

Kattu/paogordo's  
Fun with girlfriend



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A **Kattu/Paogordo** production

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*Chapter 1*

# *Daydreaming*

“Do you ever see like, those pictures of a water slide or whatever with a pred standing at the bottom?”

“Yeah?”

“And like, someone goes down the slide or a whole bunch of people and the pred just gobbles them up, right?”

“Sure.”

“It’s so unrealistic.”

Emily dabbled her feet in the water as Alice stared at the slide with her cheek in her palm, counting the number of people on the stairs. The clouds were grey against the glass ceiling, muting the world beyond, and the resort had

a lethargic, almost timeless feel about it, like its occupants were stranded. Emily gulped as Alice's hand crept closer to hers on the edge of the pool, but before their fingers touched, Alice turned. Emily pulled her hand away, blushing.

"Hey, where do you think Gabi is?" Alice asked.

"Who cares," Emily grumbled. "We lost her, remember? She wanted to do that boring luncheon with the staff when obviously the better option was to go to the pool. The lines are shorter when there are events."

"But you don't go on the slides," Alice said.

"But like, we could."

"Right," Alice giggled. "Anyway, don't you agree that it's unrealistic?"

"Hmm?"

"A pred eating people at the base of a water slide. Like, obviously the people on the stairs would see them and the people at the top wait for the people at the bottom to come out before they go down. I guess the pred could be in the water slide, but then the people at the top wouldn't see anyone come out and that would be suspicious. Also, there are usually employees or whatever who tell you when to go or not. All in all, nobody would ever get away with it."

Alice finished her speech with a flick of her head. Her hair tumbled over her bare shoulders, tickling the smooth line of her collarbone. Emily's mouth went slack for a moment, then she straightened up.

"It's just a fantasy," she said. "It's not supposed to be realistic."

"Right, I guess," Alice said. "Like, it would be terrifying to actually be swallowed. It would be dark and gooey and cramped and the acids would burn..."

Her face flushed.

"Nevermind," she said. "Needless to say, it would be bad."

"Not for the pred," Emily said. "They'd get the best of it, right? The pred gets to digest and once they're done, the prey is just fat on their tits."

"Is that why your sister's boobs are so big?"

Emily jolted so hard that she lost her grip on the side of the pool. Alice watched in awe as she shrieked, did a little kick, and fell forward into the water before spluttering back to the surface. Alice extended a hand and Emily took it.

"Jeeze," Alice said, pulling her up. "It was just a joke. I didn't think it was that funny."

“You startled me,” Emily coughed. “And don’t mention Gabi’s tits while I’m sitting right next to you.”

“Why?” Alice asked, elbowing Emily’s diminutive bikini top. “Jealous?”

“I just don’t want my girlfriend talking about my sister’s boobs,” Emily complained. “Let’s go back to talking about... that.”

That is what they called vore in public, mostly because it was cringey to talk about vore in public. If Emily and Alice had more in common, maybe they wouldn’t have to talk about vore in public, but they were in the beginning stages of their relationship - the awkward stages where they didn’t know much about each other, but what they did know was impossibly tantalizing and drew them together like magnets. Horny, teenaged magnets.

“Okay,” Alice said, raising a finger. “Let’s talk about another unrealistic trope. How can a woman that is 140, maybe 150 pounds carry a 180-220 pound man in her stomach and still manage to catch another person? Like, they’d be so slow! Even if they could manage to move at a good pace, the other person would always be faster and don’t even get me started about those stories where preds eat delivery drivers.”

“I thought you liked those types of stories,” Emily said, thinking of the notebook full of them she had left in her

desk drawer.

“Oh, oh, I do,” Alice said. “I’m just saying that, in real life, the police would be all over that. Like, you had to give the pizza place your address. They’d know where the delivery driver was before he went missing and if it happens twice in a row, that’s super sus.”

“Don’t say sus.”

“Sussy sus sus.”

Emily nudged Alice in the ribs. Any time their skin collided - oh heck, any time they were within ten inches of each other, Emily’s face would get hot and her insides would twist into pretzels. She couldn’t dispel the urge to wrap her arms around Alice’s waist or kiss her cheek or... or...

Well, needless to say, she wanted to do a lot.

Alice just giggled as Emily battered away at her. The smell of chlorine was thick in the air, reminding them that school was out and the days were free. Children splashed about in the lazy river, their parents watching from plastic chairs. Fake palm trees and lifeguard stands lined the shore, occupied by teenagers about the age of Alice and Emily with their chins in their hands. Nothing was happening and nothing much was expected to happen. It was a time of infinite possibilities.



And in the next room over...

## *Chapter 2*

# *Big sis wandering around*

Gabi was not lazing about by the pool as she might have wanted. Instead, she was running around the hotel, her beach ball sized tits flopping under her shirt as she checked room after room after room.

“Where - Are - The - Brats?” she panted.

They had given her the slip at the luncheon, sneaking away while Gabi had been occupied with a suitor. He had been tall - blue eyes, blond hair - and Gabi had just begun to think that perhaps she had found a real gentleman when she realized her sister was missing.

“Mom’s going to kill me,” she said to herself, throwing open the door to a meeting room. “She’s really going to kill me.”

It had been her parents' idea to take the brats. Gabi had been invited to a nutrition seminar on behalf of her college. The professor couldn't make it as she was busy at a different seminar across the globe, so she had told Gabi to lend her room to whoever she wanted. Gabi hadn't envisioned it being the two dweebs.

Alice, she liked. Polite. Shy. Demure to the point of being puritanical at times, but with a secret cynical humor that Gabi had only caught when she was listening from the other room. When Alice was with Emily, her demeanor changed entirely.

Gabi had accepted that Emily was able to corrupt even the most innocent of hearts, but usually when Emily introduced her friends, Gabi was suspicious. Emily had tricked her into eating her classmates before and Gabi had developed a keen eye for her sister's shenanigans, which was why, when Emily had actually gone out of her way to make sure Gabi and Alice were never in the same room, Gabi knew that Emily was in love.

"I'm not," Emily would say, throwing whatever she had on hand. "She's just cool is all. Not that you would know."

"Maybe," Gabi would giggle. "I wonder how she'd taste."

The brawl that would ensue would only end when one of them sustained an injury that was worth hiding from

their parents. Now Gabi had something else to hide from her parents: the fact that she had lost her sister.

“Brat,” Gabi called, opening another door. “If you snuck off to make out with your girlfriend, I’m going to eat her.”

“You’re going to what?”

Gabi turned so fast that she slammed her elbow on the wall.

It was the boy that she had met at the luncheon. Brad, maybe? Brandon. His hair had a messy, California quality to it that she found appealing and his expression was intelligent - something that Gabi didn’t see that often in guys that approached her. Most never met her eye.

“I’m looking for my sister,” Gabi said, rubbing her arm. “About a foot shorter than me, blonde, mischievous?”

Had he heard what she had said? It didn’t look like it. He was tilting his head to the side, surveying the room she had just barged into. When he looked back at Gabi, his lips spread into a smile.

“I haven’t,” he said. “I was actually looking for you.”

“Oh.”

Gabi twisted a strand of her hair. She wanted to talk to him, but she also knew that if she left Emily alone for too long, then she was liable to set up a trap for Gabi. Too many vacations had been ruined by Emily nudging someone into her tits or tipping someone into her mouth. Once, she had actually swallowed someone at the base of a water slide. Her breath had smelled like chlorine for weeks.

“Sorry,” Gabi said. “I’ve really gotta go find my sister now, so if you’ll excuse me.”

“Can I help?”

His eyes were like crystal shards piercing into her brain. Gabi opened her mouth, then closed it. She couldn’t decide whether she wanted to eat the boy or kiss him. It was funny how often those two urges coincided. She squinted up at him, searching for any hint of insincerity, but finding none, she sighed and held out a hand.

“Yes, please,” she said.

—

Emily was starting to get bored.

The pool was filling up with children now that the luncheon was over and with children came noise and clutter and less opportunities to kiss Alice. Not that she had kissed

Alice. She just liked having the opportunity to if she wanted. And she did. It was complicated.

“C’mon,” she said, standing and stretching. “Let’s find somewhere more quiet.”

“Oh?” Alice said.

“Not for, y’know... shut up.”

Alice giggled. Emily often acted like a brat, but it came as a surprise to Alice how easy it was to tease her. A joke here, a hand on the thigh there, and viola! Her girlfriend’s face was as red as a poppy.

She hoped Emily never figured out she could turn it on her.

The hallways were barren as they meandered back toward their suite. There were two beds in the master bedroom and Alice was just wondering how she was going to breach the topic of pushing them together when Emily grabbed her arm.

“Wha-” Alice started.

A hand clamped over her mouth. There were noises coming from the end of the hallway. A girl was giggling and a man was egging her on. Alice was just about to ask Emily

why she had stopped her when another noise echoed around the corner. It sounded like... someone gulping. There was a slap, a gasp, then a wet, throaty belch.

Emily's fingers trembled against Alice's lips. With a tug on her arm, she pulled her into a supply closet.

"What was that?" Alice asked as Emily unhandled her.

"Nothing," Emily said. Her face had gone very white. Alice reached out to touch her, but Emily shrugged her away. "A prank, probably."

"A prank? What kind of prank?"

"Gabi," Emily said.

She opened her mouth to say more, then bit back her words. Her forehead wrinkled.

"Wait here," she said.

Alice stood in the closet, confused, as Emily ran back into the hall. Her feet slapped over the cheap carpeting toward the source of the sound.

"You promised," she muttered under her breath. "You promised, you promised, you promised."

Making it to the corner, she turned her head. There was nobody in the hallway except for a maid who, after glancing both ways, pulled a flask from under her shirt and took a swig. When she saw Emily approaching, she quickly fumbled it back into her pocket.

“Have you seen a girl recently?” Emily asked. “Blonde, early 20’s.”

The maid stared at her.

“Huge tits?”

“Ah,” the maid said. “There was a girl like that walking around earlier with a man. They were searching for someone themselves. Was it you, perhaps?”

“Probably,” Emily sighed. “Which way did they go?”

The maid pointed her in the opposite direction and Emily spun on her heel.

Dim, yellow light flooded the hallway as Emily ran. Every hotel she had ever been in seemed to have the same, sleepy lamps that obfuscated the stains on the walls and carpet. It made the hallway seem infinite as Emily looked left and right, checking each of the doors as she passed. Once, she thought she heard something in a meeting room, but when she threw the door open it was just a couple of teenagers



making out on the table. They glared at her until she left.

“C’mon, c’mon,” Emily said, testing another door. “You can’t have gone far in your-”

Hiccup!

A sharp intake of breath made Emily freeze next to the bathroom. Someone inside was breathing heavily.

“There you are,” Emily yelled, shoving her way inside. “Gabi how could... you...”

A man stared back at her, his hand resting on the shoulder blades of her sister who was bent over the sink, her face pale and unkept. Gabi hiccuped again.

“There you are, hiccup, brat.”

Emily looked between the man and her sister, puzzled. She had heard a gulp! A wet smack. A belch. She had listened to her sister eat someone so many times that the sounds were ingrained in her brain and yet Gabi’s stomach was as small as it had been that morning. If that was the case, then what were those noises?

“Er, if I may,” the man said. “Are you Emily?”

“Yes,” Emily snapped.

“Your sister choked on a hors d’oeuvre. Went down the wrong pipe. I gave her the heimlich and she seems to be alright, but she gave me quite the scare.”

“It was stupid,” Gabi muttered, spitting in the sink. “Thank you, Brandon.”

Relief spread through Emily, lightening her limbs. So her sister hadn’t eaten anyone. That was good. It occurred to Emily how odd it was for her to be happy that Gabi wasn’t gurgling some guy, but she knew that if Alice were to see what her sister could do, Gabi would have no choice but to eat Alice as well. That’s how it always worked. No witnesses.

Emily clutched her chest and let out a sigh, arranging her face into a sardonic smile.

“Thanks for helping my dumb sister,” she said to the man. “She can be such a clutz sometimes.”

“No problem,” Brandon said, chuckling. “We’ve actually been searching for you. Your sister’s been worried sick. Isn’t that right, Gabi?”

“I’m going to kill her,” Gabi said.

That seemed as good a cue as any for Emily to leave. She put her hand on the doorknob, intent on heading back to

Alice, but before she could open the door, Gabi moved to grab her arm. That's when all hell broke loose.

### *Chapter 3*

## *Accidents happen*

A few things happened at once:

Gabi, not noticing the puddle of water over her feet, slipped on the tile. She stumbled forward with her hands outstretched, her face frozen in a mask of shock.

Brandon, seeing her fall, sidestepped in front of her, his arms flung wide to catch her before she hit the floor.

Emily, in an unusual act of self-sacrifice, threw herself forward to help, colliding with Brandon's legs.

GLUK!

The sound echoed through the small bathroom as Emily looked on in horror. Brandon's head had disappeared into

Gabi's gullet. She had fallen at such an angle that when Brandon stumbled, her mouth had fitted neatly over his ears and kept going, sheathing him in her throat. Emily's blunder had only knocked him in further. Now they had a dilemma.

"Let him go," Emily hissed, tugging on Brandon's shoulders.

Gabi shook her head and blinked. She had a hungry look in her eye that Emily had seen all too often. Saliva dribbled over her chin.

"Let him go," Emily repeated.

Another shake. Gabi's hands were clasped around Brandon's sides and she was lifting him, slowly but surely, angling him toward her throat. Brandon wasn't moving. Maybe the fall had stunned him or maybe he had lost his breath, but he hung limp from her lips, powerless to stop his own consumption. Emily tore at his shirt and tugged at his legs and yet Gabi kept swallowing, gulping down her prey until his torso was just a lump between her breasts and a bulge in her stomach. With nothing else to do, Emily dropped to her knees. She watched enthralled as Gabi's stomach expanded, wishing she could share the moment with Alice.

BBBwwwAaAaouUURRP!

The belch ended the enchantment. Gabi was sitting with her stomach on her thighs looking much like a satisfied house cat. She rubbed her stomach in small circles, watching as bubbles appeared against her smooth skin. Emily, on the other hand, felt as if an icy claw had just ripped away her intestines. She tried to swallow and found she couldn't.

“Gabi,” she said.

“Mmhmm?”

“You. Fucking. Dumbass!”

Gabi shrieked as Emily fell upon her, pounding with her small fists. The two fell onto the soggy bathroom floor, rolling about until fury gave way to weight and Gabi sat atop her sister, pinning her with her full belly. When Emily moved to claw at her once more, Gabi simply leaned forward.

“Mmph! Mmph! MMph!”

“Are you going to behave?” Gabi asked.

Emily's arms fell limp at her sides. Gabi removed her stomach and sat up.

“Fatass,” Emily growled as she got back to her feet. “Glutton. Pig. Tit monster.”

“I don’t see why you’re so mad about this,” Gabi said, licking her lips. Some of Brandon’s taste still lingered on her tongue. “If anything, I should be the one that’s mad. He was really cute!”

“Yes, but you said you wouldn’t eat anyone this trip,” Emily shouted.

Realizing what she had done, she covered her mouth, but the resort was quiet. No alarms were tripped. Removing her hands, Emily continued in a hushed whisper.

“You said that you were on a diet!”

“I am!” Gabi complained. She pinched her gut and wrinkled her nose. “And now it’s ruined.”

“Then spit him out!”

Gabi’s eyes widened.

“You know I can’t do that,” she said. “He’d tell everyone!”

“Not if we make him promise not to,” Emily said desperately. “And who’s going to believe him anyway? Eating people whole is impossible and it’s not like he’s hurt. The police would think it was a prank.”

“Or they might investigate and find out about everyone

else,” Gabi noted. “Mom says-”

“Mom says,” Emily mocked, pacing around the bathroom. “I know what Mom says! Now I’m telling you that it’s not a big deal, so if you’d just listen to me, it should be fine.”

She took a deep breath. Her shoulders were shaking. Gabi was looking at her like she was some kind of animal that had been released from the zoo.

“Who are you and what have you done with my sister?” she asked. “The Emily I know would never pass up a chance to watch me eat someone and here you are with a front row seat. Actually, wasn’t it you who was yapping all last night about me being at the base of a waterslide and-”

“The waterslide idea is stupid and it would never work!” Emily yelled. “Let the poor man go!”

It was at that moment that Brandon decided to make his presence known by throwing his full weight against the front of Gabi’s stomach. Her shirt bulged outward, then snapped back into place as her dense muscle tightened around him, securing him in place.

“Where am I?” he yelled. “What’s going on?”

“Oh great, he’s vocal,” Emily said.



“You’re in my stomach, Brandon,” Gabi said, stroking her gut.

“Gabi? How? What?”

“Just, uh, be still for a moment and we can figure this out, okay?”

“Okay,” Brandon said.

Gabi’s stomach settled back into a formless lump. Emily began pacing again.

“Damn,” she muttered. “Damn, damn, damn.”

“You know Mom doesn’t like you swearing,” Gabi said.

Emily whirled, intent on telling her exactly what she thought about Mom’s opinion, when a sound from the hallway caused both of them to jolt. Footsteps, coming toward them. Moving fast, Emily grabbed Gabi by the back of the shirt and ushered her toward one of the stalls. Gabi’s stomach slapped against her hips as she shuffled forward, but once they got to the stall, it became apparent that Gabi wasn’t going to fit. Her sides squashed against the plastic barrier before ballooning outward.

“Emily?” came Alice’s voice. “Are you in there?”

“I don’t think I’m going to fit,” Gabi whispered.

“Oh yes you will,” Emily said.

She took three steps backwards, braced her knees, and then, sprinting forward at full pelt, jumped high in the air and planted her feet on Gabi’s butt, propelling her through the door with a heavy thud.

“Emily?” Alice asked again.

“Coming,” Emily said, slamming the stall door.

Alice poked her head into the bathroom and looked around. Water was still gushing from the faucet that Gabi had been using. Emily’s hair was a mess. There was a bruise on her cheek where one of Brandon’s feet had clocked her through Gabi’s stomach and her shirt was torn at the hem.

“Did... did the sink attack you?” Alice asked.

“No,” Emily said. “I mean, yes, kind of. I fell.”

“I was worried about you,” Alice said, sticking out her bottom lip. “You kind of just left me in the closet. I thought you were frustrated with me.”

“What? No. Never.”

Emily wanted so badly to pay attention to Alice, but she could hear Gabi's stomach through the stall door. Brandon was swishing around inside of it, making a mess of himself.

"Er, we should talk in the room," Emily said, raising her voice.

"Why are you shouting?" Alice asked.

"Vocal exercise."

Alice shook her head, but allowed herself to be led from the bathroom by the hand. As they walked down the hall, though, Emily's phone buzzed in her pocket.

"Give me a sec," she said.

It was a text from Gabi.

"Are you just going to leave me in the bathroom? Someone's going to find me and then I'll have to eat everyone."

This was followed by a donut emoji. Emily just stared at her phone.

"Actually," she said. "I forgot that I promised to meet up with Gabi. She just reminded me. Would you mind hanging out by yourself for a bit?"

“I don’t mind,” Alice said, scratching her head. “But why can’t I come with you?”

“It’s, uh... her period.”

“Her period,” Alice repeated.

“Yes,” Emily said, thinking fast. “She gets these terrible cramps and they’re super embarrassing for her. That’s what I was doing in the bathroom. She had asked me to bring her some Midol, but now she needs a pad.”

“But you said you were just with her. Why is she reminding you that you have to ‘hang out with her’ now?”

Damn, Emily loved and hated how smart Alice was sometimes.

“I lied,” she admitted. “Like I said, it’s embarrassing.”

“Well, I’d like you to trust me with these things,” Alice said. “I really don’t like when you lie, Emily.”

Emily bit the tip of her tongue as Alice tugged at the strap of her swimsuit. Vore is real, she wanted to say, but to do so would jeopardize everything her family had built. It might put Gabi in danger, but more likely it would be Alice who paid the price. If her parents found out that Alice knew, they might demand that she be silenced. And how would Alice

react?

It was one thing to theorize about the concept of being swallowed alive and whole and another thing to experience it as a reality. In stories, characters got churned and turned into tit fat without anyone getting hurt. It was all good fun when a pred taunted their prey, licking their lips and rubbing their tummy as their digestive juices filled their stomachs like quicksand in some B-tier action movie.

In real life, that was usually when people started screaming.

Gabi had a friend who had known what she could do for years, but the only reason her family accepted Lily was because Lily had proven that she wasn't a narc. Emily didn't think that Alice was a narc, but how was she supposed to know? She couldn't just say, 'Hey, so theoretically if my sister could actually digest mass quantities of people like some kind of human garbage disposal, would you be cool with that? Oh, and she pretty much chooses her victims at random.'

No, no, no. Emily liked Alice way too much to risk her being digested, so instead of doing what was right by telling Alice the truth, she did what she knew would distract her the most:

She kissed her right on the lips.

Alice's cheeks immediately turned a bright shade of vermillion as Emily's lips folded over her own. Her fingers twitched. Her throat bobbed. When Emily pulled away, Alice wavered on her feet for a moment. Emily caught her before she could fall.

"That was to say sorry," she said. "For lying. Are we good now?"

"Uh huh," Alice mumbled.

"Okay. I gotta go take care of Gabi. I'll be back to the room soon. Can you wait for me?"

"Yeah."

"Good. See you soon."

Alice wandered down the hall, dazed, as Emily turned on her heel and rushed back toward the bathroom. Her heart was racing. If she could resolve the issue quickly, then she'd have some time alone with Alice before they were supposed to be at dinner.

"Okay," Emily said, kicking open the door of the bathroom. "Let's get you out-"

Her words died on her lips. The maid, the one who had told Emily that she had seen her sister, was standing in the

middle of the room with her mop in hand.

“Oh,” the maid said, taking her earbud out. Hard rock thrummed from the speaker. “Did you ever find your sister?”

Emily glanced toward the stall door. She could see Gabi’s feet beneath it as well as the lower crest of her stomach.

“Uh, yes,” she said. “I did. Thank you.”

“Great,” the maid said with a smile. “I’m just going to finish up cleaning in here, but if you need to use a stall, go ahead.”

She put her earbud in and resumed humming. When Emily was sure that she wasn’t paying attention, she slipped into the stall next to Gabi’s.

“Titzilla,” she whispered. “Can you hear me?”

“Yes,” Gabi groaned. “Brandon won’t stop moving around.”

“Yes, because it’s quite hot,” came the muffled response from her stomach. “When are you going to let me out?”

“Soon,” Gabi lied. “But we can’t get caught, so you’re going to have to be quiet.”

“I’ll try!”

Emily cracked the door to her stall open. The maid was still mopping, mouthing the words of some song or another as she dipped her mop into the bucket. Her back was turned toward the stalls, but what concerned Emily was the line of mirrors in front of her. If she happened to look up, she would see Gabi’s bloated reflection wobbling out of the bathroom. Putting her devious brain to the problem, Emily thought up an effective, albeit dickish solution.

On the windowsill in front of the maid was a potted plant. It had probably been placed there to spruce up the decor, but Emily could see by the drip tray beneath it that it was a genuine plant and not a plastic replica. She scoured about for a moment for something to throw before her eyes fell on a bar of soap on the maid’s cart.

3... 2... 1...

CRASH!

Emily lobbed the bar of soap over the maid’s head just as she stooped down to dip her mop. It hit the pot on the lip, sending it tumbling to the ground. Dirt and leaves exploded all over the soapy tiles.

“Aw shit,” the maid spat, shouldering her mop. “Must have hit it with the handle. Oh, fuck me.”



Emily tapped on Gabi's stall door twice. Her sister, sluggish with prey, took a few vital seconds before opening it.

"C'mon," Emily said, taking her hand. "Let's book it."

Once again, she had to tug her sister to get her through the door. As he squeezed passed, Brandon let out a yelp that made the sisters freeze in place, but the maid was still swearing and scrubbing, her nose pointed firmly at the floor.

"Go, go, go!"

They ran from the room and into the hall which was mercifully empty.

"We'll take the stairs," Emily said, pulling on Gabi's arm. "Less chance to meet anybody there."

"Well aren't you a cherub today," Gabi muttered as she wobbled down the hall. "I can't believe you'd pass up a chance to have me eat someone in the elevator."

"I have stuff to do," Emily spat.

"Like Alice?"

"Shut. Up."

“So it is Alice,” Gabi chuckled. They had made it to the stairs. Emily peaked in to make sure the coast was clear. “You’re really moving this relationship along fast. Soon you’ll be having her over for dinner, but be careful - she might see me eat the delivery boy.”

Emily ground her teeth as Gabi bounced her stomach against her back. Oh, what she wouldn’t give to sock her sister in her big fat mouth. Vowing to come up with a particularly nasty form of revenge later, Emily helped Gabi up the stairs one at a time. Their rooms were right next to each other on the third floor and they had to take numerous breaks as Gabi leaned over her stomach, panting.

“What’s going on?” Brandon asked.

His voice could barely be heard over the gurgle of Gabi’s stomach. The physical labor was making her digest faster than normal - not that Brandon could tell. In the darkness of Gabi’s innards, all he probably knew was that things were getting... squishier.

“Nothing,” Gabi said. “Stairs.”

“Oof. You must have strong legs. I’m not that light.”

“I know, Brandon.”

“He seems nice,” Emily whispered as they started to move

again. “When were you going to eat him? Before or after he took you to dinner?”

“I wasn’t planning on eating anybody,” Gabi said. “I’m on a diet!”

“Oh, because those always work for you, fatass. What good is eating a salad every day if you’re just going to splurge on 100,000 calories at a time?”

“You say that like you aren’t usually the reason I have to eat people!”

Emily scoffed. Her sister was right, but she was too pissed to admit it. They were moving painfully slow and Alice was still waiting for her in their room. Maybe they could skip dinner. Yeah, maybe they’d have dinner delivered.

It was halfway up between the 2nd and 3rd floors that Emily heard a door open overhead.

“Shh,” she whispered.

She shouldn’t have bothered with the gesture. Gabi’s stomach was rumbling so loudly that whoever was at the top of the stairs could definitely hear it. It sounded like a washing machine that had been packed with a pile of blankets. The footsteps were getting closer.

“Okay,” Emily said. “Follow my lead.”

Gabi had just enough time to blink before Emily started screaming.

“Doris, you dumb fuck, if you pull my hair one more time, I’ll kick the shit out of you!”

Her voice echoed up the stairs, reaching whoever was coming down. The footsteps stopped in their tracks.

“People hate walking past people who are arguing,” Emily hissed, nudging Gabi’s boob.

“Oh, er... fuck you!”

Emily put her face in her hands. Gabi had all of the subtlety of a preschooler trying to act for the first time. Still, the footsteps stayed quiet, so Emily played along.

“You slag,” she yelled, borrowing a phrase she had heard on television. “This is just like the time at Uncle Morty’s funeral. It’s your fault that he’s dead!”

Gabi took another step up the stairs as Emily spurred her on.

“Er, no it wasn’t! You’re... a cunt!”

“A cunt, am I? Well you’re a two-faced horse with an eating disorder!”

What were the words coming out of her mouth? Emily had no clue. She was just spewing off whatever, trying to get Gabi up the stairs as quickly as possible before the listener decided he wanted to see who was making the racket. They managed to push their way to the 3rd floor landing just as the footsteps started again, but by the time Emily saw the flash of a stranger’s pant leg, they were through the exit.

“Let’s hope their room isn’t on this floor,” Emily whispered.

The footsteps continued downward. Gabi and Emily both heaved sighs of relief.

“How do you come up with this stuff?” Gabi asked.

“My mind is a steel trap of mischief nuggets,” Emily said. “Now keep moving, fatty.”

Gabi’s stomach sloshed as she trudged through the hall. Brandon was making noise again. His hands kept appearing against the skin, then disappearing as he rolled forward and sideways. Every time he did a somersault, Gabi put a hand to her mouth.

“Could you stop?” she asked.

“It’s getting really uncomfortable in here,” Brandon said. “I mean, at first it was cool being inside of you and stuff, but now it’s starting to hurt. My back is so cramped that I’m not sure I’ll ever get it unbent.”

Emily flashed Gabi a malicious grin. Gabi put a finger to her lips.

“I’m really sorry about that,” she said. “You won’t have to deal with that soon, okay? I’ll make sure to give you a nice massage.”

“A massage sounds good,” Brandon said.

Gabi’s room was right next door to Emily’s. She fumbled through her purse for her keycard as Emily tapped her foot. Normally, she would want to watch as the person inside of her sister turned to mush, but Alice was waiting for her. The light on the door flashed green and Gabi gave her stomach a smack.

“Thanks for getting me here,” she said. “Even if it kind of is your fault that I had to swallow him.”

“Yeah yeah, enjoy the rest of your digestion, fatass,” Emily said.

“Digestion?”

Emily left Brandon to kick and scream as she took the next few steps to her own door. Her keycard was stashed in the waistband of her swimsuit.

“Alice,” she said, knocking. “It’s me.”

There wasn’t a response, but Emily could hear the shower on, so she swiped her card and stepped into the suite.

“Alice?” she called again.

She took a step forward and nearly tumbled over her girlfriend who was crouched next to the closet with her ear against the wall. Before Emily could ask what she was doing, Alice put a finger to her lips.

“Calm down, you. Calm down.”

“Let me out! Let me out!”

The color drained from Emily’s cheeks. Alice’s expression told her that her girlfriend could hear everything that was said on the other side of the thin walls.

“Come on, it’s not so bad,” Gabi was saying. “Just stay still for a moment and I can make it comfortable for you.”

“No! It stinks. Your sister said-”

“Oh, nevermind what she said,” Gabi crooned. “She doesn’t know a thing. It’s just you and me now, so why don’t you just relax?”

Alice’s mouth went slack.

“I think your sister has a guest,” she whispered to Emily.

“Right,” Emily said, grabbing her arm, “but we don’t have to eavesdrop, so if you’ll just come over here...”

“Aww!”

Alice allowed herself to be led away from the wall, but not before Gabi let loose an enormous belch. Both Alice and Emily flinched at the noise, though Alice looked more impressed than disgusted.

“Didn’t you say she was having period pain?” she asked as Emily took her into the bedroom.

“Uh, yeah,” Emily said. “It was bad.”

“Then why does she have some guy in her room? Does he not care? Is she, like, into that?”

Emily blanched.

“I don’t know,” she said, “and I don’t want to know. If



she's into giving guys 'red popsicles', then I don't want to hear about it."

"Red popsicles," Alice giggled. "Where do you come up with this stuff?"

The bedroom consisted of two twin beds pushed against opposite walls, a pair of nightstands, and a dresser. There was a television mounted on the wall that Alice had been fiddling with. It was currently showing some sort of nature documentary, though the sound was so low that Emily suspected Alice had turned it down when she had heard them returning.

"Were you waiting long?" Emily asked.

Alice sat on one bed and Emily sat on the other. There was only a 6 foot gap between them, but it felt like an insurmountable valley. Emily kicked her legs up to her chest and Alice hugged a pillow. They made brief eye contact before tearing away.

"Uh, no," Alice said. "Took a quick shower to get off the pool stink. I was... nevermind."

"Nevermind?"

Emily was genuinely baffled until Alice glanced toward the shower. Then it felt like someone had taken a pair of

pliers to her stomach and twisted it.

“Oh, you wanted to... right...”

Emily cleared her throat. Alice sniffed. Both of them looked toward the television as a means of escape, but at that second it was showing a rather intense mating ritual between two snakes. As they wound themselves around each other, Emily felt a warmth spreading through her legs.

“T- there’s a jacuzzi in the bathroom,” she said.

“I think it’s just a big tub,” Alice said.

“But it’s got jets, doesn’t it?”

“Yes.”

“And it’s huge,” Emily insisted.

“Right.”

“So maybe we could-”

CRASH!

The sound came from the other room. Both Alice and Emily leapt to their feet, but Emily got to the door quicker. She just barely caught a glimpse of Gabi’s bare breasts before

she disappeared back into her own suite. The door between their rooms was open.

“Uh, be right back,” Emily said.

“I’m coming too!”

Emily gritted her teeth, praying that Gabi had heard them as they approached the door. There was a loud crashing sound followed by a yelp, then a loud gurgle.

“Stop,” Gabi said. “Stop that!”

“Mmrph! Mmrph!”

A flash blonde hair came up from behind the couch before it came down again.

Gabi’s suite was almost identical to Emily’s. The main area had an L-shaped couch with a glass coffee table that shook as Gabi rocked up against it. In the reflection of the black television screen, Emily could see her sister doing battle with her stomach. Unfortunately, Alice could see it as well.

“What is happening?” she asked, stepping further into the room.

Gabi couldn’t speak. She had one arm wrapped around

the front of her stomach and her other clamped against her mouth. Emily could see that there was a distinct bulge in her throat where Brandon had jammed her arm and she was trying to gulp it back down. The man, realizing he was in deep shit, was now fighting for his life.

“Er... er...”

Emily’s brain was screaming. Why hadn’t she checked the door? She had known that their suites were connected - she had even unlocked the door from Gabi’s side for the purpose of pranking her later and now Alice was going to get eaten for it.

Think. Think. Think!

“G- Gabi!” Emily shrieked. “Gross!”

Alice stopped. Gabi, taking advantage of Brandon’s hesitation at the sound of another voice, swallowed. His arm disappeared back into her swollen gut.

“What are you doing in my room, brat?” Gabi asked, wiping her mouth.

She glared at Alice who jumped, taking a quick step backwards.

“W- we heard screaming,” Alice stammered. “I thought

you were in trouble.”

“Trouble?” Gabi asked. “I’m kind of in the middle of something.”

A wet slush and a deep gurgle undercut her words, causing Alice’s face to turn a bright pink. She looked at Emily for support, but Emily was staring at her sister, trying to get a read on what she was attempting to do.

“You didn’t have to bring someone back to your room,” she said eventually. “You knew that we were right next door.”

“I did,” Gabi said, wincing. Brandon’s feet kept pounding against her intestines. “But, uh, I thought you two would be busy.”

“Busy?” Alice asked, blinking.

“Busy, you know... doing what teenagers do.”

“Oh!” Alice squeaked, taking another step back. “No, no!”

This was good. This was very good. Alice was flustered and she was far enough back from the couch that she didn’t have a clear look at Gabi’s stomach. Emily moved to take her arm, but right at that moment, Brandon let out another stream of curse words and a barrage of blows, battering the

slick innards that were wrapping around him. The resulting silence made Emily wish she was dead.

“What... what is happening?” Alice asked.

“You two are, urp, disturbing me, oof, having an intimate moment with my partner,” Gabi said.

“It’s roleplay,” Emily said, snapping her fingers.

“Roleplay?”

Alice turned toward Emily.

“Yes, roleplay,” Gabi hissed from the floor. “So get out of my fucking room!”

Emily grabbed Alice’s arm and this time, she didn’t resist as Emily pulled her from the room and slammed the door. An enormous gurgle shook the walls.

“Roleplay?” Alice asked again.

“Vore roleplay,” Emily said. “She’s got a special prosthetic and everything. Plays sounds over the speakers. I’m sorry, Alice, I promised not to tell anybody about it, but I didn’t think she’d bring it here, especially not with us in the room next door.”

It was a flimsy excuse, but sometimes, when the truth is impossible, a flimsy excuse is all the mind needs to latch onto. Alice's shoulders lowered as she let out a breath. Then she started to giggle.

“Oh,” she said. “Oh ho ho. Hehehe.”

“What?” Emily asked. Alice's giggles were making her smile. “What?!”

“It's just - too - funny,” Alice laughed. “The guy must have - been - mortified.”

“Yeah,” Emily said. “Yeah, I guess he must have been, right? Gabi's probably gonna kill us for walking in on her, but at least she wasn't naked.”

“I did - hehehe - I did see her - hehehe-”

Alice hiccuped and Emily ran to the bathroom for a glass of water. When she got back, Alice was sitting on the edge of her bed. She accepted the water gratefully as Emily sat down next to her.

“I'm sorry you had to see that,” she said.

“It's fine,” Alice said, taking a sip of water. “Honestly, I'm just really surprised that Gabi is into... that.”

“Oh, she’s into that,” Emily assured her. “Probably more than you or I, though she doesn’t use the forums. Or maybe she does. I don’t know. It’s awkward to talk to your sister about something like that.”

“I’ll bet. That’s why I like talking to you.”

Emily hesitated for a breath, then reached out and took Alice’s hand. It felt warm beneath her palm, at least until Alice took Emily’s wrist and guided it onto her stomach.

“Do you think... we could ever get a prosthetic like that?” Alice asked. “It looked very real.”

“I know,” Emily said, her cheeks burning. “Very, very real. Um... did you-”

But Alice was way ahead of her.



## *Chapter 4*

# *Accidents do happen*

The next morning, Emily was the first to wake.

She lay still against the sheets, listening to Alice snuffle beside her. Their legs were pressed together beneath the blankets, warm and smooth, and whenever Alice moved, Emily had to bite back a groan.

Sweet Alice. Kind Alice.

It took everything in Emily's power to pull herself from the bed. Her feet hit the cold carpet with a soft whumph and she froze, looking back over her shoulder, but Alice's face never moved from her mop of blue hair. Her lips were parted slightly as she snored.

"Cute," Emily sighed.

She wrapped herself in a white robe that she found in the closet and tip toed toward the door that divided the rooms. After last night's fiasco, she had made sure to lock it, but now, she slid back the bolt and crept into her sister's suite, careful to close the door softly behind her.

Gabi was asleep on the carpet.

"Jesus," Emily said, nudging her gut.

Brandon must have fought until late in the night, because Gabi's stomach was still roughly the size of a human. It hung over her side, round and fluid, and it jiggled as Emily poked it, sending waves through Gabi's body. Her sister snorted and continued to sleep.

"Wakey wakey," Emily said, shaking her harder. "Eggs and bakey."

"Go 'way," Gabi mumbled. "Shtop."

"No," Emily said sweetly, "Because you're supposed to be driving us home this morning and you're still STUFFED LIKE A PIG!"

Gabi groaned as Emily dug her nails into her arm, turning her over. Her immense stomach sloshed as it sagged over her sides.

“What time is it?” Gabi asked.

Emily went through the room and opened the blinds. The sun was only just rising across the horizon.

“5:30,” Emily said.

“I’m going back to bed.”

“No you aren’t. You’re going downstairs.”

“Why?” Gabi asked, stifling a yawn.

“Because you’re going to have to work off that pudge,” Emily said. “And the best way to do that is to use the treadmill.”

“Nooooooooo...”

Gabi attempted to roll back over, but Emily was ready and waiting. She took two handfuls of her sister’s gut and, heaving backwards, forced her to sit up.

“I hate running with a full stomach,” Gabi said. “You’re just trying to punish me because of my condition.”

“Condition?” Emily asked. “What condition? Being a fatass? Get moving.”

She pushed on Gabi's back until her sister lifted herself onto her knees. Bracing herself against the couch, she rose, stumbled, then regained her footing. Drool had crusted over on her chin and at some point during the night, her bra had burst, exposing two melon-sized breasts.

"Shirt," Emily prodded, tossing one at Gabi.

"Hmm."

"Shorts."

"Fine."

Gabi had to wriggle to stuff herself into her volleyball shorts. Her ass got stuck on the waistband before being squeezed down into the fabric. Looking at them, Gabi blinked dubiously.

"We should bring extras," she said. "Just in case."

Emily bit back a jealous remark. It ticked her off how quickly Gabi could grow when she herself was stuck at a perpetual A-cup.

"Fine," she spat. "Just get going."

Gabi muttered something under her breath and went to stand by the door. Emily, picking up the extra shirt and

shorts, followed her.

They didn't meet anybody in the hall on the way down to the gym. Emily wasn't as worried as she was the day before; after all, it was easier to pass off a round stomach as a pregnancy than a squirming, human-shaped lump. Gabi tramped along behind her, yawning and cracking her back.

"Alright," Emily said, pointing at a treadmill. "There you go, fatass. I'll be back to check on you in an hour."

"Oh no you won't," Gabi said. "If I have to be up and miserable, then so do you. Also, am I going to have to eat Alice or what?"

She chuckled as Emily's eyes widened.

"Kidding," she said. "What did you tell her?"

"That you were really big into roleplay," Emily said. "Now she thinks you're some kind of a freak."

"Oh what, like you?"

"Harr harr. Get on the fucking treadmill."

Gabi stepped up onto the track and hit a button. Soon, she was walking at a brisk pace. Emily sat on the arm of the treadmill next to her, watching her stomach bounce, bounce,

bounce against her thighs. After a while, the motion got boring and she started to inspect her nails. If only she had her phone.

“So,” Gabi said.

Bounce, bounce, bounce.

“So,” Emily said.

“Is Alice scared of me or what? She gets really sheepish when I talk to her, even before she thought I was into weird kinks.”

“It’s not weird and I don’t want to talk about her,” Emily said.

“Why?” Gabi asked.

“Because.”

“Because why?”

“Because you’re annoying,” Emily snapped.

“I’m just trying to bond with my little sister,” Gabi said. “This is actually the most you’ve talked to me in what, a year? Ever since you started dating Alice, you’ve hardly tried to make me eat anybody. You’re always giggling in your room

when I come home for the weekend and whenever I look for you, you're out and about."

She had increased the incline on the treadmill. Sweat trickled between her breasts as they swung beneath her shirt. Emily's hands went to her own meagre breasts unconsciously. She bit her lip.

"It's just awkward is all," she said. "It's new."

"Anything I can help you with?"

"Get a breast reduction."

"I've considered it," Gabi said. "But people seem to like them."

"And what do you do to those people?"

"Hey, I don't eat everybody!"

"You could have fooled me," Emily said, staring out the window.

"Is that what this is about?" Gabi asked. "Me threatening to eat Alice? Because you should know that I would never do that."

Emily didn't respond, but her shoulders relaxed some-

what. Her eyes skidded over the horizon, looking at everything and nothing at once.

“Did you think I was serious?” Gabi asked softly.

“Sorta,” Emily said.

“Oh, come on! You really like this girl. I bet if I ate her, you’d find a way to make my life a living nightmare.”

“No, I’d just never talk to you again.”

“I’m not actually so sure that’s a punishment,” Gabi chuckled. “So buck up, kid. I’m not going to eat your girlfriend even if she does know about me, but I guess you’re the one that will decide when to tell her. She might not be okay with it.”

“I know,” Emily said. “That’s what makes it hard. I really want to tell her because I think she’d find it cool, but I don’t know and I don’t want to ruin this.”

“Then keep it secret for a little longer,” Gabi said. “I don’t mind. But just give me a heads up if she turns out to be a freak like you. I can’t have two people trying to get me in trouble at once.”

“Nah, she’d never. She’s too intimidated by your bosoms.”



“Ah, no wonder you’re jealous.”

Emily leaned forward and nabbed the remote for Gabi’s treadmill. Spinning it in her palm, she tapped the acceleration.

SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!

“Hey!” Gabi yelled as her stomach pounded against her hips. “Hey! Slow it down!”

“Nah,” Emily laughed, tossing the remote behind her. “I think we need to speed up the process.”

Gabi rocked from side to side as the track flew beneath her feet. Pumping her arms, she was able to keep up the pace for a minute, but after the minute, she began to flag. Her breath became ragged. Her shirt grew damp. Her ponytail bobbed against her back as her stomach shrank and her breasts inflated, prying at the threads of her shirt.

“Slow - it - down,” she panted.

“Fine,” Emily said, leaning for the remote.

As her hand brushed against the controls, she slipped, accidentally hitting the stop button instead of the slow button. It was just an unfortunate coincidence that a young woman just happened to come through the door at the same time.

ULP!

“Oh, what the fuck,” Emily said.

Gabi, who had been thrown backwards by the force of the treadmill, was sitting against the wall with a pair of legs sticking out of her lips. As Emily watched, Gabi swallowed again, and the rest of the woman vanished into her semi-rigid gut.

“I don’t suppose I can ask you to spit her out,” Emily said with a sigh.

“No,” Gabi belched. “Because you’re an asshole. My back really hurts, you know.”

“So much for your diet.”

“So much for your ride home.”

“Fuck,” Emily muttered, putting her face in her hands. “I guess I’ll have to call Mom.”

—

Alice never did question why it was Emily’s mother who drove them home in her shiny blue SUV rather than Gabi in her beat up Prius. She held Emily’s hand in the backseat, shooting her furtive glances before looking away. Their

cheeks reddened whenever their eyes met, much to the amusement of Emily's mother watching in the rear-view mirror.

“Did you girls have fun?” she asked.

“Yes, Mom,” Emily said.

“Yes, Evelyn.”

“Good,” Evelyn sniffed. “I was a little scared letting you go without a parent, but Gabi assured me that she never let you out of her sight. Is that true?”

She didn't even need to look in the mirror to know that Emily was smirking.

“Yes, Mom.”

“Do you think that Gabi uses the forum?” Alice whispered in Emily's ear. “Like, what if we've seen her profile and never knew it was her?”

“Maybe,” Emily whispered. “What kind of stories do you think she'd like?”

“I dunno. Maybe stories like the one where the family got stuck in that hotel during a snowstorm? And the sister ate everybody in the whole building?”

“I liked that one too,” Emily said, “but what would you say if it really happened?”

“Nothing,” Alice said, giving her a peck on the cheek. “Because vore isn’t real.”

“But if it was?”

Alice thought for a moment with her finger on her lips.

“I guess I’d have to be careful around your sister,” she said with a wink. “She seems to like being a pred.”

Emily laughed, but as they sped their way down the interstate, she held Alice’s hand a little tighter.



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A **Kattu/Paogordo** production

**Thank you for your support!**