

Gluttonous Gravity

by Holo

Veron's hunger was getting the best of his limited self-control. He could already feel his hands twitching, tweaking the gravity around him. He wasn't inclined to resist, even though he was in the middle of the busy city outside the Citadel. He decided that letting loose a little wouldn't hurt. He turned his wrist, and a gravity well sucked someone over to his side from across the street. They were pressed against the blue critter's grey gut, looking quite confused over what just happened. Veron just grinned up at the taller pedestrian, and opened his mouth.

Without even needing to use his hands, the gravity well he had made in his stomach created a whirlwind that started sucking in everything in front of him. Largely, this was leaves and debris, but it drew his captive in as well. Veron turned his head at the side to show his prey his open mouth, and in a moment, they were sucked into his mouth and down his throat, quite literally inhaled.

Veron swallowed, then expelled all of the air from his stomach with a minute-long belch. His grey stomach deflated, until it went from round, air-filled ball to a smaller, squirming mass. He patted his stomach with pride, but he was still hungry. He looked around, and to his glee, there was a fast food chain to his side, with a few patrons who were staring wide-eyed at him. He would fix that.

He waddled, gut-first through the double doors, and the smell of greasy burgers and fries only enticed his appetite more. With another well-placed gravity well, he restored his vacuum breath, and started inhaling everyone and everything inside the food chain.

There were shouts and clamoring as people tried to grip onto anything nailed down. The closest people didn't stand a chance, and were sucked down Veron's gut before they even knew what was happening. Half eaten meals flew off of tables and were devoured with little time to taste them, and chairs and potted plants and loose clothing all swirled into his mouth like the vortex that it was. Anything too big for his jaws—other than people—were crushed into pieces to go down easier.

Despite all the people in the restaurant, his gut filled with air faster than it did with them, and before he could get the last stragglers, and the staff behind the cashier counter, his grey stomach had expanded to fill the place from wall to wall. He felt more like a balloon that he wanted, and so he worked up another belch, and let it thunder from his jaws until the glass windows cracked from the volume. He deflated, but when he was done, his stomach was still several feet around, easily twice his height in diameter as it squirmed with people and crunched with debris.

The force of his belch had dazed the remaining people, and he took his time with these ones. Veron levitated them one or two at a time from their spots and slid them into his mouth, wanting to take time to taste at least some of his binge today. They were good, and to him, tasted quite a lot like the fast food they had been eating just before he arrived. Each one he ate stretched his gut more, until the groaning mass blocked his vision.

Satisfied that he had eaten everyone inside, he tried to back out of the doors, but quickly got stuck thanks to his stomach that was a couple dozen feet too wide for the doorway he had entered through. He grumbled to himself for a moment, and then was struck with an idea. He

created a miniscule, weak, and carefully controlled singularity at the center of the building. It pulled on the structure, cracking the walls and shattering the broken glass. The supports started to give way, and floor tiles were pulled from the foundation. Soon, the entire structure was collapsing down into a single point. The wall behind Veron fell, and was pulled to join the singularity of stone and steel.

He reduced the entire building to about a marble size, and then pulled it towards him and popped it into his mouth like candy. Once he felt the dense little ball land in his guts, he decompressed the entire thing all at once. His stomach expanded with a loud *bwoomph* as the rubble of an entire building expanded back to its original size inside of him. His gut filled the lot, covering the entire foundation with his bubbling, churning, gastric mass.

For an instant, he was compelled to get something more to eat, but he was big enough now that he knew he would enjoy just taking a rest and working down his binge. He rubbed his sides and created a gravity spiral inside him middle to stir the contents from the inside, to help them digest faster. He punctuated his satisfaction with one last belch, and started thinking of who or what he would eat later in the day.