and shake those legs deeper inside. Pausing outside the door to the third tent, lips around her meal's ankles, she gave those dirty, flavoursome feet a good tongue basting, before gulping them down, feeling the girl plunge heavily into her enormous gut, now stretched and distended enough to brush the ground with each bounce at her steps. Ducking and crawling into the new tent, she was surprised to discover only one girl inside...and an empty sleeping bag. Mentally snickering that this girl wouldn't even be reunited with her tent-mate, Soline casually dropped to all fours, her rear end

still sticking out of the tent flaps, and dragged the girl by one ankle over and upwards. "G'nhhrrgh!?" was all the girl managed to scream in the shock of being literally *dragged* from her sleep, and a few moments later her body from the hips down was immersed in the crushing, pliant, slippery tunnel of the panther's throat, one oversized hand clapped around her entire lower face to silence the girl.

Moving in reverse, she backed out of the tent, tail raised high, pulling her meal inside as much as she moved. Soline freed herself again and, as the terrified girl stared wide eyed, screaming into her fur-padded palm, slashed the third tent's canvas. Turning, Soline gave a low, strained groan as she looked at the remaining four tents. Already so full! But, with a needy growl of voracious hunger, Soline pushed and gulped, soon able to replace her paw with the breadth of her tongue to keep the girl quiet, her head stuffed between Soline's jaws, looking out with tears pouring down her cheeks and into the feline's mouth as she struggled desperately inside that crushing, snakelike grip of Soline's throat. Returning to the dirtied, drool coated backpack she'd dumped by the fire, Soline retrieved Mauvis' stock of rope...she'd been carrying the emergency cord for the entire group. The adventurer in her throat seemed to catch onto Soline's plan, and her desperate, begging screams increased as she tried to wake the others. Grinning maliciously around her food's face, Soline let her linger against the rippling peristalsis of her throat long enough to watch the from a POV as the panther silently zipped up each tent and tied the zippers together...a little safety precaution. As she reached the fourth tent, the feline gulped hard, a slick, wet, meaty glrrrk dragging the terrified girl to her doom alongside four others.

Soline's belly sagged heavily onto the ground whether she stood on two legs or not now, so she reverted to all fours for mobility and strength as she slipped into the tent, not overly surprised to discover a single occupant in this one was well...'lucky' solo 13 it seemed....and lucky 'volunteer' to be Soline's rope tying experiment. Her loincloth was testament to her skillset; she *could* tie knots....and tan hide. But this was a first. Moving too quickly to give the girl room to scream and wake the others, Soline dragged her to the doorway, roughly yanking her around and stuffing some cloth she'd found into the girl's mouth. With her voice stifled, the panther wrapped some rope around her, tying her up tightly, and scooped her up like a sack of potatoes. Depositing her beside the fire, she moved onto the next tent, undoing her own knots and tying up the two occupants. As expected, she couldn't quieten them both fast enough this time, and the second girl's screams of terror woke the final two tents before the panther could stuff dirty cloth into her mouth. Grinning silently to herself at the sounds of people scrabbling for zippers, Soline finished her knots in this tent, and dragged herself out, a girl under each arm, one girl's face mashed into the side of her breast, the other into her armpit. Dropping them unceremoniously beside the first, she undid another tent, this time using her enormous gut to block the entrance, stopping either girl from escaping. Screaming came from all over, everyone trying to call for help help, and finding none as Soline bound and gagged another two, this time using a length of rope across their mouths. By then the people by the fire had worked out what was going on, and stared in abject horror at the predator's enormous, bulging gut, white with fear.

As she finished tying up victim number ten, the other two finally broke the knots on their tent door, and Soline was forced to leave the two in their tent to lunge across and pin the first girl as she ran out. Swiftly tying up the other, she let the girl stand there, straining and wobbling against the ropes, while she dragged herself off the final girl and tied her up as well. With everyone bound and gagged with cloth or rope...or in one girl's case a handful of leaves and some rope to keep her jaws shut, the panther, sweating with the effort, dragged everyone to lie beside the fire, and eyed them hungrily. Her stomach was already full, singing its satisfaction with greedy, loud, gurgling glops and ominous *churning* noises that drew disturbingly pained, terrified screams from within. Even so...she couldn't resist just one more... Dragging the first girl she'd gagged out of the pile, Soline grinned wickedly, and worked her bare feet into her mouth. The poor girl's face red with tears as surging, flexing, rippling gulps *pulled* her down and inwards.

With Soline's teeth around her knees, it didn't matter that the big cat looked in visible discomfort and pain at being so over-stuffed, the poor woman was so terrified her panties suddenly grew very dark, and in front of everyone the adventurer wet herself, sobbing and screaming against the gag as hot, musky liquid dripped down her thighs and over the panther's drool slaked chops. Throughout the whole ordeal Soline never spoke, in fact her stomach was the most vocal part of her! Sprawling out atop her enormous gut, she used her hands to heft the adventurer upwards, straining to pull her deeper; powerful gulps managing to claim barely an inch at a time. For a moment it looked like the panther had hit her limit, the woman could certainly feel the slimy, bare, heated back of a friend beneath her feet, squirming in the taut depths; but instead of releasing the woman, Soline twitched her noise, everyone able to hear a dull grrrrrle rising in her guts and, moments later, the feline gaped her jaws *wide* and let out an enormous, meaty, drooling belch, immersing the woman in a geyser of stale, steaming air, the rancid, meaty stench of her stomach made all the more repulsive to the adventurer by the distinct sweetened scent of her friends perfumes, mingled together under the smell of meat and acids. Even worse, as the gas surged out, the adventurer felt something shift, and she suddenly *plummeted* downwards, sliding smoothly in, guided by those hands on her shoulders, tears of pain wetting Soline's eyes as she relaxed her oesophagus entirely, not bothering to swallow, simply *pushing* her sixth victim down her throat.

Her jaws slipped neatly closed, gulping and slurping up that long black ponytail, compressing another girl into her enormous gut. The stretched surface visibly bulged and roiled and shifted, huge masses of meat...the still live, screaming, struggling girls slipping and shifting around vigorously as Soline's gargantuan stomach clenched and squeezed and kneaded, adjusting to such an enormous, satisfying weight of live meat. Slowly, Soline rolled over onto her side, eyes fixed on her remaining food with a look that didn't give any hope for mercy. She lapped over her chops, evidently pleased with herself, and hiccupped. Looking dreamily at the remaining six adventurers, she slowly drifted off into sleep, content in her knots to keep the others trapped, forced to watch the violent, desperate thrashing and bulges as the victims inside fought for their lives, her flesh stretching and bulging with astonishing elasticity, but always muscular enough to oppress and crush everyone back together; and eventually, her belly slowly grew still, the muffled screams growing fainter...though the bulges didn't quite diminish...and when everything seemed to stop moving, save for the motions of the

panther's digestion, the remaining six were left with several unmistakable bulges pressing out of the lumpy gut, the distinct form of one of their friends mashed into the bottom of her gut, and completely motionless, a head there, a shoulder here. Snoring innocently, Soline barely moved, only to twitch lightly in her dreams, drool running copiously from her mouth as she dreamed about the finding a nest of these wonderful pink and black creatures. Several hours in; long ones for all of her victims, some slowly being digested, others too fearful to even blink, Soline shifted and groaned lightly, and as the girls watched, a bulging mass moved just beneath her breasts, then her throat distended wide, and moments later a pair of hands slipped between her drooling lips, parting her jaws wide as one of the girls dragged herself free with a desperate, rattling gasp of fresh air.

"HELP ME! Oh god, oh god, oh god please!" her voice sounded raw, inhaled stomach acids and hours of screaming and crying taking their toll. Utterly dripping with juices, her hair was bleached white and thin, skin covered in bright red blotches, her eyes bright red, bloodshot, wide and staring as she clutched at the grass, fingernails softened and flexible, wincing at every brush of air against her skin. Her eyes focused on the utterly terrified remaining girls, another two panties ruined by urine at the sight of their 'escaping' friend, and she gave a great, whimpering sob. As if on cue, Soline gulped again, slurping and lapping over the partially digested girl. "Oh god, oh god...someone help! This can't be happening!" The last of her words were cut off again as her slimy head vanished between the voracious lips again, and a few more swift gulps sealed her back inside. As the others looked on, Soline lazily opened her eyes, seemed to smile at them, and hiccupped. Letting out a gurgled, wet belch a moments later, she cups her gut and rolls lazily over, presenting her rear to the group just in time to let out a long, raunchy fart, her loincloth fluttering on the invisible wind as she sighs in relief, and drifts back to sleep.

The next morning, Soline awoke with a heavily shrunken belly, distinctly lumpy in places, to the tired, frightened expressions of six girls who hadn't slept, their wrists and cheeks red raw with efforts of struggling against the rope. Shifting to her feet and squatting in front of them, still having never spoken a word, Soline relaxes, letting a thick, smooth, coiling log of shit ooze out of her hole. Long clumps of hair and whole bones, polished clean by acids and ruined again by shit stuck and buried in the filth left everyone with no questions to whether their friends had survived. The only time the slimy, clay-like shit broke up was when a large bubble of gas escaped, a thick fart bubbling free, usually carrying a skull or boot from one of the girls that had slept in her clothes. At one point, a vibe-egg, slimy, bright purple, was visible, the cord vanishing into the filth. As the piling mess began to mound up, muffled screams rang out again as a whole, albeit burnt and nail-less, hand pressed out through the log of shit, breaking the coil off as the hand twitched weakly, growing slightly stronger as it began to flail around desperately. Twitching her tail, Soline simply clenched down hard, sucking the poor girl back inside, working her deeper into the filth, and straightening up as her fingers scratched at the tailhole. Turning to look at the other six, Soline inadvertently let out a long, messy, lewd fart, powerful enough to ripple her loincloth, and blushed. Her gut was still huge, at least one girl and god knows how much shit still packed inside...but that didn't seem to stop her thoughts of breakfast. Not bothering to greet or taunt the girls, not that they'd have understood

Feline, the big cat simply moved systematically down the line, greedily ingesting one girl after another.

By the time she'd devoured another three, the panther looked bloated, stuffed to her brim, as she gave a thick, meaty belch, clearing up a little room to force the fourth girl inside, not even bothering to remove their gags and ropes to give them the small mercy of being able to scream or *struggle* instead they could simply wriggle and squirm from side to side, piling up heavily in her stomach. As she stubbornly crawled closer, dragging her gut, the last two whimpered, both girls thighs sticky and sore and chafed with stale urine, their faces equally red with tears. It became obvious the panther wasn't even *enjoying* herself anymore. She didn't need to eat them, and she was so full it was already hurting simply to breath, but she wouldn't stop...she was going to eat them whole simply because she could, and because she was too stubborn to let them live even another day outside her stomach. Eating the last two girls took as long as the other four combined, having to squeeze and gulp and force every single inch inside. With the last girl she took over an hour, belching and farting out every last bit of air and space she could to make room, and *still* not having enough room to fit her inside. Somehow Soline managed though, purring delightedly as she closed her teeth around the woman's head, feeling her skull press against the inside of her teeth as pressure tried to force her upwards. Gulping repeatedly, her gullet flexing and rippling incessantly, she slooowly worked the sobbing face down inside, stretching her head back and arching herself to *squeeze* the adventurer down, feeling a glorious pop as her stomach valve slipped over the woman's head, sealing her away entirely.

Almost immediately, Soline 'belched', an airless reflex that instead brought the same woman right back up, her sobbing face pressing back up into Soline's mouth for the feline to slurp and lick over, and gulp down again, a coating of slime and drool making the second descent easier....a *tiny* bit easier.

Sprawled out on her back, gasping and groaning in pain, Soline hiccups, gulping repeatedly after each "h'currp!" to keep everything contained...and a panicked realisation about her own vulnerability catches her. Terrified of being found by a pack of hyena...or anything really, she doubted she could fit *anything* else inside, the panther rolls slowly onto her gut and painfully, slowly drags herself away, out of the camp and into the brush, hiccup-burping the entire way, almost vomiting someone up each time. Though...she *could* eat something else, it turned out, as she paused by a strawberry bush to pluck a large handful of her favourite treat (well.. before she tried human.) to snack on, something to quell her pain and discomfort. A few long minutes outside the camp, Soline crawls her way into a scentless cave beside a bubbling river, purring gratefully as she flops onto her side, and passes out into a food coma.

Across the next week, she slowly digests and breaks down the *massive* weight of meat inside her, crying in her sleep as the ropes digest away, allowing her meals full movement to struggle....as much

as the crushingly tight, stretched stomach walls allow at least. For the first few days, there are frequent escape attempts, an increasingly digested looking girl trying to escape, a hand or head or upper body escaping, dripping with stomach acids and digesting person-soup, only to be slurped and gulped back down. Each time the panther gives a meaty belch, and looks a little more comfortable. At one point on the third day a girl *does* escape, wriggling entirely free, horribly burnt and digested, and too wounded to move, gasping in pain on the ground until her noise wakes the panther for long enough to slurp and gulp the whimpering woman back down, licking her chops greedily, before drifting back into her food coma. Farting and belching copiously, filling the air with her scent, the panther purrs into her sleep, shifting occasionally, to sprawl beneath her gut, or atop it, or cradling it lovingly.

Eventually though, all good things come to an end, and eventually, with a gut the size of a full-term pregnancy, albeit completely round and squishy to the touch, bulging obscenely out to her sides when she lies on it, the panther stirs in the early hours of the morning, a welcome pressure in her bladder and rectum goading her to rise, stretch, and pad down to the riverside, enjoying the jungle air as she finds a particularly large tree. Smiling to herself at the scent of a bear on the tree, Soline turns and crouches, relaxing and effortlessly overpowering the bear's mark with one of her own, a torrent of piss soaking the tree roots, followed seconds later by her pucker bulging obscenely wide around a log of shit the size of a small tree trunk. Shivering, gasping in pain at the stretch, Soline does her best to relax as the enormous load oozes out, coiling onto the ground. Though the shit is smooth and soft, it's utterly jam packed with bones, scraps of clothing, boots. Almost all of the skulls seem to have passed through her guts unharmed, stretching her tailhole pleasantly and plopping out, only to be buried beneath more shit. So much that Soline has to clench and waddle forwards, making a second pile as her gut slowly shrinks and flattens out. Amazingly, a cell phone, not hidden inside a log, oozes out wedged halfway into the filth. A number displayed on the screen with "Sorry, no signal. Try again?" below.

Half an hour after her pucker first opened, the panther releases a long, spluttering, raunchy fart, the sound hinting at her over-stretched hole, and the panther clenches and straightens, finally more or less empty. The remains of an entire group of adventurers, embedded with countless bones and half a dozen skulls, piled five feet high against the poor tree, steams lightly in the morning air as Soline swishes her tail. Content to have 'marked' another part of her territory, the panther winces at the sore ache in her over-stretched ass, and pads slowly away, her belly grumbling hungrily as she returns to the hunt, hoping for breakfast.