

As the human finally crossed the Snowdinn and marched into a much cooler area down. A fittingly named area of 'Waterfall' as a drizzling wall of water ran from the ceiling and down out of sight. In after previously dealing with Papyrus, the next room over had an empty wooden stand, somehow still carrying snow over the top of its roof. Next to the empty booth was a yellow monster kid and an echo flower. Frisk walked over to the echo flower, leaning in to hear what it had heard. The quiet murmuring of the echo flower remarked on a skeleton magically disappearing and reappearing, though that didn't seem right. Surely the monster kid was rambling nonsense, being just next to it after all. As if to scare the human out of their intrigue, the echo flower went silent as something.. Or rather *someone* called out to them. Just within the quietness of it all, a much louder voice boomed out by comparison.

"Hey! Human!" The voice yelled, sounding like it was coming from a woman. A powerful one at that. Frisk tried to turn around and was lifted by the scruff of their shirt and was met with a shining cyan coat of fish scales and muscled body that scowled down at the human in disdain. Her head was topped with the ponytail of a warrior, a brilliant red to clash just right against her blue self. One of her eyes was covered by a dark patch as the other shined a bright orange. Frisk was caught in an analysis paralysis, staring blankly at the royal knight ahead of them. She was dressed casually, clearly not aiming to maim anyone just yet. If the human were lucky, the guard may not even have her signature spears? It was a small chance but a hopeful one at that. Would they stand a chance if they tried to attack? Frisk only gave it a thought before the fish knight reacted aggressively, almost in tune with their intentions to fight. Looking the human up and down and watching as dust fell from them as if brandishing an old book from an attic, Undyne knew what she could do to part with the human she came across.

With an expression all too familiar, the human realized they had made the same mistake as before with the skeleton from before. The knight seemed to put this together, now working to flip the human over, causing the human to instantly drop the knife they were holding. Disarmed again...

With expertise befitting a knight of her caliber, Undyne discarded the human's shoes with her tongue alone. Frisk tried to squirm under her might but their feet were instantly taken into her maw and narrowly avoided the sharp and jagged teeth filling her maw as Frisk was lifted further from the ground and thus further from their knife. Frisk's feet helplessly kicked against Undyne's throat, slowly taken in through convulsions and swallows that welcomed the human even further inside. The armless monster before now staring in awe at the display. This was until they finally processed their self preservation and booked it in the opposite direction of the knight. With that, it truly set Frisk to be alone for the fish's feast. The human of course, being the feast.

At the very least this time they could actually feel their limbs as they moved, although still to no avail. Her musculature proved to be heavily lubricated as well as being well versed in this type of exercise. The human was helpless as their body was constricted helplessly into the gullet. Undyne hardly felt the need to use her other arm, one being enough to shove the human in by a secured grip on their side, the other now patting down over her now protruding gut with a tinge of pride. In her mind she was saving the underground by being rid of a monster killer, not caring to think anything further than her duty as a royal knight. A hungry one at that.

With most of Frisk's lower half taken out of the outside world, Undyne hasn't slowed down. She continued lapping up the human and gulping them in greedily. She was eating this human as if they were the first meal she had had in days. Frisk tried to push against her cheeks, though her tongue was quick to twist them into place, leaving the human's bare face left to the cold elements, just shying away from the cavernous maw that claimed the rest of their body. Frisk was held as a victim as Undyne pulled them in slowly and coiled her long tongue over their face, lathering them in thick saliva. Unsurprisingly, the maw reeked of fish and other food remnants that most people would never have the unfortunate circumstance to get exposed to.

The ready lubricant forced the human's face to dampen with every slimy curve. With another gulp, Undyne got the human's face thoroughly into her maw

with saliva dripped fangs. Frisk shook their head resiliently, wanting to tear from the adhesive grip, to no avail. Undyne sealed her lips shut and snapped her jaws together, crushing Frisk into their maw before swallowing only once to send the human into her welcoming esophagus. The tight throat muscles coaxed the human deeper and deeper before their head had joined the rest of their body, the sloppy valve leading to the stomach closing quickly after they had entered. Frisk tried to kick about, the stomach providing a horrid stench that coated the human in their descent.

Frisk was forced into a compact gut of the royal guard, their body turning over in a gut filled with hot fluids. The slimy interior drenched them and flexed over their form. It felt as though the stomach walls were taunting the poor human as they sank in their place. Their body slowly filled in all the empty space in the stomach, quickly taking up what could have been used as spare room with their limbs pressing against the walls. To think they would be eaten not once but twice in this underground.

Much to Frisk's dismay, a tingling bath started to form below them. A growing puddle of something all too familiar to the human. First the skeleton, now the fish? How unfortunate. The human kicked about, wanting to escape this seemingly impenetrable gut. Though the decorative muscles of the fish posed to be much more than style, proving to resist every movement with equal contractions to pull back. The human fought shortly before falling short on breath. The confines of the stomach proved to be too much for the human. Even trying to maintain their form became harder. Their body was slowly losing strength as Undyne's stomach claimed them as a meal for her. Her hunger only satiated once the poor human was reduced to a slurry of nutritious meat for her to absorb.

One the outside, Undyne stroked her outstretched belly. For a moment she felt a bit of pity, though she knew that humans weren't to be trusted. She squeezed the human some more from outside, crushing the human under her layers of muscle in satisfaction. She had never been so full before. The entire body of a young human

now resides in her middle, completely under her control and in her capture. She proudly stroked her belly before deciding enough was enough. She would simply digest the human over the course of her jog. Her naturally fit body wasn't simply given to her, after all. And with that in mind, she continued her jog across the underground, the stomach simply jostled in place throughout the experience.

With each exerting step, the human was tossed around in her gut, boiled in and over countless fluids each with the attempt to reduce the human down into a more fairly sized meal for her. Undyne paid the human no mind, jogging on a full belly was more difficult than normal, though she was endlessly satisfied. As she passed through the now empty underground, her mind raced to how Alphys would react to her new growth, already finding great pride in her massive belly. To think that she could have been doing this since the last few humans fell down. To think of how full she *truly* could have been if she had the knowledge on just how joyous this feeling of satiety provided for her. As she came to a roundabout, making the other half of her run back home, she felt the human slowly loosen up from within her. Undyne couldn't keep a smile off her face. Her hands stroked the stomach, feeling the remains of the human slowly slip into her lower intestines, furthering her satisfaction as the human was held victim against her digestive process.

Frisk was reduced to a meaty slurry of remnants now trailing through her lower body, their loss of form has left them merely sentient and aware over anything. The clothes now shredded into a more tolerable mess. Their body crumbled in on itself and left Frisk's soul to simply bounce around the captured parts of their body not yet taken into Undyne. In other words, they were simply shit in Undyne, yet to be released. At least the skeleton had the mind to digest the human fully. Undyne however found more joy in Frisk being *just* a step away from lifeless scat, forcing them to truly ruminate over the sequence of events that got them there. As the run came to a close, the distended gut of Undyne wobbled in satisfaction in tune with her, the captured human being helplessly caressed from all sides from the cruel and unforgiving tract of Undyne. Her own hands even worked Frisk down lower and

lower, just teasing their release from her greedy grasp yet never finding the relief it would bring. Frisk couldn't help but wonder just how long they would be here. Would Undyne ever do them the dishonor of an unceremonious disposal?

Frisk would soon find that they weren't so fortunate. As Undyne turned to her house, she quickly threw herself onto the couch. Frisk added a bit of chub to her figure though she wouldn't have it any other way. Within her stroking, a hand glazed over the twitching bulge in her pants. In her euphoria she had almost forgotten about her own erection that had grown through the process. Had she been running with a boner the entire time? That wasn't important anymore. She has much more pressing things to keep her attention on anyway. She slowly rubbed along her bulge and felt as her excitement brought her member to life. Peeling off the pants, she unveiled her 9 foot cock, flopping out and soon straightening to full mast. She lathered her hands in her saliva, utilizing the best of her tongue to make sure the lube placeholder would function. The effect was instant, the feeling of sentient shit in her chubby gut being held as well as the satisfaction of catching a human for herself. Undyne worked through rubbing her cock, moaning lightly as her orgasm started quickly. She always forgets to satisfy herself consistently without the help of Alphys. Lucky for her, she wasn't alone. Lucky for her, she likely won't ever be anymore. Just the thought alone for keeping the human from herself made her even hornier, ready to cum all over her distended gut, reaffirming the human's place with her confines.

Her excitement seemed to work wonders on the process, each throb being strengthened further and further as the poor human sank. Undyne's saliva could only last so long, causing her hands to consistently reach back in for seconds, only to dive back into work. Her balls tensed and pulsated, the cum within stirring excitedly beneath her. Her grasp became tighter, her powerful motions only speeding up with more excitement. To think that she would be so lucky today. Her stomach lurched with every movement, the living sludge within her simply flung around for the ride as she fully indulged her need for satisfaction.

From the inside, Frisk could feel the rousing excitement. Although what remained of the poor human had little preparation, they didn't assume it was Undyne's excitement that would allow them to reset the world once more. Though to be honest, even if they wanted to, they couldn't in this form. They were nothing but shit filling Undyne's intestinal tract after she had earned them as a meal. Frisk was held completely victim to her and her body, unable to do anything as she climaxed, crushing the remains of Frisk one final time today in her ecstatic finish. Pounds of unimpeded sperm launched and scattered all over the room.

With a roar befitting the captain of the royal guard, she forced the powerful fountain of cum to pour out from her cock, blasting over her roof and slopping back down to drench over her in the jizz she worked so hard for. Just as she had planned, her cum compressed down over the top of the human's enclosure just that small bit more to ensure their long term stay. With another few gushes of sperm to rival that of any man, she had finished her orgasm, taking a sigh of relief. She would never let this human go. As far as she was concerned, the human would be in there forever. With a cleared out gut and fresh cum still dripping from her tip, Undyne found that her rest came easy.

Frisk on the other hand was simply listening to the tight gurgles filling the intestines alongside their body. It was a weird thought to imagine that there was more than just their own body remaining in the monster though it made sense to some extent. The cramped environment did not allow for much hope to make itself apparent to the human as they felt Undyne calm down into a still slumber. Her every reposition led to her captured human to churn some more and squish into folds of her body's intestines tightly. Perhaps when the royal fish knight woke up, she would let the human out in a similar fashion to that of the skeleton? It seemed unlikely based on the previous action she had just taken. She clearly enjoyed the human in their new resting place, not willing to release them any time soon. Why did Frisk have to have such poor luck with their encounters? At this point, the king of monsters would be a cakewalk for them. If what they heard was true, at least the king of monsters kept the souls of humans trapped in jars rather than his own

intestines. Would Undyne even tell the king about this? Oh well, it's not like it matters to the human now. With their current shape of shit, they didn't have much agency of their own. If they could sigh, they would. Though for now they would simply find rest alongside their captor.

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