

In 500 Words

Welcome to Gutsville

Contains: F/F, F/M, Post-Vore, Implied Hammerspace, Implied Endo, City in a stomach thing

GLRK!

Despite her ferocious and desperate struggles, Tifa Lockhart, world renown brawler, was now slipping down the gullet of a giant, powerful muscles guiding her down in waves that lurched her entire body down, Covered in spit, clothing torn to pieces and littered with bruises and teeth marks. She continued to fight to the very end, occasionally managing to stop herself at one point midway down her devourer's throat. Hearing the coughing and gagging above, the heartbeat quickening beside her, she felt another rush of adrenaline mixing with rising hope that had her trying to scurrying back up the tunnel dragging her down to her doom. Reach out one hand at a time, her strong legs braced firmly below, she ascended. For a brief moment, she saw the light above, freedom almost with-

Then came the crashing, cruel tide of a sweet and sugary soft drink that came coursing down while the esophagus walls suddenly contracted. Tifa did her best to hold on, but even with what incredible strength she had, there was nothing she could do against the flood. For a moment or two, she stood her ground, catching her breath whenever she could get her head above the surface while bracing herself against the crushing pressure around her, but all it did was delay the inevitable. She felt her right foot slip and just as quickly the rest of her went plummeting into the darkness, the brawler screaming the whole way down.

GLRRRRRRRRK!

...he...

ey...uo...ok?

...He...lo....

I...she...ing too...

Tifa's eyes fluttered open to find three women looming over her. The first she was was an fair-skinned asian woman, her long hair done up in a pair of buns by threads. The second was a stern-faced woman whose hair was cut in a sharp-edged bob with a beret on her head and the remnants of a police uniform, though it didn't cover over where it mattered. The third, and shortest of the trio, upon closer inspection southbound, *wasn't* a girl, but instead a very girlish

looking young man who sported a braided ponytail in the brightest pink and that was all, not a scrap of clothing from head to toe. Tifa's groggy gaze shifted between each one, taking in their varying degree of athletic figures and, thanks to her hone intuition, were fighters just like she was. Slowly, she began to rise.

"Easy, easy." Said the stone-faced woman in what remained of a police uniform with the letters S.T. written on what remained of her shoulder pad. "Floor's soft, but you still hit pretty hard."

"What happened..." muttered Tifa while rubbing her head. "...Who are you? Where...am I?"

"You got slammed with the coco-cola tidal wave." Said the pink-haired young man while mimicking the young woman's fall with his hands. The whole time, Tifa was struggling not to look at his impressive member swaying between his legs with every one of his enthusiastic motions.

"As for who we are." The asian woman put a hand to her chest, then gestured to the other woman and the young man. "My name is Chun-Li."

"Jill Valentine."

"Astolfo!"

"And as for where you are."

"You're in a stomach." Jill put it as bluntly as possible, getting a scornful look from Chun-li who obviously wanted to put it a lot more gently than that.

"Yeees, a stomach. That's the bad news, but the good news-"

"If you can believe it."

"-is that you're not going to digest like everything else in here. At least, not yet anyway."

"Oh gods, I thought I was dreaming! I really did get eaten by some giant crazy lady!?"

"Unfortunately, yes."

"Lemme guess, she caught you off guard and crammed you in her mouth where things suddenly got *much* bigger on the inside?" The look on Tifa's face answered that question real quick. "Before you ask how I know, it's happened to every single one of us."

Tifa looked to Astolfo and Chun-Li, the two of them nodding with similar, shame-drenched grimaces. Jill then offered her a hand.

"Think you can stand or do you need a minute?"

“I think I can.” Tifa said, her hand meeting Jill’s with a wet slap before the former hoisted the latter up off the soggy ground.

“Not too banged up or anything? Wouldn’t be the first time someone broke something or sprained something at the very least.”

“My back’s a little sore, but I know what a broken bone feels like and fortunately, nothin’ feels broken.” Tifa looked between the three again. “Are you the only ones here?”

“Far from it!” Cheered Astolfo with a skip in his step.

“Yeah.” Jill pointed ahead. “Why don’t you take a look for yourself.”

Curious, Tifa walked forward. For some grotesque reason, the point of which the stomach steadily sloped down into a mildly steep gorge and what lies at the bottom of it nearly took Tifa’s breath away. Sprawling across a vast wasteland of wrinkled flesh, pools of stomach juices, and half-digested food was an entire shanty town forged in the aforementioned half-digested food; some of which were clearly swallowed partially, if not absolutely whole! Loafs of bread, pizzas, hamburgers, hot dogs. All manner of culinary delights from across the spectrum of dining had been retooled into homes of all kinds and each having someone lost soul to call them home.

“How...” Tifa uttered in a mixture of terror, awe, and shock, slowly looking to the others. “How long has this been going on?”

“Can’t say.”

GURRRRRROOOOUGLE! The entire chamber rumbled and the air

briefly rose upward before somewhere very, *very* high above, there was the muffled

HUURRRROUARP! of a wet and bassy belch that made the world quiver. No one, absolutely no one, but Tifa seemed phased by it all.

“Yeah, it’s kind of hard to keep track of time down here.” Asoltofo said mid-stretch.

“And strangely no one seems to age.”

“Some of the smarter people we got around here call it some weird stasis, they’ve only got theories that it’s something in the air or in the acid, but nobody can agree on which and we can’t really figure out either because this bitch doesn’t exactly eat science equipment.”

“I see...So, what now?” Tifa asked while looking over this gastric village.

“Well, food and water aren’t an issue.” Said Jill, arms folding across her chest.

“Yes, if there’s one thing I’m thankful for is that our host stays well fed and equally hydrated.”

“And as long as you don’t hog everything for yourself or cheat someone out of their share, no one’s gonna bother you.”

“The only thing that feels lethal around here is how *boring* it gets sometimes!”

“He’s definitely right there. Most people have their own ways of entertaining themselves, they might rope you into it too.”

“With a figure like that, you’d probably get a kick out of the fight club that happens every so often. No pun intended.”

UURRRRRROOOOUURGLE!

Again, Tifa flinched as the thunderous sound echoed from every direction at once, the walls writhing, yet the others just treated it like it was nothing but some thunder in a mild storm.

“For now, just focus on getting your bearings.”

“And just get used to hanging out in here.”

“But...we can’t-”

“Stay here forever? If I had a *penny* for everytime I heard that one, I’d be a millionaire.” Jill started down the slope leading to the belly born village. “You can try, but you’re just gonna give up like everyone else does.”

“I don’t want to admit it, but she’s right. A lot of us here...we’ve all thought about trying to escape, but...no matter what we do, it doesn’t seem to affect her stomach.” Chun-Li took a deep breath and let out in a defeated sigh. It was clear by the look in her eyes that she was one of the many.

“Maybe there isn’t enough of us down here? Maybe someday, when we get a whole lot of people down here, we can all give her the nastiest stomach ever and she’ll *have* to let us out.”

GURRRRRRRWBRBRLE

“We can only hope, Astolfo. We can only hope.” Chun-Li then looked to Tifa. “Why don’t you come stay with me for a bit, maybe by the time you get used to things around here, we’ll have a nice place all set up for you.”

“Oh, yeah sure...”

Chun-Li tried to give her a smile, knowing full well what was goin in Tifa’s mind and when Astolfo went skipping down the hill, nearly tripping over himself in the process, Chun-Li departed with him; leaving Tifa to stew in her mess of emotions. Anger, fear, worry. It all swirled in a violent maelstrom inside her skull. She’d been eaten alive, that was shameful enough, but to be trapped inside the organ instead of slowly dying in a humiliating agony. She looked down at herself, at her torn clothes now allowing her large and perky breasts to see the open world while skirt was just barely dangling by a thread. Her gauntlets, however, despite the hellish battle they fought in the giant’s maw, still remained intact. A fire in belly burst to life and in its radiance, that fear and hopelessness gave way.

Her fingers closed into a fist.

“As long as these stay strong, I’ll *never* give in.”

Clenching her fist as tight as she could, Tifa Lockhart descended towards the belly shanty town, determined to someday get out of here.