

Avery's Punishment - A Meadows Mansion Short Story

Like any other day in the halls of Meadow's Mansion, one dutiful girl patrolled the lavish oaken corridors. Her search: locate any so foolish that try to enter tomorrow evening's Gala early. Skipping with joy across the blood-red carpets, the studious university scholar scanned the ground in search of her prize.

Innocent and excitable to the naked eye, Avery was anything but. The petite honor student, a perfectionist in her own right, would do anything and everything to satisfy the whims of her betters. And thus, Avery volunteered in a heartbeat when Mistress Meadows herself granted her the role of Hall Guardian. Her job was simple, yet exceedingly important. Escort any non-honor students promptly to the University Heads by any means necessary. In the case of Fantasia University, BAMS students, (Bachelor of Advanced Microscopic Science), were notorious for sneaking into places where they shouldn't be, given their familiarity with shrinking down to the size of an ant. Knowing this, Avery prided herself in 'escorting' said delinquents to detention in particularly unique ways.

Avery tilted her head, twin golden pigtails fluttering about, as she scanned the floorboards of the Western Halls. Her strut, although seemingly an innocent skip, was a tactic used to dampen her footsteps. The plush ruby carpet served as the perfect dampener for an eager huntress like Avery.

She also kept a smile constantly plastered across her rounded freckled face. When she spotted a BAMS student, she found it easier to catch her prey with honey as opposed to vinegar. Something her colleague, Margo the Bodyguard, all too often forgot about. Avery rolled her eyes, thinking of the muscled red-head's monotone disposition and awkward chatter after hours.

As Avery refocused her gaze forward, her baby blue eyes suddenly dilated, having spotted a small figure standing just a stride away. They looked lost, confused, and most importantly completely unaware of the events about to befall them. Avery patted her taught little tummy with a tender hand.

Grmble...

Her next meal was in sight.

You weren't supposed to be here this early, that's for sure. Gazing down at your watch and the date, you wince having misread the invite.

Congratulations to you, Fantasia's Finest!

You are cordially invited to attend my lavish celebratory Gala, held on my very own estate. The ceremony is to commemorate YOU, the cream of the crop, the finest harvest that our Glorious University could produce.

Sunday, 6pm.

Yours sincerely,

Mistress Meadows

- Headmistress of Fantasia University

Sunday. Not Saturday.

You rub your forehead disgruntledly, shutting your eyes in disbelief. You wipe away your ignorance and begin to turn for the exit, when suddenly you spot a blur in the distance.

THMP THMP, THMP THMP!

Your eyes go wide in surprise as twin creamy legs land on either side of your miniscule body, in but a second. Her footsteps...you should have been able to hear her from across the wide mahogany halls.

FWOOM!

Hands on her hips, Avery bends down at the waist, golden pigtails swinging forward in a wide arc. Her rosy freckled cheeks and beaming white smile come within inches of your body as her head swiftly approached your level.

Through locked, perfect teeth, the Honor Guard snickered in joy.

“Nhehheh! Found another one of you!”

VWOOM!

SNATCH!

Off to your right, a creamy blur shot towards you, Avery's peach painted nails snatching you up in her smooth hands. The air is swiftly forced from your lungs and vertigo swirls about your brain as you're roughly pulled upwards. Slowly, your blurred vision comes to, Avery now fully upright.

Her smile shifts remarkably fast to a scrutinizing gaze. Tender pink lips scrunch up in a twist as her index finger taps on her pointy freckled chin.

“Well little BAMS student, if I’m not mistaken, you are here a tad bit early now, aren’t you?”

You sputter and try to explain your predicament and assure her that you received an invite. Regardless, you know the reality with girls like Avery who take it upon themselves to just grab BAMS students. No grace, no honor, no kindness. Just simply what they want, and how they’ll get it.

BRrgl...

Both you and Avery look downwards towards the source of the sound. The giant girl’s stomach.

Locking eyes with you, both of you know the reality of what is transpiring. Avery’s grin returns, yet this time it’s different. Instead, you notice a sadistic curve to the girl’s lips and cheeks on the right side only, more a sneer than smile. Then, her eyes bulge suddenly and her cheeks swell.

RmmbL...

BWAAAARP!

A forceful gale of fetid air spews past Avery’s tender lips. Flecks of spittle spray your body with little remorse.

Avery giggles, “Hehe, sorry about that! How rude of me. Tehee! That was a big one though, hmm?” The heir of her perfectionist disguise is lost on you. You see the reality of this girl, this predator.

“Must have been the couple of students I had earlier this evening. I really should report back to Meadows soon. But really though, there’s just too many of you! I can’t even take a break.” Avery mock pouts. “Just last week I think I broke the record at the grad party. Must’ve had at least over 30 of you sloshing about in my tum by the end of the night!”

With renewed horror, you stare down with morbid fascination at the girl’s tender belly below, imagining 30 other people like you squished together in there.

“Oh, you’re seeing where you think you’ll go, hm? Oh no, not there honey, that won’t be where you eventually end up.”

Avery twirls on her heels, skirts twirling about daintily. Her hands shift you lower, level with her waist and then...her pert ass. Her skirt, all too short, reveals just a hint of her tight blue polka dot panties beneath. With a flick of her free hand, Avery flips up her skirt to reveal her panty clad ass in all its glory. Your eyes boggle as you realize the topmost portion of her underwear is pulled lower than it should be. Revealed to your sight is a pink button, winking at you with glee. Avery’s perfect asshole.

“Here. That’s where you’ll end up. My asshole.” Avery points her peach-colored nail directly at her puckered anus. “In around 24 to 72 hours that is. You see, meat, that’s you, takes a while to pass through my body. But since I’ve been fasting for the Gala, you’ll probably make it to the ACTUAL event in time tomorrow when I shit you out.”

Suddenly, Avery’s anus puckers wider with her next wink, parting the hole like a blooming flower.

FRARP!

“Ooops, oh my gosh I’m quite rude this evening, aren’t I? Well, sorry, that’s just what happens when my body processes you guys.” Avery let’s forth a drawn-out sigh.
“Shame I’m not allowed to actually digest you today, though.” She pulls her panties up a smidge before bringing you back towards her face. Avery rolls her eyes.

“Not like I’ll tell you how we special students keep you lot alive though. But if you’re smart, obviously you aren’t since I caught you today, you could probably figure out the anti-digestion stuff. You should know, after all, you are a BAMS student.”

“Whatever, I’m rambling now for no reason, no sense talking to food.” Avery shrugs, the cute girl façade all but lost now that she’s caught you in her grip. She sighs once more, but this time, parts her jaws wide, letting out more of a breathy moan.

Ahhhh Hah...

Avery’s moistened tongue glistens with clear spittle. She’s visibly hungry and wastes no time in shoving you headfirst towards her gullet. You sputter, pleading with her, but your words fall on deaf ears.

THLAP! CLACK! SWISH!

In one practiced maneuver, Avery tosses you into her drippy maw before shutting her teeth closed with expert speed. Your body is firmly pressed against her hard palate, ridges rubbing against your nubile body. Then, her head tilts swiftly, gaping her throat and dilating her red tonsils that guard the gateway to her digestive tract. Avery’s impatient tummy gurgles ominously past the dark pit. Eager to quell her hunger, the tip of her tongue shoves hard against your feet as the rear tongue bucks and droops low. Then, your head dips bast a bumpy ridge as your face and vision squeezes hard against a wall of pink.

GLIP!

Mmmmmm...

GALULP!

Haaah...

You fall, slip and glide down in waves, deeper on your journey through Avery's esophagus. The thumping beat of her heart is calm. She's eaten many times already today; another meal is just a common occurrence for her.

Then, after one grueling shove of the esophagus, you are pushed past the sphincter that guards her stomach.

GROOOAN!

SPLSH!

You sputter in the acidic sack, frothy white bubbles cloying against the pulsing veiny walls.

THMP THMP, THMP THMP.

Farther past the layers of skin, you can hear the careful steps of Avery walking once again. She's already stalking for more prey, having all but forgotten you. You hope her promise of keeping you alive holds true...

Suddenly, a mire of spittle and acids surge into your body, knocking you free of the perch you held against her stomach lining. Flailing about in the mire, you sink low, unable to get a grip against the slimy walls. You squeeze your eyes shut and hope that you can survive the onslaught that is to come.

CLEAN DISPOSAL

A restless night befell you, lodged within the bowels of the Aryan goddess. True to her words, harm did not come your way as you trudged through the winding tunnels of her intestines. Other than minor burns, Avery's digestive tract must've seemingly been lined with some sort of concoction that reduced her bodies acids while overproducing a variety of breathable gases. She had mentioned she fasted in preparation for the Gala. You wonder what serum or product exactly she-

SHHHWIIIIII-

Your thoughts are interrupts as a foul sulfurous rush of air wizzes past your body, grumbling off into the dark of Avery's intestines.

RMmmm....PHRIP!

A fart, further off in the distance, followed by a burst of light. You must be close to her rectum. You pick yourself up from the greasy floor and clamor towards the exit. There, a puckered pink hole winks eagerly. Avery's is beckoning for your release. You press

firmly against her inner asshole, but the hole stays firmly locked. Then, the chamber rumbles as you hear your captors voice, far far above.

“Hmm hmm, you want out little one? Well, you’ll need to get permission from MY body. Wait...here comes another...Nnnghhh...”

FARAAARP!

Blinding light bathes the interior of your world in a fraction of a second, illuminating the beige red walls of Avery’s rectum. Then, the cataclysmic expulsion of gas sends you hurtling outwards into an outstretched palm, wrapped with a white towel.

Fwip.

You land with a small bounce against a lavender smelling wash cloth. Without the opportunity to stand, your world shifts as you are thrown into a bath of warm soapy water. You sputter and surface, gazing at the unamused and sneering face of Avery, the girl that recently sent you on a trip through her digestive system.

“Peh, disgusting. You lot are just foul. Should have kept you in my colon during the Gala, but Mistress Meadows insisted that I release all honor students before the events of the night. She’ll most likely want to meet you personally. Don’t know why though.”

With a careless wave of her hand, Avery twirls on her heels before strutting towards the changeroom exit. Before departing, she turns her head back to you. “Oh, and by the way, I won’t be taking anything to still my digestion this evening. If I find you or any others breaking rules tonight, well, let’s just say your fate will be much shittier for you. Toodles!” The blonde, blue eyed girl, cheery as ever, skips through the changeroom door, ready for the events of the Gala.

There you lie in the lukewarm pool, wondering what sort of meeting the Headmistress has planned for the “Perfect Harvest” that is you and your colleagues later today...
