

Just Another Log

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Pre-Scat, Post-Scat, Giantess, Fear Play, Oral Vore, Digestion, Unwilling

Average Reading Time: 20-30 minutes

You'd spent months climbing the ranks of Fantasia University. Not out of pride. Not out of reverence. You did it to get closer, to be *inside* the system, where the real secrets lived. Where the disappearances couldn't be dismissed as hearsay. Where access to Meadows Mansion became more than just a privilege. It became a mission.

Now, you wore the gold-trimmed lapel of a Minimized Honor Student. To most, it was a badge of academic excellence and obedience. But to you, it was a key. The final step in exposing the truth you'd suspected for so long. Students weren't dropping out. They weren't going rogue.

They were being eaten.

The first hint came during your early security shift rotations. A handful of Minimized BAMS students went missing after food duty in the mansion's kitchen. You'd tracked them, reviewed the footage, cross-referenced logs. They vanished mid-shift. No witnesses. No exits logged. And no follow-up investigation. It was as if their existence had been quietly digested by the system.

Then came the incident with Suki.

Suki was a harmless sous chef, short-statured, gentle and doe-eyed, the kind of woman people underestimated. She reported a group of Minimized students sneaking into the pantry for food. Hungry, desperate. Her words were clipped in the security file: *"They were crawling around like pests."*

That was the last official record of those students. And that evening, Suki hosted a private feast. No assistants. No records of ingredients. Just a single line written in her neat, curling script.

“Prepared for the Benefactors.”

Every trail, every twisted tale, led back to Meadows Mansion.

That’s when you started tracking Belle.

The Southern Benefactor, one of the Manor’s most prolific giantesses. Blonde, brash, and always smiling. A velvety voice laced with drawl, like honey dripping off a knife. You’d heard stories, how she’d toy with Minimized students, how her games always ended with their disappearance. But it was her habits that intrigued you.

She had a rhythm to her indulgence. She’d gorge herself in the Lounge, on food, drink, and attention. Her laugh echoed through the corridors like a bell tolling doom. And then, around the same time every night, she’d vanish for a while. Always alone. No entourage. No guards. Just her and the hall leading to the changing rooms and toilets. And when she returned? She’d smile wider. Sit a little looser. Her posture sagging into smug satisfaction. Her belly, sometimes noticeably rounder before, would be flatter. Emptier.

Something was leaving her. And you were beginning to suspect that her nightly dump included more than just food and beer... You had no proof. Not yet. Just a sickening feeling. A growing certainty.

Tonight, you’d find proof of her misdeeds.

Belle had arrived in the Lounge at her typical evening time. Hidden in the tiny vent tunnels that ran through the Manor, you had spotted her, perched on her usual

barstool, already half-nude, barely clothed in a red thong and lacey bra. Her wide hips spilled over the sides like overripe fruit. She was laughing, already tipsy, draped across Harper's dealer table with a glass in hand and the other drumming lazily over her plump stomach.

That stomach...

You had to remind yourself not to watch too long. Belle was hypnotic, a feast for the eyes, a dance of curves and glistening golden skin. That's how she worked. Instead, you turned back towards the darkness of the tunnels behind you, making your way to the changerooms with haste. It wouldn't be long till Belle took her nightly shit.

Whilst you travelled, you recounted your last recon, how you collected a sample from Belle's preferred toilet after one of her massive shits. Your scanner flagged it immediately: singed microfiber, clothing.

Digested.

Your stomach turned, but you steeled yourself. That was the cost of truth. Tonight, you'd capture footage of her crapping out lingering traces of student remains. Bones, fibers, anything that had DNA that you could use as proof when brought to the authorities. However, you'd need to get up close and personal to get the best form of evidence. It was a risk you were willing to take to bring this woman and the horrors of Meadows Mansion to the public sphere.

You exited the tunnel venting, traversing to the stall that you knew Belle preferred. Then, you carefully began to climb the porcelain throne.

Unfortunately, focused on the precarious climb, you didn't hear the soft scuff of a boot against tile. Didn't hear the creak of someone *very large* approaching behind you. Didn't notice the sudden scent of perfume, whiskey and smoke and musk, until it

flooded your senses like a thick southern fog. And then, her voice. Low. Sultry. *Terrifyingly* amused.

“Now what’re you doin’ pokin’ around in my private space, little boy?”

You froze.

Her shadow fell over you like a storm cloud, and at that moment, your investigation ended.

Belle.

She was **right behind you.**

You didn’t move. You couldn’t. Your limbs had locked in place, your thoughts short-circuiting in that frozen, dreadful second. A finger, thick as a log and painted in shimmering red lacquer, tapped the toilet bowl beside you.

“Well?” Belle purred, voice lilting. “You gonna tell me what exactly you were hopin’ to find down in my porcelain throne, sugar?”

You turned slowly. Belle stood tall in the stall, bare feet planted confidently on the tile, hands on her hips, that red thong straining across her plump crotch. Her golden hair was braided loose down one shoulder, hat still perched atop her smug, flushed face.

You tried to make your case, sound confident, declare that she was CONSUMING students. What she was doing was horrid!

“Consumin’?” Belle chuckled. “Darlin’, I *eat* ‘em. Don’t dress it up like it’s some science project. I gulp ‘em down, feel ‘em squirm a bit, if I’m lucky, and then let my big ol’ gut do the rest. Ain’t no shame in callin’ it what it is.”

Your breath caught in your throat.

She leaned forward, her grin curling wide and terrible. “Wanna know the best part? They don’t even *taste* like much. Most of ‘em just go down like pills. Wigglin’, protestin’, beggin’, but once they’re inside me?” She thumped her stomach with the palm of her hand. “Ain’t no different from food. Just takes a bit longer to soften due to their squirmin’.”

You took a trembling step back.

“Oh, sugar.” Her eyes gleamed with delight. “You came all the way out here lookin’ for proof, didn’t you? Well, why don’t I give it to ya live? Firsthand. Real close-like.”

She stepped fully into the stall now, closer, barring off your exit.

Panic surged.

You turned and leapt from the toilet rim, scrambling down the ceramic bowl like a cliffside. Belle simply laughed as you hit the floor running, sprinting out into the corridor of changing stalls, towel racks, and scattered baskets. Then, she began the chase. Each footfall of her approach behind you like thunder. Leisurely. Confident. Unbothered.

“You really think you can run from me?” she cooed, the sound bouncing off the tile. “Baby, you’re barely half an inch tall. One step for me is a marathon for you. But go ahead. I do enjoy a little pursuit to work up an appetite. There’s still room in my gut for ya!”

You ducked beneath a bench and slid between two baskets. Your body trembled, lungs burning with every breath. Your heart slammed in your chest so loudly you worried she’d hear it. Then, something creaked nearby.

You looked up and saw Belle, thong-clad rear lowered behind the bench, massive, round, and terrifyingly casual. She'd crouched to your level, her face upside down as she peeked between her thighs, grinning wickedly.

"Found ya~"

You darted sideways before her hand could grab you, rushing towards the showers, dashing for the far stall. Her laugh was syrupy and slow.

"Aww, don't be shy. It's an *honor* to be part of me. The others all came around eventually." A pause. "Well, maybe not all of 'em. That little girl who tried to hide in my boot was screamin' all the way down. Kicked and cried while she melted in my belly. Such a feisty thing." She moaned low, mockingly. "You remind me of her. Same spirit."

You ducked into a small trench like drain that ran along the floor, a thin see through mesh providing some overhead cover. The far end of the drain led to a drop into the sewers below. Your escape!

Soaked with sweat, you crawled. You couldn't stop shaking. Every word of Belle's was a dagger. Every step she took seemed louder now, closer. Deliberate.

"I don't even need to run. You'll wear yourself out eventually."

She was playing with you.

You hated how calm she was. How easy she made it all seem. Your fear didn't phase her, it *fed* her. She was enjoying this. And that made it worse. You forced your breath steady and continued to crawl closer to the drain's drop. For a moment, you thought you had a lead. A way out. That drainage chute was your salvation.

Then the wire mesh above shifted violently.

You were sent tumbling backward, smashing against the mesh. A massive finger had punched into the drain ahead of you, blocking your path completely.

“Oops,” Belle giggled. “Was that your way out? My bad.” She crouched down over the tunnel, pulling the mesh aside like tin foil.

And then she showed you the reality of your future.

It started with a gurgle. A deep, echoing rumble from her gut as she sank into a squat, right there overtop you. She pulled the back of her thong aside with two fingers, revealing her bare, brown puffy asshole, flushed and puckered, slightly glistening with sweat.

“Might as well see how they end up, right?” she mused, smiling to herself. “This here’s where ALL of ‘em pass through eventually. Kinda poetic, ain’t it?”

Belle pushed, face calm, eyes lidded, her free hand resting on her round stomach. A soft grunt left her lips, followed by a wet squelch. A thick, coiled log began to emerge from her dilated anus, the texture warped, embedded with scraps, cloth, glinting jewelry, and unmistakable fragments of bone. It landed with a sickening squelch overtop the drain. Your exit now fully sealed with Belle’s raw steaming shit. The gall for her to simply defecate here in the open. The dominance of it all. Belle, this woman, a confident predator that acts on her own volition.

“See that right there?” she said, voice low and sweet. “That was two, maybe three students. I remember one of ‘em, real brave. Spat in my drink.” She gave a mock pout. “Didn’t stop me from swallowing her whole.”

You crawled back in terror, gagging at the smell, the heat, the reality of it.

Belle moaned, sighing with relief as ANOTHER log slithered free. This one greasier, messier, less formed.

“God, I needed that. Felt ‘em stewin’ all night in there. Guess you could say I’m a generous girl, leavin’ you a preview and all.”

She turned her head, eyeing you between her cheeks.

“You ready to join ‘em?”

You sputtered useless pleas, your fear now bare and true.

Her grin widened.

Belle reached forward and plucked you from the trench with ease, holding you by the torso between two fingers, dangling you before her belly like a prize. You kicked and fought, but it only made her laugh harder.

“Look at you. So full of fire.” She sniffed you, amused. “And fear. Mmm. Smells delicious.”

She turned her hand and dropped you into her palm, curling her fingers around you slowly.

“Let me guess,” she said, standing tall again, shifting her thong back into place with a sharp snap. “You thought you’d be the one to stop me. The one who figured it all out.”

You didn’t answer. She lifted you to her mouth, her hot breath fanning over your body. Her tongue peeked out, slowly running over her lips.

“Lemme give you one last choice, sweet thing.”

She tilted her head, eyes gleaming.

“You wanna go down fightin’? Or beggin’?”

You swallowed hard, fists clenched. She’ll never fully break you.

She paused, then gave a delighted chuckle.

“Oh, baby. I ain’t tryin’ to break you.”

Her lips parted. Her mouth opened wide, saliva already glistening across her tongue and teeth.

“I’m gonna simply *digest* you, like all the rest, like food.”

And then, she began to lower you in.

You thrash in her hand, every muscle in your shrunken body screaming to resist. Your limbs flail against the warm, oily skin of her palm, slick with sweat. Belle’s fingers, plush and inescapably powerful, cage around you with effortless amusement. She doesn’t squeeze; there’s no need. The casual enclosure alone renders your struggling meaningless.

Belle’s face fills your vision. That smirk. Her mouth, wet, glossy, and open just enough for you to see her tongue glisten within like a plush, steaming carpet.

She purrs again, low and syrupy. “You sure are feisty for a lil’ snack. Most fellas I get down this close start beggin’ real quick. But you? You’re gonna give me a fight, huh?” Her voice dropped, almost reverent. “Good. My belly likes a bit of fight.”

Your scream tears from your throat as she brings you closer. Her mouth yawns open wider this time. Her breath washes over you in humid, oppressive waves, sour beer and charred meat. A clump of something yellowish is stuck in her back molars. Food? No, a scrap of clothing from an earlier meal... another PERSON like yourself.

Her tongue lolls out and flattens, slick and undulating, glistening with saliva. She doesn’t shove you in. Not yet.

Instead, she **drags** you across her tongue slowly, like seasoning.

The heat is instant. Your clothes soak through in seconds, her spit a thick, mucous-like sludge that clings to your skin and seeps into your mouth and eyes. You cough, retch, and try to wipe your face, but her tongue *flexes*, folding around your chest with a playful squish, then pushing you toward her teeth.

She doesn’t bite. Just pins you between the inside of her cheek and her molars, squeezing gently until your ribs creak.

“Mmmph,” she hums, vibrating the entire chamber. “You taste salty.”

You punch, kick, scream, but it’s useless. Her mouth is a sauna, her breath wet and constant. She slishes you under her tongue, dips you in her saliva like a small bite of food, then *sucks*. The force pulls the air from your lungs. You can’t breathe. You can’t do anything but scream into her flesh.

And then the first *gulp*.

Her tongue curls back.

The world tilts.

GLULP!

Your foot catches the slick ring of her throat, halting the descent only briefly. You slam your palms against her uvula, trying to hook yourself, clawing for purchase. You feel her giggle, her whole throat vibrating around your limbs and then **she swallows again**.

GLALULP!

Claimed.

The squeeze is *crushing*. You are dragged deeper by the pulsing, rippling walls of her esophagus. Muscles roll over you in waves, pressing you down, down, *down*. A thick, warm tube of meat that massages you relentlessly, pulling you through her body like a prize she’s already forgotten about.

You don't stop screaming.

Her heart thunders nearby. You can hear her lungs expanding, the slow satisfied breath of a predator at rest, one that has claimed its rightful meal. The passage narrows. The heat increases. Your skin is soaked in slick slime, and the pressure builds until-

SPLORCH!

You burst into Belle's massive stomach, past the gate of her cardiac sphincter.

A **splash** of fluid greets you. You land hard in a thick, bubbling muck. Chyme. Already half-processed food. Bits of unidentifiable mush swirl around you. You try to stand, slipping as the viscous mixture tugs at your legs like tar.

The air is unbreathable. Sour. Hot. *Wrong*.

You gag and wade through the mess, trying not to touch anything floating in it. A bone. A clump of hair. A length of fabric. One of them, a shredded uniform sash, you recognize from the dorm logs. A previous Honor Student.

You collapse against the fleshy wall, pounding your fists against it. Belle's stomach responds by tightening, *squeezing*, and sloshing you back into the center of the slop. She groans above.

THMP THMP THMP!

She's moving. The belly sways with each step.

Outside, Belle has made it back to a plush private booth in the Lounge. Reclined. Tipsy. She pats her now-full belly with a pleased sigh, feeling your faintest kicks and squirms inside.

“Mmh,” she moans, stretching. “Still movin’. Damn, you’re tenacious.”

Inside, you can barely hear her anymore. Her voice is muffled, filtered through layers of muscle, fat, and pulsing digestive tissue. But her gut doesn’t lie. It gurgles. Moans. Contracts.

And it begins to work.

The fluid level rises. You try to climb the wall, slipping repeatedly, falling face-first into a pocket of bile. You emerge coughing, your throat already burning. The lining begins to itch. Then sting. Then *burn*. The digestion is subtle at first. Tingling skin. Numbness. Then sharp, constant *pain*. Like a sunburn that grows deeper with every second. Your pants melt at the knees. Your skin blisters.

Still, you fight.

You scream. You cry. You claw at the walls. But there’s nowhere to go. No one to hear. You are alone in the belly of this Southern predator.

The next few hours blur into hell. Your body weakens. The air thins. Consciousness flutters in and out. You hear the churn. The squish. The low, greedy *gluck-gluck* of her insides processing you, kneading you, turning you to mulch.

Your thoughts break down.

Your body *dissolves*.

The Next Morning

Light pours into the Lounge, and Belle groans as it hits her face. She yawns loudly, jaw cracking, then scratches her belly with a slow, luxurious stretch. Her gut is empty now. Flat again.

She smacks her lips. “Damn. That one took a while...”

Rising from her private booth, Belle saunters lazily to the changerooms. Her thong rides up, and she gives it a tug, letting it *snap* against her skin with a grunt. The hallway is quiet, good. She enters her usual stall, kicks the door shut, and drops her thong in one practiced motion.

She lowers herself over the porcelain, sighs... and pushes.

You exit her asshole in pieces.

The remains of your form, barely solid, mostly brown paste, spill out in a slow, coiling release. Bits of you still cling to undigested remnants: your wristband half-melted, your student ID warped and browned by stomach acid.

Belle barely looks. She grunts, shudders, and lets another log of brownish shit slide free, soft and wet and final. She leans forward slightly, resting an elbow on her thigh, and gazes lazily at the door.

“Should’ve begged,” she murmurs with a smirk.

She wipes once, flushes without looking back, and adjusts her thong as she exits the stall.

Your cycle ends in the same toilet where you sought the truth.

Not with glory.

Not with proof.

But as **waste**.