



# The Dark Tales of Brenda

## The Family Meal

*Brenda prefers intimate family meals.*

written by Western Lonestar



Brenda awoke that morning feeling famished. Nobody likes to wake up hungry, but when Brenda awakens peckish, some one is in serious trouble. Brenda, you see is a cannibal. Oh she doesn't go around advertising this fact but, none the less, she has quite the appetite for human flesh. In fact, she has such a taste for human meat that she rarely takes the time to cook her victim, or kill him or her for that matter. She doesn't even waste time preparing the flesh before she eats it. Most often she simply swallows her victim, whole... alive even. So you probably can imagine why you wouldn't want to be the first person Brenda met after she awoke hungry.



O.K., it's not that she'd eat anybody. Brenda has standards after all. She prefers to eat children because they usually have a more tender texture and their meat is usually sweeter than that of adults. Believe it or not, size is not really a factor in determining who she will eat. The more meat the better, as far as she is concerned. Over the years she has strengthened and enlarged her jaw and gullet muscles and her gut has expanded and its muscles have

gut has expanded and it's muscles have grown stronger with each meal. Although children are preferred, She won't balk at swallowing anyone up to, and including a full grown adult. If she chooses to eat grown-ups however, she always select women because their flesh contains more fat then that of men, (i.e. their breasts and buttocks are usually more tender and the fat increases the flavor of the meat.) The ultimate choice of a full sized meal would be a young, adult woman in the last stages of her pregnancy. The extra fat, as well as the unborn child or children in her womb always add more



texture and meat. As I said, size does not discourage her. The bigger the victim, the more satisfying the meal. Adult men are frowned upon because their meat gets stringy and tough as they approach adulthood. Also Brenda dislikes eating women over the age of thirty, because their meat is generally more stringy and has more gristle then younger women. Thus Brenda's choice of whom she will fill her belly with meat is somewhat selective.



Brenda is always thinking about eating, even when she is not hungry. To her, every person she meets is a potential meal, if they fall under her parameters. Brenda does not discriminate against any potential meal. She has eaten friends, classmates, immediate family members, cousins, nieces and nephews. When Brenda meets someone, the first



thing she does is classify the quality of said person's flesh. The more appetizing someone is the sooner that person finds her way into Brenda's stomach. Nobody is above becoming a meal for Brenda. The only way to be truly safe around Brenda is never to encounter her. For Brenda finding food that is acceptable to eat is simple. Just walk down the street or pass by a playground and she'll encounter someone who is appetizing. Still, some people are just more appetizing than others and for them, Brenda will make special arrangements to acquire their meat.

So when Brenda awoke, this morning, with a ravenous appetite she had a pretty good idea what she wanted for breakfast. In fact, she immediately determined who was on the menu for dinner as well.

Living just down the street from her was the Sanders family in a two story bungalow. Mr. Saunders worked as a lawyer and never got home before 5:00 o'clock in the evening. Sharon Saunders, was approximately 27 years old and had three children. Cindy was six and the oldest while Jennifer was seven. Their youngest child was Penny who was three. Add to this the fact that Sharon was pregnant with twins and in her final trimester and you could see how the Saunders family would be on Brenda's radar. She had planned on dropping in on the Saunders for lunch one of these days and it seemed as if this was the opportune day for just such a visit.



Brenda sat down in the kitchen, to plan her visit in careful detail. She was not in the habit of leaving anything to chance. She had plenty of time. Brenda had awoken early and Mr. Saunders did not leave for work until 8:30 in the morning. Then the two older children would head off to school at around 8:45, leaving Sharon alone in the house with just Penny. Brenda decided that she'd drop by to visit Sharon at around 9:15. That would ensure that Penny would be alone with her mom. Penny ought to be no problem, once her mother was dealt with. At ten after nine,

Brenda, who was stark naked, put on a long, over-sized trench-coat and headed out the door and down the street towards the Saunders place. She had chosen the trench-coat because it hid the fact that she was naked underneath and would be easy to shed once the meal began in earnest. She hummed a little nursery rhyme as she strolled down the street. To her, this was

an everyday event. Attack her neighbor, overpower her, swallow her whole and spend the rest of the morning lounging about while her neighbor digested. What could be simpler. She had done this hundreds of times. The secret was in relaxing and simply enjoying the event.



Upon arriving at the door, Brenda rang the doorbell and looked over her attire as she awaited Sharon's arrival. She did not want to look all disheveled before her neighbor. She wanted to make a good impression. After all, they had never formally been introduced and Brenda wanted to put her best foot forward on this momentous occasion. She hoped that Sharon was having a nice day up to this point. After all, it isn't every day that someone comes over and devours you. It would be a pity if Sharon's last day was

had been miserable up to now. It sure wasn't about to get any better from here on in... at least for Sharon. The sound of footsteps approaching drew Brenda's attention back to the front door, just as it opened.

In the doorway stood a young woman, extremely heavy with child. Her features had plumped up as a result of putting on all that extra weight. She was wearing a loose maternity dress which did little to hide her thick, beefy thighs, huge, distended belly, and bountiful, milk laden-ed breasts. A look of confusion showed across the features of her somewhat chubby face, as she gazed at the complete stranger on her doorstep. She appeared to have no idea who Brenda was and certainly not a clue what this stranger wanted with her. There a tired look in her eyes and a bead of sweat was trickling down her forehead. Clearly, she was feeling somewhat hot and exhausted. This was actually a good omen for Brenda, as it meant that her victim would likely tire-out quickly when Brenda did attack her.



“Yes...”, she queried as she stared blankly at Brenda, “Can I help you...?” Brenda pulled her right hand out of her pocket revealing a small spray can of bear repellent and, with out any warning, simply sprayed pepper spray right in the housewife's face. The effect was instantaneous. The pregnant woman crumpled onto her knees shrieking and choking as she rubbed her her eyes with her bare hands and gasped for breath.



Brenda had all the time in the world for her next move. She dropped the can of pepper spray into her purse and removed a long shiny metal rod from a purse compartment. This was a cattle prod and as the young woman knelt crying on the floor, before her, she pushed her way through the door and stepped over the young housewife. She grabbed a hand full of her long hair and lifted it revealing the back of Misses Saunders neck. She pressed the metal shaft up against the base of the woman's skull and pressed the trigger. The rod delivered a significant electrical shock through the skin and bone of the woman's skull and directly into the brain cavity within.

Now, for those of you who are not familiar with how a brain works, it receives and sends information through tiny, complex, chemical-electrical shocks. It process these minute electrical surges, determining the source of each shock and what it means and sends an appropriate little shock back to that source to make that limb or digit do what is requested from the source of the electrical messenger. What happens when one receives a massive electrical jolt to the brain is that all the electrical sensors are overloaded and the brain loses control over the entire body of the victim, causing that person to go into spasms. The mind, at this point, is completely unable to process any of the messages it is receiving. The recipient of the shock loses all control over her bodily functions and is in a state of utter helplessness until the brain can reset its internal software. This effect can last for fifteen to twenty minutes and full recovery of ones' mental facilities can, sometimes, take as much as half an hour. In the interim they simply lie on the floor twitching and jerking helplessly.



Brenda moved into the kitchen in search of the three year old. Penny wasn't hard to find. She was seated at the kitchen table, where she had been eating her breakfast. Now she was crying in response to hearing her mother's brief shrieking screams. Brenda moved in fast and slapped the little girl across the back of the head with her open palm. The blow

stunned the child and immediately silenced her screams. Now with mother and daughter incapacitated, she returned to Sharon and removed some plastic ties from her purse. She striped the young pregnant woman of her cloths and jewelry. She wads up Sharon's panties in a ball and stuffs them into her mouth to act as a gag. Then she drags the naked mother into the kitchen and dumps her there in the middle of the lanolin floor. Now with mom all taken care of, she turns her attention back to poor little Penny.



Brenda picked the three year old by her ankles and laid her on her back on the table. Thus she proceeded to strip away the child's cloths which would have gotten in the way of proper digestion. In the back ground she could hear Sharon's moans and groans. This did not concern her as she new that the mother would not regain her consciousness for, at least, half

an hour. Once the little girl was fully undressed, the massive woman examined her helpless prey. The child was small but possessed enough fat content to make her meat flavorful. The mother had fed this child well. That was just what she wanted to see.



When it came to eating children, Brenda had absolutely no qualms at all. She started her cannibalistic habit by eating kids. To her they were just another tasty form of meat. There was absolutely no need to prepare her meals. As long as they were fresh, there was no need to butcher or cook them. Just Swallow them whole and alive and the meal would be complete. Brenda simply lifted Penny, by her ankles, over her face and lowered her head



into her mouth. In about five gulps Penny was squeezing her way down Brenda's gullet and entering her stomach for digestion. By the time that she regained her awareness, she wouldn't even know where she was or how she had gotten there. She would digest much faster than her mother, both due to her small size and softer bones and muscles. It would, no doubt, be excruciating for her but at least she wouldn't have to suffer for several

hours. Her mother would spend her last hours praying for death with, seemingly, no end of suffering in sight.

Once the little girl had been consumed, Brenda hefted the large, pregnant woman onto her own kitchen table to be prepared for the main course. You know what they say, "Breakfast is the most important meal of the day." This was certainly very true for Sharon as this breakfast was going to be a life changing experience for her. Actually, it was going to be life ending. Sharon could be considered lucky, although she might not have agreed with this fact. She was unconscious, and thus unaware of what was taking place. By the time she had any grip on her awareness she would be swallowed whole, up to her cleavage at least, and she would unlikely be able to comprehend, exactly what was happening to her. In this way, she might not be spared any of the pain of being eaten and digested but at least she would be spared the horror and humiliation of being aware that she was being swallowed alive by a complete stranger. This might not seem like much of a break, but one should be grateful for even small mercies.



Lying there, on her back backside with her thighs spread wide apart, she was entirely naked and exposed. For the viewing pleasure of Brenda. Sharon's breasts were quite large and full with fresh milk. Her belly was swollen and roundish with just a couple of rolls of fat showing. Her vagina had been neatly shaven, just last night, in preparation for the birth of the twins, as they might be arriving at any time soon. "My goodness!", thought Brenda, "How thoughtful of her to prepare my breakfast so fastidiously for me, and as smooth as a baby's bottom too." Blushing at her rather selfish thoughts, Brenda knew just what was needed here. "A fine young meal



such as yourself should be properly dressed for such a momentous occasion.” Brenda strolled over to the refrigerator and opened the door to scope out what was available within. She quickly spotted the large tub of butter and some chives in the crisper. “Now that is just what you need to bring out your flavor, don’t you think?”

Brenda brought these items back to the table, along with a bottle of wine that was on the bottom rack of the fridge, and a large wine glass and mixing bowl. Dumping the whole tub worth of butter into the bowl along with the chives, she shoved her hands into the bowl and began to mash these ingredients together. From time to time she would pour a dribble of wine into the mix to give it a more fluid texture. At long last she paused and looked over the mix and decided it was quite ready to be applied to the meat of the main course.

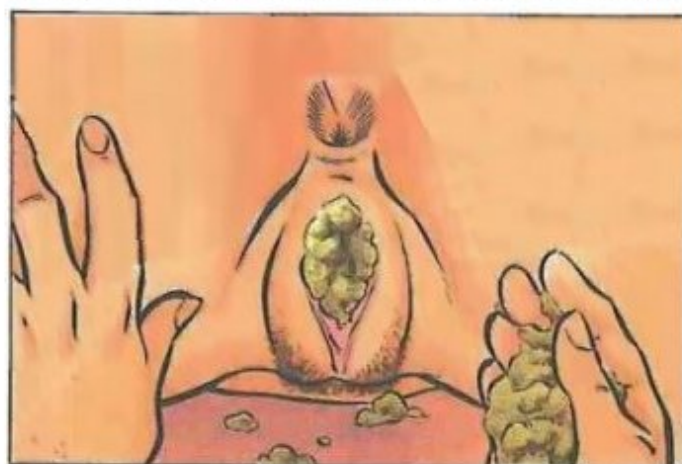
Brenda reached into the bowl and took a hand full of the gooey mixture, and shoved her fist into Sharon’s cunt. In spite of the fact that Sharon was in no state of mind to comprehend what was being done to her, the air in her lungs was forced up her throat and through her vocal cords, causing her to make grunting noises as she was being



stuffed. Brenda’s whole fist, and wrist disappeared up inside Sharon’s vagina. This might have done her some serious injury, had she been conscious, and aware of what Brenda was doing, but and she was completely limp and relaxed her innards were more easily stretched to make room for Brenda’s fist and arm. Indeed, Brenda’s arm disappeared all the way up to her elbow and only stopped there as Brenda’s fist reached the end of Sharon’s womb. Brenda, rather carelessly shoved the babies aside with her fist and opened

her fingers, before pulling her hand out leaving the large dob of butter within Sharon's womb. This was repeated time and time again until there just wasn't anymore room in Sharon's womb or birthing channel for anymore butter.

Next Brenda proceeded to stuff Sharon's bowel the same way. At first this was a great deal more difficult, as Sharon's anus was a good deal more restricted in size, than had been her cunt. Brenda had had to begin by using her fingers to shove butter just up inside Sharon's



asshole. As the relaxed anus stretched, Brenda began using her thumbs and then several fingers. Eventually she was able to, comfortably, shove her whole fist up Sharon's ass, all the way up into her bowels. Each fist full of butter, Rammed up her ass caused Sharon to rock back and forth on her kitchen table. The table creaked with protest under the weight and stress of it's

owner's preparation. Still, The table did not collapse and eventually Sharon's bowels were filled to capacity with butter as well. Brenda stepped back from the table and gazed over her work. Sharon lay on her backside, quivering helplessly. Her head was tilted to one side, with her tongue dangling out of her mouth, dripping saliva onto the table top. A tinny stream of golden fluid with a few green flecks leaked from her asshole and a slightly larger stream of melted butter dribbled form her cleft as well. The two streams joined in unison and ran down the crack of her ass to form a pool of melted butter and chives beneath her arse. Seeing that she still had a quantity of butter left in the bowl, Brenda scooped



hand-fulls of the mix out of the bowl and smeared it all over Sharon's thighs, breasts and belly. Not only would this add to the flavor of Sharon's meat, but it would lubricate her skin, making this huge mass of flesh easier to swallow. "Mmmm, don't you look sumptuous. You know, I could just eat you all up!", She chuckled out loud.



Now she grasped Sharon by her left shoulder and lifted her off the table into a sitting position. The pregnant woman still being quite limp, Brenda grasped her victim's right ass cheek, with her left hand, and inserted her index finger fully up Sharon's anus in order to maintain a good grip on her arse and keep her buttered ass from slipping right off the table top. Then she simply leaned over her helpless prey and stuffed Sharon's head completely into her mouth. It was quite a sight to see, Brenda leaning over this full grown woman in the full glory of her pregnancy her lips pressed against Sharon's shoulders and Brenda's cheeks bulging with the contents of Sharon's head. The whole event had a sense of relaxed ease. Brenda was in no hurry, as her



prey was completely limp and would be unconscious for several more minutes, and Sharon was utterly unaware that her eating had just begun in earnest. From here on in, there would be no question what Sharon's roll in this meal would be. She was the main course. Brenda took her time and contemplated this woman's flavorful, meat as she devoured Sharon alive.

You might wonder why she didn't just kill Sharon. Surely it would have been an easier way to consume her and there would be no trouble with Sharon regaining consciousness and resisting. It certainly would have been more humane as far as Sharon's suffering was concerned. Well, believe it or not, There was a very practical, if somewhat terrifying reason for Brenda swallowing her victims alive. As most people know, the human body is just a container for the eternal soul. The soul is the very source of our life. It is the battery that powers our bodies. Science has searched for centuries to find the location of the human soul, either to prove or disprove it's existence. The problem is that the soul is not the battery of life but is, rather, the energy stored within the battery of life. The battery is the human body. As long as a human being lives his or her soul is stored withing the human body and can not escape. When the battery ceases operating, (i.e. dies), the soul can no longer be contained and escapes the flesh to dissipate into the atmosphere. What becomes of it after that, only God knows. Brenda has discovered, quite accidentally, that a human body that expires within another living human being releases its soul only for it to be entrapped and contained by the surrounding human shell of the outer person. The energy is absorbed and held by the recipient's fat layers and the recipient's soul consumes and absorbs the extra soul energy. This causes the recipient to to become more powerful in surprising ways. The soul, you see, is more than just energy. It is, in essence, us. All that we are, all of our intellectual properties emanate from our soul. Thus as one absorbs the essence of other people's souls, one's own soul will grow stronger and this allows us to perform even greater and more powerful, mental tasks. This is how Brenda is able to influence other people's thoughts and actions so utterly and completely with such ease. Now, that she has discovered this gem of knowledge, she makes a point of devouring her meals alive and



digesting them to death. Not only does she satisfy her body's protein requirements, but the souls that she digests and absorbs give her an advantage over her next victims.



Pregnant women are her favorite meals not only because their bodies are more flavorful and contain more protein, but each of the unborn babies have their own soul energy which is just as potent as their mother's. In this way she acquires two, or three, times the nourishment from the soul energy of these particular meals. As for humanity and mercy, Brenda doesn't give these matters a second thought. It is the natural state of nature for predators to prey on other living creatures for sustenance. Does a python feel any guilt as it swallows a zebra's body whole? Of course not. Why should it? Why then should a human being feel restricted by guilt over eating another human being? What could be more natural? Nature is simply a matter of the survival

of the fittest. If Brenda's desire to consume a young woman and her babies for breakfast is stronger than that woman's ability to protect herself and her family then it is only right that Brenda should satisfy her craving with their flesh and the essence of their very beings. For Brenda, this is all the justification she requires. She feels utterly satisfied with the outcome of her actions. In fact she rather enjoys the sensation of her victim's resistance and terror as her meal regains consciousness and realizes, at the very least, that something is horribly wrong and there seems to be nothing that can be done to escape this grisly fate. It reminds her how lucky she is to be at the top of the food chain and how much power she wields over those beneath her. In essence, by digesting these weaker creatures, she is erasing their unworthy forms from the earth to make room for creatures who are more worthy of existence. As for her victims, well, you'll never hear them complain about



any injustice done to them. Their nothing more than shit now and I doubt that there is anybody out there who would argue that shit has any feelings on the matter, either one way or the other.

As Brenda proceeds to stretch her jaws over the tops of Sharon's shoulders any one could not help but to be impressed with her progress. With her teeth scrapping over Sharon's shoulder-blades, Brenda lips form a tight seal over the tops of the young mother's swollen



jugs of mother's milk. Sharon had been planning on relieving the discomfort of all that milk building up in her tits, while her daughter ate her breakfast, but Brenda's unexpected arrival had interrupted that plan and she just never got a chance to milk herself before her own breakfast meal began. The breast pump and a jar lay in on the kitchen counter as a testimony to this but now it was no longer of any

use to her. Her aching udders were utterly forgotten in her current, unconscious state and when she finally did regain her mental faculties, they would hardly be at the top of her list of things that she had to do immediately. Brenda, however, was faced with a daunting task. Not only did she have to swallow this full grown woman's chest but also engulf Sharon's massive, swollen tits which were straining full to absolute capacity with fresh milk. Brenda always relished a challenge, whoever, and especially one like this.

She began by forcing her tongue deep into the sweaty trench of Sharon's immense cleavage. Then it darted over each fat juicy mammary, one at a time, to slather the soft, plump flesh with saliva, much in the way that a hooker might drool over a penis before taking it deep into her mouth and gullet. In this way she proceeded to moisten the tit so it would slide between her lips more easily. That and the butter she had applied to Sharon's

breasts would make swallowing these huge meat sacks, full of milk, much easier to swallow. Brenda had been about to reach up grasp a breast in each hand when Sharon began to stir back to consciousness. She gave a sudden bunting motion as she awoke, to the most disorientating condition of having her head shoved down the back of another person's throat. Only her confusion and inability to grasp exactly what was happening to her and how



she had gotten to this state kept The housewife from going into complete panic mode. As yet, her brain had not quite completed resetting her thought processing software, but Brenda had little doubt that she had better hurry up the meal until she had a good grip of enough of Sharon to ensure that she wasn't going anyplace but down Brenda's gullet. Her right hand grabbed a hand-full of tit meat to shovel into her mouth while her tongue worked the other breast towards the same goal. Her left hand had to remain firmly grasping Sharon's bum flesh, to ensure that she didn't wriggle her slippery buttered ass of the table top. Her index finger, shoved deep up Sharon's poop chute, made sure that her arse was staying where it belonged.

As Sharon's brain gradually took over control of her body again, panic began to set in. It wasn't fear of being eaten that terrified the young woman but, rather, the claustrophobic environment she found herself encased within. Brenda's gullet was warm, wet, and



constantly undulating and squeezing her head and shoulders from all sides. She couldn't move much and could barely breathe and someone was squeezing down hard upon her tits. Add to that the fact that she was surrounded by the almost deafening sounds of Brenda swallowing and the terrifying darkness of the pale pink tunnel she seemed to be jammed inside and you can see how she might have felt quite unsettled. It never even occurred to her that she could be entering someone's gullet, let-alone that she might be in the process of being eaten alive. As if

that wasn't bad enough, a long thick obstruction was thrusting about in her anus and all the way up into her bowels. Her asshole was burning as it was being fucked raw. "Oh GOD! Her Bum Hurt!" All she could do was flail her arms about blindly and wriggle her bum around on Brenda's index finger and weep into the inky black darkness of Brenda's gullet. None of this seemed to help her resolve her troubles at all!

Brenda, on the other hand, was having a good deal more success. In spite of the fact that Sharon's tits were gigantic and bloated to capacity with milk, Brenda had managed to cram Sharon's right tit into her maw and was well on her way to stuffing the left one in as well. It might not seem like much, but I am sure you would have been quite impressed if you could have only seen how substantial her cleavage was. Once both tits were in Brenda swallowed again and sucked Sharon all the way up to her lower rib into her mouth. Sharon's shoulders were squashed together as they followed her head into the back of

Brenda's throat and down her gullet. This brought Sharon to full awareness that something utterly disastrous was happening to her and she had better stop it now or there would be no hope of saving herself. Her hands clenched into fists as they flailed about trying to find something she could punch. Her toes clenched and un-clenched as her legs pumped and kicked uselessly. She lost interest, completely in the burning sensation in her bowels. Clearly her real problem was more towards her upper body. Brenda curled up her



index finger so that it could not, accidentally, slip out of Sharon's asshole. With this firm grip on Sharon's otherwise greasy, buttered form she knew that the meal was firmly under her control. Sharon could wriggle all she wanted, but there was only one direction she could go from here, that was down Brenda's gullet and into her belly. It didn't take Sharon very long to realize this too, although she was still not aware that she was destined for someone else's stomach, she finally understood that there was nothing she could do to save herself from this awful assault. Once again she was reminded how much her bum hurt, and it was about to get much worse.

Suddenly, without warning, Brenda hefted Sharon's ass high into the air by the grip of her



asshole. Sharon's swollen belly was lifted upside-down as Brenda tilted her head back. Sharon's gut hung, heavy, in Brenda's face and her legs pumped vigorously in painful protest. She was certain that her anus would surely tear from the strain of all her bulk hanging from one finger in her bowels. In fact she nearly did rip her rectum wide open with all of her kicking and squirming but fortunately she realized, before it was too late, what all of that struggling was doing too her. In spite of the searing wrenching effects in her gut, she managed to slow her resistance until she was directly over Brenda's maw. With all of her weight resting upon Brenda's lips, Her anus was no longer stretching from the stress of being hoisted up by her bunghole. Once more she could struggle while taking somewhat less agonizing punishment to her intestines. This new position was turning out to be more of a threat than a blessing, however. Now with all of her bulk resting upon Brenda's lips, her belly suddenly began to slide into Brenda's mouth as she opened her mouth, Sharon's excessive weight caused her gut to compress, all by itself, making it much easier for Brenda to swallow Sharon's huge waistline. With stunning regularity, time each swallow Brenda swallowed, she gulped down a tremendous mouth-full of pregnant, belly meat. Incredibly, Brenda was gobbling up Sharon's enormous waistline even faster then she finished off her tits. At the rate Brenda; would be up to her hips in less then a... GULP\*. "Oh Shit!" Although Sharon was still unable to accept the fact that she was



actually being eaten alive, She did grasp the terrifying reality that the more of her that was crammed into this tight, wet passage the less likely that she was ever going to be able to backup the passage the way she came and she couldn't help to sense the fact that where she was headed would be even worse than this! "Uaaarrh!", She grunted as her gut was compressed to squeeze fully into Brenda's mouth. Brenda looked like a squirrel with its mouth stuffed full of nuts. Her cheeks bulged with the contents of Sharon's entire pregnant

belly. Brenda's tongue slithered about beneath the huge, supple morsel of meat, lathering it with saliva because as tight as this compartment was, the gullet would be an even tighter fit. It would take all the lubricant she could apply to get this fat gut to slide down her throat. Still Brenda had gotten Sharon this far. By GOD Sharon was going to make the whole journey all the way down into Brenda's stomach!

Sharon was quickly running out of strength. She had been having difficulty filling her lungs with air for most of the meal, due to the constriction within Brenda's gullet and with each lurch that sucked her farther down the esophagus the breathable air was getting thinner. Up until now, Sharon's resistance was fueled entirely by sheer panic. But her muscles were becoming oxygen starved and every muscle in her body protested painfully with each kick and thrust. Now all she could do was jerk her thighs and rock her ass against Brenda's lips. A mixture of warm pee and butter dribbled from her pussy as she lost control of her bodily functions and wet herself. She was so scared. She couldn't, for the life of her grasp what was happening to her or why, but she knew that she had lost any hope of escaping this horrible fate. She knew she was doomed and it was too late for any last hope of rescue. Still, instinctively she resisted, as best she could right to the end. Brenda had paused the meal to play with her food, before finishing Sharon off. Mercilessly she thrust her index finger deep into Sharon's asshole and ass far as she could reach along her shit chute. Over and over she drove her fat finger up Sharon's rectum and with each thrust, Sharon gave a weak kick of agony. Brenda took her time and raped the beautiful young mother's arse over and over until all Sharon manage to do was just quiver with each ruthless thrust up her bum. She had spent the last of her reserves. There would be no more resistance from here on in. She was just a living slab of meat waiting to be digested. Her mind was as numb as her ass. She just didn't care anymore. "Please! Just get it over!", with she thought. "Please! Make it all go away!" She didn't care what happened to her anymore. She just wanted the agony and the terror to end.

Unfortunately for Sharon, the agony was far from over. One might even make the case that the worst was yet to come. Of course she would not be able to grasp her situation from here on in, but there was no escaping the suffering she would have to endure, that is until her fragile life gave out. Unluckily, due to Sharon's bountiful quantity of meat and fat and her strong adult skeletal system it would take several hours to digest her to death and that



process would not even begin, in earnest, until she arrived fully in Brenda's stomach. Poor little Penny had been much luckier than her mother, in a way. Her bones were not fully grown and were still quite soft. She had been crushed to death within ten minutes of arriving in Brenda's gut. Even with this small mercy her agony must have been so excruciating that misery must have seemed to last an eternity for her. By the time Sharon joined her daughter, in the digestive track she would not even recognize her daughter. All that would be left of Penny would be meat paste, not that Sharon would care what happened to her daughter. She would be preoccupied with her own, seemingly, never ending suffering.

Brenda extracted her shit coated finger from Sharon's quivering bum-hole and wiped it off on Sharon's discarded panties leaving a long brown streak of a shit smear on the rather large pair of piss, soaked undies. Then, grasping an rather substantial sized ass-cheek in each hand, she squeezed them together to form a delicious ass bun sandwich with a juicy cunt meat filling. In one last, herculean effort, Sharon's thighs rubbed together several times in protest and then relaxed completely from utter exhaustion. It was almost beautiful, the way Sharon's quivering cheeks pressed together and slid slowly and completely between Brenda's open lips and disappeared into her mouth without any further adieu. The matter had been, at last, settled. Sharon was meat. There was no need to make any fuss about the matter. Nature had,





once again, proved irresistible.

Brenda tilted her head forward once more and Sharon's thighs dangled over Brenda's own substantial tits. For a moment they just hung there, dangling loose and quivering, and then, with several rapid swallows, Brenda sucked them into her mouth with a tremendous



SSSluuuurrrp\* and gulped Sharon's shins and feet all the way down her gullet and into her belly as well. "Auuuhhh...,"

Brenda licked her lips and pushed her chair

back from the kitchen table. For the first time since she had started eating Sharon, she could see her own stomach. When you consider just how large Brenda's breasts are you might have some idea how large her gut had grown in size. Just seeing it over her massive tits would have been quite a view. It seemed to blush a bright pink, smooth and round and gigantic. Even as large as it was, it seemed almost impossible to imagine that it fully contained Sharon's full grown body, so ripe with motherhood and with twins in her own belly, almost ready to be birthed. Of course that wasn't going to happen now. They would be digested inside their mother's womb and would never even know that they met there deaths, not within the belly of one woman, but of two.

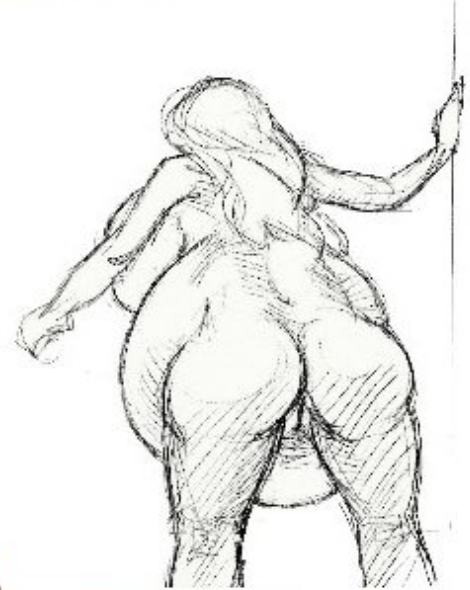
Brenda ran her fingers over the smooth, swollen dome of her satisfied gut. She smiled as she felt the distinct shape of Sharon's plump ass just below her lower ribs she felt it shift in position but she knew that it wasn't Sharon squirming about in there. She would be much too exhausted to resist anymore. No it was simply Brenda's gut rolling her up into the fetal position so as to gain a little more room to process her. "Mmmmm....", she moaned softly, and licked her lips and let out a rather long, reverberating belch. "Burrrrrrp\*," she giggled aloud,





“Urrp\* that wasn’t so hard was it...?”. It had all happened so quickly. It was best that way, No time to for Sharon to ponder her fate, just down the gullet and strait into the digestion chamber. Brenda glanced up at the clock on the wall. 10:30 am. Plenty of time to enjoy a nice bath before the remaining children got home for lunch. In spite of the immense prize in her belly, she was rather looking forward to having the other girls home for lunch. It would be nice to have most of the family in one place, especially when that prize was to be her tummy,

Brenda forced herself to her feet and tottered off to the Bathroom and poured herself a warm bath. A good hot soaking always seemed to help digest a big meal. Just before she crawled into the tub she set an alarm clock to go off at 11:30. She wanted to be sure that she would be up and about to greet the girls when they got home. It was the least that she could do as their mother was now too occupied to greet them for lunch. She could hardly wait to see the look on their sweet young faces when they arrived. God, she just loved children! Their flesh was so tender and sweet... mmm....



Brenda was up and about in the kitchen, when she heard the backdoor slam closed. As she passed through the door leading to the porch she saw Cindy standing there staring in puzzlement at a wad of rags carelessly discarded on the floor in a puddle of piss. Of course she didn't know that it was piss or that these rags were actually her mother's maternity cloths. She was just a little surprised to see them like that, as her mother was rather fastidious. "Oh dear..." gushed Brenda, "for give me dear, I meant to clean that up before



you got home. I guess I just forgot."

The child looked up and got her first view of Brenda, standing there in all of her glory. She must have been quite an intimidating site to behold weighing in at nearly three hundred pounds, including the the addition of her mother's flesh, which was quite indistinguishable from the rest of Brenda's bulk as she had quite thoroughly rolled up in Brenda's gut and only appeared as large addition to Brenda's distended belly. How lucky Sharon was to still be alive when her children arrived home for dinner. Of course by now she couldn't give a damn about her children as she was in so much agony and all she could think about, anymore, was



getting this whole thing over and done with so her suffering would end. What surprised Cindy the most, however, was not this stranger standing in the doorway of the kitchen, welcoming her home for dinner, or the apparent lack of her mother's presence nor this huge woman's massive girth. What shocked her into stunned silence was the fact that Brenda was utterly naked and did not seem to be the least embarrassed by this fact.



Brenda, seeing the child was confused and surprised, decided that this would be the opportune time to spray the little girl in the face with her container of pepper spray. One squirt was all she needed and Cindy was curled up in a ball on the floor wailing and rubbing her eyes with her tinny little fists. Brenda, fearing that the other child might



arrive home at any moment, rather unceremoniously picked Cindy by her ankles and carried her into the kitchen to begin

stripping her of all of her articles of clothing. Shirts and jeans where such a nuisance and, besides, they were quite indigestible. She gave Cindy a little jolt with her trusty cattle prod, just to settle her down and began the undressing. Then she heard the back door slam again and sighed. How inconvenient. She had hoped to have just a little more time to deal with the first child, before the second one arrived.



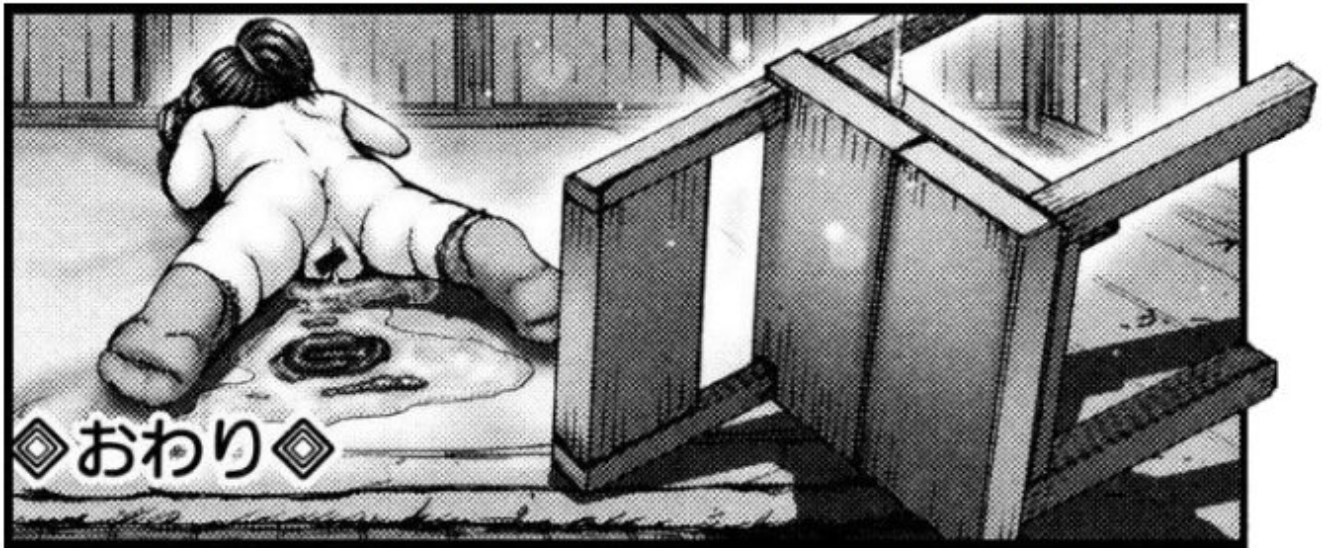
Jennifer stepped into the kitchen with the word, “Mom....?”, inquiringly passing from her lips. Then she let out a gasp of, well..., amazement for lack of a better term. She found herself standing nearly face to ass with the biggest pair of bare buttocks that she had ever seen. This certainly wasn’t her mother leaning over the kitchen table. Brenda turned around and suddenly Jennifer was standing in the shadow of a huge, overhanging belly. She couldn’t even see the face of this stranger for all of the swollen gut that blocked her view. Brenda had difficulty finding Jennifer, until she realized that the young girl was standing practically right beneath the pot of her belly. “Wher... Oh!!! There you are dear...”, Brenda smiled a big toothy grin as she leaned over the

sweet, freckle-faced kid. And grasped her by her shoulders. “I didn’t hear you come in. Your mother had an important engagement that she simply couldn’t put off. I know that she would have liked to have been here when you got home but... She was called upon to fulfill a rather urgent task and simply didn’t have time to tell you that she wasn’t going to be home when you arrived. She left me here to see to it that you and your sister were looked after. I’m sure





that you'll be seeing your mom soon, however, so don't you worry about her. Your sister is already home. We were just getting... intimately acquainted. Now why don't we get you up on the table beside your sister hum...?" Jennifer was at a loss as to how to react to all of this and so she just stood there in shock. That gave Brenda just enough time to reach around behind the infant and give her a quick jab with the cattle prod, as well. Jennifer collapsed onto the floor in a heap of jerking, twitching limbs. As Brenda peeled her clothing off, The



sweet girl peed all over her mother's kitchen floor and proceeded to shit her self. Brenda was not put off at all by this, however. Children often react this way when they are incapacitated. Once she was fully undressed, Brenda wiped the shit from her crack with a nice, clean tea towel. After she had been carefully wiped off, Brenda scooped her up and lay her on her backside, beside her sister, on the kitchen table. My goodness, the girls certainly did look delicious.



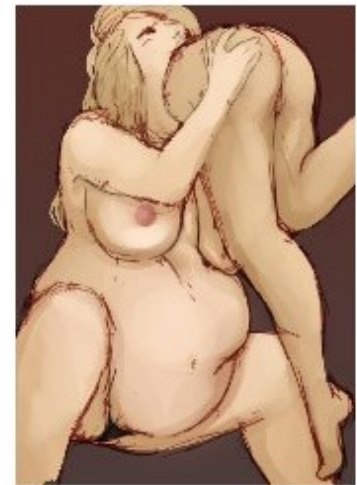


The girls lay on the cold, hard surface of the table, their thighs wide apart displaying their pubescent quims and twitching legs. They were utterly helpless in their current state of unconsciousness. Brenda considered which she should eat first, as they both appeared so inviting. In the end she settled on Cindy, as she was the oldest and ought to show her sister the way. Brenda lifter her into a sitting position and stuffed the seven-year-old's head and shoulders into her mouth. Then getting her hands around each ass cheek she picked

the little girl up off the table and crammed her into her maw. In a matter of a few rapid gulps she swallowed Cindy down whole. After their mother's passage down Brenda's gullet,



Gulping down her daughters was child's play, if you'll forgive the pun. Brenda devoured Jennifer ass first, just for the sake of tasting a variety of her fleshy bum meat. Nether girl regained awareness and it's unlikely that they did so before they digested to death. They



formed a rather small dinner meal, but considering that a large portion of their mother remained in Brenda's stomach, from breakfast, the girls were quite a sufficient to satisfy Brenda's craving. There was no trace of the ravenous hunger she had awoken this morning with. Sharon and her girls could be quite proud of the wonderful job that they had done to appease Brenda's ravenous appetite.



Brenda pushed her chair back from the table and gazed over the swollen expanse of her waistline. Now that is what I call a real intimate family meal. In spite of the fact that Brenda ate people all the time, She could honestly say that a relatively small proportion of people ever come to experience another human being in quite the personal way that Sharon and her children would come to know her. They would become very intimately acquainted with the entire length of her digestive tract before the where excreted. Brenda certainly felt that she had come to appreciate Sharon's family in a fashion that nobody else would ever have the opportunity to experience. This was a once in a lifetime event. Well... it was for Sharon's family at least.

At 3:31 pm Brenda realized that it was time to



part with the Sanders family. Her bowels where protesting fervently of the unbearable burden of their waste. It had been a lovely visit but they simply had to go. Sharon's and the girls had served their purpose.



All of their nutrients had been extracted and all that was left of this, once happy family, was feces. Brenda knew that it would be better to release them outside in the yard. There the soft summer breeze could dissipate their pungent odors. Still, these sort of things are somewhat intimate and private acts that are best kept out of sight. Nothing could be more natural than excreting the results of a family meal, but there is something disgusting about the sight of a huge pile of shit in the middle of the neighbors lawn, so Brenda decided on an out of the way space between the garden shed and a large bush to take a poop. Nobody would, accidentally, step in this pile of shit here. It was unlikely that anyone would even notice the huge dump of excrement unless the breeze was blowing in the right direction.



Sharon and her family had spent the whole morning and half the afternoon in the warm embrace of Brenda's digestive tract and so it was quite a shock to their remains as they where forced out of her bowels into the long grass. Their final resting place was shady and somewhat cooler then they had become used to. The turd slowly emerged from Brenda's anus, almost as if in protest. Brenda had to apply powerful squeezing action to her bowels for in

order to force their droppings out her shit-hole. It took all of Brenda's strength to empty the depth of her bowels of their remains, which shouldn't be of any great surprise because of the sheer quantity of meat they had contained. Brenda's digestive system is very efficient but, even so, a huge amount of waste was bound to be generated from the process, and even Brenda's shit chute is only so large. A large, thick, soft turd oozed



from Brenda's anus, quickly followed by three much smaller ones that landed in a heap on top of their mother. There where no bones or any other signs of their once human form. Aside from Sharon, the other family members where indistinguishable from each other. Even Sharon would have been impossible to recognize in this state but for the fact that her turd was significantly larger than the others. Brenda's digestive tract had been very efficient, not only at crushing her prey but also in extracting every fiber of nourishment from the meat in her belly. Sharon might have been a warm and pleasant soul who had done much for her neighborhood, but she and her children where of utterly no value to the world as shit. They had been so completely digested that even the hardest weed would not have found any nutrients in their fertilizer.



Brenda wiped the last traces of Sharon's family from the crack of her ass with a blouse she had stripped off Cindy and dropped the the filthy, shit smeared rag onto the steaming fresh dump of poop. She turned to gaze at her work lying on the ground in the long grass and smiled. It always brought her pleasure to see how effectively her body could use people up. She felt absolutely no guilt or pity

for Sharon and her once, beautiful little girls. She had had a craving for fresh meat, this morning, and Sharon's family had satisfied that need quite



nicely. It had been quite an enjoyable day, for her at least, and that was all that mattered to Brenda. She turned her back, once more, on Sharon and the girls, and wandered back into the house to collect her trench-coat. It was time to head home. In an hour, or so, Mr. Saunders would arrive home to discover that his life had altered dramatically while he was off at work. It would be a hard change for him to come to terms with, although not so nearly as traumatic and life changing as it had been on his wife and kids. As for Brenda, she planned on taking a nap when she got home. A big meal always left her sleepy. She would not give another thought to the Sharon and her girls. It was as if they never existed. Certainly, they didn't exist anymore. That is the sad thing about an intimate, family meal, it is a one time experience. Once it is finished it can never be again.

