

## Sis's Vault Opens

Written by Septia.

Wheels squealed to a halt, the venue of houses speeding by the window frame came to a close on a villa at the end of Tegel street.

"Thanks for the ride, ma." But no sooner had Bast opened the car door before her mother piped in.

"Your humble servant wishes for you to have appreciated the free ride'," she said with thick airquotes and flanked her daughter, "earth forbid you'd want to introduce your mother to your client."

Bast turned on a cent and propped her knuckles by her side, flashing beaming smile to Ismila. "Think they'd the o wrong opinion if their supposed babysitter is being sat on by her ma still."

Ismila puffed up her cheek in upheaval and sauntered out the car to join her daughter, yet despite how much of a serious face she was putting on, her eyes betrayed the gloomy tones with their sheer whimsy and joy; impossible to see her as anything but jovial, a trait her daughter had inherited.

"Ooooo, you must be Bast, your application photo really does not do your smile justice, you will be perfect," the makeup wearing a dress proclaimed as she showed the two inside,

"Same goes for you, if I am not mistaking all that lipstick for a smile," Bast said and nudged them with her elbow, establishing her herself in the hallway, infecting the woman with her positivity.

"Bast, you little brat," her mother said.

"Ohoho," the houseowner chuckled, "it helps the camera pick out my grin from all angles, but I would be lying if I said I didn't enjoy it."

Bast beamed to her mom, who jested a sigh.

"Where the little twerp at then, wanna make sure oi don't mistake him for o cute lil' pup."

"Oo oho, You would be hard pressed to mistake him for anything but a Fivnr, Kasper, to mommy."

A moment after she called out, the clacking of overall-claps pealed, accompanying the patter of tubby legs stumbling into the hallway.

"There's my widdle Kasper cookie," the mother called out and plucked him off the ground, smothering the boy in affection and thinly veiled cleavage.

"Maaahmie, staaahp," Kasper called.

"Ooho, how could I, darling? You are the most precious little boy, aren't you Kasper?"

Kass still struggled. "Maaahm."

"Who's mommy's treasure? You are, mm, yes you are."

Managing to turn his head away from the volley of doting, the portly bud aimed his attention towards Bast. His eyes and mouth both opened wide, shining of eager twinkles and crumb dusted teeth. "Little mommy lady," goth his hands held out awkwardly jabbing in Bast's direction.

"Hah~ Oi like this dweeb, can you tell me how old you are?"

After a moment of deliberation, he held up right thumb and left little finger. "Swoon fwree. An, yhu arh zhis many," he stared waggling every digit he had. The hallway hadn't contained such infectious laughter for many months. After the laughter had settled, Liv wiped a tear and beamed with joy.

"It is quite true, you will be 'fwree' by next week."

The boy smiled and pointed at Bast. "Can shey come to bifthday twoo?"

Bast snickered and affectionately flicked his nose. "Course Oi'll be at your party, wouldn't miss it for the world."

"Sheets are prepared, dinner is found in the fridge, I am certain you wil agree that he should be in bet by no later than ten...", Mrs Liv rabbled on, presenting lists and everything she needed to put the 'fun' in 'sa-fun-ty'. "And if time permits, make sure he gets his piano practice done, he is such a little genius," she was talking even when she was one foot out the door threshold and Bast was nodding diligently.

"Worry not, Oi'll keep the little squirt happy as a bun in a toaster."

Liv insisted on holding and pelting him in smooches once more – almost bringing him along with her – before the door shut on them.

They turned to face each other. Bast started to smile. Kass smiled wider. Bast brought on a full beaming grin. Kass bit his lip to hold in giggles. -Phhwwp- He smacked Bast's leg with both palms. "Jur it." He declared and scuttled off on histubby little legs.

"Oooo, just wait till oi get o hold of you," she called out, and the games begun.

~ 1 ~

-Plllningk- -DlInng- -Klllgh- Tunes soared through the main room as piano strings trembled. Kass sat perched on a kid seat by the piano, flicking the keys at his leisure. While it wasn't any melody Bast could distinguish, it was certainly a melody. -Klggnfth- Most of the time, it was a melody.

Bast crept up behind Kass, he shoved her off with a small wave, she crammed a finger onto a key.

"Duuunft," Kass complained. But she played another few notes, leaving him leaping after her hands with his grubby palms as she tactically played notes form alternating sides.

"Staaaahp," he chanted and flailed his arms, with glee, leaving hi wide open for a tickle strike. "Aaaaah lady nuuu, fawl, fawl."

Despite him being the one tickled, Bast felt herself laughing so spittle flung from her teeth.

The rich scent of oil and acrylic settled in Kasper's room, the two on their third collaborative painting.

Kass suddenly jolted his head up, seizing Bast's attention. "You ah faun," he explained.

"Oi, it is because oi am not doing homework," she grinned, she wasn't one ot look for excuses in avoiding such things, but when an option presented itself so well, why not spend the day playing? Besides, this tyke was a riot. She took notice of how serious the kid had gotten, brow furrowed and fingers brushing strokes over the paper.

"Hmmm, wuuuhr...", he mumbled, mouthing the word homework and painting out approximations of letters.

"Hey, that 's pretty baller let me show you 'R' is a tricky one." It ended up as a jumble of Ps, Bs, and Fs, but a couple good Rs as well.

"Oi, that one's stunning," she praised and patted his back, to then pull away Kass's fingers from his mouth for the 5<sup>th</sup> time. "That's no jam. Heeey, that gives me an idea..."

-Spllstfh- Jelly smeared and brushed over the flatbread canvas, accompanied with giggles and crones of merriment. This felt more like a three year old's element, playing with their food and getting it everywhere. A haze of pulverised berries and sugar wafting through the air. Bast couldn't help but join in, something about being in a kitchen that dwarfed her living room instilled a sense of

childhood in the teen. Must have been something with the squirt too, making reason for his name by squeezing smulberry jam out over everything, just a bundle of joy and innocence. “Makes sense why you’re so chubby, if oi was your ma, oi wouldn’t stop feeding you.”

The squirt had the gall to stick out his tongue at her, a tickle assault of revenge swiftly fell upon him. Jam and syrup droops and vines danced around the, but there was no grownups around to scold them for the mess.

~ 2 ~

Provisional cleaning and a few block constructions later, Bast and her accomplice crashed by the couch to some cartoons. Kass gravitated closer to the screen, until Bast set up some pillows on the carpet for him to lounge on.

Bast reclined in the couch, following Kass's example, taking in the view of the media room. Modest – for this house at least – thought the aroma of maintained mahogany betrayed the otherwise streamlined bookshelves, hiding away bombastic speakers in key locations through the numerous shelves, quite an expensive set up to pump Cartoon-Show-Incident tunes through. She breathed in the air clogged of old self help books and plastic movie casings, eyes landing back on the kid. Her client. Well, her client's kid. A plump, clever little dweeb.

'Wonder if it be straining to gouge my thumb through his cheek.' A moment after that thought snuck into her conscious, Bast raised an eyebrow. But a moment was eternity in mind time, and the thought was already evolving. 'Sure might be tough at first, but once oi'd pierced his skin, his skin'd be butter rended asunder by my nails.' This warranted the raise of her other eyebrow. These were rather, incongruous thoughts. 'If I started at the neck, wonder if he'd choke out before I break his flesh, or if he'd start coughing blood and phlegm, ruptures and stretchmarks splintering down his chest. Maybe his eyeballs would pop out of his head like a squeeze toy first. They'd at least bulge, right?'

The boy wiggled on the cushions, propping up his head in his palms, worshipping the complex plots portrayed as colours and sounds from the screen.

'Wouldn't be able to break his shirt though, unless I cut it off first, and if I got scissor in hand I might as well flay him. How'd they do it with bunnies now again? Slits around the wrists and one cleave from neck to tail, then it is just tearing the hide off the still breathing brawntissue.' Bast's eyebrow relaxed. 'Would his screams be as loud as his laughter, if he could even scream at that point? I shouldn't crunch his vocal chords if oi want to find out, suppose.'

He turned to look back at her. “yhouu seee? That was tha bigguhst anvil evu'r.”

“Convininet how it fits in o flower bag then, huh?” she responded and shared a gleeful smile with the boy.

"Wouldn't need that much weight to reduce Kass to paint, even the tv falling on him, that would at most break o few bones, wires could fry him though,' she nodded to herself in mid thought, 'yeah with all that baby blubber he'd fry like a porkchop, few minutes in a pan and he'd be frying in his own bubbling oil, lard melting into cooking on in his own veins.'

~ 3 ~

Bast rose, stretching her arms, he'd need to switch out of his overalls before bed time, this seemed as good a time as ever. She shook his shoulder and playfully drummed her fingers on him.

“Little squirt, you still there?”

“Stahp,” he mumbled with his lip curled in a snicker. His head slammed into the pillow, his head became a marionette, free of its strings, and his vision consumed by darkness. A brief warning had come in the gust of vicious heat matting the curls on his head, a plush hold distended ifrom his down into a divingbell surmounting his head into the abyss. Moisture reminiscent of his mother's kisses pelted over his shoulders and soaked through his overall. The boy slowly crammed into a bag at the same time his head pinned paraell with the floor. “Aa-hhau-ururhhgah.”

Bast's lips distorted, swelling and moulding over Kass's cranium, slipping down the slide of his throat and warping over his shoulders. Fidgets and squirms from the dweeb turned muted under the constraint of the teen's meat catacomb, oesophagus contracting to the point she'd think it had glued stuck before her next swallow. -Ghmmmpfplgh- -Gklllrsk- His head budded out her gullet, swirling and twisting through her, as she laid on his pillow, throttling his arms into her gape.

‘Wait, how in... wha?’ Her thoughts translated poorly to her kid clogged clutches. “Owhhaouth? mhuahm?” Yup, that was definitely Kass's legs smacking onto the floor before her, and that tautness in her neck was a three year old's head. She laid there fore a moment, smacking her lips over turquoise overalls, chugging down a kid like a pelican housing a carp in its pliable beak. ‘I didn't expect this,’ she thought.

“Mm, mwheeol,” she mutmbled around the plentiful baby boy thighs, she hadn't expected anything; the teen was stunned at her own actions. Though, had she expected anything, it wouldn't have been that she could lower the tyke down her gob with the ease of a pitcherplant gorging on a popsicle. “Mmffm, mmpgh, ommmgnh.” Bast arched her heac back in the swallow, lips enveloping his rump, teeth gnawing into the fabric, the chomps set him squealing – and like a dog with a chewtoy – she couldn't resist the urge to bite his butt while he barrelled down her bulging bunk. She kept chugging him down, slurpng and having back his legs into her maw in a display of pure candour the likes of which she had never experienced.

Down the teen's neck and torso, the boy's body displaced her frame; skin clasped over his outlines and illustrated his silhouette with contoursof animate dough, in turn concealed and trapped beneath her jumper, hills protruded along the boy's journey, bodyparts expressed as bumps on a feminine body, something a two year old would be acquainted with.

-Bwwwnngs- -Gnnrgns- Bast's belly begun to inflate, starting just beneath her breasts, with the arrival of a bloat crowned with a little dimple that swung along the whole orb of concealed flesh. Her jumper's skirt folded over her chest, exposing the lump wedging, controting and malforming her stomach, tension made rubber of her abdomen, stretching out in accomodation for the new passanger.

“Haalluk, aawwmk, mmmppgh,” Bast flicked and folded her tongue over his rusk sized sandals, wrestling with the energetic feet to get them under the brim of her lip, “aaaoampgh,” until she just slammed her palms over her face, gave the soles ground to stand on, and crammed them into her maw. -Ghhfbllkk-. -Ohn-oogn...OOpmmphl- She gulp send the shoes draped by her throat, ferrying down her neck in a rowdy bump, as soon as it swelled into being it was on the road to sinking back under the teen's cleavage, buried in her chest and made to join the gargant of a gut.

-Ghhrbglsl- The tummy warped and rippled with the body jammed into its reaches, Bast's frame engorging where she laied, toppling her sideways and feeling her mountainous sabdomen spilling out past arm's reach, the teen digging her clutches into the swelling gullet straddling it with her digits sinking into the pliable meat, meeting rolling bumps from the thrashing body trapped within. The expansion halting only once the distance of her thighs had been covered by the moulding avalanche of girlmeat.

”Phaa... houa... hou...” Bast panted, peeking over the caramel expanse of rippling skin-plains. Her stomach sagged like a half baked milk-bun. She just gazed upon it, watchng little imprints form and sink.

“Smmpgh, mwmpght.”

“Hah, oi don't get it either,” -Chmmmatch- she said with a smack to her gut, feeling the bulge of his head bob below surface and cause a ruckus as she heaved herself sitting. “Dweeb, your in o belly, my belly. Maybe you remember? Was only two years ago before you twerped your way out your ma's fanny.” She laid back against the couch, belly sprawling over her lap, bumping and rocking her and there, bulldozing her legs with hot blubber. “Squirt, this is baller crazy, hear me? That is the mmpgh,” she jabbed the side of her gut, overflowing with surges of adrenaline and taking it out on the bouncing clay hunk occupying her lap, “aaw yeah, that is hit the spot, right there where you are, that is where big girls turn food into cute lass lumps. Might be where you are headed actually, I haven't decided yet,” she narrated to herself, cupping her gut and jostling in in her grasp, face plastered in her signature beam as she felt her balance threatened by the stumbling belly bulk, “how about htat? Wanna become big sis's butt rot?” she asked the drove in her lap and bounced it to unleash a rustle of seaweed tangling in a swamp -Ghrlllbshshth-.

“Hngna, ahhaathg,” the little tyke cried out.

With a flash of her teeth the teen embraced her tummy. “Then Oi'll consider it, hahmmff you are making me feel like a cemenetmixer, just thinking of how much muddy mortar you would make.”

“L-laady,” a squural came out from the gut, just as Bast was recreating a cementmixer by churning and groping aloudn her tum.

“Oi, easy, even if I won't pinch your cute, chubby goop out my tush, isn't the best place to keep o treasure within o chest, and big sis Basta's got the chunkiest, cuddlles chest around, it is where a squirt like you should be. And oi,'ll keep you safe.” -Szzzzh- -Zzrhht- A trickling and hissing burst out, brief, yet enough to send the gut tumbling and bouncing like a dropped waterballo.

“Sssh, sssh, that was just some squirts of sister nectar, careful with that, it is warm, if you are not carfeul it is gonna warm up yoru whole body,” she mused to herself and kneaded into her stomach, finding a smooth satisfaction in the straining brewing behest within her bunker. -Ghrbbrslth- -Bhuuraaahhfp, A tempest of carbonated belchfumes bubbled out Bast's maw, leaving her hair trembling after the shockwave of smog. “Pha, oooi lad... my burp's all gonna smell like roast turkey-oil for days.”

~ 4 ~

There was no floor anymore, there was barely any down in this place either. Everything felt and looked so similar; walls clad in damp mattress folds, dripping of tickling juice. The boy felt his way long the walls, clutching and brushing into it, finding little grip when the tummy tumbled nad folded in on ihm, clenches and constraints sealing him with stomach gluing onto his skin for a scary amount of time. It felt like being a sausage, and it smelt like one too, tinge of smoked mincemea, spiced with the sweet tang of jam from earlier, and wiggling around it felt like he was sitting in just that. -Szrrprllth- A fizzing erupted from the gullet carbonation brewing at his rump, the flesh bending and contracting as it exhulged clots of fiz. Clouds of stinging foam, acidity carving iup the threads in his outfit.

“L-lady, s-sis?” Kass attempted as he rubbed along the walls, feeling the force of the outside world crush and clutc onto him. Kass's palms brushed through grooves and compressed clusteres of convulsing flesh, -Csltrrzth- until his fingers met with a splotch of of wetness, the moment after contactate away into his skin. Kass rugged back his palm, clutching it to his chest and chocking on his own painful gasp, a trail of the enzyme solution flinging back with his retracted hadn and splattering over his chest, a tear of orange iron grazing over patches of exposed skin on his neck and frying away cloth texture into equal parts fiber slurry and gastronomical dustclouds.

“Eyhghsa, ahha, i-it sbstings, s stwngs angrybees.” The little boy cried out, his ruckus set the stoamch rippling, and from the osscillating walls came a drizzle of the caustic onslaught, singing into his hair and caressed him like sharskin through the matted spots on his clothing. The rampant threat of pain ushered a spirited combat from the young boy, stress leaving him unable to connect causation in the organic steaming, in which the miniscule bubbling of liquifcation.

~ 5 ~

-Ghhrbrslgsh- -Ahhooraaup- Bast felt a rush of relief pour through her as she decanted the pent up exhaust brewing in her tummy. The teen huffing with satisfaction paintng her breaths, playing with her tummy like a rowdy mutt left out in the rain far too long.

“Phoa, oi there, getting along with my canteen in there?” Bast scratched the side of her tummy, playing an affectionate game of wack-a-bloat with the number of protrusions cropping p across the expanse of her tummy, long since rolling her jumper out of the way so she could mavel at the chair sized hunk of abdomen abundance.

“And that is just when it is in rest, you shouldn't see it when she gets going,” Bast informed her passenger, smacking onto each side of her gut and swirling her fingers up and down the bulk of gullet meat, feeling out the tense and sensed patches of skin making up her gullet, trailing her touch along it she felt the texture go form a mashmallow cheek in the tubby patches to a taut guitarstring in the regions forming around the swelling gut bulbs.

Bast snickered and snapped her fingers to the beat of her bobbing gut, strutting back and forth in the mediaroom, humming a melody as she strutted out the threshol dinto the hallway, striking a wide legged pose with her hands pumping towards the ceiling.

“Don't you just feel like dacing, oi'm gonna treat you to our very own prom, mm, shake it,” she announced and danced down the hallway, her gullet morphing into her motions, swaying from side to side in response to her dance inspired stumblings. The backpack of abdominal ballast slowing her motions to sluggish at best, yet the girl was tapping into a primal lust, each step she flung the gullet with her, the bloat of flesh-hued dough moulding and controtroing with the silhouettes bumping against its surface, soaring through the air like a airborne honey.

“Mmf, uunfng, ooung, yeah, stirr up some noise,” the teen proclaimed, twiling on a carpet in a hallway crossfork, knitting her hands behind her head a, thrusting her crotch forwards with a squirrels enthusiasm. -Ghhrbgl-Ghrssl- -Bgghr-Frrglhosh- Humidity and a huttering boy hustled and mixing togeher under Bast's thrusts, her tummy contributing to the girl's dancebeat with the cacophany of driving a shipment of waterballoons down a mountainroad. -Bbwnangns- Each thrust outwards launched Kass face first into the gut wall, impressions of his face snapshotted on the midriff; sheets of tanned latex holding a replica of his face's featuresain a gruesome silhouette, contrasting the gleeful gal using Kass for a perverted living yoyo.

“Wmmf, oi yeeaeah,” Bast called out, slamming her hand sonto her tummy for a radical drum solo, with a heave of her midriff properlling her forwards she shot off into a powerslide overt the carpet, gut and pantihose clad knees grinidng to the carpet.

“Whooo, oi'v never felt so full-filled” the girl shouted into the empty house, fists triumphantly in the air, as she took a few moments to breathe in.

It wasn't long before she felt the singemark that hadn't spared her tummy, heaving heself up and spanking the underside of her tummy – as far as she reachedd. “Ooow, oo, hot hotot,” she mumbled under her breath, still unable to lose that broad smile plasting her expression.

Webbed tendrils of melting extract clatched onto Kass, the boy forcefully calmed down by a superior force of boundless energy. Being tossed like a ragdoll in the hands of a petulant child, battered by walls of stinging sinew, and experiencing each breath taken as steadily heating and constraining his throat in sultry humidity was enough to cast the boy down a pit of sorrow. Vines of stomach gunk trailed from the pores in the walls, looping and tangling down his clothed body and hooking onto any patch of flesh free from the washed felt; goop collecting in grooves and folds of little puddles, through which steam rose and polluted the boy's breathing atmosphere with the sunken smoke of burnished polyester and thread.

"Paha afhhg... s-stahp... pwl-pweaa..."

"Haaa, better that," Bast cooed to herself, plonked on the toilet and lathering her underbelly with handfuls of skincream, the colant smoothing over the singe mark she sustained from tossing her jelly stuffed sag bag against the scabrous carpet.

"Oi there, think you got the right idea, don't wanna get too excited," she then looked down, and wiggled her tush into the porcelain seat, "think you'd last till this time tomorrow? Think o that, oi might just be dropping you off at the toilet about this time, if I don't let you out before you..." she began, and then poked her fingers into the stomach, rosuing up some sthrashing form the boy straddled dwithin, and groping handfuls of her distended abdomen to knead and grind into the twerp, "digest like the puny sweeb you are." She found herself snickersing, leaning back on the toiletseat, letting her stomach droop forwards between her legs, bobbing and sloughing over the chalk brim.

"But o way to escape's starting to look unlikely," she mused with her eyes closed, humming her melody as she brushed and doted over the lump of future belly tub, "treasure chests do usually lock up once they got their prize inside," she beamed, for a moment bearing the grin of the mimic.

~ 6 ~

-Ghrbrbslgh- -Frrshhgsl- Within the confines of the gastronomical chamber, the atmosphere of soggy vapours weighed heavily upon Kass's body. Air-born stomach acids condensed along strings and vine-works of mucus, trickling down the lengths of the heated tangles straight into Kasper's skin. -Szzrllsh- A sizzling of browning batter and baked goods tossed in a boiler wafted from patches of his gorged skin; fingernail deep cavities caking his form, a gathering place for the gastro-gunk to pool inside of.

"Gngns, uarnag... s-sis," the boy was shifting between differing states of delirium. His mind not sculpted or tempered to handle this form of trauma, this sort of pain pouring into him and bleaching his veins. The stinging vapours that cloaked over his skin alike, a husk of pain and shrivelled up cloth and hair like a herd dining on hay. Whichever way he turned, he was flanked by walls drooling liquid fire on him. He felt his body growing damp, matching his surroundings.

His delusions were somewhat calm now, imagining himself as a marshmallow roasted over a pyre; it was okay for a marshmallow to slowly feel their themselves breaking apart, liquefying and slopping apart my the sides. Kass sensed a strain manifesting through his arm, shaking while he pulled it up into view. His eyelids twitched. It was okay for a marshmallow's skin to start turning black, bubbling in clusters of gooey phlegm, even if it was starting to get difficult to distinguish the sensations between pale and charred husk.

~ 7 ~

-Bwwobbgsn- A shock from the teens core jostled her forwards, her tummy bumping onto the corner of a toy chest Bast was raiding; the impact surged through her gullet, invoking satisfaction, all the more when the self inflicted blunt trauma stunned the motion sin her gut.

“Oi, easy there, dweeb, don't wanna hurt yourself, Oi already got that covered, you doof.” Bast noticed a palm-print cropping up at the crown of her engorged abdomen, broadening her smile. “Dear, you are just adorable,” she ensured the toddler struggling for his life, pushing down on the bloats to shove him under the blanket of belly.

“Just need some time to get used to your new playpen,” she pinched her gut and jostled it peering out over boy's bedroom. She spotted a purple dinosaur, who was promptly captured and devoured, caught in the impulsive energy Bast radiated off.

“Here's o bit of company for you, play nice,” Bast encouraged as the hunk of plastic wedged down her gullet.

-Cllghpu- A droplet of corrosive of mucus trickled from the webs, flung into Kass's forehead and drooping down towards his eyes, crisping the skin in its path like lawnmower shearing through a field.

The boy flung his hands over his face, kicking into the gut wall, heaving a wave of mucus above him in his vain attempts to constraint it. The blow launched him into something hard – unwavering – concaving the stomach to slam into his thighs, -KKRslsltk- a tear of flayed skin rippled through the puddles, the corner burrowing through his leg, rupturing skin from sinew, piercing through a chunk of legmeat where the enzymes had been raging.

-Gflflsth- A ruptured boil, scarlet sloughed through the open wound, coagulating in the steam of stomach juices, forming tangled ribbons of crimson through that spread through the stomach bath, and painted strokes of it along the walls. The wound cauterised by t acidic waves, yet the pain intensified as the mucus took its place, digging into meat. -Ghbrblslth- Moment later, a hunk of oclourful plastic bumped onto Kass's head, revolving down his face and -Phwhwlp- slumping into the slop. The boy's delusions became muddled and contradictory. Marshmallows didn't play with dinosaurs, and neither did they cry.

Septia

~ 8 ~

Bast stretched, back in the kitchen after needing quite a bit of water to get the pesky dino down her gob. She peeked at the door to the backyard and snickering. “Oi, haven't shown me around yet, how about a little tour out back, repaying the favour in advance?” She called out to her gut, and stumbled up to the door, stepping out onto the clear, marbled emerald grass, taking in a deep breath of the fresh air.

“Aaah, this is what Oimfmpaha,” she stumbled, a slam from her core, aimed straight up, literally knocked the breath out of her lungs, she clutched her chest, gargled, coughing and stumbling backwards, tumbling onto her rear inside the kitchen once more, huffing and shaking as she massaged her upper torso. “Oi... there's no need to get so mbbf, brutal in there, we are all still friend, huh,?” she cooed and tickled the side of her gut, laughing awkwardly as she got her composure back. “Got the message, no outdoors.” She realised it would definitely be safer, and less onlookers, if she stayed inside

The little tyke looked adorable, cradled in his mother's grasp, father proudly standing by his side. She picked up another photograph, this one looked like he was taking his first steps, couldn't have been taken much more than two years ago. -Ghrhbsbwllp-. The gears of digestion churned and ground at full steam in organic clockwork of her chambers, rumbling through the folds and

protrusions littering her gut. The teen's palm sought its way down, brushing and cuddling up bulges in a handful before tucking them back in, massaging her personal meat locker with an uncanny glee from rummaging through the precious memories.

"Oi, still up, Tyke?" she snickered and shook the gut, now able to reach the other end if she stretched her fingertips, the bulbous lumps of animate flesh grown less lively overtime. The shaking prompted a slew of motions, warping skin and a puppet-show of silhouettes playing on her abdomen.

"Hah, guess oi shouldn't have expected you'd already be-."

"Hooome, mommy has returned for her dearest little treasure~."

Bast's grip went limp, the photoframe tumbling to the ground. Before the mistress of the house entered the room, the teen had spun to meet her, heel kicking back the cracked frame under a cabinet.

"If it isn't the adorable rascal I hired, little darling Kasper hasn't been too much of a bother has h-."

Bast hushed her, eyes gesturing upstairs. "Darling's snoozing already, having fun all day sure tucks a tyke out," or tucks them in, she thought to herself, hoping that Liv wouldn't notice the tinge of sweat seeping out into the fresh fragrance of the living room.

"R-really, aha, it's, too nice of ya to drive me home to ma," Bast mumbled in the backseat, every few seconds adjusting the rind of her jumper skirt to cover her exposed tummy.

"The least I could do, for someone taking such splendid care of my treasure. I swear, I could not even hear him snore from his room, he always snores when he is nervous, had since he was a baby oho it could keep me up all night..."

Liv vent on a minor tangent, eyes dreaming towards the distance, rather in the rear view mirror where Bast struggled to pose and shield herself, smothering any semblance of disturbances swelling up. Thoughts of the dweeb snoring while using her colon for a sleeping bag spun her beaming expression in a hint of sadism.

"Mgmmrg, grrwllggm."

She stuffed her palms down over her stomach, hearing the faint coughing and squealing of the boy, and covering it up with her a pained yawn.

"Yynngngf... phaa, really now?" she asked, attentive and bubbly in her tone more so than her actions.

"Darling, are you positive that you are alright? I knew that eating raw dough was unhealthy, but for it to give you such swellings, it is downright macabre," Liv commented.

"Allergies, and oi couldn't help it, hard to say no to that, sweet, tasty little face. OOuph, still feels like it is rising in there," she complained and knocked her fist between her breasts.

-Hhourraalp- a gust of piquant, mince stained broth breath flooded through the teen's belch, to which Liv rolled down the window.

"Darling darling, yeast will do that do you, it is as my fatha said, do not trust mushrooms, they only show you what they want to show you," she chuckled and fanned the smog off her face, "I have to agree with you, dear, that boy just has the sweetest cheeks, when he gives one that curvy, happy smile, you know the one? When he does that, I Mm, I could just gobble him up on the spot, he is such a sugar-cube."

Bast's expression mellowed, a portion of stress melting away like glaze down a ham, gently nodding in return.

"Me too, mam', me too."