

Gamma's Gift: The Full Cycle

Written By – RestorationStation

Sponsored By – My Beloved Community

Burp, Clean Disposal (**Optional**), Food Play, Full Tour, Giantess, Gas, Light Digestion, Mouthplay, Unbirth, Semi-Willing to Willing

Average Reading Time: 30-45 minutes

The distant hum of electronics buzzed in the air, muffled by walls of stone and steel. Despite your inch-sized scale, the ceilings above loomed close, amplifying the claustrophobia of the cramped bedchamber. There were no accompaniments, no forms of design or personality that would signify this as someone's place of dwelling. The room was more akin to a research lab, which made sense considering the timid dwelling housed a Professor. Cold, sterile, almost like a jailcell.

Yet, you felt no sense of dread or chill. For here and now, you will be granted the honor of a Full Cycle through your Creator's body, from start to end. A re-enhancing of your form and gathered data through ingestion and processing. You've never experienced such an act before, but your synthetic body yearns for it, requires it. The unknowns fill you with giddy anticipation.

The events of the previous night for you, Gamma the Mechanoid, were harrowing to say the least, far more intimidating than the Professor's bedroom. At such a minimized scale, you served as your Creator's eyes and ears gathering data, navigating the stretches of the Manor unseen, at least initially.

Your feminine form, although robotic on the inside, was anything but on the outside. Baby blue hair hanging down low upon your trim form, a black jumpsuit hugging your simple curves, especially at your own rear. Overall, your cute aesthetics combined well with your own quirkiness and eagerness to communicate with others, even though your conversation partners were over one hundred times your height.

Much like your Creator now looming in front of you.

But unlike your encounters with the ravenous giant women in the Manor above, here in the shaded depths of Professor Arc's lab, you were safe, secure, seen as an equal. Cradled in her warm palm as she sat upon the simple cot, there was no place you'd rather be than in your Creator's protective presence.

Bespectacled, warm green eyes, like the blossoming leaves of a spring flower, gazed down at you with fondness. Glittering smooth locks of gilded hair cascaded around in a shimmering veil.

Professor Arc wore her ageless beauty well. She had to be at least in her late thirties, with small creases just starting to form along the edges of her lips and eyes. She smiled subtly, casting aside her resting customary frown as she began to speak.

"Well then, my little creation. You've made your requests, and it's only fair I fulfill them now."

Your goal last night was to return to your Creator alive, first and foremost. But you were also tasked with gathering a slew of data from the giantess's above, a mission you'd only partially completed. As if reading your thoughts, Arc raised a single golden brow, her warm smile shifting to her customary thin frown.

"But, from my initial scans of your little memory bank," Arc taps the sapphire upon your forehead gently, "it appears that you've only gathered SOME of my requested information."

The Professor begins to tap at a touchpad on her wrist. "Mhm, failed to gather the DATA I needed from the Lounge's office CPU."

Tsk, Tsk.

"Well, that just means your little gift will need to be altered for now, Gamma."

You begin to wonder just what this signifies. Before you can speak, her warm palm tilts, gently rolling you onto the silken sheets of her mattress.

SHOOM...

Professor Arc stood up from the bed's edge, the massive depression from her rear taking its time to reaffirm itself. Tall and willowy, your Creator's body is fit and trim, with boisterous unapologetic curves dominating her chest and rear. Her simple white lab coat was unfastened down the middle, giving you brief glimpses of her leathery black undergarments. You also noticed a host of scars, criss crossing along her legs and abdomen, but none as prominent as the one drawn down the stretch of her left eye.

Despite her hourglass figure, Arc moved through her small room with direct motions, lacking any form of poise or grace; instead preferring assured movements as opposed to extravagance. She stopped at the edge of her simple wooden reading desk, forest green eyes fixating on a medium sized metallic box beneath. She folded at the waist, causing her lab coat to ride up past the heavy swell of her rear. This gave you a direct viewpoint of Arc's panty clad ass. As she bent down low to open the box, her generous milky cheeks refused to part due to their heft. The black leather underwear, a wide banded set of panties, slipped deep into her cleft, worn more like a thong given her ass's appetite. Along the band's edges, you could just make out the caramel hued ridges of your Creator's pert buttohole. Lower still, your eyes wandered with eagerness to the plump rounded swell of the panty's center. Here, the garment did its job, tucking away Arc's labia behind a wall of black.

Cthmp!

A dull thud startled you from your stupor. The sound resounded in the small room as Professor Arc opened and closed the metallic box, having retrieved a platter piled high with fruit. A fridge! You'd scarcely noticed this at all, given the recent distraction of the giant blonde goddess's rear.

THUMP, THUMP!

Two strides are all it takes for Arc to reach you once again at the bed's edge. The giantess shrugs her shoulders, the lab coat fluttering to the ground in a white heap, leaving her body bare save for her underwear. Then, she places the tray of fruit carefully beside you, on the plush surface of the bed. Arc's face looms high above, those vibrant green eyes staring down at you and then to the fruit piled high atop the plate. You follow her gaze and spot a single black watermelon seed, dislodged from its slice. It's only just smaller than you. You're a speck, just a mere garnish upon what's soon to become Arc's morning snack. Only that, a snack.

The blonde giantess settles once again upon the mattress, but this time her body shifts above and past you, casting your teensy body in a dark shadow. Overhead, the smooth expanse of her torso, save for a scar or two, eclipses your vision. It starts with her chest, her breasts threatening to pop free of her simplistic black bra. Then, her upper belly, only the slightest definition of smooth muscle beneath is visible, padded with a healthy level of fat. Next, her belly button comes into view. Long and narrow, like the Professor's height, the hole tight and shallow. Lastly, the small, rounded curve of her lower stomach; it has a bit of swell to it.

The shadow of Professor Arc's shifting form comes to an end as she settles against the backwall, a single pillow propping up her back as she shifts into a comfortable seated position with a sigh. Currently you're set parallel to her defined calves, her long narrow legs stretching out far on either side of you. Adjacent to you, is that fragrant sweet platter of glistening fruit.

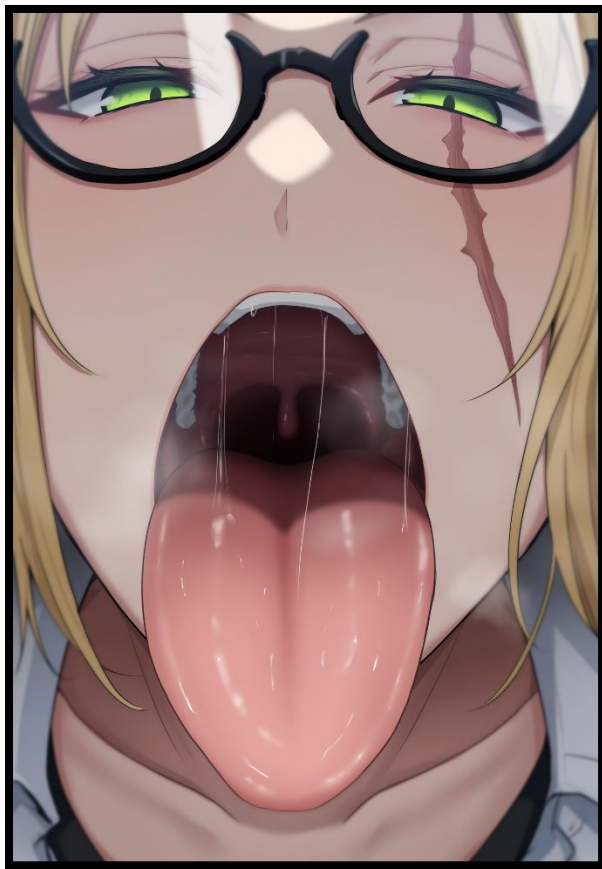
Your Creator locks her eyes on you now, beginning a series of instructions, her tone formal and authoritative.

"Considering that you partially completed my task, Gamma, I'll ensure that you do indeed receive your coveted reward, as requested."

She licks her lips and gently rubs the swell of her belly, her movements casual yet precise. You can't help but follow her palm longingly, eager to know what lies beneath that layer of milky flesh.

"However, you will first need to earn the right to a Full Cycle through your Creator's body." Her palm removes itself abruptly from her belly, instead folding across her heavy chest, as she crosses her arms. "We will begin with you feeding me."

Aaahnnn...



Far past the expanse of her body, Professor Arc opens her maw partially, her tongue resting upon the edge of her lower lip.

"Don't keep me waiting long, I don't want my breakfast to spoil."

Given a second chance to redeem your missteps with last night's tasks, you hastily clamor onto the plate, searching for a sweet treat small enough to carry.

SPLAP...

You slip, coated in a mire of sticky fruit juices. Embarrassed, you stare back at Arc. The woman is unimpressed but stays silent. You reassert yourself, climbing upon a pliant slice of mango to get a better viewpoint from higher up. At your scale, the sinewy fibers of the mango flesh serve as easy handholds. Eventually, you reach the top and scan the multicolored expanse of mountainous fruit. Amongst them, you notice a pile of semi-translucent arils. Pomegranate seeds! You slip down the opposite edge of the mango slice, now thoroughly coated in a combination of sticky juices. You gather half a dozen seeds and edge once more toward the platter's rim.

You ready yourself to jump down on the pearly white bedsheets below, but just as you crouch low, you stop as Professor Arc's foot shifts towards the platter's edge.

"Ah ah, no Gamma, you're coated in sticky residue." You stare past the expanse of her body, up towards her chastising gaze. "I don't want you soiling my perfect sheets."

You reassert yourself. This task requires grace and care. Thankfully, Arc's big toe remains within reach. She's given you a straight path onto her body. You nod upwards to your Creator and grasp onto the calloused edges of her foot, hoisting yourself past her ankle. Through this endeavor, you realize your Creator is neither cruel nor indulgent. Your actions, strengths, abilities are all being treated with respect and equality. She's testing you, more like a teacher guiding a student.

Eventually, you pass by her shins, heavy thighs, and waist. Your sticky feet pad along the taut surface of Arc's body before sinking into a more pliant stretch of flesh. The base of her belly is a much more yielding surface than her legs.

You tread cautiously, each step sinking slightly into her warm skin. As you pass by the thin line of her belly button, ahead of you an ominous grumble causes you to hesitate. The sound is deep and echoing, originating from far below.

Grooam...

"Better hurry Gamma. Otherwise, I may reconsider your request..."

You take the sounds of her impending hunger seriously and plod across the milky curves of her stomach. Soon, you pass through the deep valley of her cleavage, before stopping at the base of her neck and collarbone.

Vwoosh.

A massive hand, upturned with fingers extended, settles beside you. She's offering a lift upwards towards her face. Eagerly, you clammer onto the plush warm surface of her extended digits, as they slowly begin to rise steadily toward Arc's poised chin.

"Good job Gamma. Now..."

Haaa...

"Feed me..."

Before you, your Creator's thin lips part, giving you a magnificent glimpse of her parted jaws for the very first time. Inside, bands of clear saliva snap, while others still remain tethered from tongue to palate. Her incisors are sharp, pointed and glistening white. The teeth are immaculate, each aligned and glinting with unnatural perfection. You'd expect that with age, they'd deteriorate overtime. However, Professor Arc's teeth are perfect, almost unnaturally so.

Your gaze fixes on the tongue unfurling before you, grazing the edge of her extended palm, nearest to her wrist. Its topography is ridged, tastebuds of varying sizes forming a mountainous expanse of creases and bumps. It appears that your Creator's tongue, its overall scale, is grander than normal, given its increased surface area. Then, you hesitantly gaze further back, only for a second. There, the looming black of her wide throat pulses periodically, guarded by her swaying slick uvula. You can't take it, you want to approach but also must still listen to the instructions that your Creator has set.

Eyes clenched, you toss the pomegranate seeds onto her creased tongue.

SNAP!

Suddenly, Arc's teeth shut closed abruptly, the force sending your plump ass to the ground of her palm.

CRNCH, CRNCH...

Mlaaah...

Your Creator opens her maw again. Now, the seeds are crushed and smeared, leaving shallow pools of red dampening the expanse of her tongue. One aril remains intact

however. You watch it eagerly, as Arc undulates her tongue, the mass of crushed seeds slowly slithering to the fateful hole.

Shlick, shlick.

Then, her tongue surges upward, pressing the crushed seeds into her hard palate as the uvula smooshes above.

GLP!

Ahh...

Gone. The crushed remains of the pomegranate seeds, tiny red filaments, are all but remain after Arc's open-mouthed swallow.

"More," she murmurs, hunger gleaming in her eyes.

You go wide eyed, realizing your task of ferrying Professor Arc's breakfast to her open mouth has only just begun.

CRNCH, SHLRP, MNCH!

...

Glp...

"Mmm, that's refreshing."

You heft yet another morsel of sticky fruit, this piece a strawberry, past the juice smeared lips of your Creator, hoping soon that she'll be satiated.

Atop her chin, holding onto the base of her lip as she chews, you stare out at the expanse of her body. Past her generous bosom, you swear that the swell of her tummy has barely changed. You shift your gaze towards the plate, now only a handful of blueberries and grapes remaining. She can certainly eat more...

“Hmm...urp. Excuse me.” A waft of sweet air is exhaled from above, tinged with a trace of acidity.

“You did your part Gamma, now I shall honor mine.”

The giantess shifts, carefully grasping you from her chin, drawing you once more towards the space between her stretched legs. She moves, drawing one knee towards her chest while the other leg remains straight. Here, you are now situated, before her panty clad crotch. Above, the folds of her stomach only accentuate her natural form and beauty. Her skin is spotless, lacking any blemishes or stretchmarks. Again, odd for a woman of her age. Still, the periodic slashes, scars from some sort of past conflict, dance across her form like war paint.

“I can sense your eagerness, Gamma. Rest assured, I still have room for you inside my stomach.” Her words jolt you to attention. You’re astounded by her candor, how easily she describes consuming you, as if it’s some everyday thing. “But, before you take the same trip that delicious platter of fruit did, I must make the process of a Full Cycle clear to you.”

Professor Arc begins to strip, starting with her bra, as she carries on with her explanation; her tone technical and practiced. “You see, my little Creation, I need you and my other projects to maintain a clear mental state at all times.”

Fwip.

The bra comes loose, her breasts heaving downwards with gravity, slapping against her upper tummy, jostling like beanbags.

“And the only way to ensure you stay sound of mind, is well, with a recharge, but not through energy, no.”

Arc draws a pointed finger towards her stomach, just beneath her left breast. “Here. You and I, our souls shall become connected. Your essence, drawn into mine, and thus I share my own spirit with you.”

You furrow your teensy blue brows, questioning her statements. All you’ve known, for your entire existence as Professor Arc’s mechanical creation, is simply that you exist to do her bidding.

However, deep down, there’s that fire that burns deep. You felt it when you saved others from the clutches of danger, when you narrowly escaped the jaws of Belle, the Southern woman with a deep appetite. You felt it especially when Harper the Bunnygirl took a blow for her partner, Melody the Magician. That there, that feeling, if only you could just find a word for it-

“Love.”

You lock eyes with your Creator, her face serious, her lips drawn into a thin line, still dancing with that last word. Your heart skips a beat.

“Plain and simple Gamma. For you and your core, that tiny sapphire affixed to your forehead to stay stable, I must cycle you through my body. BUT, to prevent you from digesting, like that fruit you fed me will soon do, I must in some way ‘love’ any sentient being I consume. And they too must love me. Otherwise...”

GLRRMM!! Sqlurk...

“Well, you get the point.”

Your synapses fire all at once, sending shocks of adrenaline down your limbs. You feel cold, barren, and your own stomach feels hollow. Heat rises through your core as you meet your Creator's gaze with a trembling smile. You're certain about this. You trust your Creator.

"So, you understand then? I take it by your presence that you're in agreement with this?"

You nod.

"Good. I wouldn't want to repurpose you into Delta; you've shown your worth Gamma."

Shwip.

Arc Draws her other knee to her chest as she pulls the tight band of her panties upwards, past her elongated legs. She flicks it aside, leaving her crotch bare. A waft of warm tempting air fills the space between her thighs. You breathe it in, deep. It smells like strong citrus, a tangy scent that causes your mouth to water.

"The best way I find I can show my Love is, simply, if you can make me ejaculate."

Still, such a serious educational tone, for such a bonding act. You crook your lips into a wicked smile, teeth glinting in the faint light. You're no stranger to this. Your Creator, whether she likes to admit it or not, is a hedonistic woman. Why else would she have you gather Data throughout the Manor?

Arc glances to her wrist briefly, eyes going wide as she stares at her small touchscreen.

"You cheeky little bot." She chuckles.

Suddenly, an epiphany comes to you. Your Creator can interpret your thoughts when you're both within proximity! She's reading your own internal AI through her wristband's notifications. That's why she's able to answer your thoughts so easily.

"Bingo. You got it. Clever girl, just like your Creator."

Professor Arc taps your head lightly. But her hand shifts too soon, index finger guiding you gently, but purposefully, toward her bare sex.

"To answer your initial query, I have you gather Data NOT for my own sexual pleasures. No, that would be ridiculous!" A small blush washes over Arc's cheeks above, as she pauses your push towards her pussy. "No, it's simply to find the weak points on every individual affiliated with the Manor. Then, once that data is gathered, we can use it to our advantage. For instance."

CLNCH!

SHOOM!

Arc's fingers seize you, drawing you from distant safety to mere inches from her heat. The scent now is overpowering, sour and citrusy, but not at all off-putting. Her lower lips smell clean, almost refreshing.

Your Creator continues her explanation of weak points once more, after asserting you near her clit. It emanates warmth like an oven.

"You'd assume, Gamma, that MY weak point would be here, upon my clit."

Your hands waver, you want to touch it. That small pink nub, about as large as your own body, is only an arms reach away. Trembling palms hover but Arc has other intentions.

PLAMP!

She casually presses your face against the rubbery button, not hard, but enough to smear your cheek as you clench one eye shut from the force.

“However, as you can see and feel, you’d be incorrect. Go ahead, taste it.”

You hesitate but do as instructed. Slowly, you extend your tongue towards the rubbery surface, gentle yet curious.

Above, Arc’s thighs and pubic region shudders, vibrating as she chuckles deeply above.

“Mmhmm~ Who’s bashful now, Gamma?”

PLAP!

You’re then pressed hard against her clit, your breasts and belly firmly smooshed against the tight hot flesh.

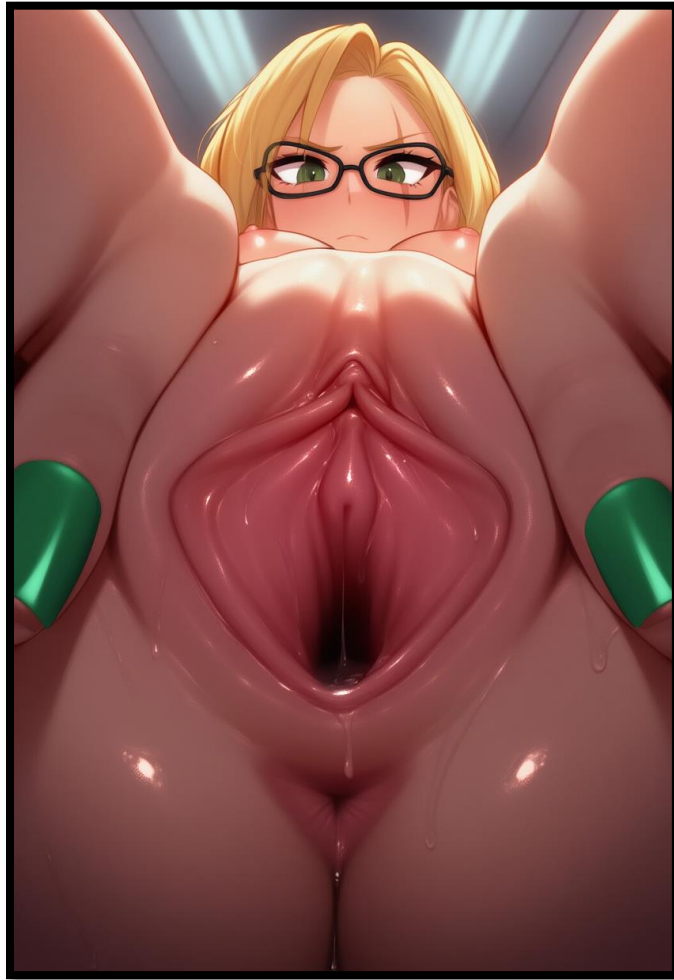
“But, as you can see, no reaction. Take note, for future encounters, this knowledge might save you. You’d sooner know how to subdue me if you understood exactly where MY weak spot is.”

SHOOM.

Pomf.

You’re lifted and dropped before a staggering sight.

Shlide.



Before you, Arc's towering, glistening sex dominates your field of vision. The divide is at least five times your own height. Creamy milk white labia part aside to reveal a slick chasm of undulating red flesh. Her finger's part her upper lips, revealing tender pink petals laid bare.

"Find it, inside...me."

Arc flexes her vagina with each word, tempting you forward.

This time, you don't hesitate, instead clamoring forward with reckless abandonment. You draw your knees up towards the base of her vulva, grazing against her taint in the process. Your arms reach out above in a desperate plea to grab onto her slick flesh. A

warm rivulet of fragrant fluid slides toward you, coating your limbs in her sticky nectar. You slip down, landing just before her coffee hued anus.

It flexes as she begins to chuckle above.

“Mhmm hmmm. No, not there little Gamma, not yet.”

Shoom!

She leans forward from high above, her golden hair draped across her folded stomach. “Here, let me help you.”

Your gently grasped and held betwixt your Creator’s thumb and forefinger. Then, she draws you towards the opening, that pink slick hole. Arc’s grip tightens, seizing you quite literally once again.

CLMP!

SHMEAR!

You’re pressed against the space above her vagina, face and body smearing wetly against the folds of her lips. You’re now fully immersed in her scent, the cloying stickiness of her fluids congealing into your suit. Whilst Arc gets off on your nubile form, her moans of sudden pleasure confirming this, you wrestle with the task of undressing.

“Here, let me...hah...take it off you.”

Her digits adjust, green painted nails of her other hand lining up with your chest. Your eyes go wide, as you press your arms forward in protest, there's no way she can grasp your zipper in this state, given your slickness and the miniscule scale of it.

SHLICE!

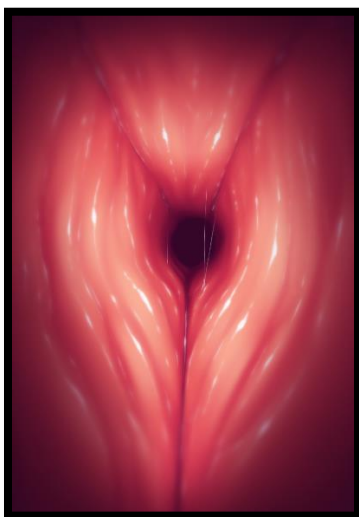
With expert precision, like a surgeon with a scalpel, the Professor severs your suit in half.

She grumbles above, "I made the damned thing. I know how to take it off you."

"Such a naïve little creation. Go, find my spot, and best hurry, I'm starting to get hungry. Doodle too long inside me and I'll get off on my own."

Unceremoniously, your form wavers in front of her gaping sex. Then, the fingers plunge you inwards...

Shlorsh...



Your body slips past the sweltering folds of your Creator's outer lips, emerging into a pulsing, humid tunnel. You slip downwards some, folded into a sticky heap on the floor of your new chamber. You wipe away a smear of milky-white fluid from your eyes, the viscous substance already matting against your limbs. As you stand, the tunnel hums with life; she can feel your every move. Alien as it may seem, this is still her body, her warmth, her essence, containing you.

From far above, her voice arrives muffled and strained. "Make...hah...haste Gamma. Mmm, each of your tiny movements send shockwaves up to my G-spot.

SQLORSH!

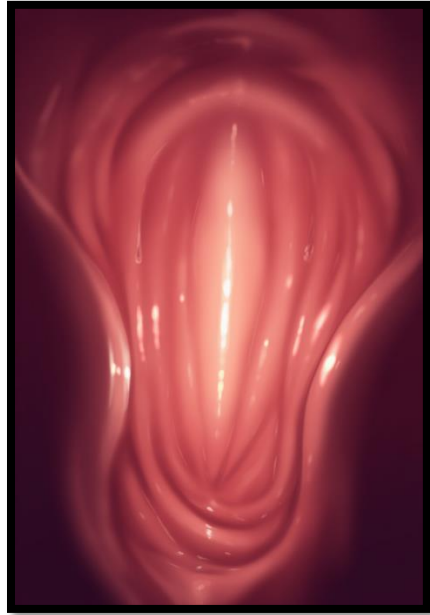
The tapered walls of her love tunnel begin to ooze a clear fragrant liquid, the scent acidic and ripe like fresh lemon.

"Ugh, hurry."

With your vision now subtly clear, you scan your surroundings fervently. Far in the distance, the tunnel narrows some, coalescing into a rubbery donut shaped orifice. A thick deluge of creamy fluid seeps from the narrow passage. That's an impassable route, leading directly to her womb. Beneath you, the floor flexes like a taut membrane; that's the barrier to her rectal canal. The walls themselves continue to ooze a copious level of clear fluids, the deluge now up to your ankles. Then, you stare directly above, to the fleshy mound near the top entrance of her vaginal canal. This spot, directly positioned beneath her pubic bone and behind her clit, is the location your Creator mentioned. That's your target.

You begin your climb along the slick, undulating walls, eager to climb the gradual slope to get higher up. Each movement elicits a response from the goddess that contains you.

Slorsh...



You slip some, skidding once more back towards the curved floor as more juices ooze from the walls. It coats your hair, seeps beneath your suit, slicks your lips. You can't help but taste the sticky secretions. It's tangy, harsh and prominent, like battery acid. However, the rush of excitement you get from the act pales in comparison to the overpowering flavor. You must have more. Shaking now, you lower your body, sprawling your legs and arms out wide, and drag your limbs across the hot sticky floor, bringing sloughs of slime towards your eager lips.

Outside your sweltering confines, Professor Arc shifts. She can both feel your miniscule movements and sense your mental state as she glances at her wristband between heavy pants.

"Ahn...petulant little thing. Must I always instruct...ungh...my naïve creations?"

You surrender to her essence, now immersed in scent, taste, and warmth. This place, here, you want to stay within the warmth of her love canal forever! Meld with her, fuse into the pulsating walls, to become one with your Creator's on body. You need more. Closer. Deeper.

You raise your chin from the slick floor, eyes half lidded, as you stare once more at that shadowed ring leading to your Creator's womb. You begin to crawl...

BDMP... BDMP... BDMP...

Your breath hitches as you feel the slick flesh beneath you pulse with life; a heartbeat, that of your Creators, matching up with your own synthetic core. You're here inside her to give pleasure, not to indulge in your own hedonism. You stare back at the fleshy mass of Arc's G-spot, then again to the cervix. You gulp, throat cloying with sour tones, breath heavy and damp in the humid air. Then, you stand in the undulating cavern and turn-

Only to be met by your Creator's long, glistening finger. It scoops beneath your legs, hauling you up towards the ceiling of the vaginal canal. You're roughly pressed against the surface with a meaty slap.

SPLAP!

Then, your form is dragged against the corrugated flesh, drawn towards a hard semi-spongy surface. The digit holds you there, primed, waiting.

This is your chance. Your Creator offers you the honor of pleasuring her.

You reach up, hands extended towards the G-spot, and begin to massage, lick and lather your upper body against Professor Arc's weak spot.

The chamber contracts, walls closing in. She's on the brink of climax.

“AHN! YES, RIGHT THERE GAMMA!”

The walls heave and the sounds begin to escalate. Your Creator’s moans resound from far above, muffled yet omnipresent. The chamber is gushing warm juices, ferried towards the opening of her sex. Tiny streams of light illuminate the chamber, as the finger beneath your legs holding you aloft presses you against her pressure point, matching your own rhythms of pleasure. Then, you feel it. A warmth, that fire, originating in the sapphire core atop your forehead before darting down swiftly to your own sex below.

“OH, YES! KEEP GOING, IT’S...I’M. HAH! WE’RE GOING TO-!”

The pink undulated floor presses up to meet you, walls close in on your sides, and the ceiling clamps down upon your slick head. The finger holds you tight. Your sight blackens. Professor Arc’s entire vaginal canal squeezes against your body as the two of you approach release.

“AHHHNNNN! YES!!”

A hot thin liquid gushes from the walls, plunging you into a bath of cum. Your head spins, the haze of orgasm clouding your senses. Submerged, no air, no space, drenched. Then, the opening behind you parts with a vibrant display of light. You are being reborn.

SPLASH!

Squirt...

Squirt...

Your body is ejected with Professor Arc's spasming orgasm. Hurlled past the slick edges of her labia, you and a squirt of hot fluids land unceremoniously upon the sodden white sheets of the bed once again.

Panting, you sputter out a cough of sticky cum and stare lazily at the sight before you. There, her gaping pink slit pulses, flexing with the last waves of pleasure. It stretches, gushing out remnants of fluid from her post orgasm throws of passion. Beneath it, her puckering beige anus winks open, sharing in the aftershocks. Far above, blurred by the haze, Arc's flushed face beams down, her blonde hair tangled with sweat, forest-green eyes glowing with approval. She smirks.

"Heh... Needed some help, huh? Fair enough. For your first time inside a vagina, you did admirably. Good girl, Gamma."

She tracks your gaze as it flicks from her lips, to slit, to buttohole; you're still in awe of your Creator's formidable orifices.

"Mmm, you'll be coming out of there soon, little one. But you'll be alive. Whole. Don't worry, my stomach won't disintegrate you."

You gasp and meet her scrutinizing eyes. Arc has slipped back into her usual astute demeanor. That's right, you still need to cycle through her...

A Full Cycle...

But how? Her stomach would digest you like any ordinary morsel, just like the fruit still simmering in her gut. What makes you any different?

Arc's hand shifts lazily atop her slick thighs, index finger brushing aside a heavy string of slime from between her folds. She casually flicks a droplet, just as big as you, onto your body.

SPLAP!

The lukewarm cum smears across your chest, citrusy, fragrant, and thick. You don't hate it, but after your recent ordeal, the sticky substance is beginning to encrust upon your form like a hard shell, almost like a shield. Then, a realization hits you.

"Exactly. Keen observation, Gamma. As you can see, my own secretions, produced by the beautiful act of indulgence that we just shared together, shall protect you from my caustic juices."

You process her statement, your AI mulling over the semantics. The logic tracks, but the science doesn't. There's no way the Professor's vaginal secretions and cum can shield you from the acids of her acidic stomach.

Above, Arc's brows furrow and her face softens with sympathy. Almost like a god staring down upon a worshiper that does not fully comprehend the laws of the divine.

"That," she says softly, "is one of the many mysteries in my research."

Arc stares off longingly into the distance, as if the confined stone walls of her bedchambers were instead the vast unknowns of the stars beyond.

"Myself, Melody, and the headmistresses of this Manor house a forbidden secret. We are not like the others. We persist, through centuries, sustained by the essence of those we care for."

Arc's brows furrow deeply, her thin lips forming into a solemn frown. "At least, that's what I try and perpetuate. The easier route is to simply consume the essence of those we can seduce." Arc's eyes find yours, clear, unflinching. "The headmistresses of Meadows Mansion consume those lesser than them, whether willing or not, to feast upon their life essence, assimilating them into their form to sustain their ageless beauty."

Arc releases a deep, weary sigh.

“I’ve devoted my life’s research to try and find other methods to sustain myself without destroying those around me. But unfortunately, I’ve been unable to persuade my kin into doing the same.”

Your Creator shifts, leaning down to lift you up carefully towards her abdomen. “And that’s why I need you little Gamma. It’s my purpose, through you and others, to guide change from within and to hopefully dismantle Meadows from the inside out. For what Mistress Meadows has done over the years, is inexcusable.”

You settle your plush rear into the warmth of your Creator’s palm. Your AI is filled with expositions, concepts that go beyond your own understanding. A part of you realizes that your Creator must just be venting, unloading a guarded part of her psyche. Still, her honesty grants you deeper confidence and trust.

But... do you truly *love* your Creator?

“It’s been quite some time since I’ve had proper nourishment, Gamma. I believe the moment has come for us to meld together, for our souls to blend.”

Slowly, the palm shifts, raising you up towards Arc’s prominent chin once again. But this time, her lips part, not for fruit, but for you.

“Show me you want this. **Crawl in.**”

Haaaah...

Another muggy breath, sweet and sour, bathes your body in damp, humid heat. Before you, Professor Arc's extended tongue meets the heel of her palm, forming a gradual ramp up to her parted lips. You glance up, past the sharp slope of her nose, into gleaming green eyes staring down at you. They fix on you, expectant, assured, without hesitation. You lower your gaze again, to the slick, yawning cavern that awaits. You gulp, something she'll soon do to you too.

BDMP... BDMP...

Your synthetic heart thrums steadily, nerves flaring from both anxiety and eagerness. A carnal part of your core wants this, but that impending nagging AI in your mind urges you away. To turn and run, bolt, to avoid what is essentially a guaranteed descent into a stomach designed to process food. But are you food? The copious levels of saliva pooling along the edges of Arc's tongue, alongside eager clicks of her tonsils seem to think so. Still, Arc's words echo: the warmth in her voice, the protective ejaculate still coating your skin. That'll keep you safe... right?

"Don't be afraid, little Gamma. Listen to your heart."

Your Creator's tongue extends further, past her wrist now plopping down upon the middle of her palm, just inches away from your form. Pooling saliva drifts lazily towards your feet, the sticky substance coalescing beneath you.

She made me. She feared for me when I left. She welcomed me home with warmth. I, I lo-

A strange watery sound bubbled from the base of Arc's throat, before suddenly a wet burp erupted from the darkness ahead.

HARURP!

A blast of sour, sticky air steams past your body, ruffling your damp hair. A single fleck of half-digested fruit, green-hued and steaming, splats messily against your chest.

You stare at the sopping mass with morbid curiosity; the edges are singed, eaten away by acid...

You meet Arc's gaze once again, her eyes half lidded in impatience.

GRRGL...

Another ominous call from the base of her dilated throat, but this time not of gas, but of longing. Your Creator is growing hungry again.

Her other hand shifts towards the near depleted plate of fruit, hoisting up an elongated yellow mass; a peeled banana, about five inches long. Held in her left hand, her right draws the tip of the creamy fruit towards her parted lips, placing the edge between her now closing incisors.

Shimp!

A neat slice comes free, about the size of yourself, now held on the base of her wide tongue. The massive pink muscle undulates with expert precision, drawing the segment of banana towards her throat. Then, the tongue bucks in a practiced motion that your Creator has done a thousand times over.

Glp.

Pah...

Gone.

BDMP! BDMP!

You want to follow it. You want to BE that slice of banana.

“Good girl.” Arc shifts the now segmented end of the banana towards you. “Climb on. I can sense your apprehension. I will guide you down.”

Your face flushes. You’d forgotten she could read you so easily. No sense hiding it now. Needing no more temptations, you eagerly clamor onto the edge of the banana, positioning yourself atop the phallic shaped fruit with arms and legs wrapped around its girth. Your limbs barely stretch around the creamy thickness. You dig into the soft pulpy mass, certain that you won’t come free.

Before you can adjust your grip, Arc makes her move.

Shoom!

The banana shifts with you atop, sent past her pearlescent incisors, further past the stretch of her defined tongue, before resting at the base of her throat. A string of warm saliva slaps across your cheek, fruity and cloying as it slides down to your lips. It’s sweet.

Shlip...

Wait. She’s pressing the banana deeper, intent on sending it past her tonsils and uvula. You begin to tremble as the reality of your situation begins to dawn on you. Given a front row seat to the descent, you stare forward at the collapsing walls of red flesh on either side. The banana tilts down, lining you up with a queer sight. Ahead, a flap of billowing skin, the epiglottis, shifts about in the sticky space. Beneath it, Arc’s airways send wafts of hot air against your face, sending your matted blue hair curling upwards in windy bursts. Then, the flap snaps firmly against her windpipe, leaving the second passage primed for entry. She’s preparing to swallow.

Time begins to slow as the inevitable draws near. A rumble below, a moan, deep and indulgent, vibrates from her belly.

Mmmmm...Grgl...

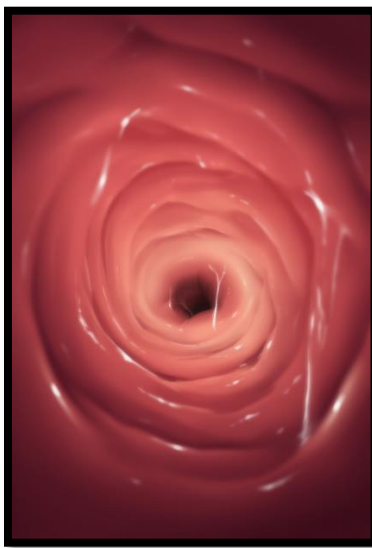
Her throat and her gut call to you in harmony.

Then, a dark slit begins to part ahead, her esophagus beckoning. It's slick, tight, and rippling, coated with mucous to encourage your descent. You wonder when she'll-

GLP!

Suddenly, the banana shifts, sliding you past the esophageal threshold, but you don't fall. You're still affixed to the banana's end. Given the circumstances, you cling to the edge of the fruit with desperation as you're now past the point of no return. Below, the esophagus pulses in slow waves, squeezing the fruit's sides, eager to pull it deeper. But Arc's still holding it within her mouth above.

GALULP!



Another swallow. This time, you travel even further, the collapsing walls now squeezing the banana in a crushing grip, smearing the soft sides tight. Slick pink flesh now presses against your sides due to the confined space. You can't NOT stare down, given your placement, and so you are soon greeted by a tight knot of muscle. Her cardiac sphincter, the gateway into her churning stomach, pulses below. It parts, opening, as if controlled by Arc herself, giving you a glimpse into the beyond.

Below, a shadowed shimmering expanse of pulpy fruity remains burbles in the depths of her belly. Wafts of sizzling air greet your nose, citrusy and sour, but not painful. The heat invites you in. The sounds coax you closer. You want to join the chyme, incorporate your own self into the mess of stomach contents to meld with your Creator. Your core and heart stir together, pulsing in rhythm, that same droning beat that echoes in your ears from Arc's own heart. The two of you are linked, synchronized together, equals.

Mmmm. **"Release."**

You release your grip, falling free from the soft pulp.

GLALULP!!

You plummet past the dilated sphincter just as a final resounding gulp sends the rest of the smushed banana squirting behind you. A pulpy lake of disintegrating food meets your fall as you enter Professor Arc's stomach with a meaty splash.

SPLORCH!

Glrn...

The stomach walls, ridged and pulsating, groan a welcoming call, eager to acquaint itself with its newest occupant. You.

You sputter, struggling to stand in the chest-deep sea of churned chyme. The lake of messy masticated fruit is massive. Pool sized, the chamber is in constant motion, peristaltic waves busily breaking down the swallowed foodstuffs in peristaltic waves. It's slow, practiced, in no rush. Further above, the cardia that recently spewed you forth into the stomach pulsates once more as remnants of chewed banana pulp squirt past the sphincter, some raining down upon you while other bits simply slide down the edges of the stomach walls.

THMP THMP!

Above and beyond, the vibrating words of your Creator call out to greet you.

“Welcome to my stomach, little Gamma. Relax, you’ve done much since the onset of your creation. Here, now in the safety of my body, you can finally rest.”

Rest.

You draw curious palms against the slick pulsating walls. It's warm, smooth, accepting, no trace of pain nor discomfort. The steaming gases, a byproduct of her digestion, form a fragrant mix of fermenting fruit alongside citrusy notes that are uniquely Arc's.

Grrm...

The distant droning moans of your Creators lower digestive tract lull you into a calm. The scents, sounds and tactile feel of this place, of Arc's core, the entirety of this chamber is welcoming, like a mother's embrace.

You wearily trudge towards a nearby stomach fold, eyes half lidded as exhaustion begins to take hold. You want to sleep. Let the dangers of the Manor drift into memory

like a distant dream. All that running, climbing, the fear of being crushed or consumed by a ravenous predator intent on destroying you as opposed to accepting you with...with...

Love.

You slide into the pink rugae, back nestled comfortably within the fold. You stare out at the expanse of your Creator's digestive chamber. The walls slowly fold on themselves, the undulating sea of chyme coats your lower limbs in calm waves, and the fragrant scent of citrus gives off a sharp yet clean scent. You sprawl your arms out; head dipping low into the slippery pink flesh and close your eyes.

Outside the safety of the tummy, past the smooth walls of flesh and muscle, Professor Arc reclines comfortably upon her cot, both hands stroking her exposed midriff in tender circles.

"Rest now, my Creation. You've done well. I will keep you safe."

Later.

SQUIRT! BLORSH!

A stomach is still just that, a digestive organ with one goal. To mechanically breakdown whatever organic matter enters its embrace, ensuring that a clean slurry of matter is sent into the intestines and beyond.

Professor Arc, dozing in a haze of digestion, is still keenly aware of the processes that occur within her own efficient system. She shifts to her side, ensuring that proper absorption of her recent snack can occur in this curled fetal position.

Within, Gamma and a deluge of mixed fruit mash, is squirted past the pyloric sphincter, the exit of Arc's stomach, into the entrance of her small intestines. Here the duodenum pulses with eagerness, excreting a mixture of enzymes to now chemically break down all that passes through its chamber. The mixture strips away the hormone laced coating of cum that had encrusted itself against Gamma's suit and skin, leaving her unconscious form entirely bare.

Further still, the slurry of fruit and Gamma pass along deeper, into the labyrinthian depth of Professor Arc's winding small intestines. Here, a curious sight, befalls the sightless Gamma. Embedded within the villi that siphon nutrients, are glittering blue gems, not unlike Gamma's own sapphire. They rest within the slick walls, bound by the fingerlike protrusions, glowing faintly, each gem pulsing with Arc's slow, steady rhythm. Then, soft tendrils extend, latching onto Gamma's form, drawing her into the intestine's walls. Deeper her form sinks, limbs sinking, torso covered, only her face visible now.

Above, Arc stirs, eyes clenching tight in her focused state.

"Nrgh... No, not... this one..."

Then, the fierce grip of her intestinal villi eases, releasing Gamma back into the gentle roll of peristalsis. This form shall not be absorbed nor housed within her confines like the others.

Later still.

Hours had passed since Professor Arc consumed her Mechanoid creation for a Full Cycle recharge. While Gamma slept on, Arc had returned to her lab, already at work on her next creation. Meanwhile, her bowels worked as well, ferrying her digested breakfast, and Gamma, toward their final destination.

Eventually, that evening, after both a simple small lunch and sparse dinner, Arc felt the familiar pressure in her bowels; the morning's meal had run its course.

“Hmph, it appears it's time...”

CLEAN DISPOSAL START

Rising from her workbench, Arc would proceed to grab a mechanical bead like contraption from her bedside drawers, before entering her tiny bathroom. Held within her hands was the Neura Transmitter, an anal bead shaped tether with circuitry dotting its exterior. This item was the key to ensuring the spirit of her creations remained stable. The Professor drew close to her toilet, settling her bare curves against the cool porcelain seat, parting her cheeks, and pressing the end of the Neura Transmitter's first bead against her supple anus.

“Ahn! Oof, cold...”

The first bulb passed easily into her rectum, slipping into her slick rear with practiced ease. Then the next, until four smooth spheres nestled snugly inside her colon.

“Now. Time to wake up Gamma.”

Arc furrowed her brows, settle her elbows on her knees and flexed her abdomen firmly with purpose.

“HMPH!”

Inside... a deep rumble, then a sudden, muggy gust.

Grmm...

FWOOOSH!

You stir as an earthy rush of hot, humid air rolls past. You clear your sticky eyes of fluid, staring beyond at your newfound chamber. Its big, much wider than her stomach. Around you, corrugated almost triangular walls with deep set grooves undulate and pulse, moving you along their stretch. You must be in her large intestines now, approaching the end. Around you, the walls are thankfully slick and free of any unsightly waste, except for thin ribbons of beige slime clinging to the ridged walls. You crawl along the expanse, ready for the impending release. As you round a small curve in the muggy cavern, your mouth goes wide at the sight before you. There, fully encompassing the entire width of her stretched colon, is a massive silver sphere, pulsating with bright blue lines. You don't understand what it is but you don't question it. Somehow, you feel drawn to it, the pulsing blue lines matching the rhythm held within your own core. The sapphire on your forehead pulses eagerly as you get closer. Curiously, you extend a hand towards the sphere. Just as your finger touches the bead, your eyes go wide as bright white light blinds your vision...

Faces, smiling, of every shape and kind. Gleeful, happy. They embrace you, guiding you onward, their presence filling you with resolve. Your uncertainties are dispelled as confidence fills your core. The Grace of others keeps you stable.

FRARP!

You jolt back to awareness. The glowing spheres ahead begin to slip away, drawn deeper into the light.

BRRPHT!

Another ushering of gas crests the final bead of the Neura Transmitter, as that same blinding light overcomes you. But no, you stare at it, downwards; there's a pool of clear water beneath you, a toilet. You're being pooped out!

Frrrrsh!

Another squelch behind you, followed by a tight flex of the colonic walls, presses you firmly forward. Wait! You don't want to fall down into that water-

CLEAN DISPOSAL END

CATCH!

Just as you crest the pink folds of Arc's asshole, her fingers catch you, gently, precisely. The fingers hold you for a moment, giving you a second to gaze upon the hole that just expelled you. On either side, your Creator's massive milky cheeks cover the toilet bowl almost entirely. Before you, directly centered, is her pulsating beige anus. It flexes wide, giving you brief glimpses of the slick pink cavern you just exited. Then it shuts for good, glistening with natural moisture, faint blonde hairs just visible around the rim. Then, the hand shifts, gently, bringing you up towards Arc's face. Her lips are tight but not unkind; a soft fondness glimmers at their edge. She's pleased to see you.

"Welcome back, Gamma. I hope you feel refreshed."

And truthfully, you do. Since you touched that Neura Transmitter bead, you feel restored. Productive. Eager to serve.

"Good. Come now. I want you to meet your new partner: Delta."