

CHAPTER TWO – GAINERS RISE UP!

\*BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEE-\*

The tumultuous screams of Joshua's alarm clock echoed throughout his bedroom, but there was no need for him to be woken up this morning. His mind was fixated on the alien woman in his living room who was still digesting the remnants of his abusive father. The cacophony of conflicting emotions swirling in his brain didn't allow him to get a minute of sleep overnight.

This "woman" who cascaded into his life in spectacular fashion just last evening went by the name of Ayame. Calling his first encounter with her along the beach "uncomfortable" was nothing but a bold understatement. Nonetheless, Joshua found himself giving Ayame entry into his house, succumbing to her devilish charms and desperate pleas for food. He certainly wasn't doing so out of charity alone— Joshua was certainly hypnotized by the voracious vixen's appetite and gorgeous gut...

Following a lengthy and fable filled backstory from Ayame, Charlotte abandoned her original plans to feed the hungry beast her own supply of snacks and goodies—and instead went home in the early hours of the morning. The whole situation was incredibly overwhelming to her deep down, despite her attempts to be as levelheaded as she could be in front of Joshua and Ayame. Ever since she met Joshua, it had always been just the two of them. She cherished their amity and the time that they'd spent together. But the thought of this flirty figure being a part of their friendship was overwhelming.

As for the madwoman herself, Ayame had a perfectly peaceful night of sleep. Her mind was at ease knowing that she not only secured her first meal of human flesh on Earth, but that she had fed her new companions fallacies of her reasons for being there in the first place. Now was her opportunity to squirrel away as many types of meals as she possibly could into her gut before it was time for the Skaraana to invade and serve humankind its untimely demise. Ayame didn't have a hatred or sense of disgust towards humans like some of her Skaraana counterparts. For Ayame, humans were a species of scrumptious morsels which would eventually be exploring her digestive system. She didn't mind becoming a party with Joshua and Charlotte— the two humans seemed like good company. That is, as long as they kept the food train coming.

Just as Joshua fumbled through tangled blankets to slap the snooze button on his alarm clock after his sleepless night, he heard the unmistakable sound of glass shattering from the kitchen. He instantly and instinctually leapt up and bolted out of his room to investigate the scene.

"What the hell are you doing Ayame!?" Joshua worriedly exclaimed, rubbing his eyes as they adjusted to the harsh light from the morning sun.

"I got hungry!" Ayame replied guiltily as she put on her helpless and innocent act for Joshua as she stood stark naked in the kitchen.

The refrigerator had been nearly completely emptied out and scattered across the kitchen floor, breaking several glass jars in the process.

“You... you can’t just trash the fridge Ayame, we need that!” Joshua exclaimed, trying to hide his embarrassment while also attempting to be stern with her. “Besides... I thought you would still be full after... um...” Joshua trailed off as he adjusted his glance and looked down towards his feet, still not entirely sure how to process the events of the previous evening.

“Nah, he’s nothing but mush now” Ayame said before placing her hands on top of her bloated gut. “Here, wanna feel it?” she said with a smile as she reached for Joshua's hand.

“No no no... I um...” Joshua took a deep breath and desperately tried to come up with his next move. Ayame was everything that he ever dreamed of, but somehow among his entangled emotions, he felt anger. Despite how hard he tried, he just didn't have "happy memories" of his abusive father even from his childhood. Yet hearing Ayame ask him if he wanted to feel for his now digested father sent anger and sadness through him. How traumatic would it be to feel the remnants of his dead father inside what he always pictured as his dream girl? Do these Skaraana not have feelings or emotions? Who could ask that so casually?! Joshua felt his mind starting to race faster as his conflicting emotions became unbearable, but he had to keep it together for Ayame. He let a deep breath out through his nose in an attempt to calm himself down before burying his emotions and attempting to remain neutral. “Just eat what you want and get ready to go to the mall so we can get you some clothes. We have to help you adapt to society somehow” Joshua said with a quivering smile, trying his best to not let Ayame see just how hard the events of last night really were on him.

The Skaraana nodded her head in acknowledgement and began to scarf down the remainder of what had been emptied out of the fridge.

Joshua retreated to his bedroom for a moment alone with his emotions. What the hell had his life become? Why out of all the people in the universe did it have to be him? Why did *he* have to babysit a horny humanoid with an appetite greater than a black hole? He had been so distracted from all that had been taking place that he was unable to appreciate the reality of seeing some of his vore fantasies taking place in real life. Everything happened so suddenly and so much had changed in the past few days, it felt like a surreal dream. It was starting to set in that his father would never be back, and although he certainly did not have a good relationship with him, visualizing what it looked like as Ayame devoured him whole gave him mixed emotions. He was glad that his dad would never be able to hurt or demean him again, but he worried about his own future now that he was on his own. He and his father may have despised each other, but Joshua had never experienced life without him. How was he going to explain this whole situation and cover for his permanently missing father? What would happen to his house and everything under Keith’s name? And most importantly, how was he going to keep Ayame’s true nature unknown to the rest of the world? Everything was overwhelming him, and he began to melt down and cry face first into his pillow.

“WHY DID IT FUCKING HAVE TO BE ME?!” he screamed at the top of his lungs, hurling his pillow at the wall.

When he turned, he noticed Ayame standing quietly in the doorway. He stared at her, bleary eyed and frozen in shock. Unable to think of anything to say, the only sound he made was a small crack as he failed to form words.

The hot wash of shame slowly faded and he turned away from her dejectedly. "Look, I just... can't do this right now."

Ayame stood still and silent. She had never felt so uncomfortable in front of a prey species before. In that moment, she realized she actually felt sorry for him.

Ayame decided to take a chance and step inside Joshua's room. Unsure of anything better to do, she approached the side of his bed and gently put her hand on his shoulder. Joshua wiped hot tears from his face and tried to compose himself. "I just... I don't know what to do." He said, trying to hide the shakiness in his voice. "My entire life has been *completely* fucked up to the point where I honestly don't know how I'm going to get through it now. This is all just so... so fucked up..." His eyes locked with hers for a half moment before he looked away, unable to bear her gaze.

With the exception of Joshua's sobbing, the room was silent. Ayame was completely unsure of what to do. Should she attempt to console him? How would she even start to do that? After stewing over her possible options, she finally decided to give something a try.

She reached her arm around his shoulder and pulled him close, hugging him tightly. She had seen humans do this maneuver in the subliminal training visions she was drip fed during her long interstellar hibernation.

"I know this is... a lot... to take in, Joshua." Ayame said in the most compassionate voice she could manage. "But I promise, you're going to be just fine, okay?" Even though she knew that was a lie, something deep down inside her made her want it to be true, and for more than building up a fake friendship for her own gain. It was saddening for her to see him in this state, almost like he needed protecting. She instinctively reached out and grabbed his head and hugged it close to her chest.

Joshua's tears had stopped, and though his face still felt hot and red, he almost had to stifle a laugh. The hug was so awkward and unpracticed it had completely reversed his mood.

"Thanks Ayame" he said as his brown eyes beamed directly into her scaly soul.

"No problem, kid" she replied as she tousled his hair. She missed the confused look her words created as her thoughts returned to her mission. She knew she ultimately wouldn't be able to keep her promise, but seeing Joshua like this she couldn't help herself. She did her best to disregard her own conflicting thoughts and simply focus on the task at hand. She could take a little more time lounging around with the humans she met, right? After all, she was studying human behavior by spending time with them. It was totally just for the mission, right?

Once Joshua collected himself, he changed and got ready to head to the mall. Meanwhile, Ayame retreated back to the kitchen quietly and tried to clean up the various messes she made earlier. Her gut grumbled, already prepared for another meal. There was no way she was going to eat Joshua just after bringing him back into good spirits, no matter how appetizing he looked. Still, she had to find another food source before too long.

Joshua emerged from his bedroom wearing one of his favorite outfits: a dark green hoodie with a space shuttle pin on it, and cream-colored shorts. The pin was from when Charlotte's family took him to visit Cape Canaveral and watch the shuttle launch when they were younger.

“Alright, let's get you some clothes!” he said, feeling much more chipper. “But in the meantime, you’ll have to wear some of... his... old clothes,” Joshua awkwardly trailed off, hoping that Ayame would agree to it.

“Eww... do I have to?” she said in disgust, hoping that there was something else she could wear in the meantime.

Joshua nodded as he took out a gigantic yellow fishing coat and pair of jeans from the closet and handed them to his guest.

“Yeah, I’m sorry. This is probably the best thing to cover up with for now” Joshua said, scratching the back of his head. He really did have empathy for her, *he* certainly wouldn't want to wear his dad's ratty old clothes.

Ayame did not look amused as she looked in the mirror, seeing that the ridiculously large clothes covered almost every inch of her body. It was only a matter of time before she would have her own set of clothes that not only properly fit her, but would show as much skin as she wanted.

Charlotte’s car rolled into the driveway, ready to drive Joshua and Ayame to the mall. She honked the horn briefly, alerting those inside that she was ready to go.

On the way to the mall, they saw one of the smaller shopping plazas on the side of the road. Ayame looked out the window, taking in the sights. A sudden flash of color caught her eye. A sudden terror gripped her heart as she recoiled from the window. Of all the things she had been warned she might encounter on Earth... an ancient terror she never thought to see again, a blur of frenzied, snapping limbs towering over a crowd of seemingly indifferent humans. The enormous creature was flailing madly about, its arm-like appendages waving bonelessly through the air. Ayame looked at Joshua with wide eyes, her hands starting to slightly tremble. She tried to speak but her voice kept cracking. “Joshua, uhhh... wh- h- how long has that thing been here?” she stuttered as she pointed at the gigantic monster.

“Oh, that thing? It’s just an inflatable tube man, people use them to sell cars-” he said with a chuckle before taking notice of Ayame’s genuine horror. “Hey, are you alright?” he asked, suddenly concerned. Ayame tried to stifle her fear with a gulp. For centuries, the Skaraana had rampaged throughout the galaxy, consuming everything they touched. But these things were something different entirely. Their unending, emotionless cruelty made even the Skaraana shudder. When the Skaraana came to conquer and feed, they found broken worlds thick with tormented slaves, watched by flailing titans armed with weapons of unimaginable terror. Thankfully, Joshua did not seem threatened by the beast, which reassured Ayame that she was safe, at least for now.

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Along the coast of Daytona Beach Shores, the two other Skaraana sat in the sand wearing their dilapidated and overly revealing swimsuits. Both of them watched as the coastline came to life with people as the morning sun soaked the shore.

“Hey Melanie, those things taste pretty fucking good, don’t they?” Melanie grinned cheerfully as she patted her once again slender midsection. There were no traces left of the girls she and Victoria had consumed just the night before.

“I just wish you’d spend more time enjoying them, you know?” Melanie pleaded. “If they taste so good, why don’t you just take your time and get off on the feeling of them churning around inside you like I do?”

“Because they’re all going to end up as part of my body anyways.” Victoria said in a semi-irritated tone before sighing. “I guess I’ve just been doing this for a long time. For me, there’s the thrill of the chase and that’s all. It’s just eat and move on.”

Even though her body was that of a 25-year-old woman, Victoria had been conquering planets for as long as she could remember.

“Yeah, 5,000 years *is* a long time... but you’ve gotta find extra enjoyment in eating *someone* on this planet.”

Victoria grunted, attempting to dismiss her assistant’s efforts.

“Promise you’ll at least try?” Melanie looked over at her superior with a playful smirk, hoping that she would be able to get Victoria to find *some* pleasure in their mission.

“If it shuts you up about it then sure... whatever.” Victoria rolled her eyes and remained silent for as long as she could. Or, until Melanie struck up yet another conversation.

“You know, we should really look for Ayame at some point,” Melanie said.

“I’m not concerned about her, she’s probably just gorging herself like usual. We can deal with her running off later.” Victoria glanced down and adjusted her microkini and looked over at Melanie’s partially digested swimsuit. “Right now, our focus should be getting some new clothes,” Victoria said as she grabbed Melanie’s wrist and helped her to her feet.

The two got up and walked down the beach towards the pier, hoping to find easy access to clothing that was in better shape than their current outfits. They eventually wandered onto the pier in order to get a better view of the beachgoers. During their walk along the pier, Melanie’s curious eye caught sight of a pair of young women engaging in a photoshoot. One of them donned a sleek black dress, while the other a light pink crop top and blue jean shorts. Their outfits looked like they would fit each of the girls nicely. As a bonus, the brown-haired girls looked like a delicious entree.

“Victoria, it’s going to be them. It’s got to be them!” Melanie squealed delightfully, struggling to maintain composure as she licked her lips.

“I mean, I would rock the hell out of that dress,” Victoria responded. “Let’s do it!”

Both Skaraana walked up to the pair of girls absentmindedly taking pictures of themselves on the pier in the morning sun. They appeared to be best friends based on their behaviors. Victoria approached the girl in the black dress and prepared to introduce herself. But just as she began to compliment the girl, her microkini top snapped, exploding off her voluptuous breasts. Victoria found herself a bit confused

and startled by the scenario, as they were unsure how a human would react in that situation. She simply grinned awkwardly while attempting to censor herself with her arms.

“Oh my gosh! You poor thing!” the girl in the black dress exclaimed. She tried to stand between Victoria and the onlookers, attempting to block Victoria from their view. “Do you have a change of clothes with you?”

“Well... funny you should ask!” Victoria blushed slightly, trying to act as naturally as possible in her current predicament. “As a matter of fact, I don’t,” she said, averting her gaze to the sky.

The two models looked at each other and nodded, and then looked back at the half-naked Victoria. “Come with us, we’ll get you something nice to wear,” promised the girl in the dress.

“I’d... appreciate that!” Victoria said gleefully, flashing the girls a huge grin. “I’d appreciate that a lot...” she muttered under her breath, expressing a sly grin as the girls led her into the parking lot near the pier. Melanie watched from behind in excitement as her mouth began to salivate with eager anticipation of what would come next.

Once in the parking lot, the girls ushered Victoria into their clunky old panel van that was littered with various articles of clothing. An assortment of dresses, shirts, skirts, swimsuits and underwear were scattered across the floor. “Sorry it’s such a mess in here!” she said, embarrassed of how disorganized the van was. “Anyways, come on in!” chimed the model. Victoria signaled Melanie to step back and keep an eye on things from afar for the time being.

As soon as the door was shut, it was extraordinarily dark in the back of the van until the string of multicolored lights hanging on the ceiling were turned on. Victoria wrinkled her nose as she took in the smell of her musty surroundings. She snapped out of her thought as she redirected attention to her primary objective.

“I seriously feel so bad for you, so please take anything you’d like to wear! As you can see, I certainly have an abundance of clothes, so it is really no trouble,” she said, gathering together a pile of clothes for Victoria to look through.

Still practically naked, Victoria glanced around in the dim-lit panel van for something intriguing and in character to wear. All the while, the owner of the van struggled to keep her eyes off of Victoria’s practically bare body.

Victoria began to notice and decided to use her attraction to her advantage if she could.

“You said I could have anything I want?” she asked genuinely.

“Mmhmm!” the girl responded.

Victoria grinned devilishly and began to purr to herself as she looked the girl dead in the eyes. “I want that dress you’re wearing right now,” Victoria giggled, looking her up and down.

“Uh.. well... ok!” the blushing girl chuckled to herself before making an advancement of her own. “If you want it, you need to come and get it yourself!” she teased, running her hand up her thigh.

“Oh is that how we’re going to play, darling?” Victoria snickered malevolently as she moved towards the sharply dressed girl.

Victoria carefully pressed her body onto the young woman and carefully unzipped her dress. The two could feel their hearts begin to race. Once the Skaraana had reached the bottom of the zipper, she carefully guided her soon-to-be meal out of her sleek dress. Now, all that remained on the girl was her black lingerie.

The scantily dressed women were still pressed up against each other, unable to break eye contact as they felt their steamy breath warming their chests. Victoria's devilish grin tantalized her victim as her mind raced and imagined what incredible euphoric scenario awaited her. She yearned to be dominated by Victoria, and it appeared her fantasies were about to become reality, although likely much different than she imagined.

The model decided to break the silence and sexual tension and whispered in Victoria's ear. "So big girl... what are you gonna do to me?" she asked. There was no hiding her simultaneous excitement and embarrassment, it seemed like she had not experienced anything like this before.

"Mmmmm," Victoria growled playfully as she felt her victim's soft lips. She ran her index finger down her meal's quaking neck, slowly across her stiff abdomen, and finally between her toned thighs.

Victoria looked up at her meal, her eyes closed in bliss as she bit her lower lip. She remembered what Melanie had said to her earlier, she had to have fun with her prey *sometimes*.

She slowly pulled her panties down to her ankles and positioned herself on top of her entree that would soon be inside her. The girl locked eyes with the Skaraana and placed her hand behind her head, pulling her in for a kiss. It was hard for Victoria to fight the urge to slurp up her meal already, but she decided to try her best to enjoy the experience. She felt of her tongue with her own but was overwhelmed with a primal urge to finish her off right then and there, so she pulled away and decided to explore elsewhere.

She kissed her way down her chest, realizing that she responded especially well to that. She grabbed her perky breast with one hand while reaching around her to unclasp her bra. The model slipped it off her arms and threw it across the van onto the back bench. Victoria lightly licked around her nipple, teasing her. She felt her lightly gasp in pleasure and began sucking on her nipple as she squeezed her other breast with her other hand. She moaned softly and started to dig her fingers into the carpet. Victoria began lightly biting on her nipple as her soon-to-be meal leaned forward a bit and caught her breath after being brought to the edge of orgasm just from their foreplay. "I can't wait any longer, I want you to have me!" she moaned as she guided Victoria's hand between her legs again.

"Well... I'm going to devour EVERY inch of your slender, sexy body" Victoria said softly as she pressed her forehead onto her victim's, staring malevolently into her soul.

"Oh yes... yes!" The girl began to spread her legs and motion that she wanted to sit down. But before she was able to move, Victoria lunged at her prey with the speed of a praying mantis, enshrouding the young woman's head in a single motion.

The moans quickly turned to muffled screams of terror and confusion as Victoria did her best to swiftly slurp up her struggling prey as quickly as possible. But since Victoria had cleverly pinned her to the side of the van, there was no way she would be going anywhere except her torturous, slimy gut.

Yelling was heard faintly coming from deep inside Victoria's throat as her mouth worked its way past the woman's two large pillowy breasts. They were slightly larger than Victoria's, so she was a bit envious of

them in addition to them being a bit difficult to swallow. Next was the woman's abs, which did not end up being as tasty as she had imagined. Victoria got caught up in the moment pondering what a plumper person would taste like, realizing how much richer her breasts tasted when compared to her midriff.

Before she could get too invested in her thoughts, the back doors of the van were swung open by the other model. She couldn't even properly process the image of her friend's legs swinging about as she was slurped down and eaten by another woman, so she fainted and fell back onto the concrete. Victoria looked around frantically, hoping no one had seen her mid-meal. She gulped down the rest of the desperate woman's legs into her enlarged abdomen, and quickly reached for the doors. As she peeked outside to see if there was anyone close by, Melanie appeared from behind another car and came running over to the van. She was awestruck at the sight of her partner enjoying another Earthling meal.

"You'd better have saved some more for me!" she yelled accusingly.

"I mean... \*urp\*... you could have the unconscious one... if you want" Victoria said with a shrug.

Melanie looked at the girl passed out on the ground. The cute outfit certainly looked like it would fit nicely on her.

"Would you hurry up and bring her in here before someone sees us?!" Victoria snarled, tired of her underling's careless behavior.

Once the doors were closed, Melanie began stripping the clothes off her prey and placed them aside for her to wear once digestion was complete. She couldn't help but salivate all over the bare body of her meal. Melanie's daydreaming was rudely interrupted by her partner's frustration.

"Oh just eat her already!" Victoria yelled before letting out a deep, bellowing burp.

"Come on, let me enjoy this!" she pleaded. "Besides, did you take your time with that one?"

"Yeah yeah yeah, I did just like you suggested. But she tasted almost the same as the other. I mean they're alright, but there has to be tastier ones."

Melanie sighed, and returned to her naked meal. She smiled while examining the limp body one last time before devouring it.

Victoria began to growl at Melanie.

"Fine! I know this is nothing to you, but I actually want to enjoy my damn food here!" Melanie immediately realized that snapping at her superior was probably not a wise decision.

However, much to her surprise, Victoria just rolled on her side and faced the opposite direction, cradling her massive gut.

Melanie started munching on the unconscious girl head-first and slowly savored her flavor. Her moans and overly excited breathing seemed to upset Victoria more than her previously talking back to her.

Wet and sloppy sounds of a tongue slithering its way across a slender body irritated Victoria as she imagined what her partner was doing. The younger Skaraana was engrossed in the moment. After about ten minutes had passed, Melanie had finally gulped down the last of her victim. Victoria could tell from the high pitched squeal Melanie let out as the elated girl slapped her overstuffed belly.



“You have too much fun with these missions,” she said in a half-angered, half-saddened tone.

The two laid down in the back of the van and observed each other’s bodies as their victims faded away into nothingness. Melanie reached out to give her superior a soothing belly rub in hopes of lightening her mood. Instead of showing any emotion, she just laid on her back stone faced, waiting for her food to finally settle.

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Back at the mall, Ayame and company had just walked inside and glanced at the directory.

Joshua knew this would not be a quick shopping excursion. “Ugh, there are so many clothing stores... where the heck do we start?”

“Come on, she will find something eventually.” Charlotte responded. “Just try to have some patience.”

Joshua sighed. “I mean worst case, she can still wear that, right?”

Ayame stopped dead in her tracks and looked over at Joshua, her eyes slightly narrowed with irritation. “Are you fucking serious dude? I look like that damn decrepit old shitbag that you used to call your father! Well then again, I am cosplaying as him apparently.”

Charlotte chuckled and Joshua grinned ever so slightly and shook his head.

“Alright, since he wants to be a party pooper, I’ve got an idea that you may like!” Ayame ribbed Joshua as she smirked at him. “Why don’t you two go shop for stuff you think I’ll enjoy while I go and get whatever clothes I want?”

“I mean, that’s fine I suppose. Do you feel comfortable shopping on your own?” Charlotte questioned. “I mean, I don’t know how much you know about... well this kinda thing. We can come along and help if you want!”

“Ah, I’m sure it’s no big deal! I’ll be just fine on my own!” Ayame winked at Joshua and grinned.

Joshua reached into his wallet and handed Ayame some money before she wandered off into the mall.

“I can only imagine how that’s going to go,” Joshua said half sarcastically.

Charlotte chuckled. “Hey, she had *us* fooled at first, didn’t she? As long as she keeps an eye on her appetite, I’m sure everything will be just fine” Charlotte said with a smile as she grabbed Joshua’s shoulder to lead him into a nearby store.

An hour had passed and there was still no sign of Ayame. In the meantime, Joshua and Charlotte scoped out things that might suit their new alien companion.

The duo approached one of Joshua’s most frequented stores that sold graphic novels and manga.

“Oh we *have* to get Ayame something from here!” Joshua insisted, hardly able to contain his excitement.

“Dude, you totally just want an excuse to bond over manga with her, don’t you?” Charlotte accused as she rolled her eyes and let out a quiet snicker, knowing that he was up to something.

Joshua didn't respond to Charlotte, but he knew his scheme was up when he heard her giggle after his prolonged silence. He simply rolled his eyes and walked into the store with Charlotte.

They quickly made their way through the store and stood in front of the vast manga display that the store offered.

“You think she’ll like this one?” Joshua grabbed a copy of one of his favorite manga series and held it out to her. While it was definitely a comedic series, it also had pretty strong sexual undertones.

Charlotte scoffed and flashed Joshua an insinuating grin. “Considering she might as well be one of the main characters from it, I’d say she would!”

As the two walked to the checkout counter, a familiar excited voice stopped them in their tracks.

“HEY!” Ayame yelled as she caught sight of Joshua and Charlotte standing in the manga section from the adjacent aisle.

Her voice was loud enough to make Joshua jump. He and Charlotte turned around to see Ayame standing with her hands on her hips with a huge grin.

“Whatcha think?” Ayame asked her new friends, grinning from ear to ear.

There she stood, wearing a pair of fishnet arm sleeves, a sleek black crop top exposing her ever squishy midriff, a black and grey skirt, a pair of black thigh highs, and two black boots.

“Aya... um... where... did you... get uh... all that?”

Joshua was unable to contain his emotions and obvious excitement as he felt his face starting to feel hot.

“I stopped by a few different stores and came up with this outfit myself! Do you guys like it? Oh, and I grabbed a bite to eat along the way.”

Ayame’s belly protruded out a bit more than it did in its empty state, so it was clear that she had eaten something. Not someone, just *something*. Her outfit highlighted her blubbery gut as it stuck out prominently from her crop top that kept riding up. It jiggled ferociously with each subtle movement she made.

Charlotte and Joshua attempted and failed to hide their blushing faces. Joshua looked down at the floor and smiled faintly, trying to conceal just how much he loved Ayame’s outfit.

“Mission accomplished,” Ayame said as she chuckled and patted his shoulder with reassurance.

Joshua was suddenly struck by realization, “Wait a minute, how much money did I give you?” he asked as he looked into his wallet. “That couldn’t have been cheap-”

“Don’t worry about it.” Ayame said. She gingerly placed the money he’d given her back into his wallet. She gave him a wink that did not reassure him at all.

“So!” said Charlotte without looking up “uh... now that's settled, how about we go back to Joshua's place and hang out for a while? I can order us some pizza for dinner tonight.”

“What's that?” Ayame questioned in curiosity.

Joshua instantly forgot about Ayame's potential criminal record “How could they not have told you about pizza when you came here?!” he exclaimed. “We have to get you some pizza, Ayame... I'm sure you'll love it.”

“And lots of it, too” Charlotte muttered to herself, blushing uncontrollably.

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It was another toasty afternoon along the shores of Daytona. Families crowded the beach as the sun beat down on the golden sands. It was just another typical day on the shoreline.

Just a couple blocks inland, the trio returned to Joshua's house with new manga and a new, revealing outfit for Ayame.

Joshua spent hours showing Ayame his manga and anime collection, and gushing to her about some of his favorite characters. He had to hide many of them from his recently deceased tyrant of a father, so it certainly felt nice to share them with someone freely. She took a liking to the manga he bought for her and appreciated the gesture. The thought of sending that young man on a one-way trip through her body was getting more and more difficult to visualize. Sure, she still wondered what he would taste like and what he would feel like squirming and squeezing around inside her digestive chamber, but for the first time she did not want it to be fatal. Truth be told, she had never become so emotionally invested in anyone in such little time. Joshua was unique, and he was certainly starting to grow on her. Besides looking like flavorsome, flab producing food, she could tell he was taking a liking to her in ways he could not yet entirely understand. Ayame found herself wanting to see where their new friendship would go, and what it would lead to. But she promised herself that she wouldn't let him get too far without a barrage of her own tricks and teasing first.

Hours passed, and the sun was starting to descend upon the horizon. The three lounged around on the couch snacking and binge-watching anime. They also made time for a little friendly competition, teaching Ayame how to play a variety of video games.

Once the snacks ran out, Ayame was desperate for something more sustainable.

“You two hang tight while I order some pizzas!” Charlotte yelled as she stepped out of the living room to call in their order.

Joshua leaned over to Ayame on the couch. “Like I said, I think you'll really enjoy this. It's a pretty popular human food!” he said reassuringly. Ayame smiled and playfully poked at her grumbling belly to pass the time.

Twenty minutes later, a young woman arrived with boxes upon boxes of pizzas at the door.

Joshua and Ayame were once again engrossed in a video game, not noticing the countless pizzas being stacked up onto the kitchen counter behind them.

Charlotte paid the hefty check before dismissing the slightly confused pizza girl.

“I honestly expected there to be more people for... all of those” she said as Charlotte handed her a tip.

“Ah don’t worry about it! Trust me, won’t go to waste!” Charlotte responded gleefully.

By the time Charlotte closed the door and turned around Joshua and Ayame were already gawking at the mountain of pizza stacked behind them. There were twenty boxes of pizza in total, stacked up on the counter in a haphazard pile. Taken in by the aroma of fresh pizza, Ayame flipped the couch as she attempted to launch over the back, momentarily sending herself and Joshua sprawling as she scrambled to immediately start stuffing cheesy, gooey slices down her maw.

“Charlotte, how many did you order?!” Joshua asked, having to shout to be heard over the sound of the pizza massacre already being committed behind him.

Charlotte did not respond, all she did was smile and blush. But Joshua wouldn't be satisfied until he got an answer.

“I mean... that is... wait, how much was all of that!?” Joshua prodded, increasingly worried now that he had to manage finances by himself.

“Look, she’s starving, I’m hungry, and you’ve gotta eat more often anyways!” Charlotte replied as she picked up a piece of gooey cheesy pizza.

Ayame’s psychotic frenzy calmed just long enough for her to pick up 18 of the boxes and carefully waddle back to the worn out sofa, though she still bounced with barely contained excitement.

Joshua and Charlotte were at a loss for words. Was she seriously going to down all of those? She had previously proven that she could eat an entire person practically whole, so it couldn't be that far-fetched.

“Fuck, this stuff is good! You guys rock!” Ayame said between mouthfuls of cheese. She effortlessly sent slice after slice down her eagerly waiting gullet. She didn’t even slow down as she pulled the couch upright, even ripping open the boxes with her teeth as she attacked the food like a crazed animal. She wasn't satisfied until each steamy slice sent a tingle of satisfaction through her body as she felt it rush down into her bulging belly.

The others couldn't help but watch the scene unfold. Their eyes were fixated on her continuously expanding waistline as she pressed on with her meal. She moaned more and more with the consumption of each entire pizza. Within minutes, she’d already consumed half of the pizzas that she’d taken for herself.

Joshua had a front row seat to the spectacle, sitting down directly to the right of her on the sofa as she chowed down on her pizza. He hadn't even managed to eat an entire slice himself as he was hypnotized by how intense the situation was becoming– he didn't want to miss a moment. Behind them was Charlotte, still standing and blushing beet red. She observed the situation from afar for a few minutes until she decided to finally take action.

“H-here, have another one!” She sheepishly slid another box towards Ayame, not thinking of the yet untouched pile already close at hand. “Oh, I, uh... guess you already have-” Charlotte jumped back a little as Ayame grinned at her and pounced on the new offering. By this time, she had already eaten fourteen entire pizzas. Her belly was groaning loudly and so bloated that she struggled to move from her spot on the couch.

\*URRRrrrrrrrrrrrrpppp\*

Ayame giggled to herself before opening up her fifteenth pizza box and went in head first. She placed her mouth in the center of the pizza and opened her mouth as wide as it could go. By doing so, she sucked the middle of the pizza into her gullet slowly, with the outsides and crust of the savory disk soon following. Ayame cocked her neck back to reveal a now funnel shaped pizza slowly sliding down her throat. As it slowly slid down, she couldn't contain her pleasure. The mouthwatering flavors, overwhelming size and temperature had all pushed her to her limit.

“Ahhhhhhhuuuuuuggghhhhhhhhhhhhh!” Ayame groaned in ecstasy.

Joshua felt weak from just how loud and prominent Ayame's pleasure was. His entire body was beginning to shake, and his vision was starting to blur.

The Skaraana continued her conquest, forcing down the entire pizza whole. She eventually got to a point where she managed to reach her tongue to the top of the crust, guiding it down past her soaked lips and mouth, and down into her eager body. The second her lips closed, sealing the meal in its chamber, she made a great gulping motion to ensure the pizza reached its final destination. She let out a tremendous sigh of relief.

“Shit... that was freakin' incredible!” Her panting was relentless as she tried to regain some composure.

Surprisingly enough, her new outfit had survived intact. She glanced down at her now enormous gut, bubbling and bursting with action. Although it was gigantic, it was quite firm in the center.

“You alright Joshua?” She could tell that he was in an almost inescapable trance.

“Um... yeah...” he responded.

“You sureeeee?” she asked, nudging him with a teasing smile.

“Yeah... I'm just gonna eat my pizza now.”

A slightly dejected Ayame turned away and quickly picked apart her sixteenth pizza.

Joshua took tiny little bites out of his second slice. He never really was a fast eater, and now his mind was racing and he was barely able to focus on food. He was too fixated on the beast beside him.

Meanwhile in the kitchen area, an extremely embarrassed and flustered Charlotte was now working on her third slice of pizza. She realized that this whole situation was becoming too erotic for her, and she almost regretted it. Charlotte had never even been in a relationship, let alone slept with someone or even let her fantasies run wild. But now, they were running wildly out of control, and were becoming too much to handle.

Once Ayame had finished consuming her eighteenth box of pizza, she eyed her final victim of the evening. But something told her to make this last one something they would all remember.

“Hey, come over here! I want to try something with you two.” Ayame yelled, motioning for the two to come sit next to her.

Charlotte slowly walked over carrying the twentieth pizza box that she and Joshua had been eating from. She sat to the left of the girl who now had a tanned ball of bloated flesh protruding from her core. Her gut was easily the size of two watermelons, and her deep and wide navel was as cavernous and damp as ever.

Both Joshua and Ayame stared at the churning chamber as it worked away at its gooey meal. The gluttonous girl licked her lips as she closed her eyes and leaned back into the sofa. When she reopened them, she glanced at her friends and could tell exactly what they were fixated on.

“Ahhhh... I see how it is guys...” she said in a teasing, yet dominant tone.

Her arms slowly weaved their way around their necks and drew them in closer to her blubbery body.

She looked Joshua dead in the eyes while running her hand down the back of his neck. “I might not get you to admit it yet, but I can tell that you both are enjoying every... fucking... second of this...”

The crotch area of Joshua’s pants had long ago run out of room. His face was red and burning unbearably hot. Without realizing, he had slowly inched towards her until he suddenly found his right hand gently pressed into her warm and moist behemoth belly. He slowly moved his hand across her belly, feeling the thick layer of dough-like flesh that covered her abdomen.

Ayame purred with delight the moment she felt his hand on her gut. Even though he barely moved it out of sheer fear and overstimulation, its presence was still certainly welcomed by her.

He could feel food bubbling away into nothingness deep within her. The nerves in his hand were practically numb, but he could still sense the heat and moisture it was giving off. It had started to get a little slick with all the work it had to do processing such an ungodly amount of food.

The Skaraana turned her head to face her other visitor, motioning with her eyes to invite her to also place a hand onto her grumbling gut.

“I... I... I can’t!” Charlotte yelped. She could barely get a word out at this point, her nerves were overtaking her.

“Oh?” Ayame’s eyes narrowed as she questioned her new acquaintance. Charlotte always seemed braver than Joshua when it came to most things. Why was this such an ordeal for her? Ayame wondered...

“What about if I feed you?” Ayame asked in a low dusky tone, putting a hand on Charlotte's upper thigh. “You haven’t shown me yet but I can see an outline of quite the pudgy belly under that shirt just *begging* for a force feeding!” Ayame said, leaning forward with a mischievous grin.

That was it. That was enough to do it for Charlotte. She closed her eyes and shot up from the sofa before mumbling something unintelligible and running to the bathroom. “I... I’m so sorry!” she managed to yell, almost crying from her overwhelming emotions.

"It's alright!" Ayame responded mildly as she laid back into the couch. She wondered what she had done to upset her so much. The event was enough to break the tension for Joshua long enough to regain his sense of the situation.

"She, uh... almost never acts like that." he stammered, "But when she does, it's best if she's left alone. It's her way of coping with overstimulation, I guess."

"What's that?" the alien asked coyly.

"Well... kinda what has been happening to me as well... if you haven't noticed." Joshua sputtered.

"Oh, is that bad?" Ayame asked with a frown.

"I mean, it can be. But I know she's not mad at you, and neither am I, it's just... I don't know, this is so spontaneous and overwhelming and we can't really deal with it, you know?"

"Ahhhhhhh!" The light bulb had finally been illuminated in Ayame's head. She blinked a few times and let her head roll back to stare up at the slightly dilapidated ceiling. Whether or not it was the way her mission intended, she was learning more and more about human emotions and interactions, and they fascinated her. The longer she played the role of Ayame, the more she came to acknowledge these feelings herself—feelings that made her begin to question what she was doing on Earth. As sad as it was, this was the most time anyone had spent with her in a long time. The other Skaraana never did give her the time of day. On missions, they typically expected her to work independently. Even though the many meals brought her temporary delights, she never did have someone to call her friend.

"Now um... do you wanna finish your pizza with me?" Joshua asked, immediately avoiding direct eye contact.

"Absolutely," Ayame said with a playful wink.

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The next morning seemed like your average day in Daytona Beach Shores. The temperature was in the low seventies and a cool breeze ripped along the coastline. Families embarked on oceanside strolls and the pier was packed, quickly revived from the stagnancy of night-time. An empty van with clothing falling out the back was towed out of the parking lot.

Down the street, two young Skaraana made their way up to a local diner to show off their new apparel and get a taste of Earth's delicacies.

"Alright Melanie, we need to sample the human's food supply" Victoria said, grabbing Melanie's wrist as she trailed behind her.

"But why can't we just snack on them? I'm sure they taste way better anyways!" Melanie giggled with sparkling eyes, eager to get a taste.

Victoria's patience was quickly dwindling and she found herself getting snippier with Melanie. "Because if we're going to be them, we need to act *just* like them. Besides, we can't only survive on organics just yet. Save your appetite for the feast. For now, let's find other means of surviving," Victoria explained as she put a hand on Melanie's shoulder and led her forward.

Melanie growled in dismay, annoyed that she wouldn't get to indulge her craving quite yet, but she begrudgingly agreed with her superior. Either way, she was the one that made the rules anyway.

Once inside, they examined their surroundings intently, trying to pick up on the habits and behaviors of the humans of the planet they just recently arrived to. The diner was bustling with residents and tourists alike, and everyone seemed to be eating food from a plate, a stark difference from the Skaraana's usual liquifying of their prey into a puddle and drinking their nutritious remains. Victoria got checked in with the hostess and noticed Melanie nearly salivating as she looked the young woman up and down. The hostess' skin looked flawless. She had a soft layer of plushy chub on her visible arms and chest, and Melanie could only imagine what the rest of her looked like if she already looked this irresistible. She had *just* the right amount of fat on her frame and Melanie could only imagine what prime meat she would be. The temptation sent a sharp chill down her spine. The Skaraana were led to a booth and took a seat across from each other.

An older waitress wandered over to the booth and greeted the two Skaraana. "Good morning and welcome! Can I get you anything to start?" she said with a wide customer service grin.

Victoria felt a pang of disgust in her stomach as the waitress put on her customer service persona. Humans were vile creatures—were they all this ingenuine? The insincerity irritated her, how was this species so disgusting? Melanie stared at Victoria with a blank expression, unsure of what to say or do. They weren't sure how humans behaved or acted in restaurants, so they decided it would be best to observe and analyze customers for a few more minutes. "Uhh... we aren't sure yet, can we have a few minutes?" Victoria said with a smile, trying her best to blend in with the other customers. She could feel her teeth crack and begin to sharpen as she flashed her insincere grin. Despite all her conquests, she had never gotten used to the indignity of pretending to be a lesser species. Victoria's legs began to feel weak from the constant muscle tension due to the deep disgust she felt coursing through her body. She gritted her teeth painfully and managed to maintain her composure, at least for the time being. She was a proud and high ranking warrior—losing the battle this early against such a low level species was not an option. She looked around at the tables around her, watching patrons flip through the menus and even witnessed a guest putting in their order with their waitress. They seemed to understand how restaurants worked despite their short time inside. Melanie glanced over to a gigantic tray of freshly glazed cinnamon rolls that just arrived at the table next to them and took in a deep breath to appreciate the aroma.

After a few minutes, their waitress came back to their table to take their order. "We want those! I think..." Melanie said in a chipper yet unsure voice as she pointed at the table across from them. She loved the sweet aroma of them, it was nothing like anything that they had seen or smelled before. She only hoped that they tasted as good as they looked.

"Okie dokey! And how many would you like ma'am?" the waitress asked, looking down at the two girls with a smile, not having any idea what they were truly capable of.



“All” Victoria said in an emotionless, yet firm tone as she intervened. She looked over at Melanie, who seemed nervous to interact with the waitress. As the planetary invasion leader, Victoria usually did the talking for her on their missions.

“Ma’am, we just put a fresh dozen of them in the oven and they take a while to bake. For the sake of other customers who may want one in the meantime would you be-”

“All of them,” Victoria said in a confident yet irritated tone as she intimidatingly stared into the waitress' eyes.

The waitress swallowed a hard gulp and the corners of her mouth slightly curled up as she forced a nervous smile and fidgeted with her notepad. She nodded her head as her hand began to tremble lightly with fear. Whoever these women were, it was in her best interest to provide them with their demands.

As they waited for their first encounter with sweets, the girls were given fruit to tide them over. Victoria was given a banana, while Melanie got an apple. The two were a bit unsure on how to eat them the “human” way, so they glared awkwardly at their food while looking around the room to find other customers that were eating them to no avail. They looked at the other side of the room, examining the humans seated at all the other tables. They seemed to be using objects with their hands to get the food into their mouths, but the Skaraana didn't have these new tools on their table. Getting frustrated with not knowing how to eat their food while still blending in with everyone else at the diner, Victoria decided to take lead.

Eventually, she grabbed the banana—still in its peel—and dangled it high above her already gaping mouth. She looked upward and proceeded to slowly drop the banana further and further into her mouth and down her throat, slurping it down forcefully to try to get it inside her with one bite. The other customers, especially the male patrons, noticed her shameless display and averted their eyes to Victoria in awe. Noticing that she was gathering the attention of other guests, Victoria sped up the process by pushing the remainder of the banana down her throat like a pelican and gulped it down into her stomach.

Nearly everyone in the entire restaurant had stopped whatever they were doing to gaze upon the strikingly perverse sight. A man who was seated at the counter on a barstool adjacent to the booth stared in disbelief.

“What?” Victoria asked brashly as she looked out to the rest of the room, her eyebrows furrowed with irritation as she wondered how these low class, trash of the galaxy waste of space pests had the audacity to gaze upon her so shamelessly.

“You’re fuckin’ weird!” yelled a young seven or eight-year-old boy sitting at a booth across the diner with his family. “Cock sucker!” he hollered, scrunching up his face as he stuck his tongue out at Victoria with absolutely no fear.

“Fuck you!” Victoria yelled back, zoning in on her target. Her eyes narrowed as she glared at the snack size morsel, still in disbelief that he even dared challenge her.

“Atta boy, Dec!” a stocky boomer boomed as he gave the boy a slap on his back, seemingly encouraging the miniature antagonist. The frail elderly woman seated on the other side of their table gave the boy a defeated death stare, and his expression instantly changed from one of joy to one of primal fear.

“Declan, please don’t talk to strangers,” a sweet grandmotherly voice whispered gently in an attempt to neutralize the vulgarity her grandson was starting to project across the galley.

Victoria scowled and let out a low growl in protest as the rest of the diner came back to life, customers going about their business like nothing had happened.

“So I guess we don’t eat them like that, huh?” said Melanie with a giggle, trying to make light of the situation.

“No shit.” Victoria muttered under her breath, trying her best to not draw more attention back to herself.

“So... after all that... how did it taste?” Melanie asked, intrigued to hear what the new yellow food tasted like.

“It was fine,” Victoria sighed as she rolled her eyes, not having the energy to give Melanie an impromptu seminar on the taste of Earth's natural fruits.

Melanie looked down at the table, eyeing her apple. Before sampling it, her eyes wandered to the side of their table which was lined with various condiments. She focused on a small white dish that was stacked with sealed containers of butter. She picked one up and examined the packaging before lifting the cover and sticking a finger inside to lick some off. As she sucked her finger clean, her eyes instantly lit up as her taste buds tasted something she never had before. She excitedly grabbed Victoria's hand, quietly raving about the delicacy she discovered inside the container. “Oh wow! You *have* to try this stuff, it's amazing! It tastes so good, I would put it on *anything!*”

Victoria observed the other customers in the diner using them in moderation on some items, but what would it be like to consume in mass quantities? Would it still taste just as good? Instead of inspecting for herself, she decided to use Melanie as her experiment.

“Put all 30 of those butter tub things on your apple”, Victoria demanded, pushing the dish in front of Melanie.

“Okay!” Melanie said with a grin, excited to try more of the scrumptious delicacy she had just discovered. She had no idea the hell that awaited her once she combined the taste of apple with the butter in front of her.

Victoria had a sick sense of humor occasionally to keep herself sane, and sometimes Melanie’s suffering was the only thing that would cheer her up when she was feeling depressed. This "butter" stuff did taste good, but would it taste good on fruit? Either way, Melanie was the one that would figure out the answer.

A mischievous face reappeared on the other side of the restaurant as Declan’s head popped up over the table from behind his grandmother.

“Dick licker!!!” the fearless boy shouted even louder than his first advances. His grandmother gasped in horror as she pressed her hand over Declan’s mouth to keep any noise other than muffled sounds from flooding out.

“Shut up, Declan...” the Skaraana grumbled in unison, growing increasingly annoyed at their inability to scarf him down just to eliminate him as a source of annoyance.

Melanie took a great big bite, encompassing nearly ⅓ of the apple. Her cheerful face quickly faded into the most repulsive expression one can think of. The butter saturated apple chunk came plummeting out of her mouth and splattered onto the plate. She bolted up from her seat in the booth.

“EWWWWW! WHAT THE HELL EVEN IS THAT?!? WHO... WHO WOULD EVEN WANT TO EAT THAT?!?” Melanie gasped, unable to comprehend why the two things that tasted so good separately tasted so horrifically together.

She started to cry. Her eyes welled up with tears, and she found it increasingly hard to breathe. The taste seemed to be getting worse somehow as time passed, and she was desperate to get it out of her mouth. Victoria giggled under her breath as she covered her mouth to keep Melanie from seeing her mocking her despair.

The little boy came rushing over to their table to answer Melanie's pressing question.

“You would, stupid bitch!” Declan yelled, picking up the apple and throwing the rest of it directly in Melanie's face. He ran off to the other side of the restaurant back to the safety of his family before the girls were able to even respond.

“AHHHHHH!” Melanie screamed in pain and embarrassment, her face nearly entirely coated with white, creamy butter. Her cries echoed throughout the diner as Declan hid under his table, curled up by his grandparents' feet.

Victoria immediately jolted up to confront the boy. Nobody was allowed to degrade her subordinates, only she was allowed to laugh at their misfortune, but this was beyond that. Victoria had never experienced such demeaning treatment from any other species and she wasn't going to let this be the first time without a fight.

“ALRIGHT, YOU LITTLE-” Victoria screeched as she hit her snapping point. She didn't care anymore—she wasn't going to let this snot nosed Earthling do this to her *or* her partner.

Before she could finish her sentence, Declan ran back over to their table and stomped on Victoria's toes before turning to zoom back to his grandparents.

“AAAHHH, FUCK! WHAT THE HELL IS YOUR PROBLEM?” The disgruntled Skaraana lunged at him, but he evaded her attack.

She was in the process of disentangling herself from the table and chairs when she was interrupted by the sound of the waitress returning with a full tray of cinnamon rolls.

“Your um... order is ready. Please... enjoy, ladies.” The waitress made an effort to get in and out of the awkward situation as quickly as possible, she wasn't paid nearly enough for this bullshit.

Declan ran back to his table cackling as loud as he could before jumping on the table and sitting down on its edge.

Victoria grumbled as she sat back into her chair. The rest of the diner resumed in murmuring conversations, but an awkward silence had settled between the two girls. Melanie, unsure of what to

say, simply took a pastry and pushed the rest of the tray over to Victoria. These human beings were *truly* awful creatures, much worse than other species on planets the Skaraana had recently conquered. But in the end, it didn't matter too much. Before long, they would all be swirling around in the gluttonous guts of the Skaraana.

Melanie found some peace in her first bite of a cinnamon roll. They smelled heavenly, but their taste was something else altogether. Once the taste hit her tongue, she all but forgot the tension as she began to munch on roll after roll. Before long, she had eaten seven of the cinnamon rolls off the tray in her attempt to take her mind off of Declan.

Victoria started to take smaller bites out of them, secretly savoring their sweet and sugary flavors. She ended up eating five of them, much to her own surprise.

"So... \*hic\*... did you like them?" Melanie asked as she slowly sunk into her bench in relaxation.

"Eh," Victoria mumbled, as unbothered as she could manage. Letting emotions get in the way of missions was unprofessional, but Victoria herself knew that she would definitely be back for more if time permitted.

Melanie peered under the table to see a very small lump of pudge, rivaling that of her own, underneath Victoria's sleek black dress. "I dunno Victoria, that tummy would say otherwise!" Melanie teased with a giggle, playfully brushing her feet against Victoria's leg to get her attention. There was no denying it though, she certainly enjoyed them, as evidenced by the gurgling from her expanding gut that tested the limits of her new dress's fabric.

Victoria just grunted in embarrassed disagreement and blushed ever so slightly as she swung her long orange hair back over her shoulder. She would do anything to cover up her emotions, especially to her subordinates. She had conquered thousands upon thousands of planets. She was a ruthless invasion leader, orchestrating clever attacks on planets for as long as she could remember. There was no way that anyone could find out about her secret love for sweet treats, although it seemed Melanie was already onto her.

"Fatasses!" exclaimed Declan, sticking his tongue out as he and his grandparents walked by to depart the diner.

Victoria once again jolted upright from her seat, belly jiggling slightly as it struck the table on the way up, in order to face the boy and his elders.

"Well now, he's not really wrong Mildred! They are lookin' a bit plumped up now eh!" Declan's grandfather laughed as he gave Declan a big thumbs up. Declan's grandmother recoiled in disgust as she shook her head—they weren't worth the effort.

"Yeah, gampa is right, gammy! They're tubby little skanks!" Declan teased as he played a game of "you can't catch me" from the safe zone behind his grandma's legs as he stared at the girls.

The elderly woman bravely walked closer to the pair of irate girls, putting on her glasses that hung from a delicate necklace chain around her neck.

"Please excuse my husband sweethearts, he's dumb as bricks, men like him just don't know any better" the grandmother cooed in her soft, smooth voice. Victoria rolled her eyes as she felt her irritation

almost bubbling over inside her. The grandmother leaned in a few inches away from Victoria's ear as her voice turned to a whisper as she placed a gentle hand on her shoulder. Fists clenched, Victoria wanted nothing more than to dispose of the family of vermin, especially when she felt the woman's hand gently caress her shoulder. But for the time being, she knew she had to keep her appetite in check while in public out in the open. The grandmother tried to contain her laughter as she pointed at her husband and whispered in Victoria's ear. "When I caught him cheating on me, I started making him wear *that* in public," she giggled. "Ladies, you gots your whole *lives* ahead of you. Don't listen to no numbnuts man like him when they say they're going to change... they never do," she laughed as she heartily pat Victoria on the shoulder.

Victoria and Melanie glanced over at the boy's grandfather, who was leaning against the wall and waiting for his wife next to the exit. They tried to look him up and down, but truly had no idea where to start— he was *quite* the character. The man had brown almond shaped eyes that hid behind a pair of transparent pink aviator glasses. His luscious and thick curly hair was a dark chestnut brown with grey peppering throughout, and he kept it tucked messily under his trucker-style baseball hat. The man's scraggly and unkempt beard covered halfway down his weathered, mottled neck that was darkened by years of sun damage. He had a prominent, bulbous nose that was complimented by a sharp square jawline and sunken in cheeks. But it was his outfit that *really* made him stand out amongst the crowd. His most noticeable feature was his oversized medieval style breastplate complete with complimenting shoulder armor, but this was no ordinary breastplate. The thick silver breastplate gave the illusion of size H breasts, if not larger. It looked as if two full size watermelons would fit under the breastplate with room to spare. He accented the outfit with a pair of reflective holographic spanx that looked two sizes too small for him and a pair of thin fishnet leggings underneath. Peeking out of the top of the shorts was a thin, neon green thong that was more visible from the back. He certainly had a creative set of accessories to go with the outfit: a pair of military style black steel toed boots, a pair of pink tinted aviator glasses, and an obviously fake prop cigarette that he kept in his mouth.

Seeing the Skaraana eyeing him, the man nodded in their direction and spoke with a carefree matter of fact tone. "I have a public degradation kink, get over it ladies," he said with a dismissing wave like a washed-up celebrity. "Next, my grandson here eats lead paint chips like potato chips at his mom's house. So whaddya expect from him?" the man said with a shrug before grabbing Declan's hand and walking out of the diner.

The elderly couple meandered out into the parking lot, with Declan buzzing around them like a hyperactive insect, giving the girls one last middle finger and a devilish smirk.

Both Skaraana women looked at each other in total shock and disbelief.

"Melanie, where the FUCK did we land?"

END CHAPTER TWO