A human soul. There existed nothing in the world stronger. Just a single human soul was rumored to be more powerful than every monster soul combined. The monsters knew they were weaker than their counterparts, and they hated it. For now, though, there was harmony between the races as they all used their magic for the betterment of the entire world and all of its inhabitants rather than a fraction. However, the monsters feared the fated day that humans would finally turn on them. They knew that when they time came, they undoubtedly would be powerless to stop the attack.

And that day was slowly creeping upon them. There were whispers in the streets wherever monsters went about an uprising of the superior race. Segregation had already started in some cities, and there were rumors of lynchings happening in the far east. Yet the rulers of the land refused to admit that anything was amiss. It was truly a terrifying time to be a monster.

Dr. W.D. Gaster had the weight of the world on his bony shoulders. With anxiety high and hopes low, every monster turned their faith towards him. Even the King of all monsters had vested in him great trust to save their race from the evils that would stand before them in the swiftly approaching future.

But what could Gaster do? He had barely finished his studies when the King offered him the position of Royal Scientist. He should have denied the offer, but how could he? Science and Magic were his passions, and to be able to serve the royal family was an honor. It was only now that he was beginning to see that the job of Royal Scientist wasn’t all that it was cracked up to be. How disappointing.

“Another long night, huh?”

He hadn’t expected anyone to wake him from his slumber. The only person who was brave enough to waltz into the cranky scientist’s lab without at least knocking: King Asgore Dreemurr. Gaster would very much have loved to tell the king off, but he knew better than that. Asgore was a bit of a pushover (okay, well, a huge pushover) but he could be pretty intimidating at times.

“I suppose so,” Gaster managed back as casually as he could as he stood from his chair. He hadn’t meant to fall asleep in the lab again, but with all the late nights he had been pulling, it was only inevitable. He walked over to the hand washing station and splashed some cold water onto his skeletal face. He didn’t need to look in the mirror to know he looked like shit. Besides his limited naps that he unwillingly took in the lab, he hadn’t really been asleep for long these last two weeks. It didn’t bother him so much as it bothered others.

“You sure you don’t need to rest?” Gaster could tell that the furry monster’s concern was genuine, but if anything, that only made him more agitated. He was a fully grown skeleton; he didn’t need someone looking after him. He turned the faucet off and slipped on his lab coat as a signal that Asgore should leave. The king didn’t take the hint.

“I need to get started again. I’m on the verge of a breakthrough,” Gaster finally said, exasperated. The worried smile that had been on Asgore’s fuzzy face turned into an unreadable frown.

“Oh… the experiment with the human souls, right?” The tension in the room grew tenfold. Neither of them had wanted to have to resort to collecting human souls for experimentation, but they knew they had to. They needed to learn just how powerful they were and how to harness that power to aid monsterkind. It was the only way they could ever stand a chance if a war broke out between the races.

They stood awkwardly for a while, neither of them wanting to speak. Asgore was the one to break the silence. “Well… good luck, I guess. Keep me updated.”

Gaster didn’t turn as he heard the large monster stomp away and the door slide open then closed. He sighed and headed towards one of the back hallways of the lab. When he had accepted this job, he didn’t think it would involve torturing humans just to learn about their souls, but that’s unfortunately exactly what he had to do. Might as well get it over with.

The specimens he had spent the last two weeks gathering were finally ready for the little experiment he was planning to do. He felt guilty already, but at the same time, he was thrilled; he had decided to do something a little more… pleasurable, this time around. He supposed it was unethical to derive sexual pleasure from his experiments, but they were going to die anyway. A little fun never hurt anyone. Besides, no one would ever know about this.

The room he planned to carry out this test was thankfully far in the back, down many twisting hallways and through many unmarked doors. With Asgore parading around in the lab like he owned the place, (which he kind of did, but still) it was important to keep the truly important work tucked far away and out of sight. It took him a minute, but the monster finally reached the door he was looking for. He grabbed the clipboard on the side, punched in the code, and sighed before slowly stepping into the room. It was now or never. The door locked behind him.

The humans must have been sleeping because they seemed to startle awake when Gaster strode into the room and flicked on the lights. They panicked when they all caught sight of him, but being gagged and bound to their gurneys, there was little they could do. He looked over them, checking their vitals and marking notes on the clipboard as he walked past each one. He tried to remain professional, but he was too excited; the women were just so beautiful. The fear in their eyes, the beautiful hair that clung to their foreheads with cold sweat, the way they squirmed when Gaster would lay a bony hand on their flesh. It was all so perfect.

The thing that really got him going was the stomachs. He could have picked any type of human for this experiment, but he had only chosen three women who were all heavily pregnant. He loved feeling their taut skin as he gave them belly massages, loved the feeling of life moving just beneath his fingertips. He didn’t know why he had this obsession with pregnant women or how it had developed, but he didn’t really care to know the reason. All he could think about was how much fun he was going to have with his new pets.

It had taken him a while to capture the pregnant humans, but he knew it was going to be worth it. They were all the different types he liked: one blonde, tan, and short; another tall with dark hair and olive skin; and the third an older redhead with a face full of freckles. They each had huge breasts and even bigger tummies. Bear naked on the bed and struggling against their bonds, they looked beautiful and delectable. It would be time soon enough.

Once deciding that their vitals looked good and their souls and children healthy, it was time to prep them for the next phase. He walked to the cart sitting just out of the girls’ eyesight and grabbed a large bottle of olive oil and a paintbrush. There were easier and faster ways to do this step, but he preferred to do it by hand. Besides, he had all the time in the world.

He set to work coating their sweaty flesh in the slick oil, each one of them confused by the process. They tried to kick at him, but with their calves and thighs bound, there was little room to actually move aside from wiggling their toes. He hummed as he worked, taking extra care to spread the oil into every crevice that adorned their skin; under their armpits, between their tits, underneath their behemoth stomachs.

Next was the spices. He experimented with the flavors, deciding the first human could go without, the second would just be salt and pepper, and the last one would be garlic, onion, and cayenne. Even after he had finished, the prisoners still had no clue as to what was going on. They would find out soon enough, though: it was time for the next phase.

He waltzed away from his pretty women and pulled a lever on the wall of the dimly lit room, and the gurneys began to move slowly along down a track. The women began struggling tenfold as they whined and screamed against the fabric around their mouths. When he had captured his first victim, the redhead, two weeks ago, he had tried letting her mouth free so he could heal her beautiful voice beg him to let her go. However, he had to give that part of his fantasy up due to safety hazards after she had bitten through his ghost-like “skin.” Even now, weeks later and it completely healed, it still hurt. He wouldn’t make that same mistake again.

As the gurneys churned along on their pre-set track, Gaster moved over to the large machine in the center of the room. It looked like one of those dishwashers you might see in large restaurants, but it was actually an oven. The blonde lady, being the first one in line, was the first to notice what the machine was as Gaster turned it on. She looked terrified, tears welling up in her eyes as she tried to scoot away from the swiftly-approaching oven. The scientist could feel his skeletal dick twitch in his pants.

The oven’s settings had already been set yesterday in preparation; run on monster magic, it was not hot enough to kill them but rather just hot enough to give them a good roast. He didn’t want them to know that, though, as the fear they felt was part of his fun.

“Good night, ladies!” he called out to them with a dark smirk, “it’s been a pleasure.” At this farewell, they really began to struggle, and he was glad that he had went with the beds with the metal straps; otherwise, they might have been able to break free from all the adrenaline undoubtedly pumping through their veins.

The young blonde mother was the first into the oven. He watched her go in, leaning down to give her forehead a kiss as he did so. She tasted pretty nice with the oil and salty sweat, but he was sure she would taste even nicer once she was properly baked. The brunette followed her, and the redhead soon after. It was hard to hear with their mouths muffled and the whir of the machine being quite noisy, but he was sure that they were screaming while they were being roasted alive. He let out a giddy sound, his libido overriding any conscious thought. If he had been thinking straight, he would have realized just how fucked up this whole situation was, but in that moment, all he could think about was how good these humans were going to taste…

When the blonde came out the other end of the oven exactly six minutes and forty four seconds later, one could tell that she had not expected to survive the ordeal. Her eyes, which she had squeezed shut previously, flew open the moment she no longer felt the intense heat on her body. She looked around in a confused daze until she caught sight of her captor grinning mercilessly down at her. She looked terrified.

“Surprised you’re not dead, huh?” Gastor asked rhetorically, knowing she couldn’t answer. “Not yet you aren’t. But we can change that.” He leaned down and clicked a button on the underside of the gurney, and the straps came off. He could tell that she wanted to escape, but there was little she could do. Even with her limbs completely free, she found that she couldn’t move any part of her body besides her eyes. The combination of the heat and the magic from the oven had made her stiff, and she was now even more helpless than before.

The skeleton carefully removed the gag from her cracked lips, and she tried to say something to him. Her throat couldn’t form a sound though. He looked over her, admiring at how beautiful her roasted brown skin was. Her stomach jiggled as the child within squirmed about, and Gastor placed a hand there as if to comfort the creature. She didn’t seem to appreciate this action as she managed to make a low sound in her throat. He ignored her though and leaned in for a kiss that he knew she couldn’t reject.

Before her lips could connect with his skull, his mouth parted and his blue, ectoplasmic tongue slid out and onto her face. She closed her eyes again in displeasure as he gave her a nice, long lick, savoring the taste of her cooked flesh. When he pulled away, she opened her eyes tentatively only to be faced with his huge, gaping maw. She barely had time to react before her hair was roughly pulled and her face was shoved into his mouth. She didn’t process what was happening until her entire head was inside of him. He swallowed hard, the muscles tensing around her and making it difficult to breathe. To her dismay, she could feel herself slowly starting to slide down his tight throat, and she was beginning to panic.

She tried to wriggle around but wasn’t able to do so until her shoulders were already inside his mouth. Her head pressed against a sealed exit to his throat, but he kept swallowing regardless. Just as she thought she was going to suffocate, the entrance slid open and her head popped into his stomach. The bright blue of his insides was luminescent, so she could see how slimy and empty the sack was. She managed to twitch her fingers a little, and then her wrists; it seemed like the healing magic of her own soul was slowly relaxing her muscles back to normal. By the time she could actually try to put up a fight, her arms were already pinned to her sides, being forced down his esophagus. There was nothing she could do; she was completely helpless.

Gastor was taking his time with his first meal, carefully slipping his tongue over every piece of skin he came in contact with. Her head and shoulders were easy enough to gulp down, but he reached a real hurdle when he got to her breasts. With a bit of a struggle and widening of his already-stretched jaw, he managed to pop the balls of flesh and fat into his awaiting maw. He sucked on her tits, enjoying the reaction he got when she squirmed ever so slightly. Milk leaked from them, and he lapped it all up greedily. She tasted amazing.

Her belly was the next hurdle. As he reached the start of the mass, he could feel the unborn child within her kick wildly. He grinned at the feeling as he lifted her body into the air to let gravity do most of the work. He carefully popped his jaw a bit further and winced as he heard a slight crack. It was likely just a little one; nothing he couldn’t patch up with a bit of magic later. It was just enough to let her belly slowly slide inside of him. Soon enough, there was nothing but her legs sticking out of his mouth, and those were easy to slurp up. He gave one last, hard swallow, and his stomach opening closed as her feet entered his stomach. His jaw snapped shut as he finally looked down at his belly. It was huge with the weight of an entire pregnant human inside, and he found it hard to stand up. He gripped onto the now-empty gurney as he fought to regain his balance, and once he was sure he wouldn’t fall over, he stood up straight.

He rubbed his gut with a lazy hand as he took a closer look at it. His button-up had popped open, leaving his white “flesh” exposed. His stomach was mostly round, but he could see a few lumps that he guessed were her head and feet. He poked at one of the bumps through his flesh, laughing as she twitched underneath. She had tasted pretty good, and the feeling of being so full was overwhelmingly nice.

Gastor didn’t have much time to play with his food as the second gurney finally popped out from the oven. He strode over to the exit as best as he could with his new weight. The brunette, baked and covered in sweat, looked just as confused as the blonde had, looking scared for her life when they locked eyes. Then, she looked down, saw his huge stomach, and her eyes became as wide as saucers, especially after she saw it twitch…

He went feet first this time around. His tongue wrapped around her toes and the soles of her feet before he slowly sucked her feet into his mouth. She too found herself immobile even without the straps undone, so she was powerless to stop him. Her legs went down easily, and in no time at all, her feet pressed the opening of his stomach open. One of her feet were pinned against the fleshy wall and the other bonked against the thigh of the blonde lady. Gastor knew it was going to be a tight squeeze, but he was determined to get the second lady down.

Before long, he was crouched down and at the base of her huge, squirmy belly. She was much tastier than the first girl had been; the spices had been a good idea. He would have to write that down for future reference. Her stomach was a little larger than the first girl’s had been, and it was much more difficult to gulp down. With a little extra stretching, he managed to slowly pull the giant ball into his mouth. He flicked his tongue deep into her belly button, and she attempted to kick in response; it seemed she was getting some of her energy back. Before she could put up a fight, though, he began to swallow down her arms and breasts. His teeth bore down on the tender flesh, blood and milk mixing together in his mouth as she let out a tiny yelp. He was at her neck in no time, and the last thing she saw before her head entered his wet mouth was the dark ceiling of the lab she had been trapped in for days.

He fell onto his knees and worked on swallowing the rest of her down. In just a few gulps, the bulge of her head moved from his throat to join the rest of the giant lump in his belly. The two seemed to struggle for a moment as they fought with one another to get comfy in the cramped space. He could now see their individual outlines a little more clearly, and his belly made him the size of a whale. It took him a while to regain his balance enough to stand up, but even then, his steps were wobbly as his stomach swayed when he moved. He was fuller than he had ever been in his life, and there was no way he could fit anything else in his tortured stomach.

But there was the redhead, looking plump and beautiful as ever. He wasn’t even sure how he managed to get her down his throat, but in seemingly the blink of an eye, her body was inside of him as he swallowed the rest of her feet down. He was surprised that his stomach hadn’t ripped right open, but it felt like it could at any moment. He was on his knees again, massaging the stretched flesh as the three twitched within him. With the adrenaline dying down, he was starting to feel a little… guilty. Maybe this had been a bad idea. Well, at least they tasted good; especially that last one, her tangy flavor still on his lips. There was nothing he could do about it now besides finish his experiment.

“Sorry about this,” he murmured as his digestion process began. In no time at all, his stomach was back to its normal flat state. He was thankful that it had been quick; they wouldn’t have felt anything as they were withered away into nothing but nutrients for his body.

He felt a new presence within him, and he moved his lab coat out of the way to gaze down at his beating soul. There were now six souls surrounding his own, three of them being smaller than the others. The humans’ souls… He would have to run tests on himself later to see how strong they were and what he could do with this newfound power.

He didn’t have much time to dwell on the thought, though, as he could feel that it was now time to do his business. He didn’t have the energy to even move over to the bathroom; he needed to go right then and there. He slid his pants down and began to crap out their remains. He was surprised at how much there was, but he was even more surprised when he turned and saw that instead of a pile of shit was instead a statue of the pregnant blonde lady completely made of poop. He stared at it wondrously until he felt the urge to start shitting again. Soon enough, there were three statues of beautiful but terrified women sitting on his laboratory floor. They were perfect replicas of the women down to every last freckle and wrinkle.

He felt a single tear run down his skeletal cheek as he gazed upon them and the feeling of guilt grew tenfold. It was a sad thing he had had to do, but he didn’t regret it; it was the best thing he had ever done. He would make sure to get some canisters to keep the statues preserved later; for now, he needed to get his next feast prepared. This experiment had been a success, so there were many more to come.