

“My friends have been begging me to introduce you to them.”

“Oh yeah?”

Lydia was wearing a crop top today and Mark couldn't take his eyes off of it. The neckline was so enticing, so utterly beguiling that it was all he could do to keep his legs crossed beneath the table as blood rushed to his cheeks. Lydia noticed his enthrallment and smiled. Her black lips twitched as Mark blushed even harder.

“You like?”

She was referring to her outfit. Mark was wearing a dress shirt and a pair of slacks standard for the restaurant they were in, but Lydia was wearing a miniskirt and a pair of fishnet stockings that made the host do a double take when they walked through the door. Fortunately, a glare from Lydia was all they needed for the host to mumble a quick apology and lead them to their table. Lydia also wasn't wearing a bra; a fact which she had informed him of on the car ride over and a fact which Mark couldn't get out of his head. He crossed his legs again.

“Very much so,” he said, clearing his throat. “But, uh, what's this about your friends?”

A waiter came by and filled their waters. They were sitting in a booth in the corner of the restaurant. Soft, yellow light illuminated the oak table and the subtle clink of silverware was only ever interrupted by the whisper of conversation.

And Lydia's low, teasing belches.

It had started as a joke. Months ago, when Lydia took her place across from Mark and introduced herself by swallowing his date, she had belched up a storm. Surprisingly, he seemed to be amused by the gas, so she had hammed it up, summoning louder and louder belches until they were both in tears laughing. But then, during their first night together, Lydia had eaten too much as always and had requested a belly rub. Mark's face was so intent during it that she had been staring into his eyes and hadn't noticed when the urgent growl turned into a roar. Her mouth was only an inch from his nose when she released the belch and embarrassed, she had pulled back, only to find that Mark's cheeks were flushed and his pants had developed a large lump in a crotch. They made passionate love that night, and the night after, and the night after that.

“Right,” Lydia said, swirling the wine in her cup. “You've seen them around campus. Aubrey's the tall one. She's dating a guy right now, but she's so afraid that he's going to leave her that she's been considering just swallowing him and getting it over with.”

“That's terrible,” Mark said.

“Why? I've been considering swallowing you.”

Her eyes flicked down toward Mark's crotch. He clenched his hands beneath the table, trying not to groan.

"Anyhow," Lydia continued. "Pred's don't usually have relationships like ours. In fact, you're so damn rare that they've been begging me to let them have a bite."

"A bite?"

"Sex."

"Ah," Mark said, keeping his eyes trained on the ceiling. What was he supposed to say to that? Lydia had stated it so bluntly that it appeared like she didn't care that her friends wanted him, but he knew Lydia. She had swallowed his date because she was jealous. At that moment, she had her hands folded under her chin, looking at him, scanning his face for a reaction, but was she hoping he'd blanch? Laugh? It was kind of nice to be sought after...

"Why am I rare?" Mark asked, changing the subject.

"Are you kidding?" Lydia laughed. "You watched me swallow the girl you were on a date with and instead of running, you sat there and listened to me digest her. That night, you didn't even try to fuck me. You just rubbed my belly and walked me to the dorms. I was ready to ride you into the sunset."

"Oh! Oh..."

"Ah, the face of a man who realized that he missed out on sex. Do you still feel that way?"

"No," Mark said, ignoring her japish grin. Lydia leaned over the table. He caught a glimpse of underboob beneath the cut of her top. "So guys don't go out with girls that can swallow them?"

"Of course not," Lydia snorted. "To tell you the truth, I don't think Aubrey and her boy are going to last. She said that every time she tries to be alone with him, he makes some excuse. It takes a lot of trust to date a predator. If you don't have it, then you're screwed."

"Well I trust you."

Now it was Lydia's turn to blush. She had been on the offensive all night, but sometimes Mark took her by surprise. She coughed to hide her embarrassment and took another swig of her wine. The buzz was starting to get to her.

"Thanks," she said. "I appreciate that. Anyhow, Aubrey's the tall one, Meghan is the short one, and Luna is the one that dresses like a Hex Girl from *Scooby Doo*."

“You all dress like Hex Girls from *Scooby Doo*,” Mark said, chewing on his straw.

“Fine. She’s the one that looks like a vampire.”

Mark knew exactly who she was referring to. Luna had long, purple hair, dark eyeshadow, blood red lips and an hourglass figure that she accentuated with dresses that put Morticia Addams to shame. Whenever Mark passed the goths (as he had mentally started referring to Lydia’s group as) in the halls, Luna was always the one whose gaze lingered the longest. Aubrey avoided his gaze altogether and Meghan was usually too busy bouncing around to pay much attention to anything. Her blonde pigtails were often seen as she wove through crowds. Despite her short stature, she was also the one with the biggest breasts, not that Mark noticed things like that. It was just, you know, impossible not to notice. Meghan also dressed the least goth, preferring sweaters and light colors. She only wore a choker and some bat earrings as accessories. And they all wanted to have sex with him. Mark shook his head.

“Okay, so I’m rare,” Mark said. “Why does that make them want to... bite me?”

“Like I said, most people don’t really trust us, so when we find someone who does, it’s like, a big deal,” Lydia said. Their waiter came and refilled her glass from a bottle on the table. Mark waved at him for the check. “Preds sometimes share their mates due to the pool being so miniscule. The preds get sex and companionship. The mate gets a kind of group of jealous females that will eat anyone who looks at them the wrong way.”

“But you don’t eat people all that often. That’s a misunderstanding.”

Lydia bit her lip.

“They do,” she said.

“Oh! Oh...”

Lydia was staring at Mark. What did she want him to say? That he was down for it? She hadn’t given him any hints as to her own feelings, so he didn’t want to screw the proverbial pooch. He forestalled his answer by taking a glug of his own wine. As the comforting warmth spread through his nerves, he nodded and looked Lydia in the eye.

“Are you worried someone might try to eat me?” he asked.

Lydia’s jaw flapped open, then closed. She kneaded her skirt between her palms, avoiding his eye.

“Dating a pred makes you a bit of a target,” she said. “I, uh, didn’t want to scare you when we first started going out because you were so sweet and kind, but lately, we’ve been getting looks.”

You're rare. That makes preds jealous. Having a posse affords you some protection. It lets others know that you're off limits."

"So you've been considering this," Mark said. "Coming up with an arrangement so that I won't get eaten."

"I...should be enough. But I want you to meet them just in case."

Mark clicked his tongue against his teeth. Lydia was always so confident about everything. If she was so scared for his safety that she was willing to put aside her jealousy, then it must be serious, but there was also his own comfort to consider. He loved Lydia. He didn't know her friends. Would someone really try to eat him just to get at her?

"That's fine," he said. "I'd love to meet them."

"Really?" Lydia asked, leaning forward. "Are you sure?"

"I've wanted to meet your friends for a while," Mark said. "As for letting them share me, I'll do what you think is best, but I want you to know that you're my girlfriend. Just you. And maybe someday, who knows; maybe we'll be something more."

Lydia reached across the table and took his hand, pulling him forward into a kiss. As her lips tickled his cheeks, she whispered in his ear.

"Thank you. That means a lot."

"You're welcome," Mark said, but Lydia held him there for a moment longer.

"I'm going to show you how much I appreciate you tonight."

Mark pulled back, flustered. Lydia smirked. The waiter came with the check and Mark tried to ignore the price as he put down his credit card. He had never ordered a bottle of wine with dinner before; now he remembered why.

But as the wine continued to work its way through his system, he found himself slipping into that lovely, tingly apathy that comes with intoxication. He was out with a beautiful girl whom he loved. The night was young and favors had been promised. And besides, it was her birthday. He wanted to make it special.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

"Just a sec!"

Lydia brushed a few crumbs off of her outfit and raised a finger. Mark wondered what she was doing, but then he heard the gurgle.

***BBBrrraAaaAAAAP!***

“There we go,” Lydia said, ignoring the offended guests at the nearest table. She took Mark’s hand and led him out into the street where the cool autumn air felt so gentle against their flushed faces. As they walked, Lydia hummed, and though Mark offered to call a cab, she insisted upon taking the long route back to his apartment. Her hips swung tantalizingly as they traversed the city. A block from his apartment, Lydia stopped.

“Are you okay?” Mark asked.

He had been lost in her scent. The warmth of her hand, the rhythm of her hips, and the knowledge that they were close to kinship had lulled him, and he had to shake his head to enter the real world once more. Lydia was standing still, grinning, staring at a woman walking toward them. By the look of her, she was another student, taller than Lydia and more athletic, though her gait was less confident. She was wearing a sweater and had her earbuds in. It was clear she wanted to be left alone.

“Give me a second,” Lydia said.

She wandered up to the girl. In his buzzed state, Mark thought briefly that she might be asking for directions. As the girl got closer, Mark realized that he recognized her from his math class. Her name was Erin and they had partnered together on many projects. Lydia stopped in front of Erin, saying something in a low voice. Erin responded in the affirmative. Lydia leaned forward and so did Erin. Were they about to kiss?

***BBBwwAaaAOooUUUURRRP!***

Nope! The belch poleaxed the unsuspecting student, causing her to wobble on her feet. Not quite unconscious, she struggled as Lydia dragged her into her mouth, but there was little she could do to resist the pull of the goth’s throat, and soon she was merely a bulge beneath Lydia’s crop top; an undulus mass of scintillating stomach flesh. Lydia waddled back over to Mark. Nobody else had witnessed the scene.

“Happy birthday to me,” Lydia giggled, bumping her stomach into Mark’s chest. “I saw how she’s been looking at you.”

Mark’s jaw fell. He had expected to be horrified by the display, but instead, he couldn’t draw his eyes away from the quivering orb that danced beneath his lover’s breasts. Her shirt had been saturated in the process of swallowing the girl and the crop top now rested squarely above her nipples. Lydia didn’t seem to mind. She took Mark’s hand and laid it on her belly, giving herself a rub.

"I thought we could do a bit of a roleplay tonight," she said.

"H- how so?" Mark asked.

Erin moved beneath Lydia's skin. She was pounding and screaming, but her words were muted by the flesh. A low gurgle reached Mark's ears. Lydia was grinning; her black lips spread in lustful mischief.

"When I ate that girl on that date all those months ago," she said, "we went back to your place and talked. Just talked. I knew how turned on you were and I was too, but I didn't want to push it, and now that I know you, Mark, I know that you didn't want to push it either. We both wanted it. We should have gone for it. Now we get a redo. What was the girl's name again?"

"Lily," Mark whispered.

His head was spinning. Lydia's mouth twitched.

"It's concerning to me how easily you remembered it," she said, "but we'll ignore that for now. You can call the girl in my stomach Lily for the rest of the night. I'm sure she won't mind."

Lydia gave her stomach a slap, drawing out a groan from the girl. When Mark didn't move, she took his hand and led him the rest of the way to his apartment. They met nobody in the hall. The only sound was the groan of Lydia's gut; the bubbling, bloating sound of gas beginning to form. Mark opened the door and all but stumbled inside as Lydia followed, swaying. Now it was his turn to lead her to the bedroom where he turned on a single light and guided her down into the sheets.

"Oh Lydia," he said.

She looked so beautiful lying there, with her black hair spread in a halo against the pillow and her legs splayed. Her stomach hung between her thighs where it bounced on occasion, sending ripples through her pale skin. Mark took her hand and kissed it. When she didn't resist, he leaned in and kissed her on the lips. Her mouth tasted salty; her tongue even more so.

"Wait," Lydia said as their breath hitched. Mark had been kneeling beside the bed, making out with her, and he had to blink to refocus on her face. Lydia propped herself up with some difficulty. "I just ate your girlfriend. Aren't you supposed to be mad at me?"

"What?" Mark asked.

"Well, you were on a date and I ate her and it concerned you, but you found me irresistible, so under the pretext of trying to get me to let her go, you've brought me back to your chambers. You are going to chasten me, but then I'll seduce you with my feminine wiles and you'll have no

choice but to pound your previous lover into mush in my gut while we have passionate intercourse. I'll burp and be all embarrassed, but then I'll realize you like it and feign a demure attitude, but then I'll trap you in my throat and belch as you bury yourself deep within me and cum, solidifying the fetish and liquifying your previous lover all in one fell swoop. Then you'll pledge fealty to me and only me and we'll live happily ever after."

Lydia paused to catch her breath. Mark stared at her, wide eyed, until her cheeks turned red and she rolled away from him, curling up on the bed.

"It was just a thought," she murmured.

"You sound like you've explored the idea thoroughly," Mark teased, getting up on the bed with her. "Aren't you naughty."

Lydia rolled again, battering him backwards with her stomach. Mark landed on the floor, giggling, and soon Lydia was giggling as well.

"C'mon," she said. "It's my birthday."

"Alright, alright," Mark said. "Let me just get into character."

He stood up and shook himself dramatically. When he opened his eyes, he crossed his arms and shot Lydia a stern look. She put a finger to her lips.

"I'm sorry I ate your girlfriend," she said.

***UUURRP!***

"You were just so cute and she was sooo tasty."

"Are you going to let her out?" Mark asked. He took Lydia's legs and pulled them apart. She lifted her ass so that he could get her skirt off.

"Maybe," Lydia said. "Wouldn't she be mad that you're undressing me?"

"You're unfathomable, Lydia."

Mark had intended to start with her, but as he positioned himself at the edge of the bed, Lydia rolled once more, landing on her back with her head in front of his crotch. She blinked up at him, smiling, and slowly opened her mouth.

"Aren't you going to punish me?" she asked. "You look like you want to."

Reaching back, she fumbled with his zipper. Mark helped her pull his pants down around his ankles. His cock was pressed tight against the front of his boxers. Lydia's hot breath caressed him through the fabric.

"Do you... want me to punish you?" Mark asked.

Lydia laughed. With one finger, she lifted his cock out from his waistband and let it flop against her forehead. When her lips touched the tip, Mark spasmed.

"You want to punish me."

"I do."

"I've been a naughty girl."

"You have."

"But you've fallen helplessly in love with me and now you're stuck."

"Oh Lydia..."

She arched her back and squeezed her stomach. Mark's eyelids fluttered as the belch broke over his crotch, bathing him in hot stomach air.

***UUurrrAAaAAaAAAAP!***

"You almost came," Lydia noted.

Precum dripped against her lips. She licked it off in one long slurp.

"Do you blame me?" Mark gasped.

"I'm beginning to think you're the naughty one in this scenario."

She opened her mouth and Mark took the invitation. He placed his cock on her tongue which wound its way up the shaft. Mark moved forward until he was buried in her mouth. When it became clear that Lydia was alright, he plunged forward into her throat.

"Mmm! Mmm! Mmhmm!"

Lydia's hands hung off of the side of the bed. Her fingers laced around his as he grabbed them, using her for leverage as he continued to pump. At first, he thought he might be hurting her, but one look into her eyes proved him to be wrong. Her mouth was infinitely flexible and so too was her throat which constricted around him, holding him tight as she belched.



**HHUUuUuuURRP!**

The vibration shook Mark to his core. He bucked in Lydia's mouth, nearly releasing, but she held him steady, taking his hands and placing them on her stomach. The girl inside of her was making wet noises as she stirred in Lydia's guts. Mark pressed his palms into the skin, and as another belch rumbled around him, he came, spraying the girl inside.

"Oh, Lydia..."

—

What the fuck, what the fuck, what the fuck, what the fuck?

Erin stared, unseeing, at the roiling inner flesh. She had been walking home. A girl had approached her. Now she was inside of her stomach as she nailed her boyfriend in some kind of fucked up sex ritual. And why were they calling her Lily? What the fuck was happening?

*Breath, breath...*

Erin tried to breathe, but the air was so rancid that she just ended up coughing. Bubbling liquid tickled her toes which were curled up against her ass. She had been bundled into a fetal position upon her descent, but now the girl that had swallowed her was on her back, so she was too, laying in a pool of acids. The flesh constricted around her naked body. Her clothes had dissolved almost immediately.

"Help!" she called. "Help!"

She could hear slurping above her. Apparently the girl was pleasuring her boyfriend who grunted and groaned, shaking the stomach every once in a while in his antics. Erin squirmed around, reaching above her head. Slime dribbled over her face as she searched for the esophagus. Another belch rattled her cage.

**HHUUuUuuURRP!**

"Oooh!"

Something warm sputtered against Erin's face. Something viscous that smelled of salt and...

Son of a bitch!

Erin screamed her frustration, but in doing so, too in a mouthful of Mark's seed. That caused her to spit and writhe, further inciting Lydia who was turned on by the movement; a fact which Erin knew after the goth bitch *fucking said it out loud like she wasn't inside of her listening.*

"I like it when she wiggles," Lydia said.

"So do I," came the male voice.

"Wanna pound her into mush, now?"

"I kind of do."

Wait. Wait, wait, wait.

Lydia was rolling once more, crushing Erin under the weight of her hips and causing her to gasp as her face was plunged into the remains of her dinner. The temperature was rising in Lydia's stomach. Erin continued to struggle, but all she did was kick up more gas, causing her captor to belch over and over again.

—

***BBBBrrAAAooUUuuRRRRp!***

***AArrrRRrRROouUUUP!***

***GWwwAAaaaaARRP!***

"Fuck," Mark gasped. "Fuck!"

After some wrestling, he had managed to get back against the pillows. She had fought him the whole way, giggling and kicking, and he had admonished her in his own, awkward style, which only encouraged her further.

"I ate her, I ate her," Lydia sang. "And now you loooooove me!"

"You're such a pest," Mark said.

Lydia belched up at him and he waved a hand in front of his nose. Were they getting more potent, or was he just sobering up?

"She's getting *squishy*," Lydia said, grabbing handfuls of her gut. "Oh, you don't have much time! If you reach down my throat now, you could save her, but—"

She grabbed her knees and yanked her legs back. Mark stuffed a pillow under her ass to raise her even further. They had found that this was the best way to fuck when she was full.

"-if you let her go, I'll make it worth your while."

“And what if I say I do want to save her?” Mark said.

His cock was so stiff that he yelped as she brushed her foot against it. She stared at him over her stomach, pouting.

“Then I’d be sad,” she fake whimpered. “I’d think you didn’t love me because I was fat.”

“Lydia...”

Even though he knew she was teasing him, his heart still went out to her. His fingers found a nice piece of her thighs to dig into as he scooted into place. Her cunt was wet and glistening. Lydia sucked in her breath as his cock slid against it.

“No fair,” she gasped.

“No?” Mark asked. “I thought I was supposed to be punishing you.”

He pushed all the way up and over her clit before bringing his shaft back down past her lips. Lydia shuddered beneath him.

“It’s my birthday,” she complained.

“Hey! This is the script you gave me. I’m supposed to be mad at you, but also hesitant because you’re so hot that I just can’t help myself. Then there’s the matter of my girlfriend listening from inside of your stomach. Ugh, I’m just not sure if I can bring myself to—ooh fuck.”

Lydia, annoyed, had waited until he had brought his cock back down to her lips, then scooted forward, plunging him into herself. Mark grabbed her stomach for support as he adjusted to the warmth and the weight. Lydia clenched twice. Both of them spasmed. Inside of Lydia’s stomach, Erin spasmed as well.

“Alright,” Lydia said. Her legs spread further. She was shaking. “Alright, Mark, I’m done with the roleplay. I just need you to fuck me now.”

“I thought you’d never ask,” Mark said.

Sheathing his cock inside of her, he bent his hips back and brought them forward with a slap. Lydia howled as he repeated the motion, holding her by the waist.

***BBbrrrAAaaAAAaARRRRRP!***

***PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!***

An enormous belch caused Mark to pick up the pace. Lydia's stomach was bubbling now, releasing glob after glob of acid onto its trapped occupant. The base of her gut was starting to jiggle as the top bloated outward. Every time Lydia burped, it lost some of its buoyancy, only to gain it a moment later as massive quantities of gas poured into the space.

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The smell! The weight! The humiliation!

Erin was pressed into the walls, listening to Lydia bray like a drunken horse. The stomach would crush in on her, then release, crush in on her, then release, and every time it released, plumes of humid gas would choke her with their scent. Ugh! It smelled like meat and fish and chyme and...and...burps! Just raw, undigested belches. That's what she was trapped in; a huge burp chamber in which she was the catalyst. The walls closed in as another one rumbled up through Lydia's throat, but this time, they didn't open. She was being squeezed, crushed under the weight of Lydia's gut, listening to her boyfriend's balls slap against her ass. She could feel his cock thrusting beneath her. Then"

*"Uuuggh!"*

Both Mark and Lydia heaved. His cock pricked. Erin pulled at her hair as the couple came at the same time, pressing her between their bodies, and as they did the liquids beneath her started to burn and she screamed. Lydia's stomach was filling fast. Her orgasm had lifted the floodgates. As her head dipped beneath the roiling juices, she heard the lovers sigh and share a kiss.

And then she was digested and her worries ceased.

—

***GLUT! GLUT! GLUT!***

Mark lay his head against Lydia's stomach, listening to Erin as she drained into her intestines. Lydia, who was stroking his hair, pulled him forward and belched in his face.

***BBbwwwAaaAOOoUUUuURRP!***

"Gross," Mark giggled. "You're so gross."

"You're the one that likes it," Lydia said. "That makes you the gross one."

"You like it too! That makes you double gross."

"I have half a mind to eat you right now."

Mark flopped into the bed beside her. Their bodies were glistening with sweat and his seed was still leaking onto her thighs, but neither wanted to move. Holes had been torn in her fishnets. Her crop top was torn down the center. Smears of black lipstick littered Mark's neck and shoulders and his back was scored where Lydia had scratched him. But things were calm now. Peaceful. His racing heart was returning to its normal pace and he could feel through her chest that hers was too. She had closed her eyes. He took her hand.

***Glut...Glut...Glut...***

"Is it going to be like that all night?" he asked.

"Hmm? Yeah. I'll have to use the bathroom down the hall. I don't think yours can handle her."

"Gross."

Lydia belched in derision. Mark wafted it away, smiling.

"I love you," he said.

Lydia opened one eye and looked at him. Then she closed it and snuggled down into the sheets.

"I love you, too," she said.

"That's it?" Mark said.

"That's what?"

"That's our first 'I love you'?"

"What did you expect?" Lydia asked, turning her face away from him. "Fireworks?"

"I just thought... oh!"

Lydia tried to hide her face in the pillow, but she couldn't hide her blush or her grin. Mark took her gently by the cheek and pulled her in for a kiss. Embarrassed, she smacked him with her stomach.

"Ow!" he said.

"I just wanted to make it clear that I still own you," Lydia said. "And that, you know, I'll probably eat you someday or something. You like belches. That's weird."

"And you dress like a wannabe Hot Topic model."

“That’s it!”

Before Mark could react, she opened her mouth wide and stuffed his head into her throat. As her lips closed around his neck, a heavy gurgle rang out inside of her. Erin’s digestion had produced a lot of gas. Now it was time to release it.