

LUNCH

by Paul Watson

Steve looks at the note on his computer. He only turned away for a second, but somehow a post-it note's appeared on the side of the screen. None of his co-workers are around to have placed it. And, to be fair, he wouldn't have suspected them of leaving a note, either. "Marcus." he mutters plaintively as he stares at the one word written on the note 'Lunch?'

It is about lunch time, his stomach reminds him, and a lunch out would be nice. Of course a location would be nice, but it is Marcus. He pulls on his jacket, logs out and walks to the door. He steps through and out into...his own apartment? He sighs, "I am not making you lunch, you lazy..." "You've got me all wrong, Stevie." Marcus replies from the kitchen, "I'm making you lunch." "Oh, right. Sorry." he looks shame-facedly at the carpet, "I'm just so used to people taking adv...wait, what did you call me?"

Marcus smiles, and Steve feels a familiar sensual warmth flow over his skin, feeling the wetness of his clothes running over him.

"Marcus! I do have to get back to..." his protest degenerates into a moan as the warmth flows deeper, melting his skin away, revealing the dark smooth skin underneath. His body changes in the warmth, his waist pulling inwards, his hips swaying the opposite direction as they flare out. Stevie runs a more slender hand through her lengthening, darkening hair as her body shifts, chest pushing out in a couple of places, her cock melting away. She pants as the warmth flows away from her exaggeratedly feminine form, "Marcus! You can't just make me Stevie whenever you..." she moans as her puffy pussy lips flowers out.

"Can't I?"

"Ok, obviously, you *can*! But that doesn't mean you should. I have to get back to work after this and..." Marcus puts a finger on her lips.

"Shhhh. Don't worry about that. It'll still be there when lunch is over."

"I guess, but still...I'm naked!"

"Of course you are. You're always naked Stevie."

"Only because you make me naked! And just for lunch?!"

"Clothes get stuck in my teeth."

"Clothes get...oh, ha ha. That's not funny. I..." she stops as the world starts growing around her,

"Marcus! What are you doing to meeeee?!" Her voice rises, squeaking as the familiar furniture of her home towers over her like skyscrapers of wood and upholstery.

Marcus' giant hand reaches down, closing around her body. "Just getting you ready for lunch."

She squirms, biting her lip as her nipples rub against the ridges in his fingerprints, her legs kicking wildly as she re-enacts Fay Wray's most famous role. Although Miss Wray probably wasn't having to give an Oscar-worthy performance that she was hating every second rather than squirming in pleasure in the giant's grip.

"Wow, you must be really hard up if you're making me this cheap a date. If you don't want me to eat much, you just have to say so!"

Marcus places her on the counter top beside an open baguette longer than she is tall, crispy lettuce and sliced tomato already topping it, the other half liberally coated in glistening butter. A jar of thick English mustard sits behind it. "Just let me get my SLT ready and I'll be ready for lunch."

"SLT? Steak, lettuce and tomato?" she looks around for the steak.

He smiles, "Stevie, lettuce and tomato." he snatches her up.

"Wait, what?!" he smiles and lays her out on the sandwich. "Marcus! You can't be serious! Look, very funny.

I know we've done some wild things, well, you've done them to me mostly, but..." she stops, spluttering as the knife presses spicy mustard onto her, pressing her body into the wet tomato slices. She pushes futilely up at the giant metal plane, but achieving nothing as her dark skin is smeared with thick yellow paste. "Stop it!"

Marcus smiles, and presses the other half of the sandwich over her, muffling her protests. "No." Stevie squirms in the sandwich, her arms sinking into the fresh bread as she tries to push it away.

“Marcus! This is ridiculous! We both know you're not going to...” she feels the sandwich shudder, hearing a crack as the crusty bread cracks under his teeth. The lettuce under her tugs a little. “MARCUS!” she scrambles more frantically. In response he grips the sandwich a little more firmly, pressing the buttery surface against her. He takes another bite. The bread crunches. She feels his teeth pressing against her legs and shearing through them, leaving her with bloodless stumps where her feet should be. She screams into the bread as her detached feet vanish into his mouth and he begins to chew. She only stops screaming when he swallows and she realises the pain hasn't come. If anything it's the reverse. “Stevie, can I finish my sandwich in peace? Or am I going to have to take a bite out of the other end?”

Stevie's heart races. The other end. Where her head is. Having that bitten through seems like it would be bad. And yet...and yet...and yet... She smiles, moving her hands down her body and screams. She feels Marcus turning the sandwich in response, screaming all the while as her fingers work mustard into her sex, stinging her sensitive skin. He bites, the teeth crush through her neck, depositing her into his mouth. She feels the tongue under her push the sandwich towards the teeth, feels the pressure increase as they bite down, and in the sandwich her body shudders in pleasure as she distantly feels her head crushed into the chewed up food, swallowed down.

She squirms, fingers working faster, as if all her fear and worries vanished when her head was swept into his gullet, freeing her to experience the pleasure instead.

Each bite sends her higher. Her legs pressing together as they vanish into his mouth. Her hips and the frantic fingers pleasuring her crushed between his teeth. Her stomach sent on its journey to his. Her chest rising and falling in a soundless panting scream as he takes the last bite

Marcus licks his fingers clean as his stomach digests his lunch away. Stevie revels in that feeling, as she's broken down, feeling his stomach treat her just like any other food, breaking her body down for nutrients until there's nothing left.

Well, guess I'm not going back to work today.