

# Jen's Vorigins

## The Man-Eating Masseur

*by Phil Herb Elly*

Part I:  
Just a Little Alcohol

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Aye, There's the Rub

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The Request

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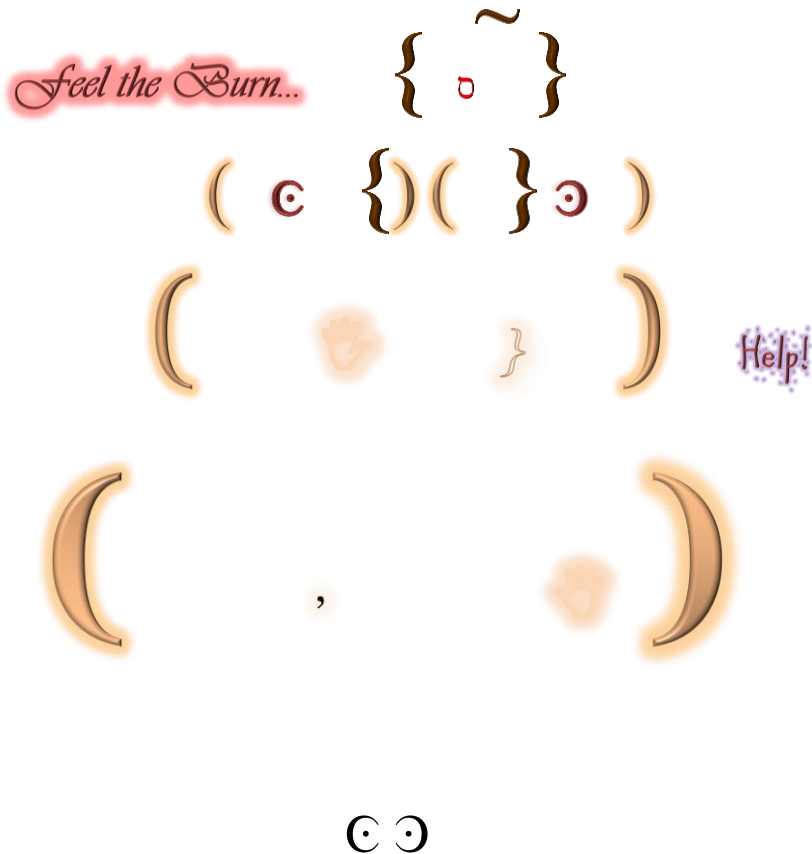
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# Part I

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## Just a Little Alcohol



“I just don’t feel like this class is really doing much for me,” Jen complained, walking from the gym in a grey sweat pants and a white tube top, feeling the breeze against her skin, coated in a layer of sweat. She crossed her arms over her exposed round belly, protecting it both from the evening chill in the parking lot and the shame that overtook her as she left the supportive environment of the cardio class. She would walk into class every Monday with the drawstring of her sweatpants several inches above her navel, but as the activity picked up and her extra flesh jostled and bounced, the waistband fell again and again until she gave in to inevitable muffin top. She wiped the perspiration from her brow with her wrist and released her chestnut brown from its tight ponytail.

“Well, it’s only once a week. You really have to make it a habit every day if you want to see results,” replied Allison, walking alongside her. Allison was the definition of “results.” Her round hips wiggled gently in tight, black and hot pink shorts, and her breasts stood perkily beneath the matching top. Where Jen had a belly, Allison had a stomach; the smooth slender kind a girl isn’t afraid to show at any and every opportunity. Her dirty blond hair fell like a sleek helmet, forming sleek lines parallel with her jawline and bangs that curled above her green eyes. A body like Allison’s was a taunting impossibility; even Jen’s “reasonable” goals felt out of reach: thighs that didn’t rub when she walked, the ability to wear size 10 jeans, having choices other than loose-fitting blouses and dresses.

“I think I’m just destined to be fat. It’s in my DNA.”

“Don’t say *fat*. And don’t blame it on your genes. That’s just an excuse. Maintaining a healthy weight comes down to four things.” Jen knew before what Allison would say even before she started listing them on her fingers: “Exercise, sleep hygiene, hydration, and nutrition. You are what you eat, after all.”

Allison was full of these platitudes, and Jen knew where they came from. The teacher for their fitness class was especially keen on emailing the class frequent motivational aphorisms, and Allison swallowed them down like a protein shake.

Jen shrugged. “In that case, my best hope is to eat a skinny woman.” “You’re so morbid, Jennifer,” Allison said, rolling her eyes. “Seriously, all you need to do is try just a little bit harder.”

*It’s easy to you to say*, Jen thought. *Too easy*. Allison, the health nut, the fitness freak, probably hadn’t had an unnecessary pound on her body in her life. She was just born perfect. Allison, the flowing fountain of confidence – gorgeous, extremely sociable, catching men’s gazes all the time. And not just men’s gazes. Jen sometimes thought, especially at times like these, that Allison liked keeping her around because it made her even more alluring by comparison. Not that she needed it. Her face, her body... especially her body...

Jen felt a discomfort apart from, deeper than her self-image issues. She liked hanging out with Allison – she didn’t need to, but she made time for it, even signed up for fitness classes with her, even though being around Allison, even looking at her, caused a discomfort she felt heavily in her stomach. There was something she couldn’t ignore about her lithe, supple form. Was it normal for her to notice these things about her female friend? The girl was gorgeous, objectively gorgeous. And girls were allowed to acknowledge these things in each other. And it wasn’t like she *fantasized* about Allison, but maybe that’s because she had never allowed herself...

“Do you want to grab a drink?” Allison asked. Jen new Allison made alcohol a rare treat for herself, and the offer was as tempting as it was dangerous.

“I like that idea, but I need to change if we’re going out. And shower, too...”  
*And find something that doesn’t make me look like a blob next to you...*

“We could just want to stay in and drink, if you want. I think I need to unwind a little. A girl’s night in.”

“How about my place? I think I have a bit of alcohol lying around that we can dive into.” Of course she had alcohol lying around. There was hardly a night where a glass of wine didn’t accompany her on the couch, or a few beers didn’t lull her to sleep.



When Jen walked into the living room of her apartment, a freshly opened beer in each hand, she found Allison sprawled on the couch. Jen placed a bottle in her extended hand and sat down on the other end of the sofa, far enough away, yet not far enough away from a certain temptation. While Allison took a modest sip, Jen tilted the bottle back, and in a single, long swallow, emptied half her beer.

“I have no idea how you do that.”

Jen smiled. “It’s easy. You just have to open your throat.”

They drained their beers as they talked – though, Jen realized, mostly Allison talked, not quite aware of the world beyond herself enough to realize every conversation didn’t need to center around her. Jen didn’t mind this; the less she had to open her mouth, the less likely she was to lose control of it. Instead, she occupied it with the alcohol. By the time Jen was placing her fourth empty bottle on the coffee table, Allison was half-way through her second, swirling the beer around inside the bottle. Jen could see a comfortable level of toasty setting in about her friend that had not yet hit her: Jen may have already drunk more than twice as much, but Allison was smaller, and didn’t drink often enough to develop any sort of tolerance. For Jen, beer was an okay starter, but she knew she’d have to hit the more potent stuff soon enough.

“How about a glass of wine?”

“I love some. White, if you have it.”

“Of course,” Jen responded. And that’s the thing about alcohol – the more you have, the more you want, getting tipsier and tipsier until you tip over into drunk, chasing that euphoria. It wasn’t just alcohol, though, with Jen. It was food, too, as if fullness was a moving target, getting constantly further as she ate instead of closer. She could – and often did – eat until she felt and looked bloated, knowing her stomach was reaching its capacity – filled, but not *full*. Not as though she had enough. With alcohol, however, there was a level of consumption that made her feel fantastic and, more importantly, satisfied.

“You really shouldn’t be so down on yourself, Jenny,” Allison said when she returned with two glasses in one hand and a chilled pinot grigio in the other. Allison narrowed her eyes as she swallowed a large mouthful from her glass, which Jen immediately refilled. “You’re really pretty, you know. You are. You

could be so attractive, you know, in your own way, if you were just more confident.

"It doesn't matter if I'm pretty, I'm still a fat ass," she said, shying away from the compliment and maybe even fishing for another.

"It's not the weight that turns guys off – it's your attitude. Like, with me, men always come up to me more when I'm feeling good, and dressing sexy, and smiling, you know?"

This really was Allison's way of complimenting and trying to help. She was smiling now, and that look in her eyes... was it just an inebriated fuzz? Was she just consoling, or was it... more? Probably not... but was it?

"Besides, you're not a fat ass, you're just... chubby. It's not like your body is disgusting or anything. It's not like you're *massive*. You're just a bit, you know. Doughy." She gave Jen's soft thigh a playful prod. "And there are a lot of people out there that like... bigger women."

Jen sipped her wine and looked away, trying to hide her reddening face.

"Besides," the slender blonde continued, "you have those big ol' tits." She pointed at Jen's healthy D cups, which had been released from their sports bra and hung loosely under her exercise top. Her finger was so close it always grazed her breast through her shirt. Then she motioned to her own A cups, which were, notably, the only department where Jen felt she had her beat. Allison's body could be described by muscle groups: she had flat abs, firm glutes, toned biceps, triceps, and quads, while Jen had a big belly, a fat ass, and blubbery arms and legs. No matter how much she worked her pectorals, though, they would never watch Jen's natural rack.

"I wish wine were like that," Allison said. She paused and laughed. "*Wish mine*, blah! Put me in a pair of tits like that, and I'd be set. How are you not drunk yet?"

Two beers – not even – and less than a glass of wine, and already Allison was blabbering. A lightweight. Jen was, without a question, a heavy weight – a term which she wore a bit resentfully, despite it being a badge of honor in the world of booze.

"I could drink you under the table any night of the week," Jen said, refilling her own glass.

"Or eat me under the table," Allison said, and began to cackle. And that was only teasing... or was it an invitation?

The drinks were getting to her, but maybe because she wanted them to. Under the veil of intoxication, you were liberated, able to do what you want because you're no longer stopping yourself from saying what you want, or doing what you want, or knowing what you want. And Jen could feel she was at the verge of all of these. She downed her second glass and licked the wine from her lips.

“You know, right, that there’s no class next week,” Allison said, finishing her glass and pouring herself more, the surface of the wine wobbling low behind the label when she set the bottle down. Her cheeks were indeed a bit rosy.

“When did she say that?”

“It was in the instructors email this morning. She’s going out of town.” Oh, yeah, the emails... the missives rarely containing more than a reminder to come class, what exercises they would be doing, and more often than not, one of those stupid little pieces of trite inspiration hokum. Jen had stopped reading those early on in the course. She had Allison to remind her of when the classes were, and she knew what they would be doing: suffering. She didn’t need to be told “Your only limit is YOU.” Allison held the rim of her drink to her lips for a few moments before sipping from it. “I thought we could go running together.”

“Oh, that would be nice.” Rather than say what was on her mind, she swallowed her third glass of wine. It was getting along fine with the beers, but the party in her stomach would be going better with a few shots of something harder. Tequila. She liked tequila – it made her feel... free.

She took a swig from the bottle of Cuervo before returning to the living room. The liquor immediately set her belly churning – but not in way that made her feel sick. Yes, the alcohol was beginning to affect her. She gazed down at Allison, who had emptied her glass again and melted into a comfortable position on the couch, wine-sodden and loose, flush from her workout and the alcohol. Jen was finally able to accept what she wanted to do to her, what she had always wanted to do to her, but had been afraid to accept.

As she walked towards the alluring object before her, her mind raced, planning how to remove her clothes, thinking about the curves of her body, how the salty layer of sweat on her skin would taste on her tongue. She climbed on top of the her friend, knees on either side of her hips, body hanging over hers, chestnut brown hair falling around the confused girl’s face, blocking away everything in the room except for the sultry grin and hungry eyes beaming down at her.

“Woah. Nnn-Jenny, no. I’m not like that...” she started, “I’m not a –” but a hand covered her mouth, the face descended on her, hair completely enveloping her vision. She felt a moist tongue on her neck, and felt uncomfortable, uncertain. She struggled weakly as her top was pushed up and the damp mouth stopped only long enough for the cloth to pass over her head, and the sports bra shortly after, exposing her pert mounds to the open air. It was happening so fast for the drunk blonde, her heart racing, her mind blurring, that she hardly knew what it was that was happening. The party in Jen’s stomach blazed with excitement, with a hunger she’d never known – it gurgled with anticipation.

She looked into the uncertain green eyes, licked her lips, and whispered, “I want you.”

Before the girl could respond, the pair of lips above her opened, and grew closer until she could see nothing but teeth, a tongue dripping saliva, a uvula, and

then, simply darkness. Before she could even think to scream, the dampness of the mouth reached her chin, and she was enveloped in blackness, moistness, blinded and muted, a slippery tongue wildly licking at her features.

Jen knew what she wanted – she wanted food that would fight and wriggle all the way down. She wanted food that would plead to be let go. She wanted to put this skinny little bitch in her place – and that place was in her *doughy* stomach. Where she was going, it didn't matter how hot she was, how much she worked out, how healthy she ate... Maybe it would have been better if she was plumper, actually, but Jen couldn't be sure yet.

She almost panicked for a moment, realizing what she was doing, wondering how she was doing it, what it meant to do this, but her roaring stomach quieted her thoughts. Her body operated on some latent instinct, putting her mind at ease.

She had her lips around the girl's neck. How she had fit a human head into her throat, and how she was still breathing, she didn't know – or care. The only question was how the rest of Allison would taste. The answer, as she soon found, was unbelievably delicious. Without a doubt, Allison was her new favorite food.

As she somehow pushed the meal's chest into her maw, lubricated by her heavily-watering mouth, she held Allison's arms down, gripping the wrists below the ribcage to be immediately consumed. Jen now shifted her position, though not without some trouble, so she could lie on her back while pulling her savory treat into her mouth. Allison's legs flailed in the air and Jen gripped her round ass.

The stomach that her dinner had put so much effort into keeping lean slid between Jen's lips and down her gullet almost too easily. It was as though her meal had sculpted herself into the perfect shape to be dispatched down Jen's virgin gullet. Eyes level with the plump rump, she grabbed the tight shorts and pushed them down the thighs at arm reach, leaving the girl's groin covered by nothing but a thong. Of course she would... That too was shoved away from the meat's hips. The clothes, as Jen saw them, were like a wrapper for her wriggling meal.

The girl's pussy had an especially strong, salty flavor. Part of her almost felt odd about, but another part insisted that it was tantalizing, delicious, a unique flavor to explore. Her tongue probed inside, hungrily, but soon her throat was bulging with a supple ass, and was looking down the backs of well-toned legs, treading air.

Gulping and sucking, she pulled the thighs, knees, and calves in to be tasted and swallowed, removing the clothes in the process, until all that was left before her face was a pair of fidgeting white socks. She could feel her belly churning, wriggling; she loved it. She removed the socks, one at a time, to reveal wriggling toes – little salty-sour piggies to be delivered to market.

She closed her lips as the feet slipped down the back of her tongue. She gave one last swallow, and felt the last of her meal make its way down into her



stomach. She looked at her belly – it was huge, surreally huge. And lumpy. And moving. And, for the first time in her life, satisfied.



Jen woke up the next morning on the couch, naked, her exercise clothes strewn on the floor. She was groggy from the alcohol and dreams what were wild, and wonderful, and vivid. She tried to sit up, but her body resisted. She looked down at her stomach, massive and misshapen. It hadn't been a dream. Perhaps it was some leftover drunkenness, or the remainder of dreaminess in her mind, but she didn't feel fazed by what she had done. It felt... natural. Right. *Satisfying*.

She let out a small, underwhelming burp. Wondering if her meal was still alive, she gave her belly a jostle. It squirmed, and her belly growled; when she listened closer, it sounded a lot like muffled cries for help. She gave her belly a pat, and continued to lie on the couch, wondering how long it would take to digest her meal.

The feeling was indescribable, having a person inside her – no, no, not a person. Allison wasn't a person anymore. She was food, a meal, a meal that was trying desperately to disagree with her stomach and failing miserably. She could feel herself body working away at the mass of meat, slowly dismantling her so she could feed Jen's body. It was pleasant. And after an hour or so, it grew boring.

Could she stand up? Gripping the arm of the couch, she tried to hoist herself up, but that would have to wait. She couldn't even sit up. She rolled over, reaching under the couch, her immense belly spilling over the side, its contents sloshing within.

She groped until she found her laptop and rested it on her chest. The couch creaked beneath her as she settled back into place. As she opened her email – first thing, a force of habit – she glimpsed through her messages, while her meal continued to struggle, the computer rocking gently on the waves of flesh. The girl had a lot of fight in her.

Before she clicked away, Jen noticed the email Allison had mentioned last night, with the subject line: “Class Cancelled Next Week!!!!” She considered emailing the instructor to tell her she probably wouldn't be attending anymore... and neither would Allison. She opened the letter, and absent-mindedly scanned, until she reached the end, where the teacher had left one of her signature aphorisms. Resting her hand on top of her belly, convulsing with her stubborn meals final throes, she couldn't help but smile as she read the instructor's motivational message:

“Remember ladies: Inside every large woman, there's a thin woman trying to get out!”



## Part II

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### Aye, There's the Rub



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She looked down the sandy pathway, the aisles of sienna-skinned people to either side. They were clothed in grass skirts, and flowers adorned the black flowing hair of the women in the tropical audience. Many of them were overweight – in fact, she realized, they were all quite rotund, rounded out like hams. This was oddly pleasing. Sitting in a sort of throne, she was above them, and not just in a vertical sense.

A pair of girls appeared at the far end of the path, carrying between them a large platter. As they approached, she found them plump, but not yet fattened to the point of the adults creating the aisles. The platter contained a

roasted pig. The girls kneeled before her, holding up the offering. Her stomach growled.

It was instinctual. She opened her mouth, grabbed the pig, and brought it to her gaping maw. She hardly noticed as it slid smoothly down her throat, and she felt it push out the walls of her stomach. The villagers whispered among themselves, in awe of her hunger, her talents, her power. It wasn't enough. The Pale Goddess wanted more.

The adolescent girls left, and returned at the far end of the walkway, a figure between them. Her belly gurgled excitedly. They each held an arm of a plump, naked woman as they marched her towards the throne. This was better.

The brown woman wore a solemn expression – not fearful, but obligingly accepting. They had been preparing her for weeks, feeding her ceaselessly throughout the day, confining her to a hut to meditate and let her muscles soften, bathing her in oils to make her skin pliable and smooth. A priestess painted in fruit juice and slick with special oils, prepared inside and out for spiritual sacrifice. The crowd watched, expressionless. They did not react as the Pale Goddess grabbed the second offering by the sides, brought her face to her lips, and in a few quick gulps, left nothing but the thick, motionless legs extending beyond her mouth, and then she sucked those down; the people bowed their heads in reverence. As her belly bulged further outward, she felt... unsatisfied. The meal had accepted its fate – it didn't even struggle.

She looked at the young girls, still standing before her. She extended a greedy hand, gripped one of them by the wrist, and pulled her forward. An expression of panic spread across her face – she was too young, too small, too full of life for the honor of being a sacrifice. She struggled, trying to wriggle her arm from the firm grip but to no avail, and began screaming; the audience retained its austerity. The Pale Goddess licked her lips hungrily as her dessert pleaded for its life. This was more like it.



Jen awoke to a sense of moisture on her cheek, groggily displeased by the tacky substance that coated the top of her pillow. Wiping her mouth with the back of her hand, she realized it was her own saliva – she must have been drooling. She immediately regretted that fact that she was awake – it had been a wonderful dream, but the details were quickly slipping away from her. She flipped her pillow, laid her head down on the dry side, and stared at the ceiling. Her stomach growled.

She sat up in her bed, and looked down, rubbing the sleep from her eyes. She gave her round belly an affectionate pat. It had been shrinking since... *the incident*, but it had finally settled at a size slightly larger than before it had been stretched to unimagined dimensions from a dinner by the name of Allison. It had been the better part of a day before she had been able to leave the couch, and maneuvering around her apartment had been difficult, sprung into a cumbersome body of new dimensions which gradually returned to something resembling normal. In a way, a strange way, she missed her gargantuan gut. It almost bothered her that she could now see her toes again.

She looked at her alarm – she had woken up ten minutes early. Usually she hated missing that last morsel of sleep, but she had been doing little more than sleeping, digesting, spending her waking hours inevitably fingering herself out of boredom and an undeniable erotic fascination with her human-filled belly. Allison had ceased moving the morning after, but it wasn't until last night that Jen felt she had truly turned her fitness freak friend into a true size zero. In that time, she hadn't had a breath of fresh air, not a bite of food – though she felt after a day or so that she could eat, the gradual deflation of her belly was a reminder that her life would return to normal – a life in which she wasn't a majestic, massive goddess but a regular, overweight woman. She lurched out of bed and made for a much-needed shower.

Her shower had always been small, but it had never felt so cramped. Regardless, the hot water drizzling on her body felt fantastic – and there was even more body for it to fall on. She gave her hair a much-needed cleanse with shampoo and conditioner, and picked up a bar of soap. After lathering her breasts and sudsing her limbs, she began the most anticipated aspect of the shower: cleaning her belly. She carefully rubbed the soap into her skin, so soft and tender, running her fingers over every inch of goose-pimpling flesh, inside the folds of her love handles, inside her bellybutton. It amazed her how swollen it had been and how it had returned like elastic.

Her inner thighs grew slick with something that didn't come from the shower head. She slid one hand around her belly to the source and she tenderly rubbed her round gut. She leaned against the shower's wall, a foot climbing up the other leg's thigh, toes curling, teeth digging into her bottom lip, hips bucking gently as her fingers circled her clit. It was the cold water splashing against her stomach that broke her from her trance. She blinked, felt a quick shock, and jumped out of the shower.

How long had she been in there? She wrapped herself in a beach towel and returned to her bedroom. She took a glance at her clock again – if she hurried, she could make it to work on time. After quickly brushing her teeth and hair, and then rubbing her body dry – an activity she regretted not having the time to relish – she pulled on panties, a bra, a pair of pants, all of which fit

rather tightly, and her most flowing blouse – and even this felt smaller. She made a mental note – go clothes shopping after work.

Throwing herself a passing glance at herself in a full-length mirror, she noticed two things. First, she stared discontentedly at how the new weight hung on her. There was no denying that she was fatter, and there was much more padding around her midsection, thighs and ass. “I look so chunky...” she groaned to herself – her behemoth bulk had made her feel... empowered; this weight made her feel anything but. The second thing that she realized was that this was the first time in two weeks she had worn clothes.

It was a short drive to the Hidden Island massage parlor, where she rented a table. Though she was looking forward to getting back to work and having something to occupy her time, she fretted the amount of extra hours she would need to put in to make up for her week off. Her belly growled at her. She had hardly eaten in the past week, her stomach happily occupied with a large, dwindling meal that had only just been entirely digested. There was no time for breakfast, though, and she reminder herself that she could stand to miss the calories.

As she walked through the doors of the parlor to the sound of babbling fountains and relaxing exotic music. she ignored the stares of her coworkers, who were too polite to mention that she was looking pudgier. They acted polite, cheerful and friendly, happy to see Jen back. When questioned about her absence, she quickly fabricated a quick lie about her grandfather dying. She hoped under the guise of morning, the sudden weight gain wouldn't seem so strange.

When one of her appointments showed up, she fell into her work, allowed her hands to knead the woman's skin, her mind wandering. She found herself tantalized by the feel of her flesh, wondering how she might taste, how her skin would feel against her tongue, imagining how easy it would be... the woman covered only in a towel, lying face down, relaxed, vulnerable... she may as well have been served up on a platter.

“Whoops, dripped a little oil,” Jen said softly, wiping away her drool from the woman's back. She hadn't eaten, that was all. She wasn't thinking straight. She would be able to focus once she had some food in her stomach. This was the first rule she made for herself that morning and early afternoon: now that this beast had been awoken in her belly, she could not work without a full stomach.

She barely had time to think before that client left and the next was on her table – which is what she had wanted, a busy day to make up for a week off – but the work didn't help to take her mind off her new habit. No, it wasn't a habit, it had only happened once. As she rubbed her patients down, as she worked through the bodies of people who had the money and leisure time to get a massage on a Monday afternoon, she felt like a baker, kneading the

dough, watching the bread rise, smelling the muffins in the oven, but even a chef gets to taste the food they're preparing.

She asked herself if she would do it again, and the answer was *I shouldn't, but I probably will*. She knew she should feel guilty about what she had done, but she didn't. Poor Allison. Poor, salty, savory, *satisfying* Allison. But maybe she had satisfied that appetite for good. Maybe one was enough. Her stomach growled, *Nope*. She had tasted the forbidden fruit. She had never in her life been so perfectly, happily full. Yes, she would eat again.

It was all about self-control, though that was her weakness. It was beginning to sound like a diet, and she didn't like that, but there was more at stake than any of her previous diets. It would just have to be a matter of portion control. No more than one a year, really, to keep a low profile – and even that was dangerous. Her stomach didn't like the idea of waiting another twelve months. Maybe, if she was really good about dieting and exercising otherwise, she could cheat a little – but no more than three a year, tops. And only if she earned those extra treats.

But no clients. That seemed like an important rule. That was absolutely too risky. There were no cameras in the place, she knew that, but there would be a paper trail with the appointment book, and there was no way she was getting out without being noticed. Besides, the people that she found on her table were generally skinny little things, anyway. She knew that when she cannibalized again, and there was no question that she would do it again, it would have to be someone a bit... juicier.

Lunch could not come soon enough. She grabbed a large sub from the sandwich place across the street, hoping a foot of bread, vegetables and bacon, though not the best thing for her diet, would appease her appetite. She hardly tasted it, though, as she swallowed mouthfuls in the employee's lounge. She was too distracted by Gina, another of the masseuses, making small talk. She was a sweet girl with a number of clients who refused to be touched by anyone but her, a few grays streaking her raven hair, rather passive, a bit on the plump side, would probably go well with a glass of red wine... *Coworkers are not food*, she insisted to her gut, which countered with a vivid fantasy of pulling apart her sub, placing the slices of bread on either side of those chubby cheeks and making a Bacon Lettuce and Gina sandwich.

"I'm so sorry about your granddad," Gina said between bites of her own lunch.

"Hm?" Jen asked, distracted by the bit of barbeque sauce which had dribbled down her chin.

"You look so distant. It must really be affecting you."

"Oh, yeah. I feel like there's an emptiness inside of me that just won't go away."

When Gina offered an extended hug, it took everything in her to quell the predatory instinct, noticing for the first time how Gina had a faint essence of honey-baked ham.

After the last of Jen's appointments left, blissfully unaware of how close they come to an unhappy ending, business slowed down considerably, and a few of the other masseuses left early. Jen, however, had to make up for her unexpected vacation, and couldn't miss the opportunity of a walk-in. The parlor remained empty, and by a quarter-hour to close, the only person in there besides Jen was the manager.

"Hey Jen, I actually have somewhere to be tonight – would you mind closing up? I know it's been a rough week for you, so I can throw an extra twenty your way for the trouble."

"Of course, Anne," Jen said. She couldn't say no.

"Thank you! And it's nice to see you back," Anne said sympathetically. "It really is." As she walked out of the front door, she turned around and asked, "Do you want me to flip the sign to closed?"

Jen shook her head. "You never know."

With nothing left to distract her, Jen considered sneaking into the lounge to see if she could steal anything from the fridge. Her appetite had become unbearable, and she knew that once she got home, she wouldn't be able to stop herself from binge eating everything in her kitchen to try to fill a hole that could not – or should not – be filled. She wished for a mountain of food to inflate her belly back to its glorious bulk. At five minutes 'til, her thoughts were disrupted by a woman who seemed to be approaching the large glass door. Jen rose from her chair, ready to greet her, and watched her walk past.

At eight o'clock, she had no choice but to quickly run through the closing procedures, hastily sweeping, arranging the labels on bottles of oil, turning off the lights, the music, and the artificial fountains. It wasn't until she was outside, locking the door, when she heard a voice behind her.

"Oh, are you closing up already?"

Jen turned around, and found herself face-to-face with a woman's hopeful expression.

"Not at all," Jen said, a smile widening on her face. "Come on in."

"Really? It seems like..."

"Don't worry about it. I can squeeze in another massage before I go home."

"Do you think you'll have time for a full-body?"

Jen quickly looked over the woman, dressed in an all-pink tracksuit. "Absolutely. You'll have to pay in cash, though, because I can't operate the machine."

“That’s fine. Are you sure though?” the woman asked, but Jen was already ushering her inside. “Thank you so much.”

*Wonderful*, Jen thought. It was after hours, and Anne wouldn’t know; she wouldn’t even have to pay a commission. Jen turned on the lights in the lobby and the hallway, leading the woman to the room where her chair was stationed, looking back occasionally to give a polite smile. In these quick glances, she sized the woman up – from her face and her loose clothing, she could tell she was larger.

“While I put on the music and get some massage oils, you can get undressed, and lay face down on the table.”

“All the way undressed?”

“As much as you feel comfortable, ma’am. There are towels in the corner if you’d like to cover yourself.”

As the only one left in the shop, Jen locked the door and turned off the lights throughout the building, the whole place dark except the dim room where her client waited. When she returned with an armful of products, she found the woman wrapped in a white robe, which betrayed her wider dimensions, and all of her clothes piled on a table in the corner. Soon, she was laid out on the table, only her round bottom covered by a towel, and her dirty blonde hair hanging over her shoulder in a ponytail.

“I love your tan,” Jen said softly of the woman’s soft, browned skin.

“It came at a price,” the crispy client said from the face cradle. “Pretty much burnt myself to a crisp sunbathing, but it was worth it!”

“I’ll bet,” Jen said, coating her hands in oil and beginning in on the soft, creamy, sun-baked skin of an unquestionably succulent body. Did she know how appetizing she looked? Did she not look into the mirror thinking, *I’m bound to get gobbled up if I go out looking like this tasty?* No, of course not. Normal people didn’t think about absurd things like swallowing other people whole. This woman had no clue her “Live Laugh Love” tramp stamp might as well have read “Eat Me.”

Jen wiped the drool from her mouth with the back of her hand. This was not the time to be thinking about another human dinner. Besides, she had already promised herself no clients – that was a rule. Then again, rules were meant to be broken... Maybe if she did a really good job, this woman would keep coming back, and in six months, or maybe four, if she was really good about her diet, Jen could figure out a way to isolate her and...

Jen tried to take her mind of the fate she wanted to plan for this woman by occupying herself with the task at hand, but that only made matters worse. As she kneaded the woman’s back, she couldn’t help but acknowledge how tender her flesh was. As she ran her hands down the client’s sides, she marveled at the doughiness of her love handles. The succulent meat clung to



her legs and arms, as well. This woman was larger than Jen, and she wondered if she would be able to swallow her... when the time came, that was.

“That feels fantastic” the woman said. It caught Jen off guard – she forgot her food could talk.

“I’m glad to hear that. Would you flip over for me so I can work on your front?”

The woman obeyed, jerkily moving her cumbersome body on the table to rotate like a rotisserie ham. As she began to rub her shoulders and neck, the woman’s eyes remained reposefully shut under her permanently arched eyebrows, and Jen scanned her face. She was pretty, with high cheekbones under the chubbiness, full lips in a vague smile, and a cute double chin. The blonde hair suggested she was white, but her somewhat Hispanic features suggested it might have been dyed.

As she moved down to the woman’s meaty figure, she noticed that in turning, the woman had forgotten to cover herself with the towel. Sizing up curvy, plump, juicy, mass of flesh, she was glad that its eyes were closed as she found herself unconsciously licking the lips. To think, if she played her cards right, in a couple of months, this could her well-deserved treat for her patience. It was almost too much to bear.

She started to massage the woman’s sides, her wrists grazing the nipples of its massive breasts. She wondered how those would feel going down when she noticed the future meal’s thighs twitching, pressing the two fat hams together. She was accidentally turning her client on, something she was usually careful to avoid going overboard with... but maybe it would be a convenient way to earn her continued patronage. Customers love a good experience, right? And this was a customer for the time being.

As she moved down to the belly that overflowed onto the table, her hands rubbed and kneaded the lump of blubber. Trim little Allison had slid down her throat like a milkshake, but this one would doubtlessly need more work. She grabbed handfuls of her pillowy flanks, and dug her fingers deep into the cushioned belly. The food grunted with satisfaction. She pushed the fleshy mound up from either side, lifting it away from the body, and releasing it, observing with a ravenous relish the belly’s elasticity, the way it jiggled and settled. This wasn’t a usual massage – she was poking and prodding a choice piece of meat. It was almost... no, it WAS too much to bear.

Fuck the planning. When else would she get a chance like this? There were no witnesses. The woman hadn’t signed in. The fact that she hadn’t even shown up until half an hour after closing was enough of an alibi for Jen. How she would get out of the building and back home without being seen did pose a problem, but she could cross that bridge when she got to it. Her stomach had commandeered her brain. There was no place in her mind for anything that

didn't involve that scrumptious thing lying on the table, just asking to be devoured.

A curious idea struck her.

"You know, I have a special body butter that I think you would really enjoy – not every person has the skin for it. Would you like to try it?"

"What? Oh, yeah... sure..." the woman responded, distracted and tranquil, as if stirred from a dreamy trance. Jen hurried to the kitchen, and before returning to her meal, made sure the front door was locked. Returning to the room, she was careful to close the door behind her, effectively sound-proofing the room – she couldn't be too careful. She turned the music up slightly, and further dimmed the lights. She started to feel like a predatory animal, stalking her prey, carefully tilting the odds into her favor so that when the time came, the docile prey wouldn't even realize it was in danger until it was too late. It was a risk, it was a bad idea, it was a *thrill*.

The prey was mindlessly running its fingers along its own belly, but let its arm fall to its side and closed its eyes as Jen approached. It shivered as a splash of a cold substance hit its skin right above its navel. The woman could feel the masseuse working the thick, tacky substance in to every inch of belly, inside rolls of fat, and even down into her deep navel. The scent that hit her nose was strange – not so much that it was an odd fragrance, rather a familiar one.

"This massage butter smells like barbeque sauce."

Jen laughed brightly. "It does, doesn't it? But, trust me, when it kicks in, you'll feel some pretty interesting sensations."

Trusting herself in Jen's professional hands, the woman let the mysterious substance be rubbed by two knowledgeable hands into each breast, trying not to react to obviously to the palm brushing over her nipple. The special lotion was spread up her neck, and rubbed into her chubby cheeks. It smelled so delicious, she was tempted to taste it. As Jen was moistening her arms, the sweet, tangy smell become too much for the woman. Her stomach growled, and she blushed.

"Sorry! It's this massage stuff you're using... it's making me hungry! And I just had a big meal..." it muttered, patting its large, full belly, feeling the gooey layer covering its skin. Jen bit her lower lip, suppressing an overly eager smile. If this meal thought *it* was hungry...

She groped and massaged the fat legs from thigh to foot, taking care to garnish every bit of her skin, under the knee, around the ankles, between her inviting fat toes. Glancing up, she noticed how absolutely irresistible the meal looked from this angle, and decided that she would try swallowing this one feet first. But why add the risk? Because it was worth it.

"Can you flip over again for me? Need to get your backside." The woman obliged, and Jen began back at the top, slathering up the canvas of luscious

flesh. She smeared the sauce down to the flanks, taking her time with the rather juicy rump, working the flavoring into every dimple. The woman seemed to be breathing somewhat heavily, enjoying the attention Jen was giving her nice fat ass.

Moving on to the thick thighs, Jen allowed her thumbs to be pushed up under her ass, grazing the woman's pussy. Her hips squirmed mildly to the subtle sensations. Jen let out a small, personal giggle. Now, now, she thought, I mustn't play with my food.

She placed herself at the feet of her unsuspecting prey, and looked up to a view that made her drool in anticipation. Her stomach was a wild beast, and it let out a roar. She gave it an affectionate rub.

"I guess I'm not the only one who's hungry," said the meal, amusedly.

Jen laughed gently. "My belly is just ready for dinner."

"Oh, I hope I'm not keeping you..."

"Oh, not at all. Now, I'm going to start the next part of this treatment, and you're going to feel that special massage butter kick in. It might feel a bit strange, but you should just relax."

"Okay. Well, I'm ready for anything, so go ahead." Well, thought Jen, it said it's ready for anything...

Ten little fat piggies, drenched in a sweet and tangy sauce, slipped between Jen's lips. The balls of the feet followed, and then the ankles, and Jen angled her body so they would slip right down her gullet into her belly as she worked her way up the hefty calves. The barbecue sauce lubricant was a fantastic idea.

"Wow, this feels really strange. It feels like something warm and wet is climbing up my legs... I like it though. Mmm... It's all the way up my calves now! So weird..."

She now began on the bulk of this sumptuous plump piggy. The massive, succulent haunches towered like great hills before her face. Jen braced herself for the hard swallow and stretching of her lips around those great mounds. It had to be approached slowly, which only meant the experience had to be savored, her tongue lapping at the flesh pressed against it. A different texture mixed in with the steak sauce, adding a pungent, salty flavor.

"Oh my god..." gasped the oblivious prey. "That... oh my god, wow..."

As the savory morsel disappeared inside her, she crawled up on the table as to not alarm her dinner as it went down. As she approached the not-so-small of her treat's back, she made sure to gently pin her hands down her sides. The woman would probably realize what was going on soon, and if she didn't have arms, she would be done for.

"Now it's starting in my fingers... really slowly, though. And mmm... up my belly. Up my wrists... this feels so good! ... Uh... my feet feel funny. They're tingling. It kind of feels like they're burning... Is that normal? Miss?"

The feast lifted its head from the cradle and looked back. At first, she could not tell what was happening in the dim lighting, and even when she made out the bulk enveloping her body, she could not conceive of the situation. It wasn't until she felt her navel being explored by a hungry tongue that shock of panic hit her face.

The prey found itself nearly elbow deep in the masseuse. The fear in its eyes was met by the unsympathetic, almost giddy look in Jen's, who inched slowly further up the rich, voluptuous body. It tried to move away, but found its body so tightly constricted that she couldn't move anything below the chest, including its arms. Jen had her prey where she wanted it, and she knew could take her time.

"What the fuck are you...?" the prey said once it found its voice.

*Gulp.* Jen reached the next roll of fat.

"Stop It!"

*Gulp.* Jen was over the peak of its belly.

"LET ME GO! HELP!"

*That's right, you meaty, juicy, succulent feast, Jen thought wildly, struggle and scream. Scream while I gobble you up. Scream all the way down into belly.*

She slurped at the beefy breasts as they entered her mouth. She grasped her hysterical prey's shoulders and pushed them into her maw. Her belly was growing massive, and it became uncomfortable to lie on it, so she sat up, allowing the prey to look down in its final moments and watch the process of its own demise.

"NO! PLEASE!" its sobbed. "I'LL DO ANYTHING. I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU WANT. I'LL GIVE YOU HOWEVER MUCH MONEY YOU NEED! JUST PLEASE DON'T DO THIS!" it said, as its chin rested on Jen's bottom lip.

Jen paused. The prey whimpered. Jen looked down at the back of the woman's head, a blonde ponytail falling down the side of her Jen's cheek. The prey tried to turn its head, showing Jen its tear-streaked cheek, as though to remind Jen that this was a human being, flesh and blood. And Jen realized what she must do.

She placed her fingers around the woman's elastic hair tie and tugged it away, unleashing her dirty blonde locks. She definitely didn't want that in her stomach.

Jen's slippery pink tongue rose up greedily, and the woman looked up, cross eyed, as a single index finger was placed on her forehead, pushing her down with the aid of a few small gulps. "NO! NO! PLEASE! PLE-" The tears salted the prey's face as it slid against Jen's tongue, then down her throat, as its final glimpse at the world outside Jen's body disappeared behind closing, smiling lips.



Jen rested on the table, licking smudges of barbeque sauce from around her lips. She was surprised that it was able to hold the weight of two rather heavy girls at once. She ran her fingers along the bulges of her stomach, feeling the form of her victim, a large form stuffed inside of her. Packed into a tight space, her meal was forced to curl up with her knees to either side body, sitting like a fat Buddha. Soon, she would become one with the universe of Jen's body, and be reincarnated as a layer of fat. She didn't seem very happy about it, though.

Jen gathered the loose hair from around her face and tied it back with her new hair tie. She let a foot dangle over the edge, kicking it back and forth mindlessly. She had been so absorbed in the pleasure of the moment, she hadn't even noticed her clothes ripping and falling to the floor in shreds. All that remained intact were her panties, which covered so little of her bare new body. Her belly was unbelievably big. It was marvelous.

She figured she could take the time to plan her trip home and, more importantly, digest for a few hours before she headed out. It would be best to leave in the dead of night anyway, so no one would see her. Maybe she could drive with her belly in the passenger seat... yeah, maybe that would work. She would find out later.

She remembered something the meal had said, and a smile came across her face. However much money I need... hm. She carefully lowered her feet to the floor, and once she was able to balance herself, she made her way to the chair where the woman had left her purse. Rifling through it, she found some large bills. Quite a few large bills, actually.

*I'm really going to have to limit myself*, Jen thought, knowing she wouldn't be seeing the inside of this massage parlor again for quite a few days. *Otherwise I'm going to run out of grandparents really quick.*

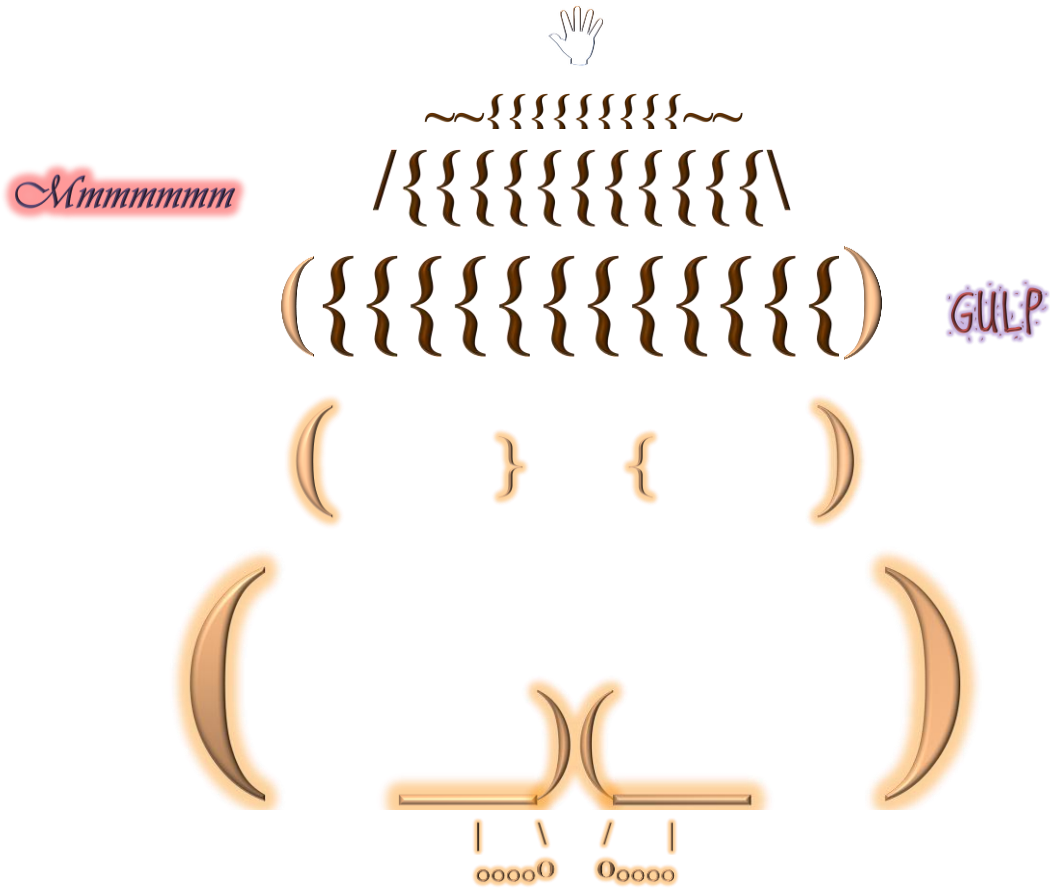
She began counting the devoured woman's money – now her money, by the transitive law of I-Ate-You-Bitch – and smiled to herself. It seemed like enough money to cover, oh, about a week off from work. Maybe two.

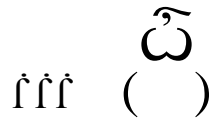


# Part III

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## The Request





Standing before a full-length mirror, Jen was confronted with the reflection of her own pudgy body. She felt like she was overflowing. Her bulging breasts were practically bursting from her bra, and her tummy spilled over her panties. She put a hand on her hip, and her fingers sunk into half an inch of flesh. If she was going to continue eating like she was – and she definitely didn't want to stop – an exercise regiment would be in order.

She bent down to the pile of clothes she had ordered online and retrieved a long black skirt, made with light, flowing cotton and an elastic waistband. Leaning over, she stepped into the garment and pulled it up her chubby legs and around her wide hips. She looked at herself from several angles in the mirror, and then pushed at the elastic band out to see how far it would stretch. Though the skirt fit to her body comfortably, it could easily hold two people. Perfect.

The next piece she took from the bag was a piece she had found in the maternity wear section. She pulled on the red top, which frilled around her breasts and draped over her midriff. Again, she glanced at her reflection from different angles. It did a good job of showing off her breasts while hiding her belly, and there was quite a lot of room for her to grow underneath. These clothes would do until she found a way to control her weight.

Jen had given up on her "goal weight" clothes which she hadn't worn in years and realized now she would never wear again, and her wardrobe had been greatly diminished by her recent weight gain: along with what she had outgrown, she had ripped through two outfits. Along with the latest victim's belongings, she had deposited in the apartment's trash bin a few nights before, just before pickup. She couldn't bring herself to throw out the victim's pink tracksuit, however, caught between the notion that it would fit her nicely and the fact that wearing possibly the last outfit a missing woman had been seen in was a great way to draw attention. So she left it in an otherwise empty hamper in her room, along with the clothes that had once belonged to a meal named Allison. And though, by the very nature of her body, Jen would never fit in those clothes, they had a sort of... sentimental value. A girl never forgets her first time.



It had been just over a week since Jen had broke the news that her grandmother had passed shortly after the departure of her grandfather, and she would need more time to bereave. If all her grandparents hadn't already been in the grave, she might have felt some guilt. Instead, all she felt was paranoia as she walked up to the Hidden Island spa, feeling as though people's eyes were following her. It began with the car on the street being inspected by a couple of police officers. Then she noticed two women walking in her direction who kept glancing at her, and she could feel their gaze on her after they passed. As she walked to the building, she noticed the young delivery boy from the pizzeria across the street standing by his car and staring unabashedly. She wrapped her arms around herself, and glared at the ground as she walked through the large glass door.

They didn't know what she did – how could they? But they were definitely all looking at her... even her coworkers were shooting glances at her. Oh god – were there security cameras in the rooms? She didn't think so, but she had never checked... maybe she was on the news! Oh god, what if everyone *did* know?

“Jen,” came her manager's stern voice. Jen flinched slightly, and looked up, afraid to breathe. “New clothes, I see.”

“Uh, I...”

“You left the tags on, honey.” Jen looked down, and sure enough, she had. The minor embarrassment was overridden by the overwhelming sense of relief. She ripped the slips of cardboard off, dropped them in the trash, and prepared for her shift. The other girls who worked at the parlor handled her with kid gloves at first – *poor Jen, both grandparents in a week* – but her cheery demeanor put them at ease.

“Yes, it was bit difficult to swallow,” she told her colleagues, “but honestly, I feel like I've grown a lot from the situation.”

She soon fell into her work, soothing herself as she soothed her clients, none of whom were too tempting, fortunately. *Just being paranoid*. What she had done wasn't really that bad, she assured herself – though on paper, it *was* murder. Two, actually – did that make her a serial killer? *No*, she thought, *it's like this*:

We eat animals all the time, and if it's wrong to eat people – who are really just animals, after all – then it would have to be wrong to eat animals. But it's socially acceptable to eat meat – which, again, people are made of. Very, very delicious meat.

And say, for instance, a meat-packer fell into a grinder, and he got ground up with the rest of the beef. People probably lose fingers and hands in those things all the time. At that point, you're just part of the hamburger, and you can't arrest the people who don't know they're eating a person. They



would probably just think their burger is especially delicious that day. She licked her lips at the thought of a juicy manburger.

And it's not like I'm doing it for some sick reason or some weird ritual. I'm only doing it because I'm hungry. It shouldn't be illegal to eat something you like – and it's not like humans are an endangered species. I could eat someone for breakfast, lunch and dinner every day until I die, and I wouldn't make a dent in the population. It would help with overcrowding, really.

What a world it would be if she *could* just eat whoever whenever she wanted. *Oh Gina, you're looking rather plump today – have you put on weight? Eating like a pig, you say? It seems to me like it's about time you were eaten like a pig. I'd truly love to have you for lunch today. I may? That's wonderful! I've been keeping some creamy wine and herb sauce in the fridge for just such an occasion. Why don't you slather yourself up and serve yourself on the table in lounge, and I'll be in around thirty minutes or so to gobble you up. You're the best, Gina!*

Or perhaps the opportunity to tell a client, *I'm sorry, but your essence is absolutely mouthwatering, and it's pure torture massing your body without having a taste. Would you mind if I tried a bite? Thank you so much! Honestly, that thigh has been teasing me... Oh my lord, so tender! Because of the yoga, you say? Well, keep it up! I'd hate to think of how imbalanced this must make you... here, let me nibble off some of your arm. Oh, no, I couldn't accept a tip – just promise me you'll let me sink my teeth into that rump next time. Before long, I'm going to turn you into Swiss cheese!*

How wonderful it would be to walk into a nice cannibalese restaurant – *Your manwiches, are they fresh? Oh, I see! How delightful! Well, at least they left you with an arm to man the till... I remember my first job as a teenager – fortunately, it wasn't my last. How many manburgers do you think they'll be able to make out of what's left of you? That many, huh? Well, today is your lucky day because that is exactly how many I want! Really, I insist. Yes, I'm certain you'll fit. Oh hush - Ma'am? Are you the manager? I want this young man right here placed between as many buns as it takes for me to leave with him in my stomach! – Did you hear that? After I'm done, they're going to take a picture of my belly to hang it up as your employee of the month photo! What an honor!*

It was through these utopian fantasies that Jen decided that anthropophagy really was quite a delightful idea, and that a cannibal republic worked quite well in theory. For the Eaters, there was a cornucopia of human meals without consequence (aside from a growing waistline), and for the Eaten there was simplicity, an answer to the meaning of life: you are food. No need to plan for retirement – when you no longer wished to work, you could simply walk to the nearest restaurant and offer yourself as the daily special. Too many mouths to feed? Just focus on the one you can fatten for market. No

more worrying about missing persons – just the contentment of knowing they were thoroughly enjoyed.

Jen realized this imagination involved the presence of others like her - were there others? *If not*, she thought, *more for me*. By this point, she was shamelessly licking her lips, gazing at the morsel lying face-down on the table before her. *You're lucky*, she thought, rubbing the woman's shoulders. *If things were different, I'd would eat you right now just because I can*.

After she finished with the patient, who had a back full of knots that would probably make her too chewy, Jen decided she needed a change of scenery. The dim lights and smell of oil were beginning to remind her of her previous meal, and her stomach was getting excited. When she took her break, she found her coworker not basted and ready to be served but outside, lighting up a cigarette.

"Hey, Gina, can you spare one?"

"I thought you were quitting?" her plump friend responded, with a friendly wink, holding out the pack. Jen took one of the cigarettes and the lighter that Gina offered.

"A smoke once in a while won't kill me," she said, letting a tentacle of grey smoke escape her lips. "You've got to give in a little to your vices." She took a long drag, and released it in a thin stream. She hadn't smoked in weeks... she forgot how much she enjoyed it. It calmed the beast in her belly.

"I think you've got an admirer," said Cindy, making a subtle gesture across the street. Jen looked over in time to see the pizza boy from that morning avert his eyes.

"Yeah, I've noticed," Jen said, rolling her eyes.

"You should go talk to him, mama. I bet he's just your type. I bet you'd love you a greasy little pizza boy."

*As long as he's greasy enough to go slide down easy, that's all I care about*, Jen thought. "Just what I need," she said dryly, after releasing a puff. "A scrawny eighteen-year-old delivery boy who probably lives with his parents. I hope he comes over here and sweeps me off my feet."

"Girl, you'd crush him!" Gina squealed, falling into peals of laughter. Jen looked in his direction again, pretending to be blowing smoke to the side, and she noticed he was still staring, his face red. Gina continued, "I'd join in too! Between our fat asses, we could make him disappear!"

Jen faked a laugh, wondering if Gina might have... similar tastes to her. She was always so jovial, so comfortable with her weight. She considered prompting further, suggesting *You want to go halvesies on a pizza boy for lunch?*, framing it as a joke. But that might come across as too sexual. She could add, *We can have him bring a couple of 2-liters to wash him down*, but that might be too morbid if Gina wasn't drooling at the idea.

Jen was thankful for the cigarette, and the way it calmed her belly, as her next client was a man on the portly side, and she was enticed by her curiosity about how men taste. The thought of her stomach, swollen and heavy again, brought back vivid memories of her previous meal, and she had to push them away as they brought moisture to both pairs of lips. She shook the idea from her head. *I might need to change careers*, she thought, realizing this was getting as bad as her first job as a teenager when she worked at a donut shop.

Her belly was born in that donuterie, first out her desire to taste every flavor, glazed, chocolate, every frosting with sprinkles, old fashioned, maple, jelly-filled, fritters, cronuts, cruellers and Boston creams – before long, she might eat all of these in a day. On weekdays, she would pop in before school to collect a box of day-olds to “share with her friends,” convinced that it would have been wasteful to let them be thrown out. But it was on Saturdays and Sundays, with nearly unsupervised access to the still-hot sweets, that she worked her “full shifts” and she tried to limit herself to a dozen donuts a day (a baker’s dozen, to be more exact) along with the two she was allowed to take per shift – not including donut holes, because those were really too small to count. She had become so adept at swiping snacks that she could pop a whole glazed in her mouth and swallow it in the time it took the owner to prepare a cup of coffee for a customer. There had been a few times, she would have been ashamed to admit, when an especially busy day wiped out their stock before she could meet her quota, and she was guilty of treating herself to leftovers of her favorite filler, stuffing herself with custard like an éclair.

It had been much easier, though, to sneak a donut into her stomach than a client – at least until the owner noticed a correlation between her shrinking profit margin and Jen’s growing waistline. *Everything in moderation*, she tried to tell herself, but she couldn’t help thinking that it was wasteful to let potential meals just grow old and be disposed of in coffins.

After her final massage of the day, Jen walked to the gas station around the corner and bought herself a pack of Slims and a lighter. She stood beside her building, near the side entrance where she had snuck out the week before with a massive gut, though it was hardly more concealed than the front entrance, and lit her cigarette. She closed her eyes, savoring the feel of the smoke hitting the back of her throat. When she opened them, several drags later, she found the pizza boy, again standing across the street, motionless with a slack-jawed stare, two boxes of pizza growing old in his arms. *Beat it, you chubby-chasing little Breadstick*, she thought, turning away, and out of the corner she noticed him fall back into motion, get in the logo-covered car, and drive away.

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Jen tried three different donut shops on her way home, but they were all closed. Pouting, she walked into her apartment and groaned loudly to herself, having been denied her two favorite foods that day. Out desperation, she ordered a pizza, careful to make sure it wasn't from the place across the street from the spa, in case her admirer was the one to deliver it. She undressed – since her two bouts of being too large for any of her wardrobe, she had taken to enjoying walking around her apartment naked whenever possible – and sat on the couch. She turned on the television, hoping to distract herself; immediately, a cooking show came on. Jen grew frustrated when the host started preparing an unexciting slab of meat instead of her plump assistant. She flicked to another program, and quickly found that when you start seeing the human population as a banquet, every channel becomes the Food Channel – especially reality shows.

“What are you talking about?” she asked aloud of the woman stranded in the wilderness with three other people, all of them naked for some reason, when she said she hadn't eaten in three days and there was no food around. “You've got breakfast, lunch, and dinner right there! Eat up before they get skinnier!”

Jen rolled her eyes at the notion of a 500-pound woman who lived with her boyfriend of two years. “Honey, you could fit him in your stomach, and no one would even notice. What are you waiting for?”

It occurred to her that dating might pose some new... challenges. But had dating ever been easy? No. In fact, the situation seemed much simpler now that she realized she could dispose of a man whenever she wanted. The worst thing that could come from a date would be indigestion.

When she put on the news, they were doing a segment on obesity in America. It was on the rise, apparently, and they showed footage of overweight people on the street, their faces blurred as though Jen needed any more help depersonalizing them.

She patted her unsatisfyingly small belly and found her hand traveling down the curve of her belly to the round of her thigh, down to the already wet opening of her body. She circled two fingertips over her clit, sinking into the bizarre, dreamlike fantasies that had become her erotic fascination. Survivalist contestants rotating on a spit over a fire; a 500-pound woman stuffed with her 200-pound boyfriend stuffed in her oven; faceless Americans falling into one end of a machine, coming out the other a link of plump hotdogs which Jen slurped up as fast as it came out. Her revelry was broken by a knock at the door.

She pulled a white robe from the floor and paused before she answered the door. She could see the scene unfolding, a low-budget, cliché porno: she answers the door, naked beneath her robe, simply cannot find her wallet, invites the delivery boy inside, seduces him, coaxes his clothes off, climbs on top of him, pinning him to the couch, and has her way with him. And this would all be fine... until the pizzeria wondered where their driver went, and they had her address, and found his car outside her apartment, and the cops find her with an inexplicably enormous belly and around her lips traces of the ranch dressing she used to lubricate the delivery boy's demise, pretending she had no clue where the cold pizza on the counter came from, nor the employee uniform on her floor.

She only opened the door wide enough to hand over the money and accept the pizza, hiding her body and averting her gaze from the delivery boy, knowing that even the consequences of her fantasy didn't outweigh the allure. She carried the pizza to the couch, took a bite, and crammed the rest of the slice into her maw, compensating with a full mouth in place of a full stomach. Chewing slowly, swallowing, and grabbing the next slice, she slid her fingers back down between her thighs and resumed where she had left off, shifting from fantasy to memory. The flashback to her succulent feast the week prior at the spa was triggered, no doubt, by the robe she was now wearing, the robe which had first been wrapped around the body of her meal, and then had done it's best to cover Jen's, though there was simply not enough cloth to cover Jen and her fully belly. Ultimately, she had snuck out with belt of the robe tied above her swollen gut, and the edges curtaining down either side. She retraced every moment of the incident, from undressing the woman to lying on the massage table for several hours, feeling her stomach get to work on the mountain of meat she had offered it. What put her over the edge, finally, bucking her hips into her circling fingers, was noticing the brown smudges on the sleeve where she had wiped barbeque sauce from her mouth.

When she opened her eyes, returning to reality, she found a single slice of pizza sitting in the box. She wiped her mouth, and found the grease of its compatriots dribbling from the corner of her lips, gobbled up in the frenzy of her self-satisfaction. From the slice's perspective from the cardboard box on the coffee table, if pizza could have perspective, Jen would be composed of a large, round belly and a hand that abducted its eleven peers. "Don't worry, little guy," Jen said. "I haven't forgotten about you. All your friends are waiting." She patted her pizza-stuffed gut and floated the slice over the hills of her body to the abyss of her gullet.



Jen noticed the pizza boy's stares throughout the week. Sometimes he was there when she showed up in the early afternoon, and other times he was walking to his car with a pizza bag slung over his shoulder when she took her smoke breaks. He always had an expression of nervous longing, and it was painfully obvious. Maybe if he was older, more attractive, or at least not a delivery boy, Jen might have considered initiating something with him. *Chubby girls gotta have standards too*, she told herself. It might be worth eating him, she thought, just for the sake of getting rid of him. There was something in his stare that was... unsettling.

Jen was beginning to hatch this plan on her way into the spa when Anne called her into her office.

"Take a seat," she said, indicating the chair across her desk. Jen was on edge – Anne had not been this formal since Jen applied to rent the table.

"What's up?" Jen asked, trying to sit and sound casual in the chair that was a lot less roomy since the last time she had sat in it.

"I wanted to talk to you about something." Anne paused, and Jen held her breath. "Do you remember a woman coming in last week?"

Jen felt her heart begin to pound. "There were a lot of women. We're a spa."

"Her," Anne said, placing a photograph in front of Jen. The woman with a chubby face and high cheek bones looked up at her from the photocopied flyer. She had plump lips, a double-chin, dirty blonde hair, and eyebrows arched in accusation. Jen could feel the color vanish from her face. "Did you see her when you were closing up last week?"

"No one came in," Jen said, her voice small. Her stomach was in knots; for the first time in a long time, she didn't feel hungry.

"Are you sure? You don't remember *anyone*?"

"Alright," Anne said, taking the photo back and pinning it to a wall behind her. "Just making sure. She went missing that night, and the police found her car on this street. They've been asking all the businesses for information. I'll tell them we have nothing to report, I guess. Are you sure?"

"Certain," Jen said, getting up to leave, her hands trembling. She was hardly out of Anne's office when the owner spoke in a lowered voice.

"Oh, Jen." Jen turned around, trying to force a smile. "Don't forget: it's Gina's birthday today."

*Never again never again never again never again never again never again never again*, she thought, hurrying to her car to light a cigarette. She shut her eyes tightly against the tears of fear forming, and when she opened them, she saw, little to her surprise, the pizza pervert staring from across the street. She muttered to herself, "Keep staring and I'll bite your fucking head off."

She looked to the passenger seat, where she had placed the pink box of two dozen donuts she had picked up that morning, enough treats to stay her appetite through the day and keep her from snacking on customers. She crammed a maple into her mouth and focused on the sweetness as she chewed, and almost choked when someone said, "Hey!"

Gina was looking in through her open window. Jen swallowed and gave a weak smile. Gina nodded to the pink box. "Those for my birthday?"

"You caught me," Jen said, her heart breaking as she closed the box, put out the cigarette, and walked in beside Gina, carrying the donuts into the break room.

Some of the girls tried making plans to go out drinking for Gina's birthday, but she refused. "I don't want a big fuss. Besides, Marco said he's bringing me a surprise tonight." She acquiesced, finally, to letting Anne pay for a bottle of champagne and a few pizzas for all the masseuses after closing. "But Jen has to take the order over," Gina said with a wide, gap-toothed grin. "And say hello to your boyfriend for us!"

Jen rolled her eyes as she walked outside with the order in one hand, and the money in another. She bit her tongue as she approached the pizzeria, she walked through the glass door, which rung a bell and alerted the employee, who glanced up with a face that explored in eagerness.

"I need this," Jen said, placing the hand-written list of what her coworkers wanted, and placed several large bills down next to it. Avoiding eye contact, she pretended to be interested in a large advertisement exclaiming "*Two for One\* Tuesdays!*" He calculated her money, and placed her change on the counter. "Can you just bring it-"

"To Hidden Island. *I know.*" She gave him a glance, and he added, "I've seen you around..." A silence followed as he looked for something to say, and she remained coolly quiet. "I'll bring it over soon." She dropped the coins from her change into the tip jar, and walked out, disquieted by the way he said, "*I know.*"

Jen made sure to sneak out the side door when she saw him bringing the pizza so she wouldn't have to see him again, timing her absence with a cigarette. She stood with her back to the street, knowing the boy would be disappointed that he didn't get to see her inside and stare as he walked back to the store. When she heard the door open behind her, she inhaled quickly and prepared for more of Gina's personality, which had proven to be extra obnoxious today.

"Great," she muttered under her breath after she turned around.

"Can I, uh" said the tongue-tied boy, rigidly miming the action of smoking. "Do you have a spare?"

"Sure," she said, holding out her pack and his unsteady fingers wrestled a cigarette.

“And, uh...” He now made the action of using a lighter, and she held hers out. As the first drag hit his throat, he began coughing. Jen noted that he had probably never had a cigarette in his life.

“So...” he said, once his coughing fit ended.

“Mmm?” Jen responded. She was prepared to turn this boy down, but she hadn’t decided yet whether she would be polite or harsh. The latter would probably keep him away.

His voice dropped. “I... I know.”

She froze, and stared coldly at him.

“Know what?” she asked, trying to act cool. She took a long drag and looked at him skeptically.

“That woman that went to your clinic the other week... the fat one. I know what happened to her.”

“I...”

“I know.” Her face was pale, while his was bright red. She tried to talk but she only stuttered. What could she say? She knew this game was a dangerous one, and she had been caught. *Stupid stupid stupid*. She knew it was probably happen eventually, but she was hoping to have a little more fun with it...

“I saw her walk in. And then, uh, later, I saw you leave... alone...”  
*Fuck fuck fuck*. She considered making him *disappear* – she could easily overpower him, but even though the evening was setting, the chance of being seen was too great. Eating a woman in her place of business was risky – eating someone right outside, in plain view, was just stupid. There were cars still on the street. There were people.

“I haven’t able to stop thinking about it since that night, after you walked out in that robe...”

She presses him against a wall, and grabbed the collar of his uniform.  
“Look. I don’t know what the fuck you think you saw, but if you keep talking like this, you might be the next one to go missing.”

“If that’s what needs to happen.” His eyes were wide, and there was something more than fear in them.

“What do you mean?” She eyed him suspiciously.

“Well, I figured you knew I saw,” he said and paused.

“Of course,” Jen said, hot on a bluffing streak.

“And it was only a matter of time before you decided to, um, dispose of me, so... I thought maybe if I came to you, I could, uh, get a massage” He was desperately trying to swallow with a dry throat, his face screwing up in a wince. He looked down the cigarette that he hadn’t been smoking. The ember had died. “With happy ending. Like the one that you gave that woman.”



She glanced him over with narrow eyes – maybe it was a trap, but he sounded sincere. He wasn't a particularly meaty person, but then again, how often does a meal walk up to you asking to be eaten?

“You want me to eat you?”

“Please.”

“How much money you got?”

“I... what?”

“You won't need it where you're going, right?”

“I guess not... I have about two thousand saved up. And I get paid tomorrow.”

“Tomorrow night, then. I'll, uh, give you a massage at my apartment. Let me figure out a plan. I'll let you know tonight. Do you drive?”

“I-I don't have a car. I just use the company car for deliveries.”

“So my dinner will be for pick-up, then.”



Her car's engine purred as he turned the key in the ignition. The clock read 11:45. It was a good plan, she thought – he would cash his last work check and withdraw all the money in his bank, then leave a note at his home, saying he was running away to start a new life. She was on her way to pick him up on a desolate street a few blocks from where they both worked, and take him back to her apartment. She lit a cigarette and held her hand out the window, feeling less nervous and more excited about how full her stomach and wallet would soon be.

She found him at the spot, arms crossed, looking around shiftily. He stared into her headlights as her car pulled up next to him, and he climbed into her passenger seat. He was still wearing his work clothes, smelling like cheese and meat.

“Hi...” He looked at her body in the dim light. She was wearing a t-shirt that left her belly half exposed, and a pair of sweat pants. He couldn't take his eyes off of her body long enough to notice she had taken some time with her makeup, red lipstick and purple eye shadow.

“You didn't change your clothes?”

“I was too afraid to go home.”

“Did you leave the note?”

“Yes.”

“Do you have the money?”

“Yeah.” He adjusted his crotch. He held up an envelope with his other hand.

“Well, get down. Can’t let anyone see you in my car.” He leaned the seat back as she started back to her apartment, his head level with her navel.

“By the way,” he began, “my name is –” But Jen cut him off.

“Your name is Dinner.”

He adjusted his crotch again. “Okay.”

Her belly grumbled, and she gave it an affectionate pat. “Don’t worry, tummy. You’ll have Dinner soon enough.” Dinner grabbed his crotch again.

Once she parked, she scanned the area to make sure no one was around before she hurried him into the building and up to her apartment. He stood near the entrance once the door was closed, timid and alert like a rabbit. Jen wondered how he could be so nervous in greeting his fate.

“Want anything to eat or drink?”

“No, thank you...” Dinner’s voice was small, and he squirmed uneasily where he stood.

“You’re not going to stuff yourself up a bit for me?” she asked sweetly. Knowing the person in her apartment was willingly on the menu made her feel jovial, hospitable even. She felt she should be a good hostess, seeing as this guest would be staying in her body for several days.

“I’d really like to,” he said with a weak laugh, “but I’m just really nervous... I’ve never done this before, you know?”

“Well, you can only really do it once. Maybe some wine would calm you down a bit,” she said. She opened a bottle and generously filled two glasses. She handed him one, and held up hers to toast. “To my soon-to-be full belly!” she said cheerily, and they clinked their glasses before they each downed their merlot quickly, each for a different reason.

“Let’s go to the bedroom,” she said, leading the way with the wine bottle in her hand. He followed behind her, watching the wiggle of her ass in the sweatpants. “Can I see the money?” she asked as they entered the room. His hands dived into his pockets, and he presented her with the wallet, packed with a number of large bills. She didn’t bother counting it as she placed it on her dresser – it felt thick, and she would have done the service for free.

She slipped her sweatpants down and pulled off her shirt – she hadn’t bothered with underwear for the pick-up – and lied down in bed, naked. Dinner stared at her, speechless, as she gazed at him expectantly.

“Well, get undressed. I’m not eating you with your clothes on.”

Dinner bent down and pulled off his shoes and socks. Fumbling with the button and zipper, he finally got his slacks off, struggled out of his stiff shirt, and finally slipped his boxers around his ankle.

“Put them in that basket,” she said, pointing to where she had kept her previous trophies. He obeyed, and she patted the bed beside her. “C’mere. You look yummier than I expected.”

The warmth of her abundant body, and examined her figure as she leaned over to her nightstand to pour more wine. She handed it to him, and he swigged quickly, hoping to lose his nerves. He almost choked on a sip as he felt her friendly hand wrap around his erection.

“Pretty excited about being eaten for dinner, I see,” she cooed. She felt his cock throb in her hand.

“I, I mean, yeah, but also...” he started, almost too flustered to speak. “Also you’re really sexy.” She laughed.

“Oh, you don’t have to flatter me, silly. You’re the only one that might need to be buttered up here.”

“No, honestly. I think you’re really attractive. You’re so beautiful... and you have a perfect body. I love how big your tits and your ass and your belly are... I think you’re the most gorgeous woman I’ve ever seen. You’re so beautiful, I want to be part of your body.”

Jen was blushing at this point. Now she was the one that was almost speechless.

“No one has ever told me that... that was really sweet.” She brought her face over his, and whispered “thank you” as she gave him a soft, slow kiss. His expression was stunned and dreamy with infatuation, plastered with a wide smile. Her belly growled, and she added: “but I’m still going to eat you.”

She sat up, and pulled the boy’s hand to her plump stomach.

“Are you ready, my Dinner?”

“Y-yeah.”

“Okay, little morsel – where shall I start? Top or bottom?”

“My feet. Please.” She crawled to the foot of the bed, intentionally waving her wide ass for him to see, and settled herself by his toes. Grabbed his feet, and licked her lips.

“Hope you’re comfortable. This is the point of no return!” she said, running her tongue over his toes. He stared, wide-eyed at the woman on her knees at the foot of the bed, as his ankles disappeared into her maw. As she began on his calves, he found his hand instinctually reaching for his groin. He grabbed his erection and rubbed furiously, looking into Jen’s hungry eyes. She made satisfied moans as she grabbed his thighs, and pulled him further down her throat.

As she watched him masturbate, something clicked in her. It was a wild sort of turn on, knowing the person she was eating was enjoying it... That he was enjoying being gulped down, that he had gone so far as to sacrifice himself to her stomach. A hand glided up her thigh, and her fingers pressed into her wet slit, coating themselves in her natural lubricant as she gyrated against her hand. She looked at the meal, who seemed to be in an open-mouthed trance as he pumped himself staring down at her.

She moved her wet hand up to his swollen flesh, and his hand fell away as she took a slippery grasp onto him. Her prey's legs disappeared further inside of her as she assisted in providing his final cum, but time was running out. She reached the base of his cock, her mouth basting his balls in saliva. She wiggled her voluptuous hips, and a seductive look in her eyes said "cum for me, baby – I want to finish eating you."

Her belly gave a vicious roar, and slipped her lips an inch further up his shaft. She wanted to let him enjoy his cock's final moments, but her belly was demanding, and she was drooling so much, it lubricated his entire waist. In an erotic, gastronomic haze, he couldn't help herself... *shlurp!* – it was only a few inches, but now only the head of his penis peered out from between her lips.

She felt it throb one last time before he couldn't hold it back – he exploded, sending hot, white jets of cum all over himself; his stomach, his chest, his neck and face, frosting him like a donut.

His entire body relaxed, and Jen started on his mid-section, eager to fill her growling belly. He was easy to eat – he was much skinnier than his previous meal, and simply slid down her throat, especially with his front greased up with his frosting. Dinner crossed one arm across his chest, making him more compact and more easily swallowed, while the other seemed paralyzed, grasping the sheets above his head.

Each swallow brought him further inside her, and she could feel her belly expanding against the forearm of the hand that was furiously pleasuring her.

"Thank you..." Dinner said, as her lips closed around his neck.

*Gulp!* she responded, pulling his head into her mouth; with a hard swallow, his head was down her throat; with a *shlurp*, his arm slid between her lips like a noodle, and he was snugly packed into her belly. As soon as his fingers descended had her throat, her body convulsed in orgasm

"My Dinner," she moaned and clasped the sheets, her toes curling. "You filled me up so good."

She turned around, and lied on her back. It was nice having a meal in bed – it let her focus on the pleasure of digesting. But that wasn't the only pleasure. Her fingers found their way back to her tender pussy, and ran against her clit for another round, making her writhe excitedly. She looked down at her body, and stroked her distorted belly affectionately.

She felt... sexy. Even without a belly this large and full, she felt *sexy*. Maybe she was a bit plump, and maybe her appetite was rather... peculiar, but someone found it erotic. And that someone now called her large, bulging belly home – or at least, he would for a few days. She saw his figure squirm around inside her.

"That's right, baby," she breathed. "Squirm for me." It seemed as if he could hear her, because he began to trash more wildly within his fleshy case.

“More!” she moaned. “You’re my dinner, so you belong to me. Satisfy me, you morsel.”

It put Jen over the edge. Her fingers frenzied as her mind swam in a pleasure greater than she had ever known. Time stood still for a sweet moment, and she found herself grinning, fingers and heart rate slowing down. The pleasure of a victim in her belly, mixed with a good cum... it was a feeling greater than the sum of its parts. Only one thing could make it better – she grabbed for the red-and-white pack on her nightstand.

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By the time Jen woke up from her pleased exhaustion, Dinner had tired himself out, and she mindlessly pet her belly. She lit a cigarette and settled cozily into her bed.

As small burst of excitement came over her as a thought occurred to her: maybe he wasn’t the only person interested in this. Maybe she could find herself more willing meals, happy to become part of her big, beautiful body. Willing to make her sexier. Willing to offer up their life savings for this greater purpose. Maybe she could even make a living out of charging for her “massages”... she let out a long trail of smoke.

She licked her lips and felt he edges of Dinner’s body beneath her flesh as a full-bellied euphoria continued to wash over her. The cannibal cabal takeover of the government might have to wait. *But*, she thought, finishing the thought aloud: “I think it’s about time I went into private practice.”

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## About the Author



*Phil Herb Elly residing in his new home in Hatch, Minnesota.*

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Phil Herb Elly is a well seasoned writer, who rose to fame virtually overnight. Renown for being palatable to large audiences, Elly has been featured in Readers Digest, and nominated for the Man Eater Award. Established literary critic Donna Hatch describes Elly as "a writer who resists you at first, but before you know it, becomes part of you ... nuanced and complex, yet easily digestible. Get a taste, and before you know it, you're devouring Elly's whole body [of writing]." Originally from Vermont, Elly has recently settled in the Mid-Waist.