Extended Office Hours

A Short DVU Vore Story

(2nd Person Prey POV - Vore, Long-Term Endosoma, Entrapment, Tight Spaces, Light Fear)

It was a swift jostling that brought you back to consciousness.

The warmth was the first thing you felt - the steady, visceral heat reigniting the memory of where you were. As your eyes opened lethargically, further recollection solidified at the sight of all the softly pulsing blue, your vision being rather used to the nearly non-existent illumination that managed to pierce your new resting place.

You attempt to stretch out, your limbs beginning to grow numb from misuse, but you’re quickly stopped by the softly pulsing flesh that surrounds you, the slightly pliable muscle offering very little give to your stretching.

As your mind spins back to life, you groan a little to yourself. You had nearly forgotten what happened, but as the slick, softly gurgling guts around you constrict a little further, you recall what got you here in the first place…

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You weren’t a particularly excellent student. Despite your outward confidence and regular self-aggrandizing jokes, you had accepted your less-than-stellar marks as an inevitability. You didn’t mind, not really - college was for tasting freedom, finding new friends and having a good time! Gods know DeVour University would be a good fit - hedonism was practically baked into the culture here, with vast facilities created with the intention to feed and be fed upon.

Despite your more lackadaisical approach, you at least wanted to graduate, which would likely require some sort of appeal to your professor for extra credit. Professor Malloy was a pretty easy going bear, though - you were fairly confident that they wouldn’t have a problem granting your request, right?

The meeting was simple enough. English class was next on your schedule, and it would be easy to catch the professor after it was over. You played along, paid enough attention to the lecture to answer questions slung your way, and kept your eyes fixed at the board.

Rather, your gaze was trained to where the board would have been, had Professor Malloy not covered a good bit of the slate with their bulk. The polar bear was quite large, just barely over 12’ tall, and more than full figured. They dressed professionally, with a cream-colored cotton blouse covering their torso and bust, a professional black skirt stretched over their wide hips & thighs. While modestly dressed, it seems their curves were doing their damnedest to escape - their immense chest stretched the elegant blouse near the breaking point, their belly having already caused a button to come loose in spite of the strong threads. Their rump was, to put it bluntly, difficult not to stare at, considering it was easily six feet wide on its own, with each side wobbling softly every time they shifted during their lecture.

Needless to say, time flew by in the classroom - even if you weren’t paying attention to the lecture, you were certainly rather focused on the Professor themself. Soon enough, the class was over, and the remaining students all sidled out to their other classes. You remained in the room with Professor Malloy, the bountiful bear stepping over to your desk.

You chatted with the Professor for a moment, making small talk before mentioning your interest in upping your grade. You could see their expression change in a way you had learned to recognize - the dilating pupils, the quick swallow, a subtle lip bite.

They were hungry.

Naturally, you weren’t against the thought of being swallowed up. Hell, you had your preferences listed as Prey on your enrollment form, with Endosoma being your preferred way to exist within someone. You were quite confident in your safety, what with all of the U’s installed measures, so being a temporary meal for a few extra points wasn’t something you would reject.

It was no surprise when they made you the very offer you had anticipated - stay within them for a day or so, and they’ll increase your grade based on how long you remain within them. Naturally, you accepted. Spend a few hours, cuddled up in a spacious stomach, relaxing your way to an easy A? You’d be a fool not to take the offer, right?

When they lifted you in the air, your paws easily swallowed up in their heavily salivating, midnight blue maw, you couldn’t help but smile. Your calves were sent past their blue lips, your hips and belly soon to follow. Already, the stimulation of the sucking muscle was making you shiver. They were a big enough bear, surely you would have the space and privacy to, ah, “enjoy yourself” within them without making things awkward?

The thought was enough to distract you from noticing your chest had totally disappeared, only your face remaining in the light. Soon enough, after lingering for a moment to let you take one more breath of fresh air, their rounded fangs closed over your face and nature took its course. The thick rings of muscle squeezed around you, guiding you down to your safe haven, a wide pucker widening to accommodate your entry.

Professor Malloy’s stomach was quite spacious - easily big enough for you to stretch out a little. The soft sounds of their various systems squelching and churning were oddly soothing, the soft quiver of the muscular chamber around you offering an air of comfortable vulnerability. You smiled a little to yourself while you adjusted your pose into something more comfortable. This would be a walk in the park…

You had only just had that thought when things began to shift. The professor was clearly walking, given the soft bounce of the chamber around you, but it sounded as if their system was…preparing for something? The squelching cacophony was far louder than when you entered, and the sound did little to put you at ease.

Soon enough, your previously spacious dwelling began to constrict, pressing around you and coating your pelt with thick, viscous mucus. You grunted, straining to resist the pressing, but the bear’s system was just too strong. Near your feet, you felt another opening materialize, and your eyes had grown wide when you realized what was happening. You had called out, asking your new captor to let you out, that you could work on extra credit another way, but it was fruitless. Either they couldn’t hear you or just didn’t listen, your relocation was inevitable.

Soon enough, the stomach squeezed you deeper into the bear’s system. The spacious chamber of their belly soon gave way to the tight, wrinkled piping of the intestines, the space barely wide enough to accommodate your girth. Grunting in frustration, you try to move, to stretch, to wriggle away…but such attempts were clearly futile. Your arms were trapped at your sides, your whole body contorted into a bizarre curve that matched some winding passage within the bear’s guts.

You could breathe, but the air was stale and tasted faintly of bile and…blueberries? You were alive, and given how committed Professor Malloy was to student safety, you weren’t afraid of being digested…hopefully it would only be a few hours, and you’d be squeezed out for a bath and a chance to stretch your legs.

Bored already, you yawned and tried to get as comfortable as you could - you might as well nap your way into an easy A, right? As you start to drift away, you try to remember just how much time you had agreed upon for your grade. You were wanting an A, naturally, and it wouldn’t take too long to get there from a D, surely…

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When the memory finally fades, you scoff a little at yourself. It had easily been two days since you had been consumed…or was it three? The walls around you were so thick, barely any light could squeeze through the layers of flesh, fur and fat that now held you. The thick slime that coated the bear’s intestines had worked its way into your fur that you weren’t sure you’d ever really be rid of the faint blueberry scent that you’d learned to tolerate.

Faint rumblings, thick squelches and other gastronomic sounds echoed around you, all punctuated with the underlying rhythm of your devourer’s breathing. They seemed nonplussed about holding a 100-or-so-lb person within them, and had presumably gone about the rest of their weekend unhindered.

A bizarre movement caused you to snap from your wandering thought, a new rhythm. This one didn’t match the natural ebb and flow of the organic machinery that surrounded you, and you began to smile. This had to be the sound of the bear regurgitating you! You closed your eyes, braced for the sensation of being squeezed through Professor Malloy’s belly once again. You could practically taste the fresh air…

Wait.

Why were you…sliding deeper?

Your eyes widened with horror, a heavy thump from above jostling to reality before the walls around you began to drag you deeper. You yelled out as loudly as you could manage, your lungs exhausted from being constrained so tightly, but you were ignored all over again.

The bear was hungry again, and their new meal would be pushing you ever deeper within them.

You thrashed, you shook, you moved as much as you could - perhaps they had merely forgotten about you, and would let you out once they could feel you remind them of your presence!

Nothing. Through another bend you were pushed, your joints at least slightly grateful for being bent a little. You finally came to a stop in some forgotten corner of the bear’s winding maze of guts, more compacted than before…and an odd sensation against your toes?

The walls around you had microscopic villi, so the sensation around you was like velvet - this was more coarse, like…

Hair.

Beneath your foot, you feel something move softly. A soft groan rises from beneath you, a weary sound that makes your heart sink.

You weren’t the first to be trapped in these depths, and judging from the squirming in front of you, clearly not the last.

The thought should scare you, but at this point, you’re too tired to expend so much energy on fear. Your eyelids grow heavy, the lullaby of gastronomic efficiency around you offering an odd sort of peace.

Not much you could do now. Time to rest, and sleep your way into an easy A…

…that is what you wanted, wasn’t it?

**END**