Liamwatched in terror  
He’d, heard of it before, but, to see it in person was something else.  
Amira gulped again, sending Liam’s captain further down her throat, her stomach beginning to expand, he could see the bulge that was his captain’s head, the three eyes, the fins.  
He knew trying to pull him out would just end with both of them being devoured.  
So he ran, he needed a weapon, the armoury, there would be something there.  
  
Amira continued to gulp down the Hyoltl down, as a Floran, she just found them quite the treat, the taste, the feel of them sliding down her throat, and the struggles, but, then again, everyone struggled, and she loved it.  
She finished the final gulp, sending her prey into her stomach, the struggling began almost immediately.  
“They’ll stop you, we have weapons on board this ship” he sounded so sure of himself.  
Amira chuckled, she enjoyed it so much when they tried this sort of thing  
“one, sssseven, nine, eight, weaponssssss gone” the armoury hadn’t been that hard for her, was quite easy to work out the code, with the buttons being worn out, due to having not being replaced or upgraded in a rather long time.  
The struggles became more aggressive, she knew she’d just hit quite a nerve, made him panic, just like she wanted, she savoured the movement of her prey.  
“Your crew, will make fine ssssssnackssssss” She slammed her hand onto the bulge that was his head, her gut began to churn, acids slowly rising as she walked out of the bridge, the crew would make for a fine set of meals.  
  
“You, you ate my husband, you, you bitch!” The Hyoltl woman yelled as she charged forward, knife in her hand  
Amira chuckled, she swung her spear, intentionally hitting her next meal with the pole, the blow came with a cracking sound and a scream of pain, the knife clattered on the ground.  
Before she could reach for it, a green hand grabbed her hand, pulled right into her soon to be predators face, a tongue ran along her cheek, her body being pressed against the gut which was turning her husband, and captain, into nothing more then fat on the Floran’s frame  
“Hyoltl, tastessss good” the words sent a shiver down her spine, she began to try and break the grip on her, but even if her arm was not broken, she wouldn’t have been able to escape.  
She was quickly plunged into Amira’s gaping maw, the tongue running along her as she was plunged down into the hot, and moist insides. She began to truly panic, she didn’t want to be digested, to become just pudge on a gluttonous Floran. Her struggles became frantic, unthinking.  
Amira continued to gulp her down, slurping down her legs, trapping her within her already engorged gut.  
“At leassssssssssssst you’ll be together with him, assssss butt fat” Amira teased, giving her gut a solid set of pats. Muffled screams already emanating from her stomach.  
Amira licked her lips, that left the Avian, and the two humans.  
They’d be in the armoury by now.  
She drooled, she couldn’t wait till she had them all where they belonged  
  
“Oh, why did they not tell me the code, come on, come on, I know you two are in there! Let me in!”  
The Avian was flustered, confused as to why they had locked her out, she understood that, with her, previous usage of guns, she wasn’t entirely the safest person to give access to the armoury, but during an actual situation where a hostile was on board, it was insanity.  
“The code is, one ssssseven, nine, eight”  
She began to input the code, then what had just occurred broke through her panic and confusion.  
A hand landed on each shoulder, and her head was quickly enveloped by Amira’s mouth, lifting her upwards, causing gravity to send her plummeting down into the stomach that she belonged in, she was nothing more then food after all.  
  
The door closed behind her, locking as it did.  
They were now stuck in the room with her.  
Liam stayed as still as he could, the gun locker was big enough for him, he would have started praying, if he had ever learnt about religions properly. He was at least happy the locker had no grates or holes to see through.

He heard a yelp, a cry of fear, followed by a short scuffle, then gulps.  
Silence, he needed to stay silent.  
The steps were loud, along with the muffled cries, and the sloshing.  
It became louder, closer.  
He heard a sound, similar to hands clapping, or rather, the sound of a hand slapping something, it was followed by the screams of his devoured crew mates.  
The door was pulled open by one hand, the other grabbed his neck.  
It didn’t take long for her to devour him, he was frozen in fear, another easy meal.  
  
She set the ship to fly to the detailed spot, another job done.  
Resting on a clear bench, she rubbed her distended gut, her prey still actively struggling.  
Soon, she thought to herself, they’d all be part of her, and she’d be paid for capturing the ship.

She loved this job, much better then just hunting for meals.  
  
“destination reached”

Amira’s eyes quickly opened, she must have dozed off.  
She was quick to inspect herself.

A large fat gut, expected  
She lifted her breasts, they weighed a lot more, and had clearly increased in size, a similar change in proportions had happened with her butt.  
This job had gone even better then she expected, they’d all gone to the right places too.