Two days following Katie Morgan was consumed by the Giant Weta - the Stewarts opened a gallery to display Amy's paintings and artwork from her home. Carrie's younger sister - Chelsea; hosts an event to commemorate their life and their decision to become food. The 19-year-old light brunette decides to wear a pair of blue jeans, white sneakers, black top, and her favourite green jacket to the event as she meets with Josette's sisters.

Josette's older sister - Michelle Connor - and her younger sister - Melissa Connor - arrived at Chelsea's house after Carrie's parents fed themselves to a modified animal a day ago making Chelsea's the sole remaining member of the Stewart family. Michelle explores the gallery - the 31-year-old brunette checks each painting and makes a stock count.

Melissa brushes back her brunette hair as the 18-year-old practices her curtseys by holding the edges of her black short skirt before fixing the left black strap on her blue top back onto her shoulder. She taps her black heel before walking over to Chelsea and helps her decorate the reception area.
"How's the decoration coming along?" asked Melissa.
"Still deciding on Christmas and Hanukkah decoration," replied Chelsea. "We'll put the Hanukkah decorations around the door and the Christmas decorations in the middle."
"You still want to celebrate both holidays?" asked Michelle as she entered the reception.
"Of course," replied Chelsea.

Michelle holds a yoga mat underneath her arm as she looks at the schedule while adjust her teal yoga pants and white tank top before heading off to the roof. Michelle sets up her mat on the roof as she takes a deep breath as the giant Weta lands on the roof and watches her do yoga. After an hour; Michelle concludes her yoga session and as she sits up - she notices the giant weta and is spooked by its appearance before calming herself down.
"Sorry," said Michelle. "You just startled me."
The weta clicks at her as it inches closer to her.
"Are you the weta that ate Miranda?" asked Michelle.
The weta clicked affirmatively as it suckles on her index fingers. She giggles as she is tickled by the sensation. Michelle scoops up the weta and takes it home with her as she requests local escorts to feed themselves to the Weta.

On the night of the gallery opening - Chelsea puts on white dress with white heels as Melissa decides to use the outfit, she practised her curtseys in while Michelle puts on a pair of light blue jeans, a blank grey shirt, and white heels. She joins the festivities as the Weta accompanied her.
After presenting the artwork; Melissa entered the women's bathroom where Michelle is keeping the Weta. She is surprised to see the Weta on the sink. She does her business as she approaches the weta.
"Hey," Melissa giggled. "Are you waiting on someone to eat?"
The weta clicked affirmatively as it rubs against her hand. Melissa tickles it and strokes it as if it is her cat. She bites her lips as she considers on becoming food for the weta. She slips off one of her black straps as she eyes the weta seductively.
"You wanna eat me," said Melissa flirtatiously. "Don't you?"
The weta drooled as she winks at while slipping off her heels and dark grey panties as she continuous to tickle the weta's chin. She scoops it up and places it on the ground as she gets on her hands and knees.
"Come on," said Melissa. "Eat me."
The weta responded as it shifts its size and gulps down her shoulders as Melissa lets out muffled moans. As Melissa slides down the maw of Weta deeper; she trembles from orgasms as she fingers herself slowly. Her skirt is covered in her cum as she chest is gulped down as the throat muscle massage her.

Her muffled moans become even more muffled as she slides down the throat as her hips a gulped down causing her to cum and orgasm a second time as she fingers herself feverishly. As she slides further to the gurgling stomach of the insect. Melissa's thighs are gulped down as she slides further down its gullet before finally - splosh - Melissa arrives in its stomach. The gurgling, bubbling stomach acids begin almost immediately digesting Melissa as the event continued despite her absence.
After an hour; Melissa's lower body has already been turned to mush as she moans in delight and pleasure from the digestive acids as her flesh digests away. She passes out after her final orgasm where she twitches as she digests.
A steaming pile of dung is left behind with a strand from her hair and few fragments from her skirt amongst the poop.

Michelle enters the bathroom and is surprised by the site of the insect's droppings as she recognises her sister's fragments. She is both sadden and intrigued by her sister's demise as Chelsea entered the bathroom.
"That's Melissa isn't it?" Chelsea asked.
"Yes," Michelle replied sadly. "Do you want to join her?"
"What!?" Chelsea responded shockingly. "Do you want to be eaten?"
"Yes I do,' Michelle boldly replied.
"Why?"
"I love the idea of digesting in the weta's gut."
"Well if that's what you want."
Chelsea sits up on the sink as Michelle disposes of the droppings and whistles for the weta to come to her. Michelle lies down on her back with her arms stretched above her head. She beckons it to eat her. The weta gulped down her arms as she breathes heavily while writhing in pleasure and delight as her shoulders are gulped down. Her moans are muffled by the maw of the weta as her waist is gulped down. She cums while as she is massaged by the throat muscles of the weta as her thighs disappears into the insect's gullet as Chelsea blushes. Michelle's legs dangled from the weta's mouth before it slurps down her legs as if they were a strand of spaghetti as she slides into the weta's stomach. As she sloshes around in its stomaching; Chelsea exits the bathroom after doing her business to announce the end of the event.
Michelle unzips her jeans and starts feverishly fingering herself as she digests away. She passes out after her 5th orgasms as most of her clothes have been digested away.

Chelsea returns after a few hours to find the excrements of the Weta with fragments of Michelle's clothes left behind and a strand of her hair. She allows herself to be eaten feetfirst as she pleasures herself feverishly and moans loudly. The empty art gallery echoes her moans as she disappears into the gullet of weta.
She removes her dress as her thighs are gulped down as she lets out another loud moan. She squeezes her left breasts with her remaining hand. As her hip and right hand is gulped down as she inserts her fingers. She writhes in pleasure and delight as she widens her eyes as she cums in the weta's gullet.
Chelsea's breasts are swallowed along with her remaining hand as it tilts in head back and swallows her shoulders as she orgasms a second time before sliding into the weta's gut. She receives a slower digestion. She orgasms a few more times before passing out as she digests away.

By the morning - the Weta as returned to his natural size and left its excrements behind with strands from Chelsea's hair left behind. A group of scientists retrieve the Weta and take it to their lab to study it in order to replicate their modifications onto other animals.