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by <Growing Desires>



*Thank you so much for supporting my content, this was an original idea I had for a diary type series that spanned over 88 days leading to 8/8/25 which is known as Vore Day. For reasons you already know if you read the description of this book. Should you want to get any of my books in physical print, check out my Amazon page for physical prints.*

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*Thank you for all the wonderful years*

*-Growing Desires*

## The 89th Day - Chapter One

I'm a man who has seen enough in his short time on the force. I'm not some grizzled alcoholic veteran who is a few years from retirement, I'm relatively new to being a detective, I have seen far too much already but it hasn't ever been anything to completely shake me.

The case I nicknamed 88 was something that I couldn't even fathom if I hadn't seen it with my own two eyes.

Taking things back, I received a case from my sergeant on the 22nd of July. Missing person. It wasn't something that I would usually find myself looking at, but the force was stretched thin and the mother who called it in was suspecting some foul play. Apparently her son didn't hang out with the best crowd.

The missing person was Steve Masters. 31 years old, single, worked from home as a remote IT worker. Thankfully his mother was able to get me onto his PC so I could look through his stuff to try and find any sort of clues about

where he might've gone.

It would've been faster if I took it in to be scalped but there would be a lot of paperwork which would delay things.

I was able to determine that the rough crowd Steve's mother had told me about was not very nefarious at all, it almost led me to drop the case and pass it onto someone else but there was an interesting wrinkle.

Apart from the vast amount of porn on his computer, things I had never heard of nor wanted to see again, there was a name. Sam. The issue was I couldn't find anything about Sam on there at all, the only thing was a reference to his friend on a chat client about going to see Sam again.

Steve probably used his phone for most, if not all, of his communication. Which is very frustrating.

I asked Mrs Masters if she knew about Sam, if she knew if he'd gone out with her or where he might go and it appeared that she didn't have much of an idea about her son.

I was almost back to square one, but I still had an idea. It would take a few days, but I was able to get bank records for Steve, and I saw that he had been visiting a butcher a lot, multiple times a day in some cases before he disappeared. I didn't bother to ask his mother if that was normal because she likely just didn't know but for almost anyone that is strange.

Visiting the shop, I found they didn't have any CCTV but when I asked if there was a new customer that came to the place a lot they surprised me by saying there were two.

I showed them a picture of Steve, and they confirmed he was one but the second person they didn't know. His buying habits were similar to Steve's, but it was less frequent. They told me it was rare that someone would buy that many steaks at that frequency unless they were a business. They were able to tell me a few days he had been buying so I took that away with me.

I now had two leads. It took a day or so, but I managed to get some cameras from the street to find Steve and this mystery man.

There was no woman with Steve, there were lots of days that he was going in there including the last day he had made contact with his mom. On the 20th of July he was seen leaving but again, no woman with him. Each time he shopped he was leaving with multiple bags of meat.

I couldn't get over the amount he was buying, it was shocking.

The mystery man too had bags of meat, admittedly he was much less frequent, but the sheer amount he was buying over the course of a week or so was still more than alarming. There was something else, there was a woman. 11th July, a woman with the mystery man.

The woman was not very tall, around 5'4, dirty blonde hair and she looked to be pregnant, her stomach was rather large too, so she must be due soon at this point, the rest of her was thin. The cameras managed to follow them back to a car and I ran the plates.

Daniel Jones, 28, works in a HR department for a local office. We had his address but despite knocking and coming back a few times there was no car nor any answer. I was starting to get frustrated by this point, so I paid a visit

to his office and found that he was on annual leave. I was hoping to get his phone number but was met with reasons why I couldn't just get that information from them.

I came back after two more days and they gave me the number, which of course there was no answer. I bubbled over and grunted loudly as I slammed my hand on the desk. I pulled out the CCTV picture I had of Dan and this woman and thought I might as well ask. I was running out of leads quite quickly.

She told me that she didn't know who that was but to check with David, they work in the same office, if anyone would know, it would be him.

David was the saviour of this case, he was able to tell me that her name was Sam, he pulled out his phone and found her on social media, Dan had shown him a few weeks prior. Samantha Cox, she was 28 too. David was able to tell me that they both went to the same classes in school and college. He also told me that Dan had been "crushing on her" quite hard so it made sense that they would probably go away together during the break.

I was relieved to have met David and find out so much more about this case. Running the details in our database I was able to find her address and quickly made my way to her house. Dan's car was there. I knocked on the door but there was no answer. I knocked harder and the house remained dormant.

That is when things took a turn.

I heard a faint scream being snuffed out and I leapt into action. I jumped over the back wall and checked the back doors to see if I could gain entry,

luckily there was a door at the back which was unlocked. I slowly crept my way through the house first through the kitchen. I was met with the smell of raw meat, there wasn't any there, but it appeared that Dan had visited recently, and the smell of the packaging was letting that fresh fleshy smell linger in the air. The bins were overflowing and there was an obscene amount of food piled on the table along with many tubs of mass gainer, a tube with a large funnel and even a mask.

There was movement upstairs and I turned my attention to the stairs, slowly climbing it, my gun was drawn, and I heard some strange grunting and sobbing from inside what I guessed was a bedroom. The grunting was like someone struggling with gas. I slowly opened the door, I can remember calling into the room but as soon as my eyes laid on what was behind that door, I froze.

Sat on the bed was that dirty blonde I had seen from the CCTV, but I thought she looked large before, very pregnant, but the woman before me now was so much larger. Her stomach was immense, bigger than anything I could've imagined the human body could withstand. There was a journal that sat on the top of her belly and the pen was still in her hand. Her face was full of anguish, I can clearly remember her eyes, red and puffy, they looked at me with a pleading glare for a few seconds before she looked down at her stomach.

The immense boulder was moving, writhing and it looked as if there was something inside. It took up a huge portion of the bed. I didn't know what to do other than to wait for backup and somehow we were going to have to move

Sam and work out what happened.

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