

CRIME BITERS

There was an unspoken truth in Gotham City, the most crime-infested city in all of the entire country. Not every criminal could be rehabilitated. They could be battered, beaten, and dragged to Arkham or Blackgate again and again, and each time they worm their way free, they will just go on doing what they do best; hurting and maiming other people.

No. Some people were just pure evil.

She'd seen it first hand after what had been done to her, and she was done letting evil reign supreme.

It was October 30th, the Eve of Halloween, a particular favorite among Gothamites, and the criminals were no exception.

One such Gothamite whistled a fittingly grizzly tune while he sauntered gleefully through the darkness.

He had his crazed eyes fixated on a young woman who was nervously trying to pass through the alley, unnerved by his whistling behind her. Her paranoia was only worsened when his whistling intensified, and it sounded like his sauntering had picked up the pace somewhat. As did the young woman; her hastened jog turned into her full-on running. The whistle, unfortunately, turned to hysterical laughter while he charged after her and pinned her against the wall. As the moonlight finally revealed his face, appropriately, she shrieked in terror. Only one Gothamite's face was, like the rest of him, covered in cuts...

“Shhhhhh, shhhh...!” Shushed Victor Zsasz, who muffled her screams with his palm. His crazed, demonic eyes frantically looked over his catch, which made his sickly grin widen enough to reveal his gums. “No need to be afraid. T- Today’s a wonderful day! D’you wanna know why??”

He grinned eagerly at her. All she could do was scream into his hand, but Zsasz nodded quickly, as if she asked him why today was such a good day.

Her screams were made worse when he reached into his hoodie and pulled out a long, bloodstained knife and looked at it with sick, borderline sexual pleasure. “...Today’s the day I finally set you free from all this...free from the burden of existence...of an agonizingly long life. Look! Look! I even saved space for your mark!”

Zsasz pulled at his hoodies’ collar and tugged it down to reveal a sliver of bare flesh between his neck and collarbone. Like the rest of his body, most portions of his skin were occupied by self-inflicted cuts, long since healed over as deep scars, each one, a tally of all his many, many victims. The young woman tried to kick Zsasz in the crotch, but the man barely seemed to react to her struggling. If anything, his smile only softened.

“I know, I know,” he practically purred, brushing the tip of his blade against her tear-stained cheeks. “It’s only natural to resist liberation. After all, you’ve been conditioned all your life to linger...we all have. But you don’t have to linger in this world anymore. You can be all you were meant to be. And once you’re gone, your mark shall stay with me forever...”

“Funny, I was thinking the exact same thing about you,” growled a deep, female voice from the shadows.

In an instant, Zsasz grabbed his prey and tugged her up front like a human shield while he pressed his knife to her throat. She cried out but Zsasz's hand clamped over her mouth. Zsasz's eyes quickly darted from left to right, up and down. He bared his blackened, chain-smoker teeth and practically snarled. "Do not interfere with my work! She deserves better than that!"

"Yes, she does," replied the voice. Then, without warning, a beastly roar erupted from the alley, one so loud that the serial killer cried out in pain and clutched his ears. It was just the warning his prey needed to desperately flee from his grasp. He tried to stab her as she fled, but the searing agony his eardrums endured was too much to resist.

It was also nothing compared to what came next.

In an instant, a giant black blur charged at Zsasz from the dark and pounded Zsasz so hard that he went flying backwards into the concrete wall behind him. Zsasz gasped breathlessly upon toppling to the ground. He wheezed after having the wind knocked out of him, but his one-track mind immediately drove him to his knife. Not that it would do him any good when a thick, muscular hand reached out from the dark and enveloped his entire face. That hand was covered in rubbery, black flesh with a white palm, almost like that of a whale. It also proceeded to hurl Zsasz right into the wall parallel to the one he'd already crashed into.

Zsasz rolled onto the ground, wheezing some more, as if something had cracked, most likely a rib. Still, even after being battered so viciously, he grabbed his knife and tried desperately to push himself up to his feet. He gasped again and stumbled against the wall, leaning against it for much needed support.

The young woman Zsasz held captive fled for dear life, too terrified to even thank her savior. Though, given what emerged, that was probably for the best.

Out from the shadows, illuminated by the moonlight and adjacent streetlights stood an enormous mutant whale woman whose skull, like the rest of her rubbery body, resembled an orca whale. She stood at well over ten feet tall, had a thick, muscular bodybuilders physique, but had enough blubber on the surface of her body to give her some curves, and the slightest paunch that jiggled just a little bit with each step she took.

“...The Orca...” Zsasz wheezed, still struggling to catch his breath after being thrashed like that.

“Just Orca, but yep, that’s me,” Orca replied with a big, fang-filled grin. “And that carved up mug doesn't need any introductions whatsoever...”

Zsasz eventually pushed himself up to his feet, and still held that knife for dear life. “Yours is a tale of tragedy too...” he gasped, still trying to catch his breath. “Would you like to take her place...? It may take some extra time, you being as large as you are...but I can end your suffering as well...”

“The only suffering ending tonight is the suffering you bring upon these women unfortunate enough to be stalked by your twisted self...” Orca snarled.

Even after getting battered around, Zsasz charged after Orca, leaping in the air to slash down at her. She grabbed him by the face and slammed him down to the ground, ending that skirmish as soon as it began. Zsasz struggled in vain, squirming in her grasp, kicking helplessly while Orca smirked down at him.

“Typical, just like every other perverted, depraved pig in this city, once someone stands up to your kind, you fold like a house of cards,” Orca remarked with a look of disgust on her face. It was hard not to be reminded of just what kind of sick human beings roamed this city. But as she glared down at him, her belly rumbled deeply and hungrily.

BLUURRRGLE!!

She winced with discomfort for a moment, palming her fat gut gently while it growled impatiently to be filled. Then, Orca glared down at the thrashing serial killer and grinned. The powerful whale woman hoisted the sick-minded man up from the ground like the sack of trash he was, and stood to her full, immense height. Then, she forcefully shoved Zsasz's face right into her thick belly. His scar-covered face pressed against the soft, silky blubber and sank a good few inches into her paunch. He hissed and pressed his palms into her gut to pry himself free. But Zsasz was powerless against Orca and forced to listen to her stomach roar into his ear, as if it were calling out to him.

“In a weird sort of way, you and I have something in common, Zsasz,” Orca elaborated, pressing the murdering psychopath's head a little deeper into her gut, grinding his face into it slightly. “See, I'm a big gal, and I'm only going to get bigger and bigger because of scum like you. Just like how each scar across your sickly body is a tally of your victims?” Orca straightened her back a little and gave her belly a few hearty pats, making it jiggle around Zsasz's head. She grinned and ran her hand slowly up and down her stomach until gripping her thick sides, grabbing a solid amount of belly fat in the process. “This, right here, is a testament to all the vermin I've taken care of...”

To drive the point home even further, the big whale woman began to grind Zsasz' head firmly against her stomach, pushing his face further into her blubber. She asserted her dominance and forced him to feel just how thick her stomach was, and how much of that came from fiends just like him. But in spite of that, Zsasz glared up at the mutant and sneered defiantly. "...You think you understand me?"

Orca rolled her eyes. "You're a lunatic who uses women to feel better about yourself. It just so happens that you use them by butchering them. I don't even need my minor in Psychology to figure you out, Zsasz. Besides..."

Once more, her thick stomach emitted a deep, almost aggressive-sounding growl, prompting the whale woman to run her thick tongue across her rubbery lips.

"...The only thing I need to know about you, *is how good you'll feel going down...*"

She heaved him high into the air, dangling the wretch of a man up high. He thrashed and kicked helplessly, which only amused Orca that much more. The bastard looked about as helpless as his dozens upon dozens of victims probably felt in their final moments.

Then, she opened her jaws nice and wide, and without a passing thought further, she shoved him head first right into her mouth. He resisted, but it did him no favors whatsoever. Her warm, fishy breath pelted his face while that thick, large tongue of hers lathered his face and torso, tasting the man and earning a pleasant rumble from the massive metahuman. Orca greedily shoved more and more of Zsasz's body into her mouth, hungrily slurping him up as saliva trickled down from the corners of her mouth.

Once Zsasz's head proceeded to push itself along with his head and shoulders down Orca's tight, rippling throat, the whale woman proceeded to dip her head back. Only Zsasz's legs kicked helplessly from outside of Orca's mouth. Her throat expanded exponentially, like she was swallowing a basketball. She uttered a thick, hearty gulp, which made her throat squelch deeply around her prey, forcing Zsasz further and further down her gullet.

Orca clenched her eyes shut and grasped her bulging throat with her clawed fingers. She gripped the silky protrusion and just felt Zsasz slowly descend down her throat, rumbling once more. When she gulped even harder, that bulge in her neck rippled and expanded beneath her fingers. This prompted her to press her clawed fingers into the bulge itself, as if she were pushing Zsasz's body down her gullet along with her throat muscles and guiding him further and further to his final destination.

Once Zsasz finally started to enter Orca's stomach, her thick paunch began to wobble a little bit while Zsasz's body caused a sizable bulge to emerge from the top of her stomach. She grimaced then dropped her free hand onto her belly. Orca could feel her stomach expanding beneath her palm, swelling at a considerable rate the more Zsasz descended downward.

With another sloppy squelch from her throat, more of the killer slipped past her gullet. He kicked helplessly and in turn, Orca opened her jaws a little wider and used her thick tongue to unceremoniously slurp the rest of Zsasz's lower body into her mouth. She champed her jaws shut, which made her cheeks bulge out with Zsasz's relentless struggles. But it did him no favors when Orca dipped her head back and took one last hearty gulp.

***G L U U U U U U U U
U U U U L C K ! ! ! ***

That bulge in Orca's throat swelled up like a basketball. She gripped it tightly within her claws and pushed it down, clenching her teeth as she did and drooling a little from the corner of her maw. Her mighty throat muscles pulsated and rippled intensely around Zsasz until he plummeted like a ragdoll into the ridiculously swollen belly of the beast.

With that last gulp, Orca's belly became huge, swelling out by almost four feet to accommodate the sick-minded serial killer. The big whale woman looked as if she had just swallowed an entire beanbag chair whole somehow. Relative to her height, were it not for her cavernous navel and how her swollen stomach sagged due to the excess of weight, she almost looked as if she were nine months pregnant.

Orca sighed heartily, stumbling backwards against the wall, which made her enormous gut bounce and warble along with her less coordinated movements. "Grrroooooaaah, what a meal..." Orca groaned, cradling her hands around her huge, blubbery gut to savor just how full she was from her serial killer snack. She could feel Zsasz, in a frenzied state, squirming helplessly in her stomach. In doing so, small bulges protruded from the surface of her big, blubbery belly. Then, she felt a big pressure pocket get displaced from all the gulping of extra air she'd just done working Zsasz down her gullet, which promptly shot back up her throat and out of her mouth in explosive fashion.

"BRRRAAAA
AAAAUUUU
UUURRRR
RRRUUUU
UUUHP!!!!!!"

Orca let loose with a giant belch of such magnitude, it could've easily been heard across the entire neighborhood...were it not nearly all derelict. Her huge, blubbery stomach jiggled intensely with that eructation. As a result, the innards of her stomach walls rattled the already tangled-up Zsasz around even more.

When it ended, Orca sighed with relief and looked down at her killer-filled gut. “Whew! Excuse me...!” Orca said with a smirk, patting her belly proudly and heartily as she spoke. It jostled with each hefty pat she gave it which, by design, shook Zsasz around within his constrictive yet equally blubbery confines. “Not quite as ladylike as some of your victims, huh, scumbag...”

Despite his unbearably cramped position, Zsasz responded by kicking the stomach wall as hard as he could. Orca's belly lurched out for a moment as a small bulge protruded from the surface, stretching out that wall of blubber for a moment. But it eventually snapped back into place, which caused Orca's belly to bounce and wobble heavily and dislodged another massive belch from the whale woman's throat.

"BWOOOOO
OUUUUUUUUU
UARRRUUU
UUHPIIIII!"

Orca stumbled back and gripped her big fat belly as she belched aggressively. Her immensely crass action once again rumbled her stomach so intensely that Zsasz's entire body quivered in its wake while on the outside, the surface of her blubber-laden stomach rippled heavily. When it ended, Orca huffed to herself and firmly patted the side of her stomach.

"Guh, oh man...**BWAAARRPI** Mph, heh, I did always appreciate a meal with a bit of extra *kick* to it," Orca grumbled with a grin.

She leaned her back against the wall and groaned contently while she ran her silky palms up and down that vast, squirming belly of hers. Her stomach was enormously rounded, stretched out as it constricted all around the squirming Victor Zsasz. It hung out just above her knees, resting firmly against Orca's naturally thick thighs.

Orca continued rubbing her belly and groaning with delight at the sensation. Normally, she needed an extra pair of hands since those always felt good against her stomach, especially when it was as engorged as it currently was. But because she was so stuffed with her prey, her silky flesh was particularly sensitive all across her big round stomach. So, she contentedly rested her eyes shut and ran her equally silky yet meaty palms up and down that vast belly of hers. They ran across the sides of that blubbery boulder, but steadily made their way to the center of her big stomach, allowing her to feel the squirming in her stomach more directly. Of course, that only made her grin a big, toothy grin with satisfaction for an entirely other reason beyond the physical, sensual sensation she was getting.

Zsasz fought as best he could, viciously snarling and thrashing against the stomach walls from his unbearably cramped and tangled position. He was like a rabid animal trapped in there. But despite his best efforts, Orca's stomach walls were thickened by enough blubbery padding to absorb the brunt of his thrashing, which made it barely visible on the surface.

Orca was loving every second of it. She groaned with satisfaction while continuing to soothingly rub her big white dome of blubber full of its serial killer-prey. "Mmmmm, *so full...*" she grumbled with deep satisfaction in her voice. Her prey filled her up nicely without leaving her feeling overstuffed due to just how much her whale-like stomach could now contain.

The middle of Orca's round belly bobbed out repeatedly and gurgled intensely in response. Zsasz was kicking out at the dead center of Orca's gut in a desperate effort to make the metahuman feel ill. She grimaced with mild discomfort, but it was promptly resolved by her bringing a fist to her mouth and muffling what sounded like a big belch. It reverberated in her mouth quite loudly for a few, rumbling seconds straight, puffing out her cheeks while she squinted to hold it in.

When it ended, Orca blew the fetid gas out from the corner of her mouth and slapped her hand down against her belly forcefully to shove Zsasz back in place. It sloshed intensely from the slap and prompted Orca to burp again out from the corner of her mouth. “**UUURRRUUMPIII** Guuuh...**URPI** Mph, man, you're making me sound like Waylon here, damn...” Orca remarked with an amused snort while palming her gut firmly. Her palm sank somewhat into the surface of that thick layer of blubber. She grinned some more and gripped her belly fat possessively. “Mmm, I can already tell you'll make me nice and fat...”

She scooped up her fat blubbery globe of a belly from its undersides and heaved it up with Zsasz quite firmly trapped inside. The aquatic metahuman grinned at the sight of her prey trapped in her gut, gripping into its thick sides firmly, almost possessively. “Mmmm, filth like you doesn't belong in many places, Zsasz, but I must admit, *you most certainly belong here...*” Orca taunted, lifting her immensely bloated belly up a little higher and letting it eventually drop for a heavy bounce. It slapped down against her thick thighs, once again rippling and jiggling intensely as it wobbled back into place, making Orca slump backwards a little bit from the sheer weight bouncing in her gut.

Like clockwork, Orca burped so loudly that anyone walking within half a mile of her could've heard that eruption bellowing from her rubbery, fang-filled mouth. Orca promptly covered her mouth and chuckled with amusement, excusing herself yet again but clearly not especially embarrassed...or all that apologetic.

Even after all of that, Zsasz was still battering around within the whale woman's belly. Orca raised a brow at his tenacity. It was borderline impressive at this rate. He kept on kicking at the thick stomach walls, which in and of itself did nothing to provide Orca any sort of discomfort on a physical level. But it stirred enough of the excess air in her belly up, prompting Orca to grip her fat gut tightly with both hands and belch loudly and aggressively. She panted when it ended, tightening her brows until she thumped her ample chest firmly and burped again.

"Phew, good thing Mom isn't watching, she'd kill me if she saw me acting so rudely," Orca mused more to herself than her prey, patting her stomach for emphasis.

But then, a wicked grin formed over her silky, black and white face. If he wanted to fight so much, after being battered so savagely outside of Orca's belly, why deny him his fair dues? So, Orca steadied herself down onto her knees, dropping down on all fours as her massively round gut hung from her torso just above the ground and swayed with Zsasz's thrashing. She grinned with amusement. The whale knew that she was going to enjoy what came next, especially since Zsasz was most certainly not going to enjoy it. After letting Zsasz kick and thrash, which only caused more gurgling and churning to erupt from that blubbery beanbag chair of a belly, Orca leaned down more, squishing her belly firmly against the ground.

Zsasz cried out from inside of the blubbery belly, feeling himself getting compressed tightly between the concrete floor beneath him and the immensely heavy whale woman's body above him. Inside of Orca's belly, Zsasz tried desperately to use every ounce of strength he had left in him to pry himself free, or at least to heave Orca up enough so he wouldn't feel like he was being compressed and downright crushed. But even without the added weight in her stomach, Orca was a big gal. Whales tended to be after all.

Orca grinned as she gripped the ground beneath her and proceeded to start grinding her belly against the ground. She idly swayed her thick hips left and right, prompting her torso and massive stomach to sway in the same direction. Zsasz's body was pressed and rolled along with Orca's motions. It was like pizza dough being squashed and rolled out. He shouted something but it was muffled by an immensely thick layer of blubber and an intensely gastric burbling that erupted from Orca's belly in response to the grinding she was doing. But Orca remedied the bubbling by pressing her right palm deep into the side of her fat belly. A sizable pressure pocket rumbled its way up her throat and out of her mouth in the form of yet another massive, tonsil-rattling belch.

"HOOOOOOO
UUUUUUURRR
AAARHPIIIII!"

That beefy, sloppy eructation blasted out of Orca's maw carelessly for a few seconds straight, along with a few strands of slimy saliva. When it ended, Orca sighed with relief, gave her immensely bloated belly a couple of relieved pats, and resumed grinding her prey up, even though she couldn't even feel Zsasz fighting her stomach anymore. To her, it honestly didn't matter if the sick maniac conceded or not.

This monster was getting exactly what he deserved and then some for all the women he'd slaughtered to appease the deranged fantasies in his twisted mind. So, she kept on grinding her gut against the ground, even lifting herself up from the ground slightly just to bounce back down onto her gut with extra weight, just to add a bit of extra punishment to the evil bastard's already fitting end.

Of course, bouncing down onto her own belly like that was bound to cause some pressure to surge up Orca's throat. And if all the other ones didn't already give it away, she was more than happy to release in the form of yet another giant, ground-rattling belch.

**"BEEEEELLU
UUURRRRA
AAAHPIIIIIII!"**

Eventually, after a few deafening seconds, Orca huffed to herself with relief, palming her gut to settle it down and hiccuping softly in the process. She took that big eruption as a sign to call it. And call it she did, when she eventually pushed herself back up onto her feet. Of course, she nearly lost her balance standing back up on account of how utterly bloated she was, making her belly wobble and bounce as she stood, but she managed.

The immensely bloated whale woman sighed and leaned back against the wall, cupping her huge belly with one hand and jostling it around in her palm. She felt Zsasz's body battering against her stomach walls, but no real resistance from the man himself. He had clearly lost consciousness by that point, and judging by how intensely her stomach gurgled and churned, he wasn't going to be waking up ever again when it was through working him down.

Orca cradled her belly and just stared down at it with a look of satisfaction on her mutated face. "Good riddance," she practically hissed.

Then, without another word, she was off, lumbering off back into the shadows, with that huge blubbery belly of hers bouncing and sloshing with each heavy step she took, occasionally burping along her way back home. This was becoming a routine she was quickly becoming quite used to week nights. She just hoped her boyfriend was done with his catch for the night.

Nothing sounded better than his scaly hands rubbing her belly right about now...

The End