

A Bobina Confinement

Written by Septia.

“Scuse me miss... ahem... but, could you reiterate that?”

“Reiterate what?”

The tattoo artist wiggled his ink-pen in an inquisitive manner above my gut – separating us like a blimp of dough so I could barely make him out – leaving me to plant my palm square onto my face.

“Aah, dumb, right. Just... splotch some ink over those other tattoos, I don’t want any of them visible.”

“Mean where it says F, forward-slash and then lowercase f?”

“All of them,” I repeated, the parlour's seat cushions grating on my buttocks.

“Yur da boss. Hey, by the by,” they peeked up at me again, “this one of the tats isn’t something I recognise... what's pellet regurgitation?”

“Who's the boss that is paying you not to question every aspect of her life? Just do your job so I can get out of here or you'll become utterly familiar with its meanin-.”

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Back out on the streets; didn't realise how cramped the air was in there before I was out of it.

I stopped and brushed my fingers down my engorged abdomen. Occasional imprints distend it in plastered protrusions of vague geometry. My gut’s volume spun a tale of how I must have been binging for a week straight, judging by the fact the width alone bent out past my hips plump girth. Peering over the edge of my cold-shoulder blouse, I noted the umber splotches the inkartists had basically slathered over my previous, wordy, markings to hide them. The tattoo equivalent of a chocolate-snail’s pathway crossing my abdomen... did a least cover up the words below. I stayed pinching around the contours of the ink, pinching and warping my gut in folds to make sure the former tattoos wouldn't be noticed.

“Least that is dealt with.” Who did I say that to? And why did it take ten minutes to rub my belly when getting the tattoo job felt instantaneous? What was the place's name? I turned, squinting at the sign, letters appearing in a blur... Blotched Brim. Must have took me another five minutes deciphering it.

“I just remember our conversation, barely at that,” I mumbled as I hurried down the street towards the east side of town. Impressive that the tattoo was already dry, considering the coverage and size that thing should be a week to dry and a month to heal. I spied over at my fingers, which now laid damp in the umber ink. “but I didn't even touch...” I couldn't stop the little voice in my head interrupting with 'doesn't tattoos hurt?'

-Chnngsht- My stomach twisted, a shock wave spreading sprouting down my spine, a torching ache set ablaze across my abdomen that brought me to my knees, the jabs of an army of needles assaulting my midriff all at once.

“Ha... aaooohff... yup, phaa, something like that,” I huffed, clambering up to my knees.

“That's the face of someone having too much fun, grounds pretty cosy ain't it? I prefer a smooth linoleum floor when taking a nap myself, here I'll help you up,” a smooth, piquant voice peeked their way through my eardrums, accompanied by the sleek touch of numerous tendrils curling to a slither around my arms and legs to hoist me up in front of the giggly girl, those citrine tendrils originating from the top of her head in a noodle parody of hair.

“Those are some sweet baps,” the girl exclaimed, beaming like a toddler, “and even sweeter tats, that is such a clever way to keep track of things. Oo you are a source of inspiration Bobina, stay here, I’ll catch ya later.”

“Halt,” I called out to her as she bounced off, “h at my fingertips: stainless. My vision snapped to my stomach, a bare skin canvas with the imprints 'F/f', 'OV', and 'Same Size' in bold tattooed font. “Mrwegl...” I vocalised my annoyance, turning right to a full body mirror in a clothing store, discovering my lovehandles defined with an extra shaving of smooth blubber, and the words 'Weight Gain' marked above my navel.

“Tssssh...,” I inhaled through my teeth. I took note that someone had cut out wide edges in my blouse around the shoulders. “Ah... Cold shoulder blouse, hilarious.”

“Mmrwa, wgmew,” the gut bounced forwards, wobbling and malforming around the storm of trashing limbs clogging up my ab-sack. Every protrusion rising on the smooth skin denting stretchmarks around them – ruffled as the end of an umbrella – their silhouettes distinguishable as fits, feet and knees distorting and sailing down my tummy.

“Would you shut it,” I say with stern dripping off my voice, “I got bigger issues.” -Spsllltch- I squeezed my palms firmly to each end of the bulbous mound, clamping it together in warped bundles of chub around my arms, letting go with ripples trailing across the surface. I scoffed, seeing the words 'Mean pred' snuggle up underneath my breasts. “Hey,” I curted. But when I looked at myself the text read 'Reluctant pred'. “I mean...,” my fingers drummed over my tummy, in contemplation.

The predator text vanished without a trace.

“Outta the way, som'ov us smell like ancient garbage and need ah new look.”

A bundle of clothes straps and patched fabric – that might have concealed a person underneath – knocked me out of the path of the clothing store, right under a latter which my gut barely made it through, the metal bars shaping my tummy dune into an upturned 'V' before I -Spwhpp- popped out with a smattering reverberation of flesh, and stumbled into another girl. Her fluffy white drills brushed over my throat with a race of a marshmallow cloud.

“Watch those steps, the next you take could have you stumble, head over heels, into someone else's dreams.”

Was that, who? Was I blushing?

“Often I bump into sugar cakes at the cafe, you must have escape when the baker turned their back on you, guess that is why you are in a hurry” The chocolate girl spooled her left drill around her thumb whilst weaving sentences with charm smooth as strings of gelato.

“Look, I need to get somewhere safe,” I pressed.

“Could always swing by-... oh balls,” she interrupted herself as her eyes graced across my middle, peering behind me.

When I turned I saw just the crowd passing down the streets, along with a bulky, meteor grey shade around the corner, that jumped at being discovered.

“Who is...” But when I turned back the girl had fled. “Then who...?” back at the crowd, the shade was gone. “What is with all these transient encounters,” I called out.

“Wow Bobina, you look like a wreck.” I rarely did such a sweet voice pelted my psyche with this magnitude of enmity. Spaghetti head was back.

“One of the bad kinds of wrecks, unlike a ghost ship, those rock: I know a great place we could go to relax to ease all that tension.”

I swallowed deep breath. “If I say yes will you explain wha-.”

"Is... going on..."

And now I was in the hot-tub of a fancy spa. A plume of steam rose from the lime and seaweed scented bathwater; strain gathered in my muscles, licked away by the rising pillars of mist. Calmness invaded my veins and rose them like a flume ride, without my consent.

"So," The girl said, across from me, "I can show you this now." She stood from the hot tub, a cascade of steam draping her stomach in a waterfall, her gut amplified five folds since our last visit, the engorged cue clad in smudged black marker script, letters dripping from the spa's humidity: 'F/mf', 'Casual', 'Unwilling', 'HV'.

"The H stands for hair," she cheerfully informed me.

"Uh huh."

Isn't this place great? I am buddy pals with the owner, or janitor, I think she got a demotion or something, better not tell her I am here if Saffron sees you."

"Gotcha," I nodded.

"But the water is great, and they never check the vents."

"You don't say."

"I do say, cosy place to sleep."

"Really?"

"And... for setting up ambushes, you're gonna laugh, one time I was here early in-."

I slammed the door shut behind me, heaving out a breath of relief. Seems she hadn't noticed when I was walking backwards to the door through her spiel. -Chrrllsght- A gurgle rustled through my abdomen, my stomach indenting like in patches the size of my hand and shaped as an inverted tent, snapping back moments later, but rustling up a queasy feeling in my throat.

"Just what mmffgm, I wished for," I grumbled and supported myself against the wall, teetering down the corridor and drove ad bumps moulded my gut, an organic drumming rippling from my chest, as if mu legs were ribs were were a construction crew bulldozing an obstruction in the sewers. -Blngns- My torso pulsed in throbbing bloats, it felt like I had swallowed a mushroom whose cap kept swelling up my oesophagus.

"Hgmmppgsh," I clutched over my lips, holding them sealed, as the skin stretching dune crawled its way up my windpipe, distending my gullet to a convulsing dome the width of my thighs. I ducked into an empty shower stall, and crammed my arms underneath my breasts for a hugging clamp.

"Mmg, phlruaaagph," my lips hung parted, the comical dome surging up my gullet, broadening my cheeks and flying through my lips. I felt the texture of marble, polished by my pursed lips that laid sealed around it. A whistle and crackle of spittle draining through nooks and crannies soaring free as it left my maw -Fhlllrsh- -Chrrlsghhsr-. My lips swelled firm, broadening around the hunk.

Once it passed the event horizon, its weight toppled the pale slab onto the floor, dislodging with a smack of -Slphtshh-. -Kddmwnf- It tumbled onto the cyan tiles, a pearly wheel of densely packed skeletal matter. Ribs coiled around the brim of the thick osteo-disk, moulded into crevices between partially molten humerus, clavicles, femurs and sacrum, their texture polished to a glistening sheen of wet chalk, and any pointed chunks that would be jutting through were filed in to confide with the silken moulded shape. Its visage that of a coral reef compressed in a cheese cheese mould, and laid as soft as a cocktail of marshmallows and silt, indenting against the tile pattern beneath it, and gliding on the moist surface of the sloped floor.

I stood dumbstruck, innards voided, staring at the weight surmounting my torso on the floor; its moulded structure gave it an air of being sculpted out of clay, mellowing the gruesome connotations to... me actually finding it pleasing. Or maybe that was just the ease in my chest cavity.

"Aah... course, so that is what a pellet looks lik-."