

My head.

Fucking.

Stinks.

What feels like a hiccup leaves chunks in my throat that I need to swallow back down. I shudder, feeling even sicker for it. Were it not for that music I might have been alright. Five in the morning... really!? Some kind of sick payback for last night.

I cough up another sicky burp as I roll onto my side, gurgling fat spilling underneath the covers. I can feel my thighs squishing together like huge marshmallows. So much for the exercise plan... yeah, yoga's not happening today.

My belly's moaning for breakfast though and that rumbling helps soothe the tummy ache. It's nice. I will them on, dizzily basking in the vibrations.

I can't sleep though. The music; I'm half-heartedly listening for a familiar lyric or melody, but I can't hear properly. Is it the downstairs neighbours? It's so muffled. Oh well. My eyelids flutter closed as I lay a hand on my stomach. Sleepy... dreamy... that groaning in my middle... is it... to time?

I strain upwards, seeing finally the carnage from last night. I can barely move for my new girth. How many was it? God knows... the mental strain isn't worth it. Now that I'm paying attention though, I can feel my guts rumbling. Thump. Thump. Thump. It's the fucking playlist!

Jane's bluetooth speaker... surely not. I fondle through my own flab, but feel nothing solid. It's deep. Why is it *in* me? How is it even working when its owner is probably seeping through the vents as a viscous paste?? I search around for her phone - *any* phone - but find nothing. I devoured them totally, clothes and all... Fuck.

As I lay back on the pillow, staring at the ceiling, body pulsing with the base like some organic nightclub, the music takes a drastic turn.

*"~trurf arapha mrarna~driblrrp blrar thre mra?"*

I told her. Buy Spotify premium, I said, or I'll eat you. Now look where we are. I slap impotently at all my jiggling fat, "Stop advertising to me! You're in my tummy!"

The woman mumbles on before a jingle fades into silence.

The music kicks back up. I groan sadly. Though I do remember the conversation.

"Victoria's literally big enough to party in."

"Fuc-ic-k off." My eyes rolled around in my head as I laid back on the settee.

Laura got all amorous, fondling my body underneath my clothes. "Not in a bad way," she said, "like it's always fun watching you eat people. They just disappear under all that chub like - *poof*." She poked a hole in my belly button.

"God, I could really go for someone right now. You guys wanna order food?"

"Better idea!" Jess pitched in, "we get a head start on all the partying. You know, for when the clubs open up again? All the heat, warm bodies pulsing against each other, deafening music... and you still get to fill your greedy belly!"

So drunkenly, they helped undress me - didn't want anything tearing, my wardrobe was scant enough - and we all came to my bedroom where I laid stomach down among the sheets. They all crawled in, one by one, taking their phones, and the speaker, and a few bottles... Fuck! I wasn't going to be sober for a long time...

And then I... went to sleep.

It's not exactly fun, being a venue. You can feel everyone having a good time, laughing, joking, splashing around in the goop... and I couldn't even pack up and go home - I was home, I guess - but I mean I couldn't decide when the party ended.

So yeah. I slept.

And now I was awake, looking like a blubbery walrus. Poking my gut, "You guys?"

Nothing.

Digested them all. What do you even do in this situation, call relatives?

Hi, yeah, sorry, I have Jane with me - I can shit her into a baggie if you like?

...Yeah, that wasn't happening.

Rolling off my bed, I make for the toilet. I feel nauseous. What's worse, I feel like a human beatbox. Not even good music, RnB shite or whatever it is. I knew I should have overruled her, taken her phone and used my own playlist. Better yet, ran YouTube through my laptop. Something I couldn't eat.

...Okay, something I couldn't eat quite as easily.

Settling on the cold seat, I ready myself for the worst. A few airy grunts and I'm off. I can feel my guts chugging, splattering out of my rectum to fill the bowl. All that internal movement - I can *feel* the little speaker squeeze through my intestines, jiggling all the way down. Torn clothes, bones, a hell of a lot of shit. Rather than taking breaks though, pushing each victim out into the cistern one by one, I just keep going. All of them. *Ppplllrbrbrt*. Yuck.

The worst part is that my guts are still full. I think bits of them must have gotten trapped somewhere down the line, so I'll just make a point of eating plenty of fibre - oats and stuff - to help push the rest all the way out. Maybe Jane's speaker will run out of batteries soon.

I'm sick of hearing these shitty adverts.