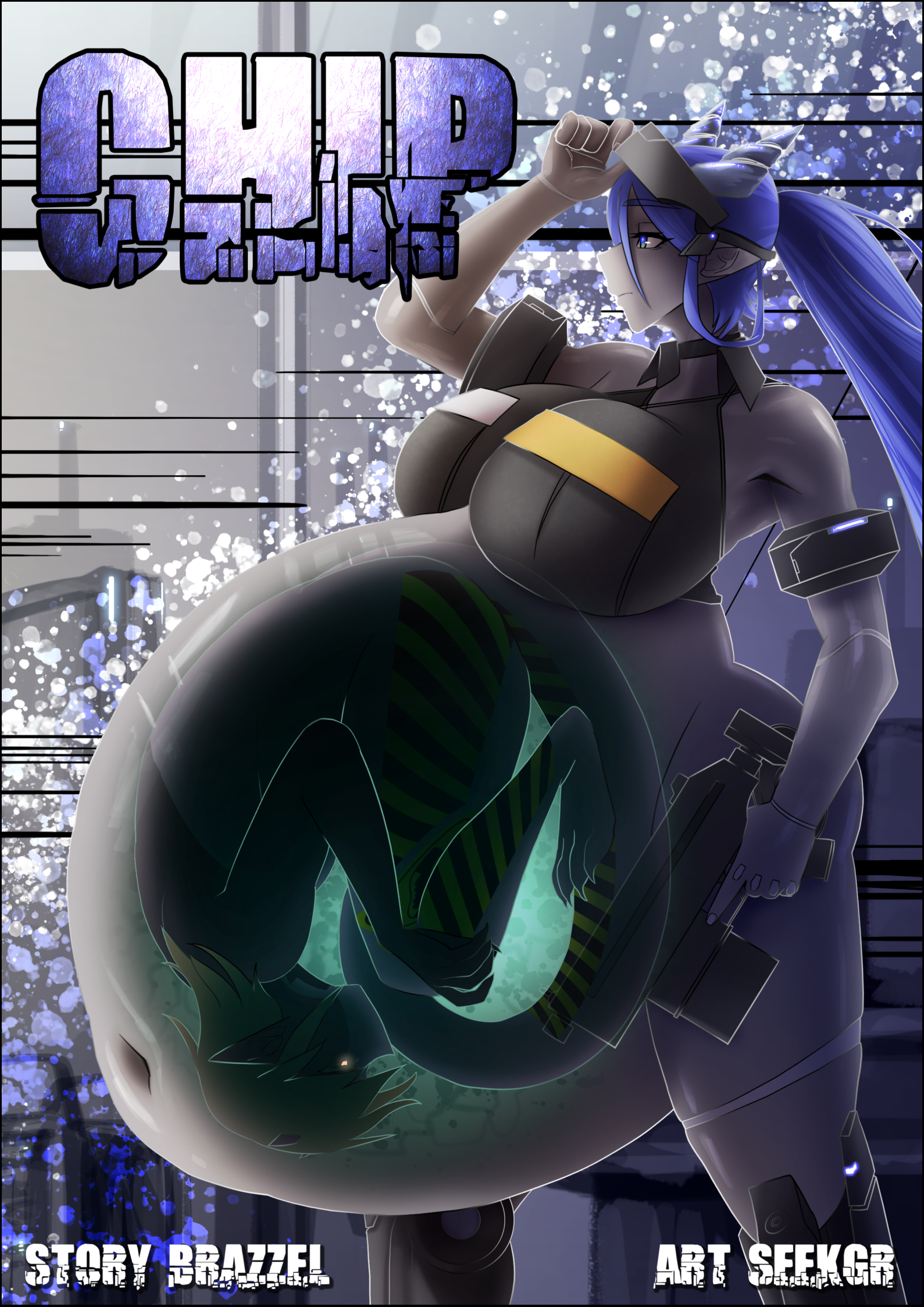
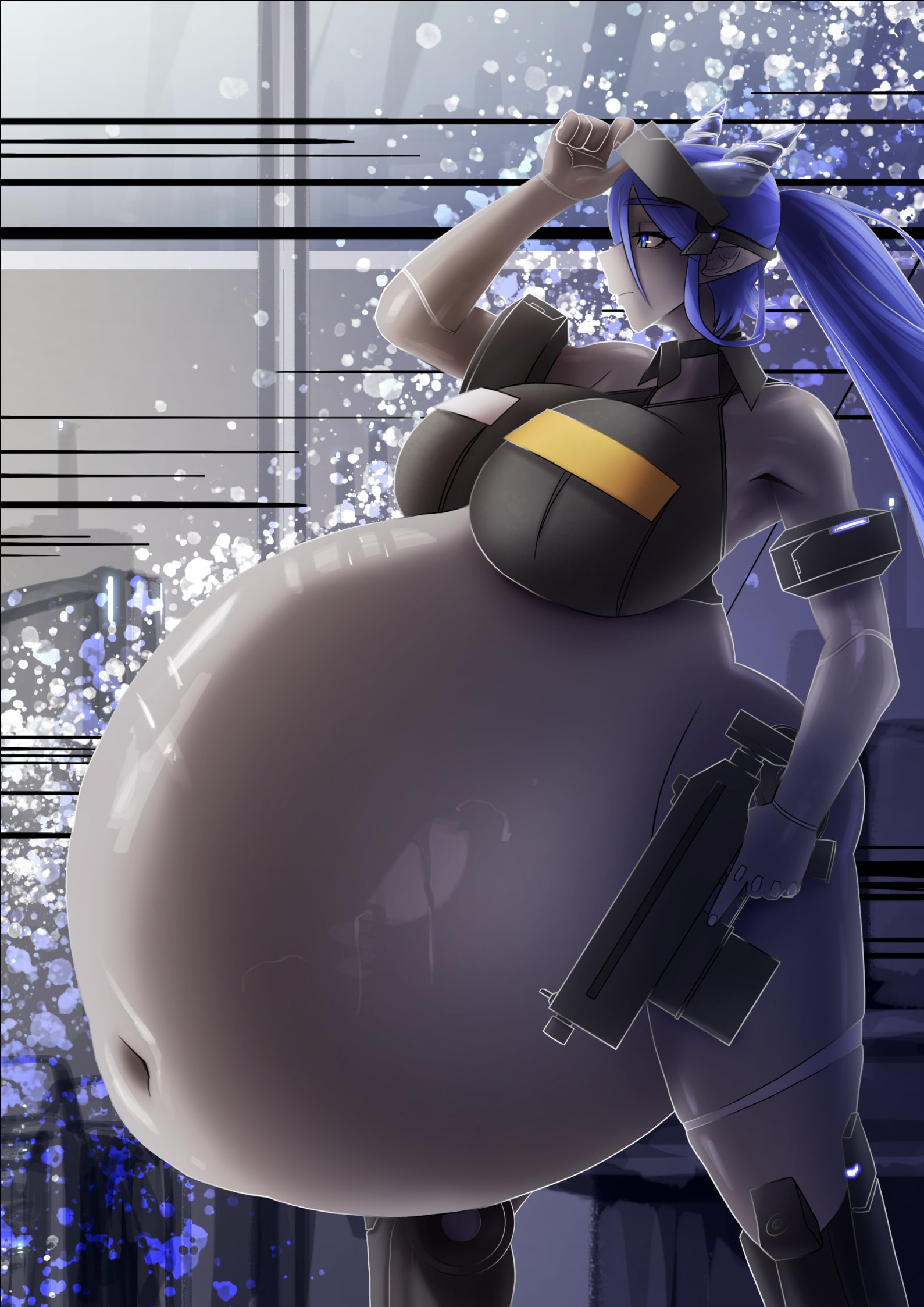

CHIP
STORY BRAZZEL
ART SEEKER



Chip

a Vore Sci-Fi

by

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art by

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Book One

[CHIP]

Alarms started blaring the moment that Kennedy stepped through the gate. He paused, confused, as the elderly security officer in the small booth stared at him in horror. Sirens warned X-rail passengers to seek cover. The sound of armored bootsteps echoed up the stairs.

I wonder what all of this is about, Kennedy thought, meandering near the entrance of the train station. It was surely a chip-reading error. He rubbed the spot on his wrist where his chip warmed beneath the skin, but he had never had an incident with it, not in the twenty-five years it had been implanted.

"Freeze!"

Kennedy turned. The elderly security officer had ducked out of his office and was pointing a pistol at him—an ancient Bismarck V that wouldn't even penetrate basic skin armor.

Unfortunately, Kennedy wasn't wearing any skin armor. He raised his hands.

It was beginning to dawn on him that this malfunction was more serious than he had anticipated. The gate's only purpose was to read the biometric info stored on his chip—his name [Kennedy Bloor], his occupation [freelancer], and a myriad of other unique indicators of his identity, from blood type down to augments. He had only seen the gates flash yellow twice before, both times due to dangerous augments. This was the first time he had seen it flash red.

"Get on your knees!"

The security officer's hands were shaking. He was still mostly flesh, his only obvious augment an ancient cyber eye, but his stance was wide, and his finger was on the trigger. Kennedy complied, getting on his knees.

Something was flashing on the screen in the security officer's booth—a warning, all caps, stained in red:

“KNOWN TERRORIST”

Kennedy stared at the message, a knot of horror tightening in his stomach. Terrorist? That couldn’t be right. He glanced around the room, hoping to see some figure in a ski mask waving around a blaster, but it was only him in the station. The rest of the X-rail passengers had fled at the sound of the alarm.

“I’m not a terrorist,” was all he could think to say to the terrified guard. The guard’s finger twitched on the trigger as he pointed the gun at Kennedy’s temple.

“Stay right there,” the guard shouted. “Stay on your fucking knees!”

CRACK!

Kennedy closed his eyes, sure the guard had shot him, sure the pain would flare any second. But instead, he heard a thud and the tinkling of glass as the broken skylight rained down around him. He looked up, nearly catching a shard in his eye, before looking down to see a woman standing over the unconscious guard.

At least, he thought it was a woman.

Cybernetics came in two qualities: chrome or synthetic. Chrome was easily acquired and easily attached, a natural transplant after an amputation. The old man’s cyber-eye was a good example. Synthetic cybernetics, on the other hand, were military-class upgrades; vat-grown and grafted to the body in a process that was said to be violently painful. Kennedy had only seen a few in his lifetime, mostly cheap ones like skin armor. The woman in front of him was synthetic from head to toe.

Her eyes were orange, cat-like slits covered by a thin layer of extra skin. The “lizardlids,” as cybergeeks called them, acted as protection against flashbangs, shrapnel, and any signals designed to attack the neural shunt behind the eyes. Lines in her cheeks suggested some kind of mouth augmentation; her height was a spine upgrade. She was two heads taller than Kennedy and broader, with breasts larger than her torso. The only obvious chrome she wore was in her

legs. The silver hydraulics had cracked the floor, her skin armor shielding her from the falling glass.

Sirens continued to blare as the last shards of the skylight tinkled to the ground. The woman looked down at Kennedy and raised a finger.

"Are you L'ombre?" she asked.

"Uh?"

The woman moved toward him in a blur. Kennedy stuttered, confused, but then he heard the crack of a gun and saw the flash of a muzzle over the stairs. The custodians had arrived.

The bullet ricocheted off the woman's skin armor.

"I have orders to protect you," she called over her shoulder.

Orders from whom, Kennedy wanted to ask. Another black helmet joined the first, its bug-eyed goggles trained on Kennedy's location. The custodians were augmented with everything from x-ray to z-drives and each carried a rifle that made the old man's Bismarck look like a squirt gun. The two custodians relayed something into their comms. A helicopter whirred in the distance.

"Stand down," came a voice over the intercom.

The woman smirked and took a deep breath. Her chest seemed to inflate as the two custodians locked onto her.

BBBwwwaOOoUUUuURRRP!

A green smog bellowed out of her throat. The custodians tapped their helmets, changing the frequency of their goggles, but whatever particles were infused in the belch must have even blocked infrared. Wild shots sparked off of the gates behind Kennedy. The woman turned to him, crouching. Even in the dire situation, Kennedy blushed as her boobs brushed against his chest.

"I've been paid to keep you safe," she said. Her voice was smooth, not robotic like most heavily-augmented individuals. A wisp of smoke rose from her lips as she lowered her face to his. "Do not resist."

"Resist wha–whoa, whoa, whoa!"

The woman's hands wrapped around his hips. Kennedy watched, awestruck, as the lines on her cheeks rippled and creased. A wet sound emanated from her stomach. Something was happening inside of her.

"I've made room," she said.

The implication of that phrase hit Kennedy right as the woman began to open her mouth. The creases on her cheeks expanded like fans, allowing her jaw a snakelike, supernatural flexibility that both fascinated and terrified the poor man. Bullets ricocheted off of the woman's skin as she placed Kennedy's throat on the slimy, warm tip of her tongue. Her gullet rippled before him, beckoning him to safety.

"This seems unnecessary," Kennedy said weakly, but the alarms were blaring louder and the bullets continued to rain and despite his confusion, survival took precedence. He put a hand on the woman's teeth as she guided his head up and over her tongue. It had a silky texture, smooth and unnatural, slithering down between his legs to lift, lift, lift as her throat got closer, pulsing, gliding over his forehead until it closed and consumed him.

The woman swallowed him with a gulp that could be considered gentle. Kennedy slid into her stomach, coming to a halt in the center of a cocoon of slimy flesh.

"Wings, get me out of here," the woman said.

Her voice was muffled, vibrating the walls. Kennedy winced as two more bullets thumped against his savior's back, but she didn't even flinch.

The helicopter was getting closer. Even through the dense, synthetic tissue of the woman's stomach, the beating of the blades rose to an ominous pitch. Voices shouted just beyond Kennedy's range of hearing. Someone was shouting over the intercom. The woman clutched her stomach.

"This is going to be rough," she said. "Strap in."

"Huh? Oof!"



The stomach, previously flexible, clenched around him, squeezing him into a ball. The woman began to run, jogging toward some unseen point in the distance.

"All entrances covered, Wings," the woman said. "Even the skylight. What's my route?"

"Jeeze, it's like you're in a hurry or somethin', Cal," came a high-pitched, female voice. For some reason, the woman had jacked her comms to play in her stomach. "Don't worry, we'll get your package home safe and sound. Turn left, down the escalator, then enter the men's bathroom. There's a wall that loosely connects to the underground. Blow it."

SLOSH! SLOSH! SLOSH!

"How's the ride, L'ombre?" Wings asked over the comms.

"A little bumpy," Kennedy admitted, pressing his arms into the trembling flesh.

Vast swathes of muscle worked against the oversized organ. The woman's abdomen clenched, released, clenched again, each time jostling him, marinating him in the stomach's juices. He wondered, vaguely, if the stomach itself was synthetic. It didn't smell like bile. In fact, it didn't smell like much of anything, though the heat and moisture were consistent with what Kennedy imagined a stomach would feel like. Face shoved flat against the elastic flesh, Kennedy endured the woman's charge down the escalator.

"Halt!"

The command was followed by an explosion to their left. The woman leapt out of the way, tucking, rolling, squashing Kennedy into her as she spun onto her feet. Wings crackled onto the comms.

"High-cal Galivants," she warned. "They'll do damage."

"I know," the woman hissed.

A door banged open and the stomach relaxed. Kennedy pressed his hands to the floor, working his way into a sitting position. In doing so, he realized that the stomach was slowly filling with liquid.

"Um, ma'am?"

“I won’t digest you,” the woman said. “Yet.”

“Yet?”

“Chin up, L’ombre,” Wing chirped. “This is what you’re paying us for!”

Kennedy gulped. He wasn’t paying for any protection services, so far as he was aware, and he had never heard of L’ombre before. His phone was still in his pocket. He pulled it out and let the light fill the cavernous space.

The woman’s stomach was green. Neon green. Kennedy let his thumb slide over the wall as the woman fiddled with something on her belt and was alarmed to see a thick strand of lubricant connecting his finger to the pulsating mass of flesh that surrounded him. The walls were constantly moving, a living construct, with two valves connecting it to her throat and bowels. Or no, actually, three valves. There was a small knot beneath his butt that led to… another stomach? A storage sac? Kennedy shook his head to clear it as he searched for L’ombre on his phone.

BANG!

CRACK!

“Fuck!” Kennedy yelled, clutching his nose. The light from his phone flickered on the shattered screen before fading and leaving him in darkness. The woman was running again, squeezing him once more.

“Left,” Wings said. “Right. Left again. There should be another tunnel…..there!”

The woman skidded to a halt.

“It’s blocked,” the woman said. “A cave in. How old is your map, Wings?”

“Shit,” Wings said. “You have company. Can you run?”

“Not without sloshing my cargo.”

“Then deal with them while I find a new route.”

“Shit.”

Kennedy heard the click of a safety being disengaged. He closed his eyes, concentrating on his breath. The woman's heartbeat, thudding above him, never changed. How could she be this calm? His own chest was so tight that it felt like he might suffocate.

"What is happening?" he whispered.

"We're gonna get you out," Wings said comfortingly. Could she hear him? "We're the best of the best! California is one of our top operators. She specializes in wet work."

She giggled like she had made a joke, but Kennedy couldn't see what was so funny. Shouts rang out through the tunnels around them. California tensed.

"California?" Kennedy said.

"Hmm? And call me Cal."

"What is…happening right now?"

"Well, I'm trying my hardest not to digest you. You were delicious, by the way. Our instructions are to get you to the airport but currently-"

A shot thumped against the outside of her stomach hard enough to sting against Kennedy's elbow.

"-we're under fire."

"Ah."

It didn't answer Kennedy's question, but Cal was already engaging the custodians, trading shots as Wings mumbled gibberish. The liquid in the stomach was almost to Kennedy's chest. It was hot, but not boiling, and it was causing Kennedy more than a little claustrophobia. He tried to stretch. Her stomach tightened around him almost…almost possessively.

"Sorry," Cal muttered beneath the gunfire. "It likes you."

Her statement was followed by a soft rumble—a contraction. Kennedy flinched, unnerved, as he listened to the sound of the firefight.

Cal's rifle thumped against her shoulder. The custodians were shouting, their voices flickering through the meat of the stomach. A cry rang out. Cal rolled to the side.

GLORCH!

"Ugh!"

The weight of his courier landed on top of him. She was back up in an instant, but now Kennedy was aware of the two, heavy orbs that pressed into him from above. He had been squeezed between her breasts and thighs, privy to the heft of both, the *squish* of both, and it gave his entrapment a sensual quality despite the dire circumstances. Cal was distracted by the fearsome gunfight. Kennedy pushed his hand into the wall and stroked.

"Nnnf!"

The sound was so cute, so girlish, that Kennedy didn't realize that it came from Cal. Her stomach rolled in on itself as she crouched and once more he was subjected to the smothering embrace of her breasts and thighs.

"Don't…don't do that," she said. "Right now."

Her stomach nudged his hand like an eager puppy. Kennedy reached out again, hesitated, then let his hands fall into the liquid surrounding his waist. Best not to provoke the woman whose stomach he was in.

"Are you there, Cal?"

"Here, Wings. What do you have for me?"

"Old elevator shaft down the hall and to the right. The doors should be closed. If you can force them open, you'll have yourself a path to the surface. Min will pick you up."

"On it."

Cal put a hand on her stomach and pressed Kennedy into herself. It was a subtle warning, but an effective one. The voices of the custodians had faded to pained whimpers. Kennedy held on tight as Cal took off.

For a while the only noise was the *thump, thump, thump* of Cal's mechanical legs on concrete and the *slosh, slosh, slosh*, of the liquid surrounding Kennedy. It was hot in her stomach, humid enough that sweat continuously trickled from his brow into the simmering pool. The stomach eventually jiggled to a halt as Cal came to what Kennedy assumed was the elevator shaft. She raised her arms and grunted.

CREEAAAK!

"The shaft's open," she said.

"Get climbing," Wings hummed.

SHWIP!

THUMP!

SHWIP!

THUMP!

Gravity weighed down on Cal's stomach as she ascended the shaft. Kennedy could feel the pull, grateful to be enclosed. He didn't do well with heights, and looking straight into an open elevator shaft would probably give him a heart attack. But enclosed as he was, he just had to trust that Cal knew what she was doing. With every pull, her stomach would rise, then smack down against her thighs as she reached the next rung. Kennedy's head dipped underwater once or twice, his clothes becoming saturated in her juices.

"How much longer?" he asked.

"Almost there," Cal said. "Just gotta—whoops!"

Her belly smushed against the wall as her foot slipped. Kennedy held his breath, fully submerged, squashed between flesh and concrete until Cal righted herself and heaved her body up the last few rungs. A door squeaked open. The sounds of the city reverberated against her navel.

"Where's Min?" Cal asked.

The bright, neon lights of the city burned through the flesh of the stomach, illuminating his strange, green meat vault. Sirens whirred in the distance, far enough now that Kennedy's heart slowed for the first time since the guard pulled the gun on him. A motorcycle revved nearby. Cal headed toward it.

“Got your cargo?” a rough voice called.

“You can see that I do, Min,” Cal said.



“Aww, and ain’t she a ‘beaut!” Large hands pressed in on Kennedy from the outside. “Hey little lady! How’s Cali’s synth gut treatin’ ya? Have her put on the massage option—it’s heavenly!”

“Min!”

“What? Oh, yeah, police. Ah well. Maybe later we can both stew in the stomach sauna together, L’ombre. I give a mean back rub. Hop on the hog, Cali, ‘cause we’re headed to the airport.”

Airport?

The shock of Kennedy’s situation was starting to wear off. The alarm, his devourment, the dead custodians—was any of it really necessary? Obviously there had been an error in the chip reader. Obviously he wasn’t a terrorist. If he had turned himself in, he might have had a chance to explain that, but with a gun pointed at his face

and the sound of jackboots on the stairs, he had taken the first out that was presented to him.

A heavy pressure descended on his face as Cal settled on the motorcycle behind Min. It hummed to life, vibrating the entire stomach.

"Hold on," Min yelled.

SKREET!

They peeled down the street, the muted sounds of the city whizzing past as Kennedy attempted to get comfortable. Cal's stomach was smashed against Min's broad back, abdomen braced against the tight turns that the biker was making. Every few seconds they'd hit a bump and Kennedy's head would slam against Cal's tits. The courier didn't seem to mind. Whenever it happened, she let out a soft hum.

"Feisty in there," she said, soft enough that only he heard. "I'm going to be sad when it's time to let you out. Ah well. You've already paid us, so I guess I can't slosh you on a whim. Honcho would have a fit. I don't think he'd mind if I kept you, though. We could hide out a few days at my apartment, wait for the heat to die down. I'd keep you in my stomach, but I'd feed ya, water ya…you wouldn't lack for entertainment."

Kennedy blushed. Whoever she thought he was must be a very lucky man, but eventually he'd have to explain that he wasn't L'ombre. What would she do then? Digest him? Either way, he wasn't sure if he liked her offer of being her belly pet, even though his body seemed open to the idea. His cock tugged at the waistband of his pants. Her stomach clenched around it, seeking its stiffness.

"Hey Cal," crackled a voice over the comms. "I can hear you, you know."

"I know, Wings," Cal laughed. "I'll bet you have a hand down your pants as we speak."

"As the gal that installed that synth stomach, I had a right to test it!"

“Everyone knows you’re a pervert, Wings.”

That was Min’s voice tapped into the comms. Kennedy’s blush deepened. How many people had listened in to her offer?

“Shit!”

The motorcycle jerked hard left, throwing Kennedy and Cal to the side. There was a screech of wheels and a jamming of the engine before they continued in a straight line.

“Airport’s surrounded,” Min yelled.

“And more bad news,” Wings said over the comms. “L’ombre’s chip? It’s being circulated through every law enforcement system in the country. If she so much as steps into a Starbucks, they’ll burn her. It’s gonna be plan B from here, guys. You cool with that, L’ombre?”

“M-my chip?” Kennedy asked.

Cal’s stomach clenched around him, holding him steady through the twists and turns. The liquid inside had risen to his neck. Was it just his imagination, or was it starting to get hotter?

“You’ve been a naughty girl, L’ombre,” Min chuckled. “We were surprised to get the alert. It’s lucky Cal was in the area. Why didn’t you swap chips with some sap if yours was getting so much heat? It’s not like you to be careless.”

“Swap chips?” Kennedy asked. “I didn’t know that was possible!”

As far as he was aware, chips were hard-coded with the implantee’s biometrics. Even digging the chip out of his arm wouldn’t deactivate it and going through a scanner chipless was considered more suspicious than flagging red. He looked at his wrist in the low light, fingering the scar. Had this L’ombre swapped chips with him? If so, how?

The motorcycle slowed and stalled to a halt. The pressure of Min’s back diminished as the large woman hefted herself off of the bike and stretched.

“What’s happening?” Kennedy asked.


Grrr
Brrr
SLOSH
Boing
Plump

The liquid was simmering, now. It bubbled and popped against his cheeks, smelling less like water by the second and more like…bile. Cal put her hands on his shoulders in a way that might have been meant to be comforting, but all she succeeded in doing was pushing him deeper into the vat. Kennedy began to hyperventilate.

"Relax," Wings said. "Hey L'ombre, relax. They've put out a BOLO on your chip. They're probably getting a warrant to track it as we speak. We're going to have to crack your chip if we're going to get you out of here."

"I'll be gentle," Cal said. "It's only going to hurt for a second."

"What's happening?" Kennedy repeated.

The stomach walls pulsed. Kennedy thrust his arms into them, warding them away, but they battered him backwards, downwards, churning the liquid into a frothing maelstrom as Cal continued to stroke him from the outside. It was not a compassionate gesture anymore, but an impatient one. Wings was difficult to hear through the noise.

"Your chip," came her gurgled response. "Have to…redistribute…tingling sensation…spend a few minutes…Cal's fat."

"What is happening?" Kennedy screamed.

"You're digesting," Cal said.

Kennedy took a deep breath. The air was thin and warm and burned his throat and there wasn't enough of it, not when Cal's stomach was compressing around his chest, tightening around his arms and legs so that he had to fight for every inch of space. Kennedy drove his fist into the wall and it absorbed the blow. He doubted that Cal even felt it.

"Help!" he screamed. "Help!"

"L'ombre's kind of a wuss," Min said.

"She's a computer whizz," Cal said. "A hacker. I didn't expect her to be tough, but I also didn't expect her to put up this much of a, ***urp*****,** resistance. I'm going to increase the potency."

A searing sensation made Kennedy hiss, wasting some of his precious air. A rancid smell was filling the chamber.

My clothes, Kennedy thought. *She's digested my clothes.*

His battle with the stomach was coming to an end. He could find no purchase, no hold against the slobbering flesh. His fingers slid through the meat and slime, seeking a respite, but there was none. Synthetic or not, her stomach was simply doing what it was supposed to do—it rippled apologetically, then clenched with merciless efficiency.

SLORCH!

Kennedy felt something give. His was not a surrender, but a submission; she was simply too strong and her body had claimed his. He expected pain, but what followed was heat and numbness and the sensation of melting. Everything became less solid and yet he could still *feel* it as it softened, pulling apart. He opened his mouth to scream and realized that he was underwater. Cal's stomach was completely full.

"This is taking too long," Min said. "Let me help."

Something strange was happening. Kennedy was aware of his body dissolving, succumbing to the caustic acids as Cal pumped him into her intestines, but despite the fact that the damage was critical, he was still…there. And, even more concerning, his awareness was *spreading.*

"Yeah, he's nice and soft," Min was saying.

She grabbed the sides of Cal's stomach and Kennedy felt it: not hands muted by the stomach walls, but the caress of skin on skin; the way that Cal's stomach sagged into Min's grip. As Min's fingers traveled up and over the curve of the gut, Kennedy began to hum.

It felt good!

But that was just the exterior. Kennedy's body was being pumped through a knot at the base of the chamber, the slurry of *him* feeding her ravenous intestines. He could feel himself traveling,



spreading to her thighs, her ass; parsing between body parts, softening *here*, padding out *there*.

"How's he comin'?" Wings asked.

Her voice was as clear as a bell. It resonated through Kennedy as if she were speaking inside of him.

"He's digesting just fine," Cal said, thumbing her gut. "I think he likes it now."

Kennedy was finding it harder and harder to focus. He was digesting? How could that be? Concentrating felt like trying to hold onto grains of sand in a strong wind. With effort, he brought his awareness back to the stomach.

And there he was.

Well, there wasn't much left of him. His body was a big, sludgy mess being compressed between flabby walls. The more of him that filtered into her intestines, the thicker the walls became. All of the hardness of the stomach eased into smooth curves that pooled in Min's hands and both Cal and Kennedy shuddered.

He felt her get wet.

"Enough," Cal chided, pushing away from Min. "I've got to get her processed if we're going to make it onto that flight and I'm sure Wings is going to want her as intact as possible."

"No burning off my client, please," Wings said. "I want to use as much of her as I can when I craft her new body."

"Gonna make a monster, Wings?" Min asked.

"I have something special in mind."

I should be frightened, Kennedy thought, though his synapses were slowing, easing into their places amidst the fat around Cal's body. *But this is nice.*

There was another presence with him in the darkness. If he let his awareness drift, he'd lost himself to the myriad of sensations; Cal's clothes hugging him, the sway of her gut, the constant draining suck of her intestines as she broke him down into smaller and smaller pieces. But sometimes, when he focused on her stomach, he'd

experience bliss that was not his own. Her stomach hugged what was left of him, squeezing him, devouring him in great, pulsing gulps like a miniature maw attached to a throat of intestines. The presence loved him and he loved it.

"Theeeeere you go," Cal said as her enormous gut began to recede into a tightly packed ball. Her tits and ass swelled against her clothing—her client had to be put *somewhere* after all. "You just stay put until we can get you to Wings. I gotta say, L'ombre, I didn't expect you to be so tender. You've almost completely accepted your place as my pudge."

Kennedy jiggled. It was all he could do.

Soothing hands brushed him above her shirt and a small belch was lost to the wind as she got back on the motorcycle. Her stomach squished against Min's back as the larger woman peeled off onto the highway.

Where were they going?

Kennedy didn't care.

Letting himself drift, he was soon lost in the churning, sloshing sea of his new consciousness.

***

It was the sensation of solidity that brought Kennedy back; not light, nor movement, nor the quiet murmur of voices in the distance, but simply an awareness of lines and edges rather than curves and comfort.

He was somewhere dark and wet, cramped against walls that were smoother than a stomach, yet had the same biological quality.

Cramped?

Kennedy pushed an arm into the wall. It moved. He was no longer aware of anything other than the sensation of warmth; the give of his elastic prison as he strained against it. Arms, legs, face—these

were all concepts that were both old and new—but without seeing his body, he couldn't yet make sense of all of the moving parts.

People were talking. He was surprised to find that he understood.

"Gods, I feel like I'm going to burst! Was all of that meat really necessary, Wings? What did you turn her into, a dinosaur?"

"Give me a break, Cal! You absorbed so much of her that there wasn't much left of the original, so I had to make some modifications. Relax! Full-synths are pretty normal nowadays and nowhere in her mod notes does it list any preferences. I think she's going to like her new body!"

New…body?

"Besides," Wings continued, "her last body was so scrawny that I figured she could use some bulk. A little padding there, a few enhancements there—all for functionality, of course! Ah, don't look at me like that, Cal!"

"I can *feel* her, Wings. What the fuck did you give her claws for?"

"I wanted her to be durable!"

Claws? Kennedy tried stretching his hand and found each finger tipped with a curved talon. He dragged them along his palm, wincing at their sharpness, then brought one to his mouth and bit down.

Ouch!

Warm blood spilled on his lip where his teeth had pierced his finger. Gently, he dragged his knuckle along the edges of his teeth. They were sharp. All of them were sharp.

Something wiggled beneath his butt.

"A tail, Wings?"

"Okay, honestly I just thought that would look cool. Hey! Don't…stop throwing things at me! Min!"

"Leave her alone, Cal."

Kennedy's prison had shifted, heaving upward and jiggling to a halt. In doing so, he got the strange, phantom sensation of an

additional extremity. When he touched the tip of it between his legs, he yelped.

"She's awake!" Cal shouted.

"She's finished!" Wings said.

"Get her the fuck out of there before she sues us all!" Min roared.

The walls collapsed inward on Kennedy. He threw out an arm and screamed again as his claws raked the stab-proof lining of the seeping womb. Light poured in from the hole beneath him—enough to see the highlight of purple skin and the tip of his tail resting against his thigh. The hole widened as the womb contracted. Slippery walls made for a quick exit as he slid between California's legs onto the metal floor.

"She lives!" Wings said.

"Aww, Wings, what the fuck did you do to her?"

A mirror. Kennedy needed to find a mirror. He scrambled to his feet and swayed, unused to his height. He was taller than Cal and the two women beside her; one big and fat, the other small and bespectacled. He put his hands out to steady himself. The claws at the tips of his fingers were the least of his concerns.

His skin was purple! Kennedy wasn't even sure it would technically be considered skin. It had the consistency of chainmail, bulletproof, yet smooth to the touch. His legs bent drastically at the knee. Powerful calves supporting digitigrade footpaws. A tail swept behind him, long and thin, and when he flexed, it moved.

"I have tits," he said, raising his hands to his chest.

Two soft mounds fleshed out his torso. The bespectacled woman who he assumed was Wings came up and touched his arm. Her own tail wrapped around his leg.

"Figured you'd want 'em!" she said. "Your last body seemed kinda…flat. Anyhow, come, come, let me show you the mods!"

Kennedy looked around. His vision seemed sharper somehow; details jumped out at him, from the pores in Cal's synthskin to the



ports in Min's mechanical arms. The fat woman stood with her hands on her hips, her belly protruding over a broad, brass belt buckle. Her features might have been Asian in origin, but with DNA-splicing it was hard to guess.

"Easy there," Min said as Kennedy stumbled. It was hard to walk on just his toes. He tried to lower his feet, but the bone structure wouldn't let him. "Damn it, Wings, she's not used to this thing!"

"Takes a minute," Wings said, waving a hand over her shoulder.

They were in some kind of bunker, or at least in a room with no windows. Blinking monitors showed names, numbers, and GPS coordinates on screens surrounded by troves of tools, legal pads, and candy wrappers. The metal floor creaked beneath their weight. A spiral staircase led down to a room full of machines.

"Welcome to home base," Cal said.

She leaned against one of the desks, her stomach receding back into a smooth lump. She wasn't wearing any bottoms unless you counted her mechanical legs.

"What's happening?" Kennedy asked.

He put a hand to his throat. His voice sounded gruffer, yet more feminine.

"We took care of your chip," Cal said. "Your previous identity was too hot. You'll be chipless until you find some poor schmuck to clone, but that's more your business than ours. We just provide the new body."

"Which is beautiful, might I add," Wings said. "Come, come!"

Kennedy's tail dragged across the floor as he stepped forward.

Wings led him down the spiral staircase into the room full of machines. There were two pods that would have looked right at home on a spaceship, concave, with thick sets of wires leading to a tank full of greenish liquid. Wings flung herself into a chair and wheeled over to an enormous monitor. Two taps brought up an image of Cal.

"So," Wings said, unfolding a collapsible pointer. "As I'm sure you know, Cal has digested you."

“So I figured,” Kennedy said. His teeth felt weird in his mouth. He gnashed them together, trying to get used to it.

The image on the screen morphed into a security camera footage of Cal and Min riding a motorcycle. Cal’s stomach was several times its normal size.

“That’s you,” Wings said, pointing to the mound of fat padding Cal’s middle. “And I don’t mean that metaphorically—I mean that at that point your consciousness, the data that constitutes *you*, had been distributed throughout her body. The rest of you was, er, repurposed. I tried to use as much as I could, but you were completely unaugmented and Cal’s stomach is built to handle tougher loads.”

“It sure is,” Cal said.

She was sitting on the stairs, thumbing her stomach. The skin stretched and jiggled back into place. She slapped the mound that was all that was left of his original body.

“You can have it back if you want.”

Kennedy ignored the barb. There was too much going to be offended by poop jokes.

“What about my chip?” he asked.

“Destroyed,” Wings said with a shrug. She clicked the pointer and a new image flashed on the screen: real-time footage of Cal’s stomach, currently empty except for a simmering puddle of acid. “Designed this baby myself. It can digest anything—hair, bones, titanium screws. Your chip was mostly made of silicone. That’s light work for a good synth gut. Another amazing feature is that it can not only digest and distribute, but also reconstitute and reform most matter.”

Kennedy’s ears perked. He raised a finger.

“Not alive,” Wings clarified. “What happens is that her gut can recognize certain materials. Your silicone chip? Fully digested, left no trace. Even the particles in her waste will be unrecognizable. Your organic matter? Well that we can use! Of course, the body I had in mind for you was quite a bit larger than your previous one, so she had

to digest a lot *more* organic matter, but luckily Min had picked up a few punks with outstanding cyberdebts.”



A chill crept up Kennedy's spine. He took a step backward.

"You're repo agents," he said.

Wings frowned, tail winding restlessly against her legs.

"I mean, sometimes," she said. "We can't go around handing out upgrades for free, but sometimes our clients don't have the money on hand—closed bank accounts, on the run, you know the drill. If it's just chrome, we can usually handle the repo without casualties, but if we gave someone a full synth body like yours–"

"They get recycled," Cal finished, patting her stomach.

Oh…so it wasn't even *his* body that was currently fleshing out Cal's belly. Kennedy looked down at his arms, his legs, his tail. He was a Frankenstein's monster of previous debtors. What were they going to say when they realized he wasn't L'ombre? Would he be *recycled* in the same way?

"Anyhow," Wings said, tapping the screen. "Once Cal got you back to home base, all we needed was to fill her up with the necessary material and hook her up to the synthesizer. You were formed in her womb. Then it was a simple matter of redownloading your consciousness and voila, new body!"

The screen shimmered and turned into a mirror. Kennedy stepped up to it, bile rising in a throat that was not his own.

Two horns jutted from his forehead, short and pointed like the tips of his ears. His eyes were red; his hair was choppy and shoulder-length. A black arrow pointed from the base of his chin down to his tits which were massive by all standards and tipped with perky, blue nipples. Lines creased his mouth, suggesting a similar augment to Cal's. Feeling queasy, Cal opened his mouth and watched as the skin of his cheeks unfolded to reveal a needle-toothed gorge, easily wide enough to fit a human head.

"The markings I took a guess on," Wings said, jumping up to fondle his thighs. Her fingers danced over the caution-tape markings that tattooed the thick-muscled layer of his upper left leg. The design continued across the underside of his tail which ended not in a point,

but in a flesh-colored split. “Your notes said you didn’t care, so I may have gone a bit overboard. Do you like it? Tell me you like it!”

At that moment, a massive rumble interrupted the excited scientist. Cal shot to her feet on the stairs, clutching her stomach.

“Recycling tank,” Wings yelled as Cal turned to run to the second floor. “You haven’t flushed all of L’ombre’s leftovers yet!”

“Wings!”

“Recycling tank.”

Cal huffed and reversed onto the catwalk above the two vats full of green liquid. As Kennedy watched her squat over the tanks, a thought crossed his mind.

He was way too calm about the current situation.

It wasn’t that he wasn’t feeling emotions at all. He knew that he should be freaking out. He *was* scared about his future. Hell, if they found out that he wasn’t L’ombre, it would be *him* coming out of Cal’s ass next.

He felt these things at a distance, analytical, without any of the reactiveness he would have experienced in his old body. Watching Cal’s asshole twitch as she spread her cheeks, he wondered just how much of his identity had been lost inside of the woman standing before him; how much of his core personality was mixed into her shit.

The head of the log breached her pucker. Cal grunted, squatting lower, as the dime-sized tip grew to the diameter of a football, solid and steaming, the same neon green as her insides.

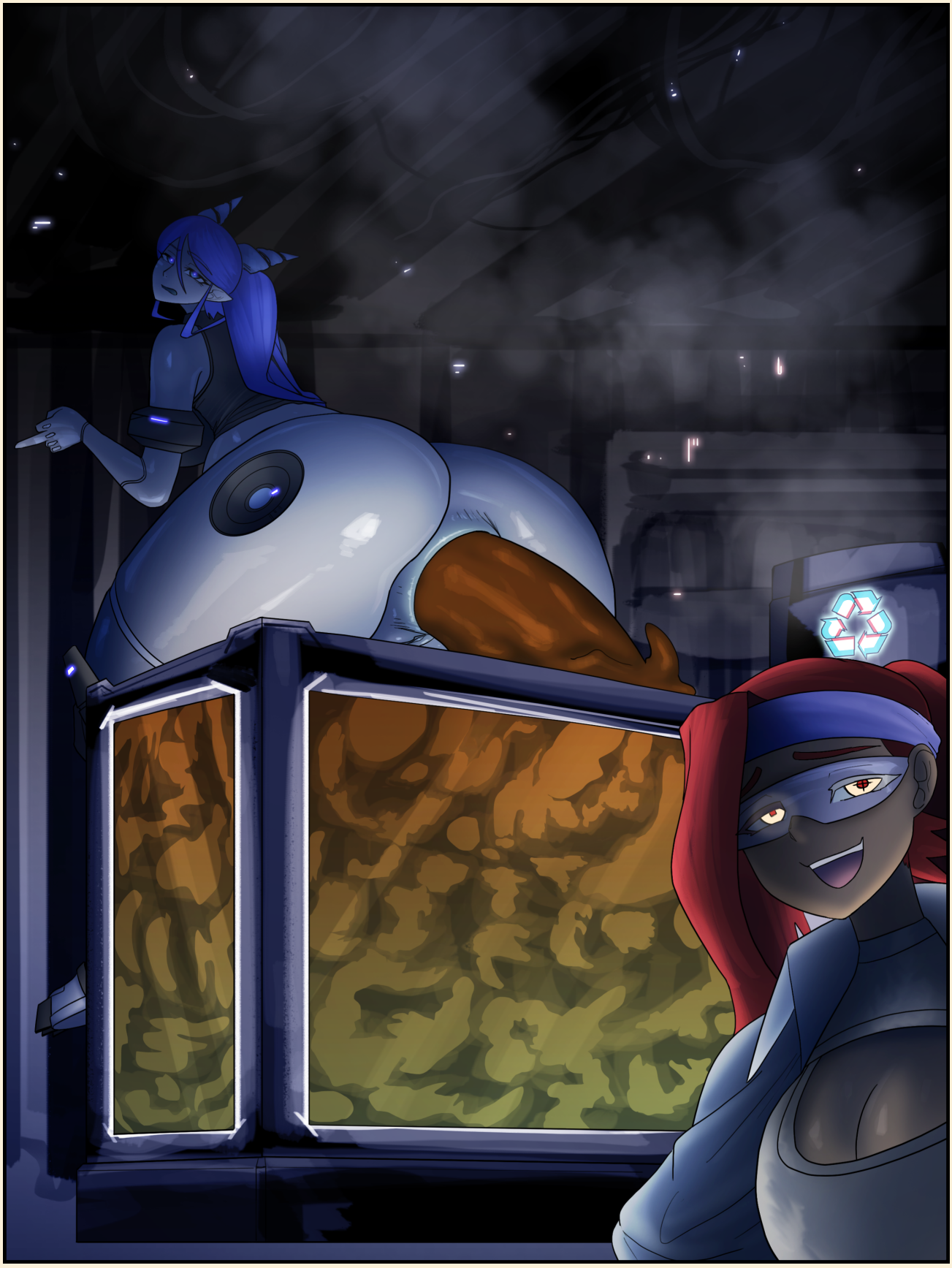
“You don’t have to watch,” Cal called over her shoulder.

“Just making sure it all goes well,” Wings hummed.

Kennedy looked over to see her blushing. Her tail was to her lips and her hand was getting dangerously close to her crotch.

The long coil of scat hissed as it touched the liquid in the tank. White specks littered the green refuse, some small, some large. Kennedy identified a femur before it was submerged. He glanced at Wings, hating himself for the question he was about to ask.

“I thought you said her stomach separates its contents.”



“It does,” Wings said. A finger ran up her thigh. Kennedy could almost *smell* her lust. “But it doesn’t have to. Most of the time Cal

digests normally and uses the recycling tanks. They perform the same function and on the plus side, she doesn't have to keep all of the extra pounds on her, not that I'd complain."

"Urgh!"

Cal's eyes rolled as a particularly loud gurgle echoed through the room. Vapor streamed off of her body—the energy of conversion, Kennedy assumed—and slowly her ass and thighs began to shrink, the excess pounds shed and transformed into the impossibly long streamer of scat pouring from her backside. With a grunt and a plop, it fell into the tank. Call rocked forward on her heels.

"She doesn't even have to wipe," Wings said, her voice wistful. "Isn't her body amazing? I just love watching it…function."

"Yer a fuckin' pervert," Min shouted from the second floor.

"Watch what you say!" Wings shouted back. "You're due for an upgrade soon!"

Too much data was being driven through Kennedy's brain. He scratched his chin, wincing as he remembered his claws, then marveling as they failed to pierce his skin. He must have been given the bullet/stabproof treatment that Cal had.

Which meant he owed them a lot of money.

He gulped as Cal's waste sizzled in the recycling tank.

"I pretty much gave you all of the standard features," Wings said, reading his mind. Her tail wound around his wrist, pulling him back toward her chair. She plopped down and put her feet on the desk. "Synthskin, durabones, night/uv/x-ray vision, the normal shit. Your tail doubles as a jack for your data port, which I know is important because it's the only thing you specified, and I also gave you a palm scanner and a card-reader, so if you decide to go the, er, physical route for acquiring a new card, you can insert it immediately and change the data later. Aside from that, you're pretty normal."

"This is normal?" Kennedy clarified, touching her—*his*—breasts.

"Don't trust her," Cal said.

She had resumed her place on the stairs. It was hard to look her in the eyes after what he had just witnessed.

"She likes to add all kinds of weird shit. Ask her about your stomach. Your womb."

"Womb?!"

Right, his penis was gone. There was a slit between his legs that he was suddenly all too aware of; an itchy, needy sensation that he wasn't equipped to parse. He had a womb now? Did that mean he could give birth?

"It's not functional in the traditional way, so you don't need to worry," Wings said. "Your chart said you were medically sterile, so I assumed you wanted to stay that way, but we can do a transplant if necessary. What's more important is that, like Cal, you can store, recombine, and even *break down* organic matter in your hooch! How's that for efficiency?"

Kennedy let his tail run between his legs and yelped. The skin was *sensitive*.

"Did it lick you?" Wings asked, leaning forward in her chair.

"No," Kennedy said, "it…what?"

"Oh, Wings, you didn't," Cal groaned.

Kennedy held his tail up to the light. Unlike Wings's, the tip wasn't tufted; instead it had a slit in the middle. A slit that was glistening. A slit that he could *taste.*

"What the fuck is this?" Kennedy asked.

"Tail mouth," Wings said.

"What?"

"Tail mouth! You can eat things with your tail! Isn't that so fuckin' cool?"

The slit opened slightly as Kennedy put a finger to it. With a little prodding, it slid over his hand, then his arm, then his elbow. He could *taste* his skin. He had to wrench his arm back before the muscles inside of his tail could gulp it all the way down.

“I told you the tail mouth was too niche,” Min said. She leaned over a catwalk above them, her chest armor off, breasts bunched against the railing. Her stomach was suspiciously large, paunching up against the metal.

“Too niche my ass,” Wings snorted. “It’s cool!”

The tail mouth was a step too far. Kennedy had to leave. He stumbled backwards, slamming into one of the machines as his clawed foot stuck in one of the grates. When he went to get up, Cal was at his elbow.

“Easy, L’ombre,” she laughed. “It’s going to take a few days in the sim room to get used to your body. You paid for the full package. What’s the hurry?”

“Got important hacking to do, I’m sure,” Wings said.

“Anything you can tell us about?” Min asked.

Kennedy couldn’t bring himself to lie, so he shook his head. What was he supposed to do with his life now? He was chipless. This L’ombre or whatever her name was could clone a chip, but *he* couldn’t, and that meant that he couldn’t get a job, an apartment; *hell*, he probably couldn’t get a cup of coffee without flagging the system. His current apartment relied on an ancient retina scanner and even that wouldn’t recognize him.

The others were looking at him, so he cleared his throat. There was one problem that he could handle now.

“I’m hungry,” he said.

Wings laughed.

“I’ll bet you are,” she said. “Come on, let’s get you some food.”

Cal heaved him to his feet. Wings stood from her chair. They were all about to head for the stairs when a door opened on the second floor. Min saluted.

“Hey, Honcho,” she said. “Mission accomplished, eh?”

Something about the silence that followed made Kennedy’s skin itch. A man had appeared at the edge of the railing. A tall, thin man in a slick black suit who stared at him over a pair of rose-colored glasses.

Kennedy began to shake.

“What’s wrong?” Cal whispered, checking him over. Kennedy’s head swiveled desperately, searching for an exit.

“Who is that?” the man asked.

“It’s L’ombre, Honcho,” Min chuckled. “New body, no chip, no wonder you don’t recognize her.”

The man’s long, white fingers curled on the railing. His narrow shoulders rose as he let a breath out through his nostrils.

“That’s not L’ombre,” he said.

“Ah, boss, I think your eyes need some tweakin’. Wings can-”

“I just got off of the phone with L’ombre.”

Cal and Wings froze, the former’s hand still wrapped around Kennedy’s wrist. They looked more scared than Kennedy did, though he wasn’t sure why. They were enormous. The man was, by comparison, fairly scrawny.

Kennedy had something to fear.

He couldn’t bring himself to look at the recycling vat.

“Yes,” the man said, keeping his voice low and level. His eyes never left Kennedy. “She just called about a charge on her account—the emergency preparedness fee. Apparently she’s sitting in a bunker somewhere, safe and sound. I presume you got a hit on her chip?”

“We did!” Wings sputtered. She let go of Kennedy and ran back to her seat, bringing up a chart on her computer. “I wrote the protocol myself! L’ombre’s chip got flagged at a train station, so we-”

One raised finger was enough to stop her. The man waited for a few seconds, letting the time drag.

Kennedy began to sweat.

“Did any of you confirm L’ombre’s identity?” he asked.

Cal started to nod, then shook her head. Wings stared at her feet.

“Did any of you ask for the agreed upon code phrase?”

“She was being fired at,” Cal said. “There wasn’t-”

Another raised finger. The air in the room had turned icy. Min was resting with her back against the railing, eyes on the ceiling.

Wings rocked in her chair. Cal's grip tightened around Kennedy's arm and Kennedy wondered, given his new body, just how strong Wings had made him…

He was just about to knee Cal in the back of the legs when the cold voice came from the catwalk once more.

"I wouldn't if I were you."

Kennedy bit his cheek. How did the man know what he was about to do?

In response, the man tapped the skin on his wrist and the feed that had been playing into his glasses was projected in front of him. On it was a chart, a reading. It took a moment for Kennedy to pick up on what it actually was. It was the same reading that Wings had shown him just a few minutes prior.

"That's me," he said. "My biorhythm."

"We don't let just anyone walk away from here with a new body," the man said. "And we don't let anyone walk away without a contingency. Right at this moment there is a small corrosive charge implanted in your spine. You could live your whole life without noticing it, it's so unobtrusive, but with a press of a button, it would sever your spine's connection to your brain, rendering you helpless and unable to *feel.* We consider this humane considering our method of repossession. If I pressed this button right now, you would collapse into a pile and then perhaps we could just dump you into the recycling vat. Ah, but no, I wouldn't deny my girls the pleasure of partaking in another one of Wings's delicacies."

Cal's nails bit into Kennedy's wrist.

"Who are you?" Cal asked.

Kennedy shrugged.

"I'm Kennedy," he said.

"No, but seriously, who the fuck is this guy?" Min asked.

The man's gaze drifted over to Wings. She was inspecting the tip of her tail with the utmost diligence.

"Care to enlighten us?" he asked.

Wings let go of her tail.

"It's the rube L'ombre swapped with," she said. "She cloned his chip and imprinted him with hers, probably only an hour or so before he went to the train station. But Honcho, she should have told us!"

A sharp click of the tongue rang through the room.

"We are professionals," Honcho said. "Today you have made us look like fools."

Cal and Wings lowered their heads even further. Kennedy gently shook his wrist free from Cal's grasp and looked up at the man on the catwalk.

"I don't know what's going on here," he said. "But whatever happened, it wasn't their fault. I didn't correct them when they called me L'ombre. Actually, I was so scared that I don't think I said much of anything, even when I knew they had mistaken me for another person. We were getting shot at, you see."

Honcho's gaze weighed a thousand pounds. Kennedy wanted to sink into the floor, but he stood tall on his weird lizard feet.

"Well," Honcho said eventually, "my mistake. Our client has requested that we remove the charges for the extraction, but aside from that our relationship is intact. When I told her that we had apprehended a stranger, she merely laughed. Apparently, as was mentioned, she knew it was a possibility and yet failed to inform us. L'ombre likes her games."

Honcho turned away from the railing and began to walk toward the door. Wings sprang to her feet and Cal shook herself free of her stupor.

"What do we do now?" she called.

"What do you think?" Honcho said over his shoulder. "Eat him."

***

Kennedy stood on one side of the room, claws out, tail lashing, eyes darting between Cal, Min, and Wings. Of the three, Min was the one he felt most threatened by.

None of them had drawn their weapons yet. Maybe it was the shock of the situation or maybe they wanted a fair fight. Kennedy didn't know, nor did he care. He was an animal trapped in a corner, but his instincts were sharper, clearer than they had ever been. He could see the muscles twitching in Cal and Min's legs as they prepared to pincer him. He was sure they were reading him in the same way.

"Your boss could have exploded my spine," he said, putting his back to a vat. "Why didn't he?"

"To punish us," Cal said. She took a step left. Kennedy took a step to the right. "Honcho wants us to rectify our mistake properly. For the record, I'm sorry about this. I'm sure Wings and Min are, too."

Min brought herself into a crouch. Kennedy tensed.

"You're all implanted," he guessed. "There's a bomb in each of your spines. That's why you're so scared of him."

He was stalling for time, but when Wings winced, he realized he had hit the nail on the head. The catwalks above him might be a good escape. Would his new legs allow him to jump that high?

"Like I said, I'm sorry."

Cal's kick came faster than he had anticipated. Kennedy ducked, marveling at the fluidity of the motion, as Cal's mechanical leg came to a halt in midair, then slammed down on his shoulder. Kennedy reeled left, dodging a punch from Min. Wings stayed on the outskirts of the fight.

"I'm guessing you're not sorry enough to let me go," he said.

A flurry of blows was his only response. He held his forearms up, taking the hits, but as he did, a shadow fell upon him from above. Min had jumped high. Now her bare ass came crashing down on him, engulfing his head.



“Mmph!”

The sudden weight and pressure made him stumble away from Cal’s fists. Min’s fat thighs locked around his neck, squeezing him tight as her intestines clamped around his face.

“Let it happen,” she said.

Her weight drove her down to his shoulders. Kennedy’s back hit the desk and he stabilized.

Things were happening that he couldn’t explain.

For one, he wasn’t panicking; for all of the conflicting signals, he was able to parse through them, separating the important information from the guff.

The smell of Min’s bowels? The slimy clutch of her intestines wrapping around his neck? The sound of her body rumbling above him?

Unimportant.

Way more pertinent was the influx of air to his lungs. Despite Min’s best efforts to suffocate him, he was still breathing, and that constituted an opening.

Cal was no longer pounding on his body. She was circling the desk, making sure that if he threw Min off, she’d be ready to intercept him. He sensed her through the delicate hairs that covered his body; the subtle changes in air pressure and the feeling of her footfalls. She was getting closer, closer, almost close enough to-

“Shit! Min!”

Kennedy’s tail wound around Cal’s arm at the same time her cry rang out, but it was too late. Using Min’s weight, he stumbled and twisted, slamming her sideways into one of the machines.

Min’s anus clenched around his neck.

“Go down,” she hissed. “Go down!”

Free from one adversary, Kennedy was able to focus on the next. Digging his claws under Min’s thighs, he thrust them up the sides of his throat and into Min’s ass, prying her pucker apart with a strength that was greater than either of them had anticipated. Min’s cry of

surprise turned into a shout of despair as her heavy body was launched upward. Kennedy's eyes narrowed as she fell. Something in his stomach was twisting. Instinct took over as his mouth unfolded, self-slickening, lubricating the path as Min's bulk drove itself down his throat, rebounding in his stomach even as he dodged a shot from Wings.

The stun gun shook in her hand.

"What the fuck was that?" Cal shouted.

She wasn't talking to Kennedy, though her eyes were on his stomach, tripled in size, Min's mechanical arms pounding against his innards to no avail. If Kennedy focused on the sensation, he found it oddly arousing.

"I, um, might have made a few secret upgrades," Wings said. She backed up to the stairs, gun still strained on Kennedy's body. He could taste her fragrance on the stale air circulating through the bunker. She smelled delicious. "Given her, him, some…predatory tendencies."

"Wings!"

Heat spread through Kennedy's limbs. The weight, the struggle, the *mass* of her prey served only to excite her, him, her.

It was hard to think of herself as a man when her cunt dripped at the thought of shoving Wings inside of it.

You've gone crazy, said the last bit of rationality in her mind. *You're gone savage.*

Good, came her body's response as she released a batch of digestive enzymes. Min's struggles redoubled. Bulges shook the base of her big, purple belly. *They're trying to kill us. Eat them. Digest them all.*

Cal raised her fists and took on a boxing stance. Kennedy stood with her arms wide open, daring Cal to approach.

"Afraid of getting a taste of your own medicine?" Kennedy asked. What was she saying? Her stomach stirred and bubbled.



“You’ve digested me once. Maybe I should shit you out and return the favor.”

The second kick came as fast as the first one, propelled by Cal’s mechanical legs. Kennedy dodged low, then jerked upright, tanking the blow with the front of her stomach. Her brain registered both pain and delight. Cal cursed under her breath, ducking right to avoid Kennedy’s tail.

What was this thrill? This exhilaration? Kennedy was drooling. Her whole body was aflame with hunger.

“Wings!” Cal screamed.

A prong from the stun gun embedded itself in Kennedy’s chest. She laughed as the electricity coursed through her. It tickled.

“She’s, um, not as conductive as the rest of us,” Wings said.

“God damn it, Wings!”

The scientist was watching Kennedy with rapt attention. Kennedy could smell her fear, her lust. A simple taste of the air was enough to know what Wings would feel like sliding down her throat. Kennedy clutched her stomach and belched. Wings’s knees nearly buckled.

“You want this,” Kennedy said.

Her voice was a soothing purr, alien, yet familiar. She crouched low, ducking a kick from Cal.

“Er…”

“Wings! Help, damn you! She’s digesting Min!”

The bubbling of Kennedy’s stomach sounded identical to the sizzle and pop of the liquid in the recycling vat. It was getting bigger, softer, *rounder* with every second that passed. Her prey was still solid, but she wouldn’t be for long. Kennedy licked her lips as her eyes zeroed in on Cal’s leg. A kick was coming. She just had to—

“Fuck!”

Cal hopped on one leg as Kennedy caught her mechanical limb. She attempted to throw a punch, but awkward and off-balance, the blow merely glanced off of Kennedy’s cheek.

Muscles bulged beneath Kennedy's reptilian skin. A metallic grinding sound screeched through the bunker. With a twist and a pull, she tore off Cal's leg, tossing the limb behind her as Cal tried to bounce away.

Her tail wound around Cal's waist and pulled her back. Kennedy held her to her breasts, strands of drool dripping onto Cal's upturned face.

"Shit," Cal whispered.

How should she eat her? Kennedy's body was abuzz. She could swallow her whole, slow and sensual, savoring her taste and the bulge she'd make against the top of her already bloated belly. Or she could finish what Min started and eat her with her ass. Somehow she *knew* that Cal's journey going up her bowels would be just as stimulating, if not more, than going down her throat. Or maybe she'd take care of the throbbing in her cunt—fill the vacant, greedy hole and digest her through her womb.

Kennedy glanced at Wings.

No, she'd save that for the scientist.

Stomach simmering, Kennedy raised Cal to her lips. A quick dunk in her throat had Cal soaked and blustering. A slice from her claw had Cal's shirt on the floor.

"Are you going to beg?" Kennedy asked.

She held both of Cal's wrists in one hand while her other fist explored the depths of her own anus. As expected, it accepted her without hesitation.

"Kennedy. It was Kennedy, wasn't it?"

A distant piece of Kennedy's brain latched onto the word. That's right, he was Kennedy. The recycling symbol on his stomach glowed as Min's cries grew sharper. If he wanted to, he could digest her. If he wanted to, he could digest them all.

"Kennedy, you don't want to do this."

"It's you or me," Kennedy growled. Her stomach overflowed onto her thighs. She had digested Min's clothes, converting them into



liquid, but had stopped herself from increasing her acid's potency to a level that would melt the woman. "I didn't want any of this."

What did he want? At the gates of the train station, before the alarm, all he had wanted was to get home, get undressed, and flop onto the couch until his alarm woke him for another day of work. He had no grand schemes, no great designs. His life was sad.

Now she was alive.

Kennedy wrenched Cal around, turning and twisting so that she was forced to her knees. Cal's knuckles brushed against the blushing bud of Kennedy's anus as she squatted low.

"Kennedy."

Morality battled with instinct. Kennedy didn't have to digest Min. She didn't have to digest anyone. Min felt good enough, her own big belly pressed tight to the flesh of Kennedy's, arms crossed, legs braced against the sucking walls. Kennedy's intestines itched to feel the coolness of Cal's skin; to slurp and pull her deeper and deeper as Kennedy grew larger and larger.

That's what she wanted. She wanted to *grow.*

"Sorry," she said as she pressed Cal's hands into her rectum. Her anus squeezed shut, forming a cuff. Without any thought, the muscles in her ass got to work reeling in her prey. "Like I said: you or me."

Cal's teeth dragged across Kennedy's ass. She tried to bite her, to gnaw at the luscious cheeks that surrounded her, but Kennedy's skin was too tough and the love bites only served to turn her on more. As Cal's mouth pressed itself to her anus, Kennedy shook. She pushed up against the vat that Cal had used to dispose of her remains and imagined using it herself as the winch of her intestines pulled Cal through her.

Bliss. Sheer bliss.

"What else can this body do?" Kennedy asked.

Wings no longer stood idly by the stairs. Now that Cal's face was buried deep in Kennedy's rectum, she was free to approach without judgment.

“Lots of things,” she said.

Unlike Cal and Min, her stance was delicate, *fragile.* Kennedy could break her down in a matter of seconds if she wanted to, but why would she? Wings was giving off such a powerful odor of lust that Kennedy was sure she could ask for anything, anything at all, and Wings would give it to her. She stared at her creator, rubbing her stomach.

“You can do everything Cal does,” Wings said. She glanced down at Kennedy’s belly and blushed. They were inches apart. “Break down, reform, store and dispose of information. You can breathe through your tail, which came in handy earlier, and your skin is as tough as kevlar, yet flexible. If you wanted, you could pack ten Min’s into your stomach and you’d barely feel it, though your legs might not be strong enough to handle so much…food.”

She said the last word quietly. Kennedy licked her lips again as her fingers sank into the delicate deluge of liquids that surrounded Min.

“How long can I keep them in my stomach?” Kennedy asked.

Cal was halfway inside of her, neck and shoulders obscured by the growing mound of her ass. Kennedy sat, using the woman as a stool, all the while slowly sliding down her body.

“Indefinitely,” Wings gulped. “But…but I should inform you that Honcho won’t let you go.”

“Why not?” Kennedy asked, suddenly bored with the conversation. Her tail wrapped around Wings’s waist, pulling her to her stomach. Wings let out a little whimper. “I have all of his pets as leverage.”

Her tail curled up and latched onto Wings’s waistband. The scientist’s shorts came down to her knees, revealing a soaked pair of blue panties.

“You, um, underestimate Honcho’s willingness to liquidate his assets,” Wings said.

The mouth on the end of Kennedy's tail tasted Wings's thigh. The scientist's knees buckled, but Kennedy held her steady as Wings's panties were dragged down to her ankles. Kennedy's tail licked her cunt. The whimper turned into a whine.

"So we're all dead," Kennedy said.

Her tail had a tongue. That was good to know. She shoved it up Wings's cunt until the scientist's eyes rolled in her head and her hips shook in violent orgasm.



"I could eat you from the inside," Kennedy mused, wiggling her tail's tongue inside of Wings. "Push myself all the way in and then slurp you up, gnawing away until you are hollow. Wouldn't that be fucked up? What have you done to me, Wings?"

Wings clenched, a line of saliva dribbling down her chin.

"P-please don't," she gasped.

Kennedy briefly considered eating her with her tail, but that could wait. Her own cunt needed filling.

The soft flesh of her stomach spread over Wings's torso as Kennedy pinned her to the wall. The scientist was still twitching, kneading, working through the aftershocks of her orgasm and all of her little movements made Kennedy ravenous. She wanted her in her stomach, in her cunt, up her ass. She needed to be filled to be fulfilled and the clock was ticking.

Wings shivered as Kennedy took her by the chin and wrenched her head back. Their eyes met in the shadow cast by her body.

"There are things I have forgotten," Kennedy said. "About my old life. Small things, like my childhood dog's name. What else have I lost? How much of myself did I leave inside of Cal?"

"The t-transfer is near seamless," Wings said. She strained beneath Kennedy, but Kennedy didn't budge. Min had rolled into a ball inside of her. Cal's feet were all that was left outside of Kennedy's ass.

With a wet slurp, Kennedy completed Cal's entrapment, swathing her in her bowels. She grinned as desperate hands clawed at her intestines.

"Near seamless?" Kennedy asked.

She was lowering Wings, pressing on her shoulders so that the scientist slid down the wall and under the slippery bulge of her belly. When Wings's face was level with her navel, Kennedy pressed against her, smothering her in the smooth skin. Wings moaned, twitching, and her hands dug at Kennedy's thighs, desperate for more.

"There's always some data loss," Wings managed to get out between bouts of suffocation. "We won't know how much. It takes a few weeks for your brain to fully parse."

Kennedy looked down at the small woman with a hint of affection. She knew from the memories that she did possess that her previous self would have become a neurotic mess at the realization that some memories were missing. He lived in the past and in the

future, bound by routine and crippled by anxiety, but her new form saw only the present and its perpetuation. Kennedy took the back of Wings's head and pushed her as deep as she could into her belly button, sloshing the liquid inside of her with Wings's face, stirring up her appetite. When she released her, Wings sagged to the floor. She looked up as Kennedy stood over her, spreading her cunt with her thumb and her forefinger.

"A-are you going to digest me?" Wings asked.

Kennedy's tail brushed against her cheek.

"Would you like me to?"

The tunnel of flesh spread over Wings's head before she could answer. Kennedy held her there at the entrance of her cunt. She contemplated mercy.

She decided against it.

SHLORP!

Kennedy fell onto her ass, Wings buried like a dildo in her midsection. It was amazing, fantastic, *erotic* the way her head bulged against her stomach; so much so that Kennedy's hips bucked as she stroked her, cumming on Wings's chest. Her cunt squeezed the girl inside of her, binding her through the shudders and the groans, and when she released, the floor beneath them was damp with lust and Kennedy had to use her tail to stand, dragging Wings with her.

SLURP!

"There you go," Kennedy said, watching the new lump settle in the bottom of her belly.

Now there was one beneath her breasts, one hovering over her thighs, and one behind them both, currently fighting the tide of her intestines. Kennedy waddled over to Wings's chair and flopped down on it, heaving her stomach up onto the console.

"To digest or not to digest."

Her tail sucked at her clit as she sat back with her arms behind her head. The gurgle of her stomach provided a calming ambiance, as did the sway of her skin and the ripples created by the pounding

beneath it. Kennedy knew implicitly that her body was capable of digestion. If she gave it a thought, her belly and womb would flood with potent acids. They were going to digest her, right? Why shouldn't she 'liquidate' Honcho's minions?



A sound from above made her look up.

Honcho was standing at the edge of the railing, clapping. His cold eyes surveyed her stomach with calculated interest.

"Well done," he said. "It seems that Wings has created another winner."

Kennedy settled in her chair and closed her eyes. She wanted to bask in the feeling of a full stomach for just another moment longer.

"Here to kill me?" she asked. "Your minions thought you'd let them die, you know, but I had a feeling you'd paralyze me before that could happen."

Honcho's footfalls descended the stairs. He walked with a limp, favoring his left side. Kennedy didn't open her eyes, even when he stopped right in front of her. A thin finger stroked the front of her stomach. Kennedy wondered if she could have her tail bite his head off before he blew up her spine.

"Thinking of attacking me?" he asked.

"Mmhmm."

"I admire your honesty. When I asked the same of California, she lied. Her current biometrics suggest extreme distress. I must admit that I am disappointed in her."

A slurp and a plop preceded Cal's admittance into her stomach. Kenndedy rested her elbows on Cal and Min's heads, purring as their fight for space produced several tantalizing sensations. Honcho's hand brushed the front of her belly, then slid beneath it. With surprising strength, he lifted her gut, letting it flop onto her thighs with a hard slap.

"Careful," Kennedy said. "You're going to give me an orgasm."

For once, his chuckle seemed genuine.

"You truly are a monster," Honcho said. "If it weren't for the fact that L'ombre asked us to kill you, I would consider asking you to join us. It's a shame to waste such a savage mind. Oh well. Better luck next time."

A beep made Kennedy open one eye. He had the display on his wrist open. With a tap of his finger, he would terminate her.

Kennedy continued to lick herself with her tail. It was surprisingly soothing, especially when she clenched around her prisoners. Wings was buried under the weight of her coworkers as all three clawed at their flooded chambers; two in desperation and one in pure bliss. Kennedy's tail clamped around her clit and brought her home. Her hips raised and lowered. Honcho shook his head as her orgasm spilled out onto the floor and chair.

"Alright," Kennedy said. "I'm ready."

“I’m curious,” Honcho said. “You could have digested all of them in the space of this conversation. Why didn’t you?”

His hand stroked her tail. Fuck, it felt nice.

“Guess I’ve still got some human empathy,” Kennedy said. “Sorry to disappoint. If it was L’ombre in my stomach I’d have digested her in seconds. Who does that bitch think she is, toying with our lives?

“A top notch criminal,” Honcho said, clicking his tongue.

His hand receded.

“And a pain in my ass.”



Kennedy looked over the hump of her stomach. Honcho was watching her, mouth quirked, finger still hovering over the button that would end her life. Was he waiting for a reaction? Kennedy wasn't going to give him one.

"How," Honcho said, drawing out the word, "would you like to work for me? We'd give you a new chip, a new life. You'd be paid handsomely for your services."

"And what would those services entail?" Kennedy asked.

Honcho nodded at her stomach.

"I think you already know."

Kennedy folded her hands on the top of her stomach. Three bodies swam within. Their gentle movements thrilled her in a way that was hard to explain; the satisfaction of both want and need. Her old self might have balked at the idea of eating people for a mobster, but her old self had drowned in Cal's stomach. What was left of her nodded, a wide smile creeping across her face.

"Sure," Kennedy said, "I think I'd like that just fine.



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