**Services Rendered for the Right Price.**

Kapricia sighed heavily, as she stepped out of the now vacant motel room she had rented for the night. Pulling the door shut behind behind her with one hand she rubbed her enormous gurgling belly, crammed full of the lethargically twitching body of a john whom she had entered the room with only a half hour earlier. Shaking her head with disgust she looked down at her cheapskate glutted bulge, tucking the room key in her tube top. She hadn't planned to spend her night, carrying around the extra weight of a digesting asshole of a john who had tried to stiff her on the money he owed when there was good money to be made on the block by good customers. Not to mention how hard it would be to get a good customer when she looked 20+ years pregnant with an overdue adult in her belly. In the end though she needed money to make rent at her apartment and the strip was a good way to make ends meet.

“Jayzus Kapricia...” shouted Yani, A blonde prostitute who often worked the block as Kapricia. “Oh my gawd bish, don't tell me you ate anova’ john! Damn girl, word gets around and you eatin’ all da fellas you ain’t gonna get no customers.” she walked up, her large breasts about bobbling in a bikini top and put her her directly to Kapricia’s lumpy swollen stomach.

“Aww i think it’s twins!” Yani teased.

“Oh Hush up Yani” Kapricia snapped pushing Yani’s head off of her gut. “It ain't my fault. This cheapskate asshole tried to stiff me. \*Hic-urp\* ugh...Talkin ‘bout he forgot his money in the car after I sucked him off AND swallowed. Fuck, I look like fallin for that... so I had to…\*BOURP\*...ya’know...polish off the rest of him”. She said patting her colossal belly for emphasis.

“Mmm hmm...well next time maybe just get the money first.” Yani replied rubbing Kapricia’s belly again feeling the man inside squirm feebly at her touch.

“I guess...wha**-hic**\* ...whatever…”

”You’re so lucky you can do that. You just gobble people up so fast. If I could do that I wouldn't need a pimp either.”

“Being an independent contractor has its perks. Y'know....just give it a shot some time. You’d be surprised what you can do.” Kapricia said waving as she waddled off down the block hoping to get another client.

As Kapricia strolled down the strip she tried to look aloof and yet approachable, doing her best to accentuate her large breasts and rotund as as her belly bobbed up and down with each movement. She gave long inviting looks, and winks to any man or woman who made eye contact and even had a few slow in their cars in consideration, but that was usually when the cheapskate kicked or did something obnoxious in her gut startling off any potential takers. Eventually Kapricia grew exhausted, the weight of her prominent meal bulging in her midsection reverting her long legged stroll back down to a shuffling waddle.

“Fuuuuuck...this is all your fau-**uoOURP\*...** fault. If you weren't such a tightwad I probably could’ve been done with you and made some good money tonight.” Kapricia griped beginning to head back to her cheap motel room for the night, She forced down a lump protruding from the surface of her stretched gut that she hoped it was the stingy john’s head followed by a brief retaliatory thrashing about within her stomach. At least she could take a shower before sleeping and digesting the rest of this overpriced meatbag.

“Hey there Sweet stuff…” Carried a man’s voice from a large black Mercedes SUV that stopped near her. “Looks like you carrying around quite the load there. Care if I give ya a ride...or two?” The guy said with a lustful wink. The man looked quite rugged with scruffy new growth covering his sharp chin. He had a sparkling gold Jeger-LeCoultre watch worth more money than Kapricia could make in a week on the strip and at least three rings of greater or equal value. This was a man about his money and Kapricia knew a guy like him out at this time of night lived a dangerous life. But Kapricia was a woman on a mission and could take care of herself. Also her rent wasn't gonna pay itself. If this seemingly well paid man had a fetish or something for girls with big bellies then this may be lucky night after all.

“Sugar, If you think you can handle this ‘load’ you can ride me however you want...” She replied rubbing her hand delicately over her prodigious swell, approaching the car and lowering her voice for a more candid conversation. “...for the right price.”

“Money is no problem Sweetheart. Hell, if I pegged you right, and I think I did I may even have a bonus I’m pretty sure you’d be interested. Hop on in.” He grinned confidently as he spoke, but Kapricia did notice his eyes bob to down to her belly at least once..

Kapricia preferred dealing with new customers on her own terms and turf, but this guy was a potential payday she couldn't pass up, and the fact he was quite handsome didn't hurt. After a brief consideration she waddled around to the passenger side of the car and after sliding the electronic passenger seat back as far as it could go she carefully climbed up into the chair. Her swollen stomach rested heavily on her lap, pushing her knees apart and as she situated herselt she noticed the handsome man gazing up and down her body. While there was lust in his eyes, she definitely felt he was evaluating her condition.

“So…” He started as he pulled off from the curb. “ You must be Kapricia. You must be the real…”

“How the Fuck do you know my Name!?” Kapricia snapped at him, cutting him off. She reached for the door handle as if threatening to jump of the car.

“Whoa whoa. Relax, I got your name from Criso. You know him right? Me an him go a ways back. My name’s Lamarcus.”

“Yea, I know Crisco.” She said glaring skeptically at Lamarcus, yet relaxing a little. Crisco was the pimp to Yani and a few other girls on the block she worked on. While they were not friends, they had come to an arrangement to share the block after she “took care of” a couple of thugs who were harassing his workers.

“He told me about you and your...appetite. And if that’s any indication…” He hesitantly pointed at her large stomach which gurgled as the digesting occupant twitched weakly. “...then I’ve got a job for you I need help with. That is if you can stomach it.”

“Hardy Har har” she fake laughed at his pun. “Never heard that one before. Look Lamarcus, I’m not a circus act okay. Sure I may sometimes eat a person or two who threatens me or who tries to cheat me but I’m not gonna eat just anybody you ask me too just because. I need reasons and they gotta be good ones. I may fuck around for cash on the weekends but my stomach aint for sale.”

“How about two thousand five hundred good reasons?” Lamarcus asked grinning and pulling a roll of rubber banded hundreds out of his inner coat pocket. Wide eyed Kapricia snatched the money out of his hand and held it to her face before counting it rapidly. With this much money she could pay rent, buy a ton of groceries for her and her little sister and who knows what else..

“Hey this is only five-hundred…” Kapricia grimaced after counting the money in her hand. “You said...”

“I said twenty five hundred….If you can do this job for me.” He said never taking his eyes off the road, still with that confident grin.

“Mmm’kay. I’m listening...” she said folding and sliding the money inside of the crevice of her large breasts. “...so, who’s for dinner?”

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A few minutes later the SUV pulled up in front of another motel outside of Serval city, this one way more run down and secluded the one Kapricia had previously rented for herself. As they got out of the SUV Kaprica noted Lamarcus running around and helping her down out of the high vehicle, like a man helping his pregnant wife. Though she was more than capable of getting down on her own she took the courtesy appreciatively, the churning meat of the cheapskate still weighing heavily in her huge gut. She prodded the cheapskate through her stomach wall a few times on the way to their destination. Eventually the only response was a resounding resounding belch that smelled of cheap cologne and menthol cigarettes. A good enough indicator that there was nothing but unconscious meat left stewing in her stomach.

Together they approached the back of the motel, Kapricia a few steps behind Lamarcus. When they approached one of the room doors Lamarcus extracted a key from his pocket and after looking around briefly stepped into the room gesturing for Kapricia to follow. Inside the room Kaprica saw a scene that was pretty much what Lamarcus had explained to her on the car ride over. There was Lamarcus’ friend Cliff, who matched the description of a short stocky man with a bald head and wide nose snoring loudly sitting on a chair facing the television..On the bed Kapricia saw a woman lying gagged and bound tightly with zip ties securing her wrists and elbows behind her and her knees and ankles. Kaprica rightfully assumed this womans was the reporter she was to “take care”. She was tall and wore a black pencil skirt, a now wrinkled button up blouse and dark stockings with not shoes. She writhed on the bed against her restraints as she spotted Kapricia and Lamarcus enter.

“Aye Markie, took ya long enough.” The man said standing and stretching. “..Who’s the pregnant broad?”

“This is a friend of mine. Don’t worry she’s cool.” Lamarcus said before Kapricai could respond. “She’s gonna help us take care of this... problem. “ Lamarcus nodded towards the bound woman whose furrowed eyebrows looked more angry than scared by her situation.

“Howzzat?” Cliff asked. “What you gonna do with this prego lady? We got a serious situation here Markie. Bossman gonna be pissed if we don't get rid of this lady.”

“No worries Cliff. Again, I got this buddy. Trust me.” Lamarcus said as he hushed Cliff towards the door. “You just go on home. You did you’re part, now I'll take care of the rest.

“But , uhh…” The stocky man hesitated eyeing Kapricia suspiciously as she walked towards the bed and sat down beside the bound woman, a peculiar look in her eyes.

“No worries man. Tell Vivian and the kids I said hi. Now bye!” With that Lamarcus shoved the man out the door and shut it behind him, slumping against the door with a sigh of relief, exhaustion of a particularly stressful day and night setting in. It was the muffled blubbering of the subdued reporter that snapped him back to the present. lifting his eyes just in time to see a scene he wouldn't ever have thought possible if it wasn't happening before his eyes.

While Lamarcus was getting rid of his accomplice Kapricia had decided to get this job over with. Crawling atop the bed and dragging her vastly meat-crammed belly up with her she began to prepare by lifting the confused reporter up into a kneeling position on the bed. Positioning herself also kneeling in front of the bound woman, her now loudly churning swollen bulge resting on the bed between them. Unable to ask what this prodigiously pregnant woman was doing with the likes of men that had kidnapped her the gagged reporters eyes simply cut around the room from the exit , to the Kapricia and down to kapricias bulging gut and back up.

Kapricia was relishing in the womans’ perplexed concern. Not sparing even a word of explanation to alleviate the obviously mounting unease on the face of her meal-to-be, Kapricia simply reached out and pinned the woman's already bound arms to her sides and began to open her mouth. Watching the expression of shrewd unease turn to unbelieving horror, as her mouth stretched wider and wider, gaping like a salivating canopy over the woman's head was complete ecstasy. She heard the woman's muffed shrieks as she pulled her meal closer, pressing the woman's breasts and stomach against her own distended belly as she lodged the women's shaking head between her extended jaws, pressing her face against her drooling tongue.

“HOLY SHIT!! WAIT WAIT WAIT!!” Blurted Lamarcus, pressed against the door, his eyes big as chicken eggs at the dubious endeavor under way. Annoyed at the interruption of her late-night snack, kapricica eyes him. For a moment she considered continuing her meal, but then again she didn't want to jeopardize the other two G’s that awaited her after a job well done. Reluctantly she pulled the woman's head out of her mouth, who once dislodged began to jerk and thrash violently.

“What? What is it?” Kapricia asked exasperated, licking her lips and holding the woman in place as best she could.

“Y-you’re gonna e-eat her...J-Just like this?” Lamarcus stammered. “Like you dont n-need to like chop her up or s-something?”

“What!? Ewww dude! What the fuck? Hell naw.” Kapricia snapped back disgusted. “Don’t start getting creepy on me. You’re cute but if you into bloody gory shit I’m outta here.”

“N-no Im not. I figured that’s what you did. Phew. I'm actually relieved. I thought you needed some help.” He huffed slumping to the floor.

“Well now that you mention it…” Kapricia said holding the now violently thrashing woman with concerted effort. “...Since you interrupted my earlier progress and made me lose my edge, I could use your help holding her still so I can get her down.”

“Oh damn. My bad. I got you.” Lamarcus said, standing up. Removing his rings and placing them on the night stand he climbed on the bed behind Kapricia’s now panic convulsing prey.

Kapricia told him to hold the woman's wildly swinging head still. Once he grasped it holding it still, Kapricia again began to open her mouth obscenely wide. Muffled shrieks were soon cut off as once again the womans head and face were pressed into the cavernous maw, Lamarcus snatched his fingers away before his hands too could be engulfed. He moved down to hold the woman's bound arms as Kapricia worked the woman further into her throat. With powerful rhythmic gulps and Lamarcus helping Kapricia hauled her meal’s writhing body up and over her taut churning belly and in consequence down her gullet. She slowly devoured more and more of the woman with steady progress soon swallowing her shoulders and upper back.

“So...” Lamarcus began as he raised the bound bucking legs and waist of the reporter in the air, feeding the woman down Kapricia’s undulating throat “...you think I’m cute?”

Kapricia froze for a moment at the unexpected directness of his question. She glared up at Lamarcus’ face as he stood holding the desperately twisting legs of the woman waist deep in her esophagus. He once again had that confident expression he wore so well. Obviously unable to respond verbally Kapricia shrugged with all the nonchalance she could muster, despite the thudding in her chest. She wasn't one to be played by a man like Lamarcus and his kind.

Deciding quite abruptly his assistance wasn't needed any longer she fanned him away with her free hand. She would finish this job by herself, no matter how full she already felt. Kapricia took hold of the Reporters hips and and hoisted the rest of the lower half in the air before before continuing her meal. Hands up in resignation he backed off, sitting down on the bed to watch Kapricia polish off the rest of the reporter. With gravity helping out and the more arduous parts of her current meal already being crammed against the digesting remains of her last meal, Kaprica made short work of the reporter. In a matter of minutes Kapricia curled her tongue around the reported toes before swallowing them down her to join the rest of the woman jammed uncomfortably in her stomach, which was easily twice as large as it had been when Lamarcus had met her.

**\*BWWWOOOOOURRRRRRRPP\*** Oh gawd…**\*hic\*** ‘Scuse me. I’m stuffed”

“Wow...You actually did it. You just swallowed that woman whole. I Just can't believe it.” Lamarcus said, his eyes pinned to the massive globular ebony orb of Kapricia’s belly. She could feel and see the reporter jerking and kicking about inside, trying to get into a relatively agreeable position in the crowded cramped gastric cauldron.

“Yea well…\*hic\* This is the jo-**oOUUURP\*** ugh...job, right? ‘Scuse me” Kaprica said shifting off of her knees and reclining back against the headboard, Her legs to either side of the gargantuan

“Hell Yea, it is. And i’ll say you’ve done it better than I’ve ever seen. No Mess. No body. The boss is gonna be so relieved to know I took care of this reporter. She was gonna blackmail him with some photos she had or something. May I?” He asked suddenly indicating he wanted to touch her overfilled stomach.

“S-**uorp\*...** Sure.” She shrugged as Lamarcus gingerly placed both his hands on the immense protuberance of flesh. She heard him gasp nervously as the devoured woman moved inside causing protrusions to ripple across her belly's uneven surface. A moment later she gasped as he began rubbing his hands up and around her swollen stomach, massaging the strained agitated mass. While Kapricia’s stomach had handled loads of struggling meat larger than this in the past, she had never had her belly rubbed while digesting such copious feast. She moaned and groaned as Lamarcus caressed and kneaded all around the her massive tightly packed gut. At some point during the his sensual belly fondling Kapricia nodded off and slipped into a deep food-induced sleep.

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A few hours later in the early pre-dawn of the next morning the luxury Mercedes SUV pulled up, parking at the corner of the street where she lived. Hopping out of the drivers side Lamarcus jogged around to the passenger side to assist Kaprica. As she lowered herself and the dense mass of digesting meat packed ponderous stomach, the reporter still twitching about weakly from time to time, Kapricia allowed the man to cradle her immense gut as she gained her balance. It had taken them quite a while to get her and her gastronomic passengers into the front seat of the SUV and she was glad it was still early enough in the morning most people were still sleeping.

“Well, I gotta say, it was pleasure doing business with ya...” Lamarcus said reaching in to the glovebox and pulling out an envelope and handing it to Kapricia. “ I gotta say, you helped me out a lot tonight. With skills like yours, a guy like me could make you a rich girl.” He rested his hand on her bulge, giving it a hearty goodbye pat invoking a exceptionally loud gurgling in response.

“ A rich girl huh? I like the sound of that. If I can get paid like this all the time for eating then h-uuORPP\* ...hire me, baby. I’m your girl.” Kapricia said flipping through the crisp c-notes in the envelope. Then as she tucked the envelppe into her bra she winked at Lamarcus. “Besides, You and my big tummy do seem to get along very well.”

Lamarcus felt a chill run up his spine as she waddled seductively towards the sidewalk, unable to tell if it was desire he felt or his fight or flight reflex kicking in.

“Yea, I guess we do.” he laughed nervously climbing back into his truck. Then he called from the window , “Maybe next time I call on you for dinner, we can discuss some of your...other services.”

Stopping her sensual stroll to look back a moment resting on hand on her lower back. Then with a sultry stare she lifted her fingers to her mouth, and extending her middle finger she slowly slid her long moist pink tongue up the length of the paint-tipped digit, wrapping her lips around it and pulling it out with a audible pop. Then she turned, and sauntered off down the street.

“Maybe indeed...” Lamarcus grinned as he pulled off to report the good news to the Bossman.

The end..?

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