James Howward

 “We do actually quite enjoy your artwork,” The suited man mused, as he thumbed through the portfolio in front of him

 “So, *provocative*,” The woman added without so much as glancing at the stack of prints.

 Even as they spoke, James could hear the incoming ‘but’.

 “But…” The man continued, closing the portfolio and slapping it on the table. “We’re a bit confused abou-”

 James nodded awkwardly. “You googled me and found the strange pictures.”

 The two shot each other a worried nod.

 “Let me just say… Those aren’t mine. I’m James Howward with two w’s… Just unfortunate really,” James saw the disappointment in their eyes. “I just… This happens a lot. Please believe me, I have nothing to do with him.”

 “Why not change your name? A writer’s name?” The woman suggested. “My cousin writes, and she calls herself Leaf Captain; a writer’s name.”

 “I would read something from someone named Leaf Captain,” The man chuckled, waving a supportive gesture towards his partner.

 The woman perked up. “Really? I could give you her-”

 The man glared at her. “Fuck your cousin. So, James… Can I call you Howard?”

 James nodded faintly.

 “Please! The innocent, doe look in your eye. Your soft slender frame. The fact it took me more than one look to determine your gender. It’s just like the comics! You don’t have to hide your secret sex life from us.”

 James opened his mouth but found no words escaping his lips.

 “We loved your work!” The woman chimed. “I mean the work you sent us was fine; you can draw,” She tapped her nails on the closed portfolio. “But the comics you do online were so… So…”

 “Primal!” The man hummed.

 “Sexual!” The woman added.

 “Proof that man is evil!”

 “Not mine,” James laughed. “Really… Not me.”

 The two smiled at each other. “I understand that in most cases having such alarming art would be an instant rejection, but I’m telling you that’s what we want!”

 “Maybe not to the degree of *corrupting God’s plan for humanity*… But we like the direction you’re going!”

 James started to lose his cool. “I’m really not-”

 “Mr.James!” The man exclaimed. “This is a judgement free zone!”

 The woman nodded assuringly. “We are incredibly progressive. As long as you’re white you can fuck whoever you want.”

 “Wherever you want!” The man laughed.

 “Whatever you want!”

 The man instantly snapped his gaze to the woman.

 “Within reason,” she corrected.

 James smile became as strained as it could be before it transformed into a frown. “Thank you but-Did you say white?”

 “What we’re saying, *Mr. Howard*… We want to hire you. That panel you did in “Vore Story Chapter 3” where are hero was trapped inside that wenches’ stomach. It filled me with a disgust that had be cumming myself into the hospital.”

 “Dear God,” James choked.

 “I can vouge,” The woman laughed. “I had to drive him there.”

 “Ambulances are so expensive these days.” The man shook his head. “We need talent like you… Anyone can draw, but to create such depravity it’s like…”

 “You stare into sin itself,” The woman cooed.

 “Exactly!” The man cheered.

 “Anyone can draw. The boring shit you sent us is proof enough of that. But to challenge divinity with every stroke of your brush… That’s what he live for!”

 James stared deeply into the table in front of him. “So… you’re saying you want to hire me not for my portfolio but for the pictures you saw online?”

 “Well obviously we aren’t going to hire you for the commission we were offering,” The man scoffed.

 James frowned. “Oh, I thought-”

 “No, we want to employee you full time,” The woman said in a congratulatory tone.

 “Full time?” James choked on the words.

 “Yes!” They both cheered.

 “The James Howard,” The man mused. “Working for me.”

 “Us,” The woman corrected.

 “Why are you like this?”

 The woman ignored her partner. “So when can you start drawing these *stimulating* images for us?”

 James frowned. “So, you want me to draw like… Like the things that-*I* made online?”

 The two nodded eagerly.

 “Well,” James thought about where exactly he was. Not only in the conversation, but in life in general. Could he do that? Pretend to be someone else. Literally could he do that since he was a damn sorry liar. Then there was the morality, and more importantly, the legality of identity theft to consider. But fuck that, cash was on the table! “I’m so glad you’re accepting of my work.”

 “So you’ll take the job?” The man asked, palms planted firmly on the table.

 James smiled warmly. “Absolutely!”

 “Welcome aboard,” The man congratulated, extending a handshake.

 The woman tapped her pointer fingers together. “I don’t suppose, as your employers, we could persuade you to spoil us on your upcoming work?”

 “My upcoming work?” James sucked in sharply. “You know… Artistic integrity and all, I can’t play favorites.”

 “A gentleman degenerate!” The man patted him on the shoulder.

 “I try.”

 The woman shook his hand as they walked towards the door. “Is it too soon to start work today? I would love to see how you work. Your anamorphic body proportions and posture are so realistic and colorful I would love to see the process.”

 James froze. “My… To draw like you saw?”

 “Goddamn, woman!” The man sighed. “Clearly he will have to finish his commissions before he can start work… How long will that take by the way?”

 “Take?” James started to clam up, his lie already bursting at the seams.

 “Until you can come work for us?” he clarified.

 James stared at the two of them, an eager, anticipating expression displayed across their faces. “Man… I’m just so busy with my Vore pornography… My *vornography* as we in the industry like to call it.”

 The man gave the woman beside him an excited nudge.

 “Just… A month or so to learn-*to learn*…” James froze. “To learn how to finish drawing my commissions. Because as you know… I’m always discovering things about… art.”

 Surprisingly it was more truth than lie.

 As soon as James got home, the work began:

 To Do:

1. Study James Howard’s catalog.

 “What the fuck… What… The fuck… Oh God… Oh God!”

1. Find out what vore is.

 “Oh.”

1. Find out why vore is.

 “Oh…”

1. What’s an Eka’s Portal?

 “Why do so many people want an rp? The hell is an rp?”

1. Lawyer?

 “So that would be illegal? Ah well, good thing I’m *not* doing that-Goodbye.”

 And then it was time to get to work:

 “Mr.James,” His boss sighed. “What is this?”

 James gulped. “My first… comic for you?”

 “Oh,” The man smiled. “My bad I thought you handed me used toilet paper on account of this blank paper with *shit on it*.”

 “But!” James took the pages and carefully examined them. “They look just like the stuff online!”

 “*Looks like*,” The man huffed. “But where’s the demonic fire I saw. This is just… Vanilla-pure shlock value! You didn’t even use the N-word once! What’s wrong with you?”

 James sighed. “I’m… Just testing out the waters here. Don’t want to lose my job by going too deep you know.”

 The man examined him carefully. “If anyone else gave me this I would have fired their tight girlish ass on the spot… But I’m still randy from your portfolio, your *real* portfolio, so I’ll let it slide… But don’t hold back again or else… I’ll be the one saying the N-word,” The man leaned in. “And I’m so white I make mayonnaise look yellow,” he whispered aggressively into James’ ear before storming out of his office.

 That night James looked at his art and then to the horrible images saved to his desktop. “Why are you different?” He whined. “I… Just don’t understand this shit… But… They do.”

 Clicking at the speed of sound, James made his own Eka’s portal account and allowed the community to consume him. Forum post after private message he dug his way deep into the fetish. Like a preacher with a strobe light locked in a room with an epileptic bellboy, he plunged deeper than any man ever should.

 “I’ve done it!” He finally exclaimed. “Wasted a whole week and learned nothing-Fuck my ass!” He cried, banging his fists down on his keyboard. “It’s not real… How do you get so obsessed over something not real?!”

 And then James perked up. Searching around through the forums he found numerous threads about vore being offered in real life. Was this it? The hidden experience he needed to keep his job? Scouring through the spam he eventually found one post that seemed just genuine enough to be true.

 “You need to go to Canada for research?” His boss asked. “And you want *us* to pay for it?”

 “After you’ve wasted two months of our time and given us nothing?” The woman scoffed.

 James winced. “Well, I haven’t been paid yet and my commission money is… tied up with the NSA.”

 “They do that,” The woman nodded.

 “What sort of research is this?” The man asked, eyeing the cost projection.

 “There is a woman there who has trained her python to swallow live prey and then spit them back out.”

 There was a moment of silence before the woman cried out and dropped to her knees.

 “Dear God!” The man gripped his fists. “Never ask me for something like that again!”

 James looked to the man’s suppressed anger and the woman’s tearful expression. “You’re right I never should have-”

 “Had to explain yourself. I know-No need to rub it in,” The man finished for him. “I’m so mad at myself! Having questioned *the* James Howard-What a fool I am!”

 “I came all over my nice pants,” The woman cried. “And now I have to get the carpet cleaned!”

 James instinctively took a step towards the door. “So… I can go?”

 “Of course, you can go!” The man shouted. “Take all the cash you need! To think I was doubting you. You! I’m going to chop off a finger.”

 “Thank you.” James took one step towards the door. “What?”

 “Like the Yakuza, boy,” The man proclaimed as he took his cigar cutter and put it over his pinky.

 “Woah!” James screamed as he saw the man tense his grip.

 “Jesus Christ, nevermind-That really fucking hurts!” The man tossed the cigar cutter away. “Why did I do that? I’m not Japanese?”

 “I thought about the snake and I came again!” The woman sobbed.

 James decided it was already passed the best time to leave.

 (Captions will be provided to aid those not fluent in English)

 (Translations of French words will not be provided to those not fluent in Google translate)

 “Bonjour!” The woman greeted him warmly as he entered. “Whelcam to mou home!” (Welcome to my home!)

 James frowned. “Why are you French? We’re in Vancouver.”

 The woman frowned back. “And dey Fweaunch pee’pel cahnnaht live een Vhahnchouveher?” (And the French people cannot live in Vancouver?)

 James coughed. “What?”

 The woman sighed. “Juss take yer clooths oof so I may fwhed you to-mah sneak.” (Just take your clothes off so I may feed you to my snake.)

 James gulped as he started to unbutton his shirt. “That *is* why I’m here… It spits you back out right?”

 The woman laughed. “Boot ave chourse! Oderwhyse I whed be indhited fur murdair.” (But of course! Otherwise I would be indicted for murder.)

 “And I have the money with me,” James said, reaching for the wad of play money the Canadians insisted was legal tender.

 The woman waved him off. “Wahrry ahbout zat lahtair. Du ahre too ahdahrahble regahrdless.” (Worry about that later. You are too adorable regardless.)

 James smirked as he followed her towards the back of her house. “Oh? Well, *merci*.”

 The woman gave him a seductive wink. “Ziss is’ah my fheeding room.” (This is my feeding room.) With that she opened a door revealing an incredibly humid green room featuring a brown spotted snake.

 “Dear God,” James fell backward.

 “My leettle bahby ees one-hoondehred ahnd ah’ghty poonds o’ pure lahve ahnd ahffection.” (My little baby is one hundred and eighty pounds of pure love and affection) She cooed.

 James trembled as he stared into the predator’s eyes. “How do you get him to throw anyone back up?”

 “Hees ah hehr!” (He’s a her) she corrected. “Ahnd do naht wahrry. She cahn’naht swahllow pahssed ze ahverahge mahn’s shooldahs.” (And do not worry. She cannot swallow passed the average man’s shoulders) The woman shot him a sly glance. “Zen ahgain you ahre vewhy… *petite*. Perhoops you vill make’ah nice mahrsel aftair ool?” (Then again you are very… Petite. Perhaps you will make a nice morsel after all?)

 “I’ll be honest,” James struggled to his feet. “I only got like every fourth word.”

 “Do net werry moi little *collation*,” (Do not worry my little collation) she said as he reached forward and removed his shirt.

 James allowed himself to be undressed as he aggressively avoided eye contact with the snake. This was what he was here for after all. The one and only experience that could expand his artistic horizons… But at the same time, it was a twenty foot snake, I mean Fuck…

 Before he knew what was happening he was naked, his hands covering his genitals as the thing slithered towards him, it’s jaw already unhinged as it neared his feet.

 “Try naht to mahve. She may strahngle yoo.” (Try not to move. She may strangle you.)

 “Mmhm,” James mumbled, afraid to open his mouth.

 “Ahnd eef you dahn't wahnt to be deennair, maybe remahve your hahnds? Hahrdair to swahllow, no?” (And if you don’t want to be dinner, maybe remove your hands? Harder to swallow, no?)

 James obediently spread his arms out, though a little too fast for the snakes liking. The snake lashed at him, clamping its jaws around his feet causing him to squeal. This further upset the snake who proceeded to flail him around the room as he continued to plea and scream.

 “Stahp screameeng, you ahre scahreeng moi ahngel!” (Stop screaming, you are scaring my angel.)

 Eventually the snake slammed him into the ground, knocking the air out of his lungs and forcing him into silence. Gasping for breath he could only watch as the agitated reptile ravenously gobbled up his lower half. On one hand he was terrified and doing his best to hold his pee in. On the other the tight and warm confines of the snake were giving him a sexual sensation that he didn’t realize he was capable of.

 The woman purred as she saw his member harden.

 James blushed and covered his erection with his hands. “Sorry I-” And then horror struck him as the snake chomped around his hands, locking them in place. “Ah!” In a panic he looked to the woman for assistance only to see her suddenly nude three toys deep.

 “Sahrry,” (Sorry.) she purrered, slipping the toy out of her mouth. “I could naht help moiselph.” (I could not help myself).

 “See,” James whispered to himself as he saw the snake nearing his upper chest. “She isn’t concerned, and she isn’t a murderer so… Just relax and try to find the… the… appeal of…” James found it hard to breath as his shoulders were pressed together by the snake’s jaws. “I’m done!” He cried. “Let me out!”

 The woman chocked on her toy. “Ahlready?! I will hahve to chahrge you fool pwyce.” (Already? I will have to charge you full price.)

 “That’s fine!” James forced a laugh. “I’ll pay you double just get me out before-Gah!” James gasped as the snaked clips wrapped around his shoulders.

 The woman laughed as she grabbed a bottle of hand sanitizer. “I tahld’tu, you were smahll.” (I told you you were small.)

 As she neared the snake the front door opened, and the woman froze.

 “Please hurry!” He pleaded as the snake’s jaw tickled at his chin.

 The woman hushed him and went to shut the door.

 Through the shut door James could hear a man calling out for her, though he couldn’t make out what was being said. “Let me out!” He said in a loud whisper.

 The woman studied him. “I’m sahry!” (I’m sorry) She whispered, running over and holder her hand over his mouth. “Bet you nehd to deesahppear. (But you need to disappear.)

 As James screamed for mercy, he heard a banging on the green room’s door and the man’s voice demanding to be let in. The banging become more frantic the louder James screamed until the door finally broke off its hinges. He had just enough time to see a horrified man burst into the room before the snake’s mouth closed around him, and sealed him inside.

 “You promised me you were done!” He shouted, his voice penetrating the snakes think, scaly skin.

 “Eh paid me!” (He paid me!)

 “Then why is there a vibrating butt plug up your ass?!”

 “I… I…” She stuttered. “I hahve a prahblem, I ahdmeet eet!” (I have a problem, I admit it.)

 That was the last thing James was about to make out before the conversation became muffled. His arms locked at his sides and his body trapped in every moving tunnel of tight pink flesh, he wondered if this was it. He wondered who was really to blame and if he deserved to be nothing but snake food. And then a fucking gunshot rang out and he instantly stopped thinking about that philosophical bullshit.

 There was a brief paused and the muffled sound of crying before a second gunshot rang… And then there was silence… And then… He was asleep.

 “Gah!” He gasped as fresh air filled his lungs.

 “I did it!” The Officer cheered as the naked, slimy James spasmed on the ground.

 “Where? What?” James managed as he looked around the greenroom spotting the two bodies and the headless snake.

 The Officer, who was wearing only his underwear and his hat, grabbed James by the shoulders. “Do you know where you are?”

 James tried to calm himself. “I… That lady fed me to her snake,” He said glancing over to the corpse. “And then… I don’t know.”

 The Officer nodded. “So, the murder-suicide happened *after* you were eaten? That’s good news.” He wiped a thin line of sweat from his brow and relaxed his posture. “I came as soon as I heard the gun shots and even then, I wasn’t sure you were going to make it. I’m just glad I don’t have to arrest you Mr. Howard.”

 James frowned. “You know me?”

 The officer gestured to James’ discarded clothes. “I was just going to let whoever was trapped in the snake get digested and take your wallet but… Well, when I saw your ID and realized who you were, I knew I had to try and rescue you. Big fan by the way.”

 James smiled. “Thank you, I… What?”

 “You are *the* James Howard, right? Who am I kidding, you fed your sexy little body to a snake! Of course you’re him! I read all your stuff!”

 James glanced down to the officer’s lack of pants. “And… You’re naked because?”

 The Officer grinned pleasantly. “I didn’t want to get snake juices all over my uniform.” Then he grinned wickedly. “Plus, when I saw how cute you were… I know what you like.”

 “You… Know what I like?” James gulped, remembering the comics.

 “You can beg all you want,” The Officer turned James around. “I know you like to pretend you don’t want it.”

 James heard the tell-tale sound of a man spitting in his hand.

 “Wait… What am I doing?!” The Officer sighed. “You’re already lubed up!”

 “So… you like it?” James asked in a defeated monotone.

 The two bosses looked at each other, sharing a collected and professional nod before breaking out into spastic admiration.

 “So visceral!” He wheezed. “I was nutting a rope so *thick* I could have played Spider-Man!”

 “And that scene with the cop violating that femboys cute little but?” The woman gushed. “Reminded me of my time at boy scouts.”

 “This is why we hired you!” The man slapped the table excitedly. “Take as many trips as you want if this is the type of quality degeneracy you’re going to deliver to us.”

 James managed a weak nod. “Thank you… I think I’ll take the day off if you don’t mind?”

 “Do whatever you want!” The boss shouted. “Just keep bringing us the good shit!”

 “And you’re still doing your work on Eka’s too!” The woman swooned. “What an absolute madman!”

 “Yep,” James sighed as he limped towards the door. “Sure thing…”

 With a tired expression James entered his apartment. “I’m home,” He called out.

 The already naked Officer marched his way out of the bedroom and plucked James off the ground.

 “No!” James whined as he felt his clothes being peeled off. “You kept me up all last night! I was barely awake at work today!”

 “You just relax,” the Officer smiled, tossing him onto the bed. “I’ll do all the work… Then again, if you want to fight back… I wouldn’t mind that either.”

 James sighed and presented his rear. “You do know what I like,” he admitted in a defeated tone.