Groaning loudly, the chair seems to mimic Toffee's discomfort. "Ouh, was that me or my chair?" He asks to himself, looking down and seeing his wooden chair legs, starting to bend and crack under his own weight. "Crap. I'm gonna need a new one." The chair creaks but soon gives up the ghost. Crashing to the floor, the Septarian curses loudly.

Unbeknownst to him a pair of eyes peers over the window ledge before ducking down again quickly.

"Dang it. I should've noticed this earlier." He said, attempting to get up. Again, with his weight that's not an easy task to do with the weight of all his meals. "I hope you boys are happy in there, you stomach ballasts." A few tries later, he manages to get up leaning against the wall, panting tired. The shadow lurks around, just watching very silently.

Inside of his stomach, the four still weakly struggle , the oxygen running out and the air growing stale.

But outside, Toffee isn't doing much better. "Well Urrppp!!! Eugh, pardon me. I hope they're heavy enough that my stomach won't have power to gag them out." It looks like it, but isn't an indigestive complication pointless without nausea nagging at him?

The tiny figure slinks in without a sound, as this thought runs through their mind. As this diminutive visitor sneaks past where Toffee is resting in his bedroom. But unbeknownst to the sneak, Toffee spots,but pretends not to see them.

'Hmm. Someone's there. I wonder who. I'll deal with it later, I'll just cast a tracker spell on whoever this person is, I think it can wait untill after I finish this off.' Toffee thinks to himself, silently casting a tracking spell to anyone in his vicinity, unnoticed of course.The shadow moved a bit, but remains there. Mistaking the lizard lawyer to be asleep, the shadowy little figure sneaks into the living room. The lamplight reveals the tiny trespasser to be an emaciated , starved little girl. Her dark, eight rock black body , and silken coal locks of cottony softness, all bore the brunt of her toil and suffering.

Looking at herself, you can clearly find no other reason why she's stalking around the living room and into the kitchen. Maybe looking for a quick and easy snatch. But for her, and specially for her, a 'quick' one has to fill her up well; a lot. Normally the young African would not resort to such deceit to obtain a meal, but this is her most desperate hour. Her cheeks, blue hearts with the infinity symbol in the middle, glows softly to herald her despair as she slinks past the owner of the house she broke into. Her heritage, however , was not of the Butterfly family of Mewni. However, as she snuck into the kitchen, guilt became replaced by sheer, childlike joy and ecstatic euphoria. Here it was the mother lode of food and drink. Best of all....

As she stood there enraptured by the sight of the impressive oak hewn pantry doors, her hands quickly darting, grabbing jars,boxes, fruits and vegetables, Toffee slowly turned over, keeping an eye on he, crooking his claw in preparation of summoning the little thief directly over to him. He starts to whisper the spell, keeping his golden eyes directly on her . Then just as he finished whispering, he spoke up, whilst dragging her right up to him."You know there is an easier way to obtain what you want." The shock of getting caught settling in, the Mewni-an disappears as a cloud of smoke covers her, Toffee coughing out as the smoke clears, clearly magic residue. Getting up from bed with his stomach swaying, Toffee looks around for a bit.

"Short distance Teleport. Funny I didn't expect this from someone of that planet." He says to himself, rubbing his gurgling belly, which still happens to be uncomfortably full.

Closing his eyes, he opens them a second later, his golden eyes darting around until he finds the outline of the previous girl through the walls, hiding in his backyard. "Some people just find it hard to believe. Well maybe my belly isn't exactly helping but yeah. Now then." Crooking his claw, he grabs ahold of her with his magic. Grasping her firmly with the magical aura, he levitates her directly to the front of his face, looking her square in the eyes.

"Tell me, how good are you with massaging?" He gestures to his rumbling belly. "Because should you choose to massage my belly, you will be allowed to keep your..."loot" ", he explains, wincing as his overly full belly, ominously burbles and whines in discomfort. "Ehm.....I guess good enough?" She says, rather confused how to get out of this one but to comply. "Good, I guess you know what to do then." Toffee replies as another unpleasant gurgle emanates from his stomach. Setting her down, he lies back on his bed as the said girl moves beside the massive orb of flesh currently in agony. Olivia starts to knead her "victim" 's gut, helping to ease his obvious discomfort. But she couldn't help but wonder how did he actually manage to gain a gut like this. Obliviously she asks,"What on earth did you eat to get this big?"

A very bubbly gurgling and squelching rhythm starts to emanate as her making muffins helps ease the intense pain Toffee feels, the agony slowly but surely fading away. Looking down, Toffee analyses her face before replying, "Just some things that deserve to end up where they did right now. And trust me, there's a lot of it." He says, slightly rubbing the top of his gut as a small cramp pushes it's contents about.

Squish, squash. Squish, squash. Slowly she kneads and rubs, easing the pressure and spreading the chyme evenly.

 The pulpy nutrients sting and sear, causing the contents to squirm in pain . Their reflexes cause the soupy mix to push up gases that seek to be released. Air bubbles form uncomfortably around the mushy mess, with the owner of the said belly noticing a slight build-up inside. Sitting up slightly, Toffee peers down as his stomach visibly bulges in and out, the gas bubbles making their way up and into his oesophagus. Unaware that the gases were making their up and out, Olivia slowly massages , herding the gases towards the cardinal sphincter. Suddenly, as the sphincter relaxes, the bubbles start to stampede upwards.

A small painful look was all Toffee was able to make with his face before the gasses hit his mouth and a massive earthquake shook the room as a ton of gasses was released from his mouth. It was so loud, a few scrambling animals could be heard outside, and a few gasps of confusion from nearby pedestrians and house-dwellers alike.

Following the silent aftermath , Olivia and Toffee look down , noticing his gut had substantially shrunk. Still sizeably rotund , the meat packed sphere groaned , a burbling note of relief. "Phew, sounds and feels much better now. I guess thanks it is then." Toffee tells the girl still standing beside his belly. Snapping out of her trance, she looks at Toffee and gives just a slight smile. "Tell you what, you can grab some of the stuff I stored in the fridge, leftovers and so on. I"m just gonna lie here and watch." "Actually....I was curious..." she knows that she is about to take a massive risk, " could I maybe stay the night? It would be a lot safer than out on the streets."

Looking up to her face, Toffee is slightly confused by the girl's request, but otherwise his stomach seems to absorb all his thinking power. "Yeah go ahead. Sofa is yours if you like. Just don't leave it a mess. “

She thinks to herself, " Whew, at least I have a roof over my head. The last thing I need right now is for him to find out that I need a safe place to crash." She walks to the kitchen , starting to make herself a sandwich. Toffee still kept an extremely wary eye on her. He decides that he could do with an ally, especially with his recent meal still digesting.

Who knows, maybe she could help him against the Butterfly family and Mewni. His face grew a crocodilian smile as he drifts into slumber. The last thing he heard in someone chewing food in the kitchen.

About half a day later, Toffee finally wakes up way past his usual orderly wake up time. Looking at the clock, he chuckles to himself. "Even large meals take me off my schedule." he says. As he looks down however, he is sure pleased. Most of his stomach is gone, just a small ball, the size of a full term pregnant belly is resting in his lap, happily pushing the food through his intestines.

Meanwhile, resting on the couch opposite to him ,Olivia sleeps. As the light illuminates her features , the dark rings from the past days without proper rest, glow vividly. Her whole body, relaxed on the couch, shows Toffee her desperation and pain. Her existence, a hard and brutal fight to live and survive.

Tapping on his stomach with both his arms, a small pinch of sympathy arises within the usually unsympathetic person, as he gets up from his bed and walks, slightly swaying left and right, towards the kitchen door.

Her eyes begin to flicker, as Olivia awakens. She watches as her Septarian host carefully walks to the kitchen. She notices how his stomach is now a much more manageable size and he is able to walk again. Walking inside, Toffee sees some dishes lying about in the kitchen sink. Although the dishes are inside the sink, it is mostly clean and shining. "Hmm. At least I know she's responsible." he says to himself, placing the pans back and forth in the kitchen cabinets. He has to use awkward positions since his belly is almost always in his way, Olivia grinning just at the edge of her mouth seeing this.

A sudden noise caught both of their attention , as a loud,crass voice is heard bellowing through the front door. "HEY YOU! I KNOW YOU ARE IN THERE YOU SLIMY LITTLE \*\*\*\*\*!GET OUT HERE PRONTO! " Oh sweet Heckapoo, she had completely forgot. Olivia's eyes reflects intense fear, darting quicker than a fish shoal and revealing her intense distress. "I-in a minute , the client is busy...." The voice returns, with an undertone that promises that when she answered, she had guaranteed herself a session of pain and punishment. "Do not \*\*\*\* me you little...."

As she looked around, she caught Toffee's eyes. One could see her naked, primal fear, but alongside her fear, the fiery spark of courage and resistance burns and glimmers. She did not wish to be taken back to her hardscrabble life of misery and being exploited.

It is said ,quite often to the point of cliche triteness, "your true self comes forth in the darkest of hours," but this holds very true. While Toffee has a well earned reputation for calculating coldness and appearing to be a high functioning psychopath to the world and his clients, what follows here is true. What happens next reveals not only Toffee's hidden compassion and generosity,but also his tender and loving true self.

He knows her situation really well. Someone trying to get away from their previous lives and getting a new life, but their past tries to drag them back. Classical drama, anyone would say. Knowing this, his eyes look into Olivia's and he can tell deeply Olivia wants him to save her from this menace still haunting her.

Nodding at her, Toffee looks at the front door, his eyes sharpening as he places the last of the dishes down and sneaks forward as the door banging continues. More shouts could be heard, but her pays no attention as he moves to one of the windows, signalling Olivia to go hide somewhere. She takes the hint and rushes straight into his room.

Looking out, he peeps slightly through the window curtains and gets a sideways view of the target. His stomach, still busy digesting somewhat gurgles as he looks at the form. Olivia slowly goes into the kitchen, before finding a kitchen knife. She was not about to have Toffee do her job and handle her responsibility. Carefully , she positions herself in case her enemy overpowers Toffee.

The sluggardly human banging on the door , Mr Tumpt, scratches his hairy obese gut as he mutters to himself. "Seriously, I'm gonna take all her worth out of her and dispose of her after this. It's already been a few times, but this is the first time she got into someone's house and stayed long enough." He says to himself, unaware of the big-bellied creature spying him from the curtain. Considering his options, Toffee than chooses the upper path and takes the stairs quietly up, more bangs on the door as the man bangs on it some more.

Looking at the situation, Olivia somehow has a sense. 'Instead of injuring him and killing him, I think I'll just knock him out. Then maybe I can make him suffer for all he did to me.' she thinks, grabbing a sledgehammer from the closed garage just beside her as she hears Toffee climb up the stairs and open a window. Creeping up onto the doorbanger, sliding through the garden, Olivia slinks behind her abuser . Nary a leaf rustles as she lifts the sledgehammer, before spotting Toffee upstairs. She locks eye contact with him, bringing the hammer flying to the beastly transgressor's head before leaping aside. The contact with the hammer causes Mr Tumpt to wobble and sway. The opening was more than sufficient. Toffee flies down from the roof, grabbing Mr Tumpt, violently biting down on his neck.

Olivia just watches , as her attacker finally gets his just desserts. And whilst watching, she comes to a decision. Maybe, just maybe, this gentleman who assisted her, this....Toffee, perhaps he would be interested in a ...proposal she had. Releasing the neck, he watches as his prey falls silent after a few struggling breaths, his life taken out of him. Standing up with a slosh from his belly, he looks around to make sure no one is looking, before towing the corpse back into his house, Olivia following suit.

"Thanks. He really was gonna get me for something." Olivia says as Toffee places the man on his table. "You might want to dispose of him though, before he stinks the place up."

"Yes, I shall do so. I haven't eaten anything after the feast, and my Stomach's empty, only my intestines are stuffed. So, I know you know where he is going." Toffee replies, his belly gurgling in response. Slowly Olivia strips away the man’s clothing , as she does so, she reflects on her situation. That this person, whom she had just met, has helped her.

She muses on this turn of events , before making her decision. “ Mister Toffee, I have a proposition for you that I believe might be of interest to you.”

"Okay, state it as I make sure to 'clean' this mess." He replies as he lifts the man up, and opens his mouth wide.

Opening her mouth to reply, Olivia can do nothing but watch as the helpless man is lifted up and into the maw, engulfing it whole. Just one minute ago that was her nightmare, now it's just a meal for her new 'friend'.

Waiting for a response, Toffee ignores as he presses on, stuffing the large man's upper body into his maw, the head seeping into his throat as he begins the familiar process of hard-swallowing.

“ Would you be interested in becoming my caregiver? You would benefit from this arrangement, as it would provide you with both an alibi and access to more meals. “ She knew she had to be careful. So far, he had not demonstrated any unpleasantness towards her presence but, she had heard stories about The Lizard.

The terrifying monster general who committed regicide and boasted about killing the Queen of Mewni.

"Urrrppp. Ugh, that taste was bad." Toffee said, his belly gurgling away harshly as the stomach is filled again, but this time fighting for space with his still overly bloated intestines.

Diverting his attention away, he looks at the small girl, thinking about the offer. He had always been a man that sees people to have a certain use, and he views this as an opportunistic offer. Sure having someone to take care of is not going to be easy to say the least, but this young thing can take care of her own as it seems, which is highly likely to decrease the burden on him.

"Very well, but I'd like you to prove yourself on the 'bringing meals' part." He says, his belly releasing a low gurgle. “Deal.” Olivia agrees, and could not help but smirk to herself. Already in her mind, there was a whole list of individuals who had wronged her in the past.

Hearing Toffee’s belly painfully moan, she decided to help him sit, and had a plan for how to soothe his groaning guts. Resting at the sofa, Toffee looks around before signalling Olivia away, as he gets up with a wobble and heads for the sink. "I need mouthwash, that taste is horrible and it lingers."

"Okay." She replies, before dwelling on her thoughts as to who will be her next target. "When shall I find you a target?"

Spewing out water, Toffee wipes his snout clean before turning to the girl, and then at his belly, thinking. "I'd like something to clean up the aftertaste of that guy. Also, I could probably test my own limits in the process. How about right now?" “Here, “ she gives him some peppermints from her pocket. “ Dunno if it will help, but chew on those until I get back.” She quickly then bolts to the door, her mind already plotting her devious revenge on someone who had long been a thorn in her side.

As Toffee watches her bolt, he couldn’t help but muse on this turn of events, within a day no less. He managed to get a daughter/ partner in crime and another meal, but right now...he shoves three peppermints into his mouth. Hmm....yes , this was indeed interesting.

Gurgling ominously, his guts remind him of their current stuffed state.

He groans , feeling the pressure.

Five hours later...

Lying down, he feels his belly. After five hours, he had recovered his normal, handsome form, slim and trim. But ,ooooh, man , did that grease bag ( Toffee did not care to remember its name) that he ingested give him a run for his money. In more than just one way.

The lizard tentatively rubs his belly again feeling for any sorry spots.

His attention returns to the fact that Olivia had not yet returned. Feeling a slight bit annoyed, he clicks his tongue , his frustration clear. Getting up, he was about to head for his table when his phone beeped.

Looking at it, he walks and picks it up, as a few more messages come in.

***Downtown, 475th Street. Wait there.***

***Meal will arrive there in one hour or so.***

***Took quite longer than I thought, but worked.***

After reading the 3 short messages from an unknown user, he knows immediately who this is from. "Ah, about time."

 Olivia nervously fidgeted and rubbed herself to keep warm. Hiding in the rafters of the busy hotel pub was not at all comfortable nor safe. People were drinking cheap vintages while she sweated it out.

There was her enemy, a snotty woman with plastic nose way out of joint. Fuming, the lady takes her seat, whilst Olivia skittered on the rafters , quietly slipping into the alleyway out back. Pulling out her emergency disguise, she quickly changed her clothes, seating herself on the sidewalk.

As he approached his destination, Toffee saw the beggar, swaying a little and rocking from side to side. The clothes were really featherthin, extremely see through and very worn out. Spotting him, the beggar peered from under the cap, familiar features meeting his eyes. “ so you are in disguise? How did you get it so fast? “The lizard lawyer whispered under his snoot, pretending to read a newspaper.

“ No time to explain ,” Olivia quickly revealed why Toffee’s next meal had followed her,” she is pissed at me pocketing her wallet. She is the lady at table 4 , but you can’t eat her where everyone will see us.” “ Luring her won’t be easy,” he murmurs, watching their target’s face changing, discolouration taking over. Her screeching over the price of the coffee, did not seem to draw any attention. So many were used to yuppies fitting and throwing tantrums over reasonably priced, high quality coffee. "And she appears to have guards." Toffee adds, noticing 3 men spread around the area, acting rather suspiciously. Being that they wear nearly identical outfits means that they are likely guards, and one of them is seen talking to the woman momentarily. "Ah well, more meals for me I guess, although they are way larger than I thought. More testing it seems."

"You sure you can handle them?" Olivia asks, looking at him. "They're quite tough, and not to mention large like you said."

"I don't waste time on pointless routine activities. This is a test to me, which I can heavily benefit from." He says, before cleaning up himself to look as modest as he can, with a new suit as the previous one was torn open from what he previously had eaten. "I'm going to get a glass of warm drink to make it easier for my stomach to stretch, and I'll get to it. Just watch to see if any guards flee."

“Sure , just be careful.”

***TO BE CONTINUED***