

RED FLAGS

PART 2

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The sixth time I saw her was over a year later, or so I thought at first. At the insistent suggestion of my more social coworkers, I made the ill-advised decision of accompanying them to what could only be described as a nightclub of the lowest caliber. It was a slow night, or so they told me, but the cavorting throng was still dense enough to make me hastily retreat to the basement bar, away from the sensory overload of electronic music and strobe lights. And so I found myself sitting alone at a booth, nursing a bitter cup of cheap liquor, grumbling at my erstwhile colleagues who'd chosen to stay above in search of company of easier virtue.

Bored, I let my eyes wander across the dark room, taking in the meager sights. Layers of band posters lined the gray concrete walls, nigh unreadable under the unhealthy glow of tired neon tubes. The droning hum coming from the ceiling was an ever present reminder of the cacophony above. A few grizzled regulars played cards on a table, while exhausted revelers made ample use of the worn leather couches. A single waiter hurried around with full trays of snacks and alcohol, and a sleepless-looking bartender made small talk with... Her.

Hair a deep burgundy under the low light, she sat on a barstool far too small for her immense hips. Gargantuan breasts, wider than her torso, hung heavily against a bikini top and bounced with her every movement in a hypnotic manner. Her rotund stomach was framed by a pair of leather suspenders, which were very much necessary - Not only were her micro shorts woefully undersized, she had elected not to button them, leaving the hang of her belly as the only thing protecting her modesty. A number of belts and straps adorned her limbs, either holding up her long gloves and stockings, or simply serving as convenient restraints for her plump flesh to squeeze and fold against.

She flashed a toothy grin before lifting a fruity cocktail to her lips, sipping the final drops of pink alcohol from the martini glass. The bartender gave her a nod as she rose from her seat, scanning the room for prey with the calm confidence of a habitu  . At first she fluttered towards a group of salarymen in a booth, then seemed to change her mind and started chatting up a muscular fellow standing in a corner. In the span of five minutes, she'd started and ended a dozen conversations, showing just enough to entice whoever she spoke to before her attention drifted elsewhere. To an introvert like me, it was a mesmerizing spectacle, and before long she noticed my gaze.

Her eyes narrowed, and she licked her lips before sauntering in my direction, gait swaying and playful, each step punctuated by the click of her platform boots against the tile floor. She put one hand on the table and bent forwards to speak to me, putting just enough momentum in the action that her bust swung forwards and slapped back against her torso with a loud *plap*, hanging dangerously close to my face.



“Hey there~ That’s a face I hadn’t seen before. What’s a cute guy like you doing in a place like *this*?”

I’d like to say I responded with a clever quip or a pickup line of my own, but I was too taken aback and distracted with the sight before me to manage anything more than a hesitant, barely coherent mumble. Yet somehow that seemed to be the right answer, as the corners of her smile curled up into a distinctly catlike shape, and she unceremoniously flumped onto the seat beside mine, very purposefully putting herself between me and the exit.

“Do you mind if I sit here? Mhm, standing around all night long always leaves me exhausted... What with all this *extra stuff* I’m lugging about.”

“Ah... I-I imagine.”

Unsure of where to look, I focused my gaze on the drink I held. She noticed this, and gently pried my fingers from it, lifting the shot glass at eye level and examining it sagely.

“I’ll never understand it. So many tasty options on the menu, and everyone’s first choice is always this bland swill. Tell you what - How about you buy us a round, and I show you how good an *actual* drink can taste like?~”

She signaled for the waiter without waiting for my response, and before long we were served a pair of oversized mugs, filled to the brim with rum and coke. She nudged my shoulder and winked.

“Give it a sip. I promise it’s sweet and delicious.”

I did so, and very quickly realized she was right. The velvety rum contrasted well with the fizz and kick of the coke, and the result was a pleasant, if excessively sweet, concoction. I turned to thank her, then went silent as I saw her in the process of chugging down her own drink. Her throat bulged rhythmically with each gulp, straining the clasp of her choker as a liter of sugary alcohol flowed down her gullet. She kept an eye open and fixed upon me, seeming to savor my open-mouthed surprise even more than she did her drink. She set her mug down with a loud clunk, and breathed out a sigh of satisfaction.



“Aaaaah, that was good! I feel like I could have a *dozen* of those and still feel thirsty for more. Then again-“

“I-I’d love to see that!”

I’m still unsure what prompted my sudden moment of bravado. Maybe the absurdity of the situation overwhelmed me, or maybe I instinctively wanted to seize an opportunity that might never present itself again. No matter the root cause, my outburst had an effect - she paused in her tracks, blinking for a moment, then flashed the most dangerous grin I’d seen her display yet.

“Oho? Someone’s feeling brave. Maybe I’ll play along, then. Though... You can’t expect me to drink *that* much on an empty stomach. You’re lucky this place has a pretty good cook.”

“I’ll be happy to order you something!”

“I’m afraid I’m a big girl with a bigger appetite. ‘Something’ doesn’t quite cut it.”

“Then I can order you everything. I-I think.”

It took me a moment to realize what I'd gotten myself into. As if sensing my unease, she reached over me to grab the menu, smirking mischievously as her body brushed against mine.

"That's more like it. I hope you're not having second thoughts~"

I was. I quietly mourned my wallet's impending demise as she described a gargantuan order to the waiter, who wrote it down with a nonchalance that betrayed the customary nature of her request. Yet as the plates began to pile up in front of her, each loaded with a larger portion of burgers and finger foods, my hesitancy quickly gave way to excited anticipation. Rather than catching glimpses of her from afar, this time I'd have a front row seat to her hunger, close enough to see the thin wisps of steam from her breath, or smell the subtle strawberry shampoo fragrance that hung around her crimson mane. I began to wonder why she'd chosen to act like that - Put on a private show when her previous exploits had all been so open and public - but all my doubts were dispelled as she winked at me and lifted a french fry to her lips.

My daydreams could not hope to stand up to the real deal. The way she brushed her bangs back, the loving way she regarded the fry before kissing it with a soft bite, and craning her head back to break it in half... Each movement was carefully thought out, then precisely executed. Midway through the second hamburger, she gently ran the back of her index finger across her lower lip to catch a few droplets of sauce, then licked them away like a lioness cleaning her paws, all the while shooting me the most alluring sideways glance I'd ever experienced in my life. I wasn't just a witness to her gluttony, I was a spectator to an intricate display of performance art - And I was about to become a participant.

"What, you want a bite? Heh. You should have just told me~"

She offered her bitten burger in my direction with a playful wink. I briefly worried about the implications of an indirect kiss, but the assertiveness of her tone made it clear that there was no option but to accept.

In that moment, I could taste it all - behind the juicy burger and overpowering barbecue sauce, I felt the sugary tinge of the rum, the delicate hints of sweetness from her cherry lipstick... I could only dream what it'd feel like if that intense bouquet of flavors was joined by the intense warmth of her breath, and felt a sudden pang of longing as the sandwich was pulled away after that single bite. Without skipping a beat, she took another one directly on top of mine, and I felt my hair stand on end as her chewing was interrupted by a muffled moan.

"Mmmm... Look at that, you *actually* taste pretty good."

Unsure of how to process that sudden boost to my self esteem, I instead turned my attention back to her eating. For all her flair, she was actually quite methodical in her gluttony. She would focus on a particular dish and consume it in its entirety, pausing only to wash it down with generous gulps of rum. There would then be a short interval as she picked what to devour next, during which she'd make short comments, readjust her sitting position, or perform poses that required both hands to be free. One of her most common moves was arching her back to puff out her already impressive gut, then fondling it between her palms as if trying to calm an overfull stomach. Her look of abject pleasure, however, betrayed that she was simply enjoying her ballooning size.

By then, she was five mugs and twice as many dishes in, and I marveled at how little of an effect it was having on her composure. That amount of alcohol would have sent me to the hospital, yet was unable to give her anything more than a faint blush. I commented on how well she held her liquor, and was rewarded with a playful look as she slid back on her seat, splaying her arms against the back of the booth.

"Funny you'd say that. If anything, I feel a little woozy right now. How about... I relax for a second, and you help me finish that plate of chicken fingers?~"

I briefly considered trying one out, before her open mouth made me realize what kind of "help" she was asking for. I gingerly grabbed one of the battered snacks and held it a respectful distance away from her lips, prompting a snicker.

"Come on now, I don't bite. Get closer."

With her pose, and the difference in our sizes, the only way to do so would be to all but climb onto her, a proposition as enticing as it was embarrassing. Terrified of somehow making a mistake, I managed to sidle up onto her thigh, her sudden moan making me nearly jump as I inadvertently pushed a hand into her belly in an attempt to steady myself. Finally within reach, I placed the food on her outstretched tongue and waited for her to take it. Instead, she moved forwards, gently closing her jaws against my finger and thumb, grinning fangs placing the slightest amount of pressure on my skin.



“Actually, I do~”

Her outstretched arm went around my shoulder, in a soft embrace that would have been relaxing were it not so assertive and sexually charged. In truth, I wanted nothing more than to bury my head in her cleavage then and there, but managed to keep that impulse in check as I continued to feed her her snacks of choice. Without fail, each one would be accompanied by a gentle bite or graze of the lips that sent shivers down my spine. The moment the final morsel went down her throat, she suddenly grabbed my wrist and began to lick the remnants of sauce and grease from my fingers, sucking on each one like a lollipop while looking me straight in the eyes. I froze up like a deer in the headlights, sliding off her lap as she chuckled and sat upright once again.

“Mmmm, that perked me up... Let’s get back to the main event. Watch closely now~”

Reaching for a plate of sliders, she resumed her feast with redoubled pace. The spectacle now was no longer just her movements and sounds as she ate, but the sheer pace she effortlessly kept, practically finishing a sandwich with each bite. Even with both hands constantly reaching for new treats, the stream of food seemed woefully insufficient to match her boundless appetite. Two, then four, then six full plates were quickly devoured, her gut visibly growing until its swollen bulk was pushing against the edge of the table, forming a single large fold on its otherwise round surface. She reached for a trio of mugs and chugged them one after the other, adding nearly a gallon of liquid to the unbelievable amount she had consumed thus far. The final gulp caused one of her suspenders to snap, and the sudden shock sent her reeling back into her seat.

I heard the roaring gurgles of her stomach, saw the surface of her belly visibly vibrate like a taut drum, and realized that a burp of truly monstrous proportions was about to happen. On the edge of my seat, I looked in awe as she massaged her protesting belly with one hand, while raising the other to her lips in a futile attempt to muffle the thunderous sound she was about to produce. She puffed her cheeks, and then -

“Hic!”

I couldn't help but pout at her smug look, silently judging me for doubting her control. Still, her binge had clearly had an effect on her - Her breaths came deep and heavy, droplets of sweat forming around her neck as she gently caressed her gut. The smile dancing on her lips gradually grew softer, and she looked down at herself in a manner less salacious than it was introspective. Her husky voice formed a question.

"Hey... What do you like about this stuff? This whole situation... The way I look, seeing me eat. What does it do for you?"

I was a bit taken aback by the question, and looked down as I organized my thoughts. I considered just admitting it was arousing, but that felt too simple. Then came the evolutionary approach - Like the prehistoric venus statues, a plumper female was more likely to survive the winter and bear more children... Yet that didn't seem to tell the whole story, either. At last I thought back to when I first saw her, so long ago. Was that the origin? Or would I still feel like this either way? I felt the urge to speak out.

"You're... Capable. Of things that others aren't. You're larger, curvier, more voracious than the rest. You know how impressive you can be, and all of the ways you can make everyone take notice of it. That confidence in itself is attractive. And most of all, the way you keep growing larger and bolder, every single time I've seen you - Just last week, you were-"

I stopped myself, but it was too late. An eyebrow was raised, and a strange look passed over her face, but it quickly dissolved into alluring confidence.

"A *fan*, I see~ Odd, I'd have thought I'd remember your face. Still... Explains why you were so quick on the uptake. I guess you know what comes next, then. People's eyes are on us. Can you feel them? Following us around the whole night, stealing glances whenever they can, unable to focus on anything else. Taking notice of every sound, every movement I make, what I've been building up to. They know something's going to happen, something *indecent*."

She moved closer, looming over me with her bulk, then plucked the straps of her bikini, making a sound not unlike a guitar string. Her massive bust swayed side to side, straining the already stretched fabric.

“Except they don’t know what it will be. I do - But even I don’t know when. It could be at the end of the night, or just next minute. And every moment, we move inexorably closer towards it-!”

Her pupils contracted, and her wide smile took a manic edge.



“The anticipation, the suspense, the gradual stretching, the increasing tightness... It’s all *exhilarating*. I can barely control myself!~”

I was afraid she was about to jump and ravish me, but instead she fell down heavily onto her seat, and reached again for the food. Savagely tearing a footlong in half, she spoke through full cheeks.

“Let’s make this a night to remember!”

Continuing to eat at that point was clearly a colossal effort. Every movement was slower, heavier, ever more ponderous than before. For the first time she had to stop to breathe in between bites, or stifle small burps after swallowing. Yet she continued to gorge herself, every part of her outfit growing tighter and tighter, the seams of her shorts impossibly stretched against her thighs, puffy nipples plainly visible through the fabric of her bikini... It was a sight like no other, and I felt compelled to participate. Reaching forwards to grab the last plate of fries, I offered a handful in her direction, and she was quick to catch on, feasting on them in between bites of her remaining main courses. With me feeding her, she could continue to eat even when her hands were occupied rubbing her overburdened stomach, or greedily reaching across the table to pull the remaining dishes toward her.

We were almost at the end. Piles of dirty dishes stood atop the table, a grim testament to her gluttony. Her belly was stuffed to its absolute limit, its bulging top pushing her breasts apart and stretching the cups of her bikini into thin strips, pink areolae escaping through the edges. All that remained was one last mug of rum and coke, and the atmosphere of the room was thick with tension as she lifted it to her lips. The noises from the rest of the bar seemed to die down, and the quick glance I dared to spare showed every onlooker at the edge of their seats. Thin rivulets of alcohol dripped down the edges of her mouth as she began to drink. *Gulp*. Her hips rocked gently back and forth in anticipation. *Gulp*. A small shiver fluttered across the skin of her neck. *Gulp*.

SNAP!

The noise of her tearing clothes might as well have been a gunshot amid the silence of the room. Both sides of her bikini failed at once, her engorged breasts slamming down against her belly before bouncing back up. Her shorts ripped apart at the inseam, a massive tear sending the open zipper forwards like a whip, while the stitches on the sides stretched into uselessness, torn fabric falling apart around her pale thighs. She let out a long, echoing moan of release, eyes half-closed in exhibitionist ecstasy. Every single patron, me included, could only gape at that shameless display of the female form indulged to its limits. Only the bartender rolled her eyes, betraying a certain familiarity.

It was over.



Suddenly bereft of the curious boldness that had driven me forwards, I felt a wave of self consciousness wash over me. Glancing across the room, I became acutely aware of the dozens of eyes that were turned in my direction, menace hanging heavy in the air. Gently setting the mug down, she spoke, her relaxed tone for the first time betraying a tiny hint of inebriation, just enough for her to break character.

“So you get it too. They’re jealous. They wish they could have done *so much more* than just watch from afar. The question will burn in their mind for days - ‘Why him, and not me?’ - It’s just... *perfect*. Thank you for helping me make this happen. I mean it.”

She smiled sweetly, and the pieces suddenly fell into place. The patrons she chatted up. Her circuitous route around the bar, her enthusiasm at my awkwardly muttered responses. Why she would skip over so many to choose someone as unremarkable as me. My preferences had been a welcome surprise, but not for a moment the original reason.

I clenched my hands and felt my shoulders tense up, and the words left my lips before I had the chance to even acknowledge my thoughts.

“That’s not fair.”

“...?”

“They were just onlookers. They sat there all night, barely aware of what we were accomplishing. They didn’t feed you, or act with you, or understand any of the thoughts and impulses that drive you. So why do they get to see you now, as you are? You’re... That moment, when you broke free, you looked so *beautiful*... I wanted that view to be mine alone.”

My gaze shifted embarrassedly to the side as I was hit by the irony of it all. Despite everything, I couldn’t keep an awkward chuckle from coloring the end of my bitter confession.

“Heh. I guess I’m jealous too.”

I looked up, and for the first time saw genuine surprise in her eyes. She blinked several times, the corners of her mouth twitching as a wavy smile did its best to remain hidden. Our eyes remained locked together for an eternity, and several times her lips began to form the contours of words before she thought better of it. At last, she reached for one of the bands around her thigh, uncoiling it to reveal its nature as a long leather belt, wrapped around itself multiple times. She held the accessory in front of me for a moment before tying it vertically around her belly, synching down until deep folds formed around it. She got back on her feet with surprising ease, majestic in the low light, wearing nothing more than her shoes and belts.

“You’re a lucky one. The night’s young, and I haven’t snapped *this* buckle yet. Come on, let’s go find somewhere more private. Oh, but don’t forget to protect me from prying eyes along the way, mister knight in shining armor~”

Her tone, the affectionate smirk that danced upon her lips, her narrowed eyes... They all felt mocking, but also intensely genuine. I would be lying if I said I wasn't unsure. But I stood up and took her hand.

I very quickly realized the magnitude of my task. She bent over to retrieve the tattered remains of her shorts, and I had just moments to position myself behind her to keep the rest of the bar from being casually mooned. The sheer difference in our heights meant her bust would be near impossible to cover, but I vowed to keep her waist protected no matter the cost. Even as I stood at the front counter to pay my exorbitant tab, I had to be vigilant and ready to block the line of sight of any approaching patrons - unless they happened to be my coworkers, in which case I'd have darted behind her for cover at the earliest opportunity. Thankfully they were either long gone or still at the dance floor, and that terrifying possibility never came to pass.

The brisk air of an Autumn night greeted us as we emerged from the nightclub. Cleaning the condensation from my glasses, I was once again awestruck as I saw her silhouetted in moonlight, moisture glistening across her bare body. She seemed to not mind the chill, yet her nipples perked up in clear proof that she felt it just as much as I did. Running a hand down the distended surface of her belly, she breathed in deeply, then let it out through her mouth in a billowing cloud of steam.



“We’re gonna need some supplies. I know a place that’ll be open this late~”

Hand in hand, we walked in silence across the empty streets, now devoid of the crowds that filled them by day. I saw our reflections on the windows of a closed cafe and blinked in surprise, amazed at the contrast between our shapes. Every few blocks there’d be a wanderer or passerby, and she giggled as I immediately interposed myself between them, orbiting her bulk like a satellite around a star. We cut up and down the platform of a train station to avoid a busy crossing, then through a park at her suggestion.

She was clearly used to maneuvering at her size, but her stamina was not infinite, and she let out a sigh of relief as she sat down at a bench. Closing her eyes, she placed both arms on the backrest and opened her legs wide, letting the massive weight of her belly rest on the seat instead.

I began to wonder how often she'd stuff herself to such absurd proportions, and briefly entertained the idea that this outing was her largest binge to date. All the signs were there - The sweat, the rosy blush around her cheeks, the deep, exhausted breaths... She'd clearly gone right up to her limit. And yet, as I looked at the distended surface of her gut, I couldn't help but feel it looked slightly smaller than when we'd started our walk. It was still clearly taut and full, the skin a deep red where her vertical belt compressed it into a near-spherical form, but - as it heaved up with each breath, I saw the tiniest deflation, almost as if it was slowly compressing under the pull of its own gravity.

The implications raced through my mind. How fast was her digestion? How much space had she made? When would she be hungry again, or - was she, already? Would I be able to feed her to her limit all over again? And if she was so quickly absorbing all those calories... How much larger would she get? Was there an upper limit? I pictured myself surrounded by a veritable sea of her flesh, continuously growing in every direction, as I struggled to scale her massive form to deliver her next meal-

"Enjoying the show?~"

One of her eyes was open, and she stuck out her tongue playfully.

"A-ah! Uhm... I was just... I mean-"

"Popping a fat one over a sleeping girl while looking completely out of it."

"You weren't asleep!"

...But other than that, y-yes. You're... Stimulating."

Her flowing laughter was like birdsong, each honeyed note echoing through the empty park. Yet again I felt privy to a rare spectacle.

"You would say it like that, wouldn't you? C'mon now, I've made some space. Help me up and let's get going, we're almost there."

Nodding, I grasped her outstretched hand and pulled. It was like trying to heft a boulder, and I saw her take ample pleasure in the sheer difference in our sizes and physical strengths. It was only after enjoying several moments of struggling that she cheerfully sprang back to her feet, nearly causing me to tumble backwards. Fingers intertwined, we set out once again.

I was hit with a wave of nostalgia as we finally reached our destination. How long had it been? The illuminated “24/7” sign was the same, as were the fluorescent tubes that lined the ceiling, casting a sterile light over the rows of shelves, stocked to the brim with discount snacks of all kinds. Even the cashier had that same lifeless look as his colleague from years ago. But she had changed.

No more dust mask on her face, or hesitant words disguising the thoroughness of her plan. She entered the store calm and decisively, fully aware of the effect her nude body would have on any onlookers, yet completely unbothered by it. I exhaled in relief as I determined we were the only customers, so I could focus on dealing with the clerk.

His empty gaze slowly turned in our direction as we walked in, then suddenly focused back into life when he grasped the situation. I was prepared, and made a beeline up to the counter, asking a dozen distracting questions about chewing gum brands and payment methods. My immodest companion, meanwhile, loaded a basket with the goods she was looking for.

I was quite pleased with my quick thinking, and felt a tinge of satisfaction at the clerk’s muted frustration, his eyes struggling to look past me and at the beauty browsing the shelves. My triumph was short-lived, however, as she strolled back to the counter to deposit her haul and gave him a cheerful wave. I began to raise an eyebrow in annoyance, which quickly turned into red-faced embarrassment. Beside the pile of sugary snacks, beers and sodas, she’d also picked out an excessive number of condoms, that left no doubt as to what we’d very soon be doing.

“Think that’s everything we’ll need for tonight, or should I grab *more?*~”

Once again I was reduced to self conscious muttering as she leaned closer to wink at him, squeezing me against her chest with her arm. I realized that this, too, was a way for her to share her performance - In that moment, I felt I might as well be nude. To the man's credit, he managed to ring up all items correctly despite a complete lack of eye contact, and minutes later I was back on the street, arms heavy with grocery bags, yet driven forwards by a renewed sense of anticipation.

We walked past a couple of love hotels, which left me confused at first, until she dispassionately listed out a series of problems each one had, from itchy bed sheets to cold showers. Deferring to her experience, I followed her into a small building in a side street, the unadorned door all but invisible under the red neon glow of nearby signs. A very small elevator followed, and I was thankful for the opportunity to see her struggle to get in - even more so when it was my turn to squeeze myself between her belly and the walls of the cabin. At last we reached a long hallway with several doors, and she punched a code into a digital lock before walking in.

The darkness beyond beckoned me. Reasonably, logically, I should have felt apprehensive at that moment. On a whim, I had joined a stranger in debauched and frankly irresponsible behavior, and was now about to step alone and unprotected into her den. A sane person would have trembled with dread, or refused altogether to stride into the grinning maw of the unknown.

Instead, all I felt at that moment was expectancy. Perhaps I did wish to be devoured whole.

