

QUICK GULP

Oh, hi. I forgot you were coming today. Sorry. Anyway, come in, come in. Ohhhhhh, sorry, yeah, I kind of forget that some people aren't comfortable with full nudity. Be right back. Annnnd back. Is this better? The old uniform. Kind of fitting, considering what you want to talk about, isn't it? Oh, yeah, David bought it in the winding up sale, among other things. A reminder of how we met. Its sweet, don't you think? Ok, so it's a little tight in some places. It's kinda supposed to be.

Want something to eat? No? Down to business straight away, huh? Sure I can't tempt you? Ok, suit yourself but you don't know what you're missing.

So, where do we need to start? About myself? Ok, I guess. I'm Sam. I'm an ex-voregirl, well sorta ex, certainly not doing it professionally anymore, so, yeah, I guess ex-voregirl, for now, anyway. That's me. Anyway, I've got curly strawberry blonde hair, and they kind of made it smell of strawberries, too, so I really have strawberry hair. Hehehehe. Sorry, serious. Got it. Anyway, I'm a bit over 5'5", and I look pretty good, pale creamy skin, maybe a dusting of freckles that make me look super-cute and small but really pert tits. Everyone thinks I'm way younger than I really am.

Do you want to know the boring details of starting work or cut through to when I first met David? Ok, well, anyway, I was getting pretty experienced, and I get a new delivery to make. Nothing unusual about that. Not one of my regulars, but, well, some people get a taste for new stuff, don't they? So, I hop on my little scooter and scoot over. Nice area, not too fancy, but nice.

Anyway, when he opened the door, he was really nervous. I mean, really. So I give him my cute smile and say I'm from Quick Gulp and the payment went through and all that stuff. And then he asks me if it will hurt me. I mean, me? Hadn't been asked that one before. Most people weren't that bothered if it hurt *me*. Kind of a surprise for me to get a newbie. I think I even said that to him, but, you know, in a reassuring way. So, I asked where he wanted to do it and he's all stammering and nervous. Poor thing couldn't even look me in the eye. Well, ok, I admit the uniform does kind of draw the attention away from the eyes, but he wasn't looking there either. He decided on the table and I gave him some encouragement. It's a good place to start with. I get some leverage and it makes what my role in the evening was really clear. Then, as I'm getting him to lead me to the table, which was nice, a big oak thing, very sturdy, I ask him how he wants to eat me. The look on his face. So I gave him the options, you know, head first, feet first, or other? Hehehe, he asked what 'other' was, as well. Two options: one was me curling up so he could swallow me head first or ass and feet first; and the other was where I bend my legs riiiiight up like this so he can get me head and feet first or ass first. I thought his eyes would pop out of his head at that one. He chose feet first, and I gave him all the reasons it was the right choice, smiling reassuringly all the time. Yes, there are reasons why any of them is the right choice. Can't let the customer think they're making a mistake, can you?

Then I got around to answering his question about it hurting. Slipped my mind till then. I mean, I'd done it so often I knew it didn't hurt and I kinda forgot he didn't know. He still looked stunned, and just stammered something about thinking it was a prank. I obviously told him it wasn't, but he still looked really unsure so I started telling him about how he was entering this really new and exciting and sexy world, and letting him see what he was getting. Just little flashes, but the uniform is kinda designed for that. But he still couldn't do more than glance at me. Really kinda odd. So I got him to tell me his name, told him mine and got him to look at me, telling him it was ok, I didn't mind, and it was kinda the point of the uniform, as you're noticing. And then he actually says what he's thinking, finally. He thought the whole woman eating was a cover. Some kind of sex hook-up thing. And when he said it,

he blushed sooooo brightly you could have seen him from Mars. I told him it was fine as that was included. He got halfway through his apology before he realised what I'd said and that floored him totally. I could have grown a second head and he wouldn't have looked so shocked. People can't believe that someone who looks as cute and sweet as me and sounds so super happy can be a real freak.

So I went through the spiel, you know the one: 'You have hired your voregirl to participate in the following activities: Entertainment up to and including sexual intercourse, and a woman-eating experience either before or after the event, depending on the purchaser's preferences.' But that's just soooo corporatespeak, so I had to put it in English, too. 'You can, basically, do whatever you like with me. Heck, you don't even have to eat me, if you don't want to, but I will tell you right now, you want to. You just don't know it yet.' Oh, yes, it really does mean anything, although I was super-lucky and didn't get any real freaks.

And out of all that, what do you think was the part he focused on? Nope, 'Afterwards'.

Totally my fault. Like I said, I wasn't really used to dealing with people who were new at this, so I'd forgotten to explain about the Respawn Stones. Yes, they do have some technical name but all the girls called them that. What are they? Oh, yeah, guess I did it again. Sorry. Anyway, the Stones are these. Sort of black and shiny eggs. They're what means that a voregirl's job isn't really, really temporary. Once I'm done, this'll activate and I'll be fully restored. No, haven't a clue how it works, there was a pamphlet but kinda never read it, but it does or we wouldn't be having this conversation.

I could see he wasn't getting it, just kinda glazing over, and it wasn't fair to just run his time down without him getting something out of it, so I slipped off the table and knelt in front of him. That got his attention, especially when I stripped off my top and started rubbing his thigh. That bit was fun. It's always nice when I get something to eat as well. Still, you don't really want to hear about that, do you? When he was done, he seemed to have got it together and said he figured it was his turn to eat me after I'd done it to him. Even then he was asking if I was sure it wouldn't hurt me. Soooo sweet. Anyway, I shimmied out of my skirt, and wriggled up onto the table. They usually loved it when I did that.

So I was sitting on the table, looking at him, and I was having to give him instructions. It was weird. Who has their food telling them how to be eaten? Hehehehe. Anyway, I told him not to worry about me, and not to worry about choking as what I was would take care of that.

This led to more questions, so I had to get him to understand. I grabbed a knife and practically demanded he cut me with it. He did, eventually, and nothing bad happened. No blood, just a cut that was sealing over before he'd even pulled the knife all the way out with those cute, trembling hands of his.

That finally seemed to get him to get it. He started sucking on my toes, and he was good, too. But then he stopped again. Said he couldn't get one foot in never mind these. You can't blame him for thinking of them. He's a guy and they were dangling in front of his face. I admit they're a mouthful, but we'd both have enjoyed it a lot. So I had to convince him to at least try. He looked like I was having him on, but he did try and he sucked them both in, just like that. He told me later that it felt weird, feeling his mouth full but not full. Obviously he couldn't say much at the time, but those big wide eyes told me he hadn't expected it, or even really accepted I was telling the truth up to then. Kind of hard for him not to with my legs sticking right out of his mouth. So he finally takes charge, taking hold of my legs and pulling me across the table, pushing them into his mouth. You don't know just how good that feels. And then he finally swallowed my feet down, me giving him all sorts of encouragement all the way. Poor guy almost choked trying not to choke, hehehehe. But he got it after that and kept drawing me in. Had to get him to slow down. I mean, I'm a meal to be savoured not fast food, and boy, did he savour me. I don't think there was an inch of skin his tongue didn't caress. And for a newbie, he caught on fast with what his tongue should be doing. A French

kiss inside someone's mouth is an experience, let me tell you. But eventually, gulp, I was gone, filling his stomach up.

Curled up in there, just waiting for things to really start, I asked how I was. The amount of thrashing he did trying to find me was sooo funny, especially from the inside. But he did say I tasted great, which is the important thing. So, I started explaining what would happen next. You know, digestion, me being reduced down to a nutrient soup for his body to absorb. Hehehe, you sound just like he did. He practically broke out into a panic at that. Took me a couple of tries to calm him down and accept that the stone would take care of me. I mean, I might have been his first meal, but he was hardly my first customer. And then, it began. Voregirls are designed to digest super-quick so it wasn't long until I was just a soup in his stomach and even less time after that to be absorbed into him.

When the stone brought me back, he still looked a bit shocked. I did a little twirl to show him I was all back good as new. Oh, all right, and to tease him. What's wrong with teasing guys? Anyway, we spent the rest of his time slot talking. Well, after I'd got dressed. Apparently, I'm really super distracting when nude. Oh, and when clothed, too? Thank you for the compliment. I do try. At the end of his time, he finally asked the question he'd been avoiding all night, just as I was leaving. What was it? Oh, 'Can I order you again?' That's always nice, when you leave such a good impression. And that was how I met David.

After that, he kept ordering me from the company. Just me. I did try to get him to try other girls, but he never wanted them. Just me. And he was sooooo nice about it. We talked, cuddled, watched stupid movies, just like a normal couple and not like a boy and his edible sex-toy like most of my clients. Oh, I didn't mind the others, I mean, I was an edible sex-toy, but having someone treat me as important while I was basically his to do with as he wished, yeah, big boost to self-esteem there. This went on for a couple of months, once a week, sometimes twice. There were even a couple of times he didn't eat me, but we did manage to get through every position in the manual. And some others. Once he got the hang of it, he's really a good, bad boy, hehe.

And then, all of us voregirls got called into the main offices. Ok, so it's unusual but no real biggie. Then this little guy got up on stage, nice suit, kind of grey and nondescript and he told us Quick Gulp was closing down. You can imagine our reaction to that; we were all out of jobs. And then it got worse as he said that we were assets of the company and would be sold to pay off the creditors. I mean, what? Apparently, the process that made us voregirls, also meant we weren't considered properly human so we could be sold. He said we'd be disassembled and stored until we could be sold. Someone asked what 'disassembled' meant? I mean, it doesn't exactly sound healthy and then we got hit with blow number three: us, the voregirls, our bodies, weren't really us. We were just forms created by the Stones and now that was uneconomic. So 'we' were going to vanish. And we did. One at a time, we all handed over our stones and before he put them into his box, the girl who'd handed it over just dissolved. Felt a lot like being digested when it was my turn, to be honest. And after it was done, I woke up. Well, sort of woke up. I mean, I was the Stone and I still couldn't see or hear 'cuz stones don't have eyes and ears, but I could feel all the other stones against me as we were moved. And that was that. Nothing happened for a while after that. How long? Well, I'm coming to that.

Anyway, it took a while, just me alone with my thoughts, but eventually I'm moved from storage. Now this shook me up. I mean, it meant I was being sold. Or maybe decommissioned. You know, wiped, formatted, erased? Well, we were just property. Who's going to think badly of cleaning up their hard-drive? So, anyway, I was moved, and packed up and couriered. Still no clue where, how long or whatever, just that I was moving. And someone was ripping the package open and pulled me out. So probably not decommissioned. The hand felt really warm after sooooo long just in a box. And then I felt, I don't know, how

would you put it? Appearing? Being created? Undigestion? I like that last one, undigestion. I mean, I'd felt it before, every time I got restored, but this seemed to take hours and hours. Probably didn't, but it sure felt like it.

Anyway, while I'm still recovering, I hear someone asking me is I'm alright. Yeah, of course it was David, who else? Took me a few to remember how to talk, or move, oh, or breathe. That would have been embarrassing if I fainted because I forgot I had to breathe. It was sooooo good to hear him, but, well, I'd had a lot of very, very good thoughts during my time as a stone, and they'd all seemed just as real as this did, so I had to ask if he was just a dream. He said he wasn't, and that his bank balance was pretty sure I wasn't either. No, he didn't say how much, but it sounded like a lot. No, he still hasn't told me. Anyway, as soon as he said that, he got this big, relieved, goofy grin and bear hugged me. I mean, really tight. Felt like he was crushing me at first. And I sort of let him. Being held like that after the time as a stone felt good, made me feel like a person again. How long? I told you, I'm coming to that. Patience, Grasshopper. Anyway, at this point my brain started working again and I realised what he meant. He'd bought me. He even made a joke about it, shows how comfortable he'd got with my, uhm, status. Said I was his personal voregirl. More than ever, hehehe. Then he kissed me, really gentle, saying how glad he was that he'd found me before I'd been sold with all the others. And I might have been babbling a bit, trying to talk through what had happened and what might have happened and he just held me and was stroking my hair and just being there, telling me it was all over and everything was going to be all right. Took me a while to calm down, I must admit. And I liked being held. And I said what I'd been thinking this whole time that he saved me. And then he got this sly grin and said something like, 'maybe, you're still my property after all'. And that actually made me calmer. I didn't mind that, I wanted it. I couldn't think of a better person to be owned by. And then, little Miss Impatient, I asked how long it had been. And that made him wince a bit. Seems I'd been in the stone for several months. Well, that just hit me like a ton of bricks. I mean, months? And then he told me they were selling off the others, too. Some of them were going to be decommissioned, but, thankfully, some team of lawyers from the ACLU stepped in and there's still a case going through the system about whether we're really people or not. If we are, then wiping a stone would be murder. If not, then it's nothing worse than cleaning your hard drive up. Yeah, not a nice thing to think about too much.

Anyway, that wasn't all. Seems he'd found out some things about the stones while trying to buy me. He started with the stuff I knew: that 'I' was really the Stone and the voregirl body was just a projection, which I'm not sure I've really accepted even now. I mean, I know it's true and all, but I still feel like I'm me now and not just a projection of the Respawn Stone. Still, that wasn't what I was talking about. It seems the fact that the stone is really me has some interesting consequence, along with the voregirl thing, I guess. Whatever happened to my body didn't matter. As long as the stone was safe, I could just be recreated, good as new. It took me a little while to catch up to what the 'implications' were, so he told me: I could be cooked, or minced, or cut up, or chopped and frozen, or, well, or anything. Wild, isn't it? And not just food preparation, either. He'd obviously thought about it a bit during those months, especially knowing how I am. But I could be crushed, or pulped, or put into the waste disposal, mmmmmm, that one was nice, actually, and always come out the other end good as new. Well, let me tell you, I was getting pretty excited about the thought of all that. And not just that, but it turns out 'voregirl' isn't the only thing they could make me as. Pretty much any food was possible. Sam pizza, Sam ice cream, a Sam smoothie... Oh, sorry, yeah, kind of drifted off for a second, sorry. Yeah, we have done all of those and more. David's really getting into the whole human food thing. Well, as long as I'm the food. But that night, he wouldn't do anything to me except hold me and make love to me like a normal person. Said he'd only just got me back and didn't want to destroy me already. Can't say I disapproved at

the time tooooooo much. Sorry, TMI?

Anyway, to bring everything up to date, we were blissfully happy as a guy and his edible sextoy girlfriend... I keep saying what? Really? I really keep saying 'edible sextoy'? Well, I am. That court case hasn't decided if I'm anything else yet. Yes, I know David doesn't think of me like that. He actually gets a bit frustrated when I say it, but it *is* what I am, even if he treats me more like a real person than he has to. Still, not important, as I was saying, David and some of the others who'd bought their favourite voregirl kept in touch a bit, mostly to share the lawyer's fees, I think, but spending a few months fighting the same cause meant they stayed talking. Anyway, they got contacted by one of the guys who'd made the stones in the first place and it seemed he'd got a load of voregirls as settlement for his fees. Turns out his fee was what had killed the company off. Making Respawn Stones apparently really, really, really costs. Anyway, he had an idea for starting up Quick Gulp again, well, not Quick Gulp exactly, something far more interesting. He wanted to set up a restaurant. All of us voregirls are excellent cooks. Yeah, seems like seeing things from the food's point of view gives you some unique insight into how to get the most of a meal. So, anyway, he wanted to set up something classier than a fast food delivery company. Seemed like a no brainer to me, but it took some arm-twisting to get David to agree to let me get back into that business. Well, yes, he does own me, but that doesn't mean I don't have opinions, or that he doesn't listen to them. Anyway, the new business, Voregirl Cafe, has four parts to it: The Cafe, where we serve normal food, all family friendly, and making a case that we're just like everyone else; then there's the fun part, the Kitchen where we get to be proper voregirls for adult customers. We're not made into food by the stones for that. Our customers like to see the process, so if we're being made a pizza, they want to see us chopped up for toppings. Like we mind that. The other two? Oh, yeah, lost my train of thought again. The Bedroom and the Dungeon. Well, what we do in the Bedroom is pretty obvious, yeah? You'd think so, wouldn't you, but remember, we're not real people so all you're doing is renting a sextoy. And that's not illegal. Yeah, David's made it really, really, super clear that I'm not taking part in that part of the business. Like, at all. The Dungeon? Well, I've made it really, really, super clear that I'm not taking part in that part of the business. But, well, we can be abused a lot and then just made good as new. Doesn't hurt. Quite the reverse, in fact. So that's what the Dungeon allows. You get to 'torture' a voregirl, even 'kill' her and there's no consequences. After all, we're not real people. Yeah, like I said, not for me. Can't imagine letting a stranger do that to me. Some things should be between a man and his edible sextoy, you know. Anyway, that's the plan for now. We might expand further, though. Steve, that's the guy who made the stones, doesn't really sound like a magical name, does it? Anyway, he's making improvements to his stone so Susie can be changed into more than just food. Not sure how that'll go over, but it's just experimenting at the moment.

And that's where we are. Me and David are happy together. I think he's hoping the courts decide I am a real person. I think he's got a ring picked out, just in case, if you know what I mean. Like I said, he's really sweet. And we've got the court case trundling along eating up lawyers' fees like they were voregirls. And we've got the new restaurant opening to keep us busy. Now, you're sure I can't tempt you with something to eat? I make fantastic brownies. What do you mean what do I mean? Oh, I see, do I make fantastic brownies, or do *I* make fantastic brownies? Well, kinda both. Sure? Ok, well, if you have any more questions, let me know. I've enjoyed talking about it. Look forward to the article. And you're obviously invited to the grand opening. Well, you can stick to just the cafe, but really, you don't know what you're missing. Ok, see ya.