

Each step caused the floor under Sarah's heavy, puffy bare feet to creak with moist cracks, her shallow breaths practically echoing around her gluttonous form as her sagging arms propped her mammoth body up.

Sarah looked up at the top of the stairs, only four steps away, but each step she had yet to climb felt like an eternity in of themselves. Sweat cascaded down her pale brow, getting stuck in her dark brow, and beginning to fog her thick rimmed glasses.

Her hime cut was practically glued to her skin, as her clothes had been by the fifth step. The anime shirt she was wearing, had almost become transparent with just how much liquid had soaked into it, her already tight pants riding up her ass like a wedgy.

Taking another break to try and catch her already winded breath, Sarah cursed the service repair person who had left her that God forsaken note that had indicated that the elevator up to her floor was currently out of order.

Letting out a whimper as she felt the burn in her chest, tears starting to form into the other salty waters trickling down her puffy, fat red cheeks. The bland baige walls of the staircase up to the first true floor of apartment rooms was driving her insane.

Grunting, her body jiggling, Sarah lifted her leg once again, the weight of five or so normal women weighing down on her. The fear of misbalance was a real one for the lardfilled lass, but Sarah managed to use her overflowing stomach and tits to balance herself forward.

It took another hour and a half for Sarah to make it up the final few stairs, but she made it, knowing her bed, laptop, and video games were just a single room down. A smile tried to creep its way onto her pudgy porky face, but her cheeks burned too hot to allow such emotions.

Finally getting to her door, Sarah didn't even bother to look in her stuck together pockets for the keys, simply slamming her hamlike hands on the pleasantly white '#2' door that signified her shared apartment.

As the door creaked open, a smug, sexy, much more skinnier girl stood in the doorway, one hand on her curved, uncovered hip, the other holding the door. All the girl could do is grin rudely at Sarah, tutting her tongue as if she was the owner of a dog who had just made a very simple mistake.

"Wow fatass, can't belive you finally made it back, even more impressed you made it back alive~" Jenna said, standing up on her tippy toes to pat the 6'9" tall girls chins, quickly recoiling at both the gleaming sweat she had failed to see, along with the breath that caused her hand to feel disturbingly soggy.

"Jesus Chist you're fucking pathetic..." Jenna's words had more of a bite to them now, as Sarah barely even processed the twigs words, clutching her chest if she would drop dead right there, crushing the catty room mate in the process.

"What? Are you seriously just going to stand there like a disgusting statue? Get your lardass inside already, I don't want Tony to see that 'you're' my roommate. I had to lie this pretty little ass of mine off saying that you're not the ugly skank you are." Jenna snapped, stepping to the side, but failing to realize that would not at all be enough room for Sarah and her meter ride thighs to pass through without colliding.

Sarah couldn't control what happened next, trying quickly to put her greasy fist up to her mouth, but just couldn't in time. A stormy, cacophony of a burp rumbled past her lips, the

guttural sounds causing Sarah's body to shake, and Jenna's much smaller feminine frame to quake in actual fear.

But it shouldn't have been the expulsion of gas that Jenna was scared of, as even though this particular belch was harsher than some of the other disgusting noises the sow of a 'woman' made, the ejected, soggy objects that hit Jenna's face were what caused the red faced concern.

It took the queen bee of a girl a solid few seconds to truly comprehend the mass that had just hit her, but the moment her brain started to work again, and the rocketing gas left her ears, she flung the collection of heavy, wet, seemingly burnt objects that reeked of stomach juices off her face.

Jenna looked down in disbelief at the particular sets of clothing she gazed upon. Laying there, juices dripping from them were several pairs of panties, bras, burnt pants, wallets, several purses, and different delivery outfits among casual clothes.

Looking up from the clothing massacre, to Sarah's now darkly drooling face, Jenna didn't even have a moment to let out a rude comment or more appropriately: a scream of utter horror and terror at what was just about to happen to herself.

Sarah let her upper half fall down, maw wide open, as she engulfed the tiring roommate she had put up with solely because the bitch had money, but no more. She had just burned off more calories than she had in almost her entire life, and she was starving.

Already half of Jenna was engulfed in the rancid and sickly citrus and chip scented mouth of the amazon sized college geek. The only thing her reverbed screams did was hurt her ears, and made her realize just how pathetic and low on the food chain she truly sounded.

"P-Please Sarah! I-I'm sorry!" Jenna screeched, her voice stuttering, causing Sarah to chuckle dumbly at just how silly it was for the roles to be reversed as they were currently. Sadly there wasn't much meat on Jenna to enjoy, outside of her thighs, causing the predator to just keep gulping as much of the stomach filling beauty as she could.

There was barely a Jenna shaped bulge in Sarah's thick throat, and nothing but the occasional squeak reached the surprisingly well trained ears of the fat blubbery huntress herself. With another gulp, she swallowed up Jenna's bare thighs, toned legs, and delicately manicured feet.

Glirking down, Jenna could only sob, wishing that her boyfriend or even some of her other friends were here to save her, but she knew that wouldn't be the case. For as selfish and rude and mean as Jenna was, the thoughts of her fellow friends melting away in the stomach acids of a fat cow like Sarah scared her...

Yet Jenna wished that it wasn't her in her current position, in fact dooming her friends selfishly out of pure stress, wishing that one of her less fortunate friends would take her place.

"W-Why me?!" Jenna thought to herself, trying to not let her mind lose itself, but she couldn't focus on anything but the sickening smells that hit her nose like a semitruck the moment the stomach ring opened and threw her down into the already active acids.

While on the outside, Sarah waddled her way over to the living room couch, putting on anime she knew Jenna hated, she could only feel minor struggles of the digesting Jenna, tapping her tummy abscent mindedly.

Inside, Jenna screamed until she couldn't scream no more, her eyes burning red, her flesh going redder, and her entire body feeling as if it was turning into a soggy soup-like sand, as if she was back on the beach with her friends letting their sand castles melt away.

Jenna tried to lift her hand to fight the stomach walls, but all she brought back was a soapy like bubble of burning meat, the smells causing her to gag and wretch, accidentally throwing her head directly into the bubbling acids, peeling her face and life away.

Letting out another belch, pounding her gut to get all the meaty air bubbles out of her slightly upset gut, Sarah grumbled to herself about making sure to eat the next bitch who crossed her slower to not upset her stomach.

Before she could get too lost in thought, the phone that Jenna had left on the couch end table started to ring, and a picture of the soon to be reunited couple popped up at the smiling, and drooling Sarah.