Voretober 2026 Day 2 -

Magic

Under shining lights, in front of a massive audience, the tuxedoed woman raised her arms boldly.

“And now, ladies and gentlemen, the moment you’ve been waiting for!” She gestured to the 5 people behind her. “I shall make all of these audience volunteers completely disappear!”

The crowd was on the edge of their seats, the tension exciting and high from the magician. She went on a bit more, “As you can see, we are an elevated platform,” it was clear, there were skinny stilts holding up the 10 by 10 metal platform, with open space underneath, “to prove that I have not snuck them under the stage. You may think that I will slip back behind the curtain, so I have also placed mirrors behind me so that you may all see behind the curtain!” she gestured to the mirrors, giving a full 360 view of the platform to the audience, and the open ring curtain able to go all around it. “So you know that I have no way to sneak these people out of here! I shall now show you… *TRUE MAGIC!”*

A drumroll sound effect played, and a spotlight was placed on the platform. The magician pulled the curtain around to obscure the whole platform, but the audience could still see it from all sides. There was not a sound from the thousands of audience members, they were so invested. Nothing happened. Everyone waited about 15 seconds, and then - ‘*FWOOSH*’ the curtain was flown open, and the magician stood there, alone. The audience burst into roaring applause.

“Thank you! Thank you!” the performer said. She bent at the waist to bow, and if one had been paying enough attention, would have seen how her tuxedo was tighter and more restrictive around her midriff than it had been prior. She struggled to do a full bow like she had several times before in the magic show, her ab mobility was limited, and close perception would have shown her face tight in concentration and wincing as she took the bow.

When she stood up, all these things were lessened, but still there in some small form.

“And that’s the end of my show!” she announced. “I’m afraid I can’t make these volunteers reappear, for that would -*urp*- ruin the magic, but if you’d like to see them again purchase my special backstage access and see me after the show! Limited availability, I can only fit so many in my… *changing room*.”

The curtains closed, and the magician quickly made her way to the side of the stage. She sucked in and held her breath for a moment, and then -

BWOMP

“*BWOOF*,” she sighed hard, as her belly expanded massively, bursting out of her tuxedo. Her coat burst open and all the buttons of the undershirt burst off. Her gut kept expanding until it hung down to a bit above her knees, and extended 3 feet forward. All the tension in her body collapsed as it happened, and she leaned her back against the brick wall. Her skin all over loosened from her loss of posture, but her new massive belly most of all. It jerked and rocked back and forth, the volunteers inside kicking and thrashing. She watched as impressions of their hands, feet, and faces bulged outward against the flesh, tautly packed inside her.

“Haaa,” she sighed, patting her belly. “Another show well done…”

“What the hell is that?”

Shit, she thought, looking further into the darkness of backstage. There was one of the young men manning the curtain ropes. His eyes were wide in horror staring at her.

“Magic, darling,” she told him, with a grin. “*Magic*.”

She made her move, and he was gone in a flash (and a quiet gulp, like all the rest). She felt the stagehand cramp in with the volunteers inside her stomach, tightening her skin around their forms. She still had plenty of space to stretch though. She didn't really consider herself a "magician" so much as an *athlete*. She had trained her body to have incredibly powerful ab muscles, such that she could suck her stomach in and compress the contents inside way farther than should be possible for a regular human. It made for quite the magic trick, when done with enough focus. She couldn't maintain the grip on her belly forever, but long enough to finish a show.

Making sure no more crew were close, the "Magician" made her way quietly to the entrance to her private changing room. There, she redid the powder on her face and combed her hair for just a moment, while the now 6 people inside her belly continued to kick and scream and squirm. She then cracked her door to the back hallway open just a smidgen, and saw several dozen people already lined up to see her. Her mouth was already drooling at the site.

She concentrated, and started sucking her gut back in. Her mucles clenched and strained, pulling in her gluttonous organ. All the people were packed now even tighter than before with the new addition, and she heard a particularly loud muffled scream occur before it was cutoff by a '***Crunch!***'

"Whoops!" she whispered to herself, patting her now small and just slightly rounded but very taut belly. "Might've overdone it, hehe…" she changed into a new undershirt, and put her coat back on, buttoning it try and conceal the slight bulge of her belly.

She threw open her door, and announced "I'll take the first group of people!" as her tummy grumbled in hungry excitement, despite being currently full to the point of defying physics.