Childhood Friend

An Illustrated Novella

Story by Brazzel
Art by SeekGr




CINEMATIC
VIDEO
PHOTO
PORTRAIT
PANO

The Childhood Friend

a Vore Novella

by

Brazzel

art by

SeekGr

© Snakethroat Books 2024

https://snakethroatbooks.e-junkie.com/

Join us on Discord!

She was still the girl I'd fallen for years ago, but she was also something else now.

The Childhood Friend



I never really forgot about Julia. How could I? She was the kind of girl who stuck with you long after you said goodbye, the type that left her imprint on the small corners of your life. I still remember the way she used to laugh—like she was trying to let the whole world in on a secret, except I was the only one she ever really told.

We were kids back then, both of us clumsy in our own way. Me with my words, and her with her feet—always tripping over something or knocking over a stack of books. I thought that made us a good pair: her chaotic energy and my sense of balance. Together, we worked.

I don't think I even realized I liked her until the day I had to leave. Maybe it was the fear of losing her that pulled the words out of me. I wasn’t good with timing back then (nor now, either). We were standing under that old oak tree near her house, the one we used to climb during summer, and I just blurted it out.

“I like you, Julia.”

I still remember how red her face got, how she blinked at me, stunned. For a second, I thought I’d ruined everything. But then she smiled—one of those real smiles that made me feel like maybe I’d done something right for once.

“I like you too,” she said. “But—”

Always a 'but.'

“I need you to wait for me.”

Then she kissed my cheek, soft and quick, just like that. My heart felt like it had swallowed the whole damn world. I was floating, even when I got home and my mom told me to finish packing. Even when I realized I’d probably never see Julia again.

We left an hour later. No goodbye. No tears. Just that last memory of her, standing under the oak tree, telling me to wait.

I did wait, though. For years, really, even after I told myself I hadn’t been. Maybe it was dumb. Maybe it was just one of those things you do when you're young and full of hope, like pretending you’re still the protector of someone you haven’t seen in over a decade. I followed her on social media, but until last week, I hesitated to reach out. I figured she had a life outside of me now and I wasn’t a part of it.

But that was the past. Now, standing here in this crowded café, clutching her letter, I wondered if I was still that same kid, still hoping that time hadn’t turned her into someone else.

That’s when I saw her.

She crossed the room, her eyes lighting up when she spotted me, and suddenly, it was like no time had passed at all. There she was—

Julia, my Julia. Same bright smile, same laugh that bubbled out of her like we were kids again.

The moment felt surreal. I'd waited for years to see her, and now that she was here, all the old feelings came rushing back. That familiar warmth filled my chest. We weren't just picking up where we left off—we were better. Older, but somehow still the same.

"Hey, stranger," she said, her voice sweet and comfortable. "Long time no see."

My heart skipped a beat. The way she smiled at me made it feel like I was twelve again, standing under that oak tree. I opened my mouth to speak, but all that came out was a stupid grin. It was hard to be smooth when I was standing in front of the girl who'd kissed my cheek and asked me to wait.

She closed the distance between us and threw her arms around me, pulling me into a hug that was as warm as it was overwhelming. But as I hugged her back, something felt… off.

There was an awkward bulge pressing against my stomach—a big bulge. At first, I thought maybe it was her purse, or maybe she'd picked up weightlifting or something, but then she pulled back, grinning.

"You look great," I said, trying to focus on her face, but something in my peripheral vision kept tugging at my attention. She was taller now. Taller than I was.

"You too, Ollie," she replied, her eyes twinkling with mischief.

She moved around the small table where we were supposed to sit, and that's when I saw it.

Her stomach.

It was huge.

I froze, my brain struggling to process what I was looking at. Julia was sporting a stomach that looked like she had swallowed a beach ball whole—and judging by the shape and size of it, maybe even something bigger. It pressed against her dress, tight and round,

and it didn't look…it definitely wasn't a baby. Not unless she was 240 months pregnant.



I blinked.

She glanced down, following my eyes, and then looked back at me with a completely straight face. "Oh, that," she said casually, as if she hadn't just walked into our reunion with a belly that could rival a bean bag chair. "I can explain."

I wasn't sure if I wanted her to explain. I mean, there was only one real explanation, right? And it was too absurd to actually be real.

"What…happened?" I finally managed to choke out, my voice barely above a whisper.

Julia smiled, her eyes sparkling with amusement. "I told you. I've changed a bit. I'm a predator now."

"A—what?"

“You know,” she said, almost nonchalantly, like we were talking about the weather, “I swallow people whole now. It’s kind of my thing.”

I just stared at her, my mouth hanging open. Her thing?! Like it was some quirky hobby she picked up between spin classes and brunch (I really had been following her social media).

“Wait, what?” My voice cracked as I glanced at her stomach again. “You mean…you actually…”

She nodded, patting her belly. “Yup. Don’t worry, though. He was asking for it.”

He? Oh gods, there was a person in there.

I stared at her stomach, half-expecting it to move, but it stayed completely still. “You’re telling me there’s a guy in there?” I finally asked.

She tilted her head, considering this for a second before shrugging. “Well, there *was* a guy in there. Might take a while for him to fully, you know…digest.”

I took a step back, head spinning. This was so far from what I had expected today. How was I supposed to react? Should I be horrified? Scared? Weirdly impressed?

Before I could figure it out, Julia stepped forward, placing a hand on my shoulder. Her stomach brushed against my side. “Relax,” she said, smiling softly. “I’m not going to eat you. I mean, unless you want me to.”

Her brows raised, and I realized she was enjoying this. Maybe a little too much. The minute her lips came close, I almost forgot her stomach, but then it brushed against me and the moment passed.

“Nope, I’m good,” I said quickly, holding my hands up in surrender. “No eating necessary.”

She laughed, the sound filling the café, and I tried to join in, but it came out more like a nervous wheeze. Julia had changed, alright. A lot. And I wasn’t sure if that was a good thing or…a very, very bad thing.

But one thing was clear: this reunion was not going at all like I'd imagined.

***

I couldn't stop staring at her stomach. My eyes kept darting to it like it was some kind of grotesque magic trick, one that didn't make sense no matter how hard I tried to figure it out. Julia, my childhood crush, my first kiss, had just casually admitted she eats people. Whole. And there was a guy inside her right now. Or…parts of him, anyway.

She leaned back in her chair, resting a hand on her swollen belly, looking far too relaxed for someone who'd just admitted to being a literal predator. It was like she was waiting for me to catch up, giving me time to absorb the new reality she'd casually thrown in my lap. A waitress passed by, then scurried away. We hadn't been served since we got here.

I blinked hard, trying to shake off the surreal feeling. "So, you… eat people now."

"Yup," she said, popping the 'p'l. "But don't worry, it's not like I go around swallowing just anyone. I have standards."

"Standards." I repeated the word, trying to wrap my brain around it. "Right. Because that makes this totally normal."

Julia chuckled, clearly enjoying the way my brain was short-circuiting. "It's not that weird," she said, waving a hand. "I mean, everyone has their quirks, right? This just happens to be mine."

"Eating people is a quirk now?"

"Well, when you put it like that it sounds bad," she said, pouting a little. "But it's not like I'm some kind of monster. I only eat the bad ones."

I wanted to ask what kind of "bad ones" qualified as food, but I wasn't sure I wanted to know the answer. Instead, I just kept staring at her, half expecting the whole thing to turn out to be a prank. Any

second now, she'd pull off some elaborate fake belly and laugh, telling me she was just messing with me.

But no, that stomach wasn't going anywhere.

"And he—" I gestured vaguely at her belly. "He was…bad?"

"Oh yeah," she said, completely serious. "Total creep. Tried to rob a convenience store with a knife. He won't be missed."

I swallowed hard, trying to keep up. "And your solution to that was to—?"

"Eat him," she finished for me, grinning, proud of herself. "Best way to get rid of a bad guy, right?"

"I guess?" I managed, still in shock.

Julia leaned forward, resting her elbows on the table, her nose wrinkling with that familiar mischievous glint. "You're taking this a lot better than I thought you would."

"Better?" I asked. "I just found out my childhood crush is, uh, digesting someone while we have coffee. I don't even know how I'm supposed to feel about that!"

She tilted her head, her expression softening. "I'm still me, you know," she said, her voice quieter now. "I'm just a little different."

"A little?" I said, glancing pointedly at her stomach.

Julia rolled her eyes, but she didn't lose her smile. "Okay, fine, a lot different. But I promise, I'm not going to hurt you." She reached out, placing her hand gently on mine. "I've been waiting to see you again for years. I didn't want to scare you off."

Her touch was warm, and despite the wild, surreal situation I was in, a part of me wanted to believe her. I wanted this reunion to be normal, for us to pick up where we left off. But things weren't normal. I glanced at her belly again.

"You don't think this is, you know, a little scary?"

Julia followed my gaze and then shrugged.

"Well, it is a bit much for a first reunion, I'll admit," she said, patting her belly. She smiled again, this time softer, more vulnerable. "I missed you, you know. I really did."

That hit me. Despite the absurdity of everything else, her words were genuine. I could hear it in her voice. And in that moment, I knew that no matter how much she'd changed—no matter how much weirdness was now attached to this reunion—part of me still cared about her.

But caring about someone who could swallow people whole? That was going to take some serious adjusting.

"So…" I cleared my throat, trying to sound casual. "What happens now?"

"Well," she said, leaning back and placing her hands behind her head, "I was thinking we could catch up, you know, like normal people do. Maybe grab dinner later, or…" She trailed off, her grin returning full force. "Then again, maybe I've already had my dinner."

I groaned, burying my face in my hands. "Too soon, Julia. Too soon."

She laughed again, the sound fantastically familiar, and I found myself laughing with her. The Julia I remembered was still there, beneath it all. She'd always had that playful, slightly dangerous streak. This was just…an extreme version of it. She was still the girl I'd fallen for years ago, but she was also something else now. Something bigger. Something…predatory.

And yet, a small part of me—the part that hadn't run for the door the moment I saw her stomach—was curious. What else had changed? What else was there to discover?

Because, despite everything, that old flame was still there.

And maybe, just maybe, I wasn't ready to let it go.

***

The next day, we decided to take a walk in the park, hoping the fresh air and gentle breeze would clear the tension between us. I had rented an Airbnb in her city for the week. Julia seemed to be in high spirits, chatting animatedly about everything and nothing. Her

laughter was infectious, and for a moment, I let myself get lost in the joy of our time together. Her stomach had flattened to an acceptable paunch—enough that I could pretend there had never been a person inside of it.

As we strolled along the path, Julia suddenly stopped and turned to me with a flirtatious grin. “You know, I’ve been thinking. I can’t help but notice you’re still a bit tense around me. Is something on your mind?”

I hesitated, unsure of how to voice my discomfort. But Julia’s lighthearted demeanor made it easier to push the anxiety aside. “It’s just…this whole situation is new for me. I’m still getting used to the idea of you having these abilities.”

Julia’s eyes crinkled with amusement. Abilities. She always did say that I talked around the issue—a trait I had unfortunately inherited from my father.

“Oh, come on! I’m not going to bite…unless you ask me to,” she teased, leaning in closer.

I chuckled nervously, trying to keep the mood light. “Yeah, well, you never know. I’ve seen how you handle things, and it’s hard not to think about it.”

Julia’s expression shifted from playful to thoughtful. “You know, if it’ll help, I could show you how much control I have.”

Before I could respond, she reached out and lightly tapped my arm. “What if we do a little test? Just so you can see I’ve got it all under control. How about I give you a demonstration of my ability, but in a very controlled way?”

I balked at the suggestion. “A demonstration?”

“Yeah!” Julia said, her smile widening. “I promise it’ll be safe. Just a quick, harmless demonstration.”

I could feel my heart racing at the thought of being the focus of her ability, even in a controlled environment. “I don’t know if that’s a good idea,” I said, attempting to sound casual.

Julia laughed, reaching out to give my hand a reassuring squeeze. Her touch sent nostalgic shivers up my spine. “Come on, don’t be so uptight. I just want to prove to you that you don’t have to worry. It’s all under control. Besides, it might be fun.”

I tried to laugh along with her, but the unease in my chest was palpable.

“Okay, if you’re sure.”

Julia led me to a secluded corner of the park, the setting sun casting a warm, golden glow over everything. There was a trio of trees that blocked the view from the street. The quiet surroundings made it feel like a perfect spot for a private demonstration, though I could hardly keep my nerves in check. I kept glancing around, waiting for someone to catch us in the bushes.

“So,” Julia said with a playful smile, “I’m going to show you how I control my ability. I promise it’s nothing to worry about.”

I nodded.

“Alright,” I said, forcing a casual tone. “Show me what you’ve got.”

Julia stepped back a few paces, drool collecting at the corners of her lips. “Okay, here’s the plan. I’ll show you how I can control the process. Then: a demonstration.”

My heart pounded as I watched her prepare. I was both anxious and oddly intrigued by the thought of what was to come. Julia took a deep breath, her body tensing slightly as she prepared to activate her ability.

“Ready?” she asked, her voice tinged with anticipation.

I swallowed hard, nodding. “Yeah, I’m ready.”

Julia took a few steps toward me, her eyes locked onto mine. I noticed her stomach start to swell slightly, a visible sign that her ability was at work. My eyes widened as I realized what was about to happen.



In a smooth, practiced motion, Julia gently guided me toward her. The air seemed to thicken as she opened her mouth wide. It was happening—I was about to be the subject of her demonstration.

Before I could react, Julia's mouth closed around me, and I felt myself being pulled inside. It was a strange, enveloping sensation. Her warmth surrounded me, and I could feel the gentle pressure as she adjusted her grip. The process was smooth and controlled, and before I knew it, I was safely inside.

Julia's ability wasn't painful or jarring—it was more like being wrapped in a soft cocoon. I felt her body shift as she carefully maneuvered me, and then, just as suddenly as it started, she began to release me.

With a practiced motion, Julia allowed me to slide out, her stomach returning to its normal size. She looked at me with a mix of concern and amusement.

"There you go," she said. "See? All under control."

I stood there, my mind still reeling from the experience. I was both relieved and a bit disappointed. It was incredible to have experienced her ability firsthand, but a part of me had also been curious about what it would feel like to be inside her for longer.

"That was… intense," I said, wiping the slime from my face. "I didn't expect to actually be used as the demonstration subject."

Julia laughed softly. "Well, I wanted to show you that I've got everything under control. And I promise, I'm not going to use it on you unless it's for fun."

I managed a weak smile, still processing the odd mix of feelings. "Yeah, I can see that. It was both amazing and a little overwhelming."

Julia reached out and took my hand. "I'm glad you're okay with it. I just wanted to prove that you don't have to worry. I'm here for you, and I'm not going to do anything to hurt you."

As we stood together, the evening light casting a soft glow around us, I felt a strange sense of relief. Julia's ability was

undeniably extraordinary, and while the demonstration had been both thrilling and a bit disorienting, it had also been…hot?

***

Later that evening, I lay in bed, the room dimly lit by the soft glow of a bedside lamp. My mind replayed the events of the day with vivid clarity. The memory of being inside Julia's body was imprinted in my thoughts, and the sensation of the experience lingered more intensely than I had anticipated.

I remembered the moment she began the process. As I was guided toward her open mouth, the initial sensation was a rush of warmth and darkness. The texture of her lips was soft yet firm, a reassuring prelude to what was to come. As I was pulled into her mouth, I felt the muscle contractions of her esophagus, a gentle but forceful squeezing that pushed me further inside. The rhythmic undulations of her throat were oddly comforting, a steady, pulsing pressure that guided me downward.

Once inside, the transition was sudden but smooth. I was enveloped by the slick, soft lining of her stomach. The walls were lined with a velvety texture, a stark contrast to the constricting pressure of her esophagus; the gentle give of the stomach's interior created a sensation of being cradled rather than confined. The warmth was intense, wrapping around me like a heated blanket, with the faint shifts of her breathing creating a soothing cadence that resonated through the walls.

The stomach itself was a strange but fascinating environment. The walls were lined with a mucous membrane that had a slight slickness to it. There was a gentle pressure from all sides, as if the walls were subtly contracting and relaxing, creating an intimate sensation. The darkness was complete, but not oppressive..

Julia's movements were equally intriguing. Each shift of her body caused a gentle rocking motion, a smooth rhythm. The heat was intense but…close.

And I liked it.

A flush of embarrassment crept over me as I acknowledged this newfound realization. I had been so focused on the potential for fear that I had overlooked how intriguing the experience had actually been. My thoughts drifted to Julia's playful grin and how eager she had been when she said she'd only do it for fun.

I hadn't seen her since the demonstration, and I wanted to discuss it further. When she called me the next morning, I couldn't hide my excitement.

"Hey," Julia's voice was bright and bubbly over the phone. "How's it going?"

"Hey," I replied, trying to sound casual but unable to shake the thrill in my voice. "Not bad. Just thinking about yesterday."

"Oh?" Julia's tone was playful. I could imagine her playing with her hair, smiling at the receiver with a wicked glint in her eye. "What about it?"

I hesitated, my cheeks warming. "Well, I was just…thinking about how it felt. You know, being your demonstration subject."

There was a pause on the other end, and I could almost hear the grin spreading across her face. "Oh, really? And what did you think?"

I swallowed hard, feeling my face flush even more. "I actually kind of liked it. I didn't expect that."

Julia burst into laughter. "I knew it! I could tell you were enjoying yourself. It's not every day you get to experience something like that."

I felt a mix of embarrassment and reluctant amusement. "You could've warned me that it would be pleasant."

Julia's laughter continued, her voice warm and teasing. "Where's the fun in that? Besides, you seemed like you were into it. I'm glad you liked it. I was worried you'd be too freaked out."

I groaned, feeling my face heat up even more. “Yeah, well, I guess I was a little freaked out. But you were right—it was actually kind of amazing.”

Julia’s tone softened, though the teasing edge remained. “I’m really glad you think so. Don’t tell my friends that, though. They’ll eat you real if you let them. Just remember who you belong to.”

Who you belong to.

I blushed cherry red.

“I will,” I said, clearing my throat. “Remember who I belong to. As long as you don’t eat me as a prank or anything. I’m not sure my heart could take that.”

Julia’s laughter echoed in my ears. “Deal. But if you ever want to try it again *in a controlled environment*, just let me know. I’m always happy to oblige.”

***

The next two days were pleasant. I upped my stay at the Airbnb for another week (though I winced at the hit to my savings) and spent my time hand in hand with Julia as she showed me her favorite places in the city.

We went to an art museum, a winery, a coffee bar. Julia had friends in the city and they all knew about her, which did wonders at normalizing the strangeness of it all. One of them touched my arm when we were out at the bar and Julia chided her.

“Not him,” she said. “He’s mine.”

Slowly, but surely, our spark was kindling and one night, fingers intertwined on a bridge overlooking a river, I gathered my courage and looked at Julia.

Her blond hair was tucked behind her ears, freckles burning in the light of the setting sun. I used to catch her like this all the time when we were kids, zoned out with a little smile, and I knew she was somewhere deep in her imagination.

“What are you thinking about?” I asked.

She blinked, a slow smile spreading across face. “Eating you,” she said. “You tasted so good the first time.”

When she turned to catch my reaction, my lips were there, and when we kissed, my whole body seemed to glow. A second passed. Two seconds. Julia broke away, clearing her throat. There was a hint of a blush on her cheeks.

“How did I taste this time?” I asked.

The blush crept up to her ears. I watched in fascination. Never in my life had I seen Julia so flustered and when she saw me staring, she ducked her head, drumming her fingers on the bridge railing.

“That’s not fair,” she said. “That was a sneak attack.”

Enough time had passed that I was beginning to get embarrassed. It was just like that time all of those years ago when I kissed her beneath the oak tree—Julia was always the one to make the first move.

Except then.

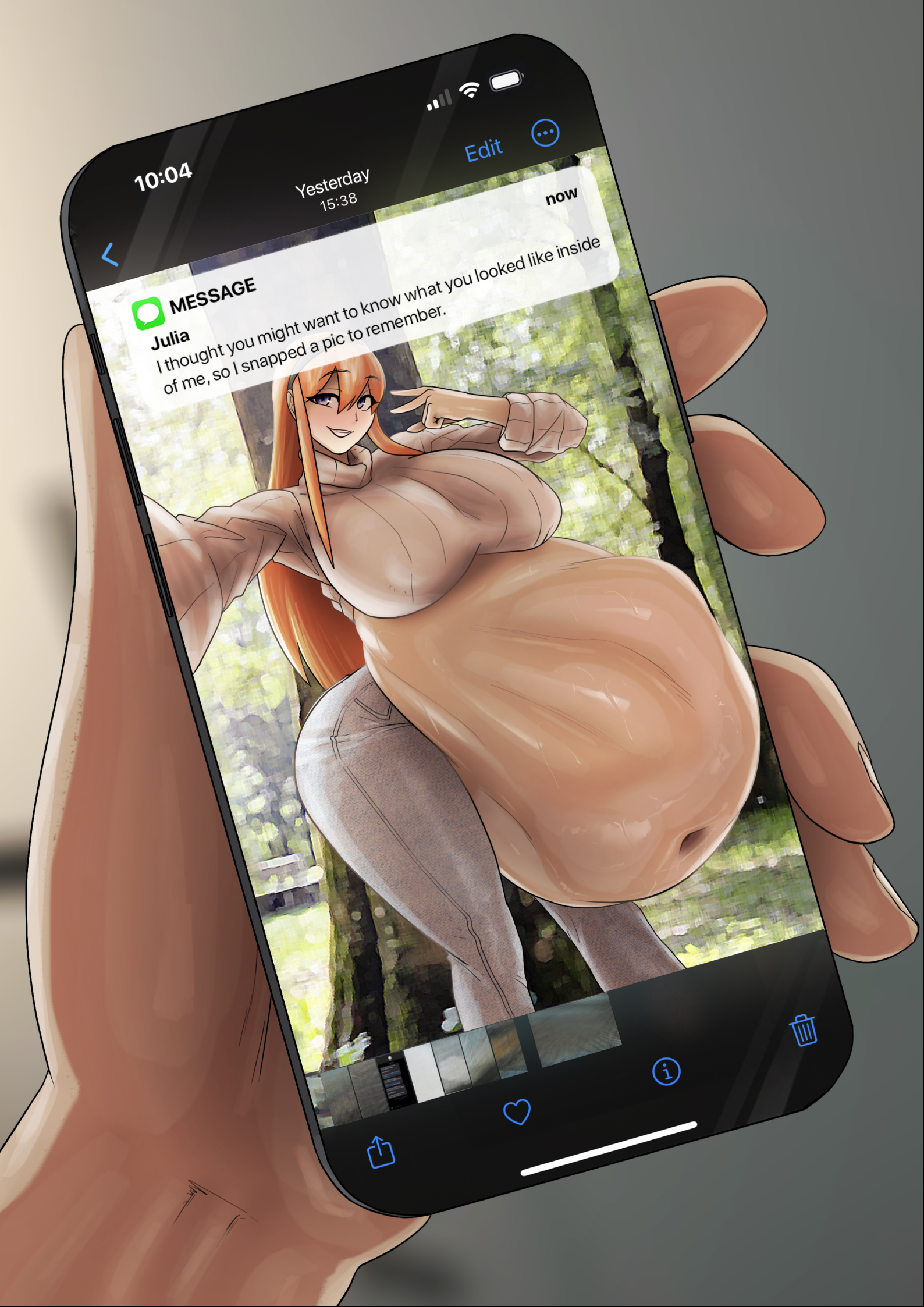
Except now.

She looked at me again and I knew that I had done it, because there was savage mischief written across those features and her smile was as bright as the stars. She all but tackled me against the railing and our lips met and this time, if you’ll forgive the cliche, there were fireworks. I clutched the railing like it was the only thing tethering me to earth. When the kiss broke, she did not back away, but stood with her forehead to mine.

“Now we’re even,” she said.

“I never could get one up on you.”

That night I returned to my Airbnb in a daze. I had all but forgotten the strange experiences of our reunion, though, as I fell into my bed, my mind flickered back to the ‘demonstration’ and what it would mean if we started dating in earnest. There was a text message on my phone. I picked it up and nearly dropped it in the same motion.


10:04
Yesterday
15:38
Edit
now
MESSAGE
Julia
I thought you might want to know what you looked like inside of me, so I snapped a pic to remember.

Julia had sent me a picture. It was a selfie, taken in a park, with one arm raised and the other cradling a huge, swollen stomach.

"I thought you might want to know what you looked like inside of me, so I snapped a pic to remember."

Trying to fall asleep after that was futile.

I got a lot of use out of that picture.

***

It was Sunday, the last day of my first week, that I first saw the cracks starting to form. Julia and I had met for brunch—some bougie place on the water—and after a few mimosas and some light banter I felt confident in broaching the subject.

"So you're a predator," I said.

Julia raised an eyebrow.

"Still thinking about that picture?" she asked.

I blushed, but didn't let her distract me. She was wearing a green, fuzzy turtleneck with big hoop earrings and it was hard enough talking to her without imagining myself tucked in her tummy, bulging out the turtleneck as she sipped her coffee.

"I'm thinking about that first day," I said. "The bad man. The one you said robbed a convenience store. I saw a news report later that said the cashier wanted to thank you, but you hadn't been identified. Some folks are mad, though."

Julia leaned forward. "Ah, so you want to discuss philosophy," she said, folding her hands in her lap. "I hope you know I once listened to a podcast on philosophy, so I'm pretty much an expert."

"What does this have to do with philosophy?"

Julia tapped her nose with her finger. It was a juvenile gesture. Despite her mature clothing, nothing about her mannerisms had changed. "You never quite say what you mean, Ollie, so I've become quite the interpreter! You said you were thinking about the first day,

but what you're really asking is: what gives me the right to digest someone?"

I played with the corner of my napkin. That was exactly the question I had been dancing around. "It would be good to sort out the rules," I said, feeling foolish. "For who you do and don't digest."

Julia laughed so hard that she snorted, drawing glares from the nearby tables. Our waiter came by and I sheepishly took the bill. Julia snatched it from me, reaching into her purse.

"No, no, I've got it," she said when I protested. "Rules, hehe, what are the rules?"

Her blasé attitude did wonders reassuring me. Of course Julia knew what she was doing. She always did. I slumped in my chair, feeling silly for even bringing it up, but then she took my hands across the table and ran her thumbs over my knuckles.

"Are you nervous about us?" she asked.

The question surprised me. We hadn't formalized our relationship yet.

"No," I said.

"I'm not going to stop being a predator."

Her face was neutral, but her words were firm. I was taken aback by the proclamation. I found myself backpedaling. "No, no," I said. "I wasn't worried about…I was just saying that–"

"–I digested somebody?"

Killed was the word I was looking for and we both knew it. Julia was so blunt, though, that her omission had to be intentional. "He was a bad man," she said, biting her lip. "He threatened a pregnant woman with a knife."

"Weren't you afraid he'd cut you?"

Julia grinned. "I caught him by surprise," she said. "I got my mouth over his head before he could even turn around and I knocked the knife right out of his hand. You saw how smoothly I ate you. It was the same for him, only this time," she leaned back and cupped her belly, "I made the environment a little more hostile."

So that was that. Her actions had been an act of self-defense. A little voice inside of my head told me to let it go, to keep the peace. We could have a lovely morning walking by the bridge and if I was lucky, I might sneak another kiss.

"But couldn't you have let him go," I said before I could stop myself. "Just, you know, spit him out in front of a police station or something. Why digest him?"

Julia gave me an appraising look.

"Because," she said simply, "it felt really good when I digested him."

My mouth flapped open and closed. Julia sipped her coffee. She looked at me over the lip of the mug and I felt like I was being tested, appraised on my reaction. Was she joking or was this an admission? I had to know more.

"But surely that's immoral," I said.

"I'm an immoral woman," Julia said.

She picked up her bag and I followed suit, scrambling to stick by her side as she wove into the busy foot traffic. Soon we had left the commercial district. Julia led me to a path that cut through a grove of trees. It was a cool morning. Autumn was just beginning to sink its teeth into the city and while the leaves hadn't changed yet, the populace had slowly swapped their tee shirts for sweaters, shorts for jeans.

Julia's hands were folded behind her skirt. Her hair was piled into a neat bun tied with a red ribbon. I hadn't noticed, somehow, that she was wearing glasses; pleasant half-moon's that made her look like a librarian.

An immoral woman.

We stopped at a bench along the path. Julia sat and patted the seat next to her. I lowered myself down. She put her head on my shoulder and I kept it there, watching the birds flit through the trees as the world revolved around us. Without thinking, I put my arm on her shoulder. She wiggled happily as I pulled her close.

“I’ve been thinking,” she said.

“That’s dangerous,” I said.

“Harr harr. I’ve been thinking about us. I’ve been thinking about us for a while. Did you know that I almost didn’t write to you? Your mother gave me your address months ago, but I was afraid.”

I looked down at her, but she was staring off into the woods; that far-away stare that made it feel like she had left the planet. “You?” I asked. “Afraid?”

She clutched at my shirt.

“I get scared sometimes,” Julia mumbled. “Just like anybody. I was worried that when you saw me like this—when you knew what I was—that you’d go running for the hills. I…God, this is embarrassing to admit, but I waited for you, you know? And I was scared that maybe I had wasted my time on a childish promise. Then, when I saw you in the cafe, it just…everything clicked into place and I hugged you before I even thought about it and you looked at my stomach and jeez, Ollie, you’ve never been much good at hiding your thoughts.”

“Sorry,” I said.

Julia shook her head. “Don’t be,” she said. “I’ve always loved how honest you were. Even if it was inconvenient; even if it got you in trouble. That’s why I feel like I can be myself around you, but this thing, Ollie, this urge to swallow people…it’s a part of me too, you know?”

I hugged her tight. My heart was overfull and I knew that I could simply hold her there, reassuring her that everything was alright. I should have. Instead:

“Urge?” I asked. “You mean you *want* to swallow people whole?”

Julia’s expression shattered me. How insensitive, how *pig-headed* must I be to have brought it up right after she poured her heart out? She lifted herself from my lap and sat up straight. She wiped her eyes.

“I thought,” she said, then shook her head. “Nevermind. I’ll see you tomorrow, Ollie.”

***

But I didn’t see her tomorrow, nor the next day. I phoned her twice and went straight to voicemail. I texted her a rambling apology. On Tuesday, I even stopped by her apartment, but though I could hear movement inside, she didn’t open the door and I slunk back to my Airbnb, confused and dejected, and stared for far too long at the picture that she had sent me.

On Wednesday I stopped by her apartment again, determined to eat crow. I pounded on the door and heard the crash of a dish; a soft swear as a plate shattered in the kitchen.

“I know you’re in there, Julia, and I’m sorry,” I shouted.

A door at the end of the hall opened. An old woman shot me a nasty look, then stuck her nose up and receded back into her apartment.

“Go away,” Julia said.

“Not until you let me apologize,” I said. “I’ll keep knocking, Julia.”

A rueful laugh.

“The neighbors will call the cops.”

“Then I’ll be dragged out of here kicking and screaming,” I said, though in all actuality, I would probably cower the moment an officer looked at me funny. “Please, Julia, I’m sorry. Can we at least talk?”

A chain was pulled back from the door. It creaked open an inch, revealing a bright gray eye.

“Now’s not a good time,” Julia whispered.

Every romcom cliche rushed to me at once and I gawked. “You don’t have company in there, do you?” I blurted.

Another laugh. Genuine this time, and full-throated. Julia opened the door. My breath hitched in my throat as I saw her stomach—and



the person inside, trapped beneath her sweater.

"I guess you could say I do," Julia said, an old hint of mischief in her eye. The door opened further to reveal the full extent of her discretion. "But you can come in anyway if you're brave enough."

There was something almost mesmerizing about it, the way her skin stretched subtly to accommodate the shape inside. Her stomach had taken on a smoother, almost ballooned appearance beneath her sweater; a warm, pliant surface rather than vacuum seal. Every now and then, there was a faint ripple—something pressing outward, testing the boundaries of its prison.

I tried to look away, but my gaze kept returning, drawn in by the hypnotic motion. The rise and fall of her breathing only amplified it, making her stomach seem more alive than before. A dull, soft thud came from inside, as if the person was trying to move but couldn't. Julia watched me, waiting.

"How," I said, "can you walk around like that?"

"I'm stronger than I look," Julia said. The door opened wider. "Would you like to come in?"

I looked past her into the apartment, expecting a mess, but instead I was treated to a very tidy living room. Bookshelves lined the far wall, heavy with mass market paperbacks and mementos. A cup of tea sat on the coffee table; a wool blanket was thrown over the back of the couch. The entire place smelled of Julia in a way that triggered something in my brain. It was the scent that had surrounded me in her stomach.

Part of me wanted to ask more questions. Who was the person in her stomach? Why had she swallowed them? Why hadn't she texted me back? I must have learned my lesson, though, because instead of asking I walked past her, taking a seat on the couch. Julia closed the door and relocked it. The couch sagged when she sat next to me.

"So," she said. Her tone was questioning, almost impish. "What's up?"

The low, muffled sound of groaning caught my attention, coming from deep within Julia's stomach. My eyes widened as her belly shifted slightly, a faint bulge pressing outward for a moment before it was pulled back in, like someone pushing against a padded door from the inside.

"I came to apologize," I said.

The groan came again, more pronounced this time, followed by what sounded like a weak attempt to speak—though whatever words they were trying to say were drowned out by the thick walls of her abdomen. The movement inside was small, but deliberate. I swallowed hard, my throat tightening as a wave of unease settled over me. Julia's eyes were piercing. Her arms were folded over her belly, deliberately drawing my gaze to it.

"I wanted to wait until this one was finished," she said. "This part of their journey can be…disturbing."

A whimper from within punctuated the end of her sentence. This was real. That person wasn't just some abstract idea of "justice" or a faceless criminal. They were alive, conscious, and very much aware of where they were.

"You're mad at me," I said. "You have every right to be mad at me. I was being insensitive."

Even as I said it, the words rang hollow. Julia raised an eyebrow.

"Hmmph," she said.

The sound almost made me giggle. Hmmph! Whenever I tagged her too quickly playing 'ghost in the graveyard': hmmph! Whenever we played a video game and I wouldn't let her win: hmmph! It was always followed by a side eye—a not-so-subtle check to make sure I was properly chastened. I waited for a second and yep, there it was, the side eye. Her lips twitched.

I leaned over and kissed her cheek.

"How can I make it up to you?" I asked.

"You're halfway there," Julia said, tapping her other cheek.

I had to lean over her stomach to kiss her. It gave me goosebumps, the proximity to this stranger, but I had decided that Julia was more important than my hang ups. Two days of worrying about her had proven that to me and though I'm sure I still had a breaking point, I vowed to be more resilient. Of course, Julia put it to the test immediately.

"Jeeze," she said, leaning back and weaving her hands behind her head. She was wearing her hair in twintails today—a far more elaborate hairstyle than one would expect from a woman sitting alone in her house. I got the creeping suspicion that she had predicted my arrival. "It really is a bother lugging this stomach everywhere. I mean, this gal was a piece of work. She fought me all of Monday and most of yesterday. I'm sore all over."

An expectant look.

I knew what she wanted and yet I hesitated to offer. For one, touching her stomach with another person inside of it gave me the heebie jeebies. What if they…or if parts of them were…urgh. My other qualm was that…this is so juvenile to admit…

It just seemed *intimate.*

Julia, sensing my weakness, wiggled her hips, shaking her stomach so that its occupant sloshed against the fleshy walls. "You don't have to," she said. "It's just something that I thought a boyfriend would do."

Ah damn, she brought out the b-word.

"W-we're dating?" I asked.

"Ollie, you waited fourteen years for me. I waited fourteen years for you. We've kissed." Her eyes twinkled. "You've *been inside of me*."

For such obvious bait, it sure was effective. I turned bright red, stammering and stuttering. Julia laughed. I took a deep breath.

"You know, you can be a real pain in my ass," I said.

"Whatcha gonna do about it?" Julia asked.

She recrossed her legs, shifting the bottom of her stomach. Her sweater had ridden up over the bulge and she hadn't bothered to replace it. I could make out legs, arms, a head; all of which sent my survival instincts into overdrive. There was gravity between us, an invisible tether. Any brush of the skin was sure to set off a spark. I looked at her lips. I leaned forward. Julia, in an uncharacteristic display of bashfulness, closed her eyes as I took her by the forearms and kissed her.

We held the kiss for what felt like forever. When we broke away, she hugged me and I toppled into her arms, forming a crescent over her bloated belly. Her cheeks were red. I could feel her heartbeat through her sweater.

"This is okay, right?" Julia asked. "It kind of feels like a dream."

Her neck was pale and slender and warm. I kissed it twice, each one eliciting a shudder and a murmur of encouragement. "Of course it's okay," I said. "We're dating, aren't we?"

That was too much for her. With a friendly push, she had me on my back. Her stomach hovered like a boulder over my waist. "J-Julia?" I said, staring at the gyrating mass of flesh and food. Julia lowered it onto my hips, trapping me beneath her.

"Boyfriends give belly rubs," she demanded.

Well, there was no arguing with that. I raised my hands to her gut and cupped the sides carefully, tracing the curves with my thumbs. The base of her stomach was the smoothest, a warm, gurgling semi-circle that conformed to my waist. Most of the mass had settled beneath her breasts which, from below, dangled tantalizingly against the fabric of her sweater. She wasn't wearing a bra.

I explored more of Julia's belly, allowing myself to apply pressure with my thumbs. When I moved across her abdomen, Julia shivered, and her lips parted slightly as she dug her hands into the couch. Seeing her like that created a need within me. I pressed harder and was rewarded with a sigh.

“That’s nice,” Julia murmured. She leaned back. Her belly jiggled on my crotch. “That’s really, really nice.”

The person inside of her was still moving. The motion came out distorted, uneven, and for every punch there came a gurgle and a pop; the ceaseless sounds of active digestion.

How beautiful Julia was in that moment. How horrific the function of her body.



Julia opened one eye and looked down at me. The corner of her mouth twitched in its usual mockery, but it was a facade. Her neck and chest had turned as red as my own and I could feel why. “Is that your…?” she asked, bouncing on my hips.

“It is,” I admitted.

Fourteen years. We had both waited fourteen years. The air in the apartment changed, supercharged with the implication of something we were both mature enough to know, but too immature to

acknowledge. Had I messed up by allowing my concentration to slip? My erection dug painfully into the wall of her stomach; there was no way for me to hide it aside from pushing her off of me.

Julia tugged at one of her twintails. Her eyes flitted to me, then the door, then the window. When she was nervous, she bounced on her heels, and in lieu of that, her nervous energy manifested as a twitch. It…wasn't helping my situation, her rubbing herself all over my hips. "Have you ever, you know," Julia said finally, "gotten off to me before?"

A flash of guilt pierced my psyche as my face grew hotter than ever before. I avoided her gaze, letting my arms fall to my sides. It was pointless to lie. "Yes," I said.

"To that picture I sent you?"

She was bouncing so hard that I felt like she was going to break the couch. "Heavy," I said, shifting my hips, and Julia leaned back to relieve some of the pressure, though she shot me a reproachful look.

"Even I don't like being called 'heavy'," Julia said.

"You have a whole human being inside of you," I said. "How else am I supposed to describe the crushing weight on my hips?"

Julia smiled. "You didn't seem to mind it a second ago," she said. "In fact, I'd go so far as to say that you're still enjoying it."

She brushed a hand over my crotch and we both yelped; me from the stimulation and Julia because:

"It moved!" she said, almost rolling off of me. "It actually moved!"

Right, this was the first—I had to force myself to think in mature language—*cock* that she had ever touched. Or, well, it probably was. Okay, by the way she was squirming it *definitely* was and that was both embarrassing and a little endearing. We had been going back and forth on the initiative, but here I had the clear advantage. I decided to press it.

“Sorry,” I said, making as if to push myself off of the couch. “Just give me a minute and I’ll calm down. And yes, it was to that picture you sent me, so this is kind of, I dunno, stimulating for me.”

Julia inched forward and dropped her belly on my own. Her hips hovered over mine, my cock brushing against the edge of her skirt.

“You aren’t going anywhere,” she said.

With one hand, she tugged out her hair bands and tied her hair back in a sensible bun. I was made to watch in apprehension, breathing light as our guest squirmed between us. “Alright,” Julia said. “Let’s do this.”

The gauntlet had been thrown. Julia’s cheeks puffed out. She was holding her breath and I realized that I was too. How many times had I imagined this moment? Had I ever thought that our first time would include, well, a whole other person in her stomach? “Julia,” I said, touching her thigh. “Are you…sure?”

I nodded at her stomach and she snorted. “They’re just food,” she said. “Don’t worry about them.”

Something about her indifference was both disturbing and erotic and I spent a moment imagining myself being described that way—food. Fuel for Julia; material for her body. My cock slapped against her hip and she yelped, pressing down harder than she intended. I was buried in her gut for a second, suffocating under a heavy layer of fat and flesh.

Julia heaved herself upright, pressing a fist to her mouth. “Sorry, sorry,” she said. “That startled me.”

I blinked away stars.

“What about you?” I wheezed.

“Huh?”

“Ever touched yourself thinking about me?”

Bingo, aces, hole in one. Julia’s face went white, then red, then purple as her mouth moved soundlessly. Her gaze flicked to her coffee table and in what was maybe one of my less thoughtful, yet more inspired moments, I opened the drawer.

Inside was a dildo. Inside were *several* dildos.

"No, no, no, no, no!" Julia shrieked, rolling on top of me. "Why did you open that? What is wrong with you? Oh my God, Ollie!"

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," I said. My face was mashed sideways into the cushion. If she leaned forward anymore, she'd pop me like a grape. "I didn't mean–"

A finger hooked me by the waistband. I felt my pants being dragged down to my knees.

"Julia," I warned.

Alarm bells were ringing along with the last whisper of common sense. No condom. Overstimulated. First time inside of an actual woman. My crotch was so tight that I couldn't trust myself not to cum the minute she touched me. She was fumbling with my boxers. Her breath was ragged.

"Do you consent?" she asked.

I couldn't see her face over her stomach. Was she really asking me this with a girl digesting inside of her? We were about to do it. We were really about to do it.

"I do, Julia, but–"

Her panties slid over my shaft. She had to pull them down one-handed, leaning to the side, and it was enough to see the frilly pink fabric as it stretched between her thighs. *She was expecting me today*, was the thought that crossed my mind a second before Julia brought her hips down and—

Missed. She completely missed.

I had only a moment to contemplate how absolutely *drenched* she was when my cock thrust up and under the folds of her stomach just as a rogue gurgle vibrated the entire, jiggling orb. I came, groaning, squirting against her skin.

Julia got very quiet. Had I blown it?

"Mmmmm!"



A full-bodied shudder took me by surprise as Julia pinned me to the couch, shaking. When she was finished, she let out a soft moan. She leaned back. We looked at each other.

"Did you just cum?" I asked.

Julia was too flustered to say anything. She gestured wordlessly at her stomach as if to say, "did you?"

And that was our first experience, not just with each other, but with anyone. I came to the stimulation of her stomach and she came (as she told me later) the stimulation of 'acceptance'. My acceptance of her condition—that being, in her approximation, the reason that I had splattered all over the girl she was digesting. In the moment, however, we were both stunned. How had we let it get this far, this fast?

"That was…dangerous," I said, peeling myself out from under her. My legs shook as I sat on a different cushion.

Julia clamped her lips and nodded, sitting up as well. Her hands were clenched in fists on her thighs. "I wasn't sure what I was doing," she said. "I've only ever…read about it in books. I even forgot the condom."

She reached into her purse which was stashed under the coffee table. Her stomach sloshed as she sat up, showing me a Trojan.

"That would have been bad," I agreed.

"We got too excited."

"I agree."

The Trojan twitched in her fingers. Julia looked at me and I decided right then and there that I wouldn't worry about the girl in her stomach. I took her hand and lifted her off of the couch.

"Which way is the bedroom?" I asked.

***

There's nothing quite like waking up under a hundred pounds of meat. Julia was fast asleep, rolled on her side with her stomach

flopped on top of me. Moving caused the contents to shift. I eventually managed to free myself, but not before waking Julia.

"Hmm?" she said, blinking. "What's up"

Her hair was a mess of tangles and curls, highlights splayed in every which direction. There was a glaze of drool on her chin and her shirt, a gray camisole, had lifted to right beneath her breasts. One foot stuck out from beneath the blue comforter. The other was humped over the pillow she stuck between her legs to keep her back straight through the night.



All in all, she was beautiful, and I couldn't help but smile and brush aside her hair to plant a kiss on her sweaty brow.

"Nothing," I said. "I'll make coffee."

The events of the previous night felt like a dream. The morning sun poured through a skylight, blanketing the kitchen in its warm glow and I stood for a while on the cold tiles staring at my hands, thinking

about how Julia's breasts had filled them. In all of my imagined "first nights" with her, I had never pictured Julia arched over her stomach, instructing me on how to mount her while holding back a belch.



It was hardly glamorous, but in the moment, it was the hottest thing in the world.

Her ‘guest’ would be mostly digested, I reasoned, scrounging for coffee filters. There was no way that a human could survive a night as vigorous as ours. If the rampant digestion didn’t do it, then the pressure of Julia riding me probably did. I winced. As committed as I was to Julia, the graphic reality of her situation hadn’t gotten any easier to handle in the daylight. I told her that it was okay and that I accepted her. I had participated in the, er, ‘softening’ of her guest. The paradox between my thoughts and my actions was widening, but perhaps, with time, I’d be able to rationalize it.

A creak from the bedroom made me look up. A few seconds later, Julia’s tousled head appeared in the hallway. Sounds of digestion resonated through the quiet kitchen.

I held up the coffee filters and pointed at the pot. “I thought you were going back to bed,” I said. “The coffee isn’t finished yet.”

Julia blinked sleepily. One hand sank deep into the doughy flesh of her belly; the other scratched at her ass. It was not a very flattering image, but the domesticity of it made my heart patter. “Bathroom,” she said. “Do you have to go? If you do, you should use it before me because I might–”

She yawned.

“–might be a while.”

I shook my head, not trusting myself to ask questions that I didn’t want answers to. Julia ducked back around the corner and a minute later came an unholy grunt followed by…by…

I set the coffee filters down and exited the apartment. It was a fine autumn morning, chilly and bright, and the sidewalk out of the complex was covered in red and brown leaves. I kicked at them as I passed, forgetting that I had left most of my clothes upstairs. Nobody stared at me in my undershirt and shorts, though. One of the benefits of being in a city was that everyone minded their own business.

There was a park a block away from Julia's apartment. I went and sat on a bench, craving a cigarette for the first time since college. I just wanted something to do with my hands; something to do with the nervous energy I felt when confronting Julia's predation. There were friends back in my town that I wanted to talk to, but how could I properly express what I was feeling? I rubbed at my temples. A woman walking her dog crossed the street to avoid me.

I loved Julia. That much was obvious. A crush would not have lasted the fourteen years we spent apart and while I felt deeply, *uncomfortably* attracted to her, I knew that it was not lust that made me extend my stay in the city. I loved Julia. I loved her walk, her laugh, the way that she teased me. I loved the clever looks she gave me when she had something to say; the way she would bounce on her toes when she got excited. I loved how easy it was to be myself around her, to drop the persona I had created to engage with adulthood, reverting back to childlike wonder.

But she ate people.

Maybe no logic at all applied to the current situation. Maybe, as Julia pointed out, accepting the inherent fallacies was just a part of dating her. Did I actually care about the woman in her stomach, or did I spend the previous night pounding her into nutritious mush?

My phone buzzed in my pocket. I had forgotten that it was there.

"Done!" Julia texted, along with a picture of her on the toilet. She was making a peace sign and while her legs covered the seat, the, er, *intimacy* of it made me hide my phone against my chest. Her tits had grown. Her belly poofed over her thighs.

Before I could calm myself, she sent another picture. This time, it was a front-facing shot of her stomach and breasts. One hand lifted her shirt, the other held the camera.

"All ready for you!"

My ears, my neck, and my face turned red. I looked left and right, making sure that nobody was watching before looking at my

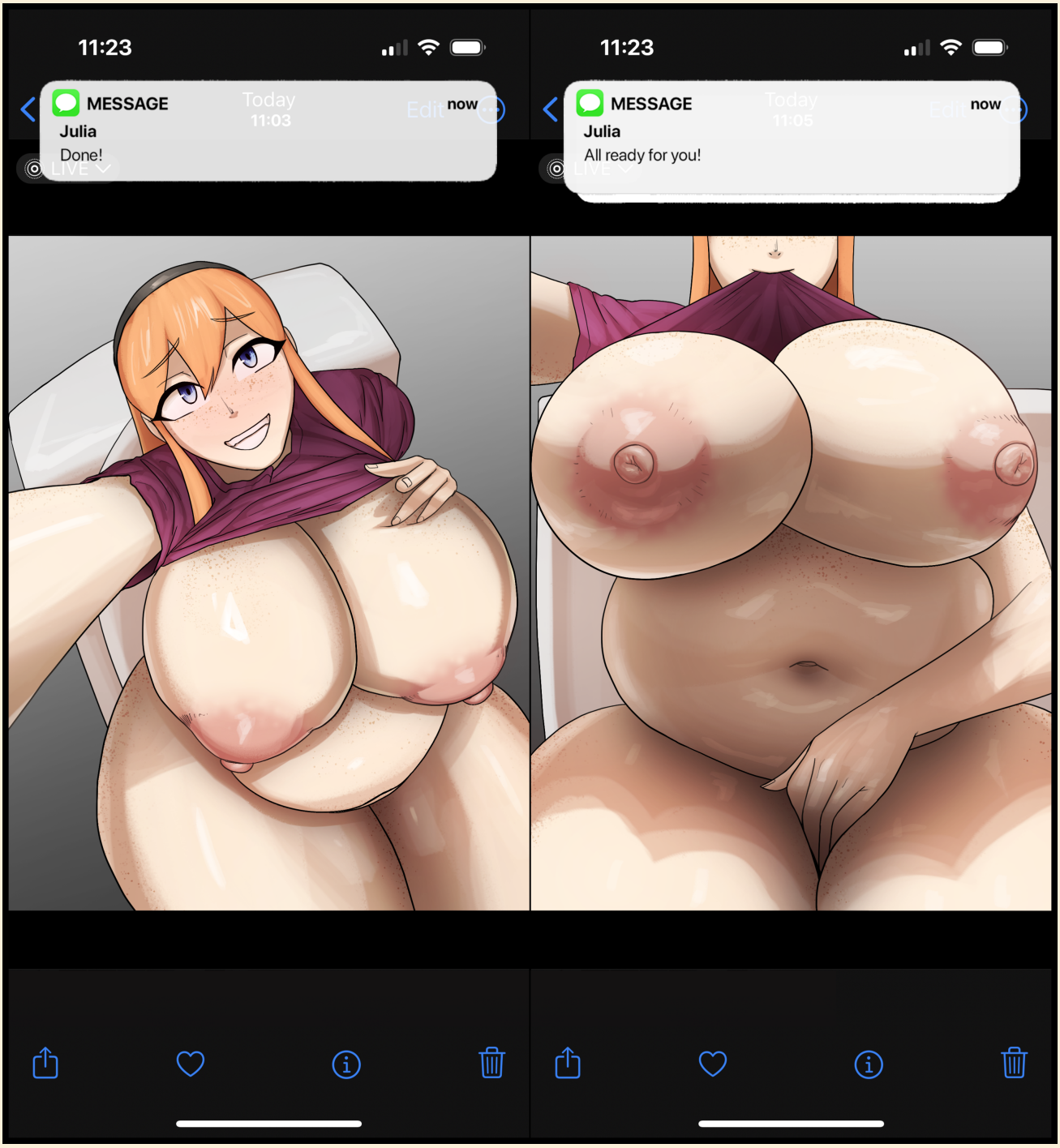
phone again, staring at the softened slate of Julia's stomach. She was typing.

"Gonna lose the weight in a few days if that's what you're worried about! You know you have read receipts on, right?"

I quickly typed, "Not worried! You look cute like that."

A few seconds pause.

"Chubby chaser."



***

I returned to the apartment keenly aware of the ticking clock. It was Thursday, only three days away from Sunday, and then I would be heading back to my sad little apartment. I was filled with an urgent need for closure of any kind, but when Julia opened the door, I knew exactly what I wanted.

She was wearing a camisole and a pair of pajama shorts. Her hair was a mess and there was toothpaste on her lip and her thighs strained against the fabric of her PJ's and I knew then that I wanted to wake up every day beside her. I must have been wearing some expression because Julia smiled and opened her arms.

"Why are you looking at me like you love me?" she asked.

My response came as a kiss and her embrace was warm and soft. I held her tight, standing on my toes, until we broke apart with a breathy sight.

"Because I do," I said. "I love you Julia."

Julia murmured something that was less than words. For once, I had made her speechless, but as her silence dragged on I began to fear that I had crossed a bridge too far until euphoric laughter bubbled up within her and she grabbed me, spinning me into her apartment.

"I love you too, Ollie," she cried. "I do, I do!"

We fell onto the couch, dizzy and giggling. Philosophy ceased to matter the moment her lips touched mine and I found my hands pinned over my head, our faces framed by her long hair, a knee between my legs. Her stomach dragged across mine. It was empty and angry about it, emitting low groans that sent shivers up my spine.

"I told you I was ready for you," Julia said.

It was a test. Her gaze was playful, but apprehensive; she was waiting for me to comment on the girl she had devoured or the impact that she had made on her body. Instead, I kissed her neck, making my way down past her breasts until her stomach hung overhead. I kissed

her right above her belly button and she moaned. I kissed her again and she shuddered.

“That’s sensitive,” she said as I took her stomach in my hands. “It always is after being stretched to her limit.”

“It’s a ‘her’ now?” I asked, palming the jiggling skin. It squashed beautifully between my fingers. Julia hissed as she pushed a hand into the sofa, heaving in my grasp. “And was that really your limit?”

I was walking a dangerous line. A manic energy flooded through me, making me reckless, and Julia’s calculated look told me that she had called my bluff. Slowly, she lowered herself onto my face, burying me in her belly. All I could hear was the rumble of her body flowing overhead and somehow I knew it was waiting for me.

“What are you waiting for?” Julia asked. I pushed myself back up to her breasts. She took me by the chin and raised my face to hers. “I need you inside of me.”

A magnificent, internal howl accompanied her words and for once I forgot to be flustered and instead let out a groan of my own, basking in the animalistic need that radiated from Julia. Her eyes had narrowed to predator’s points, fingers like claws tearing at the sofa. Her breath broke over me hot and heavy and every muscle in her body seemed to tense. If I didn’t go willingly, I had no doubt that she would swallow me anyway, and a small part of me felt fear at that fact, then a thrill like no other. My cock leapt up to brush her stomach. Julia reached down and pulled aside my shorts.

“What do I do,” I asked, stalling as Julia handled me, “if you refuse to let me go?”

She squeezed, causing me to yelp. “Then I guess you digest like the rest of my food,” she said, licking her lips, “though you’re a cuter meal than most.”

The impatience in her eyes made me bolder.

“Surely I could escape,” I said. “If I really wanted to. I mean, a stomach isn’t that strong, is it?”

Julia’s smile widened.

“Ollie, Ollie, Ollie,” she said, “do you really think that my previous guests didn’t fight for their lives? Do you think they didn’t struggle with everything they had? My stomach beat all of them, Ollie, and if you’re going to insist on being a brat, then maybe I should put you in your place. Shall I give you a taste of what they went through? Do you…trust me?”

Her stomach growled just as she gave my cock a squeeze and the stimulation flowed forth as a pulsing orgasm spilling out on her thighs. My mouth opened in a silent ‘o’, but her eyes never left mine, not for a second, until I had emptied myself on her. One hand slid away to cup my cheek. She pulled me forward into her mouth and I let her.

I watched her throat form a suction around my face and then, with a gulp, there was only darkness and motion; sound and heat.

I won’t linger on the journey. Needless to say, it was a tight squeeze through a narrow tunnel. Desperate moans followed me into the pit of her stomach which opened around me, surrounding me, forming the walls of my cage. And all the while I was aware of being inside of a living person; I could feel her breath, her movements, the contented way she relaxed backwards onto the couch when I slouched inside of her.

“Go ahead, Ollie,” she said, her voice close and yet distant, a resonance around me. “Try to escape.”

I tested the walls with my fingers. They were soft and pliable, spongy and wet. Surely, with enough concentrated force, I would tear a hole in her!

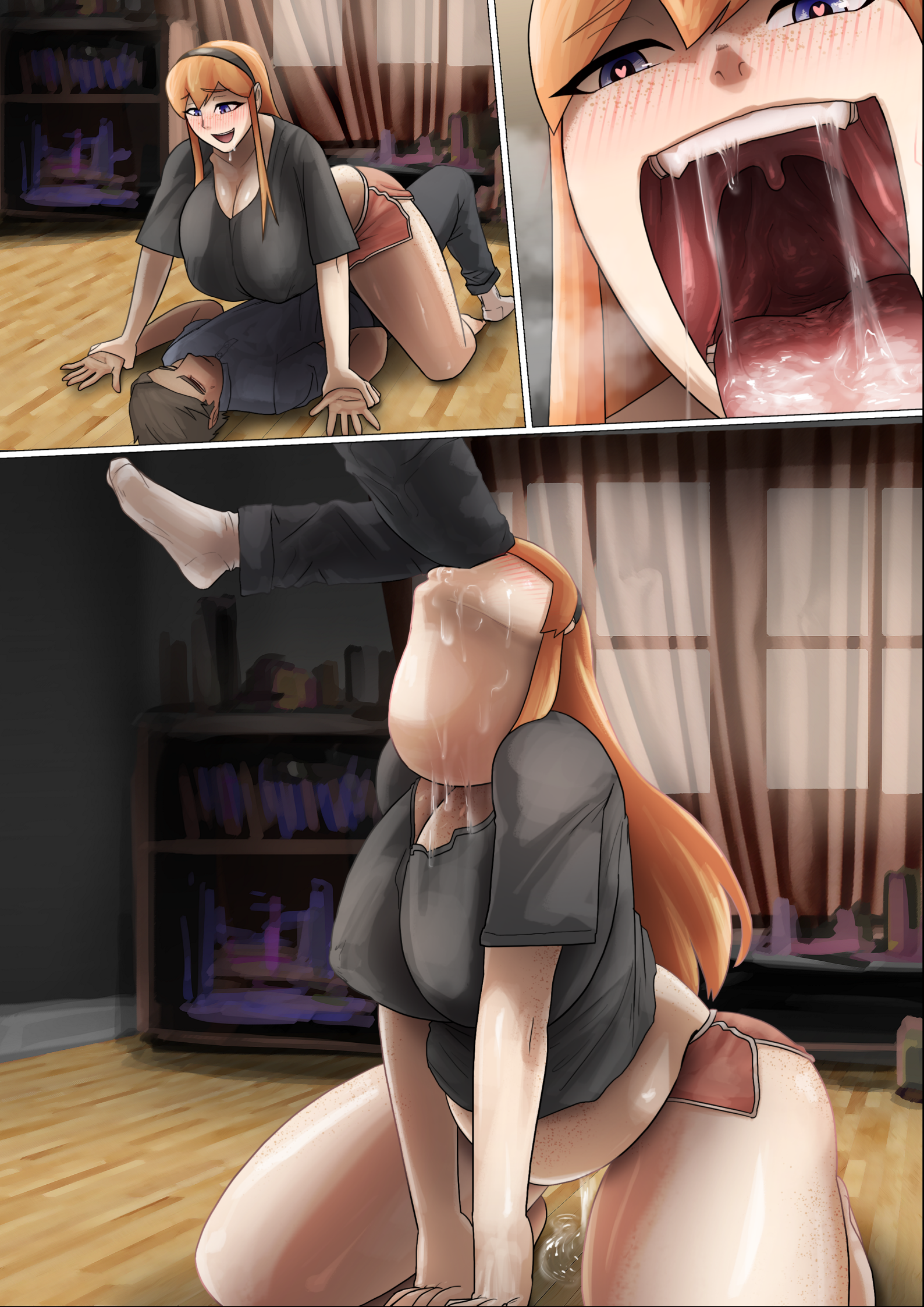
“I’m afraid,” I said.

“Hmm?”

“Afraid I’ll hurt you.”

A confident chuckle sent a shiver down my spine. Julia patted me from the outside, leaning over to whisper in my ear.

“Do your worst, honey.”



It was hard to summon the courage to ‘do my worst’. If I…punctured something, I would never forgive myself. The most humane way to do it was to shove an arm back through her esophagus; force her to expel me. I felt along the walls, but all of the wrinkles felt the same and there was no light to guide me, nor any indication as to my position within her. All the while I was keenly aware of the sloshing beneath my back; the rancid vapors stinging my eyes and lungs.

“Mmmph, I’m going to take some pictures of this,” Julia teased, reaching for her phone. Her stomach rolled forward and I spun onto her thighs with a nauseating lurch. “If we ever have an argument, it’ll do well to remind you that I could have you for lunch.”

“Funny,” I said.

Two knuckles delved into the damp labyrinth of her flesh. I wiggled around, growing more uncomfortable by the second as the cramped position turned my legs to static. I had to keep shaking my wrists to get the blood flowing. Eventually I felt something that resembled a knot. Jeering, I pushed with a finger.

“Oooooh!”

A shift in gravity let me know my mistake. I had inserted a hand into her intestines and her stomach, claiming victory, tugged me forward, nearly pulling me into her bowels. I wrenched my arm back in a panic and was alarmed to find myself flagging. It took a lot of energy just to move. A camera clicked somewhere outside of the stomach.

“There’s a bit of an outline,” Julia said. “Not as much as there would be if I hadn’t just packed on a few pounds, but we can try again when my stomach is completely empty. How does it feel in there, Ollie? Good? I tried to keep it clean for you last time, but you told me you could handle this.”

I gritted my teeth and redoubled my effort to find her esophagus. Acids continued to leak from the walls, forming a small lake around

my hips that sizzled and popped. The liquid was warm now, but it was heating up. I kicked the wall to create some space.

"Oof! Naughty, naughty!"

Julia flexed her abdomen, pressing me back into the confines of her belly. The first tendrils of panic crept over me as the air turned stale. I was running out of time. With my options quickly dwindling, I drew my hand back, fingers together, and formed a point. This wouldn't pierce her innards, but if it stung enough, she'd probably regurgitate me.

SPLURCH!

Her stomach absorbed the blow. Julia giggled.

"That all you got?"

I didn't understand. I knew that I wouldn't have that much wind-up, but I had failed to anticipate how fast her stomach closed around the gap. I only had an inch or two to gain momentum before my fingers hit the wall and even then, I had to exert myself to draw my shoulder back to try again. This time, I used my other hand to create space.

SPLORCH!

Nothing. Julia groaned as I tickled her torso, brushing against her tits through the wall. I tried a kick with the same results. Drawing my leg back only caused her stomach to collapse further, filling the space that I realized, in a fit of panic, that I had just conceded. This was a tug of war and I was losing!

After that I gave up on trying to be gentle and beat the hell out of the walls. I scratched, bit, kicked and kneed, but I could not grasp the slippery walls, nor force them into submission. The acids at my back were starting to burn. I was going to have to admit defeat.

"Alright, Julia, you win," I said. "Let me out."

The stomach turned to the left and I slid beneath her, pinned to the couch cushions. I could imagine her with her chin in her hand, grinning at her belly, glowing in her victory. The camera shutter went off three more times.



“You actually don’t know how many times I imagined this exact scenario,” Julia said. “When I first got my powers, I was scared that seeing you…I’d lose control. I used to have these vivid dreams where I’d eat you and masturbate and when I came, I’d realize that you had been digested. I woke up crying and wet. Those were a confusing couple of months. Now that you’re really here, really in my stomach…I’m kind of thinking of keeping you there.”

“That’s not funny, Julia,” I muttered.

And it wasn’t. Back when I thought I could escape her stomach, the threat of digestion was a tease, but now it made what was once intimate into a claustrophobic nightmare. I squirmed harder to no avail. Julia would decide when I was finished.

She rubbed her stomach, kneading me up against the back of the couch. “You saw my embarrassing collection,” Julia said and I heard the drawer of dildos open. “It’s only fair that if we’re going to continue our relationship that you tell me something embarrassing about yourself. How many times have you masturbated to that picture I sent you?”

She picked up something from the table. I thought it was a dildo and tensed, ready to be squashed as she inserted it between her legs, but then she gulped and something warm trickled over my neck.

Coffee.

“I’m not a bagel,” I shouted. “Don’t eat or drink while I’m in here.”

“Mmm, sorry Ollie. I’m not sure you have any choice in the matter.”

Another slap of the gut made her stomach shake. The walls squeezed against my limbs, eager to start digesting. No choice indeed.

“Fine,” I sighed. “Eight times. I’ve gotten off to that picture eight times so far.”

“Eight! Wow, and you’ve only had it for a week! What about the picture made you want to touch yourself? Was it my big, round belly?

Was it the slight impression of your head beneath my boobs? Was it just the memory? Do you like being inside of me that much?"

Every question was punctuated with a prod. How much longer could I last inside of her? I was starting to get light-headed.

"All of the above," I said. "Now Julia, let me out!"

"...hehe."

"Not hehe! Julia, let me out this instant or—"

BLARCH!

I slid out onto the carpet, missing the edge of the coffee table by an inch. There I lay, sore and wet, as Julia's stomach slowly receded above me. She wiped her lips and smiled.

"How was that?" she asked. "Learn your lesson?"

A grunt was all I could muster. She had to peel me off of the carpet, tugging me by the arm until I got my knees beneath me and even then I shook all the way to the bathroom and into the shower. Julia had a standing shower with a blue mosaic wall. I lay my head against it as the hot water washed away the dregs of her stomach.

Three more days until I had to leave.

"Are you mad at me?" Julia asked.

I could only see her outline through the foggy glass door. Her tentative tone was half serious, half facetious; it was the tone she used whenever she was too rough on me in sports. "Are you mad?" she would ask, hovering over me, and I would grin and say "Nah, I'll getcha next time."

I knew now that I would never get one up on my predacious partner, but it didn't stop me from answering:

"Nah, I'll getcha next time."

The steamy glass door opened and Julia slipped inside. My heart did a backflip seeing her naked, bare, her hair tied up and her torso so casually exposed. Our previous encounters had been fits of passion, but this was domestic, normal. I still felt the urge to cover myself as she came and hugged me, resting her head on my shoulder. I was



going to have to get used to the new height difference. She enveloped me.

"Watcha thinkin' about?" she asked.

"Wouldn't you like to know, nosey," I said. She hummed as she took a loofah down from its hook and lathered me in soap. Not since infancy had I ever had someone wash me in the shower. It was nice. I leaned back into her and she spun me around, sudsing her own stomach and breasts with the leftover soap on my body. That was also nice, but in a different way that gave me an instant erection. "Hey," I said as Julia reached toward it with the loofah, "no."

"Hehe."

To think that I had been in her stomach only minutes before, worried that she might digest me. I kissed her cheek, then her neck, then the space between her breasts. My exhaustion slid off with the water and soon we were making out, me on my toes and Julia with her neck craned. I could feel her heart thumping through her chest.

"I feel like a teenager again," she giggled, nuzzling my throat.

"Isn't that a privilege?" I asked. "I was just starting to feel old. Work, bills, taxes; all of it kind of blends together into one amalgamous 'adulthood'. Speaking of work, it's literally Thursday. Aren't you supposed to be somewhere?"

"Not until 2," Julia said, flicking my nose. "I took a couple of sick days to flush our friend that you're currently grinding against."

She watched me carefully, looking for signs of disgust, and when there weren't any, she told me to sit down. I wondered what she was on about right up until the point where she pushed her soapy butt into my face. It was hot and stupid and uncomfortable and I pounded against her thighs, sputtering as soapy water infiltrated my nasal passages, feeling like a kid again.

I wanted to explore this. I wanted this feeling to continue.

Julia let me up after a few minutes and we exited the shower. I must have been quiet because she nudged me with her hip, toweling off her hair. "Whatcha thinkin' about?" she asked again.

I sighed. “Leaving,” I said. “I only have the airbnb until Sunday and I can’t take any more time off of work.”

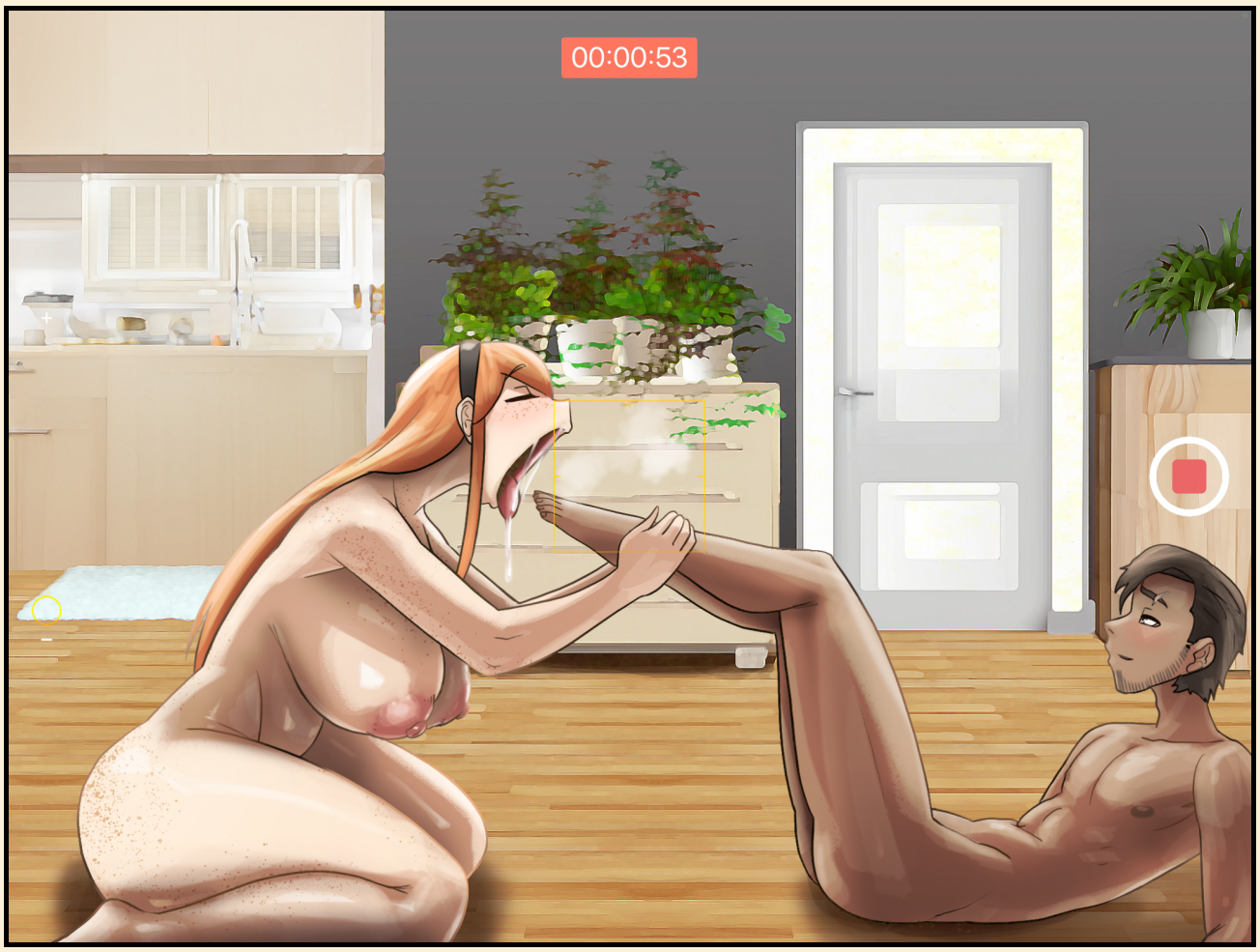
“You don’t wanna go?”

I waited for her teasing grin, but it never came. Julia had her hands folded in front of her, looking, for all the world, as she had that day fourteen years ago when I left for a new city. I never wanted to leave her again. I couldn’t. But what was I supposed to–

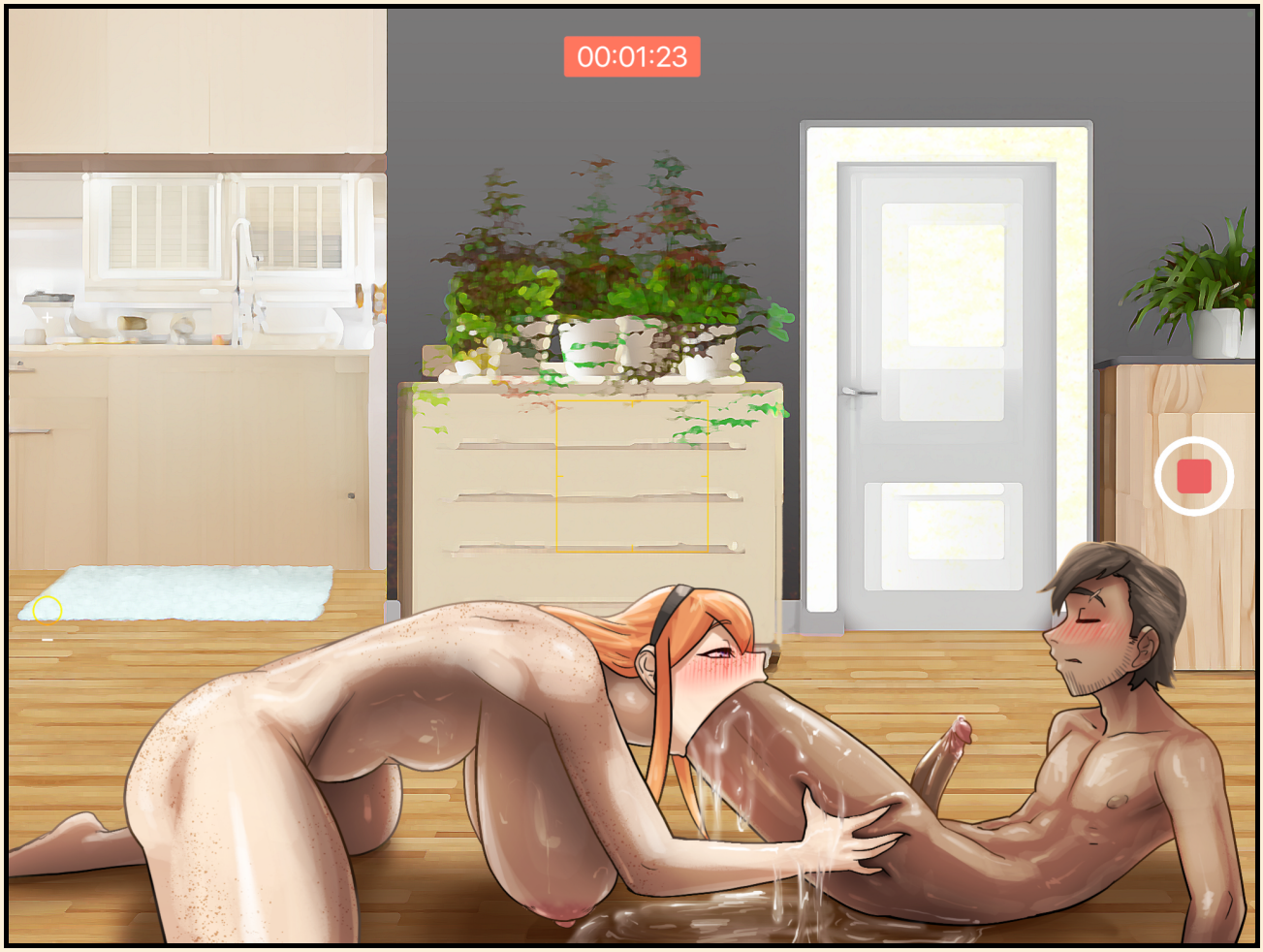
“You know, I wouldn’t mind if you moved in with me,” Julia said. The words came out in a rush, blurted past reddened cheeks. She held a hand up to her mouth like she couldn’t believe what she had said, but the solution was perfect, so perfect, that I threw myself into her arms.

“I’d love to,” I said.

***



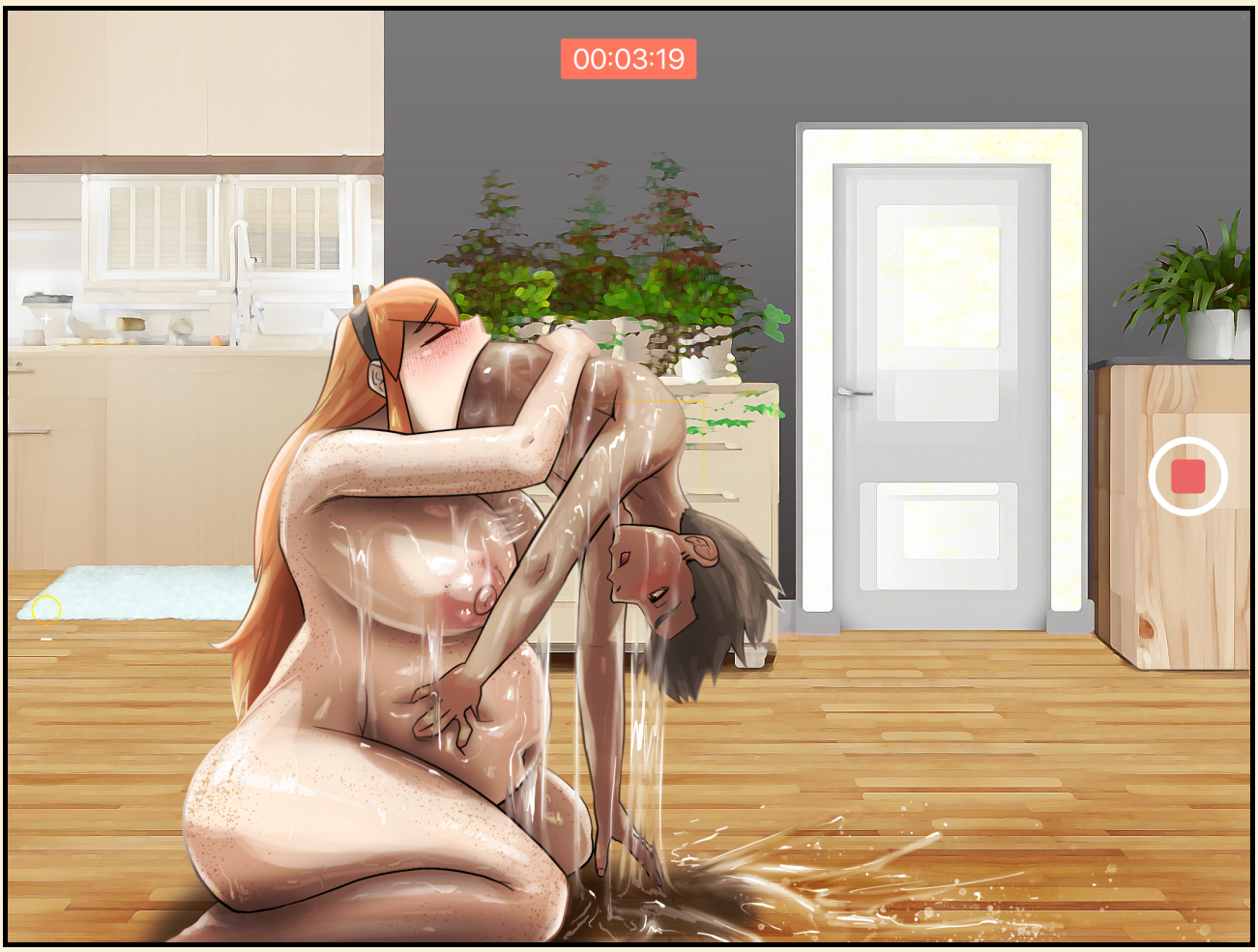
The next month passed in frantic bliss. I didn't have much furniture in my old apartment and what I did have, I left behind, taking only my computer and my books. Julia carved out a space for a desk in the second bedroom that she had been using for storage and we spent our days ordering takeout, fucking, and 'spelunking' as Julia came to call it.



I carried with me a sense of morbid anticipation, waiting for the honeymoon period to wear off, but day by day, week by week, the fire in my belly continued to stir whenever Julia entered the room. It came to me in little moments; catching her in a new position, laid back on the couch, legs straight in the air with a book propped on her thighs. A tiny frown of frustration while reading packet instructions, one hand on her hip and the other limply carrying a dripping spatula. These moments were nothing, but everything to me, and whenever I felt that

flutter, I knew that I would choose again what I chose before, Julia, my Julia.

And of course there were moments of discord.



She abstained from eating anyone that first month, but as the leaves turned from green to red to brown, her stomach grew restless and I came home to find her hidden in the bedroom with the comforter stretched over her belly.

“He touched my thigh,” Julia said and I shook my head, kissing her on the cheek.

“I don’t care,” I said. “Roll over.”

The padding left behind from that encounter lasted until winter. Julia and I tried our hardest to ‘work it off’, but just as she seemed to be losing weight, she caught another shoplifter. I never knew if her stories were true, but I have to say (still guiltily) that I enjoyed the results. And when her stomach was empty, she would swallow me,

and I would have my own intimate space within her—my cave for the winter.



One morning in late February, Julia set up the ipad against the headboard. She had recorded a video of her swallowing me, from the moment my feet entered her esophagus to the little wave she gave the mirror, mouth wide open, my face framed by her lips. I took her from behind and she rested on her elbows and we both watched my progression from a lump in her throat to a bump in her ample belly.

Nothing was different about this encounter. We often watched these videos while we fucked, but somehow, with the world frozen outside, in our own sanctuary of blankets and hot cocoa and skin on skin, I knew that I wanted to spend the rest of my life with her. When the video was over and I lay slumped across her back, she looked at me in the mirror of the dark screen and smiled.

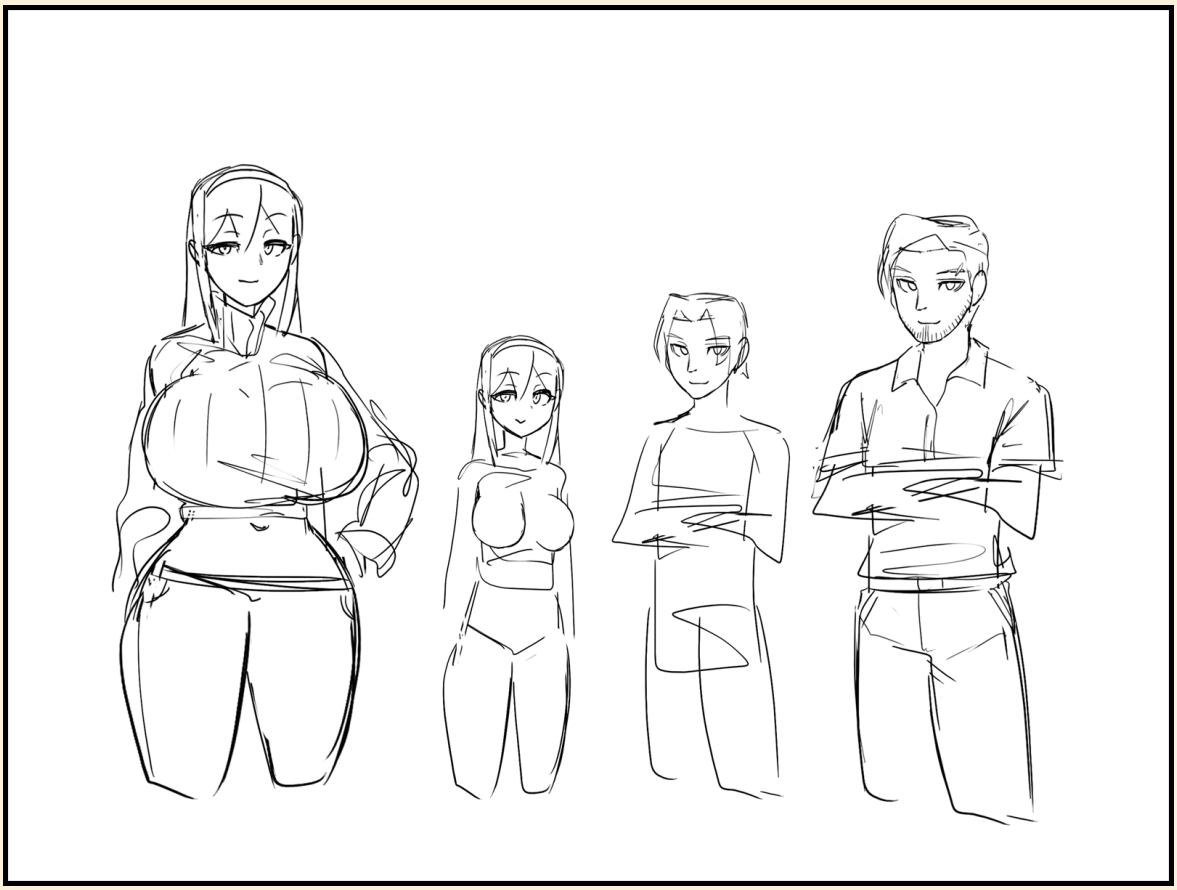
“Whatcha thinkin’ about?” she asked.

“Wouldn’t you like to know, nosey,” I quipped and she laughed and rolled over and swallowed me whole.

Tomorrow, I think I’m ask her to marry me.

Wish me luck.





Hey there!

Thank you for buying this book. We poured a lot of work into it, and we genuinely hope you've enjoyed it.

If you did, please give consider checking out our other work at https://snakethroatbooks.e-junkie.com/. We're just a couple of nerds trying to make the best content we possibly can, and it helps us out a ton.

Happy reading!

Love,
the Snakethroat Crew

(also, if you'd like to chat with us, we have a Discord server!)