Contains vore

“Just give it a try, okay?” Kasumi, the black and white anthropomorphic fox, attempted to assure her human friend.

“I’ll give it a shot, but I don’t like this kind of stuff,” Jake said, almost mumbling the sentence.

Along with Kasumi, two others accompanied him: Granite and Jaws, the lizard and alligator anthros.

To describe them politely, they were… big. Jake had to almost always look up to meet eye-to-eye with an Uprorian anthro. For Jaws and Granite, on the other hand, he had to crane his head back to see their heads when he stood in front of them. They were also big in… the middle.

Jake was well aware anthros of certain species were bigger and stronger than others That’s just the way it was, but he didn’t know if the round orbs the two always had were the result of natural biology, for they were lizards after all, or that the reptiles had indulged themselves often. It seemed the latter to Jake, since the two were one of the most voracious people he knew, always eating him and his friends. It was to be expected to end up in one of the fat bellies by the end of the day when it came to those two.

There was a clear distinction in appearance between the two. Granite had light grey scales, with his underbelly a dark blue and his eyes ruby red. Jaws didn’t look too much special in particular. He was an alligator, yellow eyes, tan underbelly, and swampy green scales.

Kasumi, on the other hand, had a far slimmer build, equal to a normal woman’s, but her slimness did not inhibit her abilities of consumption. It was at first difficult to believe that flat belly of hers stretched out to fit an anthro inside, let alone a human, but that was the way it worked on Uprora.

Though they were much older than he was, his age was never a problem. He had the maturity, and that’s what mattered, yet sometimes his friends were childish themselves.

The three had him tag along for a visit to place relatable to a club that allowed minors such as himself inside. There was supposed to be nothing short of dancing, chatting, and music. As assuring as his friends tried to be, being surrounded by a mass of people was a very uncomfortable thought. He was extremely introverted, save for being around his friends.

Though it had been years since such he had been to a big gathering of strangers, he recalled childhood memories where his biological parents carried him away from places of loud noises that would upset him. He hoped that with maturity, those tendencies had passed. He knew his mind was different, but his parents put much effort into helping him overcome any obstacles it brought.

When Jake saw the neon light sign on the wooden and concrete building, he hoped there wouldn’t be flashing lights too. He could already hear the music.

Upon being ushered inside, his senses overloaded. Flashing colored lights, music so loud it vibrated his chest, and a mix of smells, though the last one hardly bothered him.

He tried so hard to cope with it… but he couldn’t even analyze his surroundings. Less than a minute inside and all he could think about was HOW TO MAKE IT STOP!

Instinctively, he threw his hood over his head and tried finding the quietest place he could, which he assumed was the restroom.

As he navigated through the people, a furry hand placed itself on his shoulder, and he managed to see it was Kasumi. Her concerned expression was clear as day.

“Are you okay?” She had to speak loudly to be heard over the bombarding sounds.

“No…” He replied, but not loud enough, quickly walking away and leaving her hand in midair.

Finally, he found the men’s restroom. The first thing he did was prop his elbows on the sink to support his head, hands covering eyes.

He felt… depressed, wanting to cry even. It was as if everything had turned his mind into an engine running on anguish thoughts. Constant simulations ran through his head, where it was either leaving the club or stopping the music outright. The latter wasn’t going to happen, not without consequence anyway, and he promised Jaws, Kasumi, and Granite he was going to give this a shot, but he couldn’t go back out there and risk crying in public.

At least the sounds in the bathroom were drowned out, and the light stayed constantly lit.

The door swung open with a squeak, letting the outside sounds in for a brief moment.

Jake waited a second before lifting his eyes and saw in the mirror Granite towering behind him.

“You alright? Kassie asked me to check on you.”

Jake turned around and lowered himself to the ground. He knew how disgusting bathroom floors were, but he sat down on it anyway.

Granite squatted down and waited patiently.

“I get… sensory overload. Had it since I was a kid, but I didn’t know if it ever went away. Guess I know now…”

Silence filled the gigantic bathroom for a brief amount of time, made to accommodate the largest of anthros.

“We don’t have to do this. We’ll head out.” Granite said, not judging his friend.

“Thanks, and I’m sorry.” Jake felt the need to apologize for such an immature act and derailing his friends’ plans.

“There’s nothing to be sorry about. All we wanted was for you to try. It didn’t work out, and so now we’ll leave.” The lizard held out a hand.

Jake looked at the appendage for a moment before grabbing it. He was pulled up onto his feet, and to his surprise, into a hug. His own head sunk into the blue-scaled fat a little.

“If you want, I can carry you in there.” Granite grinned, using a hand to press Jake’s head in gently.

“Yeah… I’d like that.”

With that said, Granite opened his maw and let his extremely long tongue snake out of his mouth at lengths that seemed to be impossible. It licked his cheek before heading down to his waist and coiling around it several times.

Scaly hands grabbed his arms, and all three appendages lifted him off the ground, towards the awaiting throat. Granite had sent him down there many times, but this would be for, more or less, a selfless reason.

His jaw split open wide, and his neck bulged with Jake’s head as the lizard took his first swallow.

Jake relaxed, listening to the fleshy sounds and feeling the slabs of flesh around him. It was especially thick and squishy inside Granite, and that of Jaws, compared to others, and though he would never tell, he preferred the lizard over the gator.

Rhythmic pulses of wet flesh continued, and Jake’s entire jacket soon grew wet.

His wet clothes suddenly made Jake feel bad, as he knew wearing such thick clothes didn’t give Granite that good of an experience, but then he realized the lizard’s lack of any preemptive removal of his clothes was a sign that he was doing this for him. He still wished he did take them off, for both enjoyment and save himself from more work for the next laundry day.

Upon his waist slipping downward, Jake could hear the beating heart right next to him, a sound he rather enjoyed and found soothing. A tickling sensation suddenly went down his legs as Granite’s tongue coiled around them, binding them to fit inside easier going down.

It didn’t take long for the knees to come. The throat was powerful, and Granite was hasty in case anyone else required the restroom. He took off the shoes and quickly gulped the feet down with a wet slurch, following with a sigh.

Any trace of the human was gone, safe for the slowly expanding, fat belly. Granite placed his hands on his gut, feeling the human fill it, inspecting every lump he could find through his pudge.

With Granite enormous bulk and fat, Jake didn’t make too big of a bulge, though the belly did gain considerable size. It remained a smooth, scaly blue sphere, sloshing around with the weight of a human inside.

Granite belched almost as loud as the music outside. The air inside is gut vacuumed out and forced Jake to curl up compactly.

Jake didn’t mind such cramped spaces. He wasn’t claustrophobic, and he welcomed the tightness without worry as Uprorians always had some means of supplying air to their stomachs, including Granite.

“Bet you look cute, all snug in there.” Granite teased, poking at him with a finger that pierced through the fat. “Kasumi’s gonna have fun with you later, but for now, we leave.

The lizard exited the bathroom, reentering the see of people, soon finding Kasumi and Jaws, who weren’t enjoying themselves too much in worry, and told them they should “blow this joint.”

And so, the three left and headed out to Jaws and Granite’s apartment.

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When Jaws closed the door shut, all friends were finally in complete privacy.

Granite lurched his stomach in the living room, and Jake soon saw the sight of the interior of the apartment. He was held in the air by scaly hands and set down onto the carpet.

Jake got into a sitting position, with Jaws lazing about on a couch but paying attention, Granite still standing in front of him, and Kasumi sat down next to him for a shoulder to lean on, though hers was too high for him to do much save for leaning against her arm.

“I’m sorry guys. I just couldn’t keep myself together…” He apologized, still feeling embarrassed to the point where he partially wished to have remained in Granite’s gut.

“Don’t worry about it, none of us actually felt like being there.” Kasumi put her arm around his saliva soaked body.

“Then why’d we do it if none of us felt like it?”

“We just wanted to give you the experience, and now we know more about what you like,” Kasumi explained, trying to assure him they all had the best intentions. “You don’t have to go anywhere like that ever again.”

Jake went slack against her side. “Thanks.”

“And thank you for at least trying.”

The rest of the night went mellow and smoothly, without any excitement save for the peaceful chatter of young friends and whatever was on the television.

“See ya again later, Jakey!” Kasumi chirped when she decided to head back to her own place, as it was Jaws and Granite’s turn to let Jake sleep in their place.

“You’re gonna leave me with the lizards?” Jake joked. “Granite may have had a fill of me, but there’s two of them!”

“Exactly why I don’t feel bad about leaving!” She giggled. “At the end of the day, they’ll both have eaten a friend!”

“Traitor.” He smiled at her.

Her reply was leaning down and giving a teasing whisper. “Better watch out for Jaws, he’s grown quite jealous.” She took a few steps back and closed the door slowly.

When Jake turned around, his face went smush into something tan and squishy. A drop of fluid trickled onto his head. He looked up, allowing his eyes an escape from the fat.

Jaws gave a smile that told what was to come. “I’ve been holding this off just to be polite, but I can’t hold it off anymore! Not when Granny’s gotten a fill of you!” A hand put the boy’s face back into his gut.

Jake made some muffled speech that couldn’t be understood, so Jaws allowed his face the freedom to speak. “Gran at least did it for me, you big liz-“ He was stopped midsentence by another forceful pull into his friend’s belly.

“I know, I know, he ate you with all your clothes on and all that, but I don’t care how even we are, just that I eat you!” The gator hugged Jake to his belly enough that the boy’s feet lifted off the ground, and he waddled to and collapsed onto the couch. “Let’s get these off!” The strong hands of the reptile soon stripped Jake of his jacket, shirt, and socks, despite whatever protests and struggles he gave.

That cushion of gator fat underneath him was as soft as a pillow and as warm as a marshmallow over a fire. He was going to be in it.

The predator didn’t eat his prey just yet. He tasted over his face, covering it in thick saliva that connected goopy strands of it between his tongue and the boy’s face whenever it ceased contact for the briefest of moments.

“Your taste never gets old~…” Jaws spoke in delight.

“You make that obvious…” Were Jake’s final words before the gator pulled him up towards his mouth, and he got his second throat faceplant for the day.

Jaws didn’t swallow, but what he did do tortured Jake. He suckled on his head like a piece of candy. His prey would’ve yelled at him to stop if it didn’t mean opening his mouth and allowing gator saliva inside.

Then a swallow commenced. Just like Granite’s, they were deep and strong, forcefully pulling him down to his neck, forcing the jaws to spread open to accommodate his shoulders.

Jake had to bend over in the slick confines of the esophagus when Jaws made significant progress. The gator had to point Jake’s legs straight up to relieve the strain on his friend.

Many gulps and glorps later, Jaws was tasting the feet of his meal. The action tickled Jake, causing the gator to moan with the human’s reactions in his throat.

One more swallow and he was gone.

“AH! Now you’re where you belong!” Jaws sighed with volume and pleasure. He laid his hands behind his head, and he leisurely watched his middle start to grow.

Despite being such large anthros, Jaws and Granite’s stomachs weren’t a lot bigger than ones like Kazumi’s, and that was because of one reason: elastic bellies. Kasumi, with Jake inside her, had a stomach that sagged down and stretched her once flat middle to the size of a bean bag chair. With Jaws, on the other hand, all that muscle and fat provided a stomach that pressed in around Jake in all directions, like he was too big for it. It couldn’t be further from the truth, as Jake had seen their guts take in groups of people. He’d never forget that day.

“So, my place in the food chain or my location in your gut?” Jake joked, unable to stop himself from stroking the thick flesh.

“Both!” Hands slapped onto the belly, causing waves and ripples of scales. Jaws’s cheeks puffed out. *“Beeeoooouuuuuurrrrppp!”* The lips of his mouth flapped with the outflow of air from his gut, giving Jake virtually no space. “Hehe… sorry.” Jaws gave an apologetic chuckle but didn’t swallow any air back down, proving he was only half sorry.

Jake was trapped in a tight, fetal position, unable to move, save for the light shifting that made squishy noises alongside the gurgles and groans of the belly. While Jaws’s life support systems kept Jake supplied with oxygen, the lack of it was making him woozy. The absence of any further rubbing didn’t go unnoticed.

The predator formulated many ways he could have fun with a belly pet running out of consciousness. Massage him to sleep, which did sound nice to give to Jake, but would cut off future fun. Have him fight for the reward of more air, yet he might not last long enough. He sighed, settling on giving Jake the reward of being a good meal.

His hands gripped and released the dough in his middle, moving up and down. The stomach flesh slurched and glorped around Jake, basking him in their fleshy warmth even more.

Jake sighed happily with what little air he had. “Thanks, bud…” He managed to say the words, despite it being wearying to do so.

“Be lucky you can’t last much longer, or else I’d make you fight for air.” Jaws gave Jake’s head a rub at the sentence.

The boy managed a chuckle. “I wouldn’t mind a belly fight right now if I wasn’t… so… tired…” Consciousness was hanging on by a thread, and if he were willing to fight, he could maintain his grip for longer, but he offered no resistance and allowed whatever was to come.

Though Jaws didn’t want Jake snoozing just yet, and swallow some fresh air down, to keep his friend present a little longer. “Don’t pass out on me just yet, Jakey boy; I love rubbing my jelly with you in it.”

“Do you now? Or do you want a squirming meal still?”

He laughed at this. “You know me too well, but I do also enjoy giving you a good rub.”

Granite entered out from the bedroom. His hands went slack upon seeing his roommate lying on the couch with a bulging middle.

“Keeping him for a whole night, huh?” Granite said when he moved to the base of the couch, arms crossed with a look that said he was amused and disappointed.

“You had him today, just not for long.”

“That one hardly counts, and it was for him, not for me.”

“Too bad, you still had him.” Jaws grinned, teasing the lizard. “But if you want, you can help me with my belly rub…”

Granite rolled his eyes, but to the actual surprise of Jaws, the lizard did kneel and massaged the gut of his best friend.

“Well, aren’t you-“ Jaws began to tease his friend, but a hand grasped his muzzle, shutting him up.

“Say one more word, and I’ll knock him right out of ya…” Granite threatened, clearly unwilling to put up with his friend’s triumphant mood with his submission to rub Jake’s bulge. He released his grasp and returned his hand to the gator’s middle.

For Jake, it was like being beneath the deck of a ship getting rocked by a storm. Four rubbing, giant hands felt like overkill as the flesh rigorously but gently squished onto his from above. He could only make out faintly Granite’s words, but he knew the big lizard had put up with Jaws’s teasing to give him some rubs.

“Thanks, you guys…” Jake tried saying it loud enough for them to hear.

Jaws relayed his message to Grant, who gave Jake a few pats to say, ‘you’re welcome.’

In a few minutes, Jaws gave another burp, not even close to half the strength of his previous one, but it drained Jake of enough air that the circulation couldn’t keep him away.

The wooziness returned, and Jake closed his eyes. Sleep sounded like a good idea to him.

The rubbing had stopped. Grant was lounging on a single person sofa, and Jaws had his hands relaxed on his gut, head leaned back and relaxing.

‘They’re gluttons, but they’re my gluttons.’

The internal sounds of the reptile’s body were soothing, especially when compared to the club. Whereas that place put Jake’s mind into a distressed state, but here he was relaxed and at peace.

He was glad about his sensory condition, for it made times like this even more enjoyable.