

(if you need to)

by HungryOnMain

dedicated to and inspired by a close friend.

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The Tablet activates strangely on the harvest moon, causing Ahkmenrah to feel hunger for the first time in 4,000 years. Jedediah and Octavius find out that, despite the canopic jars, Ahk's interiors are just as alive as he is. For now.

Tags

Vore, Oral Vore, Nonfatal Vore, Safe Vore, M/Multi, multiple prey, male prey, male pred, male observer, human pred, human prey, technically? they're miniatures, human observer

Act One

An odd rumble came from Ahkmenrah's chambers one night in late September. The full moon shone a shade of orange through the skylights of the Natural History Museum in New York City, its light cascading down to Earth the same way it had for thousands of years. Those millennia hadn't been too easy for Ahkmenrah, most of them spent mummified and stuck in a sarcophagus. It was only recently that he had been freed from those bonds by a kind night guard and his gaggle of strange museum exhibits one fateful night in a year he didn't recognize. Calendars change with time, after all - his original system, which had housed an extra five days for the births of five important deities, had been abandoned; replaced with something called the Gregorian calendar. Now, in this part of the world, only one god's birth was celebrated, as well as his conception, death, and resurrection. Ahkmenrah found the concept fascinating, when he got the time to study such things. According to said calendar, the year was 2013 of the "Common Era" - and he had died about four thousand years before then.

No matter the human ways of counting the circling of the Earth around the Sun, the celestial bodies remained. The moon would occasionally shine a shade of red or orange, and had done so before there were scribes to write down their witnessing of such a thing. Tonight was one such night, the orange light of the full moon dyeing the chambers of Ahkmenrah a glittering amber as the light cascaded over the gold he'd been buried with. Ahkmenrah himself was bent at the waist, on his knees before his coffin for the past four millennia. One arm kept him from the floor, the other clasped around his middle as if he'd been gored. His belly *hurt*. It didn't merely ache, it *hurt*. He was utterly empty in ways that shouldn't be possible, his stomach roaring with hunger not felt for the span of empires and civilizations.

He wondered how he could even feel this hunger, knowing that the mummification process removed his stomach, and most of his other organs. He grit his teeth as his stomach rumbled again, the *grrrrrrble* echoing on the stone walls of his exhibit. Ahkmenrah panted as the hunger pang cascaded through his center.

"Ahk? You all right?"

Larry Daley heard that growl, thinking it was one of the prehistoric animals getting uppity. All he found was Ahkmenrah curled over his sarcophagus, clutching his center.

"Larry, I..." Ahkmenrah strained, "I'm so hungry."

Larry raised a brow. "Hungry? That's a first." He walked over to Ahkmenrah, kneeling next to him. "Are you OK?"

Ahkmenrah looked to Larry, meeting his gaze with a ravenous stare. "I need food. I need something in me. It *hurts*."

Larry furrowed his brow, then nodded. He extended a hand to Ahkmenrah as he rose from his knees. "C'mon, I've got some extra noodles up at the front desk."

Ahkmenrah took Larry's hand, letting him lead the way forwards. That trek from his exhibit to the front desk was agonizing, comparable to the hottest days of his reign all those years ago. Seeing the front desk was a small comfort in comparison to the smell. Salt and cooked vegetables and starch permeated the air. Chinese food.

"Hey, Gigantor, you're missin' the good bit!"

A familiar voice called from the desk. Perched atop one of the boxes of rice was Jedediah, one of the many miniatures from the Western Expansion diorama. He was accompanied by another of the miniatures, a Roman general from the diorama next door by the name of Octavius. The two sat beside one another in front of the computer's screen. The video they were watching was a compilation of people playing stupid games and winning stupid prizes, otherwise known as "fails." The pair burst out laughing when a man tried to clean snow off his roof, only to be buried beneath it when it gave way.

Larry sat in one of the rolling chairs behind the desk, and sat Ahkmenrah down in another. "Pick whatever you want, Ahk. I'm full."

It was no royal banquet, but Ahkmenrah was too busy enjoying the taste of noodles to complain about anything. He put away at least three plates of the squiggly starches before switching to another dish. Occasionally, he slowed down to laugh at something on the screen, especially those involving cats, but he never stopped eating. He reached for the last container of rice, but confirmed with Larry that it was okay to finish it off. "Takeout rice goes bad after a day, anyhow."

Jedediah felt a blush come to his cheeks when Octavius put an arm around his shoulders. Granted, he was supporting himself, trying not to fall off the box, but still. Jed hadn't felt like this in a long time. Not wanted for his skills, but desired. Octavius came from a different time, before the Wild West, and before the idea of being in love with

other men was brought into question. It fulfilled a part of Jedediah that he hadn't considered before, a part he tried to cover with machismo and showmanship that played well with Octavius' ideas of Roman glory and his personal theatrics. He put his arm around Octavius' shoulders, prompting the Roman to look at him. A moment passed, the two gazing at one another. They began to lean closer. Jed could feel Octavius' breath on his lips. His eyes closed, and...

Ahkmenrah poured the container onto the plate he'd been using for the past two dishes. "So I knew the Chinese had rice, but I had no clue you could add a simple spice to make it taste so... so flavorful!" He said with his mouth full.

Larry chuckled a bit. "It's MSG, and it's the best thing ever."

Ahkmenrah continued to enjoy the rest of the meal, absentmindedly bringing forkful after forkful to his lips as the two watched the screen. Before he knew it, Ahkmenrah had eaten the entirety of Larry's leftovers.

"Oh, forgive me, I seem to have left you without any to take home."

Larry shrugged. "Eh, I probably wouldn't have finished it anyway." He checked his watch. The time read 3:45. "You think you'll be all right now, Ahk?" He asked the Pharaoh.

Ahkmenrah nodded, giving his middle a gentle pat for emphasis. "I do. Thank you, Larry, I-..." He stopped in the middle of his sentence, keeping his hand flat on his center.

"Uh, Ahk? You good?" Larry asked.

Ahkmenrah looked at the desk, and all around. "Larry, please tell me you saw Jedediah and Octavius leave the room."

Larry raised a brow, seeing the concern on the Pharaoh's face. "No, can't say I have."

Ahkmenrah met Larry's gaze again, his eyes wide with fear.

"I... I think I've eaten them."

Act Two

Octavius's expression turned to horror as he watched his vision be eclipsed by Ahkmenrah's teeth. He'd heard of such things happening in legends, from the pages of the Odyssey to the tales told by old storytellers, of heroes and innocents alike being devoured by monsters. But to a general of Rome! The shame of disgracing the legacy of Aeneas was almost as agonizing as the betrayal he felt from Ahkmenrah, his friend, his ally, tossing him into his starving jaws like a stray grain of couscous. Octavius felt the tongue beneath him lurch, and found himself pressed against the soft palate. His eyes caught a glimpse of the abyss before him, the esophagus mere centimeters away, before a thick glob of saliva blocked his vision.

"Ahkmen-...!!"

He attempted to call out for his friend, but he was cut off by a thick *gulp*. Octavius was compressed from all sides, his agony heightened by a dash of claustrophobia. He could tell he was moving down, and he considered himself lucky that he had no blood to pool in his head. The barely chewed rice didn't impede his descent, hours of hunger lubricating Ahkmenrah's throat and sending the general downwards with little issue. "Jupiter, protect me," he strained as he encountered a ring of muscle. A fleeting moment of stillness passed before the ring gave way and let the meal with a side of Mediterranean fall into Ahkmenrah's stomach. Octavius looked around the dark space, his breathing harsh from the new freedom he was allowed. Well, what little freedom he could enjoy in such a space, anyway.

The organ was surprisingly intact. Octavius knew the mummification process removed such organs, but he also knew the Tablet wasn't bound by the laws of reality. By Neptune's beard, he was a miniature brought to life by its magic, why couldn't it regrow organs? The stomach was much quieter to an outsider's ears now that it was sated, but within it was a cacophony of acid and half-chewed food. Despite the lack of light, Octavius could hear and feel that much, the rice and vegetables and noodles slowly congealing into a chyme that he did *not* want to be caught in for too long.

"Augh, it's like Jedediah's hourglass debacle all over again." Octavius muttered to himself as he trudged through the dissolving slop. Unlike that scenario, smacking the wall with his helmet probably wouldn't help. He felt a mild relief, knowing he was made of much harder stuff than the meal the Pharaoh had just eaten, but knew better than to stand in a pool of acid and enzymes. Keeping his arm extended out for good measure, Octavius finally felt a fleshy wall and got his footing. *OK, get it together. You've been in worse conundrums, General*, he thought to himself. He'd survived an encounter with the mighty squirrel, this was nothing! ...Right?

"Wagh!"

The solitude was broken when a certain cowboy unceremoniously landed face-first in a pile of noodles. Spluttering soy sauce and acid, Jedediah got his face out

of the Pharaoh's dinner. "Ahkmenrah, you undead idiot! You fuckin' ate me, you-...!" Jed's no doubt witty retort was cut off when a third lump of food landed atop him.

Octavius sighed with some semblance of relief. "Jedediah! Over here!" He called as Jed got his head out of the carbohydrate-filled mush.

"Octavius?!" He said, face dripping with stuff he couldn't see.

"Thank the gods you're safe." Octavius said with genuine relief.

"Yeah, 'bout as safe as I can be in a mummy's gullet." Jedediah grumbled as he tried to walk through the slop on the spongy flesh. "Any ideas on gettin' outta here, Octy?"

Octavius reached out for Jedediah, and finally took his hand as they touched the wall. "I'm afraid not. But have faith in our allies, Jedediah. Larry and Ahkmenrah will not allow us to perish here."

The stomach wall lurched.

"...I hope."

Act Three

Ahkmenrah was attempting to say, "Get them out, Larry, get them out," but he was too busy hyperventilating to get the words out. He'd just eaten two of his most treasured allies, and he could feel them pressing against the wall of his stomach.

"Easy, easy!" Larry said, trying to calm Ahkmenrah down, "We'll get them out. Just breathe." Larry led Ahkmenrah in a small breathing exercise, with a deep breath in... and a deep breath out. Ahkmenrah was still hyperventilating. Larry got up from his chair. "I'll go get the scissors."

Ahkmenrah stopped his panic dead in its tracks and furrowed his brow. "You will do no such thing."

Larry put his hands on his hips. "There, that calmed ya down?" He tapped his hip with a finger or two. "How do we go about this..." His nail hit his flashlight, which dangled from his hip. "Oh, hey..." Larry unclipped the flashlight, and shined it up against Ahkmenrah's middle.

"Uh, Larry?" Ahkmenrah questioned.

"One sec, Ahk. Hey, Jed? Octavius? You in there?"

Within, the two had gotten quite comfortable leaned against the wall, or as comfortable as you could be in a place that was actively leaking acid.

"I just... never expected it to be so... *lively*." Octavius said over a particular *gurrble*.

"It's his gullet, Octy, can't get much livelier." Jedediah found himself wringing fluid out of his hat.

"Well, he *has* been preserved in salt for four thousand years. I thought this thing should've shrivelled up by now." Octavius scooted closer to Jedediah.

"That magic moon tablet, man. It'll do things to ya." Jedediah felt Octavius press against him. The same blush came to his face, the same one that glittered across his cheeks when Octavius put his arm around him.

"Octavius?"

"Yes?"

"...hold me."

Octavius raised his brow. He hadn't expected Jedediah's voice to break so easily, or his spirit. He put his arms around the cowboy, the leather of his jacket crumpling against the steel of his own armor.

"I'm not ready to die." Jedediah choked before breaking down into sobs. He buried his face into Octavius's chest. Octavius felt his heart break when the man began to cry.

"Jedediah, collect yourself. We are going to live." He barely believed the words he said aloud. He knew that their cries couldn't be heard through the layers of flesh,

even if the organ was silent. They'd have to hope that the two didn't forget their presence. The acid kept rising up.

Jedediah looked up at Octavius, his face wet with tears and juices. Octavius's face flushed red when Jedediah placed a kiss on his chin. "If, if we don't get outta here, I, I wanted to make sure I did that before I..." Jedediah couldn't finish his sentence.

A reddish light illuminated the chamber.

"Hey, Jed? Octavius? You in there?" The muffled voice of Larry Daley echoed from the other side of Ahkmenrah's skin. The two inside sighed with something resembling relief.

"Yeah, we're in here!" Jedediah called, shaking off the sobs. After a moment with no response from outside, Octavius tapped the wall three times.

Outside, Ahkmenrah communicated their response. "He's tapped thrice." He said, holding up his tunic so Larry could illuminate his interior.

Larry spoke, "OK, you two, listen up. We're getting you outta there. Ahk is gonna swallow this thing," he held up a gummy bear wrapped in dental floss, "and we're gonna lift you out."

Jedediah had scooted closer to the illuminated side. "We can't see it from in here, Gigantor, just send it down!" He yelled against the skin. Larry actually heard him. "That's your cue, Ahk."

Octavius and Jedediah were looking up at the entrance to the esophagus, waiting for whatever Larry had in mind to descend. The ring of muscle twitched, and parted to reveal a cherry gummy bear, with dental floss tied around it.

"Aw, yeah!" Jedediah trudged through the slop one last time to get atop the candy. "C'mon, Octy, let's get outta here!" Jedediah held a hand out to Octavius, the other holding onto the floss. Octavius smiled, and took the cowboy's hand.

Getting atop the candy, he put his arm around Jedediah again and pulled the cord twice. Jed's confidence immediately dissolved when Octavius embraced him. Carefully, Larry pulled the floss out of Ahkmenrah's throat, taking care not to break it off. In the esophagus, Jedediah was pressed tightly against Octavius's chest, their faces mere millimeters away from each other. *Damn it, when I finally get to be close to him, it's here*, he thought.

For an instant, he felt Octavius's lips touch his own. It wasn't an accident, it was intentional, from the fact that Octavius went in for another.

"Octavius...?" Jedediah asked in a hushed tone.

"Once we get out of here, you and I can get closer than that." Octavius said with a smile.

"You... you feel like that, with me?" Jedediah's face was red with reciprocity. "I've felt that way for fifty years, Jedediah."

Their conversation was interrupted by the light of the museum's main hall breaking past Ahkmenrah's teeth. Carefully, they were pulled from the Pharaoh's jaws

and placed on the counter. Covered in gut juice and saliva, the two breathed the beautiful fresh air and wrung out their clothing.

“You two OK?” Larry asked, finally turning off his flashlight.

“Yeah, we’ve been in worse, Gigantor.” Jedediah replied as he shook a few bits of chewed-up noodle off his vest. Larry was about to speak again, but was shoved to the side by Ahkmenrah.

“Octavius, Jedediah, I am so sorry I did this to you. I wasn’t looking at what I was doing, and the next thing I know, you were gone, and-...”

“It’s all right, Ahkmenrah. I know you wouldn’t have done this to us on purpose.” Octavius replied. Ahkmenrah picked up both miniatures in an embrace, hugging them close to his chest.

“I shall gift you each ten of the finest crocodiles in the Nile for your troubles.” Ahkmenrah said with regal repentance. The two miniatures managed to hold one another’s hand underneath their regal predator’s grasp.

“Hey, beats mummy guts any day, kemosabe.”

“You said it.”