

Those

July

Days

BAR
Bullish

Cocktails

Red
Tacle

Bueno

Written by UaguenessIncoming

Art by SeekGr

SEEKGR
DOVE



Those Days

An Illustrated Vore Story

by
VaguenessIncoming
and
SeekGr

These days won't last forever, big guy.

The words brought him out of his hotel and into the unknown streets. Dirty yellow lights shone through the mist-like rain, and the air smelled of smog and ozone. Signs flashed, barely visible. A language he couldn't read. An alphabet he couldn't understand. When voices broke the silence, drowned out by the roaring of car engines and the EDM that blasted out of every bar and club door, he couldn't make sense of what they said. He had only his phone for guidance, and only his destination in mind. His hood was up, his sneakers splashed on every puddle, and in spite of it all, he smiled.

Jace was, after all, used to a world that hadn't been made for him.

He found her before he found the bar. He knew her by her silhouette, enshrined in cigarette smoke, sheltered from the rain under the blue neon sign. She looked like someone out of time, with her studded leather jacket glossy with rain, her blue jeans faded, her boots thick and tall, and her hot pink hair turned purple by the haze.

“Kim!”

She exhaled two plumes of smoke, wiped her glasses, and smiled.

“Hey, big guy.”

There was a hint of relief to her voice.

“I was starting to think I’d have to drag you out here. How are you feeling?”

Jace smiled. He took his place at her side—there were a few smokers outside the bar, but they all kept at arm’s length from Kim—and held out his hand.

“Like shit,” he said. “Pass me one.”

Kim reached into her jacket’s pocket, took out a pack of cigarettes, and was in the middle of pulling one out when she smirked and pushed it back in. “I may be drunk, but I’m not that drunk. Smoking kills.”

“Secondhand smoke kills.”

Kim rolled her eyes. “Fine.” She took one final pull from her cigarette and let it fall at her feet, fizzling as it hit a puddle. “Let it never be told I don’t care about my star pupil.”

“You do care,” Jace said, smiling. “You care enough to pay for my drinks and everything. This being a celebration and all.”

“I still can’t believe you fell for her gambit. Did you really believe that Rust, the golden girl of the mixed circuit, would start stumbling around like a wounded deer after a few smacks? You knew she had a cervix like an industrial vacuum cleaner.”

“*Celebration*, Kim. I’m not doing a postmortem until at least the early stages of alcohol poisoning.”

Kim smiled. She straightened up—and all around, a wince spread through the other smokers. The way to the bar’s

entrance cleared itself. A young woman in a three-piece suit pretended to drop her umbrella and dove out of the way to catch it. An inebriated middle-aged man decided to make a phone call, and looked for a place with better reception. The bouncer sneered at Kim through his sunglasses; of the whole congregation, only he matched her in size, and he very well knew it.

Jace felt their stares. He couldn't blame them. People like Kim were supposed to slouch, to smile, to speak gently and dress cozy. They were supposed to pretend that there was no difference between them and the general populace—nevermind that Jace, a light-heavyweight in his own right, barely reached one's chest. Kim flaunted the difference. She dressed like trouble and walked the part.

Jace wouldn't have it any other way.

They found a table to sit at in the darkest corner of the bar, where the ceilings were highest. Long wooden tables, sticky with varnish, rested their sides against the wall. Kim picked up her half-empty pint and downed it, then sat on the zabuton-style cushion that laid on the dirty floor. On the other side, Jace climbed onto his bar stool. They sat eye-to-eye. The drinks came quickly; an older man with a smile that didn't reach his eyes set four more pints on the table. Jace blinked, but Kim just pushed one towards him.

“Don't worry, we're on a tab.”

She nodded towards the counter. The bartender waved.

“How did you get past the language barrier?” Jace asked.

“I didn’t need to. Just expect to be asked to take a picture with him before the night’s over.”

“Slick.”

Jace’s phone buzzed. He checked it—a message from the venue organizer, congratulating him on his victory. When he looked back up, one of Kim’s drinks was already empty, and the thirsty trainer was in the process of finishing the second one. Even in the dim light, Jace could see her throat ever so slightly bulge out with each desperate gulp. Kim’s eyes were closed. A single bead of sweat—or perhaps a raindrop?—rolled down the side of her cheek, hanging from her skin for but a moment before falling and shattering against the table. Her eyes were still closed, and Jace couldn’t stop himself from watching her.

He had seen all of her there was to see. He had seen her naked, her smooth skin slick with oil and sweat, muscles tensing, breasts bouncing with every step, hair whipping with every movement. He had felt her bare foot press on his chest when he was down, and he had felt his knuckles press down on her stone-hard abs to no avail. No inch of her was unknown to him; he had dived deep into her gullet to swim in a sea of gastric juices and rippling caresses, heard the deafening beating of her heart, withstood the sweltering heat of her womb. They

shared something deep and unspoken, a bond that went beyond friendship and beyond lust—an understanding. A loyalty.

The television flickered. A news report—something about the end of a war halfway across the globe, history in the making. But for Jace, it was just background noise, something that tried to distract him from the ache of seeing Kim drink.

A few sips relaxed his weary muscles, but did little to chase those thoughts away. He scratched his forehead and realized he was sweating.

Kim took a deep breath. She felt air begin to escape her throat, and covered her mouth with a hand. The burp came as a muted *hmph*, after which she slammed her fist on the table, almost causing Jace's drink to spill.

“You beat Rust, Jace.”

Her voice slurred.

“You beat Rust. You took the worst she had to dish out, and you fucking put her on the ground.”

“It wasn't that bad.”

“Don't you dare sandbag, Jace. I've seen that woman squeeze the life out of more experienced fighters than you. I've seen her snap challengers in two with that ab flex of hers. And yet here you are—you spent five seconds thrashing around in the womb of one of the most feared predators in the region, and still managed to steal a win.”

When she started pulling me in,
I thought I was done for.

Gotcha!

Boing

Sqldh

I bet she looked
focused

Yeah, something
like that.

I went
with the flow,

Aww, given up
already?

I waited
it out..

Skull and crossbones icon with a question mark

Shlck

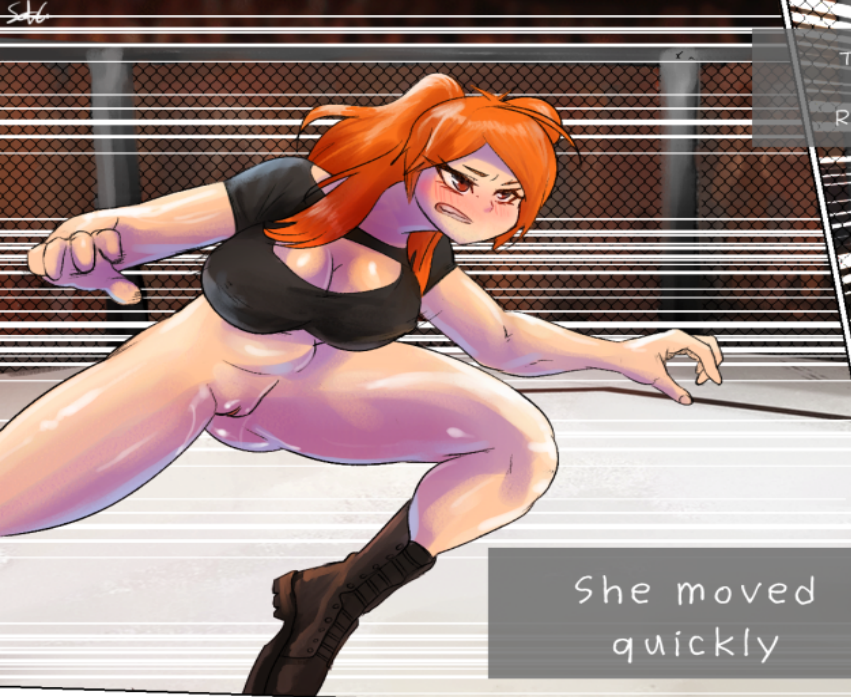
Shrk

Hummmmm

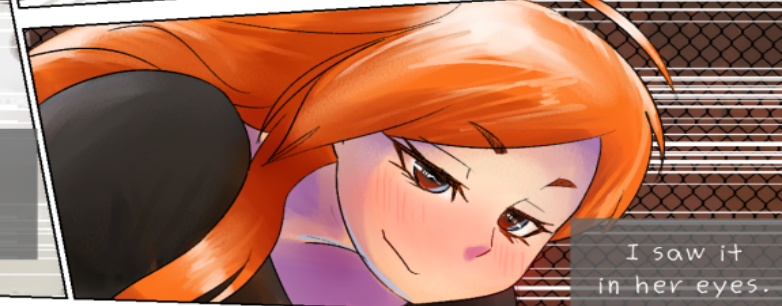
...Until I felt
an opening.

Hey,
What the...?

PlrLck



To her, I was prey.
Vulnerable.
Ripe for the taking.



I saw it
in her eyes.



Take this!

She moved...



...Huh?



...and so did I.



DING
DING DING



You did good, kid.



Yeah
I guess I did.

There was a glimmer in Kim's eye.

"How was it?"

Jace blinked. "How was what?"

"You know what I'm talking about."

He pretended not to notice the flush on her face. He took a sip from his drink, made sure to draw it out for as long as possible while he thought. And when the chill inside him faded and the fires stoked anew, he bit his lip.

"Harsh. Bare. Hot, but not in a welcoming way—in an oppressive way. Not like you."

He realized what he'd said when he saw Kim's eyes widen. But she was halfway through another glass, so he continued before she had a chance to speak up.

"You have... mass, I guess. When I push out, your insides give. When I kick, they relax. But Rust, she was all density, it was like she was made of steel. When her muscles clenched, they stayed clenched. When she moved, I felt it. When she bent over, I felt like she was gonna snap me in half."

"She was hamming it up for the crowd," Kim said, smiling. "I don't think she expected you to free yourself, let alone get back on your feet after."

Jace shrugged. "Like I said, she wasn't like you. She didn't try to make me feel comfortable, or disorient me, or anything. She just tried to break me, but I went with the flow, and I think that surprised her."

“Brute force,” Kim said with a knowing smile. “Every new girl getting into the game thinks that a few cervical flexes and a thick stomach lining are all you need to do to handle an opponent. I guess Rust is good enough at both of those things that she never had to learn the rest of the playbook.”

She leaned forward, and her voice dropped to a whisper—the loudest whisper Jace had ever heard.

“They forget that it’s not all about strength, it’s about control. When I look myself in the mirror, I tell myself, *your body is a machine, and you have full control over it, nothing happens in there without your express permission*. I modulate and measure the pH level of my gastric acids to cause discomfort, but not damage. I time my peristalsis so it takes five to seven seconds for prey to reach my stomach—so when they go face-first, the blood rushes to their head and leaves them dazed. I keep my guts shifting and tensile, so that more energy is expended when they try to free themselves, but press when they try to catch their breath. When I slip you between my legs, you can’t even begin to understand the amount of preparation that went into it.”

“Really? I thought that was just what happens when you see me in my boxing shorts.”

“Eat shit, Jace. I’m serious!” She downed another beer and gestured to the bar for another round. “I could crush you in there if I wasn’t careful! I could drown you in pussy juice if I let myself get too worked up.”

“I think you’re getting too worked up now.”

Jace laughed at his own joke, but his entire body told another story altogether. The bar had, all of a sudden, become too warm, and he in turn grew restless. The chair was too hard. The beer wasn’t cold enough. The background noise seeped its way into his mind and made his thoughts woozy. Kim’s description had evoked vivid images in his mind. He now understood a bit more about the workings of the body he’d experienced, the only body he was more familiar with than his own. There was a beautiful engineering to it all; every tendon was a pulley, every bone a lever, every muscle a valve or belt, and together they formed a machine peerless for both love and war.

Good God, what was he thinking?!

The next round came. Shots. Neon-colored mixtures sorted out in tiny glasses, some thick and syrupy, some clear as water. He picked a peppermint one, hoping that it would cool him down. It didn’t. After the peppermint came the burn. He wiped the sweat from his brow and watched Kim, holding the glass between her finger and her thumb, then obliterating it in a fraction of a second. He wondered if she was even getting anything out of it. To her, it must have been like a drop in an ocean.

But then she huffed, and leaned over the table, and slammed her fist against the wood.

“Fuck!...”

She rubbed her throat.

“I hope you appreciate what I do for you, Jace.”

“You’re the best manager and friend anyone could ask for.”

“No, you idiot. Not that.” She knocked back another one. “I mean the training. We predators aren’t wired for that. For us, snatching up someone like that and not keeping or digesting them is like sex without orgasm. It leaves us hollow inside.”

It was too much for Jace to take.

“It’s real stuffy in here. Leave me one of the green ones, I need to get some fresh air.”

Kim clicked her tongue and made gun fingers in his direction. Even in his state, Jace couldn’t help but notice just how uncharacteristic of her the gesture was. Kim might have had the metabolism to process drink after drink after drink, but clearly wasn’t immune to inebriation.

Then again, as soon as he got on his feet, he realized just how the drinks had hit him. With wavering steps, he pushed his way through the same crowd that had parted before him when Kim was at his side. No one seemed to mind him now, as all eyes still glanced at the dark corner with the high ceiling, and at the massive woman knocking down drink after drink.

The cold air welcomed him. He filled his lungs and exhaled, and his breath formed a plume that faded into the

mist. A car drove by. Someone spoke at him in words he couldn't understand. He shrugged and started walking down the street, taking the first turn out of the crowd.

A hand rested on his shoulder. It was cold, so it wasn't Kim's. It was large, so it was a predator's. He noticed the nails almost immediately—carefully manicured, with a glossy layer of rust-colored polish.

“Jace, yes?”

“Rust?”

Shrill laughter filled the air. “Sure, you can call me that. I have a name, but you can call me that.”

That voice. That accent. That rich trill to every other word. He turned and saw her. She towered over him more than Kim ever had, with her pale skin still retaining the reddish tinge of body paint, with her almond eyes and ruby lips smiling.

“Fancy meeting you here, Jace. A stranger in a strange land. Does your manager know you're out of the hotel?”

Her tone carried no threat, but she advanced as she spoke, hands on her hips, always smiling. Jace held his ground, but she showed no signs of stopping, and when she loomed over him, the discomfiting proximity—she smelled like citrus and diesel—forced him to step back. Little by little, he found himself corralled into a corner. His nervous glance at the crowd went unanswered. Rust must have noticed, because she shook her head and chuckled.

“They don’t care about us. You’re from afar, and I scare them. I could eat you right where you stand. I could sit on the floor and digest you, and nobody would care unless they felt threatened—or my orgasm throes broke the noise at night laws. I’m a moaner, or so I’m told.”

Jace balled his fists. He didn’t bring them up just yet—Rust’s posture was relaxed; the threat she exuded, passive.

“What do you want?”

Adrenaline sharpened his mind. It made it easier to think, even despite his inebriated state. He evaluated the situation; he knew he was in trouble, but how in trouble? The world around him kept moving with nary a glance. Rust towered over him, and without the restrictions placed upon her in the ring, she had the reach, strength, and speed to overwhelm him with the same ease an adult handles their child. If a fight broke, he’d be as good as dead.

He reached for his pocket. As his hand patted down the leg of his shorts, however, he found nothing but the hotel keycard.

Rust squatted. Her knees bent, and she rested her forearms on her thighs. She must have known how demeaning it felt, to treat someone like a grumpy toddler. Her tone, too, had an almost chastising quality to it.

“What’s the matter? Don’t tell me you forgot your pepper spray at the hotel room. You should have those attached to

your wallet, not your keychain, you know. You're going to get yourself gobbled up one of these days, you know."

"I'll ask again: what the fuck do you want? If this is about the fight..."

"Don't be silly, of course this isn't about the fight. Not like that, at least. It did hurt, though, losing to you, and then it hurt more to meet you out here and find out you're not half as cool once the gloves are off. It's just..."

She took her hand in his, feigning a wince at the sudden chill of his fingers against her warm palm. Her whole self was warm, warm enough that each breath sent out a cloud of condensation, warm enough that when she moved close to the bar's window, the glass fogged up around her.

"I've been thinking about our time together in the ring. When you were inside me. You weren't thrashing about, you just kind of stopped and toughed it out. Just between you and me, I think you enjoyed it. I know I did."

Her grip was tight, but gentle. Her smile sent mixed messages—predatory from certain angles, seductive from others. When her tongue rolled across her lips in a slow and deliberate motion, it was both. His hand in hers, she guided it towards her chest, and the warmth of her skin scalded him, but when he tried to pull his hand away, her grip tightened, pushing him down until his hand rested flat between her breasts.

“We could go back to my place. It’s a proper house, nothing like the cockroach-ridden hotel room your broke-ass manager got you. We could go back and we could continue where we left off, hmm? I could make it even more pleasurable for you. I could even make it safe.”

Jace blinked. He knew he shouldn’t trust her. She exuded exactly the kind of energy that made him uneasy, the energy that lured thousands of men and women like him into apartments and brothels and alleyways. They never came home again.

And deep in the back of his mind, he wondered if he should take the risk. He closed his eyes and banished the thought, but the fact it had even crossed his mind in the first place worried him.

“I’m sorry, I can’t. My manager’s waiting for me.”

“You’re no fun. You know, Jace, the ring has rules. Pesky, pesky rules. Rules I dream about breaking...”

Tighter grip.

“...every...”

She pulled his hand up. Past her shoulder blade, over her throat. She swallowed dry. He felt it.

“...single...”

His hand reached her lips. They parted, and a cloud of steam escaped them.

“...time.”

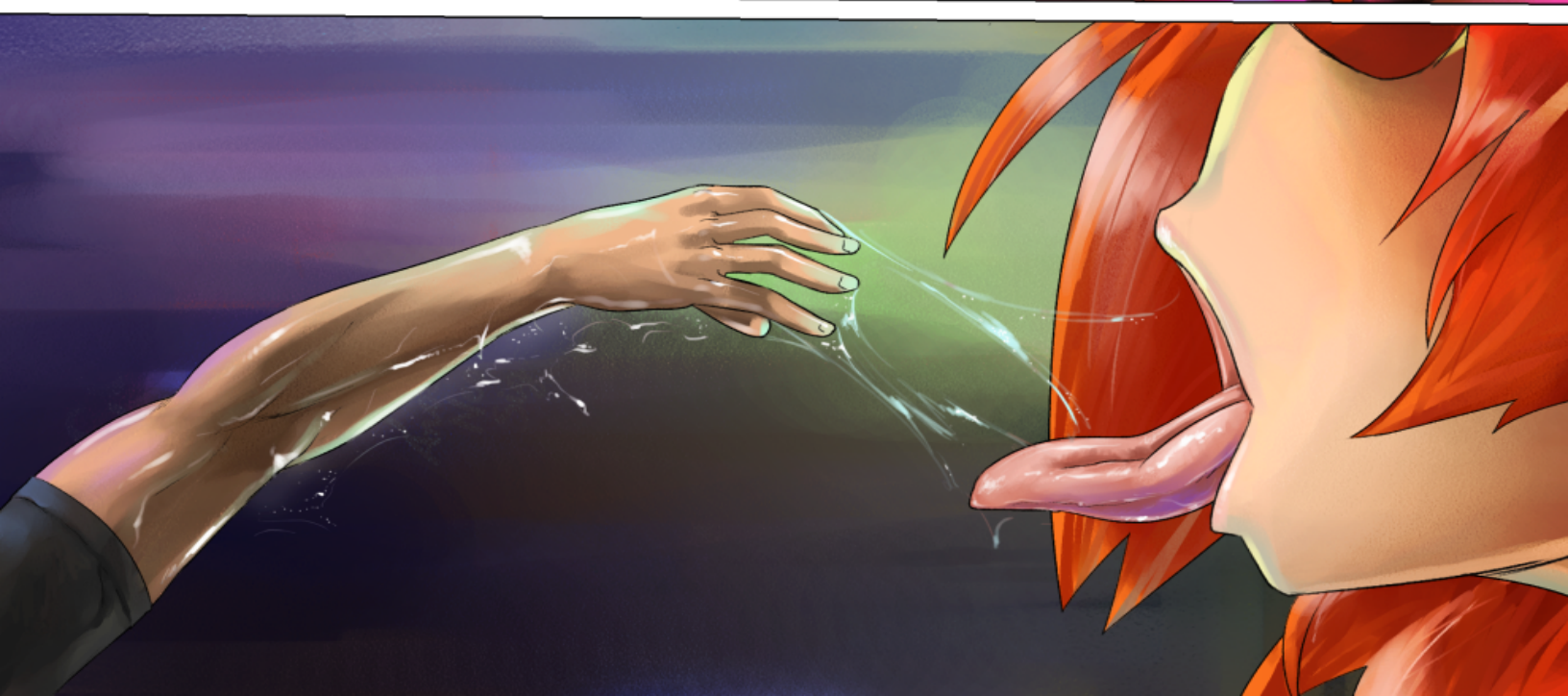
Jace's hand disappeared. He shuddered as he felt her tongue entwine with her fingers. Strong. Heavy. Flexible. It tickled at his palm, weighed on his wrist, it caressed him so lavishly that he didn't even notice the hand that now gripped his forearm. The hand that pulled. The hand that dragged, inch by inch, breath by breath, into the sweltering heat of darkness. Jace pulled as hard as he could. Her teeth pressed down on his skin, soft, but with all the weight of a dire warning. The corners of her lips curled into a grin.

Her tongue wrapped around his forearm, then slid back towards their fingers, licking at them, smothering them, until the heat reached his bones.

He pulled away again. This time, she let go. *Pop.*

Rust rose back to her full height and wiped the corner of her mouth with her knuckles. "See? I told you I could make it safe. As long as I can control myself. Now," she said, allowing her body to stretch and relax, "how about I give you a ride home?"

It wasn't a question. It was a formality. Jace knew as much when she reached for him again, her lips once again parting. The neon lights washed over the inside of her mouth, tinting them blue, then pink, then blue again. That, the thickness of her breath, and Jace's altered state made it look like a scene out of some psychedelic concert; moreso when she lifted him by the front of his shirt and brought him closer.



Jace closed his eyes.

“Ack!”

The hold gave. He fell on his back over the uneven pavement. Raindrops on his face. Heavy eyes. A throbbing headache. He opened his eyes, and saw Rust again—but he saw someone else, too.

Kim had come from behind, caught Rust in a sleeper hold, and squeezed. Within seconds, it was over. Rust’s body slumped, and she fell to her knees, gasping for air once Kim released her. Her face was one of quiet resignation; she was a skilled enough combatant to know when she was defeated.

“You still breathing, big guy?”

“Y-yeah, I’m...”

“We’re out of this shithole.”

Jace thought Kim came to help him to his feet. Instead, he found himself tossed over her shoulder like a bag of potatoes, harassed by the gaze of dozens of locals as she took off with him in tow. Jace felt deeper terror than during the entirety of his encounter with Rust; Kim stumbled with each step, swayed from side to side as if the pavement shifted under her. The sight of the sidewalk from such a height was scary enough, and whenever a car zoomed by, splashing the both of them with muddy road water, he thought this was it.

“Kim, put me down.”

“Shut the fuck up, Jace, we’re going... we’re going home.”

“To the hotel, you mean.”

“Shut up, Jace, you’re confusing me.”

She stumbled and nearly faceplanted on the concrete. Jace shrieked, and even on her knees, Kim couldn’t help but laugh.

“Alright,” she said. “So this wasn’t a good idea.”

She put Jace down on his own two feet, and he let out a relieved sigh.

“You alright, big guy?” she asked. “You standing?”

“I’m okay, I think.”

“All good? Everything in place?”

She lowered herself to his height. Her eyes were glazed over, her smile drooped. Her lips moved in exaggerated ways when she spoke, as if enunciating each word posed a challenge.

Their eyes met.

Jace’s head swirled with a torrent of emotions. Confusion, excitement, fear, lust. He looked at her and felt the same rush as he had before, in the bar—that frustration welling up inside him, spreading to every limb until they trembled like reeds. His breaths grew heavier, his vision blurry; he saw Kim and nothing but Kim, and more than ever, he wanted her. Could he do it? Could he bring himself to blur the divide between lover and friend? Was he willing to -

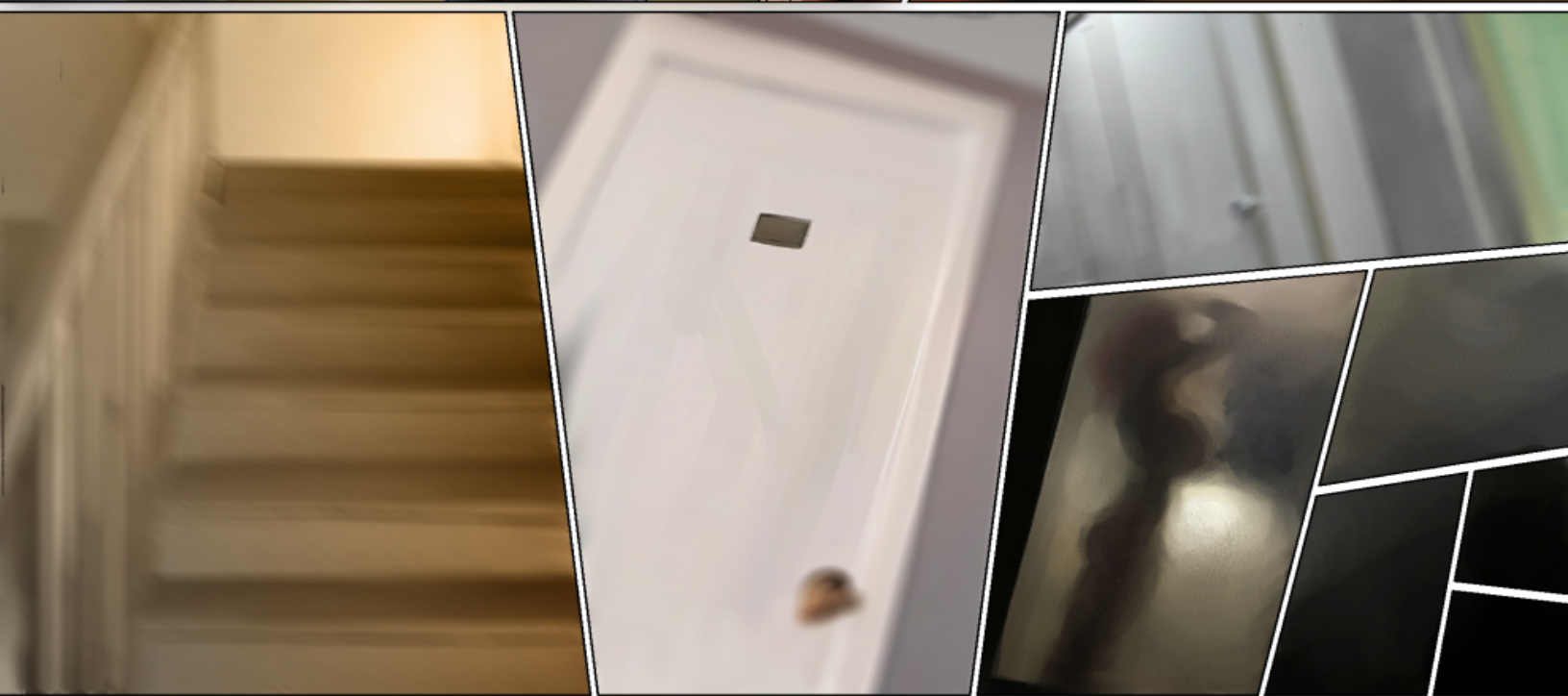
Kim grabbed him by the neck of the shirt, pulled him close, and kissed him. He gasped into her mouth, then melted. He closed his eyes, but hers stayed wide open, staring into him,

afame with desire, as if she wanted to record every sense—the sight of him, the taste, the smell... Jace, meanwhile, was a passenger in his own body. His mouth could barely contain the thrashing of her tongue. There was power in this mouth that he kissed, there was danger; this mouth could take him in in a breath, in a moment of weakness. Shared saliva overflowed from the corner of his mouth. His whole body shook in ecstasy. Her teeth rapped against his, her lips covered half his face, and all of sudden, her tongue dove deep into his throat, sending his body into a startle—a final surprise before she pulled away, and one that stole away the last of his remaining strength.

All he felt then was her arms under her, her breasts weighing heavy and soft over his wasted body. At some point, the rain stopped. The lights grew bright. Elevator music. Silence. Then hot shower water washed away his soreness, rough hands tore away his clothes, and when he opened his eyes again, he saw Kim, naked and more stunning than ever, stumbling as she crawled onto the bed on top of him.

This wasn't his hotel room. He wasn't sure it was hers, either. He reached out and she intercepted his hand, pressed it to her warm cheek.

“Are you...” She took him into her lips, and this thought, alongside all others, went unfinished.



* * *

Jace could only ignore the sunlight for so long. It escaped from a gap between the blinds and hit him square in the eye. He closed his eyes, but it shone right through his eyelid. He tried to shield himself with his hands, but his hands wouldn't move. Everything hurt. His head throbbed, his muscles ached, and his pride... oh, his pride.

It took him much too long to realize why he couldn't move. It had something to do being down to his elbows in Kim's ass.

Well, fuck.

He tried to crawl out. No luck. Her ass clamped down on him like a vise. He tried to find purchase in the labyrinth of her bowels, but his toes slipped across the flesh. Wait, toes? Wasn't he wearing shoes before?

A shiver ran down his spine.

"Hey, Snow White! Time to wake up."

Kim laid prone on the hotel bed, her arms and legs splayed and a pillow over her head. She snored in response to his shouts. Then, nothing.

"Oh, God damn it, Kim."

Jace took a deep breath, or at least, the deepest breath he could take while so compressed. He apologized to Kim in advance, bit his lip, and kneaded her insides with as much strength as he could muster. He soon regretted it.

It was like jumpstarting a truck. Kim groaned something under her pillow, but while she slept, her body began to stir. The walls clenched down on Jace even harder. He felt the flesh ripple against his skin, slow and rhythmic and, to his horror, with an inward motion.

“Hey! Kim, wake up!”



He could barely speak the words before the sinking began. Kim's stomach growled, and its vibrations spread across his body, causing him to shudder. He was sweating so much that he couldn't tell where his skin ended and her digestive tract began; all he knew was that everything moved, and squirmed, and absorbed his every struggle. So this was it. This was what a predator's body without a strong mind to control it.

Her ass gaped further as it took in more and more of his body. His fighter instincts told him to squirm, but for the first time in his life, he second-guessed them. This wasn't a fight, this was about survival; anything he did could further stoke the flames of this slumbering body.

The flesh rolled over his shoulders, then clamped around his neck. He found himself trapped in her toned ass, barely able to see anything past the sweating skin that now covered his vision.

“Kim! Kim, what the fuck? Kim!”

What he heard next made his blood freeze.

A moan. A deep, long, languid moan, melting in its warmth, mortifying in its lust. Now more than her body was at work. She squirmed on the bed, grasping at the sheets, causing the mattress's springs to creak and Jace's world to tumble and turn.

Jace tried to breathe. His toes were beginning to sting. The warmth of her insides rose to a fever, moving up his form, always pulling, always hungering, until his head, too, vanished, and everything grew dark, and the creaking and bubbling of her inner working grew deafening. He languished there, in a pool of his own sweat, compressed from all sides and dragged inch by inch through her intestines, too weary to call out, too battered to kick, and the worst of it was, he knew he would live to see the stomach. Even now he heard it fizzle and slosh with



each motion, aware of his presence, ready to take him in, ready to drown him in acid and slowly eat away at his body.

Jace was familiar with the workings of her body, but he had never seen them like this, so violent, so out of control, so predatory. He saw no escape.

All this while Kim slept, he thought. All this while she enjoyed a lust-filled dream where all that went on was just a fantasy, unaware of the pain she caused.

Her body shuddered.

Jace's surroundings clenched, and he braced for the worst.

Another moan. Everything relaxed. And he heard that slurred speech, both distant and all too close, resonating through his bones.

“Fuck, what the hell was I thinking last night? Wait, are those Jace's shorts? What the—oh, God, Jace!”



Slosh

* * *

“I can do it myself, you know.”

“Shut up and stay down. It’s not like you’ve got anything I haven’t seen before.”

Steam rose up from the hotel bathtub, shifted by the stream coming out of the shower head. A thick layer of foam tickled at Jace’s sides. Every now and then, Kim—who kneeled on the bathmat, her face still burning a scalding crimson—dipped the pink loofah in the water before continuing to scrub away at his back.

“Guess you weren’t kidding about the control thing, huh?”

Kim sighed. “Jace, please. Let’s just not talk about it anymore, okay?”

“Oh, but it’s so—”

He ate a faceful of bath water for his insistence. He reemerged, coughing, and heard Kim laugh.

“What the fuck, woman?”

“Oh, stop being a little baby. Peach shampoo, or coconut?”

“Peach.”

“Huh. Always took you for a coconut person,” Kim said, squirting a generous dollop on her palm and massaging them into his hair.

Jace sighed. It must have been a noticeable sigh, too, because Kim stopped.

“Everything alright, big guy?”

“Oh, you know. Just thinking about yesterday, and today. Just enjoying the moment. These days won’t last forever, after all. Someone very wise told me that once.”

Kim smiled. “Sounds to me like they’re full of shit.”

“They are. I know from experi—”

Another dip, but this time, he was ready for it. Still, he allowed her to think she’d won, and when he came back up, he wore a smile.

“Let’s never do that, ever again,” Jace said.

Kim leaned back, and the sunlight from the window shone plain on her face.

“You know what, big guy? I think that’s a good idea.”