This was a simple enough case. Though you had only been a defense attorney a few years now, the system had come quite naturally to you and you had been sought out by the Demarko family to represent their client Xavier in an assault charge.

The rap sheet was simple enough: Xavier had been accosted by a former co-worker who had sought to bury their grievances into the privileged entrepreneur’s skullcap, Xavier had retaliated with a lot more force than was expected: Etcetera, etcetera. Textbook stuff really.

The first round of cross-examination had gone smoothly but now a new list of witnesses was handed to you as you headed back from recess and it stood out, far more than the last. Most of the paper was plain statements of the witnesses; first, middle and second names; ages, relevance to the case, not that you didn’t know this already. But there was a new name at the bottom, marked with a green bubble next to it.

“Katherine Goodman…” You looked up to the brisk Martin who strolled with you. “What’s this symbol mean, Marty?” Your secretary leant in, his suit pressing against your’s and a blush reached the well-mannered black man who had stood by you since your start in this business.

“It, uhm, means they’re in a bit of a… gastric situation.” You raised your eyebrow, wordlessly asking for an answer which Martin responded to by pulling out his briefcase. “Obviously, Katherine was the waitress at the scene but since last night when I originally compiled this list, well this morning actually when we were in the dock, something came up…” He was trying to spit out the sentences and you narrowed your gaze.

“Gastric? What like, some kind of stomach bypass?” This earned a chuckle from him and as the two of you crossed the threshold, he gave you a knowing look which betrayed the worry he had on his face. You thought about the prospect of something to do with the new craze that had gripped most of the world- cannibalism. Well others called it ‘vore’ but frankly that sounded stupid. “You don’t mean… Tell me it’s some major stomach problem.”

“Uhm, something like that. Look, just don’t get distracted, it’s a bit weird.” You shrugged and strode forth. The prosecution was headed up by a slimy woman called Mary Kirswach who looked smugly over to you while you took a seat: Daniel Smith, the bandaged thug she appraised as a ‘victim’ sat beside her while Xavier gave you a worried smile as you returned.

“Alright, prosecution, bring in your next witness.” Mary nodded and spoke loudly, theatrically almost.

“My next witness is Katherine Goodman!” With a look you could only describe as excitement on the slimy opposition’s face, someone strode in through the doors you had just come through. The gallery’s interested onlookers gasped audibly with the size of this new woman: A beautifully heavily-built brunette, about a foot taller than you and several feet wider, moved into the dock of the court and shifted her weight towards the witness stand. Her breasts were massive, easily double Ds, jiggling in the tight ill-fitting dress shirt. Below that cavernous cleavage sat a massive gut which jutted out and only further strained the piece of clothing- you assumed she was pregnant but swore it jiggled more than most pregnant stomachs you had seen in your time. Not just that but the shape was wrong, far more chaotic and bumpy than the usual roundness of a bloated womb. A fat ass followed through, barely squeezing into the wooden box, and clad in a tight black skirt which did their best to hold back the wide hips she sported and did seem somewhat formal if not ready to burst at the seams. She wore a tight layer of eyeliner and was full-faced in make-up over what seemed to be quite pale skin. A faint murmur ran across the crowd in the gallery, guffaws and gasps at how large this woman seemed to be and why she was there. This was one of those ‘preds’ that people must have been feeding themselves too.

You weren’t so easily impressed- that was why you were a good lawyer. Now while she was massive and quite gluttonous, based simply on the low *rururrrmbling* noises her stomach made, she wasn’t anything you hadn’t seen before. No, what made you look over her countless times in curious examination was the fact that this woman wasn’t Katherine Goodman. You had done your research- Katherine, or Kathy to her friends, was a small, mousey blonde who worked as a waitress at the scene of the crime.

So who was this mysterious woman who appeared in her stead? Of course you had some idea at this point but didn’t have enough evidence for certain- surely it couldn’t be. Mary was going through all the boiler plate jargon on the oath with this bubbling new addition to the chaos of this case. “Do you, Katherine Goodman, pledge to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth, before the jury and eyes of the law?”

The massive woman leaned in and let out a powerful ***BRURULLLLLLARRPPPP!*** Out shot a pair of panties in the smelly haze of the belch that made you gag, a pink and lacey item strewn across the court floor to the stunned gasps of everyone in that room. You were about to object when the woman’s gut *began to shift.*

Adjusting the microphone, Mary pushed it into the pudge of this rude strange woman and a voice could now be heard amidst the gurgling as a series of bumps shifted the belly’s skin to rest on the bible held out before her.

“I do!” She spoke quite happily and though her voice was muffled, you could hear the smile plastered across her face. That shape… was Katherine? In all the recent court cases since this strange swallowing sensation had come about, this had to be a first! A woman fainted in the crowd while others began to take videos of the momentous event. This was too much- you stood up and raised your hand up high.

“Your Honour, this is… m-most unorthodox! I wish to strike out Miss Goodman’s testimony from the records on the grounds of, whatever the hell this is!” The woman who had engulfed Katherine rolled her eyes and reclined back, her hands kneading the stomach gently. The judge banged the gavel to the fervent whispers of the people behind you and the collected jury.

“Overruled. Please continue with the witness.” Mary smirked as the gut shifted some more. It was so odd watching the gut form into the shape of a faint face, a loud **bloooorrpppp** into the microphone making the predator above blush.

“I solemnly swear!” Mary nodded to the meek voice and continued.

“Excellent, thank you for joining us Miss Goodman. Now can you give us an account of what happened on the date of the twelfth of September last year?” Kathy nodded as best as she could, wincing slightly as the acids around her got even hotter.

“Och, certainly!” She spoke as best as she could, outlining what you already knew and helping to corroborate Mary’s previous statements about the night in question, though Kathie’s voice was hoarse and punctuated by the loud ***BUULLLLLALRRPPPPS!*** Of the other woman. “Ooh, excuse you Ella!” The witness would titillate and giggle, treating this whole thing like a game which only made it feel more surreal. Mary seemed pleased with what she had to say and when it was your turn to cross-examine, you had to be called upon by the judge to break you morbidly curious trance.

“Uhh, right. Thank you.” You approached only for another potent belch to rumble across you, the wave of gas making you wince and sticking to your suit like a phosphorous haze: ***UuuuuuuUUARROOOOPPP!*** Tensing up, you cleared your throat. “Miss Goodman, how did you come to be… well, inside of this woman’s stomach?” The court behind you rolled your eyes and it was clear this information had already been given during your brief ‘trance’.

“As I told the Prosecution, I met Miss Ella Evans here at the end of my shift last night. She’s a regular who seems to hang around our bar whenever someone ends up missing!” She shifted and you could see her hands pressing up against the muscular walls to indicate the large woman who was rubbing over her strained back from the weight of the witness.

“The two of us got chatting and she told me she thought I would make a cute snack! It was so weird looking back on it, hearing her say that. But she is so beautiful that I couldn’t help but take her up on it.” Ella smiled at this and nodded gently, her gut bubbling in excitement. “I was a bit enamored and feeling my busy shift having worn me out, I couldn’t say no to such a kind offer of a lift!”

To your surprise, both jury and onlooker laughed at this like it was nothing, making your head sweat from the sheer nightmarish quality this case had: Was this strange person-eating culture more prevalent and widely accepted than you realised? “And I’ve been in here ever since!” Katherine spoke casually and rubbed graciously against the walls around her. “I completely forgot about this testimony but luckily, Ella was such a sport about coming in that I thought I’d give it a go before I melted away into shit, hehe**.” BLOORORRSSHHHHH!** You finally heard the giant woman speak, turning to her awaiting audience with a look of pride.

“Won’t be too long now by the sounds of it!” The room erupted in laughter, even the judge who lightly banged his gavel on the hard wood. “Sorry, good meals like this are worth talking about.” This was getting harder and harder to understand as it went on but regardless, you still had a job to do.

“Very well. Back to the night in question, you are sure that there was no one else around at the time other than the other members of staff?” Katherine nodded before pausing slightly. She giggled as if a punchline for some cosmic joke had just dropped on her.

“Well actually, I think- gahhh…” She hissed for a second, every gallery member leaning on the edge of their seat- was this the end of their strange witness? *Guururgrgrllelee…* Ella gave her gut a poke to see if she was around and Katherine came back amidst the sloshing. “Oops, sorry hehe. As I was saying, it’s funny really- I think Ella was there!” Another round of laughter but this was what you needed. A simple nod and you knew the judge would favour the Prosecution: Xavier had been painted as some angry brute, using his rich upbringing as an attempt at class warfare by the slimy Mary.

“I was, even then, I was thinking to myself- I’ve got to make that cute waitress into my pudge.” They chuckled like maniacs, not noticing your expression: A knowing smirk which didn’t fade as the judge moved on.

“Alright, any further witnesses you want to bring in or any further questions for Miss Goodman?” You nodded.

“Yes your Honour, but none for Katherine Goodman.” Your finger extended into a point towards Ella Evans who blushed, right as she released a wet and rather putrid ***PFRRTTTTTTTTT!*** The bailiff was already waving the acrid air away from his face as you approached. “I bring Ella Evans onto the stand. Well, properly, under oath I mean.” You held out the bible and the chubby girl sighed, doing as you recited the statements.

“I solemnly swear to tell the truth…” She was sluggish and tinged with annoyance- she had not been anticipating this and already Ella’s eyes bored into your skull. “What is this about? I’m not meant to be a witness, she-” She gave a poke to her gut but there was no response at least not from human mouths. The fluids inside *buuurbled* and it was clear that Katherine had succumbed to the acids inside the now perfectly round stomach. At this Ella shrugged with some of the audience laughing at this comical effect. Katherine had gone in willingly so no future case there based on the early rules that had come into effect when this phenomenon became popular so you moved to address the woman with a knowing confidence.

“Miss Evans, is it true that you were present at the scene on the night in question?” She nodded, stifling a *rarrrppppt* behind her hands as her cheeks inflated and she spat out a wet bra cup into her hand, tucking it away as you continued. “So in your opinion, besides your chats with Miss Goodman, what was the nature of the defendant’s altercation with Mr Smith here?” Ella looked confused and shifted to further compress her gut.

“I wasn’t really paying attention to them, was more focused on lunch- one of Smith’s guys.” The bald man on Mary’s table looked deathly pale. “They were there for a sting.” She paused, her chubby cheeks chewing on her words as much as they were on the pieces of Katherine inside them. “Hmm, yeah, found a flick-knife on the one of them when I turned him into shit. Some money, and a note. Didn’t read it, was too busy passing him by that point, guhn…” She grunted, seemingly to prove her point but you could see her midsection painfully bloated: *Guuurrnnn…* It looked like she was fit to burst and you really, *really* didn’t want that to happen.

“Could you identify the note and knife?” She nodded to this, her face one of exertion as another *bruuuarrppp* exploded behind her lips. Holding up a picture of the knife and note, you held it as close as you tolerated the rancid fumes leaving Ella’s mouth. She nodded to this as well. “You are excused.”

Not taking any chances whether that was some kind of metaphor, the mass of jiggling pudge that was Ella Evans was already running across the courtroom, people making way for her as she rushed to the bathroom, little *tootftss* and *pfrrfpps* leaving a foul smell in her path.

“In conclusion, given Miss Evan’s testimony and identification of the knife and note written in Mr Smith’s handwriting , it is clear that Mr Smith and his colleague were there not out of some intent for a night out, as previously stated, but instead to try and take out Mr Demarkos. Their motives were rivalry and money, wanting to collect the bounty that Smith’s boss had placed on Mr Demarkos’ head.” You gesture to your client who is beaming like an angel. “In conclusion, it is clear that any violence Mr Demarkos took was purely out of self defense and any assault charges should be dropped against him.”

The judge nodded to this and called for another recess as he collected his thoughts. This seemed like a clear-cut case and hi-fiving Martin as you left the busy room, Xavier shaking your hand firmly, and victory was all but secured. And yet you couldn’t stop thinking about Ella, that massive woman who had so easily devoured a key witness and supposedly done the same with one of the perpetrators. You knew you shouldn’t have gone down the hall, isolated and alone to investigate the strange grunting noises you could hear. But reason and logic had long abandoned your mind after that strange session.

--------

***PPRFRPAPRRPRPPPPPPP!*** A cloud of the choking gas extended out from under the door and you immediately coughed- the scent of burnt hair and rotten meat filling your nostrils. “Oh fuck!” You spluttered out before hearing a faint voice from inside.

“Hey, would you mind helping me out?” It sounded pained and vaguely familiar. Looking around, you saw no one else was close enough to hear and though you shouldn’t, you entered the stink of the girls bathroom to help Ella out. Deeper in, with no one else around, her voice echoed around the room, occasionally followed by a dense and room-filling ***TOOOFORRRTTTTTT!*** “Oh thank goodness, someone came!” She spoke in delight and relief while you were coughing your lungs out.

“Yep, gahh, what uhh seems to be the problem?” You asked, approaching the stall you saw her sensible shoes sticking out from and where the smell got strongest. “Anything I can help with?”
As you were now on the other side of the door, you were smacked in the face by the hard surface being pushed out at you with quite some force to it, knocking you to the floor with a start.

“God for a lawyer, you sure are dumb.” Rolling her eyes with an audible hum, you heard Ella straining to push out another log while her hands reached down and grasped you. Still in a daze, you could barely react as the massive woman pulled you into the stall, closing the door behind you. “I thought you’d, unnhh-” the splash of another wet turd brought toilet water across your face from the way she dragged you up over her belly, “have figured out this was a trap. Maybe you wanna get eaten, hehe, cute.” Grasping your crotch as your head sluggishly slipped between her sweat-covered breasts, you let out a gasp of surprise arousal. “Lucky for you, Karly barely filled me up!” ***ZrrarararrrzrRRRRTTTT!*** Katherine seemed to disagree with her, perhaps a part of her stubbornly dropping into the bowl from her bowels with a splash.

“No, please…” You meekly protested but the blow from the door still had you reeling. When Ella shoved you face-first into her wet sticky maw, you didn’t have the strength to fight her off. The rancid aura of her squelching innards intensified as you were pulled down into her gullet and ‘massaged’ by the muscles when she devoured your shoulders and chest with relative ease. “I don’t want to be eaten…” The throat around you did not care for your cries: **GUULLARP!** Deeper you went, the woman tipping her head back to help chug you down, still shitting out her last meal as she did so. Grunting around you, Ella would raise a leg to let out another harsh ***FRRARRRPPPPPPPPPPP!*** With your hips now being suckled upon, there was no hope.

The acidic gut yawned open to welcome you, already spurting hissing acids across your skin and ironed shirt. “Help me!” You screamed but no one could her you, not as she slurped down your legs like wet noodles and pulled off your shoes, finally adding you to her gut proper. Ella leant back on the toilet and let out a sigh, smacking your outlined shape inside her shirt which was barely holding on by the seams.

***BUULLLLLLRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!*** The belch was loud and shook you around further in the tight jiggling hell that was the stomach of your star ‘witness’.

“Ah, fuck, you were tasty. They should really call this place like a food court hehe.” She smirked, rubbing over the struggles of your body inside of her. An atmosphere hotter than a rainforest and twice as humid, with a foul gunk coating the bottom which you assumed to be Katherine. It coated across your body as you struggled to get a comfortable position, let alone make an attempt to escape. **GUururgrgrglleee…** The chubby gut around you squeezed and manhandled you, all while Ella continued to push out more people-turned-feces: Likely your future fate. “What’s wrong Butt-Fat? Ain’t got any more dumb questions about my whereabouts? Lucky for you, I’m gonna know your whereabouts in a few hours: The sewer system.” With a rough smack and another dense fart, the massive predator returned to shitting out former meals.

“Someone help me! Can anyone hear me?” Yet every word you spoke got a maw full of acids for your troubles. The intestines below you shifted with each fist-sized piece of shit that left her system, an occasional hard bump when a bone undulated along the tight coils of her intestinal tract. Sobbing to yourself as the burning only got worse and worse, your body beginning to turn into mush around you, Ella simply finished her toilet break and flushed the full bowl behind her.

“Fuck, gotta stop eating so many chicks, they always give me the runs…” The sated predator shrugged and headed back towards the courtroom. Though you were still kicking and squirming, the curves of her shirt hid most of your movement. People in the hall would rub and squeeze the bulges, some still thinking it was Katherine and others simply content to rub a full pred’s belly- the sensations of a person squirming inside a gut were truly magical.

At least, from the outside.

“Get me out!” You punched and shifted, struggling to keep your head and shoulders above the syrupy goo that was processing your lower half. “Someone, anyone!” The loud **Bollrororopps** of the gut managed to hide most of your screams and Ella was careful to shift her gut to one side away from any truly concerned bystanders: Further jostling you in the tight space, saturating you with the juices of her powerful gut. A few minutes would go by like this, your resolve already wavering. Suddenly, you hear a large ***BURUURULLLLARLLPPPPPP!*** The winds of your digestion rose up, making the belly smell even worse as there was less fresh air inside of it, and blowing a gust of you-flavoured air into someone’s face. A conversation became clear now though you could only make out one side of it.

“No, I have no idea where they went. They looked like they were in a ***uuuuurpp!*** ‘Scuse me… were in a huff of some kind. Maybe they thought they had already lost and just booked it?” She offered a shrug, drooping the front of the gut forward as Ella’s belly continued to soften you with rigorous fervor. More mumbling, vaguely familiar now. You realised that it was Martin! Smacking your hands against the wall, each blow bounced off but still you tried. The guts glorped around you before something shifted- a chance at victory?

***PFPRRARMMPPPPPPP!*** Nope, just some bad gas which Ella didn’t even bother excusing herself for. The massive woman gave her gut a squeeze, her grip leaving a solid indent in your skin as she pulled away! “Yeah I might actually, you wouldn’t happen to have any on you?” There was a brief pause where the shuddering wall’s chorus of scintillant juices stretched on for what felt like an eternity. “Thanks hon!” She finally spoke again, moving back towards her car. Before you even had time to register what was happening, something rained down on you- small pebbles that begin to fizz in the boiling lake of acids around you.

“What the fuck?!” You screamed as the antacids went to work. Back inside the courthouse, they were proceeding with the closing statements. The judge had ruled in your favour but you were too busy fizzing away inside the tight cauldron gut of that fat witch who cheerily jiggled you along. Slowly but surely her gut became rounder and less indented with your features though you were still conscious throughout the entire process. While the court’s assembled audience clapped with joy at Xavier Demarko’s innocence, you were churning round and around, becoming sloppier in your sentience. When Ella pressed her massive gut behind the steering wheel of her vehicle, there was one last sickening **CRUNCH** and you were gone.

As your bones broke apart and the sated predator let out a happy ***BUUUUULLLLLLLARRPPPP***, the inside of the large vehicle now smelling like your melted form, she drove off towards her modest apartment. “Mhm, you were so fucking good. Shame you didn’t last long though- kind of sad really. I guess those Tums must have really done you in!” She gave her gut a slap but there was no words to reply with anymore, just a noisy *SLORRSHHHHH* which continued to gargle as she hopped into her apartment. The busty pred stripped off her clothes and gave one last stretch. “I’ll see you in the morning and I know you lawyers love holding people in contempt,” she began, Ella looking down at her belly as it gurgled with your remains, “but you better not hold me in constipation when I shit you out tomorrow hehe!” With a duvet-warming ***Frrrrarmrmrmrpppp***, the thick woman was off to sleep.

As the night took over gently and tenderly, Ella’s body would ravenously strip the slop that was formerly you of everything that had made you unique. All your minerals, your nutrients, your ions and even some of your fibres- all scourged from the sloppy brown waste by a layer of tight microscopic villi wriggling across the coarse loaf of coagulated waste. Her fat cheeks, turned to the side as she slept soundly, would let out what was formerly your screams as wet cover-ripping farts: ***ZRRARRRRRMRMMMMMMMMMMMMZZRRTTTTT! TOOororofFRRRfTRRtTTT!*** Blast after blast that inched along the much denser logs to their starting place at her awaiting anus. Deep within the ileum, you were bathed in enough alkaline liquids to turn vinegar neutral and bacteria greedily fermented you into even more farts. But of course, there was always a line: Katherine and a few other tasty people were already blocking up her tight bowels, forcing the group of you to bake together into nice fat loaves of crap.

Morning broke after an eternity of processing for your remains. Ellie would get up with a stretch, somewhat burdened by a new weight on her chest. Her breasts had been large before but your contribution pushed them to pumpkin-sized: Jiggling with a firmness that only predators of her gluttonous caliber could achieve. “Morning Pudge, let’s see where else you got to.” Sluggishly standing up, her gut wobbled with reams of new chub that gurgled gently, her lower abdomen bloated with the shape of your scat. “You had better have added to my ass a bit, can’t have an uneven cleavage you know!”

Looking in the curvy mirror that suited her greedy body type to a t, Ella grinned with a maniacal pride. Her ass was truly pear-shaped now, stacked on top of thighs thick enough to crush skills and while she would have to work hard at the gym to get it firmer (nabbing a few gym rat snacks while she was there), she loved the amount of cellulose and adipose you had added to her. “Mhm, seems you’re far better at being ass fat then you ever were as a lawyer!” Smacking the fat cheeks made them jiggle with a hypnotising jiggle, waves of pudge formed from your body. But of course, there was still so much of you that she hadn’t been able to add to her perfect body and with an insistent fart, you made your other presence known: ***PhrhrbbBRRRTRTTTTTT!***

“Urgh, I get it. Though you bitched all the way, you’re finally getting out with a reduced sentence.” She chuckled at her use of law lingo, picking up the newspaper dropped through her door on the way to her bathroom. Ella sat on the reinforced toilet seat, feeling it groan beneath of her as she read the cover story. “Huh, you won the case if that helps. Though you lost a lot more than your career!” The thought sent the cruel woman into another mocking laugh, barely having to push as your remains crowned through her tight opening in a bone-studded log that could no longer be distinguished between you, Katherine or any other piece of food.

Dropping down in a snaking tentacle of muddy brown, it began to coil around the bowl, exposing pieces of spine, cracked ribs and a finger or two. ***ZARRRRRARRRRTTTTT!*** The next fart trumpeted out a cracked skull, not your’s, not yet. A tuft of long blonde hair clung to the broken skullcap and fed into an empty eyesocket, dirtied and clogged with flecks of shit. “Oooh, come on…” Ella grunted, not even looking down or caring much for the fact she was pushing out a skull between her fat cheeks. More and more thick bricks of shit pushed out, splashing down below into the dirty waters. Your form was obscured in the larger bone-studded logs, the sheets of crap breaking apart to reveal reams of hair and crooked smiles of grim grinning skulls. “Almost there!” She expelled more and more of the brown doughy mass which broke apart into a rain of specks and cracked white pieces of bone. ***PPFRROORORORRPPPPPPT!***

“Finally…” Grunting to herself, she pushed out a horrific block of conjoined lower jaws, hollowed out eye sockets and twisted fingers, all binded by a tight brown coat of shit that was strengthened by knotted hair. One last ***ZRRRARPPPPP!*** The reeking odour of death filled the room entirely, your consumer wiping the scat from her ass cheeks and finally flushing down the toilet. She pushed the handle several times, already flicking through her phone as if nothing had happened while her toilet struggled to take down the heavy load.

Though you had succeeded in representing your client’s best interests, you were now on the way to the sewers. Lawyer or not, you will be forgotten in the sluiceways and tunnels of the underground- your last physical stamp on this world being the fat you left on Ella Evan’s body.