

I could scarcely believe the news when it first graced my desk; all three of my largest competitors had been removed in one fell swoop. The rumors were true about my newest helper; her work was stupendous and impeccable. Completely flawless, untraceable, and efficient. All of the things I expected when paying such a premium price.

### *Click*

“Speak of the devil.” Something in the back of my mind told me that my incoming guest was the woman of the hour.

“And She shall appear.” The green-haired fiend smiled a wicked smile as she entered my study.

A lithe woman, so thin that I could scarcely believe she was alive, more phantom than human. It was the fixer, Le’Vicia, a woman spoken about in the hushed rumors of corporate backrooms. Poured into a cotton bodysuit that clung to her bony frame, she looked ethereal and foreboding. Her bright green pixie cut and her glimmering black eyes only cemented her image as she closed the door behind her.

“Mind giving me a lowdown of the job?” You snicker, tossing the newspaper headline across the desk.

I had already pored over the article, looking at the vague descriptions, but I craved those sickening details. Mainstream media could only get so graphic; the best they could give me was a story about some kind of explosion, but I knew there was more. Juicy details made my mind run wild, the kind of in-depth graphical accounts you could only get from a first-person account.

“Headlines not getting you there?” Le’Vicia’s response was monotone and soft, voice barely showing a change in cadence.

“They’re always lacking. That’s why you’re here. Whenever you want, go ahead and share the tale.” I beckoned her to take a seat as I grabbed a bottle of wine and matching glass from my drawer.

I watched her like a hawk when she was in the room, eyes tracking her every movement, following her hands and feet like they were bombs. With a robotic gait, she took a seat in the red leather wingback at the other side of the room. The soft glow of the lamplight illuminated her face, her sunken eyes being shadowed by her gaunt brow. I watched her settle into the chair, her awkward body language making it look like she’d never sat down in her life. She waited, staring daggers into me for minutes before I broke the awkward silence.

“Very well.” Le’Vicia closed her eyes, clearing her throat before speaking in a voice altered from her own. “The evening started off without a hitch; the staff were all stowed away in their own little hovels. Sleeping soundly as I got to serving the guests.”

I adjusted my posture, getting comfortable, taking a sip of my wine as I waited for her to continue.

“The first one to be fated for elimination was the most robust of your rivals. As you put it, that bloated sow Tricia.” Le’Vicia cleared her throat once again, shifting her voice to another’s.

“Oh, this food is just so delectable. I can’t bear to stomach another bite, but it is just so good.” Le’vicia’s voice created a perfect mimicry of Tricia’s, so accurate that it was like she was replaying a recording.

“She told me that same line every time I brought her a new plate. It took little effort to do away with her. I watched her bountiful breasts break from her suit, how her stomach popped buttons with each plate she took on. She couldn’t stop herself; like a dog given food, she would eat until she was given no more, which I assured would never happen. She grew larger as the night went on. Her stomach like a dollop of overflowing cream, flowing and sloshing over her lap as she gorged herself beyond comprehension. Pushed past human comprehension, filled like a balloon. Her creamy stomach turning red as the strain became too much.” Le’vicia smiled a wicked smile as she shifted her body language.

She seemed to loom in her seat, the long-cast shadows making her appear larger than she was. Illusory bloats and bulges appeared across her form, like the shadows around her mimicked her victim’s growth. I couldn’t help but enthusiastically sip my wine, stealthily undoing the button of my pants as I reached down past my waistband. Hand slowly gliding over my nethers as I began to work up the pleasure.

“My goodness. *hhuurp* I am just so stuffed. Please, no more. Another bite and I’ll explode.” Behind Le’Vicia’s impression was the mimicked sounds of Tricia’s strained digestion.

*Rrlrlrlglg*

*Crrrkkkk*

*rmbblbblbbl*

Her eyes had a wicked glint, mouth wide open like a speaker, playing the horrid gurgles and ominous moans of her target. Rumbblings that grew in intensity as Le’vicia’s shadow billowed out.

“I needed little effort to bring her to the end. A simple chocolate. A final treat that she couldn’t resist. I placed it in front of her, and she did the rest. Barely able to reach it past her bloated stomach, she passed it over her lips. Wet moans and quaking rumbles emanated from her shaking stomach. The other guests had little time to notice as they were dealing with their

own problems.” Le’Vicia’s shadow retracted, the cacophonous sounds that undercut her voice disappeared.

I was on the edge of my seat, waiting for a finale that she dangled like a carrot on a stick. Setting up a string of dominoes and then catching it before the last in line fell. I could feel a tension in the air as she shifted her body, contorting it to mimic the next guest.

“Shame the big chief couldn’t make it. Would have loved to show ‘em the next step of my plan.” Le’vicia’s voice changed again, taking on a deeper tone.

I realized my wineglass was already low; I had been drinking so enthusiastically that I needed a refill for Le’Vicia’s next story. Trying to fumble with the glass while I played was difficult, but not out of management.

“You remember your fiercest competitor, Torrie? Large man, bear of a build, and as subtle as a battering ram. He spoke so brazenly about the upcoming hostile takeover that he didn’t notice his food had been marinated with kiwi juice. A more cultured person would have been able to taste the difference between the lime and kiwi, just as you had predicted.” Le’vicia shifted her body language to one of discomfort.

“It gettin hot in here? I’m sweatin’ up a storm.” Le’Vicia wiped her brow, her mimicked voice having signs of palpable discomfort.

“His complaints were already too late. I watched his face begin to puff up; blond hair contrasted with redness in his face. Such a horrible allergy; he should have been more cautious. To see his body begin to bloat and billow like Tricia’s was a sight. Buttons popped in short order as his stomach blew out the front of his suit. A growth not isolated to his midriff. In fact, his entire body blew up like a balloon. Fingers, lips, arms. They all swelled until they were drawn into the growing expanse of his body. He was smooth, perfectly round; the only imperfections in his form came from the chair he was stuck in.” Le’Vicia leaned back in her chair as her voice changed.

***Crkkkk***

***Grnnnn***

“A...A little help would be appreciated. Call a doctor! Please.” The stolen voice was strained; words struggled over bloated lips.

“Seeing a haughty man like him so helpless and begging. It was enough to garner someone like me some satisfaction. I watched him swell larger, push the chair away from the table. His body so tight that I could see my reflection in his stomach. His blubbery cries for help were drowned out by his own body, his rounded form swallowing up his head and trapping it in a prison of his own flesh. So tight and hollow that a pin could rupture him.” Le’Vicia had a

wicked smile on her face as she welled up in her seat, arching her back to mimic the exaggerated curve.

She stopped once again, leaving me in the lurch as she transitioned to the next story. I feverishly grabbed for another glass of wine, feeling a discomfort in my stomach from my own antsiness. Deep down I wished she'd leave so I could have at it with my pleasure, but I wanted to hear more of the tale.

"Your next target was the one most likely to be a swift cleanup. Much easier to vacuum up plastic." Le'Vicia smirked as she returned her body to the normal sitting position.

I didn't need her to finish explaining who her next target was; I already knew. She had zeroed in on the head of Laston Cosmetics. A poured plastic bimbo by the name of Petunia, Puni for short. Blonde hair, twiggy waist, and hourglass figure. Plastic breasts so large that they shoved in her face and fake hips barely fit in chairs.

"Oh dearie. You look so nice; with a few touch-ups you could get yourself any man you wanted." Le'Vicia's voice changed again, mimicking a posh New England accent, cementing my assertion about her target.

"Puni was the tricky one. Her insistence on only drinking a specially sourced mineral water limited my options. Luckily I found a chemical that served my purpose. On her first sip, the heat in her body rose, I saw her face get flushed and sweat pour from her brow. Her drink had been replaced, the same mineral water, just repackaged with an extra additive. Thanks to research, I knew her implants were special, adjustable. She could alter the size to her liking, but that variability created air pockets." Le'Vicia smiled, twisting her back, the light dimming as she changed.

"Darling, it's so hot and dry in here. Could you be a doll and help me moisturize? I can feel my skin starting to tighten up." Le'Vicia mimicked the haggard pants of Puni.

"Of course I told her I would; It let me add a little accelerant. Not that she needed one; her chest was already heaving from the increased heat. Her breasts grew, billowing out like blimps. Two pert balloons that made her top strain. The same was happening with her hips. Those silicone laced-haunches blew up just as fast, being pinched by the chair as her heat rose. By the time I added the accelerant cream, she was already steaming. Body flushed and pulsing, heaving in and out as I spread that cream about her breasts." Le'Vicia mimicked her motions, puffing out her chest to mimic Puni's growth.

"That's starting to tingle! Ooooh! That burns! What is it?!" Puni's cries came out over the sound of her creaking skin.

“She didn’t last much longer from there. Her assets, beet red, throbbing like pulsing hearts. They palpated under my hands as they grew larger than her head. Hips so large that that cracked the frame of her chair and an ass that broke off the back.”

***Crkkkkkk***

***Rmbllbllbllb***

***Grnnnn***

Le’vicia’s voice parroted the ominous rumbles and groans of Puni’s assets, her throat undulating in unnatural ways to create those sounds. I couldn’t resist; I furiously drank my wine, ignoring the bloated feeling in my stomach. Unfastening my pants, apathetic to Le’Vicia’s presence. She’s just an assassin after all, what gossip would she tell? As soon as I did, she snapped her jaw shut, cutting the reaction short before continuing her tale. She left me in the terrible lurches of pleasure, the edge of a fantastic climax.

“I had been busy, flitting about between your hated enemies, attending to their demise. Orchestrating all their detonations just as you had asked, the explosives in the estate, timed to explode just after the bombs in the dining hall were set to go off. Their enormous rumbling bodies were set to blow at any moment; it was just a matter of time.” Le’Vicia smiled again, puffing her cheeks and rocking in her chair, miming the swollen balloons.

***Grllll***

***Grnnnnn***

***Crkk***

She filled the room with the symphony of bodily strain, replaying her target’s last moments. I couldn’t handle it; the excitement was driving me mad. I needed this to end; I needed to hear those pops.

***Splooosssh***

“Tricia was the first to explode. Her overtaxed stomach ruptured like a balloon; the fuse that chocolate had lit finally came to fruition. She painted the room with her contents, and her shockwave started the chain reaction.” Le’Vicia’s tone had a sinister hint to it as she swapped perspectives.

***Rmbllbllbllb***

***Crrrrrrrrrrrrrr***

***Pop***

“Next was Torrie. Unable to bear the strain of Tricia’s explosion, his body ruptured. Filling the room with interstitial fluid as his anaphylactic body tore itself apart. Spraying clear fluid on Puni’s taut body.

***Grrnnnnnn***

***Vrrrrrllll***

***Splooosh***

***Splooosh***

“Her silicone-laden assets ruptured like water balloons. Steam rose from her overheating body. Silicone leaking out from her exploded cavities as the rest of her plastic features melted. If the fire didn’t dispose of her, she’d likely be nothing but goo in minutes.” Le’Vicia got up from her seat, her expression returning to its dull self.

***Grlllgglgl***

***Rmbllbb***

I looked back at her to see if she had made that noise, but it was coming from me. Somehow I had missed my own stomach growing beneath my palms. A great hill rising up from my torso. In a panic I looked towards Le’Vicia.

“You should be careful letting strangers into your home. You never know what they’ll tamper with.” Le’Vicia’s voice changed again, mimicking someone familiar.

It was your secretary, the one you’d been fucking in the closet the past few months.

“I swapped out your personal stock with my own concoction three weeks ago. The day you and your secretary had a longer than average session. It’s slow acting, has to accumulate in your blood.” Le’Vicia’ voice was no longer mimicking my secretary’s; it was her own soft monotone.

***Grrnnn***

My gut stretched out again, growing so large it obscured my vision.

“You paid well, but somehow, she paid better.” Le’Vicia cocked her head my way before shutting the door behind her.

My stomach grew tight, the rumbling reaching a deafening pitch before a final.

*pop*