Baal's Belly
Book 2

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Baal's Belly - Book 2

A Vore Fantasy

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Jade smiled as she withdrew her pick from the keyhole. Five seconds flat: that might be a new record for her. She returned the pick to her pocket, slipped on her gloves, and gently turned the door handle.

The house's interior was… strange. Jade had expected that much. She'd done her research, scoping out the place for a few days before making her move, so she knew the occupant was a woman of remarkable size, one who needed special accommodations… but stepping into the large entry hallway *in the dark* was a spooky experience.

"Keep it together," Jade whispered. "Grab the valuables and get out."

As she moved through the house, she noted all the custom-built furniture, chairs and sofas made to a size far larger than human. She felt like she was creeping through a giant's abode, and her nerves almost got the better of her… but with deep breaths, Jade kept her cool. She'd been in the biz too long to let *this* rattle her.

Besides — even if she was caught, the occupant was a big, slow *ogre* of a woman. Jade was confident she could escape.

So she crept forwards, passing from the hallway into the living room. Her eyes were already adjusted to the dimness. She opened some drawers, searching for a wallet or jewellery, but no luck.

At last, Jade sighed and wiped a single drop of sweat from her forehead. She stood at the base of the stairs, peering upwards. She'd expected this might happen — the real goods lying upstairs — but the prospect of going up there was an uncomfortable one. Even from here, she heard it: the slow rip-snorting of the occupant's snores, louder than any normal human…

She clenched her fists. "Pussy," she told herself, her voice softer than a whisper. "You're Jade, the master thief. This is gonna be easy…"

She said the words, but *believing* them was another matter entirely.

The bedroom door was already open when Jade entered. She moved stealthy as a shadow, careful that even the air wasn't disturbed by her presence…

Across the room was a bed — double-king sized, its blankets piled on top of a great shifting *mound* that rose and fell with each rumbling breath. Even now, occupant's true size was obscured by her mass of covers.

Jade took two steps into the room, noting how warm the air felt as she neared the bed. She moved around one side of the bed…

And froze.

A shift. The giantess turned in her sleep, and the bedsheets rolled off of her head and shoulders. She lay revealed to Jade, her dark-bagged eyes closed in unquiet slumber, her open mouth snoring like a motor. She was insanely hot — no one could deny that — but scary enough to give Jade the chills.

Huh?

Jade thought she saw something, and immediately discounted it as an illusion — a combination of the darkness and her own imagination. But as she peered into the gawping yawn of the giant woman's mouth, she realised it was no deception.

The woman had *razor-sharp teeth*, pointed like a shark's. The sight of them caused Jade's breaths to speed up, her skin prickling with such a raw, instinctual fear that, for a few moments, she simply couldn't move. She'd known she was breaking into the home of a very unusual person… but only now did she question if this freak was even *human.*

…Still, the bedside table was mere feet away. If anywhere was likely to contain the woman's wallet, it was there.

Just a little further, Jade thought. *Master thief,* she reminded herself.

One step. Two. Three. She was in front of the bedside table, her hand resting on the drawer. She couldn't look away from the snoring woman and her humongous, yawning maw: peering into its depths, across her glistening tongue, wondering just what it took to *feed* this creature.

…Jade opened the drawer and reached in. She trickled her fingertips across the contents, searching for the thick leather of a stuffed wallet, the cool touch of jewellery. She bent a little lower, squinting into the dark of the drawer… but finally drew back, shaking her head. Just where did this bitch keep her goods? What kind of life did she lead, that Jade couldn't find *any* valuables?

She stood back and wiped her brow again, annoyed by how much she was sweating. Where else could she look? Under the bed? In the bathroom, maybe? Her usual process was all messed up, thrown into disarray by her nerves. She regarded the giant woman once more—

And saw her eyes were *open.* Dull, glassy, peering up at her with all the emotion of a lurking crocodile.

Jade tried to scream, but the woman's hand was over her mouth — over her entire *face* — before she could force the air out. "*Mmmphh!?*"

The woman was sitting up, the covers cascading down to reveal her enormous, burgeoning cleavage straining out her oversized tanktop. She grunted as she adjusted herself, keeping her hold tight on Jade's face. She was overpowering her with just one hand: no matter how hard Jade struggled, she couldn't break free.

"—the hell…?" The giantess glowered at Jade, whose eyes peered out from between her clasping fingers. "Who're you?"

Jade was trapped, beginning to sweat. The ogre had a natural sweaty sheen to her skin, as if the sheer effort of maintaining such a huge body made her perspire. As alertness returned to the giant woman's eyes, Jade squirmed and fought. "Let *go!*" she squeaked without a trace of dignity in her voice. "Let go of me, you freak! You—"

"I get it," the giant woman said, and Jade eeped as she *lifted* – hoisting her up by her head, so her feet left the ground and kicked in the empty air. "A burglar, huh? Good. I woke up hungry."

"Nnngh, what're you—no fuckin' way—"

Jade blinked, and found herself staring down into the ***gaping pit*** of the woman's mouth! The ogre opened wide, yaaawning her massive maw and letting her huge tongue flop onto her chin. This had to be a joke, right? This couldn't be real! Jade felt delirious: surely, she was about to wake up in her bed, panting in the wake of her strange nightmare.

As the woman lowered Jade toward her that pulsing hole, she started to reassess her life. Why had she become a burglar – the excitement?

The *sexiness?* Those notions seemed laughable now, as the giant woman's hot breaths billowed up around Jade's ankles. What the hell had she been *thinking!?*

"W-Wait, no, don't—***augh!***" Jade stiffened as her feet scrabbled along the ogre's slick and slimy tongue. So hot! She recoiled and thrashed, trying to fight her way upwards… but the giant woman just kept lowering her, slowly and deliberately, until her feet tucked into the slimy chute of her gullet, where a single ***glulk*** trapped them tight!

Her descent sped up from there. With slow, rippling swallows, the giant woman swallowed her way up Jade's legs. Jade kept fighting, yowling and moaning in self-pity as she vanished, inch by inch, from the outside world. The huge bitch hadn't even climbed out of bed! She was gulping her down like a midnight snack, like a forgettable treat, like nothing more than a—

GLORK!

Darkness engulfed Jade. Holy, slippery muscle wrapped around her figure, and the broadness of the giant woman's tongue curled over her face and around her head. It took her a moment to realise she'd just been SLAMMED down into the predator's gullet, shoved down by her fist and captured by her throat in a single, easy motion.

Jade looked up in time to see the giant woman's lips closing over her, locking out the light.

Baal sank back, the bedsprings creaking as she settled her weight onto the mattress. Her expression bored, she stared at the opposite wall for a good few moments, feeling the frightened squirming of the prey lodged in the entrance of her throat. She drew breaths through her nose, in… and out, making her cleavage heave in glossy waves.

Then she tipped back her head – just a fraction – and ***GULP***ed. She heard a muffled squeal quickly fading to silence as the burglar was ***slurched*** down her gullet in a tide of clenching membrane, and deposited into her capacious stomach with a fleeting ***glunk.***

"Dumb bitch," Baal muttered before turning over, resting her weight on top of her belly – which had barely grown any bigger than a moment ago. The pretty thief was squirming inside, but the sudden pressure pinned her tightly inside, and soon the ***groooohhhnn***ing of Baal's belly drowned out her cries.

"Babe, are you okay?"

Sandra peered up at her. Baal's girlfriend nestled under the thick blankets, naked and sleepy, blinking off the veils of slumber. She mustn't have been awake to see Baal swallow the intruder: she peered at her with questioning eyes.

Baal dabbed her tongue at the corner of her mouth and grunted. "Don't worry about it," she said, then took Sandra's midriff in a palm and shoved her up against the flank of her rumbling gut. "Go back to sleep."

…

Within a minute, Baal had drifted off into a deep, snoring sleep, but Sandra couldn't hope to do the same. Pressed against Baal's gut, her ear smushed into its smooth, pillowy skin, she heard the muffled cries of her girlfriend's prey.

"I-I'm sorry!" Baal's snack yelled, and kicked against the inside of the chamber that held her, bumping the soft padding near Sandra's head. "*You're gonna let me out right? You can even take me to the police, I don't care, just—*"

To Sandra, the prey's cries faded into an indecipherable blur. She gasped for precious air, just as the girl inside Baal had to be gasping, and slid a hand between her slender thighs. "Oh… oh…"

Sandra could feel herself heating up, biting her lip as she grew hornier with each passing second. She squirmed in flexing waves, grinding her clit with two fingers until her pussy was soaking wet. She looked up at Baal, but her girlfriend was already deep asleep, drifting into dreams while her stomach began to do its noisy work. ***Glorrrghhh…***

bluorgghhh… Sandra was used to the noises of Baal's stomach by now – she often spent her evenings slung across her belly, happily listening to it churn after swallowing a party's worth of junk food – but this was the first time Baal had *eaten someone* since they'd first met!

"Oh…"

Sandra hadn't realised just how deeply Baal's predatory nature had affected her. She *definitely* hadn't known that hearing her belly digesting someone could drive her to such a furious, wriggling lust. Baal's arm weight heavily around her, preventing her from escaping the bed.

"Wake up, you big… thing…!"

She hissed little insults into the softness of Baal's belly, driving a knee into its padding. She knew Baal wouldn't waken – not when she needed her to. So frustrating! Sandra bucked and writhed until she was panting with exhaustion, and still she barely caused a stir in her girlfriend's ultra-heavy frame. Eventually she flopped limp, groaning, watching the surface of Baal's gut shift and bump with the struggles of her prey. ***BlrrRRRRrrrrgggt…*** The wet rumbling was driving her crazy, but all Sandra could do was lie there, desperately horny, biting her lip and losing her mind…

She had a long night ahead of her.

“Ungh…” Baal stirred as sunlight crept across her body. The sound of cars leaving for work rumbled outside the bedroom window. She sighed, stretched her arms over her head, and heaved her giant mass into a sitting position — making the reinforced bedframe *creaaak* with her movements.

“A-Asshole…”

Baal squinted down inquisitively into the deep depression she’d left in the mattress. Sandra lay there on her back, glowering up at her with exhausted eyes, teeth clenched angrily as she trembled there. Her nude form was covered in a slight sheen of sweat, but her pussy was wettest of all. As Baal watched, Sandra crept a hand down between her thighs and started to rub at her clit, matching her gasps to the slow rise and fall of her hips. She looked at Baal with a kind of chained-up desperation, pinching her tongue between her teeth before hissing out her next words:

“I need your help…”

Baal studied Sandra a moment longer, then grunted her assent.

Sandra could barely control herself enough to perform the dull, sluggish motions that brought her where she was. She knelt on a soft towel on the bed, masturbating furiously, ***schlick schlick schlick,*** while Baal towered over her, peering down over the swells of her huge, bare tits. Baal’s pussy was at Sandra’s eye-level, her belly above her. That soft, smooth gut emitted liquid sounds: there was no question that her prey had already been digested to liquid, and probably converted into extra fat on her thighs… though Sandra couldn’t see a difference. Baal

was so immense that digesting an entire person barely added anything to her mass!

"I can't believe this," Baal muttered as she glared down at Sandra. "I swallow you one time, and suddenly you're a slut for being treated like prey."

"I — am ***not*** a slut!" Sandra tried to make her voice sound forceful, but her words came out in a whimper. She flinched as Baal turned around, presenting her gigantic ass… and squatted slightly, leaning back so her bare, heat-radiating pussy hovered over her girlfriend's head.

Sandra gasped for precious air as Baal's pussy descended — slowly, carefully, until her soaking purse kissed the top of her head. This close to Baal's body, the rumbling of the giant's insides was all the more audible, tormenting Sandra with deep ***gllrrrrgl***s and ***blorrrp***s. Baal reached down to grasp Sandra's midriff, steadying her, pressing her even firmer against her pussy…

Sandra gulped. She was about to be used as a sex toy. The thought made her masturbate all the harder.

SchhlllLLLPP…

Sandra gave a wanton moan as Baal's pussy started to spread around the top of her head. The huge predator took her slowly, rocking her monumental hips from side to side in pendulous motions as she worked her slippery cunt down, down around her girlfriend's hair, ears, cheeks… Sandra found herself peering out from between the pink walls of Baal's parted slid, clear juices drooling down her face. "Ouuh…. Haaah!" She attacked her clit like a total whore, rubbing herself stupid as Baal's sheer weight, her burning heat, bore down on top of her…

"Hngh." Baal huffed and steadied herself over Sandra, one hand on her thigh and the other on the bed, rocking tentatively before starting to pump up and down! ***Schllp, schlLLllp, schlop!*** Her pussy sucked Sandra from her head down to her chest in a single gulp, then up again, revealing the gurgling girl dripping pussyjuice down her naked body, and masturbating all the harder! Baal ***used*** Sandra as her own personal dildo, taking her deeper with each thrust of her hips, down to her ribs now, then down to her hips, taking more than half her body inside her molten cunt with ease!

Sandra was having the time of her life. Each time Baal's pussy slid up her body, it stopped just above her mouth or eyes, revealing her dizzy expression, her flopped-out tongue… ***SCHLORP!*** Baal engulfed her in slippery heat, engulfing her so that her pussy was barely visible inside the slit of Baal's own! Sandra stopped flicking the bean for just a

moment, and switched to mauling *Baal's* clit with her open hand, palming and rubbing it hungrily, drawing a deep *moan* out of her gigantic lover.

"Nnnngh, you asked for it," Baal said, and leaned forwards to plant her hands on the bed… as she started to BOUNCE on the mattress, creaking the springs and PLUNGING her pussy around Sandra's body! Sandra was mashed down under incredible force and weight, forced to spreadeagle her thighs as Baal angrily rode her, sucking her in so that, whenever she came down, only Sandra's feet remained visible poking out from under Baal's asscheeks. ***SCHLOPP, SCHLOPP, SCHLOPP, SCHLOPP!*** She stroked her tongue against Baal's cunt wall, drinking her juices, gurgling and moaning as she was repeatedly, savagely imprisoned inside her girlfriend's pussy!

"Ungh, ungh, ***UNGH!***" Baal was beginning to sweat heavily, gasping and puffing from the effort. Despite her indomitable size, she wasn't used to high activity like this. Her masses of fat wobbled and jiggled as she delivered her hammer-blows around Sandra's entire body, blowing out curses: "Fuck… fuahh… get DEEP in there, you tiny bitch…"

They were both at their limit, their voices ringing out with unbridled passion. "Fucking… ride me HARDER, you big slut!" Sandra yowled, her voice barely reaching Baal's ears… but it had an effect all the same. Baal growled and started to SLAM her ass up and down with all her might, swallowing most of Sandra's body several times per second as she engaged every muscle in her mighty frame! ***CLOP, CLOP, SCHLOP, POP, CLOP—!***

All at once, the pleasure became too much for either of them to take. Baal's pussy clamped tight around Sandra's torso, wringing her with such force that she worried her bones were going to dislocate, as the giantess squirted like a broken faucet! Slick cuntjuice drenched Sandra's thighs and the bedsheets beneath her, while she herself jerked and convulsed in an overpowering orgasm of her own!

The two of them spasmed together, Sandra lodged inside and experiencing the full might of Baal's climax, rolling and writhing for almost half a minute before their frantic motions gave way to long, desperate gasps and a gradual calming. Their brains swam in oceans of happy chemicals. Sandra was blind and deaf to the world outside, hearing only the *THUMP-THUMP* of Baal's heart, the sluicing of her pussy juice, and the gurgling of her nearby stomach. She whimpered as Baal's pussy started to ascend, crawling up her body inch by inch until her eyes came free from her slippery prison.

"Huaah… huaah…" Sandra's tits heaved in and out with each ragged breath. She held onto Baal's thighs above her, digging her hands deep into their plumpness. "F-Fuck, Baal, I came so fucking hard—"

The doorbell rang, sharp and clear. For a moment, neither of the two women spoke, or moved. The bell rang again. Sandra chuckled awkwardly and said, “Maybe we should go answer that?”

“I’ll do it,” Baal said.

SCHLOPPF—!

Sandra squealed, instantly muffled by the all-encasing heat of Baal’s insides, her slippery pussy clenching and squeezing around every inch of her upper body! She wailed in shock, squirming, feeling Baal’s pussylips squishing down on her thighs and knees. Baal’s cunt gripped tight — tight enough that, when Baal lifted herself up on her knees, she lifted Sandra with her — legs straightening out as she rose up.

SCHLORP!

Baal let her weight THUMP down again, and the rest of Sandra’s body vanished, her legs swallowed up by the giant woman’s hungry pussy. “Urgh,” Baal grunted, and reached down to finger herself, sliding Sandra’s feet knuckle-deep inside herself. “Stay… right there.”

“As if I have a *choice!*” Sandra squawked, trapped so tight she could barely breathe!

With Sandra squirming inside her, Baal wrapped a towel around her body and walked to the door. When she opened it, the woman on her doorstep flinched back, eyes going wide as saucers as she took in the height, the width, the raw *scale* of the beast towering over her.

"'Sup," Baal said. She was taller than the doorframe, and had to bend down somewhat – in a way that thrust her glossy mega-cleavage toward the young woman, who gulped and turned bright red.

"A-Are you Sandra's girlfriend?" she asked, and thrust out an envelope with a shaky hand. "I have, uh, this. To deliver to her. It's an, uh. An invitation."

Inside Baal, unbeknownst to the young woman, Sandra was listening intently… though it was difficult to hear past the pulsing of her girlfriend's head-sized heart. "Harriet," she muttered, unheard by anyone. "Crap time to show up…"

Baal plucked the envelope from Harriet's trembling fingers, then started to open it. Harriet's lips parted as though she was going to protest, but then she thought better of it. Baal got tired of fiddling with the seal, and simply tore the envelope open.

"A party, huh?" she asked after studying the letter for a moment. "Not my scene, sorry—"

"*We'll be there!*" shouted a muffled voice from Baal's midsection. Harriet's eyes went wide, her surprise quickly replaced by confusion. She tried to lean around Baal, to peer into the hallway beyond.

"Sandra, are you in there?"

"Okay, I've got things to do," Baal said quickly, and shut the door in Harriet's face.

SchloooOOORP!

Baal's pussy popped away from Sandra, leaving her naked, gleaming, and panting for air, sitting on the edge of the bed.

"What was that about?" Baal grumbled, and clasped Sandra's cheeks between her fingers, forcing her girlfriend to look up at her. "You know I'm not into social shit."

"It'll be fun!" Sandra said, grinning even as she wheezed for air. "Come on – let me show you off to my friends."

Baal's frown deepened. Her hand slipped from Sandra's chin, and she crossed her arms under her massive breasts. "Mrrgh… I dunno…"

"You spend all day, *every* day lazing around the house. It'll be good for you to get out some!" Sandra clambered up to her feet, standing unsteadily on the bed. Even on this platform, she didn't come close to Baal's height. "Think about it, okay?"

Baal studied her a moment longer, then let out a long breath.

"Think about *this.*"

Before Sandra could react, Baal's right hand was wrapped around both of her thighs and *lifting* her. She saw Baal's eyes narrow in predatory focus — and her mouth *yawn* into a gaping, pink pit.

“Ah--!?” The light was blocked out by the walls of Baal’s gullet: she shoved Sandra tits-deep in her throat and flicked her tongue out across her belly. ***GULP!*** A lurch, and Sandra was dragged deeper, feet kicking high in the air as she hung upside-down, whimpering, hooking two fingers into her soaking pussy! Her heart raced as the crashing waves of Baal’s throat tugged her deeper with each bobbing swallow: Baal braced her fists on her hips and gulped hands-free, eyeing Sandra’s legs vanishing slowly below her nose.

"*Aullgh… ghlp… ghlp…*" Baal swallowed Sandra's legs with slow, rippling gulps, then snapped her razor-sharp teeth together and gave a final, undulating ***GWOLP*** that finished the job. Her neck bumped one last time, then shrank inwards, and she let out a pleased puff as her belly shifted around the kicking, squirming form of her lover.

"You jerk!" Sandra called from inside. "*You can't just **eat** me every time you want to avoid a social engagement!*"

Baal's tongue stroked across her lips, and she gave a low rumble, before: "***BhraaAAAHHHP!***" Her lips wobbled from the force of her belch, spittle flying from her yawning maw. "Ungh. Shut up already, will you?" She knocked a fist gently against her stomach, sending vibrations through her insides. "I'll consider it."

A moment's pause, and then: "*You will?*"

"Sure thing, meat." Baal slapped her gut a few more times, rippling the soft flesh there, before flinging open her wardrobe and pulling out some clothes. "But today, we're staying in. And you're staying *in,* so get comfy."

Sandra gave a happy groan, barely audible over the rumbling of her girlfriend's gut.

"Hey, did you see that girl?"

"The big one? How could I *not?*"

“It’s a good thing Harriet bought plenty of food, or else who knows what she’d do?”

“I still can’t believe she’s Sandra’s *girlfriend…*”

…

ULP! GULP!

AULP!

GHWURRRRRP!

Baal’s weight caused the sofa to creak as she flopped into it, causing one girl to squeal half in shock, half in delight as she was halfway lodged under Baal’s left asscheek! In the crook of her left arm, Baal clutched a small tower of pizza boxes, and she used her right hand to eat, dropping whole slices onto her tongue and swallowing them without chewing.

She ate with a kind of focused fury, not really looking at her environment nor acknowledging the party in any way. Occasionally, she let out rolling ***burps*** that provoked giggles from the other party-goers, but the laughter was more forced each time, as they grew more fascinated — and intimidated — by the workings of her monstrous body.

Her gut sat out over her thighs, swollen with the erstwhile contents of empty pizza boxes strewn around her feet. It ***rumbled*** loudly: loud enough that anyone in the same room could hear it over the pumping music.

“Your girlfriend’s the centre of the party,” said Harriet, nudging Sandra’s waist. “See how everyone’s staring?”

“I just wish she’d *talk* to people,” Sandra sighed, and adjusted the skirt of her pretty red dress. She hadn’t had a chance to bust it out for a whole year: she was glad it still fit her.

A wicked grin crept across Harriet’s face. She leaned a little closer to Sandra, and cupped a hand beside her ear. Sandra knew something bad was coming, but she kept her expression neutral as Harriet said, “So… The sex must be crazy, huh?”

“Harriet! You know I’m not that kind of person. We have a perfectly normal sex life.”

“Bitch, that girl looks like she could crush ten watermelons between her thighs. You can’t *seriously* expect me to believe—”

“*DRINK, DRINK, DRINK, DRINK!*”

To Sandra and Harriet’s surprise, a group of tipsy-looking women marched out of the kitchen and into the living room. They were people Sandra knew tangentially: friends-of-friends whose wild partying was the stuff of legend in her circles. Held high over their heads was a heavy wooden barrel: a fresh beer keg. As Sandra stared, the keg was tapped so that foam frothed out over the edge, and a moment later the group’s intent became clear: they carried the keg to Baal and held it up to her.

“What the—?” Baal squinted at the party fiends, their expectant eyes. “What d’you want?”

“What does it look like?” A busty woman with beautiful blonde hair strutted out at the head of the pack. Baal immediately began scanning her: she was dressed like a sexy nurse, her cleavage popping. Sandra saw the tip of Baal’s tongue slide across her lips as the woman explained: “You’re fucking gigantic. Why don’t you show us what that body can do?”

“Oh, Christ,” said Harriet, palming her chin. “I didn’t know *Honey* was here.”

“You want me to drink this?” Baal said, and took the keg in her hands. “Pssh, fuckin’ easy. Why don’t you come up with a *real* challenge?”

With that, she tipped the keg and *drank.*

ULP! ULK! GLUCK! Baal’s neck pulsed with huge swallows, dragging volumes of booze down her gullet with each resounding ***GWULP.*** Her head, and the keg, tilted back further with each passing second, and a murmur spread through the room, as it became clear that Baal’s belly was slowly-but-visibly swelling outwards around the sheer amount of booze. ***GLURK! GLURK! GULK!*** Foam frothed down her chin and onto her cleavage, making her dark skin shine even more than usual, soaking her tanktop so her nipples stood stark against the dampened fabric. Her eyes narrowed to thin slits, her focus intensifying… though the process didn’t seem to push her abilities much. Finally, she lifted the keg from her lips and let the last few droplets fall onto her outstretched tongue… before tossing the keg aside. ***Clunk!*** It hit the carpet halfway across the room, causing a couple of girls to squeak and dart out of the way.

“Whh—” Honey was taken aback. Never in her wildest dreams could she have imagined Baal was capable of THAT. Her shock doubled when, a moment later, Baal leaned forward and grabbed her around the waist — lifting her up to the same level as her mouth, which yawned open in front of her.

“She’s gonna eat her!” someone yelled, and Sandra took a panicked step forward — but instead of cramming the cocky blonde down her gullet, Baal just squinted her eyes shut and—

BHUARRRRRRRRRRP!

Boozy air and drool splattered across Honey's body, drenching her nurse uniform. She whined, gazing into Baal's rippling gullet as it belched over and around her. Baal held her there for a minute, her grip tight as a vice, burping two or three more times before finally, slowly, letting Honey down.

Honey tottered, off-balance, panting. "Whuhh… what…" she wheezed, trying to straighten her hair but failing at even the basest motor functions. She was overwhelmed, her face glowing crimson, a new fetish unlocked in the most intense manner imaginable. Baal watched her with amused eyes, then gave her enormous belly an open-handed ***SMACK,*** sending a ripple across it!

"Any more requests?"

There was a long moment of silence — a gap where everyone present could only stare, the enormity of Baal finally, seriously dawning on them.

"Oh man," Sandra said, crossing her arms. Even Harriet was panting, stunned and aroused in equal measures. "Here we go…"

The silence broke like pressure suddenly popping. A surge of requests hit Baal all at once, and she beamed, showing all of her white shark-teeth as she soaked in the adulation.

"Hey, Sandra," she called to her girlfriend. "Maybe parties *are* fun, after all."

Sandra knew Baal too well. The moment her lover started to engage with these sluts, it was inevitable that things would become obscene, and extreme, faster than anyone could control.

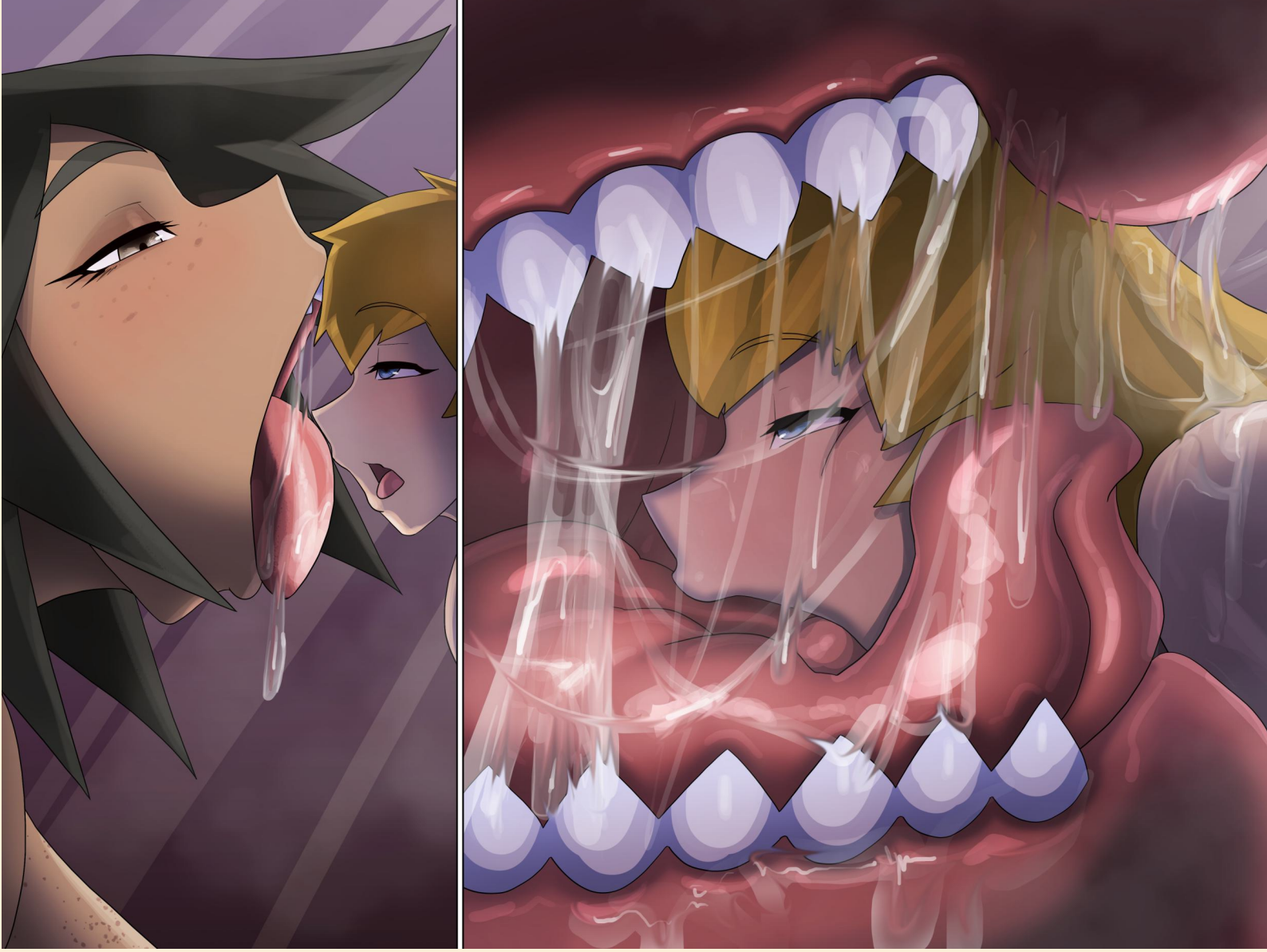
Baal sprawled on the sofa, her sweating body completely nude, growling with lust as she clutched one girl's head to her tit. "Suck it," she snarled, and crooned her joy as the girl opened wide and ENGULFED her nipple in her mouth. She started to slurp away, squeezing Baal's bare boob with one arm and her beer- and pizza-bloated belly with the other. The rest of the party cheered her on, and a pair of girls lifted a fresh keg to Baal's lips so she could drink.

"H-Hey, I'm stuck…!" Honey cried out, but no one moved to air her. The blonde bimbo was pinned between Baal's all-encasing thighs, trapped amid walls of fat and muscle that wouldn't stop *squeezing* her toward that big, sopping cunt! She was forced against it face-first, her moans growing more muffled by the second.

Sandra, standing by Baal's side, clenched her fists in jealousy. "Ffffuck," she groaned, and glowered up at her girlfriend. "They're crawling all over you… How can you just let this—"

"***MMWWP--!***"

Sandra wailed as Baal's mouth closed around her head, lips pursing around her neck in a sweet, squishing kiss. She held Sandra like that for a long, dizzying few seconds, sucking on her, grumbling happily, sending loving vibrations through Sandra's skull… while Sandra bathed in the hot, wet darkness of her mouth.



"Baal--!" Sandra gasped, only for Baal's tongue to slug rhythmically across her face! It licked and caressed, slipping and *sluuurch*ing, hypnotising her with its slow kneading motions… until Baal pulled back, inch by inch, stretching out her suckling lips as they slid up Sandra's face, revealing her mouth… nose… eyes… and then ***popp***ing off the top of her head, leaving her wheezing and drenched in drool!

"Relax," Baal told her. "There's enough of me to go around. Watch *this…*"

She scooped Sandra up and set her down atop her gurgling belly. Sandra eeped, feeling the soft, smooth heft of her giant gut heaving with each and every breath. She was facing away from Baal, peering down the lower slope of her stomach, down to where Honey struggled between Baal's thighs.

“S-Sandy!” Honey cried, sinking her hands into Baal’s pussylips, barely keeping her head from sliding in! “Your girlfriend’s fucking awesome, but… she’s a little… intense…”

Suddenly, Baal’s thighs parted. ***Ulgk. Ulgk. Ulgk.*** Sandra looked back to see Baal chugging beer again, regarding her with a single, narrowly open eye as she crept a hand down her tummy… grasped Honey around her narrow waist…

…and shoved her in.

The other partgoers gasped. Some cried out in shock, some in delight, as Honey’s upper body vanished into Baal’s clenching pussy! Honey started to kick in panic, but Baal’s hand slipped lower down, squeezing her legs together, securing a tight hold so she could—

Schllp! Schllp!

Baal started to pump Honey in and out, using her as a squirming, living dildo! Honey’s curvy figure massaged the folds of Baal’s cunt, making it squeeze and flutter and drool slick, clear sex across the sofa! “Oughh…” Baal’s low groans rumbled throughout her entire body, especially her stomach, which ***GLRRRRRGL***ed under Sandra’s ass.

“Haahh…” Sandra couldn’t help herself. Her head, her entire *body,* was abuzz with the most ecstatic lust for her girlfriend. Settling a little deeper into Baal’s gut, Sandra slipped a hand between her legs and started to masturbate, rubbing herself silly as she watched Honey slurping in and out of Baal’s pussy!

"H-Help!" Honey cried. "Fuck, fuck, *uhhn!*" Her convulsions only served to increase the sensation the 'dildo' gave to Baal, encouraging her to pump harder, faster! ***SCHLUK, SCHLUK, SCHLUK, SCHLUK, SCHLUK!***

Baal was getting close to her limit now, and losing control of her hand motions. When she plunged Honey down, all but the blonde's forelegs disappeared into her slippery pussy, Honey's moans muted almost to silence by the hot walls crashing all around her. "*MmMMmmff--! MmhhnHHhhnn!*"

"HaaAAAA--!" Baal gave a rising yell, spread her thighs, and ***bucked*** as she hit a ferocious orgasm! Her powerful pussy squirted, jetting her juices high in the air, one spurt after another, while her cunt clamped like a prison around Honey's entire body!

Sandra came at the same time, having synced her masturbation with the motions of Baal's body beneath her. She let her head loll back as she trembled in climax, spasming and jerking, lifting her midsection away from Baal's grumbling gut even as her hands dug into that massive ***mountain*** of a belly.

Baal released the blonde and dug her hands into the sofa, grumbling and growling, sawing her hips back and forth over the sweat-drenched sofa… rocking Sandra back and forth atop her huge belly… until her rough motions finally came to a halt. "Haa… haaaghh…"

As her pussy relaxed its grip, Honey slid out of her, inch by inch, until she managed to hook her hands into Baal's vulva and pull herself all the way into the open! "Goddd…!" Honey groaned as she flopped back on her knees, staring down at herself completely drenched in cuntjuices. "Fwuhhh… This is… insane…"

"Insane, huh?" Baal purred, peering down at the girl in the nurse costume. "You haven't seen the half of it."

Sandra eeped. Baal's finger was on her back, trailing gently up and down her spine. Shivering pleasantly, she looked back at her lover. The girl from before was still attached to her nipple, having held on throughout the giant bitch's shuddering orgasm, continuing to grope Baal's colossal tits with a persistence that bordered on heroic.

"Well?" Baal asked. "What should we do next? All these bitches are asking me to do tricks, but you haven't had *your* turn…"

Sandra swallowed, but her throat was dry. Her breasts surged in and out with big, ragged breaths. "Ah—… uhm—…" She pursed her lips in

thought, but all she could think about was Baal and the sultry stare that hung on her even now.

She forced her gaze back toward Honey, kneeling on the sofa between Baal's thighs. She nurse-costumed girl was wheezing for air, completely out of breath… completely weak and vulnerable.

"Hhh…" Sandra knew what she wanted to say, but didn't know if she was brave enough to say it. Locking eyes with Baal again steadied her. She clenched her fists, bit her bottom lip…

"Hey, everyone!" she called to the room. "You wanna see what Baal's *really* capable of? Then check *this* out." She fixed Baal with a look that could only have one meaning. Baal smirked with all her teeth, then reached past her to grab Honey once again!

"Ah--!" The bimbo squealed as Baal hoisted her up by her forelegs. She was far too exhausted to resist… though even if she'd been at full strength, Baal could have overpowered her with ease. As the giant woman lifted her higher and higher, she hung there with her arms hanging above her head and her cleavage drooping in her face, looking baffled. "Huh? What — you need me for something? What's—"

Baal's outstretched tongue blanketed Honey's face, and then swirled hungrily around her head, her neck… even poking into her cleavage. The party came to a standstill, and even more gasps rang out.

"No way…"

"Is she really going to…?"

Sandra felt a strange sense of pride, showing off her amazing, gluttonous girlfriend to the crowd. She'd felt envious just a few moments ago, but now she was involved, *in charge,* and her heart thundered joyously as she scooted around to face Baal fully.

The giant woman dangled Honey over her open mouth, lashing her with that ungodly-huge tongue, dipping her head into the heat-pit of her maw and billowing breaths all over her. "Haahh…" Baal gazed at her adoring crowd, snickered, and stretched her tongue out even further. She had them now: everyone's attention was fixed on her. Her belly churned *violently,* demanding more food even as it worked on literal gallons of booze. It was so close to getting what it ***really*** wanted, but Baal insisted on teasing it, waiting for Sandra's command.

"Sandy?" Honey blinked rapidly before fixing her eyes on Sandra. "Haha… *Totally* cool trick, but isn't this going a little too far?"

"Eat her," said Sandra.

Glee flashed in Baal's eyes. She grasped Honey with both hands and bent her over double. Honey started to yell, but Baal's yawning mouth cut her off — engulfing her head and knees at the same time! She pushed Honey in until only her thick asscheeks and high heels were visible poking out through her lips, then extended her tongue slowly under to scoop her up and back, and draw her fully into her maw.

The partygoers rushed forward as Baal opened wide — as wide as she could, stretching her tongue out of her gaping maw and groaning pleasantly. Through that wide, pink yawn, everyone could see Honey's ass and feet lodged through Baal's tonsils, quaking and squirming violently as the giant woman's deep, red throat pulsed rhythmically around her. "*Hmmnnn! Hnghhh!*" Honey's struggles only succeeded in sliding her down deeper… further… into the darkening tunnel of Baal's esophagus.

And out of view.

Baal snapped her jaws together and swallowed, Honey had already cleared her neck, so it barely flexed with her soft, casual ***glulk.*** Then she lazed back and smirked down at her beer-sloshing belly, which hadn't grown at all bigger, but now contained a muffled-moaning blonde bimbo ***snack.***

"All fuckin' gone," Baal said, and smacked her gut hard. ***Whap!***

The party erupted into cheers.

“Oho…” Baal lazed back, her grin spreading as she soaked in the adoration. She looked at Sandra, who by now was so horny she was *trembling,* and licked her big, pillowy lips. “I thought they’d scream and run,” she said, rolling a hand against the side of her belly. “This is good too.”

“Me next!” one girl yelled. “I wanna swim inside you!”

“Put me in your pussy!” cried another.

Sandra had to say something. Getting up on her knees, she held her hands out for silence. “Calm down, everyone! I-If you really wanna go inside, then… then…” She gulped. “Then Baal can make room for all of you!”

“*All* of them?” Baal muttered, and flicked Sandra so she topped down the underside of her belly. “What’re you volunteering me for?”

Sandra landed on the soft padding of Baal’s thigh. She adjusted herself and chuckled, scratching the back of her head. “You can do it, right? And… keep them safe?”

Baal furrowed her brows. “That’s a big ask. I’ll be sitting here, going crazy with the need to digest all your friends…”

“Please?” Sandra asked. “For me?”

“Hrrgh…” Baal gave her another of her characteristic glares… before letting her shoulders sag, and looking toward the crowd. “Okay, you sluts! Line up and get ready, because I’m not stopping until I get you *all* down!”

GLULK!

GULP!

…

BHUARRRRRP!

Clothes flew from Baal's wobbling lips as she belched up a storm, yawning her throat into a cavernous tunnel until the gale subsided.

The sofa was crushed, demolished under her weight. She lounged on the floor, on her back, staring dizzy-eyed at the ***mountain*** that was her stomach towering over her. It shifted, bulged, and squirmed all over, jostled by the *orgy* inside.

Moans rang out from her rumbling belly, deep wanton groans as the perverts she'd swallowed scissored and licked each other in a hedonistic frenzy, all within the sauna-hot confines of her overpowered gut.

"Ungh, you little *bitches,*" she pouted, frustrated by her inability to digest the whole damn party. She sheer effort in took to prevent her belly from doing what came naturally made her sweat profusely, gnashing her teeth together and huff-puffing shakily… Her concentration wasn't helped by the constant motion that knocked, bumped, and sloshed her belly from within… and stimulated her to no end.

To make things even worse, she couldn't reach her pussy past her enormous gut.

"***Bhluarrrp!*** I hope you're happy, Sandra, 'cuz this is… nnghf, it's *torture* for me."

Sandra kissed Baal's lips – and yelped as Baal ruthlessly trapped her entire head in her jaws, letting her feel the tips of her teeth prickling her neck before letting her free again. Sandra panted for air, drool dripping down her body — until Baal scooped her up and all but tossed her down between her legs.

"Eat me out, bitch."

Sandra was all too happy to comply – to dive into that soft, suckling ravine between Baal's thighs, to latch onto her big, face-slurping pussy and lock her lips over her stiff clit! "Mhaaahhmm…!" She assailed it with her tongue, massaging Baal's vulva as she made sloppy love to her pussy, refusing to hold back even an ounce of energy!

Baal crooned and propped herself up on elbows, wheezing huge breaths that made her tits heave and fall, heave and fall. "***Uaaaarrrp!***" A bra and panties flew from her mouth and landed on the roiling slope of her orgy-belly, which burbled, gurgled, and ***clenched*** so ferociously that all its inhabitants squealed in joy!

Sandra got stuck in, not afraid to shove her entire head inside Baal's pussy and suck her way around before returning to her sensitive clit. Juices gushed over her tongue and down her throat: she gulped her girlfriend's sex without hesitation, and thrust herself even more vigorously into the motions of cunnilingus… on a level few humans ever attempted!

The more she pleasured Baal, the more her giant girlfriend clamped her thighs around her, locking her in a vice that could have easily crushed her bones, if not for all the sumptuous fat padding her superhuman muscles. "Hrrrgh, that's good… ffhhh, that's…" Baal muttered in a state of simmering bliss, rubbing her belly with one hand and a huge tit with the other, stimulating herself while Sandra delivered her waves of unadulterated *pleasure.* "Never had… someone who'd… do this for me before…"

"Mmmwpp--!" Sandra pulled away from Baal's pussy for a moment – just long enough to fill her lungs, and say, "You're soooo awesome." – before plunging herself back in! She pumped a fist in and out of Baal's cunt while massaging her pussylips and making out with her clit,

latching on with such force that it became clear she had no intention of stopping.

Not until she'd given Baal *exactly* what she deserved.

"Mmmhh!" Baal bit her lip, squeezing it between her sharp teeth, and gave her belly a *smack* that provoked another collective yell from the girls fucking inside her. "Huhhn… Gonna cum soon… Better make it good, babe, or I'll have to churn all your friends as revenge…"

Sandra grunted with effort and kept going, even delivering a playful ***smack*** to Baal's ass in response to her fake threat. At least, she *thought* it was fake. "Mwaummh…!" She rocked against her, sucking her clit until her jaw ached, gulping Baal's juices until she couldn't take any more — and only then, only then…!

"Auuughhh!"

Baal came hard, her entire body quaking in ecstasy as she gushed juices all over Sandra's face… and head… and most of her upper body. Her belly roared, and amid the noise Sandra heard the muffled wails of several women cumming alongside the bitch who'd swallowed them whole. Baal tossed her weight from side to side, and SLAMMED her plump fucking thighs so tight around Sandra's body, she was nearly pancaked! She sucked and blew bestial breaths, riding high on her orgasm, caressing her gurgling stomach with both hands as the sensations slowly dialled down…

"How… was that…?" Sandra asked.

"Mm, acceptable…" Baal gazed at Sandra with half-lidded eyes, breathing more steadily as she relaxed into the ruins of the sofa. "Wanna let me digest your friends anyway?"

"Tempting," Sandra said, and rapped her fingers against the ridiculous swell of her girlfriend's gut. "But I don't think so. Not *this* time, anyway."

"Spoilsport," Baal said.

“Like, oh my *gawd,* that was totes amazing!”

“I can’t believe that turned me on as much as it did.”

The naked, wet partygoers stood in line for the bathroom, desperate to use the shower after their pleasurable ordeal. More than one of them bumped past Sandra along the way, and muttered propositions in her ear: how would she like to open up her relationship? Sandra chuckled as if they were joking, wondering if they knew she’d had their lives in her hands just minutes before.

Baal was nowhere to be seen. Sandra found her in the garden, leaning against the outside wall and glowering out into the night — back to her usual, flat, bitchy stare that was her natural resting face.

“What’s up?” Sandra asked.

“Nothing.” Baal’s expression changed when she saw Sandra, amusement twinkling in her eyes. “You’re treating me to a meal after this, you hear? My stomach’s still complaining about losing its meal.”

“Of course.” Sandra blushed at the thought of Baal eating even MORE than she already had. Hadn’t those pizzas and beers been enough for her? Her stomach was back to normal now, though it *did* rumble with a low, steady discontentment.

“Hey, you guys?” It was Harriet, peering out from the living room. “Have you seen Honey? I got a text saying she’s going home early, but she left her costume…”

“I burped it out earlier,” Baal said. “I don’t blame her for not wanting it.”

Harriet shrugged and vanished into the house again.

“Well, we’d better head home,” said Baal. “My social battery’s drained, and I—… Why’re you looking at me like that?”

Sandra was looking at Baal’s belly, her expression turning from curiosity to suspicion. She crossed her arms. “You *did* spit Honey up, didn’t you?”

Baal huffed. “What d’you take me for, some kind of wild animal?” she asked, and grabbed Sandra’s shoulder to yank her forwards — right up against her padded gut!

GlrrRRRRrrrggg!

The sounds of Baal’s wetly rumbling stomach stunned Sandra to a blushing silence, but she couldn’t help but wonder…

“Hmmmgh!” Sandra took out her phone and started to thumb the screen.

“Hey, what’re you doing?” Baal asked.

“Calling Honey.”

Sandra hit ‘call’, and waited… and waited…

...And then, as she held her ear against Baal's soft, heaving belly, she heard it: the muffled ringing of a cell phone, mixed in with the *slurrrrch*ing of her lover's insides.

When she looked accusingly up at Baal, the giant woman avoided her eyes and scratched behind an ear.

"So what?" she said. "That piece of meat was asking for it."

"Baal!"

“Too late now, anyway.” Baal pressed forward, and Sandra gasped as she was trapped between her girlfriend’s gut and the wall. “Sue me. Or better yet, give my belly a kiss. Like you could stay mad at me…”

Sandra went stiff, glaring up into Baal’s eyes for a long time…

…before planting a tiny, delicate kiss on her churning middle.

“Better,” Baal said. “Now let’s get home so I can eat.”

THE END