

Valentine's Day was a very special day in many Japanese high schools. For many young girls, it was a chance to profess their love to their classmates or their senpais. Along with the iconic heart-shaped box of chocolate, the once-Western holiday had long since settled into the modern culture of Japan as a centerpiece of the yearly romantic calendar, second only to Christmas in terms of romance.

And for some girls, Valentine's Day *had* to be special, if only because it was the *last* day of their lives.

Miss Tamura had long since grown to dislike Valentine's Day. The teacher knew it only as a day where absolutely *nothing* got done at Nagasaki Girl's Senior High School. As she arrived that morning at the school, she heaved a big sigh as she stepped out of her car. She could already sense that today would be exhausting.

Something about her skirt felt more constricting than usual. The tall teacher tugged on the hem of her leather skirt for a moment, trying to make the outfit more comfortable. But it never seemed to work. Miss Tamura was used to feeling uncomfortable in her teaching outfit though. Wide hips and huge breasts tended to be major distractions for her young students, so she'd gotten into the habit of trying to suppress her body with a tight fitting shirt and skirt. She'd even tied her long hair back into a tight bun, to really make it clear that she was a no-nonsense type of woman. None of it really seemed to work, though. Not for the first time, Miss Tamura wondered if she should have dedicated her career to teaching younger students, rather than eighteen year old girls.

It only took moments for her anxieties about Valentine's Day to be confirmed. "Nishimura!" The teacher snapped as she spied a young girl sitting on the steps leading up to the next floor. "Digesting in the hallways is *forbidden!* Go to the infirmary like everyone else!" Nishimura Yuri looked up at her in surprise, before letting out a small burp. Under her arm was her lesson plans, which Miss Tamura already knew were useless. Most of her class was going to be just like the young girl in front of her; *digesting* each other.

Nagasaki Girl's Senior High School had been established as a vore-friendly school back in the 80's, back when the vore rights movement was in full swing. It had been one of the first generation of schools to fully allow vore among its students and faculty. Nowadays, vore legalization made the school just like any other in legal terms, but the extremely liberal attitude towards vore had persisted well into the modern day.

And so, for Nagasaki Girl's Senior High School, Valentine's Day was less a romantic day and more of a *massacre*. When a young girl confessed in *this* school, she almost always ended up being devoured by the girl she confessed to. Somehow, that didn't seem to deter quite a lot of Miss Tamura's students. Technically, eating someone without their consent was forbidden, though enforcing that rule was hard at best. Miss Tamura knew from personal experience and historical records that between a quarter and a half of her class wouldn't survive the day, being digested by the remaining survivors.

Vore always made teaching a little difficult, Miss Tamura knew. Teaching was a pretty normal job most of the time, but having the odd lesson with one of her students loudly digesting someone wasn't that unusual. And it made her life very *annoying* when that happened. High school predators had no idea how to moderate or slow down their digestion, and their bellies tended to be infuriatingly *loud*. Trying to keep her students' attention when she was talking about the Dutch trading during the Sakoku period was hard enough already. Having the sound of gurgling, burping or even *loud farting* when she was speaking made it just *impossible*. Which was why Miss Tamura and many other teachers had made it a rule that any digestion had to be done in the infirmary.

"Urp!" Laying against the steps, the twin-tailed girl student let out a loud burp. She was one of Miss Tamura's students, a short girl who was already quite *thick*. Despite her small height, Nishimura Yuri had already surpassed an F-cup, mostly due to previous Valentine's Days. "Eh, the infirmary is already full, Sensei..." Yuri complained, rubbing her distended stomach slowly with a cruel smirk. Inside, Miss Tamura could see the outline of one of her *other* students, who was soon to be her *former* student.

"Already?!" The teacher felt a flash of alarm. Obviously, the infirmary tended to fill up on Valentines Day, with all the young girls digesting their Valentine. Usually, that happened near the *end* of the day. Class hadn't even *begun* yet... This was a *bad* sign for how many girls were going to be digested today. At this rate, the plumbing was going to be in danger too. Miss Tamura sighed deeply, not looking forward to the rest of the day. "Okay, Nishimura... Who's inside you?" She asked, pulling out her list of students.

Yuri grinned, clearly quite happy to answer. "Sakura Aiko... She was so cute when she confessed. I slurped her up right away..." Patting her stomach, the big-breasted girl began to undo her shirt buttons, loosening her uniform until her blue bra was visible. "Ugh... Doesn't she look *lovely*, Sensei? She's gonna make me go up another cup size, I can feel it..."

Poor little Aiko had always been sweet on Yuri, the teacher knew. The small nervous girl had finally worked up the courage to tell Yuri how she felt. Miss Tamura hoped that her former student wasn't regretting her choice right now, though she doubted that the little prey had been unaware of what Yuri would do to her when she confessed. Taking out her pen, Miss Tamura crossed off "Sakura Aiko" from her list. It wouldn't be the last name she crossed off, she knew. "Fine, enjoy your meal." Miss Tamura sighed, which made Yuri giggle. "But enjoy it somewhere *other* than the hallway, Nishimura."

"Aw, come on, Sensei!" Yuri pouted cutely at her. "Come on, you're *such* a killjoy! Would it kill you to let loose for *one* day? It's not like anyone's gonna be paying attention anyway! I wanna show off my Valentine's Day gut to everyone who passes!" She slapped her belly with a chuckle. Showing off their gut was a predator tradition at Nagasaki Girl's Senior High.

Yuri had always been one of her problem students, and Miss Tamura *really* wasn't in the mood for her student's horny attitude today. "No, you may not. If the infirmary's full, go and ask the school nurse to find you somewhere else to digest your food in private."

"Sensei, you *really* need to lighten up." The twin-tailed girl folded her arms and gave her teacher an irritated look. "Look, I'll sit here and digest her for a little while, and then I'll come to class when I feel like it, okay?"

Miss Tamura glared at her student. "Nishimura, don't take that tone with me." When Yuri just let out an irritated groan, the teacher narrowed her eyes and glared at her and played her trump card. "Nishimura Yuri, if you don't move your ass, I'm sure Miss Saeko will move it *for you*."

Yuri paled in fear, as expected. Namedropping the high school's infamously dangerous gym teacher tended to have that effect. Miss Tamura hated invoking Saeko's name, but she needed to keep a lid on Nishimura Yuri, before the young girl got too ambitious. Unlike their students, the *teachers* of Nagasaki Girl's Senior High had no requirement to obtain consent before devouring their students if it was a form of punishment. And Miss Saeko was well-known for dealing out such *punishments* with glee.

"F-fine!" Yuri shot her teacher an irritated glare as she hurriedly picked up her bulging gut. "Geez, Sensei!" Miss Tamura watched as her student awkwardly scurried off toward the infirmary, her big breasts bouncing rather magnificently. The teacher rather enjoyed the sight, and it made her feel a little better about the day ahead.

This feeling was premature, of course.

The hallways of Nagasaki Girl's Senior High were littered with students, young girls chatting and talking to each other in the precious time before class started. As Miss Tamura passed, a few of them greeted her politely, which was nice. She also noticed that quite a few of them were looking around hungrily, waiting to be confessed to. That was *less* nice to see.

As she neared her classroom, Miss Tamura was annoyed to see an actual confession taking place right in front of her. "Senpai...!" A tall brown-haired girl was holding out a pink letter to one of her classmates, a small black-haired girl with thick glasses. "Please... Accept my feelings!"

The glasses girl seemed rather stunned at this. "M-me?!" She said, staring at the love letter as if it were a foreign object she didn't recognize. "But I thought... I thought you loved Minori!"

"I did..." The tall brown-haired girl blushed deeply. "But... When you were helping me get closer to her... I couldn't help but fall for you instead, Kyoko-senpai..." She gulped nervously, and looked up at her senpai. "Is that... Does that make you happy?"

"I..." Kyoko seemed a bit taken aback. But then, she smiled widely. "Yes! It makes me happy, Tanabe-san!" Reaching out, she grabbed the taller girl's hands. "I'll... I'll be in your care from now on..."

Miss Tamura really didn't have time for this. This might be a vibrant moment of their youth, but for the teacher, it was a sight she'd seen a dozen... No, *hundreds* of times by now. "You two, stop blocking the hallway!" She snapped, reaching under Tanabe's skirt to pinch the tall girl on the butt. With a yelp of shock, the tall girl flinched toward her senpai, both girls ending up awkwardly embracing each other. Miss Tamura gave them a sharp look. "Go inform your homeroom teacher and then go somewhere private." She turned away, and then hesitated. "And go to the infirmary when you're done with her, Kyoko-san." The teacher told the smaller girl, who nodded fearfully.

Pushing open the door to her classroom, Miss Tamura felt the sound of her students chattering wash over her. Normally, the girls in her class would politely quieten down as she entered. But today, there was far too much excitement. Too many rumors about who was confessing to who, or who had been eaten by who. Miss Tamura was half-tempted to stop and listen to the rumors herself, despite her own frustration.

"Quieten down!" She called out, putting down her folder on her desk. "Girls, I said *quieten dow-*"

"Miss Tamura!" In an instant, there was a small crowd of girls in front of her, chattering away at her. "Ohmigod, did you *hear* who's going to confess to Mari-senpai?" One of the girls, a gossipy girl with a ponytail asked her.

Mihara-san. Known for being the biggest gossip in the class. "No, that's not..." Miss Tamura hesitated for a moment. Mari was a very pretty third-year girl from Class 4, known for being quite frosty. As a teacher, she should really be above this kind of thing... But then, she *had* been a high school student herself once... "W-who was it, Mihara-san?" She tried to ask brusquely, as if she didn't really care.

"Rachael-san!" Mihara answered excitedly. "Oh, don't you think she has a chance? Mari-senpai's a total yankee, she'd love to eat a foreign girl!"

"Rachel-san isn't foreign, it's just that her father's American." Miss Tamura was tired of explaining this to her students. The blonde girl *looked* foreign, but she was as Japanese as the rest of... Oh whatever. From the sounds of it, Rachel's heritage wasn't likely to matter for much longer. Provided Mari-senpai accepted her confession, of course.

"Oh my god, *move*, Mihara-san!" Behind the gossipy girl, three girls were impatiently waiting their turn to talk to Miss Tamura. As soon as she saw them, the teacher sighed internally, knowing *exactly* what was coming.

As Mihara drifted away to gossip to someone else, the three girls eagerly walked up to Miss Tamura with their hands behind their backs. "You... You look so lovely today, Tamura-sensei!" The smallest of the three, Minori, told her with a nervous squeak. She was a mousy young girl, smaller and younger looking than she really was. It was hard to believe that she was eighteen.

"I hope you're having a good Valentine's Day, Sensei!" The tallest of the three, Kumiko, had a necklace with a metal skull around her neck. The black-haired girl was a lover of the occult and any kind of unexplained mysteries, and always seemed quite cheerful despite her gloomy accessories.

"Another wonderful day to spend with you, Tamura-sensei!" The leader of the three, Hana, smiled brightly at her teacher. She was remarkably pretty, and the girl made a point of cutely tucking a strand of bright blonde hair behind her ear as she spoke. "But today is *extra* special..." Miss Tamura noted that the girl's eyes were fixated on her chest, and felt a little annoyed that her uncomfortably tight bra and shirt were apparently doing nothing to dissuade her horny student.

The three girls were rather different, and it was hard to believe that they were close friends at first glance. But Miss Tamura was quite aware that all three of them had something in common that they cherished, much to her chagrin.

"Here!" The three girls said in cheerful unison, each pulling out a box of chocolates and offering it to Miss Tamura. "These are our feelings, Sensei!"

Had they *practiced* that?! Miss Tamura had been well aware that the three girls had an eye for her. "Oh... Girls, I'm flattered, but..." She really hated to crush their spirits, right after they'd worked up the courage to confess to her. And in front of the entire class, no less. But... "I don't date my own students, you should know that..."

Hana cut in immediately, as Miss Tamura knew she would. "You don't have to *date* us! You can always eat us instead!" She looked around at the other two girls, who nodded quickly in response. "I mean, we'd prefer to *date*, but getting eaten would be pretty good too..."

"C-can't you make an exception, Sensei?" Kimiko asked hopefully, tugging on the prayer beads around her right wrist as she spoke. "We *really* like you!"

"Yeah!" Hana took a half-step toward Miss Tamura. "Tamura-sensei, there's no rules about dating your students, you know?"

Indeed, Miss Tamura was quite aware of that. Those laws had been repealed along with the legalization of vore back in the 80's. Nowadays, as long as the school was aware of it, a teacher and a student could date as much as they wanted, as long as another teacher oversaw the student's test marking. That particular caveat was *meant* to stop a teacher giving her girlfriend easy marks, though in practice it really *didn't*.

“Y-yeah! Ishida-sensei and Kaori-san from Class 3 have been dating since first year! They’re gonna get married when she graduates...” Minori trailed off nervously as the teacher turned to look at her.

“Girls, I’m aware that it’s legally fine.” Miss Tamura shook her head. “But... As sweet as you are, I just don’t want to date my own students.”

Hana, as always, took this rejection in stride. “Well...” She turned and gave her chocolate to Kumiko. “I guess this is friend chocolate then.” The blonde girl said, giving her friends a cheerful smile.

The black-haired girl sighed and handed over her chocolate to Minori, who handed her own to Hana in turn. “Well... I guess we always expected her to say that, I guess...”

“Cheer up!” Hana put her arms around her friend’s shoulders, as she led them away. “Come on, that was just one attempt! When a girl says ‘no’, you gotta just keep trying! That’s what my mom says...”

“Alright...” Miss Tamura called out, trying to pretend that she hadn’t just heard that. “Class is beginning, girls!” Finally, her students began to return to their seats. There were quite a few empty seats, the students that usually sat in them either melting someone or *being* melted at this very moment. But that was to be expected today. After the usual respectful bow, Miss Tamura was satisfied that she could now teach. “Sit.” She told them, and was annoyed to see many of them looking around excitedly at the empty seats as they did so. Miss Tamura knew they were eager to gossip about who was missing... mostly because she was more than a little intrigued herself, much to her own irritation.

Teaching, as expected, was a chore today. Most of the other teachers in the school just didn’t seem to bother when it came to Valentine’s day. There were still students out in the hallway, even as class was supposed to be in session, talking and laughing. More than once, Miss Tamura had to lean out of her classroom and order them to move along. But before long, a new group would wander in.

Miss Tamura tried. She really did. Honestly, every year, she hoped to be able to beat the Valentine’s curse. She’d even chosen the topic of vore for the lessons today; the history of vore in Japan, how it had been common in the pre-feudal era, and then banned under the Shogunate, and then later reintroduced by the female Dutch traders who’d visited Dejima island during the Sengoku period... The school was even *in* Nagasaki, not even a few kilometers from Dejima island! How was that for local vore history? Miss Tamura had been quite proud of that particular point.

Naturally, her students weren’t interested. Why would they care about people being digested history, when there were people they knew being digested happening *right now*? As she tried to

teach, Miss Tamura could feel her student's attention slowly slipping, as whispered conversations began to break out and she could see notes being passed in the corner of her eye.

By the time the loudspeaker sounded the arrival of the lunch break a few hours later, Miss Tamura had given up. As her students eagerly rushed out of the classroom, heading straight downstairs to peek into the infirmary, the teacher sat back in her chair, sighing deeply.

Why did she bother? No, really. *Why* did she bother? *Why* did she feel the need to try and fight this... *day*? What drove her to try and remain professional when it felt like no-one else cared. Even when it felt like the whole world was telling her to give up, it just drove her to fight it even harder.

Honestly, Miss Tamura knew she'd always been like this. Always picked up for others, always tried to clean up everyone else's messes. It was like a psychological addiction, almost. Albeit one that rarely felt good. But if *she* didn't clean up other people's messes, she knew that the mess literally wouldn't get cleaned up at all. And *fuck*, there was going to be a lot of mess today.

Maybe it was the only thing she really had to hold onto. Miss Tamura hadn't had a date in over a year now, and to tell the truth, her job was the only thing getting her out of bed in the morning... Ugh, those thoughts weren't helping, were they?

Maybe she should just call in sick next Valentine's Day, Miss Tamura thought to herself. Spend Valentine's at home, and just... spend the whole day drinking and masturbating. *Fuck*, that sounded *good*. Miss Tamura was vaguely amused at the idea of her students seeing their strict and serious teacher in such a slovenly state. Honestly, she could barely take care of herself now that she'd left...

No. She was at school. She needed to pull herself together. Taking a deep breath, Miss Tamura sits up in her chair and pulls out the list of her student's names from her folder. Clicking her pen, the teacher runs down the list, and preemptively crosses out some of her student's names. Girls that she's near certain are already dead based on the whispers she'd heard during the class...

Class 2 - Homeroom Teacher: Tamura Nako

1. Asai Fumiko \* (\* = missing from class)
2. Nishimoto Kamiko
3. Nishimura Yuri \*
4. Koyanagi Hana
5. ~~Tsukamoto Hikaru~~ \* (confessed to a girl named Risa in Class 3, probably eaten)
6. Sakata Tomoko \*
7. Tsukamoto Miura \*
8. ~~Sakura Aiko~~ \* (I confirmed her eaten by Nishimura)
9. Muramoto Masako

10. Morikawa Minori
11. Nakajima Chiasa
12. ~~Yamashiro Ai~~ \* (overheard that she had been eaten by a girl in Class 4)
13. Kawata Ryo
14. ~~Kase Mitsuru~~ \* (last seen getting dragged behind the school before class, definitely eaten)
15. Muto Saki
16. Soma Kimiko
17. Ide Naoko \*
18. Asato Mihara
19. Ito Masako
20. ~~Sakurai Katsumi~~ \* (apparently confessed to an older woman outside of school this morning? Probably eaten)
21. ~~Okuda Chie~~ \* (confessed to her senpai, eaten)
22. Shimada Naoki
23. ~~Okano Eiko~~ \* (confessed to and was eaten by Tanagawa from Class 4)
24. Araki Mari
25. ~~Tanimoto Chika~~ \* (allegedly eaten by her own mother this morning? Must follow up on this)
26. Nakada Ryoko
27. Hamamoto Yuriko
28. ~~Merino Umi~~ \* (eaten by a girl from Class 1, name might have been Yuria?)
29. Nakasone Haruka
30. Tone Kotone \*
31. Arai Harumi \*
32. Sakuma Aika

If they had been missing from class, Miss Tamura was reasonably sure that the students she hadn't crossed out were busy digesting someone who had confessed to them or *being* digested. Tone Kotone, Sakata Tomoko and Ide Naoko were hardcore predators, each of whom had probably received a handful of confessions. Sakura Aiko was definitely draining through Nishimura Yuri's intestines by now. The rest could go either way, in her opinion.

And it was only halfway through the day! Miss Tamura knew from experience that the confessions didn't slow down as the day wore on. There were almost certainly plenty of girls who were gathering their courage for an afternoon confession. Or an afterschool one, even. To tell the truth, Miss Tamura suspected that she might lose half the class by the end of the day.

This might turn out to be the most brutal Valentine's Day in recent memory for Nagasaki Girl's Senior High at this rate! Even for the reinforced plumbing that every public school had installed nowadays, today would be hell for the school's toilets.

Not that it was the worst the school had ever seen, though. Miss Tamura was pretty sure that record still went to the Valentine's Day of 1998. Almost sixty percent of the students were wiped out, melted by their fellow students and most of the faculty. Admittedly, Miss Tamura had contributed to that number herself, along with Miss Saeko. That had been her third year of high school, and when the toilets had all broken, they'd had to bring out the trough... God, the smell



had been brutal. Miss Tamura could feel her nipples getting harder as she remembered, her hand wandering down to the hem of her skirt...

No! Luckily, the tightness of her clothes reminded the teacher not to get lost in her fantasies. She could masturbate later, when the school day was over. Miss Tamura snapped out of her arousal and sat up, adjusting her hair bun to make sure it was secure. Right now, she needed to check two names. Hasegawa Fumiko and Tsukamoto Miura. The former was a quiet girl who should have taken refuge in the classroom during the chaos of Valentine's Day, and the latter was a sporty athletic girl who had recently eaten her own girlfriend just a week ago. Neither were likely to confess or be confessed to, which made their absence an anomaly to Miss Tamura.

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A few minutes later, Miss Tamura was marching down the hallway. After speaking to a small group of girls, she had learned that Fumiko's fate was unknown... But Miura had been seen dragging someone into the supply closet on the east side of the school building.

The supply closet wasn't hard to find. It's a frequent destination for students skipping class in order to have sex or devour one another. Most of the teachers here tended to look the other way, usually because they got some use out of it themselves from time to time. But Miss Yamura was not *most* teachers.

The room could be locked and unlocked from the inside, one of the reasons it was so popular. But as a teacher, Miss Tamura had a key to the whole building. "Tsukamoto-san...?" She asked, as she unlocked the door. Inside the supply closet, the teacher heard something fall over, the clear sound of someone knocking over something in surprise. "I'm coming in." Miss Tamura could always wait for whoever's inside to make themselves decent, but to tell the truth, she could use something indecent to look at right now.

"Mmm!" As the door opened, the girl inside held up her hands as if to protect herself, while trying to speak through a mouthful of *thigh*.

The teacher let out a deep sigh as she saw that her student was almost finished swallowing someone. Tsukamoto Miura was a tall girl with a surprisingly toned body for a girl her age. Indeed, Miura was one of Nagasaki Girl's Senior High's top two athletic students. Although, right now she wouldn't be running anywhere. Not with a fat load of fellow student bulging in her belly, and a pair of pale legs sticking out of her mouth.

Quickly, Miss Tamura closed the door behind her and locked it. Whatever else is happening, her first instinct was to protect her student from prying eyes. "Keep eating, Tsukamoto-san. If you're already at her knees, there's no point trying to stop you. Not that I would otherwise."

Miura was standing up, bracing herself against a shelf. As she saw that her teacher wasn't going to stop her, the athletic girl's panic faded a little, and she resumed slurping down her victim. Miss Tamura watched in silence, at least grateful to have something enjoyable to look at today.

"Who are you eating, Tsukamoto-San?" Miss Tamura sighed, watching as Miura swallowed down her victim's legs. Wisely, the girl had worn a sports bra under her shirt, which had lost a couple of buttons during her meal due to tightness. Miss Tamura suspects that the bra won't fit for very much longer, though.

Able to properly breathe again, the athletic girl took a deep breath and patted her stomach. She was a tall girl with a surprisingly handsome face and short cropped blonde hair. In an all-girl's school, her masculine appearance made her quite popular. Indeed, even Miss Tamura had to admit that Miura was her type. Now able to speak, Miura suddenly looked nervous, as she tried to answer her teacher's question. "Uh..." She blushed, looking as if she was about to lie, but decided against it when Miss Tamura narrowed her eyes. "Um... It's... Uehara from Class 5..."

"Uehara Nakamura?!" Miss Tamura raised an eyebrow. She knew the girl, as did almost everyone in the school. Like her apparent devourer, Uehara was the *other* top athlete in the school, head of the Sports Club. "And how did you come to eat Uehara, may I ask?"

Miura clearly knew she was under suspicion, but the teacher knew she'd try to lie anyway. "She... Uh, Uehara confessed to me!" The tall girl blurted, grinning as if she'd just figured out some convincing lie. "She... she asked me to eat her, so I..."

"Uh uh." God, this girl was a *bad* liar. Miss Tamura wasn't fooled for a second that *Uehara Nakamura*, a well known predator, and long-time *rival* of Miura had sweetly asked to be eaten. It was well-known that the two girls *hated* each other, and they'd actually come to blows a few times during their time at Nagasaki Girl's Senior High.

"Didn't Uehara have a girlfriend?" Miss Tamura raised an eyebrow at her student. The handsome girl was visibly sweating, and not just from effort, she noticed.

Miura let out a nervous burp. Inside her stomach, the teacher could see Uehara struggling feebly. But even a strong athlete would have trouble fighting the brutal confines of a young predator's belly. "Um... I think her girlfriend got sloshed." As her teacher narrowed her eyes, Miura nervously tried to scratch her short blonde hair. "Um! Well, y'know... I might have... made an agreement with... Tomoko-san from Class 1, where she would take care of Uehara's girlfriend... I mean, Uehara's girlfriend confessed to her..."

"Miura." Miss Tamura said firmly, silencing her student with a single word. The athletic girl closed her eyes and looked down, clearly embarrassed to have been caught. "Please, don't lie to me."

Her student hesitated for a moment, and Miss Tamura worried that she might try and lie again. Then, to the teacher's relief, Miura told the truth. "I just... Everyone knows that Valentine's Day is so busy with all the confessions and people getting eaten..."

"...That you took advantage of the mayhem of today in order to get rid of your rival." Miss Tamura finished, as the girl trailed off in shame. "How long were you planning this?"

Miura blushes. "A... a few months. Ever since Uehara fucked my girlfriend." With a look of anger, the blonde girl squeezes her stomach, and the teacher hears a cry of pain from within.

Oh, right. That had been a big scandal that had gone around the school grapevine. Miss Tamura had forgotten about that. There had been a big rumor that Uehara had slept with Miura's girlfriend, but the teacher was a bit surprised to learn that it was true and not just gossip. "Oh..." She said out loud, feeling a hint of sympathy for her student. "Well, I suppose I can't blame you for wanting revenge... But you know that eating someone against their consent is against school rules. You could be in serious trouble if someone found out."

The athletic girl looked stricken by the idea of being suspended. "N-no, please don't suspend me, Tamura-sensei! I could lose my college sponsorship if I get suspended or something!"

Oh... *God*. Did Miss Tamura really want to deal with this right now? Obviously, Miura had eaten someone against their will. That wasn't just against school rules, it was downright *illegal*. Miura wasn't the brightest bulb in the supply closet, and she probably didn't really appreciate how much danger she was in right now.

No, Miss Tamura decided that it wasn't worth it. Punishing Miura would just open up a whole lot of effort and grief for not only her, but Miss Tamura herself. And for what? Miura had a bright future ahead of her, and letting one mistake ruin her future was something that a teacher would never want to happen to their student. Besides, even though Uehara was still struggling inside Miura's belly, the other athlete was effectively already dead. Punishing Miura wouldn't bring her back. And, well... *Uehara's* not one of Miss Tamura's students, after all.

Miss Tamura takes a deep breath and licks her lips. "Miura, relax. I'm not going to report you to anyone." She says to her student, looking down at the girl's distended belly. Uehara's outline is already beginning to weaken. "You can stay in here and gurgle Uehara-san."

"I... I can?!" A mix of relief and surprise washes over Miura's face. "I mean... That's awesome, but... Why?!"

Because the paperwork involved otherwise would be a nightmare, and Miss Tamura knew that she would cop some of the blame somehow. "Because you're my student, Miura." The teacher nodded at the athletic girl. "Now, you and I are both going to say that Uehara-san confessed to you, okay? I'll vouch for that, you just need to say I was there." That would be enough to satisfy

the school, Miss Tamura knew. “You stay in here and finish her off, and we’ll say no more about it.”

“Tamura-sensei...” Miura stared at her teacher, her eyes sparkling with relief and joy and... uh oh. Miss Tamura knew that look. She saw it in the eyes of three girls earlier today. “Thank you for letting me have Uehara! You have no idea how good it’s going to feel to get rid of her! I owe you so much!”

“No, you don’t owe me anything.” Miss Tamura knew that she sounded like she was trying to be humble, but truthfully, she considered Miura’s silence payment enough. “Please, just make sure you make your way to the infirmary once she’s de-”

“No, I...!” The athletic girl interrupts her, rubbing her belly slowly as a loud gurgling emanates from her gut. “I need to repay you... I’ll go on a date with you, how does that sound?”

A date, huh? That sounded pretty nice, actually. It had been a *long* time since Miss Tamura had gone on a date with a woman. “I’m flattered... Maybe some time in the future?” The teacher declined politely. As attractive as the young girl was, dealing with a moody teenager as a girlfriend sounded like a lot of work. And besides, as much as she loved her students, Miss Tamura was still getting over... Ugh. There was an unpleasant thought. “Tell me, do you know where Saeko-sensei is?” The teacher asked Miura, against her better judgment. “The class is supposed to have Gym next period, but I haven’t seen her all day.” Miss Tamura *hadn’t* been looking for Saeko on Valentine’s Day, she told herself. And she almost believed herself.

The athletic girl seemed a bit surprised at the question. “Oh, er... I think I saw her talking to Fumiko-chan by the equipment shed...”

“Thank you, Tsukamoto-san.” Miss Tamura turned and unlocked the door, carefully opening it so that Miura wasn’t visible if anyone was outside. “Have a happy Valentine’s day with Uehara-san.”

“Y-you too...” Miura stammered and then blushed. “T-think about my offer, okay?! I want to repay my debt, so...”

Miss Tamura nodded at her student, and closed the door. Miura would hopefully melt her victim in peace, and the teacher wouldn’t have to worry about any kind of paperwork or effort involved in punishing her. Very few people would believe that Uehara confessed to her hated rival, but once the girl was digested, no-one would care. Besides, Miss Tamura had bigger things to worry about, mostly in the shape of a certain gym teacher...

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Unsurprisingly, Miss Tamura found Miss Saeko in the gym shed. Her fellow teacher was sitting on a few gym mats, laying back with an aroused expression on her face. And, to Miss Tamura’s

utter *lack* of surprise, Saeko's stomach was stuffed with one of her students. The tall, powerfully built woman had a voracious appetite for younger women, after all.

"Well..." Miss Tamura looked down at the gym teacher's swollen stomach with a hint of distaste. "No wonder the infirmary's overflowing. I take it all the students know you're too loaded down to enforce discipline." The girl inside had long since succumbed to her teacher's stomach, judging by the softening outline of her body.

"Nako-chan!" Saeko opened her eyes, grinning up at Miss Tamura. "I see you're talking to me again." The gym teacher was a handsome woman with short cropped hair, and light smattering of freckles under her eyes. "Took you long enough!"

"Only about *work*, Sawa... *Saeko-sensei*." Miss Tamura was a little annoyed that she'd almost called the gym teacher by the name she'd called her when they'd been dating. She hadn't called the gym teacher *Sawada-chan* for at least a year now, nor spoken to her alone since they'd broken up. "Who's that inside you? I need to make a note of the fallen today..." None of the other teachers tended to bother, especially not Saeko.

"Why? Just wait until tomorrow and see which seats are empty." Saeko chuckled at her own joke and slowly sat up. Rubbing her stomach, the gym teacher let out a soft burp and grinned happily. "Ugh... What was her name? Fumiko? Fubuki?" She scratched her head for a moment, clearly not thinking too hard. "The girl who helped out in the library... The one with big boobs."

Miss Tamura knew who she meant. "Fumiko-san." Shit. Asai Fumiko had been one of her favorite students, mostly because she was quiet and didn't need much help. Now she'd have to find someone else to volunteer in the library. "She had a crush on you?" The teacher raised an eyebrow.

Saeko just grinned, licking her lips hungrily. "I *convinced* her that she did." The gym teacher said, giving Miss Tamura a meaningful look. "Didn't take much convincing to get her panties off, though. Gave her a good time before the *bad* time." Chuckling, Saeko poked her belly, where Fumiko was visibly squirming in pain. "Why?" The gym teacher asked, narrowing her eyes. "You jealous?"

"Jealous?" Miss Tamura felt a hint of irritation. "Of you? Of course, not."

"Not of *me*, Nako-chan." Saeko stood up slowly, holding her belly carefully. Unlike the high school girls who were novice predators at best, Saeko-sensei had more than a decade of predatory experience under her belt. Combined with her impressively toned body, the gym teacher had no trouble moving with a melting student inside her. "Of the girl I *fucked*. Does it remind you of the good old days?"

“Language!” Miss Tamura glared at her colleague. “We’re not in high school together anymore, Saeko-sensei. We’re *teachers* now. Have a little class.” She took a step back as Saeko moved slightly toward her.

Saeko just rolled her eyes. “Oh, don’t worry about it, Nako-chan. I’m well aware we aren’t in high school anymore.” She sneered playfully at Miss Tamura. “I mean, we were *dating* in high school, right?”

Miss Tamura took another step back, and felt the wall of the shed behind her. She wasn’t *scared* of Saeko... at least, not physically. Folding her arms, the teacher continued to glare at her colleague. “Saeko, this has nothing to do with our past. I came to make you do your job!”

Saeko rolled her eyes, and carefully placed her hand on the wall next to Miss Tamura’s head. “Oh, *please*. Nako-chan, it’s *Valentine’s Day*! No-one’s gonna give a shit when they’re too busy shitting each other out.” The gym teacher looked Miss Tamura up and down, and then grinned lecherously. “God, you’re so fucking hot, Nako-chan. How fuck did you stuff those F-cups into that shirt? Tell me the *real* reason you came to see me.”

“What are you talking about?” Miss Tamura didn’t move as Saeko leaned in slightly, though she couldn’t stop herself from blushing at her handsome ex-girlfriend’s proximity. The gym teacher knew *exactly* how to push her buttons. Actually, the *kabedon* had been how Saeko had gotten her back in high school, hadn’t it?

“You *know* what I’m talking about.” Saeko sneered at her. “It’s Valentine’s Day, and I *know* you haven’t had a date or a *meal* since we broke up...” The news that the gym teacher had been stalking her didn’t surprise Miss Tamura in the least. Saeko had always been obsessed with her, both when they were dating or broken up.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” Miss Tamura lied. She *did* know what Saeko was hinting at, and she hated that the gym teacher wasn’t wrong.

Saeko just rolled her eyes. “You came to see me because you’ve been thinking about getting back together with me. *Again*.” The gym teacher rubbed her belly with her other hand as she spoke, leaning in even closer to Miss Tamura. “Fuck, you just can’t keep away from me, can you? Every time we break up, you swear it’s the last time...”

“You are so full of yourself!” Miss Tamura snapped back at the gym teacher, feeling more than a little irritated that Saeko was partly correct. “This is *why* we broke up, because you’re an arrogant piece of...” The teacher stopped herself, letting out a hiss of frustration. “Saeko-sensei, I *must* request that we keep our private lives separate from our professional lives.”

“Oh, *please*.” The gym teacher rolled her eyes again. “That’s what you said last time we broke up, and you came right back to me after you broke up with that American chick a few years ago. And I stole you back from that biker girl the time before that!” Saeko sneered triumphantly at

Miss Tamura. "Face it, Nako-chan, you've been my bitch since high-school. One way or another, you're always gonna come back to me. Cause we're *meant* to be together."

As Saeko reached out to caress her cheek, Miss Tamura snapped her head away with a grimace. "*Don't* touch me." She growled, hating that she was blushing. "I put a lot of work into getting out from under your thumb-"

"And you fucking *hate* it, don't you?" Saeko chuckled, clearly enjoying the defiantly look on her ex-girlfriend's face. "You wanna go back to the good old days, don't you? Living with me, going hunting for sluts to digest together? Doesn't it feel good to be cared for, to make all the choices?" The gym teacher's hand fell to Miss Tamura's shoulder, giving her a gentle squeeze. "Come on... Just give up this pointless independence streak. I know rebelling feels good, but surely it's run its course by now? Just come back home already!"

Oh God... There *was* something truly tempting about that, Miss Tamura hated to admit. She'd spent most of her life dating Saeko, apart from the half-dozen or so breakups she'd managed to find the courage for. There was just something... obscenely *comforting* about the idea of living with Saeko again. Sleeping with her, digesting prey with her... Whenever her life got hard, Miss Tamura always found herself crawling back to Saeko. And Saeko welcomed her back with open arms every time. Miss Tamura hated that she was really considering the offer once more, after she'd told herself that she'd quit Saeko for the final time.

The gym teacher seemed to take Miss Tamura's silence for some kind of admission. Which, she wasn't entirely wrong about, admittedly. "Ha! I knew it... You know I've dated, like, six chicks since we broke up?" Miss Tamura hated that Saeko had always been so much more successful than her on the romantic front. Whenever they'd broken up, her ex-girlfriend seemed to have no trouble hooking up with a new girl. "Oh... But don't worry. The moment I sensed you were thinking of me again, my guts were grinding up my last girlfriend to make room for you."

"Ugh..." Miss Tamura can't think of what to say. She wanted to shout at Saeko, but her ex-girlfriend was clearly winning this discussion. "You're such a fucking..."

Saeko just ignores her irritation, as usual. "Look, just come back to the apartment, Nako. We can pretend that the last year didn't happen and go right back to living together. I mean, fuck, I've still got a bunch of your stuff back at our place. It'll save you rent too."

Fuck, Miss Tamura had been struggling with rent lately. Did Saeko *know* that, or had that just been a lucky guess? Either way, it was hard to dismiss the idea. "Sawada-chan, I can't just..." Instantly, she realized her mistake. "I... Fuck."

Saeko's eyes lit up in triumph. "Oh, Nako-chan. You really know how to make me happy. Just leave it to your loving Sawada-chan, okay?" She leaned down and kissed Miss Tamura gently on the lips.

Miss Tamura could feel the smirk on Saeko's face as she kissed her. God the teacher hated that inside her self-loathing, she could feel a sense of relief at *going back to what felt normal*. Another two or three years of Saeko controlling her and treating her like her property, until Miss Tamura finally got sick of it and broke up with her again...

"I'll come around on the weekend and pick up your stuff from your new apartment." Saeko was saying as she pulled back. "Then, we can tell everyone we're back together, and you can..."

"No!" Miss Tamura snapped, surprising both Saeko and herself. It was the thought of telling her family and friends that she'd crawled back to her ex-girlfriend that finally broke her out of her stupor. "No, fuck you, Saeko. I quit you before, and you're not getting me back!" Pushing the gym teacher away, Miss Tamura turned toward the door, reaching into her pocket. "If you're not going to do your job as a *teacher*, then you can fucking stay in there!" And with that, she slammed the door of the shed shut and locked it.

As she stepped back from the door, Miss Tamura saw the handle begin to rattle. "You... You're an *idiot*, Nako-chan!" Saeko shouted through the door. "When you come back to me, you better come with an apology, or I'll..." As the gym teacher shouted, her stomach rumbled dangerously. "Uh oh, I think I need to... W-wait, Nako-chan! Nako-chan!" As Miss Tamura stormed away, she ignored her ex-girlfriend's shouts. "Nako-chan, please open the door! NAKO-CHAN, THERE'S NO BATHROOM IN HERE!"

That really *wasn't* Miss Tamura's problem, was it? As she walked back into the school building, the teacher tried to compose herself. Saeko would get out of the shed eventually, the only thing in danger was the gym teacher's dignity, which she could afford to have knocked down a peg. Maybe cleaning up her mess would make Saeko think twice about trying to bully her ex-girlfriend back into a relationship.

And speaking of messes... Miss Tamura needed to clear her head. She could already feel the first echoes of a headache in her brain. It wasn't just Valentine's Day, the whole world felt like it was out to get her today. Her clothes felt uncomfortably tight, and her bra almost tight around her lungs. The teacher needed to blow off some steam before she lost it.

And she knew exactly how to do that. Valentine's Day was an exhausting day, but the teacher had to admit that there was *one* perk that she truly enjoyed.

The school bathrooms were quite a hub of activity today, which was no surprise. Now that it was lunchtime, quite a few *morning snacks* had been digested enough that it was time for their exit. And so, the lucky girls who'd received confessions that morning were now crammed into the school bathroom, relieving themselves of their tightly packed bowels and bladders.

Miss Tamura made a beeline for the bathroom, and saw that about a dozen students were crowding the entrance. These girls were eager to know who went in and out of the bathroom, and to speculate as to who the bulges in each girl's belly were. Honestly, Miss Tamura couldn't



blame them. She was more than a little interested too. But unlike these girls, she had no interest in hanging back this far from the action.

“Excuse me, girls!” The teacher snapped. The girls blocking the entrance jumped in surprise, and quickly parted to make way for the tall teacher. The teacher is unsurprised to see Mihara among them. Striding past the girls, Miss Tamura walked into the large bathroom...

...And was met with the stench of *death*.

The bathroom stank like hell. There was no better way to describe it. The room was quite large, with a dozen stalls on each side. Almost every stall was occupied by a student currently shitting out whichever girl had confessed to them. Some of the doors were actually shaking from the force contained inside. The small window at the far end of the room was utterly insufficient to dispel the... the *miasma* that was swirling around the bathroom.

Miss Tamura inhaled deeply, and felt the brutal scent surge into her brain. Almost instantly, she could feel her nipples harden. This smell was one she *loved*, the aftermath of a girl being eaten alive. Already, the teacher could feel her thighs warming up.

And it wasn't just the glorious scent. The sounds of the bathroom were incredible as well.

“Ooh, *fuck!*” A loud groan echoes from one of the stalls, followed by a few loud splashes echoing off the white tiles.

“I can't... stop shitting...!” Another girl moaned, clearly not *complaining*, if the arousal in her voice was any indication. “Oh yeah, slide outta me, Chie-chan...”

As Miss Tamura slowly padded down the length of the bathroom, she could hear the sound of flatulence and former students splashing into the various toilet bowls. Almost all of these girls were having the time of their lives, from the sounds of it.

As the teacher passed one of the bathroom stalls, the door opened and a young girl with long hair stumbled out. “Oh... Sensei!” She said, looking up at her teacher in a bit of daze.

“Kotone-san.” Miss Tamura noted that her student was carrying two bras in one hand. One was a trophy, the other was probably her own after she'd found it too tight after digesting... whoever she'd eaten. “Have you... finished?” The teacher looked into the stall, and was a little disappointed to see that Kotone had actually remembered to flush.

“My guts are empty, Sensei...” Kotone slapped her belly triumphantly, swaying as if she were drunk. “Urp!” Letting out a loud burp, the long-haired girl held up the bras in her hand proudly. “Tanemura-san from first year... Didn't even know who she was before this morning! But thanks to her, I'm a couple of cup sizes bigger!” There were a few ragged cheers from the stalls around them.

“Very nice, Kotone-san.” Miss Tamura doesn’t really have the time or patience for this. She needed to relieve her stress before she lost her mind. Reaching out to steady her student, the teacher gave her a serious look. “Go to the infirmary and rest, okay?” Kotone was clearly a little light-headed after the effort of shitting out Tanemura. The girl looked almost drunk, shirt partly unbuttoned and swaying on her feet. The infirmary should be less full than this morning... Well, the nurse would deal with her, anyway.

As Kotone awkwardly stumbled back out of the bathroom, Miss Tamura marched over to the stall that her student had just left. Closing the stall door behind her, the teacher knelt down in front of the toilet and put her face into the toilet bowl, inhaling deeply. Kotone had flushed the toilet, but the horrific scent was still there for the teacher to enjoy. Inhaling the gassy remains of Tanemura, Miss Tamura tries to put all thoughts of Saeko and the rest of her crappy day from her mind.

Tomorrow would be better, she told herself. Tomorrow, things would go back to normal. She had to believe that. She *had* to. Miss Tamura knew if things didn’t get better, the stress would get the better of her. And if that happened, she’d find herself living with Saeko again...

No, this wasn’t making her feel better. Taking a deep whiff of the scent of former students, Miss Tamura stood up and began to pull up her tight skirt, revealing her black panties. The teacher was tempted to remove her skirt entirely, but she knew that she’d have a hard time getting it back on afterward. Sitting down on the toilet, the teacher sighed and began to rub her crotch, already feeling her own wetness. Part of her arousal was from the scent and sounds around her... and part of that was from her conversation with Saeko from earlier, she was disgusted to admit.

Rubbing herself, Miss Tamura breathed deeply, listening to the sound of the students shitting around her. The sound of splashing, farting and muffled cursing was immensely arousing to the teacher. She had always had a severe fetish for watching other girls crap out their victims. For smelling their fate, and seeing their ruined remains poured out into a toilet bowl...

As the teacher masturbated, she heard the sound of a girl almost sprinting into the bathroom. “Outta the way!” A familiar voice shouted, clearly on the edge of panic. “Oh shit, oh shit, oh *shit!*” Miss Tamura recognizes Miura’s voice.

Miss Tamura was almost impressed. Miura had already digested Uehara? It hadn’t even been that long since she’d last seen her. But then, the girl was an athlete. And Uehara hadn’t had much body fat to digest herself. Standing up, the teacher decided to rescue her student for a second time. “In here, Tsukamoto-san.” Miss Tamura says, opening the stall door.

Miura looked a little surprised to see her teacher. “Tamura-sensei...?!” But she was smart enough not to waste time. Without hesitation, the tall girl ran over to the door and entered the stall, Miss Tamura making space for her to enter.

As the teacher watched, Miura didn't hesitate to fumble with her skirt's zipper. Judging by the nervous farts that echoed throughout the bathroom stall, the girl was right on the edge of taking a dump. Any humility forgotten in her mad rush to make it to the toilet, Miura pulled her skirt and panties down to her ankles and plopped her butt down on the toilet. Miss Tamura was impressed to see that her student shaved her vagina quite nicely.

Only a moment later, a loud fart followed by a few loud splashes emanated from the toilet, and the handsome schoolgirl let out a deep sigh of relief. "Oh... Oh, thank you, Sensei..." From the sounds of it, Miss Tamura had saved Miura from making a mess on the bathroom floor by barely a few seconds.

"You're welcome, Tsukamoto-san." Miss Tamura hurriedly pulls her skirt down before the distracted student could notice what the teacher had been doing. "I take it Uehara-san is gone?" It was a stupid question, she knew, but she had to ask.

Miura grinned almost stupidly, as the pleasurable feeling of emptying her bowels made her blush. "Ugh... Fuck yeah, she's *finally* dead..." Rubbing her groin as she let out a spray of urine into the toilet bowl, the athletic student began to fully let out her meal from earlier.

"After confessing to you?" The teacher prompted, aware that there were many prying ears around them. "Uehara-san did confess to you, after all."

"Er, yeah!" The athletic girl seemed to finally comprehend what her teacher was hinting at. "She... she confessed to me, and I ate her!" Miura's left eye twitched as her ass continued to empty itself, clearly in a world of pleasure. "Oh... Holy shit, this slut feels better going out than she did going in!"

For a moment, Miss Tamura was tempted to kneel down and stick her face in between Miura's toned thighs. It would be so horribly against her own code of conduct to do something like that to her own student, but Miss Tamura really needs relief right now... The teacher began to reach for her skirt...

Just then, the intercom chimed the end of the lunch period.

Feeling a sense of immense frustration, Miss Tamura knew she couldn't continue. If Miura hadn't shown up, the teacher could have just rushed an orgasm, but there's no way she can just do that in front of her own student. "W-well... I'll mark you as present on the class list." The teacher grimaced as she spoke, feeling an immense desire to just rush forward and inhale Miura's farts.

But she had a job to do, after all. And if Miss Tamura didn't have a job, then what *did* she have?

"T-thanks, sensei...!" Miura moaned happily as the teacher left the stall. "You're the best!"

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Fuck. Fuck, fuck, *fuck*. Miss Tamura tries to keep a straight face as she hurriedly returns to her classroom. She'd hoped to relieve some of her stress in the school bathroom, but aborting her masturbation halfway-through had only made things *worse*. Not only were the teacher's clothes feeling even tighter somehow, but she also felt uncomfortably warm and sensitive, especially around her nipples. Even her hair felt almost painfully tight in its usual bun. She was horny, she was late, and she was *damn* sure that Saeko was just going to push even harder to get her back tomorrow.

The stress level in the teacher's mind felt overwhelming. Had it *ever* been this bad before? Miss Tamura really wasn't sure. At least when she'd had a shitty day in the past, she'd been able to go home to Saeko. Having sex with her ex-girlfriend had been a relief. At least back then, Miss Tamura had been able to look forward to Saeko farting in her face, or taking a fat dump for her to watch. Now...

No! These thoughts were just making things *even worse*. She... She just needed to get through the rest of the day. Once class was over, Miss Tamura could go home and spend the rest of the day drinking and masturbating. The thought didn't help much, admittedly. It was barely the start of the afternoon, and Miss Tamura wouldn't be able to go home for hours and hours...

Pushing open the classroom door, Miss Tamura marched inside and was at least a little relieved to see most of her class inside. The girls were standing around, talking quietly. As their teacher entered the room, all the girls turned to look at her.

"Girls, it's time for cl..." Miss Tamura's relief didn't last long, as she saw about two dozen nervous faces looking back at her. "W-what's wrong?" The teacher asked, as she felt a strange sense of alarm.

"Sensei!" A familiar voice called out. A moment later, Nishimura Yuri pushed her way through her fellow students. The short girl had clearly finished digesting Sakura Aiko, and judging by the flatness of her stomach, she'd finished disposing of her as well. Miss Tamura couldn't help but notice that her student had abandoned her bra as well, and for good reason; Yuri's boobs were now even bigger than they had been this morning. "Good to see you."

Her tone was friendly, but Miss Tamura could sense a hint of danger in the girl's tone. Yuri's got something to be amused about, and it's clearly something that she knows her teacher *won't* be amused about. "Nishimura-san." Miss Tamura tried to remain composed as her student strode toward her. As if to confirm her suspicions, the teacher could see Minori and Kimiko glancing nervously between Miss Tamura and Yuri... and then over to the teacher's folder? "Has something happened?"

Yuri just sneered at her. “Oh... Kind of!” She giggled to herself as the rest of the class remained silent. “So... Turns out Saeko-sensei had a little *accident* in the equipment shed!” This got a little bit of laughter from the rest of the class. “Have you heard?”

“N-no, I hadn’t.” Miss Tamura shook her head. The news is a little satisfying, she had to admit. “But class has started, Nishimura-san, so I need you all to take your seats...”

“No!” Yuri answered cheerfully, playing with her twin-tails.

There was a long moment of silence. “Excuse me?” Miss Tamura asked, half-confused and half-stunned at her student’s audacity. “*What* did you say?”

“I said ‘no’, Tamura-sensei.” Yuri rolled her eyes. “Come on, it’s Valentine’s Day, Sensei! Just give us the rest of the day off.” She chuckled to herself. “I’m pretty sure I’m going to be bagging another confession later today. How about you come along, and you can watch?”

Behind the short girl, most of the class was wavering. They were clearly trying not to look like they supported Yuri, but Miss Tamura noted that they weren’t trying to oppose their fellow student either. Too late, the teacher realized she was in danger of losing control of her class for good. “Nishimura-san, *sit down this instant!*” She snapped, mustering the nastiest glare that she could manage.

But it had no effect on Yuri. “Or *what*, Sensei?” Yuri giggled at her teacher’s attempt to intimidate her. “You’ll call Saeko-sensei to deal with me? She’s too busy cleaning up her own poop to worry about me. Besides, no-one’s scared of her *now*, not after shitting herself.” The twin-tailed girl grabbed her breasts, squeezing them excitedly. “Come on, just give up, Sensei. Let me be in charge of the classroom from now on, okay? You can just do what I tell you, and we’ll have a fun time, okay?”

Ugh... Each time Miss Tamura thought that the day had reached rock bottom, it managed to reach a new level of frustrating. “Yuri, don’t be absurd. I’m not going to give you control of the classroom.” She sat down in her chair with a sigh. The lesson plan. She needed her lesson plan. But as Miss Tamura reached for her folder, she could smell an *awful* scent coming from the small container. “What is that...?”

“Oh!” Yuri sat down on the edge of Miss Tamura’s desk. Sticking her tongue out, her student poked herself in the butt. “Aiko and I left you a little *present* in there, Sensei! The whole class watched me take a big *shit* into your folder just a few minutes ago.” Yuri winked at her teacher. “Do you like my gift, Sensei?”

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"S-sensei?" Yuri asked again, staring at Miss Tamura's face with a hint of alarm.

Something inside Miss Tamura... *snapped*. This was the final straw. Valentine's Day, Saeko, failing to relieve herself in the bathroom... It all finally became too much. No, not just today. Years of frustration and stress finally broke in Miss Tamura's mind.

"Yuri..." The teacher growled, standing up slowly. Reaching up, the teacher pulled out the hairpin that held her hair in its tight bun. A moment later, she felt her hair come loose, cascading down around her shoulders. She couldn't see her own face, but whatever she looked like now must be truly terrifying. Yuri's pretty face had paled, and she was trying to back away. The rest of the class was slowly retreating to the back of the room. "I... I give up."

"You give up?" Yuri looked baffled. "W-what do you mean by... Whoa! Hey! Stop!"

Miss Tamura lunges forward and grabs Yuri's shoulders, spinning the smaller girl around so that she's facing away from the teacher. Then, Miss Tamura pulls up the girl's shirt and grabs one of the girl's big boobs in each hand. "Oh *fuck*..." She moaned into Yuri's ear. "I've wanted to fondle these for years, Yuri..."

"S-sensei?!" The well-endowed girl tried to pull away from her teacher's grip, but she failed utterly. "Sensei, what are you *doing*?!" She cried out, grimacing as she felt Miss Tamura squeezing her bare breasts roughly.

"What's it fucking *feel* like I'm doing, you filthy little slut?!" The whole class was watching her, but Miss Tamura was beyond caring about her student's opinions at this point. "I'm squeezing these vulgar tits of yours! And I'm fucking *enjoying* it!" Reaching up slightly, the teacher pinched Yuri's nipples and was rewarded with a sexy shiver that ran through the girl's short, but thick body.

"Ow!" Yuri yelped in pain, her eyes watering from the painful pinch. "Sensei, my nipples are sensitive, please don't- OW!" She cried out again as Miss Tamura pinched her again, even harder this time. "Ow, ow... Okay, I'm sorry! I'm sorry, I won't do it again!"

Miss Tamura, on the other hand, was having the time of her life. She had spent so long trying to hold herself together, trying to be a good teacher for her students. Trying to remain composed, to suppress her hunger... And for what? No, *fuck* this. She had finally given up trying to be the strict teacher. "You filthy little slut, Nishimura Yuri... I should have fucking done this years ago!"

"S-sensei, please stop!" Yuri looked over at the rest of the class for help, but none of the girls seemed to have any courage or interest in stopping what's happening right in front of them. Some probably feared being the teacher's next target, some probably enjoyed what was

happening. Hana definitely did, judging by the look of excitement on the blonde girl's face. "Ah... P-please, Sensei...! I won't do it anymore, I promise!"

"No, you *won't!*" Miss Tamura was *hungry*. She hadn't eaten all day. "I'm going to make sure of it!" It had been a long time since she'd eaten someone, but she had never forgotten how to do it.

"W-what do you mean, Sensei?" True panic entered Yuri's voice now, as she looked up at her teacher. "You're not going to-" The twin-tailed girl looked up into Miss Tamura's gaping mouth. "NO, SENSEI, PLEA-"

By this point, Miss Tamura was acting more in raw instinct than any rational thought. All she knew was that she was hungry and she was pissed at Yuri. So, without a hint of mercy, the teacher gulped down Yuri's entire head in a matter of moments. As she did so, Miss Tamura could feel, rather than hear, the twin-tailed girl screaming in terror inside her mouth.

Fuck, Yuri tasted *good*. It's been *too* long since she ate someone. Pausing in her devouring, Miss Tamura sucks on Yuri's head for a long moment, enjoying the taste of the terrified student. The last person she ate... Fuck, it must have been before she last broke up with Saeko. Why had she waited this long?!

Yuri was still struggling feebly, but in Miss Tamura's madness induced grip, the young schoolgirl could do little to break free. As the teacher continued to suck on her head like a lollipop, Yuri frantically tried to signal for the other girls to help her. But all the other girls in Miss Tamura's class were too busy staring in horror or fascination to help.

Miss Tamura reached down and gripped Yuri's uniform, ripping her white shirt open with a shower of buttons all over the nearest desk. A moment later, she fumbled with the zipper on the girl's skirt. Once the skirt was loosened, Miss Tamura hooked her thumbs into Yuri's skirt and panties, and dragged them both down to the girl's knees.

Now free to continue, Miss Tamura finished savoring the girl's taste and began to swallow her in earnest. She could already feel her stomach rumbling, eagerly anticipating the meat that it hadn't tasted for too long. As the girl's head entered her throat, Miss Tamura was already gearing up for the big effort.

Yuri's boobs were *huge*. For an eighteen year old schoolgirl, F-cups were usually rare, but several successful Valentine's Days in a row had given the twin-tailed girl quite a pair of mountains on her chest. But they presented only a delicious challenge for Miss Tamura now.

Taking her time, Miss Tamura slowly allowed her lips to envelop her student's chest. To her amusement, Yuri's nipples were rock hard as they rubbed against her lips, and she felt the girl let out an involuntary moan of pleasure. Perhaps the girl was enjoying this more than Miss Tamura had expected she would. Either way, it really didn't matter. The next part would be *far* less enjoyable... for Yuri, not her teacher.

Inside her belly, Yuri's head finally began to crown into Miss Tamura's stomach. The teacher was unsurprised to hear her student cry out in disgust and fear. The inside of her stomach was dark, cramped and *filled* with stomach acid. Not to mention the disgusting smell. Miss Tamura had taught the girl plenty of biology lessons, but this was the first time she was helping a student experience the digestive system first-hand.

Miss Tamura had expected Yuri's chest to be the biggest hurdle, but the teacher was delighted to discover that the short girl's wide hips were also going to be a challenge to swallow down. As she lifted the girl off the ground, Miss Tamura pulled off the girl's skirt and panties, tossing them aside. Hoisting the now naked schoolgirl into the air, the teacher allows gravity to help her swallow her student.

Yuri kicked feebly as she screamed in horror, but she achieved nothing other than actually *helping* her teacher devour her, as every movement sent her sliding a little deeper into Miss Tamura's gullet. Only her hips prevented her from sinking into the depths of her teacher's guts, and when Miss Tamura finally managed to gulp them down, there was no longer any hope of survival for Nishimura Yuri.

Miss Tamura fumbled for her painfully tight shirt, frantically undoing her buttons. Just in time, she managed to pull her shirt open, revealing her black bra and leaving her stomach bare. A feeling of immense relief flowed through the teacher, the restriction around her upper body now thankfully gone. Not a moment later, she felt her stomach begin to expand, her student filling her belly far more than any normal meal ever could. God, she's missed this feeling! The immense weight in her stomach, the feeling of brutal indigestion that her body felt when she's got an entire girl inside her. She could already feel her guts beginning to churn, eager to grind Yuri into nutrients.

The fight had begun to fade from Nishimura Yuri. As Miss Tamura slowly and surely sucked down her thighs, her student could only manage a feeble kick every now and then, not even enough to ruin the teacher's enjoyment. Finally, Miss Tamura grabbed the girl's feet and stuffed them into her mouth. Then, after a moment to brace herself, the teacher swallowed hard. To her satisfaction, Miss Tamura felt Yuri's legs sink into her stomach, the annoying student forced into a fetal position inside her teacher's cramped belly.

Miss Tamura sat down on the edge of the desk, holding her squirming belly. A moment later, she felt something coming back up her throat. "URP!" She let out a loud burp, and felt Yuri scream inside her as her stomach shrunk. But the teacher was far from done with her student just yet.

Hiking up her skirt, Miss Tamura decided to finish what she'd started earlier. Pulling aside her black panties, the teacher could feel that her pussy was already wet and eager to be touched. Without hesitation, or really caring that her students are watching her, Miss Tamura plunges her



fingers into her vagina. Pleasure *explodes* through her lower body, making the teacher moan happily.

Reaching over with her other hand, Miss Tamura grabbed her folder and felt the extra *weight* inside. Rather than open the folder, she turned awkwardly and tossed it out of the nearby open window. Luckily, the list of students she'd been looking at before hadn't been inside. Grabbing another pen from her desk, Miss Tamura continued to masturbate as she crossed "Nishimura Yuri" off the list... and then crossed her off several more times for emphasis.

Then, she looked over at her cowering students. Grinning savagely, the teacher licked her lips. "What are you girls doing? We're in class, get over here and watch the lesson!"

Some of the girls didn't need much prompting. Minori, Kumiko and Hana eagerly approached their beloved teacher, watching her masturbation eagerly. A moment later, Mihara and a few of the others came over, looking apprehensive, but curious. The rest slowly made their way over, their fear at the thought of watching their classmate being digested now lower than than the thought of disobeying their teacher.

"Oh *fuck!*" Miss Tamura could feel her student's eyes on her vagina and her belly. Inside her, Yuri was screaming as the stomach around her continued to contract and squeeze her. "Oh, come on..." The teacher could feel it coming! The orgasm she had been denied back in the bathroom was almost there, it's almost... *there!* "SHIT! FUCK!" Miss Tamura felt the orgasm dawning inside her.

Her whole body began to shake, and the teacher frantically drove her fingers deeper and deeper into her vagina, trying to force even more pleasure out of her hungry pussy. Inside her, she could feel her stomach getting tighter and tighter... "N-no...!" Yuri moaned distantly, trying not to succumb to her teacher's guts. But she couldn't resist. "No, please... Not like th... AGH!"

With a series of sickening crunches, Miss Tamura felt her stomach crush her student's body without mercy. Nishimura Yuri let out a strangled death rattle... and then fell silent as the stomach compacted her into a ball of meat.

"Oh, yes..." As the orgasm faded, Miss Tamura pulled her dripping fingers out of her vagina, panting deeply for a few moments. As she regained her senses, the teacher moved her panties back into place and slowly rolled down her skirt.

For a long moment, the teacher wasn't sure what to do. She had just abandoned all her principles, and succumbed to her hunger. She had always tried to keep herself in strict control, for the sake of her students. But now, one of her students was melting inside her. Miss Tamura knew she could never return to who she had been twenty minutes ago.

But... Was that really so bad? Now that she'd fallen, Miss Tamura almost felt excited. She didn't have to worry about principles or honor anymore. She could just indulge herself, without a care in the world...

Fuck it. Today was *Valentine's Day*. Miss Tamura was well overdue for some romance! She turned to her students. "Ah... Minori, Kumiko and Hana... come closer."

The three girls looked at each other almost fearfully for a moment. Minori looked terrified, the small mousy girl almost hiding behind her friends. Kumiko was tugging nervously at the prayer beads around her wrist. Even Hana, the bravest of the three, was visibly sweating as they stepped toward their teacher. "Y-yes, Tamura-sensei...?!"

Oh yes. Miss Tamura felt a *lot* better now. It was as if all the pressure had been let out of her life, uncorked like a bottle of wine. "Have you still got those chocolates from this morning?" She asked her three students sweetly.

The three girls blushed in unison. "Er... Yes." Hana turned and walked over to her desk, pulling out the small box she'd tried to give to Miss Tamura this morning. Minori and Kumiko did the same, holding the chocolates they'd exchanged with each other with a look of mild confusion.

Standing up, Miss Tamura snatched the chocolate from each of the three girl's hands. "I've changed my mind. I'll accept all three of them, thank you." Tucking them under her arm, the teacher rubbed her belly slowly. She could already feel her stomach acids pouring in, splashing all over Yuri's body.

"H-huh?" Hana seemed rather dumbfounded. "What do you...?" Minori and Kumiko looked equally baffled at her acceptance.

Miss Tamura rolled her eyes. "You wanted to date me, didn't you?" She asked, frowning. When the three girls nodded slowly, the teacher smiled at them. "Well, now you are! Congratulations!" Miss Tamura turned to the rest of the class. "Class is canceled, girls. I'm busy now, so go and get those confessions!"

Her students break almost instantly, eagerly flooding toward the classroom doors. Many are eager to fill their bellies, the rest are likely to end up *filling* those bellies. After today, Miss Tamura's class might have to end up merging with another class in order to actually *fill* a classroom. The teacher was looking forward to seeing who came back alive tomorrow.

"Wha... What?!" Minori still seemed quite lost as to what was happening. "Wait, what? Did we win?! Are we...?"

"Yes, you did, Minori-chan." Miss Tamura patted the small girl on the head fondly. "Now, I want you three girls to get ready and meet me by my car in fifteen minutes. I'm taking all three of you on a date this afternoon." Fuck staying at school on Valentine's Day. Miss Tamura would much

rather go on a romantic outing with her students instead. "Tell your mothers that you'll be home *late*."

"S-sure!" Hana looked ecstatic at the idea. Beside her, Kumiko was grinning like a lunatic, and even Minori seemed to have overcome her anxiety to blush in happiness. "Come on girls, let's get our stuff!" The three of them run over to the classroom door.

Miss Tamura remembered something. "Wait!" She called out, and the three girls stopped in the doorway. "On your way through, find Miura-chan and bring her too. She owes me a date as well." And with any luck, there would still be enough of Uehara's scent left for the teacher to enjoy. Hana gave her a thumbs up, and then the three girls sprinted away, eager to grab their things.

Somewhere, Saeko was cleaning up whatever remained of Fumiko. Well, *fuck* Saeko. Miss Tamura was going to enjoy the look on the gym teacher's face when the bitch found out she was dating four of her students instead of her. And not only that... Miss Tamura decided that tomorrow, she was going to wear some *sexy* clothes to school. And keep her hair in a loose comfortable style. After all, there was no need to suppress herself anymore.

Miss Tamura had long thought that she'd disliked Valentine's Day. The teacher had long known it only as a day where absolutely *nothing* got done at Nagasaki Girl's Senior High School. But as it turned out, maybe that was more because of *her* than anything else. Because, for the first time in a long time, Valentine's Day would have a happy ending for this teacher...