

Twisting Tables Turned

Evening had drawn a dark blanket of black and stars when a car slowed to a stop outside a small apartment complex. Sitting inside was a mother and daughter, they're intentions foul as they gazed at the building nearby to a particular lit window.

"So this is where that tutor lives?" the daughter asked her mother.

"Mhm, now you remember what I taught you about devouring, yes Eliza?"

"Yes, mother." She said with a nodded. "Wait until a moment of weakness and strike, devouring the prey before they have the slightest chance at escape."

"That's my girl, now go up there and don't come back to you got a belly full of screaming meat."

With a confident little smirk, she got out of the car and made her way inside, taking the elevator to the third floor. There, she strode right up to her target's door and gave it a few knocks. After a moment or two, it opened to reveal a young woman with brown flowing hair and emerald green eyes behind a pair of glasses. She seemed like a friendly sort, though somewhat chubby in size. Eliza smiled.

"Hi there, are you Tina?"

"U-Um, yes. Can I help you?" the woman answered politely warm grin.

"Yes, my Mom called to set up an appointment the other day and I figured I'd just stop by to meet my new tutor!"

"O-Oh, um sure. C-Come on in then." Tina stepped to one side, allowing Eliza passage.

"Thanks. Oh yeah, how do you feel about smoothies?"

"I-I love them."

"That's great! Picked up an extra on my way here you can have."

"Wow, thank you."

"No prob!" She said with a beaming smile. Now it was just about waiting for her opportunity. Couldn't take too long, right?

An hour had come and gone and nothing, absolutely nothing! Here she was, sharing the couch with her would be meal and watching a movie! This should've been over and done, yet

the opportunity never seemed to arise. With patience running thin, Eliza was half-tempted to throw herself upon Tina with jaws agape and devour her here and now. However, the wheels of fate are notoriously slow to move, but move they do. Though it took much longer, the opportunity finally fell on her lap. Without breaking her gaze from the TV, Tina reached for the drink and put its straw to her lips. A brief smirk flashed across her face before she put up the facade she brought with her.

“Hey, do you mind if I get a glass of water?”

Mid-slurp, Tina nodded. The girl then promptly got up, but instead of grabbing that glass of water, she positioned herself Tina and prepared for the act of devouring. Her lips, curled in a smile, slowly opened as her arms hovered her prey’s shoulders, but before she could act, there was a knock at the door. Suddenly, Tina rose from her seat and as she turned, Eliza found a very large, fat tit coming swinging with the force of a boxer’s knockout punch connecting a powerful blow to her head and sending her to the floor hard.

“Oh my god, I’m so sorry! Are you ok!?” Tina said frantically as Eliza’s consciousness started to go. “Look, long story short, watermelons do something weird to my breasts an-and um, look just stay right there while I get the door o-ok.”

The last thing Eliza saw in her shrinking vision was Tina turning around and opening the door to someone in crimson skin.

When consciousness returned to Eliza, there was just more darkness. A hot, humid darkness that moved around her every nook and cranny, a strange, unsettling gurgling noise hanging in the air as thick as the acrid air. She tried to move, stretch her arms and legs, but the blackness around her kept forced into a painful ball. Then, her ears picked up the muffled sounds of two women talking, as if they were conversing another room. Wanting to escape this strange place, Eliza began to thrash with steadily increasing intensity, soon resulting in screaming.

Outside, Sybil and Tina were sharing a bit of a chat when Eliza’s voice suddenly interjected from the fat crimson stomach hanging from the demon’s torso, jumping and down as the young woman fought to escape her confines. Sybil just chuckled and gave her belly a firm

slap.

“Heeeey, looks like someone’s finally awake!” She bellowed, pressing her stomach inward and tightening an already cramped space. “Heheh, any way you were sayin’, tits McGee?”

“So, um I was helping a friend with a science project and well, now my breasts grow when I eat or drink anything with watermelon in it.”

“Uh huh.” muttered Sybil, slowly looking down at Tina’s monster tits before slowly looking back up. “Man, you humans never stop gettin’ weird huh? Anyway, I better be gettin’ back home before Charlotte calls about this movie. Thanks for the meal, tits.”

“Uh, ye-yeah.”

With a snicker, the demon departed with a bellyful of a potential predator; inadvertently devouring the young lady that would’ve been Tina’s grave. Oh if Sybil knew that was the case, she wouldn’t let anyone forget it. Whistling a tune, she was strolling down the sidewalk when she noticed an older woman parked outside the complex.

“Hey uh, you lost or something?”

“No.” The woman scowled before looking back at her book.

“Yikes, alrighty then lady.” muttered Sybil and continued down the sidewalk. “Lucky I already got a bitch in the gut or you’d be next.”

The woman looked to the building again, then, starting up the engine, she drove off into the night; never ever knowing how close she was to maybe saving her child...*maybe*.