

# Mother of Vore

An Illustrated Novella

Written by Mista  
Art by SeekGr









# The Mother of Vore

*a Vore Series*

written by

Mista/TheDeliciousGent & Voraisha

art by

SeekGr

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<https://x.com/VoraishaVore>

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# 1

Some time at the beginning of the mother of Vore story, she swallowed all the rulers from her world, swallowing every being in that world with them.

*The last world ruler slid down Vora's throat.*

"Please I beg you!" The ruler cried, tears streaking down his face as he came to terms with his fate.

"Even if I wanted to send you back home, the material needed to make a new gate key has long since eluded us. The mines where we harvest the mineral have run dry and we have chosen to abandon it to focus on our military! It's the truth, I swear to you!" While this information was helpful, it did not warrant releasing her meal when she was already so close to finishing him off.

As Vora stood to look out across the throne room, some soldiers had finally managed to clear the debris from the entrance and quickly slithered across the floor to witness the final moments of their ruler. They dared not speak, they could not speak as they stood at the floor completely dumbfounded at the raw power the intruder displayed in dispatching their ruler. Vora bowed her head to give the soldiers one last look at their truly foolish ruler, as his face was pressed in the back of her throat and his arms flailed weakly outside her mouth.

Before sending him down to his eternal place of rest, Vora reached into her mouth and plucked his crown from atop his head before puckering her lips and gulping intensely to send his head into her throat. His panicked expression was momentarily captured in her throat. With one final heated gulp, all that he had been and all that he would be, Lord Oroboros collected into the titanic squirming stomach of Voraisha as his soldiers stood in collective shock and silence.



All had become quiet, save for Vora's blissful moans of pleasure and gastric protest inside of her stomach. She laid herself down atop the sofa, the structure creaking in response to her rotund frame and added weight. She admired the crown in her hands, golden snaking designs depicting conjoined serpents that culminated into a collection of small emerald jewels speckled around the perimeter. She laid the crown atop her gut, chuckling over the fact that the once proud ruler of this world had been reduced to a massive belly bulge on her gorgeous figure. But it was the harsh reality of this world and all others, it was eat or be eaten. And with the appetite Vora possessed, she would always be the one on top wishing everything in sight to be eaten.

"Your Lord is gone." Vora addressed the soldiers finally, rubbing over her massive packed orb of a stomach that housed their ruler.

"This all could have been avoided if he helped me. But you see, he was delicious as he was disobedient. So now...I shall be your ruler~. If you help me with what I want, I will be able to leave sooner. But if you refuse, you will all meet the same fate as your silly little ruler here." Vora tauntingly slapped her gut, the mass of flesh wobbling and swaying from the force. After a brief moment of silence, one of the guards stepped forward and bowed his head in acceptance.

"What are your demands, Lord Oroboros?" The female guard managed to choke out. Having to submit to a human certainly wounded her pride as a proud lamia.

"Mmmm my first order, I don't want to be called that name. It reminds me of something I had for dinner and I am not on the menu~." Vora picked at her teeth, pondering a fitting title for her new people to address her by. It came to her rather quickly, it was almost poetic and poked fun at the previous ruler.

"Call me Vora or Mother... yessss I think that has a nice ring to it~." She giggled sweetly as a violent belch erupted from her throat, the tapestries billowing from the force.

“Second, I want you all to resume mining for the mineral needed to send me home. Once that’s found, I will be able to leave and return to my lovely Namas. They must be worried sick about me.” She stopped for a second before continuing.

“And finally, I’ve grown to really like your taste. So every day I will require at least five...no ten should do.~ Mmmmm yess ten meals a day in which I eat you all and have you inside my stomach. All of the squirming and digesting... to have that every single day will feel just amaaaaaziing~.” Vora’s demands hung like an eerie cloud overhead as the soldier’s new reality began to sink in; they had lost a ruler and gained a voracious tyrant in his place. One that may very well drive their people to extinction if they didn’t satisfy her cravings. And with that, a new era for the lamia people was ushered in with Voraisha as their new acting monarch.



## 2

The years flew by, and with them came many changes brought on by the leadership of Vora. The lamia soldiers under the previous lord's rule now served under Vora's command, pitting them against their own brethren in countless battles that saw the once peaceful lands bubbling over into battlefields of violence and turmoil. Her soldiers were instructed to commit to non lethal combat, capturing anyone who resists. All the people from other countries and continents served as daily meals for Vora's ever growing appetite. For breakfast, lunch, dinner, dessert, and the often sought after late night snack Vora would feast upon the people of the world.

This strict fattening diet of snake meat would see her body undergoing quite the transformation, not only plumping her features out as she matured but her physical appearance slowly began to change after feeling something deep in her growing, something that changed first was her hair, now showing some signals of divinity.

The vicious voracious cycle continued, wars were fought and won as the workers toiled away inside Vora's mouth as her meals or helped to capture others to spread the love that their mother had and wanted to show to the entire world to save them inside her stomach.

As she gorged herself on lavish meals every day, she thought about all the millions of souls of the eaten preys trapped inside her womb, she didn't know what she can do with them so far but she learned quite a few new and interesting techniques she hadn't thought to practice often.

One day she was greeted by a half dozen lamias in a natural hot spring, the water having been seasoned with bouillon and stock to give it the hearty taste of a noodle soup.

She happily slurped them and the entire spring up which left her immobile for half a day and laid underneath the stars as her food giggled and digested in the jacuzzi - like confinement of her belly.

Others would request to be more adventurous with her, and only the truly loyal followers were accepted. With their slender bodies, they would explore her ever growing voluptuous figure and some would descend between her wobbling plump butt cheeks as they wiggled excitedly through her stretch of intestines and ultimately nestled inside her plush warm belly.

She was more than willing to accommodate her people, and while some were still opposed to the idea of serving as her food, they didn't have the power to stage a rebellion for fear of being eaten sooner than later.

### 3

One starlit night, a couple of lamia researchers entered the throne room and approached Vora with a twinkle in one of their eyes. The other was silent, clutching a notepad close to their chest as their eyes scanned the room warily. They both stopped at the foot of the steps, bowing graciously and caressing the thick coils that cascaded down like a waterfall.

“Mother!” The one lamia woman cooed happily.

“I come with wonderful news. We were finally able to procure the necessary material to repair the gate key for you. With this, you will finally be able to meet other worlds but-” The lamia’s excited tone was stopped short as the coils rose up to cover her mouth.

“How sweet, how long took to swallow all this world population~?” Vora’s voice slowly slipped from her lips, hanging on every word with a slow seductive roll of her tongue.

“W-While it’s not completely accurate your Lordship, I estimate it’s been n-nearly eight years? And during your reign, I feel that we have prospered and changed in a way that nobody ever thought we-”

“I too have changed...for the better~.” Vora hissed seductively, her coils slowly forming around the researcher as she slithered down the length of the stairs.

Across the length of the room, her body wrapped around the pillars and weaved its way underneath the table that was deprived of food and left only husks of bone and empty plates in her hungry wake.

“I feel my body has grown differently... larger... hungrier~. And I have to thank everyone, all eighty million lamias I have eaten in my time here. But now...I have one last thing to do before I leave.” Her eyes became fixated on the meek lamia as Vora grasped her face and ran her long slender tongue across her shivering cheek.





“Mmmmm soooo delicious~. I have been saving the two of you for last, my dears. Are you ready... to become one with me~? To join those that have fed me over the years and be my final meal here?”

“It is an honor and a privilege, Mother Vora!” The lamia spoke confidently, her hand outstretched to present her ruler with the repaired gate key necklace.

Vora graciously accepted it before unhinging her jaw and revealing her deep cavernous maw to her loyal subjects, these two Lamias who were another mother and her daughter. The lamia cooed audibly, taken aback by such a beautiful sight as she bowed her head and accepted her fate. The second lamia felt a twinge of fear as she slowly backed away, only to be stopped by the massive coils spread throughout the room.

She didn't recall them being so close before and yet here they were, barring her from leaving the room until her hungry ruler saw it fit.

As soon as Vora wrapped her jaws around her willing meal, it should have been over in an instant. She had become accustomed to devouring food of this size, and she could see to it that her meals were tucked away in a swift manner.

But this was to be her final meal from this world, she wanted nothing more than to indulge in this rare delicacy she had gorged on for these long five years.

She held her meals head atop her long slender tongue, saliva trickling down their neck and pooling atop the steps and shimmering atop her coils. Vora closed her eyes, her moans of satisfaction mixing with the eager gasps that caught in her throat, provided by her meal. She guided her hands down the length of her prey's bare back, raking her fingertips atop her smooth skin which caused her meal to tense and shudder in ecstasy, their tail tensing for a moment before collapsing atop the cool marble floor.





The second lamia was left paralyzed, she had always thought her end would be something quick and cruel. But looking on at the display before her she couldn't help but feel a sense of compassion emanating from her ruler.

Vora's eyes opened slowly, her piercing serpent eyes fell upon the second lamia as she smiled with her cheeks filled with her sacrifice.

With a beckoning finger, she urged the second lamia to approach her as she guided her face to her paunch below her overflowing bosom. The shy lamia's ear rested upon Vora's belly now, a symphony of gastric bellows filling her mind which gave her a very vivid image of what this rotund belly was capable of.

Vora swallowed hard, pulling more of her meal into her gullet which caused her stomach to lurch forward and fill with her squirming guest.

Being so close to her belly, the lamia heard her own daughter's muffled praises as she collected in the tankard of a belly. Vora slurped loudly, drool rolling down the corners of her mouth as she blissfully moaned louder and smacked the side of her belly.

The rippling flesh sounded like ocean waves meeting with the shore, the gastric acid inside sloshing about uncontrollably.

The initial fear the lamia felt had all but vanished after seeing her daughter inside that glorious gut, her final resting place was revealed to her in a new light and what she once saw as a cruel punishment had faded into a heavenly decree.

After feeling her daughter's movements inside Mother Vora's stomach, she turned her head to plant her lips atop the rotund belly, kissing the mound of flesh that held her daughter so seductively she lost all sense of self.

She imagined she was in there, coils intertwined in the fleshy chamber as the two of them exchanged their final blissful moments in a dance of fiery passion amidst the mounds of processed food their ruler had sent down moments before their arrival.





“My dear~?” Vora’s voice whispered in the lamia girl’s ear, but she continued to make love to her ruler’s belly. Her hot breath wafted over the warm flesh, eager to show their newfound devotion in whatever way they could.

Their entire body felt hot, which was strange for a cold blooded creature like herself to be experiencing at this very moment. Her tail tensed and wriggled widely in the air as she resisted the temptation to bite into the pillowy soft skin as if it were fresh dough.

When she felt her body on the edge of overflowing from all the stimulation and almost cumming herself, she felt the slick tender caress of Vora’s tongue across her cheek. A shiver rushed down her slender spine and she felt her heart skip a beat.

She had become so engrossed in showering her Mother Vora’s belly with affection that she hadn’t noticed her daughter was fully tucked away inside the belly she was pampering. Furthermore, she looked down and saw that Vora had coiled her large tail around her to prevent any attempt to escape.

“You seem to really really love my belly my hun.~ I am so grateful to see such a worthy devoted prey like yourself. How would you feel if... before I eat you right here... I asked you a question~?” While she spoke, Vora slowly snaked around her prey and whispered these cordial words as she wrapped her body around her meal tighter still.

“A q-question...Mother?” The lamia stammered. Her heart was practically beating out of her chest in jubilant expectation. What could her ruler possibly want to know from her?

She gulped hard but before she could answer, Vora seductively licked up the length of her neck and covered her cheek in drool. This made the lamia girl let out a shrill gasp, which seemed to delight Vora as she chuckled through her bared fangs. The serpent queen licked her plush lips seductively and continued to circle the girl, humming soothingly as she awaited her meal’s answer.

“Wh-what um...what sort of question my Mother?”

“Since you are my last meal here before I go, I am just curious about this.~” Vora hummed blissfully.

“When I finally have you tucked away inside my stomach, and I digest you... where would you like me to remember you?” Vora had sufficiently wrapped herself around her prey, ensnaring them in her coils as she rubbed over her packed stomach that showed the imprint of her current occupant.

She traced her hands over her body as she spoke, starting with her plump waist that ran down to expose her truly rotund backside.

“Would you want to add to my butt or hips, so that I can remember you with every sway? Or perhaps, you want me to think of you every time I have a delicious meal that makes my belly bigger?” Her hands sunk into the fleshy mound of her stomach as they dragged up her midriff and caressed her perky bountiful breasts.

“Maybe you’d feel better knowing that whenever someone stares at my chest for too long, they’re thinking of how good you look on me~?” Vora giggled seductively as she ran her fingers through her shimmering pink hair and spread her lovely locks across the length of her back before resting her arm underneath her breast to support them while the other hand rested atop her cheek.

“Mmmm I’m just dying to know my delicious prey. Please, tell me, your Mother where you want to wind up~.” The servant girl was lost in thought, her eyes had followed over the length of her ruler’s heavenly body as she admired every curve and belly with her daughter inside moaning really loud and cumming. Having not been this close before, she hadn’t really gotten the chance to admire such a beautiful woman of her race.



She scanned through her mind, thinking of what would be a proper answer. What could she possibly think of to say that would make her final moments meaningful in her ruler's eyes? It was then that she decided that it wasn't her mind that she needed to search for the perfect response, but her heart. With newfound resolve, the lamia girl stared into Vora's eyes and spoke confidently.

"All of you." She started.

"I want a part of me to go to all of you. Everything that you have given to the people and this land for the past five years has been nothing short of extraordinary. I can't be expected to simply pick one aspect of you that I love unconditionally, Mother Vora" She paused before continuing.

"It's the way that your eyes look upon me, even now as I'm about to be your final meal. The way that your teeth shimmer in the sun and make all of my worries melt away every chance I get to gaze upon them. It's your captivating curves and gorgeous body that has blossomed and matured before my very eyes that not only me but all of your subjects have been completely enamored by. I have never felt wanted or useful in this kingdom, even serving as one of your loyal researchers I felt like I always fell short of the mark. But I know now that in this moment of my life, that I can finally be of use to you as your worthy sacrifice. So please...Mother of Vore, I wish to be yours now and forevermore~." The lamia said while admiring how her daughter was enjoying herself so much in Vora's belly, getting a little jealous after seeing her there.

Silence fell upon the empty throne room as the lamia finished delivering her request. Vora stood, her eyes solely fixated on her meal as a tender smile spread across her lips. She leaned in to plant a kiss atop her prey's forehead, wrapping her arms around them as she hugged them in a tender tight embrace. Upon releasing them, she placed her hand atop the girl's cheek with blush under her eyes that glimmered with admiration and respect.



“I’m glad I saved you for my last sweet snack.~” Vora praised the brave lamia girl.

“I will see to it that you are remembered now and forevermore. Tell me, what is your name my dear~?”

“Gwenivere, your Grace.” The lamia spoke softly, blush decorating her face from all the praise.

“Gwenivere...” Vora’s voice dripped with ecstasy, as if she was remembering the taste of something warm and decadent from her past life.

“A beautiful name for a beautiful meal. I will look forward to savoring every bit of you. You will go down my throat, filling me up with your flavor while I savor every second of you. Thank you my Gwenivere and thanks to your daughter~.” Vora said after seeing her thick and delicious meal.

“Mmmm I can’t hold back anymore... come here my dear.~”

Vora then opened her mouth as wide as she possibly could, her heavenly maw cascaded over Gwenivere’s face as she pulled her into the dark cavernous maw. Her tongue lovingly slobbered over and covered her meal in saliva, which clung to her body and helped to lube her up for the descent.

Even now, Gwenivere couldn’t help but let many moans pass from her lips as she wiggled amidst Vora’s tight coils. Every swallow felt meaningful and special to her, as she was the last meal to be savored by the voracious lamia goddess that presided over these lands.

Gwenivere moaned even harder, not resisting cumming down Vora’s throat while using her hands to enjoy herself, her feet kicked her daughter’s slick fingers shot up through the pulsing sphincter to plunge straight into her dripping hole.





As Gwenivere's feet slipped past the tight ring of Vora's lower esophagus with a final slick gulp, she tumbled headfirst into the warm, churning human stomach. The thick, velvety walls immediately hugged her naked body, coating her in hot, tingling juices that made her gasp and arch in instant pleasure.

She opened her eyes in the dim, pulsing glow, and there was her daughter, already curled blissfully deeper in the sac, cheeks flushed crimson, lips parted in endless moans as she ground shamelessly against the rippling folds, lost in her own private ecstasy.

The two shared a brief, loving hug of pure surrender before Vora's body gently shifted.

With a deep, rolling gurgle, the lamia goddess flexed her inner muscles. A tight passage opened beneath the daughter and she slid downward with a wet squelch into Vora's lower serpentine stomach, a spacious, coiling chamber all her own.

Left alone in the upper human belly, Gwenivere was suddenly surrounded by utter privacy. The walls closed in greedily, kneading her heavy breasts, stroking between her thighs, massaging her throbbing clit with slow, deliberate ripples. She moaned in delight, hips bucking wildly as the stomach fucked her senseless with waves of thick, slippery fluids rising to drown her in heat.

Orgasm after huge orgasm tore through her, her moans echoing loud as she came harder than ever before, squirting helplessly into the hot stomach getting full of her own cum.

She moaned loud in bliss as the first huge orgasm crashed through her body, making her shake and squirt hard into the pooling fluids. But the stomach did not stop and it kept squeezing, stroking, kept milking her while she was having fun herself with her hands on her pussy.

One climax rolled straight into the next, each one bigger and stronger than the last.





Gwenivere lost count of how many times she came. Her moans turned into desperate cries of pure joy as wave after wave of the most intense pleasure she had ever felt ripped through her. Juices gushed from her again and again, filling the stomach with her own hot cum until she floated in it, drenched and trembling.



Down below in the lamia stomach, her daughter writhed just as fiercely, coils squeezing her from every side, rubbing and grinding until she too was howling, cumming in endless soaking waves. Vora purred deeply, feeling both stomachs with their separate, thunderous pleasure.

After the first storm of climaxes subsided, Vora's tail curled possessively around her swollen middle. She traced lazy circles over the bulging outline of Gwenivere, pressing and squeezing the taut human stomach with deliberate care.

Each push sent the mother sliding downward, her hips and breasts easing through the tight ring into the lamia stomach for delicious, fleeting moments.

The serpentine chamber welcomed her with hotter, tighter hugs that wrapped and stroked her body alone, making her love the moment and use her own hands again for a super high round 2, having even more pleasure and rubbing her entire body with the stomach walls while Vora's hands kneaded the bulge from outside, heightening every sensation.

The moment Gwenivere's dripping body splashed into the lower stomach, her daughter's eyes lit up with pure joy. The girl was already lost in bliss, curled happily among the soft, living lamia stomach walls that hugged and stroked her from every side. Thick, hot juices coated her skin, and she ground her hips slowly against the slick walls, moaning softly with every gentle squeeze.

"Oh, Mom... this place is heaven~," she gasped, voice trembling with pleasure.

"It's so warm, so tight... it never stops claiming me and something makes my body feel so hot, so amazing that this is everything I loved." Her hands roamed freely over her own body, one sliding between her thighs to rub her swollen clit in slow circles, the other pinching and teasing her hard nipples as the stomach walls rippled in perfect rhythm with her movements.









Gwenivere floated closer, pulled gently by the living flesh until their heads were side to side in that churning space. They were able to hear each other moaning and she was glad her daughter was loving this place as much as she is doing, having one last and most hot moment before being digested.

The daughter's fingers never stopped working between her legs, rubbing faster now, her breaths coming in hot little pants against the stomach walls that surrounded her.

"I love it here... I never want to leave," she whimpered, voice shaking as the hot walls squeezed around her waist and thighs. Every thrust of her hips pushed her ass back, but her mind was completely on the greedy walls that stroked and massaged every inch of her trembling body.

Above her, Gwenivere arched and gasped, her own hands roaming over her soaked breasts, pinching and pulling her stiff nipples as the stomach walls hugged her from all sides. The tight flesh ground against her throbbing pussy in slow, deep waves, pushing inside her, filling her, then pulling back to thrust again.

She bucked wildly, squirting hard with every powerful ripple, her loud moans mixing with her daughter's as both women came again and again.

The living stomach walls wrapped around them both, squeezing their stacked bodies tighter, rubbing between Gwenivere's thighs, stroking the daughter's dripping folds, kneading their breasts and asses without pause. Hot fluids rose higher, drenching them in slippery warmth as the stomach played with them relentlessly, driving climax after shattering climax from their writhing forms.

They moaned into the pulsing walls, lost in separate, endless waves of the most intense pleasure they had ever known, wishing they could be inside there forever and wanting to belong to Vora's body.

Finally, with a satisfied hum, Vora relaxed her muscles. Gwenivere slid smoothly back upward into the human stomach, now flooded with her own thick, creamy release. The walls cradled her gently, slick and warm, massaging the last shudders from her exhausted, utterly satisfied body as she floated in the pooling evidence of her endless pleasure, moaning softly, forever Vora's cherished, melting meal.

She slowly made her way towards the doors of the throne room while she supported her pregnant looking belly in her arms. She looked back over her shoulder, at the familiar sight she had grown accustomed to living for these past eight years. But no longer, at long last she would know more worlds and she was happy she was able to save her world first.

As Vora slithered out of the fort, she reminisced on her time as this world's sole ruler. The once spirited and vibrant landscape that was home to many lamia's bustling had now been reduced to a ghost town.

Her immense cravings and bottomless appetite had seen the lamia people wiped from the face of the planet, but they were not lost souls. They were all in her womb to be reborn in a close future and had served a higher purpose in supplying her with sustenance to help her body mature and grow into the young woman she could be proud of today.

As she slithered towards the gate, Vora rubbed her stomach and recalled the taste of her past meals, now excited to be able to eat more worlds and be even bigger, save those lost planets or people to give them a new story inside her and to be reformed.

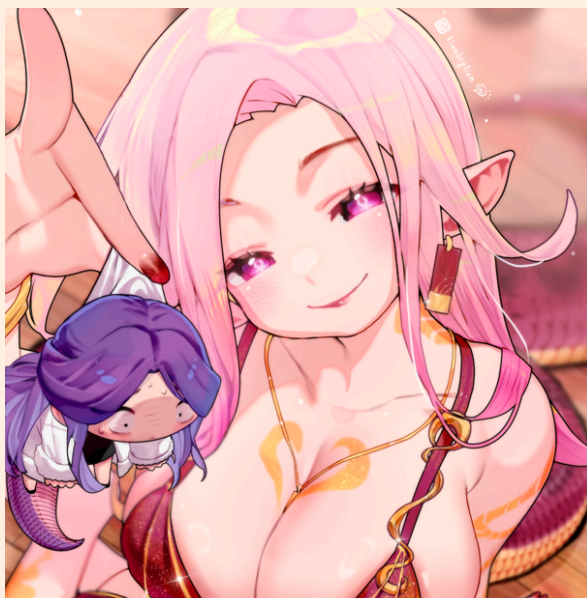
Now before the empty gate, she held the necklace aloft and a familiar green light filled the air as the swirling portal manifested for the first time since she had arrived years ago.

She didn't know that now that gate would be the start of her ascend, that after swallowing whole worlds she want to save she will become the Aeon of Vore thanks to the blessing she got and her huge will to engulf all those delicious ones to keep them safe inside her.

*Welcome... Mother of Vore*







Hiii sweetheart! ♥

I'm Voraisha, thanks for reading this book! We put a lot of work for this and I hope you enjoy this. This book was part of one of the goals for a debut Subathon going this December on Twitch!

If you enjoy this book consider supporting our amazing artists and writers with their socials and show them tons of Love!

Artist: <https://x.com/SeekGr>

Writers: Mista (TheDeliciousGent) & Voraisha

Also consider passing by my Streams when you get some time and if you want to be eaten or have a nice vorny moment together ♥

Socials:

<https://www.twitch.tv/voraisha>

<https://x.com/VoraishaVore>

Happy reading!

Love,  
Voraisha

*(If you read this you will be my next meal)*