

The Little Fortune Teller Shoppe

Oh, is that the door I hear? Come in my dears, is it a fortune you seek, then its fortune you've found. Welcome to my humble abode, I am Maria Nitocris and into the futures I will peek and tell of what fate has in store for you all. Come come, one at a time and pay no mind to the belly plumping up from my dress. I'm expecting, you see.

Have a seat before my crystal ball, or is a palm reading you like? Any sort of telling is my trade, give me your hand and I'll read your palm. My what stories I see here, now let's look to your future. Hm, I see a passage wet and slick and goes deep, deep, deep in a pit hot and shifting. What does that mean, you ask? Come close and find out dear. Down you went and curled up inside me, my belly welcoming you with glee. Already the acids coat your body flesh, dissolving pesky clothes and burning your skin. Soon you'll be slop taking the last road out, your remains feeding my children, and when it's done, you'll be leaving my rump and piling into the first train to Pandora's sewer system. Yes, keep squirming, it won't take long. After all, your friends are next.

Next! Come in and take a seat. My aren't you a pretty one, looking for a boy or a girl to warm your sheets? Don't be shy, I don't discriminate. Your friend? He went out the back, You'll see him in due time. That's beside the point, you're here for your love life. How'd I know, dear you're speaking with a fortune teller. Seeing the future is child's play, now look into my crystal ball and tell me what you see. Hm? Two large mounds rising like the hills on the plain, yet bare and beautifully smooth? And between them a hole that could swallow you whole! Why, do they look like these? Indeed, you look upon my ravenous rear, this is where your future leads, devoured by my bottom to stew in my stomach. Don't worry, don't cry. Up you go now, my dear, think of it this way: You're feeding my unborn children, a worthy cause is it not? Now stay still it'll be over quick.

Oh, you're not supposed to be here, it isn't your turn and here you find my secret. Ignore the feet flailing from my perfect rear, you'll be joining your friend soon. Trying to run, I see? A futile gesture, let me put a little zap in your step. Can't move? Oh, I'm sorry I seemed to have paralyzed you, what a shame. Now you'll stand still whether you like it or not. I'll make your fortune for you this time, down my throat you'll join the others to melt away into fat for me and

nutrients for the babies. Now get in there and digest and don't even think of giving me indigestion.

Yes, yes. This is the life of a fortune teller, so many souls come in so curious about their futures. Little do they know they're futures end in me. Stewing so briefly in a nice, round belly and bowels before they're flushed away to their home in the sewers, the only evidence of their existence being fat on my rump. They would be forgotten in time, as more would just come to sate my hunger pangs and turn to another layer of fat to blanket the previous one, each as delicious as the next.

Would you like to have your fortune told? Come, have a seat and let me show you what your future has in store for you.