

LOVE & VORE

BY TROGDOR297

Allan woke to the sound of fearful shouting. He blinked his eyes, his mind swimming with confusion and pain. He had no idea where he was, but it was obviously some place he did not want to be. He was being suspended by his wrists, sets of manacles holding him up, his feet just barely touching the floor.

His first thought was that they'd finally caught him. But then...this wasn't their style. They were more brutal, and more impatient. He'd already be a bloody pulp if they found him without what he owed them. So, who the fuck had him?

He looked around to try and find some clue that would key him in to where he was. He appeared to be in some sort of lab or medical facility, though it had long since been used for professional purposes. Grime and mildew coated the walls. The ceiling was missing, exposing rows of rusty pipes and ventilation ducts, and the table to his right featured a number of grisly tools and vials of unknowable fluids. They may not have him, but he doubted whoever did had good intentions.

"Hello?! Is anyone there?! Help!!!" Came the frantic shouts again.

He craned his head to his left and saw their origin; a middle-aged woman strapped to an operating table. She struggled against the leather binders that were wrapped around her arms and ankles. An IV was connected to her arm, which fed a mysterious murky fluid into her bloodstream. Her shouting increased in volume, her tone growing more panicked.

"HELP!!!! PLEASE!! IS ANYONE THERE?!"

"Yes! Yes, I'm here!" Allan finally responded.

She turned her head to look in his direction. Her look of hope turned to dismay when she saw his own current predicament. "Oh thank god!...Oh... God dammit, you're locked up too!"

"Not for long..." Allan muttered grimly. Whoever had decided to capture Allan hadn't done their research. He'd had a rough upbringing and this was far from his first time in cuffs, and so it also wouldn't be his first time escaping them. With a well-practiced twist, he dislocated his wrist, allowing himself to pull his right hand free. His left soon followed, earning him his painful freedom. With a grunt he set his wrists back in place, then rushed over.

"Oh! You escaped?!" The woman said as he suddenly loomed over her. He nodded wordlessly, as he began to undo the leather straps that held her to the table. He couldn't help but notice the slight flinch in her face when she took sight of him. He knew he looked rather intimidating, dressed in old ragged bike leathers, his face covered in scars and tattoos. Some of the damage was covered by his short beard which was starting to gray, but not enough. "I'm Allan" he said as he undid the final strap.

With a grimace the woman pushed herself up to a sitting position. "Thank you, Allan. I'm Rebecca, but... everyone just calls me Becks. You...you don't have to call me that..."

She was a woman of medium build, with curly chestnut brown hair that fell to her shoulders. He guessed she was likely mid 40's, not far from his own age of 46. He could tell by her face that when she was younger, she'd been absolutely gorgeous, but age had taken its toll. Not that he judged her for it; the years had been more than unkind to him. She was dressed in attire that suggested she'd been attending a night out, a black leather miniskirt with a flattering colourful top made of some sort of stretchy material.

"What the fuck is this!?" She asked, gesturing to the needle still feeding fluid into her arm.

"I don't know, but let's get it out of you" He said. With a practiced hand, he slid the needle free from her skin. "Ouch!" She exclaimed. "Sorry, I know that wasn't your fault. Thank you"

He nodded his acknowledgment as he helped her off the table. She stood unsteadily, as the blood returned to her legs, but after a moment she waved him off as she stood on her own.

"Do you remember anything at all?" She asked.

"No. Last thing I can think of I was at Finnigans on-"

"-on Fourth Street" She finished his sentence. "I'd gone in just to use the restroom"

"Hmm" Allan said, rubbing his chin. "Well, I don't know what sick fuck did this, or what the fuck he's playing at but we're getting the fuck out of here"

Rebecca nodded. "Agreed" She moved to follow Allan, but stumbled, catching herself with the table before she fell over.

"You ok?" Allan asked, reaching out to help her up.

"Yes...Sort of" Rebecca said through a wince. "I feel...really weird...but I can't place it. And I'm *really* hungry, which is definitely weird because I'd literally just eaten before...whatever happened."

Allan shrugged. "Not that weird...Who knows how long we've been out, could've been 12 hours for all we know? You sure you're ok?"

Rebecca nodded, though her face still showed slight signs of pain. "Yes...I'll be fine, let's go"

Giving her one last look and a nod, Allan set off. Taking a deep breath to steel himself, he opened the door a crack and looked out. The hallway was dark, but deserted. Only faint emergency lights flickering on the walls every 50 feet provided illumination. Waving Rebecca forward, he stepped through and started his way down the dark passage. They passed door after door that led into similarly empty rooms.

"What is this place?" Rebecca asked.

Allan shook his head. "Dunno. Feels like some kind of military medical facility, but I don't know why one would be abandoned like this."

One of the doors they passed bore a faded warning placard with a radioactive symbol in the middle. "Fucking hell..." Allan muttered as they moved beyond.

They arrived at the end of the hallway, where it split into two perpendicular pathways. "Ah shit...Left or right?" Allan said to the air. Behind him he heard a loud bodily growl. He turned to see Rebecca bent over, teeth bared in a painful grimace. He rested a reassuring hand between her shoulder blades. "Hey, are you sure you're ok?"

Another nod, with eyes squeezed shut. "Yeah...just...like I said, really hungry. Like, I don't think I've ever felt this hungry in my life!"

"Alright, well let's find our way out of here and then we can get you something to eat"

Rebecca stood up straight, letting out a sigh. "Ok, the pain's passed...for now. Yes, let's do that. Get out. Get food." She looked back and forth down both hallways. "I think we should go right"

With a shrug Allan set off down the right hall with Rebecca trudging behind him.

The place was a labyrinth, and they made several more turns without any sight of an exit. Rebecca had to stop to collect herself a few more times, and after the third stop beads of sweat were starting to form on her forehead and chest.

After walking for what felt like an hour they reached the end of another hallway. But this time, the left path was a set of glass double doors, with light shining in from outside.

"Oh, thank God! An Exit!" Rebecca exclaimed hurrying forward. Allan smiled, also pleased to get away from whatever this strange place was. That smile was wiped from his face as he pushed his way through the set of doors behind Rebecca, only to be met by the barrel of two rifles pointed directly at them. Rebecca's hands were already up, a look of terror on her face. The exterior light of the entrance alcove shone bright upon the scene, and Allan could see how much Rebecca was sweating now.

"WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU?!" Yelled one of the weapon toting men before them. Both of them wore tactical gear, though without any sort of identification markers or insignia. Maybe mercenaries, Allan thought, but why were they here?

"My name is Allan Ross, this is Rebecca..." He looked at her.

"Johnston" She offered, her breathing becoming laboured.

"WHY THE FUCK ARE YOU HERE?!" Came the second question, barrels less than a foot away from each of their faces and being waved at them aggressively.

"We don't know!!" Rebecca pleaded, tears welling in her eyes.

"We were kidnapped...we think. We both awoke in one of the rooms here, with no memory of being taken" Allan explained. It sounded stupid as he said it, and he knew they didn't buy it.

"DON'T LIE TO US! WHY ARE YOU HERE?!"

"I'm not lying! Please put the guns down! We didn't choose to be here, wherever 'here' is. We just want to leave!"

Allan's attempt to de-escalate only incensed the men further. Before he could react, one of them grabbed and spun him, pushing Allan up against the wall, holding the barrel of his gun to the back of Allan's neck.

"Fuck!" Allan yelled as he felt the cold steel of the gun on his skin. "I swear I'm telling the truth!"

"TELL US WHY YOU'RE HERE, WOMAN, OR WE GIVE YOUR FRIEND A NEW BREATHING HOLE"

Rebecca said nothing. All Allan could hear was the sound of her heavy raspy breathing.

"I'M FUCKING SERIOUS! TELL US WHY..."

"Sarge, I don't think she's ok. Look at her..."

Allan tried to crane his neck to see what was happening, but with the gun firmly pressed against him he could move very little. He heard the sound of the other mercenary lower his weapon and step forward.

"Ma'am? Are you ok? We need to know who you are and why y-WHAT THE FU-"

The gun disappeared from the back of Allan's neck, allowing him to turn around. When he did, he witnessed something that outright shocked him; Rebecca was eating the mercenary whole.

Her jaw had completely unhinged, her mouth and throat stretched to an inhuman degree, like her flesh had been turned to rubber. His head and shoulders were already down her throat, as she pulled him in deeper and deeper. With a sudden surge of strength, she grabbed onto his waist and lifted the rest of his body up over her, her head held back, enormous mouth stretched wide as it sucked him in. His legs continued to kick angrily until at last they too disappeared down her gullet.

Allan and the Sergeant watched completely aghast as they could see the last of the mercenary disappear down her throat. As her mouth closed behind it her proportions returned to normal, her jaw relaxing and shrinking to its original size and shape, her throat compressing to its formerly slim frame. Down below was a different story, as beneath her breasts her stomach bulged out obscenely. A large round form, nearly the size of a beach ball, it pushed her shirt up, leaving her overstuffed abdomen completely exposed. Bumps and bulges appeared on her skin where movement from within fought against her, the mercenary trying to escape her stomach. Muffled shouts could be heard from within, but soon quieted.

There was silence for a moment, the only sound the faint drizzle of rain outside the alcove. Rebecca stood with eyes closed, still breathing heavily, her hands resting on the sides of her newly engorged gut. A loud gurgle emanated from within its depths... she was still hungry.

"What the fuck are you?!" The remaining mercenary whispered, his bravado completely depleted. Instead of responding, her eyes shot open, focusing upon him.

"Oh, shit!" He yelled, lifting his rifle to aim it at her. Without thinking, Allan lunged, gripping the end of the barrel and pushing it away. The mercenary squeezed the trigger, the gun unleashing a deafening report and spraying bullets from its end, but thanks to Allan's quick action, none of them found their mark.

With a snarl of anger, the man lashed out at Allan, striking his face with a fierce backhand that sent Allan reeling, colliding painfully with the wall. Allan's head spun, as his legs crumpled beneath him, his body sliding down the wall to sit upon the cold concrete floor. He looked up in time to see the barrel of the rifle lift towards his head.

"Any last words, you prick?" The mercenary said as he pressed the barrel to Allan's forehead.

Allan winced as the hot metal of the recently fired gun burned his skin. He opened his mouth to speak, but froze, eyes widening as they focused on something over the man's shoulder.

The mercenary noticed the shift in Allan's gaze, and whipped his head around only to find himself face first with Rebecca's mouth, stretched open impossibly wide. The inside of her mouth glistened shiny with saliva as her tongue lolled forward eager to taste him.

"Holy mother..." Was all he got out before her mouth came down enveloping his head in a single bite. Low guttural moans emanated from Rebecca as she forced the second man down her throat. His gun clattered to the floor as his arms were pulled into her, forced tight against his own body. Rebecca's eyes were rolled back in her head, slow satisfied breaths exiting from her nose as she swallowed him inch by inch. After thirty drawn out seconds he too was gone as her lips closed around his feet, completely swallowed whole.

Her stomach was enormous now, a great round mass of flesh, easily four feet in diameter. Rebecca stood with her back arched slightly, counterbalancing against the massive weight of her gut. Her brows were furrowed, a slight frown on her face. More sudden bulges appeared on the upper surface of her belly, the latest addition to her stomach desperate to get out.

"Stop fighting it. You're mine now" she said under her breath, as she rested her hands atop the shelf of her bulbous midsection and gently rubbed it.

Her stomach shook angrily, drawing further looks of discomfort from Rebecca. Allan gaped as he saw a visible handprint push out just above her exposed navel. But after that final effort there was no more movement, her belly returning to stillness. Rebecca's face relaxed and she let out a sigh of contentment. "Ahhh...much better"

Allan slowly pushed himself to his feet, eyes fearful as they watched Rebecca. Rebecca looked over to him, eyebrows rising with concern as she stepped forward. "Allan! Are you ok!? Did they hurt you at all?"

Allan shook his head, but as she stepped closer, her stomach wobbling with each step, he backed up against the wall to stay as far from her as he could.

"Allan?" She asked. "What's wrong?"

"What's...what's wrong?!" He yelled. "Rebecca, you just...ate two people?!"

Rebecca looked at him confused, then looked at herself, with dawning realization. "Oh...oh my god...I did, didn't I?! What the fuck?! What the fuck, what the fuck, WHAT THE FUCK?!?! AHHHHHHHH!!!! This is so fucked UP!!! Right?! This is super fucked up?!"

Allan nodded. "Yes! Definitely! So... this is new for you then?"

Rebecca nodded, as she continued to panic. "Uh, yeah!? I don't just go around regularly eating people!! What the fuck!! How did I...how could...wait...that fluid that was being fed into my arm...oh god, what the fuck did they do to me?!"

Allan shook his head. "I don't know, but I think a hospital should be our first stop"

Rebecca nodded blankly, but then stopped and shook her head vehemently. "No, no! I can't go to a hospital...I...I just ate two people! Two people that are now inside my STOMACH!!!" A loud gurgle echoed from her gut as if to emphasise her point.

Allan nodded "Ok...no hospital. Let's just start with the basics then. How do you feel?"

Rebecca ignored his question as she continued to panic. "I can't believe that I did any of that! It...it just came over me! God, I was so hungry! And then this primal feeling surged through me... my gut just told me 'Eat Him' and I did! How did I do it?! How did I fit a whole person down my throat! And then a second one?! My god look at me! My belly is gigantic!"

“Rebecca!” Allan yelled, grabbing her by the shoulder and shaking her.

Rebecca stopped her rambling and turned to look at him, face frightened. “What’s wrong with me?” She asked quietly.

Allan squeezed her shoulders reassuringly. “Nothing is *wrong* with you. Whatever happened to you...I don’t know how or what happened... but you saved us! You saved my life! Those men were probably going to kill us!”

Rebecca nodded, tears in the corner of her eyes. “Right...right. Sorry for...freaking out”

Before Allan could dismiss her apology she lunged forward, wrapping her arms around his neck and pulling forward so she could bury her face in his shoulder and sob. Allan awkwardly patted her back as her tears soaked into his leather jacket. She’d had to lean forward to reach him over her belly, but it still stuck out far enough that it pressed against him.

“We’ll...figure this all out” Allan said softly, as he continued to rub her back aiming to comfort her. He’d never been much of a nurturer, had never even had anyone to nurture, so this was all new to him. With her so close he couldn’t help but smell her hair. There was a scent to it that he couldn’t place but he found it...surprisingly pleasant.

After a minute, Rebecca pulled away, reaching up to dry her tears. “Thank you...” She said, voice thick with emotion.

Allan nodded curtly, feeling slightly less awkward “No problem. So...how do you feel?”

Rebecca took a moment to consider “I feel...big.”

Allan laughed “Yeah, I think big is a fair description. Do you have any pain, discomfort?”

Rebecca shook her head “No...I feel fine. I feel...warm. I...I actually feel pretty okay?”

Allan nodded, rubbing his chin “That’s good...Can you walk?”

“Not far...I feel pretty tired. I think I need to rest for a bit” Rebecca said.

“Of course, of course” Allan said, gesturing back towards the doors. “Let’s find you a place inside where you can lie down”

Holding the door open for her, he let Rebecca walk back inside. Her gait was slow but steady, as she waddled before him, hands braced upon her hips to help her keep balance as she moved. The massive dome of her belly passed through the doorway a few seconds before she did.

After she was inside Allan ran to check the nearby rooms for anything suitable for resting. The second door on the left had a relatively clean mattress discarded on the floor; it would do for now.

"In here" he said, taking her hand and leading her in.

"Mmm, thank you, Allan" Rebecca said with a grateful smile. She looked at the mattress, and then back to Allan. "I may need your help laying down."

Allan moved to her side to help her off her feet, but neither of them knew the best way to accomplish that goal. After a few moments of struggling, Rebecca lost her balance and fell forward, landing atop the colossal sphere that was her gut, her legs trailing behind her to where they just barely reached the floor.

"Oof! Could you give a girl a hand?" Rebecca called over her shoulder.

Allan moved to assist her but paused for a moment as he found himself distracted. Her body resting atop her belly put Rebecca in a position where Allan could see directly up her skirt, and see that she wasn't wearing panties. Why was he staring? He wasn't some horny teen leering at a girl he liked, and yet he couldn't look away.

"Allan?" Rebecca asked.

"Hmm?" Allan replied, eyes still focused on her pussy peeking out from in between her legs. It looked...quite inviting.

"Are you going to help me?" She asked.

"Yes, of course, sorry"

"What is it? Why are you being weird?"

Allan said nothing for a moment, then just decided to be honest. "You're...not wearing any underwear."

"No, I'm...wait, how did...Oh! Allan!! How dare you?!" She said, voice cross.

Allan immediately apologised; voice repentant "I'm sorry! When you fell over I just...saw, I didn't mean to look..."

Rebecca laughed "I'm kidding, Allan. You accidentally seeing my pussy, is not the weirdest thing that's happened to us!"

"Right, right" Allan said, chuckling along.

"So...see something you like?" She said playfully as she began to idly kick her feet up and down.

Allan took a moment to parse her words. "Wait...are you...are you coming on to me?"

Rebecca's demeanour immediately shifted after being called out, from playful to upset, as she began to ramble in an attempt to explain herself.

"No, of course not...well, ok that's a lie, I was...you've just been so kind, and helpful, and I thought...I don't know what I thought...it's just been so long since I've been with anyone...and when you said you were staring at me, down there, I figured I'd...y'know...shoot my shot...but obviously that was stupid...because...like...look at me! I keep forgetting what I look like right now...I'm massive...there's no way you find me attractive right now...so just...just forget I said anything, ok?!"

Allan didn't respond.

"Oh come on, don't give me the silent treatment, after I dump my feelings like that! I know it was a lot but please just say someth-Oh!"

Rebecca's second rambling session was interrupted when she felt Allan's hands trace their way up the inside of her thigh. His fingers tickled as they explored their way higher until she felt them at her entrance. There Allan paused, unsure if perhaps he'd misread the situation.

"Keep going!" Rebecca pleaded, voice breathy. Allan didn't hesitate, plunging two fingers into her. Rebecca gasped as his rough fingers forced their way into her, her discomfort quickly becoming pleasure as his fingers became coated with her natural lubrication.

Rebecca closed her eyes, as she rested her head upon the slope of her stomach that she laid upon. She grimaced slightly as her head nestled against the smooth expanse of her skin. She didn't want to think about what had happened to her right now, she just wanted to focus on how good she felt, how nice Allan's fingers were as they explored her warm, wet crevice. An involuntary moan escaped her lips as his thumb joined the party, teasing and rubbing her clit, while his index and middle finger continued to caress her inner walls.

Allan stood beside her, his attention deeply focused on Rebecca and the sounds she made when he moved his fingers. He hadn't expected this outcome when he'd first met Rebecca, she wasn't his typical type; too suburban. But there was something about her that inexplicably drew him to her. Perhaps he had a fetish for bellies, that had lay dormant until now. Perhaps he was just caught up in the life or death moment they'd shared moments before. Regardless, he found Rebecca incredibly attractive and was eager to take this encounter further.

"Oh Fuck!" Rebecca moaned as his thumb did circles around her clit. She could feel her legs trembling, as he continued to tease her. Her pussy spasmed as it gushed with her juices, soaking Allan's hands. Rebecca couldn't remember the last time she'd felt this turned on.

"More!" She pleaded. "I need more!" Allan's hands retreated momentarily, leaving Rebecca feeling empty. "Wha...Allan?" She asked. From behind her she could hear the sound of a zipper being undone, and clothing being shifted. Then she felt Allan's legs press up against the back side of her tremendous gut that she lay upon, followed by his hands on her legs, and his tip at her pussy.

“Oh god, yes! Put it in!” She begged. Allan complied, thrusting forward into her. Using his grip on her legs to anchor him he pulled himself out and then back in. She was so wet, his cock glided effortlessly as it slid in and out of her with an increasingly rapid pace. Allan was only average in the size department, but he was giving her his all, and Rebecca was loving it.

Allan grunted with exertion as his legs and hips pumped faster and faster. He’d fucked a lot of girls in his time, but this...this felt different. His head was swimming, as he thrust into Rebecca with unrelenting vigour. He didn’t just want to fuck her like this...he needed to. Something was compelling him to push himself further and further.

Rebecca was in heaven, as Allan’s cock filled her with incredible intensity. All she wanted was more, and somehow Allan continued to deliver, as he pushed in harder, faster, deeper. She was thankful she didn’t need to use her legs to hold herself up, because they were practically jelly at this point. Her pussy was locked in a state of continual spasms, as she lost count of her climaxes. She’d never cum from vaginal stimulation before today. Now she’d done it over a half dozen times.

After what felt like an eternity of endless pleasure, Allan’s cock tensed inside her as he thrust one final time. With a loud, guttural grunt, Allan came deep inside of Rebecca. Rebecca herself enjoyed one final orgasm, until she too slumped with exhaustion. Allan pulled out of her, and stumbled back.

“Holy...holy shit” Was all he could say.

“Help me...help me, lay down” Rebecca said, voice quiet with exhaustion. Allan stepped forward, and helped her roll over so she was laying on her side, her gargantuan stomach resting on the ground beside her. Allan laid down on her other side, sliding his arm underneath her head to act as a pillow as he nestled close to her.

“Well...that was...unexpected” He said, chuckling.

“You sir, are a demon!” Rebecca replied with a grin. “Do you fuck like that every time?”

“Fuck no!” Allan said, moving his head forward to kiss the back of her head. “You’re just...so hot. I couldn’t help it!”

“Aww...you think I’m hot? Even with this...big belly?” Rebecca asked, voice quiet.

“Absolutely” Allan said, without a hint of hesitation.

Together they laid there for a moment, enjoying the stillness, bodies recuperating after their fervent lovemaking. “What a weird day...” Allan said, as he gently stroked Rebecca’s hair.

“Right!?” Rebecca replied. “Wake up in a fucked-up torture dungeon, get rescued by a handsome stranger”

“Oh please, I am *not* handsome. I look like an ogre!” Allan said with a laugh.

“Hey, shut up! I think you’re handsome! Now where was I...right, get rescued by you, my *handsome* saviour, escape this fucked up place, get threatened at *gunpoint*. Then I *ate* our *assailants*?! But wait, the day’s not done, after that I had the best sex of my life?!”

Allan nodded “That last part was my favourite”

Rebecca smiled “Me too...But still...what the fuck, right?”

Allan sighed, voice getting distant “Yeah...very fucking weird”

Rebecca turned her head so she could see Allan out of the corner of her eye “Hey...I didn’t...I wasn’t saying that you and I fucking was weird...you know that right? I actually...I think I really like you...and I’m, like, really glad we made love. It’s been a long time for me and... Life’s too short, right?”

Allan leaned in and kissed the back of her head again. “Don’t worry, I knew what you meant. Now...we really do need to get out of here. Or at least figure out where the fuck ‘here’ is!”

“Or...we... could just stay awhile?” Rebecca said hopefully.

“Becks, I agree that’d be nice, but you and I both know that’s not feasible” Allan said as he slipped his arm out from under her, to allow himself to get up.

“Yeah, you’re right, just... wishful thinking. I don’t know if I’m ready to face the world yet...Hey, wait, you called me Becks!”

“Of course, you said that’s what everyone calls you?” Allan said as he got to his feet.

“I didn’t think you were listening...what do people call you? Al?”

Allan didn’t answer as he pulled his pants back on and did them up. When he spoke, his voice was reserved “Just...just Allan is fine”

Taking note of his tone, Rebecca didn’t push further. “So...what are you thinking?”

Allan walked around to crouch down beside her head, reaching out to run fingers through her hair. “I’m going to go outside and try and find some landmarks...or road signs... something that’ll tell us where we are. Maybe I’ll try and find a place where I can get a phone. Whoever took us, didn’t take my wallet...”

Rebecca nodded as she looked up to look him in the eye “Good idea. Don’t...don’t be gone long”

“I won’t...are you going to be, ok?” He asked.

"Yeah...I need to rest...I...I can feel it...my body is starting to digest them" Her eyes were watery as she looked up at him searching for acceptance, part of her still very afraid. Allan gave a small smile, as he reached out with his other hand to place a hand on the side of her churning gut, rubbing her skin fondly.

"You're amazing, you know that?" He said quietly.

Rebecca broke into a grin, wiping tears from her eyes. "Really?"

Allan nodded "Yup. Now sit tight, I'll be back soon" Leaning down he kissed her upon the forehead, making her emit a little cry of affection. Then he stood and set off for the exit.

When Allan walked through the doorway that had been guarded not long ago, he was greeted by a dark grey sky showing signs of light on the horizon. The guards' rifles lay discarded on the concrete curb. Allan considered taking one, just in case he ran into trouble, but thought better of it. They looked like AR-15's, heavy duty gear. He reckoned they were still within the city or at least the surrounding area, and walking around with that kind of weaponry would likely get him in trouble. Picking them up he placed them behind a shrub adjacent to the entrance way he'd come out of, then he started walking.

The facility they'd been abducted in was isolated at the edge of an industrial area. The grey metal walls of warehouses loomed in the distance ahead of him, as he walked along the gravel road that served as the facility's driveway. Nothing was jumping out as recognizable yet, but hopefully he could find a main road soon.

The gravel driveway led to a paved cul-de-sac, with those featureless grey buildings on all sides. No signs, or addresses were present on their faces, nothing to give him any sort of clue. He walked briskly along the side of the asphalt road. It was well maintained, recently paved which was a good sign. Wherever they were, it was part of the main city.

After walking for what felt like an hour through the dreary industrial hellscape, he saw streetlights ahead, and the glow of a gas station on the far side. His determination renewed, he picked up his pace, eager to get them out of this mess.

As he walked, his mind constantly returned to Rebecca. What was it about her that compelled him so much? Even now, he longed to return to her, to be with her once again. He thought she was beautiful, yes, but it felt like there was something more to it than that. Was it her belly? Her strange ability to consume humans whole? He didn't think that was what drew him to her but...it also didn't repel him either. There was a whole lot about the situation he didn't understand, but first they needed to get to safety. As he walked up to the intersection, he learned how right he was about that.

"Shit...shit, shit, shit!" He muttered to himself. Randall and Vickson, the two street signs read. He knew where he was. He was smack dab in the middle of the one part of town he should never be in.

Glancing both ways down the empty intersection, he sprinted diagonally across, ignoring the traffic lights. Now was not the time to panic, not yet. No one knew he was here. He just needed to get a phone, and then get them fuck out of here.

Allan entered the gas station, and hurried to the counter.

"Welcome, sir, how may I help you?" The attendant said, voice cheery.

"Do you have a phone?" Allan asked "Or do you sell phones?"

The attendant shook his head "I am sorry sir, but no, we do not sell phones. There is a pay phone on the far side of the building, that you may use, though I do not know if it is still in service"

Allan nodded "Ok...thanks. Just...a pack of Marlboro's, please"

The attendant retrieved the box of smokes for Allan, who waited anxiously, eyes darting back and forth. There was no one else in the building besides the two of them, but still he was fearful.

"That'll be 14\$" The attendant said, setting them before him on the counter.

"Here's twenty" Allan said, dropping the cash as he swiped a lighter from the display on the counter. He was out the door before the attendant could turn back to give him his change.

Allan removed a cigarette, and stuck it in his mouth, lighting it with a flick of the lighter. He'd been trying to quit, but right now he just needed the relief. He walked across the front of the gas station as a black car with tinted windows pulled in next to one of the pumps. On the far side of the building, he found the pay phone as promised. Unfortunately, as the attendant had surmised, it was out of service.

"Fuck!" Allan yelled. He rubbed his temples, trying to calm his nerves, as he took a drag of his cigarette.

"Well, well, well...good fucking spot, Brick. Long time no see, Runaway Ross"

Allan's head whipped around to the sound of the voice who'd spoken. Now it was time to panic. He couldn't make out their faces, the car's headlights shining in the background casting their heads in shadow, but he didn't need to see their faces, to recognize who they were. The use of his street name, given to him by his enemies, made it clear that they were some of Tony Jones's men.

Tony Jones was an unpleasant character that most well-to-do folks didn't even know existed. Allan wasn't so lucky. He knew Tony quite well. He knew that Tony ran this side of the city, and was merciless to his enemies. He also knew that he owed Tony roughly thirty grande.

"That you, Shanks? Yeah...it has been awhile" Allan was deeply regretting not bringing one of those guns with him, though it likely wouldn't have made a difference; they'd had the drop on him.

"What the fuck brings you to our side of town, Runaway? You better have the boss's money!" The one that Allan had addressed as Shanks said.

Allan didn't answer. He most certainly did not have Tony's money, nor did he have any intention of ever paying him back. He'd been at Finnigan's to have one last night at his favourite pub before he skipped town once and for all.

"Well?!" Shanks said, voice rising.

Allan considered running, but reckoned it was futile. They had a car, he didn't. Fighting was also out of the question. Shanks was a wiry little piece of shit, that Allan knew he could take. His compatriots, Brick, and the other one, who Allan assumed was another of Tony's associates who went by Big Bill, were a different story. They both were easily 300 lbs of muscle and unmitigated rage.

"I...have the money" Allan lied. "Just not on me. Tell Tony, I'll swing by his shop tonight. Sound good?"

Shanks snorted. "No, the fuck it does not! You think we're stupid? You do know we call you Runaway Ross for a fucking good reason! How many times have you stiffed us and then gone ghost on us? I tell Tony, don't fucking trust this guy anymore, and he still lends you 30g's. And then what happens? Big fucking surprise, you go AWOL for 2 months, probably more if we hadn't caught you here! Now you think we're just gonna trust that you'll 'Swing By'? No dice, you motherfucker. You're coming with us." Shanks nodded towards him, and the two burly goons advanced on Allan.

Cold sweat began to coat his face and neck, as they grabbed his arms, and hauled him towards their car. His mind raced, as he considered the potential outcomes. It was unlikely these three would ever let him out of their sight at this point, so he wouldn't be able to slip away. And if they took him to Tony...well he was a dead man if he ended up in front of the boss. How the fuck was he going to get out of this?

Unexpectedly his mind turned to Rebecca. Shit, she was waiting for him. What would she do if he never came back? Certainly, never forgive him, though that wouldn't matter much if he was dead. Still, he didn't want things to end like this between them.

"Wait!" Allan yelled, as they began to stuff him into the back of the car. "You wanted to know why I'm here, right? The money, it's stashed near here. I...I can take you there"

Shanks looked him over with a frown. Now that they were back in the light, Allan could make out his features. He was just as ugly as he remembered him, face pockmarked with acne scars, and a hooked nose too large for his face. "I was looking forward to the Boss turning you into a smear on the pavement but...it would certainly behoove me if I showed up with both you *and* the money. Alright. You'll take us"

Allan let them push him into the back of the car, and moments later they took off into the night. It was easy to direct them back the way he'd come, and minutes later their tires crunched on the gravel as they pulled to a stop before the abandoned facility.

"Jesus Christ, Ross. What the fuck is this place?" Shanks said as he stepped out of the car.

"It's abandoned. Nobody ever comes here, so it's good for hiding" Allan said.

"It gives me the willy's" Brick said, staying by the car.

"Yeah..." Big Bill said, agreeing.

Shanks rolled his eyes. "It's just a building, you fucking pussies. But fine, if you want to stay out here, I don't give a shit" From his pocket Shanks retrieved a butterfly knife, and with a flick of his wrist the blade was out and levelled at Allan. "No fucking around, or you'll be reminded of why they call me 'Shanks'"

Allan held up his hands, to show compliance, before turning and walking into the building. As he kicked open the door, he made a silent prayer to whatever god would listen. It would take a miracle to get him out of this, and he hoped that miracle was waiting right where he'd left her.

Shanks walked behind him, his knife at Allan's throat. "This way" Allan said, nodding to the second door on the left as they approached it. With a deep breath, he pushed open the door to the room that he'd left Rebecca in.

The first thing he noticed when he entered, and it made his heart sink, was that Rebecca wasn't laying on the mattress where he'd left her. Where had she gone?

"Alright, what now?" Shanks said, nudging him forward.

"Allan?" A voice echoed from a doorway on the far side of the room. A moment later Rebecca emerged through the threshold, though it wasn't the Rebecca that he'd left behind.

Her belly was gone, only a slight pudge at her midsection indicated that it had been there at all. That wasn't all that was different though. She was...bigger. She'd been a few inches shorter than him when he'd freed her, and now it looked to be the other way around. She'd also grown curvier, her hips wider, her ass rounder, and her breasts...they were much bigger. They were pretty nice before but now...stuffed into her stretchy top they looked like a pair of fleshy cantaloupes.

"Allan! You're back!" She said, face lighting up as she rushed across the room "Look what..." Her voice trailed off when she noticed the man standing behind him holding a knife to Allan's throat. "Allan, what's going on? Who...who's this?"

"I'm the guy you don't fuck with! Better question is who the fuck are you!?" Shanks said. "And where the fuck is the money, Runaway?!"

Allan stood stock still, his hands held up beside his head, palm out. He said nothing, eyes locked on to Rebecca's. "I'm sorry" He mouthed at her.

"Ross!!! Where. The Fuck. Is. THE MONEY?!" Shanks yelled, voice rising with intensity.

"Let...let him go!" Rebecca cried as she walked towards them. "Let him go now!"

"Ah, ah!" Shanks said, pointing the knife towards her. "No closer, bitch. I'll deal with you when I'm done with this piece of shit. The boss has got a couple of whorehouses that I think a fine cut of meat like yourself would make a wonderful addition to!"

Rebecca pulled up short, a few feet from the tip of his knife. Her lips were pursed angrily as she stared down Shanks. From where he stood a few feet away, Allan could hear Rebecca's stomach growl loudly.

Shanks brought his knife back to Allan's throat as he spun him around, pushing him up against the wall behind them. "Let me guess, Runaway, there is no money here, is there? Just thought you'd what...bring us here? Give us the run-around? Maybe you thought you could get me alone and outmaneuver, me? Maybe distract me with your broad, here? How fucking *stupid* do you think I AM?!" Globules of spit flew from his mouth as he yelled in Allan's face. "You have been a thorn in my ass for way too long, but now you're mine."

"Don't do this, Shanks" Allan said, voice slow and level. "Tony won't be happy if you kill me"

Shanks grinned devilishly at Allan "Maybe not... I'll just tell him you made a move and I had no choice" Shanks dug the side of his blade against Allan's neck. One quick slice and Allan would bleed out in seconds. Shanks stood with his back towards Rebecca, not thinking her a threat, and so he didn't see her as she approached, eyes glassy, jaw unhinging...

Allan opened his mouth to speak, but then stopped, mouth ajar, eyes wide.

Shanks leaned in until his nose was inches away from Allan's "What's wrong, Runaway? Not gonna beg for your life? Not gonna plead for me to spare this cunt? Maybe if you tell me where the money is...well, I'll still kill you, but...I'll make it quick...and I'll go easy on her. What do you say?"

"Fuck you" Allan spat.

Shanks snarled "Fine, have it your-" Shanks' promise of violence was left unfinished as his body was suddenly jerked away from Allan. The blade fell away from Allan's skin only leaving a tiny nick, as Shanks' hands dropped the butterfly knife. Allan's hands flew to his neck to be sure he wasn't cut, as his eyes looked up at Rebecca.

Rebecca stood behind Shanks holding him by his arms, her mouth completely enveloping his head. With a heave she lifted his flailing body, and began to force it down her gullet. She opened her mouth slightly each time as she pushed him down her throat, her teeth holding him in place as she consumed him. Saliva trailed down the side of her mouth,

stretched wide around the criminal's body as she ate him, moans of enjoyment echoing from her chest. Just as quickly as it had started it was over, as her lips closed around his still struggling feet, and with a loud gulp swallowed him all the way.

She stood with eyes closed, as she relished in her meal "Ahhhh, delicious. Looks like you were wrong about who was the fine cut of meat" she said with a grin, feeling deeply satisfied.

Allan let out a heavy sigh of relief, as he leaned back against the wall behind him.

Rebecca opened her eyes, and looked to Allan, face suddenly concerned. "Allan! Are you ok?!"

Allan nodded "Yes, he only barely cut me."

Rebecca walked up, and grabbing hold of his chin she lifted, so she could get a look at his neck. Sure enough, only a small dribble of blood was present where his skin had just barely been nicked. "Oh, thank god!" She said, pulling him into a deep embrace. Allan wrapped his arms around her and held her tight. Now that she was taller, he was the one burying his face in her shoulder.

"I'm so sorry, Rebecca." He said, his remorse apparent.

"Hey, it's ok! Everything's ok!" She said as she held him. "What was that about?"

"I owe some bad people a lot of money. Turns out our kidnappers dumped us in their side of town. They ambushed me at a gas station when I was trying to make a call...I'm sorry, I didn't know what to do, so I came back here...I shouldn't have done that, shouldn't have put you in danger"

Rebecca kissed the side of his head "Don't be silly, you did the right thing! That man was going to kill you if I didn't..."

"Eat him?" Allan said.

"Yeah..." Rebecca said.

Allan pulled back so he could look Rebecca in the eye, now having to look up slightly. "I'm sorry that you had to do that again. I know how freaked out you were the first time..."

Rebecca gave him a sad smile "Don't be sorry. I'm...sort of ok with it now. I'm not saying I'm going to make it a regular thing, but if it's to save your life, of course I'll do it!" She laughed, tears forming in her eyes from the overwhelming flood of emotions.

Allan laughed with her. "That's twice now! So...you digested quickly, I see?"

Rebecca's face lit up. "Oh my god! That's right! It happened after you left, my stomach just...went into overdrive. Within an hour they were gone!"

Allan nodded "And with some pleasant side effects..."

Rebecca gave a hesitant smile. "Do...do you like? I'm taller than you now. I know some guys...some guys don't like that. But, I've also got huge juicy tits now, and a fat ass!"

Allan leaned in and pressed his lips against hers. "I like everything. Even this" He said as he rested a hand on her freshly swollen belly. She wasn't as big as she'd been before, but that was to be expected, as she'd only eaten one person. Still, it was impossible to miss the round orb of her stomach that projected a foot and a half from under her bust.

Rebecca gave him an uncertain smile "You like my belly? Oh, Allan...Ah! Grrr" Rebecca gritted her teeth, as a wave of discomfort hit her.

"What? What is it?" Allan asked.

Rebecca's eyes had squeezed shut, when she answered, voice strained. "I'm ok...he's just...putting up more of a fight" Looking down Allan could see visible movement within her stomach, bulges appearing where limbs pressed against her stomach lining trying to fight their way out.

"Can...can he get out? He can't hurt you, can he?" Allan asked.

"Nope" Rebecca said, twisting her grimace into a smile. "He's all...mine" A bulge appeared just above her navel, the shape of an elbow pressing against her skin, but after that...nothing.

Rebecca let out a sigh, opening her eyes once again. "All done" she said, resting a hand atop the shelf of her belly and giving it a series of comforting pats.

Allan stared at her, eyes transfixed. Within his pants he felt his cock, pressing against the inside of his jeans.

"What?" Rebecca asked.

"You are...a goddess" Allan said.

Rebecca rolled her eyes. "Oh, stop it, you! You're going to give me a swelled head!"

Allan pulled her against him again to kiss her. Rebecca melted in his grip, letting out a soft moan of desire. "I'm serious" Allan said, as he pulled his lips back just far enough to speak. "You are...unbelievably amazing"

"Oh...Allan..." Rebecca cooed as she leaned in to kiss him once again. Allan's hands began to explore her body, her newly swollen curves, and her freshly engorged stomach, as his lips trailed away from her lips and began to kiss their way down her neck.

Both of them froze, when a sound emanated from the hallway. "Oh fuck, that's right..." Allan whispered.

“More shitheads?” Rebecca whispered back, pulling herself closer to Allan.

Allan nodded, as he tried to peek through the window in the door. “His muscle”

Rebecca bit her lip with uncertainty as she looked at Allan. “Leave...leave them to me...”

Allan whipped his head back around to face her. “Becks, there’s two of them! And they’re big dudes...”

Rebecca smiled “I like it when you call me Becks”

Allan leaned in with a smile and gave her a peck on the lips. His face became grave again as he pulled away. “Seriously, Becks. These dudes are massive...you already ate one guy...do you think you can eat *both* of them?”

Rebecca shook her head as her hand idly rubbed her stomach “I don’t know...but what choice do we have?”

Allan hesitated one final time “We could fight...I have Shanks’ knife now...I don’t want to have to force you to do this...”

Rebecca shook her head, giving him a small smile “You’re not forcing me...I want to do this for you...” A loud gurgle rumbled from her stomach. “Just...one at a time”

Allan stared at her, frowning for a few seconds before he nodded. Turning he opened the door a crack. “Brick! Get the fuck over here!” He yelled, doing his best to imitate Shanks. Lumbering footsteps from the other side of the door signalled his success.

“Ready?” Allan asked.

Rebecca’s eyes had gone milky, as her mouth opened wider and wider. Her lower jaw became completely detached as her lips stretched, her entire gullet relaxing and growing larger. He could see her tongue resting within, extending longer as she continued to stretch her mouth open. Saliva coated the inside of her cavernous maw as she waited for her meal to arrive. The image was captivating, and Allan had to purposefully pull himself away from staring.

The door opened and Brick entered. “Shanks? What’s taking so long?” These were the only words that Brick got out before Rebecca pounced. Her mouth already stretched wide open she lunged forward from beside the door, stuffing the large man all the way down to his chest into her mouth in one go. Muffled cries emanated from her throat as the panicking goon began to slide down her esophagus.

His body was halfway within her, when suddenly his movement stopped. Rebecca had slowly been pulling him into her mouth, but it would appear she’d gotten stuck. Blinking twice the milkiness in her eyes lessened as she looked to Allan. “Ah! Ahhhh!” She cried, unable to form words with her mouth and jaw stretched out around Brick’s midsection.

Allan stepped up, unsure of what she needed. "Becks?!"

Rebecca pointed at Allan, then at the body in her mouth. Allan understood immediately, moving into place in front of her, grabbing ahold of Brick's feet. With a heave he lifted the lower half of the body and pushed it in. Rebecca closed her eyes and let go of the body with her hands, just focusing on eating, letting Allan feed her.

With a grunt Allan lifted the legs up to her mouth. With only the calves sticking out of her mouth, Rebecca pulled back, not needing Allan's help any further. Her lips closed around the feet, and her facial features returned to normal as she swallowed, though her neck was still stretched wide as the body disappeared down it.

Rebecca stood breathing heavily as she recollected herself. Her belly was massive now, even larger than it had been before. It arced away from her, reaching four feet in front of her, and drooping in between her legs to her knees. And yet...she was still standing.

"Thank you" Rebecca said, opening her eyes to look at Allan. "You were right, he was a mouthful. But...whew...I got him down!"

Allan nodded, mouth ajar "Jesus, Becks...you're massive"

She nodded with a smile "I feel massive! Mmm...it actually feels good though! I'm getting more and more used to it. It doesn't feel strange anymore...it just feels...good...I feel powerful"

Allan ogled her immensely stuffed form, feeling his arousal growing. He shook his head to clear it...this was not the time for that. "You feel, ok? You look really full..."

Becks reached out to lean against the wall, eyes squeezed shut as she focused on breathing. She nodded once "Yes...I'm very full. Fuller than I've ever felt before...mmm...I like it..."

Allan reached out to gently rub one small section of her colossal gut, the contact of his hand making Rebecca smile and emit a satisfied moan.

"Shanks? Brick?" Came Big Bill's voice from the hallway outside.

"Fuck, I hoped he would stay put" Allan said, pulling his hand away from Rebecca.

"Aww...don't stop!" She cried. Without thinking Allan turned back and reached his hand out to return to rubbing her, before he caught himself. Why had he done that? Still puzzling over it, he turned and moved to stand by the doorway, listening for movement in the hall. "Hopefully he'll just walk on by...he doesn't know where we are"

BRAAAAWWWWP

Rebecca's hands slapped closed over her mouth, her own eyes wide with surprise, as she'd shocked herself with the volume of the belch she'd emitted. "Sorry!" She whispered.

Allan should've felt anger, or frustration at how she'd given away their position, but instead he just felt longing for her. "Don't worry about it" He said "Guess, I'll just have to kill him now"

Big Bill's footsteps echoed from the hallways as he walked towards their room. Allan bent down and fished the balisong off the floor, spinning the blade and handle into position once more. He moved to the other side of the door, hoping to catch Bill unawares when he came in.

The door opened and Bill walked in. "What the fuck are you guys doing in...What the fuck?" His question of genuine surprise came at the sight of Rebecca and her tremendous belly, who still stood leaning against the wall, catching her breath.

Allan lunged with the knife, aiming for Bill's neck. The big man spun as he heard Allan move, and though he couldn't stop Allan from hitting him, the knife didn't slice open his neck, and instead just got lodged in his shoulder. Painful, but far from lethal.

Bill roared with fury, as he ripped the knife from his shoulder. "WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON?! Wait...this is Shanks' knife! YOU LITTLE PIECE OF SHIT!"

The big man was far faster than Allan expected, and before Allan could dash away, Bill had a grip on his lapels. "Fuck!" Allan yelled as he tried to slip away but found himself held tight.

"I don't know much about you, Runaway" Bill said, his face twisted with rage. "But I do know I don't like being fucking stabbed, and that's enough for me" Then his head came down, cracking against Allan's own forehead. The vicious headbutt left Allan seeing stars, as his legs went weak. If Bill wasn't holding him up by his jacket, he likely would've fell to the floor.

"Guhhh..." Allan grunted with pain as his visions refocused, only to have his world knocked loose again as a large fist struck his right cheek. Two more blows pummelled his stomach, knocking the wind out of him. Bill let go of his jacket and Allan collapsed to the cold tile. Bill's heavy boots stepped into his vision, and Allan braced himself for their impact, which would likely end his life. But...it never came.

From where he lay on the floor, Allan opened his swollen eyes a smidge to try and see why Bill hadn't kicked him. It was because Bill was a little preoccupied at the moment...with being eaten.

"Becks! No!" Allan called from the floor, voice straining through the pain. She was already so full, there was no way she could eat Bill as well, but if she was concerned with that concept her actions didn't show it.

With sweat pouring off her body, she slowly sucked in Bill. Somehow she'd gotten him atop her immense belly and was now working him into her, his upper body down to the elbows already down her throat. Her eyes were rolled back into her skull as more and more of Bill

disappeared down her gullet. She said nothing as she swallowed him, only emitting subdued moans of satisfaction every few seconds.

Allan could see her already overstuffed belly begin to swell out as a third body begin to fill it. It was going to be too much, he could feel it. Even her supernatural form must have limits.

As Bill's feet disappeared between her lips, her bulging cheeks shrinking as she swallowed, Rebecca let out a deep low groan. "Uggggghhhh...Oh god..."

Her gut bulged out impossibly large as the entirety of Bill's body entered her stomach. Standing before Allan, her stomach now reached the floor, easily five feet from side to side. Her skin was drenched in sweat and incredibly tight, visible lumps marking its surface, where the bodies within pressed against her. Her belly button had swollen to three times its size, stretched alongside her skin. Dark blue veins appeared across the surface of her gargantuan globe, blood pumping through her newly stretched flesh. But as Allan watched with trepidation...there was no tearing, no bursting, not even a stretch mark. Rebecca had done it.

Allan pushed himself to his feet, eyes transfixed upon Rebecca's immense form. She was a queen. A goddess made flesh. He was obsessed, and...yes, he could admit it to himself. He was in love.

He hurried around to the other side of her belly to where she stood. "Becks! Jesus christ! You...you did it!"

Her eyes were still shut as she just focused on breathing. "...I did, didn't I?"

Allan leaned in to kiss her on the cheek, hands reaching to embrace whatever part of her he could reach. "You are...so incredible. Are you ok?"

She smiled at the contact of his moist lips upon her face. "I think so...god this feels...intense. So big...stretched so full...mmm...how do I look?"

"Fucking beautiful" Allan whispered as he began to kiss her more on her neck and ear. He couldn't get enough of her at this moment, though it was difficult to explain why.

Rebecca's smile widened as she giggled both at his compliment and his physical affection "Ooo, thank you, Mr. Ross. I feel fucking beautiful!" She reached behind her to grab his head to pull him close to her, but recoiled when her fingers felt sticky fluid. "Allan! You're bleeding!"

"What?" Allan said, momentarily pausing his bombardment of kisses. As he did, he felt his head spin. He reached up and touched his forehead, and indeed there was a considerable amount of blood. Bill had headbutt him harder than he thought.

His adrenaline having worn off, Allan stumbled backward, suddenly feeling incredibly tired. He sat down hard on the mattress, and keeled over, his body rapidly giving up its grip of consciousness. The last thing he heard before he blacked out was Rebecca calling his name.

Allan blinked against a bright light as he returned to consciousness. His first thought was of Rebecca, and if she was ok. "Becks..." He groaned, his head pounding.

"Shhh" Her sweet voice sang in his ear. "It's ok, my love, I'm here"

Allan let out a sigh of relief, as his body released the tension he'd been unconsciously holding on to. He felt her hand rest upon his chest, providing comforting pressure.

"How...long was I out?" He asked

"A few hours" Her whisper tickled his ear, with her lips caressing his lobe further teasing him. With a painful grunt, he turned his head to look at her. As he forced his eyes open, his breath caught, as he fell in love with her all over again.

"Hey you...how do I look?" She asked with a knowing smile.

"Fuck..." Was all he could get out. She looked breathtaking, and she knew it. Since he'd been out, she'd digested the three men she'd consumed, and the changes to her body were apparent. She'd grown taller, though not just taller, but just bigger in general. Laying beside him, her head next to his, her feet rested just over a foot past his own. She had to be easily 7 feet tall. Her body hadn't just stretched longer, but instead grown proportionally. Her frame was wider, her body fuller, even her head had grown slightly bigger, easily a couple inches taller and wider than it'd been. It was as if her entire body had just been sized up.

Of course, some parts of her had grown more dramatically than others. Looking down towards her feet, he found it difficult to see them, with her bust in the way. Each breast was huge and round, stretching her top to near breaking. Eight inches of cleavage lay invitingly before him between her pillowy warm mounds. Each of her jugs were definitely larger than his head, and probably even larger than hers now.

He looked back at her face, beaming at her. "Becks...I...I love you"

Tears formed in her eyes as she giggled. "Oh Allan, I love you too!" Leaning in, she planted a heavy kiss on his lips that he returned with as much vigor as he could muster. He flinched after a moment, his head still aching heavily. He likely had a concussion, he thought.

"Oh...Allan. My poor brave knight...' She said, softly holding his head with her hands lovingly.

"I'll be okay, I've been through worse" He said with a smile, though he found himself gritting his teeth against the pain once more.

Rebecca leaned in, leaving a warm wet kiss upon his forehead. "You don't move an inch" she said after she pulled away. "I want to show you how much I appreciate you"

Before Allan could say a word, Rebecca had pushed herself up and swung one of her long legs over him so she was straddling him. Crouching above him on her hands and knees, she reached up and pulled down her top, freeing her newly grown bust. Each of them fell away from her body landing on his chest with a fleshy slap.

"How do you like those?" She purred.

Allan grinned as he reached up to touch them. "I love them"

"Ah, ah!" She said, slapping his hand away. "I said don't move an inch, Mister!" Before Allan could protest, she leaned forward, dragging her pendulous tits up his chest until they rested upon his face. Allan did his best to kiss and caress each of them with his mouth as they pressed against him. They were so large they completely covered his face, and so heavy that they nearly smothered him.

After getting to enjoy her new bust for a minute, Allan felt them slide away as Rebecca pushed herself up again. "I never thought of myself as the buxom type...but I have to say, I think they suit me?" She said with a giggle.

Allan nodded eagerly. In his pants he could feel his erect cock, straining against the denim. Though he was desperate for release, he didn't move, just as she'd commanded.

Still on her knees, Rebecca shimmied down until her legs straddled his calves, her head right above his belt. With an eager smile, she undid his pants, and slid them down, letting his stiff member spring upright.

"Get ready" she said as she looked him in the eye. "This may be a bit intense"

Allan propped himself up in his elbows, about to ask why she'd offered a warning, but stopped when he saw what was about to occur. Hovering over his cock, Rebecca's mouth had begun to stretch open, her tongue extending longer and longer. When she brought her head down, her mouth enveloped his entire cock, including his balls below as one.

"Oh, Fuck!" Allan blurted out involuntarily. Rebecca was right, it was *incredibly* intense. Rebecca was treating Allan's cock like a lollipop as she sucked and teased it, her supernaturally long tongue wrapping around it and squeezing it this way and that. It felt like every inch of his manhood was being stimulated as Rebecca's magical mouth played with it.

It didn't take long for Allan to climax, Rebecca's oral skills being beyond his wildest sexual dreams. His hips bucked as his cock pumped his load into Rebecca's cavernous mouth, which she swallowed gratefully.

"Holy shit..." Allan said, out of breath.

Rebecca smiled as she laid back down beside him. "I hoped you'd like that"

Allan rolled over towards her. Rebecca reached out and embraced him, pulling his whole body tight against her. Laying this way Allan's face was planted firmly within her cleavage, something he was quite pleased with.

"I guess...at some point, we should get out of here?" Allan said.

Rebecca kissed the top of his head before she spoke "Probably. You need some medical attention, and I could use something to eat!"

Allan lifted his face out of Rebecca's chest to look at her. "Like food...or people?"

Rebecca smiled, but didn't answer. With her arms wrapped around him, she stood, lifting him so she could carry him before her, his body resting partially upon the shelf of her bust. Allan clung to her, shocked at the sudden change in position. Being held up so high really drove home how tall she was now...and how much stronger.

"I'll eat whatever...or whoever...you want me to eat, lover" She squeezed him tight against her, leaning in to kiss him. Then still carrying him in her arms, she ducked her way through the sets of doors, and together they set off to face the world.

TO BE CONTINUED...