



**Paula,
the Prostitute**

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Chapter 2

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Chapter 1

Too close

Luther fell back on the sheets, sweaty and exhausted. His body felt supercharged. He could feel the soft sheets beneath him, the pillows, the rise and fall of his own chest. All sensation came in pleasant waves, riding the high of his orgasm until, with a shudder, it all spilled out. Paula let Luther's flaccid cock fall from between her breasts and blinked up at him.

"Was that good?" she asked.

"Good?" Luther said with a small chuckle. "Good?! That was... something else entirely. I can't feel my legs. Seriously, poke them."

Paula stroked one of his toned thighs as she reached for the towel she kept by the bedside. Luther's cum was dripping

between her tits, moistening the enormous swells of flesh. She was still getting used to the weight of them. When she had finished wiping herself off, she flopped down by Luther's wide. He wrapped her in his arms.

"You smell like sweat," he murmured.

"Mmm, so do you."

"You work me too hard."

"Naughty men like you deserve to be worked hard."

"I suppose," he said, burying his face in her hair. "Although, I'm sure that if I asked, you'd let me just lie there."

"Where's the fun in that?" Paula asked.

She stroked his cheek, following it down across his throat all the way to his shoulder. Something about the contours of his muscles appealed to her. He was younger than her normal clients and was in relatively good shape. His breath tickled her neck.

"I'm loving the boob job," he said, changing the subject. One of his hands came up and took hold of her breast. He rubbed her nipple with his thumb until it was hard and then pinched it gently. Paula gasped.

“Still sensitive,” she said, although she didn’t push his hand away.

“They’re so soft. And squishy. If I didn’t know better, I’d say they were real. Your surgeon is an artist.”

“They need a lot of rubbing, so give them some attention.”

Luther set about the task with enthusiasm. As he took great handfuls of her ample chest, Paula closed her eyes and imagined what he would feel like in her stomach. It didn’t take much imagination.

There had been a man inside of her just last week. He had struggled and kicked and screamed and yet, all Paula could think about was how he had made her feel. Warm. Content. Powerful. He had threatened her and she had contained him. Churned him. Digested him. He was now sitting as a pair of fat orbs that hung from her chest and she had never liked him better. It amused her that Luther was now playing with what was left of her abuser.

“I could do this all day,” Luther said.

“You only have an hour,” Paula said, glancing at the clock. It was nearly 10. Charlie would be leaving soon.

“Why do you always have to remind me?” Luther grumbled, reaching for his wallet.

“Mmm, I suppose it’s my great love of being able to pay my bills that keeps my mind on the money.”

“What is it going to take to get your mind back on me?”

“Another 500 bucks should do it.”

Luther put the money in the dish that Paula kept for the purpose. He bitched and he moaned, but she knew that he was always good for it. Most nights she would have sighed at the thought of spending another hour with a client, but tonight she was glad that he had paid. There was something that she wanted to try. As soon as he settled back onto the bed, Paula rolled on top of him.

“What’s this?” he asked, rubbing her hips with his calloused fingers. “I thought I had to pay extra for this kind of attention.”

“Silly man,” she said, propping herself up on her elbows.

Her tits were mashed against his chest. He gulped as she dragged them to his neck, then up onto his face. Leaning forward, she pressed herself over his nose and mouth. He started to struggle.

“No no no,” she said, stroking his side as he bucked beneath her. “You don’t get air until I say so. Besides, I’m helping you.”

“Helping me?” Luther gasped as she pulled herself off of him. “How is this helping me?”

“I need to get you used to a lack of oxygen,” Paula said, burying him in her tits again. “For when you’re tucked away in my stomach.”

His body went rigid. She could feel the sharp intake of breath and she could especially feel his hardened member pushing against her leg.

“Oh. The naughty man likes that. I forgot that you want to be in my stomach. It’s not a punishment for you, is it?”

When she let him go, his face was a deep scarlet. He couldn’t meet her eye.

“I thought you had forgotten,” he murmured.

“Of course not. In fact, I’ve been practicing.”

“Practicing?”

Paula let her jaw click open. Luther watched, fascinated, as it lowered just wide enough for him to see the full, red outline of her throat undulating in anticipation. As he stared into the pit of flesh, he thought that he caught a glimpse of the bottom and in that moment he shuddered so hard that he almost threw Paula off of him. When he looked again,

her mouth was closed and the illusion was broken.

“I thought-” he said, scratching his head, but he couldn’t continue. Paula’s lips were on his and his body was hungry for hers. They entwined at the hips, moving together in a dance of fingers and warm skin. Paula continued to kiss him and as she did, she would murmur sweet lies in his ear.

“I ate someone earlier this week,” she told him, running a nail up his abdomen. “They’re already digested. Long gone, except for the fat on my chest. You thought it was a boob job, but really, it was a client that annoyed me.”

Luther groaned. Paula was moving faster now. There was a ravenous edge to their sex. A desperation in her motions. Her words came in a rush, like she had been waiting for the moment to spill them into his consciousness.

“He was tasty,” she said. “Really tasty. I didn’t expect a man to taste that good, but now just the smell of you is making me hungry.”

He didn’t know if it was coincidence, but her stomach growled at that very moment. Her tongue ran over the curve of his neck. Luther bucked. His hips were on fire.

“Yes, you smell good. You’re making my mouth water. He felt nice inside of me, but the best was when he struggled. When he really started to thrash. You should have seen the

way my skin bulged with his body, but he couldn't get out. He was my food, just like you are going to be."

Paula had her hair tied up, but a solitary strand had pulled away from her bun to tickle Luther's nose as she brought her lips close, opening them over his face. This time, it was no illusion. Past her uvula, he could see all the way down her throat. It was getting closer. His chin was on her tongue. She was pumping him harder and harder. His cock twitched. He wasn't going to be able to hold on.

"And when you're inside of me, I'll cradle you between my legs," she said, closing her lips with a snap. Her nails dug into Luther's shoulders. "I'll listen to your pathetic attempts to beg for release, but you'll feel too good."

"I'd never beg," Luther gasped. "I would love every second of it."

"Up until when the acids started to burn," Paula said, kissing his neck. "Up until you started to digest. And I'm sorry, I really am. As good of a client as you are, I won't be able to help but enjoy that warm, spreading sensation of your body melting inside of mine. You'll go soft, at first. My belly will be large with you. But after a few hours, you'll slosh into my intestines and then you can be a part of this chest that you love so much, fondled by another client who will compliment me on how soft and large my tits have become. That's your fate, Luther, so you might as well spill

inside of me. Consider it a final gift before I gobble you up.”

His eyelids fluttered. Everything became a blur. He could feel Paula riled on top of him, fucking him like it was the only thing that could satiate her. Fucking him like her life depended on his. She let out a sharp moan and Luther moaned with her, raising his hips along with her body to bury himself deep inside and when his motions stopped, he found that she was still shivering, spasming on top of him. At first he was alarmed, but then she loosed a sigh from so deep in her chest that it seemed as though she had been holding it for weeks, and her cunt clenched around him in blissful release. It was too much for Luther. He came inside of her.

“That’s. Good.” Paula huffed, sliding down on top of him. “Now... now it’s time for you to fill me in a different way.”

“I can’t continue,” Luther said. He felt like an astronaut floating through the void. Everything was coming from a distance. “You’ll just have to swallow me.”

For a second, it looked like she was considering it, and just the earnestness on her face was enough to spark a twitch in Luther’s cock. He grimaced.

“I can’t do three times this quick, but god damn, Paula, that was the best sex that I’ve ever had in my life. I don’t know how you came up with that story, but it really really

got me.”

She eased off of him and rolled onto the bed. Her brown skin was slick with sweat.

“A story,” was all she said. “Yeah, it was a nice story.”

Chapter 2

Don't lecture me!

Charlotte was waiting for her in the kitchen, as she usually did.

The redhead was sitting at the bar with her knees pressed up to her chest. She was chewing the end of a pen, glaring at the newspaper that she had propped against her legs. The sleeves of her red sweater were frayed.

“7 letter word for irregular,” she said, not looking up. “Second letter is an r.”

“Erratic,” Paula said, stretching. “That’s 7 letters, isn’t it?”

“Fuck me, you’re right. Thanks. That’s been bothering me for an hour now.”

Paula crossed to the coffee pot and pulled it off of the stove, humming as the scent of fresh brewed java wafted up to her. She poured herself a cup, then poured one for Charlotte. Her friend accepted the cup without looking.

“Creamer?” she asked.

“You can get that yourself. I’m exhausted.”

Charlotte grunted, heaving herself off of the barstool as Paula lowered herself into her favorite armchair. She heard glass rattling behind her.

“Do you have any Irish cream?” Charlotte asked.

“Cupboard above the sink.”

“Thanks.”

Charlotte returned to her perch with a big black bottle. She poured a generous amount of cream into her coffee, smacking her lips.

“Mint flavor,” she said. “I love it.”

“I can smell it from here.”

“Treat yourself.”

“Fine,” Paula sighed, hauling herself back up. She held out her mug to Charlotte who filled it with a heavy dollop of creamer before capping the bottle. Both sat back in their respective chairs and let the caffeine and alcohol revitalize their battered senses.

“So,” Charlotte said, taking a sip. “How did it go?”

“Good,” Paula said. “Good good. You know that Luther is one of my favorites.”

Normally, Charlotte would have taken the opportunity to rib her for favoring a client. Tonight, however, she was silent. Paula looked over her mug at her.

“You okay, Charlie?” she asked.

“Fine,” Charlotte said. “I just couldn’t help but overhear the, er, conversation that you two were having is all.”

“I didn’t know you were a prude.”

“Not the sex, dumbass.”

Paula rolled her eyes and sagged down in her chair. She knew when Charlotte was gearing up for a drubbing and she could tell that tonight’s would be especially bad.

“You’re putting your hair up, Charlie,” Paula said. “Are

you going to spank me?”

Charlotte stopped with her hair band in her mouth and a handful of her red curls in her fist. She let it fall, glowering at Paula.

“I should,” she said. “I really should. You basically told Luther about Hank. You told him! I said, when you told me, that it needed to be kept quiet. I wouldn’t have even believed you if you hadn’t... shown me it was possible.”

“Listen, if this is about the watermelon-”

“It was fucking freaky!” Charlotte shouted, throwing her hands in the air. “First you tell me you swallowed some guy and yeah, Paula, I didn’t believe you at first, but when your jaw unhooked like a fucking snake, it was pretty fucking alarming! You could have just, you know-”

“What?” Paula demanded. Her muscles were sore, but despite that, she rose from her seat. Charlotte was taller, but Paula stood on her toes so that they were nose to nose. “What could I have done? You were laughing at me and I was really really freaked out! I had digested a guy. That’s pretty, I don’t know, hard to deal with?”

“Right,” Charlotte said, backing away. “Right, right. Sorry. I know. That’s hard. The whole situation was hard. But hearing you describe how he felt in your stomach was pretty

alarming too, you know. I just wish I had been here.”

“I know,” Paula said. She let the fight drop from her shoulders. Charlotte guided her back to her armchair and let her sit. “I know, I know. It was stupid to accept a client when you weren’t around, especially Hank.”

“It was, Paula. It was stupid, but I’m just glad you’re alright. But the swallowing thing? That still freaks me out.”

“It’s not that weird.”

Charlotte stared at her until she started to squirm.

“Okay,” she said. “It’s a little weird. But Luther really likes it and he still thinks it’s a fantasy, so there’s no chance of him finding out, right?”

“Right,” Charlotte said. “Unless you spill the beans. And, while I can’t see through walls, I can hear just fine and it sounded to me like you were getting pretty close to showing him just how far your jaw can drop.”

“He paid extra.”

Charlotte threw her hands up in the air and spun in a circle. She walked back to her mug and took a calming sip. Her eyebrows were scrunched together.

“Speaking of payment,” she said.

Paula tossed her a \$100. Charlotte pocketed it and nodded.

“Right,” she said. The energy seemed to drain from her shoulders. Paula watched as she rubbed the money in her pocket, thinking hard. “Right.”

“Right,” Paula said.

A few minutes passed. They continued to sip their drinks. Paula wished that there was more alcohol in hers to compensate for the awkwardness, but the bottle was next to Charlotte, who was staring into her mug. Somewhere in the house, a clock chimed midnight.

“Alright,” Charlotte said at last.

Paula looked up from her coffee and blinked to show that she was listening.

“Listen. This is new to me. I was distraught because my friend had been beaten while I was away and that really freaked me out. I would have killed him, too. He was drunk and an asshole and I am not sorry that he’s gone. But you ate him, P. You... digested him!”

“How’s that different from shooting him?” Paula asked.

Charlotte made a face.

“It just is,” she said. “It’s like, more intimate.”

“How would you know?”

“Go on then,” Charlotte snapped. “Tell me exactly what it felt like to have an entire man inside of you.”

Paula’s hackles rose. She got up again despite her aches. Charlotte rose to meet her.

“Fine,” Paula snarled. “It felt good. Is that what you wanted to hear? It made me feel powerful. His screams were like music to my ears. All I was thinking about was that I would never have to see him again and yes, Charlie, it was really really sexy to have that much control over another person and damn it, I’ve never had any control in my whole entire life!”

She fell back, tears burning in her eyes, but Charlotte didn’t look mad. She looked concerned. Paula shied away when she reached out, but Charlotte took her by the shoulders and brought her in for a hug. Paula buried her face in her friend’s neck, sniffing.

“I didn’t mean to yell,” she said as Charlotte ran a hand through her hair. “I love you, Charlie. You’re a really good friend and I don’t want to lose you. It just happened so fast.”

“I know,” Charlotte said. “P, I know. I’m sorry too. Remember, I’d never even considered the idea that it was possible to swallow someone whole. I’m still trying to wrap my head around it. It just... makes me uncomfortable. The way you talk about it. Like you want to try it again.”

“I won’t,” Paula said. “Hank was a bad man.”

“He was a right bastard, but you’re going to meet plenty of bad men. Just press the panic button and I’ll be there, P. You don’t have to feel like you need to do this alone. One death is enough.”

“Right,” Paula said.

Charlotte looked down at her friend. There were tear stains creeping along the front of her shirt, but mixed in with those was a thin line of drool.

Chapter 3

Justice into her own hands

“Lucy!”

“Paula!”

The two embraced in the doorway to the chagrin of the waitress trying to get past. With a coy smile, Lucy stepped aside, dragging Paula with her toward a table she had reserved at the back of the restaurant.

Heads turned when Lucy walked by. Paula was beautiful, but Lucy had a physical presence that made people take notice. Maybe it was the way her hips swung from side to side, hugged by the smooth fabric of her short black dress. Maybe it was her legs, long and tan, or the cheerful quirk of her plump lips. Her hair hung down her back in a single braid. Gold bracelets jangled on her arms. Next to her, Paula

felt ordinary, and that was fine.

She could use a little ordinary.

But something was wrong. Her friend had pulled away too quickly. Her eyes were a little less bright. Lucy led her past an aquarium that took up an entire wall and pushed back the red velvet curtains of their private booth. She shuffled in and motioned for Paula to do the same. As soon as the curtains dropped again, her shoulders sagged.

“I’m exhausted,” Lucy said, resting her head on the table. “My flight this morning was delayed three times. I only got into town an hour ago.”

“You could have cancelled,” Paula said, setting down her purse. She reached out and stroked Lucy’s hair. “I would have understood.”

“No,” Lucy sighed. “I wanted to see that gorgeous mug of yours. I’ve missed those pretty eyes.”

“Just the pretty eyes?”

“Your knockers, too. Speaking of which, did you get work done?”

Paula shifted uncomfortably in her chair. Her dress was cinched tight around her chest. She had chosen a sleeveless

a-line dress with no visible cleavage, and yet there was no way she could hide the two massive bulges hanging out over the belt around her middle. She crossed her arms.

“No,” she said, shaking her head. “It’s the dress. I felt flirty tonight.”

“For my sake? Aw. How are you, girl? Tell me everything!”

A waiter came and went. Paula picked at her salad while Lucy talked about her cruise, the ports she had stopped at, the monkeys she had apparently pet, and the locals that she had smoked with.

“I’m telling you, Paula, we need to organize a little vacation. I’m thinking Greece. Spend a few months on the beach in a cabana drinking clear alcohol and flirting with the locals. Who knows? If we do it right, the trip could be free.”

She winked and Paula laughed.

“It sounds like a good time,” she said. “Can we bring Charlie?”

Lucy made a face.

“Too punk rock for me,” she said, adjusting her lip gloss.

“She’s the redhead with the motorcycle, right? I suppose we could have her work a security detail.”

“Lucy!”

Paula slapped her arm as she chuckled. Both of their drinks were nearly empty. Lucy had ordered a double Long Island iced tea and her nose was starting to redden. Some of the lustre had returned to her eyes, but Paula still had the feeling that something was wrong. She hadn’t talked at all about her clients.

Usually, after a trip, her clients were all Lucy talked about. What the sex was like, who was good, who was bad, the weird noises that one of them had made. Paula was sure that if she had to write a biography for Lucy, half of it would be tasteless stories of misused sex toys and fuzzy handcuffs. Tonight, however, she hadn’t mentioned a single story that actually involved sleeping with anybody.

Lucy finished her drink and flagged the waiter for another. She grinned across the table at Paula.

“Sorry,” she said. “I asked about you and ended up talking mostly about myself. How’s business? Did that guy, Lucien, propose yet?”

“Luther,” Paula said as the waiter took Lucy’s glass. “And no, he would never.”

“Then why are you blushing?”

The color that had crept into Paula’s cheeks had come unbidden at the memory of the last night that they had spent together. His face while staring down her throat was etched into her mind. She wanted to see it again, and soon.

“Nothing,” she said, waving away Lucy’s affectionate jabs. “Nothing at all. It was just intimate. I’m not used to clients that want to do things for me.”

“I’m telling you: BDSM. You can just sit on a guy’s face for an hour until he’s barely cognizant and get a thousand bucks in the process. These rich dorks by a premium for your secrecy. They don’t want their rich friends to know that they like being farted on, or whatever.”

“Gross,” Paula laughed. “Has that happened to you?”

“Sure,” Lucy shrugged. “Down a couple of cans of beans and by the time they get to you, you’re about ready to burst anyway.”

“Ugh, stop. Stop.”

Lucy’s chuckle faded as she stared at the red curtains. She circled the rim of her glass with her finger, letting the condensation trickle down the sides.

“The client,” she said. “Damien. Don’t take him if he comes knocking.”

Paula waited for more of an explanation, but Lucy wasn’t forthcoming. She kept her face locked and her eyes on the curtain as the waiter switched out her drink. Paula took it out of her hands and set it aside. Standing, she made her way across the table and sat right next to Lucy, placing her friend’s head on her shoulder. Lucy rubbed the back of her eyes.

“Knew I shouldn’t have worn eyeshadow,” she chuckled sadly. “I knew I wouldn’t be able to get through this conversation without running my mouth.”

“That’s fine,” Paula said, stomach twisting. “What happened, Lucy?”

Lucy took a deep breath and reached back for her glass. Taking a long swig, she settled back onto Paula’s shoulder.

“It was a mess,” she said. “I should have known. He gets these manic episodes, you know? Like, I had heard that there were times when he would just book off into the woods and not be heard from again for days. He bought a helicopter on a whim and crashed it. Shit like that. Rich guy shit, you know?”

“Sure,” Paula murmured. “Sure.”

“Well, I had seen in a few times when we had sex. Times where he went a little too fast, a little too hard. Minor shit. Clients do it all the time. Or he’d buy me things. That was nice. Expensive jewelry and meals at places that cost a fortune. He wasn’t the only one, but he was the most frequent. So when he asked me to go on this cruise, I said yes.”

She took another swig from her drink.

“It started nice. There were a bunch of people on the boat, but the main one was another young guy. Big guy. Indian name. Samar, or something. He followed me around throughout the day. When I’d go to the pool, he’d be there. At the bar, he’d be there. Of course, so would Damien, and after the first two days, he asked if Samar could join us in the bedroom.”

“And you said yes?” Paula asked quietly.

“Hell no,” Lucy snapped. “He creeped me out. But Damien kept asking. Got nasty. Talked about how much money he was spending on me. Of course, he paid me up front, and it wasn’t like I had cash on me, but I was on a boat in the middle of the ocean and my phone had no service. So, one night, when I was pretty drunk I said, ‘fuck it, sure’. It was a mistake.”

She rubbed her side.

“Yeah,” she said. “Big mistake. One guy is hard to handle. They want to do too much, too fast, but a stern word and a look is normally enough to calm them down. If not, a good punch to the nose will end it. But two guys? They feed off of each other. It’s, I don’t know, their masculinity. If they back down, it will suddenly be seen as weak. So, that night, instead of one, there were two, and it made all of the difference.”

Lucy fell silent. A tear dripped into her drink. Paula took her by the chin and lifted it gently, then pressed her lips to Lucy’s cheek.

“Hey,” she said, keeping her voice down. “Hey now. It’s okay.”

“It’s really not,” Lucy sobbed.

At that moment, the waiter pushed aside the curtain, took one look at the situation, and backed away. Paula made a mental note to tip him a \$50.

She didn’t ask Lucy what exactly happened. It didn’t matter. All she could do was comfort her friend and let the rage simmer inside of her. A thick, bubbling sensation was forming inside of her gut. The warmth was familiar. She had felt it once before and remembered the payoff.

Charlie be damned, she was going to take justice into her

own hands.

Chapter 4

Living dangerously

When they came, she was already naked on the bed. Candles had been lit throughout the room. They burned on her dresser, her shelves, her nightstands, casting black shadows across the scarlet walls. The air smelled of incense and exotic spices.

Paula closed her eyes and breathed deep. Her jaw was relaxed. Her stomach was empty. She had practiced for an hour the night before, letting her throat open while she breathed in, and easing it closed when she breathed out.

In and out. One big gulp.

Charlie was in the next room. Paula could hear the TV, a low hum in the background. At that moment, Charlie would be slumped in the armchair with her revolver on the table

next to her and a cup of coffee in her hand. Paula had told her that it might get noisy tonight and to let some of the rowdiness slide.

As she lay on the bed, she hoped that Charlie would forgive her for what she was about to do. Maybe she would slip her money under the door tonight. Maybe she didn't have to see Paula's large, bulging stomach, stuffed with the two men that had hurt her friend. And even if she did see, she might understand, right?

No, she wouldn't. Paula had seen her face when she had told her about Hank. Charlie had been mortified. She had considered meeting Damien and Samar without her, but if things went south, she was going to need her bodyguard.

There came a knock on the door. Paula stretched before going to answer it, taking calm, languid steps. When she opened the door, the two men took a step back. Her eyes were fierce and her smile was carnivorous.

"Hello, boys," she said. "Come right in."

Damien entered first. He was a small man, and young. Despite being in his early twenties, his brown hair was starting to thin around the fringes. Beady, weasel-like eyes glanced around the room as he removed his Hawaiian shirt and tossed it onto the floor.

Samar, however, was built like a tank engine. Boxy from his broad shoulders to his thick calves, his nose looked like it had been broken several times and a criss-cross of scars laced his jaw and eyebrows. Both of his hands were heavily calloused. There was a gun on his belt.

Paula shuddered when he looked at her. There was no emotion in his expression. He looked like he was surveying a pair of undergarments, or a screwdriver. With a grunt, he followed Damien into the room.

“Cool place,” Damien said, rubbing his hands together. “Nice, ah, decor.”

His voice was thin and nasally. He was hovering next to the bed, as if unsure of what he should do next. Samar stood silent beside him.

“Do I pay now or later?” Damien asked. He pointed at the money bowl. “If you don’t mind, I’d rather pay after. You know, just to see what kind of service is provided.”

“I assure you that it will be adequate,” Paula said, closing the door.

“Maybe, yeah,” Damien said. “But, you know, I haven’t been with you before. Like, you’re gorgeous, but, well...”

He cocked his head to the side and Paula had to stop

herself from clenching her fists. Samar was still looking at her. He had his thumbs hooked in his belt.

“You boys like to go together, right?” Paula asked.

“That’s what we discussed over the phone,” Damien said with a frown. “Why? Getting cold feet? The girls sometimes do when they realize what ‘anything’ entails, but you did say we could do anything to you.”

“Within reason,” Paula said, motioning to the bed. “Sit, sit. Both of you. Let’s see what we can do.”

Damien sat without hesitation, but Samar stayed standing. His watery grey eyes followed Paula as she came to kneel in front of Damien. With a gentle flick, she had his belt off. Just as she was putting it to the side, Samar came up behind her and pushed on her head.

Paula grunted as her face collided with Damien’s crotch. The zipper pushed painfully into her cheek as she lifted herself back up. Damien was grinning.

“Hey,” he said. “Sorry about that. He’s just eager, is all. You were taking too long.”

“If we’re going to play like that, I’m going to need a safe word,” Paula said, rubbing her face.

“What part of anything was hard to understand?” Damien asked.

Paula shuddered. Samar was still standing behind her. She could feel the heat radiating from his body. His presence was immense. Damien’s grin widened.

“Yeah,” he said slowly. “You’re re-thinking it. But let me tell you, doll, you came highly recommended. I have no doubt you’ll satisfy, but you don’t get paid until we’re through, got it? Now c’mon. Finish what you started.

He gestured to his pants. Keeping her attention poised on Samar, Paula pulled off Damien’s jeans and tossed them on the floor. She had no time to react as his hand swung out and collided with her cheek.

Whack!

“Those are expensive,” Damien said as Paula stared up at him. “Fold them, please.”

Taking the pants by the waist, she folded them as neatly as she could and set them aside. Damien seemed to enjoy the display. There was a soft bulge already peeking out of his boxers. If he was embarrassed about it, it didn’t show.

“What about my friend?” Damien asked.

Paula's legs felt heavy. Her head was spinning. Neither of the blows had harmed her body, but both had damaged her pride. Was this what they had done to Lucy? Standing slowly, she wheeled around to face Samar. For the first time, his face broke out in a dumb smile. He was missing both front teeth.

"You look pretty toned," Paula said, running her hands along his shirt. "Care to let me see? I like em strong. They do good things for me."

Samar looked at Damien. Damien nodded.

Taking his shirt by the hem, he pulled it off in one swift motion, exposing a solid brick of muscle. His shoulders were thick - too thick. His broad chest swelled as he puffed himself up and grinned, showing off the bulky muscles in his chest and arms. Paula gulped. He was twice as big as Hank. Her jaw ached just looking at him, but her stomach rumbled all the same. She was starting to drool.

"Alright," Paula said, wiping her mouth. "That's what I'm talking about. What a man. You're nothing like the guys I usually sleep with."

Samar grinned, but Damien made a noise in the back of his throat.

"Don't smile, you idiot," he said. "She says that to all of

the guys she sleeps with.”

Samar’s face fell. She saw red fury emerge. His hands stretched forward toward her, but right before they met her waist, Damien made another noise and he backed away. Paula turned, pale and trembling, to find Damien laughing.

“Don’t mind the big guy,” he said. “Focus on me, for now.”

“Alright,” Paula said.

And she did.

The first thirty minutes were spent catering to Damien. She pulled off his underwear and folded them to his amusement before applying herself to his cock. While she kissed and caressed, Damien pulled and squeezed. She had him deep in her mouth when Samar once more put his hands on the back of her head and thrust her forward, but this time, Paula was waiting for it. Her throat slid open wide enough to engulf Damien’s cock. In fact, her jaws went so wide that his balls slipped between her lips. He emitted a rumbling moan.

“Oh shit,” he said. “That’s... that’s something, doll.”

Paula rolled her eyes and continued to bob. His taste was intoxicating. She barely felt it when he pulled her hair or tried to drive her head forward again. All she could focus on

was the pit that was opening in her stomach, exacerbated by the taste of his salty skin. When he came, she didn't stop sucking.

"Hey," Damien said. "Hey! That's hurting!"

Samar grabbed her by the shoulders and pulled her back. She blinked twice. Damien had both hands to his crotch, which was turning slightly purple.

"Did you have my balls in your fucking throat or something?" he said. "The fuck is wrong with you?"

"Sorry," Paula said, wiping her lips. "Sometimes I get a little too enthusiastic."

"Yeah, well, that's \$100 off of your fee, dumbass."

Damien flicked his wrist at her and turned to lay down. Samar put his beefy hands on her waist. His pants were already around his ankles, gun tangled in the pile. His cock was bigger than Paula's forearm.

"You want to take me bent over the bed?" Paula asked, and he nodded. "Alright, hun, but first I need to tell you something."

Samar tilted his head to the side and eased his grip. Paula took one last look over her shoulder. Damien had his face

in the pillows, one hand still between his legs.

“Yes,” Paula said, unbending at the waist. “Something important. Something I think you’ll like.”

Samar waited as she ran a finger up his abs, stopping at his chest. She had to stand on her toes to bring her mouth up to his cheek. His breath caught as one of her hands wrapped around his cock. The other fondled the muscles on his back.

“I love big men, and boy are you going to fill me up. But first, I need you to bend down a little. You’re too tall.”

He did as she asked without question, bending at the waist so that his head was level with hers. Paula took his arms and held them firm. Samar teetered without their support.

“Stay right there,” Paula cooed, jaws sliding open with a wet squelch. “I’m going to give you something extra special.”

She had practiced for this exact moment. She had to work fast. Pinning his arms to his sides, Paula let her jaw fall in one smooth motion. Before Samar could even register what was happening, his head was in her mouth.

GLUK!

Paula’s throat bulged as his face mashed against the damp muscles. Clenching hard, she managed to stifle his cries.

Her arms hurt with the strain of trying to hold him still. He thrashed, but he was off balance. His struggles grew weaker. She was choking him with her throat, preventing him from taking in any oxygen but the meager vapors rising from her stomach which churned a short distance below, eager for its meal.

Taking a quick glance back to make sure that Damien was still unaware, she returned her attention to Samar. He was huge. As his weight sagged against her, she had to brace herself against the bed to hold him. Luckily, she could use his bulk to her advantage.

Kneeling, Paula let her throat open again. Samar held still as his head slid down into her stomach. With his shoulders pushing out her cheeks, Paula opened her throat yet wider and let herself relax. Deep breaths. Her body felt hot with the thrill of revenge, but the true fire was fed by the act of consumption. She had missed this feeling of total control. Samar was powerless before her, confined as he was in her stomach. Closing her eyes, she let more of his body slide. His weight dropped forward as he fell, but her throat was there to catch him. In one smooth gulp, he was gone.

“What the fuck!?”

Paula’s eyes snapped open.

Her stomach was huge, pushing out far past her knees

to sag against the floor. She could feel Samar starting to stir, taking his first, sleepy gulps of her noxious stomach air. His hands reached out to touch the slimy walls and she shuddered. A small moan escaped her lips.

“What?” she asked as Damien sat straight up on the bed. He was pressed against the headboard, his face contorted in horror and confusion. “He wanted this.”

“I don’t... what the fuck?” he repeated. “What the fuck?”

“Right,” Paula groaned, trying to get to her feet. Samar’s bulk was making it difficult. “Let’s get this over with. You hurt my friend, Damien, and now you’re gonna- oof!”

Damien’s foot shot out and caught her in the stomach. Both Paula and Samar gasped from the blow. Damien scrambled to the left side of the bed, his eyes on the door, but Paula blocked his path.

BWwwwWAAAAARP!

The gas that had been building in her stomach exploded outward. Paula stifled another belch as the fumes rose to meet Damien’s nostrils. He gagged.

“This is fucking crazy,” he said, backing up to the other side of the bed.

His eyes flicked downward. Paula saw what he was looking at too late. Her finger pressed the panic button at the same time that Damien got hold of Samar's gun. He had just pulled it free from the belt when Charlie burst into the room.

Her eyes widened at the scene. Damien stood pantsless in the middle of the room, his pale ass quivering as he pointed the gun at Paula. Paula had her hands in the air. Her stomach was one enormous, moving bulge. Damien turned the gun on Charlotte. She calmly drew her own weapon and pointed it at his head.

“Your safety is on, dumbass,” she said. “Drop the gun. If you move, I’ll kill you. If you speak, I’ll kill you.”

The gun dropped from his nerveless fingers. He put his hands in the air as Paula lowered hers. She flashed Charlie a grateful look, then started to move toward Damien.

The terrified man didn't notice her until her stomach brushed his lower back. He turned and screamed. Paula slapped him across the face.

“Shut up,” she hissed. “Shut. Up.”

He shut up.

“Paula-” Charlie said, but Paula held up a finger. She was

glaring at Damien.

“You like feeling like a tough guy?” she asked, letting her breath caress his nose. “You like hitting defenseless women? Letting your thug take his time with them? Huh?”

“I don’t know-”

Paula slapped him again. Damien was shaking so hard that he could barely stand. Charlie’s eyes narrowed in understanding.

“Was this guy fucking with you?” she asked.

“Lucy,” Paula said, not taking her eyes off of Damien. “He hurt Lucy. They were on a boat. She had nowhere to go.”

“I’ll p-p-pay you,” Damien stuttered. “Anything. Any amount, I’ve got it. Hey, you can even keep Samar. He was the one that hurt her. What was I supposed to do? He’s a big guy. Takes what he wants. I didn’t know-”

This time, it was Charlie that smacked him across the back of the head. He fell forward across Paula’s stomach, letting out a strangled groan as he felt his bodyguard move through the skin. Paula grinned down at him. Her stomach growled.

“He’s gonna be slush soon,” she said. “So are you. You’re

both going to end up as just another layer of fat on my chest. Maybe a kinder client of mine will enjoy your contributions. You won't be around to see them."

A look of disgust flickered across Charlie's face, but Paula wasn't paying attention. She was enjoying the way that Damien groveled.

"Anything," he whispered. "Anything. My parents. They'll pay you. Bearer bonds, money order, whatever."

"I'm sure they would," Paula said, running a finger along his jaw. "But there's only one thing I want right now."

He screamed all the way down her throat. When he came to a stop in her stomach, Paula sat down hard.

Two people were a strain. Her skin was stretched to its absolute limit, drooping between her legs to pool on the carpet. She could feel Damien and Samar fighting for space inside of her, their hard knuckles and elbows digging into her soft flesh. Already, her stomach was pumping its acids over them, rumbling its approval for the feast that she had provided. She felt high. Adrenaline was rushing through her veins. She leaned against the bed and explored her belly with her hands, enjoying the contours that the men made in her skin.

"It'll be softer soon," she told Charlie, who was still stand-

ing in front of her. “They melted down, urp, quick. Or, at least, Hank did. I’m not sure about two. What?”

Charlie was shaking her head.

“Are you an actual idiot?” she asked.

Paula had to blink a few times to bring herself out of the ecstatic haze of swallowing two men whole.

“Excuse me?” she asked.

“Two guys,” Charlie said, gesturing to their clothes. “Two guys just went missing, one with rich parents. They weren’t random bullies like Hank. Their car, the lambo parked out front? You think that’s not recognizable? You think nobody would be able to I.D. the giant that walked through your door? What the fuck is wrong with you? They had a gun! You could have been killed!”

“They hurt Lucy,” Paula said.

“So call the police!” Charlotte yelled. Her fists were clenched at her side. Paula had never seen her so upset. “Report them! Or call me. I could have helped. That skinny guy looked like he’d be frightened by a sneeze. We could have turned on his bodyguard and shaken him down. I’ve got friends, Paula, that make that big lug look like a toddler. I told you to come to me for help!”

“I didn’t think about it,” Paula said, wrapping her arms around her stomach. “This just felt right.”

“That’s the problem! That’s the god damn problem, Paula. It shouldn’t. It shouldn’t feel right to think that you need to swallow anybody that happens to piss you off.”

A muffled cry came from within her stomach and Charlie kicked it, eliciting a yelp from Paula.

“Ow!” Paula said. “Fuck, Charlie, I’m sorry.”

“You’re not,” Charlie grumbled, collecting the discarded clothes and throwing them on the bed. She took Damien’s wallet out of his pants and placed it on the table. Samar’s gun was gripped with the edge of her shirt as it too was tossed on the bed. “You’re not sorry at all. You’re sorry that I’m mad, if anything, but you look like you’re about to have a fucking orgasm, P. Like those two guys in your stomach are really doing a number on you.”

The sad thing was that she was right and Paula knew it. If her stomach had shifted at all, Charlie would have been able to see exactly how aroused she was. Every part of her body felt sensitive. One of her arms brushed against her nipple. She bit her lips until it bled.

“Right,” Charlie said, wiping a hand over her face. “That should be everything. We burn the clothes and the wallet.

Shred the cards, keep the cash. Drop his car off with the keys on the seat in front of the shadiest brothel we can find. It'll be stripped for parts in hours. I have a buddy, a big guy, that looks a bit like the lug in your gut. He'll do the drop. The police will think that he got mugged or kidnapped. If he had a history of gambling, maybe they'll think a creditor took him out. It's a long shot, but it's better than the truth."

"Thank you," Paula said.

"Fuck off. This is the last thing I do for you. After this, I'm out."

Paula moved to stand up, but Charlie raised a finger. Her shoulders were raised up to her ears. She took a deep breath and looked back at Paula. There were tears in her eyes.

"I don't like this," she said, waving at Paula's stomach. "You know I don't think this."

"I know," Paula said. She felt sick. The pleasure of digestion and the agony of hurting her friend were mixing like pills and alcohol. "I'm sorry. Really, Charlie, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to mix you up in this."

Charlie rubbed the back of her hand across her eyes and sniffed.

"I'll take care of this," she said. "Just focus on digesting or

whatever. I'll take my fee from the money that the skinny guy brought, plus extra for the coverup. Take care, Paula. It's been fun."

With that, she left the room, leaving Paula to cradle her stomach and cry.

Epilogue

“Remember the guy I told you about at the restaurant?”
Lucy’s voice chirped over the phone.

“Uh huh.”

“He went missing three days ago. Courtney - you know Courtney from Love Alley, right? - said his car was found in front of her shop. A bunch of homeless guys were tearing up the seats. Police came in and asked everyone questions. Big fuss. Lots of legal jargon. You know, I think he might actually have gotten in trouble with-”

Paula set down the phone on her nightstand and let Lucy’s voice prattle on. Three shirts lay on the floor. Each had fit when she went to sleep and each had been ripped by the time she woke up. Both of her breasts were larger than a man’s head, soft and supple, yet without any sag. She

stroked them as she picked up a second phone. There was a message waiting for her.

“One of my girls came home with a black eye last night. I heard you were the one to call. I’ll wait for your reply.”

“Paula?”

Reading the message one more time, Paula picked up the first phone and held it to her ear.

“I’m here,” she said. “Just changing.”

“No worries, hun. I just wanted to know if you wanted to go get dinner tonight. My treat, including drinks. I know they haven’t found a body yet, but I’m really hoping that scumbag is dead. Morbid, I know.”

“Oh, he deserves it,” Paula said, running a thumb over her nipple. “But I can’t tonight. I’m busy.”

“Luther?”

“Mmmhmm.”

“All right, girl. Catch you later, then.”

Her phone went dark. Paula stared at her reflection in the black screen and sighed. There was no news from Charlie.

True to her word, she had gone silent as soon as she left the house. Her phone screen blinked back on. A message from Luther.

“I’m really excited about tonight. How big did you say they were now?”

Paula smiled.

“Big enough to smother you with. See you tonight.”



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Thank you for your support!