

KATTI RAAGORRA'S



EMILY'S
BIRTHDAY WISH ?

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A **Kattu/Paogordo** production

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Chapter 1

An expected wish

“Okay, hear me out.”

“No.”

“You don’t even know what I was about to say!”

“Maybe not,” Gabi said, bending to grab a takeout box from the fridge, “but I know that whenever you start a sentence with ‘hear me out’, I end up having to eat a dozen people.”

“But you like eating people,” Emily complained. “Mom said you have to listen to me, you know. It’s my birthday in two days!”

Gabi rolled her eyes. It was only about the thousandth

time she'd mentioned it. Gabi couldn't even sit in the bathroom for five minutes without the brat pitching ideas to her under the door. All of them involved Gabi's tits growing another six cup sizes and they were already too big for her bra.

"I indulged you one time," Gabi said. "One time!"

"And it was awesome!"

"Your school had a PSA about missing students! The police thought it was a mass kidnapping! It was a huge issue!"

"It was still awesome," Emily mumbled.

She lay across the back of the couch like a perverted sloth. Jill sat in the chair opposite her, scrolling through her phone, and Gabi was in the kitchen. She was almost always in the kitchen when she was home, though Emily had never actually seen her cook anything.



“Was that the time you convinced Gabi to eat your school bully and then she had to eat his parents and all of the witnesses you ‘didn’t see?’” Jill asked, looking up from her phone.

“It was,” Gabi said, glaring at her sister. “What kind of birthday present is that? Ask for a Playstation like a normal child.”

“I don’t want a Playstation! I want to watch you eat-”

Emily tapped her lips and looked up at the ceiling, “-thirty people should do the trick. I’ll be happy if you eat thirty people.”

Jilly looked at Gabi. Gabi frowned at Emily. Emily kicked her legs against the back of the couch, imagining what a stomach with thirty people inside would look like. When nobody spoke for a solid minute, Jill put down her phone.

“Why don’t you indulge the girl, Gabi?” she said. “Thirty people shouldn’t be a problem for you after that family restaurant.”

The microwave dinged, sparing Gabi from having to answer, but Emily rolled off the couch to sit on the ground with her legs crossed, looking inquiringly at Jill.

“How many people do you think you could eat, Jill?” she asked.

“Me?” Jill said, clicking her tongue. “I bet I could fit forty. My cousin claimed to have eaten fifty at one point. There was a party in an abandoned grain silo that featured a slide leading to a sub-basement. She just stood at the bottom of the slide and gulp, gulp, gulp.”

She exaggerated the movement, causing Emily to giggle. Gabi just rolled her eyes.

“I think Jenny miscounted,” she said. “Fifty seems like a lot for her.”

“Oh really?” Jill asked. “So you’re saying that you could do more than fifty.”

“I could,” Gabi sniffed. “Not that I’m going to just because Emily wants to live out a perverted birthday wish. It’s silly, Jill. Don’t listen to her.”

“Hold on.”

Jill scooted to the edge of her seat and pushed her fingers together. Emily watched with wide eyes as she contemplated Gabi.

“When we ate all those people at the family restaurant, I’m pretty sure I ate more than you,” Jill said.

“I don’t think so,” Gabi said. “Not by my count, at least.”

“I’m pretty sure.”

Gabi’s jaw clenched. She knew that it was a bad look to be competitive about her capacity, but something about Jill’s smirk annoyed her. Gabi lifted her breasts up onto the table. Now it was Jill’s turn to roll her eyes.



“You’re always bragging about that,” she said.

“Bragging about what?” Gabi asked with mock innocence.

“Your tits!”

“What about them?”

“How big they are,” Jill scoffed. “It’s like you’re saying that you’re better than me.”

“That’s silly,” Gabi said. “My tits have nothing to do with me being better than you, just like me eating more people at the restaurant shouldn’t be taken as an insult.”

Emily put a hand to her mouth. Things were starting to get good.

“This is ridiculous,” Jill said. “If you’re not going to indulge Emily this year, then I will. Was it thirty people you wanted gulped, Em?”

“At minimum,” Emily said, grinning at Gabi. “But I bet you could eat more.”

“I can,” Jill growled.

“Oooh, then I think I have the perfect spot for this.”

“I hope you know that Emily just played you like a fiddle,” Gabi said, resting her face on her palm. “You walked right into it, Jill.”

“Doesn’t matter,” Jill said. She tossed her fiery hair over her shoulder and clutched Emily’s hands in hers. “I would do anything for my sweet little Emily, especially on her birthday. Eating fifty people is nothing.”

“Dumbass,” Gabi muttered, but Jill couldn’t hear her over the growl of her stomach.

She was beginning to drool.

Chapter 2

Fulfilling a wish

Emily pulled out a pendulum. Jill considered turning the car around.

“Emily,” Jill said. “I don’t know how to say this politely, so I’m just going to blurt it out, but what the fuck?”

“It’s for hypnosis!” Emily said, holding it up proudly. “The man at the magic shop said that it works and I tested it on some random kid earlier.”

“And?”

“They made out with a stop sign.”

Jill sighed and put her head on the wheel. They were parked in front of a school—one of the only cars in the park-

ing lot.

“That’s your grand plan?” she asked. “Emily, after I eat like, five people, I’m not going to be able to move. Your master plan to nab the rest of them is some toy that you got from a magic shop?!”

“It’s not a toy,” Emily huffed, holding the pendulum up. “It’s the real deal!”

“Prove it.”

Emily looked around the parking lot for her first victim. It was the weekend and the school was nearly empty. The only people who were supposed to be on the premises were the South District Band members—a congregation of three school’s marching bands that met every month to practice for parades. After a minute, she spotted an adult walking to her car. Emily gestured for Jill to follow her.

“I can only get it to work for a few seconds, so you’ll have to be quick,” she called over her shoulder.

Jill rolled her eyes. She was beginning to regret coming.

The woman had cropped blond hair and a sharpish nose. She glared at Emily as she walked up to her, then glanced at Jill and snorted.

“Tell your sister she needs to wear something more appropriate when she drops you off,” the woman said, gesturing toward Jill. “This is a good school, you know.”

Jill crossed her arms. She was wearing a black camisole and a pair of ripped jean shorts, not that it would matter in a few minutes anyway. Something about eating dozens of people tended to tear her clothes. Still, it was stupid to be ridiculed for what was, for her, a pretty modest outfit, and she was just about to open her mouth to say so when Emily pulled out the pendulum. Slowly, it started to swing.

“Perfectly punctually,” Emily muttered, holding it up to the woman’s eyes. “Perfectly punctually, perfectly punctually, perfectly punctually.”



The woman went stock still. Her jaw opened slightly and a line of drool shone against her lower lip. When Emily took the pendulum away, her eyes were glazed.

“Give me your phone,” Emily said.

The woman handed over her phone without blinking. Jill let out an incredulous gasp.

“Where did you say you got that thing?” she asked.

“Magic shop,” Emily said, snapping her fingers under the woman’s nose. Her head was starting to shake from side to side and it looked like she was breaking out of it. “Also, if you don’t mind a snack before your meal...?”

Jill smiled.

“My pleasure,” she said.

The woman didn’t resist as she grabbed her shoulders. She didn’t say a word as her head was laid on Jill’s tongue or face was pressed into the slick embrace of her gullet. As soon as Jill gulped, however, she started to thrash.

“Wha? Wherrmergerd!”

The muffled shriek came from the bulge between Jill’s breasts as she lifted the woman and swallowed her the rest of the way. She felt her stomach sag against her shorts as she smacked her lips.



“Blech, hair spray,” Jill belched. “Urgh.”

Emily watched, fascinated, as the shape of the woman appeared beneath Jill’s shirt. The elasticity of the redhead’s stomach made it hard for the woman to move, but that wasn’t stopping her from squirming like a banshee, making wet, sloppy sounds as she passed over Jill’s hot inner flesh.

“I thought the hypnosis would last a little longer, but I guess it only lasts five to ten seconds,” Emily said. “I’ll have

to find some way to keep everyone contained while you eat them.”

Jill nodded. The salty taste of the woman lingered on her tongue, inciting a hunger inside of her so violent that she had to keep from drooling all over the place. The woman's thrashing only made it worse. She looked toward the school and smiled.

“How many people did you say were here?” she asked.

“I dunno. Fifty, maybe more, maybe less.”

“Alright,” Jill said, pulling out her phone. “Let me make a quick call, then we'll get down to it.”

—

Emily found an open door on the east side of the school. The band trip was technically a retreat, so the only security inside of the building was the young man in charge of watching the room where all of the student's phones had been locked up. Band members weren't allowed to keep electronics on them while they were practicing—a fact that Emily had been counting on.

“Hey,” the man said as Emily appeared around the corner. He couldn't have been more than 22. The patchy scrag of his beard was just starting to fill in. “I thought practice didn't

end until four. Do you need something?”

“My phone,” Emily said, pointing toward the room.

The man was sitting behind the desk in the administrative office. Empty chip bags littered the ground around him. Grumbling, he stood and brushed off his pants, taking a key from the ring around his belt. Emily noticed that they were all labeled, including one big one that just said ‘GYM’. She also noticed the cameras.

There was a live feed of several sections of the school being played on a dozen monitors behind the desk. Most of the students were in the gym right now, instruments at the ready, but there were a few stragglers. Two students were making out in one of the music rooms. One student seemed to be heading back from the bathroom. Emily blinked as she looked from the monitors to the box on the desk. If it was what she thought it was, this was going to be easy.

“Do you have all of the recordings from the week?” Emily asked.

The man shrugged. He was having trouble fitting the key in the lock.

“Sure,” he said. “Didja lose something yesterday?”

“No,” Emily said, quietly unplugging the box from the wall.

The cameras stayed on, but they were no longer recording. “Anyway, my phone?”

“Patience, little lady.”

The man tried a different key and the door came open with a click. When he turned around, Emily was standing there with her pendulum raised. The man only had time to utter a soft gasp before his eyes glazed over.

“Give me your keys,” Emily said.

The man handed over his keys. Emily slipped them in her pocket, then pointed at the unlocked room.

“Wait there,” she said.

The man stepped inside and Emily closed the door. After a second, the man started to pound.

“Hey! Hey, wait! What is this?”

“You can come in now,” Emily yelled.

Jill came through the door, scratching her stomach. Even a single human was enough to stretch her shirt to its limit and she was having trouble keeping the black fabric over her constantly moving skin. With a frustrated sigh, she pulled her shirt over her head and tossed it aside. The man, who

was looking through the door's window, went silent.

“Not sure what alarmed him more,” Jill said. “This or these.”

She jiggled her stomach, then put her hands on her breasts. Each one was the size of the man's head, shaking whenever the woman inside of her moved.

“Who cares?” Emily said, unlocking the door. “Just eat him so we can get to the fun part.”

“This is the fun part,” Jill chuckled.

She sauntered up to the door and flung it open. The man, stumbling backward, fell in a heap on top of a box full of phones. Jill smiled at him, crouching.

“Hello, hot stuff,” she said.

“W- what are you?” the man stammered. His eyes kept flicking between her breasts and her stomach. Jill's smile widened. Men were so easy to deal with.

Taking his hand, Jill pressed it into her soft skin. The man's cheeks reddened, then drained of color as the skin moved. Jill's mouth came open with a silent click and soon, all that remained of the security guard were his legs on her tongue.

SLURP!

“Two down,” Jill said, rubbing her stomach. “But you better figure out your plan quick, because I can only take three or four more before I stop being able to move.”

Her stomach bulged out over her thighs, the skin taut around the two struggling figures. The woman seemed to be sitting on the man and they were both screaming, though their words were incoherent. Jill let out another, slow belch.

BBuuuURRrRP!

“Scuse me,” she said.

Emily, who had been watching enraptured, shook herself free and turned to the cameras. She pointed at one of the halls.

“There are two students wandering around right now and two in this music room,” she said, mapping their positions. “The music rooms are right by the gym, so if you can hold up a little longer, you can eat those four and then I’ll group everyone together.”

“You’re sure this will work?” Jill asked. Her stomach was beginning to bubble and its two occupants were thrashing harder than ever. She gave the engorged skin a quick kiss. Two people were a snack. She was looking for a meal.

“I’m sure,” Emily said. “Have my plans ever gone wrong?”

“Yeah, like a dozen tim-”

“This one won’t!”

Jill followed Emily into the hall, rubbing her groaning gut. Emily led the way through the main building out into a courtyard that spanned the space between the gym and the auditorium. A girl sat on a stone bench, reading in the sun. She looked up as the shade of Jill’s gut fell over her, then screamed as Jill picked her up by the back of her shirt and stuffed her in her mouth.

“MMph!”

Emily blushed as the girl’s skirt rode up, revealing a pair of plain white panties. Saliva dribbled between them, coating the girl’s legs, and soon the panties were sodden against the girl’s rapidly disappearing thighs. Jill opened her throat and let the girl slide the rest of the way down to join the others in her gut.

“What?” Jill asked as her jaw clicked back into place.

“Nothing,” Emily said. “I’m just happy you agreed to do this.”

“Me too,” Jill laughed, jostling her stomach. The girl’s

voice added to the cacophony of moans and screams. "It's been a while since I've been able to stuff myself."

"You see, you actually say this stuff out loud," Emily said. "My sister goes all, 'Oh no! You made me eat ten people! How could you, you brat? Now I guess I have to eat everyone', but really, she loves it. You should have seen her when we were younger. She'd eat my friends for nothing more than a promise that I'd do her chores."

"We gonna skip over the part where you asked your sister to eat your friends?"

"Shut up."

With the image of the girl's saliva-drenched panties still fresh in her mind, Emily stomped toward the doors. Jill trudged after her, slower now with three people inside of her, but still standing upright and strong. They entered another hallway and bumped right into a student leaving the bathroom. His glasses hit the floor at the same time that Emily did.

"Oh," the boy said, squinting. "I'm so, so, sorry. Didn't see you there. Here."

He thrust his hand in the general direction of Emily. Emily smiled and took it, letting him pull her to her feet.

“Is your eyesight that bad?” she asked.

“It’s terrible,” the boy grumbled. “Can’t see a hand in front of my face. Say, do you mind helping me find my glasses?”

“Sure,” Emily said, “but I’m just curious. What does that look like to you?”

She spun the boy around to face Jill. The boy’s face screwed up in concentration as he tried to sharpen his vision.

“I dunno?” he said. “Looks kind of like a... person carrying a tan medicine ball. Or no. There’s some red. Is it a statue? Some kind of diorama? It’s moving. Hey, is that a person? Oh hey! Wait! Wait!”

Emily nudged the boy into Jill’s waiting arms. She smothered his face between her breasts, then lifted him up to her mouth. He had just enough time to see her throat open in a pink smear before he vanished into it. Emily picked up his glasses from the floor and put them on.

“Wow,” she said. “He really was blind.”

“And vigorous,” Jill noticed, poking the space in her stomach where he had landed. Emily saw two footprints kneading against the stomach walls, pushing the skin apart before it contracted around him, squeezing into place.

BBBwwwAaaaARRP!

Jill put a polite hand to her mouth. A second later, it came away with a pair of soaking wet sneakers which she tossed aside.

“Sorry,” she said.

“As long as it’s not one of the students, it doesn’t matter,” Emily said. “There should only be one more pair before we get to the gym. Can you still walk?”

“I can,” Jill grunted, taking an experimental step forward. Her stomach dropped suddenly and she stumbled, regaining her balance with an assist from Emily. “But not for much longer.”

“Don’t worry,” Emily said, taking her arm. “Soon, the food will come to you. You just have to eat one more student.”

“One? I thought you said two.”

“Trust the plan, Jill. Give me a minute.”

Jill rolled her eyes as Emily disappeared down a corridor with the keys jingling in her grasp. She rested her back against the wall, addressing her belly like it was an old friend.

“Gabi’s right,” she said, “that girl is weird. Whatever. Hanging out with her equals free meals for me and besides, if I eat fifty of you brats, I’ll have beat her record. Hehe. Hey, lady, you still alive in there? Blondie?”

She gave her stomach a shake. Soon, a face came to the surface. Jill recognized the sharp nose.



“Please stop,” the woman groaned. “Please. It burns. Ack! There’s... a bunch of hot liquid.”

“Poor baby,” Jill crooned, stroking her cheek through her skin. “Did you drop off your kid today? Are they a student here?”

The woman slapped the inside of Jill’s gut. It did little more than make a dull thud.

“Not Tommy,” she sobbed. “Please!”

“Not Tommy,” Jill mocked, shoving her face back into the pit of her stomach. “I just wanted to check so that I could eat him first. It would be cruel to have him sloshing around in whatever remained of his mother. Much better to reunite you two in my stomach so that you can digest together, eh?”

She looked up as Emily reappeared around the corner. She was grinning from ear to ear.

“All set,” she said. “Let’s go.”

Jill heaved herself off of the wall and with a few, false stumbles, she managed to set one foot in front of the other. Emily helped her down the hall, brushing up against her stomach every chance that she got. She shuddered as the warm skin bubbled where she touched it. She could only imagine what it looked like inside.

They reached the hall with the music rooms after a few minutes of huffing and puffing. Jill waited outside of the

door as Emily stuck her key in the lock. The couple had put a jacket over the window. She could hear them giggling inside.

“Oh, Jovi!”

“Oh, Mel.”

“Playtime’s over, kids!” Emily yelled, flinging the door open.

The couple screamed, scrambling to clothe themselves. The girl had removed her shirt and the boy’s pants were halfway down his thigh. They screamed again as Jill poked her head around the door frame. Her massive stomach blocked the hall.

“I’m going to eat one of you,” she said. “The other will go free. Which one of you am I going to eat?”

Emily looked past Jill’s stomach and saw the girl and the boy looking at each other. They were both trembling.

“M- Mel?” the girl stuttered. The boy had an odd glint in his eye. “M- Mel, I love you. Please.”

“Sorry, Jovi,” he said, grabbing her arm. “It’s you or me.”

The girl shrieked as he shoved her toward Jill’s mouth.

Jill caught her in a bear hug, smothering the fight out of her against her stomach before stuffing her in her mouth. Three gulps was all it took to swallow her down and once she did, her stomach let out a massive gurgle.

“So good,” Jill said, licking her lips. The boy was just standing there, staring at his hands. He looked like even he couldn't believe what he had done. “But you've earned your freedom, Mel. You just have to do one thing for us.”

“What?” he asked.

“Go to the gym and warn them,” Emily said, slipping past Jill's gut. She pulled out her pendulum and gave it an experimental swing. “Tell them that the monster is coming.”

Chapter 3

A wish almost fulfilled

By the time Emily and Jill arrived at the gym, the whole band was in an uproar. Two chaperones were trying to call the students toward the exit where a group of students were banging on the door. Of course, it had already been locked. The rest of the students had funneled themselves into the equipment room where two of them were attempting to pry the panel off of the back door. Instruments were scattered everywhere. Emily kicked aside a trombone as she basked in the panic. There was a chorus of screams when Jill appeared, stomach rippling and pulsing, sagging against the gym floor.

“I told you!” Mel screamed. He was in the equipment room, pointing from behind the door frame. “I told you!”

The two chaperones, a woman with long brown hair and an athletic man in his mid-twenties, stepped in front of the

students as they filtered into the equipment room. It was the furthest away from the main gym doors—a fact that Emily had been counting on.

“Who are you?” the man yelled. “What do you want?”

Jill answered them with a low belch. Jovi's skirt slipped out of her mouth and splatted on the gym floor. There was a brief silence, followed by an immediate panic.

“We're gonna die!” one girl shrieked.

“Help us!” someone yelled, pounding on the doors. “Help us.”

“I found chains in the storage shed,” Emily muttered to Jill as they wandered further into the room. “And the doors lock from the outside, for some reason. Nobody's getting out of that equipment room.”

“Great,” Jill said, smiling hungrily. “I'm sorry for doubting you.”

Whimpers resounded from the trapped students as Jill approached the equipment room. The two chaperones stood with their arms outstretched. The woman was glaring. The man was shaking. Jilly looked at both of them and clicked her tongue.

“Which one?” she asked.

“Which what?” the woman said. “The police are already on their way.”

“You’re bluffing.”

“She’s n- not,” the man said. He winced as Jill turned her gaze on him.

“Aren’t you handsome for a liar,” Jill said. “I think I’ll start with you.”

She was reaching toward him when the woman made her move. The chaperone raised her fist, screaming, and charged toward Jill who merely sighed and gave her stomach a sharp jerk. 600 pounds of flesh hit the woman with a heavy thud, throwing her sideways into one of the gym mats where she lay, stunned. Jill returned her gaze to the man who didn’t even blink as she raised his body up to her huge breasts.

“Do you think I’m pretty?” Jill asked.

The man could only wheeze as a response.

“Good,” Jill said, opening her mouth wide. “You’re going to be a part of all this very soon.”

The man’s head fit on her tongue just fine. She lapped at

him, slurping down the salty tang of his body as she traced the fear in his eyes. His features? Delectable. Her prey knew his place and his place was in her stomach, so, tilting her head back, Jill slid him into his new home, shivering at the sound of her belly clutching around him and the screams from the equipment room where the students had just seen their teacher devoured.

“Get up, Mrs. Paisley!” one of the students yelled.

Before anyone could run to help, Emily stepped forward and shut the door. Now they were all trapped, watching helplessly as Emily dragged the comatose woman over to Jill.

“What’s happening?” the woman mumbled.

“You’re being eaten,” Emily said.

That woman’s eyes shot open, but it was too late. Jill was already engulfing her in her wet esophagus.

GLUK! GLUK! GLUK!



Emily stepped back to admire her handiwork, chuckling as the shape of the woman added to the increasingly preposterous proportions of Jill's stomach. Her belly now sagged all the way to the floor with Jill laid out on top of it, engorged to nearly quintuple her original size. At that moment, Emily was seized by a familiar pang of envy. If it had been her and not Gabi that had inherited that voracious talent, then she would be the one laid out, moaning in satisfaction as a massive group of students bubbled in her gross, gurgling gut.

BBBweeeeERrRRP!

“Excuse me,” Jill said, thumping her chest. “Lots of air keeps getting in.”

“Are you sure this isn’t too much for you?” Emily asked. “I could call Gabi.”

Jill glowered at Emily. Sure, her original hunger had been abated, but she was nowhere near full. She could handle a dozen, no, two dozen more students with no issue. Three dozen might be pushing it. Four dozen...

Jill shook her head. Best not to think about it. She was content to start digesting the squirming figures inside of her gut already, which reminded her of a promise she had made earlier.

“Is there a Tommy in there?” she called toward the locked door. Several students stood pressed up against the glass, staring at her. One pushed through the group. His face was chalk white.

“L- let those people go,” he said.

Emily prepared her pendulum. Jill searched her stomach for the boy’s mother.

“Oh, I don’t think I will,” she said. “I just wanted you to

know that there's someone inside of me who is very eager to see you again."

There she was! She recognized the sharp nose. Clenching, she rearranged her stomach so that the woman was at the top, her shape clear against the skin. In the half hour or so since she had swallowed her, the woman's clothes had dissolved into goop.

"Tommy!" the woman screamed. "Don't you dare hurt him."

"Hurt him?" Jill scoffed. "You make me seem like a monster, lady. Sure, digestion is going to sting a bit, but so does a shot at the doctor's office. The point is that by the end of this, you'll be better than you ever were. You'll be an enormous pair of tits on my chest!"

The woman continued to scream as Emily popped up beneath the window on the door. Some of the students looked away, but Tommy didn't make it in time. He was transfixed by the swinging of the pendulum, following its arc through the air.

"Come on out, Tommy," Emily said, unlocking the door. Then, she addressed the others. "And if anyone else cares to join him, I'll feed you to her, too."

Tommy was led out of the equipment room by the hand,

after which the door was locked. He stumbled a few steps over to Jill, who embraced him, letting him feel his mother in her stomach.

“Oh, Tommy dearest,” Jill said. “Let’s reunite you with your family.”

When her jaws opened, Emily caught a glimpse of the horror that was her stomach.



Beads of gross, white foam slathered the occupants inside of whom she could only see bits and pieces; tangled arms and legs writhing in the darkness, screaming for the light which was blocked as Jill put Tommy in her mouth and swallowed, swallowed him down that undulus pink corridor before her jaw snapped shut and her food was cast into darkness once more.

GULP!

“How many is that?” Jill groaned.

At first, Emily thought she was in pain, but then she saw the expression on Jill’s face and blushed. Her friend was having the time of her life and so was she.

“The mom, the security guard, the two people in the corridor, the girl from the music room, the two chaperones and Tommy,” Emily counted off. “You’re at eight right now.”

“Keep them coming.”

“With pleasure.”

Emily looked through the window in the door. Most of the students were now huddled in the back corner, trying to get as far away as they could, but a few were still watching. One of them she recognized.

“You,” she said, pointing at Mel. “You helped me earlier, so you can leave.”

“I can?” Mel asked, sprinting to the door. “Really?”

“Just Mel,” Emily said as more students tried to join the throng. “Again, if any of you brats try to escape, then I guarantee that you’ll be devoured.”

Mel pushed the other students back while Emily unlocked the door. As soon as it opened, he took off sprinting.

“Shit!” Emily cried.

She had intended to trick him into Jill’s arms or use the pendulum to hypnotize him. Now he was loose in the building and he was too fast for her to catch.

“Fuck you!” Mel screamed over his shoulders as he reached the gym doors. “Fuck all of you!”

THUMP!

Not looking where he was going, he ran smack into the figure that appeared in the door. A pair of freckled arms reached down to grab him, steadying him as he cried out.

“Get away from here,” he yelled at the blonde woman. “She’s eating everyone!”

“Seems like a party!” the woman said in a thick southern drawl. “Guess I’ll have to partake.”

ULP!



With a single heave, the blonde managed to both lift and swallow the helpless student. The motion was so smooth that it barely even registered on her figure. Her stomach was flat, then it was round.

“I would say I got here just in time,” Jenny said as she sauntered over to the group. She cast an amused look at the students in the equipment room before turning to Emily. “Happy birthday, by the way.”

Emily's eyes bulged out of her head. Her heart had been racing so fast at the thought of a student escaping that it took a few seconds for her to collect herself.

“What are you doing here?” she asked.

“My cousin hollered and said you might need help,” Jenny said, jerking a thumb toward Jill. “Seeing as you're kind of scrawny and all.”

Jill held up her hands as Emily's icy gaze fell upon her.

“Don't look at me like that,” she said. “You were talking about hypnotism and shit and I was afraid one of those students might clock you while I was immobile. Jenny's just here to make sure they get from that room to my stomach. And she's not-” she said, clicking her tongue at Jenny's stomach, “-here to eat anybody.”

“That one was just a snack,” Jenny said, licking her fingers. “He's barely even big enough to register.”

Sure enough, her stomach had constricted around him, molding him into a tight little ball beneath her flannel shirt.

Only the thinnest patch of skin showed beneath the gray tee she wore under the flannel.

“Whatever,” Jill said. “I’m going for a record here, so I can’t afford to lose even a single one.”

“Really?” Jenny whistled, looking at the cluster of terrified students. “Must be fifty of them critters in there. Might be a job for El Chupacabra.”

“Jenny!”

“Oh, alright. But once you realize you’re stuffed like a pig, pardon me if I partake.”

Jenny came up to the door with Emily. Without waiting for her to pull out the pendulum, Jenny opened the door and grabbed the first student by the collar. The curly-haired boy rasped something as she dragged him toward Jill, but his words were incomprehensible.

“Hush up now,” Jenny said, placing a hand on Jill’s stomach. “Be a brave lad like the rest of your buddies.”



Heaving, she threw the boy into Jill's arms. Jill caught him and, after rolling about to make room, swallowed his shaking body.

"I'm gonna have to start climbing her," Jenny said to Emily as she returned to the door. Jill's stomach was so large that she was suspended a full human's length off of the ground. "Do you think she'll actually get to fifty?"

"I think she'll get close!" Emily said.

The next ten students went down without a problem. Either Emily lured them to Jenny, or Jenny grabbed them from their group and dragged them, screaming, to her cousin's lips. As predicted, the more Jill ate, the harder it was to feed her. Soon, she was so high up that Jenny had to start climbing the pile of bodies in her gut just to get the newest victim into her mouth.

"Please," one of the girls squealed as Jenny tore her from her friend's arms. The friend chased after them, wailing, until Emily slammed the door in her face. "Please, let me go. I don't want to die. I don't want to get eaten. Please. I haven't done anything wrong."

"That's not true," Jenny said, beginning her climb. The people inside of Jill groaned as she tread over their sodden forms. "You were here and looked delicious. If that ain't cause to eat someone, then I don't know what is?"

"Gabi says that you should only eat people who deserve it," Emily said, eyes locked on the bulge of the girl as she traveled down Jill's throat. She was hugging Jill's belly, luxuriating in the torment happening within. "She says that she only eats when she has to and she only has to when she knows the people are bad."

"Is this the same girl who eats delivery drivers?" Jenny asked, climbing off of Jill's stomach. "What kind of ass-backwards logic is that?"

“Those don’t count, she says.”

“Ack, if it’s food, it’s food. Who cares whether your food has been good or not?”

“You obviously don’t know Gabi that well,” Jill hiccuped. “She’d convince herself of anything as long as it allows her to continue stuffing her face.”

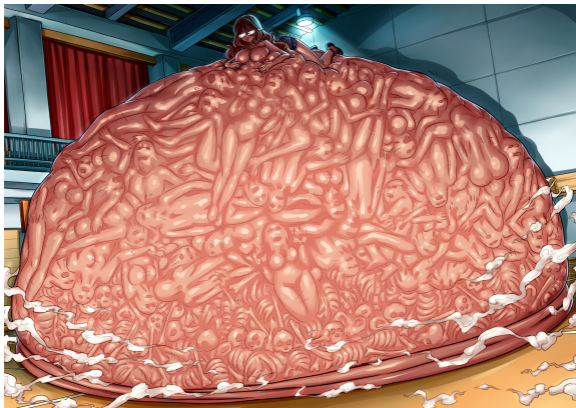
“How you doin’ up there?”

“I’m, **uuuuUURRP**, fine!”

Chapter 4

A fulfilled wish

At around the two hour mark, Jill started to flag. There were forty people in her gut, now, and her head was higher than the basketball hoop. Hundreds of individual lumps formed against her skin, pushing and pulling, ebbing and flowing like a living ecosystem, which, of course, it was. Emily watched like one of the victims of her pendulum, imagining what it would look like once they all started to digest. The pile would get smoother and smoother until it had the consistency of a water bed, after which she hoped Jill would let her sleep on top of it. Wouldn't that be something!



“Some help over here?” Jenny called.

The students were pressed against the door. They had realized that their only chance was to run and twice now, Jenny had needed to catch a runner. Emily had taken the opportunity to lock the gym doors as well, so the runner only really got as far as the bleachers before they were caught, but with a man in her gut, Jenny wasn't all that fast and it had taken a joint effort with Emily to get them down.

Emily sighed and approached the door with her pendulum. That's when she heard a scream behind her.

"Sorry," Jill said, swallowing hard. "One of them just crawled up my throat."

"You sure you're good?" Jenny asked. "You look like you're about to be sick."

"I'm fine," Jill snarled, mashing the offending individual down into the soupy remains of her classmates. "Once I digest the bottom row, I'll have more room."

The base of her stomach was much smoother than the top half. The first ten people, including Tommy and his mother, had been crushed beneath the weight of the others, marinated in stomach acids, and subsequently melted in the resulting deluge. Currently, they formed a layer of bubbling sludge that the rest of the students tried to keep their heads above with varying degrees of success. Arms kept popping into Jill's throat. Fingers and toes pawed at her insides. She was happy, yes, and dazed by the sheer fullness of her stomach, but she was also hitting her limit. Could Gabi eat more than forty people? Probably. So instead of letting Jenny take over, Jill grit her teeth and pushed on.

The pendulum's swing caught two students in its net. Jenny took the first one that approached the door, kicking aside the rest of the students that crowded forward. They

pounded and kicked, begging for their lives. Emily stuck her tongue out at them.

“It’s my birthday,” she said. “Suck it up, food.”

Jenny hauled the student over her shoulder as she began her climb up Jill’s stomach. The student snapped out of the hypnosis after five seconds, sobbing into Jenny’s shoulder.

“I don’t wanna,” she whimpered. “Why are you doing this? My parents... think about my parents.”

“Why?” Jenny asked. “Are they as tasty as you?”

Without waiting for her answer, she stuffed the girl into Jill’s mouth, manually shoving her down her cousin’s throat. It was the only way to fit them.



“Forty-one,” Jill groaned. “I’m gonna burst.”

“Keep going,” Emily yelled. “I don’t know my sister’s limit, but I know it’s over fifty.”

Jill set her jaw and closed her eyes. Concentrating, she clenched all of the muscles in her abdomen. A massive wave of acids washed over the people inside of her, knocking them away from the walls.

“There,” Jill said. “I should have a bit more room, now.”

A constant groan could be heard from her gut. If Emily listened closely, she could hear people cursing or begging or praying. A few were comforting their friends in the darkness, rubbing their wet bodies together, and some were confessing the feelings that they had never been able to share.

“I guess getting eaten really puts things in perspective,” Emily said, dragging out the next victim.

“Sure does,” Jenny said. “But I prefer to be the one doing the eating.”

At fifty-six people in her gut, Jill stopped.

Her stomach felt like it was going to tear in half. She was long past the sensation of being full. Now she felt sick, like a kid who had eaten too much candy. She towered over the gymnasium, her groans harmonizing with the groans of the victims inside of her until it was hard to tell who was making the noise. Jenny gripped the collar of a student's shirt as Jill belched in their face. Whenever she opened her mouth, a limb would appear on her tongue.

“They keep, urp, coming up,” Jill whimpered.

“Fifty-six is a good number,” Jenny said, lifting the student

by her pigtails. "I can take this one if you need."

"No, no, no!" the girl screamed. "Help me, someone!"

"I'll take her," Jill said, letting her jaw hit her bosoms. "Just stuff her in good, please."

WHUMPH!

Jenny had to push aside a cluster of legs to fit the student between them. When Jill closed her mouth, her cheeks bulged. Eyes watering, she swallowed down the urge to vomit.

"Fifty-seven," Jenny said. "Again, are you sure you're good?"

"You're just hungry," Jill snapped.

"Or you look like you're about to yak."

Emily was sitting beneath the door to the equipment room. Only a dozen or so voices were left to cry for help. Two students had found a hammer, pounding away at the door, but it was useless and they knew it. Most of them had grown numb to the terror, falling into a daze until the executioner came to feed them to the beast.

"Careful," Emily said as Jenny came toward her. "They

found a hammer.”

“Got it.”

The pounding had stopped. Jenny opened the door and waited, arms folded over her chest, as a red-eyed student wielding the mallet flew through the opening only to be clotheslined by Emily. The hammer dropped from the twitching fingers.

“I think I’ll have to take over in a sec,” Jenny said, picking the student up and throwing them over her shoulder. “Jill looks gassed.”

“Fifty-seven people, though,” Emily panted, failing to hide her excitement. “I’ll bet even Gabi hasn’t beaten that!”

She joined Jenny on her climb up Jill. Her head was taller than the bleachers and her stomach heaved in random clumps. The screaming inside of her was constant, as was the grotesque bubbling of dozens of people digesting at once. She sat like a mountainous goddess atop her pile of sacrifices.

“Here,” Jenny said when they got to Jill’s face. Her cheeks were green and her eyes were closed. “Got another juicy one for ya.”

“Do it,” Jill mumbled.

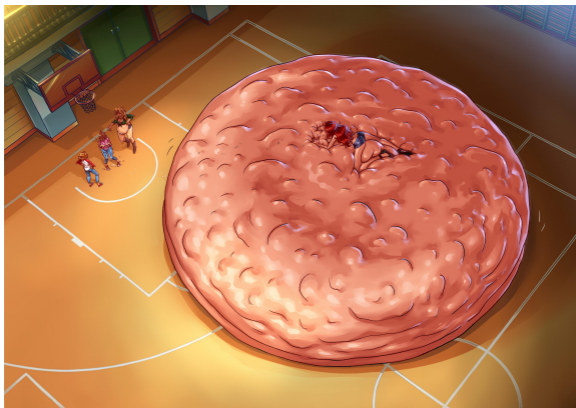
She opened her mouth and the screams got louder. Emily could see a face looking back at her from the darkness—the last girl to have been stuffed into the voracious belly of the beast.

“Here’s your friend,” Emily said as Jenny plunged the student into a wriggling mass of limbs. “Enjoy your—”



BLECHT!

The student was ejected into Jenny's arms, covered in bile and shivering all over. Jill closed her mouth and groaned. It was clear that she was finished.



“Let's let her digest a bit,” Jenny chuckled, sliding down the side of the stomach. “Do you think you could get me a washcloth and some water?”

“Sure,” Emily said, still staring at Jill's mouth. “What for?”

“I gotta scrub this one clean before I eat it!”

“You wouldn’t, you wouldn’t,” the student panted, frothing at the lips. “You can’t?”

“Aw shucks,” Jenny said, “I guess I shouldn’t be picky.”

ULP!

The student reappeared beneath her shirt. It was funny: now that Emily had seen Jill’s stomach bloat to the size of a blimp, it was almost comforting to return to the human-sized lump that formed under Jenny’s breasts.

“The people Jill eats always go to her tits,” Jenny said, squeezing her chest. “Mine always go straight to my ass, though.”

“Really?” Emily asked. She couldn’t wait to see what fifty-seven people did to Jill’s boobs. “That’s kind of odd.”

“Just ‘natomy,” Jenny said, shrugging. “Anyhow, how many folks we got left?”

“Fourteen,” Emily said, doing a quick headcount. “Can you fit that many?”

Jenny’s stomach rumbled. Her eyes widened with animalistic pleasure.

“Yeah,” she said. “I bet I can.”

Epilogue

Gabi sat at the kitchen table with her face in her hands. Jill sat on the chair across from her, clutching her absolutely gargantuan breasts.

“They’re bigger than your entire torso,” Jill said proudly. “Forget not being able to wear a bra. It took me an hour to find a shirt that stretched far enough to fit. I had to modify an XXXL.”



Emily snickered from the refrigerator where she was grabbing a juice. Jenny had to sit on the couch. Her ass was too big for the chair.

“You understand that you almost fucked up big time, right?” Gabi asked, removing her face from her hands. She glared first at Jill, then at Emily, both of whom grinned back at her. “If a single student escaped, that would have been it. If you were wrong and the cameras weren’t wiped, that would have been it. If Jenny hadn’t been there-”

“Blah, blah, blah,” Jill yawned. “You’re just jealous because my record is fifty-seven people. Do you know how long it took them to digest?”

“That’s another thing! What if literally anybody had shown up over the rest of the weekend and found you sitting like a fat tick in the middle of the gymnasium.”

“Relax,” Jenny said, biting her nail. “I was with her. I woulda eaten them.”

Gabi rolled her eyes and went back to grimacing. Emily sauntered up to the table with her juice.

“Jealous,” she sang in Gabi’s ear. “Super Gabi’s jealous!”

“I’m not jealous,” Gabi said. “There’s nothing to be jealous about.”

“Oh yeah?” Jill sneered. “You’ve beaten my record of fifty-seven people.”

Gabi pursed her lips and looked away. At first, Jill thought she was upset, but the more she looked, the more obvious it became that Gabi was embarrassed. Emily pulled away in amazement. Even Jenny turned on the couch to see what was happening.

“Really?” Emily asked. “Fifty-seven people, Gabi! How

the hell did you eat more than that?”

“It was a house party,” Gabi mumbled, scratching her arm. “I was drunk and there was this girl that was hitting on me and we, uh, started... I can’t tell this in front of Emily!”

“Is it that spicy?” Jill asked. When she leaned forward, her boobs pooled on the table, causing it to creak. “Did you fu-”

“No!” Gabi yelled, going red in the cheeks. “We just made out and she tasted really good and before I knew it, she was down my throat and then everyone saw it, but they were drunk, so they thought it was, you know, a prank or something. Before I knew it, I had eaten sixty-one people.”

“Sixty-one people!”

Emily stumbled into Jill’s arms, pretending to go faint. Jenny lifted herself from the couch and came over. Gabi’s eyes flicked to her ass.

“That’s a whole lotta grub, farmgirl,” Jenny said. “How’d you manage when you couldn’t move?”

“My friend, Lily,” Gabi said. “I had to call her.”

Jenny whistled.

“Sixty-one whole people,” she chuckled, nudging Jill’s shoulder. “You were so proud with your fifty-seven.”

“And how many did you get?” Jill snapped.

“Well, it wasn’t a competition, but sixteen if you must know. Emily’s pendulum sure came in handy.”

“It sure did,” Emily said, pulling it from her pocket. She thought for a moment, then dangled it in front of Gabi. “You’re getting very sleepy,” she said, rocking it back and forth. “You want to eat a whole bunch of- HEY!”

In one lazy movement, Gabi opened her mouth and swallowed the pendulum. Emily looked crestfallen as it vanished into her gut.

“What did you do that for?” Emily asked.

“There’s no way I’m letting you keep that in the house,” Gabi said. “There wouldn’t be anyone left in your school by the end of the year.”

Jenny cracked a smile. Even Jill snorted. Only Emily crossed her arms and huffed, but if anything, she knew that her sister was right. After finding out that Gabi’s record was sixty-one people, Emily couldn’t help but wonder if she could get her sister to beat it.





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Thank you for your support!