

As Frisk walked through the grand entrance of the ruins, finishing off the horrid goat monster behind them, they found themselves on the outside... Or was it even that? Bizarrely, the cave overhead was still dark and decorated with carefully placed and colorful crystals all throughout. Though as Frisk realized they were still underground, the shock of snowfall stunned them into taking a few cautious steps into the cold weather. To think such a thick purple door kept behind such a snow fallen forest. The surroundings were bathed in thick woods, dark shadows between each of them as they seemed almost knit together. The path ahead was the only one available to Frisk, forcing them to tread down the path. With only a stick to their name, they were hardly a worthwhile adversary. But as they walked through the path, a lone branch made itself known.

While the human's first thought was to use it to replace their current one, the stick was far too heavy and big to be used as an actual weapon. With resignation, they marched forwards. It only took a couple of seconds before that same branch behind them snapped in half. Although Frisk's reflexes had been sharpened due to the LVL, they still couldn't catch the monster who broke the branches. Whoever it was went as soon as they came. The human shuttered to themselves before continuing their trek to an odd decoration over a short pit. It felt like a trap to the human, though the lack of other routes led the human to walk through anyway, though they would soon regret the choice.

"Human..." The voice spoke slowly. It was a deep and bellowing voice, one that Frisk felt like they've known in a previous life. The human slowly turned around to the figure obstructed by shadow, only able to pull a few features about them from the ominous lighting of the first surrounding them. The monster in front of Frisk was a short and stubby skeleton.

While his head was that of a skull, his teeth curved into a smug and almost knowing smile. Beneath the head of the skeleton was a blue jacket with a loose white tee underneath. Through the white shirt, the human could see an odd form of flesh under the shirt. Odd for

a skeleton, but for a monster skeleton, not so much. The odd gray flesh seemed to carry the same weight as a dad bod would, with a protruding middle, endowed with undeniable girth with what enigmatically seemed like fat love handles by his side. As the human stared in awe and disgust at the monster ahead of them, the skeleton decided to move forward with his greeting. He held out a hand slowly, clothed in a mitten. It seemed like although he wore a T-shirt and shorts, he still felt the need to cover up for the snow surrounding them.

The human slowly took the awaiting hand of the monster, expecting a trap, but quickly resulting in a blaring fart sound effect to echo through the woods, a wave of relief and confusion washing over the human as the vague humanoid skeleton shrugged suddenly, revealing a pad on his palm that Frisk somehow missed.

“Heheh... The old whoopie cushion in the hand trick, It’s *always* funny!” The skeleton seemed to enjoy the joke a lot more than Frisk did, chuckling to himself in place of an actual audience, not wasting a moment to inch closer to the human. “Man, you musta’ come from a nasty place to be covered in so much dust...” He commented, picking up some of the dust on Frisk’s shoulder. With this distance, Frisk was all but confirmed a new kill. With not even a slight upswing with their knife, their body froze.

“Yeah... I had the idea that it wasn’t *all* dust... Ya know... I’m actually supposed to be on the lookout for a human, but if you’re just gonna misbehave like that, I’ll just have to punish you accordingly. Take this time to... *ruminate* over your decisions.” The skeleton then lifted his hand, Frisk being lifted with it until the human levitated just above the wide smile of the skeleton, not changing his expression a bit. His jaws, previously thought to have been glued shut, opened to reveal a bright blue interior, drooling as the human was lifted with ease. As the human was lowered with ease, the monster slipped off their shoes, not yet showing his cards to the human as he took a deep breath, bracing for something.

The human had no idea how they weren’t able to move. The skeleton hardly moved yet the human couldn’t escape this. This was much different from the fire magic the goat

displayed earlier. Things were about to get a lot weirder as the human's feet were taken into the skeleton's mouth. It was a sudden juxtaposition from the cold it was recently exposed to, the pooling saliva quickly dripping from the ankles of the human. As the human tried to kick about, the same telekinesis holding them still before continued to keep them in place, slowly being lowered into the skeleton's blue luminescent maw. The monster beneath them seemed to muster out a moan, feeling the stiffened kicks of the human trudge through his odd fleshy throat. Sans soon began swallowing the human alongside the telekinetic lowering, allowing much of the human's legs to be welcomed to his blue warmth. The tongue of the monster doing its part as well, embracing his meal with saliva they came in.

The knees of the human disappeared behind the layer of teeth, still curved into a conceded smile as the maw welcomed the thighs of the small human as well as the rest of the lower waist. The legs now being compressed through the throat and soon kicking into the belly of the skeleton hesitantly. Frisk had their arms bound to their sides, their arms breaching the chooks of the monster as his tongue accommodated the back of the human, causing them to arch in reaction to being tasted so casually. He didn't even take a break to break, slowly eating the human at his leisure with said human being none the wiser.

As the cheeks of the skeleton ballooned outward, so too did his gut. Bulges from Frisk's feet caused their kicks to become even more apparent from the outside. Lucky for the human, everything in the monster belly seemed to be able to move once more. This gave Frisk just a glimmer of hope. If their whole body could be consumed, they could dig their way out with their weapon. Even if it's a slow process, it could work. Frisk resigned themselves to simply getting swallowed, earning a muffled chuckle from the arrogant monster outside of them as the slick blue tongue maneuvered its way to Frisk's shoulder blades, soon flicking around the weapon the human was holding dear and effortlessly knocked it from their grip. Did... Did he just disarm Frisk of their one weapon? And with his tongue no less?

Sans delighted in the sudden panic in Frisk's face upon being reduced to a defenseless snack. As their face became enveloped in the bone flesh of the monster as the glowing blue muscle encased the human even further with spittle drenching their face. The jaws soon closed onto the human, a billowing \*GULP\* sent the human to the back of Sans' throat, the bright blue illuminating and allowing Frisk to see their descent in fool light. The human writhed, the telekinetic grip already loosening over their body, Frisk's arms still unable to move as they slowly slipped into the monster gut. It smelt horrible, rancid and easily reminiscent of unwashed breath, though now a lot less unfiltered. Frisk's struggles remained unhelpful as the monster swallowed once more, the dampness of their clothes now transitioning to soaked in the deep monster spittle. Frisk could only count the seconds until their body plummeted into the similarly bright belly, the last glimpse of natural light seeming so far away now as Frisk was surrounded by the bright colored even with closed eyes, the damp stinging sensation dribbling from the walls as the belly lurched and gurgled heavily, as if being swayed by the monster.

Frisk tried to think of a way to escape the seemingly impenetrable gut, their body now in full control. This 'control' only came at the cost of their mobility. The cramped gut, although roomy from the outside, proved much more tightly compacted from the inside, the human caught in a fetal position as their hair clung to their face. Despite what it may seem, they could still breathe fine for the moment, though time only knew how long that would last. They tried to push out, creaking their tired limbs in any direction and only earning gurgles and tightens from the gut, siphoning any remaining space or air once there and earning a moan from the insufferable skeleton in the meantime. The skeleton continued his jokes and banter, sounding as if there was another person nearby now and being forced as his captive audience. The human could note the sound of another voice, a higher one sounding much more annoyed after the initial tone of confusion, seeming to dissolve to something else entirely as the human would soon follow. The human now began taking deep

breaths, taking in the experience, every now and then feeling a hand pad down the sides of their enclosure from the outside, taunting coos from the monster as he continued to talk to himself with the notion could hear the skeleton. That is even assuming that the human would want to hear the words of their encounter.

From the outside, Sans the skeleton just scored an easy meal. He wasn't one to really care about what falls underground, but a hunch told him that his life would be better this way. He tried to walk around with the added weight of his belly, becoming even slower than before. Papyrus, his brother caught him, questioning him harshly on where he could have bought food of that size, but Sans simply dismissed it as a lot of ketchup, continuing on his way. He walked about as if nothing had happened the morning before, patrolling, talking, joking as if there wasn't a human stewing in his gut with the occasional kick. It would lead to a lot of concerned looks, some from the loud gurgling his belly made and others from the compulsory moans he made as his meal *adjusted* to his gut properly. Many people asked him what was in his gut, but he was always able to avoid answering the question with dismissive white lies about baby weight, laziness, good snow, and some other one off winks that he spared for a few other monsters. He even happened to give a show for those especially curious, lifting and dropping his gut like a water balloon and getting a few good laughs out of the abnormal display of weight.

When night came, he locked himself in his room and slumped down on his bed, stripping off his shirt and jacket, looking at his now smoothed belly. It used to be full of bulges and imprints from his meal, but now it was simply an engorged version of the gut he had always lived with. He traced over it once more with his finger, feeling the softened mush underneath.

"See? Don't cha feel much better after *ruminating* on your decisions? I mean you really learned your lesson, I could feel it in my *gut!*" The lack of laughs outside of his own

forced a hardened smile, the skeleton imagining just how funny his friend behind the door would find it if she could see his display as well. He felt a few remains of the human bubble up to the surface, not having the faith to stop the force on his own and simply allowing it to happen.

“BUAAAARRRRP” The bellowing shook the house and what felt like the entire underground as his burp erupted past his maw. The taste was familiar and lingered on his tongue for just a moment longer. With that, he knew he would have a lot to explain to his brother in the morning. With pride in his chest alongside his meal, he happily slapped his meal, feeling it ripple like the fat it was.

“Eh it's my bad, I shouldn't make jokes if you can't *stomach* them!” The skeleton laughed to himself once more, feeling his guts churn over itself, signaling that he's eaten enough to last him a week in just one day. He couldn't deny that it felt amazing though. He didn't even know his belly could take so much! With contentment in his heart, he went to sleep, the excess amount of food in hsi system made for an easy rest.

-Scat disposal from this point on! Read at own discretion!-

When morning came, Sans ran instantly to the bathroom, knowing exactly what was running through his system. The remains of yesterday's lunch break made its way through his intestines and were awaiting their departure in their bathroom. He slumped onto the toilet and instantly felt the steaming thick line of brown sludge pour through his anus, pulling it open as his shit escaped in the toilet, forcing him to flush with every few seconds that passed after it nearly clogged with every clench of his belly. Slowly, he felt each of the slewed remains of his meal as they got pumped into his intestines, refined through the delicate tubing before releasing their stench and few remaining bones into the toilet, soon

disappearing down the drain for no one to know. Except for Sans of course, but this was hardly anything for him to think about, rather than just a very very messy meal with a short lasting aftermath.

After a few hours of strain and messy wiping, the skeleton felt his flattened gut and turned to look at the mess that was last to leave. Behind him he saw a mound of his own shit, almost spiraling back to the top with a few of his meal's bones sticking out. The last of the meal was a skull, covered in the same feces that their body was reduced to. The conscience of Sans spoke up at that moment, making him decide to speak up in the final moments of his meal's remaining time out of the sewers, joining the fates of many other creatures behind them.

“Well uhm... What can I say? It was nice to *meat* you!” Sans smiled, flushing with finality and watching the remains of his hefty meal disappear into a swirl of water. Although the sight of it was gone, the stench was a different monster altogether. With a sigh, Sans cleaned up after himself and walked out of the bathroom, following his brother to his post and continuing about his day.

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