Office Vore: Redux

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Reimagining and localization by Chatter Estop.

 John reclined in his chair and leisurely stretched out his arms. Despite his low expectations, he was still baffled by the mundanity of working at the DMV. Each day he started his morning by crossing off the previous date on his calendar and basking in the knowledge that there was now one less day between then and the end of his temp position. As he let out a pleased yawn, John stared at his calendar and grinned at the circled date just four days away.

 “Hey now,” Ashley, John’s manager’s voice called from over his shoulder.

 John nearly fell off his chair before he jerked himself upright. “Just taking a breather,” he coughed out, grabbing his mouse and pretending to be deep into work.

 Ashley leaned in and placed her hands over his shoulders, massaging them gently. “I know your time is almost up…”

 John relaxed in his chair and let out a soft hum as she pressed her fingers into his back. In truth, the scenario was a sexual assault lawsuit waiting to happen. However, Ashley had been born with a special power that made her exempt from such things… She was hot.

 Ashley giggled as she felt the meat in front of her melt in her hands. “Keep up the good work John and I’m sure you’ll make quite the asset.”

 John tensed at the thought. “Thanks, but, I’m not sure if this is my… *Life’s true path*?” he spoke carefully as not to insult her.

 Ashley released her grip and moved back. “Oh? I wouldn’t have you doing this dreadful work. You’d be working for me.” She bit her lip at the thought. “*Intimately*.”

 “Working for you?” John gulped. “Like, as an assistant?”

 Ashely hummed. “I’m sure I can find somewhere you’d fit in.”

 John blushed at her voice and fought the urge to turn to face her. “I’ll… Keep that in mind,” he managed without losing his posture.

 Ashley gave him a final pat on the head before leaving back to her office.

 Turning in his chair, John watched Ashley march away, taking long, calculating look at her rear as it bounced down the aisle. Only when she was out of site did he notice his cubicle neighbor Amanda staring at him. Squinting and looking up to the clock, he tried and failed to appear innocent before returning to work.

 On queue he heard Amanda’s chair glide across aisle as she swooped by his side. “How come you never look at me like that?”

 “Because you don’t have the time printed on you?” John pretended not to know what she was talking about.

 Amanda giggled mischievously and turned his chair to face her. “Somehow, I think I can still show you a *goodtime*.”

 John took a dry swallow, taking special note of the hand on his leg. “What?”

 Amanda slid her hand up his leg inch by inch, staring him dead in the eye as her hand glided over the cheap, thin fabric of his pants. “We could have some fun; you deep inside of me.” Then, right before she reached the growing tent in his pants, she pulled her hand away and rolled back to her cubicle. “Then again I just got back from vacation so, I am *so overworked*.”

 John glanced around the aisle of cubicles to see if anyone else had seen the intimate display. “Well,” he cleared his throat, scooting his chair less than gracefully towards her. “I don’t have much on my plate today as it-”

 Amanda snapped her gaze to him. “How would you like to be on my plate? I think I can sneak you in at around lunch time.”

 John took a dry swallow. “Anything I can do to help,” he beamed.

 Amanda placed one hand over her chest. “Alright John, I’ll hold you to that.” Then, with her other hand, she sprayed him in the face with what he, incorrectly, assumed to be perfume.

 “Why?!” He coughed as he tried to wipe the assaulting mist off his face.

 After finally clearing enough of the mystery liquid from his face, John opened his eyes and saw Amanda’s blurry figure rising above him. As the seconds passed, her figure became larger and larger as John became more and more confused. By the time he had finally cleaned his eyes and could see her clearly, he found her easily five times his size.

 “Amanda?” He asked groggily, still dizzy from the liquid’s effects.

 Amanda licked her lips and plucked him from the chair. “Don’t be afraid John.”

 John couldn’t believe what he was seeing as he neared her gigantic face. “How… am… I don’t understand.”

 Amanda smiled at him. “I shrunk you. Don’t worry about how. If anything… worry about the *w-h-y*,” the world dripped from her mouth.

 John glanced around the office but could see no one in sight to help him. “Why!?” he squeaked out.

 Amanda giggled as she turned him in her hands. “I’m going to have you for lunch John. Thank you *so much* for helping me out.”

 “As in…” John stared at her mouth in horror. “No… No I don’t want to be your lunch! Help! He-”

 Curling her hand into a fist, Amanda silenced the small man before tossing him into her top drawer.

 John crashed into the unusually soft drawer and realized just how small he was.

 “Mmh,” she hummed as she slowly closed the drawer. “You look so tasty squirming around like that. I want to eat you right now but… So many witnesses.”

 John managed to turn himself over before the drawer shut. “Amanda, wait!”

 But it was too late. The drawer was shut, and the lock was turned, sealing him inside the small cell. A second later a small light turned on revealing the padded, insulated interior as well a row of pictures on the back of the drawer. They were all of Amanda. Of her mouth, her stomach, her ass, all above single line of text:

 “See you at lunch.”

 The hour John spent locked in the drawer felt like an eternity as thought after thought rushed through his head. How was this possible? Why would she do this? Could she do this? Weren’t they friends? Wouldn’t people miss him? Question after question flew through the air as John scrambled feebly for just one answer.

 It was almost a relief when the drawer opened.

 “-thank you,” Amanda said to someone out of site. “But I’ll be eating in the office today.”

 “I can see that,” Ashley sighed.

 “Ashley?!” John called out. “Help! You have to he-”

 Amanda didn’t seem to mind his screaming as she plucked him from the drawer. “You enjoy the view?” She asked as she pulled him towards her face.

 John looked around frantically only able to see Ashley’s recognizable rear disappear around the corner, leaving him alone with the predator.

 “It’s much better in person,” Amanda teased, giving his face a long, mocking lick.

 “Amanda, please!” he begged. “I cannot be just food to you!”

 “Oh but I’m so very hungry. I thought you wanted to help me out?”

 “Help you out! Not be your lunch!”

 Amanda shrugged. “Same thing!” she chimed. “Now relax and be a good meal and maybe we can have some fun after all.”

 John tried to squirm away as the giant woman stripped him down. “You can’t eat me! I’m a person!”

 “You are delicious!” she cooed, completely ignoring his cries. “I’m going to enjoy every second of you.”

 Now naked in her grip, John was pulled slowly towards her stretched open mouth. “I’ll do anything if you let me go!”

 Amanda paused. “Anything if I let you go?”

 John nodded frantically. “Anything! Just let me go!”

 Amanda smiled. “Okay fine. If you will be my lunch, I’ll let you go into my tummy.”

 With that she pushed his head into her mouth, her tongue assaulting his face as he entered her. As she licked at him, an audible groan escaped from her stomach up her throat. Her body wanted him and there was nothing he could do about it.

 “You hear that?” Amanda asked, pulling him out of her mouth. “My belly wants you so badly. You’re the perfect little meal for me. I want you to know that.”

 John tried to speak, to beg one final time, but instead of salvation, he only found saliva. She wasn’t tasting him anymore; she was devouring him.

 “Stop!” John cried as he saw the dark, pulsating hole in her throat edged near his face.

 If Amanda had heard him, she didn’t care. Pushing him down into her throat, his head was smushed between the hungry pink walls as he was greedily gobbled up. There was a slight pause as Amada titled her head back and released her grip on his legs. And then… She swallowed.

 His shoulders were sucked inside the tight confines of her throat as his body struggled to fit. Amanda had to push on his feet to force him in further. John cried out as he was pressed tighter and tighter into her body, the heat of her stomach below rising through the throat and assaulting him; taunting him with his future.

 When his waist reached her throat, he became stuck. Amanda swallowed three times only managing to crush his upper body a little more. For a moment John thought he might be safe; that he might be too big to actually swallow. Then, pushing down hard off his feet and giving a hearty swallow, his waist joined the rest of him.

 As he slid towards her awaiting stomach, he could hardly breath; the humidity and constricting nature of the throat meant only for food. A moment later John’s head slips through the final barrier and he is shown his final resting place. The dark and pink, slimly confines of the stomach welcomed him with the think stench of stomach acid. Gravity working against him, he was pushed face first into the pool of acids as the rest of his body joined him. His waist popping inside forced him upright into the fetal position.

 “I’m inside of her,” John trembled, already feeling the sting of her stomach as he was treated like any other piece of food.

 “Oh wow, John,” Amanda sighed. “You are *so* filling!”

 “She ate me…”

 John’s world shifted as he felt Amanda’s hand poke at him through the stomach walls.

 “I should have done this sooner,” Amanda hummed as she massaged her belly, feeling the John sized lump. “Thank you for your help John.”

 John tried to stand and force his way back out her throat.

 “Mmh! You feel so good moving around in there! It’s too bad I have all this work to catch up on or I would take you home to have some *real fun*.”

 “Amanda!” John cried, as he found his efforts to escape completely fruitless.

 “Yes, John?”

 John wiped some of the acid from his face. “Your stomach is digesting me! You have to let me out of here!”

 Amanda giggled, causing the growing pool of acid to splash around him. “Of course, I’m digesting you. That’s what happens to food inside of me! But don’t worry, I’m trying to enjoy you, so hopefully you last me a long time.”

 “You can’t do-”

 “Settle down John,” Amanda scolded him playfully. “I have work to do, and you said you’d help me. So be helpful and focus on digesting; think food thoughts.”

 John struggled and screamed for as long as he could. Pushing and punching at the walls of her stomach only pushed the acids deeper into his skin as he was slowly broken down. This woman he had known and talked to for months had ate him. Every smile traded between them, every conversation they had ever had, every meal they had shared together, it had all been traded for a quick snack.

 Hours passed as John was slowly broken down by her stomach. Occasionally he heard her say goodbye to another coworker as she stayed to finish catching up on her work. Each time he screamed a yelled until he was horse, but no one could hear him. Hour by hour passed until he was sure she was the last one left, and there was truly no hope for him. That was until he felt her leave her desk and a familiar voice penetrated the thick walls of his fleshy prison.

 “A three-week vacation and you’re already caught back up?” Ashley congratulated her.

 Amanda patted her stomach. “What can I say? I was inspired.”

 Ashley nodded. “Yes, I’m sure having a little Johnny treat would do wonders to your work ethic.”

 John froze.

 “How are you doing in there, John?” Ashley asked her head just inches away from Amanda’s stomach.

 “Ashley?!”

 Ashley smiled. “Still alive? She must be taking her time with you.”

 “Ashley! Amanda ate me!”

 Both women laughed. “Well how else would you end up in her stomach!”

 John sobbed as he heard Ashley’s casual tone, yet he couldn’t stop himself from pleading with her. “She’s going to digest me! You have to get me out!”

 Ashley tsked at him. “Then what would Amanda eat? And to be honest John, if you did get out, I would be sure to gobble you up myself.” The woman shook her head and nudged Amanda. “You knew I had my eyes on him.”

 Amana shrugged. “Oh but you should have seen him. He came right up to me and offered to help me in *any way I wanted*… How could I not take advantage of a free meal like that?”

 Ashely sighed. “I probably would have done the same thing.”

 John whimpered. “I thought we were friends…”

 “Plus, I liked this one,” Amanda continued, ignoring her meal. “He didn’t deserve the fate your gut gives it’s meals.”

 “How I would have loved to melt him down.” Ashley purred. “You hear that John? You better thank Amanda! For saving you from me.” With that she placed a hand on Amanda’s stomach and shook it.

 “Hey!” Amanda laughed.

 “Just giving him a head start,” Ashley laughed back. “Enjoy your time inside Amanda John. It was a pleasure working with you!”

 John wiped the acids from his face, though he wasn’t sure it mattered. He was trapped there, melting away in his friend’s gut as his boss taunted him. This was his fate now and there was no escaping it. What did it matter if he melted then or in a few hours, he was still her food today and her fat tomorrow.

 “You don’t have to thank me if you don’t want,” Amanda stretched. “You being my lunch and dinner is thanks enough.”

 John didn’t know what to say, so he said just as much.

 Finally home after a long day, Amanda collapsed into her bed still wearing her work clothes.

 John struggled to keep his head above the acid.

 “Oh, John!” Amanda hummed at the feeling in her stomach. “You’re still alive in there?” she asked, sitting up in her bed.

 John coughed out the stomach juices. “Yes! You can still let me out! I’ll do anything and… Please it hurts so much! I don’t want to be food!”

 Amanda nodded. “I bet it’s not comfortable in there… But it’s not like you have much of a choice. Tell you what. You be a good meal for me and squirm around, and I promise I’ll let you out.”

 John couldn’t respond as he was jostled from one position to the next.

 On the outside Amanda was hopping to her shower, pulling off her clothing with each bounce. “Alright little one, squirm as much as you can for me. Make me feel good and I’ll return the favor.”

 John didn’t know if he believed her, but he had to try. Taking a deep breath, he pushed his pink, tender limbs into the stomach walls, helping her stomach break him down. On the outside Amanda purred at the feeling of the little man moving around inside of her. With one hand she massaged her belly, and with the other she massaged a few inches lower.

 John could feel what she was doing; he could hear it to. The gentle rocking of her stomach matched perfectly with the moans vibrating through her body. She wasn’t just digesting him, she was in love with digesting him. Somehow, even through the hours of being treated as food, through the unending torment of a slow digestion, that still found a way to hurt him.

 It wasn’t long before she came, her juices washed away in an instant by the shower as she braced herself against the wall. “Oh John. I’m sorry we only got to do this once. Was it good for you?”

 John trembled inside of her, the pain more intense than it had been all day. “Hurry, let me out.”

 “Oh don’t worry,” Amanda stroked her belly. “I’ll let you out just like I promised… Tomorrow, out my ass,” she giggled.

 John started sobbing. “We’re… We’re friends.”

 “Oh and I’ll miss you as a friend… But to be honest, you were a much better meal. And hey!” she perked up. “You got me off and you get to go inside my ass. Not many people can say that.”

 “Please…” He moaned.

 Amanda felt her stomach. “Don’t ruin the moment.” With that she let out a large belch. “I’ve been holding that in all day!”

 On the inside John’s extra room disappeared and he was engulfed by the hungry juices of her stomach.

 “Keep moving like that and I might have to give you a round two,” Amanda toyed at her chest for a moment as his movements became weaker. “No you’re right; I’ve put you through enough. It won’t be long now, John. Thank you so much for helping me at work today and being my little treat… Digest well.”

 As she moved to her closet to put on her pajamas, she felt his struggling become weaker and weaker until he stopped. Putting her hand back to her stomach she felt the lifeless lump and purred as she stroked it. Walking back into bed, she took a special care not to disturb John as he continued to breakdown.

 “Fancy meeting you here,” Ashley laughed as Amanda walked into the bathroom.

 Amanda nodded to her boss. “Before you ask, he was amazing. One of the best ones yet!”

 Ashley stepped forward and felt her stomach. “Ohp, all gone it seems.”

 “There was enough for him left for breakfast too. John was an all-day meal!” Amanda stepped into the nearest bathroom. “But I shouldn’t take any more of his time than I already have.”

 Ashley giggled. “A man of many talents. Shame you beat me to him. Though… The next one is mine. You’ve had three in a row now. Take another one of mine and maybe I’ll be the one letting you out.”

 Amanda smiled. “I could think of worse ways to spend my time then on your hips.”

 “Well you don’t need a special occasion to spend time there,” She bit at the woman before moving towards the exit. “And remember to say goodbye to him for me!”

 “Oh I will!” Amanda patted her stomach warmly as she felt a gurgle escape her gut. “I know-I know, but see? I’m letting you out just like I promised.”

 She could feel what was left of John funneling through her body, eager to be released.

 “Thanks for all your help, but now it’s time for us to part ways. Try not to linger on my ass. I know it’s hard to resist, but just remember. There will always be a little piece of you there, even when most of you is traveling through the sewers… I’m so glad you offered to be my lunch.”