

Nancy let out a small sigh, hiking her drooping pack back up to her shoulder, as she pulled out her phone to double check the address. Yeah, this was it, the pleasant, chipper suburban home that loomed over the short, bespeckled pre-teen like an evil fortress from one of her computer games.

It wasn't that she wasn't also excited, it was just the fact that her overactive imagination was getting the best of her, along with the fact that she had only ever done the training courses at her local library when they still offered them. But this was the real deal, a real, young child that she would have to take care of for the seemingly endless next couple of hours.

But Nancy closed her eyes, took another breath in, and walked up the smooth pathway up to the oakwood door, and gently rapped her knuckles against it. The hoodie wearing dork stepped back from the door, her pale, freckled face doing its best to maintain the wavering smile as the sound of internal foot steps got closer and closer.

"Oh! You must be Nancy, it's so nice to meet you!" Out from the shadows of the entry way was a giant of a woman, her build putting even most normal sized men she met to shame, not to mention dwarfing the barely five foot build of the young teen.

"H-Hi! Y-Yes, here to babysit, nice to meet you!" The words flowed through the braces framed teeth, as Nancy bowed her head and shot her twiggish pale hand out, the warm, motherly and sensual feel of the mature woman engulfing it firmly, but gently.

"Don't be so nervous dear, you're alright." The words were genuine, filled with both care and concern for the shaking girl, who simply nodded her head. Moving her massive hips out of the doorway, Nancy stepped inside the warm, snug home of a house, looking around in awe at all the lavish art and the off cream colored wall. It was inviting, and the stress was immediately washed off of Nancy like a morning shower.

"So, me and Paul will be going out for dinner tonight. We will only be gone two hours, and we will be a ten minute walk from the house. The emergency contact is on the wall, you can order pizza if you get hungry, cash for that is on the fridge, and Sarah is in the living room. Any questions?" Nancy looked up at the plump lipped smile, and simply shook her head, understanding what she needed to.

"Excellent. All I need you to do is make sure Sarah is fed and changed if need be, she is a good girl, and I know you two will get along just fine." A small pat on the head was all Nancy got, before the behemoth of an employer grabbed her purse and evening coat, and walked out the door.

Shaking her head quickly, Nancy could barely process what had even just happened, the instructions slipping out of her ear as the house around her changed back to normal size, the sounds of the car out front pulling away bringing her mind away from the deep void of imagination, back to the real world.

Taking off her sneakers, Nancy walked her way into what she assumed was the living room, the sound of cartoons blaring away, and sitting there on the white sofa was a young girl, no older than the age of three at most.

"Hi there Sarah, I'm your babysitter for tonight!" Nancy smiled, crouching down a little to get on the tikes level. Not a single response came from the babysat, the child simply watching the flashing colors on the TV, her slouching posture lazy enough to put any manchild on the internet to shame.

The little girl was pudgy, potbellied, and her thighs were roly and thick, Nancy had to double take as she looked at the ill dressed girl, a pair of racy panties and a baggy t-shirt the only thing covering her peach colored skin.

“S-So... Sarah, what are you watching? Mind if I take a seat?” Nancy tried to begin a conversation, not even fully aware of if the girl could even speak or understand words. Finally, the seemingly cold girl looked at her with a bored face.

“Why do you care?” Nancy’s face went cold at the nasty, cool remark, her jaw dropping at the cattiness on display. Quickly shaking it off with a chuckle, Nancy gave the couch a little, awkward bounce, clapping her hands.

“Well, I actually really like cartoons too! I just don’t recognize this one is all.” Once again that cold, indifferent face, cruelly judging the now shivering geeky girl who just simply turned her attention to the TV, not wanting to invoke a bratty rage from the bitchy child.

The two of them simply watched TV for the next half hour, before the gurgling sound of hunger floated up from the dommed up babyfat of the young girl, lofting straight into Nancy’s now reddened ears.

“Sounds like someone is hungry huh?” Nancy tried to say in a goofy voice, wagging her fingers with a quick, gentle poke to the pink tummy. Nancy did her best to maintain a smile, but it was getting harder and harder to with each passing moment the young frowning stared at her.

“H-How about I order a pizza...” Nancy sighed, defeated in trying to get the girl to be anything more than the miserable little TV addict that she was. Nancy felt a chill run up her spine, and a harsh, clasp pain shoot into her arm. Gripping onto her with the strength of a weight lifter, was Sarah’s small, clammy hand.

“H-Hey! W-What are you doing?” Nancy gasped, her heart skipping every other beat in distress as Sarah got up, her fatty body wobbling as she looked deep in Nancy’s fear stricken eyes.

“You look yummy. I want to eat you.” Sarah said, her words childish but sincere, drool beginning to build up her chubby cheeks. Nancy tried her hardest to get the tight grasping hand off without hurting the girl she was supposed to be watching, but this just led to her other hand that could have led to freedom being bound as well.

“Y-You need to stop! I’ll tell your mom!” Nancy whimpered and whined, trying to pull away, knock Sarah off balance, anything, but it was all useless, the surprisingly heavy girl standing firm, and just staring at her soon to be preteen meat.

“I hope you taste as sweet as you smell, I really like how you smell.” Nancy was screaming at this point, her eyes filled with tears, as the sound of Sarah opening her mouth with an ‘ahhh’ filled her ears.

“PLEASE SARAH! STOP!” Nancy shouted, but she immediately went quiet as the loud splatting of warm, wet, foul smelling toddler tongue hit the side of her face, and dripping drool splashed down onto the other side of her head. It wasn’t possible, it wasn’t possible, there was no way that this child could eat a bigger kid like herself, at least, that’s all that Nancy wanted to believe.

She didn’t stop believing it, regardless of the reality of the situation, her body vanishing from the real world, was she was dragged into the fleshy tubes that was the short preschoolers throat, the invasive tongue tasting every sweaty inch of pale skin that it could.

Nancy wailed, the innards tight, sickening, and she hadn't even reached the quickly approaching stomach. The second she did, she wished her face was back in the straining neck, the bubbling acids and shlop from earlier meals awaiting a kiss from their latest arrival.

All the girl turned snack could do was gag and sob as her face was smashed into the mushy brown crap that softened the face first touch down, her body curling down along with her, as gummed and chewed up food caught in her once fairly well kept hair.

After another moment, all of Nancy's strained body was trapped in the tight, gurgling, pulsating chamber. She had tried to check her phone, but was just met with a vibrantly haunting screen of water damage, and no bars. Despair was setting in, as the sounds around her were getting louder and louder.

"S-Sarah... c-could you let me out?" Was all Nancy wanted to ask, wincing as she pulled off her glasses that had crushed into her face, the sting of acids mixing with her blood causing her to let out an animalistic cry. Digestion began to kick in, and Nancy could only hum one of her favorite game over themes, hoping that she would wake up in her bed, scared, but alive, ready to babysit an actual girl, and not some voracious monster.

Such a thing didn't happen, her skin peeling off, followed by her meat and innards, mixing around and slowly bubbling away. On the outside, Sarah let out a low, grumbling belch as she patted her stomach, intently watching the TV, ignoring the snapping of spines and tearing of weakened flesh that had been her babysitter that she just devoured.

It took another thirty minutes or so for the first gassy fart to expel from the grimacing toddlers panty covered ass, as she grunted, upset at not only the older girl she could no longer remember the name of for making her tummy so upset, but also that she would have to get up and used the restroom.

Crawling of the couch, the now much more flabby girl wobbled her way over to the downstairs restroom, her black undies stretched, her t-shirt now a tight fit, as pulled her bottoms off, and planted her pale, sweaty cheeks down onto the plastic seat cover.

The sound of foul rotten air blowing out her rippling ass echoed inside the bowl, before a shlopping mess of turdified teenager splashed down into the bowl, Sarah's head placed onto her palm, a constipated look of anger on her face as another splitting log fell.

"Mommy isn't going to be happy about having to clean you up..." Sarah complained, her legs kicking back and forth as she pushed another stubborn chunk out. Nancy could only watch in horror as her once physical form was pushed out like any other waste, before realizing that something was far more wrong than the fact that she had just been eaten by a child.

Sarah sighed as the last little bit of poop spilled onto the rest of the pile, as she grabbed a glop of TP, wiped her ass, and scooted off the toilet. The mountain of dung didn't even get a bit of attention, as Sarah pulled her panties up, and walked back to the living room, as the soggy pile began to fester, forgotten till the knowing mother got home, and crossed another girl off her list of available help.