

Introducing the Cast

It's a calm late afternoon at Orange College, the sun is shining, the birds are singing, and the students are tired and hungry after a long day of attending classes. Madeline had just finished her last class of the semester and is exhausted and can't wait to get some well-deserved rest after a very exhaustive year and it is time to head back to her place but first, she needs to get something to eat. She had studied so hard and long for this last class that she forgot to eat from stress and is now starving to eat anything as she tensely walked to the nearby Mortons.

"Nudge, Nudge Madi, how'd the exam go?", familiar voice said as the side of her chest was nudged on closely. A quick turn shows to her a close friend of hers, Ben; the slightly thin 5'8" white boy in her friend group that is always with her. He looked pretty happy to see her at this time of day, as if he finally got over his tests as well. "Well? How do you think you fared Mad?", Ben asked again.

"Uhhhh, its been good. heh heh" Madeline chuckled, realizing that she had just spaced out in front of Ben. Awkward. "Anyhow I'm famished and I need to get something to eat and fast, so unless you got a snack for me right now Ben, I'll be heading to Mortons"

"Fair Enough, I'll tag with you since I just finished my exams as well about an hour ago. Besides I have some exciting news to share with you and the gang."

"And what would that be? A new clown car for Nicole's fat ass to get stuck in?"

"Ha, Ha. No, although I don't think even a hummer is enough for her monthly 'accident'. Think bigger, house sized even!"

"No fucking way did you get a house with your basic-ass convenience store job."

"Heh heh", Ben Chuckled, "Well, actually, I was given access to this nearby house that my parents own. Turns out this home was the most underperforming home of the bunch that my parents are selling or using to rent."

"Oh so its run down and decrepit haunted house then? No thank you, I'll stick with my hour-long commute over a haunted house."

"Oh no, nononononono no. It's not decrepit or haunted, well it's a bit dusty but that's besides the point. The home is not getting many bites because it's actually perched on a hill and obscured behind tons of protected trees and shrubbery. Nobody can see it online and those who visit are greeted to a dirt road leading to the house, but aside from that, the house has enough room to house 5 people, if you count the basement as a spot. Effectively our entire friend group."

"OOOk buddy, whatever you say." Madeline says with no interest, is he for real or is he just pulling her leg to do something.

"Trust me, the home even has air-conditioning, I think. I'll take you there right now to prove it and if it's not there, I'll drive you wherever and whenever you want."

"Ok, but this better be worth the effort. I could eat anything right about now, anyone too." Madeline says as her stomach grumbles loudly.

"Heh... I'll take you to Mortens as quickly as possible first before we go then." Ben chuckles lightly as the sun begins to set off in the distance.

* * *

As Ben and Madaline arrive to the house's location, the sky has become crimson red and the evening winds has begun to breeze through the hilly neighborhood that contrasts against the peaceful natural mountains in the distance, obscured by the tops of oak trees that resides on the home's property. The driveway that leads to the home is unpaved and obscured by shrubbery that is beginning to cover the dirt path that the driveway leads to. Indeed, if you hadn't known that there's a house here then you would have assumed that this is simple just an empty plot of land. What lies behind all the trees and shrubbery on the top of this hill?

"Well... this is the spot" Ben says calmly as he positions his car facing the driveway as he turns on the lights with the click of a switch.

"Man you're right about the covered in shrubbery part but why aren't we going up the driveway closer to the house? I mean, can't the car go through this path?" Madaline says as she scans the increasingly dark surroundings not illuminated by the car's headlights.

"I mean, I can drive through the driveway but then the car would get scratched. The bushes surrounding this place has leaves that poke." Ben says solemnly as Madaline looks at him unamused at the situation, "But hey! Look at the bright side, it serves as a natural barrier to everything! So there's that!"

"Yeah... if everyone decides to move in, we're definitely going to have to address these bushes then." As Madaline exits the vehicle and Ben exits shortly after.

"So I don't see the value in moving in, I mean where's this house you are hyped up about? I don't see it" Madaline says as she walks in the front of the car and rears her ass on the hood of the car.

"Let me show you then" as Ben grabs a branch and pulls it in his direction, revealing the sight of a slightly aged whitish blue double story house with a path of 8 small lamp posts leading to a large garage to the left that looks to be big enough for 2 cars,. Miraculously the house appears remarkably untouched and in great condition despite being slightly run down with a few patches of paint chipped away here and there. So other than the recently installed air-conditioning system seen on the left of the house, the house appears to be good to live in after a few touches.

"Wow.... Its huge! How did nobody investigate further?" Madaline says in astonishment. "There is no way that nobody--- anybody never saw this."

"Well, you're right... well kinda. Nobody exactly thought it was worth the effort to entirely renovate the place.", Ben says with a nervous smile, "They always said that it is too costly to do in the current market. I mean I don't blame them, moving these protected plants must be a pain to do"

"I just don't see why they would want to ignore this property, it must be worth at least a million dollars."

"Close, one point three million is the rough value of the house. Was originally nine-hundred thousand before my parents cleared out the asbestos and modernized the home. Although not entirely... they couldn't install the panels so they had to put it in the shed at the back. But enough money talk, let me show you the inside.", Ben says as he begins to walk toward the home.

“So how old do you think this house is? 1970s design perhaps?” Madaline says with captivation as she follows.

“Well I’m not exactly sure when it was complete but it was half-built just when The Asbestos Ban of 1989 occurred and because the house already mostly built, they just quickly constructed the remaining parts of the building that used asbestos before the law was in effect. Was a pain to clear out the asbestos though, it was all over the basement but thankfully my parents got it solved via a service professional, so now there’s no trace of the thing down there.”, Ben says just as he reaches the house’s door on a 3-step patio and digs through his right pocket while mumbling something.

“I think you dropped a key” Madaline asks as she dangles a rose-tinted, heart shaped key, “But why the shape and rose color though?”

“Uhh, nothing.” Ben quietly blushes, “How about you do the honors Mad?”

“Absolutely!” Madaline cheerily says while trying to hide a laugh as she approaches the door.

Madaline delicately walks toward the door watching her step ensuring that she doesn’t accidentally step into a potential hole on the large house’s patio. Thankfully it has none and it’s a clear path and she briskly walks to the door and just before she reaches the door to insert the key, a soft touch grasps her right shoulder.

“So, uhhh, who do you want to bring into the house Madaline? If you want to move in of course.”, Ben softly asks with some hesitation.

“Oh, just my besties. You know them, Jenn, Angela, and Nicole. Don’t worry, they aren’t the type to just lick you in your sleep.”, Madaline speaks cheerfully with a smile as she begins to put the key into the rustic door.

With a sigh of a relief Ben says, “Alright, thank you. At least I could maybe sleep easier if this happens.”

“Yeah, don’t sweat it”, Madaline says as she opens the door, emitting a loud and audible screech from rusty handles that you just noticed on the door. And peer inside the virgin house that appears to have not been inhabited for decades. The door leads to a spacious empty room with a couple of boxes to the left-side corner of the room and across it is a surprisingly intact, albeit dust-coated kitchen with an island bar and a protrusion on the ceiling for pots and pans.

As you pan to the right, you are met with a wall covered in an excess of dust that has turned whatever the wall’s color tan-ish brown. The wall is almost 1.5 meters from the door and extends across the room until it abruptly ends nearly halfway across the spacious room with an equally similar wall doing the same on the opposite side of the room, creating a spacious corridor with a faint light coming from it.

You walk inside to a surprisingly quiet environment with dust particles floating around in the air illuminated by the crimson light emanating from the windows to your left. As you approach the opening of the hallway, the ground creaks and groans under your virgin weight as the atmosphere becomes deafeningly quiet from the untouched household. Something touches your left shoulder.

“EEEEEEE” emanates out of your voice in horror as you turn around to face your assailant with hands ready.

“WHOA, don’t lick me down Mad. It’s just me. You hadn’t forgotten about me, *did you?*”, says an equally startled Ben says as he instinctively lurches backwards. “I just want to say I’m heading back to bring the car here. Can’t have it get robbed you know, I’ll be back in a minute.”

“Hehe, sorry about that Ben. You just scared me here, do you want me to come with you?” you say pretentiously say.

“Don’t worry, I’ll be fine. *I’m a strong independent man, you know.*”, Ben says with a bit more ease. “Feel free to explore the place though while there’s still light, fuse-box is in the basement and it has all the fuses removed and put in one of the boxes down there so this place has no juice on her at the moment.”

“Alright Ben, be careful and see you again in a minute.”, you say with a bit of nervous calm. I’m sure he’ll be fine.

You continue onward into the deafeningly quiet environment but now with a curious thought on your mind, what does Ben taste like, and most of all, what would it feel like if he was inside you? No, bad Madaline, off to the weird corner you, we have better matters at hand. You shiver as if to shake off the thought from your mind and advance to the opening and you’re greeted to a generously hallway.

The hallway appears to have once been lavishly decorated with a carpet at some point as it wrapped around a stairway that cut down the middle of the hallway that is illuminated by a large sunroof above it. A single very dusty but small chandelier is suspended above the wide hallway as 5 doors are seen, 3 on the left, 2 on the right. After quickly opening doors, the two doors on the right seem to be made for bedrooms, two of the closest left three doors appear to be made for an office or storage, and the 3rd and furthest door on the left is a large bathroom with a large tub-shower arrangement. You would also find the entrance of the basement just behind the stairs in the form of a locked door, well at least you think it leads to the basement. After that quick look around the first floor, you ascend into the second floor as the home begins to darken.

Upon the ascension, you are greeted to an equal number of rooms on a similar hallway but shorter and not as wide as the one below. As you wrap around the stairs to your left, you see a similar arrangement of doors as in the first floor but with differing room arrangement. There are six doors that this hallway has as it still has its carpet left here, surprisingly intact despite being dusty. The 3 doors to your right consists of 2 bedrooms, with glass doors that open to a built in second story patio, and a bathroom that is directly above the bathroom below. On the other side of the room consists of a small, dedicated office area with an empty shelved library, a storage room, and a room you’re not exactly sure of the purpose of as it has installed instruments unfamiliar as it looks like an operating table with a gap in the middle with what seems to be a flat segmented piston system that are surprisingly less dusty? Just as you begin to leave this room you bump into a figure in the dark.

“Boo, hahaha. It’s me Madaline”, a familiar voice laughs as a light flashes on you. It’s Ben he should stop flashing that bright light if he knows what’s good for him.

“Ha ha, very funny Ben. Glad you’re back in one piece. Anything I should know since it’s getting late?” you sarcastically say.

“Actually yes, why are you in a compression-room?” Ben asks in a serious tone.

“Wait what, this is a compression room? The same kind of room those celebrities use to help aid in their digestive processes while having it feel like a compressive massage at the same time? The kind where they can essentially lie down while their passenger or victim is stored without any risk of stomach ejection?” You say in a surprisingly knowledgeable way that slightly unnerves Ben.

“Uhhh yeah... it’s pretty much made for you gals in mind. It even accommodates bodily changes as more and more of your body’s passenger is absorbed into yourself.”, Ben says nervously. “So how do you know all of that by the way?”

Uh oh, what do you say to him? Does he think that you look into boring gossip about who and who has whom in their system and what they look like afterwards. Does he know that you’re particularly intrigued about how these luxurious machines work and want to try it out one day? Or worse, does he think that I’ll eat him and try it out now? Oh wait, right, the house doesn’t have power at the moment. Silly me.

“Uhh, I’ve watched a documentary about these things a while ago on BlueTube. Really interesting stuff, I hear it’s a good experience for all women who use it.” You chirp carefully.

“Uh-huh... Anyhow, this is a 1990s pre-release face-down model of a compression machine. Made specifically to allow a massive gut to suspend downwards onto these individual compression pistons here. While a flat but malleable compression piston above keeps you in place.”, as Ben points to an individual little metallic piston-head as he looks up and points to a large flat-like plane held by 8 individual pistons. “This machine also has these malleable concave surfaces that are made to accommodate a rapidly growing bust for the user. Its modular too and comes with this weird contraption that automatically milks a user’s, ahem, jugs when they desire to save some of their passenger’s byproducts for later.” As Ben gestures to a certain contraption on the corner. “Needs cleaning though.”

“Anyhow, aside from that, the machine has 3 configurations, secure, aid, or crush. Secure to keep a belly in place as stationary as possible, aid involves the piston above as the pistons below apply pressure into the gut in a methodical massage to break down hard objects like bones, and crush is self-explanatory. If your passenger becomes soft and or you want to end your passenger’s misery, you activate it and the pistons in uniformly push into the gut crushing everything in its path into a pulp. Scarily enough, I don’t think this machine has a pre-release quirk with faulty tension instruments, so you can theoretically compress a passenger’s bones into breaking without breaking yours. Effectively a murder machine.”

“Scary.” You say jokingly.

“Promise me that you won’t use this machine on me please Madaline?”, Ben says concerningly.

“Absolutely” You say as your stomach grumbles and you laugh audibly. “I’ll take it. Let me let my friends know and they should be over by tomorrow hopefully.”

“Alright then. In that case, let’s go to a cheap hotel or something. I wouldn’t want you to drive this late, you definitely look tired.”, Ben says enthusiastically albeit a bit nervously.

“Uhhh, ok fine, you got a point.” You say exhaustingly, he does have a point. You did went through two finals today over Calculus 2 and Consumptive History course so relaxing somewhere nearby couldn’t hurt. “Oh wait, what about the mattresses? Who’s paying for that?”, You say with exhausted curiosity.

“Don’t worry, if you guys can’t buy it. I’ll simply buy it for you guys, with some convincing from my parents of course.”, Ben laughs nervously, “Just tell your friends to come over with bug spray, masks, cleaning materials, bedroom stuff, and be ready a *metric ton of dust*.”

“Alright!”, you laugh loudly just a spider descends in front of Ben and causing him to scream like crazy.

“Make sure they don’t forget that!”, Ben yells as his footsteps quickly fade away.

“Yeah... will do”, you say softly as you swat the small spider away from your path.

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It is the early afternoon at the estate as 3 cars pull up to the empty residence and park on the dirt driveway car behind another, a black pickup car with 3 mattresses, a blue SUV, and a green 4-door car respectively. Out of the pickup car emerges Ben and Madaline with several cleaning supplies nearly burying Ben’s head. Out of the SUV emerges a petite white Latina with an unnaturally large potbelly protruding from her abdomen with a shirt and jeans that tightly wrap around her chest and rear unnaturally as if the clothes were originally bought in a different size, she walks to the back to reveal a mattress stuffed into the SUV. With her is a petite slightly pear-shaped white Chinese woman with round glasses holding a woven basket filled with liquid containers probably for cleaning. Out of the green car emerges a black slightly curvy woman who walks to the trunk to pick up lots of brooms, mops, a bucket, and vacuum. After a half hour of back and forth from their respective vehicles, they meet up and circle around inside the house.

“So what’s the gameplan?” The potbellied latina asks as it gurgles loudly.

“First Jennifer, who that in there?”, Ben quickly pokes at Jennifer’s belly.

“Oh just a creep at the gym.” Jennifer chirps as the Asian woman giggles.

“Creep or *protein snack* Jennifer? I know you’re on that fitness course”, Madaline inquires.

“*Fine*, it’s a rando homeless I came across yesterday morning. Couldn’t pass up a good protein snack like him.”, Jennifer reluctantly says. “Had to use mouthwash and sip on mouthwash after him though, tasted disgusting and didn’t want to risk food poisoning.”

“You disturb me sometimes Jenn, I’m surprised you didn’t get caught. After I hook us up on the grid and release the flow of water to the home, go to the compression machine on the second floor and finish what remains of your breakfast and then come back.”, Ben grimaces as he tries his best to avoid the faintly twitching mounds on the woman. “Also, you’re free to use the milking mechanism, *if you so desire*. Just label what the fuck it is if you do, I don’t think anyone wants to accidentally drink your milk here. Other than that, Madeline will take charge of the cleaning process and will be able to contact me via a talkie.”

The group laughs unanimously as Ben quietly departs the group to begin his short operation to hook the home to the grid, which happens to be a small post inside the house in the basement next to the fuse box. You open the front door go across the room and down the hallway and walk over behind the stairs to the basement door and pull out a blue metal key and insert it into the keyhole. You twist it after some issue and unlock the door just as the rest of the friend group enters the house. You turn the knob and the door opens with a loud squeak to a particularly dark staircase waiting for someone to enter. You pull out a flashlight out of your left pocket and turn it on and descend into the dark corridor.

As you reach the bottom of the staircase, you find yourself in a particularly long and surprisingly dry concrete and composite corridor that runs parallel to the hallway above with 3 doors, two on the right and one on the left. You wonder what these doors are for as you aren't aware of these multiple rooms below the building aside from one empty room with a window that could serve as a bedroom and that seems to be the case as that is the door that is unlocked. The other two doors are ominously locked, you don't have any keys for the doors either, it must be somewhere around the house in one of the boxes or something. After quickly assessing the rest of the basement with an open area with shelves, you head to the shelf with a box that says "fuses" and grab it.

As you turn around you bump face first into something hard and fall down on your ass with a thud. Apparently, you hear another thud soon before you hit the back of your head on a shelf behind you.

"Owww~", you and the thing blurt out in unison.

"Who's there?", you ask as you grab a hold of the flashlight and shine it in front of you and see the girl with round glasses and pink sneakers crouching in front of you. "Oh, it's you Angela. What are you doing here?"

"Are you ok Ben? You look like you hit the ground pretty hard.", Angela says "Also, I was told to come down to check up on you after you were down here for a while to see if you were alright."

"Ehhh, I'm alright. Just need to catch my bearing again, I think I hit the back of my head on a shelf.", you say as you rub the back of your head. "Wait where are the fuses?"

"I have them, do you want me to replace the fuses in the fuse boxes", she softly says as you grab the side of a shelf to try to stand up.

"Ughhh, yeah, I can't see why not. It's all plugging in anyway.", you uncomfortably rumble, "Let me show you where—"

You collapse.

"Please Ben, I think it'd be best if you stay put for now. Just sit down against something and I'll take care of this for you.", Angela says as she grabs the flashlight. "I'll come back to take you upstairs when I'm done to have Madaline take a look at you."

"Fine..." you groggily say as you reluctantly adjust to your position and current condition. You hope it isn't serious as the flashlight is picked up from your hand and radio is detached from your waist. As Angela walks away, your imminent surroundings fades away as it becomes darker and darker...

It's dark. You can't see anything. You sit down like this for what seems like an eternity all while you are sitting down and waiting for Angela to hopefully pick you up or for you to feel confident enough to stand up again. Your head hurts and is throbbing and it's not giving you too much confidence out in the dark. You hear footsteps. Two footsteps even, unless it's your brain fucking with your mind again. Suddenly a flash blinds your vision and it takes you a solid 15 seconds to adjust to the bright light as two pairs of footsteps rapidly approach you in an increasing pace.

"Oh God, what happened down here. Ben are you ok?", a familiar voice says, it's Madaline.

"I'm alright Mad, I can stand up on my own.", you say as you begin to stand up.

“Oh no you don’t hon.”, another a soft but distinctively silky voice barks as two soft hands grasp your shoulders.

“Oh hey, Nicole.”, you limply say as another pair of hands grab your ankles.

“You’re going to the ER, you’re bleeding.”, Madaline says concerningly.

“I’m fineeeee Mad. I can—”

“No you can’t, if we don’t get you checked, you might worsen. Nicole will take you to the hospital while I get basic necessities running over here and then hurry on over to you.”, Madaline commandeers as you are taken outside in the sun.

“Don’t worry, I’ll take good care of ya on the way there. When you get, I’ll treat you to a nice homemade velvet cake Ben”, Nicole says with a skip.

“Just at least introduce yourselves to my parents while I’m gone, ok? They want to know who I’m moving in with before they start bankrolling the monthly payments.” Ben says with some strained concern. “Relevant details and communications are in my journal Madaline.”

After a quick moment of bundling Ben in Nicole’s car, Nicole drives away with Ben as Madaline stands on the dirt driveway concerned for a moment.

“Heyy Mada— what happened?”, an upbeat Jennifer says as she runs over to Madaline with a skip in her step as her potbelly and breasts bounce on her way to her. “Also the water is now running so now we can rinse off things!”

“Ben hit the back of his head hard, I’m sending him to get that checked. I don’t want anything bad to happen to him.”, Madaline solemnly says when she notices that her potbellied friend’s stomach is faintly pulsating. “Jenn, for the love of God. Go clean that compressor room and lose that belly of yours. It’s kind of ridiculous how you just ate a rando in the open and its beyond me how you decided to do that THE DAY before we start moving in. Now you’re just distracting everyone by just casually waltzing around with that body of yours, its just plain annoying. Plus your decision to keep a shirt that is quickly becoming near skin tight is not helping.”

“Fine...”, Jennifer pouts and hefts her now D cup breasts. “But I’m going to use those milkers to make shakes later, kay?”

“Ugh, you know the drill, don’t break anything and don’t make a mess. Also be sure to clean it, I know you’re the type that likes to skip steps with things.”, Madaline says while giving Jenn a serious stare. “And don’t fuck the machine up please, I got a feeling that the thing is expensive.”

“Alright mom.” Jennifer snarks and laughs as she waltz off to the house as a tired Angela approaches her.

“Anything I should know about Ann?”, Madaline commands.

“Well, the house is completely hooked up to the grid and now has gas and water now. So now we can start with the cleaning and move-in process.”, Angela reports as she jokes around and act like a soldier.

“Ha ha, cut it you.”, Madaline lightly laughs. “Can you do me a couple of favors Ann while I go follow Nicole and be with Ben? I want you to keep an eye on Jennifer and make sure she properly uses the machine. In

addition can you clear out all the dust and put all the boxes down into large living room or basement that way when I get back, all we need to do is to set up bedrooms? Also, if you find Ben's journal, that would be amazing, thanks."

"Ok, drive safely Mad.", Angela says as Madaline walks to Ben's car and drives off to the nearest hospital.

* * *

2 days later on a Friday...

"Ben, wake up.", you hear as someone carefully pushing and pulling your left shoulder.

"Ughhh, I'm still ok right?", you groggily say.

"Yes, Ben, you're alright. Now wake up mister independent.", the familiar voice of Madaline says to you.

You open your eyes and a shiver goes down your spine, the entire friend group is in front of you looking at you with the upmost interest and concern in a backdrop of a clean, white, and comfortable room adorned with a pristine desk with a comfy office chair, an aged shelf, subtle fairy lights on the ceiling, and a tray with a glass of water over your lap as if you are being prepared a breakfast in bed. Most notably, it appears that you are in the house, so the blow wasn't too serious. Thank goodness. Wait, is that a tablet on the tray?

"What's with the tablet?", you curiously ask as you softly reach out to with your right hand.

"The Doc said you should lay down and rest for at least a week to let the wound heal and absorb the stitches on the back of your head honey", a bubbly Nicole says, "It's the only instructions the doctor gave us aside from checking on you on each hour."

"I bought you my Melon iTab so you can watch shows here, password is 2250.", Angela chimes in with a warm smile. At least that explain the tablet's pink body.

"Also, we have yet to call your parents since Madaline has been at the hospital the entire time to take care of you.", Jennifer chimes in. "So Angela chose that it would be the best if we all waited until we were all in the same place. That and my, ahem, bust would have made your parents panic if you weren't around." Well, she has a point. My parents would have started worrying about me more if they were to see that bust of hers without me in the picture. Even though its visibly smaller than the last time I saw her it would still be easily bigger than the pictures of her sent to my parents a month ago. Wait, they haven't called them yet?

Oh boy, not now, not while I'm like this right now.

"Speaking of calls, I think it would be a good idea if we could do that call now since we're all here Ben.", a confident Madaline says, "You know, before we all start moving in the heavy appliances and work on the house's fabrics.", now with a 'you should know better' tone.

With a sigh you reluctantly agree, having come to terms that you have to explain why you have a bandage on your head. You begin to dial your parents and prepare for the whole ordeal of you explaining your injury and introducing your friends.

"Hi, que paso mijo.", the familiar tone of your mother asking "what happened son" emanates from the tablet.

"Estoy bien mama, solo cai", you respond to mom in Spanish saying 'I'm alright mom'.

"No se parece", mom says in Spanish saying 'Doesn't look like it' in a mocking tone.

<Authors Note: I'm switching to English because I'm lazy to continually translate lines :P>

sigh "While I went down in the basement to put fuses into the house's fuse box, I bumped into Angela and fell backwards hitting my head on one of the basement shelves. My friends took me to the hospital and after one day of supervision by the hospital and Madaline, I've been permitted to go back to the house on the condition that I rest to let the stitches heal. I'm doing alright, I'm with good hands.", you say as Jennifer quietly giggles and Angela elbows her.

"How guey of you, well at least you're doing ok. But you should have called us when it happened.", your mother says before asking, "Anyhow, can you pass me to your friends so I can ask them a couple of questions before I let you and head over there to see you?"

"Yes, they're right here.", You say as you begin to pass the iTab to Madaline.

"Oh good, pass them to me", your mother says with a slight surprise.

You pass the tablet to Madaline and sit, or in this case, lay by to hear what is about to happen.

"Now before I start to do the payments for the house, I want to know if my son's friends are safe to live with on his own.", your mother confidently states with authority. "To begin, when's the last time you ate someone? And not the sex kind of ate."

Madaline is the first to respond to the question and states, "Hello, my name is Madaline and to be honest, I never ate someone before so I can't exactly answer that question." Is she serious about that or is she lying and it appears that the same thought is resonated with the friend group with surprised stares.

"Oh, that's a surprise, but it's good that you've never done so. It shows that you have some excellent discipline and to not try something new just because you can. Thank you for being honest with me Madaline.", your mother says with a genuine surprise. "Now how about you with the glasses?"

Angela is next to answer the question and states, "My name is Angela and I licked someone about 3 years ago, haven't done it ever since I ate my high school bully. Hell I she's still on me down there as calcium for my hip bones and ass, as where an ass should go to.", where she promptly laughs to herself and gently taps on her right hip. "Other than that, I don't exactly have a reason to eat others most of the time."

"Oh I remember you, that's good that's you only eat someone if you have a reason to do so. That's an excellent mentality to have, it saves you trouble down the line and is the kind of thing it should be used for.", you hear your mother say with a slightly satisfied tone. "How about you, chica?", probably referring to Jennifer.

Immediately Jennifer responds with a laugh, "My name is Nicole and I did that three days ago, I licked a homeless guy protein meal on the way to the house 3 days ago. I'm on the path to be strong and sexy!", she ends with a smug as she hefts her left boob and tries to flex her right arm.

Well at least she's blunt about it, better than lying and have my mother call her out for her recent gains.

"Why hello Jennifer, nice to meet you but I want to say that you need to be careful lady, eating people is inappropriate and illegal to do all the time. Especially when it's for selfish means. Now even though you're in a state where there are really lax swallow laws, others aren't as forgiving. One day that habit of yours is going to bite you in the ass either in the form of the law, body, or karma. So best that you lose that interest of yours", your mother dictates in an almost scolding tone. But she's right, even though Camiforna has forgiving laws about eating others, most places aren't like that and would arrest people doing that, even though there are people fighting to make it more lax. Thankfully, she's not the kind of person to eat her friends.

Now Nicole without asking says, "Hi Ben's mom, my name is Nicole and I haven't eaten anyone for at least 2 weeks.", Nicole says with an anxious laugh. "But I swear, each time it happens it's an accident. I never mean to digest anyone.", Well at least she's genuine, the last accident she had added a little to her waist and ass after she couldn't burn off the remaining temporary fat cells in time. Poor guy didn't deserve to be digested so quickly by her trying to see if an internet video about keeping guys alive in her stomach longer worked.

"Nice to meet you Nicole. It's alright Nicole, we all make mistakes sometimes. However, I should note that your race is not exactly the kind of race that is very forgiving for anybody in you. From what I came across online, they can be completely slushed as soon as 4 hours so if you happen to ever eat someone, be sure to keep in mind that your system inherently works quick.", your mother says in a quick but understanding voice to Nicole.

"Now for quick questions, how many have you all eaten and how often?", your mother asks in a much more interested tone. "Also you don't have to wait for me to respond for this one."

"You know already.", Madaline says.

"One and you already know how often.", Angela chimes.

"At least 50, and recently I've been trying to for at least once or twice a month for my work out", Jennifer proudly state. Is she serious.

"Remember what I said Jennifer, you need to stop doing that.", your mother sternly comments.

"Ahh, maybe 24 at around one accident per month.", Nicole embarrassingly chuckles. "I'm trying to not have any more accidents."

"I understand", your mother reassures. "What about career paths you guys are taking?"

"I'm hoping to be a good doctor." Madaline gently says.

"Nice, hopefully you can take care of my Ben one day.", your mother laughs.

"I hope to become a biomedical engineer to help society." Angela proudly states.

"That's a great goal to go for Angela.", your mother comments.

"I hope to be the best mechanical technician" Jennifer comments.

“Ok.”

“I’m studying to become a lawyer to help those in need.” Nicole enthusiastically declares.

“That’s a noble goal to have Nicole. Alright, do you ladies have a job?”, your mother asks.

“Currently don’t have one.”, Madaline states.

“Don’t have one either.”, Angela adds on.

“I have a college part time job as a receptionist. A very cushy job I might add”, comments Jennifer with a soft burp and whispers “Tasty one too.”

“I work as a cashier at a grocery store.”, Nicole says.

“Alright, now before I leave you guys to be to do some work over here, what are you guys currently going to do today and what are your hobbies?”, your mother states before hearing a door open.

“Well the plan so far is for all of us minus Ben to bring in the large appliances like the washing machines and dryers before doing some work clearing out the backyard today. After that, we’re planning on getting some rest before working on the living room on Monday. Now in terms of hobbies I like watching shows and baking.”, Madaline says in a commandeering way.

“What she said”, everyone says after her.

“Well my hobbies include listening to music, watching informative videos, and drawing.”, Angela says cheerily.

“My hobby is track-and-field, music, and arts and crafts.”, Jennifer says but you get the impression that she might be hiding that she does something else as well.

“Well for me, when I have time I try to draw or bake pastries and to be honest I’ve gotten good at baking”, Nicole happily says.

“Oh, I should send you my famous Pineapple cake recipe. I’ll send it to Ben after the call.”, your mother energetically says.

“Great! Can’t wait until I get to bake it!” a now energetic Nicole says.

“Ok, it’s been nice meeting you all and wish you guys a nice day today. Now can you pass me to Ben?”, your mother happily says as the iPad is being passed to you.

“Alright Ben, I’m happy to see that you brought good friends over and I hope you get well soon and don’t hesitate to call me when you feel the need to.”, your mother says with a smile.

“Thanks mom, will do. Love you.”, you say with a smile.

“I love you too son”, she says as she hangs up on you.

Laughter fills the room as the girls giggle at the how the call played out and talks begin on what they’re going to bring in as everyone but Ben and Madaline leaves to room as a calm silence sets in between the two.

“Your mother sounds like a really nice mom that cares for you Ben.”, Madaline says with a warm smile.

“Yeah, she is. I love her too and I’m happy she cares a lot for me. So, uhh... one question.”, you state with a smile.

“Yes?” Madaline responds.

“So... is it true that you never licked someone before Mad? Sorry if I ask, I just found it interesting that you haven’t done it before.”, you sheepishly ask.

“Oh no worries Ben, it’s alright to ask. Yes, it’s true. I never had an opportunity to try or interest to do so before until recently with that machine. In addition, I honestly just worry what happens if I can’t get someone out so there’s that as well. So I just try to ignore it entirely, does that answer your question?”, Madaline calmly states.

With a pause, you think about it.

“Yes, I think it does answer my question.”, you say with a smile.

“Alright, get some rest Ben. We’ll take care of anything house related while you’re here, just call me if you need anything.”, Madaline says with a smile and heads out the door and closes it.

You hear a click and assume that she has locked the door and now you’re inside the bedroom alone with the sun beaming through the window to the bed as you lay there peacefully. Alone, in bed, and with full access to many shows on the iTab.

Tags: Implied Digestion, weight gain, college girls, injury. Other tags I might not be aware of XD