



Kattu/Paogordo's  
Fun with girlfriend  
~2~

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A **Kattu/Paogordo** production

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## *Chapter 1*

# *Harder than it looks*

*Emilia was just a normal high-school girl who was 5 feet tall and slim and pretty and her chest was small, but that would soon change when she-*

—

“Stop.”

Emily giggled as she pulled her fingers away from the keyboard. Alice sat with her face in her hands, shaking her head.

“First of all,” she said, “did you name the main character after yourself?”

“It was the first thing that came to mind.”

“Yeah, duh, she’s a perfect copy of you.”

Emily blushed, then frowned, then brought her hands up to cup her breasts. There wasn’t much to cup. Unsure of whether to be offended or not, she dropped the matter altogether.

“So?” she asked.

“I’ll leave that matter aside for now,” Alice said. She got up from her chair and, with a small nudge, pushed Emily over, sitting beside her as they both stared at the blinking cursor. “You can’t start the story by describing the protagonist.”

“Why not?”

“Because, first of all, it’s boring. The start of the story should introduce the plot and the main players-”

“That’s what I was doing,” Emily complained.

“No, no,” Alice said. “You were describing. You’re supposed to show, not tell. Let the reader use their imagination. Stories that start with a paragraph of description almost never spark my interest.”

“Okay then, but what if the protagonist is hot?”

“Oh, I’m sure that Emilia is very hot.”

Alice grabbed Emily's arm before she could turn away. Emily, whose face had gone a bright shade of scarlet, grumbled as Alice pulled her back into the chair - doubly so when Alice planted a kiss on her cheek.

"Okay," Alice said, pulling the keyboard toward her. "How about this?"

—

*The university's nutritional research facility squatted in the farthest corner of the campus, tucked away between the veterinary school and the sociology building. The outside looked shabby and worn, but the inside held some of the most expensive equipment that the university had to offer. Huge, chrome vats bubbled along the industrial floor. Machines whirred and spun, beeping on the walls. The entire place smelled like solvent and raw meat.*

—

"Stop."

"What?" Alice asked, startled.

"Nothing's happening," Emily said, jamming her finger toward the screen.

"That's because this is set up. I was thinking this could

be a story about a college student who eats her professor.”

“Does this college student happen to be hot, blonde, and have enormous tits?”

“...yes.”

Emily groaned and slid sideways off the chair onto Alice’s bed. She buried her face in one of the giant teddy bears that littered the bright pink surface of the comforter.

“That’s just Gabi!” she said.

“So?”

“So?!”

Emily opened her mouth, then closed it again. What was she supposed to say? That she wanted to be the pred this time? Alice was staring at her, so she wrapped herself up in some of her blankets to stall, but the plan backfired when Alice crawled into bed beside her. Emily’s palms started to sweat.

“Oh, does my sweet Emily want to eat someone?” Alice teased, prodding her through the blankets. “Do you want to feel them squirming around in your stomach, or do you just want the padding that comes with- Ow!”

A pillow came whipping around, hitting Alice in the chest. She tumbled off of the side of the bed as Emily stuck her tongue out.

“That’s what you get,” she said.

“Fair, fair,” Alice said. “But I do think the pred should be older. Actually, we should probably discuss what the story is about before we even talk about the pred. We have like, no outline.”

Emily offered her hand in truce and Alice took it, allowing Emily to haul her back up onto the bed. Footsteps downstairs caused them to flinch. Alice’s dad was home and he checked in more often after catching them kissing the week prior.

“What about eating the pizza delivery man?” Emily said.

“Too generic and the logic sucks.”

“Gobbling up a bunch of kids while posing as a babysitter?”

“I don’t mind underage stuff in horror, but it skeeves me out in erotica.”

“Trapping a whole bunch of people in an elevator and then eating them one by one while the others watch?”



“Okay, I never got those kinds of stories,” Alice said. “Like, you just watched the pred eat someone. She’s big and fat and slow, so why not just, like, punch her in the face? Kick the crap out of her?”

“Because she’s strong,” Emily said. She was fiddling with a puzzle box she had found on Alice’s desk. The little wooden rings clicked incessantly as she spun it in her hands. “So if someone tried to hit her, she’d just grab them, or smush them with her huge belly. They’re trapped, after all.”

“Right, but how does she get out, then?” Alice asked. “The pred’s huge and fat. Someone’s bound to see her... what? Rolling out the elevator? Shuffling along at a mile an hour?”

“I thought you liked mass vore.”

“I do,” Alice said, rubbing her cheek. “But it’s so hard to keep it logically consistent.”

“Then don’t. It’s a story. We can just write what we like.”

“True.”

Alice leaned her head on Emily’s shoulder, watching as the screen of the laptop went blank, then reset to her home screen: a tasteful picture of a maw open wide. Emily continued to play with her toy. Neither said a word for another five minutes as the sound of a vacuum cleaner whirred down-

stairs, breaking the monotony.

“Okay,” Alice said eventually. “We’ve never written a story together, so there are going to be kinks. I think we should list all of the things that we like in a vore story. You go first.”

“I like cruel predators that eat because they’re hungry,” Emily said. “I like it when prey struggles in their gut, or when they think they’re about to escape and get caught anyway. I also really like the growth that comes after.”

“Right,” Alice said, clearing her throat. Her own cheeks had gone slightly pink. “Er, I guess I enjoy mass vore, like you said, as long as there’s logic behind it. Like, there’s a reason why all of the people are trapped with the pred, giving them time to catch and eat them. I usually skip over the specifics of digestion - it’s too morbid - but I do like... imagining...”

Her words slowed to a crawl as she fizzled out. Emily elbowed her in the side.

“We’re never going to get through this if we aren’t honest with each other,” she said. “C’mon. You can tell me.”

“I like the growth too,” Alice mumbled. “Especially the boobs.”

Emily flopped back on the bed.

“Yeah same,” she said. “Boobs are good.”

Both of them looked at their chests and sighed.

“Okay, so we’ve at least figured out that our protagonist should be stacked,” Alice said. “That’s a start. We can give her blonde hair, like you, and she should be extremely pretty and confident.”

“You’re just describing Gabi again,” Emily said.

“I mean, yeah, but wouldn’t she be great as a pred? Like, she’s always off doing her own thing. She’s a nutrition student at a university where a bunch of students went missing. Her tits are hug-”

“I get it, I get it! We can use Gabi. Let’s just call her Gabriella or something and be done with it.”

“Dope,” Alice said, scooting onto the chair and tapping the keyboard. “Now what should the story be about?”

Emily put a finger to her lips.

“I think I have something,” she said.

—

## Chapter 2

# Getting momentum

*Gabriella watched the light flicker above the table. The restaurant was so dim that she could barely read the menu and the waiters walked around like wraiths, speaking in hushed tones.*

*“Why are fancy restaurants like this?” she asked. “So... solemn?”*

*“It’s so that you can concentrate on the food,” her father said, not looking up from his menu.*

*Gabriella rolled her eyes, scanning the menu once more. She had been hungry before they pulled off the highway and now, after a 30-minute wait for the table, her stomach was tying itself in knots, emitting low, ominous rumbles that only her sister could hear.*

*“Hungry, fatass?” Emilia asked. She had already chosen her meal, nuggets, and was playing with the little plastic sword that came in her drink. A platter of appetizers had been swiftly demolished by the family. She prodded a crumb with the sword, pushing it off the table.*

—

“What?” Emily asked as Alice giggled. “If Gabi’s going to be the pred, then I want to be in this one, too.”

“It’s fine, it’s fine,” Alice said. “Was this inspired by the road trip you just took with your family?”

“Something like that,” Emily muttered, flexing her fingers.

—

*“I’m running to the bathroom,” Gabriella announced, easing her way out of the booth. “Order for me if the waiter comes. I’ll just have water with it.”*

*“Grab me one of the little mints they keep by the front,” Emilia said.*

*The restaurant was dead except for a few families like Gabriella’s. Travelers and tired parents sat with dour expressions, nursing glasses of beer and gin. A few wisps of cigarette smoke could be seen through the patio windows where waiters*

*and patrons alike made small talk beneath the stars. From the kitchen came the sound of pounding mallets. Meat being tenderized.*

—

“Stop.”

“Why?”

“What’s this, ‘I took creative writing 1 first semester’ bullshit?” Emily asked.

She had her head on Alice’s shoulder and was braiding a lock of her hair. Alice looked at the screen and frowned.

“It’s atmospheric,” she said. “It helps give the readers a sense of place.”

“I always skip past the descriptions.”

“This is why you got a C in English class. Wanna take over?”

“Yeah.”

—

*Gabriella weaved toward the woman’s bathroom. Her stom-*

*ach was growling louder than ever and it was starting to turn heads, but hey, she was a hungry girl and this was a restaurant. Little did the patrons know that they would soon be padding out her stomach. I mean, really packed in there. Soaking wet, crying, feeling the stomach churn around them as-*

—

“Stop.”

“I know, I know,” Emily said, deleting most of the previous paragraph. “I just want to get to the fun stuff.”

“Do you know what happens next?” Alice asked.

Emily smiled.

“Yeah, I think I do.”

—

*Gabriella weaved toward the woman’s bathroom. Her stomach was growling louder than ever and it was starting to turn heads. When she got to the door, however, she noticed that there was a sign hanging beneath.*

*‘Due to a plumbing concern, this bathroom is now unisex’ the sign read. ‘We thank you for your cooperation.’*

*“Whatever,” Gabriella snorted, pushing her way inside.*

*The bathroom was clean, at least, and as Gabriella sat in one of the stalls, she rolled her stiff shoulders, thinking about the meat platter she would soon be enjoying. Just then, she heard a noise.*

*A loud, masculine grunt followed the sound of the door slamming. Gabi winced as heavy boots crossed the tiled floor, closer and closer until, as she had dreaded, they stopped right outside her stall.*

*“Saw you come in, beautiful,” came a low southern drawl. “Didn’t wanna bother you while you were with your family.”*

—

*“Gross,” Alice interjected.*

It was her turn to braid Emily’s hair and she had done a sight better than Emily had done with her. Already, a small army of braids bounced across the back of Emily’s neck.

“Men are gross,” Emily said. “That’s why I don’t care when they get swallowed.”

“Is that why you date girls?” Alice asked.

Emily bit her lip. Alice was the only person who could



tease her the way that she did.

“I mean, yeah, kinda,” she said. “But you’re not a girl.”

“I’m not?” Alice asked, feigning surprise. “Well, I’d better go and tell my dad.”

“You’re not just a girl,” Emily said. “To me. It’s... shut up.”

Alice was staring at her with her chin in her hands. When Emily tried to turn away, she grabbed her arm and swung her back around, kissing her on the lips.

“You aren’t just a girl to me, either,” she said.

It was at that moment that Alice’s father decided to knock on the door.

“What’s going on in there?”

Emily’s knee came up so fast that it clipped the corner of the desk, causing her to tear up. With a quick keyboard command, the text editor disappeared, replaced with their school portal and a homework sheet. Alice, who had fallen off the chair, scrambled to her knees and brushed off her skirt, clearing her throat as she did so.

“Coming,” she yelled.

Before she could get to the door, it opened inward.

“Oops,” her father said, nudging her way inside. “Was just checking to make sure it was open. Are you doing your homework?”

Her keen eyes surveyed the room, looking for any signs of misdeeds. Alice grunted and bowed her head. Emily tried to look as innocent as possible. She had even brought out her notebook and pen, scribbling senseless drivel into the margins to give the appearance of productivity.

“Hello,” she said, smiling. “We were just about to get started on math.”

“Alice’s worst subject,” her father smirked, rapping his knuckles on the doorframe. “I’ve got to leave in a little bit to do some errands, but the neighbor will be in to check on you, Alice. Are you sure you don’t want to do your homework at the supper table? I think that there would be less distractions in the living room.”

“No, Dad,” Alice said, blushing. “We’re fine.”

“Alright.”

Alice’s dad headed back down the stairs, leaving the door wide open as he left. Disgruntled, Alice closed it again.

“I swear he thinks I’m going to get pregnant or something,” she said, shoving Emily aside on the chair.

“We are writing porn,” Emily said. “So his instincts aren’t actually terrible, even if he’s an ass.”

“Yeah, yeah. Where were we? Right! Creepy dude standing outside of the stall.”

“It’s a good thing Gabriella’s sister was watching from the table.”

—

*The man waited a moment before he spoke again.*

*“Look,” he said. “I know this ain’t the ideal place to ask for your number, but hey! I’m here now, so if you’ll just come on out, we can talk. Just talk! You know, I’ve got a good spot on the patio if you’d like to join me for supper as well. I’ll treat. Come on out now. I swear I won’t harm ya!”*

—

“So fucking creepy,” Alice said.

Emily chuckled.

—

*The man started to pound on the stall door. Gabi-*

—

“Gabriella,” Alice noted.

“At this point, let’s just call her Gabi,” Emily said.

—

*Gabi rose from the toilet, shivering. It wasn’t that she didn’t want to confront the man. She was used to dealing with creeps and had no problem telling them to piss off, but she was hungry, so hungry, and all she wanted to do was get back to the table to eat.*

“Go away,” she yelled.

*The man’s demeanor changed in an instant.*

“Bitch,” he said, slamming his fist into the stall door. “I was trying to be nice. This is why you stupid fucking sluts get your shit kicked in by assholes. You think you’re too pretty for me? You think that just because you’ve got giant fucking tits, you can just ignore me, huh?”

“Listen,” Gabi said, trying to be tactful. “I was just startled. I only wanted to come in here to pee real quick.”

*“Then why’d you tell me to go away?” the man growled.*

*“Because-”*

*The door of the restroom opened once more. Gabi thanked her lucky stars as the man backed away from the stall, grumbling.*

*“I heard shouting,” came a familiar voice. “Everything all right?”*

*“Yeah,” the guy said before Gabi could answer. “But this bathroom is occupied.”*

*“What? There are like, three open stalls! It’s a public restroom!”*

*“I’m telling you to scram.”*

*“No.”*

—

*“Aren’t you a hero,” Alice said. She had a mouth full of cookie and was washing it down with tea. Emily hadn’t touched the plate in front of her.*

*“I guess,” she said. “But I didn’t think he’d do what he did next.”*

Alice quirked her head, but Emily was already typing.

—

*Maybe the man was drunk. Maybe he was just an asshole. Maybe Emily was just that annoying, but whatever it was, she didn't expect him to charge her, swinging his ham-like fists in a rage. The stall door came open in a flash and then Gabi was upon him. He didn't get a chance to scream.*

*GULP! GULP!*

*His head disappeared. Gabi took him by the shoulders and shoved him inside.*

*GULP! GULP!*

*His arms flailed wildly. Emily got to her feet.*

*GULP! GULP!*

*Just a little bit more. Emily grabbed the man's shoes and lifted him up, tilting him down her sister's gullet as the elastic quiver of her throat mashed him into position. By the time they were finished, he was just a ball in her gut, his screams muffled by the thin layer of skin that separated him from the rest of the world.*

*"Couldn't you have taken his shoes off first?" Gabi com-*

*plained, sticking out her tongue. “They were all muddy.”*

*“Sorry,” Emily said. “I wasn’t thinking about it while I was being assaulted.”*

*She took Gabi’s hands and pulled her up to her knees. The man inside of her made it awkward for her to move. Her stomach kept slapping against her hips and the motion captivated Emily. She wished she could experience it herself.*

—

*“Oh, the self-insert,” Alice said.*

*“Shut up,” Emily said. “You would do it if you could, too.”*

*“I mean, yeah, but unfortunately, vore isn’t real.”*

*“Right,” Emily sighed. “Right.”*

—

*There was only one way into the bathroom and one way out. A short hallway led past the host’s podium and the front doors which opened into a foyer/waiting room. With Gabi’s stomach as large as it was, it would be almost impossible for her to leave without a diversion.*

*“I’ll wait in a stall,” Gabi said, wobbling as she stood. “You*

*go and get mom and dad. Cause a distraction if you need to but I swear-*"

*She caught her little sister by the wrist. A small smile played across Emily's lips.*

*"-if you make me eat another person, your girlfriend is gonna get it."*

*Emily's smile vanished in an instant, replaced with a sulk that could curdle milk. Her hands clenched into fists.*

*"You promised you wouldn't threaten that anymore," she said. "You know that upsets me."*

*"I'm guessing you haven't told her yet, then?" Gabi said.*

*"You'd be the first to know, fatass."*

—

Emily's fingers trembled on the keyboard, her mouth twisting into a frown. Shaking her head, she looked over at Alice who was re-reading the latest section. Her girlfriend raised her eyebrows.

"Do you think your sister would eat me if she was a pred?" Alice asked.



“I wouldn’t let her,” Emily said, and there must have been venom in her voice, because Alice’s smile wavered.

“In the story, right?” she asked.

“Of course,” Emily said. “In the story.”

Alice looked like she wanted to ask more, but Emily stopped her with a raised hand. There was a clatter downstairs as Alice’s neighbor dropped his keys into a ceramic bowl.

He was a kindly old man with a white frizz of hair and smile lines that traced deep roots along his face. Alice opened her door as he stepped into the foyer, clasping his hands behind his back.

“Alice,” he called. “Are you home?”

“Yeah, Teddy! Emily is here, too!”

“Oh, wonderful! I’ll leave you girls to it, then. Did you remember to tell your dad that I’m unavailable tonight? Bob invited me over for a hand of cards. I just came by to make sure you haven’t burned the house down yet.”

“Of course, Teddy,” Alice said, shooting Emily a grin. “Have fun!”

“You too,” Teddy said with a wink. “But not too much fun.”

They waited until they heard the door close once more before falling onto each other. The laptop shut with a click.

## *Chapter 3*

# *Well deserved break*

30 minutes later found Emily back at the keyboard, her hair disheveled and her lips chapped. Alice passed her a Coca-Cola lip balm which she took gratefully.

“Anyways,” Emily said. “Where were we?”

“Your sister was threatening to eat your beautiful and oh so satisfied girlfriend if she acted like a little shit and made her eat more people.”

“Right.”

—

*Emily and Gabi glared at each other before Emily raised her hands.*

*“Fine,” she said. “I won’t, even though I know you secretly like it when I do because you’re actually a whale who enjoys having an enormous, squirmy stomach.”*

*“It’s kind of annoying, actually,” Gabi yawned. “I think you’re projecting.”*

*“Am not.”*

*“Are too.”*

*“Am not!”*

*“Are too!”*

*They were so busy shouting at each other that neither noticed the door open to admit another man-*

—

*“Ooh, could it be a woman?” Alice asked. “I prefer women.”*

*It was Emily’s turn to snicker.*

*“Do you now?” she asked, ducking the swipe that Alice sent her way. “Yes, it can be a woman.”*

—

*They were so busy shouting at each other that neither noticed the door open to admit a woman. She made it halfway to a stall before the three looked at each other, freezing in place. Gabi, whose shirt had torn from swallowing the man, covered her breasts which swelled out of her bra like water balloons.*

—

“Water balloons?” Alice interrupted.

“I don’t know how else to describe them,” Emily said, cupping her hands like she was holding an imaginary pair of breasts. “They’re huge and heavy, but they kind of lose their form once they’re big enough and Gabi’s were already really big. I’ve seen people call them melons, but I think they’re talking about the size unless they’re talking about really squashy melons. Gab... Preds would have to keep buying bigger and bigger bras or else they’d need a wheelbarrow for their tits.”

“Must be hell on their backs,” Alice said.

“That’s what I tell her,” Emily muttered under her breath.

“But it could be fun for a while.”

“Right,” Emily sighed. “But water balloons give the right kind of impression. They’re jiggly and round, but they also take on the shape of whatever’s holding them. Fat acts a

little different than water, so it's possible for them to be firmer, but it's kind of hard to picture perky tits after a certain size."

"You've put a lot of thought into this," Alice said.

"Right."

"Want me to take over for a bit?"

"Sure," Emily said, hopping onto the bed. "Here's what happens next."

—

*The woman who had entered the bathroom's eyes were glued to Gabi's stomach. The man inside had gone still, but for how much longer?*

*"I'm terribly sorry," Gabi said slowly, "but I think my water has just broken and I'm pregnant with triplets."*

*It was a stupid excuse. A generic excuse. A blatantly obvious excuse, but the woman was grasping for any explanation at that point for why she was looking at a stomach that protruded all the way over Gabi's knees. Smiling weakly, she nodded and walked toward Gabi. As soon as she was within striking distance, Emily pushed her.*

“Ah!”

*The woman fell, flailing, and Gabi was quick to open her jaws, silencing her with a well-placed tongue as her saliva oozed over the back of the woman’s neck. It was hot in her throat, and hotter still with the added movement of the man in her stomach who chose that time to start struggling, pounding against her flesh.*

“Let me out,” he roared. “Let me out!”

*Emily held the woman’s arms at her sides, trying to avoid the feet which kicked in all different directions.*

“Wider,” she said to Gabi, who responded by lowering her jaw all the way to her breasts.

ULP!

*Her tongue flattened as the woman slid over it. Slime and ooze soaked through her work shirt, revealing a lacy pink bra before it too disappeared into the darkness of Gabi’s throat. The woman went still as she was squeezed through the narrow tube, and when her head emerged into the stomach, she screamed! It was sweltering in there, and cramped with the form of a man who had been crushed into a fetal position by the powerful walls which pulsed around them.*

—

“I have a question,” Alice said, folding her hands in her lap. Emily, who was practically drooling herself, looked up from the screen. “Isn’t it kind of messed up that Gabi eats innocent people?”

“Well, it’s kind of like a rule,” Emily said. “No witnesses. If someone escapes, then they’ll tell the police and Gabi will get arrested.”

“I mean, I guess,” Alice said. “But like, that lady hadn’t done anything. She was just minding her business, going to the bathroom when Gabi ate her. Now you’re telling me that she has to digest her as well?”

“Well, yeah!”

“All because Gabi doesn’t want to get in trouble?”

Emily thought carefully about her next words. Alice was frowning at the screen, ready to cut out the last paragraph.

“Let’s say it was someone close to you,” Emily said. “Me, for example. If I could eat people and someone saw, wouldn’t you want me to eat them too? Because, if not, they’d tell, and then I’d be in a lot of trouble even though it wasn’t my fault that I ate the first person.”

“But it would be your fault that you ate the first person,” Alice countered. “Because Gabi didn’t have to eat the rude



man. She could have just... I dunno! Hit him or something.”

“You don’t think he deserves to digest?”

“No, he does, but...”

Alice bit her lip.

“I guess if it were you, I wouldn’t tell,” she said. “And since it’s your sister in the story, I understand why you wouldn’t tell as well. You’ve gotta protect your family, after all, and Gabi is family.”

“Right,” Emily said, taking her hands. “And you’re like family to me, so if one of your family members turned out to be a voracious maniac, I wouldn’t tell on them either.”

“I’d tell you if they were,” Alice giggled. “That would be so cool.”

Emily allowed herself to relax her shoulders. Maybe... no, it wasn’t the time to tell her yet. Someday, yes, but not when they were on the brink of finishing a story together. It was the first one they had written as a duo and she wanted to make it the best one yet. Gripping Alice’s fingers, she placed them gently back on the keyboard.

“I think,” she said, “that you were just writing some very sexy internals.”

“And I’ll write more before the story is over,” Alice said, winking, “but right now I think the sisters are about to freak out!”

—

*“Why did you tell her that you were pregnant!?!”*

*“Why did you push her into my mouth?!”*

*Gabi’s stomach was jammed in the stall doors and no matter how much Emily shoved, she couldn’t fit through the gap. Tired and sore, she sagged back to her knees, craning her neck at Emily who looked slightly amused.*

*“So what now, brat?” Gabi asked. “And don’t say ‘I guess you’ll have to eat everyone’, because I swear-”*

*“Relax,” Emily said. “We just have to get you out to the car. I’ve texted Mom and Dad and they’re ready to cause a distraction at the far end of the restaurant. I’m just waiting for their signal and then we’ll go.”*

*“Well, you’re going to have to help me with that,” Gabi huffed, lugging her stomach across the floor. “I can walk alright with one person, but two is cutting it close. Are you sure I can fit through the door?”*

*“It’s bigger than the stall and you only just couldn’t make*

*it through the stall, but it might take some squeezing.”*

*“You hear that in there? Curl up!”*

*Hands and feet glided over the smooth surface of her belly, appearing as lumps before disappearing beneath the stretched skin. The sisters could hear a few muffled groans, but the effort of being confined had worn out the two internal occupants.*

—

“I don’t want to go too into detail with the digestion,” Alice said, dropping down to the carpet. Her wrists were starting to hurt. “Like, mentioning how the stomach is getting softer is fine, but stories that get really into the pain and suffering of the prey make me feel bad.”

“Really?” Emily said. “I like that part. They’re all clumped up together in the dark listening to the pred’s heartbeat and the squeeze of the stomach around them. Someone kicks them in the back and there’s a low, constant groan. Is it the intestines preparing to take in their liquified bodies, or is it the person who was swallowed before them succumbing to the acids? Either way, they know they are doomed, and the pred just gets to sit there all fat and happy and satisfied even if they pretend it’s a bother.”

“Jeeze!”

Emily shrugged her shoulders as Alice stared at her. Digestion was just the stark reality of what happened when you ate someone. She wished she could feel it herself.

“You don’t have to include that,” she said. “It’s just a fantasy, after all. I think it’s a power thing, you know? Confinement. Having that much control over other people. There’s something hot about the thought of prey begging while your body processes them. It’s even better when it’s just a single prey so that the pred can focus on their squirms.”

“I... guess,” Alice said slowly. “I mean, I like the idea of digestion, but more so the big, melty version. When there are lots of prey, it feels less personal, you know?”

“I like the personal.”

“You scare me sometimes.”

Emily’s face went white. Alice was looking at her with her chin in her hands. Had she messed up telling her about her preferences? What if Alice decided that she was some kind of sociopath and broke up with her and never talked to her again and-

“I think it’s kind of cute.”

“What?”

“That you like cruel digestion,” Alice said, rolling over. Her blue hair splayed out on the carpet. “Something about such a sweet girl having such a warped fetish is kind of cute.”

“I’m not a sweet girl,” Emily said.

“Oh, yes you are! You just pretend to be a brat to people, but you’re very sweet to me.”

Emily bit her lip. She wasn’t sure if she agreed with Alice’s assessment, but it seemed like she was off the hook for the time being.

“Let’s just skip the detailed digestion in the story, then,” she said, taking over at the keyboard. “I can type if you help me with the descriptions.”

“Fine by me,” Alice yawned. “I want to know what happens next.”

—

*Gabi had just made it to the door when the distraction started. There was a smash and a clatter and the sound of footsteps running toward the noise as a great wail went up. The sister’s recognized their mother’s voice as she put on a theatrical performance.*

*“Oh goodness, my leg! My leg! I think I must have cut my leg!”*

*“There’s blood everywhere,” their father cried. “How could this have happened?”*

*Emily rolled her eyes and opened the door, taking one of Gabi’s arms.*

*“They’re so cheesy,” she said, pulling.*

*Gabi’s stomach dug into the doorframe as she passed through it, but it only scraped the side, allowing her to enter the hallway. A crowd had formed around their parents who, it seemed, were pantomiming the act of fainting and recovering, much to the dismay of the staff. Emily grabbed Gabi’s hand and yanked her forward, heading for the door, but just as they got there, they noticed someone in the parking lot.*

*“Shit,” Emily said. “I’ll get rid of them while you get to the car. Dad says the door is unlocked.”*

*“Oh, the agony!” their mother yelled.*

*Gabi drummed her fingers on her chest as Emily dashed into the parking lot. She was just beginning to wonder what her sister was doing when Emily snatched the cigarette the man was holding and dashed around the building.*

*“Hey!”*

*The man disappeared after her.*

*“Okay,” Gabi muttered. “Here goes nothing.”*

*Her legs ached as she crossed the threshold. It was cold outside, and misty due to the rain, and Gabi was glad for the warmth that radiated from her stomach. Her two guests were starting to calm down as well, and she was just looking forward to a nap in the car when a noise caused her to look over her shoulder.*

*A waiter was standing behind her, gaping. He had a phone in his hand.*

*There was no time to think. Gabi swung around, using the force of her enormous stomach to propel herself forward. The man barely had time to grunt as she hit him at max speed, flinging him against the side of the building. The phone flew from his hand as he lay stunned.*

*“So sorry,” Gabi said, lifting him up between her tits. Eating the woman had caused her bra to slip even lower.*

*“That’s okay,” the man said, leaning his cheek on her warm skin. “Where am I?”*

*“Er, someplace safe.”*

*GULP!*

*There was a sharp snap as her bra was flung sideways into the bushes. Gabi wiped the saliva that had dribbled over her chin and turned back toward the car, even slower than before.*

*“C’mon,” she muttered as her legs shook beneath her. “Don’t give out on me now.”*

*“Gabi!”*

*Emily’s cry alerted her to the sound of footsteps to her left. Emily was running back around the building with the man in hot pursuit. Gabi started to shuffle toward the car again, but she wasn’t going to make it.*

*“Here,” Emily shouted, tossing the cigarette over the man’s head. “Fetch!”*

*The man turned to go after it and in those few seconds, Gabi managed to make it behind the cars. Emily joined her a moment later, panting.*

*“I’ve never been good at running,” she said.*

*“You did great,” Gabi said, ruffling her hair. “I’ll let you rub my stomach in the car once Mom and Dad get back. Speaking of which-”*



*Their parents stumbled out of the restaurant surrounded by a group of concerned staff members. Their mother was favoring her right leg and their father was lending her his shoulder. A man in a button-down shirt that might have been the manager wrung his hands beside them.*

*“Are you sure you don’t need an ambulance?” he asked.*

*“No, no, I’m fine,” their mother groaned. “You didn’t have to comp our meal. It was such a small scratch, but I’m deathly afraid of blood, you must understand, the sight of it puts me in shock.”*

*“It’s been that way since she was in college,” their father added. “I can take it from here. Thank you all. Sorry for the fuss.”*

*“Okay,” the manager said, sounding unsure. The rest of the staff went back into the restaurant, but he watched them get to the car. Luckily, Gabi’s stomach was hidden behind it, so all he could see was the top of her head.*

*“Thank you so much,” Gabi said as her dad fumbled for his keys. “You’re the best.”*

*“No problem at all,” her mother giggled. “That was quite fun, actually, right dear?”*

*“Very fun,” their father said. “And actually, I think I might*

*have left my keys in the restaurant. Would you mind hanging on for just a second?"*

*"You're so clumsy, dear! Yes, the girls and I will wait. We might have to do some rearranging to get Gabi in."*

*Emily snickered. Gabi punched her arm. Their father walked back into the restaurant and all was peaceful for a moment, at least until the manager appeared beside them, phone in hand.*

*"I really think that you need a hospital, miss," he said. "I just got off the phone with the GM and he says that it's proper protocol to make sure that a guest is- what the hell is that?!"*

*Gabi, who had been scooting around the car to avoid detection, let out a desultory groan as her mother and Emily took up positions on either side of the manager's arms. With a quick push and a hearty shove, they sent him stumbling toward her.*

*"Dinnertime, darling," their mother said.*

—

*"I think," Emily said, "that we might be finished!"*

*"There?" Alice asked, surprised. "But what happens next?"*

“They go home.”

“And?”

“I guess Gabi’s boobs got bigger,” Emily said. “And she was slightly carsick, so we had to stop until her stomach settled down. She did let me lean against it the whole way home, which was cool, and I could feel that manager kicking and shouting. That was nice, but none of us besides Gabi actually got to eat, so we stopped at McDonalds.”

“What about security cameras?” Alice asked.

“Security cameras?”

“What if the building had security cameras and they saw Gabi?” Alice insisted. “Wouldn’t that be an issue?”

Emily’s hands shook beneath the desk. Her throat was starting to feel dry.

“Yeah,” she said. “I guess it would be.”

“And what happens to the clothes?” Alice asks. “Does she digest them?”

“Sometimes,” Emily said, fumbling for her phone. “Sometimes she burps them up, though. It’s really gross. They’re warm and soggy and usually full of holes, but Mom kept a

sweater one time that was still intact. She wears it to holiday parties.”

“Gross.”

“Right?”

Emily sent off a quick text and waited for a response. Alice reread the last segment of the story and sighed.

“You sure have a vivid imagination,” she said. “Your sister digesting clothing and letting you touch her stomach. How do you come up with this?”

“You said it,” Emily said, getting a reply. Once she read it, she started to feel a lot better. “Just a vivid imagination. And you were the one that wanted Gabi to be the pred.”

“True, but...”

Alice frowned.

“I think we need an epilogue.”

—

## Chapter 4

# The Epilogue

*Gabi's stomach rumbled as it pressed against the back of her mother's seat. Over the past hour, she had listened to the pleading of the people inside, fending off Emily who kept trying to mash her hands into the softening skin. Now, the people were quiet, but the stomach continued to gurgle just the same, working them into wonderful new fat on her chest.*

*"We're home," their mother sang.*

*The sun was just beginning to rise over the horizon when their car came to a halt in their driveway. Their father, who had been driving, groaned as he stretched in his seat.*

*"Long trip," he said. "Glad we're home. Does anyone want coffee, or are you all going to pass out once we get inside?"*

*“I could do with some coffee,” their mother yawned.*

*“I’m good,” Gabi said.*

*“Ditto,” Emily said.*

*The family flocked around Gabi as she heaved her way out of the car. Even at the break of dawn, it was important to consider nosy neighbors as they shuffled their way inside.*

*“Ugh,” Gabi said, collapsing on the couch. Her belly quivered to a halt high above her head. “It’s going to be a while before I can go out in public again.”*

*“How long?” Emily asked eagerly.*

*Gabi gave her a nasty look.*

*“Maybe three days,” she said. “I guess I could go out on the third day in something baggy but- why am I explaining this to you? You know how long it takes.”*

*“I do,” Emily giggled. “But I just like hearing you say it.”*

*“Brat. Go to sleep. Don’t you have a date tonight?”*

*“Not until 7! I can’t wait to see Alice.”*

—

“Aaaand done,” Alice crowed, hitting the save button.

“That’s a bit of a cheesy ending, don’t you think?” Emily said.

“Well, I figured you were basing the entire thing off of the road trip you just took. Didn’t you just get home, like, this morning.”

“Yeah. Slept most of the day. I’m not looking forward to school on Monday.”

“Neither am I,” Alice sighed. “But hey! We finally wrote a story together. I think we actually did a pretty good job!”

“I think so, too,” Emily said. “You have some serious author chops.”

Alice blushed.

“You think so?” she asked.

“I know so,” Emily said, kissing her cheek. “Who uses the word ‘desultory’? What does that even mean?”

“Lacking enthusiasm.”

“I’m desultory about school.”

“Of course you are.”

A noise downstairs caused them both to jump. Keys clicked in the lock and they heard the tread of Alice’s father’s boots. He seemed to be in a mood.

“I should probably go,” Emily said as Alice cleaned up their mess. She grabbed her backpack off of the bed and slung it over her shoulders. “Do you want to come over to my place tomorrow?”

“Won’t Gabi still be digesting?” Alice teased. “I don’t want to get swallowed because of your ‘rule’.”

“I’ll make her stay in her room,” Emily said. “The fatass doesn’t go back to college for another week, so she’s been sleeping all the time. And Alice?”

“Hm?”

“I had a really good time with you tonight.”

“Me too,” Alice said. “Good night, Emily.”

“Night, Alice.”



## *Epilogue*

Her parents were asleep by the time she slipped through the door. Emily left her backpack in the hall, creeping on her toes towards the stairs while avoiding the creaky floorboards. Did her parents care about her staying out late? No. They adored Alice and talked about her any chance they got, but there was one person Emily didn't want to alert and that person was sitting on the top step.

“Ooh, she's past curfew,” Gabi said, clicking her tongue against the roof of her mouth. “What does the little miscreant have to say for herself?”

“Shut up,” Emily said.

She tried to push her way past her sister, but Gabi's stomach blocked the stairs. All she got for her effort was a faceful of Gabi's boobs.

“Aren’t you supposed to wear a bra, pervert?” Emily whispered.

“There isn’t a bra big enough for these,” Gabi said, shrugging. Her hands came up to cup the base of her tits. Each one had to weigh 15 pounds. “I think that manager did a real number on me.”

“Yeah, I’ll bet. Let me through.”

“Only if you grab something from the kitchen for me.”

“You’re so annoying! And how can you still be hungry? Aren’t you ever full?”

“I still need to eat,” Gabi said defensively, putting her hand on her voluptuous belly. “And it’s really hard to move like this. Getting up and down the stairs is a chore. Either that or I can point out the hickey on your shoulder to Mom tomorrow.”

Emily wrenched her shirt up to her neck, grumbling all the way down the stairs.

“What do you want?” she asked.

“Mint ice cream if we have it,” Gabi said. Her stomach rumbled in agreement. “And leftover pizza!”

“You guys got pizza? Did you-”

As if to answer her question, a muffled groan echoed through the silent corridor. Gabi’s face went pink as Emily stared at her in awe.

“No way!” she said. “After everything that happened yesterday?”

“He smelled good,” Gabi said. “And he saw me.”

“You let him see you.”

“Did not.”

“Did too.”

“Did not!”

Their father grunted in his sleep, causing them to freeze. Gabi’s stomach gave a wet burble as it settled on her thighs.

“Well I’m having Alice over tomorrow, so you’d better stay in your room,” Emily said. “I thought you’d look normal by then, or at least pregnant.”

“You were going to tell your girlfriend I was pregnant?” Gabi asked. “What was she going to say when she saw me next?”

“Nothing! I was just going to ask that you hide the bump.”

“I don’t see why you don’t tell her,” Gabi yawned. “I told you that I wouldn’t do anything about it. I’m sure Mom and Dad wouldn’t care - they love Alice.”

“I know, I know,” Emily said. “I’m trying to get her to warm up to the idea, but I don’t know how she’ll react. It’s... what?”

Gabi was leaning her head against the banister.

“You never open up like this,” she said.

“We’ve had this conversation,” Emily hissed. “We don’t need to have it again.”

With that, she turned on her heel and walked to the kitchen, grabbing a slice of pizza for herself before she brought the box and the icecream back to Gabi. Her sister scooted to the side so that she could get through.

“Thanks,” she said. “And seriously, Emily, if you ever need to talk, I’m here.”

Emily bit back the snarky comment that was on the tip of her tongue. It felt weird having Gabi be nice to her.

“Yeah,” was all she said before she disappeared into her

room. “I will.”

Alice did end up coming over the next day and Gabi did stay in her room, though every once in a while she would open her door just a crack until Emily came running to close it.

“Not my fault if she peeks,” Gabi said when Emily confronted her about it the next day.

Gabi’s stomach continued to shrink over the course of the week, impeded by the new addition that the pizza delivery driver made to her tits and ass. By Monday, her boobs were spilling over the sides of her stomach and she couldn’t even hold them with both arms. She had to wear a XXL shirt just to cover them and just them. Her stomach hung out of the bottom, shrinking until it was its regular, flat self.

“Good news,” their father announced Wednesday around the dinner table. “The restaurant did have backups of the footage, but I convinced corporate that I was the missing manager and they erased the footage. Good call on that, Emily! I wasn’t even thinking about security cameras.”

“Good job, honey,” their mother crowed.

Gabi, whose nose was buried in a plate of pasta, just gave her a thumbs up as Emily looked out the window. She had a mountain of homework to finish, but she and Alice were

planning on releasing the story later that night. Her plate sat untouched in front of her.

“Huh?” she said. “Oh right. That could have been bad. I still think it was really funny how you managed to distract the staff with nothing but a bit of marinara sauce.”

“I actually did cut myself,” their mother said with a wink. “When we got your text, I stood up so fast that I clipped my leg against the edge of the table. It really hurt! I’m just glad that we were able to sort everything out without a full shutdown.”

“I was ready with the locks and the chains,” their father said. “I’ve kept them in the back of the truck ever since the hotel incident.”

“Smart,” Emily said.

“Anyhow,” their father continued. “I think it might be best to lay low for a while. The restaurant was on the news this morning. Apparently, one of the women that Gabi ate was some kind of executive, not that you would have known, honey.”

Gabi smacked her lips.

“Lay low?” Emily said, leaning forward. “Like how?”

“Oh, you know, just not calling attention to the incident. I wouldn’t tell anyone where we stopped on our way home from the road trip. As far as anyone is concerned, we drove right through.”

“Er, right,” Emily said.

It looked like she and Alice might need to change the names in the story after all.



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**Thank you for your support!**