

**{This story takes place in the Vore-typical Universe}**

“Well, it’s Paul’s ball. Why shouldn’t *he* go get it?”

“She’s *your* neighbor, Timmy!”

“*You* kicked the ball, Sam!”

“But she’s *your* neighbor!”

This circular argument was clearly going nowhere, and, in desperation, Timmy Alkherst resorted to the only tactic he could think of. “You’re just scared, Sam! You’re a scaredy-cat, and everyone knows it!”

“No he’s not.” James cut in, coming to his little brother’s defense. “There’s a difference between being a scaredy-cat and not wanting to go steal a ball from a Predator’s yard.”

“It’s not stealing if it’s *my* ball to begin with.” Paul interjected, but James waved him off.

“Look, Timmy- you live right next door to her. If *anyone* is going to be safe asking to get Paul’s ball back, it’s you. So either you go get it back or you pay for a new ball.”

As much as Timmy would’ve loved to simply refuse this ultimatum, he knew that he couldn’t. James was 12, a full three years Timmy’s senior, and in addition to being four inches taller and forty pounds heavier than his scrawny self, James also took karate classes at the local dojo. If James wasn’t going to make Sam go retrieve the ball he’d kicked over the fence, then there was nothing Timmy could do to wrestle him into submission.

“Fine. I’ll do it, since you all are too *chicken*.”

His hopes that this final taunt would provoke one of the others into volunteering for this potentially-deadly task proved to be in vain, and, sighing at the unfairness of it all, Timmy began to trudge towards the front yard. The rest of the guys accompanied Timmy as far as the eastern edge of his driveway, beyond which lay the Predator’s property. Here, they stopped and stared, eyes wide, as he gathered his courage and walked across the lawn and up the front stairs of Miss Jerson’s porch.

Timmy's heartbeat thudded in his ears, and each step felt like he was wading through wet cement. Despite the coolness of the autumn air, a drop of sweat fell from his hand as he reached for the doorbell, and he swallowed hard before pushing the small, white button with all of his 9-year-old might. When he heard the chime go off inside the house, Timmy nearly lost his nerve and bolted for the safety of his driveway, but bravado (and a desire to avoid losing \$40 to repay Paul) made him stand his ground.

After a few agonizing moments of waiting, the front door suddenly swung inwards to reveal the house's owner and Timmy's neighbor- the notorious Courtney Jerson.

Contrary to what the rumors had said, Miss Jerson wasn't the hideous, obese, slobbering monstrosity in human form that Timmy'd expected. Although tall for a woman at 6'3", Miss Jerson appeared to be quite normal, with long legs, a pear-shaped body, rich blonde hair that fell down to her upper back, and a face that Timmy thought was very pretty. Sure, the butterfly tattoo on Courtney's sizable potbelly was plainly visible below her white crop-top, but her paunch only just spilled over the elastic waistband of her hot-pink sweatpants, and she could hardly be considered obese.

"Why, hello there!" she said, clearly surprised. "And what can I do for you, little guy?"

Her voice and demeanor were far from unpleasant, and Timmy allowed himself to relax a little when he realized that he wouldn't be snatched up and devoured immediately.

"W-well, you see, my friends and I lost a ball over the fence, a-and we think it landed in your backyard."

"And where are your friends now?" Courtney asked as she stepped forwards to look outside.

"There, on my driveway." Timmy said, gesturing to the other three with a sweep of his arm.

"Oh, you live next door?" When he nodded, Courtney smiled and ruffled Timmy's hair with her hand. "So *you're* Mark and Anne's boy, huh? Well, c'mon then. It wouldn't be very neighborly of me to refuse, now would it?"

With that, she beckoned him inside and closed the door behind him. As he followed her through the house, Timmy glanced around and was relieved to note the absence of giant ovens, people tied up and waiting to be eaten, or any of the other things he'd imagined might be in a Predator's house. Just as they reached the kitchen, however, Courtney's stomach growled loudly, and she idly rested a hand on the fleshy mass as she spoke.

"Oh, pardon me! I haven't had lunch yet, you see." She gestured to the sandwich supplies laying on the counter. "Seems like you came by just in time."

Just as expected, Paul's soccer ball lay only a few feet away from the tall wooden fence separating Courtney's backyard from Timmy's, and the boy quickly scooped up his prize while Courtney watched from the door.

"You know, that was pretty rude of your friends to make you come ask for your ball back all by yourself, wasn't it?" she remarked.

"Yeah. I'm not even the one who kicked the ball in the first place!" Timmy whined, drawing an amused chuckle from his host.

"Well, you should enjoy being young while you still can. Us grown-ups tend to miss our childhood friends as we get old, even the ones we used to argue with all the time."

Courtney didn't look particularly old to Timmy, but then it was always hard to tell an adult's age without asking. "How old are you, Miss Jerson?"

"Please, call me Courtney. And didn't your mother ever tell you it's not polite to ask a woman her age?" She smiled at Timmy and, with a wink, informed him that, "I'm twenty-eight now. Practically an old lady!"

Presently, the pair arrived at the front door. Even though his better judgment advised Timmy to flee while he could, his own curiosity was killing him, so he gathered all the courage he could muster and asked the question that had been on his mind the entire time. "Do...do you... I mean, have you ever...?"

"Have I ever eaten someone? Is that what you want to ask, Timmy?"

Timmy turned several shades of red and looked down at the floor, prompting laughter from Courtney.

“Well as a matter of fact, I have!” she giggled. “How do you think I got this belly?”

Having made a complete fool of himself, the thoroughly-embarrassed Timmy quickly tried to reach for the door handle and escape, but found that Courtney’s sizable ass was blocking his way.

“Whoa there! Where do you think you’re going?” Courtney asked as she reached down and grabbed Timmy by the shoulders. “You thought you were just gonna barge in here, grab the ball, ask me if I’m a Pred, and run? No, I don’t think so.”

Courtney bent over until she was level with Timmy’s eyes, bringing her face within about 3 inches of his own. “Look at me, Timmy.”

Reluctantly, the boy did as he was bid, and promptly found himself lost in the depths of Courtney’s deep blue eyes. *She smells nice*, he idly thought. *Like strawberries.*

“Are you... afraid of me?” she ventured, clearly hurt.

“N-no, Miss Jerson.”

“Oh good!” she replies, straightening up and clapping her hands together. “Then you won’t mind staying to visit a while longer, right? I mean, after all- you’ve never even come over to say hello since I moved in, and that was almost eight months ago!”

*Well, if it’s just to visit.....* “Okay, Miss Jerson.”

Beaming, Courtney took Timmy’s hand and led him over to the living room sofa, where she sat down right next to him. Casually, she leaned back into the cushions, causing her crotch to ride up about three inches and giving him a spectacular view of her bare belly.

“Now, Timmy, I like to get to know my guests before I.... well, anyways, what grade are you in at school?”

“Fourth.”

"I see. And do you have lots of friends?"

"Yeah, I was playing with Paul and Sam and James when Sam kicked the ball over the fence."

For a moment, Courtney said nothing. Then, grinning like the cat that ate the canary, she tilted his face upwards to look at her own. "You know, Timmy, I can't help but notice that you've been staring at my belly this whole time."

Realizing that he had, Timmy blushed furiously and looked away.

"Oh, don't be embarrassed! Really, it's fine. Kids are supposed to be curious about stuff, y'know?" Courtney guided his gaze back towards her and looked him dead in the eyes. "Tell me something, Timmy- are you curious about my belly?"

Hopelessly embarrassed, Timmy nodded and admitted, "Yeah, the rumors all said that it was *huge*! But I guess it's just noisy."

"Oh, it gets pretty huge when I eat someone, that's for sure." Courtney giggled. "But when I'm hungry, my stomach's not much bigger than yours!"

Following this remark, Courtney prodded Timmy's navel through his shirt, drawing giggles from the ticklish boy.

"But where are my manners? Here I am poking your belly like I've known you for more than ten minutes, and I haven't even offered you the same courtesy!" She leaned back and pulled her crop top up a few inches further. "Go ahead, Timmy. I won't bite, I *promise*."

Unable to resist temptation any longer, Timmy practically dove in, grabbing and kneading and squishing Courtney's potbelly, causing her to let out little giggles and moans. After a few minutes of belly play, Courtney stroked Timmy's hair and asked, "Well, Timmy? What do you think about my tummy?"

"Well," the boy said, sitting upright once more. "it's kinda like my dad's- y'know, bouncy and squishy and stuff- but *way* softer and less hairy."

"I would certainly hope so." Courtney replied, chuckling.

Her stomach had been growling the whole time he'd been playing with it and, feeling brave, Timmy asked, "Is it always this loud?"

"No." she said, after a moment of thought. "Only when I haven't eaten for a while."

"When was the last time you ate?"

"Last night. I'm a late riser, so I guess today's 'lunch' will actually be my breakfast too."

Feeling especially emboldened by her gentle demeanor, Timmy cut to the chase and blurted out, "Did you eat somebody for dinner?"

A serious expression came over Courtney's face, and when she gripped Timmy's shoulder with her right hand, his heart skipped several beats. "Yes, Timmy, I ate *three* people last night, and my belly processed them *all* in just a couple of hours!"

While any adult would've discerned the sarcasm dripping from Courtney's every word, Timmy was but a child, and he stared at her, eyes as big as saucers, until she burst out laughing and ruffled his hair.

"Oh, Timmy! You're so funny, you know that? No, I actually pigged out at this one BBQ place last night and stuffed my face with a couple pounds of pulled pork and ribs. A person is a *really* big meal, you know. Even my belly takes a couple of days to fully digest someone."

Recognizing the word "digest" from Science class, Timmy was thrilled to hear a familiar term. "I know what digestion is! That's when your stomach breaks down food into nutrients, right?"

"Mm-hmm! That's exactly right, Timmy! Nutrients and fat." Courtney blushed slightly. "That's actually why I got this butterfly tattoo," she gently grabbed his hand and guided it to rest on the insignia. "to symbolize how the people I eat are reborn as my fat."

Inspired by her statement, Timmy's next words left his mouth before his brain had a chance to catch them on the way out. "What do people taste like?"

Courtney appeared thoughtful. "Hmm. Well, they don't usually taste like very much, I'm afraid. It's kinda like if you licked a pork chop and got some of that salty, meaty flavor, I guess? Other than that, it really just depends on where they've been.

“This one time, I gulped down a lifeguard at the pool who was telling me off for running, and the chlorine made her taste so awful that I nearly spit her out! I didn’t, of course, and I’ve eaten plenty of bad-tasting meals in the time since- perfume and cologne are the bane of my taste buds’ existence. But hey, a girl’s gotta eat, an even if they don’t taste all that great, swallowing somebody fills up my belly like no other meal!”

Taking all of that into consideration, Timmy launched another brave question that had been bugging him. “How big does your belly get when you eat someone?”

A broad grin spread across Courtney’s face. “That’s an excellent question, Timmy. It depends on the size of the person, of course. Let’s do this- pick an adult that you know.” Immediately, Timmy thought of his mom. “Now, imagine if they curled up into a ball, real good and tight. That’s basically how much bigger they would make my belly when I first ate them.

“Naturally, once my gut gets to workin’ on ‘em, they get *much* smaller pretty quickly.” She smiled at him even wider. “But like I said, it totally depends on the size of my meal. For instance,” she grabbed his right hand, still resting on her tattooed belly skin, “if I ate you, right now, you’d probably stretch my belly out to right about... here.”

Timmy’s hand now hung in the air about a foot and a half above Courtney’s abdomen. He tried to visualize Courtney like that, with a big, round belly that stuck out farther than a pregnant woman’s.

“That’s like if you had a beach ball inside your belly!” he cried, amazed.

“Yeah, I guess it would be.” Courtney confirmed. “Of course, you’d be a *lot* more filling than a beach ball.”

There was an awkward silence following this assertion, in which Timmy and Courtney simply stared at one another. The quiet was only broken when Courtney’s stomach growled loudly, and both child and adult turned to look at the rounded, pale flesh of her abdomen.

“*Man!*” she sighed. “I’m *really* hungry. I sure could go for a big meal right about now...”

A chill ran down Timmy’s spine as he watched Courtney lick those luscious, red lips of hers. “I-I’d better get back to the others.” he stammered. “They’re probably waiting for me to bring the ball back.”

“Yeah, I guess you should...” she said, slowly, and he could’ve sworn that he saw a flicker of disappointment flash across her face. Suddenly, Courtney’s eyes lit up, and she grabbed Timmy by the arm before he could pull away. “Hey, Timmy, do you like capers?”

“Capers?” he said, intrigued.

“Yeah, you know, pranks and practical jokes and stuff like that.”

“Oh, yes!” he eagerly replied. “I love pranks!”

“Awesome, because I just thought of a cool prank that we’re gonna play on your friends out there!”

Courtney’s enthusiasm was contagious, and Timmy found himself agreeing before he realized it. “What’re we gonna do?”

“Well, the idea I had was that I eat you- as a joke, obviously- and then I’ll step outside and kick the ball back to your friends, but when they see you squirming around inside my belly, they’re gonna *freak out!* It’ll be *really* funny, I promise.”

Timmy was hesitant to agree with this idea, but before he knew what was happening, Courtney had already pulled him onto her lap and tugged his shirt over his head.

“W-wait!” he cried. “I-I don’t know about this!”

“But Timmy,” Courtney objected, “didn’t you say that you were curious about my belly?”

Timmy had no response to this fair observation, and before he could think up a clever reason to get away from Courtney, the Predator had seized his bare midsection with both hands. Paralyzed with fright, the boy didn’t even think to try and wiggle out of her grip, not that it would’ve done him much good- Courtney was much stronger than him, and her fingers were like iron around his torso.

“Well, here’s the thing, Timmy- *I’m* pretty curious about what it’s like inside my belly too. After all, I’ve never exactly had the chance to be in there myself.” Courtney looked deep into his eyes and pleaded, “Won’t you help me, Timmy?”



Before he even had a chance to consider the choice before him, Courtney interpreted Timmy's silence as implied consent and, with a wink, shoved his head into her gaping mouth. It was dark and slimy inside Courtney's maw, and her tongue kept flopping around and smearing Timmy's face with saliva.

Out of some primal instinct, Timmy began flailing his entire body around wildly, but the Predator's grip never slackened, and with a single gulp, Courtney forced his head and shoulders into the tight confines of her throat. Her esophagus contracted rhythmically around him, slowly drawing Timmy deeper and deeper into Courtney's body.

Despite already being mostly ingested, Timmy continued to wriggle his body desperately, hoping to make Courtney choke and cough him back up. Alas, his writhing only made him slip down the slick channel of Courtney's throat even faster, and he could feel her large hands sliding down to his knees to hold them still as she steadily pushed them into her mouth.

After a brief pause to remove Timmy's shoes, Courtney threw her head back and gulped one final time, causing his entire body to slide rapidly down her throat and into her waiting belly.

Having finally arrived at his destination, Timmy was relieved to find that a pool of acid wasn't waiting below to greet him, as he'd feared. Instead, the slick, velvety walls of Courtney's stomach gently massaged his squirming form as he tried to get his bearings and sit upright. However, just as he managed to determine which way was up, the flesh around Timmy rumbled, and a good portion of the air inside Courtney's stomach rushed upwards and out of her mouth in a tremendous belch.

"HHHHHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRRRRPPPPPPP!"

Timmy felt Courtney's hand patting and rubbing him through the skin of her belly, and he heard her say, "See? Not so scary being in my belly after all, now is it?"

"No," he reluctantly said, wiping the saliva from his face. "I guess not. It sure is dark and slimy in here, though, Miss Jerson."

His world shook as his devourer giggled. “Well, there’s always a price to pay for playing a good prank, Timmy.”

Courtney fell silent, and Timmy wondered what she could be doing until he heard gulping noises. Moments later, the entrance to her throat opened and deposited a lump of wet fabric onto Timmy’s lap. Taking it in his hands, he realized that it was his shirt.

“Did your shirt make it down there okay?” her voice rumbled from above.

“Yeah, it’s here.”

“Great! Now, just keep it pressed against the opening to my throat and I’ll do the rest.”

Timmy’s fleshy prison swayed and wobbled from side to side as Courtney grabbed the ball off the sofa and began walking towards the door. Just before she opened it, however, she patted her belly again and instructed him to, “Start wiggling, Timmy. Otherwise, they won’t know you’re in there.”

Timmy did as he was bid and began stretching his legs out as far as they would go, creating bulges on the outside of Courtney’s globular stomach. These bulges, in turn, immediately drew the attention of his friends, whose jaws dropped when they saw what had become of their sacrificial lamb.

“Hey there, boys!” he heard Courtney call. “Looks like you all lost this.”

Timmy could only assume that she was holding up the ball for their inspection. When he felt his devourer wobble a bit and heard the percussive sound of a foot hitting the soccer ball’s synthetic leather exterior, he guessed that she had punted the ball back towards them.

“Say, I don’t suppose you boys would like to come in and visit for a while, would you? Looks like your friend here,” she rubbed her distended midsection, “isn’t going to be keeping me company for much longer.”

As if on cue, Courtney’s stomach rumbled all around Timmy, and before he knew it, his shirt- which he’d been diligently pressing against her esophageal sphincter- was sucked out of his hands and up Courtney’s throat like it had gotten caught in a vacuum cleaner.

“BBBBWWWWUUUUURRRRRRRRPPPPPPP!” Courtney belched, and Timmy could’ve sworn that he heard his saliva-soaked shirt land on the porch with a wet splat.

What he definitely couldn’t hear, however, was the commotion which followed the regurgitation of Timmy’s shirt, which saw the other boys panic and run in the opposite direction as fast as their legs would carry them.

“Oh my fucking God! Hahahahahahahah!” Courtney giggled, shaking Timmy’s world violently. “Oh, fuck me! That was the funniest thing I’ve seen all month! Hahahahahah!”

As her raucous laughter died down to giggles, Timmy’s surroundings condensed as Courtney bent over to pick up something- presumably his shirt. Then, he heard the door close behind them, and surmised that Courtney had stepped back inside. His world bobbed as she walked over to the couch, and when she roughly plopped onto the cushions, Timmy was bounced around her stomach like a ping-pong ball.

“Holy shit! A thought I was gonna bust a gut laughing when that tall, ginger boy-”

“James.” Timmy interrupted.

“Yeah, him. When he tripped over his own two feet and faceplanted on the driveway, he looked so fucking funny!”

Courtney dissolved into a fit of giggles at the memory, and Timmy grinned inside her belly as he envisioned the seemingly-invincible James running away in fear.

“I’m glad he tripped!” he declared to his devourer. “He’s always mean to me, and he’s the one who made me come get the ball back from you.”

“Is he really that bad?”

“Worse! Once, he held me and Sam- that’s his brother- underwater at the pool until we nearly drowned!”

“Aw, I’m sorry to hear that.” Courtney said as she rubbed her tummy tenderly. “Well, don’t worry- I’ll eat him for ya as soon as I have room for him to digest in there.”

Suddenly, Timmy was reminded that he was sitting inside a Predator's belly, and Courtney's talk of digestion made him decidedly uneasy about his current predicament.

"Uhh, Miss Jerson?"

"Yes, Timmy?"

"Can... can I come out now?"

"Yeah, you can come out any time you want, Timmy." She giggled as she patted her swollen belly. "Just find the hole to my throat."

After a minute of searching, Timmy finally located the orifice he'd pressed his shirt against earlier. To his dismay, however, he found that- unlike his shirt- he wasn't immediately sucked upwards and out of Courtney's stomach. In fact, the esophageal sphincter was closed tightly, and Timmy couldn't even force a finger through it, let alone his entire body.

"Doing okay in there, Timmy?" Courtney eventually asked.

"No! I found the hole, but it won't open!"

"Oh, I see." she casually replied. "Well, then I guess it looks like you *can't* come out, Timmy."

Just then, the grooved walls of Courtney's stomach growled and contracted, squeezing Timmy's body tightly.

"Miss Jerson, please let me go!"

"Let you go?" she asked, and Timmy could hear the frown in her voice. "Why? What's wrong? Isn't it comfortable inside my belly, Timmy? I mean, it's just you in there right now, so it has to be pretty cozy, right? Imagine if I'd already eaten lunch- then you'd be covered in sandwiches! That wouldn't be very fun, would it?"

Wanting to placate his devourer, Timmy agreed. "No, that would be gross."

"I know, right? So, instead of being covered in sandwiches, wouldn't it be better if...*you* took their place as my lunch? I mean, I was just coming downstairs to eat when you and your

friends lost your ball over the fence and I had to stop and deal with you. Don't you think that, since you interrupted my chance to eat and all, that you should take responsibility and just let my tummy digest you?"

"No, please! I don't wanna be digested!" he cried, frantically wiggling and clawing at the walls of Courtney's stomach.

"Aw, why not, Timmy?" she pouted. "I thought you liked me..."

"I don't!" he screamed, flailing wildly. "Now let me out of here!"

"Hmph! Well that's not very nice!" Courtney reproved him, slapping the side of her belly and catching Timmy full in the face with the blow, which left him stunned inside of her. "I mean, here I was, holding off on digesting you, and you're just gonna turn around and hurt me like that?"

Almost immediately, Timmy noticed a tingling, burning sensation on his skin, and he began to panic, kicking and flailing even more wildly than before with all of his 9-year-old might. Unfortunately, this burst of activity only seemed to make the acid flow faster, and as he felt his shorts and socks begin to dissolve, Timmy was faced with the possibility that he might actually be digested.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, Miss Jerson!" he pleaded. "I'll be your friend and do whatever you want if you let me out of here!"

"Hmm..." Courtney said in response. "Well, what if I said that I want you to be a part of my body, Timmy?"

"I... I..." he said, beginning to realize the futility of bargaining with a Predator.

"Don't you *want* to be a part of me, Timmy?" she coaxed. "Wouldn't it be nice to not have to worry about homework or lost balls or whatever else it is that kids do nowadays? If I digest you, then you'll get to be part of an adult's body, and that's *really* fun, y'know?"

"I mean, I don't have a bedtime or schoolwork or any of those limitations, and even if you only become a small part of my gorgeous body, you'll still be a part of something greater than yourself. Don't you want that, Timmy?"

It was hot and tight inside Courtney's belly, and getting more cramped by the minute. The stuffiness was starting to get to Timmy's head, and all that thrashing around earlier had worn him out. As such, his only response was a weak, "No, I don't want to..."

"What was that, Timmy?" Courtney inquired from above. "You don't want to... come out? You want to stay in there, is that it?" He felt her pat her stomach a few times. "Just say the word, Timmy, and I'll take care of the rest."

At that precise moment, the doorbell rang, and Timmy felt his devourer flinch at the abruptness of the sound.

"Shit!" she growled. "Must've been those damn kids..."

Timmy heard Courtney gulping something down, and by the time his shirt landed in her stomach (for the second time), Courtney had already risen to her feet. As she walked to the front door, the Predator poked her belly a few times to make sure she had Timmy's full and undivided attention.

"Listen to me, Timmy. That's probably your mother outside, but if you don't want her to join you in there, then you'd better be a good boy and just sit very still. Got it?"

Without bothering to wait for a response, Courtney opened the front door, and Timmy's heart flip-flopped in his chest when he heard his mother's voice.

"Hi, Courtney. Have you seen Timmy today?"

"Hey, Anne." she casually replied. "No, I haven't seen him since he was dancing around in the driveway as y'all were getting back from the ball game last week. Why? Has something happened?"

"Oh, some of the boys from the neighborhood came by a couple minutes ago and said they'd seen Timmy snooping around your property." Timmy heard his mother say. "I just wanted to make sure he wasn't bothering you or anything."

"Well, if he's been around, then he must be as quiet as a church mouse, 'cause I haven't heard a thing all day."

There was a pause, and even from inside Courtney's stomach, Timmy could feel the tension between the two women heating up.

"Y'know, those boys mentioned something else, too." Timmy's mother said, clearly suspicious. "They said- and this might just be kids being kids- but they said they saw you burp up Timmy's shirt after they sent him over here to retrieve a ball they'd kicked over your fence."

"Oh, they lost a ball alright, and I tossed it back to them from the front porch, but I'm pretty sure I didn't eat anyone's clothes recently." She patted her engorged belly right over top of Timmy's head. "Well, except for this fella here, I guess. He was a fighter, too, let me tell you, girl. He was *really* struggling as I swallowed him, but I crammed him down in my belly just the same."

There was a momentary pause. Then, Courtney added, "I guess it's possible that not all of his clothes digested yet, but unless you'd like to hop down my throat and check, then I don't think we can be totally sure..."

"Oh, that's alright." Timmy heard his mother quickly say. "I'm sure you're, um... doing a fine job. No need for me to check it, haha!"

"Oh, are you sure?" Courtney replied. "It'd be no trouble at all for me to swallow you real quick, if you want."

"N-no, I'll just be on my way, now." Her voice sounded distant, and Timmy guessed that she was backing off the porch. "Just give me a holler if you have any trouble with Timmy."

"Something tells me that I won't have *any* trouble handling Timmy," Courtney chuckled, "but if I do, I'll be sure to come get you."

Timmy didn't hear his mother say anything, and after a moment, he felt his devourer turn and walk back inside.

"Well, there we go!" Courtney remarked to no one in particular. "One meal for now, and another all lined up for later."

"No." Timmy mumbled. "I won't give you any trouble, so please don't eat Mom."

“Aww!” Courtney cooed as she roughly plopped down on the sofa again. “That is so sweet, Timmy! You love your mommy, don’t you? Well, don’t worry- I’m sure she won’t forget you. And neither will I.”

“You won’t?”

“Of course not, Timmy! I told you- I got my butterfly tattoo to symbolize how the people I eat become part of my fat, and I remember every single one of them. You’ll be part of my body after you melt, Timmy, and I can’t very well forget about my own body, now can I?”

“Probably not...” Timmy started, then gasped in pain as Courtney’s stomach acids- now flowing quite freely- began burning his chest.

“Shh. It’s okay, little guy.” she hushed him. “You just go on ahead and melt, now. Digest away and become fat on my tits, belly, and ass. Help me attract more Prey to fill my hungry belly. Won’t you do that for me, Timmy?”

“...’kay.”

“Good boy.” Courtney said as she leaned back into the couch cushions and rubbed her belly in large, slow circles.

Timmy’s consciousness was fading, but just before he blacked out, he heard Courtney remark, “Y’know, I was pretty annoyed when you rang my doorbell and came traipsing in here to grab some damn ball. But now, I think that deciding to be neighborly was the best decision I’ve made all day.”

~~ *Fin* ~~