Baal's Belly

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Sandra adjusted her rearview mirror and once again regarded the many, *many* stacks of boxes swaying in the back seat. She'd never seen such a huge order. Fifty large pizzas? It had to be a prank. But her manager said no: this address was infamous among fast-food workers in the area. Okay, Sandra had said. So it's some college dorm that throws a lot of parties? Her manager had told her to wait and see.

Following her GPS, Sandra drove past the college campus and turned onto a residential street. The address was a nice-looking townhouse in a row of identical houses. So far, nothing to dispute her party theory. She pulled up on the curb and climbed out. "Okay," she murmured as she popped the trunk and hoisted a stack of boxes in both arms. "Last delivery of the day."

To reach the front door, Sandra had to climb a few steps. She moved slowly, conserving her strength, knowing all too well how exhausted she'd be by the time she'd carried all those stacks of boxes up to the house. God — this one *alone* was so tall that she couldn't see the door in front of her. She knocked with her knee. ***Thump-thump-thump!*** And then she waited, huffing and puffing, cursing her bosses for that *stupid* rule about not setting pizza down until—

Thump. Thump. Thump.

Sandra frowned. Were those… *footsteps?* They sounded far too heavy for that.

Click.

The door opened. Sandra took a deep breath, unnerved by the booming footsteps but determined to get the job done.

"Hi!" she said, still unable to see who'd opened the door. "Delivery for… uh… actually, you didn't include a name in your order. But here I am! I might need a couple trips to bring all the— ***whoa!***"

Sandra's breath left her. The stack of boxes seemed to levitate out of her hands, back and through the doorway. It took her a moment to realise what had happened, as she processed the ***monstrous woman*** standing before her.

The beast who'd taken the pizza boxes stood over eight feet tall. Her head was higher than the doorway itself, and she peered down at Sandra with unfocused, dark-bagged eyes.

Her immensity wasn't limited to her height: she was huge in every direction, the most prominent of which was *forwards*, owing to her insane bust size. Each of those vast, blubbery tits had to be bigger than Sandra herself. At first, Sandra thought she was wearing a strange bra, but then she realised it was a tank top, stretched out with impossible force until all it covered was her bust — and it did a poor job of that. Her nipples and areolas stood out as clear bumps under the dark fabric. Beneath, her belly surged, big and plump, its heft exaggerated by the tight-as-fuck jeans that wedged into the fat below.

Sandra gaped at her, staring at her monumental body in a state of awe. She saw the monster's lips moving – revealing razor-sharp teeth beyond! – but her brain didn't quite make sense of the words.

"I'm sorry. C-Could you repeat yourself?"

The monster frowned. When she spoke again, Sandra was able to appreciate her deep, powerful voice. "I said, I'm Baal. That's my name."

What? Sandra smiled brightly even though she barely understood. It was fitting, she supposed, for such a colossal woman to have a name like a demon. But what kind of weirdness was this? Baal turned her back on Sandra and headed back into the house, her pillowy waist and obscene ass wobbling with each jeans-straining step.

"I'll be in the living room," Baal called over a shoulder. "Keep 'em coming."

Sandra blew a puff of air, and lingered on the step a little longer before heading back down to her car. When she was out of sight of the doorway, she took out her phone. She *had* to text her boyfriend about this…

After some frantic tapping, Sandra stuffed her cell away and lifted the next stack of boxes.

The house's interior was a mess. Oversized clothes were strewn on the floor, drink cans were crushed and tossed to the far corners… Baal was more than just a giant: she was a giant slob!

UORRRP!

Sandra froze when she heard the basso noise. She edged forwards a few more steps, from the hallway and into the living room, where she found Baal lounging on the sofa, splayed out, completely dominating the furniture with her mass. On the table before her were pizza boxes, some opened and emptied. Sandra had been gone for two minutes at most, and the girl had already inhaled two whole pizzas. Even now, Baal was lifting another in her hands, curling it into a cheesy crescent and opening her mouth *wide.*

As that shark's-maw yawned, Sandra found herself staring into it. That just… wasn't human. Baal's mouth all but engulfed the bent-up pizza. When she bit down and tore away, what remained was a quarter-moon of crust and tomato sauce. Sandra watched Baal's jaw work, munching and slurshing the tasty treat – before her head rolled back and she swallowed. ***GWAULP.*** Her neck lurched out in a big bulge, making it clear she hadn't chewed the pizza properly before sending it on a slippery jaunt down to her stomach. As her neck shrunk inwards again,

those glazed eyes of hers swam to focus. She nodded for Sandra to set the boxes down.

"*Urrrp.*" She belched shamelessly, albeit gentler than last time. "Good pizza."

Sandra couldn't help but ask. "You're gonna eat *all* of these?"

"Yeah, well." Baal tossed the crust aside. Sandra noticed a pile of similar crescents on the floor nearby. "If our fucking jungler hadn't thrown the game, I wouldn't have demoted, and I wouldn't need to comfort eat."

Whatever *that* meant. Sandra nodded politely, but her attention was on Baal's gut. Huge and heaving, her pizza-laden belly rested on her thighs. Now she'd begun to feed it, it gurgled audibly, churning away at the greasy food she'd already dumped inside while crooning out loud for *MORE.* Sandra watched Baal run a hand across her stomach, squishing it back so she could access her jeans… and uncaring of the fact that a pizza delivery girl was staring at her from feet away, she popped the buttons.

No panties. Sandra's jaw dropped as she saw Baal's bare pussy in the open. The giant woman had a clit piercing, and it glinted at Sandra as she stood helpless, disturbed, and more than a little turned on.

"Go fetch more," Baal rumbled. "Bring the soda I ordered."

This time, Sandra felt her legs moving before her brain could deliver the orders. Baal's presence was commanding, and who knew what would happen if she was displeased? Sandra wet her lips. Why did that concept excite her so much…?

The next time Sandra entered the living room, another few boxes had been emptied. Baal was picking up speed, ripping and chewing and gulping ferociously, with all her fangs bared. It felt dangerous just to be in the same room as the gigantic woman, but at the same time, Sandra was growing fascinated. She offered Baal a four-pack of soda bottles — *litre* bottles. The she-brute snatched them off of her. "Good," Baal huffed, and Sandra recoiled as she ***gnashed*** through the plastic twist-caps like they were nothing, wrenching them off and spitting them aside. With barely a glance toward Sandra, she lifted the bottles over her head and opened wide, once again showing off the impossible size of her fully-open mouth. Four streams of soda rushed past her lips and straight down her gullet. She barely needed to swallow, and as her hands crushed the bottles inwards, her eyes blurred more and more.

It's like she's forgotten I'm here, Sandra thought as she took out her cell phone. She held it by her hip, as secretive as she could, glancing at the screen out the corner of her eye. Her boyfriend had sent her a couple messages: he wanted to see this so-called 'giant ogre woman'. Sandra bit her lip, thrilled by the secrecy and subterfuge as she set the camera to record.

ULGK, ULGK, ULGK. The giant woman's neck worked in powerful, machinelike gulps – until she crumpled the bottles completely and dropped them at her feet. Her belly gave a ***GWORRRB***, flooded with so much fizzy liquid that it moved instantly into a state of high agitation. In the next moment, she lifted her head, and her lips wobbled around an enormous ***URRRP!***

Sandra was in the blast radius. She actually felt her hair whip back, beads of drool sticking to her face and shirt as she stared like a rabbit caught in headlights. Her phone was vibrating constantly from the stream of texts her boyfriend was sending her, no doubt impressed… or terrified… by what he was seeing. What WAS this woman, and why was

she lounging in a townhouse close to the campus instead of, for instance, being studied in a laboratory?

"Urrrf." Baal squeezed her gravid belly, which had gained a definite heft over the course of draining the soda bottles. It stood out a little rounder and a little more wobbly in her grip. At last, she focused at Sandra… and on the cell phone at her hip. Sandra was so stunned that she couldn't step back before Baal grabbed her wrist. "Huh. You some kinda pervert?"

"What? Me? No, I—…" Sandra yelped as Baal yanked her forwards. There was no resisting the savage brute's strength. She found herself pressed up against Baal's left breast, half-engulfed in its pillowy surface, the bump of a huge nipple prodding her nose! She tried to push herself back, but only succeeded in sinking both hands deep into Baal's half-swollen belly. *Hot!* This woman's skin was hotter than she expected, and softer too. Her belly rumbled and growled beneath the pressure, and the heaving of her giant chest rocked Sandra back and forth. "Hah—haah…" Sandra peered up past that big nipple-bulge into Baal's furious eyes. "I'm sorry—"

Baal snatched the phone from her hand and glanced over her recent messages. She ended the recording and tossed the phone aside. "Oh, I get it," she said. "You think I'm some kinda freakshow."

Sandra gulped. "I'm… sorry?" she tried again, knowing full well how weak she sounded. She braced herself for the consequences…

…and winced as Baal laughed out loud. It wasn't a happy laugh, more of a vengeful one, and it sent shivers up Sandra's spine. Baal's lips parted, allowing her absurd tongue to slither out in a slow circle. Its motion was nearly hypnotic. When it retreated back into the darkness of her maw, Baal lifted Sandra higher – squeezing her arms to her sides and hoisting her like a doll.

“Wanna see how freaky I can be?”

Before Sandra could react, the giant woman turned her downwards and around. She had time to see Baal’s immense cleavage approaching at high speed — before it swallowed her whole. “*Mmmph!*” Sandra started to wriggle in a total panic, flailing out with her arms, but all that surrounded her was soft, somewhat sweaty flesh. She inhaled the scent of Baal’s body with every breath, as patches of ultra-pillowy boob tried to push into her mouth! “W-Wait!” she yelled, but it was far too late for mercy. Baal kept on shoving her downwards until her head burst out of her underboob, gasping and wheezing for precious air – and further still, dragging Sandra’s face along her pudgy, gurgling belly. “Fuuuck—!”

At last, Sandra’s face was right in front of the gap in Baal’s opened jeans – right in front of her red-hot, soaking pussy. Upside-down, sprawled on Baal’s torso with most of her body trapped between those immense tits, Sandra had time to gasp one last breath before the she-brute grasped her head and ***smushed*** her face up against her bare cunt!

“Thaaat’s better,” Baal groaned as she leaned back, making the sofa springs creak and groan beneath her weight. From her groin came muffled noises of fear and panic as Sandra started to suffocate on the hot, wet cuntlips that all but engulfed her face. She spluttered on Baal’s juices, rolling them over her tongue in an effort to catch even the smallest of breaths. The giantess chuckled. “Don’t wanna drown? Better use that tongue of yours.”

Sandra knew she had no choice. She also knew that, despite her sheer terror, Baal’s body and dominant attitude were getting her *hella* horny. *‘You some kinda pervert?’* Baal had asked her. The answer was yes, though she hadn’t truly known it until this point.

With a desperate groan, Sandra started eating out Baal's pussy. Her tongue lashed out, stroking across the giantess's clit piercing and flicking that big, sensitive bud like her life depended on it. Baal gave a low moan of pleasure and patted Sandra's head, before leaning forwards to grab another pizza box. "Fuckin' slut," she grumbled. "Having fun down there?" She took out the pizza with both hands, no longer needing to hold Sandra down. The delivery girl was *devouring* her pussy, crooning and wheezing for breath between deep, hungry tongue-attacks. Baal squeezed her thighs around Sandra's head for a moment, letting her feel the skull-popping power that lay dormant in her legs, before opening wide and resuming her feast.

"*Ohm… mnn, mmnsh… **GULK!***" As Baal started eating again, Sandra was shocked to feel a soft jolt against her chest – the sensation of a near-whole pizza plunking into Baal's stomach, filling it out a little more. Baal followed up with a sharp ***smack*** to the side of her belly, wobbling her hefty gut beneath Sandra. "***Uorp.*** Didn't take much to get you lezzing out. What should I tell your boyfriend?"

Sandra whipped her head back and pushed herself up from Baal's gut, digging her hands into the solidity of the she-brute's hips. "Don't— don't do that, okay?" she panted, pussy juice dripping from her chin. "Y-You forced me! This is *your* fault, you greedy bitch!"

Baal huffed, then hooked two fingers into Sandra's pants. Sandra cried out as she was hoisted roughly upwards, dragged along Baal's belly until her head almost vanished between her tits again. The giant woman grasped her with both hands, one around her waist and the other inside her pants and panties — which she began to pull down her legs without a shred of mercy. "Let's see how you *really* feel about this 'greedy bitch'. Oh! Would you look at that…"

Once she was done, Baal spun Sandra's panties around a finger, smug satisfaction twisting her features. Before her lay Sandra's bare ass and pussy. The delivery girl was soaking wet, of course, driven to the brink

of a horny meltdown by all she was experiencing. Even now, as she wriggled between the shelves of Baal's body-sized tits, her cries of panic sounded more and more like moans of pleasure.

"Uahh… What the *fuck*…" Sandra's chin rested on top of Baal's belly, which continued to ***CHURRRN*** and ***GLORRRBL*** as worked on the… six, seven pizzas, and four fucking litres of soda she'd poured down her throat. This close to the digestive action, Sandra couldn't help but shiver in fear of this tremendous woman. Just what, exactly, was she capable of?

Baal wrapped her hands around Sandra's thighs and *yanked* her up even further, completing the delivery girl's encasement between her gargantuan tits. As Sandra squealed in the depths of her sweaty bitch-mufflers, Baal rolled out her tongue and stroked it across Sandra's asscheeks, chuckling as she jerked and convulsed in panic. "Since you're clearly new to this, I'll show you how to *really* eat pussy."

Without another thought, Baal locked lips with Sandra's pussy. Her mouth was so much bigger than the delivery girl's womanhood that it wasn't even funny. She encased Sandra's cunt in the humid depths of her maw and slugged her tongue across it, heavy strokes that utterly ***drenched*** her pussy in drool. Between Baal's tits, Sandra clasped her hands over her mouth and tried to suppress her loudest moans yet. "*Mmmgh—!*" Baal wrapped Sandra's legs around her head and slobbered on her pelvis like a true monster, drool drip-dripping down her chest and soaking Sandra's shirt as she artlessly mawed at her new toy's pussy. At last, she brought the thin tip of her tongue to Sandra's pussy and started to *push* – and Sandra couldn't hold back her moans any longer.

"***FUCK!***" Sandra bellowed through her fingers as Baal ***stretched*** her around that monstrous tongue, launching it deep inside her needy pussy! Sandra's toes curled, and her own tongue slipped out of her mouth as she gasped and moaned in mind-shrouded bliss. "Ah, ah, ***ahhhn!***" She bobbed back and forth in the she-brute's grip, unable to properly fill her lungs with air, grabbing handfuls of the tittymeat around her… which grew sweatier and more slippery as Baal delved into the motions of hardcore pussy-eating. "God, fffuck, your tongue's so ***huge!***"

Baal paid little attention to Sandra's cries, and kept on pumping, rushing her tongue back and forth like some kind of porn-tentacle. Drool and juices oozed down Sandra's torso, ruining her shirt… and soon enough, it grew so hot between Baal's boobs that she fought to rip the garment off of herself, tearing the buttons in her quest to free herself of her shirt and bra.

"Ahahaa…" Baal laughed around Sandra's pussy, pausing in her belly-bulging tongue-assault just long enough to express her amusement. She reached into her own cleavage and pulled out the delivery girl's shirt, dangling the soaked fabric from a single finger before dropping it to one side. When she grasped Sandra's waist again, she showed no mercy, and entered a bout of tongue-thrusts that had her pet squealing like a whore within seconds. ***SCHLOP, SCHLOP, SCHLOP, SCHLOP, SCHLOP!*** She plunged that pussy like a machine, wrenching Sandra closer to her furious, humiliating orgasm with each passing second. From the outside, Sandra's cries were barely audible. She was surrounded by a sea of flesh that jiggled and sloshed as she jerked against its confines. When she started to clench up around Baal's tongue, the she-brute must have known the end was coming, because she suddenly reached into her cleavage and pulled Sandra free!

"Aa-***aaahn!***" Sandra wailed into the open air, completely unaware of how embarrassing, how deplorably *slutty* her face was right now.

Blushing crimson-red, she stared off into some unknown distance while her tongue flopped outside her mouth. "C-***Cumminnnnghhh!***"

Baal tipped back her head and held Sandra high in the air, kneeling on her shoulders and squeezing her head between her legs, as she shuddered, arched, and squirted like crazy. Sandra hollered her passion to the ceiling as she came like a broken faucet, riding Baal's face with harsh, needy pumps of her hips. Baal's tongue continued to roll inside her, making her bulge on her belly dance and flex at the giant woman's whim, and prolonging Sandra's orgasm.

"Mhaaahhhmm…" At last, when Sandra went limp above her, Baal grasped her thighs and pushed her upwards, withdrawing her tongue inch by inch from her exhausted pussy. When the tip of her tongue slipped free, Baal made sure to flick Sandra's clit a few more times, savouring the girl's taste. "Auhh…"

"Fuaahh… hhnn… haah, haa…" Sandra panted for air, feeble in the wake of her orgasm. "Fuck… uhhf… I've… learned my lesson…"

"Good for you," Baal growled. She turned Sandra end-over-end, holding the nude delivery girl helpless in front of her eyes – clutching her like a hotdog. The she-brute's stare drilled into Sandra, making her quiver again. Why did Baal look so… focused? She drew Sandra closer… and closer still… until her hot breaths blew over Sandra's features. "Mm."

"Is there… something on my face?" Sandra asked, trying to make a joke out of her growing anxiety. "Hello…? Are you listening…?"

"Y'know," Baal said, "I'm starting to think these pizzas won't be enough to fill me."

“What do you—” Sandra said, then let out a whine as Baal licked her face. That humongous tongue unfurled from her widening maw to stroke across her wincing features, rolling a slow circle from her left cheek, up to her forehead, down to her left cheek, and finally coming to rest beneath her chin. Sandra found herself staring into the wide, breathing chasm of the giant woman’s shark-toothed mouth — at the deep red pit below. From this close, it was all too easy to tell this woman was ***more*** than capable of swallowing her whole. She kicked helplessly at the air, starting to hyperventilate as Baal started to slide her forward over that red carpet of a tongue, the gape of her lips beginning to encompass her vision…

Gnash! Baal’s razor-teeth slammed together mere inches from Sandra’s face, grinning wickedly at her. “What,” she asked, “you *actually* thought I’d eat you?”

Sandra’s face turned redder than ever before. “You *bitch!”* she gasped, wishing she could swing at Baal’s smug face. “If you’re done tormenting me, then put me down!”

Baal cackled lazily, like it was all a grand joke, but she didn’t put Sandra down – not immediately. “Seriously though, I could swallow you like *that.*” She snapped her fingers, then grasped and jiggled her swollen tummy. ***Blorrrp…*** Her stomach gave a longing rumble, and the quakes didn’t subside for a good few seconds. “You’d barely bulge me out.”

Sandra burned with humiliation, with fear and desire bubbling together in the cauldron of her mind. Her roughly-treated pussy drooled as she hung there from Baal’s grip, squirming meekly, staring into the massive woman’s eyes.

“Aww…” Baal tapped a fingertip against Sandra’s forehead. “Don’t tell me you’re *getting off* to that idea.”

“Are you CRAZY?” Sandra squealed. She was yelling so much her voice was getting hoarse. “First you stick your tongue inside me, and then you threaten to EAT me? Put me down this INSTANT, before I—before I seriously consider reporting you!”

Baal licked her lips, drawing her huge pink tongue across her unbelievably plump kissers. “Put her down, she says.”

She released Sandra, letting her drop onto her massive tits and warm, churning belly, where she bounced a few times before coming to a halt. The padding on this woman was insane: Sandra felt like she could drop from five storeys onto Baal’s belly without being harmed. She padded at Baal’s body for purchase, lifting her head in time to see the giant woman guzzling another whole, rolled-up pizza. ***GLRK. GLUCK!*** Her throat rolled in vast waves, inches from Sandra’s face, tucking the pizza down the way anyone else might swallow a lump of jello.

UGHORRRRRP! Baal belched noisily once again, then landed an idle smack on Sandra’s bare ass. “Restroom’s upstairs. Get yourself cleaned up, pizza girl.”

Sandra grunted. The impact stung her rear and spurred her to motion, and Baal’s commandment made her blushing face flare up all the redder. She clambered off the jiggly giantess, and with a distinctive ***huff*** of annoyance, she gathered up her clothes and her phone. “You…” she breathed up at Baal, but found no words could have expressed the rage she intended to communicate… not without revealing the truth behind them, the ***lust*** she felt for this absurd, gluttonous monster.

Sandra set the phone down beside the sink and glowered at herself in the mirror, which was beginning to steam due to the running shower. She hunched there fully naked, breathing heavily, wondering why she hadn't walked out of Baal's house the moment she had the chance. She should be reporting this to her bosses – to the police, even! And yet here she was, naked in Baal's restroom, preparing to climb into the shower.

Preparing to do more than that.

The moment she stepped under the hot, steaming water, Sandra pressed her back to the wall and parted her thighs. "Oh!" she called as she plunged a hand between her legs, stroking at her stiff little clit like the shameful whore she was. She bit her lip and glared up at the ceiling lights. "You nasty *bitch…!*" She cursed Baal for making her feel this way, even as she masturbated furiously in that very bitch's shower. "Ugh, mmh, mmmhn…" She spread her legs further, pushing her hips forward as she rubbed her clit silly. *Fuck…* If she could just vent what she was feeling now, she could go back to her ordinary life afterwards. She'd forget about her crazy experience, about Baal and her yawning maw, and return to her boyfriend for an evening of lazy cuddling.

But first, she needed to cum!

Click.

Sandra gasped as the restroom door opened. Baal entered, ducking under the doorway with a gleaming look of amusement in her eyes. There was Sandra, stark naked and shining with shower-water, her big perky tits and clenching pussy on full display. She froze up in the headlights of Baal's hungering gaze, unable to move no matter how hard she tried. Baal's eyes took her in, rolling across each and every feature.

“I finished the pizzas,” Baal said, and a light *slap* to her belly confirmed her words: it ***growled*** contentedly, visibly swollen further than when Sandra had left her. “You wanna hang out while I order dessert?”

Sandra didn’t know how to respond at first. Her mouth opened and shut. She was fully exposed, and Baal was talking about *food?* The giantess seemed unsurprised to find Sandra masturbating. Maybe she was used to the effect her body had on people… though Sandra suspected the *sane* response to meeting someone like Baal was to run far away. She finally stammered out: “You’re… still hungry?”

Baal stepped closer. “Starving,” she purred. “You don’t have anything planned tonight… right?”

Yes! Sandra thought. *Tell her! Be strict and firm!* Her neck bobbed a few times as she scrounged up the willpower to throw her words in Baal’s face… but when her lips finally parted, she heard herself say, “No.”

Baal snorted in amusement, then began to strip. A shaky breath escaped Sandra’s lips as she watched Baal expose herself, unveiling shelves of jiggling flesh, the enormity of her curves… Her clothes had left almost nothing to the imagination, so what she revealed wasn’t much more than Sandra had already seen, but Sandra goggled at her all the same, almost panting like a puppy at the sight of Baal’s nakedness.

Baal took a moment, after dropping her tank top to the floor, to squeeze the sides of her immense tits – to squish them tightly together, to lift them up and let all that doughy, dark flesh spill under her palms – before stepping into the shower. Sandra groaned, *instantly* squished back against the warm, tiled wall by the press of Baal’s body. Those immense tits engulfed her entire head, while Baal’s gurgling *factory* of a stomach crushed against her torso.

The giant woman's hands settled on Sandra's shoulders, rubbing them gently as the shower water gushed over both their nude bodies.

"I have a boyfriend," Sandra muttered into the increasingly wet and slippery surface of Baal's left breast.

"Who gives a shit?" said the giant woman, and clasped the top of Sandra's head in a palm.

"Ah--!" Sandra gasped as she was guided, roughly, to press her lips against the huge, stiffened bud of Baal's nipple. "Mmnpp--!" She quivered there, teeth clenched and eyes nearly shut… before opening her mouth wide, yawning her sweet lips over and around Baal's delicious nipple.

"*There* we go." Baal rocked against Sandra, squishing and pancaking all that tittymeat over and around her face. Sandra was hesitant at first, but within a few seconds she was sucking on Baal's teat like an infant, gurgling as she vacuum-slurped that tummy, mouth-stuffing nub all the way back to her tonsils! Lips stretched out on the glutton's areola, Sandra gazed up into Baal's tired, dark-bagged eyes, which narrowed to slits as she peered down at the pizza girl. "Mmf. Looks like you're hungry, too."

Sandra couldn't help herself. She rolled her tongue across Baal's nipple again and again, feeling it squish and swirl, and stretch out when she kissed it deeply! "Schlrrrrp…!" She was losing herself to the absolute ***indulgence*** of the moment, immersing herself in the larger, softer body in a hedonistic daze. "Mwwff--…mwnnpp… Th-thish ish… inshane!"

"It's just a little fun," said Baal. "Don't tell me you're some kinda prude…"

“P-Prude? Jusht look what we’re doing!”

“Hmm.” Baal stroked a hand through her thick, dark hair and gave her tits a ***shove*** against Sandra’s face. Those things were so immense that they had their own inertia separate to the rest of their body, and their own surging jiggle didn’t end until instants after she’d settled back down on her heels. “I’m getting mixed signals here. One moment you’re threatening to report me, the next you’re sucking my tit like some kind of crazed pervert… I think you’ve got a problem, lady.”

Ba-dump, ba-dump, ba-dump. This close to Baal’s chest, Sandra swore she could hear her oversized heart thumping, speeding up the more she suckled. She groaned and brought her hands to Baal’s hips, feeling that thick layer of fat *squish* under her fingers as she popped her lips away from her captor’s nipple.

“*You’re* the one with the problem.” Sandra was squished tight between the wall and the huge woman’s chest, so only a thin sliver of her face was even visible, tucked deep in the valley of Baal’s cleavage… a valley so vast, it could have engulfed her entire upper body. “Who even *thinks* about eating a person? That’s impossible – and it’d be murder! There’s no way…”

Baal’s smile vanished. Her eyes narrowed. Sandra got the impression she’d been waiting for this. “You wanna bet?”

“Bet… bet what?” Sandra asked, even though she already knew Baal’s meaning, and her skin was growing cold at the implication. Baal’s belly ***gworrrgh***ed against her, stirring with hunger as the shower water pattered and danced across their naked bodies.

“You said it’s impossible for me to eat someone. How about we bet on it? If I can fit your entire head in my mouth, you need to stay for the evening.”

“A-And if you can’t do it?”

“Then I’ll give you a hundred bucks or something.” When Baal chuckled, it sent waves through her gravid mega-udders and her heaving gut. “C’mon. I’ve seen you staring at my mouth. You must be curious…”

“…Hnngh…” Alarm bells were screaming in Sandra’s head, but she couldn’t pull away from the giant beast. Even if she *hadn’t* been vice-pressed between Baal’s body and the wall, she wasn’t sure she could force herself to leave the situation. She was utterly transfixed.

“I’ll take your silence as consent,” Baal purred.

She stepped back, lessening her belly’s press against Sandra, and stooped down to her level – ***squatting*** in the shower cubicle so her knees framed the much smaller woman between them. She planted her palms on the wall to either side of Sandra’s head, glowering deep into her eyes…

“C’mon,” she said. “You wanna inspect the merchandise first?”

She drew back so her grinning mouth was right in front of Sandra’s face… and then opened wide. Her lips parted slightly, making an ‘o’-shaped purse, before spreading wider and wider, ***ahhhmm***-ing her maw into a huge, gaping crater before Sandra’s eyes.

Sandra felt like her heart was going to burst from her chest. She groaned, seeing that deep pink pit open… brimming with razor-pointed teeth, all slick and smooth, leading back into the darkness of her undulating throat. Baal's tongue flopped over her chin and waggled from side to side while the giant woman peered down at Sandra over her nose, waiting, expectant.

Sandra hesitated a few moments longer before raising her hands to Baal's lips. Slowly, sinking into a kind of horny fugue-state, she caressed those plump kissers in a ring, stroking all the way around them, grabbing and squeezing, before letting one hand slide onto the surface of Baal's tongue.

"Oh--!" Sandra let out a frantic squeak of desire as she felt just how ***hot*** that enormous muscle was, how slippery, oozing drool across her hand as she stroked and groped like the… like the ***freak*** she was! Why was she enjoying this so much? Caressing Baal's tongue with one hand and her lips with the other, reaching deeper and deeper into her mouth…

Those white teeth gleamed dangerously: at any moment, they might slam shut and snap her arm clean off her shoulder! But the danger only enhanced Sandra's fascination.

She realised she was leaning closer, bringing her face almost inside Baal's mouth, feeling the giant woman's breaths blow all around her as they both gasped with desire. Sandra started to pull back, but then Baal's paw latched onto her ass and SHOVED her forwards, and she yelped as her chin slid around Baal's tongue – her head now entirely inside her mouth!

"I win," Baal slurred.

“Wait—” Sandra started, but then darkness closed around her. Baal *trapped* her, soft lips pursing around her neck and sucking gently as she began to slurp and roll her tongue across Sandra’s face! Sandra shouted and wailed, battering her little fists gently against Baal’s humongous, heaving tits as the giant woman treated her like a piece of rock candy! Sandra couldn’t stop herself: the moment Baal captured her head inside that immense maw, she stuffed a hand between her legs and started masturbating again! ***Schlick, schlick, schlick, schlick…***

“Mmmph…” Baal fixed a tight vacuum around Sandra’s neck and slooowly pulled upwards. Sandra was lifted onto her tiptoes by the suction alone, her muffled moans sounding from inside Baal’s hollowed cheeks as she stretched up to her full height, swaying on her tiptoes, stroking her pussy in a state of blissful delirium. Baal’s lips slid slowly upwards, cresting her jawline and crawling along her cheeks, until her blurred, desperate eyes slipped into the open! Baal continued to suck on the top of her head a moment longer, her lips stretched out in a vacuum chute, before ***slrrrp-POPP***ing them off of Sandra’s scalp and applying a long lick to her face! Sandra eeped, her hands reaching and digging into Baal’s breasts as the monstrous woman coated her entire face in that slathering carpet,

“Fucking tasty,” Baal said as she leaned back, letting the shower water wash her saliva from Sandra’s face and hair while the pizza girl stood blinking, quivering, out of her mind with lust for the giant woman. She groped gently at Baal’s tits, sliding her fingers through deep, soft furrows of ultra-warm skin, finding Baal’s big nipples and squeezing them in her palms… Baal’s eyes narrowed, and she shoved her chest more firmly into Sandra’s grip.

“You won,” Sandra breathed. Her reservations were simply gone, melted away like ice in Baal’s red-hot presence. A mere hour ago, she never would have considered being trapped in another woman’s maw to be the sexual thrill of a lifetime, and here she was. “I’ll stay for the evening. What happens now…?”

"*Now* we order more food," Baal said, "and we move onto the next part of our bet."

"A-And what will *that* involve?"

Baal's belly chose that moment to ***GROWL*** at Sandra. Baal slapped her gut and, as it sloshed and grumbled, surged forward to ***MASH*** her gut across Sandra's torso. "*Huu-ORRRP!*" She belched over Sandra's head, the hot gale blowing in her hair, then clutched the smaller woman's waist and glared down at her gloatingly. "Whatever the fuck I want," she answered.

Baal made no attempt to get dressed after their shower, and Sandra followed suit, remaining nude even as she recited Baal's pizza order over the phone. *Strange,* she thought. *She only wants ONE pizza? To share? She must be fuller than she claimed.*

"And tell 'em to send their cutest delivery girl," Baal said.

"I—oh, you heard that?" Sandra said to the man on the phone, laughing nervously while twirling a lock of hair around her finger. "Ignore my friend, she's just kidding… I think."

Sandra ended the call before turning to Baal. The giant woman lounged on the sofa with her eyes closed, arms spread out on the backrest, her thighs widely spread. Even when she was completely relaxed, her belly wasn't still. It continued its work of crushing, mulching, melting away at its contents. Occasionally its bloated shape shifted slightly as her acids worked through another knot of solid matter. Sandra pursed her lips,

her right hand automatically moving toward her pussy… before she stopped herself and mounted her hands on her hips.

"Are you really gonna answer the door like *that?*"

"Why not?" said Baal. "My clothes are stretched to shit anyway. Everyone can see my tits and pussy no matter what I wear."

That was true, at least. Sandra pocketed her phone, ignoring the list of missed calls from her boyfriend, and approached Baal on the sofa. "Hey," she said saucily. She climbed up beside the giant woman and nuzzled into her side, curling her fingers in Baal's thick, dark hair and petting her belly with the other hand. "So, be honest with me."

Baal closed one eye, gazing blearily at Sandra. "Mm?"

"When did you get so big?"

"What kind of question is that…" Baal ***orrrp***ed again, not even bothering to turn her mouth away from Sandra, then shocked her by hooking a hand around her waist and tugging the pizza girl on top of her! Sandra grunted as she landed on the wide, swaying surface of Baal's belly, overlooking the giant woman's vast, tank top-clad tits and staring down into her narrowed, annoyed-looking eyes. "They called me an ogre in high school. Is that what you wanna hear?"

"Were you bullied?" Sandra crooned sympathetically. "Poor girl." She trailed a hand across Baal's cheek, but then she gasped as the giant woman turned her head, fast as lightning, and trapped her wrist between her teeth! The sharp points of Baal's teeth pressed gently into the sensitive flesh of her forearm, not deep enough to pierce the skin – or even to hurt, really – but enough to hold Sandra's arm hostage.

“Sure was,” Baal said, her voice slurred by lack of jaw movement. “Wanna see how I got ‘em to stop?”

As Sandra froze up, Baal grasped her by the ankles and lifted. Sandra was turned upside-down, her arm still trapped between Baal’s teeth, squirming in the giant woman’s grip as she hung directly over her upturned face. Baal squinted at her… before relaxing her jaw, and opening ***WIDE.***

“Aaahh…” She bared her huge, yawning maw to Sandra, that deep red pit of her gullet plunging into the depths of her body. “I’d dangle them, just like this. I’d tell them how tasty they looked, and how much my stomach was gonna enjoy digesting them. And then…”

“W-What--!” Sandra yelped as Baal started to ***lower*** her. Her head entered the humid crater of Baal’s maw, and before she knew it, her face was smushed right up against the glutton’s tonsils! Hot slickness squished around her face, framing it entirely, so she was staring directly into the dark pulsations of Baal’s throat. Baal’s tongue slid up her chest, creeping beneath her shirt through the collar to slather and roll across her breasts. “*Mmnnp--! B-Baal!*” Sandra cried out, but the glutton had no intention of stopping there. Her tonsils spread apart before Sandra’s eyes, and without any difficulty at all, Baal lowered the pizza girl’s head into her throat.

Hot, wet sounds engulfs Sandra. The slushing of drool, the slithering of Baal’s tongue, the dull ***ba-dump*** of the predator’s heart… Sandra gasped at the thin air and peered, almost hypnotised into the depths of the chute that was starting to engulf her. Baal’s tongue crept along the front of her shirt, prodding its way down her midriff while her lips puckered around Sandra’s waist.

“Mmmnnn…” Baal gave a low, rumbling moan that vibrated throughout Sandra’s body. She released Sandra’s legs, which started to kick and wheel madly at the air as she hung there, upside-down, trapped with half of her body *inside* the huge glutton. “Mmhaaahh…” At last, Baal’s grip loosened: she let her mouth fall open, and Sandra was able to struggle back, forcibly unplugging her body from Baal’s throat with a series of desperate tugs! Her head burst from Baal’s gullet with a ***SCHLORK,*** and she gasped for air, white-faced and shaking, drenched to the waist in Baal’s drool!

“What--… What did you just--…” Sandra was at a loss for words. Kneeling on Baal’s belly, which was rumbling louder than ever, she wiped the drool from her face and tried to regain her breath. “Whh… Fuck, that was… you almost—”

“Usually, those bitches learned after the first dunk.” Baal ran a hand down Sandra’s back, tugging her closer – squashing her up against her belly and breasts. “But the world’s full of dumbasses. Sometimes I’d have to take ‘em *deeper…*”

At that moment, as Sandra was starting to wonder just how serious Baal was, the doorbell rang. Baal hesitated, then lowered Sandra onto her feet. Sandra, puffing and panting, staggered a couple of steps before regaining her footing. She’d been manhandled, tossed and flipped upside-down a lot today, leaving her dizzy and light-headed.

“Well? Go answer the door,” Baal said. But when Sandra started toward the door, the giant woman said, “Wait. First — will the delivery girl have a tattoo?”

Sandra squinted back at her. “What?”

“You heard me.”

Sandra grumbled under her breath. Was this the 'next part of the bet' Baal had mentioned in the shower? "Uh, sure. I bet she doesn't have any tattoos."

On that confusing note, Sandra approached the door. She opened it only a crack – just wide enough to peek her head out and smile at the delivery girl. It turned out they really *had* sent their cutest worker: a redhead with a ponytail and freckles. Sandra was hiding her nakedness behind the door, but the girl smiled anyway, a rosy tint rising to her cheeks as she realised she was delivering to someone in the midst of a passionate encounter.

"Hey, girl," she greeted Sandra, and held out a pizza box. "Your order?"

"Thanks!" Sandra said, and let the door open a little wider so she could take the box through. The girl watched her with growing amusement, crossing her arms under her bust. She wore a black button-up crop top that clung tight to an impressive, perky pair of tits, a little bigger than Sandra's own. When she folded her arms, her breasts lifted up slightly, bunching her cleavage past the open button of her top.

"You must need the refuel," the girl said, nodding to the pizza box as Sandra pulled it through the door. "You're soaking wet, babe. Hot date?"

"Ahaha, something like that." Sandra set the box aside, and started to shut the door… but she hesitated, squinting at the pretty delivery girl. "Hey. I sort of have a… *bet,* going on with my friend. Do you have any tattoos?"

The busty redhead quirked her brow. "Tattoos? Hm, I can show you something." She leaned in a little closer and grasped the buttons of her top, undoing one and tugging the fabric aside to reveal more of her

cleavage. There, on the plump flesh exposed within, was a tattoo of a spider. “So, do you win?”

“*Nah, I win,*” said a voice behind Sandra, who gasped as the door was yanked open! Suddenly, Baal was there, a wall of hot flesh reaching past her. For the delivery girl, it must have been like something out of a horror movie: the door swinging wide to reveal a woman far larger than any human should be, peering down at her with those dead eyes narrowed and those shark’s teeth bared.

What Sandra witnessed next shook her to the core.

Baal grasped the delivery girl around her waist and lifted her, one-handed, into the air. She squeezed so tight that the girl couldn’t breathe, callously gripping her ribcage as she turned her this way and that, inspecting her briefly…

Before opening wide, lifting the girl a little further, and inserting her into her *maw.*

“What—” Sandra husked, but it was far too late. The delivery girl’s squeal of shock grew instantly muffled as she found herself blanketed in wet muscle – muscle that *rippled* and ***GLULK***ed with incredible force!

Baal tipped her head back. Sandra stared in disbelief at the delivery girl’s legs kicking at the open air, feet scraping against the ceiling, until, with another ***GLUCK*** and flex of Baal’s neck, her legs were compacted in deeper – her waist dragged down past the brim of Baal’s lips and over the carpet of that long, slurping tongue.

"What are you ***DOING!?***" Sandra shouted at last, and shoved both hands against Baal's bare belly – trying to shake the giant woman to her senses! But Baal just shoved her back, idly throwing a palm into her chest so she toppled on her butt and lay in the glutton's shadow. "Ungk--!"

She watched in horror, in fascination, in *awe,* as Baal swallowed the delivery girl whole. Those caramel-coloured lips flexed in and out as her tongue and throat worked in brutal tandem to slip, slurp, and slide the busty beauty down into her depths. Soon enough, only the girl's wiggling feet protruded from Baal's mouth… at which point, she reached up to untie her laces and toss her shoes aside. Only then did Baal's lips clamp shut – ***mwauump!*** – and her jaw clench as a huge, tidal lurch of her neck sent her unsuspecting prey plummeting down the glistening red chute of her throat. ***GLUURK!***

As Baal's lips parted in a pleased sigh, Sandra uttered a shocked groan. Above her, the dark shelf of Baal's belly thickened, growing denser and firmer as the delivery girl ***PLUNK***ed into her gut. She smacked her belly absentmindedly, eliciting a hungry ***croon*** from it as a ripple spread across its slightly sweat-glossed surface.

"F-f-***fuck!***" Sandra hissed as Baal slammed the door shut. "You… y-you just…"

"***Uuuuarp.***" Baal belched lazily, her fat lips rippling around the gassy expulsion. Already, her gut was beginning to grumble and gutter with the sounds of digestion. Sandra could hear the delivery girl beginning to squeal inside of her!

"This has to be a prank, right?" Sandra asked, picking herself up stiffly and twitchily. "This is a magic trick, right? Or… she's a friend who agreed to this, RIGHT?"

“She’s food, is what she is,” Baal said, and swept back her hair with a palm. Ignoring the squeals of the girl in her gut, she cupped Sandra’s face between her fingers – holding her tight, arresting her movements and leaving no room for dispute. “You’ve been teasing me all evening, driving me fucking crazy. I had to eat something live… and *squirming*.”

She tugged Sandra closer – flattening a hand on her back and holding her right up against her person-stuffed belly! Sandra spread her arms out, sinking them into Baal’s gut-padding in an attempt to force herself back, but she only succeeded in sealing herself tighter against that shifting wall of gut. She could FEEL the delivery girl squirming inside of Baal, kicking and fighting with all her might – but she barely seemed to have any effect on Baal’s stomach. She barely even made a *bulge,* her struggles only succeeding in shifting the padding wrapped around her gurgling prison.

“*Help!*” Sandra heard the delivery girl wail. “*Call the police! I—unngh! God, this can’t be REAL--*”

“You lost two bets so far,” Baal said, ignorant to the pleas of her food. “If you lose a third, I’ll show *you* the inside of my stomach. Now come rub my belly while I digest this slut.”

She dragged Sandra along, grasping her hair and giving her no chance but to stumble along in her clutches. Sandra kept bumping against Baal’s side as they went: against her hip and obscene ass, forced to contend again and again with the rocking blubber-wall that was her space-filling body. She could almost imagine the cartoon ***bwomp*** noise each time she collided with Baal’s waist, the rolls of sumptuous flesh there, her face pressed deep into her slightly sweaty skin only to

bounce back again, again, again! Eventually they reached the sofa, but instead of flopping down onto it immediately, Baal tossed Sandra forwards so *she* fell onto the big, Baal-sized sofa on her back! She gasped, staring up at the prey-stuffed predator looming over her, before Baal came crashing down, straddling her body and mashing her beneath her thighs and belly!

Gluorrrrrgh! Sandra was slammed under Baal's belly, hydraulic-pressed under the boiling weight of her slut-cauldron of a gut. She was crushed nearly flat, her arms pinned helplessly to her sides as Baal rocked back and forth above her, getting niiice and comfortable straddling her adorable houseguest. All the while, Baal's dead eyes leered down over the swells of her breasts, fixated on Sandra, drool shining on her lower lip.

"Go ahead," Baal said. "Squirm around if you want. I'm not letting you go until this is decided."

"Until WHAT'S decided, you — you ***cannibal!?***" Sandra squeaked.

"Cannibal, huh?" Baal rubbed a thumb across the top of her nose, eyes narrowing. "You were gushing like a melting lollipop when I teased you about all this. I guess you're the kind of girl who backs out at the last second…"

Sandra glared down at Baal's belly, which continued to rumble and rock with the motions of its trapped prey. From the noises her gut was making, it seemed almost like a living being separate from the rest of Baal. And the screams of the delivery girl continued:

"*I can feel it starting to burn! Fuck, my phone isn't getting any signal…!*"

Sandra's eyes wavered. She drew breath in nervous little sucks. Despite it all, despite the terror and the disbelief, she couldn't deny that her pussy was still just as wet as before Baal had revealed her true nature.

Maybe a little more so.

"Don't…" she husked, unable to look away from Baal's belly. "Please don't eat me…"

"Begging won't help you." Baal cupped Sandra's chin between two fingers, making her look up at her. A glob of drool dripped from Baal's chin onto Sandra's chest, splattering there as they held eye contact – the maneating predator and her helpless captive. "I like you. I wanna keep you as a belly pet – you understand me? A permanent resident of *this*." She smacked the side of her gut, sending a sluicing gurgle throughout the core of her body. "You'll rarely ever see the outside world – only when I wanna play. Maybe I'll vary things up and jam you in my pussy sometimes, *if you're lucky.*" She flicked her fingers off Sandra's chin. "That'll be your life if you lose the next game."

Sandra couldn't stop squirming. She felt hot – too hot! That was because of Baal's body, right? She was baking under the giant's ass, thighs, and belly, so of course she felt hot – but that didn't explain why her pussy was so wet. She wished she could reach it, to paw at it and make her urges stop, but her arms were pinned too tight! She dug her fingers deep into the huge woman's flesh, gripping on for dear life. "Huah… gghuh… W-What's the game…?"

"It'll take all your energy, so buckle up." With a slight flash of amusement in her eyes, Baal dismounted Sandra, releasing from beneath the obscene crush of her massive body. She scooped Sandra up in a hand, and the sofa ***creaked*** as Baal fell onto it – on her back, sprawling out so her breasts and belly jiggled from the impact. She deposited Sandra on top of her gut and gazed down at her expectantly,

half-propping her torso up on her elbows. “See that clock on the wall?” she asked, nodding to indicate the object in question.

Sandra was so frantic she could barely concentrate, but she dragged her attention toward the clock. It was 6:55pm. “I see it.”

“Good. Now, here’s the game…”

Baal grasped her belly and gave it a brutal shake, causing the girl inside her to cry out! Baal’s lips stretched out in a shark’s grin that showed all of her razor-sharp teeth, and as her belly gurgled loud enough to drown out her meal’s muffled cries, she fixed Sandra with a stern command:

“*Help me digest this slut before the clock hits seven!*”

“Whh--!” Sandra was stunned, mortified, and enthralled all at the same time. She stammered pitifully, but in the end, all she could say was, “But that’s less than five minutes!”

“Better get started.”

Sandra dragged her eyes down to Baal’s wobbling gut. Fuck… fuck… This couldn’t be happening! Forced to be complicit in something so AWFUL – it simply defied reason, went again everything Sandra believed. But if it meant avoiding becoming Baal’s ‘belly pet’ (as strangely enthralling as that idea sounded), Sandra would do everything in her power. She swallowed, and hesitated a moment longer before pressing her palms into Baal’s belly!

"I-I'm sorry!" she called to the girl in Baal's stomach as she began to rock back and forth, to massage Baal's gut, to jostle and knead it as hard as she could! Baal cackled as she got to work, as she sank her hands wrist-deep in the padding of her belly and agitated her stomach to higher levels of activity. That man-sized cauldron ***roared*** as Sandra teased it, and the girl inside started to yell even louder as, deep inside that dark, boiling sauna, she was sprayed from all sides with stomach acid!

"*S-STOP!*" the delivery girl squealed inside Baal's gut. "*Whatever you're doing, stop it right now, please, I—aahhn!*"

In Sandra's delirious state of mind, that last cry sounded almost like a *moan.*

She kept working, huffing and puffing, breaking out in a sweat as she threw all her effort into mowing, ploughing, and moulding Baal's belly beneath her hands and knees. Baal's stomach thundered and rolled, but when Sandra looked up into the huge woman's eyes, she saw her *relaxing,* resting back with her chin propped on a hand!

"Is that all you can do?"

"Hrrgh… Digest *harder,*" Sandra told Baal's belly, and in that moment, she had an idea. She crawled down Baal's gut and off its underside, slipping to her hands and knees between the obscene glutton's parted thighs. Baal's big, plump pussy was directly in front of her, so lewd-looking it almost seemed to *breathe* as she drew in close. The scent of the glutton's sex made Sandra breathe even harder, her eyes blurring as she prepared to enact her plan…

"Oh?" Baal hummed, then grunted in pleasure as Sandra ***plunged*** a fist – and most of her arm – directly into her sopping cunt! The much, much

smaller woman started to violently fistfuck Baal, ***slurrsh-slurrsh-slurrp***ing her forearm in and out of her, way past the elbow! At the same time, Sandra leaned in close and wrapped her mouth around Baal's clit, starting to suck, slurp, and lick at her most sensitive spot with all the vigour she could muster!

Take THIS, you greedy bitch!

Baal groaned in pleasure, resting on her elbows and panting for air as Sandra gave her pussy the loving treatment of a lifetime. "Interesting… hngh… strategy," she puffed, shaking a lock of hair from her eternally tired-looking eyes. She spread her legs a little further, those giant thighs parting to give Sandra more breathing room… not that Sandra was giving herself a chance to breathe, buried so deep in Baal's pussy! She swallowed more than her share of juices as she gargled on that huge cunt, licking around Baal's soggy lips, jostling her clit inside her open mouth – straining her arm to exhaustion by pumping it constantly back and forth, punchfucking the glutton with furious repetitions!

"Oh *FUCK!*" Baal cried out in bliss, her eyes rolling back for a moment – a rare sense of energy entering her expression. She clenched her razor teeth and growled through them: "Yesss, keep going, you little SNACK!" She clamped her thighs together, ***CLAPP***ing them around Sandra's head and shoulders for a single concussive blow, almost stunning her out of her work. "I said *keep going!*"

Sandra knew that to do anything else would earn her a one-way trip to Baal's belly, which… was gurgling ***loudly*** now, glurching and groaning and ***GWUORRRGH***ing hard enough to make sure Sandra couldn't hear the delivery girl at all… if she was even still yelling. Sandra wheezed for air. The mere act of pleasuring Baal was so exhausting that her entire upper body was starting to burn, but she kept going, kept *pushing* herself, knowing that she really had no choice. Unnngh… Her own pussy ached, needing desperate attention, but she had to use both her hands on Baal! Everything went into pleasing that big, sloppy pussy, even as

its juices poured down Sandra's bare tits and belly and pooled on the floor around her knees!

"Fuck!" Sandra barked between dep bouts of sucking. "Come on, you--… Turn that bitch into MUSH!" She wasn't sure why she was talking like Baal's stomach could *hear* her, but it seemed to have an effect, as Baal grunted and went a little cross-eyed, digging her heels into the floor and lifting her hips… before clamping a hand over Sandra's head and ***SHOVING*** her forwards! Sandra's cry of panic was muffled as her entire *head* plunged into Baal's pussy, earmuffed by hot, flexing walls that crashed tight around her as Baal hit a furious orgasm! "OhaaAAAAAHHH!" she howled in ecstasy, her belly thundering in its digestion as she squirted jets of slick, clear juice all around Sandra's body! She bucked her hips up and down, rocking and creaking the sofa, threatening to crush it beneath her huge ass as she thrashed down again and again! Her orgasm was tumultuous, torrential, and it drenched Sandra from head to toe! Baal's pussy *sucked,* and Sandra felt herself being pulled inward, wailing for mercy as that hungry cunt ***SCHLUCKED*** its way around her shoulders, around her breasts…!

At last, Baal settled down, breathing loudly, resting one hand on her padded belly and the other in her own hair as she baked in the afterglow of her orgasm. "Hoh… huohhh…" She let her thighs fall away from each other once more, and beneath the heft of her belly, her pussy was revealed – Sandra's feet protruding from her soft, soaking cuntlips, toes curling helplessly in her own kind of orgasmic ecstasy. As Baal's pussy relaxed its grip, Sandra slipped slowly outwards, her body revealed inch by inch until gravity took hold and sped up the process. She fell to her knees between Baal's legs, flopping limply against the sofa and staring wide-eyed, struggling to believe what had just happened. Sandra bit her lower lip, realising she'd just reached orgasm while being sucked up by Baal's pussy!

"Not bad, bitch," Baal purred, pushing a paw into the heft of her gut to find it soft and sloshy, with no trace of the squirming denseness that

had occupied her stomach only minutes ago. “That delivery chick’s all gone. You should be proud; not many people can get my gut working like that…”

Sandra’s head snapped up, staring wide-eyed at Baal. For the moment, her fight-or-flight reflex was keeping her from considering the implications of her actions – from thinking about the girl she’d just helped churn. “D-Do I win?” Sandra asked. “I got you to d-digest her, so…”

Baal yawned into a palm, and jerked a thumb toward the clock. Sandra looked at it… and froze. 6:02. She was late.

“Wait,” Sandra said, climbing to her feet and staggering backwards. She immediately slipped on pussy juice and collapsed on her butt. “Wait!”

“Sorry, but a promise is a promise,” Baal purred, leaning toward Sandra, starting to get up from the sofa. “You belong to *me* now.”

Sandra stopped trying to stand, and instead turned and crawled away as fast as she could! Panic gripped her like an icy fist, driving her onwards despite her exhaustion, despite her aching limbs! She had to get away, get away, get—”

Baal’s fist seized Sandra’s waist and lifted her like a doll, suspending her high in the air before she had a chance to fight! She peered down at Baal’s shark-toothed smirk, the lights in her eyes awakened by sheer hunger.

“Bottoms up, cutie.”

HOMF!

Once again, Sandra's head plunged into Baal's mouth and through the wet, pulsing pudge of her tonsils before she could finish her sentence. Since her vision turned from full-colour to dark-red in the space of a heartbeat, it took a moment for her to realise what had happened. She yelped and thrashed, legs flailing in an attempt to shake herself free — but Baal just gurgled and tugged her forwards.

Aulp. Ghullk. She worked her jaw lazily while her neck flexed and tugged, her throat crashing around Sandra's head in slimy waves. Each peristaltic motion jerked her deeper. Sandra felt Baal's lips wrap around her shoulders, her tongue stretch out to slither against her bare breasts, extending under her in to guide her in.

"Wait, wait, ***wait!***" Sandra wailed, but it was hopeless. Baal tipped her at a steeper and steeper angle, gravity helping slide her down into the humid sauna of her insides. Sandra's loudest cries didn't last long. The deeper she sank, the harder it became to fill her lungs, and her bellows of protest quickly faded to breathy squeaks and whimpers.

Baal engulfed Sandra with the exact same attitude she'd eaten all those pizzas: steadily, mechanically, with a far-off look in her eyes. Her tongue rippled along Sandra's belly until it reached her groin, at which point the tip curled to tease her prey's pussy through her clothes. ***Auulp.*** Baal moved her hands to Sandra's flailing legs, wrestling with them for a moment until she secured a tight grip. The desperate cries of her cute little snack were located behind her tits now, muffled almost to silence. Baal's lips engulfed Sandra's hips, framing her shapely ass within the wide-open cup of her mouth. She shovelled her tongue against Sandra's groin in powerful pulses, tormenting her with pleasure. ***Glurk!***

Sandra fought with all her fading strength, jerking and grunting as she fought the bumpy embrace of Baal's gullet. Hot! It was too damn hot in here! Her brain was fogging, her eyes blurring in their sockets as slime coursed over every pore of her skin. She still felt cool air against her legs, and she tried to spread them, to prevent Baal's lips from hooking around them, but the she-brute simply forced them to straighten out. "God!" she yelled on a particularly deep breath. "Baal, stop, I'll do anything—" But no matter how she cried out, Baal kept on swallowing. It was unclear if she could even hear her food anymore. ***ULK! ULK!*** Thick lips blanketed Sandra's knees… which was around the point Sandra's head squeezed, with a deplorable ***GWORRRP*** and a deluge of slime, into the wider chasm that could only be the giant woman's ***stomach.***

"Oh god," Sandra wheezed as she descended into that bubbling hell-chamber. Baal had already fully digested the woman from before. Only slightest amount of light permeating the shifting membrane walls,

which flexed with agitation as her stomach senses incoming prey. “God, god, fuck—!” The delivery girl’s clothes were still here, drenched and worn, the only evidence left of the girl Baal had just digested.

Baal flattened her palms over Sandra’s feet and ***slammed*** her downwards. ***GLURK!*** When she removed her hands from her mouth, her prey’s feet rested on her outstretched tongue, toes curling helplessly as Baal’s lips slowly shut over them. “Mmmnng—” Baal scowled as she clamped her jaws, tipping her head as faaaar back as she could reach, touching two fingers to her bulging neck as she… “Mm… mmn…”

“Mnnn***GLORK!***”

Baal’s neck flexed powerfully, swelled slightly… and then shrank back to its normal size. With one final pulse of her overpowered gullet, she shot Sandra down into the depths of her body. Her left hand clapped down on her gut as it visibly swelled around her prey, the extra mass lifting her breasts just a little. “Hwuofff…” Baal blew a long sigh of relief, her task accomplished, and her tastiest snack of the day successfully consumed. Baal allowed herself a moment to lounge, her new weight forcing the wood inside the sofa to snap… snap… ***CRACK!*** She sank lower as the middle of the sofa depressed, her gut wobbling and roaring from the agitating motion. Her cheeks swelled, and all she could do was—

OUAAAARRRRRRRP!

Baal’s belch flung spittle through the air, splattering her stretched-out tank top and the surface of her ultra-heavy pred-gut, from which the faintest of breathless moaning sounds could be heard. “Gruhh…” Baal snarled, and gave her belly a few smacks. “Welcome to your new home,” she grunted, squeezing her hand deep into the surface of her hyperactive gut. “Better get comfy. You’re gonna be there for a *long* time.”

…

Deep in the pit of Baal's stomach, Sandra knelt in a state of pure terror, hands up against the slippery, slimy wall. The chamber shifted, dripped, and clenched around her, oozing slick juice that tingled where it soaked into her clothes and kissed her skin. Whhh—… She was actually *inside*—… Baal had actually—

"That's enough," Sandra said. "You can stop joking now! This is all a trick, right? RIGHT?"

Baal's stomach gave her no answers: it just clenched tighter around her, then vibrated violently as Baal unleashed another ***BUARRRRRP!*** The noise rumbled all around Sandra, making her shrink inwards and hug her knees tight! The reality of the situation was finally beginning to set in.

She was inside a monster.

She had no way out.

And Baal was going to keep her this way until she got bored with her.

The fear that rushed through Sandra then was enough to make her wail. Enough to send shivers coursing throughout her body. Enough to…

Enough to make her spread her legs, and start rubbing at her perverted little clit.

THE END