The university’s nutritional research facility squatted in the farthest corner of the campus, tucked away between the veterinary school and the sociology building. The outside looked shabby and worn, but the inside held some of the most expensive equipment that the university had to offer. Huge, chrome vats bubbled along the industrial floor. Machines whirred and spun, beeping on the walls. The entire place smelled like solvent and raw meat.

“Careful of the splash-back,” Bryant called, stopping Gabi from tossing a piece of beef into the solution. “Use the tongs and dip it in.”

“Yup!”

Bryant watched Gabi skip over to the tongs on the wall, breasts jiggling under her lab coat. *She must be packing some serious meat bags for that to show,* he thought. Immediately, he shook his head to clear it. The girl was his student and a damn good one at that. Bryant cursed his young brain. Hadn’t he just been informed of the previous professor’s unfortunate disappearance? He had probably fled after getting caught sleeping with his students.

“Professor?”

Clearing his throat, Bryant turned his attention back to Gabi. She watched him with curious eyes.

“Sorry,” she said. “I just had a question that I thought you would be able to answer.”

“Of course. Go ahead.”

She inspected the meat in the vat. It swirled around, dissolving into a pink slurry that slurped into a narrow tube. Perhaps that was what food in the stomach looked like when it was shoved into intestines. Gabi liked watching the process.

“Well,” she said. “I was wondering about a specific kind of meat. We test everything from chicken to pork.”

“Of course!” Bryant exclaimed. “In fact, I was going to show you this later, but now is as good a time as any.”

Passing one tired lab tech on the way out of the main lab, Bryant led Gabi into a smaller series of rooms. It was quieter than the floor, full of blinking machines and the quiet hum of computers at work. One in particular was larger than the rest, with a glass cover over its metallic interior. It looked like a giant microwave. Bryant patted the side of it.

“This,” he said proudly. “Is a S-grade nutrient vacuum. Normally, as you know, we have to burn, boil and dissolve every piece of food to figure out its nutritional content. It’s a hassle and a half and it takes time. But with this? We can just place the food on the tin and it will analyze it, coming back with results that are 99.99% accurate. It’s a marvel. It’s going to revolutionize the industry.”

“Wow,” Gabi said, tilting her head back. “What have you put in it, so far?”

“Huh?” Bryant said. He was fiddling with the knobs, watching the symbols that blinked on the keypad. Each one represented the presence of a different kind of nutrient. He hummed, picking up the 400-page manual that had come with the machine. “Uh, broccoli and the like. Easy things that have already been tested so we can confirm the accuracy of the machine.”

“Wow,” Gabi said, peering through the glass. “Can it just do veggies?”

“No no. It does meat as well. It’s just messier. Why? Wasn’t your question about meat?”

“Yes,” Gabi said, clearing her throat. She shuffled her feet, looking away when Bryant at her over his glasses. It was clear that her question was embarrassing.

*Well,* Bryant thought. *I have never been one to stifle a curious mind.*

“Come now,” he said, smiling. “You can ask me. I’m your professor.”

“Of course,” Gabi said. “I was just wondering if we have ever tested human meat is all.”

A beat.

Had he heard correctly? Bryant tried to laugh, but his face screwed up at the corners. Human meat? Meat from a human. Something that nobody really researched because no sane person would eat it. Of course, this had to be a joke, yet Gabi wasn’t laughing. She was looking at him curiously.

“Well,” he said, scratching his head. “Theoretically, yeah. There is some merit to testing human meat to study how our consumption effects its composition, but it’s not like we have a spare cadaver lying around to test…it…on.”

Tears welled in the corner of Gabi’s eyes. Her face was red. Bryant reached out to her, but she shrugged his hand away and turned around. She began to undo her hair from its ponytail, letting it splay out behind her, then undid the buttons on her lab coat. Bryant gulped as he caught sight of the tight shirt beneath.

“Hey,” he said. “Don’t be upset. It wasn’t a silly question. It’s just that, you know, there’s no point. Maybe we could try to simulate it with cow meat or pork.”

Gabi shook her head and stormed out of the lab, leaving Bryant standing puzzled next to the beeping machine.

“Some help you were,” he said to the machine, tapping its surface. It whirred back at him, oblivious. Seeing as there was nothing left to do without his lab assistant, Bryant turned off the lights and hung up his own coat, swapping it for a light jacket. He walked back out onto the floor, said good night to a security guard, and strolled across campus.

It was a crisp spring evening. The flowers were in full bloom and on riotous display. Bryant whistled the empty courtyards, admiring the campus without its occupants. Tall, graceful buildings lined the terrace. Oak trees stood along the path, just waiting to be climbed. Bryant had to stop himself from grabbing a limb, reminding himself that he was a professor now and not a student. He had to act like it.

So, he hummed under his breath all the way to his office, keying into the small administrative building and taking a flight of stairs. His office was a neat affair. All of his books were lined up on floor-to-ceiling bookshelves. The desk was tidy, harboring a computer monitor and his favorite coffee mug. A coffee maker sat in its special spot on the small corner table. Bryant clicked it on before sitting in his desk chair and burying his face in his hands.

“Oh,” he groaned. “It’s hard to be an adult.”

Standing again, he closed the office door and hung up his jacket. The light on his computer monitor was blinking. He fired it up and stared at the email from his boss, telling him to hustle with the Nutrient Vacuum research. Bryant preferred to call it the Nut Vac. He didn’t dare voice that to anybody.

His thoughts turned to Gabi. She was the hottest girl in his program with just the right proportions. Her lovely chest tapered off into soft hips and perfect thighs. She was smart, funny and had all of the qualifications of a good researcher. Bryant admired the way she threw herself into her work and never minded the incredulous stares of the other students. There was a summer internship that’s deadline was coming up that she would be perfect for. It just happened to be the one that he was running. What he wouldn’t give to see her in the sweltering heat, rubbing the sweat off her forehead, taking off a layer of clothing. She looked so smooth and that rack…

Bryant realized with a start that his hand was already halfway down his pants. He removed it, glancing at the windows to make sure the shutters were drawn. It would be the end of his career if someone walked in on him jerking it in his office, and doubly so if they knew it was because he had the hots for his student. He sipped at his coffee, pondering the possibilities.

It wasn’t that he was old. He was only 28 and, in most opinions, fairly good looking. His hawkish nose complimented his thin face. Sun wrinkles already spread around his eyes. Muscular forearms bulged beneath his collared shirt and with his short beard, he looked exactly like an adventuresome professor should. Female students flocked to his class and he graced them all with a smile and a wink. Of course, he had to be careful.

The previous nutrition professor had been a creep. There had been rumors that he would bring students into this very office and promise them good grades in return for favors. A few of the students took the offer. Most did not, yet kept silent. The last person to be seen walking into his office was Gabi and after that? Nothing.

This brought Bryant back to the odd question Gabi had asked. What was the nutritional value of human meat?

“Nonsense,” he muttered. “A useless question.”

Still, he found himself typing it into the toolbar on his computer:

*Human meat, safe for consumption?*

*Nutritional value of human meat?*

*Eating people?*

The first two searches brought up the Wikipedia article on cannibalism. Bryant skimmed through those, looking for any studies that might pertain to the question. Nothing stood out to him, so he moved on. The third search brought up the normal articles about cannibalism. He scrolled through, looking for something, anything of interest and stopped on an UrbanDictionary definition.

“Vore?” he muttered. “What the hell?”

He clicked the link.

*Many might associate vore with cannibalism; however, most voraphiles do not favor cannibalism. Vore is an imaginary fetish; that is, it is impossible to perform in real life in the way most fantasize, unlike most cannibalism.*

*Vore is a fetish in which one fantasizes about being eaten alive or eating another creature alive.*

“Alive? That’s terrifying. What kind of sick person wants to be eaten alive? Are they cut into pieces? How does that even work?”

Perturbed, Bryant typed it into google. A number of sites showed up, as well as a few images. He clicked on the image link which brought him to a page full of busty, beautiful women. Each was cradling a massive stomach, some with x-ray shots of people inside. It was strange, alien, and yet Bryant couldn’t look away.

One image series showed a blond girl swallowing a man whole. She looked remarkably like Gabi. Her throat had a massive bump where the man could be seen sliding down into the blond girl’s stomach. In the last image, the blond girl burped and rubbed her full belly. “You were delicious, teach,” she said. “You should have listened when I asked you for a passing grade. Now you’re going to ‘pass’ through my intestines.”

The image blazed through Bryant’s imagination. He could envision himself in that situation, talking to a beautiful student at his desk when suddenly, she grabbed him and shoved him into her mouth. It would be so warm and slick. He would be inside of her, up to his neck.

Again, his hand wandered into his pants. Again, he had to remind himself of his position.

He quickly clicked out of the page and shut down his computer. This discovery was not something to be explored on school property. If this fetish was as prolific as he thought it was, then he had a lot of ground to cover before the break of dawn. Shame festered in his stomach. He had made fun of Gabi for asking about human meat, and then got turned on by the thought of eating people. Maybe she wasn’t so crazy after all.

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His cursor hovered over the link to Eka’s Portal. Byrant sat in his pajamas at home, whisky in hand, ready to travel down the vore rabbit hole. He clicked and it brought him to a home page. Lots of text jumped out at him, and he scrolled through some of the forum posts.

***-Internal Maw Shots?***

***-Which Pokemon do you want to swallow you whole?***

***-Have any of you experienced Vore first hand?***

*Holy shit,* Bryant thought. *This is amazing! There’s a whole community around this strange concept.*

There were roleplay boards, discussions, drawings and writings. He spent some time clicking through the most recent drawings, blown away by the spectacular talent on display by artists interested in a niche subject. There were detailed drawings of open mouths, saliva glistening in the air. Drawings of massive, squirming stomachs with realistic flesh and people pressed against the inside. Muscled men ate tiny women. Anthro wolves shoved humans into their puffy anus’, delight written on their exquisitely drawn faces.

Novels, videos, every form of art concerning the act of eating people whole had found its way onto this page and Bryant spent hours upon hours just searching through it all, amazed that it existed, wanting to participate.

At one point, he found an artist called Frakass that drew busty, blond elves that reminded him of Gabi. He wondered for a second if she knew about this magical, hidden world. Surely, it was one of the best kept secrets the internet had to offer.

After another hour of reading some of the best and worst fiction ever concerning the act of dragon’s digesting humans, he came to the Roleplay board.

“Roleplay?” he said, hand trembling on the mouse. “Like, actual live people roleplaying the act?”

He clicked into the page, skimming the rules briefly before looking at the ‘Seeking partner tab’.

-***Anthro skunk looking for a fart slave for my anal pleasure. Female and Male partners accepted.***

***-Male human prey looking to be swallowed by your swollen cock.***

***-Busty blond pred looking for a good time.***

Bryant stopped at the last link. He hovered over it, thinking long and hard about whether he really wanted to commit himself to this so early into his forays. He had only just discovered the portal. There were so many images to go through. He hadn’t even chosen which ones he wanted to save after creating a profile.

And yet, his finger tapped the mouse and a roleplaying page flashed into view.

It read: *My time on campus has been a bore. I am looking for college boys to swallow whole. Looking for male prey, college-aged and ready to be digested.*

The post struck Bryant as rather juvenile compared to the other detailed lists that he had come across. Normally, people had very specific lists of will-do’s and won’ts. This individual barely listed anything about their character or the type of person that they wanted to roleplay with. All they had linked was their Discord which, after a quick search, turned out to be a messaging application.

*Still,* Bryant thought, downloading the app. *If I am going to start, I want to start with someone as inexperienced as I am.*

Quickly, he grabbed himself a pad of paper and a pen. He scribbled down a rushed description of his character and, pen shaking, sent the girl a message.

>**Hey. I am a college-aged male looking to be swallowed. I have blue eyes, a thick chest, and will look great on your hips.**

Bryant cringed into the next dimension. It was the most embarrassing thing he had ever typed, much less sent to another human being. They were going to shoot him down so hard that he would never be able to show his face again. He was considering just burning his computer when they responded.

>Hey, hot stuff.You want to take a trip down a blond bitch’s throat? I got a pair of DD’s that could use a little extra padding.

Chest tight, Bryant responded.

>**Yes please. I’m always looking for a good time.**

>Oh? Well I am kind of full at the moment. I just ordered pizza.

>**Really?**

>Yes. The delivery boy was delicious. Just a normal Tuesday night for me. He’s squirming pretty hard, but that’s the best part. I like it when they squirm.

*Holy shit,* Bryant thought. This was everything he had hoped for. The new fetish stormed through him, exciting his nerves and making him shudder. He wasn’t a virgin or a prude, but he hadn’t had a new experience like this since he was in high school. He was about to type something up when they messaged him.

>Sorry, hun. Guess I’ll have to eat you some other day. I have to go.

He spent a long time looking at the blinking cursor.

*Another day,* he thought. *I guess I can wait another day.*

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Emily quickly closed her laptop and threw it onto her bed. Gabi stared at it suspiciously from the doorway.

“What were you just doing?” she asked. Her stomach was huge, containing the wriggling form of the pizza delivery boy. He screamed and cried, but Gabi ignored him. It wasn’t like he would be alive for much longer.

“Nothing,” Emily said, trying not to stare. “Mind your own business, freak. Why are you home anyway? Aren’t you staying at the college now?”

“Yes,” Gabi said, making her way to the bed. It sagged beneath her. “But I already told you. I come home on the weekends. It’s lonely in my dorm all by myself.”

“Didn’t you have a roommate.”

“She left.”

Emily squinted suspiciously. Gabi didn’t normally tell her about her gluttonous escapades. They didn’t talk much lately except in quick insults. Despite this, Emily missed her sister. It was hard being the only object of her parents misguided affections. They always wanted to take her to the zoo or talk about her day. It was annoying.

“Also, knock.” Emily said.

“Whoa!” Gabi exclaimed, leaning back. “You never used to ask me to knock before. What have you been getting into, eh?”

Her smirk brought back everything that Emily hated about her older sister. She was nosy, condescending, and worst of all, she had something that Emily very much wanted. The small whimpers of the delivery boy just made her craving grow. She kept glancing at the smooth surface of her sister’s stomach, like a tranquil pond that rippled beneath the touch. If Gabi knew she visited Eka’s, she would never hear the end of it.

“Nothing,” Emily spat. “I already told you. I just don’t like when you wander into my room. It’s a breach of privacy.”

“You come into mine all the time,” Gabi said. “I used to catch you snooping every single day. You tried to film me eating somebody once.”

“Yeah,” Emily said, deciding that offense was the best defense. “That’s because you’re a big, ugly freak that eats people. Who wouldn’t be interested in that?”

“Whatever.”

Gabi lay prostrate on the bed, arms behind her head. Eating a single person was nothing to her anymore and yet, when she had the chance to relax with someone inside of her, she took it. Emily tapped her foot, waiting for her to leave, and when she didn’t, Emily slapped her sister’s stomach.

“Ow!”

“Mmrph!”

A red handprint was slowly forming on the pale skin. Gabi rubbed at it, looking for something to throw. Her eyes alighted on Emily’s laptop.

“No!” Emily cried, trying to snatch it from her sister. She couldn’t help but blush as she jumped over the hump of her stomach, reaching for her prized possession. “You can’t do that!”

“You hit me,” Gabi retorted. “This is retribution.”

“Not fair! I am going to call mom.”

“They left for dad’s work party. We’re alone and nobody is going to help you.”

They tussled for another minute before Emily finally got ahold of the laptop and pulled it from Gabi’s grip. Gabi laughed and fell back. The man she had eaten went silent, except for the gentle gurgling of his demise.

“Okay,” she said. “Alright. What’s new with you? What’s my sis been up to? I’ve missed you, brat.”

“I haven’t,” Emily lied. “And I’ve been doing fine. School’s boring. Mom and dad treat me like a kid.”

“You are a kid,” Gabi yawned. Digestion made her sleepy.

“Am not!” Emily said, fists at her sides. “Just because you’re in college now doesn’t make you an adult. You’re not the boss of me.”

“I know, I know,” Gabi said. “Sorry. I’m just teasing you.”

“Yeah? Have you eaten anybody lately?”

Now it was Gabi’s turn to be defensive.

“Why do you want to know?” she asked. In the back of her head, she was still reeling from the encounter with her professor. He had looked at her like she was some kind of freak, all because she had asked about human meat.

“Because,” Emily said, rolling around in her desk chair. “If you tell me, I won’t be tempted to trick you into eating anybody else. I’ve missed doing that.”

“Brat,” Gabi grumbled. Still, it was a good deal. She was looking forward to a peaceful weekend and she wouldn’t have it if she was trying to avoid Emily’s schemes the entire time. The little stinker would probably bring her friends over or something and make her swallow them all. If anything, Emily was the freak. “Fine. I’ll tell you about something that happened to me recently if you promise not to try anything this weekend. Got it?”

“Yes!”

Emily stopped rolling in her chair and plopped herself in front of Gabi, staring up at her with adoring eyes. She almost looked cute like this.

“Alright,” Gabi started. “This was something that happened to me recently. I was in the parking garage and was taking the elevator. It was kind of late and I was trying to mind my own business when a group of people got on. They were drunk and rowdy and one of them, a guy, was getting a bit too close for comfort.”

“Oh!” Emily said. “Did you eat him?”

“I’m getting there. So, like I said, we were in the elevator and I was keeping my distance when the elevator suddenly stopped. Everyone was freaking out and the guy took the opportunity to touch my ass. He said something like, ‘you girls are stuck in here with me’ and then I swallowed him. Of course, because the other people in the elevator saw it, I had to swallow them too. So I’m standing there with this huge belly when the elevator just starts working again. I couldn’t drive my car like that so I had to hide and wait for them to digest somewhat before coming out. It was really scary.”

“Wow,” Emily said. “It would have been really bad if someone had seen you. You would have had to eat the entire campus.”

“I can’t do that,” Gabi said, sitting up. Her back cracked and she groaned. Already, her stomach was beginning to shrink. Her body was very efficient after years of digesting people. “Anyway, I told you the story. You can’t trick me into eating anybody this weekend, you hear me?”

“Yeah,” Emily said. “Night sis.”

“Night.”

Gabi pulled herself off of the bed and left the room, closing the door behind her. Emily lay in the spot she had vacated, feeling the warmth left behind by Gabi’s stomach. She tried to imagine what it would feel like to eat an entire elevator’s worth of people, all kicking around inside of her. There would be nothing they could do but stew in her juices until the blissful embrace of digestion came for them.

“She gets all the fun stuff,” Emily mumbled, eyes fluttering. That night, she dreamed of large stomachs and chat rooms.

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Bryant glanced at Gabi. She was still ignoring him, a small frown wrinkling her eyes as she organized the calipers and set about feeding the chickens. They were in a small hut behind the facility where the Nutrition department kept their live animals. It was a convenient place for it, right next to the veterinary school. If only the doe-eyed vet students knew what happened to the poor chickens they took care of.

“Gabi, I’m going to need a hand with the vats after you’re done. Normally we clean them on Sunday, but the beans will get moldy if we leave them till tomorrow.”

“Fine.”

*Massive,* Bryant thought, watching her chest bounce in her tank-top. *They’re even bigger than I thought. Did they grow since yesterday?*

It was getting harder and harder for him to clear his mind of these thoughts. Bryant was concerned. This was starting to border on obsession. If he didn’t snap out of it soon, the department head was going to catch wind and that would be the end of him. He wondered if there were any janitor positions open at his old university.

Resolving to clear the air, Bryant waited for Gabi to pull her lab coat back on and head onto the facility floor with him. It was a quiet Saturday, and nobody was around. Their footsteps echoed in the open lab, ricocheting off all of the metal tools.

“So,” Bryant said, pulling down the cleaning supplies from a shelf. “I’ve given some thought to your proposal on studying human meat. Originally I figured it was a fools errand, but after some consideration, I think there might be merit to it.”

“Really!” Gabi said, running up to him.

*Close,* Bryant thought, tilting his head back. *Too close. She smells like lemons.*

“Yes,” he said, taking to steps sideways. Gabi followed him with her eyes, intrigued. If only the rest of his students payed that much attention to his lectures. “Though it would be hard to procure, I’ve been thinking about the theory of it. Eating somebody, bones and all, and digesting them would require recycling a lot of the nutrients gained. There would be a net loss of heat.”

“Bones and all,” Gabi muttered excitedly. “Like eating somebody whole?”

“Exactly.”

Bryant scratched his arm. He was treading a dangerous line here. When he had discovered vore the night prior, he had had an inkling that perhaps Gabi might be a part of the community. If he chose his questions carefully, then perhaps he would be able to find out whether she was into it. Then again, it might just be that she really just had an academic interesting in human meat. Bryant decided to be coy.

“Eating another person whole should be impossible,” he said, searching Gabi’s face. “But if it were possible, there would be lots of merit in this field of study.”

“Yes!” Gabi exclaimed. “My point exactly. We should endeavor to study every kind of food.”

*Food?* Bryant thought. *Does she think of humans as food? That’s a very…utilitarian view.*

“Right,” he said, clearing his throat. “The problem is that we don’t have any humans lying about. Maybe the med school can give us a corpse, but I doubt it. Besides, we usually do our tests on raw, bleeding meat. Unless one of the interns wants to chop their finger off for science, I doubt we’re going to get lab approval.”

Gabi’s face fell. She looked over at the massive vats, pulling her rubber gloves up to her elbows. Picking up the cleaning supplies, she got to work scrubbing the metallic surfaces. Bryant could tell that she was deep in thought.

“It’s a shame,” she said. “I was interested in the results.”

“You’re a good student,” Bryant said. “And I approve of your curiosity. You’ll make a great researcher someday if you keep thinking out of the box like this. Who would have ever thought of eating people whole? Can a stomach even stretch that far?”

“Probably,” Gabi said, not turning around. She squirted more soap into the vat and scrunched her nose. The old beans really stuck to the sides. It had been the correct choice not to leave it for Sunday.

They worked in silence for almost an hour. Sweat beaded on Gabi’s brow. Bryant kept his eyes on his task, only taking brief glimpses through the reflective surface of the machine. Both were lost in their own imaginations. Time ticked on and the lab got cleaned.

“Okay,” Bryant said, throwing his sponge into a bucket. “That should be the last of it. Thank you so much for helping. We don’t have to come in tomorrow since the janitors should be stopping by.”

“Yep!”

Gabi tore off her gloves and tossed them into the trash can. There was a break room right off of the main floor that she ducked into, coming back out in a casual pair of jeans and a trendy blue jacket. Her hair swept around her shoulders when she stepped outside, blinking in the sun. Bryant locked the door behind them.

“Good work today,” he said. “I’ll think more about your question tonight. In the meantime, go get some food. We’ve been working since morning. I’m sorry I didn’t give you a break.”

“No problem, Professor,” Gabi said, yawning. “I ordered pizza last night. There should be some leftovers in the fridge.”

Bryant watched Gabi leave, skipping toward the parking garage. Something kept knocking around in his head. Something that Gabi had said. He got onto his motorcycle and clipped on his helmet. It wasn’t until he was halfway home, pulling off of the interstate when it hit him:

Gabi had ordered pizza last night.