

Illusions and Ingestion

Written By - RestorationStation

Sponsored By - Kamahamahauser

Anal Vore, Giantess, Willing Oral Vore, Light Digestion, Food, Burps, Gas, Disposal (Marked, Optional)

Average Reading Time: 25-30 minutes

The Lounge of Meadows Mansion shimmered with the soft glow of red lanterns and polished wood. An old-world glamour filled the space, sultry and rich, and touched with a hint of mysticism in the air. Spell-bound spotlights, enchanted silk drapes, and a jazz quartet of spectral performers drifted hazily behind a crystalline veil. At center stage, framed by twin pillars of gilded oak, Harper took her mark with a whip of orange hair and a cheeky grin.

She wore only what her job demanded: a black leotard (customary for assistants) that hugged her generous hips, and a pair of thigh-high fishnets held taut with gold-trimmed garters. Harper's signature carrot-shaped braid bounced behind her, and with every twirl of her baton, the embedded jewels caught the chandelier's light like scattered fire.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," her amplified voice rang out, "welcome to *Illusions and Spectacles!* A show of misdirection, miracles, and marvelous magics from our very own..."

Harper extended an upturned hand towards the floor.

CSHAW!

Blooming forth from a cloud of smoke stood none other than, "Melody the Magnificent!"

There the tiny magician flourished, arms raised, upon an elevated stone pedestal having suddenly materialized from the stage floor. As the smoke cleared, the

miniscule older woman stood only about an inch tall but demanded attention as if she was a giantess among tinies herself. Elegant and clad in a sharp black waistcoat with silver pinstripes, she paced atop the elevated pedestal at the stage's edge, arms folded. Her greying hair was coiled high in a tight bun, save for a rebellious shock of white that refused to be tamed. The Mistress Illusion commanded the audience before her.

“Greetings, human patrons! This evening, I shall be displaying the magnificence of REAL magic before you all. Feast your eyes on our daring displays of might that challenge the roles that define size dynamics. OBSERVE with wonder as my assistant and I dazzle with divinity, dive into the depths of ONE ANOTHER and prove that magic IS possible.”

The audience, a raucous blend of minimized and full-sized Honor Students, peppered with a few curious staffers, roared with delight. The spectacle had drawn quite the crowd. All but one woman seemed thoroughly engaged. At the bar, Belle, a cowgirl benefactor of Mistress Meadows herself, nursed an oversized tumbler of whiskey. She curled into her stool with a lazy scowl. Belle rolled her eyes and muttered disparagingly to the Lounge's redheaded guard, who stood watch beside her.

“Peh. That witch is all fluff and no grit. Her entire personality's probably just a bit, part of the whole – HARURP – show...scuse me.”

Belle, a southern woman donned with a classic cowboy hat, didn't care much for the various magical acts of Melody the “Magician”, but continued to watch despite the fact.

Beside her, Margo, the redheaded muscle of the Manor's first floor, stood stoically observing the show, barely fazed by Belle's drunken remarks. She adjusted her shades, bright blue eyes flicking towards the cowgirl.

“Sure you’re not just jealous?”

Belle either didn’t care to respond or didn’t hear Margo, her attention astutely focused on the next act transpiring on stage.

The dynamic duo of minimized magician and bouncing Bunnygirl began their act with monumental praise. Melody, her features belaying age, had the dexterity and flexibility of a seasoned acrobat. For their first trick, Harper knelt before the podium where Melody pranced about. She lined herself up with the center, luscious red lips beaming into a wide white smile, a single cute fang glittering in the stage light.

Melody, with a flick of her wrist, commanded Harper’s maw open. Then, with a sparkle from her extended gloved hands, a flicker of light illuminated the Bunnygirl’s tantalizing mouth. There, her petite lips revealed a shimmering red interior, dark throat glittering at the rear. A sparkle of golden glitter surged up from the base Harper’s esophagus in a quick little burp.

Urp!

Melody stated. “From the depths of her belly, a caustic environment intent on amalgamating food, comes forth...”

“BEAUTY!”

Suddenly, two butterflies, wings gilded with glitter, flew up past Harper’s uvula, landing on the tip of her bottom lip.

Flitter-flitter!

The crowd erupted once more in oohs and ahs, clearly impressed by the performance before them. Once more, Belle scoffed, looking for some recognition from Margo.

“What in tarnation?! There’s no way bugs like that could survive in Harper’s stomach. There’s got to be some sort of trick here that I can figure out...”

Margo continued to observe, unfazed by Belle’s complaints.

The cowgirl, filled with liquid confidence, downed the rest of her whiskey and stood up from her stool. The wooden seat creaked in relief, freed from the oppressive weight of Belle’s mighty rear.

She mumbled under her breath impatiently, “That darned witch is just a set piece. Harper’s the one who should be runnin’ things...”

Belle extended an accusatory arm directly at the stage, puffed out her cheeks, and began to holler. “Hey, you old hag listen here, I got a challenge for you-“

CLAMP!

Lightning quick, Margo grabbed Belle’s stretched arm firmly, locking her blue eyes directly with the disruptive cowgirl.

“I think you’ve had enough.”

Both women, built tough and firm, chiseled by work or weights, stood challenging one another.

“Oh ya, what’s it to you, huh Margo?”

The bodyguard stood firm, slowly loosening her grip on Belle’s meaty arm.

“Just keep things civil please.”

Belle wrenched her arm away with a huff, before hailing over one of the waitresses of the evening for yet another drink.

You stood amongst the seated crowd of other minimized honor students, too excited to sit still. You and about a dozen others were situated in a series of “box seats” set just above the Lounge’s bar, giving you the perfect view of the stage and away from the dangers of the normal sized patrons below.

You leaned against the railing, barely able to keep your composure. Illusions and Spectacles, Melody the Magician, Gilly the Gymnast, you couldn’t get enough of Fantasia’s finest exposition. But amongst the troop, Harper the Bunnygirl assistant stood out amongst all else. Her generous wide hips contrasted perfectly with her lithe frame. Those curly orange locks, bouncing with a mind of their own amongst those extended black bunny ears. And lastly, her beautiful bouncing...

“BUT, before we begin our penultimate trick, I need my ever so dutiful assistant to get into place. Please, Harper dear, if you wouldn’t mind giving this show a bit of a HEAT!”

The Bunnygirl twirled on her heels, pirouetting in three quick spins before stopping, her rear now facing Melody on the podium. Playing along with Magician’s showmanship, Harper wagged her heavy butt overtop the unfazed older woman. Her leotard-clad rear, black and shimmering in the stage light, had to be house-sized compared to the minimized mage.

The ginger haired girl turned back to gaze over her shoulder, barely able to lock eyes with Melody over the expanse of her large bum. With one teensy fang poking out beyond Harper’s thin lips, the stage assistant smirked, stifling a giggle.

“Heh. Couldn’t resist showing off my assets to these fine folks tonight, eh Miss Melody?”

Still keeping her composure, despite currently aligned with the crack of Harper’s ass, Melody spoke her next words with that same characteristic command.

“Now, for those up close, beware, for there soon shall be a sudden intensity of arcane flames! For my next trick, I shall make my beautiful bunny’s bum even hotter! But be warned, I require absolute SILENCE as I cast my next spell...”

Melody stood beneath the shadow of Harper’s ass, weaving her hands together before muttering a series of strange arcane words.

“Igneous...Pyrosis...Infernu-“

“WOOHOO! YA! Nice cake ya got there Harper! Must be carrot!”

Suddenly, the crowd muttered and turned toward the source of the disturbance. Now copiously drunk, Belle wavered at the bar, heckling Melody with reckless gusto.

“Cmon, witch, do yer magicy thing...HIC!”

Frozen, still in her majestic stance, without turning her head to regard the heckler, Melody drew in a deep breath as she closed her eyes...fury shimmering beneath her lids.

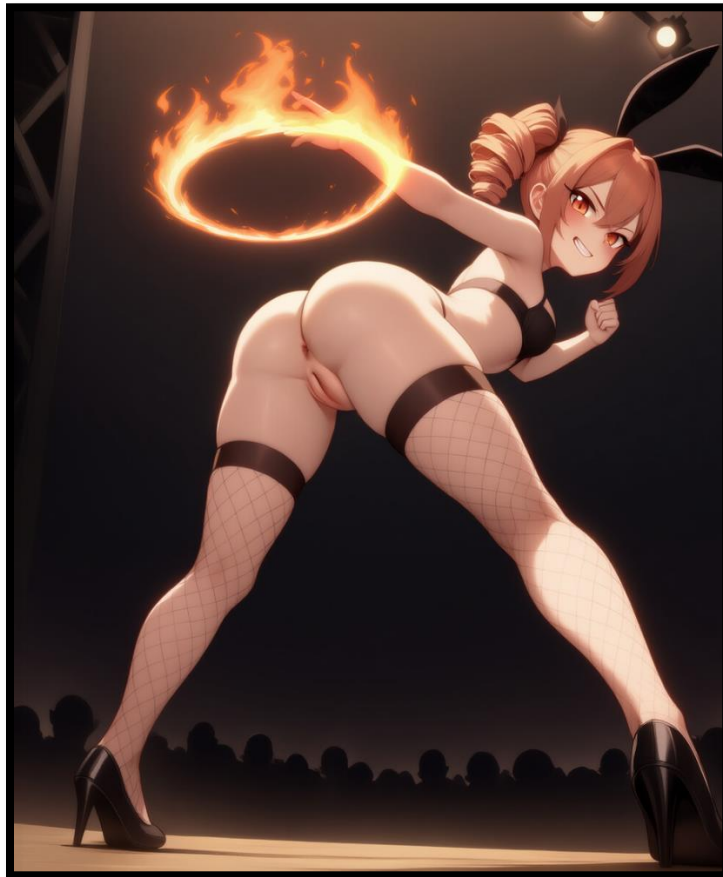
Then, the next words of the Mighty Melody echoed across the Lounge and beyond.

“SILENCE!”

Without missing a beat, Melody continued her incantation. She proceeded to light up Harper’s ass in a vibrant display of orange flames, the ignition’s source unknown. The brilliant display, although seemingly dangerous, did not faze Harper one bit. She once more continued to spin, the twirl of her heavy rear now accentuated by the shimmering coils of fire. The flames eventually began to coalesce into a singular ring, hovering just in front of Harper’s cheeks. Then, the fire spread across the Bunnygirl’s

rear. The crowd gasped in shock as flames scorched away the thin fabric of Harper's leotard overtop her ass in an instant. Now, the assistant's pale butt remained bare for all to see, with just a tiny ring of fire hovering in front of her heavy cheeks.

"I SHALL NOW LEAP THROUGH ONE RING, INTO ANOTHER!"



Melody motioned to Harper, and without skipping a beat, the Bunnygirl proudly parted her ass, unfazed by its proximity to the hovering ring of flames. Framed by the fire, Harper's pink asshole stood out prominently, illuminated by the flickering orange light. She winked her hole, gaping it slightly to reveal the clean pulsing sphincter for the crowd to see.

"Ready, Miss Melody!"

Confidently, the Magnificent Magician strutted forward towards her assistant's anus. Then she picked up her pace, skipped, hopped, leapt off the ground in a flip before diving headfirst into Harper's gaping sphincter.

SHLIP! PLAP!

The cheeks closed abruptly with a heavy smack, Melody completely out of sight, now lodged deep within Harper's colon.

The Bunnygirl swiveled to face the crowd, parted her lips, and began to speak. But instead of the sing-song stage voice of the assistant Harper, the confident direct tone of Melody the Magnificent spoke through the Bunnygirl's lips.

"WITNESS, MAGIC! Having leapt through the ring of fire, into the sweltering burning depths of my assistant, I shall continue the act from WITHIN her body!"

The crowd erupted in amazement.

Belle, however, was not pleased with this response from Melody. The cowgirl stood recklessly once more from the tired stool beneath her ass, the seat clattering to the ground with a heavy thud.

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The entire bar top shuddered from Belle's boisterous movements, and above, the box seats containing YOU wavered...

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"Hey...uuurrrppp...witch, you don't deserve Harper..."

Slowly, Belle began to stumble forward, but her shoulders jerked, suddenly held by a firm calloused hand. Behind her, Margo grasped the cowgirl's body and simply whispered into the drunken woman's ear a single phrase. "Do NOT cat call my little sister like that. Now, I think it's your bedtime."

Bloodshot brown eyes glared into Margo's own cold stare, both women unwilling to yield to the other. Tensions began to rise, Belle clenched her fists, Margo locked her stance prepared to...

FWISH! Blomph...

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You fell, the jostling of the commotion below sending you careening past the guardrail high above. Beneath you, a plush warm bed of flesh broke your fall.

--

Margo gasped, as a small figure slipped betwixt her generous bosom. “EH?! What the?” The bodyguard staggered back, trying to fish out the sudden intrusion from her cleavage, and failing. With the tension broken by your fall, Belle sauntered off towards the exit, uncaring of Margo’s boob related plight. “We’ll see how things go during tomorrow’s show when you’re off duty, bodyguard...”

Margo joined the crowd temporarily; the rowdiness of Belle having dissipated for the time being. Beside her, a plump girl dressed in a pink jumpsuit sat in apprehension.

“What’s got you so worked up Suki? Can’t be worse than arguing with one of the Manor’s benefactors. Hope I don’t get fired...”

Suki jumped, too focused on the show for some reason. She bit a nail and turned towards the bodyguard. “Oh, huh? Sorry Margo, I’m just a bit nervous for the finale...”

Suki wiggled in her seat uncomfortably, big butt barely contained in the folding chair beneath her. “It’s just, err, my...my...I HOPE MY CAKE TURNED OUT WELL!”

Margo furrowed a brow, too flustered by recent events to care much of the anxious plights befalling the Manor’s sous-chef.

“Eh? Really? Cmon Suki, you’re like the best cook on campus, don’t be too hard on yourself.”

Suki sighed and pulled her hand away from her chattering teeth, plush pink lips wet with saliva. “Mmm, oki. You’re usually grounded in reason Margo. I’ll try and sit still I guess.”

Margo smiled warmly and patted Suki's arm firmly, "Cool. You can repay the favor of receiving my SOUND advice by hanging onto THEM for me. This should keep you distracted for now."

--

You, currently wedged in a world of sticky sour humidity, are pulled free from your confines by two calloused fingers. You bid the bodyguard's boobies farewell as you are tossed toward yet another giantess.

You reorient yourself upon the plush expanse of the chubby girl's hand. The palms beneath you began to sweat profusely, smelling faintly of powdered sugar mixed with salt. Tonight, couldn't get any better...

--

Margo stood, returning to her post with a simple wave. Suki, however, began to stammer, now holding onto a living minimized honor student! "Ehh, ok, easy there lil' one, just don't do anything reckless now, alright...?"

Suki trembled in her seat, thinking of a way to rid herself of this new unwanted companion while *Illusions and Spectacles* reached its climax.

Still speaking through Harper, Melody's voice rang out louder now, enhanced by her newfound scale.

"Now, for our final trick, I will need a handful of BRAVE and WILLING volunteers. Those who are not afraid or perhaps even eager to experience the ride of a lifetime, please, do not hesitate to offer yourself now!"

Giddily, you began to jump up and down upon Suki's sweaty palm. You tapped the sticky surface, gazing up at her round face with eagerness.

"Huh, oh you wanna be a volunteer? Are you sure?" Suki began to grumble, then whispered down to you, her pink pigtails falling beside you like massive cherry blossom trees. "Err, you know whoever volunteers is...umm...gonna end up on the menu, right?"

BDUMP!

Suddenly, your heart jumps in your chest, threatening to break free from your minimized body. With reckless abandon, you continue to coax on Suki to offer you up as a volunteer.

“Hmm, suit yourself, I guess. You minimized student’s always weird me out...trying to find a way into our food...”

Suki raises a hand, among about half a dozen other minimized, willing participants from the tiny boxes overlooking the stage. Darting through the crowd, clamoring over chairs with a blur of green speed, is a short, cloaked girl. She collects the other minimized students before eventually crouching beside Suki’s chair.

With fond recognition, Suki beams a wide smile towards the shrouded girl. A single green hand extends towards the sous-chef, eager and slightly clawed! From behind the shady hood, orange eyes and a wicked sharp smile meet Suki’s own delighted expression.

“Oh, Gilly! Hey, didn’t know you were working this evening.”

The Gremlin Girl nods her head up and down with excitement, “Ya! Gilly help out even when it’s not work time!” She looks back at the crowd, both minimized and standard sized alike, with fondness, “Gilly LOVE when people are excited. Reminds Gilly of old times...times when Gilly compete for the school!”

Suki did not know much of the Gremlin Girl’s past, other than that she’d always been innocent and sweet, just like her own pastries. With a careful hand, you’re passed over to the eager Gilly. The fingers coil around you swiftly, shrouding you and five others in green hued shadow. You tumble amongst the group, as the lot of you are brought up onto the stage for the final act of the evening.

The alluring Bunnygirl, Harper, stood proudly at center stage, a single spotlight shining down upon her semi-nude form. Set standing on the glimmering stone pedestal was a handful of minimized honor students, each with a varying degree of trepidation or excitement. Beside them, dwarfing their scale, a slice of pink strawberry shortcake cast a soft shadow over the tinies. A devious grin slowly spread across the young woman's face as she prepared her final act.

Once more, using Melody's voice and charisma, Harper's lips parted to announce the finale.

"Ladies and gentlemen, tall and minimized alike, we shall finalize the show with our most intrepid and DARING feat yet! For this act, we have brought forth six willing volunteers. And very soon, this group of brave students will...er...will..."

Slowly, Harper began to stutter; the crowd grew uncertain, murmuring as the Bunnygirl's eyes began to twitch. To the crowd, the subtle shift in the hue of Harper's eyes would have gone unnoticed, from orange to blue, once Melody entered her butt. However, here in this moment, Harper's true eye color, a vibrant tangerine, took over that subtle sapphire tinge.

Harper blinked twice, as if suddenly waking from a dream like spell. Her lips curled wide, her characteristic fang peeking out beyond her lips once again. She turned to gaze at her own rear, speaking to IT instead of the crowd.

"Ha, there we go, that's better!" The Bunnygirl reached back to jostle her own cheeks, flexing them with wicked candor.

"I think it's about time you let me handle things Ms. Melody."

SMACK!

With a ruthless slap, Harper planted a firm hand directly between the pale hemispheres of her ass. A single digit extended past those generous cheeks, wiggled

for a moment deeper still, as Harper's face contorted in a mix of focus and pleasure. Her tongue peeked out from betwixt her lips and then she gasped.

"HA! There we...GO!"

Plip!

She pulled her middle finger free from her generous backside, a glitter of slick anal lubrication catching the limelight as her hand returned to her front.

SNAP!

With a flick of her wrist and a twirl of her baton, Harper's midsection fizzed with a sudden display of sparkles and smoke. As the shroud cleared, a brand-new garment, a lacey black thong, had now affixed itself magically across Harper's crotch and rear.

"That's much better." Directing her gaze to the crowd, Harper continued the act without missing a beat, now entirely in command of the show herself!

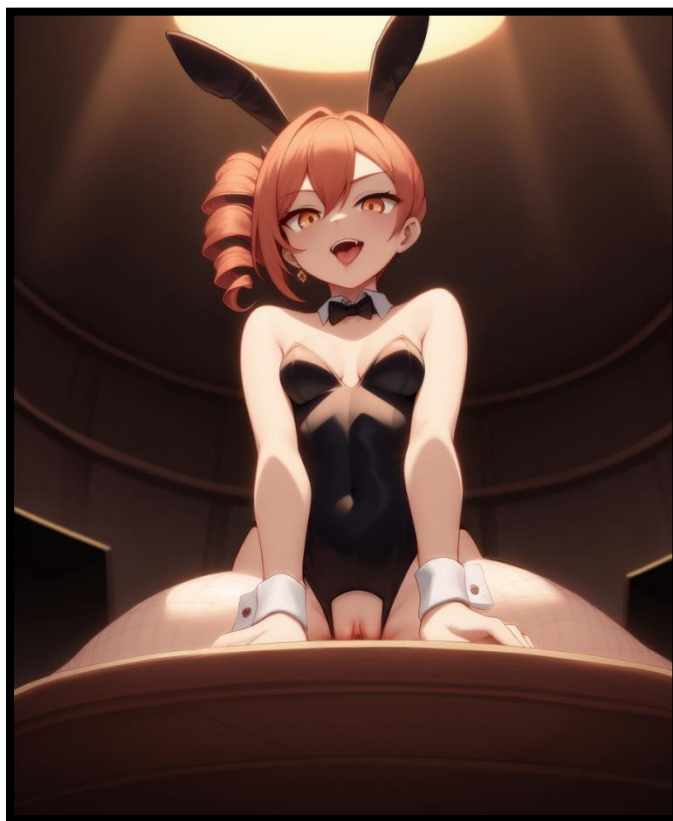
"Now that our Magnificent Magician is having herself a little break, I, Harper the Bunnygirl Assistant shall conclude our evening with a well-earned, delicious...SNACK!"

Harper patted her taut midsection, her hollow belly eager to claim a particularly tantalizing looking dessert, alongside some additional garnishes. Before her, the half dozen Honor Students stood in wonder, staring forward at the tall expanse of Harper's smooth tummy.

Grnn...

Only they could hear the call of Harper's core. You yourself, walked closer, daring to become the first volunteer, willing to please this wondrous woman.

"Oho, looks like our first offering has kindly stepped up to the plate!"



Literally, you had, hoisting yourself up onto the wide rim of the plate that held the shortcake. It didn't take a genius to know what would soon occur. Many of the Honor Students, particularly those in Minimized Studies classes, understood and even relished the fun that could arise from mixed sized interaction. But ingestion, to swallow another, was mostly saved for drunken party escapades or mixed sized couples who trusted one another. Still, the dangers of such acts were quite real.

Harper's grin widened further, revealing the clean white expanse of her sharp incisors. You could tell she was getting excited, not just from the show. Given the scale of her

tummy, hollow and smooth, she'd fasted for this evening's performance. You were to be her first snack.

She spoke her next words to the crowd, but her eyes lingered on you alone. "Now, understand this folks, no volunteers will become a permanent resident of my belly in this following trick..."

Shoom...

Harper leaned down towards the pedestal containing the shortcake, bringing her face directly in front of you, lips and teeth mere inches away.

"That is..."

Haaaaah...

A warm muggy breath washed over you, scented distinctly with sharp cinnamon undertones.

"Unless they want to..."

BDUMP, BDUMP!

The crowd gasped and mumbled, the threat of REAL danger on the line sparking their interest further. But for you, this, to give yourself to this magical giantess...

Harper's eyes widened with amusement and delight, noticing your trembling form.

"Oho? You, little one, you're so EAGER!"

Ahaha!

Her compact mouth parted before you, her tongue dancing up and down with each laugh. Her tiny uvula danced about at the rear of her mouth. There's no way you could even grab onto that thing, given its lithe scale.

Harper flicked her eyes toward the crowd, "Hehe, there's always one folks, one volunteer who ALWAYS just wants to dive headfirst into my gullet."

Harper shifted her position, now kneeling before the raised platform. She lowered her chin to the edge of the pedestal. Then, Harper unfurled her tongue, opening the slick maw as wide as she could manage. Now, standing at the precipice, you gazed down at the looming maw of the Bunnygirl. With semi-garbled words, attempting to keep her mouth still upon, Harper gave you one simple instruction.

"Ohh kaay lil' one! JUMP...IN!"

BDUMP, BDUMP, BDUMP!

Your heart bounded within your chest heavily as you stared down into the abyss. The murmur of the crowd behind you faded; the uncertainty of the other minimized students reduced to a droning buzz. All that mattered now was your impending descent into Harper's digestive system.

Below, the dark void of her throat loomed upon, red tonsils flexed wide in eager anticipation to receive you. It was a straight shot down, no going back now.

Grrggll...

The call of her stomach was the last thing you heard of the outside world before you dove headfirst downwards into the inner world of Harper.

Her eyes briefly widened in surprise; she hadn't expected you to surge in headfirst. Harper's parted jaws widened further in a smile as you firmly touched down onto the expanse of her thin tongue with a wet splat.

SPLIP!

SHHHHHLIP!

You slid downward with increasing speed, gliding past the slick tastebuds of Harper's extended tongue. You didn't even have time to notice the darkening atmosphere as her tongue and lips folded closed behind you. Your head and midsection dipped lower still as you surged over the soft rear hump of her palate. You landed in the small pocket of flesh above her esophagus, her windpipe billowing beside you, exhaling hot, carbon dioxide-rich air. This was it, any moment now the fleshy tube beneath you would part and-

GLULP!

Without waiting for your approval, the hole widened farther than you'd imagine possible as you slipped past Harper's rear maw to enter her esophagus proper.

GLOLP!

Another swallow ferried you down further. Ahead of you, pink sopping walls parted and contracted, kneading you downward in peristaltic waves. As you descended, the muffled voice of Harper continued the show on the outside! You were now just a simple prop, used and manipulated by the Bunnygirl's own unconscious bodily functions.

Morbidly, you reflected on the full extent of her digestive system; its scale and purpose a wondrous, terrifying thought. Further along the expanse of her body, behind those supple cheeks, near her asshole, deep within her colon, Melody currently dwelled. You shuddered in extasy, fully encompassed by the might of this woman's living body. However, your stupor was soon shattered as something unique began to appear along the deeper lengths of Harper's mid to lower esophagus.

There before your eyes, a semi-translucent plastic sheath hugged the inner walls of her throat. You immediately concluded that this must be a guiding tube! A device that sword swallows use in their acts to house a blade within their throats. This was the trick, the means in which Harper would ensure that those other Minimized students wouldn't fully descend into the depths of her ravenous belly.

SPLAP!

You came to an abrupt stop, the clear tubing coming to an end just before Harper's cardiac sphincter. However, you noticed something peculiar at the end of the guiding tube. You felt along the base, the pink pucker gaping and closing periodically, giving you shadowed glimpses of her empty tummy below. There, along the bottom of the device, was a small seam, just wide enough for a tiny to pass through. Gushes of thick, opaque liquid squirted past the seam, moistening your hands with slimy fluid. The substance caused your hands to itch, a grim reminder of the fate the lay below...

"Now, understand this folks, no volunteers will become a permanent resident of my belly in this following trick..."

Harper's words rang out in your subconscious as you stared apprehensively at the guiding tube's opening, the sphincter beyond it, and towards the ridged walls of the Bunnygirl's eager stomach.

“That is...Unless they want to...”

You closed your eyes firmly, then pressed your face and arms forward into the fleshy expanse, leaving the safety of the plastic guiding tube and entering Harper’s body fully and willingly.

SQLORCH!

GRROOOAN~!

Harper’s stomach let loose an immense roar. The Bunnygirl’s belly was completely empty, save for a fizz of cloudy bubbles collecting at its lowest point. You had slid into the chamber with gusto, tumbling down the rugae lined walls, jostled endlessly, unable to find purchase anywhere. There was simply nothing to hold onto reliably. The walls were saturated with tingling fluids, and oppressive heat was dampening your stamina. But, as you tried to find a seated form of equilibrium in this tumultuous organ, you found peace in the knowledge that Harper’s body would utilize you to its fullest, given its need for sustenance this evening.

Beyond the sweltering walls, the act continued. Muffled speech was nearly imperceivable, drowned out by the constant grumbles of her stomach alongside the lulling calm of her focused heartbeat above. Below you, more stagnant airy gurgles foreshadowed your eventual fate...

Grrr...SPLORP!

Suddenly, the cardia above parted! A bolus of mushy white, yellows and bright pink spewing forth into the stomach. The deluge, thick and full, splattered down adjacent to you with a meaty smack. Some of the coating even splashed onto your face.

Curiously, you tasted the soon-to-be stomach chyme, bringing the substance up to your lips.

Strawberry shortcake!

She was eating now. You and this cake, no different from one another. Just food.

Bleary eyed and consciousness clouded, you devoted your remaining time in Harper's stomach to gaze upon the entrance of the organ, curious to see what comes next.

"EEEP!"

Plap!

Above, the sphincter winked open, giving you a brief glimpse of the guiding tube, now slick with strawberry residue. You could just make out behind the plastic barrier a nervous looking girl, splattered with thick cake frosting. Her eyes met your own, wide and in shock. A subtle tentative smile crept across her face as she slowly waved at you. Unlike you, she looked intent on staying within the safety of the guiding tube.

Over the next handful of minutes, more strawberry shortcake would accompany you within the chamber of Harper's eager stomach. But you'd remain alone, as more volunteers would tumble down the esophagus, only to remain at the junction between stomach and cardiac sphincter. Expertly, Harper's stomach would flex inward on itself periodically, ferrying a decent chunk of your precious oxygen upwards into her throat.

HARURP!

The most recent volunteer, an overeager woman who pleased herself in the circumstances, was rudely interrupted as she shot out of view with Harper's next belch.

URP!

As you began to drift off into the ethereal, you could just scarcely make out Harper's concluding remarks, the show having come to its end.

"And that's one, two...five volunteers total!"

THMP, THMP!

Suddenly, Harper's voice became louder, resonant, coming from everywhere and above all at once. She was speaking to you now, two thumps of her tummy jostling you from a brief spell of unconsciousness.

Her tone caring and honest, almost a whisper.

"Hey little one, are you sure about this?" Her tone then shifted to knowing deviousness. "There's no coming back from this, but I'm sure you already know that, hm hm!"

GRRGGGLLL!!

You stared back to the opposite end of her stomach, towards the pyloric sphincter, the entrance to her duodenum, to her small intestines. Soupy bits of shortcake were

already squeezing their way past the sphincter, prepared to be assimilated into Harper's body.

"Tap three times, tiny. If you do, well...I guess I'll see ya tomorrow when I do my business, tehee!"

You drew in an acrid breath and raised your fist toward the pulsing pink walls, and with all the strength within your form that remained...

Tap, tap, **TAP!**

You could feel her body shift, the smooth sound of skin against skin, as Harper tenderly rubbed her stomach. You could even sense her fanged smile.

"Good tiny, rest now."

You closed your eyes, basking in her warmth, lulled into nothingness by the thrumming beat of Harper's body.

The next morning.

The staff of *Illusions and Spectacles* were given limited, if any, accommodation within Meadows Mansion. Harper opted to stay overnight, given the stringent schedule of shows her and the crew were expected to stick to.

Janine, Harper's middle older sister, was thankfully the Manager of the Lounge, thus she and Melody were allowed to crash on the couch within her office after late shows.

Margo the Bodyguard, Harper's oldest sister, ensured that no one bothered her through the evening.

The couch, however, was small, barely big enough to fit Harper's petite frame. Save for her plump ass.

"Mmm, yaaawn..."

Harper stretched languidly, hair a frazzled mess, eyes droopy and tired from last night's escapades. She scratched the lower curve of her belly, now rounded just above her mons pubis, the midsection flat and smooth once again. Fully nude, she swung her legs over the edge of the couch, stood, and headed directly for the private washroom in Janine's office. Her sister wouldn't start her shift for another thirty minutes, giving Harper just enough time to take care of business.

TINK!

Harper swung her heavy hips in a twirl, a motion she'd done thousands of times over, as she planted her plush rear onto the cool ceramic toilet. The girl shuddered, a chill rushing up her spine, as she leaned her elbows onto her knees as nature took its course.

DISPOSAL START

Spppshhh!

A thin clear stream of fluids exited Harper's urethra as she emptied her bladder, mind wandering to tonight's show. She thought back to that one benefactor in the crowd, Belle, a woman she'd met a handful of times before. That cowgirl definitely had a thing for her, maybe she could get a nice tip if she played along with her candor tonight; she'd return for certain, not many could resist Harper's assets.

A lazy smile spread across her face as she wiggled her moneymaker. Her and Melody could make a killing tonight if they-

WAIT!

Harper's eyes shot open in shock as she glanced between her thin legs into the toilet bowl.

"Oh shit!"

Frrpp...

"Crap crap, not yet!"

With nervous fingers, Harper immediately stuck her hand between her legs, past her tight hairless labia, towards the pink pucker of her eager anus. With two fingers extended, Harper feverishly fished out her boss from the depths of her soon-to-be filthy rectum.

PLIP!

“Kaaah, HACK, UGH! HARPER YOU STUPID SKANK!”

Already, Melody the Not-So-Magnificent was squirming furiously in Harper’s fingers.

“Sorry Mel, oh my gods, sorry! But stop squirming damnit!”

FRAAARP!

Harper’s eyes widened further. Her sphincter was ready, she was not. Melody stopped her thrashing and simply stared forward at the widening gate of Harper’s anus. Ahead, the older woman gazed at the parting veil into her assistant’s colon. Drenched in rectal slime, her mouth fell agape in horror as a mass of cracked segmented brown crested the edges of Harper’s asshole. The anus dilated wider than Melody had cared to witness, relinquishing its hold on last night’s dessert, alongside a simple dinner afterwards.

Crckl...Shplop...Frrp...

The singular bowel movement was well-formed and solid, small given Harper’s limited diet. Interlaced in the mass was a faint spattering of bleached white. Melody, covering her mouth and nose from the acrid scent, raised a brow as she caught sight of the bones within Harper’s shit. Then, the anus gaped wider still, red and pink flesh slightly soiled, but not much, given the firm consistency of the feces.

Above, Harper sighed in relief as more urine splashed out from between her lower lips.

“Okay, HARPER, you did your business, now pull me out! NOW!”

Caught in the act of defecation, Harper's anus clenched tight before Melody's eyes in surprise. "Oh, ya, sorry Mel!"



DISPOSAL END

Later.

The two women lounged together on the office couch, a small respite in their lives before the day's start. Harper lay on her tummy, small enough to fit on the couch with space to spare. Below, atop the swell of her large behind, Melody marched with purpose, plucking stray hairs and applying cover up and creams to tiny red blemishes that only she could see. This was a ritual the two shared each morning before work, ensuring that Harper's body was pristine to the eye of the crowd. But deep down, Melody didn't mind whether her assistant's rear was hairy or smooth, blemished or clear. To her, the petite woman was perfect as is. Not that she'd ever let Harper know that.

"Did you make sure to ask them if they wanted it? Did you do the signal we discussed?"

Harper's feet twirled behind her, calves swaying in lazy kicks as she swiped through her phone. "Mhm, they were SUPER eager."

Melody paused atop the cleft of Harper's rear. She stared further past, the pink hue of her assistant's asshole barely visible.

"Good. It is important that you ensure they are willing. I can't do my work otherwise."

Harper stopped her scrolling and turned back to meet Melody's blue eyes. "I know that, Mel." She sighed. "I just wish we didn't have to be so sneaky with things here in the Manor. Is everything you said about Meadows and her sisters really true?"

Melody pulled her gaze away from her partner's supple rear and frowned. "More than you could even imagine. They are dangerous, that lot. Although some of what we do is just sleight of hand, their kind...our kind...the things that happen here under this roof are sinister Harper."

Smack!

Melody leaned down and playfully slapped Harper's ass with her tiny palms.

"But enough of that, it's time to prep for tonight."

Harper smiled back at her boss, at her friend, at the woman who took her in when no one else would.

"Okay Melody!" She shifted her hand back to gently scoop up her partner.

Face the face with one another now, Melody broke the silence with her characteristic commanding tone.

"Oh, and by the way, Harper...your ass is getting fat. Try not to subdue the volunteers so much. We can't afford a new leotard, damnit!"

Harper rolled her eyes as the two women broke out into a fit of giggles. Hopefully the show tonight would go off without a hitch.