

It didn't understand the noises its prey used to communicate with one another, but there was no need to. They were food. Sport sometimes, but food mostly. And right now, it was hungry.

The female had entered the hospital room where the alien made its lair. It had heard the noises the group made along the corridors, and knew they would come to its room. These bipedal creatures were fleshy. Nothing protected their bodies but weak material they put over their skin and flesh. They were delicious, easy prey.

"I'm in the pantry," said the woman to a radio. "The moment you see anything, you raise the alarm and we get the hell out of here, no matter what."

"Understood," came a voice from the radio in her hand.

"Roger," said another.

"Just hurry up." Another voice.

The poor thing never saw the alien on the ceiling, lying in wait just above the lintel of the double door like a gigantic immobile tarantula that would jump on its prey noiselessly, and in a flash.

Which is exactly what happened. Under the talons of the monster, immobilized by its strength, she squeezed the trigger out of sheer panic, firing three shots at the wall.

The last thing she saw of the outside world, was the monster's featureless face, and its mouth full of fangs. Then, the mouth distended.

Saliva fell on her face. Its breath was warm, the touch of its tongue surprisingly slick. She screamed, and the noise came out clear and piercing before being muffled by the fleshy interior of the aliens inner meat.

“What was that?” came a voice from the radio.

The monster kept swallowing.

“Those were shots. Let’s get the fuck out of here.”

It swallowed.

“Let’s check on her. We can’t leave her behind.”

It swallowed.

“She’s not responding. It’s trouble and we have to get out of here.”

The girl was completely inside the alien.

“I’m going. In and out, I swear. Just raise the alarm if you see anything coming.”

With its stomach loaded, it would be hard for the alien to get up on the ceiling again. She pushed the radio, making it slide on the floor until it hit a corner, and hid itself in the shadows of the opposite corner.

It had a feeling all it had to do was wait, and more food would come.

One by one, they’d gone to check, and stopped answering the radio.

Lisa was no idiot. It was fucking time to get the burning fucking fuck out of fucking dutch.

So fuck it, she thought.

The stairwell to go up, and to the exit, was near the pantry, unfortunately. But if she was quiet, there should be no problem sneaking past whatever the hell was making her companions disappear.

The monster heard quiet footsteps, and the controlled breathing, of something out of the pantry. It understood it wouldn't go in, and so, decided to see if it could chase whatever it was, and catch it.

Just as Lisa was about to walk by the doors of the pantry, a monster appeared framed by the open doorway. Her flashback illuminated it perfectly. Too perfectly. She saw the thing's distended stomach full of bumps. It took her a fraction of a second to see that the bumps were moving. It took her another instant to hear the noises coming from the stomach.

She recognized the screams of the other girls. The shape of a hand appeared in the spot where she was looking, pressed up against the belly, which disappeared only to be replaced by the insinuation of a face.

Holy fuck. She ran.

Holy fuck, did she run.

The alien tried to give chase, but weighed down by her previous meals, Lisa put good distance between her, and the damn thing.