

A large, bold, red letter 'M' with a black drop shadow, set against a white background within a red rectangular border.

**Mature Audiences
(18+ years of age)**

Into The Halls of Vore
A Cruel Game
A Short Story Based In The World of
Tales of the Purrfect Explorers

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CHAPTER ONE

The Halls of Vore

"I don't know about this, Shi'arie," the lean ty'gress muttered to her lep'rdes companion as she pulled at her purple one-piece swimsuit style outfit nervously. The two were climbing a broad marble stairway towards a huge silver-domed structure.

"Come on Ti'ani! Don't tell me you're chickening out!" Shi'arie exclaimed as the two approached the top of the stairs.

"Yeah, but come one Shi'arie," Ti'ani responded, "buying tickets here means there's a chance that one of us is going to wind up being... eaten alive! I mean... isn't this just a little too risky?"

"Oh, jeez Ti'ani," Shi'arie replied, a tone of annoyance creeping into her voice, "the odds can't be that bad or they wouldn't get so many girls coming to their shows, would they? I mean come on, the tourist guide said they get more than 100 of us girls in any given day!"

"Yeah, but still," Ti'ani muttered as the two reached the top of the stairs and moved towards the huge, golden sliding doors which were the entrance to The Halls of Vore.

The huge doors slid silently open and the pair passed into the large lobby. There, they found aliens of all shapes and sizes lined up hoping to be able to get tickets to one of the days vore shows.

"Welcome to The Halls of Vore, my lovely ladies," one of the aliens said as it approached. "I trust you are here to purchase tickets to one of today's fine shows. I regret that few are available as the shows are quite popular and soon to begin, though perhaps the special ticket representative will have something to your liking."

"Yes, we are here to purchase tickets to a show," Shi'arie replied with a thoroughly confident tone in her voice as she looked the tall gray alien over.

"Very well, follow me to the special ticket desk please," the alien responded.

"The special ticket desk?" Ti'ani asked as the two followed the alien through the lobby and the maze of rope barriers which designated what areas were for what.

"The special ticket desk is where ladies like yourselves must purchase their tickets for shows here," the alien replied as the little group approached an empty area of the lobby. Before them was a small counter manned by a single greenish, bug-eyed alien who sat looking them over for a few minutes before speaking.

"So, you have come to purchase tickets to one of our shows I see," the alien observed. "Do you understand the rules of purchasing such tickets? You must understand everything fully or you may not be happy with the outcome."

"Well, we've heard a little," Shi'arie replied, "but we're not sure as to the full set of conditions. Could you explain them?"

"Of course," the alien replied. "Ladies such as yourselves must

purchase tickets at a 50% discount or whatever special rate is in effect for a particular show.”

“That’s decent,” Ti’ani remarked softly.

“But, there is a very serious... I believe ‘catch’ is the word you ladies use,” the alien continued. “For normal shows, you are entered into the random selection process which picks slaves from our pool for the next days shows. If you get picked, you become a slave of The Halls of Vore and will be participating in your one and only show on the next day.”

“That sound interesting,” Shi’arie replied.

“Uh... yeah, but what are the odds?” Ti’ani questioned, wanting to know as much as possible.

“Well, my ladies,” the alien responded, “at the absolute worst, the odds are eight in seventeen. Today’s odds, however are eighteen in one hundred and twenty-one, or about one in six point seven.”

“Those aren’t very nice odds,” Ti’ani remarked, looking at Shi’arie.

“You said that’s for normal shows, what else have you got?” Shi’arie asked, leaning on the counter.

“Today, my ladies, we have a Deadly Vote show with two tickets still open,” the alien replied.

“What’s a Deadly Vote show?” Ti’ani asked, her tone of curiosity causing the alien’s ears to perk up.

“In a Deadly Vote show,” the alien explained, “the audience includes twenty-four lovely ladies. The rest of the audience votes of which of those ladies will be participating in the show. The vote takes place in two stages, the first vote is to determine the top four who will be voted on in the second and final vote.”

“And the odds are one in twenty-four?” Shi’arie observed, somewhat incorrectly.

“Yes, but the selection is not random,” the alien replied. “It depends entirely on the tastes and desires of the audience.”

“I think we’ll go with that,” Shi’arie stated, placing her transfer-card on the counter.

“I guess that’s alright,” Ti’ani responded, handing her transfer-card to the alien as well.

The alien processed the transactions quickly before returning the transfer-cards to the two women. It then handed them silver bracelets.

“What are these for?” Ti’ani asked.

“Those are your tickets,” the alien replied.

“Well, then, I guess we’re good to go. Where exactly is the show?” Shi’arie asked.

“Corridor number six, to the rear of the lobby, theater number 35,” the alien replied, a smile upon it’s face. With a wink, the alien added, “I wish you great luck at the votes, you are both quite... delicious looking.”

As the two women wandered towards the back of the lobby, Ti’ani looked back at the ticket desk, wondering just what the alien had meant with its final comment. Soon, the two found themselves in a long corridor lined with somewhat disturbing life-sized statues of women being swallowed whole by various alien monsters.

"So... that's what... vore looks like," Ti'ani remarked as she eyes the frightening decorations.

"What did you think it looked like?" Shi'arie asked, nudging her friend in the arm.

"I don't know... less... scary?" Ti'ani replied as the two approached to doors to theater number 35. "I mean... given that everyone is 'willing'..."

"It's about the physical experience, I imagine," Shi'arie responded as the doors to the theater slid aside. "Not that the feelings can be very pleasant... well, we'll just have to find out for ourselves."

The two entered the theater and found themselves in a large circular room. Two hundred and forty seats were arranged in a semi-circle, leading down in four steps, with sixty to a row. At the base of the seats was an open floor space. In the middle of the floor was a square, clear tank-like chamber and behind it was a huge round chamber of similar form, recessed into the rear wall. While aliens of all sorts occupied the seats, a small group of Ambwassi women were crowded around the square chamber below.

It was what was within the chamber that transfixed the two women as they slowly moved forward into the theater. It was a worm-like creature of very alien form. Its green head was large and bulbous with two long tentacles extending from each side, each tipped with a three fingered grabber. Two black eyes upon stalks stared out of the chamber at the women and a large, sphincter like orifice constantly dripped with a yellowish goo. The worm's lower body was strangely clear, save for a pink, intestine like tube which ran from the base of the head to a small orifice at the tip of its tail end.

"Hey there," a feminine voice called out from the group of Ambwassi women, "you two must be first-timers."

Shi'arie and Ti'ani looked at the pan'tyress who was now standing in front of them. She wore a loose, off-white dress which covered only her front and upper back, leaving her ass entirely exposed.

"My name's Ri'ashi," the pan'tyress said, her hands on her hips as she looked Shi'arie and Ti'ani over. "So, what do you think of the worm there?"

"Um... Eww," Ti'ani replied. "That thing is disgusting!"

"Yeah," Shi'arie added, "I wouldn't want to get anywhere near that thing."

"Well, you'll have your chance when it comes down to the vote," Ri'ashi responded, "especially with the way you're dressed."

"Huh?" Ti'ani questioned.

"Well, look at you both," Ri'ashi replied, shifting her hips and with a wry grin on her face, "one-piece and boots for the ty'gress and a fancy dress with cutouts, tights and boots for the lep'rdeess."

"Well, you've got a naked ass," Shi'arie observed with a grin.

"That I do," Ri'ashi responded, "I didn't place high enough for my tastes the last time."

"What do you mean?" Ti'ani asked, slightly confused.

"Well, come on, this is just as much a beauty contest as anything else," Ri'ashi replied. "The object of the game is to place as high as you can without getting vored... at least the game we girls play. Last time I didn't

even get into the top four, and that just doesn't sit well with me."

"That's strange," Ti'ani responded looking back up at the worm creature.

"No stranger than coming to a place like this with a chance at getting eaten alive by a thing like that vore worm," Ri'ashi replied.

"Vore worm?" Shi'arie asked quizzically.

"Yep, the vore worm," Ri'ashi explained, "One of the best creature in all the halls of vore, at least as far as the audience goes. Just enough sexy looking for just long enough and then it digests real fast, so no dragged out watching grass grow conclusions."

"That doesn't sound very pleasant," Ti'ani remarked dryly.

"Hey, vore isn't supposed to be pleasant," Ri'ashi responded, gesturing up towards the audience. "it's all about getting eaten alive and whole for the viewing pleasure of a bunch of voraphiles and overly inquisitive and brave girls like us."

Before Ti'ani could respond, a booming voice filled the theater.

"Ladies, please line up in front of the worm chamber, the vote is about to begin!"

CHAPTER TWO

The Deadly Vote

“Ladies, line up in front of the worm chamber, please!” the booming voice instructed again as the women sorted themselves out. They were all all variations of Ambwassi, from common Pan'tyresses to rare Chi'tesses.

A short alien like the one who has sold the tickets to Ti'ani and Shi'arie walked down the line and handed each of the women a numbered card. Ri'ashi, Ti'ani and Shi'arie were given numbers ten, eleven and twelve respectively.

Now, Ti'ani took the time to look the other Ambwassi women over as best as she could and she realized what Ri'ashi had meant about her dress. Almost all of the others were dressed in nice, but ordinary looking, not too revealing dresses. Among them all, she stood out terribly.

“As you all know,” the booming voice began again, “we shall now conduct the initial vote to determine which of these fine ladies shall be among the four who shall face the second and final vote. Now, we shall have a better look at them. Ladies, please turn around very slowly.”

The women did as instructed, turning around to show their backsides, though only Ri'ashi and Ti'ani had any backside to see. Ti'ani could feel the stares of the audience and was very conscious of the effect her outfit was likely have on the votes.

There was much murmuring in the audience as audience members whispered about the various women arrayed before them. Ti'ani knew they were thinking over who would give them the best show and it made her nervous. Shi'arie, on the other hand, didn't seem to care much about the audience and the prospect of being picked to be eaten alive and she flexed her hips about in an obvious effort to catch the eyes of the audience, quite interested in the “game” which Ri'ashi had mentioned.

After what seemed to be an impossibly long time to the women, the audience members finally began to take their keypads and place their votes. All of the women looked at each other, with expressions varying from curiosity to fear, wondering who would be selected for the final vote.

“And now, lovely ladies, the votes are in!” the booming voice returned. “Take a few moments to prepare yourselves, for we shall shortly declare who will be taking part in our final vote to determine who will be participating in our show.”

“Aw, shit Shi'arie,” Ti'ani muttered to her friend, “I just know I'm going to get picked... why the hell did I wear this stupid one-piece?”

“Oh, don't fret,” Shi'arie replied, “this is just the initial vote anyway. Besides, who doesn't want a vote of confidence in their looks?”

“I don't,” Ti'ani responded, “not when it could get me eaten alive.”

“Heh,” Ri'ashi sighed, “I'd better get picked... naked ass indeed. No one can ignore that. If I don't get into the final four this time, I'm going to be

pissed.”

“Ladies!” The booming voice interrupted. “The audience has made their selections! I shall now list the top four, from the lowest to the highest! In fourth place, number six with eighteen votes!”

The chi'tess holding card number six frowned deeply. He plain, loose outfit had clearly not done anything to keep her from winding up in the final four.

“Third place, number twelve with twenty votes!”

“Well, not bad for my first time, I guess,” Shi'arie responded to the announcement.

“Second place, number eleven with twenty-two votes!”

“Shit,” muttered Ti'ani.

“And now, for the first place in the initial vote, number ten with twenty-eight votes!”

“Ooh, bad luck,” Ti'ani whispered to Ri'ashi wryly.

“The first vote means nothing,” Ri'ashi replied, obviously not disturbed by the vote in the least, “because all those who voted for the others now have to place their votes with one of us. I've been number one before and I'm still here. Things are likely to change in the final vote, so don't get too excited yet.”

“Heh,” Shi'arie mused, clearly getting a little nervous now, “This should be... interesting.”

As the women who had been voted out took their places in the front row, the short alien now took the four finalists old number cards and gave them new ones. The former number six, the dejected looking chi'tess became number one. Shi'arie became number two, the pan'tyress number three and lastly Ti'ani became number four.

“Oh shit... here we go,” Ti'ani mumbled as the audience all picked up their keypads in anticipation. She realized that most, if not all had already made up their minds. Clearly the vote, and the answer to the burning question of who was going to spend the rest of a very short life wiggling in the belly of the vore worm, would come quickly.

“Now, members of the audience, you have before you a lovely chi'tess, a lep'rdess, a pan'tyress and a ty'gress, quite a fair selection to choose from,” the booming voice began again. “Now, it is time to select who shall become our precious vore worm's next meal! You may now place your votes!”

The four women stood perfectly still as the clicking sounds of the keypads filled their ears for but a moment. Then, all was silent. The women who had been voted out stared at the four, shifting about in anticipation of the results of the vote.

There was a murmur in the audience and Ti'ani realized that all of them were looking up at the display screens which were invisible around the corners of the worm's chamber. Ti'ani then noticed that everyone was looking back down... at her.

Tiani felt horrible as she realized what the stares meant. The audience

had voted for her.

"You have placed your votes!" the booming voice returned. "And now, it is time to let the four ladies before you know how well they did! For the fourth place, number two has a total of thirty-seven votes!"

"Aww..." Shi'arie responded to her poor placing, looking at Ti'ani with a half-smile. She too had noticed the looks Ti'ani was getting and knew what they meant. And yet, despite the horrible prospect of watching so close a friend be eaten alive, some strange curiosity had come into her, a morbid desire to see her friend in the chamber with the worm... to see what it would do to her.

"For the third place, number one has a total of forty-three votes!"

The chi'ta looked visibly relieved and she looked to the audience with a smile, clearly thankful that they had spared her.

"And now, for the second place... number three with a total of sixty votes!" the voice boomed.

"Hee hee!" the pan'tyress responded, looking at Ti'ani with a coy smile as she flexed her hips from side to side.

"This leaves our winner, number four with a total of seventy-six votes!" the voice continued. "Number four shall be our superbly popular voracious worm's latest meal! And now, our winner shall have a few moments to receive the best wishes of her fellow finalists before her one and only show!"

"Good luck," the chi'tess softly murmured before quickly heading to one of the empty seats in the front row. Shi'arie and the pan'tyress lingered.

"Shit... oh, fucking shit," Ti'ani mumbled as Shi'arie put her hand on her shoulder. Her number card fell to the ground. "I can't believe it! I'm... I'm... going to be eaten alive!"

"Oh, don't worry about it," Ri'ashi said, a tone of admiration in her voice, "it'll be over before you know it and everything will be just fine. You know, you've got lots of guts wearing an outfit like that in The Halls of Vore. I'd like to have it if you don't mind... I think it ought to fit me."

"Ok... you can have it," Ti'ani whispered, looking down at her feet.

"Speaking of requests Ti'ani," Shi'arie added, "can you do me a little favor when you get in there and try to get sucking into that thing legs first?"

"Oh yes," Ri'ashi noted, "legs first is the best. It will give you a little more time to experience the nice parts."

"Fine, legs first," Ti'ani said as two guards approached to take her to prepare for her show.

"Bye hun," Shi'arie bade her friend farewell as the guards walked her to a door in the base of the large circular chamber along the back wall of the theater. "Do try and have a decent time."

"I'll try," Ti'ani replied and, after one final glance backward, disappeared beyond the doorway.

CHAPTER THREE

Her One And Only Show

Underneath the great round chamber, Ti'ani was directed to strip. She slowly drew off her boots and one-piece and asked the guards to give them to Ri'ashi once the show was over. She was then led, shaking to a small, tube-like elevator where she was locked within to await her insertion into the chamber above. Tears began to fill her eyes. Life, she knew was not unending, but to be eaten alive for the entertainment of others was a terrible way to go.

Outside, in the theater, the audience watched as the square chamber with the vore worm in it descended into the floor. The huge round chamber then moved out of the back wall and into the center of the theater, it's clear wall running right up against the rail of the lowest row of seats so that the audience would get the best possible view of the action which was about to take place within.

"What happens now?" Shi'arie asked Ri'arra, who sat beside her in the front row, only a few feet from the chamber wall.

"Well," Ri'arra explained, "first off they're getting your friend, Ti'ani was her name wasn't it? They're getting Ti'ani out of my new outfit and into a lift that will bring her up into the chamber."

"And then?" Shi'arie questioned, looking at the pan'tyress with a mix of apprehension and curiosity on her face.

"Then, the vore worm gets brought into the chamber first," Ri'ashi replied, a smile upon her face. "After that, Ti'ani gets brought in. And then... we get to watch the show."

A sudden hissing sound brought the audience to silence. A door had opened in the floor of the far side of the chamber. Slowly, a platform raised up through the doors, upon it the vore worm, which began to turn about, looking for the prey it knew would soon be in the chamber with it.

There was a second hissing sound as a smaller door opened in the floor of the chamber very close to where Shi'arie and Ri'ashi were sitting. They watched as Ti'ani, shaking nervously, was raised up into the chamber.

Ti'ani looked about nervously and immediately spotted the worm. She could here the slimy, gooey sounds as the creature began to move toward her. A strange, briny smell assailed her nose as the air in the chamber began to circulate.

The creature moved ever closer, leaving a trail of goo in its wake. Ti'ani was paralyzed, unable to move from the lift platform as the worm moved within the reach of its tentacles.

Shi'arie was transfixed on the scene before her, staring with her mouth half open as the worm slowly came ever closer to Ti'ani.

"These worms really know how to treat a lady," Ri'ashi whispered to Shi'arie, "just watch and learn."

"No... no... please shit no," Ti'ani whimpered as the worm's tentacles began to flex. It was approaching more slowly, apparently confused by the stillness of its prey.

"Aww..." Ri'ashi muttered as she watched Ti'ani stand there unmoving.

"What?" Shi'arie asked, not taking her eyes off of the scene unfolding in the chamber.

"That honey had better put up at least a little bit of a fight," Ri'ashi replied, "it's no show without at least something of a struggle."

Ti'ani stood unable to move as the worm slithered ever closer. Her heart was racing as she stared at the drooling orifice which was now only four feet away from her face.

"Why me? oh fuck why me?" she whimpered as the creature paused for a few moments in front of her.

Suddenly, without warning, the worm's tentacles went into action, grabbing her around the hips and under the shoulders and swiftly lifting her into the air.

For the first time in her life Ti'ani screamed. It was a horrid screech, echoing through the theater much to the delight of the audience. She struggled futilely against the powerful tentacles, squirming and writhing to no avail as her feet were lowered toward the slimy, upraised sphincter.

"No! Fuck! Let... go!" Ti'ani yelled and gasped as one of the tentacles let go of her waist and wrapped around her lower legs and tail, quickly pressing her toes into the slimy orifice.

Shi'arie watched the spectacle in both horror and fascination as her friend struggled against the creature. Somewhere inside, she found herself wanting to know exactly what it was like to be bound and helpless... what that slimy orifice would feel like on her toes.

"Oh shit! Fucking shit!" Ti'ani yelled as the tentacles thrust her into the orifice with a jerk, pressing her into the tight opening right up to her waist. A huge mass of salty goo sprayed over her upper body and into her mouth, causing her to gag and twitch.

Another thrust and her soft breasts were pressed against the slimy orifice. The tentacles, no longer needing to hold her up, grabbed her arms and forced them into the orifice at her sides.

Ti'ani was now totally helpless. She stopped struggling as she looked out of the chamber into the dark theater, knowing her friend was there watching. She slowly became aware of the strange, erotic sensation of the tight, slimy interior of the vore worm's form. The creature's flesh pressed upon her and the goo in her fur produced a very sexy sensation. Her hands slipped down and her fingers toked and pulled at the soft lips of her pussy.

A sudden pull at her lower body caused her to shriek one last time as she was sucked down into the beast. She slid quickly down into the tight, form-fitting confines of the creature's digestive tube where, with what

seemed like little air to breathe she frantically toked and pulled at her pussy in a sudden, compulsive effort to have one last orgasm before the darkness took her.

Shi'arie, like the rest of the audience and thanks to the tight fitting material of the creature's digestive tube, could see her friend's hands between her legs and the frantic rubbing motions. She knew that her Ti'ani was making one last attempt at pleasure.

"Ooh... she's a pussy rubber," Ri'ashi remarked quietly. "I hope she gets it off before the acids kick in."

"The acids?" Shi'arie asked, almost forgetting that her friend was about to be digested.

"Yeah, the acids," Ri'ashi replied softly. "Vore worm acids work very quick. She'll be totally gone before ten minutes have passed."

"Oh..." Shi'arie responded, felling the first twinges of guilt at having her friend suffer while she sat watching.

Ti'ani pulled and rubbed with all her might, trying desperately to have an orgasm, but the lingering panic and emotions hindered her efforts. After less than a minute in the creature's belly, she began to feel a strange tingling sensation over the whole surface of her body.

As she paused for a moment to try to understand the new sensation, it quickly turned from a tingling to a horrific burning. She let go with one last scream, so powerful that it could be heard throughout the theater despite her being withing the belly of the worm. She then gulped for air only to have acids fill her lungs.

The pain Ti'ani experiences was mind wrenching but it lasted only seconds. The pain faded away to nothingness and the darkness enveloped her. After a few more seconds, her life had come to an end. She was now just meat.

"Oops, too bad. I guess she didn't get her hots," Ri'ashi remarked wryly as she looked over at the transfixed Shi'arie. "She's all done now... nothing left to do but for her meat to dissolve and that'll only take a few minutes."

Shi'arie watched as the form of her friend seemed to shrink away, the digestive tube of the worm slowly regaining it's normal, tube shaped form. She began to feel a terrible guilt at having brought Ti'ani to this place and having sat there and watched her be eaten alive.

Noticing the changing expression on Shi'arie's face, the pan'tyress pulled at her arm. "After this is all done, let's go and have a little talk, shall we?"

"Sure," Shi'arie whispered as she watched the tail of the vore worm exude a large glob of brown goo with mixed in bits of bone, the last mortal bits of her friend.

CHAPTER FOUR

Contemplation

Shi'arie stared into the glass of strong ale as her new friend sat across from her at a small table in the dark, alien bar. She was filled with conflicting emotions about the horrific end which Ti'ani had experienced in the belly of the vore worm. One side of her felt horror and revulsion at what she had seen. The other side felt that the whole horror had just been part of the risk both of them knew they were taking when they bought tickets to the show.

"So hon," Ri'ashi softly purred as she looked over the suit Ti'ani had been wearing only an hour before, "you must be feeling pretty bad what with your friend getting eaten and all."

"Mhmm," Shi'arie mumbled as she sipped the ale.

"Don't worry about it," Ri'ashi cooed. "I've been into that place with plenty of friends only to watch them get sucked into some alien beast. It's the risk everyone takes when they go into that place."

"I guess," Shi'arie replied softly, "but... it's just so terrible."

"Of course it is," Ri'ashi replied, "but that's what makes it so interesting. I mean, think about it. The whole idea of us just being tasty morsels for some monstrosity is just so strange and bizarre, isn't it?"

"It's disgusting!" Shi'arie responded, a vicious tone creeping into her voice.

"Come on now," Ri'ashi purred softly, "I could smell you there watching your friend Ti'ani getting sucked down into that vore worm. You were hot... hot enough to get me all hot. Isn't that right?"

"Well, yeah," Shi'arie replied reluctantly, overcome by the plain fact that she had actually enjoyed watching her friend be consumed by the worm... at least while it was happening.

"So, you enjoyed it," Ri'ashi stated, leaning forward over the table towards Shi'arie looking at her with a mischievous grin. She then took the purple one-piece before her and nuzzled the crotch. "Mmm... and so did your friend it seems. Her juices were definitely flowing."

"Before she got in the worm maybe," Shi'arie quipped.

"So?" Ri'ashi asked. "Let's just face the fact that it was an erotic experience. Erotic and horrific are very compatible concepts. You liked it, she liked it at least for a while. What's there to fuss over?"

"Listen, just because I enjoyed it then doesn't mean I'm liking it now," Shi'arie replied as she took a gulp of her drink. "It should have been me in there... then Ti'ani would still be alive and I wouldn't be feeling like shit."

"Yeah, but she would be," Ri'ashi responded dryly, "wouldn't she? And then I'd be here saying the same things to her. She knew what she was getting into."

"I suppose," Shi'arie replied, staring back down into her drink.

"Listen," Ri'ashi said, a sudden idea popping into her head, "if you're really feeling bad about it, why not let fate decide whether or not you should join her?"

"What do you mean?" Shi'arie responded, looking up at Ri'ashi with a

cold stare.

"Go back to The Halls of Vore," Ri'ashi replied. "Go back and let the odds, or the audience, decide whether or not you should suffer the same fate. That's what I did the first time this happened."

"I'll... have to think about it," Shi'arie replied quietly, going back to her drink.

"Ok then," Ri'ashi responded, sitting back in her chair and watching her new friend drink.

As Ri'ashi sat, something to one side of the bar caught her eye. It was an advertising display for The Halls of Vore. She excused herself and wandered over to the rack, on which brochures advertising various events could be found. One in particular caught her eye and she picked it up.

"How about this?" Ri'ashi asked as she returned to the table, pushing the brochure in front of Shi'arie.

"Mass Voring," Shi'arie read out loud, "Sixteen lucky ladies will have the opportunity to feed our newest acquisitions, the exgarika carnivorous flowers. They will be selected by our audience from a pool of thirty-two contenders. Those who aren't so lucky shall receive 10,000 credits for their participation. Admission for the contest is 5,000 credits, free for the contenders."

"Well, what do you think?" Ri'ashi asked.

"I don't know," Shi'arie replied after a short pause, staring at the purple one-piece that lay on the table.

"I'll tell you what," Ri'ashi responded, "I'll go with you. I'll even wear this sexy outfit that helped get Ti'ani into the vore worm. How does that sound?"

There was a long pause as Shi'arie thought about Ti'ani and the horrible scene which she had just witnessed little more than an hour before.

"I guess... I guess I'll do it... as long as you are too," Shi'arie finally responded, suddenly determined to let fate decide if she should face some horrible punishment for participating in so horrible an event as that which had claimed the life of Ti'ani.

"Good!" Ri'ashi exclaimed as she stood to leave. "Meet me at The Halls of Vore tomorrow morning and we'll find out just whether or not our asses are destined to be meat."

CHAPTER FIVE

Tempting Fate

The two women stood in the theater of the exgarika carnivorous flowers. Ri'ashi wore the outfit which Ti'ani had worn the day before. It fit her perfectly. Shi'arie had purchased a similar, though blue, one-piece suit the prior evening, determined to present herself in the same way Ti'ani had the previous day, which she considered only fair.

Almost all of the other Ambwassi women in the theater were also dressing quite revealingly, something that gave Shi'arie a bit more confidence than she would have had otherwise, as it served to even out the chances of her being picked.

The theater itself was very different from the one in which the vore worm was located. In this theater, there was no separate holding chamber for the creatures. Instead, the large round chamber was permanently mounted right up against a walkway in front of the bottom rows of seats. The seats themselves were far greater in number, six-hundred of them nearly encircling the chamber.

Within the chamber stood the flowers, all eight of them. Each was a huge, pod-like structure tipped with a massive red and orange flower. Thick vines held the plants upright and stretched out and up the clear walls of the chamber. From the outside of the chamber there was little indication of how the plants might feed upon their prey, though their carnivorous nature was obvious from their lack of leaves.

The floor of the chamber was covered with dirt and grass and rocks, giving the whole thing a very natural feel. The top of the chamber was a large, domed skylight and the yellow-orange sun illuminated the plants and made the whole thing seem too serene to be dangerous.

"I've got no idea what these things do," Ri'ashi remarked as she stared at the plants within the chamber. To Shi'arie, Ri'ashi seemed totally relaxed. In fact, for some time Ri'ashi had been contemplating taking the final leap, having her one go at the experience of being eaten alive.

"Well, whatever it does, it does," Shi'arie responded dryly.

"Yep," Ri'ashi replied, turning to give Shi'arie one good look over. "You really to look quite ravishing in that outfit. I can't wait to see you naked."

"What?" Shi'arie responded, surprised at the odd statement.

"Oh, come on honey," Ri'ashi explained, "have faith in fate. We aren't here for the show, we're here to be plant food. I'm betting we'll be in the top four again, and the top four here means... well, you know what means."

"Well... I..." Shi'arie stammered, not really knowing what to think or say.

"Our asses aren't worth anything more than the meat in them right now," Ri'ashi continued. "Let's just accept it and have what fun we can."

"You... you... want to be eaten?" Shi'arie stammered.

"Yes, I think I do hon," Ri'ashi responded, smiling, "Every time I come to a show and get away with my ass intact, wonder more and more what the experience is really like. To take that one final step to understand what it is that all my friends experienced... every time I think about that it gives me

the hots more and more.”

Shi'arie was about to reply in disgust when that same booming voice which had announced the results in the vore worm theater interrupted.

“Ladies, will you please line up in front of the flower chamber so that we can proceed with the vote.”

As in the vore worm theater, the thirty-two women lined up and were given numbered cards. Ri'ashi was handed the number twenty, Shi'arie the number twenty-one. The alien handing the cards then instructed the women to walk along the walkway in a loop for the audience.

“Work the hips hon,” Ri'ashi whispered over Shi'arie's shoulder as the line began to move. “I know you want to share Ti'ani's fate, so don't blow it here.”

Shi'arie did the best she could to present herself as being a sensuous individual. She was nervous and it showed, but that seemed to please the audience quite a bit.

Ri'ashi walked very close behind Shi'arie, doing her best to look sexy and also to look somehow connected to Shi'arie. She very much wanted to share in Shi'arie's experience.

When the line has made its circuit around the walkway, the women returned to their positions in front of the chamber. Nearly all of them were visibly nervous now.

“The voting shall begin shortly,” the booming voice returned. “The vote here shall be a simple one. The sixteen lucky ladies to receive the highest number of votes shall feed the flowers. Each member of the audience shall place two votes. The votes must be made for different ladies. If less than sixteen receive votes, a second vote shall be held to determining which of the ladies who had not received votes will join the others in feeding the plants.”

“Here we go,” Ri'ashi whispered softly as she looked at Shi'arie, who stood silently wishing for the vote to be over with. “Think plant food, hon.”

“Right,” muttered Shi'arie.

“Audience members, you may now place your votes,” the voice announced.

There was much murmuring in the audience as each decided which two ladies they wanted to see the plants make a meal of. The process dragged on for some time and it seemed to Shi'arie that the members were making deals and offering vote exchanges in an effort to try to get their choices picked.

It took nearly twenty minutes before all of the votes had been cast. Shi'arie and Ri'ashi stood patiently waiting for the announcement of their fates.

“The results are in!” the voice finally boomed out. “Ladies, prepare yourselves, for you shall now discover whether or not you shall watch the show, or be the show!”

“Finally,” Shi'arie whispered, turning to Ri'ashi. “I thought that was

going to take forever.”

“Yeah,” Ri'ashi replied softly. “Now to find out if fate has been kind enough to put our honey asses into those plants.”

Shi'arie just looked at Ri'ashi sideways, not sure whether or not to think of being eaten or not as kindness, though she knew it was the only way to truly release her from the guilt of not sharing the fate of Ti'ani.

“And now: the ladies whom shall have the great honor of becoming our fine new plant's first meals!” the voice boomed. “From lowest to highest in the votes: six, thirty-one, twenty-two, sixteen, twelve, fifteen, twenty-six, five, three, nineteen, thirty, twenty-nine, twenty-four, eight, twenty and twenty-one!”

Shi'arie and Ri'ashi both gasped, Ri'ashi in delight and Shi'arie in the sudden realization that she really would soon be plant food. In a way it was what they had wanted. They had made the top two places and Shi'arie had placed the highest, just as Ti'ani had the day before.

“Would the ladies who did not make the cut, please take your seats!” the voice continued. “The lucky women may now take a moment to think about and get ready for their one and only show!”

As the sixteen who had been spared sat down, the others paced about nervously, chatting softly about what was to come. Shi'arie and Ri'ashi both stood close together away from the others.

“Well, this is it,” Shi'arie whispered softly.

“That's right hon,” Ri'ashi replied, “our asses are plant food. Look on the bright side though, we'll both finally know just what our friends experienced.”

“Yeah,” Shi'arie responded as the guards came to escort them to the preparation room.

“Just stick together and maybe we'll get ourselves into the same plant,” Ri'ashi said as the two began the short walk to the door leading to their doom. “I want to share the experience with you... be close to you.”

“Ok,” Shi'arie murmured as they stepped through the doorway and into the unknown.

The preparation room was filled with cushioned benches and Shi'arie and Ri'ashi sat down together on one of them to await the instructions of the short, green alien attendants who were waiting for them.

“Denude! Denude!” one of the aliens hissed as it walked among the benches. “No delays! Denude!”

Shi'arie and Ri'ashi both stood and looked at each other for a moment before quickly stripping off their little swimsuits and boots. The alien seemed pleased at the speed with which their clothing had come off.

“Good!” the alien commented. It then pointed to one of the eight lift tubes which were located around the room. “Both of you in the tube!”

The two women complied with the order and were soon confined in the tube with hardly any room to move. As they stood there, pressed together, Shi'arie felt a soft rubbing on her clit.

“What?” Shi'arie squeaked.

"Just a little something for you, honey," Ri'ashi purred as she played with Shi'arie's pussy. "When we... get up there... if we get in a plant together... will you... love me?"

"What do you mean?" Shi'arie whispered softly.

"Love me... you know, girl on girl," Ri'ashi responded. "If we get in together... wouldn't that be a nice way to go?"

"I suppose it would," Shi'arie replied as she nuzzled Ri'ashi's shoulder in assent.

"Good," Ri'ashi purred, "very good."

Just as the two began to get comfortable being so close to one another, a sudden hissing noise filled the tube. A strange, earthy scent flowed in as the door above their head opened.

"Here we go," Ri'ashi whispered.

They could then feel themselves being lifted upward, toward the opening above and their fate.

CHAPTER FIVE

Pussies End

Ri'ashi and Shi'arie stood upon the lift platform and looked about the chamber. Very close to them stood one of the flowers. Indeed, each lift had deposited its nude feminine cargo very close to one of the things. There was total silence for a time, as the women had a good look at their new environment.

"Well, what do we do now?" Shi'arie asked as she looked at the flower, its massive bloom towering above.

"I guess we go and have a closer look," Ri'ashi replied. The vines obstructed her view of the other pairs of women, which made her nervous. She wanted to see one of the plants in action before she faced it herself.

"Are you sure?" Shi'arie asked, a timid tone creeping into her voice.

"I suppose," Ri'ashi answered, looking around. "I guess we should just get this over with."

"Well, let's go then," Shi'arie said as she cautiously stepped off of the lift. "Get it over with indeed."

"Just be careful around those vines," Ri'ashi advised, "getting hurt would really make things worse that they might already be."

"Yeah," Shi'arie replied, looking around as she carefully stepped over several large vines. Nothing seemed to be moving. For a moment she began to think the whole mass vore thing was some sort of cruel game and that the plant before her wasn't really what was going to eat her. Neither she nor Ri'ashi noticed the tendril which had extended from a previously invisible opening in the plant's bulbous stalk.

The tendril took the two women by surprise and Shi'arie shrieked as it wrapped around her in several loops and lifted her up off of the ground.

"Oh shit! Ri'ashi!" Shi'arie screeched as she was drawn towards the pocket like opening in the plant's stalk. "Fuck! It's got me! Fuck!"

"Hey!" Ri'ashi yelled as she ran up to the plant. She banged on the stalk a few times in an effort to get the creature's attention. "What about me? Come on! Me too!"

"Ri'ashi, look out!" Shi'arie exclaimed as the plant drew her in, her toes rubbing against the rim of the pocket below. She could see that the plant had extended another tendril from a new opening to her left and it was swiftly approaching Ri'ashi's feet.

"That's a good plant," Ri'ashi cooed as she turned to watch the tendril approach her feet. "Come and get me!"

Shi'arie struggled as the tendril began to pull her feet down in to the pocket. She could feel the tight, stretchy interior press around her feet as she began to descend into the creature.

Ri'ashi was soon in her tendril's embrace, being lifted up and towards her own pocket. She giggled as she shifted to adjust herself in the tendril's grip and she looked over at the struggling Shi'arie, clearly amused at her friend's struggling.

"Fuck!" Shi'arie yelled as the tendril attempted to draw her down into the pocket. She gripped the rim with both of her hands and struggled to keep her upper body free. Her legs were already within the tight, stretchy space below and she knew that it was only a matter of time before the rest of her was within it as well. The tendril was not strong enough to overcome her grip, but she knew she could not fight it forever.

"Hey, hon!" Ri'ashi purred as she was lifted into the pocket beside Shi'arie. "Looks like we're getting our own tummies to occupy... such a shame really, I was looking forward to passing on with my fingers up your twat."

"Oh, fuck Ri'ashi," Shi'arie whined as she fought against the tendril.

"Just let go honey," Ri'ashi cooed as her own tendril slowly lowered her into her pocket. One hand was down between her legs. With the other, she reached over and tugged on Shi'arie's closest arm. "Come one hon, we're supposed to be sharing the experience. Don't fight it any more."

The tug did the trick and Shi'arie's arm was bent too far to be able to apply sufficient force to hold herself out of the pocket. She could feel herself sliding down, the material of the plant pressing against her and stretching around her body like tight latex.

Ri'ashi gawked as the plant stretched around Shi'arie. She too was sliding down within and she could only think about how sexy the whole thing must look to the audience.

"FUCK!" Shi'arie screeched as, with a final pull, she was completely drawn into the plant. The opening above seemed to vanish, leaving her there within the plant, wiggling about in an instinctive effort to break free, the plant stretched around her allowing the audience to see her every movement.

"Oh yeah!" Ri'arri moaned as she too was pulled completely within. She savored the tightness around her and began to rub between her legs, the eroticness of the whole experience so far was almost intoxicating.

Shi'arie struggled for some time before she finally gave up and began to pleasure herself. The tightness around her seemed to enhance the response of her body to the rubbing and she soon found herself experiencing repeated and powerful orgasms.

Ri'ashi too was making the best of her circumstances and getting as much pleasure as she could while she had the time. Indeed, she began to wonder if the plant was going to actually do anything to them now that they were imprisoned in its stalk.

Both women found themselves actually enjoying their imprisonment within the plant. They soon lost track of time as well as the fact that the plant was going to eventually digest them.

It took more than an hour for the plant to begin to exude its digestive juices, but they soon coated the women from head to toe. The digestive juices of the plant started out sufficiently weak that the women did not even know that their end had begun until a half hour after the first wet sensations. It was then that the tingling began which soon turned into a dull burning.

Both women began to writhe and twist in an effort to be rid of the burning but they were trapped and still firmly held by the tendrils. Both could feel their fur dissolving away, even coming off in clumps. Pain began to stream over their bodies as the acid became stronger and began to dissolve their skin.

Shi'arie writhed in this terrible pain for over an hour before she finally passed out. Now she understood the horrible end to which Ti'ani had come the day before, but she was forced to endure it far longer. As she began to fade, she understood and accepted that she was facing the punishment she had sought and would soon join Ti'ani in whatever realm came next after the mortal one.

Ri'ashi lasted a bit longer than Shi'arie. She was determined to feel every second of the experience that she could, regardless of the pain. It was not until her fingers and toes had fallen off, severed by the acids, that she gave in and let herself fall into unconsciousness.

The audience watched in morbid fascination as the bodies of the sixteen Ambwassi women were slowly reduced to bare skeletons within the confines of the plants' digestive pockets. Nearly four hours after the women had first set foot in the chamber, their bones were exuded by the plants, bright white and clean of all meat, perfect for display in The Halls of Vore's new tomb like museum.

THE END