A Call from an Obnoxious Guest



**Zzzzz-ZZZZzzzz-ZZZZss-\*SNORT\*** Trinique awoke abruptly her cheek slipping from it’s perch on her palm causing her head to bob. The reflexive jolt caused a slow throbbing in her temple. Careful not to move her head much she cut her eyes about the room, noting she was home and leaning on the arm of her couch, the tv on in the dark playing the repeated loop of the “Silence of the lambs” DVD selection menu she had been watching earlier with her coworker Ladarrah. As she tried to reach up to rub her eyes Trinique realized her other arm was weighed down by said coworker who slumped against her, cradling an empty 40 oz bottle of steel reserve in her lap.

**“Ugghnn...What time is it?”** Trinique mumbled, her only responses the deep measured snoring of her drunk guest and the long hollow \* GRRRGGGLRLGLGGLRRRRLRRLL \* of her stomach absent any sustenance aside from malt liquor and gin. Trinique hated being hungry and being a clever pred she nearly always weighed the pros and cons of what and ,most often who she devoured to sate her hunger. Tonight was not one of those times, as Trinique, completely hammered looked down at her deliciously inebriated, mouthwateringly plump guest. Laddarah was an easy meal by all accounts and in her current state one Trinique wasn't about to pass up, the thought emphasized by another vicious growl from her stomach.

Clumsily shifting her position Trinique lifted the snoring girls head up to her open mouth, stretching it wide, her salivating tongue lolling out in anticipation of the late night repast. As Ladarrahs head slid deep into her gaping maw Triniques stomach all but roared, demanding to be filled with selected delicious tribute. Trinique gladly obeyed.

 **~A FEW HOURS LATER~**

Later that morning Trinique awoke in her bed. She loved her comfortable, warm bed and being nuzzled in the thick blankets. This would've been the ideal setting for her on any Saturday morning to sleep the day away, if not for few minor offenses which plagued her comfort: One being the incessant nerve rattling buzz of her cellphone dancing about on her nightstand and the second being the obnoxious prodding and thrashing from within her enormously swollen belly accompanied by muffled shrieks and curses. Trinique had dealt with rude unruly meals before and for a while had ignored the pounding in her gut , but it was the buzzing of her cell phone that aggravated her to wakefulness. She reached for the phone and seeing it was her co-worker Ladarrah calling, Trinique rolled her eyes and answered the call.

**“Look Ladarrah, I’m not covering your shift today.”** Trinique said groggily wanting to wrap the call up as soon as possible. **“ It’s my day off and beside I…”**

**“WHAT THE FUCK TRINIQUE! THE HELL YOU TALKING ABOUT! YOU FUCKING ATE ME!!”** Ladarrah screamed into the phone. Trinique’s eyes went wide as she heard the muffled echo of Ladarrah’s voice coming from her ginormous gut.

**“Uhh...w-what? How? Are you \*Hurp\* sure?”** Trinique asked slightly disoriented. She sat up in her bed, and pulled the covers off of her huge belly, staring at it in disbelief. How was Ladarrah in there? She couldn’t have been sleep eating….could she?

**“Fuck you mean am I sure? I can hear your voice echoing all around me. And I’m swimming in a shit ton of smelly ass beer. Look, just let me the fuck out okay?”** Ladarrah snapped. She punched the stomach wall for emphasis causing Trinique to belch.

**\*Hey chi-\*Hic-BWOOOOOORRRARP\*... ugh..chill out. You’re giving me indigestion.”** Trinique said rubbing her stomach. She felt bad that she had eaten Ladarrah. She knew eventually she’d be gobbling her up, but Ladarrah was a good hang out partner for the time being. The worst part was she didn't even remember how she tasted.

**“Indigestion?! Bitch let me out or I'll give you the worst indigestion you’ve ever had!”** Ladarrah kicked her harder. Trinique held her belly, feeling a bit queasy as Ladarrah went wild inside her gut, punching and thrashing. Trinique hated when her meals freaked out but she’d eaten men bigger than Ladarrah and knew she could old her lunch...or dinner ...or whatever. All this did was piss her off.

“**OH YOU WANNA ACT UP!. Okay fine! Ya know what, BITCH? I dont think im gonna let you out...**” Trinique said scooting to the edge of the bed and cradling her belly. Holding her cell between her shoulder and cheek as she spoke She stood up feeling the full weight of Ladarrah weighing in her belly. **“.... I think I’m gonna keep you in my belly. I think i’m gonna digest yo stank ass. HOW YOU LIKE THAT BITCH!?”**

**“Sorry sorry sorry! “ L**adarrah pleaded. **“I-I’m sorry. Please let me out! I don’t want to be in here. I’m just a bit freaked out.”**

**“Hmmmm….I’ll think about it”** Trinique teased, rubbing the vast stretch skin of her belly. She knew it was bad but she enjoyed teasing her food as they stewed in her stomach completely at her mercy. She waddled out of her room, her massive stomach bouncing and swaying as she made her way into the kitchen, feigning contemplation the whole way.

**“I w-wont kick again. Ju-just let me out. Please, Trinique.”** Ladarrah begged over the phone. Trinique opened the refrigerator and grabbed a gallon of milk that was sittin on the rack.

**“Ya’ know what?”** Trinique said popping the to off the container. **“ I’m gonna keep you for breakfast, lunch and maybe even dinner if you last that long.”**

“**What!? You FUCKING BITCH! THat’s it i’m going to call the police! Then you’ll be sorry! THey’ll cut you open like a fish you fat bitch!”** Ladarrah cursed with renewed vigor! She kicked again inside the fleshy prison causing another belch.

**\*BUHOURP\* “Yea? is that right Bitch? “** Triqnique said raising the gallon up to her mouth. **“Good luck with that...with no phone”** With that she tilted the gallon of milk and began guzzling its ice cold contents in record time, emptying the gallon into her gut in under twenty seconds. Inside her stomach the frosty milk crashed and flooded the cramped fleshy chamber in large waves. The shock from the sudden ice cold fluid in the formerly sweltering hot environment caused Ladarrah to jump reflexively, dropping her phone into the bubbling concoction of bile, beer and milk.

Still holding her phone to her ear as she finished off the last of the milk container Trinique heard Ladarrah, both inside and outside her stomach walls, squeak in shock and then scream in horror as the cell phone plopped into the gastric brew and fizzled out. Hanging up her phone Trinique waddled back to her room as she massaged her lively stomach, now thoroughly enjoying the violent tantrum that ensued as Ladarrah fought to escape her fate in the gurgling gut. She may not remember what she tasted like, but at least Ladarrah squirmed like a champ.

Just as Trinique was getting to her room, her phone buzzed again. Relieved that it wasn’t Ladarrah she answered her cousin JahQuelle’s call.

**“Hey Cuzo...Ooh right the shopping trip. \*BWOURP\*...Ugh….Hey can I take a rain check Lil’ cuz...Yea. I’m having some \*HURP\* ... indigestion issues with my dinner from last night….yea you remember Ladarrah….Yup….MmmHmm….\*hic\*..... She acting like a real bitch tho. I think I'm gonna go back to bed until things settle down….Okay...Cool cool…..yea swing by-yoOUUURRRAARRP\*...ah sorry… Swing by later. I’ll be home... M’kay hon. Bye.”**

Hanging up the cell phone again, Trinique turned on the do not disturb setting, and unceremoniously plopped down on the bed, her engorged gut rolling her over and resting on the mattress. Curling around her bulbous belly Trinique pulled her blankes up over her, and closed her eyes to drift off to the movements and weakening kicks of the pathetic girl-meat stewing away inside.

Five minutes later, Trinique opened a disturbed bloodshot eye.

 **“Fuuuuuuucck...I gotta pee...”**

The End