

10/10/2021

*What a shit weekend.*

*I guess that's what I get for thinking I could have some me-time. I really needed it. I'd settled down on the Friday with my date and a bottle of red - the expensive stuff, I really pulled out all the stops - and the bastard kept refilling his glass. He went on and on about this and that, his last girlfriend and the one before. If preds were such a trigger for him, he should have read my bio.*

*But I sat there listening, "oh, there there", "bless you", with a half a mind to just toss him out. I don't know what it was, but something was messing with my appetite, and when the wine didn't do anything for my head I figured I'd just go to bed.*

*Of course, he didn't like the sound of that. "You're not gonna let me stay the night?" Fucker. As if I owe it to him anything after listening to him all that time. Was not happy. So, I swallowed my nausea and him along with it. My throat was quite sore, so I figured it was just because I ate him with his clothes still on - I wish that were the case.*

*I laid there on the sofa for a while longer under a blanket, struggling for breath where he'd forced himself against my diaphragm. Can't remember what was on the tv. He'd put something on netflix, not that I was paying attention. I watched the strained rise and fall of my tummy, rumbling softly under the material as I hugged him tight.*

*I'm not a huge girl, so a lot of my prey think they can try and escape. They never can though. Once my ribcage settles back to size, there's no going the other way. I compressed my stomach between my thighs, hugging gently and giving the skin little scratches with my nails.*

*I wasn't relaxed though. I had this tension in my gut just below him, which I did initially put down to him just putting too much weight on them. Even so, I managed to heave myself up and snuggle down into the nest of pillows I have for a bed. By that point I was gasping, totally unable to breathe through my nose. I gulped mouthfuls of air and belched it all back up within minutes.*

*Pretty sure he gave me the flu.*

*One o'clock in the morning, dinner's still struggling, yelling about how I had to let him out and this and that and whatever else. He clearly wasn't going to suffocate any time soon. I took a glass of water, hoping I could drown him, but then he just mumbled something about cold showers or... I don't know. Prey nonsense.*

*I tried sleeping on my belly for a little while, but that's so uncomfortable; I don't know how other predators do it. Made me want to vomit, and I'd already promised myself that this guy wasn't ending up in my bed. It did feel kinda nice to knead the mess inside me though, grinding the slurry manually, viciously. Dinner still didn't shut up though. I stuck on some sleep asmr and put in my earbuds, and that let me drift off for a little while.*

*I must have woken up around eleven Saturday morning, feeling bloated and groggy and still with a persons-worth of meat sloshing around in my middle. It gurgled uncomfortably when I prodded at the thickening wall of chub.*

*"Mush," I remember moaning with a self-satisfied grin, before rushing to the other room to retrieve my tissues. He was processing slowly, sure - but I figured I had the whole weekend to mulch him into fertilizer before I needed to feel human again.*

*Obviously, that's when the office calls, saying they need a hard copy of the payroll documents.*

*"Liz, I'm really not well."*

*"It's twenty minutes in the car, you'll survive."*

*That drive was awful. I stalled at the bottom of my road, I'm thinking because my head was all fuzzy and didn't really know where it was. I could also barely reach the peddles; I'd pushed back my seat so my gut could settle snugly, and I guess that wasn't working with my little legs.*

*Liz met me at the door thank God, but she could see I looked a mess. "Alright Rudolph," she said, before nodding at my substantial stomach, "helping Santa with the pies?"*

*I tried to make that playful groan sound, but I was so bunged up I must have sounded like a reindeer. "Cut out the middle-man and ate the bastard meself."*

*The drive back wasn't nearly as gruelling, although I had started burping a lot again. Probably a good thing, for the way it was compacting me. My body was struggling to digest my meal for whatever reason, and I really didn't need it. Constantly spluttering and blowing my nose, head cramping along with everything else...*

*Couldn't wait to climb under the covers again. I stuck youtube on and just binged wildlife videos. I could eat David Attenborough alive. I think some crocodile had the same idea and I was torn between cheering on my kin and hoping the old guy didn't bite it.*

*I don't know. Nothing makes you feel less glamorous than dribbling fluids and gasses out of every hole known to man. I didn't even feel like eating until he finally started slurping into my intestine, but I made a cheese toastie and managed to eat around three quarters of it.*

*So I think I remember drifting off around five o'clock and having this weird dream about a desert. I was traipsing through the sand, heavy-footed, stomach glorping from side to side; I honestly felt like a hippo. Of course, in the dream, I think I was some kind of animal, and the people that had been riding me were tucked away in my bowel, struggling to be free and screaming about the searing heat.*

*They had it better than me when I woke up. Everything ached and I just about managed to make the toilet. My date was really hard to pass - probably because of how long he'd spent sitting in my colon - but I did push him all the way through. I'll spare the gory details, but suffice to say his bones looked less like bones and more like shards of splintered wood.*

*Blech.*

*After I've written this I'll go back to bed and hopefully sleep off whatever this is. Got this twinge in the back of my neck that's driving me up the wall too, so I probably won't even be able to work out tomorrow.*

*It's cool. I can be chunky for a little while. Maybe I'll even take a few days extra, just to make sure I'm definitely not contagious... sounds like the perfect excuse to snuggle down with that other arsehole from tinder.*

*Worked out for the best after all.*