

Sis's Vault Closes

Written by Septia.

One awkward car ride later and Bast was home free, feet tapping up the steps to the second floor, with her gullet dancing like a fishing bob in a storm.

“Bast, is my brat of a girl heading up, forgetting to pay the 'old lady hug tax'?”

Bast made her gullet as tight to her frame as possible, so it wouldn't be seen from behind, where Ismila waited expectantly.

“Actually I'm just heading up to root through your drawers and find the biggest dildo I can find, have some friends I wanna show it off to,” Bast clutched her tummy as she joked, giving some convincing groans – which the gut supported with a few sickly gurgles.

Ismila shook her head with a furrowed brow and broad smile. “Good luck with that, lass, it's not in any of the usual spots,” she teased and headed off to the kitchen.

“Just making it easier for me, ma,” Bast called back, breathing a sigh of relief before darting a sluggish march to the safety of her own room.

~ 1 ~

'What a sweet girl, truly an example all those rowdy teens should follow,' Liv pontificated as she passed by street-lights and turns. 'I certainly hope Kasper takes after her, instead of becoming one of those rebellious sort. Pah, what am I thinking? My little treasure is going to grow up into as fine a citizen as Bast, most certainly even improve on her.'

The mother felt satisfied as she turned up on the driveway and sneaked her way inside. She amused herself imagining all the fun her little darling had enjoyed with his sitter, they seemed a perfect fact. Tapping through the villa she found cleaned dishes and little drips of jam and marmalade on the counter, along with stacks of drawings with smooth, decisive lines coupled with a more clumsy, scribbled colouring work. She clasped her palm over her cheek and nodded with smile a mother gets only when admiring her child.

With her head full of joyous thoughts – like a flower full of nectar – she couldn't resist being away from her boy another minute. A little look wouldn't hurt.

“Oo, dearest Kasper, momma just want to snuggle up with you in bed like we used to,” she reminisced, marvelling at the carnal memories as she snuck inside his room.

“Kasper, darling, momma has come home,” she whispered, stepping over a zoo of plastic creatures to reach his bed.

“Kasper, are you sleeping soundly?” she said, standing by the beddings clad in darkness.

“Kasper, darling, you there?” she pondered, the whisper in her tone waning. She felt along the bed, patting the upturned blanket, finding not but air.

“Kasper, w-where...?” Her voice amplified, the bed patting turning into slapping, slamming, punching as her breath picked up to a horses huffing, the woman near swallowing her own vocal chords, before she gasped in a massive breath.

“Kasper!”

Liv tore through the covers, the sheets, tossing pillow upturning the mattress... then stepped backwards, each thread trembling, as she shook her head, clutched her cheeks. -Kkrlltch- She stepped over toys, sharp heel skewering them with impunity.

"It can not. It c-can't, oo oooh K-kasper," her thoughts blurted out in chaotic mumbles. The next moment she was throwing herself down the hallway, throwing and kicking doors open shouting "Kasper" through each one...

It wasn't long before neighbours took notice.

~ 2 ~

-Ghhrbrslts- A cheek to cheek smile broadened to a mango grin complementing Bast's face as she drove her fist into her tummy, hearing the displacement of gasses and curdling of coagulation

"Oooph, haa, oi got you right where mmmppf, oooh taffy that feels good," Bast mumbled and ground her fists into her stomach, mottling the tumbling, bumbling boy batter withing.

The teen laid splayed out on her bed, blanket cupped around the bottom half of her tummy, amusing herself by tugging at the ends to jostle her stomach in the bedding's clutches, paining joy on her face and cheeks with each tumbling jostle and bobbing outlines protruding across her stomach. "Who'd have guessed oi'd have a tongue for tyke tartar? You liking how Oi can get your playpen bouncing, like an amusement ride, isn't it?" she giggled ad humped her gut into the air, her abdomen warping and distending around the middle as the rolling silhouette revolved in against the surface in the thunderous hump. "Just wait till you see the roller-coaster, Oi should have the capacity for you, right sport, though... you gotta be thiis small to enter," she proclaimed and jammed her flat pals on the side of her stomach, blooming the bulge in the middle to grow into a mushroom cap of belly chub and contorted child.

-Mhkkf- -Dknjg- The door knocking sent the teen reeling back in bed, hoisting up her covers.

"Sweetie, Liv just called, raving pure mania about Kasper missing, I couldn't even begin to talk sense into the woman."

Bast was impressed, she rarely got to see her mother take that serious tone with her.

"You are in no condition to head out, be a good brat and stay put. I will be heading out, someone's gotta be there for her." Ismila turned back to the doorway, "keep that gut in check, brat, looks like a mushrooms."

The last bit of levity in tone made Bast smile, feigning a sickly look and huttering under the blanket so her mother wouldn't question. Only once she was sure the coast was clear did she focus back on her living luggage.

"Oi had my bets on she wouldn't notice till morning, your a little nugget o gold," she said kneading and groping her fingers into the waterbed midriff, "though you won't be coming out as one, least now we can let you digest in peacemmpgh," Bast felt a bloat in her gut tug it sideways, slumping her over in bed and leaving her heaving a few harsh breaths. "pipe down, will you, dweeb? It is sleepy time for big sis an..." she peeked over at the clock, it was nice, a grin spread across her lips, seems it was about time to put the tyke to bed. Rubbing in soothing, circular patterns over her gullet, as she began to sing.

"~Stars a falling, mother's calling, little dweeb o wail.

"Playpen shrinking, lighting sinking, down in big sis's entrails.

"Moon comes out for lady night, big sis's moon will swell so tight.

"Mother won't stop calling... but twerp will stop his baw-ling.~"

Once coming to a close, Bast's tummy laid still, spilling out her lap. She gave it a few soft pats. "That's bettemgugh," a bloat thrust out in the side, followed by straining whimpers behind the padding of gut chub. Bast sighed and clutched her tummy tightly.

“You might be a hassle, but big sis's patient,” she mumbled, through her brow wrinkling a step downwards, dealing with the cavalcade of disrupting pokes and prods. The teen fidgeting with the pesky bumps, yearning in the moment for not but relaxation.

“Mmgs, kids are such o hassle away from home.”

~ 3 ~

Kass's eyes drifted along the domed canvas slathered in technotronic hues of mauve and burgundy; an abstract patchwork where he could not distinguish between meat or miasma making up his surroundings. The morsel laid stewing in a brew of acid infused sinew, hollow cavities – gouged and cauterised in the smouldering tides – speckled the boy's frame, cavities dissolved through clothes and flesh alike. Exposed patches of muscular tissue, framed by brims of skin – melded with fabric – curled up into rolls around the wound; bacon parchment fried with blackened edges from the singe of caustic concoctions. The air reeked of tenderloins rubbed and cured in live cinders.

-Bhhrglls- -Bhrwlbltthssh- Bubbles pierced through the personal marshland of Kasper, thick as loam and heavy as cement, the coagulating slurry weighed the boy down like an anchor, its surface rising all the more of the boy was pulped to join the chyme.

Kass flung his curled knuckles into the walls, chanting through pained sniffled and gargling a slurry of pleas into the chamber, his voice met only the void. He knew no longer for what he fought, guided by instincts driving him from the thumping horror. Yet, even those instincts were veining with the ebb and flow of gruel. His fists would eventually tire, hands frozen mid flail. Kass's iris twitched upwards, flicking under the edge of his eyelids. His chest twitched, in a macabre hiccup, fleeting fountains of drool, bile and blood surging through the rifts and leaks the boy was clad in. His knuckles dropped into the bloodporridge, which was eager to slough and swallow up his hands to the wrists underneath tits surface.

-Frrsllss- -Gbrgs- A hiss of boiling, carbonated jam rippled from the introduction of new flesh, suds growing around his arms. Kass took slow bass struggled to fish in breaths of air in he humid smog cha chamber, faint intakes, with his nostrils squeaking on the exhale. -Kkrlsthh- A rift rattled on his side, sprung up as s tendril from tone of the cavities, the pain crept unto flesh yet to be numbed and fried, striking Kass with new pain.

-Phbrllgsht- A boil burst, in the broth, from within a de-morphed dino was unearthed. A pool of lilac exuded around the toy, colour draining from the plastic

His breath picked up, eyes struggling to identify the clot of lavender. -Ckkrtch- -Scrrthc- The tear in his side twisted upwards in his panicked breath, ripples washing out form his tattered body, disrupting the surface and washing new waves into his molten frame. -Kkkrrrrwrtch-.

“Aaghhgn... ggah...” The boy chipped for breath in the instant his side split open, froth rend in his flesh jolting through skin, connecting dots of gouged, weakened meat from his abdomen up to his armpit, as with tearing the stitches of a doll, his innards tussled and sloughed against the gap, A maze of tangled pink teetered onto the edge of the gash, packed against the opening like it was stuck squeezing into a shirt three sizes too small. Kass observed his side, confused that he hadn't found his zipper until now, he knew some people had zippers, usually on their back, but it wasn't supposed to... open. Pain urged action. Action rattled organs. Cold fangs dunked into his flesh, injecting torching pain through his veins. Despite the sporadic thrashing, the gut magma took no rush seeping through his organic zipper in dunes of orange custard, digging through meat and corroding his hip from solid bone to calcium sponge.

-Fbbfs- A pressure vented above his head, guiding it backwards, his stiffened spine bend to recline against the walls drooping of phlegm, -Splltlshc- the winces webbing him to the stomach tissue squelching as his back glued to the liquefying membrane. The ground buckled beneath him, stirring through the mutilated mortar, bubbles popping into webs of gushing gunk filament, fashioned from the chyme it churned form Kass himself. Kasper's vision laid as twitchy and shaky

as his still active muscles, huffing caustic breaths through his nose, whilst the hairs on his head lit a fuse and crumbled in a pyroclastic display of torched, dry moss.

~ 4 ~

“Miss Liv,” Ismila called out into the hallway, following the crash of furniture to find the lady lifting a sofa.

“Liv!”

“Wha who, K-kasper, Kasper h-he isn't, the bed, the kitchen, drawing, t-the. ha-...

Haaarrk...”

Ismila went straight for the hug, connecting the woman to reality, and halting her from tossing more sofas.

“Deep breaths, can't find him if we panic, the tyk-... boy, was here when my brat of a-... when Bast was here. He couldn't have just-.” But Ismila paused, as Liv's vision locked onto something which constricted her pupils: the door to the backyard stood open.

In faraway neighbourhoods, two mothers cried out for a lost boy. Cries of disturbed infants call out through Windows in the houses they pass, only fuelling their headhunt.

Through all the noise, Kass could only distinguish the shifting tides and beating prison convulsing around him, along with a brew of blood, lard, and sweat stirred with outcroppings of partially melted bones. His mother called out for her treasure, he mouthed the words. “Ma-... mah... ma, s-stah...” His lungs laid punctured, carrying no air, the boy's ultimate utterance amounted to a wheeze speckled with sprinkles of his own tongue.

“Oi... you almost done yet...?” The clock showed one. Bast turned, grunting under a heap of beddings, scratching and tugging onto her stomach. -Brppglslsh- -Bghrslpl- Singular gurgles, thick as ricotta, crunched as the wad of fleshgum's flavour depleted.

The girl groaned and let go of her stomach, which wobbled back into a sloughing hump underneath her cover.

“Finally, get o bit o sleepmff, fmms...” Her grumbles and conscious faded away into the night, her stomach on the other hand would not be finished chewing its boy-meal for a while, despite the flavour of life long siphoned from his veins, and the bulbous belly bulk receding with the space needed to house the slurry diminished, each breath constraining anti-hero few centimetres, entombing the boy's remains in Bast's steam rich processing pot.

“Mmrgh... umth...” Bast grumbled in her sleep, turning and fidgeting, anchored by her stomach, which drove the snoozing teen to madness. -Ghrbbslgh- Growls roared through her system, processing and mulching the boy through the layers of intestines, feeding chunks of chyme to become a gritty bolus down her tracts. -Ghrhstkl- Exposed bones proved a challenge, stopping and lodged themselves through her body, poking up in droves along her lower abdomen as the night went on.

“Mrpghs,” Bast grumbled in her sleep, slapping her gut, sending vibrations tough bones and sinew. She bit her lip in displeasure, but absent-mindedly kneaded, clutching her gut in her slumber, attempts so sooth the batch she had undertaken to process. -Bhhraaaurlp- A belch rippled through the witching hour atmosphere, polluting her room with he fermented foam of creamed mushrooms and ground mud... She found rest, but not repose.

-Vrrrxt- -Vrrrxt-. Bast smacked her lips, palm slapping her nightstand until she found her vibrating phone to kill the alarm. She lazily peered at the screen. A long line of notes from an unmarked number, but by the way each one spoke about their treasure being gone, and pleading for help, or apologising or their rashness, the teen had a clear idea of who was on the other end. She smiled, her cheeks puffing bloated in a contained belch, which she exhaled in a satisfying clouds.

“Phhoo, they are gonna be looking for o long while,” you are a highly prized dweeb aren't ya,” she said and peeked under her covers, then peeled them off to witness her frame. Her abdomen had sunken, compacted and processed enough liquids and air out of the boy that her stomach had regressed back to the watermelon dimensions – a sizeable melon at that – taut at first glance, but soon as she gdug her fingers in she felt the chub loosen and mould to her whim like clay exposed to warmth, down her side the little lad had settled as pool toy lovehandles, swollen and sagging like they were filled with syrup, and exceedingly fun to flick and fold in, as Bast was quick to discover.

“Phha, oi, real nice,” she said as she hauled herself up, -Pwwapt- her gut smacking onto her lap, and upon that another pair od melons were busting out of their c-cups, “guess brats consists mostly o' girl padding right darling,” she snickered.

-Oorghsb- Her gut contracted, curdled, brewing with a rippling boil. Bast's expression contorted into a grimace, and she slumped forwards, clutching her gut. -Bwnnbw- she found her stomach bobbing on her knees, refusing to be bent as it filled with gas, congesting to the point where she felt considerably more engorged than the day before, than ever in her life, she rubbed her fingertips into the mound, imagining this was the kind of feeling that foretold stretchmarks coming. -Bhrhuuaaaafhhl- She heaved out a belch, adding to the humidity of her room, smelling like a swamp made of sinew and lard. Yet, it relieved tension.

“Mmm, aah, still worth it, huh?” She took a few breaths ot stabilise herself. “How about we take a look at what else you gave me?” she said and cupped her chest in her palms, unwrapping her gift in a single heave that left her boobage billowing free with a heft y bob, swollen and supple with the warm additions of padding. “Oooh, twins o getting mischievous, smitten them with your naughty dweebness, have ya, ass fat?” she heaved herself of off the bed, and brushed her palms down under her bust, following the new contours of her body, marvelling as they felt the padding of her tush spilling out into her grasp.

“Mmf, that is where most of you were, a bit of a butt head, ey twerp?” -Smmatch- She smacked into her tush, relishing in every little ripple she felt through the full ham hunks, prettified and engorged by a good few handfuls. Her fingers sank into the fat, rolling and sandwiching the buns together, giggling through gritted teeth as she explored her body, posing for herself to show off her improved assets.

“Aaa,” Bast cooed and sprawled out over her bed, reclined with one leg over the other, and hands behind her head, letting her rich locks drape over the covers. “Worth the effort tofmmf, an, that,” Bast's compliment turned to a mumble as she felt a rib jamming her intestinal tract, kneading and massaging into her gullet to get it moving. “Really are o prodigy, darling dweeb pudge, you skipped rest of the childhood, and went straight to a teen.” She grinned and snickered, then clutched her gut as it growled -Ghrbrbslsl-.

“Mg... guess I am not heading out today, thanks for that added bonus, twerp, don't have to head to sucky school when I am still full of 'gas” she air coated, and jabbed her fingers in the sides of her gut, -Bhraaaaahurp- belching so her gullet tremored, spittle and bits little bundles of hair flying out, and trailing down her new, curvaceous body.

“Looks like oi plundered all the treasure, it looks much prettier in my,” she paused to knead her breasts together, “personal vault, right Kasper?”

With her mother still out helping Liv, Bast had the house for herself, lounging during the day, chatting and reading with her tummy as a book stand, writing notes on the experience in the form of abstract poems, glad to spend another day with the little bud.

She passed their full length mirror, then walked back into frame, jutting her rump out and wiggling her tush. “aha, look at you go,” she snickered, striking poses from magazines and posters, touting poking her gut, power poses, sultry clasps. She sighed a bit through her smile, cluthing and jiggling her love handles, “They'd definitely find me if I took any pictures of this,” she reminded herself, tone garnished in morning. “We'll always have the memories, and this perky pudge, well, along with some more solid bits.”

it was when she passed the mirror a second time she observed a ripple, spiking through her lower abdomen. Bast watched her tummy mould concaved with an accompanying insulated impact of projectile cowpat -Spklltch-.

“Ooofm, you are a good and ready bro-fudge bonbon, huh?” Bast snickered between a gritted smile. -Ghrlrlstsh- A march of mud inflating the teen's catacombs to put a stop to her amusement.

“Oi, mmf, getting one up on your sister, just let me,” she began as she cradled her tummy, only two steps before her knees bent at the shifts of pressure and weight through her colon, “Oimfm, aren't you a prankster,” she huffed out, knees strummed guitar-strings as she waddled her way towards the bathroom, organ tones of growls and puffs of sulphur clouds trailing her path towards soiling salvation -Phhffrwtw- -Bbrwffmth-.

Every few seconds the girl had to stop from a fibula or femur jabbing stuck in her bowels, stifling her journey only for a moment at a time, just like the bones didn't wouldn't prove a full stop at the rampage of the kid clog.

Bast tore open the door, -Ghbrslh- and at the sight of the bathroom her whole body turned into tense dried jerky... -Plghthtlsluth- down heat her rear hatch. The girl's brim pried open, throbbing the budding precipice into a broad gape through which the wrist side sausage of putrid pudding piled past. -Chhklglsh- The grind of rubber through wet cement played her nerves like violin-string; her rear mimicking the boost to Bast's sagging muffintop, as another forms of bodily confection rose at her backside.

“Gnnffth, did you have to fudge my pants twerp?” Bast scoffed and strained a smile as she waddled over the threshold and shut the door.

Fabric tented from the canyon of her buttocks, protruding outwards until the pressure of the stripped leggings squeezed back and the bulge traded length for width. The teen's morbid mud-pudding engorging her trousers with churns of macerating dough spanning out her backside, from cereal bowl inflating to the size of a diving helmet -Kljfjrsth- Bast cheeks flushed in gradients of rouge at the ht calcium cluttered porridge oozing from her brim; hot booty bile exuding the misty heat of a bottled sauna – slithering its tangled railways of warmth under the legging's fabric – as her leggings inflated over the rising loaf of jam packed rump dough with extra butter.

Caught in the act of soiling herself spelled out embarrassment in the teen's head, her palms cupping her stomach and grappling the mound of compacted chocolate compost rolling down her gutters, the occasional plug of softened pelvis or rib chunks making her fidget, setting her whole padded body into a bounce, especially the soggy bundle at her bum distending the limits of the nylon leggings with coils of congealed dirt contorting the edges of the fabric in the bloom of its bulk. Bast lips mimicked the waves of the sea, rippling whilst she produced pounds of putty. Yet, as the melange of umber packed her parcel, her lips teetered towards a smile

“Peeuw, that’s O ton of squirt sludge for such a little tyke, your ma was right in saying you’ve got talent, if you even make an impressive girl pile.” Bast peeked at herself in the mirror, unable to resist posing to show off the rippling, distending mushroom-cap at her rear.

The mounds of mulch bobbed like a waterballoon in a pool, sluggish motions and churning manure squeaking through the tight fabric -Splglthsh- -Chhrlst-. Mounds blossomed into obese bundles of brown lard warping bubbled texture of dung mounds to meld and collude with the filth-bound butt sack. The stripes bent and and distorted around the warping bloat of boy-bile, their distorted pattern only accentuating the contours and size of her gunk hump. Stretchmarks formed around loaves of muck with s more solid composition, the dense outlines brushing and bending the surface, giving an evolving, animate texture to the rippling bottom bomb.

-Pbfbrsht- Gales of gas slithered through crevices and soaked the air in the humid stench of musty zest and farmlands, a marred musk indicative of the journey a young, promising boy had made in the span of two days, an upstanding little kid now tobogganed down her britches. Bast wiggled her tush, snickering and moaning among her strained grunts, closing her eyes to experience the symphony of clustering slop budding and merging into one another -Gbhts- -Twhdmdmp-.

“Oi there, even your depravity was pre developed, ya big perv, cause you just had to end up smothered under my bum, kneaded under my cheeks and robbing youyoof your last breath of air,” Bast mused to herself as her palms roamed down to her tush, griping and patting onto her rear, nearing the bloat with every motion, just as a hornblow of gnarly smog spiralled out of her tush and sagging booty marsh -Ppfrgrbrtpllsffth-.

“Mmf, yeah, how does it feel smothered in your own stink?” the girl cooed and dug her fists into her elastic leggings, craters morphing around the pressure points of her dug in fingertips, sloshing with pumps of damp silt while her digits roamed and toyed with the posterior beanbag. -Dnngrlrlshttwp-.

The chocolate clay morphed and bent at her whim, the exuding heat of the mound warming between the teens fingers as she groped and kneaded into the mass, feeling it expand in the interspace of her fingers into dunes of auburn soaked fabric, gaffing as she slammed her hands down on the bloats of crushed chunks of young boy femurs and tibita bones, calcium rods clustering and enlarging the bone chunks that made their way through the ruthless teenage sludge maze. With the curled and twisted depictions of silhouettes on her latex like pants, Bast was making balloon animals of gunk with the tangled tubes and tumbling trunks of the tar. Embarrassment flourished into a grand sense of tabooed pleasure of the posing, shaking and belly dancing teen. Bast kneaded, supporting the luggage of kiddie-putty; her brim bellowing an aria of foetid gelato into the billowing pants, swollen far beyond the width of the teen's head, bulges morphing and expanding, humps sinking for new ones to form and seal the surface of tight leggings.

“Finally, oi get to dump all the hot mud you you've become, after hauling ya up in my big, soft tummy for so long, mmpha, haam, feels great to get rid of all the hot muck you made, mm, cosy down in big sis's big britches, isn't it?” she posed with her characteristic beam returning at full force, whilst the parcel of butt dough was closing in to its capacity.

“Phaaa,” Bast stood with the gargantuan dune of dung propped up over the sink, droves of the mud forming lovehandles around the much pile, settled and congealed like a giant's ice cream cone. -Sqhushsl- -Chhrlrlsth- Bast rubbed her rear back into the mounds, the mulch mist and congealed, yet just straving off being sticky, as if she had plonked her tush down straight into a pot of camembert.

“Weh've had fun, huh, dweeb dung?” She addressed the pile with an affectionate tone, grinning and massaging into the mulch inflated dunes.

-Chhrglt- Bast pried open the brim of her leggings, hanging the mound over the bathtub as she peeled down the stripped patterned giftwrap around the umber coal batch. -Crrrllirrrith- The

peeling left webbings of colon fluids tying the fabric to the crevices of the labyrinthine texture to the complied clutter of waste. -Crrsnsl- Crinkles of mud draining and slopping apart without the constraints of the legging's hull rustled through the heap, and the mound deluged for her rear in a dung-slide of coagulated gruel.

-Dttwmmplltftch- The mound slammed into the porcelain, less giving off the impression it was produced by a gal in her teens, – unless it was an elephant. Dumped into the tub, the heap sloughed and sprawled outwards, compacting and gluing to the polished surface, whilst Bast scuttled off to the toilet and slammed her Kass padded bottom onto the seat -Ppddwht- -Brfffptttrth- A gust of rectum exhaust flushed into the bowl, heralding the column of chubby asphalt escaping from the splayed rim.

“Phhaa, Oi gotta say, you are o proof that dumps can be sech-mmfs...” The girl was cut off as the sausage of sludge swelled in her sphincter; her pucker swelling, contracted and throbbing around an obese hunk of fudge. -Ghrhslsl- The mound crinkled past the straining cusp, and tumbled down the toiler, on the way the length cracking, chunks draining from the surface of a haggard cranium, an eyesocket made visible in the nest of curled manure clogging the bottom of the bowl.

“Phooa, dweeb ain’t making it easy, but oi’ll admit mmpf, you make me feel like a sewage system in the best ways,” Bast’s giggles were interrupted by a loud sigh, as her yawning tush cleared the patch for loaves of pliable gelato, entombing the skull in a mosaic of fissures tearing through a terrain of Bast pickled chocolate, the remains of the boy left as relics of cloth tatters and phalanges bones plastered onto the exterior of the creamy behemoths.

~ 6 ~

Ventilation had been turned up to turbo, fans devouring the fart smog and petrichor odour staining the bathroom. Bast was at the point of relishing being baked in the stench of her conquest, yet she was uncertain her mother would feel the same way. -CkklItch-. The blade of the shovel sunk into the bathtub hill, scooping up another clog of gooey mire to ferry to the toilet-bowl. The bathtub reeked of pungency from zest soaked urine, puddles pooling down the mountains of gunky muck, forming sprawling systems of liquid roots and carving valleys in the umber mountains.

With the toilet jammed for the foreseeable while, there hadn't been much other options, just meant more cleanup, and that was something Bast could live with. A pile of rinsed indigestibles had grown on a nearby towel, sacrum, scapula, broad tatters, and buttons either too large or suspicious to be flushed.

A knock interrupted her focus. “Brat, are you in there? Hogging the bathroom?” Ismila’s voice punctured through the door.

Bast clutched her stomach and groaned in pain.

“You can mmfrh, awoouhc, bring the complains up with my guts or shut up, hag,” Bast wailed with confidence, though that veined as her tone softened when she got to rubbing and toying with the bulk cladding her tummy.

A huff came from outside. “Then just lend me your ear, thought you’d want to know we haven’t found anything yet, laws been involved now, and Liv will be staying here while the authorities make a proper sweep. Won’t be much an adjustment going from having one to two old ladies around her, right strumpet?”

Bast peeked down at her chest, poking into the domes of chubby breast fat the boy had been reduced to, layers of grease painted onto her curve and smoothing out her body, and now the mother was in the same house.

“I’m nfnsn barely gonna be good company like mgnfnga, this if that’s what you’re after.”

“Least make an effort, dear. Mpuuf, but keep away till your done in there, just don't take another hour,” Ismila snarked, though both the mother and daughter's tone were warped, exaggerated by their own flavours of worry.

However, once Bast was left alone again-- uncovering a deformed, amalgamation of plastic, with intends of a a purple scaled texture – she couldn't get that smile off of her face.

~ 7 ~

Liv stared at her palms, breath diminished to a whisper, after screaming out her lungs all night. She shook her head, breath turning to a hutter, trembling, huffing, teardrops trickling onto her arms.

“Miss Liv?”

She didn't acknowledge the entrance of the teen, nor turn her head when they sat beside her. Her fingers twitched like twigs in the pyre.

“I heard about wha-.” Bast begun.

“Gone,” a long pause followed before the sentence resumed, “ don't you agree, t-that, he is a-actually r-really close, a-nd that they will find him, he just got lost? I-I think you'll f-find that h-he is here with me t-this afternoon, with mommy... my treasure.” In a series of convulsions, her arms came to cover her face.

“Tyke couldn't have gone far, oi am certain,” Bast assured without a hint of hesitation or comfort. One hand brushed down the woman's back, the other cradling her midsection, still sensing the residual heat in the plastered padding the dweeb contributed.

“Kaaasper, ah-heaaa,” she bawled, burying her face into the recesses of h her palms, tears filtering through the interspace of her ring clad digits. “M-my t-treasure, ooofmm, oo t-t-. I gave my b-boy everything, I-i knew h-he was gonna make something b-big, h-he had it all in him.”

Bast sealed her lips, merely nodding at the sentiment, providing the woman support. Internally, she was confirming everything the distraught mother claimed. 'Yess, he made more than one thing big: he stuffed my rump, plumped my pot, boosted my boobs... and he had all that inside him all along, and the little tyke was generous enough to give it all away.' She tugged her shirt down her midriff, limiting herself from toying with him out in the open, in a warped worry that Liv would connect the dots.

“K-Kasper, I-I think y-you will agree... h-he was a g-gorgeous boy, the sweetest thing I h-have ever laid my eyes upon, I j-just wanted to stitch him onto me so we could never be apart,” Liv lamented, rummaging her fingers through her hair, exposing a face where make-up excited only as residual rivers of dark tear paths.

Bast kept nodding, marvelling at the prospect if Liv knew just how much she agreed with her, except her method on the last sentiment being less gruesome, or perhaps more gruesome. This lead Bast onto another track, How grotesque had it really been dissolving in her gut,? Bast lips flickered between the sympathetic sulk and grievous smile, despite quelling it the best she could.

“Oi can't imagine how it even happened, I was with him all the time,” it amazed Bast how neither of the sentiments were lies.

“Stop, do you not think I understand how much you blame yourself for this?”

Once again, Bast struggled to keep it together.

“You must agree, t-to not place blame upon yourself... It is not your doing that K-... K-... ka-...” her face fell back into her palms.

Bast brushed over her back, leaning in to wrap an arm over her back. -Bwwnghb- Her belly chub brushing up against its former mother's side, giving her a tiny bit of the sensations her boy could still give her. Bast remained silent this time, for she couldn't open her mouth another time, and not have a lie escape her lips.

-Grrsbsb- A faint gurgle jerked Bast's eyes away from the rode, merely to be met by a relic of meal, still haunting her intestines six days after consumption. She'd thought black would hide the bulk of her pudge, but the knife-pleated sundress did anything but; her midriff was domed like a black hole, stretching the fabric and moulding creases as the pudge shifted beneath; the skirt failing to fulfilled the role as well, as the segments tented outwards along the teen's swollen thighs, giving an umbrella jammed stuck just as it was about to open; yet her bust laid contained, only a touch of cleavage budding out like a squeezed sponge.

"We'll get you a new dress if this one is too tight, dear," Ismila said, noticing her daughter was spending a lot of time looking at her clothing.

An awkward air lingered in the car, the rush of vehicles passing them filling the silence. "That's fine, ma, just o bit tight," Bast mumbled, and took to looking out the window once more. But the awkward air was there to stay, it had for days. Ismila hadn't even implied Bast was getting chubby, or making a jab at how she'd tear through her panties if she as much as bent over. The fun of being all bubbly and faux rebellious, was robbed when her ma wouldn't meet her halfway.

The whole event had given her a great reason to binge on ludicrous ice cream and fancy imported soda for the past days, as well as avoiding classes, though in turn they had isolated themselves from one another, their house clad in silence. Bast sighed, trailing her finger along the crease the dress made at her muffintop, pushing into the lovehandles, feeling it bounce back at the pressure, instilling these addictive drive to massage herself. Yet, it did not make her smile.

Birthday became memorial. The guest-list transitioned from an energetic hordes of twerps, to adults dressed in monochrome – down to their very expressions. Bast didn't recognize the house; hallways were screened off, everything had a sterile tone... and there was, something else... She walked close to her ma. Bast along with two others made up the entire demographic under the age of twenty present, though no one was in a chatting mood.

Everyone gathered for the bare minimum mingle in the main room, a catering firm had offered to provide refreshments, immaculate, bite sized refreshments placed on silver platters; a waste, as few carried any appetite. Eventually the one waiter stopped roaming, and slumped back in a chair with a full stocked plate of treats.

Something sparked a sense of satisfaction in Bast, all this to celebrate her gaining some immaculate weight, and commemorating the peak feast of her young life. Though, her thoughts fled from it, despite being reminded each time her boosted thighs bumped into someone, she felt like a plane navigating through a carpark.

She spotted Liv, dressed in black, with a white headdress doing little to cover up her tear drained expression, or the fact she wasn't wearing a speck of makeup. Liv gestured her to come, and Bast sat beside her.

"My condolences, miss," she mumbled.

Liv laid her arm across Bast's shoulders, staring at the ground. Bast joined her.

"You put on a few," Liv mumbled in response, "stress eating?"

"Stress eating."

Liv gestured her understanding.

"Oi was, thinkin," Bast begun, rooting around in her ma's purse, "since, it would be his birthday," she continued, after fishing up a plastic ankylosaurus. Liv didn't take notice at first, a few moments later turning her head. A twinkle sparked up in her eyes, and a secure hand clasped the gift.

“That is sweet of you dear, oo... Kasper would have adored this,” she said, turning the rather detailed toy in front of her, “he was learning their names already, this is an... ankhylosau,” she said coming to the verge of bawling as she went unsuccessful in imitating her son's advanced – yet, still childish – speaking mannerism.

Bast looked away, attempting to defuse the situation, which is when she noticed what was missing. Besides portrait of the tubby boy, framed in crystal, located on the podium, the house had been swept clean of anything relating to Kasper. Toys, kids chairs, crayons, paper, even the piano was gone. This, shouldn't have been a surprise, there was no Kasper any more, that there was one less squirt in the world, and a few more kilos of sexy pudge. There, really was. And yet, something inside Bast tied into a knot.

“Thank you... oo, thank you dear,” Liv expressed her gratitude, and kept the toy close, as the ceremony began.

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-Vrrrtx- Bast was chatting with her friend on the way home, some commenting on her weight, but most giving her some leeway, she had just been through something rather traumatic. She glanced at the note, and gave an overview on her online sitter portfolio, seems a review had just come in.

“5 stars. It was clear the moment Bast stepped inside my house, that she was a little angel wrapped in smiles of frosting. The connection was instant, and she kept all times and regulations straight, while staying close and entertaining my treasure. Despite the tragedy I have suffered through, or perhaps, because of it, this wonderful girl deserves full marks, for an excellent service, in harsh times.”

Bast read, and reread the message. She hadn't even considered this, yet, it prickled some excitement at the back of her head, and satisfaction down her spine. This, this has been a five star worthy experience? After all this, even the repercussion of a tarnished reputation didn't as much as graze by her.

“Want to stop for some, ice cream, or something... my fat brat.” Ismila wasn't exactly smiling, yet there was less sulk on her lips.

The ends of Bast's lips curled to a smile. “Long as you watch your weight, thick hag.” the two shared mixture of chuckle and sighs, and carried on.