



# Warm Up

Written by VaguenessIncoming Art by SeekGr

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*a Vore Freebie*

by  
VaguenessIncoming

art by  
SeekGr

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Merethis sat as the centaur was lowered towards her. Her eyes turned to the ceiling, unbothered by the bright studio lights that bathed her body in an even glow; she saw the ropes tauten and the sweat glisten on the stagehand's forehead.

Eyes were on her. It was how it was meant to be. Hundred, thousands, however many there were, they hung on her every motion, microphones captured her every word and delivered them to audiences all across the world.

She was the center of attention, a goddess to the believers who sat down before their analogue altars and digital idols and drank, enraptured, every iota of her glory.

Merethis's tail slithered across the floor, allowing small ripples to travel along its length. Her hard scales scratched at the floorboards, and her massive weight sent them creaking up an orchestra. She smiled, her teeth were white as pearl, and winked at the nearest camera, safe in the knowledge some poor intern would spend hours editing it to bring out the best in her.

Her assistant—a ruddy-tailed lamia in a two-and-a-half piece suit and a worn notebook under his armpit—stood beside her, boring her with the details of a meal-to-be she already knew, repeating the crimes the centaur committed, the several violations of conduct to her name... none of it was new. Every now and then, Merethis got one of these assignments.

Out of control predators digesting left and right were a tale as old as the oldest records; out in the streets or in the battlefield, it mattered not. And the assignment was always the same: a televised vote on whether she should let them wallow in her insides for a week or two, or dissolve them into nothingness with cold efficiency.

She was not privy to the results. Not yet, anyway. It wasn't that they wanted to keep her guessing—it was that that mystery was the only thing keeping the process in any way exciting.

The pulleys creaked. The centaur lowered. Her weak thrashing—a desperate effort, inhibited by the cocktail of



tranquilizers pumping through her veins – was little more than the final throes of a defeated foe. Her hooves twitched, her muscular equine legs hung tense, stiff as tree trunks; she was huge, a predator through and through. It was almost unfair to compare her to Merethis, though – the lamia dwarfed even her.

Merethis leaned back on her seat. That was all she had to do. She leaned back on her seat and lazily opened her mouth, at first like a yawn, then more, wider, gaping, tongue lolling out, ready.

This was the signal.

The pulleys creaked again, and slowly, the centaur was lowered towards her.

The hooves slid easily off her tongue, inwards. The legs followed, but it wasn't until the upper thigh that Merethis's throat even began to bulge. Salty sweat graced her tastebuds, as well as a hint of the shampoo her prey had been washed with, backstage.

The centaur's tail draped over Merethis's neck. With a twirl of the tongue, she gathered it into a tight tuft and dragged it inside. Her gullet expanded to welcome the rump; for the first time in the evening, she felt like she was actually being tested – she could feel the elastic flesh stretch out, the emptiness in her two stomachs aching, her throat muscles tensing in preparation.

The bulge traveled down her body, from throat to the valley between her breasts, then coming to a settle on her fat gut which stretched to accommodate it. Of the centaur's horse half, only the forelegs now dangled out Merethis's gaping maw; they too soon followed, their knees two spheres traveling down a smooth neck.

Fur gave way to skin. Bare, glossy, carefully massaged to bring out the flush of life, the centaur sank and sank, a slouched upper body held in place by straps and tight ropes, which were released into Merethis as if they were part of the meal.

The lamia's lips came closer to joining again. They rolled

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SLK

Slick

Gulp  
Glrck





over wide hips, a flat midriff, and worked their way up two perky breasts. When they reached the shoulders, her face no longer stretched and warped. The centaur's eyes, open and darting, peered out of her mouth into the cameras trained on every detail of her face.

She closed her mouth and swallowed.

The shape of the centaur's head vanished between her shoulderblades, and her stomach sagged forward, bounced as it stretched, then tightened around the detailed shape of a curled-up horse, with female features jutting out.

Just in time, too. Her assistant slithered back onto the stage and whispered something in her ear.

The vote was over.

She knew the result. It was always the same. Beyond the formality of a voting system was an undeniable truth; that there was no place for uncertainty in her line of work, and even before the voting had started, someone upstairs had already decided that a swift digestion would be good for ratings.

The centaur's fate had been sealed the moment she'd been brought in.

Merethis just smiled. This was the way of things. Another day, another meal. Who cared if she got to enjoy it for a few weeks, or digested them right away?

So she gave the cameras a moment to focus, closed her eyes, and let her body do what it did best.

Her flesh writhed. Her innards quaked. A loud hiss escaped her gut, and then something within her moved; kicking horse legs, punching human arms, a maelstrom of desperate motion awakened by the shock of a sudden burning. A shrill scream echoed. Words drowned out by gurgles, pleas for help, curses to the heavens that barely reached Merethis's throat. Her stomach churned and churned, softened the shape within, silenced the screams with its oppressive weight; then it drained, and there was nothing left.



word, as if to draw all the sweetness from them.

“Ooh, and a lamia, too. Yes, Edith — you can let them know I have more and enough room left. You know I never say no to kin.”







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Love,  
the Snakethroat Crew

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