

### *Assassin's Admiration*

Midnight, December 13th going into 14th. Hours ago, a woman's scream echoed into the shadows of the rich part of town, the place where the politicians and the rest of society's elites resided. By the time police arrived, it was too late. There wasn't a body, there wasn't a perpetrator, both long gone without a trace by the time officers searched the premise.

By the time word hit the news, the assassin entered his small apartment in the ghetto. From his exposed midsection bloomed a massive orb subtly shaped in the form of his mark: Adrianna Cortez, a young up and coming celebrity with a loud mouth some oil company wanted silenced and it would be none other than a young man codenamed Doomtaker.

With a sigh, he pulled down the mask that normally and tossed the package of cold hard cash on the table. While he made his way from the door to the bedroom, he slipped out of his clothes, his stomach gurgling and grumbling and sloshing along the way. Adrianna had long stopped squirming since he got her, but she wasn't fully digested. No, she was tired, lightheaded, and barely there, still alive as her body was steadily broken down. Once he was in his room and stripped down to his birthday suit, Doomtaker threw back his long, raven-black hair and looked at himself in the mirror. This was his nightly ritual after a job well done, before hitting the sack for a well deserved rest, he'd stand in front of the mirror and watch as his marks added some curve to his sexy, feminine form. And this one was already packing on his backside. He smirked, having a good feeling about this one

"Please..." Came a weak voice from his bulging midsection, catching him slightly off guard. Be the shrinking definition, he figured she was gone. "Please let me out. Why are you doing this to me? I didn't do anything to you."

"Sorry, just business." He replied with nothing but the utmost professionalism. "I don't have anything against you, ma'am, just doing what I'm paid too."

"But this...this is too cruel." his belly retorted. Doom took a deep breath, then sighed.

"Yeah, I won't argue with your there." One hand patted his gut sympathetically, while the other caressed the underside of his gut. "But when contractor wants someone gone without a trace, without a trace they're going to get. All I can do is just offer you my sincerest apologies and try to make you comfortable."

"Fuck your apologies." she shot back, up to her neck in digestive juices while the walls rolled around her body. She lost the feeling in her body, now she was just angry and delirious. "If you were sorry, you'd let me out. You would kill me in the worst way possible!"

“That’s what they all say, but it's too late now. All I suggest is you relax and sleep. You’ll be in a better place soon.” He said, not taunting or teasing her, but speaking with the utmost sincerity. After all, what did she do to deserve this? Nothing really, someone wanted her dead and he always had a tendency to aim for the cute girls, whether he knew or not. “Sleep tight in there.”

Almost on cue, Adrianna finally passed out, the acids promptly rising over her head soon after. Now that she was no longer talking back and taking out his fury on him, he went back to looking over his body’ stomach steadily shrinking with soft *blurbles* and low *gurrrrrgle*. As with any lady he devoured as part of his job, his body steadily padded out in a feminine way, giving him girlish curves that would taint anyone who laid eyes on his bare form. It was subtle, but his eye was so used to it, he was keen on the changes. This time it was his rump that got some love and while he quite liked it, he was seriously beginning to consider a feel male contracts to even things out.

After another hour, his stomach was back to as it was before Adrianna slipped down his gullet. Patting his thin stomach, he flopped down on the nearby bed. It was another job well done. Did he feel a bit guilty? Maybe a little, but nothing that wouldn’t pass with time; especially if someone wanted the person who hired him dead next. Either way, if he let guilt ever get the better of him, he would’ve stopped working as an assassin years ago.

Taking a moment to calm his mind, Doomtaker slipped into slumber. Somewhere in his fallen pants, his phone buzzed with work, but work could wait. For now, it was only dreams and tomorrow night, his work would begin anew.

His stomach grumbled, craving the next unfortunately soul it was paid to digest.