

A Bit of Ritz and Eggs

It was pleasant Wednesday morning, the smell of pancakes, bacon, and eggs filled the air with an enticing, mouthwatering aroma. You and your husband, a beautiful young man with feminine features, were sitting in the kitchen. While you enjoyed the first few sips of coffee, your honey was hard at work conjuring up the tastiest breakfast. Already your stomach growled, eager to have its fill. It was seeming to be just another morning.

That all came to a sudden end with the break of glass.

Before you knew what was going on, a tall viera of toned, muscular stature practically exploded into your home, taking your husband by the throat in a powerful, bone crushing grip. He let out a choked yelp before a bright light engulfed the room, blinding you in the process. When the bright white fades back into your dining room, the Viera's sitting on your lap, drinking your coffee.

"Hey there, good lookin'." she says with a shit-eating grin, holding up a egg for close inspection.

"W-Who are you!?" you cry out before looking around and realizing something was missing. "Where's my husband?!"

"Oh this guy?" she gestures to the egg in her hand. "I don't know what a cutie like you sees in him? Sure, he's cute, but he hardly looks like he gives head better than a cactuar. By the way, name's Ritz."

"Yo-You're joking, r-right?" you question in utter disbelief.

"Nope, this egg here is your boy toy." she steals a sip from your coffee and sets it down with a sigh. "Speaking of which, whatever he was cooking smells delicious, just a whiff is making me feel starved."

The viera reaches for the fork lying beside your plate, takes aim, and with a quick jab, pierces the bottom before putting it to her lips; crassly slurping up its contents. The sight leaves you frozen in shock, yet deep in your chest, your heart flutters and the blood rushes to your head, both the one on your shoulders and the one between your legs. Your eyes follow both gulps, glued to the lumps sliding down her slender, chocolate-hued neck and when she's down, she crushes the empty eggshells in a tight fist before tossing the pieces over her shoulder. The look she gives you sends a chill down your spine, a piercing gaze with that annoyingly smug grin.

"You're getting hard over me killing your boyfriend?" She utters, the words slicing right through you like a blade. "Well, if you liked that, you're gonna love what I'm going to do with you."

Chuckling to herself, she grabs your throat and as she clenches tightly, you feel the aether flowing through you, twisting and changing your body. You let out a cry, but it's cut short as your face melts into your body, all of it curling into a smooth, oval white shape. Once the transformation was complete, she rose from her seat, slid her pants down to expose her bare, darkened rump, and spread a cheek to one side. With slow care, she slips the end into her puckered hole and miraculously, it slides easily inside without a cracking in the slightest, where it was guided by muscular undulations towards her the pit of her stomach.

Letting out a sigh, Ritz caressed her toned midriff before noticing the breakfast sprawled out across the dinner table. She let out a half chuckle and smirked.

“Well, it would be rude of me to let all this good food go to waste.” she remarked as if what she just did wasn't rude enough. With that, Ritz greedily dug into all that delicious food, cramming bacon, eggs, toast, and pancakes down her gullet and washing it down with the entire jug of juice. With stomach slightly fat and round, she fell back in her seat, the contents of her guts sloshing about until coming to a stop.

“***HUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUOURP!*** Phew, that was good.” Ritz remarked, lazily tracing circles around her now chubby midsection. “Might regret it later, but totally worth it.”

Snickering to herself, Ritz propped her feet up on the table, making all the plates clatter, and kicked back for a nice little nap before heading off to likely eat someone else...or just rob them *and* eat them.