

### *Consequences of Gorging*

With a huff, the prince of Naga folded his arms across his chest in a huff. It was bad enough he was dragged thousands of miles away from home for some stupid fat american's political summit, but having to be babysit by the foriegn pigs? That was an insult. While Clara departed to mechantions unknown, the prince's armored steward left him with a babysitter, Tina Brauer. Though she promised she'd be back in an hour, that hour was steadily stretching for what seemed like an eternity. As his eyes followed Tina moving about her home, cleaning up some last minute things, he quietly debated on having his Tina steak now or later, though he imagined Clara wouldn't be too happy if she came back to a prince that had dessert before dinner.

"Crap, I knew I was forgetting something." muttered Tina at the fridge, grabbing the boy's attention from his mischievous thoughts. "Well...that woman isn't coming back for another hour or two..."

She turned to Evan.

"Hey, I need to step out real quick to the store and grab pasta and a gallon of milk. It'll just take me, eh, thirty minutes, can I trust you not to cause any trouble?"

Evan nodded, his fingers crossed in his pocket as she collected her things and going to the door.

"Ok, good. I'll be right back." She said before quickly leaving out the door. Evan watched on as there came the sounds of locks sliding into place and footsteps fading from earshot. He sat there for a moment, looking around, but in five minutes time, boredom was already gnawing at his nerves and trouble he was off to make; wandering into the kitchen for something to sate his ravenous royal hunger. He searched the kitchen for something to help him get to the shelves when he noticed the blankets lying on something. Ripping them free, his eyes lit up in wonderment. Hidden beneath the sheet was two hefty boxes of Double O'Sweet brand cookies. He quickly opened it, grabbed one of the cookie bags, and ripped out the first one to bite out. Never had he had a cookie so delicious! Immediately, he was feeling so much happier than he was since Clara left him.

In ten minutes time, he dragged both the two he found and a third he found stashed away into the living room. Upon grabbing a glass of water, he got to work with his first handful, shoving them in his gaping jaws and taking a moment to chew them to mush, high pitched *Mmmmmm!* escaping his muffled, drooling lips as the incredible danced on his taste

buds and once he swallowed the empty space in his gob would only remained empty for a second before another pile of cookies graced it. His belly swelled with every mouthful swallowed and packed inside, the organ happily gurgling as it got to breaking the chocolate cookie mess down.

Glancing at the clock, there was a bit of panic. Tina would be here at any moment to separate him from his prize and while he could weather a scolding (After all, he's had plenty), he wasn't about to lose out on these cookies! Instantly, he began shoveling all those cookies in his maw with animalistic desperation, barely taking a moment to chew before swallowing it all. Rabidly, his stomach bloated and swelled, churning loudly with its load of contents.

***BWWWOUUUUUOURP!***

Even covered his mouth and looked to his gut. For a moment, there was a tinge of regret. Then he tasted cookie and he completely forgot that regret in place of that hunger for moment; continuing his slaughter of cookies.

***UURRRRROOO-OORRRROUP!***

Forty-five minutes since she left, Tina returned home; knowing not what happened in her absence.

"Oh my god, I'm so sorry." Tina said, quickly entering and closing the door behind her, letting the purse slip of her shoulder onto the end table nearby and throwing the lock's latch in place. "I got caught in traffic and then somebody turned into a blueberry and exploded in the supermarket's cold drink section, so I had to wait 'til they cleaned that up before I could get the milk."

Suddenly, a thunderous belch froze her place. Slowly, she turned around to face the living room. There, lying in the middle of the living room, surrounded by the crumbs and empty boxes as evidence, was a fat brown orb dotted with a belly button rising high from a little boy's body. She was awestruck, left without words, for a minute or two before sighing in defeat. Tina got out of her coat and took to the sofa beside the boy, the thunderous gurgles and groans of a stomach pushed to its limits filling her ears.

"I hope your happy." She began to scold, but her words fell on depths ears. Evan was well and truly deep into a food coma. It wasn't until a few hours later that he snapped out of it thanks to the call of nature guiding him to the bathroom to absolutely destroy the porcelain

throne. When the deed was done, out stepped a fattened Evan, tanned rolls of flab spilling out from his schoolboy uniform. Only one that came to mind as he looked himself over.

Clara was *not* going to be happy about this.