

Let Loose the Minotaur of War

A Blitzing Story of Vore and War by Vivid Lucidity
With Special Thanks To Halcyon for Proofreading and The Thumbnail

F/F, F/H, minotaur pred, human prey, elf prey, orc prey, female pred, female prey, herm prey,
mini GTS, x4 size difference, unwilling prey, regretful predator, multi-chambered stomach,
digestion, disposal ending

Chapter One: Blind Rage

01/04/2000 - 09:49

Country of Hital, Southwest Province

Mina hated nothing more than violence. But as the roaring drumbeat of explosions and automatic fire echoed in her ears, all she wanted was to get to it as quickly as possible. Her heart raced and nostrils flared as she thundered down the empty road, hooves slamming into the dirt.

Mina was a minotaur, a towering pillar of flesh and strength, with brown and white horns glistening in the morning sun and polished back hooves. Her arms and legs were broad, her shoulders wide, while muscles rippled across her form to give her an almost mythical heft and weight. Her bulk was only heightened by her dark green uniform tinged with camo and laden with heavy armour. A thick forest stretched around her, with the road her only passageway, yet she lumbered down it alone. The only cars she passed were by the side of the road. Some were peppered with bullet holes, others shelled into oblivion. They were all pointed in the same direction, away from the fighting, away from the war she ran towards.

She could see the first few buildings of the town ahead. Mina picked up the pace.

Her tanned olive skin was buried beneath layers upon layers of synthetic ballistic fibres and armour plates. Not a single part of her body was left uncovered by the heavy armour. Her legs were covered with pads of ballistic fibre, while her neck was shielded with thick flaps of the same material. Her hands wore metallic gauntlets that left nothing uncovered.

Just the armour alone seemingly doubled her already impressive size. She looked more like a walking tank than a soldier. She was about as well armoured as one too, her body being as resistant to gunfire as an APC. Her chest was protected by a single, solid plate of composite armour. Across her body was slat armour, small grids jutting out slightly to dent missile attack. Mounted on her shoulders were defensive grenade launchers, two packs of nine short tubes

Her head was completely covered by a large helmet that matched her vest, with a thick face shield protecting her front. Her face was thick, broad and clenched in a scowl, with her eyes shielded by a set of tight-fitting goggles. Not even her irises could be seen, just the reflective gold of the goggles. Freckles coating her cheeks gave her a slight innocence, but it was overshadowed by her armour. Her horns jutted through the top of her helmet through two tight fitting holes. A small pistol hung holstered by her side; her only firearm due to the weight of the armour.

And all across her armour, drawn in clear red font in numerous languages, was a message. Across her helmet, across her chest, her back, her flanks, this message repeated time and time again. Not drawn in her hand, but a part of her camo, the very armour she wore. It was a simple, brutal message: Surrender or be devoured.

After all, Mina hated nothing more than violence.
And she would do anything to stop it.

Her hooves slammed into the ground with every step, leaving deep furrows and a deep, booming pound that rippled through the road. It was almost deafening, for she was eight

metres (26 feet) tall. A towering titan almost as tall as a two-story building, she loomed large over the domain around her. Not only was she armoured like a tank, she was almost as big as one. Her fingers were the width of a human's arm, her legs were thicker than entire torso's. Her mere pistol, meant for the foes her gauntlets could not reach, was the size of an assault rifle, and chambered in rounds to match. The tall, verdant trees barely reached up past her head. A mini giant, but for those around her, the difference barely mattered.

When she entered the city, most of the buildings merely came up to her waist or hung just above her head. The city was built in a forest, so while many of the trees were cleared, a thick vegetation hung overhead. It was right in a valley, with the peaks just visible over the treetops for her. It was a large, sprawling city clearly built a long time ago, with some streets still paved with cobblestones. Some of the buildings were made from stone and logs, others poured concrete and steel, stretching up one or two stories. But in any case, they were pierced with bullets and shelled with mortar rounds. They were buildings filled with fearful, huddling eyes gazing up at her as she lumbered past. Most were humans while a few orcs and elves could be glimpsed amongst them. While Mina only got glimpses of them as she ran towards the battle, she could tell they were terrified, more so of her. Considering what was scrawled across her body it wasn't hard to see why.

She was here to help them, being military aid lent by her home country. Her night had been spent cramped in the bay of a cargo aircraft that flew her to this country's capital. After that it was lying on a semitrailer and getting trucked in. Until the truck's axle shattered several kilometres out from her weight, forcing her to run the rest of the way.

But now she was here to help, and they looked up to her in terror, at the giant who didn't belong in their normally scaled country. It was a country that had been torn apart by war. Several weeks ago, in the southern edges a brutal insurrection began, taking cities and enslaving citizens. The country struggled with poverty, so the ill-equipped government forces were overwhelmed, and city after city fell. After three weeks of the brutal regime, the retreated soldiers regrouped and began to take back the cities they had lost. It was hard, tough, and bloody.

Mina could see it in every bullet hole, every crater, every torched home, every pack of wounded civilians limping away from the battle. She wanted to help, to bring them to shelter, but she knew she had a fight to end. She just clenched her eyes and looked away, focusing purely on getting to the battle. She wound her way through the spiderweb of back-roads and houses, arcing along the outskirts of the city to where the fighting sounded loudest. Her hooves thundered across the concrete as her hefty, hulking body lumbered. She tried to go around cars, and smaller structures, but for those she couldn't she merely stampeded through. It wasn't a sprint, but a lumbering jog as she willed the seven tonnes of flesh that was her body to action. Cracks shot out from every hoof-fall as eight tonnes of body and armour slammed into the pavement. Her nostrils flared, condensation kicking up on her visor as she struggled to fit her broad shoulders through the passageways between buildings.

After a few minutes of running she came into an industrial sector, with towering warehouses and a passageway between them. She was on a small, paved road. The gunfire was almost deafening, it was coming from the block over, and it was strong enough to shake the air in her lungs. Lines of tracer fire arced high overhead, some clipping roofs and sending chunks of concrete tumbling down. Mina was forced to stoop down, lest her skull be presented as a prime target over all the buildings.

Friendly soldiers scurried about, carrying ammo, wounded and weapons, with a few stopping to stare at Mina. She towered over everyone in sight. If there wasn't a war roaring around them, they probably all would've stopped. Ordering the soldiers around was a human woman with a red beret. Fiery red hair hung down to her shoulders while an assault rifle laid in her hands. Mina ran over to her.

"Colonel White?!" she yelled. The woman, after barking one final order, turned around and came face to knee with the behemoth looming over her. She looked her up and down, then tilted her head as if to look around her, before scowling and spitting on the ground in disgust.

"Are you it?! I was promised an armoured squadron!" She yelled, tilting her head back far just to meet Mina's gaze.

"There's been in a change of plans, the rest of my squadron has been diverted!"

"What, this fucking war isn't worth your fucking time?!"

"We haven't got time for arguing! I am Mina Daedala, Private in the 5th Armoured Division of the Bufila Self Defence Force! I am now under your command Colonel!"

"Well fuck me, you're as big as a tank at least! Maybe I can get some fucking use out of you!" Mina's jaw clenched but she held her tongue.

"Look, we've managed to beat the Black Mountain hostiles back to their HQ, but they're dug in like a tick! We can't keep up the fire on them, and they're managing to break out of the position and flank us from all angles! We need to take that HQ!"

"Have you got artillery or air support?!"

"What, you think we're so stupid we haven't tried that already?! Got a few mortars, but they're accurate as a herm's piss and they've got rooms full of slaves!"

"Shit..." Mina growled, looking away. "Have they got heavy machine guns? Armour piercing rounds? Anti-tank missiles?"

"A couple of heavy guns, but not much else!"

"Okay! When I give the order, get your girls to suppress those heavy guns, and I'll charge right in!"

"You're giving the orders?!" The Colonel stepped forwards and raised a finger in defiance. "You're a private! I'm the one in charge here, fuckface!"

"Have you got a better plan?!" Mina roared, taking one step closer to White and splintering the concrete beneath her hoof. Her heart pounded even faster. "You wait, people die! Get your girls to suppress, *those*, **guns**!"

White didn't even take a step back. She simply stared up at Mina with that same burning fury.

“You’re nuts if you think you can get there without being cut down, it’s open terrain!”

“I don’t care! And I’m not going to wait for your damn help!” With that she stomped off down the passageway, cracking the stone with every step.

The Colonel paused and looked from side to side.

“Ah screw it, she’s the best shot I’ve got. Girls, on me!” The Colonel yelled with a rallying call to arms, before sprinting after the lumbering beast. She quickly caught up to her and shrewdly put herself on her left, putting several tonnes of armour and flesh between her and the gunfire. Mina was four times as tall as her, making her stride equally as massive, yet the smaller human girl didn’t have much trouble keeping up. She might’ve been big, yet all the armour and all the bulk made her a lumbering beast. Yet she could be fast, terrifyingly fast, if she wanted to...

Mina didn’t notice nor care about White by her side. Her heart pounded harder and harder, her nostrils flared, and everything started to become distant. Every shot, every scream, every explosion, it made her heart race faster. A world of misery and hate brought by these rebels stretched out around and infuriated her beyond belief. A few lucky shots pinged through the buildings and bounced off her flank, but she barely felt it.

She made her way to the end of the strip, with a building to her right, and a road to her front that stretched from left to right. White pressed herself hard against the wall, radio in her hands as she barked out the orders to suppress the positions. She didn’t have many gunners in fighting shape, but the few that were hastily agreed to her plan. Mina slowly quickly peeked her head out. Three quick shots pinged off her helmet before she ducked back in again.

Just up the long, straight road, was a castle hewn from old stone. Out of place in the dilapidated city, but it was a relic from times past, from nations past. An archaeological relic preserved and cherished in the modern day. Until now. Ancient stonework was coated in slogans and propaganda in spray-paint, corrugated iron, and every window had at least one barrel poking through. In antiquity, it was a fort for knights, and now it was the headquarters of a brutal armed insurrection.

What were longbows were now belt fed machine guns. The portcullis gate at the front was reinforced with scrap wood and metal, with several firing ports. It was a small fort, yet it loomed large on the top of a small rise. There was no cover or trees around it, making it the perfect position to defend, with no way to attack. She’d have to cover several hundred metres of no man’s land just to reach the walls.

Mina could barely think about that as her entire body was raring. Her heart was hammering against her ribcage and her entire body trembled. It took all of her will not to sprint down the road, screaming and roaring in righteous fury. Ducking back against the wall, she flipped open a small panel on her left wrist and began flicking switches, arming weapon systems. She could barely concentrate anymore with her head jerking from side to side with adrenaline.

“Ready?!” she roared to White by her side.

“Ready! Weapons ready to release!” White yelled.

“Then lets do this! FUCKING WATCH THIS YOU MONSTERS!” She screamed up to the skies with unnatural intent, knowing that someone was listening out for her in disgust.

Her eyes shut, and she thought through every piece of misery she had seen being wrought by these people. It rushed through her and she just couldn’t control the beast any longer. With an unnatural speed she leapt out into the road, right into the line of fire, and stood tall to face the enemy. She was a titan towering over the world, her silhouette unmistakable as dust swirled around her legs. Her nostrils flared, her pupils dilated as the rush consumed her and her thoughts ebbed away.

She roared. She screamed a deep, bellowing cry that overshadowed gunfire and made windows rattle. Spit splattered against her visor as she bellowed her lungs out in primal, blind rage, legs wide, and fists open like a beast.

“SURRENDER OR BE DEVoured!”

She slammed her gauntlets into the ground again and again in a plume of concrete chunks, before bounding forwards like a rhinoceros and charging the fortress. She sprinted on all fours like the wild animal she was, fists slamming into the ground with every step as she roared. Her mass gave her a slow start, yet she built up speed at a terrifying pace. She hung her horns low and ready to gore anyway that dared opposed her. Her nostrils flared as she thundered towards the castle.

A barrage of gunfire exploded from the buildings behind her, desperate streams of desperate fire to pin the heaviest of machine guns. It was pure chaos. With a staccato beat of popping cracks, the grenade launchers on her shoulders flung a storm of rounds into the air. They flew up like fireworks before exploding in a crackling flash of blinding light. One after the other they flew and detonated, covering her in a hailstorm of chaos. A hailstorm she did not notice nor care.

Yet in mere moments lines of tracer fire ripped towards her. She barely noticed. She sprinted so quickly they could barely keep their rifles pointed at her, if they weren’t already blinded by the light. And for the bullets that did find her, they either bounced off her armour, or found weak spots and punched straight through. She felt nothing. Bullets bounced off her chest, her back, her helmet, even off her visor, and she didn’t notice. Her nostrils flared, her heart pounded in her ears and the whole world was just charging that barricade.

An explosion of smoke and noise, and a burning star leapt from the castle, screaming towards Mina with a banshee’s shriek. Her primal mind saw it, and in a split second, she threw all her bulk to the side. The missile struck her up upper right chest. It detonated, smashing into her body like a giant’s hammer, and sending a chunk of tungsten clean through her chest plate and shoulder. It ripped right through, tearing flesh and bone, before bursting out the other side with a streak of crimson that painted the dirt red. All her bulk and mass was flung forwards and to the ground, slamming into it with a grunt.

But she kept going.

Momentum slid her forwards, and after rolling over her back, she slammed her gauntlets down once more and resumed her charge. She didn’t lose her stride, she didn’t lose her speed,

she just kept running. Nothing more than a stumble in her stride that she shook away with a toss of her horns and a deafening roar. She didn't even hear their screams as they scattered to get out of her way.

The last of the distance disappeared. She saw the whites of their eyes widen as they dove out of the way. Welling all of her strength she leapt straight into the barricade. Screaming soldiers dived out of the way moments before she barrelled through with all the force and grace of a train crash. Splinters of wood exploded while the foundations themselves trembled as if a bomb went off as she tore into the room.

At that moment, every soldier in the fort felt true, unshakeable fear. For a *minotaur* had just breached into their sanctum.

Slamming her fists down she reared back to her full height to look around, head lunging at the air like a feral beast. The rush still consumed her, and she was running on instinct and adrenaline. She was in the centre courtyard, surrounded by soldiers with their formation shattered by her assault. They stumbled, screamed and fled, some fumbling with their rifles to try and take her down.

And just in front of her, looking up in pure terror at the behemoth that tore into her world, was a female soldier rooted to the spot. An elf with golden hair and dark skin, but to Mina, she didn't notice. The girl raised her gun, and wasting no time, Mina ripped up her visor and snatched her up by the waist.

“SAVE ME, FUCKING SAVE M-GLRK!”

And shoved her headfirst into her salivating maw with a roar. It was in the blink of an eye. The girl had but a moment to scream and hold up her arms, before her torso was engulfed in hot, constricting darkness that reeked of her breath. Her rifle clattered to the ground, and Mina groped at her chest before ripping her clothes and gear away in one tug.

The entire squadron looked on in horror as Mina ripped her head back and began to devour one of their own whole with a series of wet, rippling gulps. The poor girl screamed, held out her arms and flailed her legs but did nothing to stop her relentless consumption. In just a few swallows the last of her legs slipped between Mina's jaws before she snapped them shut. In just a few seconds, the squadron watched as one of their own was devoured whole and alive by the very behemoth that stood before them. Two girls fainted, there and then. The rest stood frozen in terror until she looked back down upon them with hunger clear in her eyes.

They screamed, but it was already too late. Some tried to fight, more tried to flee as she charged into battle once more with a roar. The courtyard was filled with screaming, roaring and gunfire as they wildly sprayed to take her down as she tore into them. All honour and tactics evaporated the moment she scattered them like bowling pins; it was every girl for themselves.

“KILL THAT FUCKING THING!”

“SHOOT IT, FUCKING SHOOT IT!”

“FUCK JUST FUCKING RUN!”

Screaming. Gunfire. Roaring. She slammed her fists into them and sent them flying into the walls and each other while their bullets did nothing to slow her down. Entire magazines were unloaded into her chest as soldiers desperately backpedalled away from her charge, hoping that the bullets would stop her. But she barely felt it, merely growling, roaring and screaming in blind rage. She'd close the distance and slam into them all the same. She was a bull in a china shop with only mice to try and slow her down. She'd kick, punch, and bash her way through everyone in sight. Several she'd slam her entire bulk into to send them flying against the walls. Nobody came to save them while most tried to flee as she battered the few foolish enough to remain.

As she grabbed the last two girls and slammed them into each other, suddenly a human soldier charged at her from behind! A knife in her hand while screaming her head off, she leapt onto Mina's back! She thrust the knife overhead and directly into her armour, burying amongst the fabrics and embedding into her shoulder. Mina growled as it sliced straight into her body and buried into her flesh. They grappled and struggled with each other, Mina trying to grab the pest on her back, while the pest tried to stab her neck or throat. The small, agile human scampered and crawled away from her sluggish grip.

Annoyed of the pest, Mina threw her entire weight towards one of the castle walls, planning to crush her flat. She just managed to duck between her legs and climb up her front before Mina's shoulder slammed into the wall strong enough to crack it. The human began to climb up her front, hoping to stab her in the eye, but Mina quickly snatched her up with a single hand. Holding her up by the chest, she had a moment to see her fear before she reared up and slammed her into the ground. A quick look told Mina all the others had fled; she could savour this. Mina grabbed her clothes and ripped them away, while her attacker tried to shake her head and clear the blow. But it was too late.

By the time her vision cleared her arms were pinned by her sides, and a maw loomed right above her face. For Mina, she didn't see an enemy or a person, she just saw a meal. But for the meal, she saw nothing but a mountain looming over her and a massive tongue bearing down upon her.

Tendrils of saliva dripped down around her and matted her hair to her body. Her tongue rolled out, more drips of spit falling across her cheeks, before the broad, pink organ wetly squished onto her body and ran down her face. She screamed into the firm tongue and furiously struggled, yet it did nothing to free her, with the slimy tongue relentlessly dragging across her body.

The tongue flicked off her body and sent spit flying. Mina grunted, the meat satisfying her primal mind, while the prey resumed her struggles, but the minotaur simply yawned her mouth wide and shoved her in face first. Screaming into the flesh and spit she tried to pull herself out yet was stuck. She could do nothing as the tongue ran across her neck, her back, even curling around to strike at her pert breasts.

Mina gave one last shove to push her inside, before her tongue curled up and between her bare legs and neatly yanked her down. Straightening her neck out, she gave a few more swallows before her meal's toes were sucked between her lips like noodles. She let out a final, wet 'GULP', and massaged the bulge in her neck as it slowly slipped down before sloshing into her stomach with the other girl. She was no longer a person, just a mewling,

struggling bulge in a minotaur's midsection. The armour, while having some give to it, squeezed them into their prison tight and made it almost impossible to move.

Mina flipped her visor back down and rose to her full height. She grabbed her pistol and was about to charge deeper into the compound, but stopped. The gunfire had gone silent. There was no fighting anymore. She paused, puzzled by the lack of burning drive, before the beast left her. The fury, the rush, the adrenaline coursing through her veins disappeared. Her breath slowed while her pupils reverted their dilation; she became aware of the world once more. She took a deep, slow breath, feeling it rush through her lungs.

And every single bullet the beast endured slammed into her at once.

Chapter Two: After The Rush

It hit her like a freight train. Pure, blistering pain searing into her in an instant as the adrenaline left her with the wounds. She let out a half-choked scream as she stood there, too stunned to move. Before looking down to find her body covered in crimson. In her chest-plate was a gaping, smouldering hole that oozed blood. The world spun and her breath came short and hard.

‘Where ... where ... where did all the pain come from?’ She thought in moments of fleeting lucidity. *‘When did it hurt so much?’*

Groaning, she took a step forwards only for her leg to crumple. She slammed down onto all fours, panting as the world spun around her. She tried to crawl, not willing to give up, only to slam down on her front. Her prey squirmed and squealed as several tonnes of flesh came bearing down on them. It was only now did she realise that there was prey in her gut.

“Oh fuck ... not again...sorry...no...” she groaned, trying to pull her head back up before falling back down. She could barely keep her eyes open. Her body began to shiver, heart pounding in her ears. Flipping on her back, she dragged herself over to a wall, a trail of blood behind her. Back against the wall, she put her left hand on her chest to stop the bleeding, while her right grabbed a syringe from her chest pocket. She held it up in wavering hands, only to see it had been destroyed by an errant shot. She grabbed another one. Ripping off the cap with her teeth, she jammed it into her neck with a fresh roar of pain. A tingling numbness spread through her body as the painkillers set to work, while coagulant agents stemmed the blood flow.

“Damn it ... hurt bad... hurt bad...where is everyone ... did we win?” she grunted through ragged breaths, tossing the syringe away and grabbing her pistol. She wasn’t alone, with a dozen huddling, terrified hostiles staring at up at her through watery eyes. Some cowered in corners, other behind rubble, some from their positions on the ground, unable to stand after being beaten. Nobody dared to move or challenge her. Nor did she challenge them.

Through the twisting, turning world, she heard movement at the gate. She aimed her swaying gun at it, only to put it down when she saw the friendly forces stream through. At the front of the pack was Colonel White, looking around in amazement at just how *empty* it was. She approached Mina with a mix of shock and fear while the rest of the soldiers swept into the building. Mina didn’t hear any fighting or gunfire.

“Fuck ... you did this?!” White yelled.

“Yeah ... yeah...” Mina muttered as she held her chest with both hands.

“You’re a beast ... you’re a monster! How many shots did you take?!”

“I don’t know ... I never know after I charge like that...” She winced in concentration. She knew she had two meals judging by the squirming in her gut, but besides that, it was just hazy glimpses of gunfire and roaring. Hazy glimpses that scared her from what she might find in her memory. Opening her eyes, she looked over her armour.

“Armour looks like it took at least fifty shots. Some broke through ... but it takes more than a few bullets to stop a minotaur. But ... fudge ... could you *please* get me a medic? I’m a tough girl, but I’d rather have my blood *inside* my body...”

“Oh right, sorry. Hey, need two medics here now!” White yelled out to her squad. Two human girls, one with black hair, the other brown, walked through the torn gateway and approached her. They were dressed in white and blue jumpsuits, paramedic uniforms torn, dirty and ragged. Across their backs and secured with metal wire were large tanks taken from office water coolers. They were filled with a red liquid. With wide eyes they approached Mina and awkwardly stood a few steps from her body, looking over her gigantic, prone form.

“What are you waiting for? I ain’t gonna bite...” Mina grunted as she spread herself out flat. Undoing a set of straps, she hefted up her chest plate and let it clatter to the ground. Undoing some of her extremity armour, she revealed an underlayer peppered with holes oozing blood. The medics gulped, before they cautiously crawled up onto her body, and dressed the sea of wounds stretching out around her. They went over her body, pulled out the numerous bullets and patched the bleeding with bandages. And tried to ignore the faint squirms beneath their gloved hands.

Mina could’ve done it herself but preferred to have smaller human hands take care of the fiddly bits. She grunted as they worked. Instead she just reached into her pocket, pulled out a plastic water bottle filled with an opaque red liquid and began drinking. She winced at the bitter taste but kept gulping, downing it in thick, rolling swallows that bulged out her neck. The two prey in her gut got but a moment’s warning before it splashed onto their heads like a waterfall and added to the churning mire they stewed in.

Mina didn’t give them a thought as she drank the last few drops and put it back into her pouch with a sigh. Already she could feel the tingling start to spread through her body as her wounds slowly knitted back together. It was general purpose healing solution capable of greatly speeding up the body’s natural regeneration. A mainstay of medical technology, the two medics had water coolers filled with it on their backs. In Mina’s opinion, the discovery of how to mass produce it was one of the greatest advancements of the modern age. A definite improvement and development over the swirling glass vials called ‘healing potions’ from the ages of old. Letting the medics do her work, she looked back down to the Colonel.

“Ha ... ha ... thanks for the medics Colonel. I can’t hear any gunshots ... did they all surrender?” Mina asked.

“That’s what my troops are saying ... never seen anything like it. As soon as they saw you pounding your way through, they all scattered, and when they saw us following behind you, they surrendered almost immediately. That and well ... you devoured two of their soldiers right in front of them ... that broke their morale pretty quick...” White’s eyes couldn’t help but wander towards the faint, squirming bulge in Mina’s stomach.

While her upper chest was protected with a solid plate, the part covering her belly was more segmented and jointed. This allowed it to bend to accommodate ‘meals’, showing a clear bulge while the contents within were hidden from view. All White could see was a faint wiggling and hear the tiniest of cries from within. Yet she couldn’t rip her eyes away from it, and a few of the other soldiers couldn’t help but give fearful looks as they went past as well.

The medics couldn't keep their eyes away from it for more than a few seconds at a time either.

"Yeah ... it does... it does..." Mina muttered, looking down forlornly across her squirming and yelping gut. She slowly kneaded and rubbed as if trying to soothe it.

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Inside her stomach it was a dark, twisting place, no light, no bearings, just disorientating darkness. The two were covered in spit as they were pressed against each other by the tight walls, squeezing and kneading their naked bodies across each other. They were face to face and curled up in the foetal position. Slimy, glistening thighs and breasts rubbed over each other's, yet any carnal desires were the last thing on their mind. Disorientating, slimy darkness surrounded them; direction impossible to find in the mire. All around them groaned the machinations of her body: the pounding of her heart, the gush of her lungs, the slimy gurgles of her gut.

What was worse was what they shared the stomach with: a green, slimy mess of a chewed-up salad that went up to their waists and sloshed from side to side like a tumultuous sea. It had been stewing there for hours, ever since she ate it for breakfast. The lettuce had been chewed to a thick sludge, while chunks of tomato slapped across their spit-soaked thighs. It didn't burn, yet it still felt simply disgusting.

Only a tiny pocket of air was left for them, reducing their protests to faint squirms and breathless mewls. But they could barely hear themselves over the thud of Mina's heartbeat, the steady breath of her lungs, and the liquid sounds of messy digestion ringing out from just below them. A digestion they would become all too familiar with before long...

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"Did you really have to do that though? Like .. that's just so brutal..."

"I know ... I know how you feel. But I don't really have a choice in this ..."

"But ... can't you like let them out or something? I don't think they're a threat anymore."

"*Yeah ... let ... let us out!*" A faint voice squealed from her gut, buried beneath layers of muscles and armour. Mina just looked away to the side, as if in indecision, before looking back.

"Sorry. They're ... they're going to get digested. Military policy. You eat em, you digest them. No ifs or buts."

"Wait, really?"

"Yeah ... it's to make sure the hostiles don't think we'll let out again to intimidate them further. Command ... I don't think they like it either, but it's the rules..."

"But what if they surrender?"

“Then it’s too late, they get digested. If they wanted to surrender, they could’ve done it before I ate them, they had plenty of time.”

“Fuck girl... that’s ... that’s dark! That’s sick!”

Mina’s mood darkened, and she looked down with a faint burn in her eyes. But it wasn’t anger, but resolution, tinged with a hint of sadness. She leaned in close.

“Look ... it’s for the best. Faster they surrender, less casualties, and less civilians get killed. I don’t like it, okay? But sometimes, as crappy as it is, you need to take some lives to save a lot more.”

Silence as Mina leaned back against the wall. White just stared on with wide eyes. She wanted to yell, to scream, but couldn’t.

“These fucks have been torching aid caravans, right?” Mina muttered, giving her stomach a tough, firm knead.

“Yeah... trying to starve the people into submission...”

“Well, since you don’t need to feed me, I guess now there’s more food to go around. And heh, it’s an ironic punishment.” She smirked briefly, before returning to her dour mood. Rubbing her gut, she cooed and moaned in instinctive predatory joy, before wincing in shame.

“Hey ... you girls finished up?” She looked away from White and to the medics, calling out quickly to change the tone. They had patched up the last spot of bleeding on her legs.

“Yea ... yeah...” one mumbled, before they both clambered off Mina’s form.

She did her armour back up, wincing slightly as she squeezed her chest-plate back on. With a grunt of exertion and a wobble of her squirming gut, Mina got up to her feet. Her bones protested, her muscles groaned, and she grunted through gritted teeth, but she got up. The medics, having treated all the wounds they could, backed up in amazement. The idea anyone could get up after such injuries was quite the shock to them. It was half a shock to her too. Everything still hurt all over. Her right upper-arm stung and throbbed; no doubt it was fractured from bashing through the gate. Her body wanted to stay back on the ground, lay and rest for days, but Mina couldn’t let it. So long as there was fighting, she’d keep going.

Mina rolled her shoulders, patted her gut and flicked down her visor. Her armour had lost its clean lustre, with the white of bandages glimpsed through the holes. She looked down at the closest medic.

“Hey ... got a question for ya. How many shots did you dig out?”

“Uhh ... I think I got about three ... Michelle there got five...”

“Huh, less than I expected. Hey, can I have them?”

“Sure...” she muttered, holding up the chunks of blood-soaked steel in her gloved hand. Reaching down with fingers the size of her arms, she gingerly grabbed the shards and put them in a little pocket on her chest. She then took out a marker in her pocket and put eight more marks on her helmet. She was now up to thirty.

“You ... you track how many times you got shot?!” White stammered as Mina slipped the marker back into her pocket.

“Yeah ... better than those Alsatia assholes that count their prey. I don’t count the times during training though.”

“Wait what?” The two medics muttered but Mina didn’t hear them.

“Okay, where do you need me now?”

“Err, are you in a position to fight? You did just say you got shot over a dozen times...”

“There’s a city of people to protect, so it’s going to take more than few bullets to stop me. Besides, all of my major organs are working, so I don’t see a reason I can’t fight...”

“Fuck, I wish I had your durability...” White looked away, before focusing back on Mina. “Anyway, here’s what we gotta do. This HQ was really their last proper position, but they’ve still got remnants throughout the city. So, we’ll mostly be patrolling, peacekeeping, that sort of stuff. Honestly, while you kinda scare me with that whole eating thing...” Her eyes wandered down to the faint squirms in her belly, before she snapped back up to her covered face. “...I do feel a bit safer with having a walking battle tank watching my back...”

“Awwwh, thank you.” Mina smiled, her mood buoyed with the sudden compliment.

“I think. Please, lead the way, and try to digest easy~”

“Wha ... what?” White stammered as her face turned into the colour of her namesake.

“Ugh, I was talking to my meals silly.” Mina grunted, rolling her eyes and patting her gut.

“Oh ... oh ... my bad. Sorry ... got a bit nervous there...”

“Nah, it’s alright. Although, you would look *delicious* with an apple in your mouth, and mmmh, maybe a carrot up your ass~”

“Mina!” She roared, turning around and screaming up at her face. “That’s not funny asshole, so stop joking around!”

“Sorry, sorry! I’ll stop now~” She snickered yet winced slightly at White’s sudden outburst. That always hurt. Her sudden good mood left her as quickly as it came, leaving her with nothing more than regret and embarrassment.

“Think before you speak, alright?” White hissed after giving one last glance over her shoulder.

She then walked out the shattered entrance way with Mina following close behind. White turned her head to look upwards at just how big it was, while Mina stopped to fit through it. Mina stepped out into a world quieter than she last remembered it, the gunfire no longer a deafening roar, but a distant drumbeat.

She stretched her back slightly and gave a look around. Friendly forces began to emerge from their hiding spaces and walk towards the defeated headquarters, not used to the victory. Their eyes glimmered with faint hope ... and trepidation as they stared at the colossus towering over the land, the very same beast that brought them their desperate victory.

Mina wasn't quite sure how to feel about that. She was never good at interacting with different species after all, or not even her own for that matter. She liked being kind, she tried to be kind, yet she always felt like a monstrous beast amongst them. With her role being focused on morale-breaking of enemy forces, she somewhat felt like a beast amongst her own kind. The messages on her uniform didn't help either. Shaking her head, she focused at the ground beneath her feet and followed after White.

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Every lurching step made her gut sway to and fro, rocking her two unfortunate occupants as if they were on a ship. Any attempts to claw their way up, or down, had quickly been abandoned as they realised how slippery the walls were. They couldn't get any grip to pry open the strong, muscular sphincters. Suddenly, a firm weight pressed from outside and mashed them around before pulling away with a jiggle. Mina gave her stomach a rub, hoping it would stimulate digestion and make it go faster. And, as much as hated it, it felt good. It felt forbidden and wrong, yet tickled the primal parts of her brain she didn't like to think about.

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"Hey, White?" She asked.

"Mmmh?"

"That castle back there ... what's the deal with it? The ancient castle *kinda* sticks out in a place like this. What its story?"

"Ah, that old place."

"Pardon?" Mina asked, looking down in confusing. "It's hard to hear you, my head is all the way up here you know!"

"Oh, sorry!" White said, speaking up a bit just to be heard. "Anyway, that castle, I learnt about in school. Fort made back in the early Uneducated Era by the Hiltalian Empire, to shelter a group of knights that were far from the capital, out on patrol."

"What were they patrolling for?"

"Bandits. They'd been using these hills as a staging ground for attacks into the capital, so the knights came here to try and break it up. Course, the knights didn't like the lack of support

from their bosses, so they rebelled and started their own kingdom, their own nation. Fast forward a thousand or so years, few civil wars and invasions, couple of puppet regimes from our former *glorious* masters, and here we are now. We're all just the descendants of some rebellious knights. These rebel assholes are just the same too."

Kicking a stone, she sighed and stared out into the distance.

"Our entire history, we've had to deal with these Black Mountain Raider Clan assholes. Different flags, different names, but it's all the same. They just swapped out bows and swords for assault rifles and car bombs. Always been a struggle against their take what you can, kill who you can philosophy. I thought ... I actually thought we had them beat a few years back ... guess I was wrong."

"Yeah, I know what it's like, having your work be wasted like that, I really do..." Mina grunted. "But hey, at least they're recognised internationally as a terrorist group, so you're going to get some support."

"Eh, I doubt it. I mean, I'd *love* to get some Gortwog girls, or heck, some Alsatian dog-girls to root these assholes out. But everyone's losing their shit over that Sytarian Project Swift nonsense and throwing everyone at it. They invaded the fucking country three days ago, and now everyone is joining in! Nobody is going to care about a little country like us. They're too busy dealing with some fake project that can turn people into 'giants'..." White held up her fingers in air quotes.

"You don't believe it's real?" Mina said, almost insulted. "Democratic Republic of Gortwog forces found a lab two days ago, so it's real. They *were* trying to make people giant."

"Eh, I trust em about as much as I trust a mimic. I reckon them and those Republic of Alsatia dog-girls just made it up, so they could invade them and fill their bellies. That's all it is. I mean, everyone, fucking everyone went over there last year in that United Erdenia crap to disarm it after we found out about it. How the fuck would they be able to hide something after that?"

"I don't know, okay? And I was there, I was in Operation Unrelenting Presence, I provided security. And yeah, I'm fucking pissed that we went to all this effort to do a peaceful disarmament, only for one year later for this to erupt into fucking war again. It hurts, it really does. I don't like war, okay?"

"For somebody that doesn't like war, you sure as fuck are good at it..."

"I think all problems should be solved peacefully. But when it can't ... you need to finish the fighting as quick as possible. That's how I work. I'm a pacifist, but if there is even a *one* percent chance that we missed something? Then honestly ... that war might all be worth it..."

"Pah, hypocrite. What's the big deal anyway, just a bunch of people turning big..."

Mina growled, a low seething rumble as her body trembled in fury. Her fists and jaw clenched as she stared down at the person before her, White blissfully unaware. "Don't ever say that again ... you don't know what you're talking about..."

“Oh, just shut up. Lets focus on *this* war, okay?”

Mina continued to tremble, before she let the moment of fury pass her and kept walking. She focused once more on the world around her and kept an eye out for any hostiles.

But there weren't any. The town, or this section at least, had been cleared out. That is, until White rounded a street corner and came across one of her girls, standing in front of a metal door with her hands on her hips and frustration clear on her face.

“Ugh, can you come out already?! There's nowhere to run idiot, so just stop wasting my time and get out here! I'm not going to hurt you, I promise!”

White looked up to Mina with a confused glance.

“Wait here a second and keep a lookout, let me see what's wrong...”

“Understood.”

Mina stood still, putting her out of sight of the unnamed soldier, while Colonel White sauntered over to them. Coming closer, she could see a door made from corrugated iron, leading where, she wasn't sure. It seemed to be a small maintenance shed by a large workshop. There didn't seem to be any windows nearby, and the door itself was thick and heavy. The soldier looked thin and lean, with her uniform barely fitting her and a look of exasperation across her face. Brown, tangled hair clung to her scalp, while a thin sheen of dirt covered her freckled cheeks. Across her shoulder was her name-patch: Private Brianna Smith.

“What seems to be the problem, Private?” White asked, and the girl immediately saluted her.

“Uhh, sorry Colonel, but one of the rebels ran away from me.” The private began, staring at her boots and unable to keep eye contact with her superior officer.

”I tried to chase, but I tripped over my boots. Sorry about that. She isn't armed or nothing, but she's locked herself tight in this here room.” Brianna gestured to the iron door.

“There doesn't seem to be another way out cus I can still hear her banging away in there, but she's still dug in tight. I tried talking to her, I tried kicking it, I tried yelling at her, I even tried telling her that there's a giant frog in there, but she's not coming out Colonel.”

“A ... a giant frog? You tried to get her out by saying there was a giant frog in there?” White smirked incredulously. “How would that even *fit* in there!”

“Hey, I didn't have anything else I could try! Private Gwenneth didn't have any more missiles, and Fairtree ran out of satchel charges. And that big orc girl, Redtusk or somethin, I dunno where she went. I tried to pick the lock with my hairpin like my cousin taught me to, but that just broke my hairpin. You hear that you idiot,” she turned to face the door, “you owe me a new hairpin, and now you're wasting the Colonel's time!”

“*Just go away!*” A muffled voice rang out from inside, sounding almost as meek as the soldier outside the door. “*You can't get me to come out, so just go away! I'm not even here!*”

“Yeah...” She turned back to face White. “Like I said, she’s *real* annoying.”

“You tried shooting out the lock, Private?”

“Err, no Colonel, since I thought it might bounce off and hit me. Should I try that now?”

“*No!*”

“Shut up, we’re not talking to you!” They both yelled in unison towards the door.

“But no Private, I don’t think that’s a good plan. Besides, I’ve got a much better idea. Hey Mina?!” She yelled back over her shoulder. “Got something for you!”

A grunt of approval rippled out from around the building’s corner, making the soldier instinctively gasp, before it turned to a yelp as Mina lumbered into view. One second there was just nothing but open sky, the next, there was two story giant lumbering towards her. Brianna yelped and fell straight back onto her rear.

“What the crap!” She cried, backing away in the primal instinct to flee from the creatures larger than oneself. “I thought they outlawed growth tech, goodness!”

Mina winced in pain, scowled briefly, before covering it up with a confident smirk. It was a flash of weakness the two didn’t see.

“What’s wrong, never seen a minotaur before, little girl?!” Mina thundered with a slightly cracked voice.

“Cl...clearly not!” Brianna stammered as she got to her feet, taking a few steps back in caution as the titan approached. With just a few ground shaking pounds of her hooves she was right in front of the door. She smirked down at it.

“This it?” Mina asked, jabbing a thumb towards it. White nodded, before gently grabbing Brianna’s shoulder and nudging her back from the door.

“You might wanna back up Private...”

“Duly noted Colonel...”

Mina then slammed her fist into the door with enough force to punch clean through, making both girls yelp. The girl inside did much more than yelp however, screaming madly at the sight. The shock for her was severe to say the least: a dark silence suddenly shattered as a large, groping fist smashed into her sanctum. Light streamed in and revealed the hand that reached for her.

She screamed and tried to pull away but there was barely any room to move. But still she tried, feeling the fingers brush over her legs and torso in fleeting glances. But it didn’t last for long. The fingers pinched around her left leg, the giant from outside rumbled in satisfaction, before she was ripped out through the hole, screaming. Everything was a blur for her, and by the time everything settled she found herself dangling upside down in Mina’s grasp. The minotaur raised to full height to show off her ‘catch’.

It was a thin, tall human with blonde hair that would've fallen to her shoulders if she wasn't dangling upside down. All things considered; she wasn't handling her new position very well. She breathlessly screamed and gibbered as she flailed, fists beating against Mina's chest and fingers to no effect. For Mina, watching her scream and struggle ... it triggered an urge, an instinct inside of her. She didn't see a person, she saw a *meal*. Licking her lips, she effortlessly lifted her up over her head and opened her mouth!

Her screams reached a new feverous pitch as she saw the maw yawn open, what was two pursed lips becoming a gaping pink cave. Her wide tongue rolled out like a red carpet inviting her in, tendrils of slime dripping down her chin and front. White and her private could only watch on, stunned, as she was slowly lowered in an inch at a time. The looming gullet came closer, the hot and heavy breath became stronger. Mina exhaled in satisfaction, sending all the heat and humidity washing over her like a wave. She desperately planted her fists on her cheeks to try and hold herself out, but it did nothing except make her devourer chuckle in amusement. Her head was about to enter the gaping maw...

And then Mina yanked her away as she realised what she was doing. Snapping her teeth shut, she quickly threw the human to the ground like a piece of trash, before taking a few steps back. The girl fell just in front of the two soldiers in a plume of dust, and after just one look up behemoth, she froze in place. She didn't run or flee, she just waited there, staring and shaking. She couldn't look away. Neither could Mina, staring in shock from what she almost just did.

Neither could White and Brianna who both stared up with gormless expressions, Brianna moreso; it was White who broke the silence.

"Private, just grab her before the giant lady eats our prisoner, alright?" White grunted, before giving her a not too gentle nudge on the shoulder. It seemed to snap her out of it, as she walked over, grabbed the rebel by the shoulder and hauled her up to the feet. She didn't fight nor protest as she was led away by the arm; she just kept staring at Mina over her shoulder.

As soon as the rebel was led around the corner, White looked back up to Mina.

"You mind telling me what the fuck I just saw?" She hissed with a barely restrained fury.

"Fuck, sorry I ... I wasn't thinking." Mina stammered, as if she was a child explaining herself to an angry teacher. "I ... just wasn't thinking, sorry, it won't happen again."

"It better fucking not!" White yelled with a stamp of her foot. "If any of my soldiers pulled some shit like that, I'd probably be screaming at them for a month! What were you thinking?"

"It, look, I can't control it, okay? The ... the predatory instinct, it's baked into my head!" Mina's voice was cracked, desperate, with faint tears running down her cheeks. "Sometimes I just ... act first, think later, and it just nudges me in the wrong direction. I can't turn it off..."

"Predatory instinct? What are you talking about?"

“You ... you don’t wanna know about it, or where it comes from. I ... it won’t happen again, I promise.”

“It better.” White dryly replied before walking off. Taking a moment to compose herself, Mina followed.

The mood was awkward, silent; they kept looking out into the city instead of talking amongst themselves. White couldn’t help but look over her shoulder back at the beast that followed after her. Ever since they met she seemed weird, unpredictable, impulsive; she didn’t like it. Yet Mina herself tromped with a heavy heart, too wrapped up in herself to be even thinking of White. She felt rejected, like she could never fit in, and not just because of her size.

They weren’t alone for long, with a squad of White’s soldiers catching up from the castle and joining in the patrol. Rifles in hand and helmets on their head they followed the pair down the dusty streets, looking out into the buildings, and up at her. Mina could feel every gaze bore into her body.

Before long there were people on the side of the road and moving from building to building. Some were trying to move about, rebuild their lives after being freed, but most stared in shock up at her. The tall, lumbering giant that shook the ground with every step. Said giant averted her gaze and tried not to rattle the buildings too much with her hooves. Meanwhile, she saw White being waved at, with a few walking up to her to thank her for her service.

“Why can’t I get anything like that?” Mina thought, looking down over her armour and the sea of bullet-holes swept across it. Even now the wounds still stung as the regenerative compounds slowly knitted her flesh back together. She’d been shot over a dozen times to save these people, and they looked up to her not in appreciation, but fear. It wasn’t a new feeling to her. But it still stung harsher than any bullet. Her gaze wandered down to her stomach and the faint bulges pressing inside. She hoped they couldn’t see her meals. And if they did, she just hoped that they understood it was to help them, save them, do good. Mina understood that sometimes, fear, and being terrifying, was the best way to save lives.

But it didn’t make it any easier.

“If it helps them, if it saves them, then it’s all worth it ... right?” She thought, wistfully rubbing her stomach, relishing slightly in just how good the meals felt. That made her feel a little better.

There were no hostiles, no engagements or surprises for either them as they roamed around the city. The rebels had scattered like rats into the concrete maze, and Mina doubted they’d rear their ugly heads against her. She could relax and let her heart settle for once. Nothing happened as they continued to patrol the city.

Chapter Three: The Towering Guardian

Yet for the two inside her gut, they definitely couldn't relax as they continued to stew in her slimy stomach. An hour had passed and the first stage of digestion bubbled away, with the air thick with noxious, fermenting gasses. The green, leafy mire bubbled and churned, knocking them from side to side. They were both sitting against the stomach walls, knees to their chest and pressing hard against each other. And the few scraps of clothes left on their body had digested away to leave their bare, slimy skin sliding over each other. Anywhere else, it would've been sensual, but trapped inside a churning, slimy stomach it was anything but. The prey continued to squirm and struggle faintly, having mostly accepted their long, gradual digestion.

"Starting to wish I never signed up..." one of them muttered.

"Just ... just shut up..." the other retorted.

A thick grumble rippled through the stomach around them, shaking them from side to side, before the walls suddenly clenched in. The greenish mush surged up over their head, trapping them in slimy darkness, before the stomach relaxed and dropped the salad again. Yet above them, travelling upwards, was a thick wad of mush moving upwards.

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Trotting along, Mina casually regurgitated some of her breakfast with a '*GLRK*', before chewing on it once more. She tossed the mush from side to side, chewing it down to a thin, slimy paste. It was a good meal that she enjoyed tasting once more with drool seeping out of the corner of her mouth.

"Ugh, do you have to do that?" One of the soldiers directly behind her muttered. "That's so disgusting, regurgitating your meals like that..." Mina rolled her eyes, giving it a few final set of chews before tilting her head back and swallowing it down.

"I'm a ruminant, don't really have much of a choice."

--

When the swallow rang through their confines, the girls had a moment to prepare before a hot, slimy bolus of food splattered across their heads and joined the mire once more. But the walls contracted once more and forced up another chunk of solid food. More chewing, more stewing, more swallowing, before another set of regurgitation started the process once more. The stomach contents were slowly, messily and nosily chewed and broken down to a thin masticated liquid.

The girls groaned and whined with every disgusting passage both up and down, yet quickly adjusted to the monotony. They groaned as the walls clenched yet again, only for one to squeal as the walls forced them up! The stomach walls squeezed down tight and forced the first meal up into the throat which squeezed them up. They wriggled as they were dragged upwards, before being forced up into the large, minotaur maw. Their upper body was forced out onto the large, broad tongue while their waist laid pinned in Mina's throat.

“Freedom, yes, freedom ... ack ... no!” She screamed as the tongue surged up and battered against her body, licking her over and rolling her around in the tight confines. She was swished and passed around the mouth like a lolly. Mina’s broad teeth came down and lightly squeezed and nibbled on her, but didn’t break the skin, the minotaur merely savouring the girl’s flavour. She hummed and mused as she tossed and licked them all over, while trying to ignore the nagging voice at the back of her mind. The act of consumption left her guilty, so, she figured she might as well enjoy the flavour where she could. Besides, to consume like this, to enjoy them like this, it just felt *right*. Even though it left her cheeks burning with embarrassment and shame. Her mouth was filled with the wet sounds of her broad tongue and the girl’s muffled screams.

She continued to walk as she savoured her flavour, while the rest of the troops just tried to ignore the muffled screams. One of the female soldiers, a meek human girl, whispered to the elf beside her.

“Should ... should we say something?”

“No ... just stay quiet, okay?” The other soldier hissed back.

“But ... there’s people in there!” She whispered in a shout, attracting a few turned heads but thankfully nothing more.

“These fucks have been torching the city, so it’s really hard for me to give a shit if they become minotaur shit, alright? Ask anyone else here, and they’ll tell you the same thing...”

“But, but...”

“Look, if you disagree, then you can bring it up with *her*.” She jabbed a finger up at the lumbering giant. The objector, looked up at her nervously, swallowed and opened her mouth ... before shutting it once more. Holding her head down she blended back into the squad and didn’t say anything.

A few others thought to speak up but quickly fell silent. White just rolled her eyes and tried to focus on anything besides Mina.

After a set of long, torturous licks and gnaws, the last of her flavour was sucked away. With a final squeeze she tossed her head back and swallowed her down. As she sloshed into the stomach chamber she sighed and let out a breath of hot air. It felt good, but she felt guilty for enjoying it. At the very least it made the prey struggle less.

But she wanted more, so with another gulp she forced the other prey up into her mouth, only to find she got the first prey again.

“Ugh, sorry...” she muttered, gulping her down before she had a chance to scream and then getting the other prey. She was definitely feistier, squirmier, pushing, kicking and shoving against her tongue. It was a battle taking place in her maw, but it was one she would definitely win. Yet she continued to put up a good fight, pulling herself forwards, dragging herself forwards, until with a spray of saliva she burst out of her lips. Just her head and hands poked free with Mina’s mouth wide in surprise.

After taking a moment to catch her breath on the sweet, non humid air, she planted her hands on Mina's lips and tried to pull herself out.

"Ugh, let me go, you fucking dumb cow bitch!" She roared, rearing back and trying to elbow Mina's eyes. But it didn't do much with Mina quickly tossing her head back and pushing her back into her mouth to lick and taste her all over.

"What ... what the fuck was that?!" One of the soldiers yelled up at her.

"Nothing...just pretend you didn't hear anything..." Mina muttered before going back to tasting and licking her all over. After a minute of tasting and gnawing on her screaming, struggling prey, she ripped her head back and gulped her down.

"GULP! Ahh... bad idea to make it about species. I always hated speciesists, thanks for making me feel better about churning you up." Her threat earned her a fresh squeal and struggle from her stomach that amounted to nothing more than a satisfying belly rub. "Speaking of which ... time to help you along with that, nnnffff..."

With a grunt she clenched down with her gut, crushing and squeezing her prey with the muscular walls. They squirmed as the mess surged up past their heads, only to scream as they felt themselves getting squeezed into the next chamber. A slimy sphincter near their toes irised open and swallowed them up to their ankles. They fought and struggled, trying to pull out, yet Mina's gut was stronger. Nothing could stop them as they were slowly squeezed into the chamber on the left side of Mina's body.

The weaker elven prey went first, then the fighting human, both being forced through with their bare bodies sliming over the stomach walls. The faint bulge through her armour shifted to the left side of her body. They were now in the second chamber, a much tighter place with barely any room left to breathe. The walls were more vigorous and kneading, while a strange, tingling ooze was worked across their bodies.

"Are ... are we digesting?!" The meeker one cried.

"Not yet," Mina grunted. "so just shut up and try not to give me a headache. It *will* cover you in a digestive enzyme that will help your digestion later on though."

Another set of screams and a fresh wiggle that elicited a pained wince from Mina, and a mix of horror and disgust from everyone else in the squad. She could see it, feel it and hear it, and it made her feel all the more ashamed. Yet she couldn't deny that a part of it felt good to her, as much as she hated it. There wasn't a species in the world that didn't love a nice, big meal.

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Well, except for the species that had been eaten of course, with the two wriggling and squirming in the little space they had left. The air was thick and noxious, yet breathable, with Mina gulping down fresh air. They lurched with every step of the giant that held them as she patrolled around the city. Time dragged on in the sweltering prison.

An hour later and Mina had appeared to have stopped, with nothing more than an intermittent swaying rocking their form. Suddenly the walls rippled and convulsed, before squeezing

down tight. They yelped, thinking the third chamber was imminent, only to feel themselves get forced back. They were squirted back into the first chamber along with the thicker clumps of her previous meals. Wriggling and squirming, they tried to move up, thinking their release was imminent ... only for a wet swallow to splatter a thick wad on their heads. It was grass. They could only groan in disgust as clump and clump of grass fell down and added to the muck.

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Meanwhile, Mina chewed slowly as she stood guard, watching over a nearby aid camp from a small park. They were in the commercial district, with the small, grassy park surrounded by open promenades and tall buildings. Shopfronts lined the roads but there were few cars or people, with the war having worn down a lot of the buildings.

Mina took the opportunity to graze on some of the park's turf. She wasn't sure on what the local laws were on such grazing; in her home country at least, open grazing was legal, so long as it was within reason. Regardless, she figured nobody would miss a few patches of green here and there. It didn't taste as good as the grass back home, but she appreciated the extra bulk in her gut. She slowly moved across the grass, leaning down to take the odd bite and chew it down with her broad, flat molars before gulping it down.

"Ugh, you eat grass? That's so disgusting!" One of the guarding soldiers yelled.

"Hey, you eat beef! And you don't see me getting pissed about it!" Mina retorted after swallowing a thick wad of grass.

"Point taken!" She replied.

Content, Mina went back to grazing, before being interrupted from a voice in her stomach.

"Why'd you take us back to this first chamber if you're not going to regurgitate us?!" The second prey, the human, yelled.

"That's just how my stomach works. Thick matter gets squirted back to the first stomach, thin stuff stays behind and moves onto the next chamber."

A chorus of groans rang out before being silenced with a large gulp of a chewed bush. The thick ooze crept higher and higher as she grazed for a good ten minutes. She gave a final swallow that filled the chamber up to the brim. But her prey wouldn't get the chance to watch it ferment, as she immediately pushed and squeezed them into her second chamber. She pressed down hard with her hand to squeeze them through while letting out a content burp of satisfaction. The second chamber was a lot emptier than they remembered it, with a watery soup and thick, slimy digestive enzymes left behind. At the very least it was roomier.

A low rumble from her gut, like thunder over a distant set of mountains, interrupted her moment of peace. It was the familiar foe of hunger rearing its ugly head. A few hours out, but Mina wanted to be ready for when it did come. She had to speed this along.

With some squeals and a heavy hand pressing down on her stomach, her meals were squeezed down to the next stage of their slow digestion. The soft ground opened beneath

them and began to spread wide, only a small hole, but the slippery walls made it all the more dangerous. The thin soup began to drip through while the walls started to squeeze. But they wouldn't go down without a fight. They pressed out against the walls with their arms and legs, making themselves as big as an obstruction as possible. It seemed to work with their descent halted as the sphincter stretched wider and wider.

"Don't make this any harder for me than it has to be..." Mina grunted in pain, before thumping her chest with her fist. The walls trembled, they lost their grip, and fell into the muck below. Although to say they fell would imply a much larger amount of room they had, slowly sliding downwards while soft walls slithered over their forms would be more apt. And disgusting. Slimy walls dragged over their necks and faces before they sloshed into the third chamber, an even tighter space filled with an even thicker mush. Desperate hands scrambled upwards to try and stretch the sphincter wide, but it had already sealed tight. They were now in the third chamber, which would suck all the moisture out of the plant matter surrounding them.

With another pat of her stomach Mina looked at the world once more. Only for her ears to perk up and her head to jerk at a new sound. A rapid, staccato set of echoing beats from just a few blocks over. Gunfire.

Chapter Four: Charge

She ran. Not waiting for an order or even a conscious thought, she bolted away from the camp, cracking the concrete with her hooves as she barrelled down the road past cars and shopfronts.

“Wait, wait, where are you going?!” some soldier yelled after her, but she didn’t listen. The prey in her gut bounced and yelped with every step, kicking and struggling, but she didn’t notice. Someone was in trouble and she needed to save them.

Intersections blurred past her as the gunfire grew louder, and she saw a wide alleyway up ahead that the noise was coming from. A gap between two tall buildings up ahead and to her left. She leapt and tried to turn, but her hooves slid across the concrete and her right shoulder slammed into the wall, leaving a crater of cracks in the concrete. The prey squealed and she merely grunted with bigger things to worry about.

Up ahead, in a large clearing in the middle of the set of buildings, was a group of friendly soldiers. Soldiers cowering beneath a wall as machine gun fire slammed into it. A waist high brick wall separating partitions in a backstreet café was the only thing saving their lives. There were three soldiers behind it, one wounded, the other two desperately blind-firing over the disintegrating wall. Mina didn’t know who was firing, why, or how many, but it didn’t matter as she sprinted into the open space.

To her right, on the third floor opposite the space was a machine gunner, firing down at the trapped soldiers! In an instant, Mina saw it, and in an instant, she charged. Over the deafening roar of the automatic fire Mina heard a scream, and the bullets arced towards her. Every single bullet slammed directly into her centre of mass, but she didn’t even feel it. She just kept running.

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For the poor orcish gunner inside it was chaos. She screamed and roared as she put round after round into the target with a desperate hope to slow her down. Her belt fed machine gun devoured a line of rounds and spat out chunks of metal, but it did nothing. At the last moment the orc leapt backwards just before Mina’s fist slammed through the open window with a hail of concrete. She was in a small tiled kitchen and the massive fist loomed large in the window. Like a shambling horror it groped towards her. It wasn’t Mina, or even a minotaur to her, but its own beast. Too scared to run she crawled away on her back, towards the door on the opposite side of the room.

But the fist came closer, reaching in, groping wildly, the gauntlet reaching out for her. With every slam it came closer. She was running out of options. Beside her and leaning against the wall was a shotgun made of menacing black metal. With a girlish shriek she grabbed it, held it in both hands and pulled the trigger.

CRACK!

The shotgun bucked in her hands while the world was filled with the deafening roar of lead shrapnel careening down the barrel. The tiles rattled from the powerful strike of the weapon. And the buckshot merely bounced off her gauntlet and made Mina growl a deeper pitch.

“HOW?!” she screamed as the fist slammed closer towards her. A desperate rack of metal on metal, and a spent shell ejected before she fired another round. There was no effect. She kept crawling, the gauntlet kept encroaching, and shotgun shell after shotgun shell was fired to no effect. Eight shots she fired before she threw the gun at the fingers in desperation. She was right beside the door. Turning on her back she fumbled with the handle, expecting the fingers to clench tight around her ankle at any moment. It was right upon her...!

But the grip never came. With a slap that sent shivers up her spine it stretched as far as it could but couldn't reach her. Mina was up to her shoulder as far as she could reach but the enemy was outside of her grasp.

“Ha ... ha...” she muttered, unbelieving of her luck. “...better luck next time ... you ... you stupid cow...”

Until the gauntlet reared up, made a fist, and slammed back down. Clean through the floor.

The tiles splintered like glass while the wooden beams were ripped clean through. Her gut lurched out from beneath her as the floor collapsed and sent her tumbling right towards Mina. She screamed and held out her hands, but she fell right into it all the same. The massive digits squeezed tight around her body and yanked her back. She slid across the broken floor, hands scrambling for grip before being yanked out the window. The giant dangled her overhead by the leg.

She could see the orc properly now: dressed in a ragged uniform, dark green skin, and with spiky black hair. But Mina, still feeling the rush of adrenaline and the predatory urge, didn't notice nor care what she looked like. Her hand stung from the buckshot, while her chest was sore from all the shots that slammed into the armour plate. But the armour held strong and the calibre was weak, so she was mostly unharmed, letting her enjoy this. Not stopping to think, Mina flicked up her visor and tilted her head back. She opened her jaws wide, stalactites of saliva snapped, and the soldiers she just saved gasped as they watched her devour the orc whole.

“Ahhh~” She teased as her broad tongue flopped out over her lower teeth. A hot breath reeking of fermented grass rolled out and washed over the orc's cheeks. She was now dangling above the wide-open pit. Already she began to squirm in breathless fear, unable to rip her eyes away, but Mina paid no heed. With her free hand she groped tightly onto her chest and ripped all of her clothes away. Her bare chest with their small breasts popped free, along with the cock dangling between her legs.

A yelp of shock from her prey as Mina dextrously flicked her around like a pencil to grab her by the chest. She now dangled upright. Her fists beat against the metal hand that squeezed her tight while she felt herself slowly being lowered down.

“Nonononono, what are you doing?!” She breathlessly screamed, while the wounded squad stared on in stunned silence.

The orc couldn't see what was beneath her but the humid breath making her thighs sweat told her what she didn't want to know. Her yelps turned to a scream as she felt Mina's hot, thick

and slimy tongue slap against her bare foot. She recoiled with a scream only for the foul organ to slap against her once more.

Meanwhile, Mina growled and rumbled in approval from the delightful, sweaty flavour of her skin. She slowly fed her into her hungry maw, taking time to savour her struggles. The threat had been dealt with, so she could take a moment to savour her. More and more of her slipped between her pearly white jaws and it became harder and harder to keep her skin from Mina's probing tongue.

Up to her knees in a minotaur's mouth she held her feet out and tried to slow her descent. Sweaty skin squelched against saliva soaked gums, making her shiver, but she held strong. Mina just swished her tongue, caught up the wriggling legs and slurped them down. She was now up to her waist with the first of her toes tickling the back of her throat. A wave of discontent ripped through Mina, she wasn't quite used to that, before she swallowed. The prey were now up to her waist, with her chest ringed by her lips. Mina's fingers pulled away before the spit covered lips squeezed in tight. Breathless scrambling as she kicked and struggled, while Mina just stared with a content smirk.

She was now pinned tight like a noodle, kicking in Mina's strong maw, while her hands scrambled and punched her cheeks. But it wouldn't dissuade her.

"Let me go, let me go!" She wailed, planting her hands down firm on the lips and trying to drag herself out. All it got her was another slurp that yanked her back a few inches. She squealed as the heavy, slimy uvula bounced over the small of her back. Her legs were now fully in the throat, while her toes peeked into the first chamber. "I'm an orc ... I can't become food for an overgrown cow, I can't!"

Mina's lips merely curled while her eyes sparkled, before she gave another slurp. Her arms were spread out wide and burning as she desperately tried to keep herself out of the stomach. But it was for naught as Mina's thick tongue wormed its way out, squelching between her tight lips and the orc's breasts. It wiggled and swayed like a naga's tail before slapping into her chest. Tastebuds flattened against her chest and spread their sticky saliva, before it tugged, and her body went with it.

"No no no, you can't eat me you bi..." Her screams were abruptly silenced as her head slipped between her lips. She was now nothing more than a bulge in her mouth and a wriggling, kicking mass in her throat. A little uncomfortable, especially for an inexperienced predator like Mina, but she wasn't worried. Mina purred and moaned, savouring the strong, earthy flavour of an orc's skin. She never had such a meal before. She was delighted as she swayed and slapped her tongue from side to side. But the meal in her mouth was terrified, pushing and fighting against the tongue that buffeted him around the tight, dripping space. The tongue slapped against her cheeks and bare chest while her hands merely slid across it.

Another swallow, and the throat irised open and sucked her down by the arms. She was now pinned, spit dripping onto her cheeks while the minotaur's body rumbled around her.

GULP!

One final scream before it was silenced with a wet gulp that echoed through the square, and the flesh claimed her. All the onlookers flinched at the single, resolute sound that heralded

her end. The wriggling, screaming bulge was forced down her throat and into the foetal position in the first chamber. It was much tighter than for when the first two prey came through, with nothing but slime and a few shoots of grass lining the walls.

She wasted no time to express her fury, punching and screaming in pure indignation with all of her strength. Mina just smirked, patted her stomach, and let out a faint burp.

“LET ME OUT YOU DUMB BITCH! I’M SUPPOSED TO BE EATING YOU, NOT THE OTHER WAY AROUND! I’M AN ORC! THE WORLD OF ERDENIA BELONGS TO US!”

“Well when you put it like that, how could I *not* let you back up? Oh wait, of course I can keep you down there~”

“RAAAAARRRGGGHHH!” A horrific roar ripped forth and coincided with a strong kick that made her gut bulge slightly. Mina held her gut in unease, but she knew she’d be able to keep it down. For the two other prey however, now in a thick, gluggy mire of dried plant matter with a consistency of mud, they merely held their heads in exasperation.

“Just shut up, would you?” The human seethed, jabbing the wall with her elbow. “Not going to do anything, fuckface...”

“SHUT UP?! WHAT KIND OF HUMAN THINKS THEY CAN TELL AN ORC WHAT TO DO!”

“WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY?”

“ARRGGGGHHH!”

Mina just held her head in her hands and tried to block it all out as her gut devolved into petty bickering about species and racism. It wasn’t pretty to listen to, that was for sure. She had no idea three people could get so *loud*, as she never had three people in her stomach before. It felt a lot heavier than she imagined too, a heavy weight stretching out her armour and weighing her down slightly.

Thumping her stomach a few times to break up the argument and stun them into submission, Mina turned around and lumbered back towards the street. Only to stop dead as she realised what she had just done.

She had just devoured an enemy soldier, in front of friendly forces, and with no reason or justification. Her body burned in embarrassment and guilt, while she held her gut in unease.

“No ... not again, no...” she sobbed. But then she heard footsteps, coming from the street.

“Mina?! Where are you!” White yelled. The thought of running filled Mina, but she knew that wouldn’t help. Sighing and slumping her shoulders, she strode out into the street to meet White.

A group of soldiers from the aid camp cautiously approached, with Colonel White at the front of them. In the distance Mina saw the group of soldiers she just saved being led away on stretchers. It filled her with a small smile from the fact she saved people, before she saw their gazes, and how they looked up at her, their saviour, with *fear*.

“Where’s the shooter?! Did you capture them?!” White yelled as soon as she saw Mina, not waiting a second.

“*urp* ... yeah ... you could say that...” Mina muttered after a quick belch, looking away and unable to meet White’s gaze. White meanwhile just huffed in pure indignation and annoyance, before stamping her foot.

“Oh fuck me, you couldn’t even keep them out of your stomach?! What were you thinking?! And what were you thinking when you charged off like that, you should’ve waited for orders!”

“Look, I’m sorry okay, I can’t help it! And I don’t wait okay? People were in trouble; I went off to help them. You got a problem with that?!” Mina yelled, facing White square on. White’s small group of soldiers looked amongst each other sheepishly, before backing away. White didn’t notice.

“What if it was an ambush, what if it was to draw you away before opening up an attack on the camp, huh? Do all minotaurs act before they think or is that just a *you* problem?!”

Mina growled, a deep rumble trembling down her body and making the dust around her hooves shake. Her heart started to pound.

“In my line of work of charging fortifications, you act first, think later. Cus if I stick around long enough to think it all out, people start to fucking die okay? And I can’t live with that! And don’t you ever *fucking* say that about us again!”

Mina stomped forwards, her black hoof slamming down mere inches in front of White. The concrete cracked as the ground trembled as if an earthquake struck it. White was flung back onto her rear, staring up at the towering giant staring right down at *her* with a burning fury. Mina’s chest heaved, while her hot breath washed out of her nostrils and across White. Desperate hands flew up as a desperate girl gave a desperate apology.

“Sorry, sorry, okay, shit! I’m sorry!” She stammered as she got to her feet. “I didn’t mean to say that, okay?!”

Mina’s heart continued to pound while her fists clenched ... before she let it go. She stared, body trembling in fury, but did nothing as her heart settled and the moment of anger passed her.

“It’s ... it’s ... it’s okay. Just ... don’t say that again, okay?”

“Alright ... alright...” White muttered, her own heart racing. Slowly, looking back over her shoulder every few steps, she walked back to the aid camp. Mina trundled after her. A small crowd of civilians began to line the streets. Having taken shelter when the gunfire started, they were now coming out, staring up at Mina. Mina just looked out over them.

“Hey ... hey Mina? Got a question for you...” White began. Shaken and a little guilty, she tried to defuse the tension.

“Yeah?”

“You ... you mentioned a predatory ‘instinct’ before... what did you mean by that?”

Mina sighed, rolling her shoulders. “You really want to know?”

“Yeah...”

“Well, us minotaurs, we used to be herbivores, most of the time anyway. Consuming, predation ... that just wasn’t something we could do. We also *used* to be a bit bigger than an orc, and not this freakish size...”

“Wait what?” White blurted. “You weren’t always this big?”

Mina snorted. “What, they never taught you about us in school?”

“No. They never had the money to teach us much...”

“Oh. I’m ... I’m sorry to hear that.” An awkward silence reigned for a few seconds. “But, uhh yeah, way, way back in the Uneducated Era, we weren’t this big. Our country, Bufila, it was nothing more than a bunch of clans in the mountains. Clans also under attack from the fucking Final Dominion...”

“Oh, fuck...” Even White knew who they were. A horrific and evil elven group from the darkest days of the Uneducated Era. A ravenous group of elven mages that wanted one thing and one thing only: power. With their magical prowess and terrifying tactics they took territory after territory. When feeling particularly sadistic, their elite mages would turn giant and wreak havoc on an unprepared world. Growing giant to wreak havoc, and shrinking away their foes to nothingness, that was their brutal speciality. It carved them out a reign of tyranny with the aftereffects felt to this day. It united the world in its hatred and ban of all fields related to such horrific growth. Nobody wanted the reign of giants to return.

“We held our own, we did. But then the two overlords, their rulers, Elai and Fyai, or whatever the fuck they were called, they came in and personally broke our backs. Captured everything and everyone in less than a week. Turned us into slaves, *warrior* slaves. To them, we were just mindless beasts to fight for them. But that wasn’t good enough for them. They had to twist us, mutate us, use their so called ‘magic’ to reshape them in their twisted image. They ... they even grew us, made us these giants! When we overthrew them, we had to come home to villages too small for us!”

Tears started to build at the edge of eyes. Her throat started to tighten, as she looked around her, as if looking for help in an uncaring world.

“They ... they made a virus, some virulent strain of magic, that twisted and mutated every single one of us. Toughened our skin, thickened our bones, and worst of all, made us giant. Their forbidden size magic, it’s in us, always. We’re walking abominations. That same shit

those Sytarian fucks are trying to do with their Project Swift or whatever, turn people into giants. And ... on top of this ... they got into our brains. Planted a desire, an instinct, that makes eating people feel ... good. It just ... it makes my fucking blood boil that after a thousand fucking years, I'm still just a monster they made..."

She sighed, letting her arms hang limp by her sides as she slowly trundled down the road.

"Well ... fuck, I thought I had it bad. I'm ... I'm sorry..."

"Yeah, thanks. Thank you." Mina replied.

Neither of them talked the way back to the aid camp. Mina stood guard in front once more while White went inside, no doubt guiding and ordering her troops. None of the other guards said anything about her sudden charge. Mina wasn't sure if White was to thank for that. In any case, she just stood guard, watching over everyone like a giant sentinel.

After a few minutes, Mina spied a large group walking down the road. At the front were a group of soldiers, but they didn't look local, and they were leading a group of orcs and elves. They were dressed in uniforms, but not military, being white and having the flags of numerous nations across their shoulders. The orcs carried hulking packs, some tanks of regenerative compounds, while the elves carried bags of medical gear. The guards were of mixed species, some orcs, some elves, and some humans. But they all wore dark blue helmets with "United Erdenia" across the side.

Naturally they all stared up in shock when they saw Mina looming over the world. Seeing that the guard in charge of entry wasn't around, and figuring that White was probably too busy, Mina went out to greet them. Their gazes turned skywards to meet her as she approached, while some gently backed away.

"Relax, I'm not going to yell at you or anything." Mina began, and they calmed down ever so slightly. "What are you all here for, you need some help?"

"Uhh, we're fine, just fine thanks!" The lead soldier, a meek naga girl, called up to Mina. With her shimmering green and yellow scales that covered her from head to tailtip, she looked quite out of place. Mina was surprised; she figured the naga was probably from Wrifae. "We're just escorting some aid workers, providing security!"

"Aid workers huh? If you don't mind me asking, where are you from?"

One of the orcs were the first to speak. A tall girl with short brown hair, thick glasses, and a heavy backpack.

"Ahh, it's okay! We're government aid workers here to setup a hospital. My girls are from the Democratic Federation of Gortwog, the others from the United Windwalker Kingdom!"

Mina couldn't help but chuckle and give a genuine smile. She knew enough about history to find nothing less than *joy* at seeing the two countries work together.

"Ahh ... peace in our times, peace in our times..." she muttered to herself. "Would you like me to help out with that?"

“Well we were going to get some heavy equipment ... but I don’t think we’ll need it if you’re around!” Mina couldn’t help but smile at that.

“I’ll be glad to help!”

Chapter Five: End of The Day

The rest of the day was spent working with them at the aid camp. Clearing rubble, moving girders, carrying huge loads, the kind of stuff that Mina excelled at. It saved them quite a bit of time, and best of all, made her feel wanted. Welcome. Whenever they thanked her for carrying a one tonne steel beam, it made her feel like life wasn’t that bad.

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Of course, for the meals inside her stomach, life was very bad indeed. With every bend, every lift, every heft of her frame, the body holding them twisted and turned. Slimy walls slithered over them and rubbed more slime and ooze across their naked forms. The elf laid motionless, the human wriggled and pressed in instinctive defiance, while the orc screamed, hollered and kicked with an almost mythical endurance. While the layers of armour helped quieten it down, Mina could still hear it. It quickly grew uncomfortable before long. Mina didn’t ruminate her for this express reason, quickly squeezing her down into the second chamber and keeping her there, hoping it would make her quieter.

All of Mina’s exertion raised the temperature to an unbearable degree. Outside her guts Mina sweltered and sweated inside her armour, but inside her stomach, it was beyond compare. The heat baked in from every angle, working its way through their skin and bringing them beyond sweating. It left them hazy and unable to think.

As the hours ticked by, the gooey mess of grass and vegetables thickened into a thick, sludgy mire. It became as thick as mud, a hot, fermented mess clinging to their skin. With only a tiny pocket of rancid air to breathe, it was simply revolting. Yet it was better than the slumbering beast right beside them: the final chamber. Only a wall of flesh gated it away, with it lowly churned and grumbling. Occasionally a tiny squirt of grass would be shifted away, and they could hear it churn about, dissolve, and then gurgled away into the intestines beneath them.

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As the sun set over the wartorn city and a golden haze descended from the sky, Mina finished the last of her work. What was once a rubble strewn vacant lot had been cleared, prepped, dug for foundations, and all the building materials laid in neat piles in the corner. The concrete would be poured tomorrow and the steel frame would go up. Not a bad day’s work. The kind of work that built a hearty appetite.

Bidding the orcs and elves goodbye, Mina slinked away, cradling her swollen gut. White had left already for headquarters with no orders for now, so she figured she was free. The good deed left her feeling nice, but simply ravenous. She could feel her muscles weakening, and her stomach loudly gurgled for a meal. It wasn’t content with the dead weight in her first chambers or the tiny sips of plant matter, it needed meat, *now*. And Mina wasn’t one to

disobey her body. The only reason she didn't digest them already is because she didn't want people to see it happen. She herself could barely stomach it. Looking for a place to digest them in peace, she settled on an abandoned shipping yard and hid herself away. Flopping down against one of the shipping containers, the metal only coming up halfway to her back, she squeezed her gut.

"Last stop girls... this is it." She muttered, bringing about a fresh flurry of struggles. "I wish ... I wish it didn't have to be this way... but ... this is war. Goodbye..."

With a grunt, she hefted up her stomach and clenched down. A throat, body shaking belch slipped out of her jaws as the walls came in tight and squeezed. The sphincter beneath the orc opened and the hands forced her into the third chamber, sliding into the mass of squealing, mewling girls. They laid side by side, breasts against faces, as the walls squeezed them to the right. Into the final chamber.

When the sphincter slid across the orc's face, the first thing that hit her was the smell. Acid, pure and refined, burning up her nostrils and making her gag. A furious struggle gripped her but they were forced in all the same. With a squeeze and slosh, they slid into the fourth chamber.

It was even smaller than the last chamber, a tight squeeze with the walls barely stretching out to let them in. Folded walls slithered past them as they were slowly forced in, yielding to their presence, but crushing them for it. As soon as the sphincter opened it was like they were presented to a furnace, with a blazing heat shining through, the very heart and core of her hunger. Already it was hot inside of her after all of her exertion, but now, it was beyond imagination.

With a final squeeze, they were pushed inside. A little bit of acid seeped back behind them before the muscular sphincter sealed tight. They were all alone in the crushingly tight chamber. They could barely move! As soon as they slid inside the walls got work. Folded, acid soaked walls squeezed, kneaded and rubbed them like dough, flattening them out, working them down with the powerful acids.

All they could do was struggle. No screaming, just squirming, pushing and shoving with the last of their strength. Their naked bodies slithered across each other as they struggled. Hands slid over Mina's stomach, each other, it was all covered in acids so well, they barely knew anymore. All they could do was wriggle.

Mina just winced as she rubbed her gut, but her hoof began to shake in primal satisfaction as the stomach rewarded her for the meal. Endorphins blossomed as her mind rewarded her for the meal with a primal, baked in response. Her cheeks burned with embarrassment and disgust from the fact she was feeling pleasure from digesting *people*. But it was so strong, and Mina was so tired, she couldn't fight it anymore. It was going to make her feel good whether she liked it or not, so why fight it? Footprints and handprints pushed out from her taught belly, only for her hands and armour to push it right back in.

"Hehe, keep struggling girls." She teased, licking her lips as the last of the guilt fell away. "All it'll do is slather you up with my acids, break you down faster..."

She wasn't lying. With every slide of their bodies they coated themselves in more acid, fresh jets spurting from the walls and sizzling against their skin. Not that it mattered, for the kneading walls were more than enough. With all of the enzymes they'd been stewing in already their bodies started to turn to mush. Their skin bubbled and oozed into a thick, gooey paste that joined the sloshing mire around them. They could feel themselves start to break down, their minds turning to haze, everything becoming fuzzy, hot and distant. But they kept fighting.

And Mina kept rubbing. Her hands rubbed and squeezed her rounded gut, treating it like dough almost. Their kicks and squirms felt *amazing*. Every so often, they'd kick *just* right, and tickle her most sensitive spot.

"Nnnfff, so good, so good..." She moaned, blushes across her cheek. She couldn't control herself or her impulsive urges. Taking her armour off would take too long, so she hiked up her legs and bucked her hips. She dragged her lower lips against the crotch plate of her armour. If she thrust just right, she could catch her clit on the very tip and send a jolt up her spine. The carnal pleasure, sating her stomach with a meal, it just felt *right*.

The prey were at the very edge now. Their bodies mushified away, while the walls squeezed tighter and tighter. They couldn't feel anything now but the kneading walls breaking them down, and the raw heat baking into their bodies. The stomach around them bucked and sloshed again and again as Mina desperately humped her armour. All they could do was twitch. This was it...

Mina humped harder and harder, squeezing her breasts with one hand and her stomach with the other. The ground trembled with the pounding of her body against the dirt but she didn't care. All she could think about was pleasure and her meal.

"Ha ... yes ... yes ... nfff ... yes!"

Her moan turned to a squeal as she slammed herself down one last time and came.

SPLRCHT!

The stomach walls squeezed down tight and they couldn't take any longer. With a wet splat, the girls came apart into a thick, meaty goo. It sounded like a lump of goo being splattered beneath a foot. In an instant the last of their definition disappeared into the mire and they fell still. Their thick, gooey remains sloshed from side to side in the churning stomach. Already the acid began to thin the ooze. They were now nothing more than a minotaur's meal.

Mina panted as she came down from her orgasmic high, the last few spurts of nectar staining her armour. It wouldn't show through as a damp patch, but she definitely needed to wash her suit out tomorrow. She could feel faint beads of wet heat around her nipples from a tiny spurt of milk from her orgasm. Laying against the shipping container she panted, feeling the sweat coating her skin and the goo sloshing through her gut.

"Fuck ... that felt good..." she muttered. But then, as the orgasmic high left her, she felt the guilt slam back in. Her hands pressed against her stomach and she winced as she realised they were now nothing more than sludge. She had just killed three people ... and orgasmed while doing it.

“No ... *sob* ... no ... I’m sorry...” She rubbed her gut as if to console them even though she knew they were long gone. She slowly rose to her full height, gripping the container for support. As she stood up her now liquid filled gut sloshed down and hung slightly, while drips of cum ran down her inner thighs. The feeling filled her with even more shame.

“Why ... why can’t I think first, then act later? Why?”

Looking up, she saw the first stars start to twinkle in the sky. Looking up to one, Mina felt a sudden burning shame and looked down at the ground. She could almost hear them laughing in her ears.

Flicking up her visor and wiping away the sweat, she staggered her way to camp, head hung in shame. The local forces had setup a military base by a set of old warehouses, and with a long day, all she wanted was rest. As she walked her stomach lowly bubbled and groaned as it worked them down to a thin liquid. And then, it would be a one way trip down to her intestines.

Eventually she entered the camp, a wide open facility with high fences, barracks, and some armoured vehicles. Naturally everyone stared, but Mina didn’t feel *too* embarrassed. She spied Private Smith from earlier near the centre, counting supplies, so she lumbered towards her.

“Hey, Brianna?” Mina called and the poor girl nearly leapt out of her skin as she saw her.

“Goodness, yeesh, hey Mina! Sorry ... sorry about that! Hey, umm, a truck filled with supplies for you arrived!”

“Oh, good, good, I was wondering about that... hey, do you know where I’m going to be sleeping tonight?”

“Uhh, in the barracks?” Smith mumbled, as if it was the most obvious thing in the world. Mina looked to the barracks, a collection of canvas tents filled with bunkbeds. The tents barely reached up to her waist. Mina looked back at her.

“Seriously?”

“Oh, uh, fudge, sorry! Forgot about the whole ... you being a giant thing. Err, umm, gah, sorry, I got no clue. White didn’t say nothing about where you’d been staying. Guess you could sleep in one of the warehouses, I guess...”

“Ugh...” Mina grunted, but she was too tired to argue. “At least it’ll be better than a ditch. Thanks anyway...”

She turned and left. If her tail wasn’t beneath her armour, she would’ve slapped Smith across the face with it. But with a meal in her stomach she couldn’t stay angry for long. By the gates was a large semi-trailer, with a massive, canvas bag sprawled across it. It looked simply massive, but for Mina, it looked a little small. She hefted it up by the strap and slung it over her shoulder before looking for a place to sleep.

It didn't take long to find one. A three story warehouse with a large roller door, a catwalk around the sides, and skylights. It was a nice, open concrete space big enough for her; just what she needed. It was the size of a small bedroom relative to her. Dropping her bag by the door, she went out again. First, she'd need to make it a little more comfortable.

Finding a large skip filled with scrap tires, she dragged it back to her home and made a thin covering of it. Not much, but it would do. Spreading it out into a shape similar to a bed, she stepped inside and then slid the door shut. Making sure to block the smaller entranceways with some scrap metal, she finally felt at peace and had some privacy.

And so, she began to strip.

The helmet was the first to go. Clips and straps along the top were flicked up to allow the sides of it to hinge away, revealing her bare head. With a little bit of effort she managed to slid it up and past her horns before gently putting it on the ground. With a toss of her head her short brown hair, matted with sweat, poked out into the open air. Slipping off her goggles revealed sparkling green irises. Across her brow and above her right eye was a long scar that traced across her head, carving out a furrow of hair in its presence. An old wound from a previous peacekeeping mission. Across the back of her neck was the only tattoo on her body: her blood-type.

Next went her vest, a myriad of clips and zippers being undone to loosen her armour and let it slip free. Beneath all the armour it was nothing but bare skin to cut back on weight and let her skin breathe. Slowly she pulled it up over her head. Her gut was the first thing to pop out, sagging out and down, jiggling with the exertion of her body. Next were her bare breasts, hanging out without a care in the world. Relative to her body, they were of medium to moderate size, yet for anyone else they were more than big enough for any fantasy. After setting the armour down she couldn't help but squeeze and feel them before letting out a sigh.

She then slid down her leggings. Only a tiny stubble of creamy white fur adorned her legs. As a Linebreaker, she had to keep all her fur shaved, just so she wouldn't cook herself to death. Tucked between her thick, muscular thighs was her clean-shaven lower lips, still dripping with shameful arousal. Dangling across her ass-cheeks was a short, cow tail. She sighed as she flicked it from side to side, glad to have it out in the open after so long.

She was bare, naked and alone. With no armour, her true body, her true form shined through. Her thick muscles and set of abs showed her as a strong warrior. But all the bandages and wounds across her form showed she was a wounded one. Faint scars, yet to heal from the regenerative compounds, littered her body like freckles across cheeks. Some were tiny lines from glancing blows. Others were massive splatters of scar-tissue, looking almost like a flower, earned by anti-tank missiles. They all hurt, wearing down on her bones, but she didn't mind. Whenever she did, she just thought about why she earned them, who she was fighting for, and it made her feel better.

Slumping down onto the tires, she stretched herself out and tried to make herself feel comfortable on the thin mattress. Eventually she laid gut down, head across her arm. It was comfortable enough to sleep on.

And yet ... she couldn't. Today, what she did, the pleasure she took from digesting, it left her worrying. Was she a good person? Was she? Another gurgle shot up through her gut and left her uneasy.

"I'm just a monster, aren't I? I'm the beast I was made to be ... voracious ... uncaring..." she muttered, a fresh tear forming at the corner of her eye. Looking up through the skylight, she saw a twinkling sea of stars.

She knew they were up there. Her creators, the beasts that twisted her species an age ago. Watching from the afterlife, judging her, their very own creation. She couldn't help but cringe at the piercing gaze she knew was there. They made her to be a beast, a warrior, a monster, and she was being just that. All anyone saw her as was just that, a monster.

But ... she then smiled. For she knew who she was fighting for, and who she was fighting against. A reign of tyranny of evil and hatred created her, and now, she was fighting those very same ideals. The greatest insult, for she was their greatest failure.

Grinning, she looked up to the stars and gave them the finger.

"Fuck you, assholes~" She teased, before rolling back over and falling asleep. Knowing that even if no-one else loved her, the people she saved was more than enough.

Serenity passed her as she slumbered, moonlight falling across her face as she had a deep, peaceful sleep. But her stomach was anything but. For several hours it churned, sloshed and groaned, mixing the ooze with the very acid that claimed them, thinning them down to chyme. It bubbled and oozed, sending gas up her throat to be belched out as she slept. She did not mind of course, for to be satisfied and satiated felt lovely. Acids, plants and meat were all broken down to nothing more than a thin, goopy mire, dotted with the bones of her struggling prey. All churned away, the stomach fell still.

Only for the pyloric sphincter to open, and begin the next stage of their final journey. Slowly, it opened, letting forth a trickle of chyme into her duodenum. But it only widened, sending more and more of them down into her intestines. A bubbling gurgle filled her gut as they drained away.

GRRGGLGLGLLLLLGLGLLLLLLL...

It was sounded like a plug being pulled from a drain. A river swirled away into her duodenum, crashing across the fleshy walls and disappearing deeper into her lower intestines. As the first nutrients crashed across her villa, Mina's lips curled upwards in her sleep as a primal hunger was sated. For her, it was serene, but inside the stomach everything churned and twisted as it fell away down the whirlpool. Even the skulls were swept away. The spun and clacked against each other before landing in the sphincter. The fleshy surface paused, struggling to fit them through, before one by one they slipped away into her intestines with a 'plop'. With a final, draining gurgle, the last of their bodies slipped away into her guts, leaving her stomach empty and content. With a final discharge of gas, almost as if it was belching, the sphincter sealed back up again.

For the remainder of the night her guts noisily pumped them through, squeezing them through sphincter after sphincter. Hungry villa slurped up every nutrient they could, claiming every scrap of energy, everything useful they ever were to fuel the body of the soldier that claimed them. Bubbles of fermented gas rippled through her guts, dragging across the walls and making a gurgling, groaning noise.

GNNRRRRRR...GRGGRGRGLLLLLLL

Yet with every inch they travelled closer to the end, it grew thicker, mushier, as the water was sucked clean. There was only one thing they could end up as now... Fertiliser.

Laying on her gut, Mina slept peacefully as her guts churned away. But then, a small bit of gas shot out of her rear, ruffling her tail and fur slightly. One of the last traces of them, before she rolled over and continued her sleep.

Chapter Seven: Finality

Well into the next morning, Mina blinked her eyes open and let out a weary yawn. Smacking her lips, she slowly willed her weary bones to work and stand. Thick and heavy lethargy clung to her form, making her bones feel like lead. While the regenerative compounds gave much, they took more in exhaustion and fatigue. But she could still stand, fi barely.

Wearily, she checked her bandages, slowly peeling them away. With the regenerative compounds, the *meal* and her rest, they had healed away to nothing more than scars. With a little more time, they would be gone completely. Despite the lethargy, she felt some rejuvenation, as if she was clean. Her body at the very least was definitely bigger. Her breasts were now sagging slightly from their newfound weight. The three girls had gone straight to her thighs, ass and breasts, leaving her a bit more voluptuous with extra weight. She couldn't help but grope and squeeze them, feeling up their new weight.

She should've felt guilty ... but after last night, she figured that there was no point feeling bad now. It had been done, so she might as well enjoy it while she could. Turning around, she looked down at her bigger butt and slapped it lightly, chuckling as she felt it giggle.

"Nice~ Always wanted a bit of a bigger butt~" She gave it another slap. Giggling she turned around ... only to sigh as she saw her armour. It was going to be a tight fit...

After quite a bit of struggling, hopping, and squeezing, she finally forced her way into her armour. Even beneath the armour one could see a hint of her new, bigger frame.

"Gosh ... I hope I work this off soon..." she grunted as she struggled to make it fit. After getting it as comfortable as it was going to be, she slipped her helmet back on, did up the straps, and stepped out into the morning light. The world felt cooler, calmer than it did yesterday. It felt like life could begin anew. She stepped out, ready to go on patrol once more, but first she felt a little weight in her rear that had to be taken care of.

She headed back to camp, stepping inside the walls and seeing as once more, everyone stared at her. But in the morning, with a full gut ... it didn't feel as bad anymore. In the centre was Colonel White, barking out orders once more.

"Hey, White!" Mina called. She turned around to face her.

"Ah, look who showed up? I thought I might have to wake you up!"

"Hey, I just took an anti-tank missile yesterday, cut me some slack."

"Nah, it's okay, I'm just joking with ya. And hey ... umm ... I just wanted to say something." White looked away, rubbing the back of her head. Mina had never seen her be anxious like this before.

"I just wanted to say thank you. I know I was pissed at you before, and to be fair, it was all justified. You are voracious, and you really need to think before you act. But ... you helped us, and I know that if it wasn't for you, some of my girls wouldn't be alive today. So, thank you.

“You ... wow. You’re welcome.” Mina said, giving a genuine smile.

“Just, don’t let it get to your head okay?”

“No problem. Hey, umm ... you ... well ... got anywhere for me ... uhh, you know...”

“Oh fuck me, seriously?!” All of White’s good mood disappeared in an instant as she wrinkled her nose in disgust. “Wanna say it any louder asshole? I don’t wanna think about that! Just, do it anywhere but here, okay?! Goodness...”

“Sorry for asking a question, yeesh.” Mina muttered as she walked away, heading for the edges of town. Cool crisp air filled her lungs as she walked, while the gentle morning light warmed her up slightly. It felt right to her. Good. Like the kind of world she’d fight to make and keep.

Leaving the city outskirts, she soon found herself in wide open plains with a small farm. Nothing more than dirt, dirt roads and a small farmhouse. The corn crop was yet to grow, now nothing more than a field of seedlings. It would all the help it could get to grow nice and strong, and Mina was more than happy to help.

She walked down the dirt road towards the farm-house, careful not to tread on any of the crops. She, and most minotaurs, spent a good chunk of her childhood helping out on farms, so she knew the struggles of farming. Eventually, she reached a small dirt clearing in the centre of the field. It looked as good as a place as any to do her business. She took a moment to look around, make sure she was alone, before she grabbed her pants and shimmied them down, and tossed them away. She hiked up her tail as far as it could go. A heavy weight pressed against her pucker, making it quiver and bulge, the mass unable to be contained any longer.

So, she didn’t. She spread her hooves as wide as she could, squatted as deep as she go, and let it all come out. With a grunt she clenched down and squeezed. Her spread wide ass-cheeks flaunted her pucker. It quivered briefly as she pressed before it relented and let the log of brown waste poke through. It peeked out, before Mina clenched again and thrust it out. Flecks of white bone dotted the tightly packed surface, with little water remaining after her ruthlessly efficient digestive tract.

Another squeeze, and it broke free before falling with a wet splat. One log was already the size of a normal human’s waste-pile, and she was just getting started. Bit her lip she grunted as she forced out log after log. They all splatted wetly, like mud, while the pile continued to climb.

It flowed out like a river, until with a ‘pop’, a sudden obstruction lodged against her asshole. Her breath caught as her slimy sphincter squeezed and tensed across it. She had no doubt what it was: a skull.

“Ha ... ha ... never had that before ... nfffff...” she panted before squeezing once more. Her ass protested before it relented, slithering across the bleached bone with a wet slap. Mina’s breath hitched as it spread wide her sensitive asshole. The skull fell into the pile and embedded amongst the waste. A gravestone, a grim reminder of where her meal came, before it was buried beneath another log. The second skull wedged against her asshole and after a quick

squeeze, fell once more. Yet the third wedged hard against her pucker. Mina gasped, moaned and tried to squeeze it out, yet the skull wouldn't relent. It continued to back her up, with an entire log of waste backed up behind it. She kept squeezing...

SPLRCT!

Until it splattered into bone chunks and dripped away with goopy mess. Mina sighed and buried the last of her skull with another log.

“Finally ... bet it was that orc, she looked like she had a big head, nfff...” she moaned before dumping another load. After a minute of defection, her rear quivered one last time and fell still. Wiping the sweat from her brow she stood back up and sighed, feeling so much lighter now. It always felt good to have a good dump.

Looking over her shoulder, she saw her massive waste-pile, a small rise the size of a person. All the waste, all the useless parts of those three girls were buried away in there, along with their skeletons. Their final resting places, before being spread to fertilise the crops they tried to destroy.

Mina couldn't think of a more ironic punishment than that.

Wiping her ass with some toilet paper she got from her pack, she then put her pants back on, and went back into the city.

Ready to protect it for another day.

Some time later...

With a field of corn seedlings stretching out before it, the front door to an old farmhouse opened. A weary eyed farmer with messy red hair and patch-work clothes, strode out letting out a big yawn. Until she stopped blankly at the massive pile of *dung*, right in the middle of the field. She stopped and blinked, rubbing her eyes, yet it didn't go anywhere. And were those ... *skulls* in it?

“Errr, honey?” She called, backing away slightly. “I think there might be something wrong with the cows...”

The End.