

*Kattul'Paogordo's*  
*Maya and Jill*

*Secrets*

An illustration of two women in profile, facing each other. The woman on the left has dark, curly hair and is wearing a gold earring. The woman on the right has long, straight red hair and is wearing square glasses. They are both looking at each other with a soft expression. Their hands are clasped together in front of them. The background is a warm, reddish-pink color with a subtle pattern of small white stars.

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A **Kattu/Paogordo** production



# *Contents*

<b>Contents</b>	<b>3</b>
<b>1 Act I: Adagio Sostenuto</b>	<b>4</b>
<b>2 Act II: Allegretto</b>	<b>14</b>
<b>3 Act III: Presto Agitato</b>	<b>39</b>

## *Chapter 1*

# *Act I: Adagio Sostenuto*

A scream tore through the night, leaving apprehension in its wake. From the birds in the trees to the mice scurrying through the grass, all creatures waited with tense muscles, watching the window of the house on the hill. A hand pressed up against the glass only to vanish a moment later.

It stood alone, the house on the hill. The surrounding land was boxed in with hedges and a lawn the size of a football stadium separated the building from the nearest border. An equally large manor could be seen in the distance, but even the shrillest noise a human could make would not pierce the distance. The residents of the house had liked their privacy; now it had been turned against them.

The scream rose again, past the chimneys and the turret. It was a female voice, begging, pleading, and though the re-

sponse was muffled, it was evidently not merciful. Another groan rocked the foundations, followed by silence. The animals began to move again, one by one, taking tentative steps before scurrying past. Tonight, they would hunt elsewhere. One curious owl, however, swooped low as it left, its sharp, brown eyes honed upon the source of the disturbance. What it saw through the window were two women, nested in a blanket of thick down, their well-muscled bodies shiny with sweat.

*Ah, the owl thought as it winged overhead, they were mating.*

One would be forgiven for assuming that they had been hunting each other for sport.

—

Inside, oblivious to the disturbance, Jill lay in a daze. Her red hair was splayed over the pillow behind her and her hand, slightly curled, twitched ever so slightly. She was staring at the ceiling where the wooden rafters appeared to be undulating. Her mind was empty. Her body felt full.

Laying between her legs was a woman. The rest of her lithe frame was curled against the expensive satin sheets, but her head rested on Jill's thigh, the frizzy strands of her afro prickling the sensitive white skin. With one hand, she ran her finger over her lover's leg, stroking up, then down.

A satisfied smirk stretched over plump lips.



“How was that?” she asked.

“My throat is still hoarse,” Jill said, clearing it. “I’ve never screamed like that before.”

“Honestly, you would have thought I was hurting you. You’ve done a number on my shoulders, you know.”

Jill glanced down to see the 8 red lines that lanced over

Maya's shoulder blades, then lower at the valley between her breasts. They formed divots in the bed sheets and if Jill squinted, she could just make out the brown nub of a nipple. Maya caught her eye and smiled.

“It's like you've never seen a woman before,” she said.

“Not like you,” Jill said.



How could Maya look so calm, so serene, when Jill was still full of electric desire? She tapped her tongue against the

roof of her mouth to clear the puddle of saliva that had been building against her soft palette. If Maya noticed the shift, she didn't mention it. Instead, she rolled on her back, placing her head against Jill's pelvis. Jill stared at the curves that made up her perfect body and imagined how they would feel going down her throat. She closed her eyes again. It didn't help.

"You're cute when you want to be," Maya mused. "Is the sadistic predator hiding beneath the charming exterior, or is it vice-versa? Have I reached the soft, marshmallowy core of you as a person?"

"Oh, the predator is always there," Jill said. "Don't worry about that."

"Who said I was worried?"

"You sounded disappointed."

"Did I?"

Maya flipped so that she was once again resting her chin on Jill's stomach. A slight vibration made her smile. Jill blushed the color of her hair.

"I like this little game of ours," Maya said. "But I won't lie when I admit that I'd love to see how you work when you're not being bashful. The girl that approached me at

the bar was so confident; so charismatic. Is it the fact that you thought that you'd be eating me that night that made you take me by the waist, or did I suck and nibble my way past your defenses? Be honest."

"You're devious, you know that?" Jill asked.

"I do."

"I only know one other girl quite as Machiavellian."

"You should introduce us."

Jill buried her face further into her arm. She could feel Maya lips as they brushed her stomach.

"You know I can't do that," she said.

"Why not? Haven't I proven myself?"

A finger whisked up Jill's thigh. The redhead shuddered.

"It's dangerous," she said.

"Life's dangerous," Maya said with a shrug. "I thought you liked danger."

"There's risk involved."

“Oh, honey, if you want to talk about risk, think about what I went through that first night. I thought the cops were going to kick down my door any moment.”

Jill remembered. She remembered all too well.

—

Maya had taken her to her apartment, a modern assembly on the south side of town. Nude portraits hung from the exposed brick alongside tapestries, shelves, and potted plants. Maya had pulled her into the bedroom and assured her that she had checked with her roommates. Nobody would be home that night.

It was standard. It should have been standard. Jill had spent the night downing drink after drink, avoiding the food as Maya talked about her life, her work. Maya was smarter than most of her other marks, sure, but Jill had been with smart women before. They tasted just as good.

Bar. Apartment. Maya's room. The night was a blur of different colors, mixing and swirling only to explode the moment that Maya's fingers first danced over Jill's body. She had cum thrice, each time thinking it was the apex, each time being wrong until she was a writhing mass of quivering limbs and shrill cries. Her stomach was rumbling, but she couldn't bring herself to eat. The emptiness just kept expanding and expanding until-



Maya's roommate showed up.

Jill knew that an opportunity like no other had just presented itself. Maya was laying on her side, asleep, and the apartment was quiet except for the sound of the keys turning in the lock. She had been watching Maya, drooling, whenever she reached forward to swallow her prone figure, she remembered the feeling of her tongue and stopped. She wanted to feel it again. So the sound of the keys in the lock was a blessing. Another person. Food at last.

She had slipped out of bed and into the kitchen without waking the girl. A light had turned on in the hall, silhouetting another beautiful, young woman. Jill waited in the shadows as she set her bag on the table and came toward her. Then she pounced.

It was over in an instant. The woman never saw her coming and Jill didn't play with her food. From the woman's perspective, she entered the hall, then entered a stomach. Jill slurped her down before she could make a peep.

"Finally," Jill had murmured, only to freeze.

Sheets rustled behind her.



Maybe that's what she had been hoping for the entire time. She couldn't bring herself to eat Maya in bed, but after witnessing her secret, there was no way that Jill could justify keeping her alive. She turned to face her lover and as she did, her stomach tapped against the wall. The girl inside screamed, sending a shiver down her spine.

“This is what I do,” she had said.

“Like a black widow,” Maya had answered.

Jill expected her to run. She had scoped the windows of the apartment and the ones in Maya's room only opened a few inches. While she was blocking the door, there was no means of escape, and yet Maya had walked calmly toward her. Jill waited, drooling, until her hands touched her gut.

“What does that feel like?” Maya had asked. “Carrying another person? Is it heavy?”

“It is,” Jill had responded. “I can do more, though.”

“Hmm.”

Maya's thumbs brushed over the place where her roommate's head pressed against Jill's skin. She traced her nose and her mouth and listened to her cries. When she looked up, there was a sad smile on her face.

“She was a good roommate, you know,” she said.

“I didn't,” Jill said. “It doesn't matter to me.”

“It mattered to me.”

Maya lowered her head and kissed her roommate's cheek. Jill watched, confused, as she held out her hand.

“C'mon,” Maya had said. “If you're going to eat me anyway, I might as well get a round 2.”

## *Chapter 2*

# *Act II: Allegretto*

“Did you buy this house, by the way?”

Maya ran a pick through her hair, watching in the mirror as Jill put on her panties. She loved the way Jill’s tits sagged when she bent, jiggling from side to side as she dressed. Even if Jill hadn’t said what she said next, Maya would have known that she had eaten recently. Her food always went to her chest.

“A family used to live here.”

“And now?”

“They live here,” Jill said, groping herself.



Maya suppressed the warmth she felt budding in her stomach. It was hard sometimes, when they digested, to remember that each of the people tortured inside of Jill were humans like her. Every day, it became easier to see them as meat.

“Tell me about it,” Maya said.

“Are you sure you want to know?”

“I do.”

“They were a family of 5,” Jill said, gesturing to a picture on the nightstand. “Mom, dad, 2 brothers and a sister. Rich, as you can see by the property, but corrupt in every way imaginable. The father was a retired politician that stonewalled aid packages when a tornado ripped through the state and the mother was his newest wife whom he slept with while still married. I swallowed the eldest son, first.”

“Did they deserve it? The brothers and the sister?”

“Maybe.”

“Tell me.”

—

It had been a tutoring job.

Jill, in her button-up and glasses, had arrived on a Saturday with her books in hand and the door had been answered by the father. His eyes stripped her bare as he grunted.

“Come in.”

Jill took in the grand foyer as she crossed the threshold. Research had given her a brief overview of Mr. Hartwell’s affairs, but she still found herself impressed by his grand flaunting of wealth. His pretty wife met them on the stairs, sneering at Jill. Her breasts were like inflated lumps of

gelatin beneath her skimpy dress.

“Kids are upstairs,” she said. “Wally and I have a date night.”

“Understood,” Jill said. “When will you return?”

“Dunno, sugar.”

Mr. Hartwell gave her another glance in passing before he left, earning her a glare from the missus. It didn't matter to Jill, though. This wasn't going to be a long job.

—

“How old were they?” Maya asked.

“What?” Jill said, snapping out of her trance.

“The kids.”

“I don't know. I didn't ask before I ate them. The eldest son was in his early twenties, as pretty as they come, and arrogant in the way that only money can buy.”

“So you're saying he deserved it,” Maya asked. She had finished applying her lipstick and was sitting on a pouf by the foot of the bed. Jill had taken her spot in front of the mirror, checking her skirt for stains.

“I’m not saying anyone deserved anything,” Jill said. “Do you want the rest of the story or not?”

“Go on.”

“Alright.”

—

The eldest son was waiting for her when she entered the library. His nose was a replica of his father’s; upturned at the end in a way that made him look supremely pompous. Long eyelashes fluttered as he extended a hand toward her. Jill took it, testing his strength.

“Father said you’d be coming,” he said. “I seem to be having some trouble with my chemistry homework. It isn’t finished, you see.”

“That is a problem,” Jill said with a smile.

She could see the sister watching from the railing. A platform circled the upper half of the library which contained wall to wall bookshelves. Sitting at a lamp-lit table in the corner of the room was the middle child. He didn’t take his eyes off of his book as the eldest continued.

“I was hoping,” he said, “that you could help me.”



He jerked his thumb toward an open textbook and an empty sheet of paper.

“I can,” Jill said.

“Oh, goodie! I’ll be in the drawing room. Come get me when you’re finished.”

Jill’s hand shot out and grabbed his arm. Immediately, his attitude soured.

“Get your hands off of me,” he said, wrenching against her grasp. The middle son had closed his book and was looking their way. The daughter stayed on her platform. “Get your hands off of me, now!”

“Not until you do your homework,” Jill said. “I’ll help.”

The eldest son wound his hand back as if to strike her, but when he swung, his arm disappeared. He stared, aghast, as Jill slurped down his fingers.

“You... what are you?” he asked.

Jill rolled her eyes. Her mouth was full. With a heave and a strength that scorned her size, she lifted the eldest son and swallowed him in three gulps, ending with her swollen belly stretch taut against the table. The middle son turned white. The daughter watched with wide eyes.

**HHyyuuUUUuuuuUUUuuRRP!**

“Alright,” Jill said, wiping her mouth. “Who’s next?”



—

“So the eldest son was a scumbag,” Maya said.

Jill had finished putting on her clothes and was searching through the drawers for an accessory. Maya had wandered into the hall during her speech to take a look through the

library doors. Even in the darkness, she could imagine the scene before her.

“Oh, I believe so,” Jill said.

“So 3 out of the 5 deserved it.”

“This seems to be quite the obsession with you,” Jill said, finding a necklace. It glittered in her hand. “Are you sure you want me to continue?”

“It’s not an obsession,” Maya said. “I think it adds flavor.”

“Flavor?”

“Yes,” Maya said, poking her head back through the door. “I like it more when they deserve it.”

“Ah, I see,” Jill said. “That’s why you’ve been feeding me pedophiles and abusers. They’re not my general clientele, Maya.”

“Who is, then?”

Jill pursed her lips. Besides girls like Maya... well, she took a lot of babysitting jobs. Easy, squirmy food with not much resistance. If it had been Emily asking, she would have gone into detail about her last gig, but Maya seemed to be stuck on an arbitrary point, so she dropped it.

“Who’s our mark tonight?” Jill asked.

“His name is Adam Defontaine and you’re avoiding my question,” Maya said.

Her arms were folded under her own considerable chest. God, how Jill just wanted to kiss her.

“I don’t know,” Jill said impatiently. “People. Whoever. It doesn’t matter to me, alright, as long as they go down quick and easy. What do you care? You love watching.”

“I-”

Now it was Maya’s turn on the back foot. She bit her lip and looked into the hall, avoiding Jill’s piercing eyes. Eventually, her shoulders lowered.

“Yeah, I guess I do,” she said. “It’s new to me, Jill.”

“I know,” Jill said, reaching out a hand. “Come here.”

Maya came without trepidation - a fact which Jill found both endearing and disturbing. When Maya reached her, Jill had to gulp down a mouthful of saliva that had been collecting on her tongue. She hadn’t realized she was drooling.

“Look,” Jill said, taking Maya’s hand. “I never claimed to be a good person.”

“And I never accused you of being one,” Maya said.

“But I’m not all bad.”

Maya pursed her lips. Eating people, no, killing people was morally wrong. Jill ate people regularly. In every sense, turning Jill in would be justified, but even after that first night where Jill had let her go, when she stood with the phone in her hands and 911 dialed, she just couldn’t do it. She had poured herself a drink and sat in her roommate’s room sipping it until the sun came up. Christy was gone. Digested. Jill had swallowed her whole and alive and had processed her while she was still screaming, so why?

Why did it turn her on?

Jill seemed to be waiting for a response, so Maya kissed her to shut her up. As she did, something buzzed in Jill’s purse.

“That’ll be the mark,” Jill whispered against Maya’s chin. “Are you coming with?”

“Of course I am,” Maya sighed. “It’s not like I have anything else to do tonight.”

—

The apartment complex was five stories tall and Antonio

Defontaine lived on the third floor. That meant there were four sets of neighbors; two on either side and one above and below. Maya made sure that the duct tape was at the front of her purse before she rang the doorbell. She heard something rustling on the other side.

“Who is it?”

“Isabelle Strickland.”

“Coming.”

Jill stood off to one side, looking down the hall. An older gentleman was checking the mailbox downstairs. Besides that, the coast was clear.

As a pair of footsteps stopped on the other side of the door, Maya stood back. A shadow fell over the peephole.

“You’re skinnier than in the photo you sent,” Antonio grunted.

A chain rattled, then dropped. Jill pulled the duct tape out of her bag.

“Is that going to be a problem?” Maya asked.

“Nah. Come on i-”

The door opened to reveal a young, handsome man in a robe. As soon as he took a single step past the threshold, Jill pounced.

Duct tape over the mouth. Wrists secured to his sides. The man was bigger than Jill, but Jill had the element of surprise. His face was on her tongue before he even had the notion to scream.

“Mmph!”

Maya walked inside and closed the door. She watched with abject fascination as Jill went about her grisly work.

First, she smothered him. His head entered her throat and she locked it there while he thrashed against her. Then, once his oxygen was gone and he was more placid, she got to work on swallowing him.

A lump appeared in Jill’s throat, sliding smoothly down between her breasts until it stopped. Jill adjusted. Maya could hear his cries resonating through her smooth skin and they entranced her.

She took a step forward and Jill let her come. Maya’s fingers traveled up beneath her shirt to rest on the lump of the man’s head. She could feel him through Jill’s rib cage, gasping for air. Was it hot in there? Tight? What did it smell like, trapped inside of a girl as sweet as Jill? What would it

be like waiting in the dark for her stomach to turn you to mud?

Jill allowed Maya to play for as long as she could stand. Her tongue traced circles over the man's shirt, easing up and under his belt to caress his rigid member. It had always intrigued her, the number of erections she had swallowed. Were men just perverts or was there some kind of sinister pleasure in being consumed; the body's way of experiencing one last jolt of dopamine before it succumbed to her bubbling gut? Maya's hands felt good on her breasts, but after five minutes, her jaw was getting sore and what she really wanted was a belly rub. Jill stepped backwards and swallowed hard.





## ULP!

The concentric rings that made up her esophagus squeezed around her prey. His oxygen had been replaced with the foul air of her stomach and while he squirmed, his movements were weak. Poor creature. He was a dying mouse caught in a trap and she was his merciful executioner. Gulping again, she slid him all the way to her pelvis. Her stomach drooped low.

## SNAP!

“What was that?” Maya asked.

Jill gestured with her eyes. Maya blushed as Jill’s bra landed on the floor, the clasp snapped clean in two.

“Right,” Maya said.

With more room to breathe in her stomach, Adam started to wriggle. Jill had to hold him with both hands to keep him from tipping her over, but her throat was well lubricated at that point and no amount of resistance was going to keep her from enjoying her meal. Tilting all the way back, she opened her throat in as straight a tube as she could make it and allowed gravity, rather than the force of her muscles, to ease him into her innards. Once his feet had passed her esophagus, she closed her mouth and clicked her jaw back into place.

“There,” she said, putting a hand on her stomach. “Much better.”

Maya took Jill by the arm and led her into Adam’s living room. His apartment was furnished tastefully, with expensive leather furniture and refined wall decorations, but it was apparent that the man who had occupied the apartment was less than diligent. A pile of discarded socks had to be swept off of the sofa, along with a cluster of beer cans.

Jill lay back against the leather as Maya tidied up. She

watched her over her glasses, shivering as Adam shifted inside of her.

“Maya.”

“Hmm?”

“Come here.”

Maya continued to clean the floor. She had found a vacuum somewhere in the closet and was using it to suck up all of the dust and debris. Jill followed her swinging hips as she worked.

“Maya,” she said.

There was a hint of a whine in her voice that she hated. Maya had her back turned, but Jill was sure that she saw her smile. Her stomach was starting to bubble and pop. Soon, Adam would turn soft. The thought alone was enough to make Jill wet.

“Maya, damn it, what do you want?”

Maya stopped the vacuum and looked over her shoulder. Jill’s breaths were coming in short spurts. Her stomach rippled with fresh prey, pushing her shirt up and over her breasts which heaved as Jill rubbed herself against the couch. Somewhere in the next apartment, a television turned on.

Maya walked toward her as a sitcom laugh track played.

“Do you need something?” she asked, placing a hand on Jill’s stomach. A small rub let her know where Adam’s face was. The man was begging for his life.

“You - know - what - I - need,” Jill gasped.

Her eyes crossed as Adam slithered in a small circle. She was so close to putting her hand between her legs, but with Maya sitting there, staring at her, she knew that she couldn’t. Maya’s lips twitched again. She was definitely smiling.

“You have very little self control,” she said.

“I know.”

“You could really use a handler.”

“Maya.”

“All you would have to do is introduce me to your friends.”

Jill groaned. Her hips bucked up to meet Maya’s hand. Maya’s fingers slid beneath her skirt.

“I want you to introduce me to your friends,” she repeated.

Jill couldn’t speak except to utter a low whine. Maya’s

fingers continued to stroke her soaked panties, dancing circles around her clit, but never quite rubbing it. Jill's stomach bubbled like it had never bubbled before. Soon, the man would be slush. Soon, she would need release.

Maya didn't wait for an answer before she hooked Jill's panties with her nails and slid them down her thighs. They left a trail as they flopped onto the sofa. Maya's hair scraped against Jill's waist.

And then her tongue was there and nothing else mattered.

With her head between Jill's thighs, she was free to let out the breath she had been holding since she had arrived in the apartment. Her mind was swimming with the image of Jill, freshly fed, her stomach large and plump and bulging with a man who would soon be digested. Sweat glistened on her brow. Her nails dug into Jill's knees.

What was wrong with her?

Maya's tongue completed its first waltz around Jill's clit. She couldn't see in the dark, but she didn't need to. Every shudder told her where she needed to go. Every groan was a cry of victory. Maya pressed the flat of her tongue hard to Jill's labia and traced a path up and over the hill, ending with a slurp that set Jill's stomach bouncing against the top of her head. Adam's cock was pressed against the base. Maya reached up and gave it a squeeze.

“Mmmph!”

Both Jill and Adam jolted; Adam because the sensation had surprised him and Jill because any movement was enough to send a tingle through her spine. She had one of her knuckles pressed between her teeth. Her other hand circled one of her breasts.

“You haven’t promised,” Maya said.

Jill was so sensitive that just her breath was enough to put her on edge. She was close, so close, but Maya was letting her go so easily.

“Dangerous,” she managed to grunt. “Bad idea.”

“Why?”

Maya’s tongue flicked out. Jill wailed.

“Because they’re - not - good - people - oh!”

Maya had reached up to press both of her hands against Jill’s pelvic bone. Her thumbs kept Jill’s labia clear as her tongue did the rest of the work.

“Are we?” Maya asked.

**SLURP!**

“Fuck! Are we what?”

**SLURP!**

“Good people.”

“Ah, I don’t-”

**SLURP!**

“I don’t know!”

Adam, who had been slowing since the start of their session, let out a final, strangled gurgle as the tide of stomach acids overwhelmed him. Jill’s stomach gave a violent shake as his feet pounded on the wall, then went still. Her hips were raised in the air. Her skin was dripping with sweat. Maya was holding her on the edge of the knife and one more lick would send her spinning, spinning, and she didn’t know where she would crash next.

Maya leaned forward. Jill screamed.

Her stomach came down to bury Maya beneath her as she twitched and shuddered. Maya was nearly drowned in her cunt, squeezed as she was between Jill’s thighs with her nose pressed deep in her girlfriend’s folds. When Jill relaxed, she pulled back, soaked, and gasped for air. Jill watched her as she fell back on the opposite side of the couch, clutching

her chest.

“You’re too good at that,” she said.

“Thanks,” Maya said. “I’ve practiced.”

“No, I mean you’re way too good at that.”

Maya turned her head toward the couch. Her ears were still ringing.

“I am to please,” she said.

Jill was leaning forward over her stomach which folded between her legs. All of the bumps had smoothed into one soft, malleable surface.

“I’m still hungry,” she said.

“You can’t possibly be,” Maya said, fighting the rising excitement in her chest. “You literally just ate.”

“But I normally eat two or three people at once.”

“I only prepared one.”

“About that.”

Jill nudged her head toward the wall. The television was



still playing on max volume. Beneath it, Maya could hear at least two people laughing.

“No,” Maya said.

“Why not?”

“Because we don’t know them. They’re innocent.”

“Or they could be child molesters. Did you ever think of that?” Jill asked.

“They’re not child molesters,” Maya scoffed.

“How would you know?”

“Because what are the fucking odds?”

“Alright, alright,” Jill conceded. “But I am hungry, and weren’t you the one that was curious about what my stomach looked like after I ate that politician’s family?”

Maya bit her lip. Yes, she had been curious. She had only seen Jill eat more than two people once and the image was stuck in her head. Jill had looked so... content. The thought made Maya wet. God, she was fucked up.

“I should have come over when you called,” Maya said, “but you also said that they were bastards. We don’t know

the people next door?”

“Why do you care?” Jill asked.

“Because-”

But before Maya could say anything to the contrary, Jill rolled on top of her and pinned her beneath her stomach. One of her knees came up to brush against Maya’s crotch. Maya’s nails tore a strip from the sofa.

“C’mon,” Jill said.

Her hair fell like a halo of fire around her shoulders. Maya tried to move, but the weight of two individuals was too much for her. Besides, Jill’s skin was warm. Soft. It vibrated slowly against her chest and if she listened, she could hear Adam’s transformation inside.

Jill watched as her exterior crumbled. Easing down, she planted her lips on Maya’s and Maya reciprocated. They started slow, at first, but soon they couldn’t keep their hands off of each other. Maya took huge handfuls of Jill’s flesh and massaged it between her fingers. Jill grabbed Maya’s thighs, her hips, her sides, kissing a trail down her body until her mouth stopped over Maya’s jeans.

“Do you want this?” she asked.

“God damn it, girl, you know that I do.”

“Good,” Jill said, unzipping her with her mouth, “because I wasn’t stopping.”

The next thirty minutes passed in a blur. Maya knew that it was a bribe. She knew that Jill was just buttering her up to ask again, but her mind was mush and she couldn’t come to any rational conclusions while Jill writhed on top of her. By the time they were finished, Maya’s hair was a disheveled mess and she was halfway off of the sofa. Jill’s breasts had grown at least a cup in just the time they had been there. They sagged against Maya’s as she leaned in close.

“Please?” Jill asked.

How was Maya supposed to say no to that? She closed her eyes. It wasn’t like she knew the people in the next apartment. Maybe they really were pedophiles. Maybe they had robbed a bank or something or killed their landlord. Who knew? Who could judge? And she wanted to see Jill large again. Her stomach was shrinking and Maya wondered what it would look like if it expanded, bigger and bigger until it filled up the entire room. Maybe Jill could eat the rest of the neighbors too.

What are you thinking? Her fevered brain asked, but she wasn’t listening to it anymore.

“Sure,” was all she said. “Why not?”

## *Chapter 3*

# *Act III: Presto Agitato*

The apartment complex was quiet as Maya opened the door. A light wind blew across the concrete hall, bringing with it the scent of the city. Similar buildings went on for block after block, all the way to the horizon where Maya could see the skyscrapers that dominated the skyline. Her hair whipped against her forehead as she waited for Jill. She didn't have to wait long.

Jill had found an oversized tee shirt among the piles of the laundry Adam had left around his apartment. It hung loose over her belly, creating a hump that could have been mistaken for a pregnancy. From afar. If they weren't looking that closely.

“You ready?” she asked, taking Maya's hand.

“I guess,” Maya sighed. “Let’s do this.”

A wreath hung on the door next door. There were three names on the placard: Grant, Pilson, and Medina.

“Shared living,” she said. “Are you sure about this, Jill?”

“I’m sure,” Jill said, standing to the side. “Just knock.”

Maya knocked.

She could hear laughter coming from beyond the door. The television had been turned off and music was playing - an instrumental swing with an odd tempo. As a pair of footsteps approached, Maya fingered the hem of her shirt. This was so awkward, but...

A young woman answered the door. She was short. 5’2”, maybe, barely coming up to Maya’s chest, but with the posture of someone with confidence to spare. She tilted her head as she looked up at Maya.

“Who are you?” she asked.

“Erm, Stacy,” Maya said. “I’m here to see your roommate.”

“Which one?”

Maya stepped back. Jill stepped forward. The woman

didn't even have time to scream as she was picked up and stuffed into Jill's mouth. With a wet gulp, she was swallowed.

“See?” Jill said, wobbling. “Easy.”



Maya glanced at Jill's stomach which had expanded into one huge, freckled mass beneath her oversized shirt. The swing music reached a peak, then dipped, and in the resulting silence, Maya heard someone calling from inside.

“Yo, Juni, who’s at the door.”

Jill smiled and placed a finger to her lips. They stepped into the apartment and closed the door behind them.

In contrast with Adam’s apartment, the room next door was slapdash, but neat. A threadbare, grey sofa dominated the center of the living room. Three blankets hung over the back, along with a cotton sweater and a bra. A half dozen coats were draped on the hangers in the entryway and the air was warm and smelled of garlic. Someone was humming in the kitchen, occasionally singing in a language that Maya didn’t understand.

It was nice. Cozy. These people were enjoying their peaceful existence without any inkling that they were all about to be devoured for sexual sport.

Maya couldn’t wait.

It wasn’t that she didn’t feel guilty for what was happening. Her throat had constricted the moment she stepped into the happy home, but one look at the hungry glint in Jill’s eyes had relit the fire that had started in Adam’s apartment. She wanted to see Jill’s stomach expand. She wanted to watch her eat. She wanted to know that beneath the bloated skin, there were people with lives and livelihoods slowly melting down into breast fat for a girl she couldn’t help but fall in love with.



“Juni? Juniper? Girl, you okay? Who was it?”

The humming in the kitchen stopped.

“What’s up?” came a distracted voice.

“Nothing. Can you check to see if Juniper is still at the door? I’m in my towel.”

“Uh huh.”

The kitchen was adjacent to the living room. A rectangular chunk had been cut out of the wall and replaced with a low bar. Three stools stood empty on the living room side, but a pot of steaming vegetables had been set on the counter. Maya saw a flash of blonde hair before a girl appeared in the doorway.

She was tall and fat, with a jovial face that lit up at the sign of guests. In one hand, she held a spatula and in the other, a half-eaten croissant. Jill had moved behind Maya to hide her stomach, so Maya was the one to step forward first.

“Are you June’s friends?” the girl asked. “She’s always inviting people over without telling us. I’m making spaghetti, if you want some, and if you wait, there will be garlic bread and meatballs. Oh! I’m Nell, by the way.”

“Hi Nell,” Maya said, feeling the heat rush to her cheeks. Jill’s stomach bounced against her back. “Um, my name is Stacy and this is-”

“Jill.”

Nell’s eyes widened as Jill stepped out from behind Maya. A muffled scream echoed from beneath her shirt, followed by a low, ominous gurgle.

“Oh,” Nell said quietly. “Uh.”

Her spatula trembled as Jill gently took her hand, placing the utensil on the counter. Nell meeped as a finger came up to caress her lips, then down to pluck at the buttons on her blouse.

“I, uh, don’t quite... what’s going on?”

“Nothing,” Jill said. “I’m just making this easier for myself.”

With a twist of her wrist, Nell’s shirt dropped to the floor, revealing her own, prodigious stomach. Nell crossed her arms over her breasts as Jill traced a line across her shoulder. Juniper’s fists made wet slapping sounds as they pummeled her belly.

“I think there’s been some kind of misunderstanding,”

Nell said, laughing quietly. She tried to take a step back, but Jill held onto her. “I’m not, er, gay, not that there’s anything wrong with that, and it’s kind of impolite to... to...”

Her voice trailed off as Jill’s mouth opened. Maya couldn’t see what Nell saw, but the girl’s face went stark white and the croissant dropped from her nerveless fingers.

“J- June?”

**SLURP!**

Maya stepped forward just in time to see Jill’s throat stretch like a bullfrog’s, enormous with the load of Nell’s frame. The girl’s chunky legs kicked uselessly in the air as Jill lifted her, gulping her down a little at a time. Juniper continued to kick and scream as her roommate’s head broke through the sloppy knot that separated the esophagus from the stomach.

Jill leaned back and closed her eyes. Saliva leaked out from the corners of her lips, pooling on the kitchen tiles as she braced herself in the doorframe. Maya watched, mesmerized, as her whole gullet seemed to expand at once, up and over Nell’s ass until all that remained were her feet, twitching in the back of Jill’s throat. Jill turned and brought her mouth down to Maya’s face. She swallowed Nell’s feet with a tiny gluck.

“You like that?” she whispered.



Maya nodded.

“Nell, what the fuck, something’s burning on the stove. Did you find out where Juni went? Brad’s gonna be here any second now.”

The timer on the oven was beeping. Maya hadn’t even noticed. She pushed past Jill, goosebumps raising on her arms as she brushed her distended stomach, and tapped

the timer. A plume of smoke rose from the oven when she opened it. The smoke detector started to beep.

“Yo, Nell! Nell? God damn it.”

Maya was already ducking under the table by the time she heard the footsteps in the hall. Jill had stepped back into the entryway. It could be seen from the living room, but not the kitchen. A girl ran into the kitchen holding a towel to herself as she pulled on an oven mitt and took out the burning garlic bread. Slapping it on the counter, she looked around.

“Juni? Nell? If you guys are hiding to make a joke, I’ll kill you. You almost burned down the damn apartment? Nell? Juni?”

Her voice wavered as nobody came out of hiding. Maya watched her bare legs turn a full circle.

“Guys, not funny. We promised not to do this to each other. Did Brad put you up to it? I bet it was him at the door. Brad, you chucklefuck, come on, you know I hate being scared. Brad?”

Jill pressed her stomach up against the wall to keep the two occupants from shouting. Even still, she couldn’t stop its heavy gurgle. The sound echoed through the apartment, making Maya tingle. The sound did not have the same effect

on the already terrified girl.

There was a grating noise as steel was pulled from a drawer.

“I have a knife,” the girl called. “Whoever the fuck is there, come out now. I’m serious. I’m about to call the police. If this is a prank, it is not funny. Come out, now!”

A knock on the door caused her to shriek. Jill, whose back had been pressed against it, stumbled forward into the light just as the girl rounded the corner. For a second, they just stared at each other, and then Maya came up behind her, swinging a chair.

**CRACK!**

The chair missed the girl’s arm, but hit the edge of the knife, sending it spinning just as Jill twisted on her hips. Her stomach came up in a lazy arc, battering the girl against the wall. The girl dropped, unconscious, in a heap.

“Hey, it’s Brad! What was that? Can someone let me in?”

The two girls in Jill’s stomach cried out warnings, but their voices were muffled. Maya could see one of them - probably Juniper - with her face pressed up against the other’s tits. They were stuffed like sausages in the tiny space, and it was about to get a whole lot smaller. Jill grinned at

Maya. Her hand was on the doorknob.

“This is for you,” she said.

The man had his fist raised to knock again as the door swung open in front of him. Jill’s hand shot out and grabbed his shirt, pulling him inside. The door closed with a definitive slam.

“Hi, Brad.”

**ULP!**

“Ooh, I gotta watch out,” Jill said, wobbling out of the entryway. Her stomach knocked a portrait off the wall as she steadied herself with outstretched arms. “A few more people and I won’t be able to leave the apartment for a while.”

“Would that be such a bad thing, you glutton?” Maya asked.

There were four people inside of Jill’s stomach; three if you didn’t count the digested one. Maya tried to pick out the shape of each of their bodies as they flashed beneath Jill’s stretched skin. Arms lay in tangled heaps. Juniper’s head was stuck between Nell’s thighs and Brad’s face was nose deep in her ass. All three moved with sluggish urgency, but Jill’s stomach was a containment cell that couldn’t be

breached. She sat on the couch and sighed as their weight distributed across her long, beautiful thighs.

“I’ve gotta bring a cart to these things,” she said, brushing her hair behind her ear. “You okay, Maya?”

Maya was leaning against the wall with her knuckle in front of her lips. Every few seconds, she would fidget.

Jill smiled.

“It looks like someone’s hot and bothered,” she said, lifting her stomach. The space beneath it was heavily shadowed, but Maya could make out Jill’s soaked panties. “Want me to help with that?”

“You’re asking me to eat you out and yet you’re saying that you’re helping me?” Maya asked.

“I’m saying it seems like you want to be buried beneath my belly so that you can feel my helpless plaything’s struggles as they digest.”

“And what about the last girl?”

Jill glanced at the girl still unconscious against the kitchen wall. Her towel had slipped off, giving them a great view of her tight, athletic body.



“Feed her to me.”

Maya stopped with her hands on Jill’s stomach. Their eyes met. Jill’s lips quirked as Maya gulped.

“Excuse me?” Maya said.

“You heard it the first time,” Jill said. “Come on. You know you want to.”

Maya looked back at the girl on the floor. She was young, early 20’s maybe, with dyed blonde hair and a healthy complexion. From the pendants on the wall, Maya could assume that she was in college. Her whole life was ahead of her, and yet...

Well, her boyfriend is already in Jill’s stomach, Maya thought as she grabbed the girl’s limp arm.

Heaving, she dragged her across the carpet toward Jill. The girl stirred as she moved, but it wasn’t until Maya had draped her over Jill’s stomach that she opened her eyes. A long, wet, pink corridor greeted her return to consciousness.

“Feed me,” Jill demanded.

“Wait,” the girl cried as Maya pushed her head forward between Jill’s lips. “Wait, wait, wait, what is happening? I don’t understand. Why are you doing this?”

Jill's tongue oozed beneath her chin, smothering her in fresh saliva. Her stomach shifted beneath the girl as Juniper's face came to the forefront.

“Run, Ashley!” she yelled. “Run!”

Ashley screamed, battering away at the face until it returned to the amorphous blob, but Maya kept pushing until her head was locked squarely between Jill's jaws. Then, stepping back, she took Ashley's legs and lifted.

“Don't be afraid,” Maya heard herself say. “You're going to see your boyfriend.”

“Brad!” Ashley wailed. “Brad, help! Brad!”

A flurry of punches shook Jill's innards as Brad made a desperate attempt at escape. Nell cried out as one of his elbows clocked her in the jaw, resulting in a full-scale brawl of three thoroughly saturated college students. Jill tried to close her throat against the onslaught, but they were moving too much. There was a loud rumble, and then:

**BBBwwwAaAaaAARRRRP!**

Ashley shuddered and went limp. Her shoulders sagged against Jill's lips where she hung, unconscious once more.

“Gross,” Maya said as she tilted her the rest of the way

into Jill's mouth. "What a way to go."

Jill rolled her eyes as her throat bobbed. The last of the roommates was gone and now they were alone in the apartment. Mostly.



"Do you think they can feel when I do this?" Maya asked, pressing her palm into Jill's pelvis.

"I'm sure they can," Jill said. "Now are you going to spend the rest of the evening tormenting my prey, or are you going

to give me what we came here for?”

“I thought we came here to satiate your gluttony,” Maya said. She couldn’t see Jill’s face behind the pile of her stomach, but she knew that look by heart; Jill was looking down at her over her nose, impatient as ever.

“In a way, we are,” Jill said. “Gluttony is defined as consuming in excess.”

“You mean to consume me?”

“In a way.”

Maya smiled. She kissed Jill’s thigh.

“I’m not sure you deserve this,” she said.

Her hands spread out over Jill’s crotch. Jill spread her legs to give Maya more room to cover. She had soaked through her shorts which Maya peeled away from her thigh, tossing them behind her. Over the sound of Jill’s active stomach, Maya thought she heard her breath hitch. Glutton indeed.

But she didn’t want to go down on her. As fun as being buried beneath her enormous stomach was, it was a little painful when her victims were still hard and whole. No, she would save that for when Jill’s stomach was nothing more than a doughy ball, because right now, she wanted

something else.

“Scootch.”

Jill looked up in surprise as Maya appeared on the couch next to her. It was a tight squeeze given her size.

“I’m not looking to cuddle,” Jill said.

“Neither am I,” Maya said, kissing her twice. “I just want to try something.”

Planting her shoulder beneath Jill’s stomach, she heaved. Pain lanced through her arm. Adjusting herself, Maya tried again.

Her fingers brushed Jill’s clit on the third attempt. She had to ease down on the sofa, burying herself beneath Jill’s breast and her armpit, but at last she had found a good position. Jill grunted as Maya spread her labia, gliding a finger up the wet folds until it rested atop the clitoral hood. Maya gave an experimental swirl. Jill’s stomach growled.

“Maya,” Jill warned.

“What?” Maya asked. “Are you still hungry? After all this? You think if I tease you enough, you’ll eat me?”

“I could,” Jill said. “You know that.”

“Yeah, but you won’t, because if you do, you won’t get any more of this.”

Maya pressed down and let her knuckle sink into Jill’s folds. The sound she made was anything but feminine.

“You’re so bad at reciprocation,” Maya laughed as Jill started to breathe harder. Keeping multiple people in her stomach was taking its toll. “I’m not surprised you haven’t held a girl for more than a few months.”

“I - usually - eat - them,” Jill huffed.

Her eyes were closed and her glasses were askew. Maya kissed her cheek. It was so cute to see her so flustered.

“I figured,” Maya said. “But are you going to eat me?”

The people inside of Jill were beginning to beg in earnest. A hand stretched through the skin to brush against Maya’s arm. She shuddered. Her crotch was buried beneath a bulge that might have been one of their heads, or perhaps a shoulder, but the pressure was making her feel some kind of way. If she bent her hips – yes, there it was. Whenever the victim twitched, Maya twitched with them. Reciprocation at last.

Jill had gone quiet. At first, Maya thought that she was just lost in ecstasy, but then she realized that she was still thinking about her question.

“I’m not,” Jill said at last. One of her hands traced a line beneath her oversize breast, but the other came down to grasp Maya’s arm. She turned to find herself gazing into the clear, green eyes of an earnest woman. She had never seen Jill look so serious.

“I’m glad,” Maya said, then smirked. “Any reason why?”

“You know the reason,” Jill grumbled.

“I want you to say it.”

“Finish your job.”

“A job now, is it? Jobs require payment, you know.”

“I can feel you humping my stomach, you know.”

“Mmm, but that’s work for me as well. Now, if you were to turn – oof – yeah, okay, that’s nice.”

Inside of Jill, three women and a man listened in complete disbelief as the two lovers went at it. They could feel every slap of the hip, every kiss, every grinding swirl of an arm or a hand or eventually, a tongue, followed by an influx of stomach acids as Jill released twice, crunching them all together. Nell was crying. Ashley’s arm was dug hard into her own soft stomach and Brad’s mouth was pressed between her cheeks. He hadn’t moved in a while. Only Juniper con-

tinued to fight, though it quickly became clear that the effort was useless. Jill was digesting them, and she was having fun while doing it.

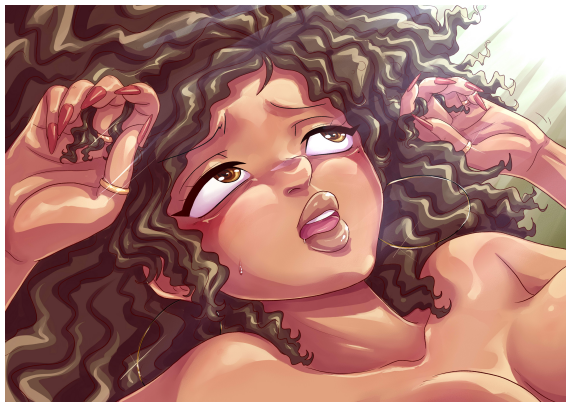


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Maya woke to the sound of an alarm that wasn't her own. She lay there, eyes closed, basking in the warmth as the buzzing continued, growing louder and louder until she opened her eyes.



Whose apartment were they in?



The time after Jill's feast was hazy. Maya remembered getting Jill off with a vibrator she had found in one of the girl's rooms – Nell's? – before finding a couple of glasses and a bottle of wine. Then they... oh, one of the neighbors came by to ask that they turn down the music. Maya didn't think that Jill could still move, but dragging her overfull stomach across the floor, Jill proved her wrong, swallowing the guy before realizing that his girlfriend was in the hall. Maya had to chase her down and then they had to clear out

that apartment. More sex. More eating.



Jill's stomach had inflated to the size of a small car, but now that some hours had passed, the bumps had smoothed out and the skin had flattened. Something else had grown, however.

“Holy shit,” Maya muttered to herself.

Jill was laying on the sofa with one arm flopped off the side. Her tits, resting on the top of her stomach, were each

twice the size of a watermelon. How did they stay so perky?

“Good morning,” Jill said, spitting a strand of hair out of her mouth. She groaned as she attempted to roll sideways, only to be stopped by the jiggling mound of fat. Maya giggled and went to the kitchen.

“Guess I’ll be playing maid until you can move again,” she said.

“I want you in a uniform.”

“Some day. Coffee?”

“Please.”

Maya turned on the machine and waited, watching as Jill rubbed her eyes. The apartment they had ended the night in was a studio. Instruments lay everywhere. Maya didn’t remember who they had belonged to.

“Here,” she said once the coffee was done. She placed a mug in Jill’s hands. “Do you need help sitting up?”

“No. Give me a second. Take the mug back.”

Jill wrenched herself sideways, carrying her stomach with her. It slapped against the coffee table as it came down, chipping a piece off of the side.



“Oops.”

“Oops indeed,” Maya said, handing her the mug again. “How long will it take for you to look normal?”

“Normal?” Jill asked. “Honey, by the time I’m done with this lot, my tits will be Guinness Book of World Records worthy. I’m gonna have to get a wheelbarrow to walk these girls home.”

To emphasize her point, she held her left tit up to her

head. It was larger by an order of magnitude.

“So it all goes to your chest?” Maya asked.

“And ass,” Jill said. “Honestly, it can be a pain. I know someone who can eat a whole army and have every ounce go to her bust.”

“You should introduce us.”

“No.”

“Really?” Maya asked, standing up. “After all of that, you still don’t trust me?”

“It’s not that I don’t trust you,” Jill said, backtracking, “it’s that I don’t trust them.”

“I’m an adult! I can handle myself!”

“They’ll eat you.”

“You’d let them?!?”

“No!” Jill said, trying to stand. Her stomach prevented her from moving. “God damn it, Maya, they’re not good people!”

Maya looked around at the empty apartment. She looked

at Jill and the result of the 12 people she had fed her. She looked at herself, naked, in someone else's room, and at her ruined panties. Her hands slowly dropped to her sides.

“Neither are we, Jill,” she said.

And to that, there was no response.

## *Epilogue*

“Where have you been? I haven’t seen you in like, a month.”

“Oh, you know. Here and there.”

Jill lay on her back on the couch, tossing a ball in the air. Every time she did, her breasts bounced, followed by Emily’s envious gaze. The brat sat backwards in her chair with her chin in her arms, bored.



“You’ve definitely eaten people,” she muttered. “You used to be cool.”

“Was it stories you wanted?”

“Yes!”

“Too bad.”

Emily stuck out her tongue and turned toward the door. Her foot wouldn’t stop tapping.



“I wonder what’s taking Gabi so long.”

“She probably got held up at the store,” Jill said. “People are always trying to hit on us. It’s not something you would understand.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Emily asked, whipping around. “People hit on me!”

Jill shot a pointed glance at Emily’s flat chest. Emily was just about to hit her with a couch pillow when the doorknob rattled.

“Gabi,” Emily cried, dropping the pillow. “I bet, I bet, I bet she ate someone.”

“Your enthusiasm is uncanny,” Jill groaned as she set herself on her feet. Emily was already at the door, trying to look through the keyhole. She gave a whoop.

“She did!”

Gabi entered the room stomach-first, looking embarrassed. Her arms were crossed over her chest where her bra hung, snapped in half, shirt barely covering the ample orbs that rested on top of her huge belly. The skin was drawn back to reveal the outline of a man who was curled up with his head between his legs. Every few seconds, he would move.



“Who is that?” Emily demanded, rushing to grab her a chair. “Why did it take you so long? Did he try to touch your tits?”

“No, no,” Gabi wheezed, taking the chair gratefully. “Thanks, it was murder trying to climb all of those stairs. Why do you have to live on the third floor, Jill?”

“City living,” Jill said with a shrug. “And you could have called us. I would have picked you up.”

Gabi blushed. Though she wouldn't admit it, Jill thought she rather liked the idea of having more witnesses. That way, she got to eat more people.

"I was, er, taking care of business," Gabi said.

Emily bounced around like a puppy until Gabi promised to tell her the story. Then she set about grabbing everything Gabi asked for. A footstool, a blanket, and a cup of hot tea were all brought out in short order. Jill was impressed. It was normally impossible to get Emily to do anything, but when she was motivated, she made quite the host. Once Gabi was properly tucked in, she took a sip of tea and sighed.

"It was really silly, actually," she said. "I'm not sure if I had to eat him or not. You know the guy at the coffee shop last week?"

Jill shook her head. Emily nodded.

"The one that slapped your ass," she said. "You ate him out back by the dumpster and dad had to come and pick you up."

"Yeah," Gabi said, scratching her stomach. It let out a damp gurgle as the man inside shifted. The tea must have been scalding his shoulders. "Anyway, I didn't tell dad at the time because I knew he would freak out, but as we left, I saw this guy, er, I forgot his name, but he was coming out

the back door with the trash. Like, there was probably no way that he saw anything, but he had seen my face inside of the shop, you know? Like, what if people put up posters for the first guy and he saw them and connected the dots?"

"That would have been a huge leap to make," Jill said, earning a nudge from Emily. The short blond was leaning forward in her seat, wide-eyed.

"It was because he might have been a witness," Emily said. "Simple as that."

"I guess," Gabi said, suppressing a belch.

Jill nibbled on her fingertips and tried to ignore the roiling in her stomach. She had deleted all of the pictures of Maya from her phone only moments before Emily arrived, and now, even though she didn't regret her decision, it still made her want to cry.

"You okay?" Emily asked.

"Yeah," Jill said, wiping her cheek. "Sorry, something was caught in my lash. Was he hard to eat, Gabs?"

"No," Gabi admitted, leaning forward. "I went to his door and he invited me inside. I think he might have, uh, thought I was going to kiss him, so he closed his eyes and just let me do it."

“Ha, idiot,” Emily snorted. “I do have a question, though.”

“Hmm?”

“Why don’t you eat Lily? Isn’t she a witness?”

Jill sat upright in her chair, but Gabi only rolled her eyes. Apparently, it was a *passé* subject.

“Lily won’t snitch,” Gabi said.

“But she might,” Emily said.

“But she won’t.”

“How do you know?”

“I’d like to know the answer to that, too,” Jill said, raising her hand. Both Emily and Gabi looked at her in shock.

“You know Lily,” Gabi said. “You want me to eat Lily?”

“No,” Jill said, backtracking. “I was just impressed with how much you trust her, is all.”

“Oh,” Gabi said. “Right. Well, I’ve known her for years and she’s seen me eat, like, 100 people at this point. If she was going to tell, she would have done it already. Besides, Mom and Dad don’t seem to mind, Emily knows her, and

we've been best friends since forever. She's not just some nobody that happened to promise she wouldn't tell. She's Lily."

"I guess," Emily sighed. "But I still think it would be cool if you ate her."

"You want me to eat everyone," Gabi said, nudging her with her foot.

As they argued, Jill removed herself to the kitchen. Something hollow had taken root in her chest; an emptiness that wouldn't go away. Jill stood gripping the sink, waiting for it to pass, but it didn't.

She's not just some nobody that happened to promise she wouldn't tell.

Would Maya tell? If, at the end of their foray, Maya had gone in for a kiss like that poor bastard in Gabi's stomach, would she have been able to swallow her with the rest? Her number was in Jill's phone. She hadn't had the heart to delete it, yet.

"Jill."

Composing herself, Jill turned. Gabi had waddled out of the living room with Emily clutching her leg.

“Tell Emily that we can’t let random people in on our secret,” Gabi said. “She’s being a twit.”

“I only wanna tell my friend Leya.”

“You only want to tell Leya because you want me to eat Leya after she freaks out.”

“No!”

“Yes.”

“No.”

“Jill?”

Jill stared through the window behind them, watching the streetlights turn on one by one. Maya was out there, somewhere, carrying her secret. They might be separate now, but she was out there, and one day, Jill would find her again.



“Gabi’s right,” she said, returning her gaze to the sisters.  
“We can’t let random people know what we do.”





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A **Kattu/Paogordo** production

**Thank you for your support!**