


PAOGORDO/KATTU

Gabriel & Emily



She keeps eating ...
and eating ...
and eating ...

NIGHT OF THE STARVING GABI

Gabí&Emíly

NIGHT OF THE STARVING GABI

**CREATED BY
PAOGORDO/KATTU**

**WRITTEN BY
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VORASTIC INC.



THE MERCERS

“I swear, Mrs. Mercer, I didn’t mean to swallow him.”

Gabi scratched her stomach. With the weight of six people resting on her hips, it was rather like scratching an overly squirmy water bed. The wet glurk of digestion resounded through the bathroom where she had trapped the last member of the Mercer family, the mother, only to start a long winded speech about what had happened to her middle child. She already knew what had happened to the rest.

And her husband.

Mrs. Mercer stood stock still as she watched her family fluctuate through Gabi’s skin. Her eyes followed each of their faces, counting her children, eventually settling on the form of her husband whom Gabi had saved for last. He had received an abridged version of the events that led to her eating Rupert, but unfortunately their conversation had ended when he had ripped the hinge off of the cabinet and tried to hit her with it.

Gabi’s throat still hurt from the sudden swallowing.

“Er, he was... in the wrong place at the wrong time. My sister - you know my sister, right? - was at the beach with her friends and I had been asked to chaperone. Emily doesn't have her license yet which, I have to say, is kind of lazy on her part. Like, she should know how to drive by now. My parents have offered to buy her a car, but she just sticks her tongue out and says that they can drive her. I guess I'm kind of a hypocrite since my dad drove me today, but, uh, I didn't think I'd be able to fit behind the wheel.”

Gabi's stomach jiggled on cue. Mrs. Mercer's face grew a little whiter. She had her hands clutched to her throat, fingers wrapped around a small metal cross. Her eyes kept flicking between the faces. It was beginning to disturb Gabi.

“Anyhow, I got off track,” she said, scratching her head. “I was in the cave and my sister led Rupert to me. I didn't know he was coming. Well, I guess I did, but it was for a good reason. You see, Emily had promised to do me a favor and she's kind of a freak. Likes to watch me eat. I don't usually tell people that, but, well, I guess you're not going to tell anyone. I feel guilty about it, really, but like, once I ate him, what else was I supposed to do? You all would have questioned why he was missing and the police would be involved and- oh, let's just get this over with.”

A shriek split the night as Mrs. Mercer charged, fists outstretched, reaching for her husband and children, but Gabi caught her before she could strike, lifting her by both arms. The woman kicked and screamed until her face was thrust into Gabi's prodigious breasts where she stayed, struggling. After a

minute she went limp. Gabi sighed.

She didn't like doing this.

That was a lie, actually. She did like eating people and she adored the feeling of having them in her stomach, but she didn't like the guilt that came with it. Their faces were always so sad. That's part of the reason she often ate the whole family. It was easier than living with the guilt of separating a member from the flock.

Right now, however, she would take any excuse for a large meal, especially now that she was banned from eating pizza delivery boys. Too many, too fast. When Emily had offered Rupert, Gabi had been desperate. Her mouth had watered at the possibility of another meal and Emily had assured her that Rupert had made her uncomfortable on several occasions. Gabi had been sceptical, but a few minutes of haggling later and it was decided that for a week of chores, she would swallow the boy. For all she knew, Emily was telling the truth. It comforted her to know that her victims deserved it.

But that was alright. Her stomach was happy and so was she. Drool leaked down her neck as she opened wide and caressed the comatose woman with her tongue, inadvertently setting off the prey closest to her esophagus.

"Mom, help!" he yelled. "She got dad! Run! Call the police!"

Gabi considered telling him that his mom was about to join him, but that would be cruel. For now, she was content to taste the woman, savoring the final morsel before she swallowed it.

The taste didn't tantalize her so much; it was the anticipation that Gabi loved. The moment before the swallow where she

could visualize them sliding down her throat into the warm abyss of her gut where they would settle. Eating so many people at once only increased the amount of food she needed to feel full, and feeling full was something that Gabi enjoyed immensely. The nice little tickling sensation of hands and feet was just a bonus.

Her stomach slushed and sloshed as she licked, swinging from side to side with the motion of her hips. The house was empty and she didn't have to worry about intruders. Gabi rarely got the opportunity to take her time. The mother was starting to stir, her hands gripping into fists, but before could assault Gabi again, her head was smothered by Gabi's mouth, her face pressed into the damp membrane of the blonde girl's tongue.

ULP!

Mrs. Mercer lurched forward, sticking in the sweaty embrace of Gabi's throat. It opened then, hungry for another patron, and in the dim light that filtered through Gabi's jaws, Mrs. Mercer took in her last breath of fresh air while staring down into the cramped sac where she would spend the rest of her waking hours. She screamed, but the scream was drowned out by the bubbling from below. Gabi thought nothing of it as she swallowed again.

Mmph. If only she could live permanently in this state. Her belly was full with more food on the way, releasing chemicals in her brain like primal waves of bliss. She wished she could keep that feeling without the added weight, the girth, and the growth that came after. As soon as digestion was done, her boobs would swell, and with their growth would come another

trip to the shopping mall or, in the worst case scenario, she would have to order a custom bra online. Again.

But that was okay. Warmth was spreading through her limbs as she tilted her head back and slid Mrs. Mercer the rest of the way down, releasing a breath as her body settled on top of the rest of her family's. Gabi reached into her pocket for her phone.

"Hey Daddy? Yes, I'm ready. No, it went alright. They're, ah, squirmier than most, but there's a lot of them. Cleanup? Er, the husband broke one of the cabinets and Rupert's brother's room looks a bit of a mess, but I can't tell if that happened before or after. Alright. See you soon."

The phone clicked and Gabi dragged herself out to the bedroom to have a well deserved sitdown. Her stomach sagged down to her knees. She didn't quite feel up to the stairs just yet.

And as she walked, the family churned.

Gabi often wondered what it felt like to digest. The people she ate often screamed, but by the time her stomach really got to work, they were just as often quiet. Maybe it was a pleasant experience, really. Gabi knew enough about biology to know that it was doubtful and yet she clung to the hope that her prey did not suffer. They were probably just screaming because they were scared.

"It's okay," she said, thumping down on the parent's bed. "It will all be over soon. I'm really really sorry, but I kind of had to eat you, alright? I had to. Just relax in there and be still. Shush."

Her stomach growled loudly. Gabi began to rub it.

"This is uncomfortable for me too, you know? I feel really bad and when I eat too many people, sometimes I get a stomachache

and I hate those. It's really hard carrying so many people around, too. I might have to skip a few days of school and that sucks because we're working on this super interesting project. Well, it might be boring to you all, but I'm a nutrition student and we got this cool piece of tech a few months back. The students call it the Nut Vac, but the teachers don't like when we call it that. Anyhow-

For about thirty minutes she talked, feeling her stomach grow soft. The more she ate, the longer it took, but at her current capacity she could eat a few meals as large as this without having to worry about hiding her stomach the next day. Well, actually, with 7 people inside of her, she might have a bit of a potbelly in the morning. By the time her father called, she was just barely able to lug herself out of the room. Her father met her at the top of the stairs.

"I'll take care of the cabinet later," he said, adjusting his glasses. "How's my sweet girl? Do you have a stomachache? Do you need a Tums? I brought some if you needed any."

"I'm alright, Daddy," Gabi said. "Just tired."

"Of course, sweetheart, of course. Let's get you home and I'll deal with everything tomorrow. The neighbors will need an excuse as well."

Taking her arm, he led her down the steps.

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

Gabi winced at every descent. Her stomach was starting to feel shaken. She could feel the bubbling inside expanding more violently as small bumps appeared against her skin. This part was uncomfortable and with her dad right there, it was down-

right unbearable, so once they got to the bottom of the stairs, she nudged her head back toward the bedroom.

“I think I might have forgotten my bag,” she said. “Could you go check?”

“Leave it to me!”

Her father trounced up the stairs. Once she saw him enter the room, she put her hand to her mouth.

HHyuUURP!

“C’mon,” she said, thumping her chest. “Be quiet.”

“I can’t find anything, darling! Are you sure you brought a bag?”

“Oh! Actually, I didn’t. I’m sorry, Daddy, I forgot.”

“No worries!”

Sliding back down the stairs, her father resumed his place at her arm and helped her get into the van they had bought specifically for these forays. It had a broad bench in the back for Gabi to stretch out on no matter the size and it also doubled as a convenient vehicle for family vacations. Her father adored it.

“Welcome to The Belly of the Beast,” he said, getting behind the wheel.

“Don’t call it that, Dad.”

“Your mother won’t let me call it Sheila.”

“Don’t name it at all.”

“Boo!”

Chuckling, her father started the engine and began to drive, leaving behind an empty house and a whole lot of memories.



INTERMISSION 1

“Tell me, tell me, tell me, tell me!”

“No! Get away from me!”

Emily sat at the edge of Gabi’s bed knowing full well that her sister didn’t want to move. She was eyeing Gabi’s stomach with both glee and a hint of jealousy. Her hand strayed toward it. Gabi slapped it away.

“Get away from me,” she groaned. “They’re not done yet.”

“They look pretty done,” Emily said, poking her boob instead. It jiggled under her nightshirt. As expected, she had gone up another cup size. Maybe two. “And besides, you don’t care when mom gives you a stomach rub!”

“Mom’s not weird about it, you little monster, and also they weren’t her friend’s family. Get out of my room!”

“No!”

Their parents weren’t home. Emily had gotten back from school so early that Gabi suspected she had run the whole way and as soon as she got through the door, she had flown to Gabi’s

side. Now she was kicking her feet and making noise - two things Gabi hated to deal with. She probably wouldn't leave the room until she got the full story. Brat.

"Fine," she sighed.

Emily perked up and leaned forward to touch her stomach again, but Gabi caught her arm at the last second.

"I will tell you," she continued, glaring at her sister, "but as soon as I do, you have to leave my room. I was trying to sleep!"

"Fine," Emily said, sitting back again. "First question: Did you eat them all at once or one at a time?"

"One at a time."

Emily's eyes lit up. She was grinning like a madwoman.

"And did they-?"

"Yes," Gabi said. "They definitely struggled."



THE KHATRIS

With their daughter fresh on her hips and chest, Gabi rang the doorbell of the Khatri house, eager for the experience to be over with. Her father opened the door.

“What?” he asked, his eyes mistrustful. He looked left and right before returning his piercing gaze to Gabi. “Don’t you know it’s 10 o’clock? We’re not buying anything, so if you’ll excuse me-”

“I have information about your daughter.”

Mr. Khatri’s expression changed in an instant. Gulping, he waved Gabi inside where the smell of jasmine hung in the air like the London smog. An incense burner had been placed on the kitchen table next to a stack of papers. Gabi could see Diya’s face looking back at her from the missing posters as the door closed behind her.

“You know my daughter?” Mr. Khatri asked.

His hands fidgeted. He looked like he hadn’t slept for several nights which, to be fair, he probably hadn’t. It had taken as

long for Gabi to digest the bunch of misfits. Even the new bra she had bought barely contained the girth of her boobs anymore. They spilled over the top, straining the metal hook that held the fabric together. Only the loose shirt she wore saved her from distant scrutiny, but there was no way to hide up close. At least Mr. Khatri was kind enough not to look.

“Erm, yes,” Gabi said, taking the proffered seat. Mr. Khatri took the seat opposite. “I know her quite well, in fact.”

“Then do you know where she is?”

Mr. Khatri’s eyes burned into her soul. Such was the wave of guilt that swelled within her that Gabi almost winced. He seemed like a good father.

“Dad?”

A man appeared in the kitchen doorway. His hair was black like Diya’s, but his expression was stern like his father’s. He stared at Gabi for a moment. His eyes flicked to her chest, then back up to her face.

Suddenly, Gabi didn’t feel as guilty anymore.

“Who’s this?” the new man asked.

“I- I don’t know,” Mr. Khatri said, shaking his hand. “She has information about Diya.”

“She knows where Diya is?!”

Running to her side, the man took hold of Gabi’s left hand with both of his, tears glistening in his eyes.

“Please, if you have any news of my sister, please share it.”

“Right,” Gabi said, shaking out of his grip. Her blood was starting to boil. It looked for all the world like the man had been trying to grope her. “I do know where she is. Would you

like me to show you?”

“Please!” the man said.

He was leaning forward over her seat. It was easy enough to swallow him.

Gabi’s jaw unhinged. Her mouth stretched. The narrow tube of her throat grew into maelstrom and with a flick of her foot, she had the man unbalanced. He wobbled before falling forward into her maw. With a quick gulp, he was gone.

Beneath her breasts, her stomach grew, doubling in size the instant the man hit the slick folds of her innards. Gabi rubbed a hand against it as she licked the taste off of her lips.

“That’s where she went,” she said.

Across the table, Mr. Khatri had sprung to his feet. His chair flew backwards as he pointed a gnarled finger.

“Demon!” he shouted. “Foul demon!”

Scrabbling beneath his shirt, he pulled out a golden cross and held it forward. Gabi flinched.

“I’m not, *urp*, a demon! I ate him because he was trying to touch me!”

“You cannot convince me, demon. I shan’t listen! Begone! Begone! Spit up my son and leave my home, never to return! Where is Diya? Where!”

“I already told you,” Gabi said crossly. “I ate her. She’s not here anymore. My sister had convinced me to-”

But Mr. Khatri was not listening. He lunged across the table, intent on driving his fist into Gabi’s chin. Only a sudden lurch upward saved Gabi from a swollen jaw, though his fist still connected. It sank into the fold between her boobs and stuck.

Gabi's face turned red.

Mr. Khatri's face went from furious to stricken as Gabi grabbed the front of his shirt. With prodigious strength, she pulled him forward, opening her jaws in the same method that she had used to swallow his son. A moment later and he was gone.

"There!" Gabi said, struggling to extract herself from behind the table with two people in her stomach. "You both deserve this. Shame on you!"

The Khatri's were yelling, but her stomach wasn't the best environment and after only a few minutes, they went quiet. That didn't mean they stopped moving though.

Gabi explored the rest of the house with an increasingly bloated gut. She would stop every few seconds to mash it against a wall or the floor, hoping it would stop the squirming, but her ministrations only seemed to inflame the pair as they pounded on her inner folds, begging for release. Or, well, they could have been saying anything actually. Gabi wasn't listening.

She wandered through the neat kitchen into a hallway with 3 bedrooms. Moving through it, she stopped to check the pictures on the wall. Each showed Diya, her brother, and her father, but only one older photo had a woman in it. Gabi wondered if she had passed.

"Alright," she sighed. "Two down, two to go."

At that moment, the lock on the front door jiggled. Gabi ducked into one of the bedrooms just as the key clicked in the lock. A beautiful redhead poked her face through the door, glancing at the kitchen.

“Amir? Are you ready? I’ve been texting you, darling. Is your dad home?”

Gabi’s stomach bulged as the man pushed his face against it, yelling at the top of his lungs.

“Kat, honey, run!”

At least that’s what Gabi heard. What actually came out was something more like ‘Kerf herny oon!’

The woman’s head turned toward the hallway.

“Amir? I’m not really in the mood for games. Work went late and it was a doozy and I just want to get back to the apartment and relax. Where are you? Are you in the bathroom?”

She pushed further into the room, stopping as she got to the table. She picked up one of the posters with Diya’s face on it, frowned, then put it down. Gabi’s stomach let out a loud rumble. She stepped further back into the bedroom.

“Hush,” she whispered, punching the thick skin. Her shirt had split when she had swallowed the pair. Emily kept telling her to take it off beforehand, but then they might have seen her boobs! No, no, no. Gabi would rip as many shirts as necessary to keep that from happening. Still, it seemed the woman was suspicious. She was moving toward the hallway.

“Amir!”

Not a question, but a command.

“Amir, you get out here right now. I’m sore, I’m tired, and I really don’t want to play this game. It’s not funny. Come out!”

Gabi couldn’t risk it. The woman was close enough to touch, peering down the dark hallway like her boyfriend would appear at any moment. No, not a boyfriend. Fiancé. There was a

diamond ring on her finger. With a silence that was surprising for her size, Gabi sprang forward, swinging her stomach like an overweight club.

She missed.

The moment she appeared in the doorway, the woman had stepped back, avoiding her stomach by a hair. Gabi's arm shot out toward her. The woman ducked. Just as it looked like she was about to escape, though, she caught sight of a face thrust against the side of Gabi's gut and paused for one crucial second.

"Amir?"

Throwing all of her weight forward, Gabi landed on top of the woman, pinning her beneath her stomach.

"Jeeze, you made me work for that," she panted. "I'm really sorry about this, but I can't have you telling anyone."

Saliva dribbled down onto the woman's face as Gabi's gullet opened up before her.

"W- why?" the woman said. She tried to pull her arms free, but Gabi was too heavy. Her boobs sagged against the woman's throat, making her voice raspy. "Why are you doing this?"

"Because I ate Diya and her dad and her brother. It was all an accident, really, but you have to understand that I had to.

Gabi's stomach growled, undercutting her message. The two men had gone eerily silent, though their feet and hands still twitched against the slobbering walls. Feeling them, the woman's face went white. Gabi leaned forward and she gasped.

"So."

They were face to face. The woman trembled.

“Does anyone else know you’re here?”

At first, the woman looked confused. Then she opened her mouth as if to lie, stopping at the last second. If Gabi had swallowed Diya’s family just because they were connected to her, then she might try to eat whoever the woman said knew she was there. Slowly, she closed her mouth again.

“Nobody,” she whispered.

“Good,” Gabi said, kissing her on the cheek. “And again, I’m really sorry about this. I’ll try to be gentle, but my throat can be a squeeze. Don’t panic. Just, er, relax and this will all be over soon.”

Spreading her lips for the second time, she consumed the woman’s head, neck, and shoulder in one precise gulp, easing her out from beneath her stomach with every bob of her throat until the woman was halfway down, her knees pressed against Gabi’s chest. Normally she would be offended, but in her hunger all was forgiven. She was too eager to get the woman down to notice.

ULP! ULP! GGUuuUUULP!

Her stomach bulged as the woman settled on top of the man and his son. Gabi had already forgotten their names. All she could think about was the feeling of fullness suffusing through her, causing her fingertips to tingle and her chest to grow warm. Sitting in the doorway, she sat with her stomach between her knees, stroking the flabby skin. Soon it would soften as its occupant digested. Her tits would grow. Her ass would swell. She’d have to buy a new bra again, or perhaps she would wait until the final family was digested.

Two down; two to go.



INTERMISSION 2

Emily assailed her as soon as she got home.

“Fatass alert,” she snickered, skipping after Gabi as she trudged up the stairs. “How many did you eat this time? 4? 5?”
“3.”

Emily’s face fell.

“It looks like more,” she grumbled, hugging Gabi from behind. Her fingers dug into the lush underside of her stomach, feeling around as if looking for the traces of Diya’s family. As Gabi wavered on the stairs, Emily brushed against what might have been a femur. Her face lit up again. “Well, that’s okay, though! I didn’t know much about Diya’s family anyway. She was always going on about Kacer this and Kacer that. Super duper annoying. But now she’s pudgy on your chest. Gone up another cup size, fatass? I bet you have!”

“Don’t tease your sister. She’s had a hard day.”

Gabi sighed with relief as their mother descended the top two steps and lent her a hand, pulling her up to the landing. Their

father was coming in through the front door with a bucketful of cleaning supplies. He whistled as he walked.

“How are my favorite girls doing?” he asked, setting the supplies next to the front hall closet. “Everyone bright and chipper? How about we treat ourselves to some Chinese food tonight, yeah?”

“Like Gabi needs it,” Emily said, rolling her eyes.

“Don’t tease your sister, honey,” her father sang.

Outnumbered, Emily slunk up the stairs past her mom and Gabi and disappeared into her room. Gabi was sure she would sneak into hers as soon as her mother was left, but she was too tired to care. Numerous digestions took a lot out of her.

“Did it all go well?” her mother asked, leading her to her room. She was careful not to bump against Gabi’s stomach. She knew that the part right before it shrunk was the hardest. “No surprises?”

“The son’s fiancée showed up, but I got her before she could do anything.”

“Fabulous. Saves your father a lot of work.”

“Always happy to help,” he shouted up the stairs, crossing toward the kitchen. “A quick wipedown and we were on our way.”

“How does Dad know so much about cleaning after I eat people?” Gabi asked. Her mother opened the door for her and helped squeeze her stomach through. After that, it was just a few steps to her bed.

“He’s always been a good cleaner,” her mother said, putting a finger to her lips. Gabi’s bed squeaked as she sank onto it.

“Better after you and Emily were born. Your father has the knack of a househusband. He’s clever, too. Remember the trivia night we had?”

“Dad put us all on one team and still swept the floor,” Gabi said. “It’s like he does nothing but memorize almanacs all day.”

“Just part of the reason I love him,” her mother sighed dreamily.

Even looking at Gabi, her eyes were distant for a second. As Gabi squished herself against the pillows, her mother snapped back to reality.

“Sorry,” she said. “Just remembering our honeymoon. It was quite an event. We were at this fancy resort and your father... Well, I won’t get too into the details, but let’s just say it was quite steamy.”

“Mom!”

Her mother giggled and turned back toward the stairs. The door of Gabi’s room was still open and she could see her father climbing to the landing. The look that shot between her parents told her that she was going to be sleeping with headphones on for the third night in a row. Gabi had no doubts that her parents loved each other.

They made it quite clear.

“Gonna take a bath, hun!” her father said as he passed the door. “The food should be here in forty. Got all of your favorites. Emily didn’t answer when I texted, so I just got her the tried and true.”

“Chicken tenders,” her mom said, shaking her head. “Ever since she turned three. Meet you in a minute, darling.”

The look passed between them again. Her father disappeared into the room next door.

“Can you not flirt with dad right in front of me?” Gabi asked.

“Flirting with your husband is half of the fun of being married,” her mother said, turning back to her. “Or your wife. I don’t really care so long as I get grandbabies.”

“Mother!”

“Sorry, sorry! Would a good ol’stomach rub help get you to forgive me?”

“A little.”

“Oh, alright. Lie flat now. Mama’s got you.”

Gabi closed her eyes as her mother’s gentle hands caressed her stomach, stopping at points to poke and prod. After her analysis was complete, her hands dug deep, easing the hard bits Diya’s family left behind and massaging the rest. Within seconds, Gabi’s stomachache had gone from sharp pain to a dull sensation, calmed by both her mother’s hands and her soothing voice.

As she luxuriated in the feeling of the belly rub, Gabi thought of her mother and father.

Her mother had blonde hair like both of her daughters. Blue eyes. Soft features. Gabi had inherited her figure, but Emily hadn’t. Their father always said that he was glad they had inherited his wife’s face. His wouldn’t look good on a woman.

Her father, by comparison, was a plain looking man with kind features. He was quick to laugh and quicker to comfort, eternally reliable where his family was concerned. Her mother

had said that they met in college. Love at first sight. Gabi got the feeling that there was more to the story, but she was sure that if she asked, she'd receive more details than necessary.

After ten minutes, she felt something poke her arm.

“Are you okay, dear?”

“Yeah Mom,” Gabi yawned. “Thank you. My stomach feels much better now.”

Putting her ear to it, her mother clicked her tongue. A deep rumble echoed against her cheek.

“Sounds good!” she said. “I’ll leave you to your rest. Do you want me to wake you up when the food arrives?”

“Yes, please.”

“Alright, dear. I love you. Call me if you need me. I’ll leave my phone on.”

Her mother flounced out of her room perhaps a bit too eagerly. A second later, the door of her own bedroom closed and the noises began.

“They’re so fucking loud,” Emily said, peering in from the hallways. “Aren’t old people supposed to be done with sex?”

“Mom and Dad aren’t that old,” Gabi said. She rolled away from Emily. Emily came in anyway. “And besides, even seniors still do it. I had a friend who works in a nursing home.”

“Gross!”

Taking a running leap, Emily landed on the bed next to her sister, prodding her stomach like it was a giant water balloon.

“Huge! Can’t believe you only ate three people. Two parents and a sibling? One parent and two siblings? Kind of feels like a mom in there. Is that her tit?”

“Gerrof!”

Gabi rolled the other way, but Emily just lay there as Gabi’s enormous belly flopped onto her chest. Before Gabi could roll away again, Emily hugged it.

“So heavy! Why do you get to eat people? I’d be so good at it!”

“Have you been practicing?” Gabi asked, a hint of amusement in her voice. She tugged her stomach, but Emily was holding it tight. Her face turned red.

“No,” she lied. “Besides, I’m pretty sure you’re the only freak in the family.”

“Yeah, yeah. What’s it going to take to get you out of my room this time?”

“The full story. No details left out. I want to know everything.”

“Fine,” Gabi sighed. She tugged her stomach again. Emily dug her nails into it. “But only if you stop clinging to my stomach like a cat.”

Emily seemed to contemplate her options and, slowly, she uncurled her hands. There were red marks where her nails had gouged the skin.

“Fine,” she said suspiciously. “But I want more detail than last time, okay?”

“Whatever, weirdo. The dad was the one who opened the door...”



THE BELLOWS

Gabi blinked as she looked up at the house.

It was a Georgian manor with a driveway almost a block in length. Gravel crunched beneath Gabi's feet as she walked the final few steps to the columned entryway, staring up at the windows that watched her like accusatory eyes. The door opened before she reached it.

"Jesus, Mom, it's like you don't even care!"

A brown-haired girl stormed from the house, almost bumping into Gabi as she walked down the steps. Her tan arms were covered in sleek black tattoos in the shape of animals. A rearing serpent traveled from her forearm to her fingers. A tiger rested on her shoulder. Her teeth were bared as she almost tripped over the final step, but as Gabi reached out to help her, her expression cleared.

"Thanks," she grumbled. "You a friend of Mona's? She's on the back porch. I wouldn't go inside right now, though. Mom's being a dick and Dad's no help."

“That sounds... serious,” Gabi said.

She hadn't prepared for a situation like this. The girl was only a few years younger than she was. If she ate her now, she'd be slow and sluggish moving through the rest of her house. If she didn't eat her, then she'd run the risk of having a person out there that had seen her face before her family disappeared. Thinking fast, Gabi shrugged.

“Wanna hang out with Mona and I? We were gonna go to the park. You'd get away from the park and I-”

Gabi stopped as she saw the expression on the girl's face. Her cheeks had turned a bright pink. One of her hands swept a loose hair over her ear.

“O- oh!” she said. “You'd wanna hang out?”

“Yes?”

“That would actually be dope. My name's Pepper. You?”

“Gabi.”

What was with the change in attitude? Gabi racked her brain, but all she could think was that Pepper was extraordinarily lonely. Well, she thought that until she looked closer.

Digesting the Khatri's so soon after digesting Emily's classmates had had a profound effect on her. Her boobs had swelled up another two cup sizes - an impressive feat at a J-cup already - and there were no bras on the market that could hold her. Currently, she was just wearing a sheer white shirt that hung from her chest, exposing her thin stomach. Her nipples protruded from the fabric. Pepper was looking right at them.

This made Gabi's job much easier.

“So,” she said, swinging from side to side. Pepper gulped as

her boobs knocked together, rippling against her shirt. “Would you mind being my escort? I’ve never been here before.”

Pepper blushed.

“Uh, yeah, sure. It’s, um, just around the corner, but I’ll, uh, show you.”

“Awesome!”

Gabi extended her hand and Pepper nearly had a heart attack. She was sweating. Gabi hadn’t seen someone so infatuated with her since her last boyfriend. At least until he took things too far and ended up in her stomach. Carefully, as if Gabi was extending a jewel instead of her hand, Pepper took her fingers and led her around the side of the house. Once they reached the porch, Pepper looked around.

“Huh,” she said. “I thought she was out here. Oh! Well, she’s left her book and her tea. I guess she’ll be out soon. In the meantime-”

She didn’t get to finish her sentence. By the time she turned, Gabi’s lips were on hers and she was squeezed between Gabi’s breasts, yelping and moaning, eventually sighing as she sank into the kiss. Gabi ran her fingers through Pepper’s hair. She was a pretty girl - exactly Gabi’s type - but unfortunately, Gabi didn’t think she’d be alright with her eating the rest of her family. So, with a heavy heart, she opened her lips around Pepper’s face, swallowing her in a single, massive gulp.

GGuuuUULP!

“Sorry,” Gabi said, smacking her lips. Her stomach bulged into a glob of strange shapes. Finding Pepper’s head, Gabi rested her boobs upon it. “Er, you were super cute. Girlfriend

material, actually, but there's something I have to do, so I hope it's cozy in there. Don't do anything too crazy."

For once, there wasn't an immediate burst of movement from her captive. Pepper just sighed and settled in her folds. Perhaps she really was just lonely.

Lugging her weight to the door, Gabi waited. The flat side of the house offered her a vantage point that couldn't be seen from the windows. Over the sound of her stomach bubbling, she could hear another woman's voice through the screen door.

"Mom, you've just got to talk to her," a calm voice said. "She won't run away if you don't insult her."

"It wasn't an insult."

"Mom, you called her emotional. You know she hates that. And what do you have to say, Dad? You're standing as still as a doorpost."

"I agree with your mother. Pepper needs to show some maturity."

"Exactly!" the mother said. "That's what I've been trying to say!"

Gabi couldn't tell if Pepper could hear the exchange or not, but it made her wish that she hadn't swallowed her. The parents obviously didn't care. Her sister was going to bat for her, though, which made her feel even worse for what she was about to do. The woman clicked her tongue and headed for the door. Gabi was waiting for her when she got there.

"Oh! I didn't know we had a guest."

The woman looked almost identical to her sister except that she was a few years older and her breasts were significantly

smaller. She looked up at Gabi's face as she talked, but a sharp rumble caused her to look down. That's when she screamed.

With no time to get it wrong, Gabi grabbed Mona and dragged her to the chair, stomach swinging as she stepped up onto it. Using her weight to force Mona down, she took a deep breath and dove.

HHrrGGLUUCK!

One swallow straight down. Gabi traveled over the length of Mona's body, jamming her up her esophagus before slowing herself with a quick clench of her throat. Rolling to her feet, she slurped up the girl's bare feet like a noodle, letting them slide into her gut just as the mother appeared in the doorway.

She was a blonde woman with big hair and a pinched face. At first, she just stood and watched as saliva dribbled down Gabi's chin. They stared at each other through the screen door, contemplating their actions. The mother frowned.

"Who the hell are you supposed to be?" she asked. "Some kind of circus performer? Did Pepper put you up to this?"

She looked left and right, searching for her rebellious daughter. Gabi inched closer to the door.

"Hank, c'mere and look at this. Pepper got some fat girl to come and scare us. Immodest hussy's tits are just flopping in the wind. Actually, don't come and look. Preserve your ey- **WHAT ARE YOU DOING!**"

Reaching the threshold, Gabi plunged her hand through the screen, grabbing the mother by the front of her puffed up shirt. Though she knew that she should swallow her quickly, her ire was raised. Pulling her through the screen, she lifted her above

her head, locked eyes with her husband, and lowered her into her mouth.

“No, no, no!” the woman yelled, thrashing in the narrow embrace of her throat. “What are you doing? What is this? Let me out this instant or I shall... or I shall... Hank, do something!”

Her husband had taken a step backward. He was staring at Gabi’s stomach in horror, raising his eyes toward her bulging throat and her wet, dripping lips.

C’mon, Gabi thought, running her tongue up under the mother’s shirt to settle on her breasts. *Save your wife. Come here. I’ll make it easy.*

Loosening her grip on the mother a little, she allowed her to push down on her jaw, lifting herself a foot out of her mouth. Her hips and legs were gooey with saliva and stomach juices. The man took another step back.

“Hank, you useless piece of shit, you come over here right now or I swear to you it will be a divorce. Come here! Hank! Hank!”

The man had taken another two steps backward. His face was ashen. He pinched himself twice on the shoulder, but it wasn’t a dream. Locking eyes with his wife, he ran.

Now Gabi had a problem. 3 was her limit for walking upright. She might be able to waddle her way into the house, but there was no way she was going to catch a man running at full sprint. Digging her teeth into the mother’s tits, she vented her frustration.

“Mmrph, Mmrph, HRM!”

The mother screamed. Gabi’s throat had opened wider than it

ever had, giving her a fantastic view of the ebbing pink folds of Gabi's innards. Two soaked faces looked up at her as she slid down, clutching and scrabbling, until Gabi's mouth closed and it all went dark.

GLUCK!

Resisting the urge to revel in her conquest, Gabi ran forward into the house.

Smack, smack, smack, smack!

"Sorry," she muttered as her stomach thwumped against her thighs. "I can't let him escape, so just, *urp*, bear it."

She made it all the way to the front door before she gave up hope. The door was hanging on its hinges and the screen beyond was ripped. The husband was long gone.

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

This was bad. She had never lost one before. Never! If he ran into town, he would tell everyone and then the police would find her and they'd investigate all of the other disappearances and she'd go to jail for a million years! She needed to call her dad. They needed to move again. Reaching for her cell phone, Gabi's wild eyes saw something in the distance. Two people, one with the other's arms locked behind his back, having some kind of scuffle on the grass. As she moved closer to the door, she saw that one of the men was her father. The other was the escaped husband.

"Dad!"

Gabi took off at a run, or as close to a run as she could get, pounding left and right until she got to her father who had managed to suppress the other man with his forearm pressed

against his neck. Both had bloody noses and cuts across their faces.

“Go ahead, sweetheart, it’s alright,” her father said. “Daddy’s got you. I thought something might have been wrong when I heard the door slam, but I didn’t expect to have to run so fast. Been a while since I was on the rugby team.”

“Oh, Daddy,” Gabi said, pulling the man up from beneath him, “you were never on the rugby team.”

Her father laughed, then gestured to the man.

“Bon appetit.”

Without another word, Gabi drew the man up in one hand, opened her mouth, and swallowed him feet first. No foreplay. No tasting. A straight gulp that sent him down into the swill where the rest of his family responded in kind to his cowardice. Gabi bent forward as they all started thumping. The weight was killing her back.

“Do you want to stay in the van, honey?” her father asked, watching the bumps appear against the skin of her gut. “I can clean up.”

“Tha- *glrk* - thanks, Daddy. The front door is broken and the screens are ripped, but that's all.”

“Child's play. C'mon. Let's get you to the van.”

Taking her arm, he heaved it over her shoulder, acting as a crutch as they both limped toward the van.

“Oof! Slower, honey. You're stronger than your dear ol'dad.”

“You're not that old.”

“Yeah, I guess I still got it. Your mom seems to think so. Last night-”

“No, Dad, shut up. I take back everything nice I’ve said about you ever.”

“Damn.”

The car door rolled back to reveal a makeshift bed on which Gabi collapsed gratefully. Her belly gurgled beneath her as she rolled into a better position. Her father grabbed a bucket of tools and some mesh before walking back to the house.

“Text me if you need me,” he called over his shoulder.

Gabi was too tired to say much back. A stomach full of people was enough to fatigue anyone. She nestled herself into the blankets and rubbed her stomach, listening to the incessant bickering on the family inside, and wondered if she was doing the right thing. I mean, she had to eat Diya. They were close to figuring out her secret. But did she really have to eat Pepper?

Well, it would have been a short-lived escapade. The only people Gabi could trust with her secret were her family, Lily, and a handful of other eating-people-whole capable individuals. Anyone else was fodder. Tasty, tasty fodder.

She hadn’t gotten to explain what had happened to Kacer, but she thought his family might understand. It wasn’t cruel, really. Besides, going up another cup size was going to be annoying. Her boobs were already the size of pumpkins and in a bit they’d be the size of... larger pumpkins. Gabi couldn’t think of a fruit larger than pumpkins. Anyhow, they were killing her back and that had to be worth bonus points, right? A little bit of karma? Like, yeah, she could order a bra, but it would have to be made by an engineer rather than whoever normally made bras. Her tits were a physics problem unto themselves.

Diya's family softened eventually. They always did. The worst stage was the semi-solid one where Gabi could feel her stomach grinding against the slush, pushing it down into a compact ball. Then it became squishy and pliable, followed by large and bouncy, and finishing as a stiff orb of pale skin. After that, Gabi spent a lot of time in the bathroom.

"I'm sorry," Gabi told her stomach.

Her stomach remained still. Sighing, Gabi lifted herself on her arm to see her father returning from the house, spinning the bucket on one finger as he whistled a song.

"Done," he said once he got to the van. "Had to replace the entire back screen which, to be honest, took only slightly longer than replacing a portion of the front. The door wasn't too tricky, either. Wear and tear on the wood is normal after a few years. Replace the hinges, apply a little bit of wood glue and bam! No sign of forced entry or frantic exit. What do you say to your dear ol' dad?"

"Thank you, Daddy," Gabi said, kissing his cheek.

Her father adjusted his glasses and beamed.

"Now we head back home," he said. "Your mother's at a meeting and Emily's out with friends. What do you say I make up a pad for you in the living room and we watch a movie. You can pick this time."

"I'm feeling Aliens," Gabi yawned. "Though I can't promise to stay awake through it all."

"Neither can I." Her father took his place behind the steering wheel and started the van. The gentle hum of the engine always soothed Gabi. "Honestly, between your mother and Emily, I

can't tell who's louder. Both walk around like dinosaurs and yell across the house."

"Emily can be quiet when she wants to be. She just doesn't want to be."

"I know," her father said, peeling off the curb. "Emily is like a velociraptor. Your mother is more like a T-rex."

"Is this a lead up to a sex joke?"

"Could be."

"Keep it to yourself."

Gabi rolled onto her side, taking her stomach between her hands. A movie night sounded good. She was going to need a break before tackling the last family.



INTERMISSION 3

“The side entrance leads here.”

“Why do you have a map of her house?”

“Because I do, fatass!”

Gabi and Emily lay on the floor of her room, looking at a hand-drawn blueprint. Or rather, Emily lay on the floor and Gabi lay on top of her boobs with her arms folded over her nipples. They were large enough that resting on them was quite comfortable.

“I think,” Emily said, scanning the map, “that your best bet is this basement window. Nobody ever goes into this room and their stairs just got redone, so there shouldn’t be any creaking. Mag had 3 sisters, 6 brothers, a mom, a nanny, and 5 dogs.”

“What?!”

“Kidding. She just has a sister and her mom and dad.. The two main exits are the front and back doors. If dad boards them up, that only leaves the side door and the upstairs windows.”

“I don’t like that you’re involved with this plan,” Gabi said, giving her the side eye. “You just like to watch me eat people.”

“Of course I do, dumbass,” Emily said. “But has a single one of my plans ever gone wrong? No! Because I am a tactical genius.”

“Alright, General Freak. I’ll trust you.”

“Thank you, Private Bimbo.”

The door behind them opened suddenly, causing Emily to leap to her feet. Gabi didn’t miss the glance she shot towards her desk with its plethora of mysterious notebooks. Their mother poked her head around the doorframe.

“Whatcha discussing?” she asked, holding out a bowl of strawberries. “There’s cream and chocolate sauce in the kitchen if you want any.”

“Who would deface perfectly good strawberries like that?” Gabi asked, but Emily couldn’t hear her. She was already running down the stairs. “How are you, mom?”

“Good,” her mother groaned, sitting down next to her. “Back’s hurting a bit, but that’s nothing new. Your father tells me you’re going to visit the last girl’s family tomorrow. Are you glad to have it over with?”

“I guess,” Gabi shrugged. “It’s been awkward, though.”

“Well, you’re a growing girl. Nobody can blame you for that.”

“No, I guess not.”

“Well,” her mother said, pinching Gabi’s cheek, “I have tomorrow off if you’d like me to come with. It’s been a while since we’ve had a family event. Remember the hotel?”

“How could I forget?” Gabi said. Her back had ached all the

way to their aunt's house. "And that would be nice, but isn't it more Dad's thing?"

"Oh, I couldn't let my darling daughters do this alone. Your father is efficient, but I saw what the runner did to him. Poor dear needed stitches on his cheek and I haven't done them in years! I'm afraid I might not have done a great job."

"You can do stitches?"

"Mama can do a lot of things."

With a wink, she got back to her feet and cracked her back. Emily was coming up the stairs with a bowl full of strawberries that had been drowned in chocolate syrup. There were brown smears all around her mouth.

"Whatcha talkin about?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing. The good ol'days. You girls better be up bright and early tomorrow if this plan is going to work, though, and Emily?"

"Hmm?"

"I'm dropping you off at school right after."

"What?!"



THE MCGREERS

Gabi's family arrived on the doorstep at 7 o'clock. Their father was wearing a suit. Their mother was wearing a short green dress. Gabi and Emily wore their normal clothes, though Gabi disappeared before the first knock. Everything was in place.

A shadow showed against the upstairs window as someone peeked through the blinds. Thumping footsteps came down the stairs and the door opened to reveal Mr. McGreer.

He looked awful. Heavy bags hung under his eyes like dark clouds and three days stubble scratched against his hand as he rubbed his chin. His red hair, usually so immaculate, was greasy and his shirt smelled of sour sweat. Still, seeing Gabi's family, he smiled.

"It's good to see you all," he said. "I was wondering when you'd come over. Thea's been a mess. We've been putting up posters all over, but the police have their hands full with missing persons cases. I'm beginning to think this town isn't as safe as

when we moved here. They say there's hope, but I'm just... I'm just..."

Tears glistened in the corners of his eyes. Gabi's father took his hand and gently led him to a chair.

"Sorry," Mr. McGreer said, blowing his nose on a napkin. "Sorry. It's been tough. Thea's awake, but I don't think she wants to see anybody just yet. Winter's back from college. She's been walking around town asking anybody and everybody if they know anything. 3 kids went missing from school and nobody knows anything. It's like they just disappeared. Mag and her friends? Disappeared. And then there was the 4th one, right? Rupert? The neighbor said that the family was on vacation, but the mailman hadn't stopped their mail. It just kept piling up until someone got concerned and checked. Nothing. That was a huge family, too. How did they vanish?"

Gabi's mother put a hand on his shoulder. He was shaking. Through the stillness of the house, they heard a stair in the basement creek, but Mr. McGreer was too distraught to notice.

"It's alright, Neil," Gabi's mother said, patting his shoulder. "I'm sure you'll be reunited soon. People don't just vanish. She'll be found."

"That's right," Gabi's father said soothingly. "Do you want coffee? How about I make us a cup?"

"I'd love that," Mr. McGreer said. "You know where the coffee pot is. And how are you holding up, Emily? You knew them all, right?"

Emily, who had been about to sneak off upstairs, whipped around and put her hands behind her back.

“I did,” she said in her solemnest voice. “My friends and I have been sneaking around after school looking in every hidden nook and cranny. We’re all devastated. There’s supposed to be some big announcement at school today, but I don’t even want to go.”

She shot her mother a look, but she just gave her a thin smile.

“Right,” Mr. McGreer said. “We were supposed to speak at that, but to be honest, I’m tired of begging for information. I just want Mag found.”

The squeak from the basement sounded again, finally catching Mr. McGreer’s attention. He looked backward only to find Gabi’s father standing there, coffee pot in hand.

“I couldn’t find the filters,” he said. “Do you know which cabinet they’re in?”

“Oh. Drawer next to the pots and pans. You know the one.”

“Yup!”

As Mr. McGreer turned back to Emily and her mother, their father twisted the knob on the basement door and opened it a smidge. Bright blue eyes stared through the crack.

“May I use the bathroom upstairs?” Emily asked. “The one down here gives me the creeps.”

“Emily,” her mother warned, but Mr. McGreer just laughed.

“We hung the clown painting over the toilet as a joke,” he said. “We were hosting an event and we wanted to see who mentioned it - nearly everyone did - but after we just kept it up. I’ve been meaning to take it down, but it’s kind of become a staple. Yes, you can use the upstairs washroom.”

“Thanks!” Emily scampered up the stairs, knocking the base-

ment door open even further as she passed. The nibs of Gabi's breasts were just barely visible through the crack. Her mother watched Emily leave, then sank into the chair across from Mr. McGreer. Her own breasts sagged onto the table. She had worn a particularly low-cut dress for this very purpose.

"Neil," she said, swaying slightly. "We'd like to do something for all of you. Maybe we could cook a few meals or take care of your lawn. I'm sure you're both tired and busy."

"We are," he agreed, catching sight of her cleavage.

He turned his head slightly. Gabi crept out of the basement. Careful to keep her eyes level with Mr. McGreers, Gabi's mother continued.

"Honestly, Neil," she said. With one finger behind the table, she tugged her dress even lower. "We'd be happy to do it."

Neil looked again. Gabi was even closer; halfway across the room. In the kitchen, Gabi's father began to bang pots around. It was enough to mask her steps.

"I, uh," Mr. McGreer said, shaking his head and clearing his throat. "That's mighty generous of you. I'd like to take you up on your offer, but I'll have to talk to Thea."

"Anything to help you in your troubling time," Gabi's mother agreed.

Neil was sweating now. He tugged at his own shirt, his eyes flicking everywhere but her breasts. The sound in the kitchen was getting louder. Just as he was about to turn toward it, Gabi pounced.

She swallowed his head first. If she had been any slower, he might have been able to call out, but as it was he had no idea

what was happening to him. One second he was looking everywhere and the next his vision went dark as the gooey corridor of Gabi's throat surrounded him. Gabi's mother grabbed his arms before he could pound the table, lifted, and gave him a shove. Gabi did the rest of the work herself.

ULP! ULP! ULP!

Down he went, deeper and deeper, the bulge of his body visible first in her neck, then between her breasts which bobbed outward with his weight before depositing him in her stomach. Her boobs were so big at that point that he was hardly visible beneath them.

"Jeeze," Gabi said. Saliva pooled on the table as she stumbled forward. "A little warning next time, Mom."

"Sorry, honey. We have to move fast. Emily should be returning in-"

Thumping on the top landing caused her to jolt. She grabbed Gabi's shirt and pulled her to the side of the stairs just as Winter appeared at the top of them. Emily dogged behind her carrying a folder full of wanted posters.

"It doesn't matter if I have to skip school," she was saying. "Everyone will understand. Have you tried as far as Middlebrook? Kacer talked about going there once and Mag kind of had a crush on him, so maybe they eloped."

"Eloped?" Winter snorted. "As if. Mag was as studious as they come."

"Rebellious phase?"

"I doubt it."

On the third to the last step, Gabi stepped in front of the

stairs. With a gentle nudge, Emily hooked Winter's feet, sending the brunette tumbling straight onto Gabi's tongue.

G-ULP!

"Well, that was easy," she said as a second bulge appeared in Gabi's stomach.

"Clever," their mother cooed. "I raised two incredibly smart girls."

"We certainly did," their father said, coming out of the kitchen. "One left and this whole business is behind us. Can you walk, Gabs?"

"Two isn't bad," Gabi said.

Her mother took her place under her left elbow and her father took his beneath her right. Together they helped her up the steps with Emily running ahead, as playful as a puppy, excited to see the finale to her grand design. If only she had known that forcing Gabi to eat Rupert would be so entertaining!

They arrived at the door to Mr. and Mrs. McGreer's bedroom.

"Windows?" Gabi's mother asked.

"Too small for her to fit through," Emily said.

"Other doors?" Gabi's father asked.

"Just a walk-in closet and a bathroom. The bathroom has a skylight. The doors should be large enough for Gabi to fit through and if not, well, we have dad."

"Good girl."

Taking a deep breath, Gabi walked inside.

The room was dark. Curtains covered each of the windows, leaving the room as black as pitch. In the light that crept in from the hallways, Gabi could just about make out the outline

of Mrs. McGreer sitting on the edge of the bed. As she wobbled forward, the woman didn't move.

"Hello, Mrs. McGreer," Gabi said, stopping at her side. "I've come to eat you."

The rest of her family filtered into the room behind her, forming a semicircle at her back. Her father stood in front of the door.

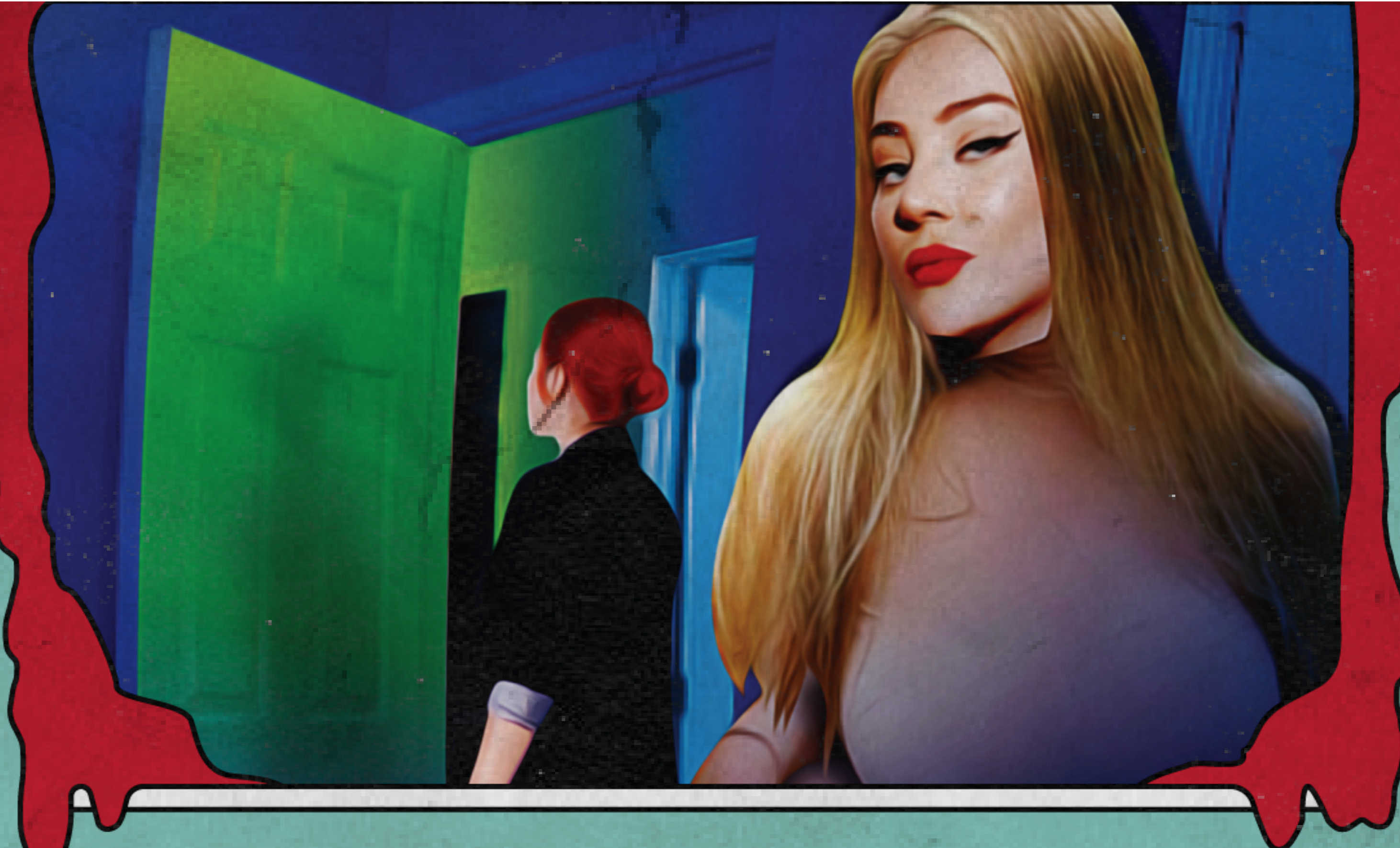
"Eat me?" Mrs. McGreer asked. Looking up, she scanned their faces. Her eyebrows knitted together. "Is this some sort of joke?"

"No joke," Gabi said, putting her hands on the woman's shoulders. "I've eaten the rest of your family, too, including Mag. I felt really really bad about it, but I had to. You see, she figured out my secret."

It was hard to tell what Mrs. McGreer was thinking. The room was too dark. She was silent, though, as Gabi picked her up. Silent all the way down her throat.

Her parents came to gather around her as her stomach bounced one last time. The task was finished. Gabi's mother put her arms around her daughter and gave her a hug. Her father tousled her hair. Emily stared and Gabi sighed. A gurgle filled the room.

It was a nasty business, sure, but at least she had her family.



“WELCOME TO THE BELLY OF THE BEAST...”

The Mercers, the Khattris, the Bellows and the McGreer families are all in a state of despair. Members from each family have disappeared without a trace. Any clue of their whereabouts would put them at ease.

Fortunately, it's not long before they each receive a visit by someone who knows where they are.

Unfortunately, unbeknownst to them, this individual has had a hand in their disappearances.

And Gabi is happy to show them where they disappeared to . . .

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Gabi & Emily

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