

Bathstuck

An Odd Vore Story

Major Characters:

Eulalie Paquet: A young woman that Shelby met on 8/8, 2020. She was born in France, but raised in America by her single mother. She has short blonde hair styled in a messy bob, green eyes, and a slight accent from her mother.

Ji-Yu (Ji) Dae: A young woman who works at a café, and Wesson's fiancée. She is the daughter of a pair of Korean immigrants who moved to America with their families when they were young. She has short, dark brown hair, black eyes, and occasionally wears glasses when she reads.

Shelby Dumont: Ji-Yu's best friend and former roommate, and Wes's cousin on his mother's side. She was the one who introduced Ji and Wes to one another, and has a married older sister named Jade. She has brown hair (dyed purple), brown eyes, and has an odd disliking for fish that borders on a phobia.

"Holy shit."

"I know, right? I love Wes, but he is horrible at math."

"No kidding..."

Eulalie sat across from her friend and predatory protégé, Ji-Yu. The two girls were currently sitting at a table in a small little sandwich shop near Ji's new apartment, where they were currently enjoying lunch together. And by "enjoying lunch" I mean... Actually I do just mean enjoying lunch. Currently, both girls had empty stomachs, save for the three and a half sandwiches that were currently inside of them (but come on, we all know that is empty for them), as they had not yet discussed what they were going to do for their next course. No, at this moment, the two lovely ladies were simply having a friendly conversation. About what, you ask?

Well... About boobies, of course!

“Ahh... I still can't get over the fact that you managed to eat twelve people. Twelve! For the larger percentage of Preds, that number is almost unheard of! The limit for most is, like, eight, and that's with some discomfort!” Eulalie said as she gently pressed her finger into Ji's left breast. She watched as the flesh deformed beneath it, almost enveloping her finger and giving Eulalie an odd mix of satisfaction and jealousy. Ji giggled and hefted her shirt stretchers in her hands, slightly obscuring the lower half of her face.

“I know! I keep trying to think back to that night, but my brain just cannot compute it. I remember the feeling, being that full, but when I look at the picture Wes took, I just kinda...” She dropped her breasts and made a head-explosion gesture, her mountainous mammaries jiggling heavily from the sudden drop. Eulalie watched them jiggle for a minute, then looked down at her own boobs.

Now, Eulalie was definitely an impressively proportioned lass in her own right. Her breasts were larger than that of most other ladies that she has met. But when she looked at Ji-Yu, at the amount of growth she has gone through both as a person and as a Pred since Eulalie met her, she just felt kind of... Inadequate. She was supposed to be the senior Pred, and she definitely loved talking with Ji about Vore, but now she couldn't help but feel disappointed in herself when she thought about how much bigger Ji has gotten than her, both in the belly and boob department. Apparently, it showed on her face too, as Ji stopped smiling and looked at her, before apparently realizing where her head (and eyes) were at. She awkwardly looked around the sandwich shop for a moment, taking a head count of the amount of people inside, before she grabbed Eulalie's hand and started smiling again.

“Hey. What do you say we clean out this sandwich shop, huh? I'll let you take the first pick...” Ji said, singing that last sentence trying to cheer Eulalie up. Eulalie smiled and looked at Ji's face.

“How many people are there?” Eulalie asked.

“Well, between the other customers and the employees, I think about seven. Hey, wanna make it a race long on our beach trip last summer?”

Eulalie's stomach let out a gurgle, and Eulalie's smile turned into a hungry grin.

“Whoever manages to eat the seventh one wins an ice cream sundae from the loser!”

“Deal!”

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<Seven Hours Later...>

As Shelby opened the door to her girlfriend's home, she noticed two things. First: She noticed that Eulalie was not sitting on the couch rubbing a nice, large belly for Shelby to cuddle, and second: That Eulalie REALLY needed to tidy up. Upwards of twelve takeout boxes were scattered on the table from Eulalie's dinner, as well as various soda cans and snack bags from the space in between lunch and suppertime, and there was even a bra laying on the floor over near the shelf that held all of her DVDs, though having once been roommates with Ji, Shelby admitted that it was hard for a Pred to bend over and pick all that junk up with a gut that's literally the size and weight of a Human being or three. Shelby walked in and closed the door behind her.

"Eulie? Hon? Are you in here?" Shelby said as she stepped into the apartment. She had come over at this time because she had received a voice message from Eulalie saying that she "needed help" and to "come over right away", so needless to say she was worried. Was Eulalie hurt? Was she making herself food and accidentally burned herself? Maybe she tripped over an empty can and smacked her head into a shelf? Or maybe she had gotten sick, and was throwing up bits of... Oh. Oh god no. Nope. Nope nope nopety nope nope. I am not pulling the pin on that half-digested grenade.

Shelby waited a moment for a response, then repeated herself. "Eulalie? It's Shelby! Where are you!?"

"I'm in the bathroom..." Shelby heard a voice come from the rear end of the apartment. It sounded oddly quiet and muffled, as if the person it came from was embarrassed and was covering their face as they said it.

"Say again? I couldn't quite hear you."

"I'M IN THE BATHROOM!" This time, the voice was pretty loud, very clear, definitely embarrassed, and most certainly belonging to Eulalie. Shelby started speed-walking towards the bathroom, throwing her keys on the couch as she passed it on her way to the bathroom. As Shelby approached, she wondered what she was going to find inside, and as she placed her hand on the doorknob, she noticed that the floor she was standing on was wet.

“Oh boy. Eulie! I’m coming in!” Shelby said, turning the knob and swinging the door wide open. She expected to find something scary. Something she wasn’t equipped to deal with, like Eulalie lying on the floor with a broken ankle after slipping while taking a shower.

Instead, when Shelby opened the door, she saw Eulalie, laying in the bathtub, wedged into the tub by a belly filled with what appeared to be about four people. Aside from her belly and face, the rest of her body was almost completely covered by an absurd amount of bubbles, which smelled faintly of lemons. A mixture of water and bubbles were running down the sides of the tub and spilling onto the floor, where there was a plastic bowl randomly laying upside-down amongst a half-empty bottle of body wash with the lid popped off. Why was the floor covered in water and bubbles you ask? Well because, from what Shelby could see, not only was Eulalie’s belly stuck between the walls of the tub, wedging her inside, but it was also too big for her to reach around, or even see the faucet. Eulalie’s face turned beet red as she hid it behind her hands, clearly embarrassed by this rather hilarious turn of events.

And what, you ask, did Shelby do when she saw her girlfriend in this position? Why, the same thing her cousin Wesson Forstner did when he learned about his girlfriend’s odd eating habits:

Shelby started laughing her ass off.

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“S-STOP LAUGHING AT ME!!!” Eulalie squealed at her girlfriend from the bathtub, her body shivering in embarrassment and helplessness. Shelby steadied herself on the sink as she laughed, trying to prevent herself from falling on the floor so as to prevent her pants from getting soaked. After about two minutes (seriously, I timed it) of laughter, Shelby managed to calm down enough to speak.

“I... I’m sorr-HaHAAA! I-I’m sorry! It... HAAAAAA!”

Okay, well... Half-speak half-laugh, anyways.

“C-Can you just turn of the stupid faucet!?” Eulalie said. She hid her face in her hands again, hiding the little tears welling up in the corners of her eyes. Shelby, still laughing a little in-between breaths, walked over to the front of the tub and turned off the faucet, which allowed the water spilling over the edge of the tub to finally stop. Shelby rolled up the sleeve on her hoodie and reached her arm around Eulalie’s massive belly and into

the bubble-covered water, swishing it around in a rather poor excuse of a search for the drain plug.

“Where is it?” Shelby said, struggling to find the drain. She moved her hand over in another direction.

“EEEE *BUOOOOOOOOOORRRP*!!!” Eulalie squeal-burped. “S-SHELBY, d-dear... That is m-most certainly NOT THE DRAIN TO THE T-TUB.” She said as her face turned an even deeper shade of red than it already was. Her belly let out a large gurgle as something inside of it shifted a bit in response to the squeal-burp.

“OH. OOPS. SORRY. I-I THINK I GOT IT NOW.” Shely turned a bit red herself as she realized what she had just touched, but managed to find the plug nonetheless. She pulled it up, and watched as the suds-covered water slowly but surely started to drain out.

“Okay, I’m going to get some towels to mop up the floor a bit. It’s really slippery in here, and I know you literally cannot see your feet to watch where you step, so...” Shelby said as she wiped off her arm. She paused a moment at her hand, her face deepening in its red hue, something that Eulalie seemed to notice.

“Y-Yeah, okay...”

A few minutes passed, and Shelby had returned with a bunch of extra-large towels (Eulalie knows how to dry off a belly), and setting one aside for Eulalie, since the towel that Eulalie grabbed earlier would clearly not be sufficient this time around, she began to cover the wet floor in them.

“Okay. So, while I’m doing this, how about you explain to me how you got yourself stuck in your own bathtub?” Shelby asked. Eulalie let out an embarrassed sigh (which is basically just a regular resigned sigh but with more voice cracks).

“Okay... Well...”

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<Thirty Five Minutes Earlier...>

Eulalie had just finished dinner, consisting primarily of chips, soda, chinese takeout, and the girl that delivered it to her. Before she met Shelby and co. back in August, Eulalie

would have only eaten one person and been full for a week, but since she had started hanging out with Shelby and Ji, watching Ji's appetite grow at rather alarming speeds, her own hunger has started to increase as well (granted at a much more controlled pace). As such, when she lost the race to Ji during lunchtime and watched her eat that fourth customer, she had left the empty sandwich store feeling somewhat dissatisfied with her three-person lunch.

Well, that, and she was trying to catch up to Ji in breast size.

"I still can't believe the size of those things..." Eulalie looked down at her own large chest, which was resting on top of her squirming belly. She placed her hand on the sides of her boobs and squished them a bit, watching as they deformed from the motion. It was fun, sure, but not nearly as satisfying as poking Ji's huge melons was. Eulalie sighed and dropped her arms, staring at her gut and listening to it gurgle and blorp for a minute while the TV played in the background.

It was at that point that she noticed something: Sauce. Sweet and sour sauce to be specific. There was a large smear of it near the top-front part of her belly, where she had apparently managed to knock over a little cup of the sauce on the table in front of her. She sat up a bit and looked at the rest of her belly, then at her clothes, where she found a bit of soy sauce on her blue-grey top.

"Oh, damn..." Eulalie said as she tried to lick the stain off her shirt. Unfortunately, soy sauce is best removed with soap, water, and time, not saliva and an oddly erotic boob-licking session. So, with a bit of effort, Eulalie managed to heave herself off the couch. She turned off the TV and waddled over to the bedroom, where she took off her clothes, going ahead and using her shirt to wipe off the sweet and sour sauce smeared on the front of her belly since it was already probably permanently stained, and threw them in the hamper. She took a moment to look at herself in the mirror, staring at her naked breasts for any sign of growth, but when she determined that they were the same size as they have been for a few months now, she let out a small sigh and resigned herself to the bathroom, taking her phone with her in case she decided to order fifts while she was showering. However, when she went to turn on her shower, the shower head refused to spray water.

"Hmm? What in the world..." Eulalie took the shower head down and inspected it. It didn't seem to be clogged, and aside from a little bit of rust on the shower mode-changing switch (which she hardly used anyways), she couldn't find any real issues with it.

“Shit.”

You see, here inlies the dilemma of a bathing Pred: It’s hard to fit your belly into a bathtub. They’re only designed to hold one person at a time, and with Preds... Well, you get the idea. Now, normally if there’s only one prey inside a girl’s belly at once, she can manage to fit herself in with only a little effort, maaaaaybe two if her prey were particularly short, but four full-grown adults inside of her gut? No way.

Eulalie stood there for a moment, rubbing the top of her tummy as it churned away in front of the rest of her naked body. It was still a bit sticky from the sweet and sour sauce, but she was able to reach all the areas she needed to worry about cleaning with her hands and the loofa wand, so as long as she only sat on the wall of the tub and didn’t actually get inside of it, she could probably just use a bowl from the kitchen to give herself a rinse down.

“Yeah... Yeah that should be alright.” Eulalie put down her phone on the tank of her toilet and turned on the faucet. She took a moment to adjust the temperature, and when she was satisfied, she plugged up the drain and waddled to the kitchen to get a bowl for rinsing herself off. It took her a moment to find a bowl that was clean and that she didn’t mind using to bathe herself, but after a minute, she found a medium-sized plastic bowl that would work well for her purposes. She grabbed it, returned to the bathroom, and closed the door behind her.

“Easy now...” Eulalie said as she steadied herself against the wall while stepping into the tub. Her belly made it difficult to maneuver, and the water sloshing in the tub made it rather difficult to get a good grip with her feet. However, this wasn’t Eulalie’s first time getting in the bathtub with a gut literally four times her usual weight (give or take), and after a minute, she managed to get inside and sit her ample booty down on the wall of the tub.

“There we are.” Eulalie shivered a bit as the cold porcelain of the tub touched her bare bottom, but she got over it quickly. She grabbed the bowl and scooped up a bit of water before pouring it on her belly to give it a quick rinse before soap was applied.

It was at that point that she realized that she did not grab the soap before she sat down.

You see, the way that Eulalie’s bathtub-shower combo was constructed gave it two rows of shelves in the corners through which to place her various self-cleansing

supplies. The problem is, Eulalie's arms aren't long enough to reach the top shelf, where the soap bottle is, while sitting down.

"Oh... Shit." Eulalie said as she looked up at the bottle. She looked down at the water in the tub before gathering her courage and attempting to lift herself up. Fortunately, she actually managed to succeed, and was holding the bottle of soap in her hand when someone inside her belly decided they were tired of being still for whatever reason. Maybe her lunch was having a belly space dispute, or perhaps the delivery girl was tired of laying on top of the other three people and decided she wanted to be on the bottom now. Regardless of the reason, Eulalie's belly started squirming like crazy, prompting her to lose her balance and slip, causing her to fall straight down into the tub, dropping the soap bottle in the water along with her, which caused the lid to pop off and half of the soap inside to leak into the water. The bowl, which was laying on the wall of the tub, was pushed off as Eulalie's massive midsection bumped into it as it fell straight down, wedging itself, and the confused french-born blonde woman who was attached to it, within the small confines of the tub. Eulalie, shocked and confused by what just happened, placed her hands on the walls of the tub and tried to lift herself up.

"*HHHHHHNG-UURP*... Oh fuck."

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<The Present>

"Then, after I managed to reach my phone and called you, I fished out the soap bottle and tried to use the leftover soap in it to loosen up my belly from the tub... But that clearly didn't work. So, I just sat here hoping you got my message as the bubbles and water kept going." Eulalie said. Her eyes were tearing up a little bit as she finished, not that Shelby could blame her. She was stuck in a goddamn bathtub for half an hour, pinned down by a combo of porcelain and her own tummy. Shelby was aware that Eulalie was a little claustrophobic (which makes sense when you're big enough to get stuck inside doorways and cars often), so this was probably a bit of a nightmare for her. Shelby flattened out the wet towel on the floor so Eulalie would have a place to stand while she dried herself off, then stood up.

"Let's get you out of there, sweetie."

Shelby held out her hands in front of Eulalie, who grabbed them tightly with her own. After confirming that she had a tight grip, Shelby put her right leg behind her for support and started to pull on Eulalie's arms.

“One... Two... Three! *HUURP*”

Now, Shelby had helped both Eulalie and Ji stand up with a full belly before, quite often actually. But that was normally when they were trying to stand up from the couch or a chair, where they had the use of their legs and one of their arms to help push themselves upwards. But with Eulalie laying in the bathtub, her legs pinned flat by her gut, she was incapable of helping Shelby lift herself up, not to mention the fact that said gut was currently wedged between the tub’s walls, adding another layer of resistance to this rather awkward scenario.

Shelby let go for a moment to reposition herself in a way to give her better traction on the slippery floor, then grabbed Eulalie’s arms again, this time grabbing her by the forearms for better leverage.

“*HERRRRRRRNG*” Shelby grunted as she struggled to free her girlfriend from the confines of the tub. She let go once again, attempting to work out a solution in her head.

“Damn. You’re really stuck...”

Eulalie let out a shaky sigh. It was clear to Shelby that Eulalie was starting to freak out a little bit. She let out a nervous burp. “*BUORP*”

Suddenly, Shelby got an idea. She leaned in close to Eulalie’s belly and placed her hands on it.

“Shelby? What are you-”

“Gimme a sec...” Shelby quieted Eulalie as she felt her stomach. The people inside of her gut seemed to still be alive (for now), and occasionally Shelby would feel a bump or small movement as they shifted around inside of her.

“I knew it. Your preys are still wriggling.” Shelby grinned. Eulalie, on the other hand, just seemed confused.

“Uh... Y-Yeah? I mean, I just ate them all today.” Eulalie’s eyes darted back and forth between her belly and her girlfriend. Shelby, smiling mischievously, picked up the plastic bowl from the floor and walked out of the room.

“S-Shelby!? Where are you going?” Eulalie shouted.

“I have an idea!” Shelby yelled back from the kitchen. Eulalie heard the sound of her fridge opening and something hard being dropped into the bowl, which was followed by the sound of water filling the bowl and little crackling noises. “Sweetheart, what are you doing in there?” Eulalie asked cautiously. She loved Shelby, but she could be a bit... Let’s call it “cryptic”.

A few moments later, the water sounds stopped and Shelby returned with the bowl, now filled with ice cubes and water. Eulalie reflexively shivered looking at it. “Please tell me you aren’t going to pour that on my tummy.” Eulalie grabbed her belly at the thought of it, though the size of her stomach prevented her from reaching very far. Shelby shook her head.

“Nope. Not on your tummy. In it. You’re gonna drink it.” Shelby said, smiling mischievously. It took Eulalie a moment to get what Shelby was doing, but upon feeling a small kick inside her, she figured it out.

“You’re trying to get my food to squirm around to wriggle my belly free.”

Shelby beamed when Eulalie said that. “Exactly! With them squirming around inside you, they might dislodge your belly!”

Eulalie took a moment to think about it, but eventually nodded yes and took the bowl from Shelby’s hands. “Here goes... Well, my body temperature, I guess.”

Eulalie opened her mouth and drank all of the ice water in one gulp, which she realized was a bad idea on two counts. One, she got brain freeze so intense it was like she just ate an entire parlor’s worth full of ice cream, and two, a few of the cubes sloshed out of the bowl and landed in her cleavage, making her shiver and her nipples harden nigh-instantly. She felt the ice water travel down her throat and land in her belly, making it very cold all of a sudden. Fortunately, that was the plan, and the second that the frigid water entered her giant gut, it started wriggling like crazy. There were bumps, muffled squeals, shivers, handprints, and even the impression of a face for a moment as her unfortunate prey were subjected to the cold. Shelby, seizing her opportunity, grabbed Eulalie’s arms and pulled with all her might, and when one of Eulalie’s meals managed to kick at just the right angle...

“HNRRRRR*-WOAH!” Shelby stumbled a bit as Eulalie’s belly finally came loose, giving Shelby the ability to struggle hard and pull her gluttonous and cold girlfriend up from the evil bathtub. Eulalie managed to get her legs underneath her enough to push, and a moment later, Eulalie was standing outside the tub on the towel that Shelby had laid out for her to dry off on.

“Here, Eulie. I’ll towel your belly off.” Shelby said as she grabbed the towel she set aside earlier. However, when Shelby placed it on the giant shaking orb of fat and sexual energy in front of her and started to rub, she heard a sound. A sound no good partner wants to hear from their significant other: Crying.

Shelby looked up to see that Eulalie had once again covered her face in her hands, and was currently sobbing. Shelby dropped the towel and immediately took Eulalie’s hands away from her face and held them, revealing the tears streaming from her eyes.

“What? No. Why? What’s with the tears, hon?” Shelby asked in... Well, in her own way. Eulalie shook her head and looked down towards her belly.

“I... I just... *SNIFF*... I should have known better!” Eulalie spoke through her tears, causing her voice to shake as she talked.

“Eulalie.” Shelby put her hand up to Eulalie’s face and wiped away a few of her tears. “It wasn’t your fault. You were just trying to clean yourself up a bit...”

Eulalie swatted away Shelby’s hand in frustration. “No! I knew it was a bad idea before I even stepped in the tub! But I wasn’t thinking! I was too busy feeling sorry for myself because Ji...” Eulalie stopped for a moment, realizing just how silly what she almost said sounded. As she turned herself around to hide her embarrassed face, Shelby’s made a puzzled look. “Because Ji... What?”

“No. It... It’s stupid.”

“Eulalie. C’mon. What’s up?”

“It’s not even important. Just...”

Shelby grabbed Eulalie’s shoulder and pulled on it slightly, nudging Eulalie back in Shelby’s direction. “It’s important to me. What happened between you and Ji?” Eulalie shook her head.

“No! Nothing happened! N-Not like that, I mean. Ji and I are getting along fine.”

“Then what’s wrong?”

“It’s... It’s Ji’s... Her b-b-b...”

“B-b-b what!?”

“HER BOOBS!!! THERE! I SAID IT! I’M JEALOUS BECAUSE JI-YU HAS BIGGER TITS THAN I DO EVEN THOUGH I’VE BEEN A PRED FOR WAY LONGER!!!” Eulalie shouted in frustration, before covering her face again and starting to cry over the perceived stupidity of her reasoning. Shelby just stared for a moment, watching her girlfriend cry as she tried to think about what to say to her.

“Of course they’re bigger than yours. You are an ass-gainer.”

Yeah, probably not what you were expecting, huh?

Upon hearing such an odd combination of words, Eulalie stopped crying and looked up at Shelby’s face, which was completely serious looking. “I... What?”

“An ass-gainer.”

Eulalie continued to stare at Shelby, now even more confused. “W-What? What in the world are you talking about?”

Shelby pulled out her phone and pulled up an article on Vorum before she handed it to Eulalie. “Read this.” Both confused and intrigued, Eulalie listened.

“To understand the way that your body will change as you continue to feast on passerby and tasty delivery men, It is important that you understand which of the three categories of ‘gainer’ you fall under: Boob-gainers, as the name implies, tend to have the majority of their nutrient intake go straight to their boobs, ass-gainers tend to gain the most weight in their booty and their hips, and mixed-gainers, who generally tend to have a rather even weight distribution between their boobies and their butts. An easy way to determine which you are is to take your own measurements, have a nice, large dinner of two people (or three if you think you’re ready), then take your measurements again after you’ve had time to fully digest!”

“What in the... When was this posted?” Eulalie asked.

“About a month ago, but it’s a fairly accurate article. Ji’s boobs are so huge compared to yours because, aside from the fact that she ate twelve people, she is a boob-gainer. You, on the other hand, are an ass-gainer.” Shelby took the phone back from Eulalie.

“And you know this how?” Eulalie asked, knowing that Shelby has never asked for her measurements before.

Shelby grinned and walked around Eulalie. “Because between our date nights and various times in the sack, I have seen your booty enough times that I know it better than my own. Seriously Eulie, have you ever seen your backside in the mirror before?” Shelby laughed a bit and smacked Eulalie’s butt, watching it jiggle heavily in response to the force applied. “Or have you just been too focused on your chest to look?”

Eulalie squeaked in response to her booty getting slapped, but when she placed her hand on her butt to rub the pain away, she noticed that it was rather soft, and definitely big. She looked at the bathroom mirror, and after waddling over to it, she turned her body in a way that allowed her to look at her butt. Shelby was right. Aside from the red handprint on her right cheek, it was quite the sight to behold. Shelby walked up next to her.

“Feeling better about your body now?”

“... Yeah. Yeah, I think so.” Eulalie smiled as she rubbed her booty and squeezed it a bit. Her face no longer blushing... Well, not out of embarrassment, that is.

“Do you... Wanna take your body over into the bedroom with me?” Shelby leaned in close to Eulalie’s ear and whispered. Eulalie smiled and turned towards Shelby. She placed her hands on Shelby’s arms, holding her before lowering them and quickly removing her shirt in one fluid motion, revealing Shelby’s c-cups held by a purple bra the same color as her hair. This time, it was Shelby that turned red.

“Definitely. I gotta get this tummy sloshing. My booty won’t grow any bigger on its own, you know...”

THE END