

Backstage Dinner Pass

“That Bitch tried to fuck wit me so I gulped her by her feet/ Now she stuck in my belly, a big ol’ piece of meat!” Jahtinique yelled at the stage chanting the lyrics along with the thousands of people in the concert crowd who all came to see Diva Digest'cha live. She jumped up and down, her thick breasts body and ass shaking in her designer shredded t-shirt and spandex pants as she yelled the rap verses. Her arms flailed in the air wildly not caring who she bumped and prodded trying to get the attention of her favorite rap artist Diva Digest'cha. Jahtinique didn't care who she offended as she cheered along with the others.

Diva Digest'cha was a sight to behold as she almost glowed from the lights and pyrotechnics on the stage. Her outfit was a fly gold glitter covered jumpsuit she wore open, allowing her huge breasts to spill out of the top of the suit, barely restrained by the tight hot pink bedazzled bikini top! She stopped in high-kneed bounds across the stage in matching bedazzled nine-inch stiletto heels with ratchet ease as if they were timberland boots. With the mic to her mouth and her other hand in the Diva Digest'cha threw a peculiar gang sign in the air with one arm and jumped about as she performed her latest single that was at the top of the serval city charts! She felt her stomach rumble as she shouted the verses with savage intensity:

“I was hungry as hell with nothing in my tummy/ So called up some groupies and they were all so yummy”



Jahtinique jumped up and down, with tears in her eyes and sweat on her brow, shouting the same lyrics word for word. Then with nothing less than a momentary lapse of madness she reached beneath her own deliberately tattered shirt and in a single motion ripped off her own

bra and pitched it towards the stage. Coming to her senses only a fraction of moment later the dazed fan gaped in abject horror as the double D cups soared through the air towards Diva Digest'cha. What had she done!? She had just embarrassed herself not only in front of a sea of judgmental eyes but in front of her Idol. The baddest bitch to take a bite outta anybody. Jahtinique held her breath as her boob-yoke soared like doves towards her the Totem of her every desire. And yet just as they were about to hit the rap-goddess in the face Diva Digest'cha shot a hand out and snatched the bra from the air.

Diva Digest'cha looked at the bra clutched in her palm and shot a glare into the portion of the sea of waving hands and star-struck faces from which the lingerie projectile had come from. In a split-second she saw the source of the protuberance that had interrupted her performance. Jahtinique stood surrounded yet alone in the multitude of other faces. Teary eyed enamored wonder in her glittered in her eyes, a dumbfounded expression on her sumptuous red lips and sweat that glistened like crystalline liquid diamond over her ebon skin intrigued the artists. Immediately Diva Digest'cha's annoyance turned to desire. With a quick wink at Jahtinique and a knowing smirk Diva Digest'cha raised the bra in the air like a champion raises a trophy! As the audience exploded in insane cheering she brought the bra down to her eye level. She shouted into the microphone in her loudest voice her tagline that made her famous from one of her early songs.

“FOOD FIIIGHT! NOW FIGHT, FOOOOOOD!!!”

Yet again the crowd erupted with exhilarated cheers as DIVA Digest'cha opened her mouth and began stuffing the lingerie between her painted widely parted lips! In mere seconded she had slurped the Double D cup bra down her throat swallowing audibly into the microphone for effect.

BUURP!... Now! Let's get this party starteeeee!!!

The performance started again, now louder and wilder than ever! Yet for a while longer Jahtinique stood in dazed ecstasy! Diva Digest'cha had swallowed her bra! Gobbled it up right on stage! She couldn't wait to tell her mom, her friends and everyone she knew that HER bra was just a barely noticeable lump in Diva Digest'cha's s stomach right now! She continued to cheer and jump about, her large breasts now bouncing free as birds barely kept within her shredded shirt revealing all flesh and nipple to the fans around her. But nobody paid any mind to her flouncing mammaries as Diva Digest'cha rocked the remainder of the show.

Finally the show ended and standing alone on stage glistening with perspiration Diva Digest'cha made her final remarks to the audience thanking them before closing with her customary closing lines:

“Thank you all for coming out and getting DOOWWWWNN with the DIVA tonight! As you know the party never ends for me and my girls and some of you have been picked by me and my crew to get down down downwwwnn deeper with the DIVA. If you get the Iced

out wristband then you get to come backstage! NOW GOOD NIGHT ALL YOU DELICIOUS FANS! PEACE AND GOOD EATS!!!”

With that the light went out on the stage and the halogen lights in the venue came on. With the high of the outrageous performance over the Jahtinique stared longingly at the artist as she walked backstage and out of sight. After a few moments waiting for an encore performance Jahtinique and the rest of the crowd turned and began hoarding toward the closest of the venue’s exits. As she walked she looked down at her phone and she realized that her shirt was so damp with sweat that her nipples were pushing through the fabric all but completely visible. Suddenly embarrassed she crossed her arms over her hefty bosom trying to somehow make them less conspicuous.

“Hey Girly, You a bold bitch for sure. I saw that bra on play...” A woman said approaching Jahtinique from the side. The energy down and her wits back about her Jahtinique grunted an agitated confirmation. Looking up at the woman she realized that she was tall and attractive with not a hair out of place. She was also somehow out of place in the spent and exhausted crowd of people trudging toward the exits.

The woman continued“...She said, if you want to see that trick up close she can show you. Here.” Handing the distinctive shimmering backstage bracelet to Jahtinique the woman winked and quickly spun walking back into the crowd. It took a moment to register what had just happened as Jahtinique stared at the glittering wristlet. Wide eyed she looked around and saw people staring at her and muttering in obvious jealousy. She had been one of the luck few to visit Diva Digest'cha backstage in her quarters! Quickly she fastened the bracelet to her left arm and shoved her way through the crowd back towards the stage.



After showing her wristband to the security guard at the gate Jahtinique was waved through the guard gates and was directed to head towards the back of concert stage. There was a set of heavy black curtains that stagehands were entering and exiting regularly. Uncertain of exactly where she was supposed to go or who she was supposed to talk to she simply wandered behind the curtains trying to stay out of the way of those stagehands and engineers who were beginning what was clearly to be a big job of wrapping up and breaking down the show’s equipment. Finally as she was looking at a man wheeling an oversized speaker past her she spotted a flash in her peripheral. Recognizing it as another bracelet on the wrist of a woman across the backstage area she felt a wave of relief and trotted over.

“Wow, I’m glad to see you...” Jahtinique said approaching the woman and holding up her own bracelet to show they had matching ones. “...Do you have any idea where we’re supposed to go?”

“Uh...no. Duh. Do I look like I work here?” The other woman said with a disgruntled tone. She was not as tall as Jahtinique but somehow seemed to look down on her. She wore her hair in a long blonde braided ponytail that matched her light brown complexion and had a black crop top that exposed her flat toned midriff and a pair of large breasts that taxed the shirt’s fabric holding

them in. "How did YOU get a bracelet anyway? Usually only actual models are allowed backstage. Celebrities like Diva Digest'cha prefer the best company."

"What? The hell is your problem? Diva Digest'cha likes REAL fans, not fake Bimbo bitches like you!" Jahtinique snapped her anger rising.

"Ooooohkay! Katralina! There you ladies are..." Interrupted the same woman from earlier who had given Jahtinique the bracelet. Her greenish-yellow eyes glinted as she smiled at the women, either oblivious or uncaring of the spat that was brewing between the two. Getting a better look at her now that her mind had cleared from the ecstatic haze earlier Jahtinique recognized exactly how put together this woman really was. She wore a black pencil skirt and a matching blazer with an emerald green blouse beneath it and her braided red hair was wrapped up in a bun with two long green pins holding it in place. She looked absolutely professional and carried a powerfully confident air about her. Reinforcing that point Jahtinique felt the woman's feminine yet powerful hand drop onto her shoulder.

"...I'm sorry hon, I didn't get your name." The amazon said focusing her attention to Jahtinique. She immediately gave her name and was relieved to feel the mighty hand slide down her arm.

"My Name is Jainel and I'll be leading you to Diva Digest'cha's quarters for dinner." The Pencil skirted amazon continued.

"Dinner!? We're going to have dinner with Diva Digest'cha!? Ohmahgawd! Ohmahgawd!" Jahtinique nearly shrieked forgetting herself momentarily.

"Of course, I'd expect nothing less. Please try to act like an adult groupie" Katralina the other bracelet wearing woman sneered. Jahtinique nearly snapped at her anew when Jainel interjected yet again.

"Oh yes, She'd love to have you two over for dinner. She has many fans come back stage for dinner as she like to get to know each of her fans and how they feel inside. Katralina you have certainly wetted Diva's appetite with your ...*exotic* pictures you've in-boxed her. Now please follow me." Jainel turned around and walked away not looking back to see if the other were following. She switched as she floated off on her tall heels, her rotund ass and hips swaying like a pendulum with each step. Katralina winked at Jahtinique smugly before following behind their escort and with a curse Jahtinique also trailed.



Jainel led the two fans further back into the backstage area. Having nothing more to say to one another Jahtinique and Katralina continued along as they got deeper and deeper behind the scenes. Finally they reached what was clearly the back exit of the stadium and Jainel pushed through the fire exit with the two in tow. What Jahtinique saw on the other side was absolutely amazing.

Outside was an empty apparently private parking lot. In the center of the lot parked across multiple white lines which would've marked spaces for average sized cars to park sat what could only be described as the goddess-mother of all celebrity tour buses. The colossal mobile mansion was no less than 300 feet in length glowed with purple neon lights and countless chrome bobbles all about it. On the outside the words "DelectableRecordsInc." was spray painted in exquisite detail. Jahtinique gawked as from the distance she saw colossal Diva Digest'cha castle on wheels.

"Hurry or you'll be left behind." Echoed Jainel's voice from further ahead, having covered half of the lots distance between them and the mobile mansion. Snapping to attention both she and Katralina hurried after her to meet their idol. Jahtinique also couldn't help but feel a smidge of vindication noticing that Katralina despite her obnoxious bluster was just as awed as she was at the sight of the Chrome wheeled mansion.

When they reached the entrance to the Mobile Mansion Jainel stopped and turned to the two women looking them up and down as if she was inspecting them once more to see if they were of good quality. Pulling out a remote key fob from her blouse she unlocked the bus with a click of a button and stood aside as the door slid unexpectedly upwards like a movie spaceship.

"Now a few words of advice." Jainel said "Diva Digest'cha loves her fans to be willing, relaxed and fun. I hope Diva and I chose you two correctly out of all of the thousands of others who would love to be in your position. So please loosen up and have a good time. I'll be back in a few hours to see how dinner went. Oh, and remove your shoes before going inside the bus. Diva Digest'cha hates shoes on her insides." With that Jainel walked away not sparing a second look back to confirm the women stepped into the buses futuristic entrance. She smiled when she heard the doors close and proceeded to locate the few others she had arranged to meet for her own dinner engagement. Without hesitation the women snatched their shoes out tossing them to the ground before scrambling into the bus with only their socks.

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With shaky knees Jahtinique followed Katralina up the short stairway, past the driver bay and into the main cabin of the bus. Finally laying eyes upon Diva Digest'cha in person Jahtinique's knees buckled nearly dropping her to the floor. She was thankful the stairway rail protruded a bit into the vast foyer else she would've embarrassed herself greatly before the only person who mattered. If Jahtinique could've forced herself to observe the inner bus cabin she would've noted that it was even boisterously designed as the outside of the gaudy coach with high ceilings, art on the walls, a huge television and couch and an entire bedroom in the back. Every aspect of the windowless bus mansion was furnished and glittering with expensive beauty.

All Jahtinique could see was Diva Digest'cha as stood up from the white leather couch, pink Moscato in a sparkling glass she sipped from as she walked across the room towards the woman. Having slipped into a more casual attire than the outfitted costumes she wore during the show, she sported a pink bikini top that strained to contain her heavy sizeable breasts that swayed side to side with her sultry steps. She wore a denim mini skirt that cut off at the tops of her thighs and nothing else down her long bare toned legs. On her feet she wore a pair of obviously expensive glittering 6 inch heels. Her Braids were pulled back into a ponytail and on her face she still donned a pair of stylish dark sunglasses and a confident knowing smirk.

"AYYEEEEEE!!!! Well don't just stand there! You bitches come here and gimme a hug!" Diva shouted with her arms outstretched and a large grin! Without a moment of hesitation Jahtinique shoved Katralina aside and hurled herself into the Diva Digest'cha's embrace!

"Oh my GAWD!! I can't believe this!!" Jahtinique squealed her voice muffled as she smothered herself with Diva Digest'cha's large soft breasts. Tears were welling up in her eyes and finally spilled when she realized that Diva was actually hugging her back. Jahtinique at that moment declared to herself this alone was the greatest moment of her life!

“Hahahaaaaa!! YAAAsss Bish! I love my fans enthusiastic! What’s ya name Sugah!?”

“I-i-iiiiimm Jah-t-t-tinnique...” the words came out shaky. Then suddenly she blurted “IM YOUR BIGGEST FAN I LOVE YOU AND ILL DO ANYTHINGFORYOU!”

“Jahtinique huh? Well it's nice to meet ya girl. I can certainly tell you're a fan. Nothing better I like mo' than a fan who's not scared to show it.” Diva said reaching out and wiping a tear from Jahtinique's cheek. Then as if it were the most natural thing in the world, Diva Digest'cha brought the tear coated finger to her lips, parted them and rested it upon her tongue. Then as if she had just dipped her finger in a bowl of chocolate syrup she sucked her finger clean. Pulling it slowly and purposefully from her lips as if sucking every bit of flavor from it. Jahtinique gaped in astonished wonder, unable to feel anything except the overwhelming buzz of electricity she'd been riding since she received the bracelet. Her mind was overloaded.

“And I think I know you.” Diva said suddenly cutting her attention to Katralina, who stood in the same place where Diva had greeted them. She looked cool. She looked like she'd been in this place a thousand time. But her heart was also racing.

“Yes, we've met...online.”

“Mm-hmm...Yes, that is you isn't it Katri96? You've been tempting me for quite some time now. I'm glad we finally have the chance to meet. You look as good in person as you do on screen.”

“You can call me Katralina, if you want. “

“I just hope with all those things we discussed before, you won't be letting me down.” Diva said winking as she spun and walked over to her couch again. She grabbed a bottle of moscato from a chill box that seemed to pop out of nowhere and return invisible from whence it came.

“Come on you lovely bitches. Po' up some drinks and let's talk. I wanna know what's the deal with my adoring fans!”

For the next hour or so Jahtinique was astonished at how cool and down to earth Diva Digest'cha was. They gossiped about celebrity news and their favorite fashion styles. Diva played some of her music she had in the works, and rapped along giving a mini performance for the two who applauded and cheered, all the while drinking glass after glass of an endless supply of wine and expensive liquors. They even took a bunch of selfies and various pictures in very risqué poses. At one point in taking selfie Diva Digest'cha reached under Jahtinique's shirt and grabbed a handful of pliant soft breast and licked her neck as Jahtinique giggled and snapped the picture.

Grrroooooooooooooooooooooo...

The hungry sound of Diva's stomach sounded through the room. Jahtinique looked startled by the sound as Diva rubbed her soft flat stomach hungrily.

"Hmmm...Sorry about that ladies." Diva said "...I haven't had anything to eat since that bra you tossed on stage earlier. And no wonder, that didn't last long."

"Oh yea, I meant to ask you about that. Is it bad for me to ask what kind of special FX you use on stage to make it look like you swallowed that whole?" Katralina asked pouring herself another drink from what was probably their 4th bottle of pink moscato.

"Yea that is amazing how you do that. Oh yea and I remember a few months ago you did that show after eating one of the backup dancers and then doing the choreography with the other dancers in her spot while you had that huge fake belly..." Jahtinique added with giddy excitement. This was one of the most alluring things about Diva Digest'cha. Her shows often consisted of her gobbling up someone or something on stage or in a music video and sporting a huge fake stomach. Jahtinique was almost certain on the music videos it was all cgi, but the live performances always perplexed her. "... It was so hot...I uhh...I mean awesome. "

"Special effects? Hahahaa!! No special effects girls. I'm the real fuckin' deal. Shiiiiit... You really think all that was fake? And here I thought you were really REAL fans. Geez..." Diva chided her stomach rumbling again.

"Oh ok. You can't reveal your secrets. I get it." Katralina teased. She took another sip of her wine, nearly finishing what she had just poured. Jahtinique chuckled nervously as she noticed a small note of irritation on Diva Digest'cha's face at Katralina's condescending remark.

"Okay, I'll prove it if y'all don't believe me. Katty-hon, why don't you dance for me now? Ya know, like you did in that sexy video link you sent."

"W-wha? With her here?" Katralina sputtered. Her eyes darted between Jahtinique and Diva Digest'cha.

"Mmnnnyesss....of course." Diva said. "Do it. I wanna see you as you were before."

Regaining her composure, Katralina stood and walked to the center of the room in front of the church where the other two were sitting side by side. She smiled and shooting a nasty glance at Jahtinique she began to dance to the beat of ambient music that was thumping in the speakers. She rolled her body in rhythm of the instrumental sounds. With seductive movements she began to slide articles of already scarce clothing from her body, she started with her shirt sliding it off and revealing the heavy swaying braless breasts beneath. Her dark nipples were erect and her round breasts swung full and pendulous in the hazy dimmed lights. As she began to gyrate closer to the celebrity in her performance she allowed her blue miniskirt to drop revealing just a lacy pink thong and the voluptuous ass cheeks and hips that it clung to.

As Katralina approached Diva in her provocative dance she began to straddle the rap star with her long bare legs. She rolled her pussy and ass atop Diva Digest'cha's lap as she squeezed and fondled her breasts and pinched her nipples. Eventually she began to lean in towards Diva, still rolling her hips. Pressing her large naked breasts into Diva's she began to kiss, Diva. The two started to make out, their lips and tongues sliding and crossing.



Jahtinique felt a sharp twinge of jealousy discomfort and began to stand before announcing her departure just as Diva Digest'cha grabbed her hand. Without breaking the kiss with Katralina, she stared Jahtinique directly in her eyes and winked. *'Watch this'* is what the wink seemed to imply. Perplexed Jahtinique stopped and continued to watch. She didn't want to leave, finally being in the presence of her favorite artist and idol. So she watched.

Jahtinique watched as Diva's hands raised up as she kissed Katralina harder. The fingers slid up and past her face before knitting them behind the naked dancer's head. Jahtinique's eyes widened as she understood what Diva Digest'cha was beginning to do. Diva began forcefully pulling the other woman's face closer and down, forcing Katralina's face into her mouth which had begun to stretch wider and wider. It wasn't until Diva's lower jaw slid beneath Katralina's chin and her top lip rested on the bridge of her nose that Katralina began to open her eyes to observe what strange French kiss she was experiencing. She made monetary eye contact with Diva, an amused predatory wink being the last thing she ever saw outside of the gastrointestinal system of the voracious celebrity. A moment later Diva Digest'cha's upper lip and the top row of teeth passed Katralina's vision followed by darkness as her face being pushed into the roof of Diva Digest'cha's Mouth.

Jahtinique gasped with a mixture of horror and awe as Katralina tried to struggle to push herself out of Diva's mouth by pushing against the woman's shoulders and chest. Jahtinique quickly saw that all the fighting would be to no benefit. For the first time she saw how truly strong the

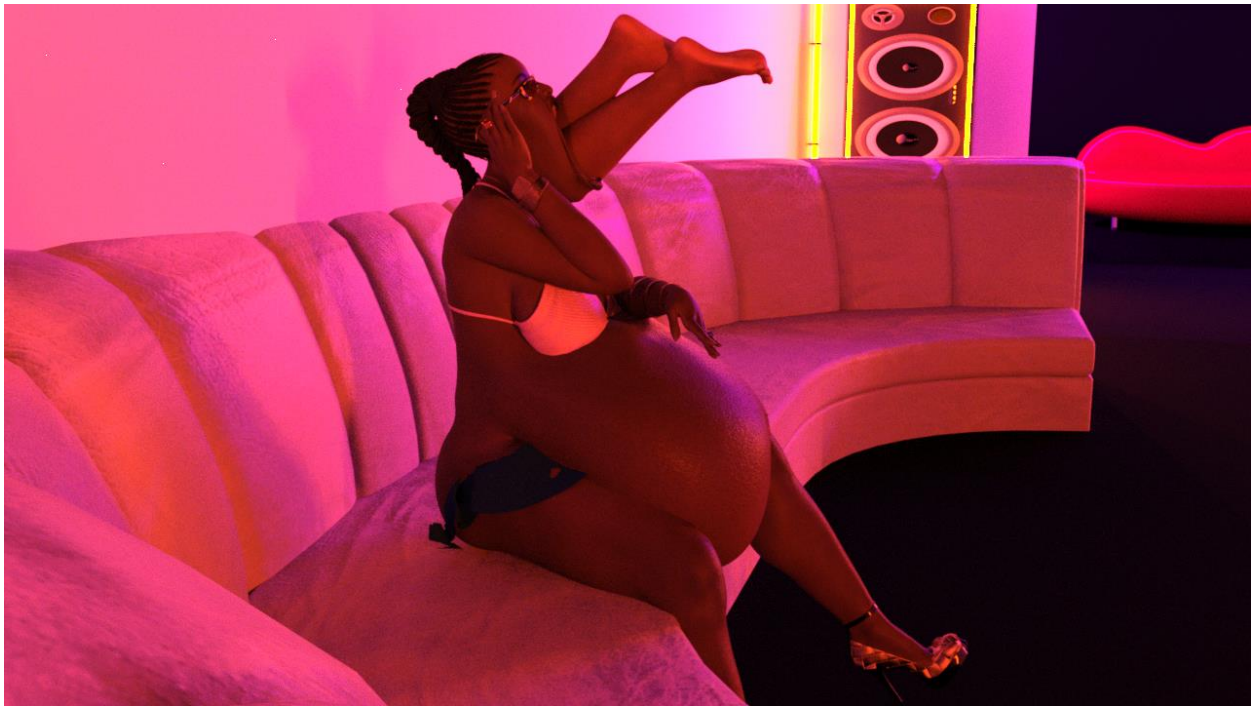
Rap-diva was. Despite Katralina's leverage, Diva Digest'cha easily pulled the dancer's head deeper into her mouth and down her throat, collapsing the arms as they weakly resisted. She grabbed Katralina's now flailing upper arms at the elbows and easily pinned them to the woman's side, sandwiching her torso between her own arms before opening her already grossly distended mouth further and sliding her lips over the bare shivering shoulders.



Audible wet Slurps and deep squashy gulps carried through the room as Diva Digest'cha consumed more and more of Katralina whole and alive. Jahtinique stood momentarily trying to decide if she wanted to make a run for it, but ended up sitting down again and observing the hideously enticing performance that unfolded before her. It was the most amazing thing she had ever seen. Diva's tongue slid across her meal's breasts, coating them with saliva and tasting them before slurping them into her mouth, one at a time with soggy slurping sounds. Jahtinique could hear muffled pleas and screams from deep within Diva's chest and expanding stomach as she devoured the delicious fangirl.

The process went quite quickly yet Jahtinique realized she actually wasn't surprised at how easily and efficiently Diva Digest'cha was swallowing this struggling adult woman. After all, hadn't she seen Diva do this before when she swallowed the dancer on stage she had referenced earlier. That performer was crammed into Diva's gut in less than a sixteen count. And then afterwards Diva proceeded to professionally do the rest of the dance sequence and finish up the last song in the show with the adult woman stewing and squirming about in her prodigious stomach. It was obvious now that Diva was enjoying her savoring her meal for now. Katralina's fists futilely clenched and opened reflexively, pinned against her thighs as Diva's lips slid over her lower stomach and down her hips.

A chill ran up her spine as it occurred to Jahtinique only now as to why this powerful predatory artist was in no rush to consume her current tasty treat...because there would be plenty of time to have her dessert. There was no way Diva could be certain that Jahtinique was an obsessed enough fan to sit and watch her consume another person whole in front of her with no protest regardless of how intriguing the spectacle. In her realization Jahtinique stood up and dashed to the short stairwell that led towards the bus's exit. Once there she looked back to see Diva's reaction to her sudden scurry toward the exit and was mortified to see the woman seated, wholly engrossed in the consumption of the kicking and shaking legs and thighs that protruded from her mouth. Diva Digest'cha's hands massaged and caressed the swelling bulge that protruded from her stomach. Jahtinique could see the forms of Katralina's head and shoulders as she struggled and pushed against the pliant belly skin that contained them.



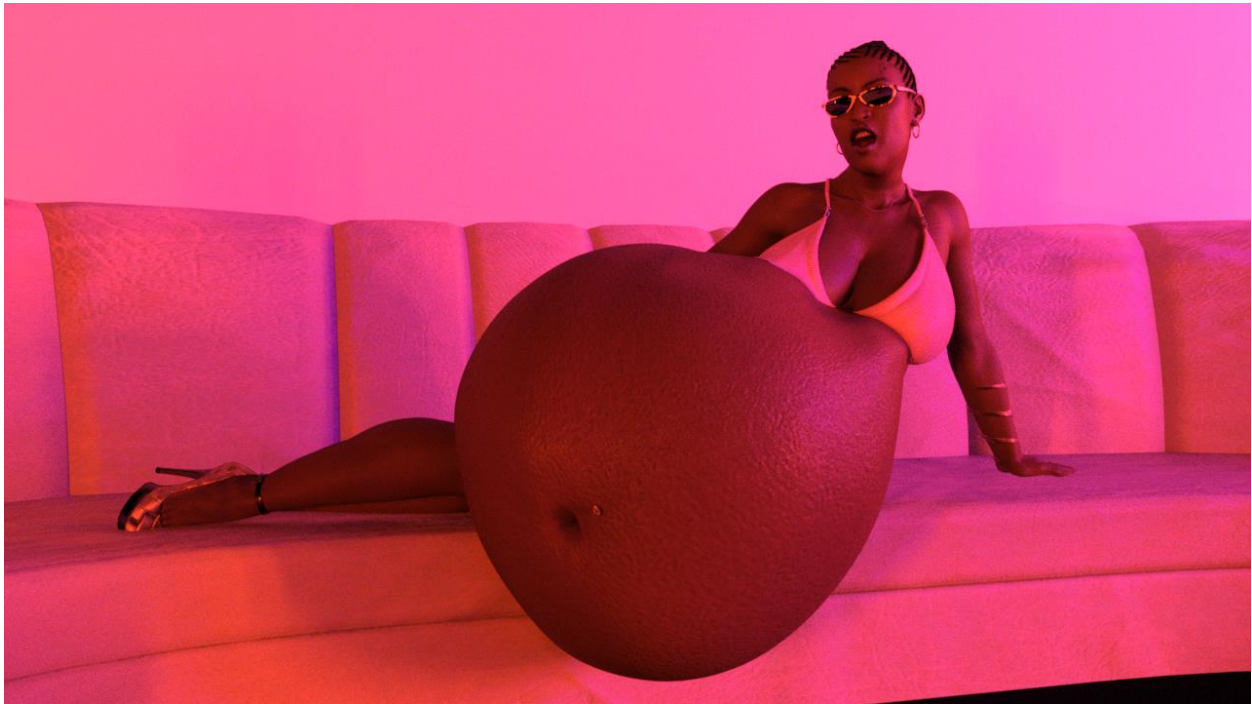
A horrified squeal escaped her lips as she dashed down the stairs towards the exit. She was surprised to see there was no door knob or lever to open the thick door. She banged and kicked on the door, ramming it with all of her strength over and over again trying to force it open somehow. She screamed for help hoping somebody would hear her but as she remembered the secluded lot the massive bus was parked in, she had little hope that anybody would be nearby. Jainel had the key, and it was unlikely she'd be back with any intention of helping her Employer's dinner escape. She had led them here after all.

Jahtinique sagged to her knees before the sealed doorway, her only means of escape closed to her. How could her evening have started so bright and ended so dark? Her dream of meeting her favorite artist had come true and became a nightmare. Certain she would end up eaten alive like Katralina, Jahtinique began to sob, her face in her hands. She sat for what seemed to be a long time. She loved Diva Digest'cha for such a long time and couldn't fathom that this

infatuation would lead to her end. Then a thought in the back of her mind came through the sobbing despair as clear as a crystal. This was the way it was supposed to be. Was it though?

BWOOOOUUUUURRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRP!!

An outrageously deep belch ripped across the silence of the bus and across Jahtinique's thoughts. She looked up, her tears drying and her resolve hardening. If she was to get out of this dilemma she had to regain her composure and think! Think!! Think!!! She stood and took a deep breath trying to quiet her racing mind. Maybe Diva Digest'cha was full now and wouldn't even be looking for another meal for tonight. She had just eaten the entirety of the unfortunate Katralina, Jahtinique reasoned. Maybe she played it cool, diva would fall asleep and she could find a way out of this bus. She began walking slowly up the steps daring to think that maybe Diva Digest'cha might even just let her go, with a cool story nobody would ever believe.



As she reached the top of the stairs Jahtinique saw that Diva Digest'cha was still on the white leather couch, although she was now laying on her side. One hand propped up her head, an expression of satisfied inebriation on her smiling face. Her other hand rested atop the hulking globular mass of her immense belly. Diva's fingers drummed over the surface of the highest point of the cocoa brown mound of tight flesh that contained the entirety Katralina's still actively squirming body.

Jahtinique's eyes must have shown the shock which she felt as she watched the impressions of various parts of Katralina's hands and knees protrude here and there across the surface of the massive stomach.

"Do you ...*Hic*...believe me now?" Diva Digest'cha said, giving her bulbous belly an audible smack which perturbed the occupant inside to kick back.

"O-of course! Th-that was awesome!" Jahtinique commended the performer, as if she had just put on a wonderful show. She tried to act normal but she was shaking all over.

"Oh? You think so? Well that's a first. Usually other fans freak if I do something like this in front of them..." Diva responded smirking, her eyebrow raised skeptically as she spoke.

"It really, really, really is! So so soooo amazing! I wish I could do something like that. NO wonder you're the real deal. Nobody else could do something that amazing! This is why you're my favorite artist ever! Nothing is a show with you Diva Digest'cha! It's all real! Your lyrics! Your shows! Everything you say is super real! Super real and super awesome! I'm your biggest fan now more than ever!" Jahtinique's voice cracked multiple times as she nervously rambled the praises of the engorged rap artist who reclined before here reclining before her.

As she spoke the realization of what Diva Digest'cha has rhymed about over all of her many hit. She was telling stories of devouring and digesting various people and animals over many interactions. The realization of Diva Digest'cha actually digesting both fans and enemies all began to coalesce into a morbid collage. If half of what she rapped about was true, then hundreds of people have made their way through the digestive system of this celebrity monster. Jahtinique began to feel faint.

"Aw, that's sweet but you don't have to say all that. *Ourp* 'Scuse me..." Diva belched, another kick from Katralina rammed against the underside of her bulbous gut. "...you know I think you may be my biggest fan after all. You're so calm and collected after seeing me gobble up this tasty hoe. You's a bad bitch wit' Tits-o' steel. *hiccup* I respect that."

"Oh yeah, absolutely. That's me! Number one! Numero Uno! No fan has ever been as dedicated as me!" Jahtinique said, wiping beads of sweat that had collected on her brow. Was it working? Did Diva Digest'cha actually think she was a bad bitch? She wouldn't eat somebody she respected right?

“Heelllll yea and you know what...since you’re so cool and such a big big fan o’mine, I was wondering, if you’d be down to massage my belly for a bit? I’m so full from eating that dancing hoe that my belly is having a rough time here...Oooff” A foot shaped protrusion pressed from Diva’s swollen belly as if Katralina took it upon herself to make Diva Digest’cha’s point for her.

“Ugh, fuck. You see that? It feels like da bitch is doing backfl*OURP*...backflips in here.” Diva digest’cha added slapping and shoving the protruding foot bulge down.

“I-I-I...uhh. Y-you want m-me to ru-rub...” Jahtinique hesitated stuttering uncontrollably. It took all that she had to keep standing when her knees felt like noodles.

“Yea yea, I want you to rub my belly. Come On girly, don't make a big deal of it. My poor tummy really needs some love from my biggest fan.” Diva coaxed the other woman, scooting herself into a more comfortable position on the couch where here back and neck was leaning on fluffy white pillows on the couch’s armrest.

The last thing she wanted was to approach Diva Digest’cha and massage her stomach as she digested the woman she walked into this situation with. Even if she didn't particularly like the woman, the last thing she wanted was to feel her squirt as she was digested alive beneath her hands. But Jahtinique decided there was nothing she could do for her at the moment. If she could escape somehow maybe she’d be able to at least let the authorities know what happened to Katralina. With a deep breath she walked over to the couch where Diva Digest’cha reclined, her prodigious belly now resting between her legs and on the couch.

Jahtinique crawled onto the couch, sitting on her knees facing the globular orb of shifting belly flesh. She looked at Diva Digest’cha who reclined on the opposite side, barely able to see the celebrity’s predatory eyes over the mound. She smiled nervously as Diva winked at her then began her assigned task. She dared not deny diva her request or else she could end up next inside of the huge ebony stomach.



Placing her hands on the tightly stretched belly Jahtinique was surprised at the warmth she felt on the skin. Massaging the bulbous gut in large circular strokes she wondered how hot it must be in there for Katralina if the surface temperature is as warm as it was. Just then as if in response to her thoughts Katralina struck the inside of the stomach right where Jahtinique's hand was placed accompanied by muffled curses and screams barely audible through the apparently stomach walls. Startled Jahtinique snatched her hand away uncertain if she had somehow inadvertently hurt Katralina. She felt tears begin to well up in her eyes. What was she doing?

"Heeeeeey don't sthhaaaaap! That felt really good. Don't mind my dinner. She'll settle down eventually. You just keep doin' what you doin'." Diva Digest'cha said. She acted like she didn't even hear the muffled pleas from Katralina as she stewed about inside of her stomach.

Jahtinique wanted to quit right then, but slowly she proceeded again knowing if she tried to escape now, there'd be no chance. Again she began rubbing the loudly churning and gurgling mass of stomach. She tried her best to ignore the squirming and kicking of the woman within the ball of flesh. Just a thin yet unbreakable wall of skin and gastrointestinal organ separated the two women, one kneading the other as she was slowly digested in terror. After a while Katralina began to settle again, her movements inside the stomach prison becoming weaker and less frequent. Jahtinique didn't think she was dead as much as she was certain the woman turned dinner had given up in despair and fatigue. The heat inside of the stomach had to be exhausting.

After some time, Jahtinique began to hear deep steady breathing coming from the other side of the engorged belly dome. Had Diva fallen asleep? Of course she had to be asleep. After such a massive meal she must've gotten what, her cousins called, "the Itus" and fallen asleep in a food induced coma. Just to make sure Diva Digest'cha was deep enough in her sleep Jahtinique prodded her belly firmly with her finger as she rubbed it and waited for a response. When nothing happened she waited a few more minutes and then prodded Diva's left inner thigh that straddled the prey-filled belly. When Diva continued dozing undisturbed, now even full on snoring, Jahtinique decided it was time to make her move.

All she had to do was find a key or a remote or something to open the door and make her escape. Slowly she began to get up from the couch so as not to disturb the gorged sleeping predator. Just as she was standing a wave of guilt filled her as she glanced down at the overfilled belly loaded down with the form of Katralina's still body. For some reason she bend over the swollen stomach, put her lips near the Diva Digest'cha's pierced belly button and whispered ever so slightly to Katralina inside, hoping the devoured woman would hear her message and have hope.

"Be strong....I'm going to get help"

As she stood and sighed as she began to scan around the room for something that could help her escape the bus. Spotting something black and flat nearby the ledge on the side of the bus near the head of the couch where Diva snored. Jahtinique thought that maybe it was some kind of key fob. She began to creep over gently tiptoeing towards it. She could hear her feet rustle on the soft carpeted floor.

An electric shock of terror ran up her spine as she felt a powerful ringed hand grip her right ankle and jerk her leg out from under her. She fell hard to her left knee and hip as a mixed scream of terror and pain ripped from her mouth.

"Going to get help, you say?" Diva said with a sinister grin. She lay on the couch still, her arm reached out with her fingers gripped tightly around Jahtinique's leg. Her pink tongue slid across her supple lips, wetting them for the meal to come. "..Oh you're going somewhere alright, and

the only help you'll be getting is me helping you inside my belly.”



“No let go! You can't do this! You can't just eat you're fans! It's not right!” Jahtinique screamed as she clawed the carpet trying to pull herself away from Diva's grip. Nevertheless Diva Digest'cha's grip was too strong and she dragged Jahtinique towards her as she shifted her swollen body into an upright position on the couch. It seemed almost effortless as she righted herself on the couch, her bottom curvature of swollen belly hanging just inches over floor between her spread thighs. Jahtinique could see Katralina's form begin to thrash about again now reinvigorated by the sudden upending of her gurgling prison.

“Oh, don't get me wrong. I love my fans...” Diva Digest'cha said as she effortlessly grasped Jahtinique's other ankle as the floored woman kicked at her. “...I love them so much I invite them to spend one on one time with their favorite artist. And the lucky ones, like yourself and tasty ol' Katty here, get the real exclusive tour. Not every “biggest fan”, has the opportunity to know Diva Digest'cha outside and IN-side.

With both hand secured around Jahtinique's ankles, she proceeded to drag the woman's legs up, over the bulging squirming gut until Jahtinique's sock-clad feet were wiggling before her salivating mouth. Jahtinique now dangled upside down her body bent reaching for something to grab that would hinder Diva's progress. As she was pulled up she could feel Katralina attaching and pummeling her stomach and breasts through diva's stomach wall. She tried to squirm away, attempting to dodge protruding blows, but due to her restricted position she wasn't very successful.



Deciding there was nothing more to be said at the moment Diva slowly opened her jaws spreading her plump lips wide apart. Her jaw lowered so her mouth looked wide enough that it a basketball could easily fly down her gullet. She pulled Jahtinique's feet in, inserting the toes directly down the back of her throat in one movement. She ignored the screams and pleas from the fan laying prostrate across her ponderous stomach as she feasted, swallowing and pulling Jahtinique's calves in and down her throat. She swallowed again feeling pounding from both the outside and inside of her stomach which felt simultaneously irritating and blissful like a scratch that could only be itched though orgasm. In only a few gulps she had devoured the woman up to her hips, admiring the delicious view of the plump butt of her meal as she savored the taste.

"Please don't do this! I'm NOT food! I'm your biggest fan! Let me go and...And...I'll buy all of your cd's! Please! I'll buy them all twice! Please just don't eat me!" Jahtinique wailed reaching for anything and finding nothing she could hold on to. She could feel Diva's mouth and throat pulling her in further and further without a moment's hesitation. The warm moisture of the esophagus wasn't bad but the powerful muscles squeezed her body tightly with every grip. As she felt her hips and ass slide down Diva Digest'cha's throat she felt Diva's long tongue slither across her stomach and up under her shirt, lapping and salivating over her breasts. She felt her feet enter the stomach chamber and was horrified to feel Katralina's body against her toes. Although shuddering at the eerie feeling she changed escape tactics and reached her hands down to get leverage to push off of Diva's shoulders. For a moment she felt it working as her hips slid a few inches backup diva's throat.

A wave of dread washed over Jahtinique when she felt as much as heard Diva chuckle all around her body. With a soggy loud SHLU-URLP Diva Digest'cha's throat muscles pulled Jahtinique down with a powerful vacuum like swallow. The violently forceful gulp sucked Jahtinique all the way down until her armpits rimmed the sides of Diva's mouth forcing her

shoulders to squeeze her cheeks and face. Her arms were flung up over her head and she could feel Diva's tongue now sliding over her chin up to her nose. Jahtinique released a wail of aggravation realizing she had lost all hope of a fighting chance to pushing herself out.

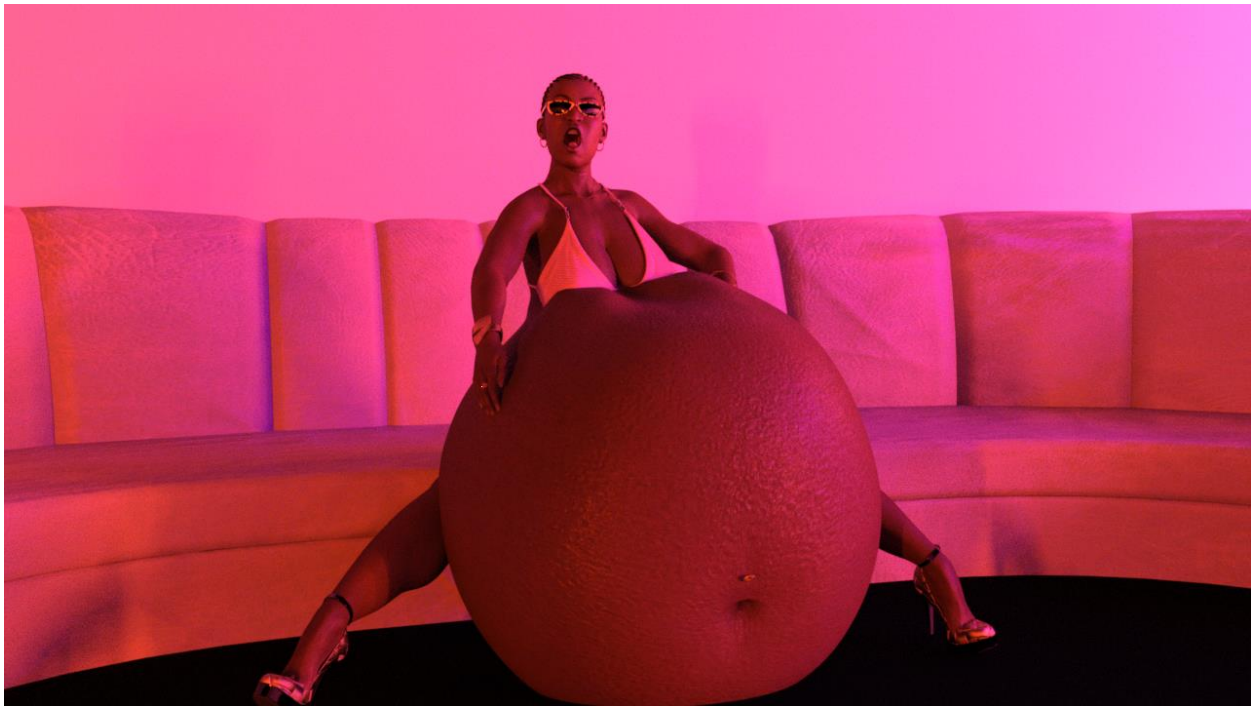


The only parts of her body free of Diva Digest'cha's cavernous maw was Jahtinique's up-tilted gasping face, her large breasts with threatened to suffocate her if she dared look down and her arms only from her bicep down. Further relaxed gulps began lazily pulling her down inch by slow inch deeper into the esophagus She was clearly enjoying her desert as she took her time consuming the last bits. Soon all Jahtinique could see of the outside world was framed by Diva's white teeth and wet lips as her hands still grasping with futile effort as she pleaded for release .

"Please! No!! Not like this! I love you Diva Digest'cha! I just wanted to meet you! Don't eat Me! I'm your Bigg-mpphMRHP!! Mmohh!!"

Jahtinique's pleas were severed as Diva's tongue rolled over her face and mouth and began pushing her deeper. Diva MMMMMM'ed and reverberating hum of satisfaction and approval at the salty taste of Jahtinique's tears coated her face. A moment later all was dark, as the lips closed cutting off the only source of light in the gullet of the Voracious Rap Diva. Jahtinique screamed into her breasts which smothered her face as the powerful throat muscles crammed and shoved her down forcefully into the tight sweltering pocket of Diva's stomach. Soon she felt the lips of the predator celebrity close over her stretched wiggling fingers while her knees bent within the tight stomach, compacting her legs forcefully against Katralina's horrifyingly still body that lay curled up beneath her own incoming form. She wanted to scream again, but as more of thighs, then hips then stomach was further compacted within the tight smelly hot organ Jahtinique realized she had nothing left. There was no escape.

Diva Digest'cha leaned back on the couch, her legs spread eagled with the truly gargantuan bulging swell of belly resting between them. She rubbed the top of her bulge in which she could even see the form of her most recent meal curled atop her previous meal. Swallowing a few more times, ushering the still wiggling fingers of the meal down and out of her throat and past her stomach sphincter to joining the rest of her guests, Diva Digest'cha rested contentedly. She momentarily contemplated getting up and waddling her way to her bed, but decided that for the moment she would sit here and revel in the feeling of her truly engorged and finally full stomach. The women were getting reacquainted as she shifted about for a "comfortable" position in which to curl up. Diva was counting on how unlikely that would be. She preferred it when her meals would squirm about fighting amongst themselves for upper hand even though they would both actually just end up as lumps of churning meat for her belly to digest.



BURRAAAAARP

The belch signaled the beginning of the fight for dominance as the two forms began shifting about. Jabbing and wrestling around in her lumpy huge prison of a stomach for dominance. Muffled words and curses emanated from beneath the tightly swollen belly flesh as they fought inside.

“Com’on Katty! *Ourp* you’ve been in there longer. You not gonna let this new (Hic-urp)...bitch take your spot in there are you?” Diva teased, slapping her belly on the lower right side trying to encourage Katralina to fight harder. She even laughed as a foot kicked up from the inside striking her under one of her own large breasts making it bounce up and down slightly.

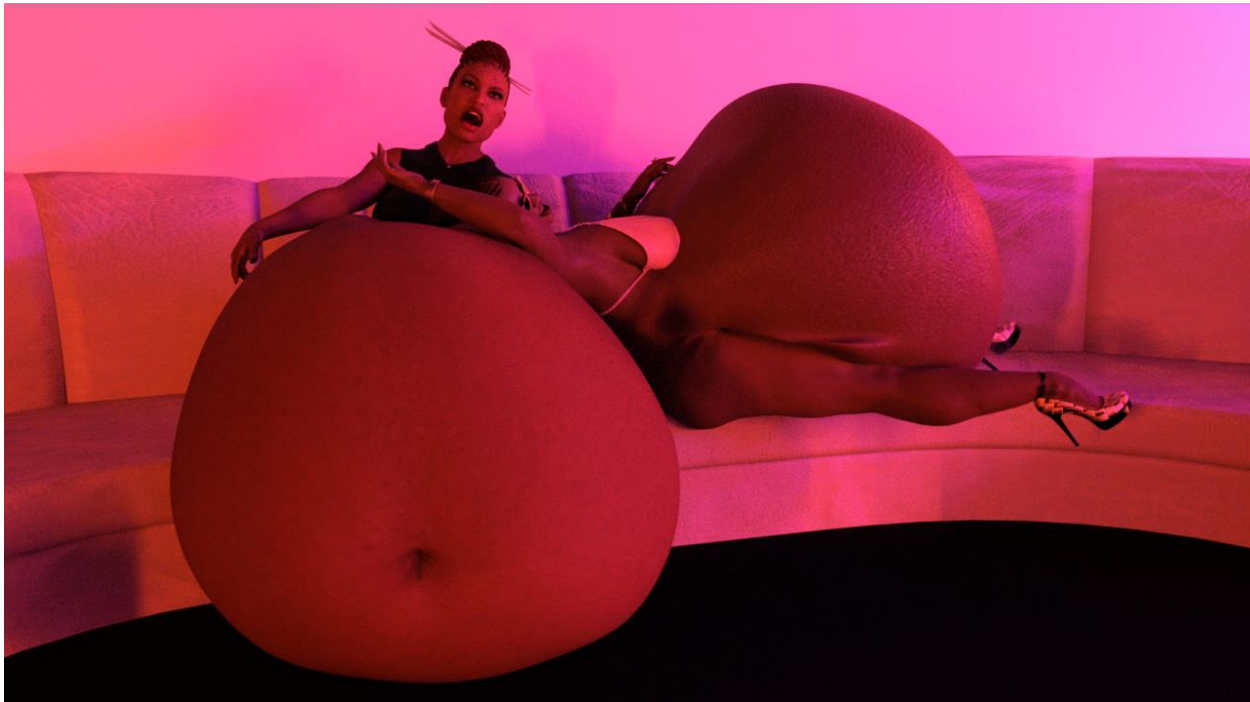
”Hey Jahtinique, I know you’re excited to be so close to your favorite rapper, but I have to tell ya the truth...Buorup....” Diva wiped a bit of spittle that escaped her mouth from the belch before

continuing her address. "...You're not my biggest fan. I mean you definitely had a huge set of tasty tits, Mmm-Mm. But no you're definitely not the biggest. A few weeks ago I was cradling a 300 LB BBW in my gut. (Hic-up) I know, crazy right. But don't worry, if you keep squirming about you may be a contender for my feistiest fan.'

Just then Diva heard the door to the bus beep and slide open. A moment later she felt the bus lurch slightly towards the front as the sound of footsteps slowly made their way up the short stairwell. Diva looked around her bulbous mountain of stomach towards the stairwell just in time to see Jainel's massive cinnamon brown belly come into view, soon followed by the rest of her as she lumbered up the steps.

"Good lord Jainel! It looks like you swallo-ouRUP...swallowed an elephant." Diva Digest'cha joked as her manager and older sister waddled over to her.

"Shiiiiit. I know you're talking, Dyviniti. Yo fatass looks like you just ate a whole Volkswagen be-ouOAAAARP...ugh...Volkswagen beetle." Jainel shot back as she approached jabbing her younger sister's huge bulging gut before flopping down on the couch beside her. Her blazer and emerald green blouse were both fully unbuttoned to allow the bare colossal shifting and churning belly of hers to swell freely as her breast remained, just barely, still clad in her bra. Her pencil skirt was ripped up the side, from the swelling of her massive stomach and from the effort of walking with such a heavy protrusion.



"Oohww...don't slap my belly. I'm way too full." Dyviniti complained, reaching up to caress the area on the belly where her sister's knuckles had rammed her. "By the way, who's that you got in there? Did you get that hot dog vendor kid you were eyeing earlier?"

“You bet I did. I gave him a nice little blowjob beforehand too before swallowing him and his load.” Jainel said proudly, patting one side of her actively squirming stomach.

“Ugh, you such a hoe. Who else you got in there wit’ yo ratchet ass?” Dyviniti teased indicating the other sizable mass squirming beneath her sister’s belly flesh of what could only be another person turned to supper.

“Just one of the venue’s security guards. She came when they guy made a bit too much noise as I gobbled him down. As you can imagine I had to eat pretty damn quickly to get them both down without a fuss. (Buurp) ...How was your dinner by the way? Were your fans to your liking, oh rapping queen of overeating?”

“Ahh don’t hate. My rapping keeps us fed with all kinds of tasty prey. But yeah both those chicks were really tasty. That Kattalina or whatever her name was, you know the chick who I’ve been chatting with online, she practically danced right down my throat. The other big titty chick thought she could get away when I pretended to fall asleep as she gave me a belly rub. Kept saying she was my biggest fan, so I showed her were my real biggest fans go.” Dyviniti explained rubbing her squirming belly and licking her lips as she remembered the hearty meal. She slumped over and leaned on Jainel, resting her head on one of her pillowy breasts and getting comfortable. Jainel put her arm around her and stroked her head.

“Well I’m glad you had good time Lil’ sis. That girl who threw her bra-AAARP...her bra at you looked delicious. I’m a bit jealous.”

“Oh yea she was. She a fighter too. See?” Dyviniti indicated a particularly active portion on the top right side of her belly where Jahtinique’s futile thrashing was very obvious.

“Yea I see. So look. Here’s a quick rundown of the schedule. We’re heading out to the next city in the morning at about 6:30 am. Da’Ronta only had one prey tonight so she’ll be up early and will start driving. That means we got all day to digest as we’re on the road. It’ll be a 3 day drive so if you want I’ll arrange for one of the dancers or stagehands to stop by for a chat if you want another snack on the road. Or we can swing by a rest stop and see what happens....”

Jainel spoke, listing off the plans she had made as the manager for the artist Diva Digest’cha; world renowned hip-hop rapper and her dear little sister with the monstrous appetite. It didn’t surprise her to hear Dyviniti snoring by the time her short rundown of plans was complete. She chuckled and stroked her sister’s hair before pulling out a key remote that she had used to open the bus door from her bra. With the push of a few buttons the lights turned off leaving a low ambient purple glow in the room and the couch on which the two huge bellied preds sat began to slowly extend out and transform into a bed. Jainel commenced herself for having the foresight to predict the necessity of such a cushiony bit of technology.

Soon the two sisters were happily curled up, full and snoring the night away. Their meals soon settling as well as they began the process of digestion to fuller energize Diva Digest’cha for the

next set of amazing shows to come.



The end.