Rosalind

An illustrated vore novella



Story by Brazzel

Art by SeekGr



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a Vore Novella

by

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art by

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“I just wanted a chubby goth pred.”
-Brazzel



Rosalind

There were two layers to Rosalind's stomach: the top, hard layer where Dolly writhed, and the soft, lower layer where Dolly's boyfriend churned. Combined, her stomach resembled an upside-down muffin spilling over the edges of its tin. The thought made Rosalind hungry.

"Don't you have any more food in this shitty apartment?" she growled, throwing open cupboards. The smack of flesh on flesh rang through the kitchen as she wobbled to the fridge. Her stomach sagged between her thighs. "I mean, honestly, between the three of you, you'd think there'd be more in the fridge than…what the fuck is *almond* milk?"

"*Mmrph!*"

"Oh, right."

Rosalind heaved her stomach up into her arms and carried it across the room. It was warm against her skin, the liquid underside spilling over her wrists as the heavy top half rubbed between her breasts. Dolly sobbed, but Rosalind had long since belched out the last of her clean air and now there were only occasional, choking gasps. A pity. Dolly's boyfriend had lasted three times longer and had given her *significantly* more pleasure.

The man in the chair's eyes widened as Rosalind squatted next to him. She removed the saliva-stained gag from his mouth and raised an eyebrow.

"Well?"

"***HELP!***"

His shout was cut off by an avalanche of swollen dough as Rosalind pressed his face into her navel. She held him there, relieved to take the weight off for a second, while his legs kicked against the legs of the chair and his arms strained against the bindings. Only once

he threatened to pass out did she pull away. His face was covered in belly sweat and fear. Rosalind licked her lips.

"Wanna know why you're alive right now?" she asked.

The man looked up at her with his soft green eyes, bottom lip quivering.

"W-why?" he asked.

"Because," Rosalind said, gripping his sturdy chin, "after I'm done *eating*, I like to have someone *fuck me silly.*"

A groan escaped the man's lips. Rosalind chuckled. She sat on his lap and his groan deepened in pain. The chair creaked beneath them.

"What? Am I not your type? What is your type? Let me guess: Skinny, blonde athletes with tight little asses. No? Powerlifters. Muscular bitches. Come on, man, give me a hint!"

Tears glittered in the corners of the man's eyes. At first, Rosalind thought it was despair, but then she shifted and the man let out such a sigh of relief that she couldn't help but laugh. Was she really that heavy? Thumbing her gut, she acknowledged that was probably the truth. What if she knocked the chair over and sat on the man's face? Would his skull crack like an eggshell, or would her huge ass save him from a grisly fate?

"B-brunettes," the man stuttered. "I like brunettes."

Rosalind frowned.

"So…not fat goth chicks with ratty, black hair and big, black lips? Not hungry bitches with tits the size of your head? What about gals in comfy sweaters that like to snuggle and swallow you whole? Is any of this clicking with you?"

The man let out another sob.

"Guess not."

A voluminous gurgle vibrated her stomach. Rosalind pressed her hands into the hard top half. It wasn't so hard anymore. The tiny blonde woman had stopped moving entirely and the entire section seemed on the verge of collapse. Soon, warm sludge would siphon

through her intestines and mix with that of the boyfriend, softening, then firming back up. But, before that:

"Urgh!"

Rosalind bent double.

"This is the worst part about eating people," she complained. "The indigestion. Liquid, gas, and solids all in the same place, all bubbling and churning. ***UuurrrAp.*** Sorry. I know this isn't an attractive look. Should I dye my hair brown for you? Would that turn you on?"

Horror flashed across the man's face as Rosalind turned and pressed her stomach against him. No doubt he could feel the movement within her, the alchemy taking place beneath her skin. Rosalind hung her arms across his neck and brought her face close. The man flinched when she kissed his cheek.

"What are you so scared of?" she laughed. "Did you like your roommates that much? I thought the stereotype was that people weren't supposed to like their roommates. You know, 'ugh, they never do the dishes' and 'stop having sex in the kitchen'. No? Maybe I was just a bad roommate. Anyway, when I staked this place out, I thought you were a throuple. Were you really just living here with a guy and his girlfriend?"

"I c-can smell…"

Rosalind opened her mouth and let the scent of her stomach rise to meet the man's fevered brow. He retched. The smell of meat and bile was as strong as ever, but hell, Rosalind was used to that.

"Hey," she said, slapping his cheek. "Don't go throwing up on me, now. That wouldn't be attractive at all. Remember when I said I wanted to be fucked silly? I kept you because you were handsome. It could have easily been the brave boyfriend who tried to punch me when I went to swallow his girlfriend. I mean, it's not cheating if she's *food*, right? But no, I kept you because you looked like a stud and I really need someone with the, ***urmph****, stamina to,* ***uuurrp****,* just

absolutely *plow* all of this gas out of me. So like, don't ruin that image for me, yeah? Play along and you might just get out of this alive."

The man shuddered. Rosalind clicked her tongue.

"Am I really that revulsive?" she asked.

"You ate my friends," the man said. "I can *feel* them."

Rosalind scoffed.

"Okay, I've eaten other people's *friends* before," she said, "and even though it was all '*why'* and '*oh my god'* and *'please don't eat me'*, they still popped a boner when I rubbed my enormous ass on their cock. What are you, gay? I mean, that's like, totally cool and all, but I kind of need to know if I'm barking up the wrong tree."

"I'm not gay."

"Then why—"

"You ate my friends!"

"Oh, fucking cry me a river," Rosalind said, stuffing his face into her tits. The oversized sweater she wore had bunched around her chest. The man's face sank right in. "I guess you're not a desperate loser who pops a stiffy just because a girl implies she's going to have sex with them. La-di-da, what a man you are. I bet you were captain of the football team or some shit. I wouldn't have even been on your radar. But guess what, honey bunches? We live in the real world now, and sometimes, in the real world, predatory goths break into your apartment and eat your friends! You don't have to have a conniption about it."

Without the use of his arms, the man had no way to push her off. Rosalind used her weight to her advantage, leaning forward until she no longer felt any resistance.

Something tapped the bottom of her thigh.

"Oh, oh, what is this! Did you finally give in? Have I converted you to the religion of fat goth chicks?"

The man gasped for air, red in the face.

"Abso…lutely…not."

“I know what a cock feels like, dude,” Rosalind chuckled, rubbing her ass on it. “That’s 100 percent a certified stiffy. Was it the smothering? Do you like to be smothered? Because, if so, I’ve got a big ol’ body and lots of places I can stuff ya.”

“No.”

“Then…is it boobs?”

The man flushed harder, gritting his teeth. Rosalind, grinning from ear to ear, pressed her tits into his chest. His cock twitched.

“You’re a boob guy!” she said. “Oh, there’s no shame in that. The biggest problem for boob guys is that they’re usually also into skinny bitches. News flash, dude: boobs are fat! Skinny girls with boobs are a myth perpetuated by Big Plastic Surgery! If you really wanna feel some soft mommy milkers on your face, you gotta get with a fat chick.”

Another gargantuan rumble shook through her stomach. Rosalind let out a belch into her arm, then lifted her shirt. The man tried not to look, but he couldn’t help himself.

“Big, huh? Yeah, those are the real deal. Your buddy actually moved me up a cup size or two. By the time I’m finished with Dildo or whatever her name was, I’ll probably be a H-cup or larger. They’re not super firm—another plastic myth—but they’re soft and huge and when they’re bunched up like this in my bra, you could absolutely *drown* in my cleavage.”

Rosalind leaned forward until the man’s nose touched her chest. He gulped, staring into her tits.

“What do you say?” she asked. “Wanna take a dip?”

Sweat trickled down the man’s face. The woman in Rosalind’s gut had all but collapsed and now, her stomach was just one soft, round ball propping up her massive boobs. He was tempted—Rosalind could feel it—but when ten seconds passed and he didn’t bury his face in her chest, she sighed and did it for him.

“Suuuuuch a baby,” she said, getting his nose in deep. His cheeks slipped past the sides of her cleavage until his face was completely buried. “Still thinking of your friends? Forget them!”

The heat in her stomach passed down into her intestines. Rosalind’s eyelids fluttered as the orgasmic warmth spread across her thighs.

“Mmm, all gone. See? Well, I guess there’s one more step, but unless you’re a real pervert, I probably shouldn’t talk about it. You are *so* hard right now, by the way. I totally just assumed that you had a big cock, but by the feel of it, I won the jackpot! I’ll let you do whatever you want to my tits as long as you promise to fuck me proper. Ever been with a girl big enough to give you a tit job? Would that get you to stop whining?”

The man’s cock, already at its limit, sprang free from the waistband of his shorts. It settled between her thighs, twitching hard.

“I’ll take *that* as a yes!”

She slid off the man’s lap and onto the floor. He was staring down at her, horny, horrified, lust and fear in equal parts—Rosalind’s sweet spot. She grinned at him as she took the corners of her sweater in both hands and yanked it over her head. The soft, white swells of her belly rolled against the chair and her tits, already straining, broke the strap of her bra with a loud snap, spilling out onto her in a bouncing heap.

“Alright, let’s see what we’re working with.”

His cock stood at attention, half hidden beneath the fabric of his black sports shorts. Rosalind pulled the shorts back with a thumb, sliding them down around his knees. What she saw made her hum with satisfaction.

“Another fun fact about fat women,” she said. The man had squeezed his eyes shut, only to have them flutter open as she took his cock in her hand. “We have a lot of cushion for the pushin’, so it’s best if you’ve got something long enough to handle it. Of course, there are plenty of positions for less endowed men and they’re all equally

enjoyable, but, if I may be so forward, I intend to ride you like a stallion, and for that–"

She gave his cock a squeeze.

"—I need a stallion."

The man watched with rapt attention as Rosalind slid his cock between her tits. Pressing her boobs together, the hard red tip of him just barely poked out.

"The trick to tit jobs," Rosalind said, "is pressure."

A perfunctory bounce had the man gasping. Rosalind let the warmth of her body roll over him .

Bounce. Bounce. Bounce.

"Right now, there's no pressure," Rosalind said.

She had to lean over him to get to his cock, her stomach overflowing on his legs. For once, the man seemed ignorant of all of the churning, sludgy motions of his friends passing through her intestines. There was only one thing he was aware of.

"Feel how heavy my boobs are? You're absolutely buried in them right now. A little bit of skin on skin is hot, but it's not enough to blow the volcano, so you're just twitching like crazy, but if I squeeze a bit?"

Rosalind pressed her shoulders together, squeezing her chest. The man's knee foot pounded the floor in an impotent flurry of motion.

"That happens!"

"Please," the man said. "Please."

"You don't want this?"

"I…"

The man looked to the heavens. Rosalind put on her biggest pout, resting her elbows on his hips.

"Are you going to eat me?"

Rosalind considered lying.

"Eventually," she decided. "Yeah, I'm gonna eat you."



“Are you gonna eat me like you ate Dave…or like you ate Dolly?”

Rosalind smiled.

“Which would you prefer?” she asked.

Dave had gone down quick and rough. Even with his head locked in her gullet, he had beat against her breasts, kicking, punching, screaming as she forced him through the bend and into her belly, twisting until he disappeared.

And he had been the lucky one.

Dolly, she had taken her time with. Dolly had gotten the full treatment. Dolly had gotten a description of every grisly detail while Rosalind narrated, in real time, what her body was doing to Dave.

Dolly, Rosalind had flattened against the counter so that she could feel the moment when Dave broke apart with a crunch—when his liquid remains slurped into her intestines and started to fatten her tits.

Then Rosalind ate her.

Slowly.

As the man in the chair watched.

He looked down at her with his cock between her tits. Rosalind waited on his decision. Was he going to scream? Struggle? Threaten her?

“Are you…single?”

Rosalind blinked.

“What was that, sweetheart?” she asked.

“I was just wondering,” the man said. “I mean…”

Rosalind started to laugh.

“Are you asking me out?” she said. “Have I finally converted you to the church of fat goth bitches? What happened to your precious brunettes?”

“Um.”

He shuffled, twitching against her tits.



“Ah,” Rosalind said with a smile. “It really was the boobs. I tell you, they’re magical, but if you wanna get with me, honey, you gotta get with *all* of me. The whole package. I’m not just tits in a can.”

“I would…like to try.”

There was no way of knowing if he was sincere or not, but Rosalind had seen that bashful blush on a lot of men in her lifetime; men with a fetish for fat girls or men that were mesmerized by her subversive fashion sense. In their approximation, nose rings and fishnets were a shorthand for “I’ll suck your cock” and while, in Rosalind’s case, they weren’t wrong, it wasn’t exactly a solid basis for the start of a relationship. Especially when she’d just devoured their friends.

But maybe…

“I’m not convinced,” Rosalind huffed, jiggling her body. “I think you’re just trying to get out of being eaten. It’s a shame, really. You seem like a great guy. I bet you’d take me out to all kinds of fancy restaurants.”

She squeezed around his cock and started to bounce again. The man’s words came between huffs of air.

“I would.”

Bounce. Bounce.

“Sushi?”

Bounce. Bounce.

“Yes.”

Bounce. Bounce.

“Steak houses?”

Bounce. Bounce.

“Of course.”

Rosalind pressed her tits together as hard as she could, drawing a sharp gasp and a hot shudder as the man started to move on his own, thrusting into her cleavage. He made eye contact with her the entire time. Now it was Rosalind’s turn to hold back a blush.

“I’d take you dancing,” he said. “Once a year, my company holds a ball. I want to see you in a dress. I want to hold you close.”

It was just talk, just talk, but Rosalind couldn’t help but imagine the scene—her in an opulent black dress and him in a tuxedo, waltzing around some glitzy ballroom while rich people gawked at them, scandalized by the display. She’d swallow one of them in the bathroom and when she came out, it would be their little secret, and he’d grind against her as she digested his coworker into a pile of slush and champagne. Then they’d go home and fuck. Hard. It was such a pleasant fantasy that she barely noticed when the man squirmed and hissed and squirted all over the top of her tits. Her stomach growled.

“Oops,” Rosalind giggled, looking down. “Popped the cork too fast, I’m afraid. My bad. I meant to edge you for a bit longer.”

“That’s…okay.”

There was a discarded shirt that she had belched up after swallowing Dolly. She reached for it now, washing away his sticky seed, all the while humming to herself an imaginary waltz. The man had his eyes closed again. Was that bliss on his face? Regret?

“So,” Rosalind said. “You wanna date me?”

The man opened one eye.

“Desperately,” he said.

That definitely wasn’t true. The switch had come too fast—the men who usually asked Rosalind out were bashful from the start—but it didn’t hurt to indulge the fantasy a little longer, did it? He was such a handsome man! All square-jawed, with just a hint of grey coming in around his temples. He had a beard, too, which was a plus. Muscular. He could probably lift her if she wasn’t carrying three people’s weight.

“I’m still not convinced,” Rosalind said, crossing her arms. She noted that his eyes went first to her tits, then to her stomach. Not a bad sign. “What about the fact that I eat people? Surely you have moral quandaries about that.”

“Some,” the man admitted.

“And I like it! I won’t stop. People are food to me and I won’t hesitate to eat anybody, even you, if I get hungry or bored enough. I’ll test you, too. I’m toxic like that. I’ll wait until you’re close with another girl, then I’ll make you feed her to me as a loyalty test. You’ll probably cry or something.”

“Right.”

“I’ll clog your toilet.”

Rosalind shook her ass at him.

“Huh.”

“Like, really really bad,” she emphasized. “You’ll have to call a plumber and they’ll be like, ‘what the fuck?’ and when they’re finished, I’ll eat the plumber. Then the problem will start all over again.”

“I can deal with that,” the man said.

“You just want to have sex with me.”

“I won’t deny that’s a benefit.”

“I’ll have you know I’m insatiable. I’m going to need it five times a day. If you can’t keep up with that, you get swallowed.”

“Oh.”

Was there anything else to be said at that point? Rosalind tapped her chin. Her stomach was gurgling like crazy.

“Say that fat goth chicks turn you on.”

The man gulped. Rosalind was unbuttoning her skirt.

“Uh, fat goth chicks turn me on.”

Her skirt dropped to the floor. Underneath, her black, lacy panties were barely visible past the overhang of her gut. Rosalind turned to show him her ass again. The man was sweating bullets.

“Really? This ass turns you on? A lot of people went into making it.”

She bent so that it was level with his face, giving a little shake. The man swallowed so hard that she heard it without turning.

“It’s beautiful.”



“And heavy,” Rosalind agreed. “I like facesitting. Tell me you want that.”

“I want that.”

She brought her ass closer to his face. She could feel his breath against the lining of her panties.

“Want what?”

“I…want you to sit on my face.”

“No.”

Rosalind bounced herself against his nose. He was shaking.

“Say you want to be *buried* under my *big, sweaty ass*. Tell me how much you want it.”

“I w-want to be buried under your big, sweaty ass so bad that I think…I’m about to lose my mind.”

A quick peek confirmed that he was rock hard. Rosalind smiled to herself, straightening up. Her stomach, heavy and liquid, sloshed in her hands. She was starting to get hungry again, but that could wait.

“Well,” Rosalind said, stalking around the man. He swiveled his head to follow her, straining against his bindings. “I must admit, you’ve intrigued me. I’ve had plenty of *perverts* tell me they wanted to date me, but none as adamantly as you have. I guess Donny and Darrel didn’t mean that much to you, huh?”

She gathered her stomach in her arms. The man’s face went white as the shadow of her stomach loomed over his head.

“Kiss it.”

He obliged.

“Lick it.”

The man hesitated at first, then stuck his tongue out. Rosalind purred as she let herself slide over it, knowing that he was tasting her. When she pulled back, he was shaking, but whether from fear or excitement, she didn’t know. All she knew was that teasing him had awakened an entirely different appetite in her.

“Fine,” she said.

As the man started to exclaim, she put a finger to his lips.

“I agree to a trial run. I’m not just going to cut you loose. We’re going to have sex and if you satisfy me, I’ll think about extending your privileges, but if you betray me in any way, you’re going straight down my gullet, alright?”

The man nodded.

“Great!” Rosalind said, grabbing the back of the chair. “Let’s idiot-proof the bedroom, then.”

It took her about ten minutes to make sure that the man had no chance of escaping. First, she dragged a heavy dresser in front of the door. Then she made sure that all of the windows were shut and locked. The bedroom, evidently Doddy and Doody’s, had an attached bathroom. That would be handy later, but for now, she shattered a vase, tossed the flowers aside, and sprinkled the glass in front of the door. No way Barefoot Billy was going to risk getting his feet chopped up.

He watched all of this from the chair, passively waiting until Rosalind approached him with a pair of scissors.

“Like I said,” Rosalind said, holding the scissors to the ropes that bound his feet, “one wrong move and you’re a bowel movement, comprende?”

“I understand,” the man said.

The ropes fell to the floor and the man didn’t run. When she cut the ropes on his wrists, he merely rubbed the welts. That left them in the middle of the room staring at each other. The man’s shorts were around his ankles. Rosalind was in her underwear.

“Well?” she said.

He approached her as one would a wild animal. Long, stalking steps. Eyes on her mouth. Every time her stomach gurgled, he jumped a little, which Rosalind found endearing. She wanted to torture him with that sound, submerge him in her gut with no choice but to listen to her sweet, biological music. When he got to her, he hesitated. He was a head taller than her, but he didn’t seem to know where to place his hands.

“Oh, for heaven’s sake,” Rosalind said.

She stood on her toes and kissed him. The taste of his mouth was like honey on her lips, stubble tickling her chin as the man seemed to melt into her, holding her, taking her waist in his hands. He pulled her close. Rosalind let out a surprised yelp.

“You’re, um, soft,” the man said.

His solid chest rose against hers as he took a deep breath. He was still wearing his shirt, a gray, cotton thing that obscured his tender body. Rosalind tugged at it impatiently until the man pulled it over his head and then they were skin to skin, hard to soft, and his lips were on hers again and this time, he was the ravenous one.

Three short steps had Rosalind on the bed, the man on top of her, touching, needing. His hands explored every crevice of her ample body, only stopping briefly as he came across a lump beneath her breasts.

“What is–”

“It’s a skull, sweetheart,” Rosalind said, monitoring his reaction. He paled for a second, guilty as a schoolboy, but then the skull shifted and Rosalind moaned. The man looked at her, confused. “Feels good when you play with it.”

That was only partially true. The best was when her prey was freshly broken, sludgy and sloppy, but still solid enough to squish. Feeling their remains sloshing around her stomach was only elevated by the application of big, male hands, squashing and squeezing, but rolling a skull around her ribs was nice, too. What Rosalind was really looking for was any pullback. Was playing with his roommate’s skull a step too far?

The man pressed down on the lump. It crunched beneath his hand, pulped into a warm, softening mass that had Rosalind gasping. Her hips bucked beneath his arm. A mighty rumble shook the bed.

OOOouuuuurrrPP!

“Sorry,” Rosalind giggled. Her stomach had flattened over the lump, rounding into a quivering ball. “Got a lotta gas to work out, still.”

“Er…naturally.”

Goodness, he was cute! His nervous glances. His fidgety hands. Rosalind didn’t care if he was trying to escape or not—his shy boy routine was turning her on.

“How about I take a turn?”

Before the man could protest, Rosalind rolled over on top of him. There was a great whoosh of air as the oxygen was pushed from his lungs. She straddled his hips, wriggling a bit to make sure his cock was still there, then sat on it. It slid straight into her ass, hilting at his balls. The man’s expression was priceless!

“What?” Rosalind asked, putting her full weight on his hips. The man clutched the sheets like they were the only thing tethering him to the earth. “None of those brunettes ever let you put it in their ass?”

“L-lube?” the man asked.

It took Rosalind a moment to get what he meant.

“Oh no,” she chuckled, lifting herself slightly. “I’m so sweaty I could drown a horse down there. Don’t worry, we’ll get to that next. For now—”

SLAM!

The whole bed shook.

“—just enjoy yourself.”

It had been a while since she’d ridden cock. Usually, she was too bloated to even think about it, but with both of her victims slushing in her intestines, her gut was *juuuust* solid enough that she could get away with a vigorous bouncing. The man’s eyes rolled back in his head as Rosalind twisted her hips, grinding away until, with a hitch of his breath, he came inside of her. Satisfied with her performance, Rosalind heaved herself onto his thighs.

“What was that?” she teased, pouting her lips. “You lasted all of ten seconds!”



“T-tight! Too much…pressure.”

Awww, what had she done to the poor boy? He was panting like a dog, fingers grasping helplessly at the bed. She took his wrists and placed her stomach in his hands. He whimpered as it vibrated across his palms, the warm, sludgy movement of his roommates traveling in knots toward their ultimate destination.

That he had just fucked to completion.

“You really are a pervert,” Rosalind said with a smirk.

Her bangs were sticking to her forehead. She wiped them back with her forearm, quivering as the man continued to knead her belly.

“It’s real hot in there,” Rosalind said. “I mean, totally sweltering. And stiiiinky! I’ve had a few willing meals in my life who were so excited to get in my gut, but once they were there, boy did they complain! Too tight, too heavy, too hot, too *gassy*. I mean, imagine describing a girl’s stomach like that! Way rude. And of course then it’s ‘*wah, wah, it hurts’*, and *‘oh god, you’re digesting me’* like ***that*** was ever going to be a pleasant process! I guess people like the theory, you know? The ‘warm and safe inside of her’ part where I cradle them beneath my fat tits and tell them that they’re mine and milk their cocks through my stomach…somehow. Not that people don’t get off in there. Once they realize I’m not letting them out, hell, they jerk their cocks like there’s no tomorrow! Which, you know, there isn’t.”

“Why do you do it, then?” the man asked.

Ah, there was the intensity she’d been expecting. When she ate Dottie, oh he’d screamed and screamed, cursing her for all eternity. That’s when the gag went in. Now, he was staring at her stomach with that same intensity, grabbing it like he was trying to reach inside of her.

Rosalind smiled.

“There’s not a single answer that will satisfy you, you know,” she said, tracing the man’s jaw with her thumb. “I guess the easiest is ‘because I was hungry’, but that always prompts, ‘then why people?’ to which I respond ‘why not people’, which starts this whole, moral

debate. Wouldn't it be easier, better, more comforting to just…not think about it and fuck me instead?"

She almost had him. The snare of lust was set and if he continued any further, he'd be an accomplice, a collaborator—the guy who'd *fucked* the girl who ate his roommates and not the guy who had no choice. But, right at that critical junction, there came a sound from the apartment proper. A key in a lock. A door opening.

The man's chest swelled as he took a deep breath.

"Jess–"

Rosalind shoved her belly over his face.

"Hello?" came a female voice from just beyond the door. "Dolly? Dave?"

There was something beautiful about the bittersweet sting of betrayal. Rosalind kept her weight on the man's face, smothering him as the new voice explored the apartment.

"Well damn," Rosalind said. The man tried to free his arms, but they were pinned under her fat thighs. "I was really hoping that we could work things out. I mean, fuck, man, I put out on the first date! That's my bad. Now I have to eat you *and* whoever just walked through the door. It's a good thing I just made some room…"

The man jerked once, twice, then went still. Rosalind slid off of the bed.

"You really are pretty," she called over her shoulder. "Too bad you're going to be sludge in a few minutes."

Rosalind pressed her ear to the door. The woman was walking around, opening cabinets, muttering under her breath. Shoving the dresser aside, Rosalind cleared her throat and, in a clear falsetto:

"In here!"

The sound of a cabinet being slammed. A swear.

"Fucking hell, girl! I was about to call the police. Your place looks like it's been robbed, you know that?"

Footsteps on the other side of the door. Rosalind held back, waiting with bated breath as the knob turned and a pretty brunette walked into the room.

She was everything that Rosalind despised: tall and skinny and fashionable. Her oversized tee shirt hung from her narrow shoulders, bunched in the back over a pair of jean shorts and black leather boots. If Rosalind wore the same outfit, she'd look like a pig, but on *Jess*, it was positively adorable.

"That you, Dave?" the girl asked, lowering her sunglasses. She squinted across the room where the man lay passed out on the bed. "I don't have my contacts in right now, so you'd better not be naked."

Jess took another step into the room, still squinting.

"Oh. My. God. You are naked! Where's Dolly? We're supposed to go out. This better not be you guys asking me for a threeway."

"Why?" Rosalind asked. Jess whirled around as the door slammed shut. "Afraid of a little girl-on-girl action?"

"Who the hell are you?" Jess asked, wrinkling her nose. Rosalind was naked except for her nose ring. She smiled sweetly at the fashionista who swiveled to look at the man on the bed. "Oh fucking Christ, what is this? Another lame ass attempt to seduce me? I mean, seriously, dude, one no isn't…enough…is he fucking okay?"

The man was groaning. He would wake up soon.

"That's actually why I called you in here," Rosalind said. "We were having sex and he just, like, passed out on me! My phone's totally dead and I was looking for his. Could you call the police?"

"Oh shit! Yeah!"

As Jess fished her phone out of her purse, the man began to sit up. Rosalind smiled at him as Jess pulled out her phone.

"Jess, call the—"

GULP!

The phone slid down Rosalind's throat in one, smooth motion. Jess just stared at her, awe-struck.

"Did this bitch just eat my phone?"

The man tried to stumble out of bed, but he was still lightheaded from suffocation. He fell to his knees, coughing and sputtering as Jess pushed a finger into Rosalind's chubby bosom, advancing on her like she wasn't outweighed by a few hundred pounds.

"What the fuck is going on here? Some sex thing? I'm seriously going to sue you if you don't spit up my phone right now. Hey, what are you doing? Hey!"

Rosalind bumped her with her belly. It was only a slight nudge, but Jess stumbled backward. Her knees hit the bed and she sat, baffled. Rosalind stood over her, grinning.

"Is this the kind of girl that you're into?" Rosalind asked, addressing the man on the floor. He stared at her in horror. "I mean, she's pretty and all, but it seems like there's nothing but cotton fluff between her ears."

"Hey!"

The man had gone completely white in the face. He knew from experience how fast she could swallow a human being. This close to Jess? It wouldn't even take a second.

"You could run," Rosalind said, nodding at the open door. "You could run screaming into the hall and there's nothing I could do to stop you. The police might even get here in time before I churn this bitch, but they won't be able to do anything. Predators like me? We're rare. And it's not like there's going to be any evidence left if they're too late."

"Uh, what is she talking about?"

"Don't hurt her," the man said. He stood, cautiously, keeping his distance. Rosalind watched him through half-lidded eyes, tilting her chin toward the door.

"Lock it."

Again, he hesitated. He could run. Rosalind wasn't bluffing about that. If he ran, he'd save himself, and while there was no guarantee that she would face justice and poor sweet Jess would meet a grisly end in her gut.

“Good boy,” Rosalind said as the man closed the door. “On the bed, now.”

He did as she asked.

Since Jess had entered the room, a knot had been growing in Rosalind’s chest. Was it guilt weighing her down? The ghosts of her victims, like boulders on her conscience? Of course not. It was a buoyant ball of gas inflating her stomach—a tender knot of rancid air pressing against her esophagus.

Jess, oblivious to all, wrinkled her nose and tried to stand.

“Where do you think you’re going?” Rosalind said sweetly, knocking her back onto the bed with her hip.

“Look,” Jess said. “I don’t want any part in whatever pervert kidnapping fantasy you two are obviously playing out right now. I came to pick up Dolly and now, you’ve *eaten my fucking phone* AND I’ve had to look at your ugly, naked asses. So, how about this—”

She pulled a canister of mace from her purse.

“—you spit up my phone and tell me where Dolly is and I won’t send you to the fucking ER.”

Rosalind slapped the mace out of her hand. Jess looked at her empty palm, baffled.

“God, you’re dumb,” Rosalind said. She kicked the mace under the bed before the man got any dumb ideas. “You, *urp,* wanna know where Dolly is? You’ve been staring at her this entire time.”

Jess’s eyes went wide. She glanced from Rosalind’s stomach to her face, then back to her stomach which vibrated gently, ceaselessly pumping, absorbing, expanding. The general populace didn’t think that preds existed, but surely she’d heard stories? Rosalind lowered herself to Jess’s level. Jess turned away from her as she brought her face close.

“If you listen close, you can still hear them,” Rosalind said. “Listen.”

She opened her mouth wide, stretching her jaw far past the point of human capability. Her throat was a pulsing tunnel of pink flesh

surrounding a hole. It was wet and deep and smelly, but it was also soft and alive. Maybe that's why so many men were fascinated with the idea of being swallowed by her. Rosalind didn't have time to contemplate. The bubble of air, reaching maximum capacity, sensed its opening and rushed out of her in a loud, exuberant belch.

BBwwwoOUuuUUuuUUUuuuuuUUURRRRP!

Jess blinked at her, face covered in slobber. Her perfect hair had been blown backwards in the blast, her scrunchie flung across the room. Stunned, her lower lip quivered as she contemplated the darkness of Rosalind's quiet maw, then slowly her eyes drifted back down to her stomach and she shrieked.

Or tried to.

"Don't eat her!" the man yelled.



Rosalind looked at him sideways, Jess's head already half inside of her mouth. The girl's jaw was sealed shut by Rosalind's tongue,

tilting her forward into oblivion. A raised eyebrow begged the question:

Why not?

"If you don't eat her, I'll do whatever you ask," the man said. "Anything you like, just name it."

A tingle went down Rosalind's spine. She loved it when men made promises they couldn't keep. She spat out Jess's head, keeping her hand around the girl's throat as she smiled down at him. He was on bended knee, trembling.

"Anything?" Rosalind said.

"Anything," the man confirmed.

"What if it's really, really gross?"

She tipped Jess toward her mouth. The man jolted.

"Anything!"

"Alright," Rosalind said with a shrug. "I won't eat her."

"Oh, thank you, thank you—what are you doing?!"

Rosalind was turning around. Her bare ass dwarfed the skinny girl's face, each cheek wide enough to suffocate her if she sat with conviction. She could feel Jess's breath on her sweaty pucker, coming out in quick gasps. Was she upset about her friends? Was she worried about what Rosalind might do to her?

"Kiss it," Rosalind said.

"What? No! Ew!"

Jess tried to push her off, but Rosalind was too heavy. Rosalind lowered her onto Jess's head, slathering her in sweat.

"Kiss it," Rosalind growled.

Her stomach gave a warning rumble. The man ran forward, putting a hand on Jess's knee.

"Just do as she says," he begged. "Jess, please."

"I am *not* kissing her asshole, you fucking freak!" Jess screamed. Her punches had no strength behind them. She beat uselessly at Rosalind's thighs. "What the fuck is this? What is happening? You can't…she couldn't have…"

“I did, and they’re actually kind of starting to clog me up,” Rosalind laughed, earning a glare from the man. God, he looked so pathetic, staring up at her from the bed. If only he’d been a good fuck toy, she might have let Jess leave the apartment unscathed.

Nah, she thought, wagging her ass against Jess’s nose. It was way too much fun to torment the pretty ones.

“Please, Jess,” the man said. “Please! It’s easy. Just–”

A pair of lips planted themselves on Rosalind’s asshole. She let out a lewd moan, spreading her legs. The man pulled back.

“Jess…”

“Listen to him, Jess,” Rosalind said. “I wanna feel you kiss me like a lover. Make out with me a bit. Just really get in there.”

“I. Won’t.”

Just then, a buzzing sound bubbled through Rosalind’s stomach. Someone was calling Jess. Her phone rang three times, each time causing the couple to flinch. Rosalind burped.

“You wanna get that?” she asked.

“Jess, she’s gonna fucking swallow you, kiss her ass,” the man said.

Rosalind pulled her asscheek aside with a hand. Jess, trembling, brought her lips forward and lightly, *lightly* grazed Rosalind’s asshole.

“I said make out with it,” Rosalind chided.

“Jess,” the man begged.

Finally, with a grunt of fear and disgust, Jess planted her lips on Rosalind’s asshole and kissed it like she meant it. An electric tingle went up Rosalind’s spin as Jess smeared her lips all over her sweaty pucker, kissing, licking, and sucking on the twitching hole as Rosalind let out moan after moan.

“Yessss, keep going. Just like that. I’m getting close. You’re doing great!”

She couldn’t reach around her belly, but the man anticipated her need, kneeling between her legs with his mouth against her muff as she was eaten out from both ends. It was thus that he didn’t notice

when Rosalind shifted backward, nor did he distinguish Jess's panicked grunt from her lustful lapping.

Rosalind stood on her toes. She was getting so close! The man was licking her ravenously, putting his whole face in her cooch as Jess's frantic pounding went unnoticed. Rosalind's eyelids fluttered. Her mouth formed an O. She took the man's head and held him steady as, with all of her might, she slammed her ass down on Jess's body, sheathing the girl in her colon with an enormous squelch.

"Oooh! Oooh! OoooooOOOOOH!"

A full-body orgasm sent her mind into orbit. She forgot about the man drowning in her pussy. She forgot whose house she was in. All that mattered was the fantastic sense of mass that was pressing on her intestines, solid and squirming and absolutely screaming her head off.

That only lasted a few seconds, really. Rosalind's intestines weren't a place where one should open their mouth.

"Fuuuuuck, that was good," she said. From the front, it looked like she was sitting on Jess's lap. The girl's legs were curved beneath hers, pinned under her thighs. The man, having freed himself, coughed and sputtered, looking up at the lump that had just formed in Rosalind's underbelly. It took him a second to figure out what he was looking at.

"You promised!" he screamed.

There was violence in his eyes. He got back to his knees, ready to leap, but Rosalind beat him to the punch. She slid off the bed onto his chest, entombing him beneath her big, blubbery body as her pucker continued to clench and tug, pulling in Jess's hips, her thighs, her knees. Rosalind smiled down at the man whose face was, once more, buried under her breasts.

"Can you feel that?" she asked. "It *feels* like she found your friends!"

The man let out a muffled sob. With Jess in her ass and the residual orgasm leaving her sensitive, it was all Rosalind could do to



avoid cumming a second time as he pressed against her belly, massaging her through layers of flesh and fat.

She pressed herself against the floor, drooling. His knees were between her legs. Every kick made her flutter. Every scream was devoured by her sweaty tits.

"This is perfect," Rosalind sighed, pinning his arms with her elbows. "Absolutely perfect."

Using the last of his strength, the man tried to lift her off of him. He heaved his back against the floor, forming a bridge with his hips that dug into Rosalind's navel. She was content to watch him struggle, to flatten him under her bulk, but then an evil thought occurred to her. She started to grind, slowly at first, then in huge, fluid motions. She rubbed her taut belly against the man's cock and within a few seconds, his body responded.

"You love this!" Rosalind laughed. "A pretty brunette, trapped in my stomach. No wonder you're humping it like a dog!"

The sounds emanating from her stomach were inhuman, or maybe just inhumane. Disgusting, horrid squelches. Bassy echoes of trapped gasses and screams. Rosalind had never tried to eat someone with her ass before—had never known the pleasure of having someone slide *up* instead of *down.* Spasms racked her body. Every time the man thrust, he'd press against something deep and precious, drawing her closer. His arms were wrapped around her stomach. He was trying to roll her off of him, but really, he was just squeezing.

"Gooooooood, you're gonna make me cum!"

The man let go, but it was too late. Rosalind dragged her stomach over his face and came.

"Fuuuuuuuuuuck!"

A meaty slurp announced Jess's arrival. When Rosalind rolled over, a new bulge greeted her, no longer hidden under mounds of fat. She patted it appreciatively. The man, gasping, tried to claw his way up onto her.

“Oh, give it a rest,” Rosalind said, stuffing him into her armpit. “You already tried to play the hero and see how well that worked out for you? Sucks. We probably would have made a really cute couple.”

“Mmrrph!”

Rosalind eased up.

“Hmm?”

“I’d never be with someone like you,” the man spat. His face was red from anger and suffocation. Her sweat was smeared on his brow. “Never! You gluttonous, evil, black-hearted woman! How can you live with yourself? How can you feel someone *die* in your stomach without begging for repentance?”

“You’re, uh, not gonna get all religious on me right now, are you?”

“Killing people is wrong!”

“But eating isn’t,” Rosalind pointed out. “I mean, animals eat animals all the time. That’s kind of what you are to me. Talking animals.”

The man’s mouth opened and shut, flabbergasted. Rosalind took the time to stretch and admire her new form.

“I can already tell this brunette’s going to take me a few days to digest,” she chuckled. “Plenty of time for you to worship me. If you’re good, I might even let you trade places with her. If you’re bad, well, the back door is always an option.”

There was no energy left in the man’s limbs. He watched her stomach sway back and forth, cringing every time the bulge leapt or twisted. Jess’s movements were sluggish. A lot of people didn’t realize how exhausting it was to face the constant pressure of stomach walls—especially in a stomach as large as Rosalind’s. Thus, after a minute, the desperate thudding became a meagre tapping, then, eventually, a resigned silence.

“You were never going to let me escape.”

The man had extricated himself from Rosalind's armpit, but she kept a loose hand on his leg, ready to grab him if he ran. She looked at him, smirking. Having a full stomach always put her in a good mood.

"I mean, not for the first few days," she said. "I would have waited until your roommates were swimming in the sewers. Then, even if you called the cops, there'd be no evidence. But after that stunt you pulled with this hussie?"

She slapped her stomach. It jiggled.

"Not a chance."

The man was silent. Was he going to try to appeal to her emotions again? That wouldn't work. Rosalind was well beyond the moral limits. She had accepted her place in Hell or its equivalent. The only question left was how much pleasure she could milk out of life before an angry mob inevitably came to string her up.

"I think," the man said, "that I'd rather go now."

"You want me to eat you right now?" Rosalind asked, raising an eyebrow. The man kept his head down, his expression blank. "Two people in my stomach would double the digestion time. It would take me two, maybe three days to get to both of you, and I'll be real, dude, it hurts a *lot*. Did you think I was cruel when I digested Dolly? That was me being *nice.*"

"You remembered her name."

Rosalind snorted.

"I remember everyone's name, even if I try not to," she said, closing her eyes. She kept her hand on the man's ankle, but he made no attempt to run. Hesitant fingers rubbed against her love handles. His palms eventually found Jess and stopped there.

"Would we have made a good couple?"

Again, Rosalind snorted.

"Stop trying to get on my good side," she said. "I've already resolved to eat you. You're as good as glop."

"Would we?"

The tingle running through Rosalind's belly made her chatty. She rolled on her side, flopping her stomach down on the man, and held her arm under his head. They lay together like that for a while, face to face.

"I don't know," Rosalind admitted. "I'm not for most people, you know? I guess there's theoretically someone out there for me, but they'd have to be okay with *this*." She pointed at her gut. "Because I wasn't lying when I said I wouldn't stop. I tried going vegan, once. Okay, well not vegan, but not eating people, y'know? And guess what? It *hurt*. Imagine constantly being on the edge of starvation. The hunger pangs. The lack of energy. I couldn't even get out of bed at one point. People say that being a predator is a curse, but honestly, it feels so good that I've never considered it to be anything but a blessing. People have never been kind to me. I was husky even before I ever found out about all of *this*. God, you should have seen me in high school. Same fishnets, eye shadow, and lipstick; whole different bitch. I was so hungry and I didn't know why. The first person I ate was my biggest bully. After that?"

Rosalind shrugged.

The man took in a shallow breath.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'm sorry that happened to you. If I might be honest with *you*, I probably would have been one of your bullies. I was fat in middle school and then my growth spurt hit and all of my shame and self loathing came out as a disdain for anyone who looked the way that I used to. But…actually, I never learned your name."

"Rosalind."

"Well, Rosalind, what I'm trying to say is: I changed. I became less of a prick after high school. Most people do. I never made the apologies that I should have, but I think about the people I picked on all of those years ago and I ache for them. I hope they're doing okay."

The man went silent again. His eyes were misting up. Despite herself, Rosalind leaned forward and took him into her bosom. When

that failed to stop the sniffling, she kissed him on the lips. He pulled back in surprise.

"This isn't a Saturday morning cartoon," Rosalind said. Jess was pounding again. She was starting to get wet. "I'm not actually traumatized. Just like you learned to be less of a prick, I learned to love myself, and oops, this is what it looks like. I'm not going to stop being a pred, nor are you going to suddenly lose that pretty little conscience of yours. We'd never work, you and I. But in another life? One in which I didn't eat people?"

The man laughed his first, genuine laugh.

"You might have converted me to—how did you put it?—'fat goth bitches'."

Rosalind kissed him again. Warmth was spreading through her and it had nothing to do with the digested slurry knocking on her pucker. She took the man up into her arms. It was going to be now or never.

"Alright, whoever you are," she said. "I'm going to eat you, now, before you manage to charm your way out of this bedroom. It's nothing personal. I just don't trust you not to grab a kitchen knife and carve me open, yeah?"

His lips twisted. He'd been thinking about it.

"Is this going to hurt?" he asked as she opened her mouth and wet her throat.

"The swallowing?" Rosalind said. "No. I'll make that smooth and painless. The days of digestion? I mean, yeah, unless I swan dive off the bed and crush you both. I could also totally belch out all of your air or duck your heads under the acids or—"

The man held up a hand.

"I don't, uh, need to know the details," he said.

"Then I'll be nice," Rosalind said with a wink.

Her mouth opened again. The man stared into her maw, his jaw set, his eyes steel, but Rosalind was holding him by the waist and he was trembling.



What a brave boy, Rosalind thought as she tilted him toward her gullet. *If only it wasn't for those pesky morals.*

His taste spread across her tongue like warm sake. It was citrus and leather, musk and old memories. He tasted like her bully, Rosalind realized, and in that realization she let out a hum of pleasure that lathered the man's face. His nose and mouth were pressed flush with her tongue. Without much thought, Rosalind lifted him by the shoulder and swallowed his head.

He was still laying on her chest. His hands reflexively grabbed at her shoulders. Rosalind pulled them away, tenderly taking his masculine hands, sucking each finger. She cherished the tiny, claustrophobic yelp as her gullet squeezed around his neck. Just as she was experiencing him, he was experiencing her.

Skin on skin, his hips arched over the expanse of her gut. Rosalind pulled him through her breasts and his cock hardened, as she knew it would. She considered, briefly, giving him the dignity of one last blowjob, but to deprive a man of his final fap before she digested him? How ludicrous! Besides, she wanted to feel him stroking himself inside of her. They always did, once they realized that their bits would dissolve, and Rosalind liked to mirror their climax. She put a hand on his cute tush and pulled.

SLURP! SLURP! SLURP!

Two bulges appeared in her stomach. Fresh movement from the woman as she experienced the hope of rescue, followed by a hysterical shriek as she realized that her only hope was being swallowed. Rosalind's stomach towered over her. She clutched it in both hands, tilted her head back, and took the man's legs in three quick gulps.

GLUP! GLUP! GuuuUULP!

"Fuuuuuucking hell!" Rosalind whimpered. Saliva spilled from the corners of her lips, saturating the carpet beneath her. The mountain of her stomach jiggled precariously as she raised herself up on one elbow. "This might take three, maybe *four days*. I really should have



thought about entertainment before I totally confined myself to this bedroom."

That part wasn't true. When Rosalind had secured the room, she had rummaged through Dolly's drawers and had found a number of turgid, pink implements that would entertain her just fine. She could also probably stand, with effort.

But, for now, she was content to rest on her back, watching her belly bounce from side to side as its occupants grew acquainted with each other. Her black nail polish disappeared into her pudge. The man moved beneath her palm, groaning.

"Poor fella," Rosalind belched. Her hand roved with practiced ease to the curve of her hips. She could just barely reach her cunt. "We were getting all soppy, but I bet you weren't expecting my gut to be *this* tight or *this* gross. And sharing it with someone else? The brunette is skinny, but not *that* skinny! You two are going to get real close."

For a while, she listened to the bubbling of her gut. It was a familiar backdrop, a noise often muffled by the fabric of bulky sweaters, and it was always accompanied by a slight vibration that got her just so…fantastically horny.

"It fucking blows that you went all Saint Theresa on me," Rosalind said. She rolled onto her side, easing her stomach to the carpet. "Man, there's nothing like laying flat on my gut while some guy rearranges my insides. I've been to a few parties where they just like, totally don't know there's someone in there. They just think I have a fat ass and a big belly, but once the drugs and alcohol wears off, it's hard to hide it. Having someone who knows that I eat people and fucks me anyway? That would be the dream. Wanna know the next best thing?"

Jess and the man were whispering to each other. Rosalind's eyebrow twitched. They were squirming with intention, their hands brushing the gooey contours of her inner stomach. What were they looking for?

“I said, wanna know the next best thing?”

She punched her gut. Jess yelped, but the man’s hands continued to glide. There was a hiss of triumph. Something was removed from a crease. A bone? Did he think that he was going to jimmy her esophagus open like a—

Rosalind’s face went white.

The phone! The fucking phone that she’d swallowed!

“244 E. Ludwick, apartment 5B. We are trapped in ***mmmph!***”

GWERSH!

“You son of a bitch!” Rosalind yelled. Her stomach was stuffed beneath her, hopefully muffling the phone’s speaker. With both her elbow and her knees, she squeezed. There was a wet pop. A wail of despair. Something hard stuck in Rosalind’s throat and with a sharp intake of air, she belched it out.



The phone clattered to the floor. The screen was dark. There was nobody on the other line.

"Sneaky, sneaky," Rosalind mumbled, trying to calm the thudding in her chest. The man had managed to get out the address. Was that enough? Would the police investigate even though he'd hung up? She pushed herself up onto her elbow and, with one knee, crushed the phone into a dozen pieces. Then she heaved herself to her feet.

"Oof."

Four people oozed inside of her—two clogging her intestines and two squirming in her stomach. Rosalind was strong, but she wasn't *that* strong. She had to lean against the bed for support, her belly sloshing and slapping as she waddled across the room to the curtains.

"You know what you've done, right?" Rosalind said, peering out the window. The street outside was empty except for a teenage skateboarder. "Now I have to digest *both* of you in the next five minutes. If the police do come, they'll find nothing but a fat goth girl housesitting for her friends. You'll be nothing but a lump of dough."

Even as she said it, Rosalind knew it would be impossible. Hadn't she already told them that it would be days before she'd digest them? Belching out their air was an option, but it wouldn't hide the very suspicious outline of two human bodies bouncing beneath her breasts. She'd have to think.

"I'll just lock the door," Rosalind decided. "I mean, it's not like they're going to break in, right? Anyone could have called about this address. It might have been a noise complaint for all the cops know. And that's if they even—"

Chirp chirp!

A squad car pulled around the corner. The skateboarder was so startled that he almost ran into a fire hydrant.

"Fuck!"

Rosalind sloshed to the door, forgetting that it was blocked by the dresser. With one hand on the wall, she pushed off, leaning her full weight against it.

CRASH!

The dresser tipped over.

It was still blocking the door.

Pulling her hair, Rosalind gave a grunt of frustration. She had to bend over to push the bottom of the dresser and doing so unbalanced her. Her knees thudded painfully against the carpet as she heaved with all of her might. A door closed outside of the apartment building. The cop was coming up the stairs.

"Fucking hell!" Rosalind screamed.

The dresser finally moved, allowing her to pull open the door and crawl into the hallway. The cop would knock, right? All she had to do was lock the door before the cop knocked.

Rosalind saw her error as she rounded the corner into the living room. The front door was wide open and the apartment was a mess.

"Fuck!"

Should she run? Hide? Grab a frying pan from the kitchen and brain the cop? Eating a few randos wouldn't arouse much suspicion, but the justice system didn't take kindly to cop murder.

In a burst of movement, Rosalind charged toward the door. She just had to close it! The cop had no warrant. She just had to close the door.

Her breath came in ragged gasps. Her stomach hindered her legs. Every step was painful, but the momentum was carrying her forward, forward. She was past the chair where she had tied up the man. She was past the kitchen. The door was in reach.

"Ma'am?"

And the cop was standing in the doorway.

Rosalind almost didn't recognize her as a police officer. She was tiny, shoulder height, with a uniform that seemed to be draped over her rather than worn. Her navy pants were held up by a belt on its furthest notch; her shirt was tucked and tied in the back with a rubber band. Notably, and to Rosalind's great relief, the only weapon the cop

seemed to have was a bottle of mace and a baton that came halfway down her thigh.

"Ma'am, my name is Officer Dobbs. We received a call from this location. Are you in need of any assistance?"

There was no way in hell the cop was asking her that. Rosalind was naked as sin. Her stomach was doubled up on itself, the outline of her prey *clear* atop the gurgling mound of her mammoth stomach. The apartment was a war zone. Hell, the door to the bedroom was open, chair and ropes very much evident amidst a pile of discarded clothes. If the word 'predator' in any way crossed the cop's mind, Rosalind was done for.

But the cop didn't mention any of that.

"You're wounded," she said.

Rosalind looked down. The bottom of her stomach had a red, angry burn from being dragged over the carpet.

"I guess I am," Rosalind said.

"Did you make the call?" the cop asked. What was her name? Dobby? No, Dobbs. She had made her way further into the room. Hope stirred in Rosalind's chest. If she could just close the door…

"I did," Rosalind said, maneuvering herself to the left. Her stomach let loose a damning gurgle, followed by the pounding of hands and knees. Jess and the man had recovered from their squashing. Rosalind flexed her abdomen, silencing them temporarily. "There was, uh, a break in. I'm housesitting for my friends, you see, and when I got here, everything was messed up."

Officer Dobbs nodded sympathetically. Rosalind noted that she had a cute face. Not hot, not sexy, just cute—with a button nose and wide, green eyes. Her hair was a blonde pile beneath her cap, loose strands tickling the nape of her slender neck. Mentally, Rosalind sized her up. She'd never had three in her stomach before, but Officer Dobbs was small. If she could move one of the others into her intestines, then swallowing the cop would be a piece of cake. Would she have to?

“I see,” Officer Dobbs said. There was a notebook in her hands. She flipped through the pages, frowning, then found a blank square and clicked her pen. Rosalind continued to inch toward the door. “Could you tell me your name, please?”

“Penny.”

“Mmhmm.”

“Penny, erm, Parker.”

“Well, Penny Parker,” Officer Dobbs said, “have you contacted the owner of the apartment?”

A muffled cry burbled through Rosalind’s belly. She dug her hands into her stomach, kneading downward, willing her intestines to swallow at least one of the squirming duo as she smiled uncomfortably. Sweat beaded beneath her breasts. Officer Dobbs ignored her, focusing on her notation.

“I have,” Rosalind said.

SHLIP!

Warm pain radiated through Rosalind’s navel. Someone’s foot had just entered her intestines. They were kicking, stirring up a fuss, but the weight of her belly had soaked up most of their energy, so the kicks came as a flutter. Rosalind kneaded harder. She was almost at the door.

“Gotcha! Well, um, what time did you arrive at the apartment? Did you see anything suspicious when you arrived?”

Rosalind blinked, dumbfounded. Was the cop blind? Officer Dobbs smiled apologetically, as if even she acknowledged it was a stupid question.

“Sorry,” she said. “It’s all pretty boilerplate. I have to ask. Actually, this is one of my first cases! I hope that I’m doing alright.”

“Uh, you’re doing great.”

The door rubbed against Rosalind’s hip. Would closing it be suspicious? Should she wait?

“Oh!”

Rosalind jumped. Officer Dobbs had finally looked up from her notebook. A blush crept across her cheeks.

"Oh, I'm so sorry! Please close the door. I didn't realize…I guess I was just so excited about getting the call…um, should we get you some clothes?"

Relief could not have been more clearly written across Rosalind's brow.

"It's no problem," she said, slamming the door shut with her hip. "I was sweaty from my jog and I thought that they'd just left the apartment a mess. It was only when I undressed to get in the shower that I began to suspect a break in. I guess I was so flustered that I didn't even think about clothes."

The cop nodded sympathetically.

"It must have been quite a shock. Do you mind if I look around?"

In fact, Rosalind *did* mind, but there was nothing that she could do about it. Jess (Rosalind had determined that it was Jess by the slenderness of the ankle protruding through her gut), was halfway back into her bowels. A few more dedicated squeezes would be enough to suck her down fully and then Rosalind would eat the cop.

It wasn't a decision that she made lightly. Eating a cop was different from eating a rando. There would be a big investigation if a cop went missing. Still, Rosalind had the public's general ignorance of predators to rely on and besides, once she digested, there would be nothing left for them to find. What were they going to do, check the sewers?

She followed the cop toward the bedroom, licking her lips.

"What made you suspect that this was a break in?" Officer Dobbs asked. She didn't turn around—not when Rosalind crept toward her, nor when an errant gurgle almost gave her away. Rosalind was going to have to do this fast.

Two hands beneath the armpits.

Lift.

Gulp.

Rosalind visualized the movement. They were almost at the bedroom. The chair was in full view and the officer was taking notes.

"Oh, just the general state of things," she said. "Drawers open, dresser on the floor, random shit like that."

More notes. It was now or never.

Rosalind unhinged her jaw.

Rosalind reached for her victim.

Officer Dobbs caught her wrist.

The last thing that Rosalind saw before her back hit the ground and knocked the air from her lungs was the cop's smug expression. With far more strength than her tiny body should have been able to muster, she had thrown Rosalind over her shoulder, using Rosalind's weighty stomach against her. A sharp knee dug into Rosalind's chest. She grunted as the cop pressed down.

"Dispatch, this is Officer Dobbs. The predator has been apprehended. Moving to detain."

Rosalind tried to lift her arm, but as winded as she was, she could only manage a weak pawing at the officer's uniform.

"You knew?" she croaked.

"What am I? Blind?" Officer Dobbs snorted. She made no move to pull the handcuffs from her belt. "Your chest is soaked in saliva. There are wet clothes all over the floor. Whoever's in your stomach has been calling for help this entire time."

Ah, so that's what the muffled screaming was. Rosalind let the back of her head drop to the carpet with a thud.

Busted.

"How many have you got in there?" Officer Dobbs asked. She prodded Rosalind's stomach, tracing the outlines. "One? Two? Feels like you've got a full load."

"Fuck you," Rosalind growled.

She couldn't get enough air in her lungs to escape her encroaching asphyxiation. The cop kept her knee pressed hard on her diaphragm, only allowing weak, shallow breaths.


DODDS

“One in the chamber and three in the hole,” Officer Dobbs concluded. She frowned, taking two handfuls of Rosalind’s stomach. The rubbing, much to Rosalind’s chagrin, felt fantastic. The cop was clearly an expert. “Two deceased, one alive and kicking. Can’t do much about them, though. Better to focus on the one within reach. Open wide, bitch.”

Rosalind gagged. The cop had reached into her mouth with little warning, prompting a wave of nausea. Her nimble fingers stroked her tongue. Rosalind’s salivary glands responded.

How many times has she fucking done this? Rosalind wondered as her mouth flooded with drool. An ineffectual punch deflected off of the cop’s bulletproof vest. Officer Dobbs ignored her, moving with surgical precision into her throat.

GLRRK!

The instinctual swallow was stymied by the cop’s wrist. Rosalind blinked away tears as the muscles in her throat clenched around the blockage. If she could force it down, then maybe, *maybe* she’s be able to swallow the cop before she could—

Flick.

Rosalind’s stomach turned inside out. Flat on her back, she lurched forward, crunching her abdomen as a waterfall of saliva spewed over her naked chest, bubbling around the cop’s arm. Right at the moment of peristalsis, when Rosalind was girding her concentration to get her throat around the cop’s shoulder, Officer Dobbs had flicked her neck, causing a cascading series of biological safeguards.

Essentially, Officer Dobbs had forced her to swallow, and in doing so, reached right into her stomach and grabbed the man by the ankle.

“Heave ho!”

No, no, no, no, no, no—

BLAAAaaARGH!


DODDS

Through watery eyes, the man came into view. He was covered from head to toe in slime, dripping on the carpet as the cop dragged him out of her throat and onto her stomach. Rosalind could only gag and wince until her airway cleared. When it did, she took a deep breath.

And retched.

"Whew, you're a ripe one," Officer Dobbs was saying. The man was sitting with his legs to his chest, rocking in place. The cop put a blanket around his shoulders. She thumped his back jovially. "Glad you're still mostly intact! A little steamy, a little red, but that'll all clear up in an hour or two. How are you feeling?"

The man stared at Rosalind with hollow eyes.

"S-she ate my friends," he said. "M-my roommates."

"Yes, and it seems that she digested them," Officer Dobbs said, shaking her head sadly. "We can't save them all, but luckily, or maybe unluckily, as a predator digests, their system slows down. The first one or two victims metabolize within an hour or two, but after that, the curve goes way up. You'd probably have been stuck in her for a few days, listening to your buddies stew as she went about her business. That's how we usually catch serial voraphiles—stomachs so big that they become essentially immobile."

"Jess."

"Hmm?"

The man pointed at Rosalind's stomach. Beneath her navel, the outline of the woman was just barely visible under a hefty layer of flab. Rosalind could feel her moving, twitching her way through her pipes. The cop shrugged.

"Can't do much about her," she said. "I mean, aside from cutting open the perp."

Rosalind gasped.

"But that would be a whole hell of a hassle and the paperwork—whew! I don't even want to think about the paperwork. But maybe…maybe there *is* something that we can do."

Rosalind didn't like the way the cop was looking at her. She gritted her teeth, muscles tense, arms looped protectively around her stomach. If she was going to jail, fine, but she wasn't about to suffer the humiliation of losing *another* morsel.

No, the humiliation she was about to suffer was much worse than that!

"Let's roll her over."

What the fuck? The cop was at her side, as was the man, both squatting with their arms beneath her ass. Rosalind bit her lip, still dazed from regurgitation. She had enough moxy left to hinder them, though, and did so with gusto, leaning against their straining arms until they were both sweaty and gasping.

"Heave!" Officer Dobbs yelled.

And over she went.

As soon as Rosalind rolled onto her stomach, a knee was thrust into her back. Her arms were violently pulled behind her and looped with some kind of coarse material. It wasn't traditional handcuffs, that was for sure, and when her legs were pulled up as well, Rosalind made her complaints heard.

"You're hog-tying me?" she said. "This is police brutality!"

"Shut up, murderer," Officer Dobbs said, tightening the knot. Rosalind was balanced precariously on her stomach, wincing as it rubbed against the carpet. "Rando, I'm going to need your help for this next part."

"I have a name, you know," the man grumbled, but he did as she said, coming around to Rosalind's front as the cop knelt behind her legs. Rosalind glared at him.

"I hope you're happy," she said.

"Are you delusional?" the man growled. "You ate my friends. You like, explicitly villain monologued about how you weren't going to stop eating people. Then you *ate me*! Of course I'm happy. I hope you rot in prison."

"That's mean."

Rosalind chuckled as a vein bulged in the man's forehead, then yelped as slender hands dug into her thigh meat, pulling her forcefully backwards across the rug.

"Rug burn, rug burn! Jeeze, lady!"

The man's eyes widened. Rosalind couldn't look over her shoulder with her arms and legs tied behind her back.

"What?" she asked. "What's happening?"

"You're…you're…"

Then Rosalind felt it. Teeth on her shins. A tongue, wriggling between her legs. Strength beyond what a tiny woman should be capable of and a gluttonous moan that Rosalind had heard a hundred times from her own throat.

"You're a predator," Rosalind said, swearing beneath her breath.

It was obvious in hindsight. The police had only sent *one* woman to take down what was possibly a serial predator? With no backup? Of course, they'd relied on her being immobilized with prey, but still.

"Wait, wait, wait, I'll release her," Rosalind said. The cop was halfway up her thighs, tongue pressed hard into the meat of her inner leg. "Hey, lady, I just said that I would release her! Come on! I sent her up that way, didn't I? I can probably reverse the gears or whatever!"

Hot breath caressed her cunt as the cop stalled on her hips. Rosalind was pulled backwards, once, twice, loud swallows preceding each wobbly attempt to gain more ground. Her legs were completely saturated, but the one thing that the cop *couldn't* swallow was her 400-somethingish pound stomach lodged against the carpet.

"Oops," Rosalind laughed. "Guess you're going to have to send me to jail anyway. Also, aren't you supposed to read my rights or something?"

The cop snapped her fingers. The man, who had been watching, pacing, crouched at her side. A series of garbled grunts reached Rosalind, but she didn't really care about what they were saying. She had just discovered that her ties were coming loose.

“Yeah, you should totally get backup,” Rosalind said. She strained her wrists. It was painful, but there was a bit more give than there had been before. “I’m just way too fat and dangerous. The guy can watch me. I’ll bet he’s having all kinds of perverted thoughts now that I’m tied up and naked and honestly, I kind of have an itch back there that…he can…what are you doing?”

The man had come around in front of her and was hooking his arms beneath her armpits. Rosalind gagged as he lifted, straining against the weight of her stomach.

“If you wanted to cop a tit, there are easier ways,” Rosalind said.

“Shut up,” the man said.

Rosalind chanced a look behind her. If she rolled to the side and kind of tilted her head, she could just about see the cop’s arm. Officer Dobbs had grabbed her stomach and resumed her attempt to pull Rosalind backward. Only this time, she was also attempting to lift her.

“Hey,” Rosalind said.

The front of her stomach peeled away from the ground. The cop’s lips hooked on her hip bones, waiting.

“Hey, wait.”

The man heaved. Rosalind could feel herself being levered backward. Her legs wobbled precariously as the cop got beneath her. Now her breath was spreading across the base of her stomach, mixing with the warm, digestive sludge that was pumping through her guts.

“Hey, come on, this is crazy.”

The man lowered Rosalind to the ground. She sighed with relief, then terror as the man readjusted his arms and lifted with all of his might. She was leaving the ground. Her stomach…oh shit, the cop’s mouth was around her stomach! She was sinking!

As the cop’s tongue glided over her navel, Rosalind heaved with all of her might. There was a pop as her arms came loose from the bindings, but it was too late! Her legs and belly had already been swallowed and all freeing her arms had done was allow her to claw at the man, pleading with him.

“Please, please, please, I’ll let her out,” Rosalind said. The man was still holding her by her armpits. His eyes were as cold as ice. “Please! Damn it, man, how is this supposed to get the brunette out of me! Think! She just wants to eat meeeeee!”

The air was squeezed from her lungs as the cops lips closed over her breasts. Rosalind’s face was framed by teeth. It smelled like mint toothpaste. It smelled like bile. Oh god, she was actually going to be swallowed!

“Hel—”

A hand clapped over her mouth. Through the narrow hole of light, Rosalind saw the man’s insane expression as he pushed her into the cop’s throat. Her vision was framed by pink, then red, then there was only darkness and gulping and globs of saliva. Claustrophobia and panic, followed by a tight squeeze.

GULP!

GULP!

GULP!

SPLORSH!

Having swallowed a few dozen people in her lifetime, Rosalind had often considered the consistency of her stomach. What did it feel like for her victims to be curled up in the dark? What did it smell like, taste like, *sound* like? Sometimes, if she made it back home after a meal, she would use a stethoscope she had stolen to listen to the active gurgles—the sizzling sounds of meat being churned inside of her. She liked to touch herself to that sweet music, closing her eyes and imagining the process of becoming fat on her tits.

None of that prepared her for the real thing.

Cramped didn’t begin to cover it. Rosalind gasped, spat, then gasped again as her mouth filled with the acrid taste of the clamping walls. Her head was between her breasts, knees on either side of her belly, arms raised over her neck, pushing away the encroaching flesh. Rosalind had always imagined that her victims could hear her taunting them, but the noise, the noise! Every movement prompted a slosh, a



groan, or a gurgle. She could hear the cops heartbeat, her breaths. Hot flesh pressed against her ears like damp washcloths, squeezing and dripping and marinating her skin.

"Help!" Rosalind yelled. "Help!"

A slap against the outside of the belly rang like a gong within. Rosalind jolted, earning another mouthful of disgusting froth as she closed her eyes and concentrated on her position. It was fucking *hot* inside of a belly! Her own body heat was mixing with the internal temperature of the cop, making her sweat and making her dizzy. She shoved her elbows out so that the stomach wasn't pressing on her ears. It was just enough to hear the man's muffled words.

"So, um, how is this going to work?" he was asking.

BBwwwaAAoouUURRP!

"Fucking gross!" Rosalind yelled.

Urrrrp.

"Ugh, haven't eaten a big one like that in a long time," Officer Dobbs said. Her fingers drummed beneath her ribs. "Forgot just how much, ***urp***, air they push out of me. What were you saying?"

"Jess. How are we getting her out?"

"Oh! That's the fun part, actually."

WHUMP!

Rosalind yelped as the stomach tipped forward with her in it, hitting the floor hard. This released another bubble of gas and another disapproving mutter from the man. Rosalind had to forcefully roll herself onto her back, facing away from the bottom of the belly so that her head could say above water. Acids hadn't filled the stomach *yet*, but the stomach was by no means empty. Rosalind was lying in a pool of whatever the cop had eaten for breakfast.

"Hey," Rosalind yelled. She attempted a kick, but her foot only slid down the curve of the stomach. It took so much energy just to move inside of another person. "Hey, what's happening?"

"—jostle her," Officer Dobbs was saying. There was a rustle of cloth being removed. The telltale clink of a belt buckle. "I mean,

really shake her up. That will push the victim up through her intestines and back into her belly. Then we can have her removed at the precinct."

"And you have to do this…naked?"

"Whose to say we can't have a little fun while shaking her up, hmm?"

Wait, wait, wait, wait! Rosalind had heard this grift before. It was a predator classic—-she had performed it herself. 'You just have to shake me up really good and I'll definitely spit out your girlfriend! Yeah, just fuck me hard and she'll pop out in no time!'. She could almost *see* the smirk on the cop's face as the man muttered his way through the dozen excuses that men always went through before they put it in her.

But…if the cop wasn't actually intent on releasing anyone from Rosalind's stomach…and she had already swallowed Rosalind…

"Hey! Hey! Dude, she's tricking you!"

Pressure from below drew Rosalind's attention. A pair of legs pressed against the base of the stomach and, consequently, right against Rosalind's ass. Her cheeks burned as the man grabbed the cop, and Rosalind through the cop, pulling them toward himself. The cop let out a pleasant mewl as the heat in the stomach rose with her lust. Rosalind tried another kick.

"Dude! Guy! Don't—"

SMUSH!

"She's yelling a lot," the man observed as the cop smothered Rosalind in the flaps of her stomach. "Maybe she'd agree to let Jill out?"

"Trust me," Officer Dobbs grunted. She rotated her hips, lining up her cunt with the man's crotch. "You can't trust a predator. Now fuck me like you mean it."

There was an initial *shlick* as the man slid into place. Both Rosalind and the cop shuddered, stimulated in tandem, well-fed predators reaping the benefits of their increased sensitivity. Only, in

Rosalind's case, there was also the subtle vibration of the body surrounding her, quivering against her folds. Her eyes rolled as her hips bucked sloppily against the wall. The man shouted.

"It's working!"

No it's not, you idiot, Rosalind wanted to say, but the man had begun to plow the cop in earnest, every slap of his hips reverberating through her.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

"Oh god, oh god," Rosalind muttered into the folds of the stomach.

"Oh god, oh god," Officer Dobbs echoed in moans.

Men were simple creatures. A bit of encouragement was all they needed to start their engines and this man was no different. Provoked by their moans, he took hold of the cop's hip crease, pounding her harder, faster, thrusting with all his might. It was sloppy. It was uncoordinated. It drove Rosalind absolutely crazy as the impact pressed against her clit, driving them closer, closer, until it felt like the man was fucking *her* instead.

"Keep going!" the cop said. "Keep going!"

She was clenching like crazy. Rosalind's face was mashed into the wall, every inch of her body squeezed by the cop's merciless abdomen, but it didn't matter. A pressure was building inside of them both—a warm, throbbing pressure that built like hunger.

Because there was only one thing a predator wanted after an orgasm.

And that was food.

"Oh yes, oh yes, oh yeeeeesss!"

Shuddering climax shook the surrounding flesh. Rosalind bit her lip, fighting the dizzying urge to relax in the cop's stomach. The man was spent. She could hear him panting. If the cop was worth her salt as a predator, then soon she would—

"I think…I think that did the trick," Officer Dobbs said. "I'm going to need your help."

“What do you need?” the man asked.

“Reach into my mouth. You’re going to have to pull her out.”

It was classic. It was masterful. Rosalind couldn’t have done it better herself. Thrusting her arms into the space above her head, she prepared to shout a warning, but the cop had anticipated this. A well-placed elbow knocked Rosalind’s arms askew, smothering her as the naive man knelt in front of the cop.

“Don’t be afraid to get deep,” Officer Dobbs giggled. “And I mean *really* deep.”

“Are you sure this won’t hurt you?”

“Oh, sweetie.”

‘*Oh, sweetie’ was right,* Rosalind thought. If she could fold her arms across her abundant chest, she would, but the cop was clenching, keeping her still while she opened her mouth wide for the oblivious idiot. The man said something that Rosalind couldn’t hear. Probably something along the lines of, “You aren’t going to swallow me, are you?” to which the cop laughed. An influx of saliva splattered against the back of Rosalind’s neck as the cop cleared her throat. Then grasping fingers touched Rosalind’s shoulder.

Should she warn him? Bite his hand?

Nah, the fucking idiot was the one who had called the cop in the first place. If Rosalind was going to gurgle, then he sure as fuck was going to gurgle with her. In fact:

Rosalind mustered her strength and wrenched her arm around. She grabbed the man’s wrist and tugged.

“She’s got me! Officer, she’s got my arm! I don’t think it’s Jill! Help, she’s pulling me in! Wait, wait, what are you doing?”

Rosalind could see it all in her mind’s eye. The devious grin as the cop fed the man’s other arm into her maw. The hands around his waist. His last gasp of fresh air as she tilted him into her gullet and swallowed, swallowed, swallowed.

The man’s other arm joined Rosalind, then his head, his neck, his torso. He slid over Rosalind’s belly, humped around the massive

bulge, and ended with his face between her legs. Rosalind, meanwhile, ended up with a faceful of cock.

BBbrrAaaAAAAP!

"I don't understand!" the man yelled, his cry drowned beneath the sound of the stomach. "Why is this happening?"

"Get your fucking dick out of my face!"

Any attempt to slide him off of her was impotent. There simply wasn't enough space left in the cop's stomach for them to go anywhere, especially with her belching away all of their clean air. It didn't matter. Rosalind was too mad to care.

"You. Stupid. Asshole."

Each word was punctuated by a squeeze of her thighs. The man blubbered into her cunt, unable to stop the assault.

"You just haaaad to call the cops," Rosalind said. "Just haaaad to be a narc."

"You ate me!" the man yelled.

"Yeah, well now she's eaten both of us! That's one additional person digested because of you. Your karma is fucked. You will reincarnate as a slug."

"I hope you reincarnate as a toad!"

"I hope you reincarnate as a flea!"

"I hope you both shut the fuck up and let me digest in peace," Officer Dobbs offered. She was still leaning on her stomach, too heavy to move. Rosalind could relate. "I don't want to hear any more bickering. This is already going to take about a week. If you two make it unpleasant for me, then I'll make it unpleasant for *you*, you hear me?"

Rosalind groaned. A full week? She'd rather turn over and *drown* if this was going to take a full week.

"Won't you get into some kind of cop trouble?" she asked. "Like, I'm pretty sure this guy's innocent, even if he's an asshole."

"You're an asshole!"

"You're going to *lick* my asshole if you don't shut the fuck up."

“Fatass.”

“Dumbass.”

BBBBBwwwwAAaaaaoouUUuuuURRRRP!

A wave of dizziness passed over Rosalind as the air in the stomach siphoned up the cop’s throat. She blinked away colorful dots, expecting to pass out, but apparently the cop liked her prey squirmy because she left just enough air for Rosalind to huff. Besides, the belch had introduced a new novelty in the damp, smelly interior of the cop’s belly.

“Dude, why do you have a boner?”

The man offered some muttered excuse, but Rosalind could feel it rubbing on her chin. She tried to ignore it at first, then, failing that, moved to nibble at it.

“Hey!”

“Just getting your attention,” Rosalind said. “I figure since, you know, we’re going to die in here, we might as well…?”

“What? No! Shouldn’t we be trying to escape?”

Rosalind chuckled.

“You really don’t know much about predators, do you?”

His mouth was already on her clit and really, all she had to do was shift her hips up so that she was pressing his head into the base of the stomach. *Besides,* Rosalind thought as she folded his cock into her mouth, *if he drowns, he misses out on a week of boring digestion. Win win.*

And thus ends the tale of Rosalind the Glutton. Digested while 69ing her previous meal in the belly of a cop. Was there a moral to this story?

No, not really.

Don’t stick your arm in the mouth of a predator. Keep your cell phone charged. Eat your vegetables. Officer Dobbs was very backed up by the end of the week from a lack of fiber. Her write-up to the station simply read:

Criminal apprehended.





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