

Amilee was driving back home, eager to try out the black forest dinner meal Mark planned for her and her impatience was showing as she stops at a red light. She had a good reason for her impatience as it was the fourteenth time they did it, but the previous ones never happened. Mark had to deal with personal issues, didn't have the energy to do so after a hard day, or the time he could have done was too late for it. Amilee was annoyed about it, but decided to let it slide for the sake of her friendship and the fact he was the one she knew that could pull off a black forest dinner just right. The light switches to green and the big woman speeds right under the limit towards home. Her toned belly growls hungrily as she enters her familiar street and she pets it down to calm her stomach's anger.

"Don't worry, you'll soon be fed. It was so worth it not eating anything today," Amilee said to her belly, rubbing it as if it was a very beloved pet, and the drive way to her home was visible.

However, another car was there, drawing questions from Amilee's mind as she parks in front of the house and slowly walks up to her home, her huge hips swaying the behemoth she calls an ass. Opening the door, Amilee could see a tired Mark comforting a woman that resembled Sombra from Overwatch and Mark looks up to greet her.

"Hey, Amilee, this is Zen, a 'friend' of mine," Mark said, introducing the women together as they nod to each other.

"She just found out her sister had a kidney stone surgery and is worried sick about her. She needed a friend for comfort, but after today, I really need a nap," he explains, getting up and heading to his room.

"Try not to order too much this time! Plumbing is still off from that chicken aftermath you did last week," he adds in, Amilee stopping at this.

"Takeout? I thought you were making that Black Forest dinner you've always claimed to be the gift of the gods!?" Amilee asks, her heart (not really) breaking again from another broken promise.

"Sorry, but I'm not really feeling the mood to make a meal for you to pig out on today. Another time," Mark said as he goes to his room, his tired state preventing him from seeing the anger on Amilee's face.

"Pig!?" Amilee growls before noticing a scared Zen and smiling at her.

“I’ll be back,” she said before chasing after Mark, but when she found him, he was deeply asleep on his bed, not even bothering to change his clothes.

“Mark, wake up!” She hisses, poking his face roughly, but Mark didn’t wake up.

“You’re really asleep, huh?” She said, guilt coming in before the word ‘pig’ came back into her mind and a scowl form across her face.

Farting on him would be a good prank, but Amilee couldn’t do it as she was 1, low on the tank (an amazing feat all together) and 2, Mark is already used to her usual blasts for the most part. Smothering him, especially with her already huge ass is a no-go as Mark would probably use it as a pillow and the same could be applied to her breasts. As Amilee thinks, her stomach growls in anguish, screaming out her desire to be fed, and an idea enters her head, an evil smirk drawing on her face. Walking to the foot of the bed, Amilee massages her mouth before leveling her mouth with the bed before pulling it into her mouth and through the powers of her cosmic divinity, Amilee was able to pull the bed down her throat. Inch by slow inch, the bed was contorting itself into Amilee’s gullet as her belly expands to accommodate its size and Mark was still peacefully sleeping despite what was happening. However, when Amilee finally reaches his waist, Mark was beginning to wake up.

“Uh, um!?”

Noticing something was off, especially that everything just below his shoulders wet, Mark looks back to see himself and the bed inside of Amilee’s mouth as she continues to eat them up. A playful look from Amilee is his greeting and she winks at him before speeding up the process.

“Amilee, what the hell ar-” Mark starts off, but the big blonde’s lips cover him up as she eventually polishes off the bed.

Urrr-EALCH~!

Wiping the drool from her rather ‘small’ belch that rocked the whole house, Amilee looked at her at what was once a tone gut, now a huge blimp of a belly and sporting a squirming, humanoid bulge as she smirked at it.

“Aaaaawwwwwmmmmmm! Ms. Amilee, what did you do to Mark and why is your tummy like that?” A voice asks, Amilee turning to see Zen at the door.

“Well, Urp! Marky here failed to keep his promise after I’ve been waiting so long and I was starving, so I ate him. I can understand if shit happens, but eventually, if things get dragged on for too long, it starts to sound like planned bullshit. People end up thinking that they’ve been ghosted or something, as it not only hurts people, but it also wastes their time in hoping in some form of reply about it. You don’t have anything like that to relate to, do you?” Amilee explains herself as Zen gulps.

“Well, I do have a couple commissions to do, seeing how I have no idea what to do with them, but have time for them. I should probably do them,” she answers, looking a bit sketchy under Amilee’s playfully stern eyes.

“You probably should. Anyways, I hope all your problems go away!” Amilee replies, Zen nodding and thanking her before leaving her in the room by herself.

“Well, Mark, I hope you learn- Fufufufufu~ It’s seems to me that my stomach isn’t the only thing you find hot,” Amilee giggles as she understands the truth to Mark’s struggling and wonders if she should do this more often after she reforms him later.

“Lugging this gut around isn’t ideal, so I’ll be here for a while. Might as well get comfortable,” she said, pulling out her phone as spends the next three hours digesting her big meal as a horny Mark and the bed melts into her stomach chyme with sizzles, glorrps, gurgles, gloops, burbles, blorps, fizzes, pops, snaps and bubbling before they enter her intestines.

Once her stomach has reached a manageable size, Amilee gets up just as gas bubbles reach her anus and explode out of her massive backside, jiggling her massive tush.

BBBBBRRRRRRUUUUURRRRRPPPPHHHTTTTT!

“Mark, you didn’t have to be so rude about it! But, since you gave me such a nice present, I guess I can let it go!~” Amilee giggles and jokes, spanking her newly expanded ass as she notices immediately the change to her backside.

A pressure growing near her butthole, Amilee knew it was time to dump, but she wasn’t sure if she should use the toilet, considering what she ate, so Amilee waddles over to the backyard, ‘tiny’ toots exiting her butt. Once she reaches the backyard, she squats over a garden of flowers, trying to remove her pants.

“Come on, Mark! We both want you out, but you have to be patient!” Amilee jokes, as she temporarily struggles with her jeans before they loosen up, allowing her to drop them down before blasting one more fart out of her butt.

BBLLLLUUUUURRRRTTT!

PPPPRRRRMMMPPPHHTTTT!

Another fart explodes out of her anus and Amilee moans as a spring shoots out of her.

“Here it comes!”

SSSSBBBBBLLLLRLRRRRRRUUUUURRRRBBBBLLLLSSSSSHHTTTT!

An impressive shart roars out of her hindquarters before brown, slurry slush pours out of her, spraying everything behind her as it gets chunkier throughout the ordeal. With a relieved sigh, a thick coil of brown comes out of Amilee’s colon, bone fragments, fabric and springs from the mattress, bleached bed frame parts, and surprisingly intact, Mark’s clothes. After twenty-ish minutes of rapid and not too uncomfortable pooping, Amilee gets up and turns around to see the damage done behind her.

A meteor of light brown stool, dark brown slime underneath it as if it was melted by the air friction, crashed down and destroyed everything below it and its sludge filled in the gaps caused by the damage. That was the imagery Amilee had in mind as she looks at the scene and grabs a hose to wash her deep crack.

“Well, Mark, I hope you enjoyed it, cause I sure did! I hope you do the same for me with your Black Forest Dinner you planned for me,” Amilee smirks, looking at the pile before grabbing her pants and smacking herself hard on her much bigger, more jiggy butt as she heads back inside.

**SSSSHHHHHPPPPFFFFFBBBBBBRRRRRVVVVVRRRRRRPPPPFFFFFTTTTHHH
H!**