Early Fox Claims The Tank

Having recently gotten a ton into object vore, and with the history of the armored vehicles being a favorite topic of mine, I figured I could try doing something by mixing the two together by involving a pred, unbirth and my all time favorite heavy tank, the French Char 2C. What if not all Char 2Cs blown up by France to avoid capture by the Germans weren't all claimed, what if… one was "captured" by an outside party of no particular side or alliance…? Short story, nothing long, but hopefully sweet enough for the object vore and military enthusiasts out there~

June 1940

The pipes were cut and the charges had been set, the 10 French steel beauties had met their unfortunate end as the attempt to preserve them and get them to safety had failed due to troubles on the railway tracks. The Germans had broken through France and only made their way deeper into the country, it was only a matter of time now, to deprive the enemy of as much captured equipment as possible, blown up, the Char 2Cs would serve as nothing more than glorified scrap metal to them.

Moments later, explosions rocked the area as the crew scuttled their massive landships, rendering them useless and destroyed, although still pretty intact to a most part, having mainly destroyed the engines of the heavy tanks. The tanks were destroyed and the crew now had nothing more to do around here, only way was forward though on foot rather than on the rails now, picking up their equipment as they walked away into the distance, leaving the tanks steaming and smoldering alone on the tracks for anyone to come across.

Along Came A Fox

Hours later when the smoke had settled and everything had gone quiet, upon a hill near the tracks a furry figure appeared, her ears twitching and scanning the area for a moment as she looked down at the trash left on the tracks by the humans. A fox girl of beautiful red fur and a slim figure had sniffed out the burnt metal from some distance away, having piqued her interest… and her hunger. Days she had spent near active frontlines, quietly amongst the tree lines and the forests as she had snuck around camps of the human armies, be it French or German, she wasn't stealing any actual food. But rather snatching a rifle or two here and there, consuming them with her crotch and reducing them to a hot viscous vaginal fluid she simply referred to as "cunt slag", slag being a waste by-product of smelting down metal, though in this case it was more of a thick and hot pussy fluids rather than actual molten metal slag, left to steam and dry away on the ground as nothing more than a puddle of clear pussy slush. Precisely why armies have a golden rule for their soldiers, *never leave your weapon unattended and always keep it within an arms reach~*

The vixen girl looked at the tanks below, smirking to herself and licking her lips with her hands slowly moving to her waist and to her panties, wearing a simple pair of pink striped panties, her hands slipping between the strings of the panties and starting to pull down her underwear as she bends forwards while keeping the heavy tanks in her sight. Revealing a fat set of lips between her legs, her pink lips twitching gently as the fox girl felt a cooling breeze from the wind upon her snatch, how it gently blew through the light coat of fur on her mons, her tail wagging gently from excitement.



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Leaving her panties on the ground to retrieve them back later, the fox girl made her way down the hill and towards the partially destroyed tanks, with ten of them behind each other on their railway transport wagons, the vixen had quite a choice of big proper meals of steel. Giving a seductive smile as she observed the ten tanks, then proceeding to do an “Eeny Meeny Miny Moe” with her finger to pick out one of them, her finger ending up pointing at the Char 2C numbered 97, named “Normandie” was chosen by her. And this wasn’t any regular Char 2C either, it was the experimental up-armored one, landing her a meal with “extra meat” on its bone so to speak.

The fox girl approached her soon-to-be heavy tank meal, checking it out as she did a little tour around it, being in an absolute awe at its size, would it even fit inside her? How long will it take her to break it all down

even? Only one way to find out, but first, she needed to prepare, and she did so by bending over once more, looking at the tank as she grasped her ass and proceeded to spread and stretch her ass cheeks and cunt, getting them all warmed up for her meal, letting out a soft moan as she did so while her mind already ran wild at the thoughts of jamming an entire heavy tank like that between her legs.



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Continuing to stretch and let go of her rear for a moment before then picking up a long piece of a blown away metal as she proceeded to slip it into her snatch, effortlessly starting to slide herself up and down on it, moaning as her juices already started to run down the long piece of scrap metal, looking at the tank as she did so. At the same time there were audible sounds of metal being melted and broken inside her pussy, as if her cunt was a full on shredder and a melting pot in one. The fox girl soon feeling that she had taken enough of a joyride on the piece of

metal, letting out a soft moan and giving a seductive look before then sliding her pussy off of the piece of metal, revealing that most of it had been completely melted away, dripping on the ground and steamy pussy juice, the fox was ready.

It Was Dinner Time

Moving herself to the back of the tank where the rear was more of a slope, the fox girl used her hands to spread her pussy wide, starting to consume the tank with her lips. With a bit of vore magic here and there, the rear of the massive heavy tank started to warp and shrink, starting to push into her quivering wet and lewd smelling entrance, the fox girl letting out a satisfied moan as she did so, slowly consuming the massive heavy tank as she felt more and more of it warp and slide into her tight wet birth canal. One would expect her to get absolutely stretched the hell out of, but thanks to the magic of the hammerspace, or rather in this case, more of a “semi-hammerspace”, the heavy tank sliding into her pussy was making barely even a bulge on her abdomen, making it look more like she was taking a massive cock inside her that made her abdomen bulge slightly, except more Char 2C shaped. Her fluids dripped and oozed all over the tank, running down and slathering the big chunk of metallic “meat” that was sliding into her vagina more and more, being pulled deeper by her muscles and towards her womb.

Letting out a misty breath and moaning softly while listening to the naughty wet squelching and slurping her pussy lips were doing on the tank as she pulled it deeper and deeper inside her, having gone well past the rear machine gun turret which made her let out a little yelp of pleasure, making her squirt a little bit all over the back of the tank, lubing it up further with her fluids. The ribbed tracks were making her mind go wild as they brushed and pushed through her folds, making her shake and tremble in pleasure while she teased the inanimate object, teasing how she was going to utterly melt and crush it all down inside her into nothing more than vaginal liquid waste.

Her lips started to slide over the engine deck, moaning as she felt the pipes on the engine deck already buckle and break from the strength of her vaginal muscles pulling in the tank further and further, by now a small almost pregnant looking bulge starting to form on her abdomen as the rear of the heavy tank started to push past her cervix and into her hot and steamy womb, her smelting furnace was ready to melt down it all.

Minutes upon minutes of sucking and pulling an entire ten meter tank inside her breeding organ, she had already let out a small squirt here and there so many times, coating the tank in her sex fluids, the juices running down the hull of the tank and making it look like as if it had been rained on while lewd steam was rising off of it from the juices slathering its metallic body.

Soon enough the entire engine deck had fully slipped into her while more and more of the tank's length was crammed up into her womb, the fox girl now reaching the tallest part of the tank, its turret and its rather unique type of commander's cupola. However with the experience she has had so far, even this didn’t prove to be much of a challenge to the naughty vixen, at most it proved to be one hell of a source of pleasure to her as taking in the turret and the cupola at once made her orgasm out hard, releasing a wild spray of fluids forwards, showering the other tank in front of her with her snatch fluids while her muscles clenched hard from the orgasm, causing a muffled metallic creak to come from her pussy as the clench was strong enough to severely dent and buckle a big part of the tank inside her, just a little brief look into what her pussy was actually capable of. With the object unbirthing going on for several more minutes, the turret finally fully slipped between her legs as it warped and disappeared between her legs, this was followed by the rest of the front of the tank, warping and shrinking down as her lips slid over the front and the tracks until the entire Char 2C was gone out of sight.

The vixen's pussy lips sealed the last of the tank behind them, leaving her sitting on the tracks, between the two wagons that the heavy tank had been mounted on. Panting and moaning as there was quite a puddle of pussy juice under her, seeping into the ground beneath her, a faint tank shaped bulge traveling up her pussy and disappearing into her

abdomen that had grown into a proper pregnant looking bulge, only a slight hint of the tanks shape here and there as her abdomen groaned and gurgled with a pleasing muffled orchestra. Patting her abdomen as she smirked and looked around, the place had gone quiet, not even a birdsong could be heard, it was just her and a heap of abandoned destroyed tanks, well, no use just sitting around here, best get moving.

The Smelter Was Active

Getting off the ground was a bit of a problem to her, as despite having a hammerspace womb, she still felt a bit of a weight in her midsection from an entire 75 ton super heavy tank having been crammed and jammed in there, being slathered and coated in the fox girls strong digestive womb fluids while the womb walls slowly started to push and close in as the wombs aim was to crush and smelt the heap of now scrap metal at once.

Muffled creaks, groans, gurgles and glorps echoed from her bulging abdomen as the fox girl panted and gasped while walking back up the hill she had stood on observing the abandoned tanks just about a couple of hours ago. Her hands rubbing her bulge as she felt the vibrations and ripples of the digestive action under her fingertips, tracing the occasional shape of a super heavy tank being destroyed inside her womb, smiling as she picked up her panties again and twirling them around her fingers as she wandered off into the forest to find a spot to digest her meal in peace.

Walking around the forest, her womb absolutely sloshed and groaned loudly while muffled yet audible sounds of metal being compressed sounded out from her bulge, the entire tank worth of metal creaking and buckling under the pressure as the fox girls womb walls kept compressing down on it while slowly but surely melting it down with the juices, the tank being slowly crushed in a pool of growing vaginal fluids. The fox girl leaving behind small droplets of glistening and hot pussy juice here and there as some excess “cunt slag” was dripping out of her snatch and onto the forest floor, the scent of an aroused fox girl heavy in the air.

Soon finding herself under a shade of a tree as she leaned against the tree and slid herself down a squat, her hands rubbing all over her loud bulge, looking down at it with an aroused smirk as she listened to the orchestra of the tank being broken down. The womb walls harshly crushing and compressing the rapidly softening metal, twisting, bending and compacting it while the womb fluids softened and melted it down into burbling hot vaginal slush. The fox girl trembled, shook and moaned as the feeling of it all being crushed down and smelted was bringing her the heaviest amount of pleasure she hadn't felt in some time now, rifles and small armored vehicles were barely anything to her, but a proper tank from medium tanks onwards was the source of peak pleasure for her.

Her snatch dripped and oozed onto the ground below as she felt her bulge shrink down slowly, inside the tank was barely recognizable anymore, simply a crushed and compressed down mass of metal that was fizzling and sizzling away in a pool of vaginal slush, melting down rapidly into more and more of that "cunt slag" pussy juice. The fox girl feeling as the last of the solid metal disappeared into the sloshing seas of her burbling pussy fluids in her womb, until all that was left was nothing but pure viscous liquid swirling and sloshing around in there. An entire 75 ton super heavy tank, once the face of French propaganda and possibly the heaviest tank to ever enter active service, had been in a span of few hours reduced to nothing more than hot vaginal fluids of a random nameless furry fox girl somewhere in the forest of a French countryside.

Disposing The Slag

But the fox girl couldn't just walk around all day with a loudly sloshing and churning abdominal bulge of pure pussy waste, it had to be disposed off to make space for another meal, be it another tank, a lighter armored vehicle or another rifle to chomp down with her lips like a fry. Her uterus had already absorbed what it needed from the meal, in whatever vore magic way that was possible, leaving her with nothing but pure "cunt slag" to simply get rid of anywhere she deemed was a fitting spot to splort out a smelted down tank.

Finding a small opening surrounded by trees nearby, the fox girl simply stood over some grass and flowers on the ground as she then began fingering herself while sniffing her panties, wild with the scent of her own pussy. Her fingers digging deep inside her love tunnel, pushing apart her flesh and slathering her fingers in her fluids, making it all oh so slippery and noisy, squelch squelch squelch going her fingers inside her. Thinking of the heavy tank she had so casually just snatched up, giving no thought to it ever being preserved for future generations, to her it was just a big heap of metal “meat” to suck between her legs and then eject out as lewd liquids.

The smell of her panties, the sounds of her fingered pussy, the sloshing of her abdomen and the absolutely perverse thoughts of object unbirth she had, was soon enough to drive her over the edge. Arching back as she pulled her fingers out and spread her snatch open, a fat load of steaming hot and thick pussy slush shot and splorched out of her cunt and all over the ground in front of her. Her womb and birth canal contracted hard as it pumped out the smelly “cunt slag” juice all over the ground, ruining the flowers below her and drowning them under a puddle of thick pussy waste that let off a strong and arousing smelling steam as it cooled in the air.

The orgasm went on for a whole solid minute of pure slopping out and squirting out a whole pregnant looking abdomen worth of pussy juice that used to be a heavy tank, leaving the fox girl absolutely panting and gasping for air as she was recovering from the climax, her nose and mouth buried in her panties as she moaned into them, her pussy lips feeling so hot and sore from it all. Looking down below her to see an impressive sized puddle of pussy juice, lewd steam wafting off of it and into the air, feeling the warm fluids around her feet as she was standing right in the puddle of her own product. Taking a moment to recover from it all, afterwards giving off a simple naughty smirk as she proceeded to slip her panties back on, nicely clad around her cunt and producing a fine cameltoe. Stepping away from the puddle before then turning around to give the steaming and slowly evaporating away pussy juice puddle a final naughty look, as if she was teasing the now melted away heavy tank before then simply walking off into the forest again, leaving

the puddle to seep into the soil and dry up while a sizeable chunk of it evaporated away into a temporary pussy stink in the air that then dissipated away into nothing but a cool breeze.

The End

Thanks for reading! I was super excited to write this one out as my mind had been on some history related object vore for quite some time now, and the talk with my partner of my favorite heavy tank Char 2C being smelted down by some girl had lingered in my mind over and over again, so I felt the need to absolutely put it out as a story on Eka. See you next time!