

Emily sat firm inside the public stall, sitting above the open toilet bowl in her panties. Recently Emily's body has changed in unexpected ways. She could swallow entire people. She also suffered from rapid digestion when her anxiety flares up.

Emily sighed,

"How many does that make this week?"

Emily looked down at her pudgy stomach peering over the most recent layer of breast fat. She had developed an odd erotic habit lately. Even though it caused her anxiety to intensify she had to feed this desire.

The door to the bathroom burst open, the pudge on Emily's belly shrank as she jumped. The sound of highheels clacked against the tile.

Peeking out between the cracks in the stall she could see a tall robust, business woman fixing her lipstick in the mirror.

Emilys stomach growled as she eyed the gorgeous woman. She adjusted her blouse before walking towards the stall Emily was in. He stomach lurched as she approached she couldnt resist and jumped out at the woman.

Before she could react Emily had forced her jaw over the woman's head. Droves of saliva dripped down her torso soaking into her clothes. She began to kick her legs. In a mad attempt to save herself she attempted to push off of her attacker only to force herself into the awaiting stomach.

Emily took advantage of her almost willing meal. Her powerful maw soon overcame her legs sealing them tight, as she licked her lips. The high heels covered

in slober clacked against the tile before being tossed into a nearby trash can. Emily relaxed inside the stall her most recent meal thrashed against her stomach walls. The busy purr of digestion rang out. The occupant squirmed as the heat intensified.

"Much better" Emily exhaled as she placed a hand on her stomach. The mass now pushing in like a water balloon.

"If I can get myself a few more meals like this." Emily pulled at her inner thigh with her other hand. She swallowed down a moan, resisting her sexual desire. With sudden force the door burst open again. The chance for self romance would have to wait.

Emily jumped at the sudden entrance. Her stomach receded rapidly, and the faint sounds of digestion fell silent. Emilys body reacted immediately filling her bra and

panties. Emily could feel the straining strands of fabric on her underwear. Emily attempted to stifle the gas but failed. An ear shattering belch shook the stall. A pair of rose colored half digested panties splattered against the door.

"omg" A snoby voice pierced Emilys ears from outside the stall. The smell of the most obnoxious perfume invades the stall.

"Thats honestly the grossest thing ever" A half chuckle pierces Emily heart. The insulting womans grin turns cruel. She pulls her phone out and begins recording.

Emilys face was beet red, she felt her face heating up. She locked eyes with a godly Asian milf. Her eyes are hurtful forcing needles into you with her sadistic glare. She holds the smartphone in one hand as she plugs her nose with the other.

"You reek like your cheap outfit" The voice made Emilys stomach lurch. Emilys bowels couldn't hold out any longer. She expelled her last meal into the bowl. Emily felt a sudden dreadful shame envelope her.

Her verbal assaultor began to laugh as Emily cries. She could feel herself becoming angry. She looked through tear filled eyes at her tormenter.

"Your disgusting" she howled in sadistic laughter. Emily became consumed in anger.

"I bet you taste disgusting" Emily whispered in a mutter. She didnt even notice your remark, a mistake she would regret. Her stomach growled in agreement she bolstered herself and lunged.

Emily shot up, grabbing the hands and

forcing them the bitchea waist. She barely had time to scream as Emily lifted her into the air and forced her body down her throat. Her phone clacked against the tile. coming to rest against the corner of the stall.

Emily smiled sealing her lips around her meal. She belched and the smell of expensive perfume filled the stall. Quiet screams and sobs barely escaped the well padded walls. Emily felt a sense of pride in her actions. She was doing the world a favor putting this one down the drain.

Her stomach began to constrict, the sounds of panic becoming more apparent. She thrased violently, load gurgles drowned the scream. The heat and vibration sent arousing chills down Emilys back. Soon a small pudgy puddle had replaced the excitable lump.

Emily could feel the last of her slipping into her intestines. She stood up and removed her panties. Destroyed with her last expulsion she tossed them into the bowl.

She sat back down and began to fill the bowl with remains. How many graves had she flushed over the last year? She pulled the fatty additions to her plump thighs. Breathing shakily she forced herself off of her pussy.

Emily traveled from place to place, camping out in busy areas. Emily would eat who or whatever came into the same bathroom as her. Her stomach would make quick work and made it almost a sort of game. Testing the Toilets, how many people could she swallow and expel before the system clogged with the remains.

Emily finished reliving herself, she had filled the bowl, bits of clothing were mixed into the mess. Emiky smirked as she watched it all shrink slipping into the sewers below.

"You werent terrible, but that perfume smells like shit." The enduring bra strap gave way. Letting loose the massive breasts they were containing. The new flesh was always sensitive, the sudden release shook them against their torso. A euphoric scream echoed from within the stall. Her weak knees gave way, Emily returned to her throne with a plop. Shivering in bliss she wanted to leave, as another hunger took priority.

She reclaimed her senses and listened for anything. She couldnt hear anyone approaching. She was about to leave before a cold breeze shook her to her core.

Her clothes wouldnt fit her, if she burst her bra then her bottoms couldnt fit either.

Emily sighed, she had some money from previous meals but she couldnt go out naked. As she thought, the doors opened and closed in a rush. Another wave of cold air brushed against her.

Emily looked outside only to be met with eyes looking back. The door to the stall flew open. Another woman charged at Emily, she came out of no ware. Emily opened her mouth to scream in shock. In all the commotion she slipped right into Emilys maw. Emily reacted to late and swallowed them before she could protest.

Before she could speak to her stomachs latest resident. She could feel here temperate rise, she became hot again. The shock sent her body into overdrive. Her lust reignited she struggled to maintain

focus. As quickly as the meal arrived it was gone.

There was no hesitation from the unnatural voracious metabolism. A choir of gurgles slipped away. Emily burped quietly, her breast expanding into her cupped hands.

"That's the stuff" Emily began to drip onto the toilet. Not an unnatural reaction but one she hoped to avoid. Emily shook in orgasm puddling her climax on the floor in front of her.

Emily panting lended forward, Noisily she filled the pot. Splattering the remains and sending them down. Emily was much calmer now. She felt in control and was ready to get something new to wear.

Voices flooded the room with an argument. Emily peered between the

cracks. A blonde girl about her build held the door open, as a brunette with glasses and a hair bun strutted in.

"She ran off screaming about a bathroom"
The blonde chirped up optimistically. The burnett looked at her coldly.

"I heard what she said before she ran off, simpleton." The remark made the blondes face dull.

Emily sat back in the stall a lump in her stomach as her blood ran cold. Emily looked out at the two as they searched around the room. Emily could hear her heart beat. Pounding as they stepped closer she tried to hold her breath. She wanted to vomit, she could feel it in her throat.

"Maybe she went to a different bathroom"
The blonde muttered to the burnett. She

sighed, swiveling to meet the blondes face.

"You know, shockingly you may be right"
She jeered with a mockingly sick cheery voice. The two of them sat quiet before starting for the door.

Emily sighed, letting her guard down relaxing her body. She forgot about the feeling of vomit. In here haste a wet belch lept from her lips. A wallet scared from the unnatural acids pushed open the stall. Gastric juices covered the door as the wallet slid down.

The two eyes Emily before shifting to observe the remains of the wallet. The face on Id only partially digested horrified the pair.

They were frozen in awe at the bizarre implication. Savagely Emily burst out grabbing each woman by the wrist,

putting their hands inside her mouth. Each protesting without the ability to fight her off they were pulled in.

They attempted to retrieve the captured hand, the feeble attempt was thwarted by the greedy grip Emily commanded. She swallowed pulling them closer to her.

Panic had overtaken them, they could only fuel empty screams. Emily swallowed pulling both of their arms deep inside the impatient stomach.

Emily pulled the bottom wear and belongings from the blonde. She averted her eyes to look at the brunette. She striped herself keeping her mouth closed and trying not to cry. Emily had to open her mouth to remove the tops, if she made a mistake it was all over. She gripped both of the shirts and breathed deep.

Emily released her grip ejecting the burned

and singed appendages. She tore the shirts off catching the blonds bra as she did. Tossing them aside she grabbed the brunettes bun as she attempted to run.

"I never liked you bitch" she spat at the blonde pushing her between Emily and her. Emily took the chance to swallow her. grabbing her with her mouth. Emily lifted her into the air, legs jiggled as they swung. Only visible momentarily they slipped down with an audible slurp.

The brunette watched her get sucked down, she disappeared between the predators lips. She watched the powerful swallow pull the rest of the girl down into the potent acids. Fear overtook the Burnett. She tore her bun from Emilys grasp. Emily partially satisfied watched as the brunett tried to escape.

She attempted to run, slipping on the

juices on the floor. As she fell backwards Emily caught her on her massive gut. She stood up pinning her against the wall. She quieted the Brunett placing a hand over her mouth blocking a plead for help. Emily felt powerful leaning her stomach into her. Pushing her against the wall the blonde inside pushed her face against the wall of flesh. Imprints of hand grabbed at the brunette.

She screamed, tears rolling down her face. Emily felt in control and strangely confident. She pushed toward the brunette, the mass between them shunk. She moved into and kissed the brunette, probing her tounge into her mouth. The brunette wrapped her arms around Emily as she accepted her advances. She pulled her mouth back, saliva beaded from her lips rolling down her facs. They were both hot, gasping for air they looked at each other.

Emily sat back down, looking at the defeated woman now leaning against the wall. With her finger she enticed the woman closer. She crawled silently against the tile towards Emily, and sat on the floor before Emily.

She hummed as she squeezed what was the blonde into the bowl. She could see the arousal the brunette was trying to resist. She toyed with herself as she listened to Emily.

Emily moaned in euphoria, the two of them shared a moment of passion. However Emily was still hungry for one last thing. She flushed the toilet, then there was a heavy silence. The brunette turned with anticipation. Emily leaned in and licked her face. Before she could protest Emily began to swallow. Greedily she forced the brunette inside. Heavy swallows

pulled her in, soon her waist was gone. The brunettes toes tensed with orgasm vanishing, behind her maw as it clasped shut.

Inside the brunette was wet more ways than one. Thick globs of saliva matted her hair. It was slick, dark and hot inside this fleshy prison. She sat upright feeling the bits of gastric soaked fabric around her. She could hear the beating of her heart. She masturbated in her final moments completely devoid of other thoughts. She climaxes shaking inside the space as it tightened. The temperature rose around her, and suddenly and then there was nothing.

Emily sat back listening to the sounds of sweet sick erotica. The stomach much looser now chirped and churned happily. The mass more comfortable now Emily moved her new belongings on the tank

behind her and relaxed. She was able to take her time digesting this meal. She probed her insides flooding the floor with orgasm after orgasm. Ten minutes without interruption. She couldn't believe it had been ten minutes.

Emily was convinced she was full. She had climaxed more than ever before. She stood this time as she emptied her Bowels one last time. The brown coils fell and filled the bowl resting against the sides almost climbing out. Emily smirked at the thought of her actions.

Emily suited up in the barley fitting clothes she had pulled from the blonde. They may have fit better before those last two.

However the money she found would help repair her wardrobe. Before leaving Emily noticed a phone in the corner of the stall.

She bent down grabbing the device, she

turned it over it had recorded the last four meals. She turned the phone around posing for the camera. She turned it towards the filled bowl and flushed it.

The water began to rise as the brown mass spilled out. She giggled sadistically as she watch all of her handy work return. She stopped the recording and thought.

"It would be nice to keep tract of all her meals." She patted her toned flat stomach after washing her hands. She placed the out of order sign on the door and smiled as the water poured from underneath the door.

