



By Kattu / Paogordo

Chapter 3

**Paula,  
the Prostitute**

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A **Kattu/Paogordo** production

# *Contents*

<b>Contents</b>	<b>3</b>
<b>1 A cry for help</b>	<b>9</b>
<b>2 An offer she can't refuse</b>	<b>19</b>
<b>3 Unbelievable</b>	<b>26</b>
<b>4 With a little help of my friends</b>	<b>36</b>

# *Prologue*

The sheets rustled as the man writhed on the bed, but Paula kept her ass firm on his face and his cock stiff in her hand. His wife, watching from a chair in the corner of the room, clutched a pillow to her chest. Her face was quite red.

“The trick is to suffocate them just a little bit longer than they think they can last,” Paula said, releasing the man. His ragged gasp tickled the back of her thighs as she shook her ass. His cock twitched against her fingers. “They’ll tap out fast if you let them, so hold firm.”

“Is he going to be alright?” the woman asked.

Paula looked over her shoulder at the man. His eyes were crossed and his face was covered in a thin sheen of sweat.

“He’ll be fine,” Paula said, sitting back down.

She could hear the low sound of the television playing in the next room, serving to let her clients know that someone else was in the house. Lucy would be sat in front of it with a bowl of popcorn on her lap, listening to her soaps while she waited for Paula to finish, or rather, for Paula to finish her clients.

Couples were a bit of a specialty of Paula's. In straight pairings, it was usually the man's idea to visit a prostitute, but sometimes it was the woman's, curious about the soft ministrations of a lithe pair of lips or fed up with her husband's clumsy thrusting. This pair seemed to be the former, though as Paula watched the woman from the corner of her eye, she noted that her hands twitched whenever Paula moaned.

“Do you want to try?” Paula asked.

The woman jolted.

“Are you sure?” she asked. “I don't know. I might be too heavy.”

Paula smiled and leaned forward, taking her by the hand. As she did, the scratchy beard of the husband brushed against her leg, causing her to shiver. It reminded her of another stubbly man that spent a significant amount of time under her rear—under her in general, actually.

“You’re not too heavy,” Paula said, “and I’m sure your partner would love it. Am I right, sir?”

The man wheezed his approval. The woman, stepping gingerly off of her chair, joined them on the bed where she lifted her skirt, straddling her husband’s face. Paula helped her settle down as she guided the woman’s hand to the man’s hard cock.

“There you go,” she said. “Gently does it. You see the pre-cum leaking out of the tip? Use your thumb to slide it down the shaft. Once it’s lubricated, you can start to pump.”

A low, pleasurable groan made the woman gasp with delight. She sat up, giggled when she saw her husband’s face, and sat back down. He squirmed beneath her, but she didn’t let up.

“This is kind of fun,” the woman said.

“It is,” Paula laughed. “Once you get used to this, you can sit back and have him use his tongue. Once you’re both riled up, just turn around and bam, instant orgasm. Works almost every time.”

The woman smiled and went back to focusing on her husband. As she did, Paula’s stomach rumbled.

It was the smell of their sweat that got her this time; salty,

with just a tang of body odor and the underlying fragrance of some kind of fruity perfume. Paula's eyes went first to the average form of the woman, then the squat, squarish form of the man beneath her, and while she observed their blundering display of post-marital lust, she imagined what they would look like sandwiched together, each curled up in a tight little ball in her gut. The woman would go down easy, barely struggling as her head vanished into Paula's hungry gullet, but the man might wriggle as he did on the bed, brushing against the steaming embrace of her velvety throat flesh until he was invariably deposited in her gut. Then came the fun part where they would be massaged between her rippling, spongy walls as their bodies grew weaker, softer, and slimmer.

"He's throbbing," the woman said, breaking her from her stupor.

Paula blinked. She hadn't realized that she had been drooling.

"Good, he's about to cum," she said. "Do you want to finish him with your hand, or do you want to take a turn riding him while I sit on his face?"

"Mmrph!"

"I think he's saying that he wants that," the woman giggled, sitting up. "Are you sure that this is alright with you?"

“Oh, it’s more than alright,” Paula said, taking her place over the man’s reddened cheeks. “This is my job, after all.”



## *Chapter 1*

# *A cry for help*

“How’d it go?” Lucy asked.

She was sitting on the edge of the couch with her mug clutched between both hands. Lucy took her tea with Stevia, which Paula thought was gross, and likewise, Paula took her coffee black, which Lucy thought was abhorrent and suggestive of a deviant nature that would lead to, in her words, ‘a life of sluttery’. Of course, she might have just been mad that Paula had made fun of the way she drank her tea.

“Oh, they were fine,” Paula said, rubbing her ass. “The man’s beard did a number on my thighs, though, and the woman almost punched me in the jaw when she came.”

“That’s because she’s never had an orgasm before,” Lucy

said.

“I’m sure that’s not true.”

“She’s never had a good orgasm before.”

“That might be true.”

“Men,” Lucy grunted, throwing her legs up on the coffee table. “I say we throw ‘em all on a rocket ship and send them to Mars or some other, deeply unsexy place.”

“I take it that your date with Steven went poorly,” Paula said, joining her on the couch. She pulled a blanket up from a basket on the rug and snuggled down beneath it. She was only wearing a nightdress, but it wasn’t like Lucy cared.

“It went worse than poorly,” Lucy said. “Sure, he’s cute, but he’s also broke.”

“But you aren’t,” Paula pointed out. “Make him into a house husband.”

“He doesn’t believe in dental hygiene.”

“Okay, that’s a deal-breaker.”

“And what about you?” Lucy asked. The television was paused on a still frame of a Mexican actress with a machete

held high overhead. Apparently, things weren't going well in her relationship, either. "You're still seeing... Lexington?"

"You do that on purpose," Paula snorted. "Luther. And we aren't dating. He's just a very consistent client-

"-that you give discounts to and go out to dinner with and think about constantly," Lucy said. "Also, and this is a complete sidebar, but did your tits get bigger?"

Paula brought the blanket up over her chest. If her intention had been to highlight the fact that her tits were now big enough to cause craters in fabric, then she had done a great job.

"It's a side effect of the surgery," she said.

And an entire man passing through my colon, she thought.

"Well fuck," Lucy said. "You might have to give me your surgeon's number. Anyway, enough about men. The new Batman movie just came out, it's three hours long, and if I go alone to see it, I will officially be the lamest person imaginable."

"It's midnight," Paula said. Her eyes were already half closed. The combination of the couch and the warm blanket after an hour of exercise relaxed her aching muscles, allow-

ing her to drift into a dull middle state between wakefulness and sleep. She put her head on the cushion and snuggled down deeper. “And I don’t like Batman. There’s nothing wrong with going to the movies alone.”

“I guess you’re right,” Lucy said. “Oh, by the way, someone left you a weird ass voicemail.”

“A voicemail?” Paula murmured. “What did they want?”

“Something about making someone disappear.”

Paula’s eyes shot open. Lucy was still sipping her tea as if a murder request was the most natural thing in the world.

“What?” Paula asked, sweating. “I don’t understand.”

“Oh, I’m sure it was a prank,” Lucy laughed. “We give our number out to a whole bunch of shady fucks. Someone was trying to be funny. Probably heard about Damien’s dumb ass disappearing and is calling every whore on the line.”

“Wait a minute - why do you have my phone?”

“Lighten up, buttercup,” Lucy said, tossing the flip phone to her. “I didn’t read your messages to Lenny.”

“Good,” Paula said. Her heart was still thudding hard in her chest. “Those are personal.”

“I’d say! You basically begged him to ask you out.”

“Lucy!”

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry,” Lucy said. She ducked to avoid a thrown pillow, but she couldn’t avoid Paula as she crawled across the couch and pinched her foot. “I just wanted to see if he had texted you about that weird fetish he has. Imagine wanting to melt in someone’s gut. Blech! I bet it’d smell awful.”

“Don’t - touch - my - phone,” Paula said, batting her over the head with the blanket. “I hid it because I knew you would do this!”

“Well, the bread bin was clever considering I’m on a diet,” Lucy said, “but unfortunately for you, the diet isn’t going well.”

A deep feeling of unease spread in the pit of Paula’s stomach. She heaved herself back onto her side of the couch and brought her legs to her chest.

She hadn’t answered the first message after she had eaten Damien. She had read it a dozen times, memorizing every line, but the notion of performing a hit was so ridiculous that she had to laugh.

“One of my girls came home with a black eye last night. I

heard you were the one to call. I'll wait for your reply.”

But that had been a week ago. Every day since, Paula had opened her phone and stared at the message, not because she felt a sense of justice deep in her bones, but because her stomach continued to rumble and the thought of regular food didn't satisfy her like it once had. She longed to experience that screaming rush of swallowing a man whole, if only one more time.

Forget it, Paula thought, rubbing her eyes. Charlotte's voice still haunted her in her dreams, as accusatory as it had been on the day that she left. It's a bad idea to swallow more people.

“What exactly did the message say?” she asked.

“Oh, just that some douche had beat up one of their girls,” Lucy said. “Probably a pimp with too much time on their hands, not that their story is out of whack. Every day I hear about some new girl getting the shit smacked out of her because she took the wrong client. I don't know if this job is getting worse or if it's always been this way.”

Lucy sighed and slapped her thighs, setting her mug down next to the popcorn.

“I think I'm gonna head to the theater,” she said. “Still no word from Charlie?”

“No,” Paula said.

“Well, I hope you guys make up soon, because as much as I like spending time with you, listening to you fuck is like listening to a dying walrus.”

“Thanks, Lucy.”

The screen on Paula’s phone remained black as Lucy walked to the door. She was tempted to listen to the message herself, but she knew that once she did, it would be stuck in her head. Instead, she clicked the play button on the remote and watched as the woman brought her machete down between the legs of a horrified man.

“If you ever hurt me again, that’ll be your balls,” she yelled in Spanish, digging the machete out of the mattress.

“Jesus Christ, Maria,” the man cried. “You know that my heart belongs to you!”

—

Two days passed without another message. Paula went to the gym, saw her doctor, and went out to lunch with Lucy, but no matter where she went, she kept the flip phone on her.

It’s just in case, she told herself. A client might need me.

The call came in on a Thursday as Paula was getting ready for her date with Luther. She had been considering eating a watermelon to simulate the belly she got post digestion, and was setting it down with a wry smile when the phone rang.

“Hello?”

There was a crackle on the other end of the line. Paula looked at the caller ID, but the bar was blank.

“Hello?” she asked again, less certain this time.

“You’ve been hard to reach,” came a female voice. “I would like to meet with you.”

“Who is this?” Paula asked.

“A friend in the business.”

“And what business is that?”

“Sex, honey, but I admire your caution. That’s why I want to meet up with you face to face to talk about the disappearance of Damien Stadinski. I understand he was a client.

A chill went down Paula’s spine. Though her house was empty, she got up and walked into her bedroom.



“I can’t confirm that,” she said, sitting on the windowsill.

“You don’t have to. I’m not a friend of his, nor am I a friend of the man I would like to talk to you about. Oh! Perhaps I should have started with this: My lipstick is red.”

Paula’s shoulders lowered. ‘My lipstick is red’ was a code phrase used by women in her industry. It was rare that anyone actually dropped it, but it put Paula at ease nevertheless. In fact, she began to smile.

“Tonight isn’t good for me, but I can meet you tomorrow,” she said.

“Wonderful. I’ll see you at the Peach Lounge at 6 o’clock. Tell the bouncer that you’re looking for Valentine. Ciao now.”

*Click.*

For a moment, Paula just sat there with her phone in her lap. There was an odd buzz running through her veins. She knew that attending the meeting was tantamount to saying yes to the request, but the day before, she had told Luther in explicit detail exactly what she had done to Damien and his henchman. Luther had thought it was a fantasy, of course, and Paula had luxuriated in the memory of having two men squirming inside of her, begging for their lives before ultimately being demolished by her stomach and transformed

into her tits. A gentle warmth spread through Paula's groin. She was just getting up to take care of it when the sound of a car pulling up made her look out her window. Luther waved at her from the gate.

“Perfect timing,” Paula murmured, heading to her velvet room. “He’s in for a treat today.”

## *Chapter 2*

# *An offer she can't refuse*

The Peach Lounge was a bar on 8th and Weston with a reputation for hot women and few questions. Even though the sun was still out when Paula was dropped off on the curb outside, there was a line forming in front of the premises. A hulking man in a black tee shirt was checking people's ID's.

"I'm here to see Valentine," Paula told the bouncer.

"Name?" he asked.

"Paula."

The bouncer muttered something into his radio. The radio hissed something back.

"Go ahead," the bouncer said, jamming his thumb toward

the doors. “Second floor, third door on the right. Knock twice.”

“Second floor, third door on the right,” Paula repeated. “Got it.”

The bouncer pulled back the rope and let her through. As soon as she stepped through the doors, she entered a different world.

Sunlight gave way to a dark foyer with brick walls and neon signs. Music throbbed from the room ahead as the sound of distant voices echoed back to Paula from the dance floor. A couple was making out on the stairs. Paula pushed past them, trying not to wince as her shoes stuck to the worn down carpet.

The second floor consisted of a long hallway that led out to a balcony over the dance floor. Laughter was coming from one of the rooms.

“Candy, you’re a peach,” came a baritone voice.

“Oh, Mr. Grisby, stop,” a girl giggled.

Paula passed by the room without looking, walking instead to the third door on the right. She knocked twice. A husky voice answered her.

“Come in.”

“Thank you,” Paula said, slipping through the door.

The office on the other side was tastefully decorated. Some kind of exotic plant was growing beside the desk, giving off a fragrant aroma as the leaves shook in the breeze of the industrial fan. Movie posters lined the brick wall advertising everything from old James Bond films to modern French productions. Behind the desk sat a woman in her 40's. Her hair was pulled to the side in a stylish braid, but her clothing was businesslike and her posture was impeccable.

“Paula, I presume,” the woman said.

Paula shuddered. She had worn a blouse and a skirt, but even so, she felt naked under the woman's x-ray gaze.

“Yes,” she said.

“Alright,” the woman said, folding her hands. “Let's cut to the chase, then. Damien Stadinski visited your residence 8 days ago. Not a hair has been seen of him since. I've talked to your associate Charlotte, but she refuses to admit that she was even there at the time despite video evidence of her arriving at and leaving your property. You have a good friend there, Paula.”

“Yes,” Paula said, ignoring the gnawing sensation in her

stomach. “Yes she is.”

“I didn’t care for Damien,” the woman said. “Nobody did in our industry and I have to say, many a bottle of champagne was popped the night he and his goon went missing. The police have dropped the case, too, citing a complete lack of any evidence of foul play as well as a history of gambling debt and a known habit of fleeing from it. By all means, his existence was erased.”

Paula just nodded. Her hands twisted in front of her skirt.

“So,” the woman finished. “I need someone erased as well.”

With a gentle motion, she pushed a file across the desk. Paula picked it up, shuffling through the papers inside as well as the photographs attached to them.

“Hans Grisby,” the woman said, tapping the first photo with a long, red nail. “The son of Wallace Grisby, the oil tycoon. Both Wallace and his son are venerated customers at our establishment, but where Wallace is as sweet as the Candy he sleeps with, his son is another matter entirely. Here.”

She pushed another photo across the desk. Paula gasped.

The image showed a beautiful woman, or rather, what had once been a beautiful woman. Beneath the purple bruises

and the lacerations on her cheeks, a pair of bright, hazel eyes stared back tearfully at the camera. Her lips were so swollen that they looked like they had been injected with lard.

“The result of one of Hans’ visits,” the woman said. She picked up a pack of cigarettes from her desk and popped one in her mouth. A match flickered to life in the gloom. “We showed this to Wallace, of course, but he refuses to hear anything against his son and he spends so much money here that my boss refuses to hear anything as well. Beverly, the girl in the photo, is still in the hospital. There are others like her.”

“That’s terrible,” Paula said.

“Indeed. The other two files are on Hans’ goons. He doesn’t go anywhere without them. The only one I care about is Hans, but I figured I’d give you all of the info that I had available.”

One of the men looked a lot like Samar—the broad-shouldered neanderthal that Paula had swallowed along with Damien. The more she looked at the image, the more her stomach started to rumble. The other man was thin and had a rat-like face. A tattoo of a spider crept up from beneath the collar of his shirt. His eyes were small and nasty.

“So?” the woman asked.

Paula rubbed her wrists. The woman was looking at her intently, smoke rising from the cig on her lips.

“Can I have a day to think about it?” Paula asked.

“Sure,” the woman said. “Take the files with you and call me when you have an answer. Oh, and take this as well.”

She pushed an envelope across the desk. Paula picked it up, opened it, then dropped it. Her hands were shaking.

“I can’t accept that,” she said.

“That’s half,” the woman said.

Half?! Paula had only seen that much cash in movies before. That kind of money could pay for a new car; maybe a house somewhere that was less expensive. She’d have to clean it first, but that wasn’t a big deal. She’d just talk to Charlie and-

Pain flared in her chest. Right. She couldn’t go to Charlie anymore.

“I- I’ll think about it,” Paula said, stuffing the envelope in her purse.

The woman leaned forward in her chair, inhaling deeply. She tapped the cigarette on an ashtray, then let the breath



go in a thin, constant stream.

“Tell your guy that there’s more where that came from,” she said. “There’s a scumbag for every ten nice guys that pass through our door and some of them are too wealthy to touch. That’s what we thought about Damien, too, until someone got to him.”

“I’ll, uh, tell him,” Paula said.

“Good. Have a nice day, Miss Paula.”

She left the room in a hurry, nearly bouncing off of the broad man that had appeared in the hallway. He had a squarish face and a red-cheeked complexion and there was a woman clinging to his arm.

“Ohoho,” he chuckled in the same baritone Paula had heard moments before. “Are you the new girl?”

“Mr. Brisby, don’t harass our guests,” Candy said, shaking his arm.

She cast a curious glance at Paula as they passed, but when she saw the room she had come from, she hurried to pull Mr. Brisby away. Paula walked down the stairs with the files tucked under her arm, wondering how she was going to make a decision in just 24 hours.

## *Chapter 3*

# *Unbelievable*

“You called me in such a rush that I didn’t even get to dry my hair,” Lucy said, dropping onto one of the stools in Paula’s kitchen. Her hair was wrapped in an emerald towel and her face was devoid of cosmetics, not that it made her look any less dazzling. Paula took a moment to be jealous of her skincare routine before she went back to fretting.

She had been up all night trying to decide whether to take the money or not. On one hand, she knew that the more people she involved in her operation (could she even call it an operation?) the more likely it was that she was caught. On the other hand, swallowing people whole was just about the most efficient way to make someone disappear other than straight up evaporating them in acid. And she was hungry. And it felt really, really good and she couldn’t stop thinking about it.

“So,” Lucy said. “Are you going to tell me what’s up, or are you just going to stand there biting your nails.”

“Sorry,” Paula said. “A lot of this is going to sound unbelievable, but for the next ten minutes, I’m going to really need you to open your mind. Like, broaden it to the horizon.”

“Consider it broadened,” Lucy said with a smirk, expanding her hands away from her head. “Listen, if you’re about to tell me some crazy shit, could I at least have a drink first? Usually it’s me coming to you with my woes, so I’m feeling kind of naked here without a glass of sherry in my hand.”

“Fine. You’ll need it.”

Paula grabbed a glass from the cupboard and a bottle from the fridge, dumping them in front of Lucy before sitting in the stool opposite her. With her hands crossed in front of her face, she waited until Lucy had filled her glass and downed it.

“Okay,” Lucy said. “Go.”

“I’m going to start with a light confession first, then,” Paula said. Her stomach felt like there were bugs crawling inside of it and her chest was tight. “I didn’t actually get a boob job.”

“Bullshit.”

Lucy spat the word immediately. She grinned as Paula frowned back at her.

“Joking,” she said. “But that’s nuts. Is it some kind of weird, like, diet thing, or did you have to get a special massage at a secret temple or practice yoga or what? Your tits don’t just grow 6 cups over the span of a week, even if you wish on a shooting star.”

“It’s a diet,” Paula said slowly. “But a very, uh, particular one. Perhaps it would be best if I just showed you instead of talking about it.”

She had placed a watermelon at the end of the counter specifically for this purpose. As she picked it up, Lucy raised an eyebrow.

“It’s smoothies,” she guessed.

“No,” Paula said, loosening her jaw.

“Some kind of seed-based voodoo.”

“Not quite,” Paula said, allowing her throat to relax.

“Oh! Oh!” Lucy cried, splashing wine on her shirt. “I know. You swallow a whole watermelon and carry it around like a baby!”

Paula raised the watermelon over her head. Her jaw came unhinged with a click.

“Something like that,” she said, and without further ado, she slid the watermelon straight down her gullet in a single, wet gulp.

**GLUP!**

Her stomach bounced as the watermelon hit it, settling into the soggy folds. Lucy just watched with her mouth ajar as Paula cradled it in her hands, drumming the surface. A minute passed. Two minutes. Lucy finally let her mouth close and cleared her throat.

“Wow,” she said. The sherry bottle shook in her hand as she poured herself another glass. “Was not expecting that, Lala.”

“Lala?” Paula asked.

“Shut the fuck up, I just watched my best friend unhinge her jaw like a snake and swallow a watermelon whole.”

Paula’s stomach swished from side to side. Lucy watched it, sipping her wine, then reached forward and placed a hand on the stretched skin. She shuddered. Lifting her knuckles, she knocked twice, flinching as the hollow sound of watermelon resounded through Paula’s abdomen.

“Weird,” she said. “That’s so damn weird.”

“I know,” Paula said.

“Isn’t that going to like, hurt when it passes?”

“Er, no. I can just-”

**CRUNCH!**

Paula tightened her gut and the watermelon burst inside of her. She let out a soft moan as the cold juices soaked her insides. Lucy’s eyes widened.

“Fucking hell,” she said, emptying the rest of the bottle into her glass. “Alright. If you’ve got anything else to show me, I’m going to need another bottle of sherry, because this bitch ain’t dealing with your anaconda shit while sober, no way, no how.”

—

Lucy didn’t speak as Paula explained what had happened to Damien. She let out a gasp when Paula told her about them hitting her, and a growl as she explained the relationship between Damien and his henchman. Having had a previous experience with the brutes, she was all too willing to empathize, but when Paula got to the part about eating them, she just listened and nodded and drank and listened

some more. Eventually, the second bottle of sherry lay on the island, empty, and they both sat in silence. Paula waited for Lucy to speak first.

“Wow,” Lucy said.

“I know,” Paula said.

“But like... wow.”

Lucy got up off of her stool and paced the kitchen. Her bare feet squeaked against the clean tiles as she went back and forth, back and forth, her face contorted into an expression that Paula hoped was contemplation and not utter disgust. Eventually, Lucy stopped and turned to face Paula. Paula gulped as she came toward her.

“I’m sor-” she started to say, but then Lucy hugged her.

“That all sounds rough,” she whispered. “Sorry you had to go through that, friend.”

Paula lay her head on Lucy’s shoulders and allowed herself to be held. Lucy rubbed her hair at first, then went on to give her a comforting peck on the cheek. When she pulled away, there were tears in her eyes which she quickly wiped with the back of her hand, giggling as she sniffed.

“I don’t know why I’m crying,” she said. “You just sounded

so sad when you talked about Charlie leaving. It sucks that you had to go through this alone.”

“Thanks,” Paula said. “Seriously, Lucy, thanks.”

“Anytime, hun,” Lucy said. “Though when you called me, I thought you were going to tell me you had chlamydia, not super powers.”

Paula started to chuckle. Lucy snickered. They broke out into full blown laughter as Paula leaned on Lucy’s shoulder and allowed the stress of the previous weeks to melt away. When their laughter subsided, Paula wiped her eyes and let Lucy guide her to the couch. A glass of wine was placed in her hand. Lucy took a water bottle from the fridge.

“Okay, so what’s next,” Lucy said, plopping herself in an armchair. “Are you gonna, like, go on a crusade, or get really into deep throating, or what?”

“Actually, that’s the main reason I called you,” Paula said, taking the folder from the coffee table and shoving it across to Lucy. “The call I got the other day was legit. Someone guessed that I had gotten rid of Damien and is looking for a repeat.”

“That’s gnarly,” Lucy said, but when she opened the folder, her nose immediately wrinkled.



“What?” Paula asked. “Do you know the guy?”

“I know of him,” Lucy said. “Hans Grisby. Total piece of work. They say he put Clarice Knocker in a coma after she refused to suck his dick in front of his friends, but no matter how many people the police talked to, nobody would rat. If he’s your target, then I have to say, your client really knows how to pick ‘em.”

Paula was taken aback. Charlie, the battle-hardened, streetwise Charlie had recoiled at the very idea that she could eat someone whole. Paula had hoped that Lucy would be sympathetic, but she hadn’t expected this level of vehemence.

“So you think I should do this?” she asked.

“Well, I think this is batshit crazy,” Lucy said. “And honestly, even with the watermelon thing, I’m not sure if I believe that you can swallow someone whole. C’mon girl. You’d explode. And, all of those things aside, this client is asking you to bump someone off. Wouldn’t that be a better job for Charlotte or one of the goons she knows? Why are they coming to you?”

“I know it’s unbelievable,” Paula said.

“It’s downright loony tunes,” Lucy said. “Absolutely bonkers. I mean, I know better than Charlie that we have

to protect our girls and I certainly don't give a shit about Damien and his gorilla henchman, but in essence, this client wants you to kill someone. Do you even have the stomach for that?"

Paula's stomach rumbled in response. The watermelon slush had almost all been absorbed, leaving a thin layer of padding on her chest that pushed up against the edge of her bra. Paula took the envelope from her pocket and tossed it on the coffee table. Lucy took it, opened it, then closed it all in one motion. Her face turned white.

"Wow that's a lot of fucking money," she said.

"That's half," Paula said.

"Half?!?" Lucy spluttered, nearly falling off of her chair. "Bitch, I would kack my landlord for less than a quarter of this. Still though, these guys have guns and stuff, Paula. They aren't just gonna..." Her face contorted. Apparently she was having trouble processing the fact that her friend could eat people. "Anyway, it's nuts," she finished. "Don't do it."

Lucy reached for the bottle of sherry before realizing that it was in front of Paula. Grumbling, she sipped her water.

Paula was deep in thought. Lucy was right - she hadn't considered the implications. Last time, Charlie had been

there to threaten them with a gun while Paula swallowed them, but this time, she'd have to do it alone. If she ate them while clothed, they might have a knife. If she ate them while naked, they were still stronger than her. It would have to be the absolute ideal situation for her to swallow Hans Grisby without anyone being the wiser, and then they'd have to dispose of the cars and the clothes and the phones and the wallets, unless... Well, if Paula ate the phones, wallets, and clothes, then they'd just have to worry about that car, and if they met at a place that wasn't her house, they wouldn't have to worry about the car, either. And if they could count on some help from her client, maybe that could all be arranged.

“Lucy,” Paula said, snapping her out of her drunken mumbblings. “I have an idea. I know that you don't fully believe me, but I think I can show you and take care of Hans all in one swoop. If I do this, will you come with me?”

Lucy rolled her eyes and leaned back in her chair.

“You know I'd follow you anywhere, bitch,” she said. “I just hope we don't end up getting dumped in the river with cement blocks tied to our feet.”

## *Chapter 4*

# *With a little help of my friends*

The meeting was arranged for 10 o'clock. Paula would greet her guest in a private quarter of the Peach Lounge before accepting an escort to a room owned by the business. The cameras would be turned off and the staff would be kept out of the area with the excuse that it was a private event. Lucy would be waiting, disguised as a waitress, and after Hans Grisby's men checked to make sure that she wasn't armed, she would entertain them while Paula entertained their boss.

"He's been assured that you are hearty, helpless, and willing to do whatever he says," the woman told Paula over the phone. "Our lack of security measures will be seen as a way of indulging him."

"And there's a way out of the room that allows me to

leave unseen?” Paula had asked.

“There’s a tunnel under the bed beneath the rug. Is there anything else you need?”

“No. That’s all.”

At 9:30, Paula got out of the car with Lucy at her elbow. Both women wore tight, green dresses, but Paula had used some of the money to make a few modifications to hers. While the chest and skirt were made of green satin, the stomach had been fitted with a special, elastic fiber that her tailor had assured her would stretch as far as she pulled it. The bra also had an elastic clip to keep it from breaking. Paula wasn’t sure how it would hold up after swallowing three people, but if at least some of her clothes survived, that would be nice.

“Are you nervous?” Lucy asked.

Paula shook her head. As always, Lucy looked radiant in her outfit, though for once, Paula’s breasts were the stars of the show.

“Not really,” Paula said. “A little excited.”

“Damn, girl, okay,” Lucy said, twisting the hem of her skirt. She had gotten hers tailored to split up the side, exposing a long, muscular leg. “James Bond over here is excited for her

mission. Can I be honest with you, though?”

“Of course.”

“I’m fucking terrified, dude.”

The bouncer at the door let them through without a word. He had been instructed to forget their faces as soon as they passed and, as promised, the upper hall had been cleared out for their arrival. Paula pushed her way into the first door on her left which led to a lounge of sorts.

All of the walls in the room were mirrored, including the ceiling on which hung an intricate light fixture controlled by a panel next to the door. Three plush couches dominated the east end of the room with a bar cart between them. Paula sank into one of the cushions as Lucy began to play with the light panel. The woman would notify them when Grisby arrived.

“Can I be honest with you again?” Lucy asked, flicking the light from red to green to red again. The room flashed like a discoteche.

“If you’re nervous, it’s okay,” Paula said. “You can leave right now and nobody will say a word.”

“Not a chance. Besides, you’re giving me half of the money, right?”

Paula smiled and patted the seat next to her. Lucy came over and laid her head on her shoulder.

“Are you seriously not nervous?” Lucy asked.

“A little,” Paula said. “I’m worried that Charlie was right and that I’m getting in over my head, but as for whether this will work or not, I think that it will. Besides, the world will be a better place without this guy. You saw what he did to that Beverly.”

“I know, I know. It’s just...”

Lucy closed her eyes and clicked her tongue. Her fingers laced together on her lap.

“This eating thing,” she said. “It sounds cool, but... it’s three people, Paula.”

“I’ve handled three men before.”

“Haha, Paula, you know what I meant.”

In truth, Paula was certain that she could eat three men. Damien’s bodyguard had basically been as big as two men and she had swallowed him just fine. The night before, she had stared at their pictures, drooling, for an entire hour as she fantasized about what it would feel like for each of them to slip down her throat. Hans would struggle, the

big guy would be too shocked to move, and the rat-like fellow would squirm and yell and kick, but she'd slurp him up like a noodle before melting them into goo. That was her favorite part. The warmth that came right before her stomach evened out and shrank, and as it shrank, her chest would grow and she'd have more to smother Luther with than ever before. No, she wasn't worried about swallowing three men. She was worried about whether she'd ever be satisfied with less after.

"I can take them," Paula said, choosing her words carefully. "And I know that you probably won't believe me until you see it, but right now I need you to trust me."

A speaker crackled on the wall.

"His car just pulled up," the woman's voice said. "Be ready."

Lucy snuggled down beneath Paula's arm. Paula could barely see her, hidden as she was by her enormous breasts, but when Lucy sighed, she took her hand, and the two sat together, waiting for the men to arrive.

"I trust you," Lucy said. "We're doing this for Beverly."

"And all of the girls like her," Paula said.

"Right. I'll get in position."



The knock on the door came just as Lucy smoothed out her skirt and stood to be beside the bar cart. The beefy bodyguard that Paula had seen in the pictures entered the room first, his bald head glimmering in the light of the chandelier.

“You the girls?” he grunted.

“I’m the girl,” Paula said, smiling and bowing. “This is a hostess that the club let me borrow for the night. Her name is Lissandra.”

Lucy curtsied. The big man sniffed and stepped forward.

“Raise your arms,” he said.

Lucy did as she was told and was given a quick pat down. Once he finished, he turned to Paula. Paula smiled and raised her arms as well.

The man’s hands felt rough against her sides as he patted her down. He spent longer than necessary on her hips and ass, molding his palms against her thighs before coming back up and staring into the valley of her cleavage. With one eyebrow raised, he stuck his hand between her breasts. Lucy leapt forward, but Paula raised a hand.

“It’s fine,” she said.

After pawing around for a bit, the big man retracted his hand and shrugged.

“They’re big enough to fit a weapon between,” he said.

“I understand,” Paula said. “Are we clear?”

To answer, the big man put his fingers to his lips and whistled. A moment later, the thin guard entered the room along with Hans.

Hans was neither big, nor small, nor fat, nor skinny. He wore an expensive suit without a tie, had no visible tattoos, and his face was clean shaven. Still, Paula shuddered. The man had an aura about him that she could feel across the room. It was his dead fish eyes, which he leveled on her after inspecting the furnishings.

“You the girl?” he asked.

“I am,” Paula said, bowing her head. “And you must be my-”

“Save it,” Hans said, snapping his fingers. “The owner of this establishment has prepared a special room for us. Don’t speak until we get there.”

The big man took Lucy by the wrist and the thin man came to stand behind Paula. They were led out into the

hall and past a second door, through which they descended a spiral staircase that emptied into another, thinner hall. Nobody spoke as they walked. When they got to the door at the end of the hall, the thin man pushed past Paula and inserted a key into the lock. The big man pulled a device out of his pocket.

“Sweep it,” Hans said.

The big man grunted and entered the room. Five minutes later, he returned.

“We’re good,” he said.

“Wonderful,” Hans said, prodding Paula forward. “It’s a regular safety precaution, darling. I hope you understand.”

He was probably hoping to intimidate her by implying that the room had no surveillance, but Paula felt relieved. She hid a smile behind her hand as she entered the simple antechamber and waited for the rest to file in. A door was open on the other side of the room. Paula could see a bed with red covers as well as the soundproofing on the back of the door. That would come in handy, later.

“Nobody comes in, nobody leaves,” Hans said, slicking back his hair. “It’s fine if you boys have a drink. A drink.”

He gave a significant nod to the rat-faced man who rolled

his eyes and sat on one of the couches. Taking Paula's arm in his cold hands, Hans led her into the bedroom. She gave Lucy one last, reassuring glance before the door closed behind her.

"Pardon my caution," Hans said. The room contained a bed, a nightstand, and a dresser. Hans removed his suit jacket and placed it on the dresser. "You're new and this place stinks of a setup. I don't trust Valentine and she don't trust me, but she must really hate you, because she didn't even try to bug the place."

His cufflinks hit the counter with a hard clack. Paula couldn't help but notice that he had locked the door.

"Are your tastes that eclectic?" she asked, feigning innocence.

A smile spread across Hans' thin lips.

"Sure," he chuckled. "Eclectic. I like that. Go sit on the bed until I'm finished undressing. I like to savor these moments."

Paula went and sat on the covers as Hans undressed. He removed his shirt, then his watch, rubbing his wrists and cracking his knuckles. He was well-built, but not overly-muscular. Still, Paula knew just how much damage those hands could do.

“There are restraints on the headboard,” Hans said. “I’m going to use them. You’ll be strapped in nice and tight before we begin. Won’t that be fun?”

“It sure will,” Paula said.

She concentrated on her throat, suppressing a groan as the flesh slid apart in a deluge of sensual motion. Her stomach growled beneath her fingers, softly enough that Hans didn’t hear it, but insistent enough that Paula shivered. Drool was collecting under her tongue. Her eyes were starting to narrow. She had to fight the urge to leap on the man, even as he continued his show of machismo.

“Right,” he sniffed, once he was down to his pants. Reaching into the pocket, he pulled out a set of brass knuckles and placed them on the nightstand. “Let’s get you tucked in, sweetheart.”

As he got closer, Paula focused on his scent. He was clean, freshly bathed except for a dab of cologne that he had rubbed on his wrists. When he stopped beside her, Paula blinked and raised her arms. He took her by the biceps and laughed.

“You really don’t have any clue what’s happening, do you, cupcake?” he said.

“I’ve been told to do whatever you ask,” Paula said, “but right now what I want to do is kiss you.”

Immediately, Hans' expression hardened.

"Whattya mean by that?" he asked, gripping her arms tighter. He was leaning forward, pushing her up onto the bed. "Is that some kind of trick?"

"No," Paula gasped. "No, not at all-"

"Because that's strange," Hans continued. "You ain't that daft, are ya? Are ya?"

He gave her a shake and Paula yelped. When she looked toward the door, Hans smiled. His grip on her arms slackened.

"Ah," he said. "You're hoping your friend will come help you. Sorry, sweetheart, the room's soundproofed. Nobody's gonna hear you and nobody's comin. Valentine promised me something special with you. You know what she promised?"

He bent until his face was right in front of hers.

"She promised I could kill ya."

**ULP!**

Rearing back like a snake, Paula came at him with her mouth wide open, taking his head in a single motion. As his face passed over her tongue, she clamped her jaws, biting

down hard on his neck.

“Whayda fuck!” he yelled against her cheek. He wound back and punched her once, twice, but by the third time, his arms were falling limp at his sides. Paula released her hold on his carotid artery as his head slipped further into her gullet.

Sorry, Paula thought, lifting him by the legs. I won't be the one dying today.

His body felt good sliding down her throat. There was something extra satisfying about swallowing a man when his digestion was well deserved, but there was also the salty aftertaste of his skin which lingered on her tongue and the utter, orgasmic indulgence of having his body fill hers, satiating her voracious hunger. She hadn't realized just how much she had longed for the return of that sensation.

When she got to his waist, she stopped. He was still wearing his pants and after a quick pat, she found a knife hidden in the inside pocket. Taking it out, she tossed it on the bed, then did another pat down and came up with a dime bag of cocaine and another with some kind of pill. Once she was sure that he wasn't carrying anything dangerous, she stripped his pants off and swallowed him the rest of the way.

**GLURP!**

“Ah,” she said as her stomach settled on her thighs. “That was fun.”

Hans pushed out against her innards, stretching her as far as she would go. With his arms tucked against his sides and his elbows digging into his chest, he only got a few inches before he began to shake. The elasticity of her body slowly reigned him back into place under her dress.

“My tailor really knows what she’s doing,” Paula said, patting the soft green fabric. The neck was a bit ruffled, but the abdomen had stretched like it was supposed to. “You didn’t even break my bra on the way down!”

“Mmrph! Mmonmmph?”

“What’s that? You have money? Oh, don’t bother. After what you did to those girls, I’d do this for free. Too bad this room is soundproof. Your cronies have no clue what’s happening. I could digest you over the next two hours and they’d be none the wiser. In fact, that sounds fun.”

Three wet thumps communicated Hans’ displeasure, but Paula was already heaving herself onto the bed, massaging her stomach as she made a nest for herself against the pillows.

“That feels warm,” she giggled. “If this is going to work, you’re going to have to soften up a bit. Once you stop



wriggling, I'll call in the big guy. He might crush you on the way down, but you deserve it. Did Valentine really say you could kill me?"

She walked her fingers over Hans' shoulders. It was hard not to moan. Actually, why did she have to be quiet? The room was soundproof and besides, it wasn't like Charlie was there to chastise her this time. Paula leaned back on the pillows, hitched up her dress, and, with her fingers dancing over her clit, gave herself to the pleasure that she had been craving since she had first swallowed Hank.

Valentine had left her no small selection of toys to play with and Paula went through most of them before Hans settled down. She knew from experience that a man could last twelve hours inside of her, but she didn't need him digested; she needed him complicit.

"There," she said as Hans gave her insides a weak rub. She was still sitting with her back against the headboard, her breasts spread over the massive hump of her stomach. "Are you ready to behave? I know you felt what I was doing in there, you naughty boy, so I'm going to need you to keep that a secret when your friends join you, yeah?"

A weak whimper let her know that Hans wasn't going to be a problem.

"Good," Paula said, stretching. "Let's go fetch your friends,

then.”

She had to hold her stomach up with her hands to lug herself off of the bed. Shuffling to the door, she propped her stomach against it, took a deep breath, and knocked.

“Who ish it?” came a slurred voice from the other side.

Paula smiled. Lucy must have done what she had asked.

“Get away from there, you lush!” the big man grunted. “Boss told you to keep it to one drink. That’s your eighth.”

“But the pretty lady said I could-”

A harsh slap and a startled cry sounded from the other side of the door. Lucy said something that Paula couldn’t hear, but she got the big man’s response:

“No, you stay right there.”

Paula stepped aside as the big man’s steps approached the door. Her stomach jiggled against her legs, expanding and preparing itself for its newest guest.

“Hold on, hold on,” the big man grumbled. “I’ve gotta take the chain off.”

The door came open with a click, followed by the big

man's bald head as he peaked around the corner.

“You done in here, boss?”

Paula's stomach hit him with a heavy thud. The weight of her gut and the velocity of her spin sent him flying backwards, crashing through a table. Paula looked through the door to see the thin man laughing with a drink in his hand. His face was redder than a cherry tomato.

“Ey, Greg, you looked like a damn bird!” he guffawed. “Aw man, how you fall like that?”

As Paula walked through the door, the thin man laughed even louder.

“Ey, look man, she got fat! Fatty fat fat. Oh, Hans ain't gonna be happy about that. He hates fatties. Aw, she's mad, coming at me like—what are you doing? Oye, get off of me.”

Paula had grabbed him by the wrists and rolled herself forward, burying him under her stomach. He fought against the clutching embrace for a moment, but as she continued to suffocate him, his arms fell to his sides and his legs went limp. Lucy was standing behind the bar, gawking at her.

“Okay, I know I went along with this crazy scheme, but until 5 seconds ago, I was convinced that you just slit their throats and didn't want to tell me,” she said. “You actually

ate him?”

“I did,” Paula grunted. Her stomach hurt where she had battered the big man. Speaking of which, he was starting to stir. Paula aimed herself, took a step back, then fell, smushing him beneath her ass. He shuddered beneath her. “Can you help me with the little man?”

Lucy hesitated for a moment, then put down the glass she was carrying and walked over to the thin man on the couch. His face was still contorted into a goofy grin that stayed even as Lucy bent him forward toward Paula’s waiting mouth.

“Thash crazy,” he said. “Crazy crazy.”

Lucy tipped him forward the rest of the way and he slid down halfway, colliding with Hans in Paula’s stomach. Paula took the opportunity to yank off his pants before closing her lips and slurping him down like a noddle. She put a hand to her lips as she belched.

“Uurp, sorry,” she said. Her stomach protruded further than ever, but the dress still held, stretching to look like a huge, moss-colored boulder. Her bra, however, was beginning to strain, digging into her nipples where the underwire had slipped up her boob. “A lot of air gets inside when they go down, which makes me gassy.”

“Don’t apologize yet,” Lucy said, folding her arms. “You’ve

still got that big lug and he's like, twice your size. Do you think you have room?"

Paula blinked. She was impressed by how quickly Lucy had acclimated to the situation. Lifting herself up, she looked over her shoulder at the big man.

"He's out cold," she said. "We should make sure he's not carrying anything dangerous."

It turned out that the man was, in fact, carrying something dangerous. Several somethings, even.

Lucy frowned as she took out a revolver, a bowie knife, and a baton from a holster around his hip. He was carrying another pistol in the back of his pants as well as a second knife around his ankle. Lucy patted him down, stripped him, then patted him down again, finding a third, tiny knife and a set of lockpicks in his shoe. These she piled in the corner, then, thinking for a moment, she reared back and kicked the man in the balls. When Paula looked at her, Lucy shrugged.

"He called me a slut and he's going down your throat anyway," she said.

The man writhed on the ground, tears clouding his eyes. The pain had startled him away, but with his lack of air and his balls in his groin, he could do nothing to stop Paula as she unhooked her jaw and pushed herself over his feet,

gulping him up to his knees.

“How hiw steewy,” she grunted.

“What?” Lucy asked.

“Howd him steawdy,” Paula repeated.

“Hold him steady! How do I, oh, er, let’s go with this.”

Lifting her skirt, Lucy plunked herself down on his face, grinding a little bit as the man gasped for air.

“Most people have to pay for this,” she said, “so count yourself lucky that I’m doing my friend a favor.”

The friend in question was now gliding herself over his thighs. Every few inches, she would lift her tongue, positioning him so that his body ran smoothly down her throat. Once his feet got to her stomach, however, she stopped.

“Stowck,” Paula murmured.

She jammed a hand into her stomach, trying to push aside the blockage. The big man’s feet were caught in a crevice between Hans and the thin man. The more Paula pushed, the more her stomach started to squelch until, with a final shove, she managed to fold his legs between them. Her body lurched forward. The big man groaned against Lucy’s

calves.

“Shut up,” Lucy said, sitting down harder.

Paula wriggled the rest of the way over the man’s groin, stopping at his hands. These, she folded into her cheeks, lubricated with her tongue, then swallowed in a practiced motion. Lucy had to stand when Paula got to the man’s chest, but by that point, he was well and truly starved for air and went down her throat with little more than a soft groan.

**GGGUUuuuLLLP!**

Now her bra snapped.

“Ow,” Paula hissed, rubbing her chest. The hook had caught her at a weird angle, leaving a welt. “So much for ‘one size fits all’.”

Her stomach rubbed up against the carpet, heaving as she rolled onto her butt. The weight of three people made it almost impossible to move and yet her dress had held, stretching to contain the entire girth of her stomach which extended out to her ankles. Paula lay back in a satisfied daze. Lucy came to sit beside her, poking her belly through the satin.

“That’s actually insane,” she said.

“I know,” Paula said.

“You ate them all.”

“I know.”

“...when do we get paid?”

Paula glanced over at Lucy to see her rubbing her hands together. There was a smile plastered to her face as she continued to poke at Paula’s gut.

“I can’t believe I almost turned down this offer,” Lucy said. “You didn’t hear them out here while you were in the room. They were talking about broken wrists and black eyes and all kinds of nasty torture devices that their boss had used in the past. I’m sure they were just trying to psych me out, but I was so worried that I almost tried to get into the room, but the big guy was blocking me and the small guy was sloshed. Scumbags, all of them. I’m glad they’re going to be digested. I hope to be there when you shit them out-”

“Okay,” Paula grunted, putting a hand over her mouth. “No need to be gross.”

Lucy licked the cracks between her fingers until Paula took her hand away. Folding her arms behind her head, she leaned back against the couch.



“How long’s it going to take for you to turn them into tits?” she asked.

“Some of them should go to my hips,” Paula said, ignoring a panicked thump inside of her. “If my bust grows any bigger, I’m going to have to go on a diet.”

“Oh, the boys in the gym are going to love that,” Lucy chuckled. “You already get stares. Now you’re going to have a full on fan squad.”

“I’m thinking about investing in a home gym.”

“Can I be a member?”

“If you want.”

“Yay!”

Paula’s stomach let out a gurgle. It was starting to knead around its occupants who cried out in the dark as the wet, heavy flesh squeezed against their skin. There were a thousand things she wanted to say to Lucy, but for now, she needed rest. Putting her head on Lucy’s shoulder, she closed her eyes. Lucy sagged against her and gave her forehead a kiss.

“You’re a crazy girl, Paula,” she said. “I like that.”

“Thanks,” Paula murmured, and in another minute, she was out cold.

## *Epilogue*

“We should have a website.”

“No.”

“Fine, then. A secret, burner phone number disguised as an abuse hotline for prostitutes. Word of mouth will spread quick, and then your pretty little mouth will spread over the assholes that like to hit women. What do you think of that?”

Paula looked up from the mirror. It had been two days since the incident at Valentine’s and her tits hadn’t gotten any smaller. In fact, they were now each the size of Lucy’s torso—a fact which Lucy liked to take advantage of by stuffing herself between them like a tit-obsessed gopher. She did it now, reappearing under Paula’s chin.

“What do you think?” Lucy asked as Paula shook her free. “C’mon. You’re basically a superhero.”

“I’m not a superhero,” Paula said. “And I think we should lay low for a while. Someone called Hans when his phone was in my stomach. I could hear it ringing all night.”

“What if I told you that we have another assignment.”

Paula glared at Lucy as she held up another manilla folder. There were several pictures inside of it; more than there had been last time.

“Valentine?” Paula asked.

“I think she wants to be our handler,” Lucy said, skimming through the folder. “It’s useful to have a friend in the industry, no?”

“She told Hans that he could kill me.”

“So? You got to digest him. That’s like, a hundred times more intimate.”

“I guess,” Paula said. “I don’t know.”

She wished that Charlie was around. The spunky redhead would know what to do and the answer would probably be to stop while they were ahead. Still...

Three people had gone down her throat and the most she had felt was a little discomfort when the big man got stuck. If her stomach could stretch to fit three people, then maybe she could fit four. Or five. Or twenty.

“What do you say?” Lucy asked, waving the folder under Paula’s nose. “Valentine promised to double our last paycheck and besides, didn’t your boyfriend like your new figure?”

Paula blushed as Lucy danced away from her. Luther had almost creamed his pants when she had opened the door. A little of Hans and his henchmen had been left in her gut as he bedded her and the feeling of digesting while being fucked had been sublime.

“I’ll think about it,” she said. “No promises, but I’ll think about it.”



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**Thank you for your support!**