Aranha The Vore Avenger –Origins

Justified…or Just Hungry.

Zeina Spinnekop was an amazing woman. She was beautiful, tall, charming and charismatic and intelligent beyond most men and women in Serval city. At 6’3” with long black hair curly hair that hung freely down her back she towered over many people she encounter in her field. She was brown skinned with full lovely lips and deep dark green eyes. But above all Zeina Spinnekop was Organized. She loved order and planned to no end. Zeina was a woman who was in control.

Due to this planning she had great life and had a great job working as the head director and top scientist of Serval City Science & Tech also known as SCST. She had created single handedly a number of cold medicines and over the counter products that brought in a great deal of money to her though patents. From her straight A’s in every class from high school to her PHD in molecular biology, luck rarely played a role in her successes as she had an unwavering desire to structure and dominance. From her job, her commuting schedule to and from work and even all the way down to her handsome and docile husband, the perfect addition to her meticulously structured unwavering world.

Control and Structure was the key to happiness for Zeina Spinnekop and today right on schedule she was wrapping up her day to leave the office ...uncharacteristically early.

"Hey Zeina,” came the voice of her assistant Megan from the office doorway. “.. I know you're wrapping up early today. I just wanted to wish you a great time tonight. What do you and Ron have planned for this evening?"

“Oh I have a little surprise for him” Zeina said looking up with a huge lovely grin on her lips. “When he gets home I’ll have his favorite meal, Lobster, Scallops and steak with asparagus and his favorite wine on the side. Then I’ll give him the best massage of his life. And then...well...we’ll see where that goes.” Zeina winked.

“Oh he’s sure a lucky man. “ Megan said. “Tell him i said Hi. And drive safe hon.”

“Will do. Don’t work too late” Zeina said Grabbing her bag and trotting out the office door, down the elevator and to her car. As she hopped in her car she checked her watch. 1:30pm. Right on time. She’d have just enough time to stop by her local grocery store for all the ingredients and get home to have everything cooked before Ron go back to their condo. He usually worked until about 6:30 and got home around 7pm.

As she suspected traffic was nearly non -existent being well before rush hour began. She checked her watch marking the time before she went in the grocery store. Once she was finished and had all of the ingredients in the car she marked the time once again. 3:00pm. Perfect. She drove from the grocery store another 15 minutes to their condo.

Parking her car in the building garage she hopped out and gathered every bag she had and proceeded to the elevator. With bags hanging off of her arms like ornaments off of the branches of an overfilled Christmas tree, she managed to press the button for her floor and waited for the elevator to take her up. As she stepped out she heard the most disturbing sounds. There was a woman screaming in pleasure on coming from one of the rooms on her floor.

As she approached the door she tried to drown out the sounds of sexual pleasure as she fumbled for her door key, but the closer she got to her door the louder the screams became. Finally as she stood in front of the door she could hear not only the sound of a woman orgasaming but also the sounds of loud repeated rhythmic pounding clearer than ever.

Zeina slowly inserted the key into the lock and opened the door. Swinging the door wide she saw Ron on the Livingroom couch looking back over his shoulder with sheer shock and surprise as a woman's legs were spread before him in the air. For the moment the woman’s head was covered by the upper part the couch they were on. The southern voice gave away who exactly who the woman was.

“Awww was the matta sug? Why didja stahp? I’m so close...” Kellyanne the neighbor from the condo across the hall asked as she peeked up from behind the couch where she was getting pounded by Zeina's fiance.

Zeina stood in a frozen rage. Seconds seemed as if hours were swirling about her head. Everything moved in slow motion. Then she Zeina snapped. She took the bags which hung from her hands and hurled them at Ron and Kellyanne while at the same time she began screaming and cursing uncontrollably. None of this was right. None of this was fair. None of this was to her plan.

The entire altercation happened in a blur. Both Ron and Kellyanne were forced to shield their faces and flee for their lives naked back to Kellyanne’s condo as Zeina’s blind rage overtook her. She didn't care where they went as long as they were away from her. Hell was a suitable place for the both of them.

All too quickly Zeina was sitting in her condo alone surrounded by the debris of scattered groceries. One side of the living room a broken vase lay splattered across the floor with dirt and a crumpled ivy. On the other side of the room towards the kitchen a mirror leaned against the wall broken into shards. She sobbed throughout the night unable to sleep until well into the next morning. She called Megan to let her know she wouldn't be coming in that day and finally she slept heavily and deeply.

And she dreamed.

She awoke many hours later to the sound of her phone buzzing. It was dark again having slept through the entire day. Grabbing her phone she saw she had missed over 20 calls. Most from Ron. A couple from her mother and her sister. She didn't want to talk to any of them. She felt numb and her body ached, probably from the awkward position she slept in. There was only one thing she wanted to think of: The Dream.

The Dream was important. But she couldn't remember exactly why or how. THere was a reference to a web somehow. But it was lost to her now.

She went through the text messages and voicemails. Apparently Ron was sorry. Zeina didn't give a fuck. How could he cheat on her...she had done so much for him? She sighed deeply and got up. The clock read 10:45pm and she didn't need to be home. She couldn't get over the feeling she had work to do. She needed to be in her lab.

After stripping down she walked to the bathroom for a quick shower. As she stood she examined herself in the mirror. She was beautiful. She knew it. Yet now those were just words. She had the body many women would kill to have and men would kill to fuck. Her ego made her wonder why would Ron ever cheat on her for that frumpy bumpkin when he had her. Her Analytical scientific mind answered for her: Human biology. She felt the anger well up in her again and again she felt she had to get to the lab. She had to do a job.

After her shower Zeina made a sandwich packed up her laptop and walked out the door to work. As she waited for the elevator she stared down the hall at the neighboring door with a dreadful calm. A storm was coming. And it will be all according to plan.

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3 Days later.

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Over 72 hours had passed since Zeina stepped foot into her private laboratory in her office at Serval City Laboratories. She rarely used her private laboratory, it mostly being used as a storage closet in the back room of her already large office. In those three days she worked in her all but hidden lab, pouring incessantly over a personal project she had toyed with for months. The project centered on an incredibly rare herb she had obtained through a friend of a friend who had traveled on an expedition into the heart of a distant remote jungle. This acquaintance had been only one of 3 survivors of a crew of 15. Zeina didn't think the story of the monstrous man eating inhabitants told by her friend were true. But the story had fascinated her and the plant was such a rare specimen she wanted to analyze it herself. It wasn't until she had awoken from her shock and exhaustion induced dream of heartbreak that she had finally thought of this herb, stored and dried in her personal laboratory. It was only now that she looked at it in her hand did it kind of remind her of a yellow and black striped spider, with a thick heavy base and eight leafy appendages jutting from the center.

In the days she was locked away in a self-imposed exile, Zeina had only had a single meal and slept only a few hours if at all. Once Megan had walked into the office to drop off some papers and was surprised to see Zeina in her office at all. Having not heard from her since she called out earlier that week Meagan approached Zeina for a bit of chit chat, which they usually engaged in. Megan was politely yet promptly shown out of the office with a fierce clicking of the door behind her.

In her madness Zeina could wait any longer or bear any more distractions. Her project beckoned. Her original intention was to make a super vitamin, analyzing the special herb that would be useful for preservation of all humanity. Only now in her angry despair had she found the fuel and drive to focus on this idea...and expand on it. This was to be her molecular biological masterpiece. Only in her fervor...she created something much different. Much different.

From her dream fueled ingenuity she created something darker. It was a vitamin...of sorts. It was a source of fuel, yet it was more so a source emptiness. It was strength and suppleness. It was fast and heavy. It was exactly what it was designed to be...She called it STACS (Stretchable Tissue Activating Consumable Serum) and it was black and yellow like the arachnid looking herb...and by the spinning goddess it was finally ready. The WEB was ready. It just needed to be tested. Holding STACS in a vial in her hand Zeina clutched it closely. Then she drained the entire contents of the small container. The taste was bitter and it was thick and gooey as it traveled down her throat.

The Effects were almost immediate. She felt a pressure in her head and then felt the room begin to swirl as her head became woozy. Then whether from the effects of the serum or the 3 day science binge with almost no food are sleep, Zeina collapsed.

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A knock at the main office door awoke Zeina from her exhausted sleep. She sat up dazed and looked around not entirely sure where she was. She had a strange taste in her mouth and felt a bit nauseous. A second harder knock from the main office door and an unknown male voice brought her back to her current state. She Stood up, called out that she was coming, brushed her messy black hair back over her shoulder and placing the empty vial in her sweatpants pocket she walked toward the door. Checking the clock on the wall she noted it was past 6:30pm outside stood Megan and a building security guard, a chubby mustached man that Zeina always thought of as Mario.

“Yes?” Zeina asked stifling a yawn.

“Hi Zeina. I wasn't sure if you were still in there so i had Chuck here come with me. Ya know, Just in case. I was about to head home...Are you okay?”

“Oh yea I’m fine. I’m packing up to head home now...thanks. But there's no need to worry.” Zeina said forcing a smile. “Go on, head home. I’ll be on my way out in a few also.

“Oh okay...well. Goodnight....” then Megan hesitated.

“You know, you look a bit...different…in a good way.” She said.

“OH? Well..umm....thank you” Zeina said clearly confused.

“Never mind...Good evening.” Megan said turning and blushing as she and Mario walked away. Mario nodded.

“Good evening.”

Zeina shut the door with a huff and rubbed her hands over her face. She was ready to leave this place. She wanted to go home and shower and sleep in her own bed...and she had to find something to eat. Something real. Something filling.

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Ten minutes later Zeina was in her car driving back to her Condo. Driving past a couple of fast food joints she decided burgers wasn't was she wanted tonight. After parking she took the stars to her floor not feeling like waiting for the elevator. She needed to see what was in the refrigerator. She walked directly to her door without looking down the hall. All of what happened seem to be some distant tragedy the transpired 100 years ago.

Zeina opened her door and to her surprise, she saw that the mess from the fight was cleaned up. The plant and vase was replaced as well as the mirror. She walked around a bit confused as to who could’ve done this. Her answer came in the form of a note folded on the kitchen counter. It was from Ron. He wanted to make up. All Zeina could think of was how hungry she was. But maybe if he wanted to make up so bad maybe he could get her something good to eat.

She skimmed the note. It was at least a couple of days old. It said he was staying at a Motel down the street from the condo, room 115, and that she should come by when she gets this so he could apologize in person and make it up to her... Smart of him. She had paid for everything in the condo. Form the utilities to the television and cable. This was her realm now. He was smart like that and that was one of the reasons she liked him. Maybe if he did well with dinner she may find it in her heart to forgive him.

After a quick shower Zeina changed into her Black yoga spandex and a purple cut off shirt and white sneakers. The motel was close enough she decided to walk the two city blocks to it. It was about 930 by the time she knocked on door of room 115 and her stomach was roaring louder and angrier with every moment. She heard the sound of the TV behind the door and some muffled talking and ruffling.

Finally after about five minutes or so Ron opened the door. He was sweating and looked extremely disheveled. His cloths were a mess and he looked panicked. Something was off. And Zena could smell it...quite literally.

“H-Hey Zeina. I’m glad you came by. I’m so sorry about everything. I’m so stupid i- oof” Zeina pushed past him nearly knocking him to the floor and began peering around the room. She could smell something.

“Whoa whoa...What was that ‘bout. I thought you wanted to talk. C'mon let’s go out and-”

“Shut it, Ron.” Zeina Snapped coldly sniffing the air more. She walked toward the bathroom.

Ron shut the door and tried to run over to stop from tracking her way to the bathroom. He grabbed her arm to stop her, but with one quick flick of her arm she sent him flying back and hitting the wall hard, his 6’2 form slumping to the floor dazed. If the scent she had been following hadn't been so enticing she would’ve realized she’s never had such strength in her life.

Slowly Zeina opened the bathroom door. There cowering in the shower, completely naked was Kellyanne the neighbor.

“Hmm...Why and i not surprised...You. ” Zeina said with a snarl approaching the blonde bimbo.

“Git da heyl away from man!” Kellyanne said as intimidating as she could despite her shaking voice, her southern twang only amplified in her nervousness. She clutching the shower curtain around her breasts and naked body. “You don’ deserve uh man like Ronnie! Jus’ leave us be!”

Those words made Zeina stop. She didn't deserve Ron? It was laughable to say such a thing. Ron was hers. He was a part of her plan. A scrapped plan. Now she didn't want Ron.

“Hmm...No...I don't deserve ‘Ronnie’” Zeina said smiling. Her eyes were plotting and hungry. “You know who deserves Ronnie? You deserve Ronnie. “

“Wha-wha? Ah-ah…”Kellyanne stuttered not sure of what to say to this strange confession.

“And you know what? I’m going to give I’m to you. You’re going to have ALL OF HIM!” With blinding speed Zeina charged Kellyanne pinning the woman’s arms to the shower wall. The blonde struggled and thrashed but Zeina was insanely strong and Kellyanne couldn't get away. Slowly Zeina brought her face to Kellyanne’s and licked her cheek.

“Mmm….delicious.” Zeina whispered to the terrified woman. Her fear and confusion tickled Zeina’s appetite. “nnmmm.... before dinner...I hope you don't mind spending some quality time with...RONNIE.”

After another lick on the woman's neck, Zeina opened her mouth wide, her jaw popping audibly and angled her head. Then striking like a cobra she clamped her mouth around Kellyanne’s neck. She didn't know how but she felt her incisors grow out in an instant and puncture the woman’s neck as she shrieked and squirmed. In moments Kellyanne was out cold and Zeina released her and watched her slump into the shower unconscious, a yellow and blackish goop mixed with little droplets of blood dribbling from the bite holes in her neck.

After a moment, Zeina bent over and lifted the naked blonde up and put her over her shoulder as she carried her off to the bed. After dropping the Kellyanne on the bed she looked down at Ron who was slumped against the wall still knocked out from the earlier impact. Zeina had a strange feeling that this was all wrong...and yet this was the only fair thing. They had ruined her plans. Her plans for her happy perfect life. Now they had to pay the price. This was just. This was right.

Her stomach rumbled again, angry and emptier than she had ever felt. She knew she could consume them both now. Devour them both quickly and easily to nourish her body as she created new plans for her life.

But no. Not yet. She promised that Kellyanne would have Ron...and A promise was a promise.

….. And then she would have dinner and payback.

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It was an hour later when Kellyanne finally woke up. While an hour was much sooner than Zeina had guessed by how unresponsive she was as Zeina went through the process propping her up on the bed, arms bound to opposite bedposts with strips of torn bedsheets, Zeina didn't blame her. While Zeina put pillows behind her so she was more or less sitting up and looked relatively comfortable, she imagined the experience of having the legs of an adult man being slowly shoved into her mouth and down her esophagus would be enough to wake most sleepers from the soundest of naps. She smiled at kellyanne as she began to awaken dazed and confused about the situation.

“Oh you’re awake! It’s about time. You were about to miss everything.” Zeina said mockingly. “Now open wide and take your much deserved gift, sweetie.”

Kellyanne's eyes rolled frantically left to right as she regained her mental bearings before focusing on what looked like the thighs and ass of a bound and tied up man in front of her face. With another shove and an aching sensation in her throat and an even more painful fullness in her stomach, Kellyanne realized it wasn't just a man standing with his ass in her face. It was Ronnie, and from his thighs up he was protruding from her impossibly stretched mouth. She could feel him squirming against the shredded bedsheet bonds that was tied in tight knots around his naked body, restricting all movement outside of whatever squirming he could do with his torso and shoulders. She saw him looking down over his shoulder, eyes wide and wet from fearful tears as Zeina’s hands placed squarely on his shoulders shoved him down hard, deeper into Kellyanne’s stretched aching maw and stuffed gullet.

“GRurlk-urlp-urpmh!” Kellyanne croaked, unable to actually scream with Ron’s ass cheeks pushing against the top of her lip and slowly past her teeth as the scraped his flesh. His balls and cock rested on her tongue and she could feel his erection scraping her bottom teeth.

“Aww..What's the matter Kellyanne? You said you wanted Ronnie all to yourself. Here ya go” She shoved his shoulders down again hard, pushing him down deeper. His knees buckled and he dropped a good foot further into Kellyanne’s mouth. Kellyanne groaned in dread as she felt his knees bend within her and push out against her ribcage.

“And Ron, hon, don't be so pessimistic. I know we didn't work out, and that's totally okay. I'm glad you found somebody you could really... GET INTO.” She shoved him further down with the words and laughed too hard at her own joke. “Who am I to stand in the way of this blessed union” Finally Ron’s arms that were tied behind him slid past the roof of Kellyanne’s mouth and pushed down into her throat. He knew there was truly no way out now. He was going to be devoured alive by the woman he cheated on his Fiancé with. It cruelly struck him that of all the negative scenario’s that would’ve turned out from him getting caught in this affair with the neighbor he would die as food in a woman’s stomach mere days after his 32nd birthday. He sobbed harder and tried to wiggle more. Zeina simply pushed him down deeper.

Bit by bit, Kellyanne was forced to devour the man she had fallen in love with and Ron was forced to be shoved into the belly of a woman he now despised by the woman he wanted to marry only weeks earlier. Ash she felt his shoulders stretch their way past her mouth and down her throat, and his legs began to bend in her swollen lumpy overtaxed stomach, Kellyanne tried with all her might to tug and fight against the bonds. But it was no use, they were far too strong for her to tear free.

Zeina stood triumphantly over the two looking at their new much deserved positions: The engorged and consumed lovers. So romantic. Kellyanne wheezed with only Ron’s neck and head wobbling back and forth out of her mouth, like a wild head-shaped tongue, still was not giving up the fight. As a consolation, Zeina decided to remove the gag she had muffled him with.

“Puh-Puhleeze Zeina! \*cough\* Help Me! \*gack\* ‘He hacked and gagged gasping for breath “... I’m sorry. So sorry! Don't let her eat me! Please! I’ll do anything” Zeina smiled and bent down to Ron’s mouth-framed face, smiling. Then she licked his face. A long wet slathering of tongue from his chin to his forehead.

“Mmmm….absolutely delicious. Sigh...Maybe you’re right...Maybe I should’ve devoured you all myself. But no… “Zeina put her finger tips on Ron’s forehead and began pushing him in and down, slowly and steadily sealing him off from the world. “... I don't know if you know this, but Kellyanne doesn't think i deserve you, Ron. And i agree. So now you’re officially all hers. “

Finally, despite his pleading, Zeina placed her hand on Ron’s face and violently shoved him down into the depths of Kellyanne’s throat. Kellyanne Thrashed as Ron’s head descended, very visibly down her stretched esophagus and into her already immense belly. It swelled even larger with the accumulation of the full body of her ex-lover turned dinner who wildly wiggled around causing rippling bulges and protrusions from all angles of the bulbous expanse of protuberant flesh. With her throat and windpipe finally clear Kellyanne gasped both relieved and horrified.

“You- bi-\*cough\* bitch! Ah ha-\*Wheeze-huff\* hate Y-\*ack-cough\* you!” Kellyanne croaked out as best she could. The pain and discomfort of the man pummeling her innards with every movement made her gag wanting to vomit yet scared at what it would take to upchuck a fully grown human. She wasn't even sure how, she was able to hold Ron within her body without exploding. She would’ve believed it impossible to do so, if it wasn’t for the terrible indigestion she was suffering.

“Oh I’m sure you do. But that's okay, because I hate you too. ” Zeina said, rubbing her hands across Kellyanne’s engorged stomach. “Now since you have taken my Fiancé away from me, and you have him all to yourself, just like you wanted, it’s time for a bit of payback.”

Zeina stood up atop the bed and straddled her legs over the top of Kellyanne’s huge squirming gut. Ash she rested her weight atop it Kellyanne released a massive belch, which blew up into Zeina’s face and some saliva splattered on her purple shirt.

“BBLLLLOOOOOURRRRP!! \*gasp\*” Kellaynne wheezed after such a massive expulsion of air.

“Ugh...how rude.” Zeina scolded pulling her shirt off and revealing her large breasts now naked and bouncing fully in Kellyanne’s face. “Although i do smell a hint of Ron’s cologne on your breath.”

“Get-Hurp- Get off me! You’re crushing him fatass! And get yer damn tits outta mah Face!”

“Fatass? HA! Says the woman DIgesting her lover. Smh. Geez, Project much?” Before she could respond Zeina gagged and tied a cloth around Kellyanne’s mouth.

“That’s enough out of you. Now it’s time for me to use my mouth. I hope you and Ron are happy together, because you to are going to be quite close.”

With that Zeina grabbed Kellyanne’s head by the sides with both her hands and opened her mouth Wide. Kellyanne watched petrified with fright as the jaws stretched down and out wider and wider until all she could see was the darkness in the back of Zeina’s throat. She tried to scream but the gag muffled her already hoarse voice.”

A loud \*GLOMPH\* was heard as Zeina wrapped her lips around Kellyanne’s neck, completely engulfing the woman's head in her distended mouth and jaws trapping her. Knowing her fate was sealed Kellyanne tried to struggle but the bonds on her wrists still held strong. Zeina hummed knowing the only path left to Kellyanne was deep her own throat and grumbling stomach.

Zeina began to swallow her well-stuffed and much earned dinner.

**\*ULK-Glucg\*** Wet sounds of Zeina’s unusually powerful Esophageal muscles resonated in the room as she pulled Kellyanne’s neck and then shoulders into her mouth. She moaned in surprised approval as she tasted the flesh of the naked pale beauty, the sweat coating her delicious skin from the strain of devouring her previous gift adding to the woman's flavor. She couldn't wait to have more.

Zeina reached up and easily tore the bed sheet bonds that held Kellyanne’s wrists and pinned them behind her back, holding both squirming wrists with the crushing grip of her left hand Zeina reached down and massaged Kellyanne’s breasts. **\*ROlmPH-Slhurp**\* Drool dribbled down, coating the large perky breasts as Zeina forced her maw down over them in a slow but steady pace. Zeina’s tongue tasted every big of the engorged woman, slathering saliva all over every soon to be consumed inch of luscious breast flesh. Her eyes rolled back as she reveled in the delicious taste of the woman. She moaned as her jaws stretched surrounding the succulent breast meat as kellyanne was pushed deeper within her body. Soon her head would be pushing against her esophageal sphincter, imploring entry into her new cozy home.

Kellyanne’s massive shifting stomach and back waited at Zeina’s massively stretched lips, awaiting its own journey. Zeina only felt anticipation for this part of her meal. The knowledge that not only was this a swollen stuffed piece of meat, but that this belly was stretched out with her former fiancé’s squirming outline made the conquest of bulge all the more sweet. She was going to get this big belly into her big belly no matter what!

Releasing Kellyanne’s wrists, Zeina slid her butt backwards and off the Ron-filled belly and pulled Kellyanne forward so that her torso ( at least what was left out of Zeina’s mouth) rested atop it. Kellyanne’s legs kicked in the air, her knees unable to reach the bed anymore as Zeina reached out for leverage to get this meal down and done. Zeina’s hands rested on Kellyanne’s ass cheeks and gripped tightly. Kellyanne bucked her legs and hips wildly at the assumed groping. Zeina ignored her.

With a deep nasal inhale and exhale, Zeina steadied herself, squeezed Kellyanne’s butt cheeks and pulled hard, forcing her mouth wide and compressing the engorged stomach into her mouth.

\*Gloph-Mohmph-GUlk\*

Zeina forced the gargantuan belly further in lips and down her throat inch by inch. Every inch of progress she made across the vast expanse of belly, more and more of Kellyanne was pushed into her own expanding stomach. Her jaw hurt as she devoured the bulge, but once her lips crept past the halfway point Zeina’s progress increased rapidly. In just a few more moments her lips were wrapped round Kellyanne’s thighs and she was able to crawl onto the bed and turn around and lean back on the bed’s headboard as she allowed the rest of the kicking legs to slide deep into their gut.

With her hands free from jamming the woman down her throat she was able to rub her hands across the massive expanse of her still swollen belly. She felt the shoving and squirming of Kellyanne as she was forced to wrap her arms and legs around her own swollen belly as she was packed tightly into Zeina’s. Zeina could even feel the slightly fainter squirming of Ron in the belly of Kellyanne. Finally pushing the wiggling painted toes of her girl-meat dinner past her lips and down her throat, Zeina sighed deeply.

She was full. She was beyond full. Her belly jutted out from her body at least 4 and a half feet. She wasn't exactly certain because of the angle in which she sat on the bed but Zeina thought it was so packed in her gut that the outline of Kellyanne was probably fairly visible in the right lighting though her stretched belly flesh.

“Oh my \*hic\* gawd...I can't believe I just \*hic-uurp\* ate that whole bitch…” Zeina said huffing to herself

“Mmmohph, rrmph-mmphrm” Kellyanne replied her voice incomprehensibly muffled.

“What?? Oh yea? Shut the fuck up homewrecker. I’ll call you what I want. You’re in my belly now. So deal wi-- - \*BHUUUUUOOOORRRRRRURRP\*” Zeina’s response was interrupted by a massive gaseous explosion of a belch.

“Holy shit” she huffed, surprised by the belch. She chuckled as inside she heard Kellyanne scream startled from the surprise quake that rocked her entire world aka Zeina’s digestive tract.

“Like I said. Shut the fuck up. I’ll do it again, I swear. Not calling me names is going to persuade me to let you out anyway.”

Zeina thought she heard Kellyanne say something else but it was muffled and she decided to ignore it. She was getting the punishment she deserved, and there was no way Zeina was letting her out. In fact Zeina began to realize how, although her belly was stretched and painful, she had never felt so good and contented in her entire life. There was something about this entire sequence of events that had given her what she had been searching for. Order.

This was a natural order. There was Justice in what she had done. She knew it may not have been fair. NO it wasn't fair to turn the lives of two people into mere food to be digested by her body for nutrients. But it wasn't fairness she needed. It was rarely fairness one wanted when hurt. It was retribution. She gazed at the shifting mass of flesh and listened to the muffled sounds of strained digestion and angry cursing from within and rubbed her hand gently over the bulging belly stretching out her stomach. She acknowledged that like the assholes stewing in her gut, she deserved this outcome for she had been wronged. And best of all she had created this outcome on her own. She had taken action unlike so many scorned women could because she had the power to do so. This is her destiny.

This is Justice.

And why had she taken action. Because, while not evident at the beginning, Zeina knew now undoubtedly that she had changed. The Serum she created had done it. Staccs had given her strength beyond what she had known. It had given her her own serum she had used to change Kellyanne and allowed Ron to be devoured, force feeding him down into her stomach before being devoured herself by the primary main predator. Zeina was the Primary Venomous Alpha Predator now and she would use her ability to avenge those who were too weak. She would grant them her own power and she would bring justice.

“I will be-\*Bu-Orp\* -become a force for justice in this city. I will help those in \*hic\* need!“ she said to herself smacking her hand atop her belly in emphasis. Her meal shifted within and Zeina stood up with surprising ease with her humongous gut pushing out from her torso and pushing her breasts to each side of her gravid protrusion of belly. She was resolved. She would use her powers to become a Super-heroine!

She grabbed her shirt and pulled it over her head, to cover her breasts at the very least. She approached the door and taking one look back at the chaotic scene of the room. The cloths of her meals were strewn across the floor and the bed sheets were shredded and scattered...After a moment she grabbed a trash bag and began the process of bagging up all of the mess and clothing she could find. She didn't want any strange involvement or to raise any alarms with the hotel staff and by extension the police. She found Kellyanne’s car keys and holding the bag and keys walked proudly out of the now bare motel and to the small green Honda the woman drove. Looking at her giant belly and back to the small car, Zeina decided she didn't even want to bother fitting her 2 person thick belly inside. She turned away and walked towards her house.

As Zeina walked her stuffed belly bounced heavily with each confident step. It was a powerful glorious feeling. She felt Kellyanne squirm around angry and confused as she was jostled around the gastric prison. Luckily it was dark and past midnight, and there were not many streetlights between the motel and her apartment so nobody noticed her as she made her way home. She walked around to the garage to avoid the lobby attendant and took the elevator up to her floor. Her belly too up most of the elevator and she was glad she didn't have to share it. There would’ve been no way any rational person wouldn't recognize the impression of an adult human form pressing out from her distended belly.

She stepped out of the elevator and looked around. Just a few days ago, everything was so different. A few days ago she would’ve laughed if someone had told her she’d be waddling out of an elevator, her belly swollen to the extreme with the churning digesting forms of two adults. And then those adults being her fiancé and her neighbor?

“Heh heh he\*Hic-urp\*” All Zeina could do is laugh as she stepped into her condo. She knew she was right. She had done the right thing. Her sense of absolute sense of satisfaction was all the validation she needed.

As Zeina stripped out of her cloths and collapsed onto her bed, naked with her belly towering over her as it lay beside her like a clingy lover, only two things occupied her mind:

“Will shitting these two out be too much for my toilet?”

And

“Who else needs some delicious justice in Serval City?”

The end…?

UNTIL NEXT TIME ON THE

AMAZING ADVENTURES OF :

ARANHA

THE

DARK VORACIOUS

AVENGEEEEEEERRRRRR!!!!!