

# **Goodbye, Old Me (Hard Vore, Stomping)**

## Goodbye, Old Me

Stella Evebtide, a fine example of a blue-furred vampire pony, was stood within the kitchen of her new apartment boiling potatoes. Clad in a leather jacket, a purple tank top, and a pair of ripped up old black jeans, she watched the boiling pot with eyes of hazel and thought over her past life.

Stella had been through a lot of change and turmoil over the past few months. The bubbling pot reminded her of it, as a matter of fact. So much difficulty, so much strife, and yet, she was here now, in her own home, away from the family that she detested. But it was not her family that she hated the most, no, it was her old self, the person that she had been before. Stella, now, was an entirely different person than to how she was a few months ago.

The most noticeable change, physically at least, was a new set of vampiric fangs within her maw. But it was not only that, it was her attitude, her approach to life. Before she had become a vampire, she was such a sweet, gullible little thing, a girl who wanted to do nothing but cute girly things while chasing after boys. But now, she was different. Hard, tough, the type of woman who preferred getting dirty on the bike track to dressing up in pretty pink colors and hosting tea parties. She had changed so much ... and, beyond her hatred for her family, she had a desire to punish her old self, to crush her, to show her the error of her ways, to show her old self that she was far superior in her new form.

But there was no way to do that, was there? Unless...

Stella turned the heat down on the potatoes, took them off the stove, and glanced through the door to the living room. The vampire had come across a strange little black book in an antique store. A strange little black book that was occult, which apparently contained real, genuine magic. Stella had bought the book out of curiosity, not expecting it to allow her to perform actual witchcraft, but ... what if it did? And what if there was a spell within that allowed her to summon her past self? With her curiosity piqued, Stella left the kitchen and walked into the living room, strolling toward the coffee table where the odd little book lay.

By the coffee table, she sat, picking the book up and laying it against her lap. Slowly, she began to pore through it. Stella wasn't interested in reading every word, no, she was looking for a specific ritual. The vampire flicked past the pages about rituals to curse your enemies, about spells that would turn people into toads, about incantations that could turn water into wine. As she did, she couldn't help but feel a little dumb for thinking that this crap would work. This book had to be bullshit. It was the kind of thing that you might find in some edgy teenager's bedroom.

As if the book had detected that Stella thought that it was nothing more than a bunch of nonsense, the very next page that she turned to gave her what she wanted. A ritual that would summon her old self. All she had to do was follow a relatively simple set of instructions. With a piece of chalk, she drew a small circle upon her coffee table and surrounded it with candles of red and white. A sprinkle of salt. A drop of her own saliva smeared directly into the center of the circle.

With the spell prepared, all she had to do was speak some words. The vampire pony closed her eyes and began to mutter the incantation to herself, over and over. "Unta sectra reducto. Unta sectra reducto." Stella expected to hear a bolt of lightning. For a strange feeling to come over her. For a strange wind to roll through her apartment. For any of the stereotypical, tropey signs that a spell had been cast in her apartment. All she could hear was a quiet, annoying whimpering ... likely from the next-door neighbor's annoyingly anxious dog. It had been a waste of time then. Sighing, she opened her eyes, and looked down onto the coffee table ... and then, she let out an excited gasp.

Stella couldn't believe her eyes. The spell had worked. A little differently than she had expected, but it had worked! In the center of the chalky circle lay the old Stella Evebtide, but her old self was not her full height, not like she had expected. No, far from it. Sat, on the table, only an inch or so tall, was her old self. The tiny pony was wearing a frilly, pink white blouse, and a long, flowing purple skirt. Stella's fists clenched by her side, and her tongue licked across her lips, the tip flicking against the tip of her fangs. Oh, my. This was going to be so much more fun than torturing herself at full height. Already, the vampire felt incredibly powerful.

The tiny Stella's eyes were wide and full of fear, fixed upon her new, giant self. No words came from her burbling mouth, the tiny woman too shocked and afraid to ask what was going on, or why she was here. All she could do was stare up at the enormous, goddess-like pony in front of her. Compared to her, the woman was like a building, like a great, enormous tower. Poor little Stella was only an inch or so high in comparison to her. The way that she was looking at her, a

hunger in her eyes like she'd never seen before. Not a hunger for food, but a hunger for punishment, for torture, for death ... and it was all directed upon her. The old Stella was too focused upon her great size, too focused upon that horrible look, to even realize that she was looking at a giant, vampiric version of herself.

"Hello, me," the giant Stella crooned, lifting her giant palm and waving it down toward herself in greeting. "I'm sure you're wondering why you're here, but don't worry, you won't be wondering for long." Her grin widened. "Let's set up some ground rules to begin with, shall we?" Then, she raised her hand, a monolith to the tiny Stella. Slowly, she began to move it over toward her, savoring every second of the torment that she was putting her old self through.

Tiny little Stella was still frozen upon the table. This giant woman, whoever she was, looked so much like her! She'd even called her 'me'. But there was something off about her. She would never dress like that, for a start. A leather jacket with torn jeans? Stella was the type to wear girly clothing, not dress up like some gross biker! And those deadly, sharp, enormous fangs that were in her mouth ... no, her entire look was not something that Stella was fond of. What she was even less fond of was the hand that was slowly approaching her. Underneath her skirt, she felt her knees trembling, quivering, and knocking together. Her response was not to run but to scream.

"You're not me!" the younger, smaller Stella cried as fingers as large and as thick as great oak trunks wrapped around her torso. Lifted into the air, her legs kicked underneath her in terror, her eyes wide and full of fright. Terrified, she smacked her fists against her future self's enormous index finger. "You're not me! You're not!"

"You're right," crooned the giant Stella. Her hand tightened around her smaller, younger self, fist clenching hard enough to silence her irritating screams. "You're not me. Not anymore at least, anyway. And after this ... you aren't even going to exist."

After those ominous, deadly words, big Stella lowered tiny Stella, moving her down. Soon, she went past the table, lowering her past her scuffed jeans, and down toward her naked foot. Stella hadn't bothered wearing socks today. Her tiny, other self saw every detail of her bare toes, the giant, well-manicured feet drumming against the ground beneath her in anticipation for what was to come next. Stella just knew it. She was going to end up beneath that foot ... and she wasn't looking forward to it.

And, lo and behold, tiny Stella's prediction came true. Carelessly, her tiny body was tossed underfoot, her giant twin's massive toes raising like portcullises, baring the underside of her spread, expansive sole. As she hit the ground, the momentum from the throw forced her to roll directly underneath her foot. Tiny Stella pressed her hands against the ground. Now, she had to move. But before she could push herself to her feet, she felt a tremendous weight press down against her back, forcing her back toward the ground with force. Her air was knocked from her lungs as the enormous foot above her bore down into her, smooshing her against the floor. The smell of sweat immediately penetrated her nose, an unclean, unwashed, dirty smell that surrounded her. She couldn't help but shudder in disgust.

Up above, the larger, older Stella couldn't deny that this was a truly empowering experience. Underneath her foot lay the person that she

hated the most in the world, her old, pathetic self. The vampire pony could feel her wriggling and squirming beneath her sole. The press of tiny hands as they tried, pointlessly, to lift her foot from her puny body. So weak. So powerless. Completely and utterly underneath her control. Yes. The new Stella truly was superior in every single way. In mindset, in fashion, and, most importantly ... in size.

Down below, tiny Stella couldn't help but feel the same way. No matter how much she pushed, no matter how much she shoved, the enormous sole atop of her would not budge. All she felt as she pointlessly shoved her fists above her was pliant foot flesh. And there was, so, so much of it. Her foot was bigger than her family's house, and she was nothing more than a speck underneath its broad expanse. Weakly, she gave up her struggles. There was no point. Tiny Stella was a relatively weak person, a girly girl who's favorite activity was chasing boys. She knew that she stood no chance against this giant. This person who was apparently her. Her new, superior self. Rather than fight, she would just lay here and take in the bitter, salty scent of the giantess' sweat, putrid, and acrid enough that she could taste it as well as smell it.

As soon as her struggling came to an end, the larger Stella raised an eyebrow. Was that it? Was that all she was going to give her? She already thought so little of her old self, but she was surprised that she was pathetic enough to give up so easily. Discontent with her lack of movement, she began to grind her sole against the ground, rolling the tiny Stella around beneath. A grin snuck onto her face as she felt her begin to move again, feeling her body uncontrollably spasming beneath her foot as she was ground between harsh, coarse carpet, and her all-consuming foot.

"God, I hate you," she muttered. "I'm so glad that I'm going to get to kill you."

Tiny Stella had indeed, given up ... before the giantess above her started to roll her foot across her tiny form. Even if she had mentally given up, her body naturally fought back as the grimy, sweaty sole pounded against her body. Her arms flailed, her legs kicked, and with what little breath there was in her lungs, she released a scream. Once again, her fists began to smack at the rolling sole above. All they managed was to coat themselves in more sweat. It was pointless to struggle, but she couldn't help herself. It was impossible not to thrash when a great, powerful weight was rolling on top of you, making her body roll around uncontrollably and uncomfortably against the ground.

Although the larger Stella had renewed her younger self's struggling, she quickly found herself growing bored with the act of crushing her, however. It was tempting to turn her into paste underneath her foot, to apply that last little bit of weight that would end her life and turn her into a gooey, red smear, but ... Stella had other ideas. Being a vampire, she'd ended up with quite the taste for blood ... and she couldn't help but wonder what the tiny, pathetic little girl beneath her foot tasted like. With one final roll of her foot, she brought Stella out from underneath her foot, dragging her tiny body from her heel to her toes. With a surprising amount of dexterity, she pinched her toes together and sandwiched tiny Stella's body between them, using her foot much like she might use her hand.

Tiny Stella, at first, was grateful to be rolled out from underneath her other self's enormous foot. At least, she was, until she felt a pair of toes pressing against her shoulders. At that point, the fresh,



unsweaty air didn't seem worth it. It was even less worthwhile when the fresh air was knocked straight from her lungs as the toes tightened even harder around her, and if that hadn't made her lose her breath ... then the ascent certainly would. The ground quickly left her, and, rather than detesting it like she had when she was underneath her other self's foot, she craved to be upon it once again, safe and sound.

But Stella would never feel the ground again. Her foot lifted up to her stomach, and then, her enormous fingers plucked tiny Stella from between her toes, taking her even higher. Now, the ground was dozens of feet away. Her squirming came to a halt, and instead, she clung tightly onto the pair of fingers that were tightly wrapped around her waist. The tiny pony couldn't help but scream, however.

"Please! Please stop this," she cried out, as loud as she possibly could. "I'll ... I'll do anything! I'll ... I'll ..." Stella paused. The rest of her words came out as incomprehensible whimpers. Stella, truly, didn't know what she could even do for this giant, corrupted version of herself.

All that Stella knew was that she had now been lifted so high that she was dangling directly over the vampire's mouth. Her lips were open, jaw parted. Her fangs, sharp, deadly, and at least three times the size of her glinted threateningly. Her tongue, large and flat, licked across her gums hungrily, saliva dripping down her tongue into the pink, bottomless abyss that was her throat. It was obvious that was where she was headed. No longer still, she began to shiver intensely between her older self's fingers. No longer did she whimper. Now, she screamed, holding her hand in front of her.

The look of terror upon her tiny, younger self's face was delectable. Stella was going to enjoy eating her very, very much. But why not taunt her with one final challenge before she snuffed her pathetic life out permanently? Her tongue moved from her gums to her lips, licking across them once, before her lips sealed, and she began to speak. "I'll give you one chance to go home safely. If you can stop my teeth from crushing you for a whole minute, then I'll send you back home. If not, then, well ..." A grin. "I guess you get crushed then, stupid."

Little Stella, of course, had no time at all to say 'yes' or 'no' to this deal. Before she could so much as squeak a word of protest in the giantess' direction, she was already being lowered toward her slathering maw. By the second it drew closer and closer, the heat of her breath washing over her diminished body, intense and strong, like a moist gale. Soon, she was dangling above her teeth, and not long afterward, the great fingers at either side of her were maneuvering her exactly where she needed to be ... laid across a set of molars, within her mouth. An intense, internal heat surrounded her at every angle. The wet slosh of her eager tongue filled her ears, stirring pools of saliva beneath it. From the throat behind her, she could hear a hungry gurgle, and the sound of an enormous heart, slowly thumping away. Within her own chest, her own raced a million beats a second.

But she had no time to contemplate noises, she had no time to take in the heated, pink maw that surrounded her, because the very second that she had been laid across those teeth, the larger Stella's jaw had started to close. The molars above her began to bear down on her form, like immense, pearly white boulders, glinting in the little light that came through her parted lips. Gasping, Stella did her best to stand up, but the slippery teeth underneath her meant that her feet couldn't

find a foothold, and, as she slipped around, those teeth above her loomed closer. Soon, they were brushing against the top of her head. With no time - or room - to stand, Stella remained on her knees, and shoved her hands into the air, grasping onto either side of the great tooth. With all of her might, she pushed upward, throwing every ounce of her strength into doing the cruel task that had been forced upon her.

Much to her surprise, it actually worked. A nervous, uncontrollable little laugh came out of her mouth. As she shoved against the teeth above her, her legs pushed down hard into the tooth beneath her, and slowly, but surely, she felt the gap begin to widen, enough that she could push herself to her feet, enough so that she could stand. This was it, she was going home, she had done what her other self had asked her to do, she had accomplished the impossible, she had ...

Crunch. Just as those hopeful thoughts had come into her head, it was all ended. Big Stella's jaw had closed, and tiny Stella had been smashed between her molars. Now, there was no more tiny Stella, no more 'old self'. Now, there was only her. Superior. Better. Stronger. Smarter.

It had all been a ruse on the larger Stella's part. To give her that brief flash of hope before she had been crushed between her teeth. Stella felt her at the back of her mouth, nothing more than a bloody, squishy mound, her body utterly annihilated and turned into nothing more than paste between her teeth. From the corner of her lips, a bead of blood began to drip from Stella's mouth. It trickled from her lips to her chin, where it was caught by her thumb before it could advance any further.

"God," she muttered, looking at the bloody drip atop her thumbnail. "I really was pathetic, wasn't I?" A snort. "I didn't even taste good."

Stella sighed, and stood up from the couch, flicking the drop of blood from her thumb and onto the carpet below. She supposed that it was time for dinner. After all, her old self had barely amounted to a snack.