

You're dead long before your heart stops beating. In fact, I think it's the moment we lock eyes that marks you as mine.

I play dirty, of course. Magick helps where my pretty curves don't manage; but if I want you, there's a very good chance that somewhere, a thread has just been cut. And as it severs, a small series of swallows pulls you deeper down, lost to the world as the soft, moist entrance to my personal universe invites you in. Perhaps my breath still smells faintly of the wine we'd been drinking, but something sulphurous and gastric churns alongside it. There's a moment when you pass the closed-off passage to my lungs when anything fresh is suddenly lost, and my stomach becomes all.

No amount of stretch will let you see the light. And when a girl feeds herself as well as I do, you can guarantee it's tight. Layer upon layer of fat help to squeeze and shape you to your new home. You curl - thankfully in the right direction to protect your spine - and the rest of you slips slowly down the length of my gullet as if you're being lowered into a fleshy sack.

I guess that's exactly what's happening.

You can feel the moment you break past my lower rib and you sag a little lower. Moreover, you can feel the moment I take away gravity. It's tough lugging around so much extra weight and works havoc on my back, so I usually lay down with my meal resting on top of me, and snuggle down under a warm blanket.

You're sure you can hear me sigh. It isn't audible as such; but like a suggestion, your brain digs between the small squeaks and pops, the growling that runs throughout the walls and my heartbeat. Every sound I make, you feel. My belch is a tremor that pulls the walls tighter still, and the small utterance of, "Excuse me," is whispered by a lover in another room.

Attention now on the darkness, you can feel the ribbing patterns that dress my insides. They scour at your fingertips, alive and hungry. When you press your entire hand against the confines and massage me deeply from the inside, I squelch and ooze with juices that sting slightly like pineapple on one's lips.

I prefer not to eat clothing if I can help it, so the only protection you could have had from my enzymes is strewn on my bedroom floor. I'll dispose of them in the morning. Along with you. But for now, what you think is the ceiling leaks with viscous fluids that stink strongly of alcohol and vomit, and the dinner I had you feed me beforehand. That piercing itch strings into full-body pain. The tide rises up to where your ankles are huddled, forcing more air out of my belly. In theory, gas compresses, but it's uncomfortable in my tummy. I'd much rather you suffocate than I get cramp.

Blind heat intoxicates you. It's dripping and unbearable as if you're trapped in a pitch-black rainforest, but I'm overwhelming in so many ways. My body has engulfed you completely. There is not a single way that we could be closer. I'm touching you all over, blood and muscle close enough to lick. While your nerve endings fry and cease harassing you with agony, a new pleasure of unknown, numbing stimulation sparks to life.

It's a wonder you can still get it up. But I guess with as many ribs and folds as there are inside my stomach, it isn't *that* dissimilar from the inside of my pussy. The desire to grind away in me and spurt into the liquid grave building up around you is natural. I probably wouldn't even realise what you're doing. How many times do you think you can fuck yourself inside my sopping cauldron of a gut before I digest your cock?

I'm willing to bet no more than three. As your meat liquefies and slips from your bones, congealing into a thickening greasy soup, my pyloric valve kisses and sucks away everything it can, as often as it can. A train of you is already twisting through my intestines even before I eat through your own belly. But when I do, your insides goosh out into the pool,

saturating me with your blood. Your lungs split and release a final, unwilling breath up my oesophagus. Some of it stays with you. It will until you escape the other side.

Bones snap and crumble under the assault of my busy tum. I round out with the help of some massaging and peppermint tea. It's supposed to be good for digestion, but I'm not entirely sure what role it plays - you digest just fine.

My body gets even fatter than it already is. Everything that is worth taking from you is stuffed under my skin as adipose. The silky plumpness almost seems to glow in the triumph of another meal being stacked onto my breasts and my bottom.

Meanwhile, my colon sucks on the crap. The water is reabsorbed as your sloshy, liquid remains harden once more. Your colour is dictated by the number of dead blood cells I'm disposing of along with you and, considering my diet, you're very rich.

It's something you notice consciously before even realising you're doing it. My anal bud blossoms with filth and spits you out in a muddy pile that pokes up out the water line. There's a lot of it, and I grunt a little between contractions as you give me a hard time. You're unrecognisable. No one will know where you've gone or why. Even I will forget.

Eventually, with the passing of time, you'll burn within me until the flab is someone else and the proteins an ungodly amount of poultry. You'll stop existing. And with something as simple as an evocation or even a muttered spell to avoid a red traffic light, your soul - the soul I'm talking to now - will evaporate like a strained fart to blow uselessly through the ether.