

Eclipse Phase Vore Story

The Scum barge continued along its long, arduous path through the solar system, its ancient plasma engines, maintained by the tribe of nomadic hedonists who called the ship home, flaring up periodically to maintain its velocity. As it so happened, this ship's course was taking it near Saturn and its many inhabited moons, one of the infrequent opportunities for trade between the Titanians and the Scum. The approach of a Scum swarm was usually heralded by Egocasting representatives, leaving their normal bodies behind to temporarily inhabit rental morphs at the next place their wandering tribe would visit. It was of no surprise that they allowed visitors to come from the opposite direction as well.

One of the early tourists walked into a small enclosure on the low-gravity end of the ship's centrifuge, sleeved in one of the inexpensive Splicer morphs the Scum reserved for visitors his features did not look particularly notable, which made him stand out like a sore thumb among the extensively modified Scum. Ambiguously tan skin, black hair, brown eyes, average height and medium build, designed specifically to be generic, and wearing a baggy smartfabric vacsuit. The occupant of the bed in the middle of the enclosure was an exercise in contrasts, an Anthro Pod morph, that in itself unusual, with vulpine features and a green mane, with more green on the pads of her hands, covering her feet, and forming a ring around the white tip of her fluffy tail. She was wearing nothing but a black leather brassiere and a silk miniskirt, and was staring off into space as he came in. The tourist caught a brief glimpse of many AR icons as he came within Mesh range of her inserts before she closed them and turned her head to face him.

"Was I disturbing anything?" He asked politely.

"Nothing of much importance." She replied, turning over and getting up on her hands and knees. "I take it you're my 0800 appointment?"

"Yes, you are Viviana?"

The fox Pod snorted, "how many other Anthro Pods are on this ship?"

"I passed at least four on my way here." There had seemed to be an unusual number of furred morphs on the ship, even among the Scum.

"Well, it just so happens that this one is Viviana." She swung off the bed and onto her feet, he could catch a brief glimpse of her bare nether regions before she straightened up. "Now then, it says that you ordered the complete experience. Are you absolutely sure that you want to go through with it?"

He considered her words, he thought he knew what he was getting into when he placed the order for this service. But now, seeing her in the flesh... "Yes." He told her.

Viviana pulled back the thin lips of her muzzle, revealing a set of very canine, very sharp teeth. "It will be excruciatingly painful." She told him.

The sight of those canines awakened something primal in him, the prey animal long buried under millennia of civilization. It exhilarated him. "That just makes it more real."

The vixen stared at him. "You will die."

To that, he simply said. "So?"

She shrugged, "of course, we are a posthuman society after all. It's just that some people are still bothered by it, I know I was terrified the first time I died." Viviana glanced slowly upwards as she recalled the incident. "Or, at least the first time I remember dying, granted I didn't have a cortical stack at the time. Instead I had to spend a week as a severed head in a healing vat while my body regenerated."

"I suppose it's a good thing that I have a stack then." He said.

"I'll never understand you humans." Viviana replied. "I was born as software but you flesh-born people consider yourselves disposable and I have no intentions of ever dying again like that." Giving in she just let out a sigh and looked him straight in the eyes. "Fine, then take off your clothes and we can get started."

He began to remove the vacsuit, then paused while going down the neck seam for a second. "Aren't you going to get undressed too?" He found himself asking.

Viviana sniffed as she hooked a finger under the left cup of her bra and pulled it about half a foot off her breast before letting the elastic snap back, eliciting a slight wince as it hit her raised nipple. Then she turned around and bent forward, pointing her rear end towards her client, and lifted her tail, taking the skirt with it and showing off her plump buttcheeks and a glimpse of her more feminine parts. "This outfit is designed so that I don't need to take it off to work."

"So I see." He tore off his clothes a bit faster after that, the vacsuit easily sloughing off in one piece while deactivated, all he had on underneath were some grey boxers, which were being held up by his raging stiffie. Slightly amused by how quickly he had been aroused the vixen ran a claw down his thigh, parting the fabric and letting a trickle of blood flow down.

She lifted the finger to her lips and licked the blood off her claw. "I keep telling them to add some flavor to these generic rental morphs." She said. "Now then, here is where you go in." She opened her mouth impossibly wide, over a foot between incisors, and then the lower jaw detached, allowing her mouth to distend much further. She grabbed him and pulled him towards her gaping maw, giving him a full view of the pink tunnel beyond. Then she picked up her lower jaw with her other hand and fitted it back into place, then she fell backwards onto the bed and dragged him down between her legs. She flipped the skirt up with her free hand and spread her legs apart, exposing her genitalia fully, her ring finger touched her anus, meticulously cleaned and tantalizingly pink, while her index and middle finger spread apart her vaginal lips, reeking of musk. "And here is where you will come out."

Before the tourist could figure out why she pointed to both holes his head was engulfed in darkness. He could see nothing but he could feel wet flesh enclosing him and pointed teeth lightly pricking the skin of his throat. Viviana pulled him further in with both hands and relaxed her jaws slightly, allowing him to slip into her throat. He felt his head passing through a tight ring of muscle and into a narrow tube that expanded to accommodate him, the teeth were on his chest now. Viviana turned him sideways so that his shoulders could more easily pass her jaws. His arms were pinned to his sides by her fangs, the shape of his head bulged out in her throat. She pulled him in further, now his head was in her chest, stretching it outwards, but then his shoulders passed down to her chest and the elasticized muscle and cartilage she had cultured in her ribcage specifically for this purpose was brought to its limit. She unhooked her bra and her breasts swung free, the slight release didn't affect her much but she felt she had no reason to wear it now that his eyes were halfway to her stomach. She reached his crotch about the same time his head came into her stomach, he didn't feel much difference from her esophagus until his head stopped at the tightly shut pyloric sphincter and he began to fold in half. She teased his cock and balls lightly with her tongue, then found the small gash her claws had left, she lapped at the blood while pulling him in further. His dick was halfway into her throat, pointing outwards, when he came, a spurt of salty white fluid splattered the wall in the low gravity. Groaning she began to pull him in faster, he spurted two more times, the semen filling her mouth and throat and spilling down his legs towards her stomach this time. Finally she forced his feet past her voicebox and was able to speak, "that stain you made is going to set hours before I can move to clean it up you know." She scolded her bulging belly. "That's one of the reasons I prefer girls."

Inside her stomach the client found himself forced into a fetal position simply from lack of space. He braced himself to feel the sting of the acid but all the stomach walls seemed to be secreting was a sticky translucent gel. "Shouldn't this be stinging or something?" He asked his host.

"Have you ever used Scrapper's gel?" Viviana asked in response.

He made a quick inquiry to the Mesh before answering. "A gel that becomes a powerful acid when shocked with an electrical charge? You have a mod that produces that stuff?"

"More or less," she said. "With a thought I can kill you in less than 30 seconds. And reduce you to a puddle of human broth and cyberware in a couple hours."

"So, why haven't you activated it yet?"

"I'm giving you one last chance." She slapped her taught belly a couple times, "my entire digestive tract has the same elasticity mods, I could pass you alive and undigested if you want."

He stayed quiet for a minute, lying there in the slime that could turn deadly at a moment's notice. Then he made his decision. "I paid the extra kroner for resleeving didn't I? I might as well go all the way."

"Don't say I didn't warn you." He felt a small shock, and then the stickiness turned to burning. His skin bubbled and dissolved, revealing pink flesh and seeping blood. The liquefying slime turned rusty

red as he was eaten away. It burned so very much, his skin was on fire, he screamed out in agony and thrashed violently, but Viviana's biomod stomach simply stretched and refused to tear. As he splashed about a bit of the Scrapper's gel fell into his mouth and choked him, flowing down his throat and into his lungs. His hands moved away from the stomach walls and began grasping his neck, gagging and choking as the acid gel burned his respiratory tract. He expired as his lungs filled with blood and dissolved tissue, the whole thing took less than a minute. The excitement over with, the Pod vixen settled in for a nap, her automatic systems would handle the next few hours on their own.

Viviana was awakened several hours later by the pressure in her bowels. Sitting back up she noticed that her belly had shrunk to less than half its previous size, still awkward to move with but she would at least be able to reach the Maker. She dropped down to the floor on her hands and feet, keeping her gut just off the ground, and walked through the back door. On the other side was a wall of drawers, and next to the door what looked like a low-gravity toilet. She pulled herself up to the toilet seat with a pair of handholds on the wall and strapped the collection apparatus on. Then once she was seated and secured, she let out a deep sigh of relief as waste spilled out into the tubes, the remains of the latest of several barely distinguishable clients. The bulge of her swollen intestines shrank as the fecal matter left her body and passed into the nanofabricator connected to the toilet, to be reprocessed into a variety of biological materials for assorted uses.

One of those uses she was particularly interested in at the moment. Her residence housed one of the ship's cloning tanks, used to generate new biomorphs and pods, at the moment growing several disembodied organs for assembly into anthro pods. The wall before her held many pre-assembled pods in cryonic stasis, one in particular had already begun the thawing process shortly before the last client's arrival. Touching her hand to one panel the drawer slid open, revealing a male grey wolf anthro pod roughly the same size as herself. She slapped the body slightly to gain the attention of the simple AI currently running on its cyberbrain. "Mistress?" It asked as its eyes popped open.

"Come," she beckoned, gesturing with her right hand while her left wiped the last of the client off her ass. Once it had approached within a foot of her she lifted herself off the counter and showed it her female parts. With both hands she spread wide the lips of her vagina, making a gaping hole that looked like it could easily accommodate an adult head. "Enter" she commanded.

The dumb Pod moved its face towards the enlarged birth canal before it, pushing its snout slowly in. As it pushed she grabbed it by the shoulders and shoved it in by force, her pelvis expanding with the same elasticity as her jaws and ribs. She watched the figure disappear through her nether lips, and then she felt a small hard thing in her shortened intestine. She believed she knew what it was, with a flex of involuntary muscles made voluntary by an expanded nervous system she expelled a small grape-sized diamond chip from her rectum. Reaching behind her she retrieved it and examined it, the cortical stack. A small interface in her intestine had already extracted the Ego stored within and she had a box full of stacks taken from previous clients under her bed. Souvenirs, she supposed.

In half an hour, her client would be reborn, with two umbilical cords, one on his navel and the other attached to his head, both composed of plastics and fiber optic cable. The Ego Bridge in her womb was already loading the state of his brain into the new pod resting within a sack of liquid, this time nourishing rather than dissolving. He might decide to leave his new furry body behind when the swarm left Titan's vicinity in about a week; or, as some of her previous clients had chosen, he might stay on board and join the growing clan of furries proliferating through the ships of their fleet. Whatever his decision, for now he was just another meal amongst many for the hungry carnivore hiding out in the open among the Scum.