

Important Note: This is an erotic story that is aimed at mature adults with macro- and vorarephilia. It contains depictions of physical and psychological violence that some people may find disturbing. Minors and people who feel that such depictions upset them are therefore explicitly asked not to read this story. Furthermore, this story is entirely fictional and all erotically portrayed characters are at least 18 years old.

A Balanced Breakfast

Yawning and stretching herself, Birgit cast a glance at the digital clock on her oven as she stepped into the kitchen, shivering a little as her naked feet touched the cool tiles. It had become quite cold outside overnight, and apparently, she had forgotten to turn on the floor heating last evening. It was ten to seven in the morning and still completely dark outside, the quiet residential road in front of the large kitchen window only illuminated by the pale light of some streetlamps. Birgit rubbed her eyes and yawned again, then her stomach let out an impatient, moist gurgling sound. It was time for breakfast – after all, she had another long day of teaching ahead in school, and she only had another half hour or so until she needed to get going. She sighed to herself and turned up the thermostat a little, so that the house at least would be nice and cosy when she came back from work, then she stepped over to one of the kitchen cupboards and produced a large breakfast bowl. Birgit absent-mindedly placed it on the elegant kitchen counter and then went over to the fridge, taking out some fresh low-fat yogurt and berries before returning to the bowl, filling it with some muesli. Then she added the berries and the yogurt, and was just about to head over to the living room with her breakfast when she noticed the half-empty Vortex box on the counter.

Oh. That's right. Birgit thought to herself, subconsciously placing her left hand on her soft belly, hidden behind her cosy bathrobe and pyjamas. *I almost forgot about you.*

She shrugged and reached for the box, removing the perforated plastic foil she had put over it last evening to keep the leftover shrunken people inside from escaping. Birgit paid no attention to their anguished cries as she lifted the box from the counter and gently tilted it over her bowl of muesli, causing the tiny humans trapped inside to tumble into the thick yogurt below. As she looked down at the small creatures squirming around inside her breakfast, she smiled lovingly, looking forward to the slight tickling sensation these little sweeties would cause in her stomach when she drove to work.

Speaking of sweet... Birgit thought, realising that she had a bit of a sweet tooth today.

Then she grabbed a plastic bottle of honey from the shelf and held it over the bowl, squeezing the thick golden liquid onto her breakfast, and inevitably also covering a large amount of the tinies in the sticky goop. Leaving the bowl on the counter for a few moments as the shrunken people inside desperately fought not to suffocate in the avalanche of honey or sink beneath the surface of the yogurt, Birgit made herself a cup of coffee, placing her hand on her belly again as it let out another anticipatory gurgle. It was almost twelve hours since she had eaten last, so her stomach was completely empty, and the shrunken people she had had for dinner were way down along her intestines by now, along with the burger and the fries. But it was not a thought that crossed Birgit's mind, she was hungry again and needed to eat.

So she took a sip from her coffee, enjoying the feeling of the hot, caffeinated liquid travelling down her oesophagus and into her groaning stomach, and grabbed the bowl with her muesli, mixing it a little with her spoon as she went into the living room. Not even for a moment did she think about the fact that she nearly drowned several of the tiny humans in her breakfast as she stirred the thick yogurt with the muesli and the berries, and it wasn't as if she would have cared either way. To Birgit, the squirming little creatures in her muesli were no different from the berries, oats, and nuts in the bowl – they were just food to provide her with nutrients.

Taking another sip of hot coffee, Birgit sat down on the couch in the living room and turned on the TV, somewhat absent-mindedly listening to the weather forecast for today. The young female weathercaster explained that it would stay very cold throughout the day, with a chance of sleet later in the afternoon. Birgit sighed and glanced out into the garden, noticing that all the plants were coated with ghostly white frost. She would need to wrap herself up well today. Hopefully she wouldn't have to scrape ice off her car's windshield again. Birgit let out a quiet, self-pitying moan, then she leaned back, placing the bowl on her soft belly, and scooped up a spoonful of muesli, slowly lifting it towards her mouth as she shifted her attention to the TV.



“Elle va nous manger!” A middle-aged man covered in yogurt and honey screamed at the top of his lungs, awkwardly wading towards Paul through the giantess' breakfast with an utterly horrified look on his face. “Courez pour vos vies!”

Paul stretched out his hand, desperately holding onto a large nut of some kind, but it was too late. Mere moments later, the enormous spoon descended into the bowl, digging itself into the yogurt and muesli right beneath the struggling French man and some other shrunken people. Then they were suddenly lifted up, a hellish choir of screams echoing through the vast bowl as they slowly travelled upwards – somewhat similar to the shrieks and cries one would hear near a rollercoaster, but lacking any note of joy or playfulness. Paul watched on in horror as the giant woman casually lifted the spoon to her mouth, her giant lips slowly parting as she ate the first spoonful of her breakfast. The agonising screams suddenly grew muffled as her lips closed around the spoon and she pulled it out again, leaving it devoid of both muesli and shrunken people. Then the giantess' jaws moved a bit as she began to chew, though it seemed more like she was just mashing up her breakfast a little to make it easier to swallow. Finally, there was a moist gulp and all that had been inside the enormous woman's mouth was suddenly forced down into her oesophagus, a slight contraction in her throat being the last the world would ever see of the shrunken people she had just eaten.

Shivering with fear, Paul found himself following the path of the bolus the giantess had just sent down to her stomach, his eyes moving down her throat and then along her upper body, with most of his view being filled out by the soft, enormous mountains that were her breasts, which gently moved up and down with her calm, relaxed breathing. The walls of the gigantic breakfast bowl he was trapped in obstructed his view of her belly, but just in that moment, Paul could hear a moist squelching sound from deep below as the giantess' stomach greedily received its first offering for the day. Then it let out a content gurgle as it got ready to digest.

Paul frantically began to look around, still hoping to find some way out of this situation, but the sloping ceramic walls all around were completely smooth and higher than his entire body. He heard another wet gulp and looked up again, seeing that the giantess had just taken another sip of coffee. Just like yesterday evening, when the woman had eaten around half of the shrunken people in the Vortex box he had been trapped in, Paul suddenly felt a particularly strange sense of humiliation and anger. Apart from her gargantuan size, the towering woman seemed to be a perfectly normal, even likeable person; a middle-aged, middle-class German woman with wavy, light blonde hair, clear blue eyes and a kind smile that showed off rows of pearly white teeth. It was still difficult to wrap his head around the thought that this woman was in the process of *eating him for breakfast*, and that the digested remains of the people she had devoured yesterday were currently floating somewhere through her guts below him.

The woman took another gulp of coffee and then lowered her spoon back into the bowl, causing another collective uproar of tiny voices screaming for their lives. Paul noticed that the nut he was holding onto was in the immediate danger zone, feeling the massive spoon push itself underneath him beneath the surface of yogurt like some kind of stainless-steel submarine. He gathered all his strength and jumped back into the swamp of cool yogurt and sticky honey, swimming away from his previous position as fast as he could in the thick liquid all around. But then he felt an ominous upward motion from far below, and began to panic as all of his immediate surroundings were suddenly lifted high into the air. Despite his efforts to get away, he found himself still very much in the middle of the giantess' spoon, and could just watch on helplessly as he and some other utterly mortified shrunken people were lifted out of the giant woman's breakfast bowl, up towards her closed, waiting lips.

As they passed over the soft canyon that was actually just her revealing pyjama cleavage, she slowly began to open her mouth. Paul now too joined into the chorus of terrified screams and pleads for mercy as the blonde German woman's lips parted, revealing her perfect white teeth and the wet, pink flesh inside her mouth. He found himself starting to hyperventilate as the giantess' jaws opened even further, her wet, slippery tongue stretching out towards them like a fleshy red carpet. As the tip of the spoon nearly touched her lips, Paul felt a breeze of moist, almost unbearably hot air wash over him from the depths of her gaping maw, smelling of bad morning breath and coffee. It was enough to make him gag with fear and disgust.

"No!" He screamed along with the wailing others. "Please don't! Oh God, please!"

The German giantess either didn't hear them or wasn't listening. Instead of reacting to their pathetic cries in any sort of way, she just shoved the spoon in between her soft lips and closed her mouth, plunging the screaming and begging tinies into complete darkness. The hot, fleshy and moist inside of her closed mouth only served to amplify the hysterical screams, and as Paul inhaled the rank air, smelling even more intensely of the woman's breakfast, he felt like he truly had entered hell. Then the thick, viscous mixture of yogurt, muesli and honey-coated tinies was forced off the spoon, landing on the giantess' enormous tongue as she pulled the spoon out again from between her closed lips. Paul frantically turned onto his belly and began to crawl away from a small mountain of collapsing oats and berries mixed with yogurt, the squishy tastebuds underneath him squirting out hot saliva as he pulled himself across them.

Only a few rays of light made it past the giant woman's closed lips and teeth, but they were enough to illuminate the gargantuan mouth just a little bit. Paul found himself surrounded by massive white teeth, the masticated remains of the first spoonful still sticking onto the chewing surfaces of the woman's molars – oats, nuts, berries, and what he feared to be limbs and pieces of the shrunken people who had had the misfortune of being caught between them. He retched with fear as he realised that he perhaps was mere seconds away from suffering the same fate and crawled further towards the front teeth, in the delusional hope that he could perhaps escape from the enormous mouth before it was too late. Ignoring the anguished cries around him, he desperately pulled himself forward, constantly trying to wipe the hot, sticky mixture of saliva, yogurt and honey out of his face as his eyes began to fill with tears.

This could not be the end. Not like this. He was just a simple truck driver from the UK, on his way to deliver some spare car parts to a factory in Eastern Europe. Paul still didn't even know why he had been stopped at the German border in the first place, not to mention why he had found himself shrunken down and put into a Vortex box soon after. He had done absolutely nothing wrong, and now he was about to be eaten by some random German woman, gulped down along with her breakfast and digested like any other piece of food. Why?

Before he could follow his trail of thoughts, however, the gigantic tongue suddenly began to move, squishing the mixture of yogurt and muesli against the inside of the woman's cheeks. Then there was a dull thud as her molars smashed down onto some nuts, effortlessly breaking them into smaller pieces. These movements repeated a few times, with at least one of the panicked voices of the other tinies being suddenly silenced by a sickening crunch. But Paul soon found himself forced towards the back of the tongue by the random movements, moving him away from the relentless chewing further towards the front. After a few agonising seconds, the chewing finally subsided, but before Paul could feel any kind of relief about being spared, he noticed that the slimy, giant tongue suddenly began to tilt backwards.

Paul's heart began to beat up to his neck and he found himself struggling to breathe yet again, both from lack of oxygen in the stuffy air and sheer panic. Chunks of chewed-up food began to slip past him, and he too slowly began to slide towards the gaping abyss of the giantess' throat. As he looked around helplessly, he couldn't see very much behind him, only a fleshy, dark tunnel leading into the depths of the woman who was about to eat him, framed by her tonsils and her slippery, wet uvula dangling high above him. Then the tongue suddenly darted upwards and Paul could feel incomprehensibly powerful muscles mercilessly contract around him, his life passing before his eyes as his feet were sucked into a hot, fleshy tube.

“No!” He screamed at the top of his lungs, his voice cracking. “Please, I don't want to die...”

There was a deafening gulping sound, and Paul let out a pained gargling noise as hot saliva, yogurt and honey were forced into his mouth. Then a ring muscle contracted around him and forced him into an unbearably hot, undulating tunnel of flesh along with an avalanche of chewed-up food and other squirming tinies. All Paul could now hear was a monstrous, greedy slurping sound and another gulp, accompanied by the infernal chorus of the people around crying for mercy and help, then everything went dark as the woman swallowed them whole.



Birgit swallowed the second spoonful of her breakfast and grimaced as she felt that one of the shrunken people had gotten stuck in her throat for a moment – apparently, she was scarfing her breakfast down a bit too greedily this morning. Her oesophagus seemed to be taking care of the situation, but just to help it out a little, she swallowed again, letting out a content sigh as she felt the squirming bolus travel down her throat and into her chest, causing a slight tickling sensation behind her large breasts. Only a few seconds later, she felt a barely perceivable contraction beneath her left breast as the second spoonful of muesli and shrunken people was deposited in her gurgling stomach, with the squirming tinies apparently quickly settling into their new home. Then Birgit took another sip of coffee and picked up her smartphone, having just received a message from the group chat with her colleagues.

She frowned, making a genuinely sad face as she read one message from the principal stating that Lukas and Melanie, two of her school’s former pupils who had vanished without a trace a few months ago, were still missing and that nobody seemed to have the slightest idea where they could have gone. Having been only their PE teacher, Birgit didn’t know them all that well, but it was still sad to think that something may have happened to them. She could only hope that they were okay and just had run off together or something. Her stomach quivered slightly, and before Birgit could react in time, it had forced some of the air inside back up her oesophagus, exiting from between her soft lips as a semi-suppressed burp.

“Oh my.” She said to herself, holding her hand to her mouth. *I really should slow down a bit.* Birgit then thought, but a glance at the clock reminded her that she had to get going soon.

So she lowered her spoon into the bowl again and scooped up yet another load of muesli with yogurt and squirming shrunken people, once again only bothering to chew two or three times before swallowing them all in one greedy gulp. Birgit then chased this spoonful with another, and then yet another, her tight time schedule and appetite having a far higher priority than the lives of those she simply wolfed down as just another ingredient of her breakfast.



After being swallowed alive by the enormous German woman, Paul awoke to the immense pressure of her oesophagus contracting and expanding around the lump of food he was caught in. The violent movements when being gulped down had turned him around by 180 degrees, leaving him travelling down into her body face forward while the lower half of his body was stuck in a thick bolus of muesli, yogurt, and honey. The merciless contractions alone made it almost impossible for him to breathe, but the tremendous heat and humidity, along with the intense smell of the giantess’ breakfast and her morning breath, also had him gagging and convulsing uncontrollably as he was forced deeper and deeper into her vast body. All around him, there was nothing but hot, slippery and constantly moving flesh, and a few moments into his descent he could hear an oppressively loud, regular thumping noise, accompanied by calm and steady breathing. He was inside the woman’s chest, travelling down behind her breasts – to anyone from the outside world, he had already disappeared forever, become one with the body of the giantess. And soon, he would be digested, literally becoming part of her forever.

“No!” Paul coughed, whimpering as he spit out hot mucus and warm chunks of the woman’s breakfast. “Please, someone help me! Help!”

Naturally, nobody heard him, his measly voice being drowned out by the powerful sounds of the gigantic body surrounding him, and the equally anguished cries of the other tinies further up the oesophagus. Paul kept coughing and retching as the heat grew more and more intense, and he began to notice an even more sickening, ominous smell of vomit and acid as the fleshy, undulating tunnel suddenly sloped sideways a little, turning into a visceral kind of waterslide. Feeling that he was approaching the point of no return, Paul frantically stretched out his arms and tried to slow his descent, but the hot, slimy tube was too slippery and the lump of chewed food behind him kept forcing him further down. Then his face suddenly touched a sphincter-like ring muscle, and just as he thought that he would be crushed between this firm wall of muscular flesh and the bolus of muesli and yogurt, it suddenly opened, releasing a blast of hot and acidic air. Paul felt his eyes and airways flare up and began to heave, overwhelmed by the stench of vomit and stomach acid rising up from the darkness below.

“N-No!” He pleaded again as he tried to hold onto something, but the strong muscles of the cardia immediately grabbed onto his body and sucked him downwards with another wet slurp, his skeleton cracking as the entrance to the woman’s stomach nearly crushed his bones.

Then the cardia finally released Paul, spitting him into the black abyss of the giant woman’s stomach together with the rest of the food she had swallowed along with him. For a couple of seconds, he found himself in free fall, then he splashed into a billowing soup of rapidly disintegrating muesli, yogurt and honey as well as spit, slime, acid and various digestive enzymes. He could instantly feel a burning sensation on his skin, especially around any part of his body not covered by skin, such as his eyes and orifices, but what was far worse was the ubiquitous stench of vomit that the German woman’s breakfast was rapidly turning into. Paul gasped for air, thrashing around in the digesting slop as the constant movements of the stomach walls churned its contents around, further breaking the giantess’ breakfast down and mixing it with the digestive juices being excreted from the mucosal lining.

Moments later, there was another loud gulping sound above, only to be followed by the wet squelch of the opening cardia a few seconds later as it released a torrent of hot coffee into the stomach. The hot, brown liquid poured into the churning soup of digesting muesli and yogurt, sending a tsunami of coffee through the stomach that burned Paul’s already acid-coated skin and smashed him against one of the churning stomach walls, causing him to cry out in pain.

Just when Paul had managed to stabilise himself a bit and stopped gagging, holding onto the soggy remains of what smelled like it once had been a walnut, the entire stomach seemed to contract around him. This was followed by a sudden change in air pressure that made his ears pop, and a thunderous, wet belching sound from above that was even louder than the constant gurgling and squelching of the stomach or the giantess’ heartbeat and breathing sounds. Paul wasn’t sure, but he assumed that the woman had just burped, probably due to having scarfed her breakfast down so greedily. She hadn’t even bothered to look at them, instead keeping her beautiful blue eyes fixed on her TV as she devoured them like they were nothing.

Paul began to sob. Not even for a second had he been able to put up a fight or even delay his terrible fate a little. From the woman's point of view, there really was no difference between the tinies and the other ingredients of her breakfast, she had swallowed them all just the same, and now they would be digested by her. There was nothing he could do about this either, and it wouldn't even be a conscious effort on the woman's part – her guts would simply process him and the others like all the other food she had eaten and would still eat, and by this time tomorrow, nothing would be left of him except for some nutrients floating through her bloodstream, or perhaps some additional fat tissue on her large breasts and her well-built butt. And if anything of his body would actually remain after its journey through the giantess' digestive system, it would be no more than bleached bones embedded in her next bowel movement.

The existential horror of the realisation that he wasn't just about to die, but to be wiped out of existence and absorbed into the body of the very person that had so callously eaten him was too much for Paul. He hammered his hands against the soggy walnut he was holding onto and let out an anguished scream, but just then, he heard yet another gulp. Just a few seconds later, the cardia opened up once more, now squirting an avalanche of masticated muesli and yogurt into the stomach. Paul dug his fingers deep into the walnut and shivered with horror as the stomach not only filled with the smell of yogurt and honey again, but also with the screams of the other shrunken people the giantess had eaten. He had barely paid attention to the muffled wailing and crying before, too busy dealing with his own horror and fear, but now, the stomach was literally echoing with other voices crying out for help as if someone could hear them.

Since it was completely dark inside the stomach, Paul could not actually see what was going on around him, but the infernal soundscape was unbearable enough as it was. There was the oppressive thumping noise of the giant woman's heartbeat, the breathing of her lungs and the menacing gurgling of her stomach as it churned and contracted with increasingly powerful peristaltic movements, all providing the background for a chorus of bitter shrieking and wailing. He was in hell, and he suddenly found himself hoping that he would be digested soon, he would give anything just for all the horror around him to stop.

Instead of being delivered from his pain, however, Paul just heard another gulp, yet again to be followed by the cardia spitting more chewed-up food and shrunken people into the giant woman's stomach. He braced himself as the newly arrived food splashed into the pool of already digesting chyme and sent another wave billowing through the stomach and washed him over to a group of screaming shrunken people, their agonised screams causing him to shiver. Then he suddenly felt someone grab onto his shoulders, pulling him down into the swamp of disintegrating muesli and yogurt as they tried to climb onto his back.

“Hilfe!” He heard the person screech in an almost psychotic tone as they dug their nails into his back, scratching his tender flesh and leaving gashes that instantly flared up as they came into contact with concentrated stomach acid. “Ich will hier raus! Bitte!”

Paul groaned and turned around, trying to shake off the apparently German shrunken person who was dragging him down, but as he tried to somehow get hold of them, he slipped off the walnut he was holding onto, suddenly finding himself beneath the surface of the thick chyme

that, by now, was more reminiscent of yogurt- and honey-infused vomit. Unable to breathe, he felt the person wrap their arms around his shoulders and his neck, starting to suffocate him as they tried to climb up. Feeling his aching body beginning to twitch as it started to run out of oxygen, Paul collected his strength and threw himself around, indeed managing to shake off the other shrunken person. Then he pushed himself up, gasping as he forced himself back to the surface and greedily inhaled the little oxygen that remained in the foul, acidic air.

Then the arms of the other person reached up out from the digesting broth again, digging into his chest. But this time, Paul was prepared, unleashing all the fear and impotent rage he had felt up until now onto his attacker. He closed his arms around their windpipe and squeezed as hard as he could, forcing them beneath the surface of the billowing soup of vomit until their body convulsed and finally went limp. Paul held on for a few more moments, squeezing even harder until he heard the other person's larynx break with a sickening crunch, then he finally let go and let his attacker's lifeless body slip into the depths below.

"Fuck." He muttered to himself, realising that he had just killed someone with his bare hands, but before he could even begin to fathom what he had done, he heard another big gulp.

Paul gasped and began to swim towards one of the undulating stomach walls, away from the centre of the churning sack of flesh he was trapped inside, then he heard another wet slurp as the cardia opened up again and ejected another landslide of chewed food into the stomach. He tried to hold onto something, but by now, it seemed that almost everything inside the stomach had the consistency of warm porridge, and so he could only hold his breath as another wave of hot vomit and masticated muesli washed over him, dragging him down below the surface once more. Bumping into several drifting bodies of other shrunken people, some alive, some dead, and others somewhere in between, Paul resurfaced and tried to breathe in, only to be hit by a surge of hot coffee spilling in from above like a waterfall.

The tsunami of almost boiling hot liquid burned his face, already sore and swollen from the prolonged exposure to the giant German woman's stomach acid. Paul cried out in pain as he was swept away, inadvertently allowing thick, hot vomit to be forced into his mouth and nose by the ongoing peristaltic movements. Desperately fighting to regain his sense of orientation, he thrashed around in the billowing sludge, not hearing the woman swallow another mouthful of muesli. He had only managed to stabilise himself a little, coughing up chunks of the vomit he was floating in, when the cardia widened once more and allowed another bolus of chewed muesli to drop inside, smashing down right onto Paul and another few squirming tinies.

Not understanding what had just happened, Paul gasped, viscous chyme being forced into his airways as he was enveloped in a chunk of masticated oats and nuts that rapidly began to sink below the surface. He gagged, trying to force the chewed-up food out of his own body again, but even when he managed to cough out some of the warm, sticky pulp, more of it just kept being forced into him. As he slowly sank to the bottom of the stomach, Paul's body began to cramp up, his organs quickly running out of oxygen. Then he finally went limp, the acidic vomit forcing itself into every opening of his body as his muscles relaxed and he lost consciousness, his final thoughts in the horrifying knowledge that he was being digested alive.



Swallowing the last proper spoonful of her muesli, Birgit glanced at the clock again and then decided that it was time to get going soon, especially since she wasn't sure what condition the roads would be in on such a frosty morning. She scratched the remaining yogurt and muesli from the rim of her breakfast bowl and scooped it all up together with the last two remaining shrunken people, casually sucking them off her spoon as she got up from the sofa and went to the kitchen. There, she finally gulped them down with the last sip of her coffee and went over to the dishwasher, putting the cup, the bowl, and the spoon inside. For a brief moment, she thought about turning on the machine, but then decided against it since it still wasn't very full, and her boys hadn't had breakfast yet. Speaking of her boys... she knew that Martin had a late start, but Florian should have gotten up by now. Rolling her eyes as she glanced at the digital clock on her oven again, she turned around, only to see her older son step into the kitchen, still in his pyjamas and looking sleepy as he looked through the cereals on the shelf.

"Morning, mum." He said, yawning as he settled for a chocolate cereal that had more sugar than many desserts and which he could only get away with thanks to his youthful metabolism.

"Well look who's awake." Birgit sighed and pointed at the clock. "Aren't you running late?"

"Huh?" Her son replied and glanced over at the digital display, shrugging. "Eh, not really."

"You still need to get dressed; you know." Birgit admonished him.

"Yes, mum. I know." The blond boy groaned and rolled his eyes as he sat down at the kitchen counter and poured his cereal into a bowl. "I know what I'm doing."

"You also remember that I've got a long day today, right?" The blonde woman continued as she went towards the kitchen door. "So you need to cook your own dinner again today."

"I'm going over to Alessia's after training." Florian replied, pouring some milk into his bowl and starting to eat. "Planned on staying at her place tonight."

Birgit exhaled audibly, slightly annoyed that nobody in this household ever seemed to bother with keeping her up to date. "Okay. Say hello from me. I'll leave a note for your brother."

Then she went over to the counter again, picked up one of the blank pieces of paper she used for the shopping list and wrote a quick note to Martin, reminding him that she would be back late today. She placed it in the middle of the black cooking top where it would be easiest to see, then turned and went to the door again, feeling the contents of her full, churning stomach slosh back and forth with every one of her steps. Just as Birgit stepped into the hall, another contraction of her stomach forced some more air up her oesophagus, causing her to burp.

"Mum!" Florian exclaimed, slightly embarrassed by his mother's unashamed belch.

"My house, my rules!" Birgit replied and gave her son a playfully smug look before stepping into the hallway, where she happily patted her loudly churning belly and went upstairs to her room to fetch the clothes she laid out for today, humming to herself.

Throwing the clothes over her left arm, Birgit went to the bathroom and got changed, sighing to herself again as she barely managed to squeeze her large, round butt cheeks into her tight-fitting jeans. She would really have to cut back on shrunken people – when she was younger, her athletic metabolism had effortlessly dealt with them, sending them straight to all the right places and burning off the rest. But now that she was getting a bit older, she would have to watch her intake a little more carefully if she didn't want to get fat.

Birgit then stepped up to the mirror and carefully scrutinised her figure, grabbing her taut butt cheeks and then pushing up her large, soft breasts, which visibly bulged through the modest white sweatshirt she had chosen for today. Simply from looking at her, one couldn't tell if she had put on any weight or not, but the denim fabric spanning tightly around her ass was warning enough to her. Especially with winter and Christmas coming up.

She grabbed her toothbrush and squeezed some minty toothpaste onto it, thoroughly cleaning her teeth before finally flossing as well to remove some small pieces of muesli and tiny bone splinters stuck between her white molars. Birgit unceremoniously spat them into the sink, not even sparing so much as a single thought to what exactly they were, and simply washed them away along with the toothpaste as she cleaned her hands with some soap and water.

Finally, Birgit went downstairs again, where she slipped into a thick winter coat and grabbed her keys from the wooden dresser before slipping into a pair of sturdy boots.

“I'm off to work.” She explained, returning into the kitchen, where her son was still casually chewing around on his cereal and chatting with someone on his phone, most likely Alessia.

“Bye.” He replied laconically, only briefly looking up from his phone as his mother gave him a quick kiss on the forehead and grabbed her bag before heading towards the front door again.

“See you tomorrow.” His mother then said and stepped out the door into the frosty morning, shivering a bit as a cold breeze blew across her front garden, shaking dead leaves from a tree.

Birgit zipped her warm coat up a little more and pulled her car keys from her pocket, pressing the button for the central locking. Then she quickly checked her smartphone to see if she had received any new messages before she left. Seeing that this wasn't the case, she slipped her phone in the back pocket of her blue jeans and then went over to her car, the contents of her stomach gently sloshing back and forth deep inside her as her breakfast began to digest.