

STRONGER ^③ than you'd Think

What's on the Inside

Writer:
NRawk
Artist:
Piccolo



Mature Content

For an adult
audience only





@nrawkk

<https://nrawkk.gumroad.com>

@PiccoloNSFW



©2022

Her challenge with Kali ending sooner than she expected, Jordan rushes to her job to perform her duties as an 'Achievement Motivator' for her mother's gym, Double Gains and Half Efforts.

This is a work of fiction. Any names or characters, businesses or places, events or incidents, are fictitious. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means: graphical, electronic, or mechanical, including photocopying, print, recording, taping, video slideshow, or by any information storage retrieval system, without express, written permission from the author.

NRawk is not liable should a buyer misplace, displace, delete or lose files they've purchased.

NRawk is not responsible if a negligent parental/adult figure leads a minor to our work.

This publication is not to be viewed, given to, or purchased by anyone under the legal age of local viewing area(s) in a jurisdiction or location that prohibits the viewing of adult eroticism and sexually explicit literature/images.

The content within this publication is intended for an adult audience and may explore themes of marcophillia, microphillia, voraphillia, snuff/death, blood and gore, scat/disposal, and/or futanari characters. You should not view this publication if you also find the aforementioned material offensive.

Mature Content**For an adult
audience only**

What's on the Inside

“Jordan? I got your text, I thought you were going to be late.” Seeing her gigantic daughter all but crawl through the back loading door to her gym, Jordan’s mother was surprised to see her on time. “Will you be able to supervise Sam and Kira’s tests today? And what about your friend?”

“Yeah, I can take Sam and Kira today.” Standing up to her full height once she entered the building, the ravenette pulled up her skirt a bit to show her mother her bloated testicle. “Kali became a batch without me knowing, so cock tests are out for today.” Grabbing a Doubler futa-sized condom from a shelf, she started rubbing her cock to get it hard and entered the area in the gym where she conducted her ‘personal fitness’ tests. It was still in plain view of the rest of the gym, the ceiling was just a bit higher for her.

Tapping away at her tablet to notify Sam and Kira to come take their tests, the middle-aged Halfling smirked as she rubbed her daughter’s inflated nut. “Aw, that’s too bad, Hunny. Did you... wait, Kali? That’s not the girl from Frank’s gym across town, is it?”

“I don’t know. She was hoping to go to the next Olympics, I know that much.” Getting herself sufficiently hard, Jordan started rolling the huge latex contraceptive over her phallus as a sheepish girl with blonde hair approached. “You’re getting my butt, Kira. Try not to get sucked in this time, okay? This is your last chance.”

“Um, a-actually, I’d like to q-quit, if that’s alright.” Sheepishly, the Halfling woman stuttered nervously as she looked at Jordan’s mother. Despite her request though, the large Doubler was still removing her underwear.

“Sure you can, but since you signed up for a *free* membership, that means you either pay up on the daily rate for every day between now and your *last* test, or my daughter gets to *eat* you.” Pulling up Kira’s file, the businesswoman showed the girl the amount due.

The blood drained from the blonde’s face seeing the figure. “I can’t afford that! Please, Ellen, isn’t there something else I could-”

NRawk

“Climb in my daughter’s rear or pass through it on the way out. Your choice.” Crossing her arms, without even looking back she pointed directly at Jordan’s now spread butt cheeks. “Oh, come on. You should be alright, yeah? You’ve been working really hard this past month.” Seeing how scared the woman was, Ellen let a bit of sympathy show for her. “Besides, look at that cute tush. You could do worse.”

Sighing in defeat, Kira hung her head and approached Jordan’s backside. Reaching up, she gingerly squeezed the puffy ring before climbing up so she could slip her feet inside. It twitched a few times in response to her insertion, sucking her in up to her waist before the Doubler clenched her buttocks to keep her from sliding further in. Planting her hands to either side of the foul-smelling orifice, she braced herself. “O-Okay, Jordan. You can star-ahhh!”

Given the confirmation to start the test, Jordan switched from holding the blonde in place to a light suction force and instantly swallowed the 31-inch tall woman whole. “Huh? I thought you said she got stronger.” The test was over, so now Karin was just sustenance for her. *Great... Now my butt’s gonna get even fatter!*

Being blinded by the darkness of Jordan’s bowel may be considered both a blessing and a curse to the Halflings unfortunate enough to end up inside of it. Kira didn’t need to see the mess that squelched around her, filling the void spaces her body created between it and the tight, powerful intestinal walls, but on the other hand, her other senses were enhanced to compensate. Most noticeable was her sense of smell, as her nose burned from the toxic, fetid reek of the young woman’s bowels. The putrid miasma settled heavily in her lungs, making breathing both difficult and unappealing.

N-No! No, Jordan! Jordan, please let me out! Trying with all her might to wiggle and escape her entrapment, the blonde’s efforts were utterly futile as the rippling walls surrounding her dragged her deeper into the Doubler’s body. *Please! Even being eaten would be better than this! What kind of life ends as a girl’s butt snack!?* *Ellen, please! Help me!*

What's on the Inside

Praying and hoping that either daughter or mother might take pity on her and get her out, Kira didn't dare open her mouth to cry out. A Halfling's words were scarcely audible from the outside anyway, so it was all dependent on the mercy of the two women. Mercy that she knew would never come more concretely as more of the muck compacted around her. The only circumstance under which she'd be released, was when Jordan had her next bowel movement.

"No, I said that she 'worked really hard', she only improved marginally. But now my adorable roly-polly daughter is going to have an even fatter butt!" Ellen corrected, pinching the girl's exposed backside. She grinned mischievously at ridding her gym of another freeloader. The 'free' membership was always meant to be a free meal for her precious girl anyway. "And you get over here too, Sam. I see you hiding over there." Glaring over at the spindly college kid in the doorway, she motioned for him to come over.

"You're lucky you're my Mom or I'd show you how fat my ass really is." While she didn't care to put effort into her weight management, she still didn't like people pointing it out too much. "I had to skip lunch today Sam, so if you end up in my belly you'll be its replacement." Scrawny and only a mere 26-inches tall, as soon as the mousy man got within reach Jordan grabbed in so he couldn't run away. Chasing nerveless Halfers was fun and all, but she still had Kali to deal with, and running on an empty stomach only made her grumpy. "Do you think Frank will be mad at me for cumifying Kali?" She asked, planting her plump rear on the floor, mostly ignoring the man in her hand.

"Livid, I'd assume, but not much he can do now. He already knows what happens if he sends anyone over to challenge you, but if he wants to feed you I won't complain. I just thought the irony that *you're* the one that got her is too good." Failing to hide an amused smile as Jordan stripped Sam like she was unwrapping a protein bar, Ellen just went ahead and terminated the man's membership. "Don't you remember Alinda? She talked about her rival over at Frank's all the time and was hoping to definitively beat her once she healed."

NRawk

“Oh yeah, she did, didn’t she...” Holding Sam up by one of his legs, she licked her lips and smiled hungrily at him. He was saying *something*, but his nerves must have gotten the better of him since he wasn’t forming any real words. “Wait! *That’s* the Alinda that Kali mentioned earlier! Oh my God, I forgot all about her.” Opening her mouth wide to accommodate the blubbling man’s head, she sealed her lips around his neck.

Letting go of his leg, the scrawny man planted his hand on her cheeks and braced his feet against her breasts, pulling with all his might to escape. She made sure to lick his face periodically, a reminder that if he didn’t try harder he was going to be just a snack for her, but his struggles were already getting weaker and weaker. If it wouldn’t make a big mess, she might have just chomped her teeth down on his neck as there was no hope of him escaping once his strength started to fail him, so instead, she sucked all the air out of her mouth, creating a vacuum that buried his face into her tongue. Not even the rush of adrenaline that accompanied the assurance of imminent death was enough to help him. Just as Sam was about to pass out, his arms falling to his sides and knees falling to the cushiony surface of her large breasts, Jordan opened her mouth and let him fall out.

“D-Did I pass?” Delirious and half-conscious, Sam looked up at the fluorescent lights as Ellen leaned over him with a big smile on her face.

“Not yet, but by this time tomorrow you definitely will.” He didn’t even seem to notice that Jordan had already swallowed his legs up to his knees with no intention of stopping.

While it took a certain amount of skill to swallow a Halfling whole, it was mainly because of the choking hazard ingesting such a long object posed. Take too long and the urge to breathe becomes unbearable, so with each gulp, Jordan drew more and more of the barely conscious man into her body. Thankfully he was skinny, so he was about as challenging as an absurdly thick spaghetti noodle and within seconds her teeth shut in front of his face and he was forced to curl up into a fetal position in her stomach.

What's on the Inside

Ba-dump, ba-dump, ba-dump

The last clear image he could recall was the inside of Jordan's mouth as his test began. When that darkness took him, his heart raced, panic flooded his body, and he strained his muscles to save his meager, unimportant life. As his body screamed in agony from the effort he exerted to free his head from the mouth of a girl roughly his age. There was nothing comforting or reassuring in that... not until his face was forced into that big, soft tongue and he heard that deep, rhythmic cadence faintly.

Ba-dump, ba-dump, ba-dump

Unlike the erratic pounding of his heart, Jordan's was measured and consistent. She was calm and serene, and that piece of mind was reassuring. Dozens of Halfers had likely passed those plump lips, sent down to her belly, and ended their lives as just one meal of many she had had and will have in the future. It was natural for her, which is why she was so calm. She wasn't killing a Halfer, she was getting ready to enjoy a meal.

Ba-dump, ba-dump, ba-dump

What he said and whether he received an answer when that blinding light robbed him of his vision momentarily didn't matter anymore. The tight embrace of the lovely, timid Doubler's throat was a guarantee that his time for worrying about anything was over.

Loudly, the calming beat reverberated through his body, the oxygen deprivation already robbing him of consciousness. But he felt it, as clear as day. This wasn't a dream, and once he slept, it would be the final time.

Ba-dump, ba-dump, ba-dump

The organ that received him was a bit of a tight fit, forcing him into a ball as the orifice leading up sealed behind his head. The gurgling and churning of his surroundings muted the beat and something below him squirmed and writhed futilely against its fate.

NRawk

He almost envied whoever it was for having the strength left to do anything. All he could spare the energy for now, was to listen to that sound of life, a sound he'd soon cease to make.

Ba-dump, ba-dump, ba-dump

A loud belch came up from Jordan's satisfied belly, as her body got to work breaking down the slab of meat forcing her chubby tummy to visibly distend a bit more. "Finally I can focus on getting Kali out." She said, rubbing her mostly flaccid member.

"I'll go make room for her next to Alinda. I'm sure they'll have so much to talk about." Leaving her daughter to digest and masturbate, Ellen went into the 'Hall of Shame' where many of the members that failed the Jordan test are displayed for everyone to see. Giant mason jars filled with crap and condoms slumped on pedestals like water balloons filled with thick, creamy seed; each with a picture of her victims stuck to their container with nameplates.

"Oh, hey Ellen, got another addition to the Hall of Shame coming?" As she made room next to the industrial-strength, used condom that had a picture of a smiling blonde, Jordan's mother heard a man call to her "It's a shame really, I'm only here today because Jordan trained me so well. When my daughter resized, I thought I was a goner after she swallowed me."

Turning to the longtime member, she greeted the slightly pudgy man. "You and half the other *paying* members of my gym. Just goes to show their commitment if they're not even paying to train." While that was part of the issue, it also didn't help that the easiest she allowed her daughter to test free members was tougher than the hardest she tested paying customers. Not that she'd ever tell anyone that. "Just making room next to Ali here because Jordan accidentally cumified an old friend who turned out to be Ali's rival."

What's on the Inside

“Seriously? Wouldn't that make them a near Olympic-level athlete? I'm so happy she doesn't try her hardest on us.”

“Yes, most wouldn't expect it when looking at her, but my daughter is definitely stronger than you'd think.”

— The End.

Glossary

Resizing: The phenomenon in most people's late teenage development when their height will either be doubled or halved overnight.

Halfling: The term for more than 75% of the population whose resizing reduced their unaltered height by half. Their resizing does, however, make their bodies more durable than their tiny size would suggest.

Halfer: The slang term used to refer to Halflings.

Doubler: The term for less than 25% of the population whose resizing increased their unaltered height by double. Their resizing also grants them increased elasticity.

Dubs: The slang term used to refer to Doublers. Another more modern term is just using the letter 'W'.

Unsize: A person who hasn't yet gone through their resizing, typically children and young teens.

Natural: A term typically attached to one's status as a Doubler or Halfling, though are exceedingly rare. A person is born a natural if their mother goes through their resizing while pregnant with them.

Futanari: A person born neither biologically male nor female. They have a feminine body shape with breasts and a vagina, but also a penis and stronger muscles. In terms of anatomy sizes, a futa's masculine organ, feminine breasts, and buttocks tend to develop two to three times as large as a male or female. Because of these physiological advantages, a common slang term for futa Doublers now is (FtW), referring to the text slang meaning 'for the win', since futa Doublers are often more successful than their non-futa counterparts.

Predator/Prey Relationship:

Even though most of the population are Halflings, most major political and economic seats of power are held by Doublers, ensuring that laws favored the taller, stronger members of society. Despite being a minority of the population, Doublers are privileged since laws and businesses favor Doublers as symbols of power. By association, Halflings look like second-class citizens.

A scarcely understood mystery of the relationship between Doublers and Halflings is the Doubler's natural urge to prey on Halflings. Despite a Halfling's phenomenal durability, a Doubler's body is able to break them down and absorb them. Methods of consumption include orally, anally, and genitally, both male and female, or both in the case of a futanari.

More of a disposition than an actual compulsion, most Doublers are able to suppress this base desire for years before needing to sate their appetites, and statistics show that, on average, Doublers consume only about one Halfling every ten years. However, with over 16 billion people on the planet, in a single year, more than 250 million Halflings are reported as consumed by a Doubler.

Devourment Laws:

As the de facto symbols of peak human potential, for the longest time Doublers have been synonymous with rulers and leaders throughout history. As a side effect of this, laws and traditions heavily favored Doubler rights over Halfling rights to the point of discrimination. In modern-day, most of these practices have been abandoned, forgotten, or updated to reflect modern values. One law that has stood the test of time is the Doubler's right to eat and digest Halflings.

Many conditions and stipulations have been added over the years to protect Halflings that don't want to be eaten, but in most cases, there are only two general requirements that need to be met for a Doubler eating a Halfling in public to be legal:

1. The Halfling needs to consent to be eaten. If a Doubler has obvious bloat from a Halfling, proof of consent needs to be provided if asked, or proof that the Halfling was consumed in a vore-friendly zone.
2. The Doubler cannot eat a Halfling outside of vore-friendly zones, or in public places. Vore-friendly zones include private properties, private businesses, and government-designated public places.

Important to know is that because bathrooms and other secluded areas are not public places, Doublers are free to consume Halflings if all other conditions are met.

Employment Safety Insurance (ESI): In more recent times, Halflings have sought employment with larger companies for the relative safety from predatory Doublers they provide. Since it is more difficult to fill skilled labor positions, ESI makes it illegal to consume a Halfling without expressed permission from their employer under any circumstances. And while employers generally don't allow their employees to be eaten, if for no other reason than to protect their public image, this protection only lasts for as long as the Halfling is employed.

