The (New) Childhood Friend

An Illustrated Novella

Story by Brazzel
Art by SeekGr



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A Vore Novella

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Celestia
Honey

“I should eat you,” she said. Her voice was low and ominous. “I could, you know. That would definitely teach you a lesson.”

“What lesson?” Tito taunted. “Not to lick your asshole? You were the one that sat on me! And besides, that noise you made? That’s not the noise you make when you don’t like something, Diana.”

Why was he taunting her? Why couldn’t he stop?

Diana

Diana hadn't meant to talk as much as she had.

She was sitting cross-legged on the wide couch, palms braced behind her for balance, the faint, persistent weight in her middle pulling her posture open. The room smelled like ginger tea and digestive biscuits; the afterimage of feeding that clung to all predator gatherings.

Across from her, Julia lounged like she always did, her stomach rounded beneath a soft knit top. Honey had kicked her shoes off entirely and was half-curled into her cushion, hugging herself with lazy satisfaction. Celestia sat upright, hands folded over her own fullness, tapping her foot to the beat of the music filtering through the floor.

"I don't think Tito's angry," Diana said, then paused, thinking. "I mean… maybe he is, but not, like, at me. Does that make sense?"

The woman in her gut shifted beneath her elbows. Diana adjusted herself automatically in her seat, pushing her stomach forward to give her more room. Nobody batted an eye at the bulge of limbs pressing against her tank top.

"We used to share everything. I mean, *everything.* Clothes, sports, crushes. Busty brunettes with tired eyes—that was our strike zone. We dated the same girl, Patty Hersh, in 8th grade, and lost our virginity together during a game of Seven Minutes in Heaven at a high school theater party. We were completely inseparable."

Diana drummed her fingers on her gut.

"Then… this happened."

"There's always an adjustment," Julia said, smiling at her own full gut. "It's like a second puberty. It was quite a shock for my Ollie, though I dare say that we've grown past it at this point. Honey? Celestia?"

"He's being a baby," Celestia snorted. Her combat boots had indented the soft wood of her coffee table. They had taken to meeting


LOCAL

at the coffee shop beneath her apartment, given its central location in the city. “You said you used to wrestle, right?”

“Yes,” Diana said, “though we haven’t in a while. It got too… the implications are different when you’re an adult, I guess.”

“But now you’re stronger,” Celestia insisted. “You’ve grown, literally, and his tiny male ego can’t handle that. Men always need to be dominant. Even the shy dudes, the dweebs, want to feel like they can at least ‘protect their girl,’ but now he’s the one that needs protecting and it makes him feel emasculated. That ain’t your fault.”

“I don’t think it’s that,” Honey hummed.

Diana thought she might have been asleep. Her eyes were closed, legs flopped over the side of the couch. Her stomach was like dough spilling over the edges of the pie tin. It gurgled uproariously as Honey stroked it.

“The fuck do you know about men?” Celestia snorted.

“I know they’re tasty,” Honey said earnestly.

“Let’s get back on track,” Julia said. She took a sip of her ginger tea. Her stomach hadn’t lurched once since she’d arrived. Diana was curious how she’d accomplished that, especially since her prey was still solid. “This guy, Tito… what’s he like? Does he know about us? This support group?”

“Oh no,” Diana said, shaking her head. “I like to keep this part of my life completely separate, thank you very much, at least for now. If he knew how common preds were, he’d probably freak out. He doesn’t know about this at all.”

Tito

"So Julia eats you? And you're totally okay with that?"

Tito sat splayed out on a bean-bag chair, staring incredulously at the trio across from him. They'd met in a pub, played a few games of pool, and then one of them, Critter, had told him something that had completely blown his mind. When Tito had confided his own predicament, they had invited him back to Critter's house for a nightcap. Now they were sitting in the most lavish basement that Tito had ever seen, drunk off their asses, discussing the logistics of swallowing a human whole.

"It was an adjustment," Ollie said. He was a tan-skinned man in his mid-twenties with a scar across his left eyebrow. He cradled his drink, less inebriated than the other two. "It was important to Julia, so I went along with it, but that doesn't mean it wasn't scary at first."

"Scary *hot,*" Evangeline slurred.

The skinny, bespectacled girl was slumped over the side of her leather chair, giggling at the martini glass in her hand. Tito was pretty sure that the glass had been full of vodka three seconds earlier. The girl's black hair shrouded her flushed cheeks.

"Honey, *hic,* will sometimes just like, swallow me in my shleep. When I wake up it's, *hic,* dark and warm and loud and then she'll moan and we'll—"

"Let's not scare the new guy," Critter interrupted.

For a dude who was obviously ridiculously wealthy, Critter dressed like a hoodlum. His black, band tee shirt was in tatters, as were his ripped jeans and scuffed Doc Martins. It was he who had invited Tito to play pool and it was he who had spilled the beans that his girlfriend maybe kind of ate people a lot. He leaned forward on the couch, his bleary eyes the only giveaway to his current drunken state.

"So your girlfriend is a predator," he said. "That's like winning the lottery. Steak too juicy, lobster too buttery-type shit."

“She’s not my girlfriend, just my friend,” Tito said. “And I am apparently sitting across from three people dating ‘predators’, so how rare can it be?”

“Julia, Celestia, and Honey met in a pred support group,” Ollie said. “There are only a few preds in the city, but you’re right, it’s not entirely uncommon. This friend, Diana, you said that she’s only just recently hit her growth spurt? Maybe we could introduce her to the girls.”

“Maybe,” Tito grumbled. “I mean, I’m trying to be supportive, but like, damn. We used to do everything together, then this happened and it’s like she became a totally different person. And I like that person, don’t get me wrong, but it’s… we used to be the same height.”

He was aware of how childish that sounded as soon as the words left his mouth. Evangeline rolled onto her side, smirking.

“Same height?” she asked.

“No, I know,” Tito said, holding up a hand. “It’s dumb, but we were literally eye to eye. We started doing BJJ at the same time, too. Do y’all know BJJ? Brazilian Jiu Jitsu. It’s grappling and groundwork and shit. Anyway, the point is that size and strength doesn’t matter as much in BJJ. It does matter, but not as much, and Diana was, *is*, good. We used to bet on our matches. Stupid shit like who was going to pay for lunch. And because it was a 50/50 chance, it was exciting, but now if we tried that…”

“So you’re mad that she’s stronger than you?” Evangeline said.

“No! It’s not… I don’t want her to be shorter or weaker or anything like that.” Tito waved his bottle in the air despairingly. “I don’t feel like I’m explaining this well, but doesn’t that freak any of you out? Seriously? Diana put her hand on my shoulder the other day and it felt like an anvil. She’s 7 feet tall and pushing 350 pounds, but she moves like a jaguar and looks like a supermodel.”

“And that all sounds fuckin’ awesome,” Evangeline said. She slumped the other way on her chair, leaning her head on Critter’s shoulder. He began to braid her hair. “Celestia is, like, so huge and she



could probably break Critter with her pinky, but she's also, like, so gentle, so when she sits on him he just kind of slurps up her—"

"Bup, bup," Critter said, putting a finger to her lips. "Gang, we're losing the plot here… besides, if anyone wants to talk about having a big, scary, supermodel girlfriend, Ollie was just telling us that Julia will sometimes put her mouth on his face and—"

"Have you told Diana any of this?" Ollie interrupted, glaring at his companions.

Tito winced.

"No," he said. "We haven't talked much lately. We used to meet every Friday for movie night, but we cancelled one week and never picked it up again. And that's my bad. I gotta get over this shit, you know? But when she's sitting next to me on the couch, towering over me, I can, like, *feel* her there. It's different."

"Maybe you just need to let it be different," Critter said. "Embrace the different."

There was wisdom in that, Tito knew, but his mouth worked silently, trying to form the right words. His relationship with Diana… there had always been some kind of parity there, some unspoken agreement that they were too similar, too intertwined to ever be more than friends. They had slept with each other once. It had been a mistake. The sex had been awkward but excellent. They had laughed about it afterwards, but it had been a mistake. Maybe things had been changing even before Diana had become a pred.

Maybe things were meant to change.



Diana

Diana had to time her meals just right. Too soon before meeting Tito and she'd still be sporting a belly. Too far before meeting him and she'd start imagining what he'd feel like inside of her. Two days was the sweet spot. Enough time to digest, but also enough to satiate. She still had to wear an oversized sweater when she arrived at his apartment, though.

She stood at the front door with a bottle of wine, knuckles outstretched, but unwilling to rap on the ancient wood. How many times had she stood in this exact spot, just… lower? She never had to worry about door frames before. Now she had to actively remind herself to duck whenever she walked into a room.

"C'mon, c'mon," she muttered to herself. "It's just movie night. Totally normal."

It had been Tito that had texted her, asking her to restart the tradition. Diana had been ecstatic. Her first instinct had been to show the text to her new friends, but she didn't want to be considered needy by the pred group. Still…

Just as she fired off the text, the door opened on its own. Tito looked up at her, smiling.

"Howdy," he said.

Diana sighed with relief.

"Howdy," she said, moving forward to hug him.

SQUISH!

Diana's cheeks burned bright red as she extricated Tito's face from her chest. She had ducked her head beneath the doorframe, forgetting the height difference as she walked straight forward into Tito. His grunt of surprise had been muffled by the plush fabric of her sweater. Had he been able to feel that she wasn't wearing a bra? It was so hard to find one in her size now.

“What a way to greet someone,” Tito said. His cheeks were also red. Diana fought the urge to just turn around and leave. “Come in, come in.”

Tito’s apartment was just as much of a disaster as Diana’s was. He liked to keep the floor clean—there were no wrappers or pizza boxes or any such detritus—but he was also a bit of a maximalist and every wall groaned under the weight of shelves, posters, and portraits.

“Sorry,” Tito said as Diana ducked to avoid clocking her head on a shelf. “I need to rearrange. I’ve been toying with the idea of doing like, wrap-around shelves close to the ceiling, but now… I think I’ll settle for a few more bookcases.”

“You’ll never be able to move with all of this stuff,” Diana said. The “entertainment room,” as Tito liked to call it, was just as cluttered, if not more, than the hall. The only clear space was the enormous couch pushed against the wall and the walkway to the television. “You’re going to be stuck in this apartment forever.”

Tito shrugged.

“Look who’s talking.”

He took his place on the far end of the couch. Diana, careful to arrange herself, sat on the opposite end, folding her knees so that they didn’t knock against the coffee table. If Tito noticed her discomfort, he didn’t say anything.

“I’m thinking we start with *Pirates*,” Tito said. “And end with *Aliens*.”

“I’m feeling horror,” Diana yawned. Her stomach rumbled against her thighs, but luckily, it was (almost) inaudible. She could feel the rest of her meal draining away. “How about *The Black Phone*?”

“*Aliens* is horror,” Tito said. He pushed himself off of the couch and started to sort through a stack of DVDs. “*The Black Phone* is more of a psychological mystery.”

“*Aliens* is an action thriller and… actually I agree about *The Black Phone*. I just want to rewatch *The Black Phone*.”

Tito shrugged and dove back into the pile of movies. Diana watched him passively, sneaking her hands under her shirt to massage her gut.

There was pleasure to be had in the tail end of digestion. All of the hard bits had been ground down and churned, leaving only the hot, softened slurry currently pumping into her intestines. She'd experience some weight gain around her ass and tits. A little on her thighs and tummy. And then, due to her enhanced metabolism, she'd burn it all off over the next week, ready to do it all again.

She wanted to tell Tito this. All of these changes, these experiences—they were things that she would normally share—but every time she brought up her growth, he'd get a strange look on his face.

He was definitely *attracted* to her growth. Every once in a while, she'd catch him sneaking glances at her tits, or her legs. If riding him silly would get their relationship back on track, she'd happily…

Diana blushed. Better not to follow that line of thinking.

"I actually don't have *The Black Phone*," Tito said.

"This is why you need streaming services," Diana said, reaching for the remote. "I'll log into my Netflix account."

"Ack. Do you want popcorn?"

"Yes, please."

As soon as Tito left the room, Diana pulled out her phone.

Diana: "I'm here! The movie is about to start. I think I'll save the talk for another night. He seems to be trying hard to keep things normal."

Julia: "We don't want normal. Wait for a lull, then have the talk."

Diana: "I don't want to spook him."

Celestia: "If u thnk thisll spook him, thn hes not ur frnd."

Diana: "Sidebar, but I hate the way you text, Celestia."

Honey: [Ten Open Mouth Emojis, Eggplant, OK Sign]


14:24
4 People
I'm here! The movie is about to start. I think I'll save the talk for another night.
He seems to be trying hard to keep things normal.
Julia
We don't want normal. Wait for a lull, then have the talk.
I don't want to spook him.
Celestia
If u thnk thisll spook him, thn hes not ur frnd.
Sidebar, but I hate the way you text, Celestia.
Honey
Text Message • SMS

Well, that was unhelpful. Diana put her phone on the table and drew her knees to her chest. Her stomach squished against her ribs, gurgling merrily, oblivious to her inner turmoil. The sound of exploding popcorn filtered in from the kitchen. Tito hummed as he worked. It was a calming sound.

"Don't be a pussy," Diana muttered under her breath. She pushed herself up, accidentally knocking the coffee table aside. Cursing, she bent to right it. When she straightened, she banged her head on a shelf, causing several DVDs to rain onto the floor. Tito stopped humming.

"You good?" he called.

"Fine," Diana shouted. "Um, just having some trouble navigating."

Tito popped his head out of the kitchen.

"I will rearrange the apartment," he said. "Sorry, I've been meaning to, but you haven't been over in a bit."

"And whose fault is that?" Diana said before she could stop herself.

Tito frowned. Diana was about to apologize, to explain that she was just nervous, when he let out a huge sigh.

Her heart dropped. She knew that sigh. It was the sigh of every boy who had ever broken up with her. She began to sweat. Surely, Tito wouldn't—

"Look," Tito said. "I've been meaning to talk to you."

There was pressure building in Diana's throat, her ears. No, no, no, this wasn't how it was supposed to go. She gulped, trying to relieve some of the pressure, and the motion caught in her throat. It was getting hard to breathe.

"Oh yeah?" she heard herself say. "About what?"

"About us, D."

Fuck, fuck, fuck. She was starting to get dizzy. Tito was just looking at her, arms crossed, gathering himself to speak. Should she

just eat him? Get it out of the way? Digesting him would be less painful than whatever he was about to sugg—

"I want to hang out more."

"Huh?"

Diana's chest expanded fully, allowing her to exhale. She dropped onto the arm of the couch, still a little woozy.

"I've been… struggling," Tito said, emoting with his hands. "Struggling with this new development and I, um, wanted to maybe talk about it? Because I know I've been a bitch. A real bitch, and I guess it's because I'm not good with change and that's, uh, that's totally on me."

An involuntary giggle erupted from Diana's throat. Tito raised an eyebrow, but she couldn't help herself, she was so happy. She giggled again.

"Is this funny?" Tito asked.

"No, no," Diana said. "It's just… I was worried that you were going to break up with me."

She wished she had her camera ready for Tito's expression. He stood open-mouthed, both hands flailing as he fumbled for words.

"Platonically! Platonically! I thought you were going to say we shouldn't be friends."

"I would never!" Tito sputtered.

He looked so genuinely indignant that Diana couldn't help herself. She stood, took a deep breath, and hugged him.

His scent, his warmth, his presence was so familiar. After convincing herself that she was going to lose him, all she wanted to do was to bask in this moment, and apparently, so did he. His shoulders tensed, then released. He wrapped his arms around her waist and it felt right.

Then her stomach rumbled.

GgrrGLRT!

“Oh. Oh shit, I’m sorry,” Diana said, taking a step back. “That wasn’t… I’m not like, hungry for you or anything, it’s just… um… you see…?”

“It’s fine,” Tito said.

His face was red as well. Was he embarrassed by her? Oh, why did her stomach have to betray her at the worst possible time!

“It’s fine,” Tito reiterated, taking Diana’s hands. “Seriously, dude, I’ve got to get over this. You don’t have to avoid me after you eat. I can handle it.”

So great was her relief that she hugged him again, thrusting his face deep into her chest as she lifted him from the floor and swung him around the room. He clung to her, hands wrapped around her waist. When she put him down, he stumbled. Diana glanced at his crotch and grinned.

He was wearing gray sweatpants. His arousal was quite obvious.

“You’re such a boy,” she said.

“Oh, shut up,” Tito grumbled. He crossed his legs, pushing Diana back toward the couch. She let herself be bullied, sitting while he readjusted himself. “It’s a reaction to stimuli. It’s not my fault your tits grew when you became a predator. You were basically flat before.”

“That’s not true!”

“It is! Remember when we started BJJ and you were wearing your ball cap and the instructor thought you were a boy? Or that time in tenth grade when you couldn’t get a date to homecoming so you stuffed your bra and—”

He didn’t have a chance to finish that sentence. Diana caught him with a leg sweep, launching herself off of the couch as he rolled back, putting up his guard. Unfortunately for Tito, she wasn’t trying to grapple.

“UMPH!”

“Apologize,” Diana said, looking over her shoulder at his purple face as she sat on his chest. “Apologize right now. You promised, *promised,* not to bring up tenth grade.”

“S… S…”

Diana let up on him. Tito took a deep breath.

“Stan Berkowski.”

He flung himself sideways as she let out a cry of mock rage, smashing the ground where his face would have been with her ass. Tito was halfway down the hall before she could get to her feet. He bolted into his room and shut the door. She grabbed the knob, preventing him from locking it.

“Coward! Coward!” Diana said. “We collectively agreed to forget about Stan Berkowski!”

“How could I forget zit-faced Stan?” Tito mocked. “You two would have made a great couple. Remember when he tried to kiss you at homecoming, but one of his zits had just popped and—oh fuck, OH FUCK!”

Diana had shouldered the door. It flew open as Tito dove toward the bed, hoping to make some space, but before he could get to the other side, Diana grabbed his ankle. She dragged him up onto the mattress. He curled in on himself, raising his arms.

“Uh, truce?” he said.

“Not on your fucking life,” Diana said.

One of Tito’s best kept secrets was that he was ticklish. Not just ticklish, but violently, ‘lose his shit’ ticklish. One finger applied to his side was enough to make him kick like a jackrabbit, but Diana knew of another spot, just beneath his hips, that made him squeal so loud that it had been banned in the Friendship Geneva Convention. It was the forbidden zone, a party foul.

But so was mentioning Stan Berkowski.

Diana wrestled Tito’s arms away. He knew what she was about to do and he resisted with all of his might.



“Wait, wait, wait,” he begged as she pinned his elbows to the mattress with her knees. Her ass hovered over his face, but he was fully focused on her hands hovering over his stomach. “Wait, Diana, wait!”

“You promised not to bring up sophomore year,” Diana said.

His thrashing was easily countered by a swift smother. When she lifted her ass off of his face, he was bright red and breathless.

“I made a mistake,” he wheezed. “I’m sorry.”

“Oh, sorry’s not going to cut it,” Diana said, wiggling her hips.

Finally, they were back on familiar territory! Tito said some shithead thing. They fought. They wrestled. It felt so good that she completely failed to notice the dark spot of precum beading against his waistband where his cock was tucked, twitching.

“Sorry isn’t going to save you this time. Stan was in The Vault. I could bring up a dozen embarrassing stories from *your* past, but I think I’d rather do *this.”*

She jabbed her thumbs into his hips. He burst out laughing, thrashing against thighs.

“Diana! Hehehe, Diana, stop!”

“Nope,” Diana said. She was looking over her shoulder, enjoying his desperate pleas. He was right where he was supposed to be. In fact—

She sat, muffling all further complaints. His mouth worked against the fabric of her shorts, vibrating pleasantly as she tickled him again.

“—this is what you get!”

He was bucking, twisting, doing everything in his power to escape. Diana held him down. His knee came up and almost collided with her chin and she leaned forward, pinning it easily. She was giddy in victory. She wouldn’t let up until he begged! She reached for his hips again right as he bucked and… and…

Something warm and hard and forbidden slapped against her wrist. She had accidentally pulled on his waistband, freeing his cock which was… it was…

Throbbing.

Diana's head spun. This wasn't supposed to happen. Should she let him up, apologize for taking it too far? It wasn't anything that she hadn't seen before, but they had agreed to keep their relationship platonic.

Then Tito moaned.

His face was still buried in her crotch and the moan spread through her like wildfire. It ignited something that she had kept caged since their first, ill-fated fling.

"You've really been getting on my nerves lately," Diana said, experimenting. She took his cock in her warm hand and let her thumb drift over the shaft. His struggles redoubled. "Avoiding me, ghosting my calls."

She waited for him to tell her no, to end this insanity, but instead he muttered, breathless and hot:

"I'm sorry."

Diana bit her lip. She liked *that*. Her thumb began to glide a little faster, a little harder. She wasn't jerking him off. She was just… playing with him. Like a trapped animal, he whimpered and thrashed.

"You really hurt my feelings," Diana said. "What do you have to say?"

"I'm sorry," Tito hissed again.

His salty pre coated her palm. Tito thrust into it; *faster*, ***faster.***

There was still time to stop, still time to pretend like this had never happened. Diana would make some joke and Tito would be embarrassed, but there was no way that he couldn't feel how aroused *she* was as well. His face was buried in her muff, after all. They were still even, still friends, still platonic. This incident was a fluke—letting out some tension.

But… *was it*?

Hadn't Diana known exactly what she was doing when she tackled him onto the mattress? Hadn't her heart quickened when he'd run into the bedroom? Wasn't she *currently grinding on his face while she jerked him off?*

"I could eat you for this," Diana said.

Her hand was flying over his cock now. Years earlier, Tito had made a dumb jokes about handjobs. That men had years of practice touching themselves and the best handjob that a woman could offer was a blowjob. Well, Diana remembered that, and she resented it. She could feel him on the edge, begging her to squeeze, to give him enough friction to finish, but she kept her touch light. Enough to stimulate, but not enough to spurt.

"I *should* eat you for this," Diana continued. "I mean, really, Tito, you treat me like the town pariah. Are we even friends anymore?"

"We are," he moaned into her. "Diana, please."

Please. Diana shuddered at the word. She loved when he begged. She *had* loved when he begged for her entire life. It was part of the reason why she'd dedicated herself to BJJ as hard as she had. Getting that tap out, that breathy "*good job"*, *especially from Tito*. Prideful Tito. To have him literally squirming in her hand was a pleasure beyond satisfaction. His head was shoved between her legs. His cheeks were tickling her thighs. She could sit, press, *drown* him inside of her.

His face slipped deep into her folds and she bucked, losing control of her grip. With one squeeze, Tito came, geysering all over her chin and chest as she rode his face to completion.

When she was finished, she lifted her ass. His face came free with a squelch. Both her shorts and panties were completely and utterly soaked.

They just stared at each other for a second; Tito between her legs and Diana with her head bent above his cock. Fear boiled in Diana's stomach. What had she been thinking? Threatening to eat him, jerking



him off—these weren't things that friends did! And Tito was still staring, mouth slightly agape. His clever, brown eyes bore into her soul. She'd always said that he had X-ray vision, that he always knew when she was trying to hide something from him. Well, she couldn't hide now.

She had to wait for his judgement.

Tito

Tito couldn't think. The roar of blood in his ears was so loud, so mighty, that it deafened him to all but the sensation of Diana's thighs wrapped around his face. He should have shaved. It was such a stupid thing to be worried about, but all night he had been worried about stupid things. Earlier, he'd ducked into the kitchen to steel his nerves and text his new friends.

Tito: "Okay, Diana's over for the movie night. I'm going to have the talk."

Ollie: "Good luck, man! From what you told us, she seems like a great friend. Just be honest with her and everything will work out."

Eva: "Swallow your pride"

Critter: "Before pride swallows u"

Tito: "Helpful, Critter."

Critter: [Ten Open Mouth Emojis, Eggplant, OK Sign]

He'd taken the plunge, had the conversation. Everything had been going so well, right up until the point where he'd run into the bedroom. Had he known what was about to happen? Hadn't he been hoping, in some deep recess of his psyche, that this exact event would transpire?

But now Diana was staring at him, and in his post-nut clarity he realized what he had done. Should he apologize? Laugh it off? His cum was literally dripping from her chin and his face was absolutely coated in her juices.

She almost sucked my head into her pussy, he thought deliriously. *I didn't know that she could do that.*

His cock twitched, painting excess cum all over her stomach. Her shirt had ridden up while she'd been grinding on him, revealing the soft curve of her lower belly. Her ample, slowly rumbling lower belly.

“All that,” Tito said, “just because I mentioned Stan Berkowski?”

Diana made a face.

“And there you are mentioning him again. It’s like you *want* me to smother you.”

They both blushed. There was too much truth in that phrase and they both knew it. But Ollie had told him to be honest and Tito was… well, how could he be anything else? His body was being honest enough for the both of them.

“Maybe,” he said. “Your ass is a lot bigger now. I mean, *a lot* bigger.”

“Oh yeah?” Diana said.

Her fingers had slipped beneath her waistband. She dragged her shorts down an inch—enough to reveal a tantalizing curve of soft, pale skin that jiggled as she pressed in on it. She smelled of sweat and soap and lavender. She smelled like Diana.

“If I were to sit on you now,” Diana mused, swaying her hips. Tito tracked the hypnotic pendulum of her ass. The weight, the tension, the *anticipation* in the air was palpable. “If I were to sit on you right now, you would be absolutely *buried* in my ass. I weigh more than you now. A lot more. All of that weight on you? You’d be crushed.”

“I’m not that soft,” Tito said.

Another delicious inch of her ass was revealed as she pulled her shorts down farther. Tito felt himself tense for impact, his cock rehardening against her knuckles.

“I guess you’re not,” Diana hummed, prodding his shaft.

She looked back at him and in that moment, Tito saw that her face was completely red. This dance, this game of chicken: she was losing! He laughed. The guffaw sounded hollow to his own ears, but it was the only thing that could hide his own blush—his own fluttering heart. He was attracted to her. That much was obvious, but then why oh why did this feel so simultaneously right and wrong?

Were they dating? Did this mean that they were dating?

'*Maybe we should stop*,' is what Tito meant to say, but what he *actually* said was:

"Do it, pussy."

He closed his eyes and flinched. When Diana's weight didn't immediately descend on him, he opened one eye and looked up.

If he thought she was red before….

The blush spread all the way down to her shoulders. She was staring at him, eyes wide, lip quivering, hand still clutching the waistband of her shorts. Like him, the gravity of the situation must have hit her like a truck. They'd made each other cum for christsake! If she, with her bare ass, sat on his face, their relationship would change.

It fell upon him to be the mature one.

"I'm sorry," Tito said. "Um, I took things too far and… Diana?"

Something in her expression had shifted. As soon as he'd apologized, she'd bitten her lip and pulled her shorts down the rest of the way. Her ass was huge. It had always been big, but now it eclipsed everything. She was hovering over him. She wasn't about to—she was *definitely about to—*

WHUMPH!

"You're *sorry?*" Diana asked. Her voice was muffled by the abundance of flesh bouncing on Tito's nose, hugging on his face against the sweaty line of her crack. "You're sorry?!"

Tito moaned his response. His arms were pinned beneath Diana's thighs, with only his legs and abdomen free to thrash against the impossible weight of his childhood friend. The smell of her filled him, sustaining him through the lack of oxygen, the darkness, the crushing pressure. His mouth was on her asshole. With the only agency he had left, he—

"Eeep!"

Diana jumped. Wonderful, cool air filled Tito's lungs as he gasped, jerking his head from the indent that it had formed in the mattress.

"You. Licked. My. Ass!"

"You wouldn't get off," Tito said.

"That's *gross!!*"

"I'm sorry!"

"Stop saying that!"

Tito was getting serious mixed signals. Diana was still hovering over him, leaning on her elbows. She glared at him as his cock twitched against her tits. Was she going to sit on him again?

"I should eat you," she said. Her voice was low and ominous. "I could, you know. That would definitely teach you a lesson."

"What lesson?" Tito taunted. "Not to lick your asshole? You were the one that sat on *me!* And besides, that noise you made? That's not the noise you make when you *don't* like something, Diana."

Why was he taunting her? Why couldn't he stop?

Diana sputtered something under her breath. Tito had never seen her this flustered. They'd discussed every depraved act under the sun, but apparently this… whatever-it-was between them was her breaking point.

"Okay," she said. A deadly calm had replaced the stammer. Tito's neck went cold as she took a deep breath. "Okay, alright, I guess that's what we're doing."

There was a tug at his waistband. His pants were off before he could even register what she was doing. Only when she grabbed his shirt did he think to protest.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Fabric gives me indigestion," Diana said.

She pulled his shirt over his head with only the slightest resistance. Tito backed up against the headboard, covering his chest. She was drooling. She was actually drooling!

"Wait, wait, wait," he said.

He kicked at her, then stared in vague amazement as she deflected him with a swat of her wrist. She was so large that even crawling, she dwarfed him totally. Her breasts hung against the front of her shirt. They distracted him for just long enough for her to pin him.

"Whoa," he said. "Diana, hey! This is crazy!"

She had both of his wrists in one hand. Her strength was insane! As much as he struggled, he couldn't break free, and the first trickle of fear blossomed in his brain. Fear and insane, irrational arousal.

His cock was so hard that he nearly moaned as it brushed against Diana's thigh. She noticed and grunted, letting it slide right up against the base of her pussy lips.

"Poor thing," she tutted. She ran her thumb over his cheek. "You're trembling. Do you want inside of me that bad?"

"Diana."

Tito wrenched his arms left, then right. Diana held him steady. She licked her lips. Tito's cock throbbed as she nibbled his neck, letting her teeth trace a line to his collarbone where she planted a kiss. Then he did moan. Just a little.

"Y- you're not actually going to eat me, are you?" Tito asked.

Diana just stared at him.

Smiled.

"What do *you* think, Tito?"

This play was getting too real. He had never seen Diana eat someone, but he knew it was possible. When she had started to change, she had shown him her stomach with someone inside of it. She had shown him what her stomach could *do* with someone inside of it.

And yet…

There was a part of him that was curious. A little part. An itty-bitty masochistic part that wondered what it would be like to be her food. Her meal. This night had been enlightening for Tito in many

different ways, but he needed time to process it. He was about to protest, to stop it all, when Diana pulled back.

"Just kidding."

Tito let out a breath he didn't know he was holding. Diana was sitting cross-legged on the bed in front of him, grinning. The grin didn't quite reach her eyes.

"You didn't think I'd actually eat you, right? I mean, that would be waaaay too much, right?"

"Haha, yeah," Tito said, wiping his brow. He was sweating. "Yeah, that would be… a lot."

"But, I mean, you got so hard," Diana said. She nodded at his crotch where his cock was still standing at attention. "*Soooo* hard. It's like you *wanted* me to eat you."

Tito let out a weak laugh. His eyes were still glued to Diana's chest. He had always been attracted to her, but after they'd decided to stay platonic, he'd excised those thoughts whenever they arose. Now they were back in full force and her growth, the strangeness that had caused him to keep his distance, had taken on new, erotic force. How were they ever going to recover from this night?

"Admit it, you've thought about it," Diana continued. She was speaking faster now, twirling her hair with a finger. "You've had to have, right? We *can* swallow people without digesting them. I think I told you that? Well, I mean, if you ever wanted to try it… or if you pissed me off enough…."

She laughed like it was a joke, but the glint in her eye hadn't gone away, nor had the line of drool that she had forgotten to wipe.

"Right," Tito gulped. "Yeah, sure, I've thought about it. But wouldn't that be… are you sure that you could…?"

"Spit you up? Totally!"

She was right up in his face. Tito flinched, remembering how easily she had pinned his wrist, and she backed off immediately, hands clasped to her mouth.

"Oh! Sorry, sorry. Maybe I should leave."



“No! No. I admit that I’ve been curious.”

Diana perked up. Tito regretted the white lie immediately.

“You have?” she asked, bouncing on her knees. “I would be so gentle with you! I’ve been practicing on… other food, and I think that if I relax in just the right way, there would barely even be a squeeze! I mean, you owe me, right? For mentioning Stan? It was in The Vault. Opening The Vault—”

“—means that I have to do anything that you ask,” Tito finished. His heart was racing again. She wasn’t… she wasn’t going to ask to…

“I mean, you’ve been curious, I’ve been curious,” Diana said. “And a second ago, well, you *really* seemed to like the idea.”

Tito blanched. What he’d *liked* about that moment, he was still trying to figure out, but it definitely wasn’t the implication that she was about to swallow him. Or… perhaps it was, a little, but only the implication. And the hand pinning. And the general, domineering attitude.

If they stopped now, though, they’d have to talk.

Maybe… maybe this was the olive branch that he’d been looking for.

“I accept my punishment for opening The Vault,” Tito said. “Is that what you want? To swallow me?”

Diana looked so excited that he thought she might burst.

“Yes!” she shouted. “Yes, yes!”

Okaaaaaaay, that was far more enthusiasm than Tito had been expecting. He almost reneged on the deal when Diana put her hands on his shoulders, measuring his head with her mouth.

“*Aaaaaaah!”*

There was something unnatural and inhuman about the way that her jaw moved. It did not unhook; did not pop, nor dislocate. Instead, it stretched, gliding along the lines normally obstructed by bone. *A snake,* Tito shuddered, staring into the widening, pink gap. *How like a snake, about to swallow its prey whole.*

The illusion was quickly dispelled by Diana's girlish giggle. Her mouth resumed its normal shape, lips perked, eyes glittering with glee. Tito smiled back, hiding his nervousness behind his relief.

"That's impressive," he said. "I, um, have never seen that up close."

"What did you think?" Diana asked.

There was a sly lilt to her voice that Tito couldn't place. Did she expect him to be aroused by the sight of her gullet; of her tongue splayed wide like some kind of fucked up red carpet beckoning him into her stomach? Tito tried to find within himself the erotic longing that had manifested when she'd pinned him down and found that he couldn't. Maybe it had nothing to do with being swallowed and everything to do with—

"You know what? I've changed my mind?"

"What?!"

Diana lurched forward, crawling over Tito. He crossed his arms behind his head, putting on a non-chalant expression that almost broke as her breasts dragged across his chest.

"You can't take that back," Diana said. "The… The Vault!"

"Yeaaaaah, that was a thing we came up with when we were little. I didn't think it applied now that we're adults."

Ah, there it was. Diana's jaw clenched, nails digging into the mattress on either side of Tito's head. Her eyes darkened as she glared at him.

I think I like being in trouble, Tito mused as she opened her mouth to speak. *I think I like it quite a bit, actually.*

"You're joking," Diana said. "You're actually joking around at a time like this?"

"Maybe?" Tito said.

Diana's grin returned, sinister this time. Tito's cock jumped between his legs as she caressed his cheek, letting her fingers linger a little too long around his neck.

"Okay," she said. "I see how it is."



Her hand closed around his wrists again and this time, when she yanked him upright, he was lifted straight off of the mattress so that they were nose to nose. An actual, frightened whimper trickled from Tito's lips as Diana's mouth spread over him. Her breath was hot and smelly. She let his face swish from cheek to cheek.

She put one of his hands on her stomach, right in the center of the soupy remains of her last meal.

Feel that? she seemed to be saying. *That'll be you, soon.*

Tito's breath hitched. His cock was still hard, still throbbing, but his brain was spiraling into a panic. He strained against Diana's grip, moaning as it tightened, as she *lifted* him further, slurping along his chest, dragging his body by the wrists until her lips reached his waist.

"I knew you liked this," Diana hummed when she got to his cock. She gave it a brief kiss, earning a full-bodied shudder from her prey. "I knew you wanted this."

I don't, I don't, Tito wanted to scream, but all he could manage was another, short moan as his cock skidded between Diana's breasts. She was lifting his legs with her other hand—lifting them toward her mouth.

She's not going to… she's definitely not going to…

"Ahhhhhhhh!"

From above and from afar, Tito watched as she placed his feet on her tongue. They swished there for a moment, saliva oozing between his toes, and then Diana swallowed. It was a soft gulp, little more than a nudge, but as his feet disappeared down her throat, Tito broke from his stupor.

"Wait," he said.

Diana swallowed again. His feet vanished, then reappeared as a bulge against her neck. When Tito tried to pull free, her throat muscles clenched, dragging him further into his childhood friend.

"Wait, wait," he said.

Diana stopped.



Looking back, Tito came to see this as the watershed moment. The rules of their play had yet to be ironed out—safewords, signals. Diana had overcome her instincts out of sheer love. If he had begged her to release him, she would have without a second thought. But Tito knew Diana. He could see it in her eyes. She wanted, more than anything at that moment, to swallow him whole. So, despite the fear, despite the crippling sense of claustrophobia he already felt dangling in her throat, he nodded.

"Okay," he said, "I'm ready."

Diana looked at him then with such affection that it actually sustained him through the initial swallow. Only when his cock reached her mouth—when her tongue wrapped around it, folding it into her throat—only when she *gulped* on his cock, swallowing it deep into her gullet did his brain catch up and scream at him to stop, but by then, it was too late.

Unwilling to risk another moment of hesitation, Diana drew back her head, opened her mouth wide, and plunged him into her stomach.



Diana

Diana: “Guys, I fucked up.”

It had been five blissful minutes since she’d swallowed Tito. The first two, she’d sat with her knees splayed on the mattress, staring at the ceiling. The night, the entire night, seemed like a dream. But she could feel him inside of her, Tito, curled up inside of her.

Finally, finally!

The next two she hadn’t wasted. She’d leaned forward, sloshing her belly beneath her as she got on all fours. With his body safely wrapped in hers and further protected by the mattress, she didn’t have to worry about crushing him as she reached around and inserted her fingers into her cunt. For two, precious minutes, she rocked back and forth, grunting as her stomach slapped against her thighs. There were no more thoughts of friendship or consequences. Her mind was empty of everything but the pleasure.

Then, in that final minute, she came, shuddering, humping her fingers as she hugged her stomach tight. In the clarity that followed, she finally thought to check in on her scrumptious little treat and found him…

Panicking.

Like, full-blown, ‘let-me-the-fuck-out-of-here’ panicking.

“Oh shit, oh shit,” Diana said, leaping to her feet. She lurched sideways as the weight of her stomach followed her out of the bed. Her knee hit a dresser and she went down hard.

“Are you okay? Tito, are you okay?”

He was pounding, kicking, babbling incoherently. It made her eyelids flutter. Her instinct was to crush him—to squeeze her muscles tight, preventing him from moving as her acids made claim to his body—but that was insanity! This was Tito!

“Shit, shit, shit, he’s never going to let me do this again,” Diana puffed, regaining her feet. She sprinted into the hallway, hit the wall, dented the wall, then rebounded out into the living room.

A flash of pain made her howl. She’d clipped her head on the corner of one of the high shelves. Clutching her skull and breathing hard, she ignored Tito’s evermore frantic struggles as she found her phone on the coffee table. She shot off a quick text and prayed. Seconds later:

Incoming call: Julia

Thank heavens it’s not Honey, Diana thought, jamming on the receiver.

“Hey, girl, what’s up?” Julia asked.

“No fucking time,” Diana gasped. “I ate Tito and now I have no clue what I’m supposed to do!”

“That… wasn’t the plan.”

Her phone beeped. Another incoming call. Celestia.

Diana added her as she whispered to Tito.

“Calm down, calm down,” she groaned. He was rocking from side to side, throwing her this way and that. When she tightened her core, he yelled so loud that she released him immediately. “Tito, you need to calm down!”

“Aww hell yeah, D! Seems like the date’s going great!”

Celestia sounded like she was on a train. Diana could hear people in the background—the whoosh of air. A telltale gurgle.

“I don’t have time for snark,” Diana said. “How do I regurgitate an entire person? I didn’t even fucking think about it before I ate him! I just kind of… I guess I assumed…”

“That you’d figure it out?”

Celestia again. Now Honey was calling. With great trepidation, Diana added her to the call.

“Hey,” came Honey’s sleepy voice. “You ate him, didn’t you?”



“Yes, yes!” Diana was practically yelling. Tito had managed to flip himself upside down and she had to give herself the heimlich to get him upright again. “Now how the fuck do I get him out of me?”

“The long way,” Celestia yawned. “Hope he’s got a good-sized tub in his apartment.”

Diana squeaked.

“She’s kidding,” Julia said. “It’s, er, easy once you practice it a few times, but the first time can be hard. We should have warned you. Honey said that this was probably going to happen, but…”

“You guys neeeever listen to me,” Honey hummed. “And I’m always right! Are you listening, Diana?”

“Yes! Yes!”

“So, when you ate him… you gotta just, like, do that in reverse.”

Diana nearly flung her phone across Tito’s apartment. Only Julia’s voice of reassurance kept her from losing her shit.

“What Honey means to say in English is that you need to relax,” she said. “D, you know how long digestion takes, but if he struggles… well, your body might accelerate the process. You need to calm him down, then calm yourself, and then listen to our instructions. And, if that doesn’t work, then I’ll be on my way over and I’ll give you a demonstration.”

“Or me,” Honey said.

“Or me,” Celestia said.

“Wait,” Diana said. “Are *all* of you currently with your partners?”

A muffled thud. A gurgle. A male voice from Julia’s line.

“Hi, Diana. Ollie here. It’s going to be alright. Focus on calming… what’s your boyfriend’s name?”

“Tito,” Diana said. “And he’s not… I mean I guess after this… oh, just tell me how to get him out!”

“Tito? Wait, his name’s—”

“Me again,” Julia said. “Take a minute to reassure Tito that he’s safe. He’s probably claustrophobic. Most people don’t realize until

they're, well, in a tight space. Usually that doesn't matter for us, buuuuut…"

"Right!" Diana said. "Right. Tito? Tito, can you hear me?"

The pounding on her stomach lessened somewhat. When Tito spoke, his voice was raw and terrified.

"Please, please, Diana," he whispered. "Please let me out. I thought I could handle it, but when I couldn't move… my chest feels really tight right now and I can't… can't get enough air."

"He's having a panic attack," Celestia offered.

"Poor dear," Honey moaned.

"You're okay," Diana said, hugging her belly. She could make out where his head was, tucked between his knees. He was facing her spine, back pressed against the soft flesh on the front of her stomach. "You're alright, Tito. I'm going to get you out of there. I'm so sorry that this happened."

"No. No. I'm sorry. I knew… knew it was important for you…"

Diana's heart throbbed. She found Tito's shoulders and gave them a comforting rub. His body seemed to ease against her, but there was still tension in his frame, his posture. She'd never even considered how terrifying it would be to experience that level of constriction. They should have taken it slow. She was just so excited to eat him.

"I said I was ready," Tito continued. "It was my fault. When my head went under, I couldn't move my arms, my legs. Do you remember that time when I tried to crawl through the drain?"

A wave of nausea overwhelmed Diana. She *did* remember. She *should* have remembered before they even attempted this.

When Tito was 8, he had tried to impress her by crawling through a concrete tube—a drain leading through a hill at their local park. It wasn't very long, but it was narrow and required careful planning to avoid becoming stuck. The smaller kids could crawl on their hands and knees, but at 8, Tito was already wide-shouldered, and Diana had bet him a pack of Pokémon cards that he couldn't make it the whole way.

Ever proud, Tito had squirmed into the drain, pushing with his feet and wriggling his body from side to side. He would have made it, Diana believed, if not for the broken bottle someone had lobbed in the middle of the drain. Chest already scraped and with no way to go forward, Tito had gotten stuck, screaming, crying, begging for help. Diana had crawled into the drain and pulled him back by his feet. It was one of the only times she'd ever seen him cry. After that, there were no more bets involving tight spaces.

"Oh, Tito," Diana sighed, placing him gently in her lap. She took her time lowering herself onto the couch. He barely squirmed. "How could I have forgotten?"

His breathing was starting to slow down. His tired little kicks barely registered anymore. Guiltily, Diana felt a wave of satisfaction at wearing her prey down.

"It's… not so bad now," Tito said, but she could tell he was putting on a brave face. "Warm. Really warm. Kind of… smelly."

"Smelly?"

"Come on, Diana, did you expect it not to be?"

She laughed. She was starting to relax as well. A voice on her phone chirped and she looked, semi-startled, to find she was still on the line.

"Seems like everything's in order," Julia said. "Do you want me to come over or do you want instructions through the phone?"

Diana thought for a moment.

"Come over," she said.

"On my way," came three, separate voices.

Tito

Warm. Hot. Wet. Tight. Disorienting. Confined. Wrinkles. Bubbles. Foam. Slippery. Shifting. Clenching. Moving. Swinging. Balance. Heartbeat. Kneading. Doughy. Gurgling. Slurping. Humid. Sticky. Cramped. Pressure. Stretched. Taut. Slush. Tingling. Bathed. Grumbling. Swollen. Distended.

Tito lay his head on the sweating wall, trying not to cringe as it reacted to his touch. The reaction was automatic; a groping, biological reflex that reminded him that he was inside of a human being. Inside of Diana.

His throat was still clenched tight, more out of embarrassment than fear. He had made a fool of himself, panicking in the darkness, and had forced Diana to consult her friends—other predators. Only a year ago, when she'd needed help, she would have called him. Now he was the reason she was calling.

He couldn't quite get his heart to stop hammering in his chest. That, too, was a biological reaction; partially to his enclosure, partially to a vast overstimulation. Diana's stomach was *loud.* Gurgles, pops, *groans* from deep within her echoed through the walls which swished against his ears, jostling the slushy remains of (what Tito hoped was) her lunch beneath his feet. And it smelled. It smelled like bile and cilantro and, inexplicably, Frosted Flakes. The texture was wrong. Slimy. The air tasted sharp.

And it was dark.

So dark.

Tito tried to remind himself that he was inside of Diana—that she would never dream of digesting him. That wasn't his primary concern, though. His primary concern was the total lack of control.

He, like most human males of a certain age, had confidence in his strength. He went to the gym. He lifted. He had the slightly

egotistical notion that if he was left on a desert island, he'd be able to figure it out.

But here? In the dark with his arms locked at his sides, pinned beneath pounds of writhing flesh? He was impotent. Useless. Completely at the mercy of his environment.

Completely at the mercy of Diana.

Tito thought on this as he forced himself to take deep breaths. On the outside, pinned beneath Diana, that loss of control had been sexy. There had always been an *out*… sort of. Actions he could take. Here in this grotesque, gooey hellscape, there was no argument to be made. No rationalization. If Diana decided to digest him, he'd *melt.*

Why the fuck did Ollie and the others like this so much?

His back, tight from disuse, ached. He shuffled to the left, stretching into the pliant flesh, and heard Diana moan. It was a sharp noise. Involuntary. It sent a shiver up his spine, but it did not replace the barely suppressed panic that threatened to take hold of him. The flesh of her stomach folded around him, kneading his shoulders. It took him a moment to realize that Diana was touching him.

"Hey," she said. "We're getting you out soon. My friends are coming over to help."

"Do I know them?" Tito asked.

"No."

"That… makes me a little sad."

He heard Diana sigh. She was sitting. He could feel her thighs beneath him and that raised another tingle, being so close. She had a hand on his head and another on his side, both muffled by a layer of skin and muscle and fat. Her intestines churned noisily beneath him. Her breathing was calm.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I've been… I've *had* a lot to figure out. These friends are part of a predator support group. They met there. It's to help new predators navigate situations like *this.*"

"Ah."

"What's wrong?"

“Nothing. I just feel stupid.”

Diana moved around him. Found his face. Gave it a gentle rub. For the first time since she’d swallowed him, he felt something akin to peace. He wanted her to touch him more. He leaned his cheek into her hand.

“You’re not stupid,” Diana said. “This whole thing is complicated.”

“Our relationship?”

Her stomach warmed. It was a strange, sudden change in temperature that almost threw Tito back into panic until, inexplicably, he considered that she might be blushing. She had removed one of her hands from his side and was tugging on her ear. It was something she only did when she was embarrassed.

“Our relationship,” Diana repeated.

“Well, surely this is not a normal, friend activity.”

Tito gave a little wiggle. Diana’s breath hitched.

“Don’t do that.”

“Why?”

“Makes me want to digest you.”

Tito tensed, then relaxed. He kicked at her stomach playfully.

“Don’t scare me like that,” he said.

Diana laughed.

“Sorry, sorry,” she said. “So… relationship?”

“Don’t make me regret using that word.”

“No, no, I just always thought that I’d be the one to broach that conversation.”

“You’ve thought about it?”

“Have you?”

Tito leaned harder into the wall. It gave a short, contented grumble, suctioning to his face. The smell was still horrific and the tightness made his skin crawl, but it was Diana. He wasn’t scared of Diana.

“I have,” he admitted. “Is that wrong?”

Diana leaned forward. There was a pressure on his forehead. A kiss—her lips brushing him through her belly.

"No, you idiot. It's not wrong."

The flood of relief was so powerful that for a second, Tito forgot that he was in her stomach. He closed his eyes and let himself unwind, sinking into the gooey mess of her breakfast with a sigh he had been holding in for years. His cheeks burned. This was the start of something and his brain was only just starting to catch up with the implication, but it was a warm and exciting something. He was happy.

When was the last time he had been this happy?



Diana

The trio found Diana curled around her stomach, hugging it between her chest and her thighs, cheek pressed flat against the warm, bulging flesh. Her eyes were half closed. There was a dozy, love-drunk smile plastered to her face that the other predators knew intimately, but for Diana, it was new and overpowering.

“It’s like I’m a kid again,” she whispered as they filed into Tito’s apartment. Celestia and Julia had to duck their heads to dodge the shelves. Honey bounced beneath them, goggling at everything. “A kid with a crush. My neck is all hot. I’m burning up.”

“So the talk went well, I see,” Julia said.

She crouched next to Diana, belly bumping against the side of the couch. Diana watched as she carefully positioned her stomach between her legs, careful not to crush Ollie as she inspected her.

“Honey, don’t touch that.”

Celestia and Honey were inspecting the shelves. Both of them sported bellies of their own: Celestia’s tight and round and Honey’s drooping and huge. Despite her own warning, Celestia was also staring at the lines of movie paraphernalia lining the shelves, nodding her approval. Honey was interested in the figurines. She giggled as she picked up an anime girl with a ridiculously large chest.

“Look, Julia,” she said. “It’s Hahari from 100-Girlfriends!”

“Don’t touch his stuff,” Julia said without looking.

She was prodding Diana’s stomach. Diana let her conduct her inspection, applying only the gentlest pressure to Tito. It seemed to calm him. They hadn’t talked for the last ten minutes, at least not with words, but every few seconds he would tap his foot or shuffle or sigh and that hot, gooey feeling of affection would spread through Diana. It was all she could do to keep from squeezing.

“Yeah, you’re in the clear,” Julia said, nodding. She stood and her stomach sloshed. The faint outline of Ollie looked natural beneath

her shirt. “I’ll demonstrate and then you’ll give it a try, okay? You’re both going to be fine.”

“I know,” Diana said. “Thank you for coming. Tito? Thank my friend for helping us.”

“Thank you, Diana’s friend.”

Julia smiled.

“I like him,” she said. “You’ll both need to be calm for this. He’s going to have to help. Ollie, do you want to give him instructions?”

A muffled thump.

“He’s shy. I’ll narrate as we demonstrate.”

Diana sat up. The weight around her middle shifted, jiggling as it came to a halt on the couch cushion. Tito was still tight, still apprehensive, but Diana wanted to believe that he could get used to this. She *wanted* him to get used to it—a desire so entrenched that it felt like it would tear a hole in her.

Having him in her throat, her stomach…

She wanted to keep him there forever.

Julia seemed to guess the desire behind her protective posture. They all did. Celestia put a hand on Critter’s head and he nudged it through her skin. Honey swung her hips, earning a giggle from Evangeline. Julia clenched slightly, giving Diana a brief glimpse of Ollie’s contented expression.

Diana envied them.

Julia seemed to guess at this as well.

“He’ll learn to love it,” she whispered in Diana’s ear. “You can train him, you know. You can train him to associate your stomach with pleasure. He’ll let you swallow him again. I promise.”

“Thanks,” Diana whispered, then louder. “Show me how to bring him up.”

“Right,” Julia said, clapping her hands.

She stood in front of the coffee table like a teacher standing in front of the class. Celestia and Honey came to sit beside Diana. The

couch sagged under their collective weight, its legs groaning in protest.

"Step one," Julia recited, "is to relax. Honey and Celestia will follow along, but Diana, I need you to untense every muscle in your body—especially in your throat and abdomen."

Diana tried. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath, letting it out in a long stream of air.

It was harder than she anticipated. Her stomach, full to the brim, didn't want to let go of its meal and the adjoining muscles seemed to agree. Diana first unclenched her jaw, then worked her way down her throat like she was about to swallow someone, then, at last, wrestled back control of her belly. It sagged for a moment, then tightened again. She gave a frustrated grunt and tried once more.

Honey's stomach seemed to melt. All of the hard edges of Evangeline's body disappeared amidst her flab as Honey let out a sexual groan, digging her hands into the soft surface which rippled like a waterbed. Celestia… did nothing. Apparently she had another method, because her stomach remained tense, her muscular abdomen a wall of iron beneath her sports bra.

"Celestia does the opposite, actually," Julia explained when Diana looked at her. She herself had allowed her stomach to fall atop the coffee table. "Her control over her muscles is so fine that she can actually push Critter right up her throat with no difficulty."

Celestia let out a boastful belch. Critter muttered something and she rapped on his head.

"No comments from the peanut gallery," she said.

"Alright," Diana said, still tense, but getting impatient. "What's the next step?"

"Your partner," Julia said, pointing at Diana's stomach, "is going to raise his arms. He's going to find the esophagus, your throat, and he's going to slip his fingers into it. You're going to have to stay perfectly relaxed. It might take him a moment to find it."

"Did you hear that, Tito?"

A thump of confirmation. His fingers began to explore the folds of her upper belly. Diana bit her lip as a flutter went through her chest.

"Doesn't it feel good?" Honey hummed. She had her eyes closed, a lazy grin plastered to her face. Tiny bulges formed along her stomach as Evangeline searched for the esophagus. "It always takes Angel a minute or three, but I get a good massage in the process."

Julia, whose partner was easier to discern, had folded his arms up and into a straight line. She was waiting for Diana.

Diana focused on her throat. She forced herself to relax and felt a sudden penetration as Tito slipped his fingers past the knot, his palm gliding into her esophagus. She shuddered.

Julia clicked her tongue.

"Now," she said, holding her hands under her belly, "you're going to guide him up with your hands, pushing on his butt and slowly tightening your abdomen until his head and shoulders are in your throat. You're going to feel the urge to swallow, but instead, you're going to clench your core, pushing out and up until they're in your mouth. This might take a few tries, so be patient. I'll demonstrate now. Honey, please narrate."

"Okaaaay," Honey drawled.

Tito's hand continued to swish inside of her esophagus. Diana suppressed the urge to swallow, to clench. His weight inside of her, his comforting touch…

Sweat beaded on her brow.

Concentrate.

"So right now she's like, clenching just a little," Honey said, putting her hand on Julia's lower belly. It was saggier there, curving in Honey's palm. Julia gave a little moan when Honey squeezed, as did Ollie inside of her. "His hand is inside of her esophagus, so if she pushes up with her arms, he'll start to slide in."

A bulge appeared between Julia's breasts. Honey, without blinking, pulled her shirt up to expose her chest. Julia wasn't wearing

a bra. Her breasts splayed outward as Honey cupped them, fondling her nipples.

"H-hey!" Julia said. "Honey!"

"A little stimulation helps the predator stay nice and relaxed," Honey continued, as lethargic as ever. "You want to focus on keeping your core clenched *under* your partner. This forms a floor. Then you want to focus on not swallowing."

The bulge was rising. Julia was slowly lifting with both arms, pulling Ollie into her throat. She opened her mouth to show the tips of his fingers flitting about the back of her tongue. Her eyes were closed. Honey pinched her nipples.

ULP!

"Honey!"

"Soooorry," Honey giggled. "You were moving too fast. Diana hasn't even tried it yet, so you might need to show her again."

Diana had just been staring at the pair. Was this behavior normal in predators? Clearly the two were very comfortable with each other. Celestia didn't bat an eye, nor did their partners complain. In fact, Evangeline and Ollie were both grunting as Julia and Honey's bellies were pressed into each other, squishing together in a melee of softened flesh.

Celestia snapped her fingers.

Diana broke from her stupor.

"Right," she gulped, accidentally swallowing Tito's fingers.

It took another five minutes for him to find her esophagus again. Celestia was the one spotting her, hands placed over Diana's, guiding her into the proper position. Tito's body was stiff, but his breathing was normal. This had a good chance of working.

"Now you're going to lift," Celestia said, "and it's going to feel like you're barfing. Don't worry, nothing will come up besides your partner. He's by far the largest thing in there."



“And how do you do it?” Diana said, needing a distraction. Sweat was pouring down her face. She was concentrating as hard as she could on not swallowing. “They said you had a different method.”

Celestia rolled her eyes.

“Like this.”

She reached into her mouth and tightened her abs. There was a yelp, a squelch. Then, like a magician pulling a rabbit from a hat, Celestia heaved a pale, skinny man out of her throat. He hung by his ankle, dripping on the carpet.

“Tada,” he said meekly.

Diana let go of her stomach to clap. Once more, Tito slipped out of her esophagus.

“Damn it!”

Now the apartment was starting to get crowded. There were four predators—three of whom were sporting bellies—and Celestia’s partner, who reminded Diana of Edward Scissorhands. She could feel the weight of their expectation as Tito found her esophagus again. She squeezed her eyes shut.

I’ll do it in one heave, she thought.

“Ready?” she asked.

Tito’s head bobbed against her navel.

Taking a deep breath, Diana heaved.

“She’s doing it!” Honey said. “You’re doing it!”

The bulge in her stomach had moved toward her chest. Tito’s arm was in her throat now, elbow holding open the knot as his fingers brushed the back of her tongue. She could *taste* him, how salty sweet he was. It was making it difficult not to swallow.

“Keep going!”

Tito’s voice echoed in her throat. He was pushing his feet into her arms, lifting himself up through her esophagus. His head was in her throat now. His shoulders. The others were watching her, cheering her on. Diana clenched her stomach. With all of her might, she heaved.

SHLORP!

"Incoming!" Julia shouted.

Diana had underestimated her own strength. Tito came flying out of her like a rocket, arms protecting his neck as he hurtled towards the floor. Only quick thinking on Honey's part saved him from a concussion as she threw herself in front of the coffee table a split second before his head would have hit the edge.

He made impact with her enormous belly. Honey's face turned green.

"Oh boy."

Now it was Celestia's turn to grab the flailing form of Evangeline before she hit the table as Honey launched her lover high into the air. Diana was on her hands and knees, hacking. Critter was helping to pull Tito off of Honey. Julia was laughing uproariously as Ollie kept asking what was happening.

Diana had forgotten that Tito was naked. She'd managed to throw on her clothes before the others arrived.

"Whoa, steady, my dude," Critter said, laughing as he tugged Tito up to his feet.

"Thanks, ma—Critter?"

"No fucking way! Tito, my man! What are the odds?"

"You two know each other?" Celestia asked, folding her arms in front of her chest.

Tito and Critter were dapping each other up. Neither was wearing clothes.

"I know everyone," Critter said. "Also, Tito, I was about to ask on a scale of 1 to 10 how traumatized you were, but, uh, looks like you're fine! Congrats, man!"

"What?"

Tito looked down, turned bright red, and immediately rushed toward his bedroom. Diana looked up just in time to see his cock at full mast when the door slammed. Celestia took her by the arm.

"You alright, champ?" she asked.



“Glad that it’s over with,” Diana said, standing. “Thank you. All of you.”

“No problem,” Honey groaned from the floor.

“Our pleasure,” Evangeline said.

Diana only knew her from Honey’s description. She was tiny, prim, with black hair and glasses covered in stomach slime. She was kneeling next to Honey as Julia ejected her own partner, plucking him carefully from her maw into a bear-like hug. He was a muscular man with an eyebrow scar. Julia gave him a small peck on the forehead.

“Thanks for demonstrating,” she said.

“Anytime,” Ollie said, dazed.

“So,” Diana said, looking around.

Each predator was standing (or lying in Honey’s case) next to their partners. Ollie had wriggled out of Julia’s arms and was leaning on her hip. Critter and Celestia were shadow boxing. Evangeline was chastening Honey in a low voice as she attempted to lift her into a sitting position.

“This is the gang?”

“Just about,” Julia said. “Our little, dysfunctional family.”

A pang of envy rang through Diana. They all looked so comfortable with each other. There were no furtive glances, nor careful posturing. Each seemed to trust their partner implicitly, as Diana and Tito had before things became complicated.

Would he still want to date her now that he’d experienced her stomach? Would he ever consider her his partner now that the line that separated them was so clear?

Tito exited his bedroom wearing a fresh tee shirt and shorts. His hair was still mucky with her juices and his face was as red as a canna lily. He stopped at the end of the hall, gazing upon the four giant women that now occupied his (comparatively) tiny apartment. Ollie, Critter, and Evangeline waved. He waved half-heartedly back.

“Hi,” he said, clearing his throat. “I’m Tito.”

“Hi, Tito,” came a chorus of voices.

His shoulders sagged a little. Diana bit her lip. Then, he looked at her and smiled, drawing himself up to his full height.

“Would you all like to watch a movie?”

Tito

"We should have called Celestia," Tito grumbled.

Sweat poured down his scalp as he heaved his corner of the mattress up another step. Diana, holding the base, was still going strong.

"She's busy at her gym," Diana said, grinning. "Besides, isn't this exactly what boyfriends are for?"

Another step. Another wave of exhaustion as the mattress sagged in his arms. The thing was fucking enormous. It had to be to accommodate Diana.

"Not when your boyfriend is half your size," Tito puffed. He was finally at the landing. He trembled as he hauled the mattress back and over the lip of the railing and into the hallway of Diana's apartment complex.

She lived in a converted warehouse. The hallways were wide enough to drive a car through and the ceiling was over ten feet tall. Diana pushed the rest of the mattress up. Mercifully, her door was the first on the left.

Diana's taste in decor was much like his. While most of her stuff was still in boxes, they had managed to put up a few shelves (at a height where the girls could walk comfortably beneath them), and, of course, Diana's 85-inch television. Her sofa was an enormous "U" shape with deep cushions. Tito bumped his shin on it as they passed.

"Ow!"

"You good?"

"I'm fine."

"We can probably drag it from here."

"No, no, let's just get the damn thing on your bedframe."

Diana snickered. They'd spent the previous night building the hulk of a bedframe, pounding the metal bars into position to the

chagrin of her downstairs neighbor. Tito grunted as he thrust his side of the mattress onto the frame. Diana pushed it into place, whistling.

"Damn, that looks good," she said.

Tito had to admit that it was pretty impressive. The bed was almost twice as wide as he was tall and it was *plush.* Diana had tested every mattress in the store to find one that she liked—one that was squishy enough that she wouldn't crush Tito if she rolled over in her sleep.

That had been Honey's advice.

Diana took Tito's hand as they stood side by side, inspecting their work. A new relationship. A new apartment. Diana hadn't asked Tito to move in with her, but by the way she talked, he could tell that it was a foregone conclusion. In fact:

"Guess you're sleeping here tonight," Diana said.

She smiled slyly at him.

Tito sighed.

"I guess I am," he said, "seeing as you broke my bedframe."

"It will be a good opportunity to test this bad boy."

"I'm tempted to try it now."

"Aww, poor honey. Was that mattress too heavy for you?"

She leaned over him, grinning.

"I'm a lot heavier than that mattress, you know."

Her belly bumped into his hip. For the first time, she'd met him the morning after feeding. It had been… an adjustment to see her belly full and churning, but Tito had to admit that he didn't mind the change in texture. Diana's eyes flashed mischievously.

"You can't possibly be asking for sex right now," Tito said as she lifted him onto the mattress. It was mid-afternoon and sunlight slanted through the rafters, warming his cheek as she crawled on top of him.

"Why not?" Diana asked. "Aren't boys supposed to like sex?"

"You've always been the horny one."

"Have not."

“Have too.”

“Have not times infinity.”

Her stomach plopped on his lap. Tito shuddered as it rumbled against his crotch.

Diana was looking down at him, a question in her eyes. It had been a week since the incident at his apartment. A week without talking about it.

“Seems like your stomach just cleared up some room,” Tito said, blushing.

“I guess so,” Diana said, clutching the bottom of her stomach. “I just hope this place has some good plumbing.”

She was grinding on him. It was making it hard to think. The base of her stomach pressed into his cock, churning, vibrating. Tito had to wonder if she was doing it on purpose—if she was trying to *train* him as Ollie warned she would. He knew that Diana and Julia texted almost every day.

When he’d asked what about she’d said, “Oh, just some tips.”

Diana was leaning forward now, burying him in her belly. He was smothered against the warm fabric of her tee shirt, unable to move as she tugged his shorts down to his thighs. It was now or never.

“I was thinking,” Tito said. Diana pulled back, giving him a quizzical look. “That maybe, since you’re full and all, that now might be a good time to… try again.”

“Try again?”

Tito glanced at her stomach.

Diana’s entire face brightened.

“You mean it?!”

She wrinkled her brow.

“Are you sure?”

Tito shrugged. He wasn’t sure. Late at night, sleeping next to Diana, he’d tried to visualize what he’d been attracted to when she swallowed him. Her forcefulness. Her hunger. That desperate need that left no room for doubt. For someone who didn’t think of themself

as attractive, it was *incredibly* validating to have someone literally salivate over him.

But the actual stomach, cramped and tight and filled with bile? Yeah, he was still working on that.

"I don't know," he answered truthfully, taking Diana's hand. She looked so beautiful in the slanting light. "But I want to be. Does that make sense?"

Diana ruffled his hair.

"I love you, Tito," she said.

Tito's heart did a backflip. He opened his mouth, trying to rush out the words he knew that he should say, but Diana's mouth was already there, engulfing him. He was so flustered that he didn't even have time to be scared. Diana scarfed him down in three swallows, belching crassly as he hit her belly.

"I love you, too," he whispered into her stomach folds.

But by the way she squeezed his body, it seemed like she heard him.

End Book 1

(one more illustration below)





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