

# STRONGER <sup>②</sup> than you'd Think

A Bit too 'Cocky'

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**Mature Content**

For an adult  
audience only





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While she has kicked most of the bad habits she developed in a dark period of her life after becoming a Doubler, Jordan Galanna still can't help but mess with Halfers when challenged so openly. So, even if she remembers Kali positively from high school, there is no way Jordan could keep herself from messing with such a confident Halfing.

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Thankful that her apartment was just a short walk from her favorite cafe, Jordan wasn't able to think of anything else but the look on Kali's face when she stood in defiance of fact. The confidence that she was right burning behind those auburn orbs, that only weaklings would fall prey to a futa Doubler's cock, was getting her so hard she had to hold her erection down or else it was going to lift her skirt. While she had managed to work out most of her unhealthy habits from the dark part of her adult life, there was one that she just couldn't part with... Putting overconfident Halfers in their place.

Seeing the fearful look on her father's face in the mirror as she swallowed him whole, the disgust on Allan's face as she forced him to lick her thick smegma to save his life only to shove him down her urethra anyway, and countless of the Halfings since. Hearing them cry and beg for mercy, to tear down their confidence and reduce them to a quivering mess; she absolutely loved dominating and digesting self-assured Halfings and making them learn their place. How could she give up one so blatantly challenging her, even if it was an old acquaintance? If Kali could prove her wrong, then all the better.

Descending the stairs to her apartment, she squeezed her breasts around the entrapped and barely noticeable woman. *I tried to warn you Kali, but I can't stop now! Thankfully though, it doesn't seem like you can say no to a challenge still.*

Unlocking her door, Jordan pulled out her phone and tapped the icon of an 'H' inside of a 'D', and smirked.

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Just as she was on the verge of passing out from the intense heat and motion she was subjected to, something grabbed Kali by the legs and dragged her down, over Jordan's paunchy belly and out from the bottom hem of her sweater. The air was much cooler than the stuffy atmosphere in the Doubler's cleavage, but poor ventilation in the room made the heady scent of body odor thick. Looking around, she saw dirty laundry strewn about on the sparse Doubler-style furniture and floor while dirty dishes piled on unused surfaces.



“J-Jordan? Jordan, just hang on a sec-” Holding her nose to try and lessen the amount of days old stink she breathed in, Kali attempted to reason with the provoked futa only to have a cylindrical mass of thick, pulsing meat slam down on the floor in front of her. Close enough to feel the heat radiating off the engorged phallus, she had to turn her head to see its full length. *Holy shit! This thing is bigger than me!*

“Okay Kali, you want proof? Then go ahead and try it yourself.” Trying her best to control her ragged breathing and the manic look in her eyes, Jordan nudged her cock towards the small athlete. Free of the confining sweater she had trapped them in, her breasts bounced with her deep breaths as rivers of sweat rolled off her doughy body.

Mesmerized by the length and girth of the massive member plopped down before her, Kali looked up to Jordan, drooling slightly from the potent pheromones emanating from her. *Sh-She wasn't wearing a bra!? Actually, could she even find underwear to fit her?* Looking back at the meaty cock, pound for pound, if only in mass, there was more ‘human’ there than in her entire body. However, now wasn’t the time to admire the behemoth. “J-Jordan, I know we both got a little carried away back there, but you can’t just bring me into your home without my consent. Just let me go and-”

“Oh Kali, I’m not holding you against your will. We just wouldn’t be allowed to test your claim in public.” Despite watching her wipe the drool from the corner of her mouth, the ravenette didn’t call the Halfling out for lowering her gaze back to her cock. “Sorry I was a bit forceful, but if you want to leave, you can. You’ll have to excuse me though, I’ve got to calm *this* down before work... Or I grab you.” Getting up off the floor, her cock standing tall and lifting her skirt to show the cantaloupe-sized testicles hanging out the side of her plain cotton panties, Jordan went over to her low computer desk.

*This isn't a trick, right? She could easily grab and eat me or stuff me down that monster between her legs and I wouldn't be able to fight back.* It wasn’t the validity of futa Doubler’s being able to ‘eat’ a Halfling with their man members that she had been questioning. In college, she had seen plenty of half-drunk dumbasses get swallowed whole by dicks roughly their size only to be sprayed against a wall or into a crowd of party-goers before the hour was out. It’s just that she had never seen one do it without

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their hands or other people involved. *Then again, if I disappear she'll get in trouble.*

Getting to her feet, Kali cautiously inched her way to the door, keeping an eye on Jordan as she went. Though the unit was huge to her, for someone like the ravenette there was little space to do much, likely meaning this was the cheapest place she could find to stay. It stood in stark contrast to how successful her life had been. When she finally did get to the door, there was just a slight problem with her exit strategy. Being a part of the population that usually tops out at about 36 inches tall, give or take, trying to reach the doorknob of someone that is almost sextuple your height was unrealistic.

Looking back at Jordan, she knew pride wasn't going to give her the extra height to height. "Uh, Jordan? Sorry to bother you but..."

Glancing over her shoulder, the taller woman couldn't hide her smirk fast enough for Kali to not register it as she got up with an apologetic look on her face. "Hehe... well, it's not *locked*." As she approached, she had successfully calmed her raging boner into semi-flaccidity. So while it was no longer lifting the front of her skirt, its girth could be seen through the material with every step. "Sorry again for scaring you like that, but if you ever want to come back you ca-" Before she could finish, Jordan's phone began to ring in her pocket. Checking the screen, she motioned for Kali to exit as she opened the door enough for the Halfling to leave before answering it. "Hey Mom, what's up? Did you need me to come in early again?"

*Yeah... I think I'm going to have to pass on coming back.* Breathing in the much fresher air as she slipped out the door, it wasn't meeting up with the somewhat awkward woman that she wanted to avoid but rather her apartment itself. *I'll likely run into her again soon.*

As she walked down the hall, though she wasn't trying to, she overheard a bit of the conversation Jordan was having with her mother. "Oh no, I'm not too busy. I had a Halfling friend over, but I think my dick scared her off." She giggled after a brief pause that was likely her mother replying to what she said. "No, I'm glad she chickened out in the end, I didn't want her to be scared for the rest of-" Closing the door, the rest of the conversation was too muffled to hear properly.

But Kali had heard more than enough...

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Swiping away from her ringtones, Jordan brought up her messenger app and drafted a text to her mother: [Might be a bit late today, tell Sam and Kira that I'll handle their tests tomorrow if I am]. She didn't send it right away, pacing halfway back to her desk before she heard a quiet knocking on her door. Smiling, she sent the message and brought back up the 'Half in Double' app. Cracking the door open a bit, she looked down at the Halfling that just left so quickly. "Kali? Did you forget something?"

Steeling her gaze as she stared up at the gigantic woman she grabbed Jordan's skirt. "I *didn't* chicken out and I'm *not* scared. Show me your damn dick already and I'll *prove* you can't just suck someone up in it." Determined to prove the Doubler wrong, she couldn't back down now and barged on in.

"I don't know Kali, it could be pretty dangerous." Closing the door and going to sit in her chair, the ravenette's excited fidgeting could easily be mistaken for nervousness. "If something goes wrong-"

"What, do I have to sign a document or something to get you to agree? I'm not leaving until I show you I'm no weakling." Cutting Jordan off, Kali was adamant about this, to say the least.

"Well, *actually*..." Showing the screen of her phone to the athlete, Jordan began to explain. "There's a government-authorized app for this since Doublers can get in trouble so easily. Fill out some forms, enter a code, and then *I'm* off the hook if anything happens to you."

Looking over the information on the screen, Kali had heard of this app before but never looked into it. Just as the name implies, it was developed to track and protect Doublers from any activity that involved a Halfling entering their bodies for any reason. "The fact that there is an option to just be a Dubs meal here makes me question so

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much.”

“Oh, Mom set me up on a date with a guy like that last week. I thought he wanted to get me dinner, not *be* my dinner.” Giggling at the memory, it would have been one better left repressed if the guy had actually wanted to date her. She had been so clumsy and awkward when meeting him. She even slapped him in the face with her cock on accident. “But we can just list you as ‘climbing out of my penis’ and that I’m not responsible for your injuries.”

Filling out her personal information and identification, Kali wasn’t about to lose her nerve now. With little hesitation, she even checked the box to disregard her Employment Safety Insurance. “Fine, but what are the stakes? What’ll I get when I prove that you can’t just ‘swallow’ a person with just that beast you got between your legs?” While she generally stayed away from casinos, she did have a bit of a gambling streak in her if a competition wasn’t official.

“Hmmm... I don’t know. I mean, I’m going to win anyway, so what’ll *you* do for *me*?” She didn’t mean it condescendingly, she just thought it was a funny joke for something that was a foregone conclusion.

“Oh, you think? Okay, how about this? You win, and I’ll wait on your dick for the next month doing whatever tasks you want me to do, but if *I* win, you serve *me* for a month.” Having a Doubler around would definitely have its share of benefits. *Like getting that bitchy gossip Stacy to come over. A personal domicile is a vore-friendly zone.*

Typing the terms of their deal into the notes section, Jordan’s smile remained unfazed. “It’ll be cute to see you cuddling up to my cock like it’s a body pillow.”

“We’ll see about that.” Checking over the form, Kali confirmed her side of the agreement, it was now official.

“Great! Now let’s get this started.” Picking up the tanned woman in one hand and holding the head of her dick in the other, Jordan sat in her floor computer chair and held Kali over her cock head. “Did you want to go feet first or head first?”



Staring down at the drooling slit and with how easily she was being held aloft, the reality of what she signed up for was starting to dawn on her, but not enough to make her have second thoughts. “What and let gravity do all the work for you? Shouldn’t I get some time to examine it first?”

As tedious as it seemed, since she knew it wouldn’t make a difference in the result, Jordan sighed since placating Kali now would save her from listening to complaining later. “Fine, you take all the time you need and I’ll hold back as much as I can so I don’t accidentally slurp you up, just let me know when you want to start.” Setting the bossy Halfling on the floor, she draped her skirt over her and let her phallus hang flaccid over the seat edge, resting on the floor.

Once she was sure the gigantic futa was distracted on her computer, Kali gently ran her hand across the exposed glands. There wasn’t even a reaction from the ravenette. *Okay, she’s not too sensitive so I don’t have to worry about accidental twitches flinging me around.* Inspecting the massive member, she reached towards the precum leaking urethra as the air around her became saturated in the lustful scent of the futa girl. It was a potent aroma that was almost thick enough to chew, but not too unpleasant. If anything, she had drenched her own panties without even touching herself yet! *God, maybe I actually will use this thing as a body pillow even if I win.* Leaning in, she kissed and licked the moist head a bit. While foul-tasting, it was surprisingly easy to swallow and Kali licked her lips with a slight grin. Cupping her hands under it, she drank a bit more of Jordan’s precum until her stomach felt a bit heavy with the stuff. Poking the tight slit, she turned her attention toward completing this challenge.

Wedging a few of her fingers into the narrow opening, she pried it open as much as she was able, though not as much as she initially thought she’d be able to. Despite the fact that Jordan’s cock was mostly flaccid and given the incredible elasticity of Doubler flesh, she thought she’d at least be able to create a gap a couple inches wide. The half-inch crevice barely showed any of the futa’s urethra but she could feel how soft and smooth the folds and ridges inside were. Letting go, one of Kali’s fingers got caught in the tight slit and it took pulling with some of her body weight to get it free.

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Most surprisingly, there was still no reaction for the gigantic woman as she just continued doing whatever it was she was doing on her computer. *She couldn't feel that either... okay, maybe she could sleep through some dumbass playing around with her.* Licking her fingers clean of the clear fluid sticking to them, Kali laid down on the floor in front of the drooling phallus and raised her leg so that her feet were touching the cock head. *Well, since I have to climb out, I'll tell her once I'm about to go under.* Poking around the slimy, spongy flesh, she found the slit she was looking for and slipped her big toes in. Once again, the pressure was pretty intense, but Halflings are nothing if not durable, so that was fine... A subconscious twitch of the thick rod sucking her feet up to her ankles was *less* fine. *What the fuck!? N-No way!*

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Browsing through her gaming forums online, Jordan wasn't sure what was taking Kali so long but stumbled across an interesting debate about an upcoming remake of one of her favorite childhood games that she had been keeping an eye on. Apparently a demo got launched early by mistake!

"Hey, Kali? You good down there? Let me know when you're ready." Downloading the demo, her mind wandered away from the Halfling under her skirt and focused entirely on the forums while she waited.

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Before she even knew what was happening, the athletic girl's toned calves were drawn into the gigantic phallus. There was nothing for her to grab onto and even trying to pull one leg out was a futile effort. "Uh... Y-Yeah, yeah. Just, um... just getting my footing." Replying to the preoccupied futa, there was still a chance to salvage this. *Okay, I'll admit I was mistaken about a dick not being able to pull someone in by itself, but it can't keep this up for long. All I have to do is wait until the pressure weakens and I'll pull myself free.*

Oozing around her legs, the honey-thick precum continued to seep out of the pulsating shaft, and in some of the deepest wrinkles of the fleshy tube, semi-solid masses squelched through her toes. As unnerving and terrifying as oddly comforting, with each beat of Jordan's heart, more of Kali's legs vanished. The heavy scent had her own sex burning with lust and dripping wet, and the insatiable desire only intensified as the greedy cock head expanded around her hips. The pressure squeezing her butt and crotch was like nothing she had ever felt before. The ravenette's warmth mixed with her own, making her lower lips tingle as the thick precum encased them.

After making it past her hips, the hungry cock made quick work of her core. In only two 'gulps' the underside of her petite breasts were touching the heated glands. It was pretty unnerving hanging out from a drooling futa dick, but she was still confident that the strength of constrictions would weaken soon. *I think I might drown before that though.* Chuckling as she lapped up the flavorful nectar flowing over her face, it didn't take too much effort for Jordan's manhood to suck her chest into it as well. She was now hanging out of the slit with her arms above her head. It must have been quite the sight. *And she still hasn't realized, has she? Maybe I should let her know before I get sucked all the way inside.* Just in the off chance that she *couldn't* climb out, for as novel of an experience this was, Kali knew the risk of being churned into just another batch of condom filling was guaranteed otherwise. "He-!?" However, just as she was about to call out to her ex-classmate, the futa's phallus pulsated again and swallowed her up to her neck, squeezing tightly and cutting her off! *Oh shit! J-Jordan. Jordan!* With her arms pinned beside her head, there was nothing she could do to signal the massive ravenette, and wiggling only sped up her descent into the slimy, dark tunnel. Unable to breathe, the best she could do was try and croak out a sound before it was too late, but another contraction of the mighty member drew her in covering her mouth and nose.

Panicking now, she needed to let Jordan know somehow or pull herself out and forfeit the challenge. If she exhausted herself now, there was no way she'd be able to start the challenge properly and do it again. But the narrow urethra holding her was making it difficult to move at all. With only her arms sticking out, the hungry cock made short work of Kali's arms and hands, despite her best effort to grab or pinch the edge of the slit. Her fingers weren't able to find any purchase and vanished without the Doubler even noticing what was happening.

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"Oh my god! This bitch is such a fucking moron!" Typing angrily on her keyboard as she entered the debate on whether game publishers should be allowed to produce games that featured Halflings being subservient to Doublers, Jordan wasn't sure *how* she got to this forum but it was pissing her off. There was nothing wrong with the media teaching Halflings the risks inherent to opposing Doublers, but this anonymous woman made it sound like Doublers were *monsters* or something. "She's just lucky I can't find her-!?" Stopping mid-post, she saw the woman upload a picture, a family of Halflings with their faces blurred out in one of their little homes.

But, her eyesight trained from hours and hours a day of gaming, picked up on a small detail in the picture and opened it into a new link a moment before the original poster must have seen it. Enlarging the picture to full resolution, thanks to Halfling technology being smaller and cameras, in particular, capturing higher resolutions as compared to Doubler products, even things in the background of the house were visible. Things like a flyer for the new private hair salon that opened a few months ago downtown, an emblem of a nearby high school on a piece of paper, and... a shipping label on a package on its side under a table... with the address fully visible!

By the time she saved the image and tabbed back to the forum, the woman had reposted the image, with more things blurred out, and a lengthy tirade about how Halflings have families that they care about and blah, blah, blah. "Oh, *that* was a mistake." Leaning back in her chair, the ravenette's download was almost finished as she opened up a private message to 'inform' Mrs. Fodderson of the dangers of carelessly uploading sensitive information online.

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It was unreal to Kali how Jordan's dick was able to so easily draw her deeper down its length yet *she* wasn't able to squirm up it at all. It was too tight to use any of her strength and too slippery to find any friction for leverage. So all she could do was struggle in vain and hope that the Doubler would notice her before it was too late.

*Jordan! What are you doing? Get me out of here quic-!? Huh!?* Hoping that the futanari would notice the Halfling-sized lump traveling down her cock, the pressure on her feet suddenly lessened incredibly. Though the walls of the looser space were still slimy and slick, she was able to wiggle her toes at least! *What? Wait, wouldn't this be...?* Steadily getting packed into the bulbous space, Kali was forced into a fetal position. In the fleshy walls, the sound of blood coursing through the Doubler played in her ear and the chamber was already half full of a creamy, thick liquid. *Am I in her nut!?* *Oh, God! I've got to get out of here!* Panic giving her a surge of strength, the athletic woman, an Olympic hopeful, fought off the drowsiness from her lack of oxygen and tried to find the open to escape. There was little time left.

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"Ah, shit... Guess I should get ready to go to work." Her gaming interrupted by the alarm she had set, Jordan looked at the time and realized how much she got lost in the demo she downloaded. Stretching in her seat as she saved and quit the game, she remembered her little guest and rolled up her skirt. "Alright Kali, I've got to go to wor- Huh? Kali?"

Expecting to find the proud, bullheaded woman, the ravenette instead was only looking at her flaccid member drooling on the floor. There weren't many places for the Kali to hide and she already knew that the door handle was too high for the Halfling to reach. However, as she got up to look for the missing ex-classmate, one of her testicles rub against her legs, noticeably ballooned to a few times its original size.

"What!? But, she didn't even tell me! I wasn't even trying!" There was no doubt that the sloshing mess currently contained in her teste was what was left of the Halfling, but there was nothing to really be happy about. "Man... did she even fight at all? Or did she realize that a Halfer couldn't fight it after all? Well... no use crying over dick milk." As much as she wanted to bask in the prideful athlete's weight hanging from her crotch, since all the entertaining parts were over she might as well get to work on time.

— To be continued...

# 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 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.



