

The Way Ahead

By 'AerosmawBites'

Content Warning: While this story is very vulgar, vore-centric, and therefore sequentially should not be read by anyone under the age of 18, this story also contains horror themes, gruesome descriptions, and references rather heavy themes that may be disturbing and cause discomfort. If it gets too heavy, you are always free to put this story down and move on to something else.

Reader discretion is advised.



**“Yesterday, there was a kid with a hopeful, happy soul.
Today, that kid is no longer with us.”**

Those were the two lines that were printed on paper.

There was nothing I could add.

So, I was just sitting there, just staring at them blankly, as the paper was still mounted onto the typewriter.

...If I knew what else *was* there to type down, what would it have been, anyway?

I couldn't even get myself to think about that. Frankly, it would not have been the first time I'd experience this feeling. I have come to have dealt with writer's blocks before, but recently it has been feeling rather... different.

I'm at home. Just writing for myself. There is no sergeant here who'd viciously find whatever to catch me doing during free time and shitting on it, *whenever it's doodling or writing a diary in a textbook that was supplied to me by the unit's psychologist*, because of it being – in his words, not mine – “*the faggiest thing a man would spent his time on*”, and at some point possibly steal it from me, too – either in front of my eyes or while I am not looking cos I were forced to do something else. Often times that something being hazardous to my health.

For example: you are put in a group to load up and push several heavy payloads down a long, slippery road. Are they aware you're at risk of developing scoliosis? Either way, they don't care.

Here's another one: one of the officers is in a bad mood, so they forced you and the rest of the group to run in 20 laps under a cold weather, with the oxygen being as cold as 7°C/45°F or lower. Are they aware that there's a disorder running in your family that makes your tonsils much weaker and susceptible to cold conditions, putting you at risk in getting seriously ill?

Completely unheard of. Not their problem. Though because of that, many people in the barracks got ill, not even I was spared from that.

But... I am literally safe from all that now. I am free to do whatever I want at this point, and have been free since I was exempt from being forced a year of service.

...

...So, why am I still unable to do anything? Other than just sitting on an old chair and remembering every single thing other actors I've dealt with in my life tried telling me, like what's the right thing, what's wrong, why am I in the wrong for enjoying basic things – over time, I've only learned to not have any of their shit.

And that's one of the things that helped me survive until the hospitalization in the mental ward, and sequentially being transferred home because the suspected adjustment disorder diagnosis was confirmed to be true.

I mean, that I figured – that disorder making it hard to adapt to some situations, and certain bad actors not even helping it in the slightest – but does that also affect my creativity...? Or is this one of the long-term consequences after having to put up with...

...

...So I think: “nevermind it all, maybe I'm just overthinking everything”, not to mention it's late, and I should have gone to bed two hours ago anyway.

And so, I do that. I fall asleep, snuggling up under the warmth I am more accustomed to, hoping I'll be able to do something better than two lines of a grim reminder of a long-gone past.

Sometimes, not even in my sleep I can escape from memories of having to put up with someone as incompetent as that sergeant. Amongst other people taking in as drill instructors - including a couple of officers.

One of the officers clearly had anger issues. Should you move wrong? *He'd threaten to break your limbs.* Say a sentence wrong? *His arm holding a live dagger is lifted right above your back, and he's holding himself from taking a full stabbing swing - and you'll never know that.* You got actual mental issues? He is aware – he just doesn't fucking care. Sometimes even doubles down on his threats.

The older officer? He never made up his mind for whenever we should love or hate him. Sometimes, he'd let us do things that normally shouldn't be allowed during certain hours... And often times? Honestly, I never understood that old man.

At some point, *he even threatened one of the other younger recruits in the group they'd be "eating off his yogurt", which of course was a slang that meant he'd force them to give him a blowjob.*

(These people... were actually going insane.)

I even wake up ahead of the alarm clock from such nightmares of a *bigger* living nightmare I survived, despite being in a more familiar comfort of my home. I guess I still occasionally await for some freak to turn the lights on, shout at people to wake up, order them to frantically put their old, smelly uniforms on and form a line in a span of a single minute.

As it's Sunday, I have the alarm set for 9:00 AM. I woke up at 5:56 AM.

We were all forced awake at 6 in the barracks, no matter the day of the week.

I woke up in cold sweat. But then I reminded myself that I am home. Safe. Alive.

Quite a relieving miracle... yet it's still so hard to believe that.

When I walk up to the curtains to open them up, let the sunlight in, I am reminded of something else.

I am *way* far from home.

But thankfully it's not back at the barracks that was often cold. Neither the infirmary I took refuge in anticipation of eventual dismissal, which... barely was any better with some molting windows and the ward I occupied being a literal human freezer. It was actually a pretty wonderful place – one that you'd assume some rich freak would isolate himself in, but... No. It's too nice even for a rich guy to afford to move into. They'd instead prefer living in a skyscraper, observing people down below as if they are a colony of ants.

I've only been brought here the night before yesterday, so for the past couple of days, I haven't really gotten around to explore outside the bedroom. I only knew a short route to use the restroom, but other than that and back to the bedroom, I didn't know much of this place. But if I knew one thing deep down about it, is that it was the domain of God. I have never felt this safe, nor this comfortable before.

Usually, the view from the window I approached to open usually is this: a massive cavern waterfall. It's often a very pretty sight to behold, but this morning – the first thing I see is a MASSIVE BEAST, STANDING ALL NAKED, using the waterfall to take a shower, and, embarrassed as I felt opening the curtains at the worst time, I promptly closed them and walked back to bed, lying down on the side.

I haven't even gotten a glimpse at it's genitals, but good grief, was that still pretty embarrassing.

So, I lied still.

“Woken up early again?”, I heard a familiar, deep, smooth voice speak to me from the same window.

It takes me a small moment to respond.

– “...Yeah?”

– “And it doesn't sound like you had a good rest, either.”

I didn't say anything back. I still felt like garbage, that much was true.

– “...would you step closer to the window again? Let me take a look at you”, it asks tenderly.

I reluctantly comply, and opening the curtains again, I am greeted by a familiar face: that was the white furred beast from earlier, whose top of the face was a skull-like matter – from the teeth and maxilla up to the frontal area that was partially covered by it's massive, fluffy gray mane – and despite the bone-like appearance, it still bent a little like any other facial muscles. Kinda creepy, but not as creepy as it not moving at all. Makes it seem kind of goofy, in a way, too.

That was the deity who brought me here - currently standing about 100 feet high - and has been looking over me for some time now.

– “Another rough night, huh?”

– “...Yeah. It still didn't feel refreshing”, I mumbled under my nose.

– “I understand, buddy. Recovery takes a while, but if there's something I can do to help... would you let me know?”

But what else could it do for me? It's done so much for me already – it even has given me a very nice shelter – but...

“It's okay, just take your time”, it lets out a sweet chuckle, having taken notice of me starting to overthink, “I will be back with ya' in just a moment~”. Then it steps out of the view to the right side of the window.

While it's out to dress back up, there's the view of the waterfall again.

It wasn't often I could see one in person, especially the kind that's localized in a cave. Well, it was more of a ravine, but because we are on the side of it that isn't in the opening, it might as well be a cave, but I can't quite describe the feeling I am getting from seeing it. Magical? That's a close second word that comes to mind. But it definitely is a mesmerizing sight to behold.

Hearing the door open behind me – now wearing that fancy loincloth again, and back to it's normal but somewhat massive size and the one I am more familiar with – the buff four armed masculine-looking beast enters the bedroom, stretching all it's muscles. After hearing the audible popping sounds with each joint stretch, it lets out a joy filled sigh before putting it's attention back to me.

It smiles, and thinking of a way to strike up a conversation to get me away from some bad thoughts, it speaks in a slightly playful manner:

“Once you feel very comfortable, maybe... you could come to the waterfall with me? Can't have all the fun to myself, you know?” Certainly is another thing to keep in mind. Though, that definitely felt a little like a jab at earlier poor timing.

And somehow the beast could tell I felt that way that it continued to speak:

– “I really like you. And honestly I was fine with you looking, I dunno why you feel ashamed of it. It’s not often anyone could gaze upon my—”

– “Okay?”, I interrupt it softly.

And the silence was already growing loud and more awkward.

– “But haven’t we met *just* recently before establishing whenever it’s acceptable or not?”, I genuinely ask it.

– “...We have?”, it snortles, chuckling once more, “But I suppose I am liking you so much, that I really wouldn’t mind you getting *very* comfortable around me... if you get the hint~.”

I couldn’t tell if the deity was now *flirting* with me, and frankly I had no idea how to feel about that. I’ve only known it for a couple of days, and I already stated that. I heard how it feels for me in response. It was getting more awkward. But I had to respond somehow?...

– “...but how would you not mind that, if neither of us know each other’s names?”

...Oh yeah... We definitely forgot to introduce ourselves when we first encountered each other. We both looked at each other, quite surprised at the realization.

– “...oh, you’re ri-i-ight. The only thing I recall telling you is what pronouns you can use to point out at me”, it puts its chin under one of the hands.

– “He – they – it, you mean?”

– “Right you are.”

– “Well, I am glad that was simple enough to remember.”

– “Wasn’t it, really?”, the beast said with quite a smug expression.

I let out a sigh, but even if I felt a little less awkward, that awkwardness was still present.

– “I suppose it’s not too late to fix that, is it?” I ask him. “But maybe we could keep it slow with seductions, I am still personally feeling sensitive to that... kind of stuff.”

– “Fair enough”, the beast smiles again before squatting down to get a closer look at me, “a late introduction wouldn’t hurt now, would it?”

And I can only shrug. "...I prefer to go by as Cole."

– "Ghissaov".

– "...*Jizz off?*"

– "...Sure, close enough!", Ghissaov cackles, "it's a pleasure to meet ya', bud~."

– "Likewise, I suppose..."

...I don't know what's going on, but frankly that made me feel a bit better? But I mean... even when we first met and I started feeling like I *like* the big guy, finding out he literally likes me more was quite a surprise.

– "While we're at it, I might as well admit that I have been taking a liking to you, as well", I confess, trying to be... a little more casual about it, but still had no clue if I could be *this* comfortable to act that way, "but like I said earlier – maybe we could slow down a little bit with seductions and... whatever could be similar."

– "Oh no, I understand you. You've told me **everything** that's happened up until this moment", he proceeds to lie down on his side, still facing me, "I don't even want to imagine how it was like – I still feel bad for you – but I don't mean to sound... *insensitive?* In a way? *Please do let me know?* The fact you're still standing alive despite all this? It's admirable!"

And he leans in closer towards me.

– "I am proud of you."

And he genuinely said that, straight to my face.

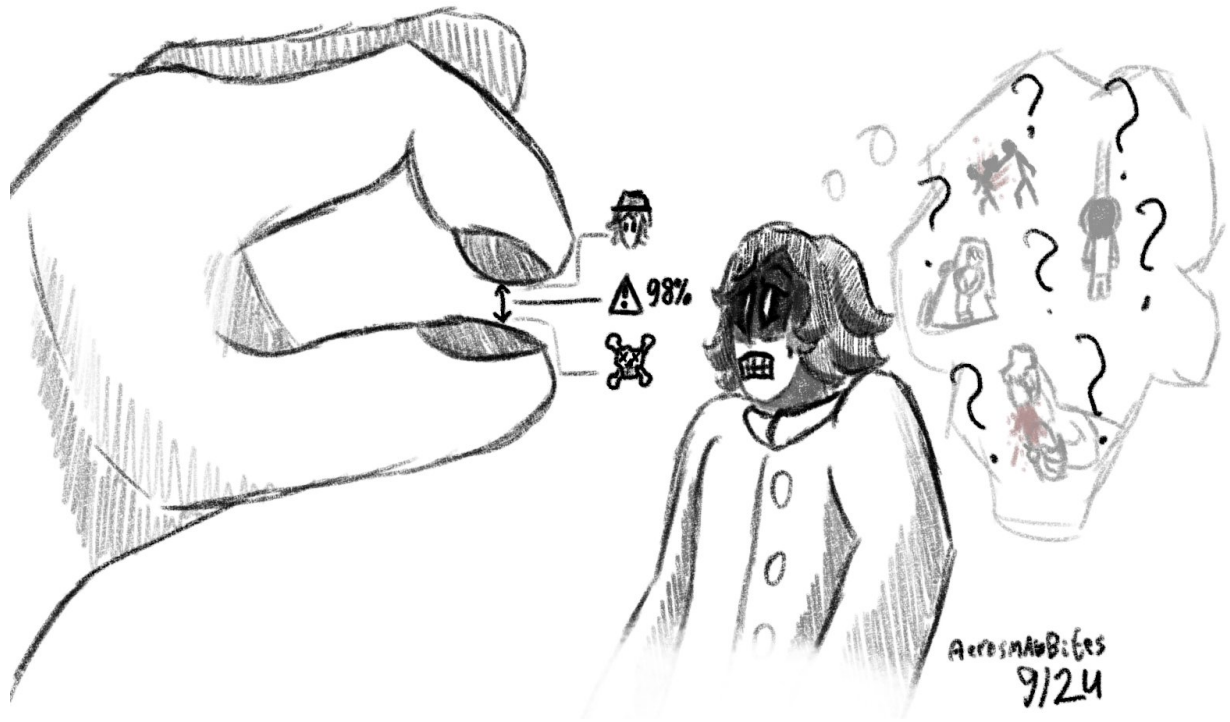
– "...I couldn't even believe my dad saying it when I was transferred back home...", I muttered dismissively.

– "Ah, ***fuck him***. Sounded to me like he still preferred that you'd get stuck for nine more months, getting caught up in the Second Night of Wrath in the process".

Ghissaov gently scoops me up with his hand as he rises up from the floor.

– "But even then, I doubt you would have survived til then, and you were getting ***this*** dangerously close to dying anyway!", he emphasized by shaking one of the other hands, keeping the distance between both thumb and index fingers clear.

To a degree, I hate that he was mostly correct. Not that I had anything relevant to object him with, but I was more so disgusted by the idea of my end turning out ugly either way.



Whenever it's getting mauled by... something that is not comprehensive, freezing to death, murdered by instructors or driven crazy enough to end it all...

I hate how all those scenarios at all had a huge possibility of happening. Ghissaov even took notice of my visible disgust.

– “But you’re here now, is what matters right now!” he speaks softly again, “And I’ll make sure you’ll be safe and sound with me~”, he whispers into my ear before quickly smooching my right cheek. That I did not expect at all, but I had a feeling that my early assumption we might like each other in the exact same way was only being proven more and more. “Anyway, just to be sure... You don’t happen to have thought of anything I could do to set your sleeping back on the right track, do you?”

Truth be told, I *have* been contemplating something while he was flirting with me a few minutes ago now. I felt like it was about to slip out of my mind, until I looked around the bedroom from this height, and – conveniently enough – was able to recall it when I saw something hanging in another apparent floor of the bedroom.

I mean, I have figured it was *Ghissaov’s* bedroom, just above mine, judging by the inclusion of the king sized bed big enough for someone like him. But something else within it caught my attention, and wanted it to be addressed first.

– “...is that a hammock?”, I point out at it.

– “Hmm? Oh, that?”, he also points at it, as he takes me higher with him.

– “Yep?”

– “Oh, this old thing? Yeah, I usually lie down on it while I read!” he gently sets me down on his bed while he gets in the hammock - it’s hanging low enough to support his spine, as well as maintaining eye contact with me - “...or while I let someone nearly my size take the bed! Which, believe it or not, doesn’t happen quite often. Don’t really have that much friends, aside from one of the siblings visiting this realm from time to time, y’know~?”, he chuckles.

– “...I see.”

Still smiling, he nods at me as he rests his lower hands on the sides of his belly.

– “I take it this has something to do with your idea?”, he asks.

– “...yeah, I wanted to ask if I could trust you enough to sleep with you by your side?”

– “Oh!” His eyes were wide open. “Well, if that’s what you want? Then again, it’s ought to be your idea! I am not the one to force anything on you... You’re a guest, after all - not a prisoner.”

– “Okay, then I may I clarify what I meant by that ‘trust’ part? You’re not planning on tricking me, are you?”

– “AS IF”, he scoffs, though sounding offended. “Should have I tricked you, you wouldn’t even be staying here now, would you?”

He had both his arm pairs crossed, snorted up into the ceiling like a horse. But thankfully he didn’t stop speaking there and returns back to the casual manner:

– “You’ll be fine”, he glares back at me, “but if there’s a ‘trick’ I can warn you about, it’d be more or less just a simple condition. A request, if I may call it that.”

– “...Go on?”

– “A simple vow of honor. Possibly could cost a life depending on the damage severity. I don’t fuck *you* over, and you don’t fuck *me* over, and you don’t treat *others* like how those instructors treated *you*. But I feel like you’ll be a rare instance of some bodies to actually keep that vow with seamless ease. Am I correct to assume so?”

...I couldn't tell if it was supposed to be a threat, with how casually this 'term of condition' was delivered to me, but considering this guy is a deity, also happens to be nearly four stories taller than me, he could easily paint the walls bloody red with my brains for as much as if I mess up his coffee.

Keeping such implications in mind, I just nod in response.

Ghissaov smiles back.

"I thought so". Now I could have sworn I started hearing him purring, now that he was sure we can trust each other. I didn't understand his confidence, but I still felt somewhat skeptical about this whole ordeal. I still felt like I might screw up and...didn't even want to see him angry at me.

I thought I was making a mistake getting this close to something that could squish me like a bug, until Ghissaov eventually reaches for me again. "What are you waiting for, then? Come here, I don't bite~!"

He gently picks me up like I was his teddy bear, and when he started pressing me into a hug... his muscles were surprisingly... soft!

Well, okay, maybe there was a bit of firmness in there, mainly around the dual set of pectorals – like I was leaning against mattresses that were tailored specifically for me. But to me personally? They were quite soft enough to pass as an alternative option for a bed!

– "The-e-ere you go, now! Already relaxing, aren't we?~", he hummed soothingly.

– "...I... I guess so?...", I already start yawning while I am in Ghissaov's warm embrace.

– "Good to hear! That means we're already off to a good start!"

So, he was right. I was already zoning out back to sleep, and before I knew it...

...well, despite waking up later in the evening, I've actually slept better with him than I ever could for the past... errm... well, it's been awhile.

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...speaking of the past...

After the dismissal and before encountering Ghissaov, I was in the process of reapplying back to my position in another city.

Before I could be let back in, I needed a note from a mental institution stating that I am not suffering from any disorders that could cause problems around the workplace. I needed to hide the fact I have an adjustment disorder, despite my downgraded health category still making it okay for me to apply to jobs – as long as they don't relate to getting myself in danger, not to mention I am legally not allowed to lay my hand on firearms of any sorts.

I would be in the clear, since the job I was reapplying to was basically a plain office job, but technically I was still applying to be (labeled as) a crane rigging technician, so this mental health checkup note from the institution was still necessary. The problem was that I needed to get a note from the institution that's localized within my home region.

Train travel tickets weren't super-cheap, but at the same time I (still) don't have a driver's license – not that I could afford a car, either, anyway – so, I needed to get the tickets on the right time, so I could travel back to my home town, get that note, and get out. Preferably as soon as possible.

Well, I was having problems figuring out how to reach that institution on foot, stepping out of the subway station. The directions weren't super clear – I went the wrong way, and it didn't help that plenty of surfaces have frozen and gone slippery. Not even sand was enough to prevent slipping... Not that was any sand on the path I was on to begin with, anyway. Why did I even mention it.

But thankfully, spring was on the horizon, plus, I only had to travel to the institution once.

Ideally, I would have ordered a ticket back to the capital at a much later time, but in this timeline? I got too confident I wouldn't get lost.

Stupid mistakes.

I ended up staying back in my home town for the night, extremely upset. And on the next day, I should have gotten on a different train, but I woke up to an SMS stating that my earlier booking was canceled, refund issued.

There weren't any more details other than that. It was a simple message stating that due to some "technical difficulties", my travel booking was canceled, and my refund will arrive in 1-4 work days. And that's about it.

I couldn't connect to the internet to check the news, the TV cable network's kicked the bucket as well, and the mobile signal was *very* low.

I... I would lie if I said that wasn't frustrating in the slightest, so I waited a few hours, naively waiting for things to stabilize.

They didn't.

So, I spent some time washing myself and tending to some hobbies I could tend to. I didn't realize that this will be another last time in a long while I could do either stuff in peace – when I went to open the curtains, thinking of ventilating my bedroom, I opened myself to a scene that made *so much* sense.

Broken fences. Crashed cars. The bodies, severed limbs, I still remember that gruesome sight. It was horrifying.

The way all that was scattered all over the streets... What the fuck happened when I was sleeping?! It didn't appear like someone, or some group, was going postal that night. And the way windows were broken into...

There's no way a human being would cause this much destruction.

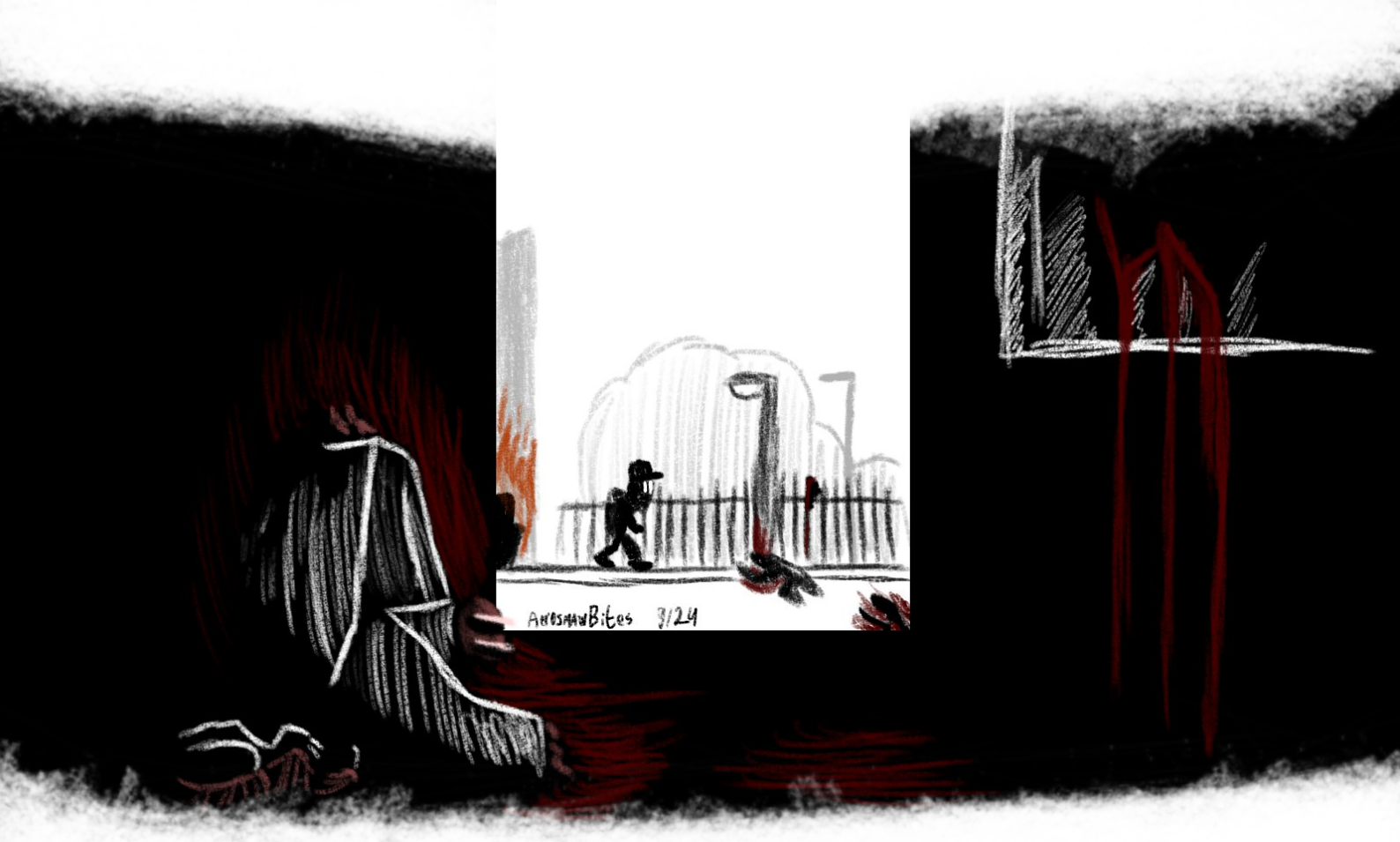
Or at all silently enough for me to not wake up in the middle of the night.

The elevator was broken, so to check on my apartment complex, I had to run downstairs. On closer inspection, I could see claw marks engraved into the bricks. The neighbors' window on the lower floor was broken into.

Just below my bedroom's window.

I figured it was time for me to get the fuck out of here. I knew I was taking my chances to pack my things and get out while things are quiet, but I didn't want to wait any longer to find out for myself whatever the fuck slaughtered the entire neighborhood.

But considering I would survive long enough to even write about it, I can tell I have made the right choice.



I had a feeling that the subway system would still be on total lockdown, so it only kept it obvious for me that the way ahead was gonna be a long one, and it might take me days to leave the city on foot. It made sense to stock up on supplies and continue stocking up while I was on my way out.

And as I was walking out, I kept seeing more, and more of the colossal destruction's aftermath. It really wasn't the doing of human hands.

So, so many lives gone overnight. Just like that.

And the fact I could have gotten caught up in all of this?

It was hard to shake it off.

At the same time, it was very hard to look away from my surroundings. But how can you, if you continue seeing more corpses in every corner you pass by, every single minute? Each being disfigured so violently, even impaled through lampposts, fences and whatever was thin and nearby – and impaled in such a way, you'd figure something murdering everything, even dogs, cats, and stray birds, has done it with so much anger and hatred for anything that breathes.

And they're just left there to rot. Just like that. The fact that all of it has happened is disturbing.

I was trying my hardest to retain my tears, and I continued trying to remain silent on my long path. I couldn't tell if... whatever was here... was still around.

And I was observing it all for nearly two whole days.

Eventually, when I was nearing the off-city check point at dawn, I still couldn't believe what I saw.

What... even was that thing? It definitely wasn't human, but neither was the corpse it was kneeling before. And the kneeling creature was ripping it apart of it's now dysfunctional organs. And it was eating them.

As if seeing corpses rotting on their own for nearly 48 whole hours wasn't bad enough for me to feel nauseous... this time I actually felt like I was gonna vomit.

I felt bitter gastric fluids rise up my esophagus, but instead of spitting that up, I swallowed it – it heard me gag from that.

I was dreading this moment would happen at some point: the monster that was eating the corpse of its own kind is staring in my direction. And it's not looking away. I don't look away from it, either. I remain frozen in one place, anticipating the worst, but at the same time I was more afraid than ever, but...

Eventually it looks back at the corpse.

It rips one of the corpse's limbs off and is holding onto it, now looking at me again.

I was still frozen in one place. And now it slowly started walking towards me.

I couldn't tell if I was making a mistake by standing in one place, but if I were to run now, it would not be a fair chase, either... given it's bigger size. So I was stuck.

When it eventually approached me to memorize my scent – and taste, licking my face with it's dry tongue – it... presented me the ripped limb.

I was confused what it wanted to tell me with that. And when I looked up in it's eyes, very confused, it pointed at it's mouth. I understood it was offering me a... a raw limb for me to eat.

Well, it was true that for all the time I spent walking I was getting hungry, I forgot I even had supplies on me, but... really? I hesitantly kept looking back and forth at the rotting piece of meat and back into the monster's eyes, and unsure if it understands any more gestures, I simply raised my hands and shook my head.

And to my surprise, it nodded in response and threw that limb away before walking back to the corpse to gut with it's own claws and teeth.

I pinched myself to test if I was dreaming.

...I wasn't. That beast actually understood me. I wasn't gonna waste any more time, so, I started walking again, but fast. And as soon as I passed by the check point, I heard... "TEMPLE"... I look back to find that same beast behind me, looming over me. Did that... also speak?

"BIG... TEMPLE AHEAD...", it points towards the woods behind the delivery truck parking space. I could see a path way leading somewhere. Assuming to the temple it spoke of. "SENSE LOST MAN, WHEN SEE ONE... MAN IS PURE, BUT HURTING", it eventually continues trying to speak, "...HE FIX MAN. FEAR HIM NOT..."

After that, it walks away from me.



I couldn't understand who was that 'HE' it was speaking of, but as I eventually discovered starting from following the path – it spoke of Ghissaov.

At first, I couldn't find HIM inside the temple.

...HE was the one to find ME as I was running out of the temple because I can't exactly remember what has happened there, but I remember running out in panic.

But when we were hitting it off, he did answer some of my burning questions, like, how he's here to make things better for a happier humanity, how apparently what I saw before me were consequences of the so called Second Night of Wrath. The beast I saw pecking away at something by the checkpoint was one of his Protectors. The thing that was being devoured? He believed it was one of the Exterminators sent on human soil by 'Utopian Gods' to... exterminate humans, and so he expressed his plan to get things squared up with them to prevent the Third Night from happening, which – as he assumed – would be even more catastrophic for what remains of the human race. Including myself. And this is when he offered me a place to stay until then, and... Well, the rest is history for the books.

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Ghissaov was pretty quick about preventing that event. Somehow, that crazy son of a bitch talked it out with those 'Gods' and now both humans and beastfolks peacefully co-exist.

But I only learnt about that from him sometime after we just woke up and he decided to show me around the place, as he has figured this place would be much better for me to live in now. Honestly, with all things considered, I did not disagree with him – that felt like the most logical thing to do. Not to mention that Ghissaov has been treating me pretty well so far. And my home realm was still a gory mess.

I'll say, this place is a cozy one, now that he's shown me around the place outside of our bedroom. By the looks of things, he has thought of everything for a case if he ever found someone of my size to keep around: huge spaces have ramps and stairs that would make higher-level areas accessible, but there's also miniature versions of the same rooms with the same stuff I can use, or if I ever need some alone time. I dunno how to explain that in a way that makes sense.

But the point is that things in that place are arranged in such a way that are still accessible for both human and giant sized folks like myself and Ghissaov. Feels somewhat surreal and (admittedly) mildly disorienting at first, but still very much accessible once you get your head wrapped around that whole spiel.

We were having breakfast, but due to the time we woke up at, it could as well be considered dinner at that point, so, Ghissaov and I were having some pasta. Though, both of us had to make it ourselves, because – again – we both are of different sizes, and either of us can only eat so much.

I made myself some spaghetti, Ghissaov already had sausage filled shells pre-made and pre-heated, and – I will emphasize – A LOT of sausage filled shells. And the ones he made for himself were somewhat the same size of car tires, at least from my point of view. And seeing him being able to stuff so much of these things in his mouth – and I *wished* I could stuff my face with HUNDREDS of pasta shells – it was quite a sight, I couldn't look back to my spaghetti, and it can only remain warm for so long.

One thing didn't help for certain: watching the deity swallow all of its mouth's contents in a single go. That wet gulp was so audible, I could even hear it below. And the food extruding into a massive, solidly rounded out bulge has given me an idea of just how open the deity's esophagus really is. And – of course, much to my awkwardness – Ghissaov took notice of me observing that as well, and that has become a starter for yet another conversation.

...except, it was my turn to speak first, while we were just staring at each other.

– “...You know how earlier this morning you were open about this whole... y'know?...” I tried asking him, and even hinted at his charisma with myself biting my own lip for a brief second.

– “Yeah?” Ghissaov rests his cheek against his arm while facing me. “Still surprised how comfortable I am with... y'know?~” He licks his lips, pausing for a second, thoughtfully looking at the ceiling and muttering under his breath “*wow, must have made for a perfect sauce for it to not go sour overnight, huh*”.

– “Right, well, uh... about that – uh-h-h...” I began trying to figure out how to phrase it appropriately: “Would you tell me if that also applies – like... comments relating to certain odd fantasies, and... desires and all that?”

By the way his expression has become more smug, I should have expected his following response:

– “If you learnt what Greek Gods and especially Egyptian Gods do in their free time, you would actually explode”, Ghissaov began speaking, almost bursting into laughter, crossing his arms, “like I don’t know what you humans were taught in your little churches? You’d be shocked to learn just how kinky Gods truly are, you all would suddenly become atheist!”

– “Oh? Well, I mean, yeah, I do remember something about... some deities jizzing in each others’ salads”, I snortle uncontrollably, “if... I remember correctly?!”

– “That you do! If you exactly mean the contest Horus and Set had against each other??”, he raised his voice in surprised amusement.

– “Yes! That’s it!”

If only you could hear his belly laugh, it was the hardest I heard anyone laugh *that hard*, let alone an astral beast older than life itself!

– “Oh, Cole, my dear! I remember actually spectating that shitfest, that was funny and so disgusting! Ah-h-h, one of the seeds actually spoke, too, I am glad I have no gagging reflexes – oof!~”

– “Oh that’s the part I keep forgetting.”

Ghissaov didn’t stop laughing. He just lies down the table, wrapping one of his arms around me, and continued to laugh. I am sure that by the time he finally stopped laughing, my spaghetti has gotten cold on the room temperature level.

And he lets out a pretty warm sigh in my meal’s direction, funnily enough warming it back up.

– “Wow! Okay, I am sure we will definitely get along pretty well now, aren’t we?~”, Ghissaov asks, still taking a breather from laughing for so long. And after he regains his breath, he asks... “Are you actually getting comfortable enough to suggest something of that sorts? What’s gotten into you all of the sudden?”

– “I am not sure. I guess watching you swallow all that down got me feeling so—”

– “Oh, I think I know where this is gonna go, let me take a guess.”

...”*I didn’t even finish my sentence?*” I muttered.

– “So, you wish? That you were...”, the deity pauses...

– “...Maybe...?”

– “...one of the pasta shells?”, it finishes the sentence, licking it’s chompers a bit more.

– “Well, that’s the first half of it.”

– “First half?! O-ho-ho~ So, you also just like watching that happen, don’t you?~”

– “Yeah, it’s... Not often I see someone swallow so much stuff in a single gulp, I can’t imagine if you can eat more?...”

– “Hey, someone saw me engulf an entire nuclear submarine once”, Ghissaov smirked.

My eyes and smile widened up in disbelief.

– “Bullshit.”

– “What, is it that hard to believe?” Ghissaov moves his seat away as he gets up from it. “Now, watch this – we might also see if it’s still intact – gimme a second”, he tells me, before grabbing onto his potbelly, caressing and pushing into it, as he eventually regurgitates THE WHOLE THING - albeit the other half remains within his esophagus - and I couldn’t even tell if I was either shocked or impressed, nor if it’s about him being capable of something like this. “Hmmpf!~” He seemed and sounded rather pleasantly surprised with the state of this whole thing, and Ghissaov immediately swallowed the submarine back down. “Ah-h-h~, that piece of decommissioned junk is still in perfect shape! Not for long now...”

And swallowing it that easily, it returned into his gut, now instantaneously grown much larger. One would figure that something as solid and heavy as a submarine would make plenty of dents, and immediately weight the one eaten that to the floor, but to a deity like Ghissaov – it was nothing, but water weight. He remained perfectly still as he caressed his massive, sloshing, doughy belly, and looking back at me, Ghissaov squats down, so his large gut was within my reach. He saw how baffled I was, and I felt my face getting hot observing all... that going on.

– “You think this is where it stops, but trust me - this glorified tin can is NOTHING compared to other things this bad boy can handle~”, Ghissaov flexed, slapping his belly and letting it jiggle for about five seconds.

– “I... I don’t doubt that claim...” I stutter, not even looking away from this digestive furry hill.

– “Even planets, stars, galaxies, whole universes”, he continued, “Nothing this guy can’t handle... It’s only a matter of whenever I feel like going that far.”

– “...Right. And how often do you do that...?”

– “Not as often as some jerkwads would dream of doing – but before they even get to that point, they often end up dead.” Ghissaov starts picking his tooth with a claw. “But even so, I don’t aim for planets that exhibit lives, I am not a prick.”

– “Right, right...”

I am still staring at his belly, and he already knows that I might wanna touch it... at some point.

– “I can tell what you want just by looking at you. So, what are you waiting for? If you wanna rub that, do feel free to do so! I ain’t biting until you ask for it!~” he assures me.

– “Can I, really?” I ask.

– “I don’t know! Can you?~” He responds with a question that only some teachers hit back with, expecting it to be rephrased with a ‘may I?’ instead, but I am not sure what was coming over me that time, but I built up enough courage to dare massage the beast’s soft gut. And five seconds into the massage... “Well, I suppose you can. Just don’t expect this to work with anyone else, dear”, he cooed. “Unless if you want your arms get prosthetic replacements all of the sudden?”

– “I wasn’t planning to!” I start hitting back at him. “If I did though, would this massage feel the same as it does right now?”

– “Hmm... Probably? Probably not?~”, Ghissaov murmurs, “But let’s not focus on low possibilities... I know you are not that stupid to try that.” And he sits down, letting me lie on top of his belly, so I have more areas to rub. “...a little to the right, please?~”

And I move to the right, not stopping this massage for a while, now that my hands rest over his favorite rubbing spot.

“Ah-h, that’s it. Thank you, buddy~”.

Ghissaov proceeds to relax as I continue aiding his digestion. And I assume that might take just a little bit of time, since through all those powerful gurgles, that submarine was starting to break down already. And the belly was beginning to shrink down as that old thing digests.

Though, I was now curious...

– “Say... I don’t know how long you had that thing inside you, but how come that never made your belly as large as it does right now?”

– “It did – I am just able to determine which stomachs can enlarge it, but don’t worry about it~.”

– “...so, like... Controllable hammerspace type stuff?”

– “If that’s how you can describe that, sure. But it’s a bit more complicated than that, so, don’t worry about it~.”

– “Gotcha.”

Continuing rubbing, I thought I’d ask more.

– “Stomachs?”

– “Stomachs.”

– “Not just one?”

– “Willing snacks like options – to gurgle or not to gurgle away for the weekend...”

– “Makes sense, I think.”

– “Wouldn’t blame them, either way~.”

– “And the submarine?”

– “It broke down, but the base holding onto it didn’t want to waste money, so...”

– “Well, at least that doesn’t make sense.”

– “But do the rest of human armies’ ideas?”

– “Eh, fair point. But to be fair, they are very cheap, that they refuse to give recruits fresher clothes.”

– “I think you also told me about that... Still very sorry you had to deal with trying to sew those up by yourself.”

– “Literally no need to mention that.”

– “Didn’t mean to, but you did mention the clothes yourself.”

– “Meh...”

At some point, my arms would get tired from rubbing. And when they do, I just climb up higher on top of Ghissaov's belly – more closer to his lower set of pectorals. I have already forgotten about the spaghetti I was supposed to finish, so I guess I wasn't as hungry as I thought I was gonna be, anyway. So, I could only feel comfortable resting on the deity's abdomen that's as soft as a large bean bag. At least while the gut's still big enough to be like a bean bag. Otherwise, if it's back to being a potbelly, it's still soft – but works more like a pillow.

But right now? I didn't care. I was just enjoying the moment, feeling relaxed more than ever, and I also almost forgot that I wanted him to... uh... huh...

Eh, pretty sure it was nothing. Too comfortable to think about anything. Might as well...

– “Ahem!~” Ghissaov cleared his throat loud enough for me to wake up. “Sorry, I don't mean to disrupt your peace, but... do you reckon some other room would be fitting for a rest?”

– “Uh...—” and before I could say anything...

– “Unless if you are still up to being my personal pasta shell for the night, hmm?~”, he continued.

– “...Oh yeah. I forgot I wanted to try that eventually.”

The deity chuckled, now lifting me off it's belly, now back to its original size.

– “So-o-o...? What will it be, then?”

It was honestly pretty hard for me to decide, because both ideas sounded pretty good at the time. But I remembered that I still need to take it slow, because... I didn't know if I would regret offering myself as dessert, there was a chance I would be uncomfortable with that idea - might possibly get myself killed as well, though I was the one to suggest it earlier albeit in the heat of a moment, so keeping that in mind, simply sleeping on top of that belly sounded good too.

Yet at the same time... I was still morbidly curious.

So, it was time I have finally chosen *something*.

And I have already taken enough time doing so. But if I were to proceed, I just needed one more thing made clear, so I asked:

- “Hypothetically speaking... If you were to swallow me up, would I actually live to see another day?”
- “...Yes? What’s wrong with that?”
- “Oh. Nothing. Just wanted to be sure.” I looked away for a second.
- “Alright, it’s no biggie! It’s good you’re making sure, actually.”
- “...Hm?”

Ghissaov started to look for something in one of the cupboards.

– “Yeah, I get it can be concerning, literally trusting your life to someone by letting them consume you... Well, at least it’s one thing *watching* it happen in typical porn formats, and actually *trying* this ‘vore’ thing out for yourself is a whole different experience”, he picks up a human sized necklace as he starts lecturing me, “Obviously the idea of dying in the process might still linger on your mind, if you have doubts about your partner... Totally valid concerns.” He gazes back at me.

- “Well, at least if it were possible...”
- “Not with anyone or anything from your world, fuck no, of course that would be a terrible idea – but let me finish.”
- “Sorry.” I sit on Ghissaov’s palm.
- “Alright... so! I am bringing up the ‘trust’ idea, because I’ve come to discover that it’s what makes this ‘vore’ thing enticing, and I am more than happy to provide such ecstasy~”, he continues lecturing, sounding more sentimental about it, “Like I mentioned – it’s trust that your partner will protect you, will keep you safe! And that even if you’d find yourself in quite a... melty predicament... you’ll still find yourself okay and well.”
- “...well, that last part honestly sounds unlikely, cos it isn’t being depicted so often—”
- “And do they often kill off characters for the rest of the episode, and depict them coming back to life in the end, so they’d return in the next episode?”

That... was certainly a point on Ghissaov’s part. But...

- “...But there are times it’s depicted as a permanent end to their existence.”

Ghissaov scoffs at my rebuttal.

– “Nah, where I am from, beastfolk aren’t stupid enough to let that happen, unless if they’re looking for a death sentence. If it’s to be permanent, and it’s agreed to, it’s only if guests are alive and comfortable. Bonus points for letting them have breaks from such... *sessions*. So, “it’s consent or bust!”, as they say it. No idea if you humans have something similar for you to say.”

– “Well, if ‘No means No’ counts and *means* anything at all?”

– “The one saying that some adults still need to hear?” Ghissaov raises an eyebrow. “The one their mums neglected to shout into their brains enough?”

– “...Yeah.”

– “...I’d say it counts, yes”, Ghissaov nods.

– “Right, right.” I notice that he is still holding onto that necklace thing. “...and what about that thing?”

– “Just a little something to ensure you are *definitely* safe!” He gently puts the necklace over my collar, “Other than that situational perk - no idea when you’ll find yourself in risky predicaments, at least - you can keep it as some sort of a talisman. Y’know, for a confidence boost, even if you are in good hands! Or in a good stomach, for that matter”, he smiles very gently.

– “Huh... why, thank you...?”

– “It’s a pleasure~”, he affectionately rubs his face against me, “I just do what people think makes them happy, and I offer them gifts like such as gratitude for giving me a chance to help them.”

– “But... with you gifting things, what-... what are you getting in return?”

– “Their happiness! That’s how I would know I’ve been doing a pretty good job!”

At that point, I really didn’t know what else to say in response – I was completely in awe. In the meantime, Ghissaov was slowly bringing me up closer to his snout.

– “Well, whenever you’re ready, just say a word”, the deity cooed, “I promise I’ll be very gentle.”

– “...I mean, there can’t be a better time for it than this”, I murmur.

– “That’s the spirit!”

And so, as I was getting up on my feet - still standing on Ghissaov’s palm - his jaws were opening before me, and I was greeted by his very warm breath.

His mouth was open wide enough for me to set foot in, or whole legs, rather, which... were the first limbs I put in his mouth. So, there they were – resting on top of his massive, meaty tongue. I... actually don't remember if his mouth was full of saliva, but at least when I was first being eaten by Ghissaov, it was moist enough... and that's it. I assumed he refrained from salivating a lot, so my first slide down isn't entirely disgusting, but that's just how he handles food.

He saves up quite a lot of saliva to make for an effective, audible gobble, but I only figured that out for myself as soon as I started shuffling my way further into his gullet, and I have gone far enough into his mouth to warrant assistance from him by gently pushing me further into his mouth... closing it... and finally... his tongue stuffs the entirety of me in his cavernous esophagus as he sends me down, swallowing me once.

I was already sliding down his esophagus at a rapid pace - the excessive amounts of saliva must have contributed to making this ride's beginning quite slippery. Eventually, as I have gone deeper down Ghissaov's gullet, I started slowing down. I was forced to curl up for a moment as I felt myself... rotating, the deity could hear me gasp in surprise. I somehow made out it telling me that I "shouldn't worry; this ought to happen when [I] reach the branching point", and I start feeling myself pick up the pace once more, now that the route has been figured out for me.

"Just so you are not surprised, do brace yourself to be one with the shells!", I heard Ghissaov's voice booming through.

I wasn't sure if my voice would be still audible through many, many layers of his body, but I still thought I'd shout back: "It's fine! I have still been awfully curious what's it like being one!"

The deity chuckled in response, so, now I was glad that I am not being completely buried within its mass.

I was already nearing tonight's designated stomach. I was yet to have my head poke into the warm fleshy room, and I could already pick up the scent of his pasta dinner. You'd think it would become disgusting as it would slowly churn into mush, but as I have discovered for myself the moment I was dropped into a roomy pool of saliva mixed with the sauce?

All that food's just been sitting there for a while, still completely solid. I mean, Ghissaov never chewed them either, but even so... That just went to show that the deity really meant it when it said it would keep me safe.

Besides, how long have the soggy sausage-filled shells were sitting here for? Was it an hour now? When something like that digests, some gastric foam usually forms around them within the first hour, so...

...

I thought that was pretty interesting.

– “Hey, Cole!” Ghissaov’s voice rumbled through. “Are you alright in there? It’s been two minutes, and I didn’t hear you make a peep!”

– “Oh— oh, yeah! Yeah! Sorry for being quiet”, I shouted back at it, “Was just... taking this all in, you know?!”

– “Okay? You might wanna give your voice a rest, though, I can hear you ju-u-ust fine!”, he spoke, surprisingly audibly.

– “Sorry!”

Ghissaov snortles.

– “I was just letting you know!~”

So, I am in a stomach of an astral beast. Now what?

Honestly, with the way things turned out the way they did to that point, it’s not that bad of a place! Sure, I would have preferred for the stomach to be less... uhhh... *occupied?* ...*messy?* But then again, as noted earlier - I felt like Ghissaov wanted to prove that I could trust him my life, and there seemed to be nothing better to demonstrate than with food he swallowed hours ago without chewing. And normally some of it would have decomposed into gastric porridge by now.

But it didn’t.

And the air in this big fleshy sack was... I wouldn’t say it was *super* clear, it still smelled of a pasta shop, but it wasn’t toxic, either. If it was - knowing what I’ve learned from chemistry and biology in the past - I would have gotten blind, deaf, and already passed out within the first few minutes of being present in a stomach.

And yet, I’ve been lying down against a fleshy wall, observing the pasta bites swim in the saliva in several directions for what felt like half an hour. And I have lived to be still writing this story, so...

Ironically though, I would have passed out asleep from taking in the rumbling, sloshing, gurgling ambience of the whole digestive system... And I am still not sure what is it that makes it so soothing to me.

But I guess I felt like what was keeping me awake was... uh...

Did I hear a group of people laughing? And one of them saying something about football?

Eventually, I will be explained that it were some other beastfolk guests in a different stomach that wanted some space, as to not disturb the neighbors with their cheers, jeers, and drunken chanting.

...Drat, I completely forgot I left my stuff in the bedroom that night, so I couldn't check what people have been writing of recent events on the internet, let alone if my phone was finally fully charged at all – I used what remained of it on the camera flash to use as a flashlight until I found an *actual* flashlight.

But that didn't matter much.

I should be living in this blissful moment.

Eventually, I gotten even more comfortable, so I was starting to sleep, since nothing bad happened over the course of an hour and a half. But before I could get some more rest, I remembered to ask Ghissaov once more:

– “Hey, uh... Ghissy? You can hear me, right?” I spoke softly.

– “Right as rain, bud. Wuzzap?” the deity spoke tenderly.

– “...Just to be sure, if I am to get comfortable in your belly... I am free to do whatever, even going in for a power sleep, right?”

– “Mm-hmm?” Ghissaov hummed affirmatively. “Honestly, I thought you'd have figured that out yourself, I mean... you wouldn't book an hotel room only to not sleep in there, would you?” I heard him snicker.

– “Yeah... sorry, that probably was a very stupid question.”

I curl up, resting my head on one of the nearest oversized pasta shell, more or less using it as a soggy pillow.

– “It's still good that you're trying to be sure, ha-hah...”, Ghissaov chuckles awkwardly, “I don't know why you have to apologize so much for that, though.”

– “I, uh...” I sigh. “I don’t know, I just can’t help but feel like I’m annoying people by doing so. Like, making them think: *‘how is that grown ass man so obnoxiously clueless?! Is he mentally challenged?’*, or something like that... would’ve quoted one of the slurs thrown at me in my teens, but – I dunno if I am eligible to reclaim it for that purpose.”

– “**Hmm...** And you’ve been feeling that way since?”

I didn’t respond to that question, because the deity already had that figured out.

– “You were still learning. And you still do, every day, with things changing on a daily basis. And you might not always know everything right away, as those people would expect of you. Hah! Chances are that they themselves never bothered to inform you or anyone else about changes, either. So, it’s normal for you to ask for an elaboration or help.”

– “...speaking of expectations... I don’t know why they had them so high, I wasn’t even 18, nor old enough to drink around the whole world”, I muttered under my breath.

– “Ha. Pretty bold of them to think so highly of kids that think profanity is funny and ‘creepy pastas’ are real.” Ghissaov didn’t say anything for another minute. “...are they even called ‘creepy pastas’ anymore? Are they still relevant in this year?”

– “Eh, I’ve had bigger things to worry about”.

– “Fair enough”, I heard Ghissaov rasping with his tongue.

And so, I felt like I was starting to find comfort again. I felt like that’s what I wanted to hear: that I am fine, and it’s fine that I am not perfect - no one is, but... Honestly, I wouldn’t have expected it from someone like Ghissaov, but I was glad it was him.

– “So, how long do you plan on resting in there?” I felt a little nudge from the side, assuming that was from the deity poking into it’s gut.

– “No idea. I can definitely see the appeal of an idea of just settling in here, though. But for my first time... am I making a mistake by trusting you to decide that?”

– “Huh! Never had anyone give me such privilege before!” he sounded pleasantly surprised. “I’ll say, I think I’ll let you out in the morning. Does that sound good?”

- “Yeah, I’d say.”
- “Okay, great”, Ghissaov cooed. “...If I may be honest for a moment?”
- “Go ahead?”
- “If you and I are actually feeling this attached to each other, you wouldn’t find it weird if I told you that I already miss seeing your cute face?~”

I immediately blush.

- “...If you don’t find it strange that I – oddly enough – would like to start dating you- *OH MY GOD, WHAT AM I DOING.*”
- “Why date? I’d literally marry you right now!” he immediately snaps back.
- “I’D DOUBLE MARRY YOU AND MAKE IT IMPOSSIBLE TO DIVORCE.”
- “Good news, I’ve already got that covered.”

And I was slipped a copy of a registered homosexual marriage certificate between myself and Ghissaov. Y’know, something that doesn’t realistically happen with a snap of a finger, but the deity manages to know things way ahead of time.

- “...*Oh fuck, you were serious?*”
- “*And you’re saying you weren’t?~*”
- “Well, if... if that helps me be okay with thirsting for you, this couldn’t get any worse than that... could it?”

Ghissaov could be heard chuckling.

- “Sorry, was this going too far, hun?”
- “...Eh?” I shrugged. “But in all fairness, uh... Yeah, I actually would have asked to marry you.”
- “No need for that now, is there?~”
- ...
- “But that’s still weird, I’ll just say it.”
- “Ah.”

Well... That moment aside, I'd say I had a very pleasant night.

Slept even better.

...I am not sure what else is there to write home about. I feel like I've already written long enough as is. *What's the word count on this thing...?*

OVER 10000 WORDS?!

OKAY! WOW! SORRY ABOUT THAT!

But if I were to wrap this up now, I will leave it on this note:

Despite it having gone 500 miles per hour, Ghissaov and I have been very happy with our marriage so far. Didn't hold a wedding, but honestly, I was fine with it. I imagine it would have been awkward, if there... *were...* any guests.

So, I have sat down once more, now having a better idea for something to write and – with his explicit approval – I started writing *this one*.

...I haven't removed that paper from the typewriter, so...

...

“Yesterday, there was a kid with a hopeful, happy soul.

Today, that kid is no longer with us.”

Those were the two lines that were printed on paper.

There was nothing I could add.

So, I was just sitting there, just staring at them blankly, as the paper was still mounted onto the typewriter.

...I kept going.

The End.

A message from the author:

Hey there!

I am glad you've made it far to the end of this story! And I also would like to thank you for reading it in the first place. I really appreciate that!

I normally don't do this form of content, but since I don't always have the time and energy to turn stuff like this into a comic, - considering I (try to) do stuff outside of what you normally see in place like Furaffinity or Itaku, - I thought it would be a neat little experiment to play around with! All while adding a pinch of world-building, character exploration and trauma into what started off as a more simple idea for a self-indulgent, self-insertious, self-shipping vore story.

Yeah, sadly, the things referenced at the very beginning did in fact happen to me from October 2023 to the very beginning of February 2024, as if the earlier part of 2023 wasn't enough for me as it was. I am still hurt from the events that unfolded, but as long as I gradually stop suppressing my voice about it, I think I might be okay. But it will take a very, very long time before it will truly feel like it. So, I sincerely apologize you had to go through that integrated part, as much as I tried to keep it short and less frequent.

I might potentially write another story in the future – hopefully a more lighthearted one – but I might wanna hear your thoughts on whenever I did well on my first story or not - yes, it's my first one! -, or if there are some elements that could use more work, so my next possible story could be better.

And once you're done with that, do check out some of the other stuff of mine, will ya'?

I'd like to give my huge thanks to my current three lifetime **Patreon** supporters (patreon.com/polyvishap)

FenrisNox

BugRights

and 'thepeoples' person,

as well as a few certain individuals occasionally dropping by to chip in a few bucks.

Their support is what allows me to continue experimenting with stuff like this, as well as improving on varying sets of skills, and gradually draws me closer to reaching my goal of being able to do stuff like this more frequently! ...and hopefully even closer enough to do it in a safer environment.

I also would like to show my appreciation for my buddy **Gany** whose interest in Ghissaov inspired me to explore more of the deity's personality!



See you again at some point!
– Colbeala Moghes