

# Double Trouble

## Fiddleciper

You wag your tail happily as you stroll down the sidewalk. You're on your way to a Pokemon-only Halloween party, no trainers allowed. Once your human was asleep, you'd climbed out the window and followed the directions your friend Floyd gave you. The Zorua was having the party at his house, since his trainer was out of town. Lost in thought, you step in a muddy puddle, shaking the icky water off in disgust before continuing.

A smile crosses your muzzle as you see the basement window open, just like Floyd said. You squeeze through the gap, dropping to the floor silently. The room is pretty small, mostly full of storage boxes. The party is certainly not in this room, but you hear something in the room across the hall, heading over to see if that's where the party is set up.

Peeking in, you can see a long table loaded with snacks and berries. A boombox sits on the end, filling the room with Duran Duran's 'Hungry Like the Wolf'. From where you stand in the hallway, it looks as though you're the first to arrive. Shrugging, you don your costume, pulling a black cap over your ears and putting on some gloves and boots. You check out your reflection using the old CRT in the hall. You're the spitting image of an Imperial Officer from Star Wars!

Smiling, you saunter into the room with a jovial spring in your step. You freeze in your tracks as you see two Ninetales talking in the center of the room. Their bellies are MASSIVE, nearly lifting them off the ground! That must be where everyone went! You sneak closer, catching their discussion. "Aah. Another successful Voretobor." The left fox sighs. "Almost successful. There's one left, see?"

The kitsune on the right replies, flicking his head in your direction. You've been spotted! "Hm? Oh, so there is. Wonder where they came from. Well, which one of us gets to do the honours?" Your eyes go wide as the two foxes turn to look at you, licking their chops hungrily as though a whole party of Pokemon isn't enough to sate them. "I say we let them decide. If they can figure out which of us is the Substitute." The Ninetales on the right pats his bulging tummy, stifling a belch.

The two fire types saunter over to you, their stuffed bellies sloshing loudly as they surround you, cutting off your escape routes! They open wide, huffing their humid breath over you. "One of us is a Substitute, they're not able to digest you." The Ninetales on the right explains, caressing your chin with one of his fluffy tails. "But, the other is a REAL Ninetales, with a working stomach at that~."

The left fox continues, punctuating his sentence with a teasing wink and a shake of his plush hips. You blush like mad as you imagine padding out his frame, nearly fainting as the suave kitsune presses you against his engorged tummy. Your Officer's cap falls off as the Ninetales smothers you with his gurgling stomach. You whine as a paw presses against you from the other side, sliding down the wall and disappearing back into the fox's gut with a wet squish.

"I suppose it's up to you to decide... Quite a 'troubling' situation, isn't it?" "Which path will you choose?" They ask in unison, yawning their maws wide. You quiver, quaking in your boots with your tail between your legs as the handsome foxes look at you, waiting for you to choose. When you don't choose, the right Ninetales growls. "Come now, we haven't got all night. Choose, or we choose for you!"

The kitsune to your left smiles softly. "We know you can't resist, little 'Vee. Why not just give in?" He croons, his eyes glowing subtly. Suddenly, you feel like choosing him over his twin, nodding at him. The fox on the right huffs in annoyance, clearly irked that you didn't choose him. "Such an underhanded move!" He scoffs. The other fox only chuckles, opening wide to let you climb in.

You smile loopily, stumbling forward and lodging the front half of your body in the fox's mouth. The Ninetales smirks around his mouthful of you, winking at his twin. He coughs as you force yourself further down, gagging as your back legs disappear into his muzzle. The other kitsune snickers. "Used a bit too much Hypnosis, did you?~ Careful not to choke on your food, Spyce.~" Spyce ignores his twin, slurping up your wagging tail.

Spyce sighs happily as you slip down his gullet, filling his belly just a bit more as you're shoved in. "Still got them down, Spice!" Spyce chuckles, shaking his stuffed tummy teasingly. Deep inside Spyce's belly, you start to come out of your trance, looking around in confusion. Your eyes widen in surprise as you recognize the Zorua pressed against you, smiling as you greet him. "Hey, Floyd." "Hey." He smiles back, blushing as a belch sounds from above.

The belly starts to sway as you settle in, rocking from side to side as the foxes walk off. "So, uh, I don't feel tingly at all, so I guess we're inside the Substitute." You say, trying to make conversation with your friend as gurgles and groans echo around you. Floyd rolls his eyes. "How long have you been in here?" You ask. The fox shrugs. "I dunno, maybe a few hours. They showed up just as I was finishing setting up. This one ate me, and then they waited for the others to show up."

"At least we're safe in here. It's just a matter of when and where we're released." Floyd finishes, shrugging again as your predator stops walking, laying down and letting out a relaxed sigh. The floor presses against you through your captor's skin, squishing you against Floyd again. The Zorua sighs, flicking his ear irritably as he tries to get comfortable. Eventually, he finds a comfy spot nestled between you and the stomach wall, smiling happily as he drifts off.

Outside, Spyce curls up, resting his head on Spice's belly. The two fire types share a happy grin, slipping away into slumberland as their bellies gurgle. You fall asleep last, rubbing the wall gently before you drift off, joining the others in dreamland.