

Monoba's Morning After

Creeping over the horizon like a perv's nose over a fence, the sun rose steadily into the sky, shedding the first rays of dawn on the city below.

"Urgh, no!" said Monoba, raising her hand to shield her eyes from the glare. "Urgh, how did I let this happen?" Shooting through the air like a tiny, jiggly missile, the little vampire found her flight path wavering and wobbling--it was hard to fly straight when your skull was hosting a rock concert. With each sudden course shift, her swollen assets, vastly oversized for someone as diminutive as her, jostled inside her hoodie and shorts like a group of cats in a bag. Big, *fat* cats just waiting to tear their way out.

Come on, she thought, willing herself to fly faster, *come on!* She couldn't afford to be caught out like this, not with *her* condition.

Where the early rays caught her skin, she shone like a disco ball.

Sailing through the air like a tiny shooting star, she shot down streets, banked around corners, and flitted over fences. If she took every shortcut she knew, she *might* just make it home in time to avoid lighting up the city like a second moon.

Flying into a little alleyway, she came to a stop and moaned as a sudden jolt of pain slammed into her brain like a spike. Groaning, she massaged her temples. Urgh, she was never going to touch a drop of alcohol again.

"Well, well, well," said someone nearby. "What do we have here? Why, if it ain't the titty fairy..." A man in a hoodie lumbered out of the shadows, one hand tight around a bottle, the other groping the air lasciviously. Approaching her, he hiccuped loudly. "Come on, titty fairy, lemme have a rub of those big nipples of yours."

As the stench of drink assaulted her, Monoba gagged and floated back a foot. The smell had reignited her headache, jamming a fresh spike of pain into her skull. In disgust, she looked away.

"Woah," said the man behind her, hiccuping loudly. "You ain't just the titty fairy, you're the booty fairy as well! Come on, lemme squeeze those buns..."

Monoba bit her lip and tried to ignore him. A few more seconds and she'd be fine to fly away.

"Hey," said the drunk, almost plaintively, "come back, booty fairy. Lemme have a squeeze of that fat tushie of yours."

And before Monoba could open her mouth to shout 'no', his fingers caught her shorts and wrenched them down, pulling her panties down with them.

"Woah," said the drunk, as her ass shone in the light of the rising sun. "It's a full moon tonight." He hiccuped, before breaking into laughter.

Monoba, meanwhile, turned red as her favorite drink. "That's it! You're going to pay for that, you perv!" And with something like a scream, she thrust herself backward, ass forward, into the lecherous drunk's face.

"Mmmphf!" The man released a muffled cry that sounded more happy than horrified--no doubt he thought he was getting everything he wanted. A second later, however, even this little sound vanished as his head slipped through her cheeks like water down a drain.

Red-faced, Monoba reached back to massage her cheeks, pulling and pushing them so they smacked like a pair of lips as they drew the drunk's struggling form slowly inside them. She let it happen slowly, looking over her shoulder with a smile to watch her cheeks suck and chew on his body, compacting his shoulders to pencil-width, followed by his arms and torso, with a sound like crumpling paper. As his upper body slid inside her, his fingers twitched, and his legs kicked violently. The bottle of booze fell from his hand to shatter on the stone below.

Giving her cheeks another rub, Monoba watched with a grin as they devoured everything above his waist. As he flailed his legs, futilely, throwing off his shoes in their violent attempt to escape, Monoba felt an incredible pleasure shoot up from her butt and through her body. She gasped and let go of her ass, letting her cheeks crush the unfortunate drunk's waist. As his legs, still shaking, started to slip inside her, she cupped a breast, stuck a hand down her pants, and pleased herself to the sound of her ass working.

Finally, her victim was up to his ankles. For a few seconds, his feet still shook in one last desperate bid for freedom. Then, with a pop like a plug being pulled from a bathtub, they shot inside her and were gone.

Monoba moaned. As the pervy drunkard thrashed and melted inside her, a fire started in her ass and went blazing through the rest of her body. She threw her head back and moaned, squeezing a nipple and slipping fingers into her pussy. Sweat scattered from her brow and she panted for breath.

As the drunk's body came apart inside her, his lifeforce roared through her form in an inferno of fecundity, hardening nipples, wetting lips, and awakening desires long since abandoned. She struggled not to moan.

"Shit, shit, shit, ahhh." She bit her lip and groaned. "Come on..." As the influx of lifeforce threatened to overwhelm her, she ordered her body to do something *e/se* with it.

The pale cheeks of her ass, glistening in the light of the sun, quivered. Slowly, like balloons plugged into a pump, they swelled, soft cheeks rising with the second. Still moaning in pleasure, she grasped them and squeezed them, feeling their pliant fat between her fingers as they grew with the second.

It was almost a full minute before the drunk's lifeforce was spent and her ass finally stopped growing. It had doubled in size, turned to two fat, jiggly lumps, each larger than her head by a significant margin.

Looking back at them, she groaned. “Oh, great. Thanks a lot, you stupid perv. Madz is going to *love* this.” She sighed. “How am I ever going to get my panties over them...”

Grasping her bat-printed panties by the straps, she struggled to pull them back up again. It felt a lot like trying to stretch an elastic band around something several times too large for it.

In the end, however, she managed it, though her panties were forming canyons where they dug into her asscheeks and looked like they might snap at any second.

With a sigh, she reached for her shorts. Pulling *them* up proved just as difficult--she could feel their waistband straining as she struggled to pull it over her asscheeks. With a series of grunts and several pauses for breath, however, she managed it.

Releasing the waistband with a snap, she looked over her shoulder and frowned. Her shorts were stretched to their very limit--if she listened, she could even hear them creaking.

She sighed. “Well, it’s not perfect, but so long as they last till I get home...”

Fate, tempted, readied its rifle for a potshot.

With a hideous, ear-splitting tearing, Monoba’s shorts came apart and her ass burst back into the air like a tidal wave of jiggling fat. A second later, there was a *twang* as her panties snapped as well, followed by a distant crash as they shot through a window.

Monoba could only stare as the scraps of her shorts fluttered to the floor and her ass shone in the light of the sun. It was almost mid-morning by this point.

Screwing up her eyes, she groaned.

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Monoba’s swollen cheeks jiggled and clapped as she sailed through the city, expression tight. Each distinct clap was like a shockwave through her brain, making her headache just that little bit worse each time.

Worse, her ass was shining like a lamp in the increasingly bright light of the sun. Flitting through the air, she looked like an oversized firefly.

Forcing herself onward, massaging her temples as she flew, she shot down streets and through avenues, dipping into alleyways and behind her fences whenever she spotted a person. It was past mid-morning by this point, and more than a few of them were out, either heading to work or to do some early morning shopping. She didn’t dare let any of them see her.

Unfortunately, the fastest route home was through the city center, which was sure to be full of people. She’d debated taking the long way around, but the longer she took, the more people would be out, and short of going all the way up above the clouds, she didn’t think the long way was viable.

So, gritting her teeth, she sailed on into the city, asscheeks clapping behind her like a sarcastic heckler.

Soon enough, she was approaching the city center. With every second, she picked up speed. *It's still early*, she told herself. *There won't be many people there. If I go fast enough, I'll fly over them before anyone even notices.*

Heart pounding in her more than ample chest, she flew on. Shops shot past her--the city center loomed ahead. She could see the famous fountain that sat in its center, spraying water. And she could hear something, something like a thousand shuffling feet. For the briefest instant, this gave her pause, but she pushed herself onward, ignoring it. She had to move *now*, quickly.

Like a tracer round, bright and fast, Monoba shot into the city center...

...Right over the heads of the waiting crowd.

At the sight of the hundreds of people standing below her, she froze. For a moment, she sailed over the crowd, whose members looked up in search of the source of the light shining down on them.

Hearing a hundred gasps of surprise, Monoba snapped out of her panic. Desperately, she tried to stop.

Too late. She'd picked up too much speed--she didn't have time to slow down.

Ahead of her, above the door of a luxurious clothes store, hung a grand sign, labeled 'SALE'. Monoba had a split second to read and understand its significance.

A moment later, she slammed into it. *Thump!*

Behind her, hundreds of people gasped as they watched the little vampire and her giant, glowing booty slide down the sign and crash into the ground.

Groaning, red-faced, Monoba simply lay for several long seconds with her face against the stone. She almost didn't want to look up.

Finally, she found the strength. Floating back into the air, she took in the sight of the store attendant beside the door staring at her in an obvious mix of surprise and arousal. Heart pounding, she looked back and came face to face with the crowd: hundreds of eyes, all locked on her ass, which was shining in the light like a second sun.

A bead of sweat dropped from Monoba's bright red face. "St-stop it," she said, "d-don't look at me." Her words came out quiet, and if the crowd heard, they didn't respond. "S-s-stop!"

The crowd continued to stare. Her ass might as well be an anglerfish's lure.

Shaking in embarrassment, Monoba drew in a breath and went to shout again, only for another spike of pain to slam into her head. "Oooh," she moaned, "fine, if that's how you want to do this."

Floating higher, she grasped her cheeks, squeezed them tight, and gave a wild cry of frustration. "Fine!"

With a tremendous roar, air poured into her asshole, drawing between her cheeks that water down the plug. The crowd's silent staring broke as new winds snapped and sucked at their hair, snatching glasses off of faces and hats off of heads. Somebody screamed.

Next to Monoba, the store attendant gasped as his cap flew from his head. He grabbed it, only to find it *and* his hands slurped up by Monoba's ass, pulled in it as easily as noodles. As he screamed in shock, the suction snapped him forward, and for a moment the roaring halted as his head plugged her butthole. The strength of it was too much, however--nothing could block her ass for long. A few moments later and with a long, drawn-out *schloorp*, his whole body simply shot between her asscheeks, torso and legs following head and arms swiftly. For a second, a pair of shaking feet protruded from her ass. Then they vanished with a pop, and the suction resumed its roaring.

As the unfortunate shop assistant dissolved into raw life force, Monoba could only scream at the feeling of it surging through her body. She cried in lust, and the roar of her ass intensified.

Through the city center, people screamed and dropped things and tried to flee as hats and glasses all flew through the air, sucked into the little vampire's ass like driftwood into a maelstrom. Some of them--those on the edges, and those who moved quickly--were able to escape. The rest, however, could only cry out as the suction caught them too.

At the very front of the crowd were those who most wanted to be here. They were the people who'd known about the sale long in advance, the ones who'd booked days off to enjoy it and spent the night sleeping outside the store to guarantee they were the first in the queue. People who'd drop everything just to get a good bargain.

Right now, they were dropping their empty bags and watching in horror as Monoba's ass vacuumed them up like so much dust on a carpet. An instant later, they found themselves pulled off their feet--they hit the ground asses first, and their high heels and handbags--so expensive--went flying into Monoba's voracious rear maw. As they screamed, they slid forward, pulled along the ground as if down a slide. They scrambled with manicured nails at the bricks beneath them, but the suction was just too strong to resist.

Finally, the first woman lost her grip and shot into Monoba's ass feet first. The hungry butt ate her up like a starved man devouring a baguette, chomping her down, foot by foot. In less than two seconds, there was nothing left save her ponytail. And then the ass slurped that up as well.

The rest of her fellow bargain-hunters followed in short order, vanishing one well-styled hairdo after the other, along with all their designer clothes. Monoba's ass chomped them

down without distinction, and with each fresh treat, the vampire writhed in utter ecstasy as the wild life force of her prey overflowed and surged through her. She moaned.

As the last of the crowd's vanguard vanished--a process that had taken maybe ten seconds in total--the next group in line found themselves targeted. These were the slightly less enthusiastic shoppers, the ones who wanted to benefit from the bargains, if not so badly as to camp outside to guarantee a place at the front of the queue. Their clothes, though still fancy, were noticeably cheaper than the first group's.

Not that Monoba's ass cared--to it, food was food.

By now, the suction had grown so strong that it simply plucked them off their feet, drawing their flailing, screaming bodies through the air. They shot, head or arms first, into Monoba's crack, vanishing inside it so fast her cheeks barely had time to chew them.

Monoba herself, meanwhile, bucked and writhed in her air, body contorting under the strength of the life force she was processing. With each fresh meal, it grew a little stronger, overpowering her will with its raw fecundity. It was all she could do not to orgasm where she flew, to take the unspent energy and force it something safer. Her breasts and her ass, for instance.

Beneath her hoodie, her boobs, already big for her size, were growing with the second. Her nipples, hardened to points, poked through her shirt as fat welled beneath them. Soon her chest was so large her top threatened to split.

Down below, meanwhile, her ass was growing too. Like a glutton at an ice cream buffet, it was stuffing itself, and every new meal went straight to its cheeks. It bloated with fat, growing thick and round and pudgy, rising in the sunlight like fresh dough in the oven. And still it sucked, still it sucked hungrily.

As her ass grew, its suction intensified. Now it caught the third and largest group of shoppers, the ones nearer the back. Unlike the others, they were mostly here for other reasons, whether they were shopping at other shops or simply passing through. As one, however, they'd been drawn into the growing crowd. And now it was too late for them to leave it.

Tearing them off the ground, Monoba's suction snatched them through the air like leaves in the wind, dragging them spinning and whirling and screaming across the plaza towards her.

Schlorp! Schlup! Glorp!

One by one, shopper after shopper, Monoba's ass devoured them. By now, its suction had grown so strong that there was no pause between them. The crowd might as well have been a single long noodle being slurped up by the pair of hungry lips.

Shmack! Schmack! Schlooop!

Monoba herself, meanwhile, was trembling in ecstasy. With each new person that shot into her butt, the fire inside her only grew hotter, and she was struggling to keep it in check. Her boobs and ass had both doubled in size again, the former stretching her shirt so far that it tore, baring cleavage like the grand canyon. At risk of ending up completely naked, she started shunting energy into her height as well--it took only a handful of seconds to go from one foot to four.

And still her ass kept sucking.

Sucking and slurping, like a parched man with a straw and a swimming pool. Like a black hole devouring a star. Like a... like a *vampire*, fangs deep in a neck. Sucking and sucking and sucking and...

Finally, the flow of shoppers stopped. Forcing the last influx of life force into her ass, Monoba drew in a deep breath and collapsed, the suction of her ass ceasing with a splutter.

Falling to the ground, she lay there panting, sweat dripping from her forehead. Her buttocks were lacquered in the stuff as well--they looked like two big scoops of vanilla ice cream melting in the sunshine.

Groaning, Monoba looked over her shoulder. Behind her, the city center stood empty, cleaned of both every person and every loose object. The trees were stripped of leaves, the fountain empty of water, and there wasn't a single speck of dust remaining in half a mile. Her ass had even sucked up her victims' discarded shoes.

"Oooh," she said, rubbing her swollen cheeks. "Madz is never going to let me live this down."

Floating, with some difficulty, back into the air, Monoba looked around and tried to regain her bearings. It occurred to her that her little outburst had only made her task more difficult.

It was as she looked around that she noticed him, hiding beneath one of the plaza's benches. He must have stuffed himself under there to avoid her ass's suction. The sole survivor of her banquet.

Floating over, she took advantage of her new size to pull him out by the ankle. "Sorry," she said, as he squirmed in her grip, "but I can't let you go. I guess you don't really deserve to be eaten though, sooo. Hmm." She thought about this for a second. "Ah, I know." Smirking, she snapped her fingers.

With a little gasp, the man shivered and lost height, shrinking in a matter of seconds from human- to doll-sized. His clothes fell to the ground like discarded peanut shells.

"And now..." Grabbing an asscheek with her free hand, she took the shrunken man and stuffed him right into her crack, making sure he was firmly wedged between the giant lumps of fat.

"There," she said, releasing her cheek with an audible clap. "Enjoy yourself."

For her ass came a muffled moan.

Monoba smirked. "...Now, how the hell am I supposed to get home?"

"Urgh..." Groaning like an entirely different kind of undead, Monoba lurched into her bedroom and collapsed onto her desk, scattering a pair of newly-unboxed anime figurines. "What a morning..."

The remainder of her trip home had been even worse than the first half. For one thing, she was much larger, both in terms of height and in terms of clapping, jiggling assets. For two, there'd been so many more people about. Avoiding their attention proved impossible. In the end, she'd had to creep home street by street, crawling from shadow to shadow like some kind of ninja.

At least she was here now though...

Throwing aside her hoodies and what remained of her top, she grabbed a pair of extra-large pajamas out of her wardrobe and stretched them over her swollen assets. The waistband of the bottoms was a little tight, and the buttons of the top were threatening to split, but they'd do.

As she adjusted the former, she felt a squirming between her cheeks and remembered the man she'd picked up in the plaza. "I hope you're still enjoying yourself down there," she said, slipping a hand between her cheeks to poke him. "Not many people get that close to my ass without, well, you know." She snorted.

Opening her coffin, she spun around and dropped inside, arms folded over her chest so that her boobs spilled out over them. Slowly, she closed her eyes.

"Never again," she said, lying back to sleep.

Inside her ass, her victim squirmed.

The character of Monoba belongs to Snackson69.