

The Unruly Prince at Poolside

Summer was in full swing with that blazing hot sun making the world hotter than microwave set on high and thick with humidity. As per the rules of summer, anyone who didn't want to sit in a room with the air conditioning set to freezing was hitting the beach or the pool and among them was Tina Breaur, the almost ever hungry, bespectacled brunette, was hitting those hot sands for a pleasant afternoon and she wasn't alone. Being great pay and the only sitter that hadn't had their job description changed to *lunch* in the past week, Tina was spending her afternoon watching over the gluttonous Prince Evan, a young boy who hailed from the land of Nagabah, and today.

As Tina relaxed by poolside, tanning under that blazing orb high above, the boy watched her from little above the water's surface; voracious machinations ticking in his head. He'd been wanting to devour that chubby young woman since day one, but the opportunity never seemed to come and unfortunately, seeing as she was his only ride home, this wasn't one either...well, that's what he would've thought if he was a told older and wiser. As soon as she dropped her guard, she was going down his thro-

FWAP!

From out of the blue came a wayward beach ball at relatively high speeds, bouncing off the side of his head pretty hard.

"Oh my god, I'm so sorry!" came a blond-haired teen swimming over to collect her beach ball, her body toned and curvy likely from a school sport of some kind. "You're not hurt little guy?"

Without even looking, she just grabbed her beachball and joined the rest of her friend; Evan's glare at her back. Tina meat was now longer on the menu. With a deep, deep breath, he dove beneath the surface and with the stealth of a great white shark towards the teenager. He didn't know if she was the one who sent that ball soaring into his cranium, but he didn't care. It was *that* one who was going in his belly today, whether she wanted to or not.

Swimming amongst the moving legs of girls having fun, he studied each and everyone of them until he found his target. With a wicked smile, his body began to change, his legs morphing into a snack tail that grew longer and longer towards its full length. Once preparations

were complete, he took one more breath of air and struck.

“Tammy, knock it off!” laughed the teen, her friend splashing her. “I swear to god I’ll-”

With a great splash, she suddenly pulled between the water’s surface, a flurry of bubbles in place of where she once stood.

“Carrie!” yelled one of the girl’s friends, each one looking at one another as the bubbles quickly dwindle to one. By the time they even thought to investigate, Carrie’s fate was sealed. Evan surfaced on the other side of the pool, his stomach three times its size with the stolen teenager. Now came the struggle of exiting the pool with his prize and digesting her away into a nice hearty slop.

“Ahem...” came the clearing of a throat as the boy ascended the pool ramp. Freezing up, he slowly looked to his right to find Tina looming over him...and sporting a gut as fat as his was, maybe even more so! He could make out multiple faces, hands, feet, and voices coming from within, all muffled by the walls of meat between them and the outside. He glanced at the pool where the girls friends were and found no longer there. He could guess the point she was going to make.

“Are you seriously eating one person out of a whole group?” She scolded with a harsh whisper, arms folded over her bosom and resting on the top of her swollen midsection.

“HAVen’t you ever heard of a thing called leaving no witnesses.”

Suddenly, the two of them winced as they felt something come back up, their cheeks swelling up for a brief second before-

BWWROOOOUP!

Tina covered her mouth, the bassy gut blast still echoing throughout the park.

“Evan.” She said after a bit. “Get your things, we’re leaving. And *no* dinner tonight.”

“Awww..” The boy grumbled, pouting as he and Tina quickly gathered their things and scurried off being their gastrics made even more of a scene than they already were. All eyes followed them along the way and only when they departing did some semblance of normalcy return, with most either wondering what poor souls ended up or was just glad not to be *lunch*.