Pregnancy Craving

“Hey, excuse me. This is going to sound really sudden.”  
 “Trust me,” The 19-year-old goth cashier girl said, as she stared across the cash register at the redheaded, heavily pregnant woman, “I’ve heard just about every weird thing someone in this store can say.”  
 “I doubt that, since you’re still alive. See, I, um, I woke up last night with a very, very weirdly specific craving. A craving for you.”  
 “Me?” The cashier frowned, putting a hand on her slender hips. “Why me? You’ve never even seen me naked. My tits aren’t quite anything to write home about.”  
 “It’s something about that eyeshadow.” The pregnant woman said. “The dark aesthetic, contrasted with the pale skin…and then the way you talked to me, remember? You asked-“  
 “I asked you if you were keeping around your fucktoy so he could impregnate you again, or if you’d gotten tired of waiting and already eaten him.”  
 “That.” The preggo said. “Yes. I guess that flustered me? I mean, it didn’t at the time, I just laughed at it, but now-“ She licked her lips. “I’m just really fucking craving you!”  
 “All right, all right.” The clerk leaned back and yelled. “Marlene? Tell Janice that I’m sorry, but I’m going to have to quit, because I’m going to be inside a customer’s stomach. No, it won’t fucking suck, I’m going to be inside a smoking hot preggo. Aw, fuck you anyway, I should’ve fed you to my snake when I had the chance.” She turned back to her predator. “I assume you want to eat me now?”  
 “YES!” The Preggo darted around the cash register, and threw herself onto the lanky teenager, wrapping her arms around the taller, skinnier woman. The clerk was pushed backwards by the weight, and by the force of the assault. She felt the preggo’s arms grab around her thighs, lifting her up under her ass and placing her on top of the scanner.

There was a faint beep as the system tried to scan the clerk’s ass. The clerk looked to the screen, where NULL…$0 had appeared.

She smirked. “Yeah, sounds about right.”  
 The Preggo shoved the goth girl’s feet into her mouth, shoes and all. The clerk quickly stripped off her shirt and bra, before reaching down, and unbuttoning her pants, and shoving them down her throat in front of her legs. The preggo grabbed the clerks’ slender thighs and shoved them into her mouth. Somehow, the clerk tasted exactly as the preggo had imagined-rich, dark meat, with a smooth, lean texture.

A couple walked by the vore. The husband stopped in his tracks.

“Fuck!” He exclaimed. “I forgot-if we’re going to cook up Madison for the barbeque this weekend, we’ll need the spices!” He raced back into the store.

When the pregnant woman came to the clerk’s ass, she took her time, her tongue running over ever crevice, every goosebump, every follicle of public hair. The clerk stared at her, nipples erect, contemplating the fact that her womanhood was being toyed with, teased with, for the amusement of a random woman who didn’t even know her name, and who was ultimately going to turn her body into fuel, fat, and shit.

A man with a noticeable bulge in his pants took the clerk’s bra. A middle-aged, overweight woman saw the action and charged at a customer down the aisle, and immodestly began to devour a defenseless young man.

“BLOODY FUCK!” The clerk shouted. “Um…miss? Can I borrow your phone? Mine is in my pants, which are currently in your stomach acids.”

The pred pulled out her phone and handed it to her prey. The younger woman frantically began to dial.

An attractive woman walked by, and the clerk turned around and blew her a kiss as the phone was ringing.

“Simon?” The clerk said. “No, I’m sorry, I can’t make our date. A pregnant woman came in today and said she was craving me. Um, call Alice if you want a replacement date. Hell, my Mom would probably let you fuck her or eat her if you wanted to. I’ve seen the way she looks at your ass. That’s not what I’m calling about that.” The preggo was rapidly advancing over her flat stomach. “I don’t have much time! Look, my snake, WomanKiller? I need you to feed him. Rats, cats, girls, whatever. No, it’s important to me! If you ever fucking loved me-“  
 A shy-looking, flat chested girl walked up, and winced at the cursing.

“Hold on, Simon.” The clerk looked over at the young girl. “Is there something I can do for you?”  
 “Um-“ She flushed. “Do you, um, do you mind if I touch your breasts? Considering you’re about to not have them-“  
 The clerk leaned back. “Knock yourself out.”  
 The bystander needed no more permission, eagerly groping the clerk’s larger tits and rubbing her nipples between her fingers.

“Just like that…” The clerk returned to the phone. “Sorry, Simon. I did love you. But you aren’t a predator, and I was meant to be prey.” She hung up on him and put the phone aside.

The preggo reached up and grabbed the flat-chested girl’s hands. She pressed them into the clerk’s boobs and swallowed both into her mouth.

“Oh!” The smaller girl gasped, her face turning brick-red.

“Relax.” The clerk said. “It’s a lovely ride.”  
 Those were the last words she ever said to the outside world, as the preggo swallowed her down.

She pressed her hands onto her chest, keeping the bystander’s hands massaging and pleasuring her chest. She moaned gently at the stimulation, and at knowing she was past the point of no return. She was nothing but meat now.

She looked up and could see the other woman falling in after her. The clerk reached up, and grabbed the other woman’s face, pulling it down, and ultimately capturing her lips in a desperate, passionate kiss.  
 The second prey went down much more quickly than the first, due to a ravenous hunger that began to consume the pregnant woman after the first prey. Her craving for the clerk, once satisfied, had turned into one for the bystander, one that she went about satisfying as quickly as possible. She lifted the second prey into the air and slid her right down. She grabbed the woman’s ass as soon as she could, and shoved her down, before slurping down the legs quickly. The second prey hadn’t had the time to even take off her clothes. And yet, the aftertaste of the two women mingling in her mouth, a salty-sweet symphony, was so satisfying, knowing who had caused it and why.

The pregnant woman rubbed her now-massive stomach.

Her baby kicked. She felt her prey thrusting into each other. She closed her eyes and smiled. The feeling of the two of them fucking like rabbits was a fantastic massage.

She picked up her phone and redialed the last number.

“Simon?” She said. “I know you’re free tonight. You don’t know me, but I’ll give you an hour to do whatever you want with me, if you let me eat you. Mhm. Yes, I can buy some rope. But I’m also going to buy some barbeque sauce. What’s your frame like? Oooh, I can already taste it. Oh? You want me to shove a carrot up your ass and stick an apple in your mouth? Yeah, I’ll help fulfill your fetish before you go to join your scrawny-ass girlfriend…”