

“Untitled Vore Story” Draft By TROGDOR297

Allan woke to the sound of fearful shouting. He blinked his eyes, his mind swimming with confusion and pain. He had no idea where he was, but it was obviously some place he did not want to be. He was being suspended by his wrists, two sets of manacles holding him up, his feet just barely touching the floor.

He looked around for the source of the shouting. He appeared to be in some sort of lab or medical facility, though it had long since been used for professional purposes. Grime and mildew coated the walls, the ceiling was missing exposing rows of rusty pipes and ventilation ducts, and the table to his right featured a number of grisly tools and vials of unknowable fluids.

“Hello?! Is anyone there?! Help!!!” Came the frantic shouts again.

He looked to his left and saw their origin; a middle aged woman strapped to an operating table. She struggled against the leather binders that were wrapped around her arms and ankles, though to little effect. An IV was connected to her arm, which fed a mysterious murky fluid into her bloodstream. Her shouting increased in volume, her tone growing more panicked.

“HELP!!!! PLEASE! IS ANYONE THERE?!”

“Yes! I’m here” Allan finally responded.

She turned her head, craning to look in his direction. Her look of hope turned to dismay when she saw his own current predicament. “Oh thank god!...Oh... God dammit, you’re locked up too!”

“Not for long...” Allan muttered grimly. Whoever had decided to capture Allan hadn’t done their research. He’d had a...rough...upbringing and this wasn’t his first time in cuffs, and so it also wouldn’t be his first time escaping them. With a well practiced twist, he dislocated his wrist, allowing himself to pull his right hand free. His left soon followed, earning him his painful freedom. With a grunt he set his wrists back in place, then rushed over.

“Oh! You escaped?!” The woman said as he suddenly loomed over her. He nodded wordlessly, as he began to undo the leather straps that held her to the table. He couldn’t help but notice the slight flinch in her face when she took sight of him. He knew he looked rather intimidating, his face covered in scars and tattoos. Some of the damage was covered by his short beard which was starting to gray, but not enough. “I’m Allan” He said as he undid the final strap.

With a grimace the woman pushed herself up to a sitting position. “Thank you, Allan. I’m Rebecca, but everyone just calls me Becks” She was a woman of medium build, with chestnut brown hair that fell to her shoulders. He could tell by her face that when she was younger she’d been absolutely gorgeous, but age had taken its toll. Not that he judged her for it; the years had been more than unkind to him.

“What the fuck is this!” She asked, gesturing to the needle still feeding fluid into her arm.

“I don’t know, but let’s get it out of you” He said. With a steady hand, he slid the needle free from her skin. “Ouch!” She exclaimed. “Sorry, I know that wasn’t your fault. Thank you”

He nodded his acknowledgment as he helped her off the table. She stood unsteadily, as the blood returned to her legs, but after a moment she waved him off as she stood on her own.

“Do you remember anything at all?” She asked.

“No. Last thing I can think of I was at Finnigans on-”

“-on Fourth Street” She finished his sentence. “I’d gone in just to use the restroom”

“Hmm” Allan said, rubbing his chin. “Well, I don’t know what sick fuck did this, or what the fuck he’s playing at but we’re getting the fuck out of here”

Rebecca nodded. “Agreed” She moved to follow Allan, but stumbled, catching herself before she fell over.

“You ok?” Allan asked, reaching out to help her up.

“Yes...Sort of” Rebecca said through a wince. “I feel...sort of weird...I can’t place it. And I’m *really* hungry, which is weird because I’d just ate before...whatever happened.”

Allan shrugged. “Who knows how long we’ve been out, could’ve been 12 hours for all we know? You sure you’re ok?”

Rebecca nodded, though her face still showed slight signs of pain. “Yes...I’ll be fine, let’s go”

Giving her one last look and a nod, Allan set off. Taking a deep breath to steel himself, he opened the door a crack and looked out. The hallway was dark, but deserted. Only faint emergency lights flickering in the walls every 50 feet provided illumination. Waving Rebecca forward, he stepped through and started his way down the dark passage. They passed door after door that led into similarly empty rooms.

“What is this place?” Rebecca asked.

Allan shook his head. “Dunno. Feels like some kind of military medical facility, but I don’t know why one would be abandoned like this.”

One of the doors they passed bore a faded warning placard with a radioactive symbol in the middle. “Yikes...” Allan muttered as they moved beyond.

They arrived at the end of the hallway, where it split into two perpendicular pathways. “Ah jeeze...Left or right?” Allan said to the air. Behind him he heard a loud angry growl. He

turned to see Rebecca bent over, teeth bared in a painful grimace. He rested a reassuring hand between her shoulder blades. "Hey, are you sure you're ok?"

Another nod, with eyes squeezed shut. "Yeah...just...like I said, really hungry. Like I don't think I've ever felt this hungry in my life"

"Alright, well let's find our way out of here and then we can get you something to eat"

Rebecca stood up straight, letting out a sigh. "Ok, the pain's passed...for now. Yes, let's do that. Get out. Get food." She looked back and forth down both hallways. "I think we should go right"

With a shrug Allan set off down the right hall with Rebecca trudging behind him.

The place was a labyrinth, and they made several more turns without any sight of an exit. Rebecca had to stop to collect herself a few more times, and after the third stop beads of sweat were starting to form on her forehead and chest.

After walking for what felt like an hour they reached the end of another hallway. But this time, the left path was a set of glass double doors, with light shining in from outside.

"Oh thank god! An Exit!" Rebecca exclaimed hurrying forward. Allan smiled, also pleased to get away from whatever this strange place was. The smile was wiped from his face as he pushed his way through the set of doors behind Rebecca, only to be faced with the barrel of two rifles pointed directly at them. Rebecca's hands were already up, a look of terror on her face. The exterior light in the roof of the entrance alcove shone bright upon the scene, and Allan noticed how much Rebecca was sweating now.

"WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU?" Yelled one of the weapon toting men before them. Both of them wore tactical gear, though without any sort of identification markers or insignia. Mercenaries, Allan thought, but why were they here?

"My name is Allan Ross, this is Rebecca..." He looked to her.

"Johnston" She offered, her breathing becoming laboured.

"WHY THE FUCK ARE YOU HERE?!" Came the second question, barrels less than a foot away from each of their faces.

"We don't know!" Rebecca pleaded.

"We were kidnapped...we think. We both awoke in one of the rooms here, with no memory of being taken" Allan explained. It sounded stupid as he said, and he knew they didn't buy it.

"DON'T LIE TO US! WHY ARE YOU HERE?"

"I'm not lying! Please put the guns down! We didn't choose to be here, wherever here is. We just want to go home!"

Allan's attempt to de-escalate only incensed the men further. Before he could react, one of them grabbed him and pushed him up against the side wall, holding the barrel of his gun to the back of Allan's neck.

"Fuck!" Allan yelled as he felt the cold steel of the gun on his skin. "I swear I'm telling the truth!"

"TELL US WHY YOU'RE HERE WOMAN, OR WE GIVE YOUR FRIEND A NEW BREATHING HOLE"

Rebecca said nothing. All Allan could hear was the sound of her heavy breathing.

"I'M FUCKING SERIOUS! TELL US WHY..."

"Sarge, I don't think she's ok. Look at her..."

Allan tried to crane his neck to see what was happening, but with the gun firmly pressed against him he could move very little. He heard the sound of the other mercenary lower his weapon and step forward.

"Ma'am? Are you ok? We need to know who you are and why y-WHAT THE FU-"

The gun disappeared from the back of Allan's neck, allowing him to turn around. When he did he saw something that outright shocked him; Rebecca was eating the mercenary whole.

Her jaw had completely unhinged, her mouth and throat stretched to an inhuman degree, like her flesh had been turned to rubber. His head and shoulders were already down her throat, as she pulled him in deeper and deeper. With a sudden surge of strength she grabbed onto his waist and lifted the rest of his body up over her, her head held back, enormous mouth stretched wide as it sucked him in. His legs continued to kick angrily until at last they too disappeared down her gullet.

Allan and the Sergeant watched completely aghast as they could see the last of the mercenary disappear down her throat. As her mouth closed behind it her proportions returned to normal, her jaw relaxing and shrinking to its original size and shape, her throat compressing to its formerly slim frame. Down below was a different story, as beneath her breasts her stomach bulged out aggressively. A large round form, nearly the size of a beach ball, it pushed her shirt up, leaving her overstuffed abdomen completely exposed. Bumps and bulges appeared on her skin where movement from within fought against her, the mercenary trying to escape her stomach. Muffled shouts could be heard from within, but soon quieted.

There was silence for a moment, the only sound the faint drizzle of rain outside the alcove. Rebecca stood with eyes closed, still breathing heavily, her hands resting on the outer edge of her newly engorged gut. A loud gurgle emanated from within its depths; she was still hungry.

“What the fuck are you?!” The remaining mercenary whispered, his bravado completely depleted. Instead of responding, her eyes shot open, focusing upon him.

“Oh, shit!” He yelled, lifting his rifle to aim it at her. Without thinking Allan lunged, gripping the end of the barrel and pushing it away. The mercenary pulled the trigger, the gun unleashing a deafening report and spraying bullets from its end, but thanks to Allan’s quick action, none of them found their mark.

With a snarl of anger, the man lashed out at Allan, striking his face with a fierce backhand that sent him reeling, colliding painfully with the wall. Allan’s head spun, as his legs crumpled beneath him, his body sliding down the wall to sit upon the cold concrete floor. He looked up in time to see the barrel of the rifle lift towards his head.

“Any last words, you prick?” The mercenary said as he pressed the barrel to Allan’s forehead.

Allan winced as the hot metal of the recently fired gun burned his skin. He opened his mouth to speak, but then froze, eyes widening as they focused on something over the man’s shoulder.

The mercenary noticed the shift in Allan’s gaze, and whipped his head around only to find himself face first with Rebecca’s mouth, stretched open impossibly wide. The inside of her mouth glistened shiny with saliva as her tongue lolled forward eager to taste him.

“Holy mother...” Was all he got out before her mouth came down enveloping his head in a single bite. Low guttural moans emanated from Rebecca as she forced the second man down her throat. His gun clattered to the floor as his arms were pulled into her, forced tight against his own body. Rebecca’s eyes were rolled back in her head, slow satisfied breathes exiting from her nose as she swallowed him inch by inch. After thirty seconds he too was gone, completely swallowed whole.

Her stomach was enormous now, a great round mass of flesh, easily four feet in diameter. Rebecca with her back arched slightly, counterbalancing against the massive weight of her gut. Her brows were furrowed, a slight frown on her face. More sudden bulges appeared on the upper surface of her belly, the latest addition to her stomach desperate to get out.

“Stop fighting it. You’re mine now” She said under her breath, as she rested ahead atop the shelf of her bulbous midsection and rubbed it.

Her stomach shook angrily, drawing further looks of discomfort from Rebecca. Allan gaped as he saw a visible handprint push out just above her exposed navel. But after that final effort there was no more movement, her belly returning to stillness. Rebecca’s face relaxed and she let out a sigh of contentment. “Ahhh...much better”

Allan slowly pushed himself to his feet, eyes fearful as they watched Rebecca. Rebecca looked over to him, and frowned, stepping forward. “Allan! Are you ok? Did they hurt you at all?”

Allan shook his head, but as she stepped closer, her stomach wobbling with each step, he backed up against the wall to stay as far from her as he could.

“Allan?” She asked. “What’s wrong?”

“What’s...what’s wrong?!” He yelled. “Rebecca you just...ate two people?!”

Rebecca looked at him confused, then looked at herself, with dawning realization. “Oh...oh my god...I did, didn’t I?! What the fuck?! What the fuck, what the fuck, WHAT THE FUCK?!?! AHHHHHHHH!!!! This is so fucked UP!!! Right?! This is super fucked up?!”

Allan nodded. “Yes! Definitely! So... this is new for you then?”

Rebecca nodded, as she continued to panic. “Uh, yeah!? I don’t just go around regularly eating people!! What the fuck!! I can only assume it has something to do with whatever was being fed into my arm...my god, what the fuck did they do to me?!”

Allan shook his head. “I don’t know, but I think a hospital should be our first stop”

Rebecca nodded blankly, but changing her mind then shook her head. “No! I can’t go to a hospital...I...I just killed two people! Two people that are now inside my STOMACH!!!!” A loud gurgle echoed from her gut as if to emphasise her point.

Allan nodded “Ok...no hospital. Let’s just start with the basics then. How do you feel?”

Rebecca ignored his question as she continued to panic. “I can’t believe that I did any of that! It...it just came over me! I was so hungry, and then this primal feeling surged through me that just told me ‘Eat Him’ and I did! How did I do it?! How did I fit a whole person down my throat! And then a second one?! My god look at me! My belly is gigantic!”

“Rebecca!” Allan yelled, grabbing her by the shoulder and shaking her.

Rebecca stopped her rambling and turned to look at him, face frightened. “What’s wrong with me?” She asked quietly.

Allan squeezed her shoulder. “Nothing is *wrong* with you. Whatever happened to you...well you saved our lives. You saved my life! Those men were likely going to kill us”

Rebecca nodded, tears in the corner of her eyes. “Right...right. Sorry for...freaking out”

Author’s Post-Script: Anyone who’s read my work would know that beyond huge breasts, I also like large bellies, which inevitably leads to Vore. I don’t find the whole “eating” aspect of it arousing, I just like the end result. Anyway, my plan here was for Rebecca to become more and more comfortable with it, to the point of liking it, as well as growing bigger the more she ate. Taller (i.e. 10+ feet), bigger tits, and of course larger belly. I stopped writing this one prematurely because I realized...Vore is probably a little too niche/weird, and would turn most people off, and so I canned it.