“Oh, don’t tell me you’re giving up already…?” The coyote loudly sneered as he saw the young man lying flat on the cracked tile beneath him. He closed the distance… he figured it would be best to finish him off quick. The Saiyan had almost managed to get him, sneaking up on him from behind while they were in mid-air; fortunately, he’d dodged just in time to avoid being piledriven into the arena floor. Sadly, the Saiyan had been falling too quickly to stop from colliding with the floor himself… he really was out of practice.

Gohan, for his part, managed to get back up to his feet, even if it was obvious his tank was running on empty. His knees buckled as if they were trying to support a skyscraper rather than a single man. Almost all of his skin was a deep purple; the poison Lavender had inoculated him with had spread rapidly through his system due to his use of his Super Saiyan form to even the odds… said form was increasingly difficult to maintain, his once-powerful aura flickering. It was understandable… not only was he physically exhausted, but the poison was seeping into all of his tissues, attacking him at the cellular level and slowly but surely softening him up from the inside out.

As he found his breathing becoming more difficult, that golden aura finally gave out. He collapsed.

…and soon felt powerful hands beneath each of his armpits. Blinded as he was, the young man would have assumed it was his father for a moment… though really, with how putty-like he was, anyone would feel as powerful as his father.

Lavender’s voice entered his ears in a mocking attempt at a comforting tone, “No no… no rest just yet. If anything goes, I want to make this last as long as possible, heehee…”

Thump! The coyote’s expression changed to one of surprise. Then one of delight, his dagger-like teeth lining up in a grin along his muzzle. Gohan had punched him square in the chest… but it didn’t hurt in the slightest. Normally, the Saiyan would be one of the most powerful fighters from Universe 7… but right now, the poison made him little stronger than an ordinary Earthling.

Lavender dragged his tongue along his lips, feeling Gohan’s punches become more like pushes, the human-Saiyan hybrid’s elbows starting to buckle as his arms felt more like they were made of sand, it becoming a monumental labor to keep them from just falling to his sides. But fall they did…

“Heehehehehe! Clearly, you’re pretty pooped… but we’re still not done. I have one last thing in mind before you get to call it quits, Gohan…” Lavender’s tongue dragged along his muzzle again, this time more loudly… and then that trim middle of the hunched over coyote released a deep rumble… the multiversal sound of hunger. “I’m going to eat you, Gohan… I’ve wanted to since I first laid eyes on you… and the Gods of every universe get to watch.”

Lavender leaned his muzzle into Gohan’s scalp, taking a deep sniff… the man really did smell divine. The coyote’s drool was already seeping past his lips, droplets landing in Gohan’s hair and reinforcing that Lavender was entirely serious. As Lavender opened his muzzle some to drag his tongue along the side of Gohan’s face, he let out a clear sound of delight, obviously enjoying what his taste buds were receiving…

Feeling that slimy layer of drool along his face, Gohan managed to find just enough strength to raise his hands again, vainly pushing at Lavender’s chest in an attempt to fight him off… though it was obvious from the coyote’s laughter he was just embarrassing himself.

“Grand Priest, please!” Shin’s voice shouted from Universe 7’s floating platform, all of those present looking down at the stage in horror as they realized Lavender was going to make good on his threat.

The namesake Angel turned from his floating platform above the stage to look at Shin, an ambivalent smile on his face, “What is it, Supreme Kai of Universe 7?” He always seemed so friendly… but that just unsettled many the more he kept it up.

“I… I’d like to request the match be declared over in Lavender’s favor. He- he’s clearly won. Please…” Bowed down respectfully as he was, the small Supreme Kai prayed he’d be able to convince the King of All’s attendant to declare the match over. Gohan had helped him greatly in his quest to defeat Majin Buu years ago… and he felt the least he could do was try to save the young man’s life. It was a surprising moment of courage from the novice Supreme Kai, someone who had until recently been blissfully unaware of Zen-Oh or even the multiverse’s existence.

Zen-Oh, the King of All, was seated on a floating throne just behind the Grand Priest, a second throne beside him that held his counterpart from the future. Both Zen-Ohs looked deceptively weak with their short, childlike statures, but each had the power to Erase anyone or everything from existence with no effort at all.

“Is he really going to eat him?” Present Zen-Oh asked his future counterpart absentmindedly, not paying any attention to Shin’s concern.

“I think he is! I can’t imagine what it will look like!” Future Zen-Oh responded, just as fixed on the spectacle as his present counterpart, with zero concern for Gohan or anyone else’s physical or emotional well-being.

The Grand Priest’s eyes looked off to the side as he heard the conversation behind him, a hand next to his ear (as if he had any difficulty hearing the two omnipotent beings). Knowing the two Zen-Ohs’ feelings on the matter, Grand Priest focused on Shin once more, his smile not having changed at all, “The matches last until the Zen-Ohs are satisfied or a fighter cannot go on, whichever comes first. Gohan is technically still standing, and so the match will continue!” The top Angel kept his ambivalent smile… though his eyes narrowed with a frown when he saw Shin getting ready to question his ruling on the matter. This made the novice Supreme Kai cower in submission, just as his fellow god Beerus had during an earlier match when the latter was likewise overruled by the Grand Priest.

That was it. No help from above would be coming.

Gohan overheard the whole exchange… and feeling another lap of that broad tongue over his face, he realized he had run out of options.

“S-Senzu Bean, now!” Gohan shouted as loud as he could, making Lavender wince and twitch his ears as the Saiyan tried to make sure his friends and family heard him. Gohan had declined to take a bean earlier despite how it could help him recover from the toxins in his body, but now he realized it was take one or be a bipedal canid’s lunch.

“Heeheehee… I don’t think so.” Lavender’s voice smugly broke what hope Universe 7 had, the coyote extending a hand as he saw that green bean flying through the air, having been thrown without hesitation by Shin. A poison-infused energy blast later, and the Senzu bean soon fell onto the stage, having turned purple… and then it just melted down into goop with a sizzle.

Lavender chuckled as his gaze returned to Gohan, though he kept an eye out for any further attempts to throw the Saiyan one of the ever-useful beans, “Heeheehee… I’m disappointed you couldn’t see that. That will be you shortly… now, no more games. I’ve waited long enough…” With that, Lavender parted his jaws, a lewd wet noise coming from them as strands of drool stretched, before snapping and splattering some spittle on Gohan’s face.

Gohan couldn’t see what was coming, probably for the best. Lavender’s gape was impressive, more than big enough to fit the top of a person’s head inside. Any attempt at escape would be futile, not to mention dangerous, due to all the sharp, inward-pointing teeth that served to guide prey towards that dark gullet in the back, and would seriously nick any prey attempting to pull itself back out of the ravenous coyote’s jaws.

“W-wait… I… have a family. Like you…” Gohan was an intelligent man as much of a fighter. His strength had declined as he fell out of fighting in order to study. As he felt hot, muggy breath moving over his face in gusts, he tried the one thing he could: using reason to try and fish for mercy and empathy within his would-be predator’s heart. Yes, Lavender seemed psychotic but… Gohan had already deduced that the coyote had a strong love with his two brothers. He couldn’t be all bad. In terms of compassion, Lavender was miles ahead of someone like Frieza or even Vegeta (when he first came to Earth, that is).

Lavender paused for a moment. His yellowed eyes drifted over to Universe 7’s platform, where all involved had expressions of horror (or anger, in Beerus’ case). The other man, the one who looked a bit like Gohan… Goku was it? He seemed to have a bit of both. The boy’s father, of course, it made sense.

As deep a pit inside him as Lavender’s empty stomach was, it seemed there was an even deeper pit still. He was going to take the life of his prey right in front of his father… his thoughts raced as he thought of someone doing the same to his brothers – the only two people to ever show him kindness and love - in front of him. His grip on Gohan’s armpits slackened… yes, he could just drop him to the floor and end all this … he’d already proven Universe 9’s superiority… he had won a great victory for his brothers this day…

His brothers. His eyes searched for the floating platform that Universe 9’s fighters and gods were located on. He ignored the obnoxious Supreme Kai Roh and the anxious God of Destruction Sidra… and just looked at his brothers. The lean, red-furred Basil was smiling and cheering Lavender on (clearly wanting to see someone from Universe 7 pay for Basil’s own humiliating defeat against Buu in the previous match), while Bergamo was more reserved… but the big blue wolf was also giving a grin of approval.

Lavender’s cheeks curled into a grin around his open jaws, which he closed for just a moment…

“Yes, you do have a family, Gohan. Heeheehee…” Any mercy in Lavender’s voice evaporated as he gave his signature laugh, “Unfortunately for you… that family is not mine.”

“Wai-“ Gohan couldn’t even form a word before Lavender gave a shove to both of his arms, simply cramming the whole of the Saiyan’s head right into the broad, slimy flesh of his tongue. A thick layer of saliva running all over Lavender’s tongue caused Gohan to cough as he tried to keep all that drool from getting in his mouth, shutting him up and keeping him from trying to make any further appeals to his devourer’s conscience.

Ooo… he really did taste as wonderful as he smelled! The student’s well-groomed nature just meant there were no impurities on his body to obstruct his wonderful flavor. A stray thought crossed the coyote’s mind to remove the man’s clothes… but what taste he’d sampled just made his stomach growl impatiently, demanding its owner hurry up and cram the whole of the Saiyan inside!

GLLLLRK. Lavender was all too happy to oblige his needy foodpit, eager to make those painful pangs of hunger go away. He took his first swallow, his hunched posture working to his advantage by making his jaws and esophagus line up more neatly. With that first gulp, Gohan’s entire head slid into the slick folds of his gullet with terrifying ease… spectators would wonder if the coyote had done this before. Something he’d be all too happy to confirm...

Gohan got a brief reprieve from Lavender’s efforts to eat him alive thanks to his broad shoulders, which the coyote was currently running claws over to try and move into a more fitting position. While the Saiyan was having difficulty hearing himself think as he was assaulted by the gross sounds of flesh stretching and pulsing around him, he felt a bit of hope. Lavender had surprisingly managed to fit his whole head inside his jaws, but was having trouble actually getting past that. At first he thought the ravenous coyote might just tear him to shreds, but it was becoming apparent Lavender wanted to swallow him whole. Admittedly, Lavender’s delay in engulfing him didn’t bring too much cause for relief: he was still completely powerless to fight back, and his neck was still wedged between two jaws, each with knife-like teeth. Even if Lavender couldn’t gobble him up like a snake, he could always go the old-fashioned route and give a lethal bite… something Gohan didn’t put past the psychotic canid.

Gllllllb. Lavender relieved any anxieties Gohan had about that last subject by smushing the Saiyan’s shoulders together, allowing his torso’s thickness to compact just enough to slide into the coyote’s throat. Now the bulge in Lavender’s pelt was positively obscene, his muscles and flesh expanding with unnatural ease to take in a full grown man. Of course, as the coyote’s claws ran over Gohan’s muscled body, the canid couldn’t help but think of the Saiyan as more like a giant steak. A very tender steak at that, being slowly broken down from the inside by the powerful poisons that Lavender had infected him with, wearing down all his chemical bonds at the molecular level… he’d be far too easy to digest. Once he was inside, anyway. That in mind…

Gllp… gllp… gllrrk… not even bothering to remove Gohan’s clothes (his saliva soaking through meant that he didn’t miss much taste, however), Lavender gave one quick swallow after another, “wolfing” the entirety of the Saiyan’s torso down, much to the cheers of his brothers and the terrified mutterings of the rest of Universe 7. Gohan’s legs were hanging limply from Lavender’s jaws… they were just too weakened by exhaustion and gradually being broken down from the inside to do much other than feebly twitch here or there… the only sign he was still being eaten alive rather than simply being swallowed whole like a constricting snake’s long since expired meal.

Gravity was Gohan’s greatest foe now, his muscular upper body now having the utility of a bag of sand as his arms remained limp at his sides, the only reason they weren’t falling forward being the tight muscles of the throat that were squeezing at him with crushing force. The pressure would soon yield, however, as he sank a few more inches deeper… his eyes were already sealed shut because of Lavender’s powerful toxins working on them, but he nonetheless felt them water a bit more at a more powerful irritation… a sour, meat-like odor reaching the Saiyan’s barely functioning nose clued him in… he was entering the beast’s stomach. The sudden spaciousness turned out to be a curse rather than a blessing, as he was a goner for sure now; he kept hoping that the yellow-furred monster would reach some limit, but no, it was obvious that the gluttonous canid swallowing him didn’t seem to have any limit when it came to being a maneater.

Not yet, at least. As Gohan sank into the slimy flesh at the bottom of the stomach (prompting him to spit some to get some juices out of his mouth), his ears made out a deep gurgle, all around… he hoped it was Lavender’s previous meal coursing through the coyote’s intestines, but from his position, Gohan couldn’t make out Lavender’s trim, almost famished-looking stomach starting to grow and distend on the outside. The organic sack Gohan was being deposited in was more than up to the task of expanding, and it was that expansion that was generating the echoing gurgles around him. In spite of how much the stomach was growing, it showed no signs of rupture… that was the benefit of such thick, yet elastic walls: they could expand well beyond their default size with no risk of harm… to their owner, at least. Meat like the Saiyan-human hybrid being deposited inside was another story.

As Lavender snapped his jaws one way or the other, working to draw Gohan into his jowls, he ceased holding the young man’s legs… it was obvious he was a goner. Instead, the hunched over predator shifted his grasp downward, resting both of his claws on his ballooning abdomen (his suspenders were elastic enough to move aside and let that gravid belly have room to keep growing), able to feel Gohan’s slightest fidgets and spasms from within… he knew it wouldn’t be terribly long before Gohan would succumb either to the poison inside his body or the growing amount outside his body… yes, that was the thing about Lavender’s “poison.” It was actually his body’s highly potent digestive enzymes, hence why such prolonged exposure would break a person down… he liked to soak his prey in it before swallowing them whole, the corrosive toxin more than enough to make sure they’d be helpless as he took them completely.

His poison’s potency was exactly why he was able to eat his meals alive so easily, and why he did it so often… though as he stroked over his swelling gut, nearing the young man’s boots, he had to admit some disappointment… while his poison made his prey ideal for consuming alive and whole, it also took a lot of fight out of them. He could only imagine what someone of Gohan’s power would feel like, kicking, punching, fighting… only to find every bit of expended energy absorbed by the walls, until they eventually tired out and succumbed to Lavender’s powerful digestive system…

Lavender made sure to swivel himself to the side, bringing his golden footpaws down upon the floor at such an angle that he was staring right up at Universe 7… and they had an uninterrupted view of Gohan’s boots slipping into that gaping muzzle, becoming framed by sharp teeth. From that angle, Lavender’s gaping maw obscuring much of his middle, it seemed like Gohan was just disappearing into a thick mass of golden and cream fur: Lavender’s vast paunch. Each of the Saiyan’s blue boots became far more reflective as the coyote’s drool coated them like the most morbid of polish, until…

Glrrrk. Lavender’s throat expanded one last time, causing Gohan’s boots to slip rapidly along the surface of the predator’s tongue, before being yanked into that gullet with a sudden contraction. The last of the human disappeared from view, the only sign of where he went being a fat bulge in the cream-colored tufts of fur along Lavender’s chest… and then that disappeared too, Lavender’s stomach swelling one last time with a noticeable bounce. The ring’s acoustics were excellent enough everyone heard a slosh as it did so… it didn’t take much thinking to realize what made the sound of churning liquid: Gohan was being buried in digestive fluids.

“Ooooo! Amazing!”

“That was awesome!”

The two childish voices of the pair of omnipotent imps came not too long after Gohan was reduced to nothing but a slightly shifting, fuzzy beachball protruding from Lavender’s formerly lean stomach.

The Grand Priest extended both of his arms to his sides, “The Omni-King’s have given their content! May the third contestants proceed to the ring!”

Lavender swiftly flew (feeling immediate relief as he did so, no longer needing to balance around that giant stomach) out of the ring, returning to his brothers and the two people he reluctantly called his gods. The Grand Priest repaired the ring with but a snap of his fingers; he was just as apathetic to Gohan’s fate as the omnipotent beings he served, only caring about continuing the fighting matches.

“Great work, Lavender!” Bergamo’s deep voice congratulated his brother as he reached down, giving the coyote’s middle a light pat, causing it – and its owner – to release a soft groan… Bergamo and Basil had pretty much always been proud of Lavender since the day they adopted him all those years ago, but seeing him score a victory against another universe? That deserved extra praise. Bergamo’s smile broke as he realized that he was next, looking towards the ring, before looking back at Lavender one last time, “I’ll see you after the match, brother.”

With the giant blue wolf having jumped down, Lavender was essentially left alone. He didn’t care much for his gods, tuning out their praise (awe and horror in Sidra’s case), while his poor brother Basil was still recovering from the exertion of his own battle. It made the coyote frown some to see his little brother sitting with his arms limp at his sides, Basil’s head slumped forward in such a position it was a miracle he didn’t fall face first to the platform’s floor.

Speaking of limp limbs, Gohan had stopped moving much. Lavender felt a fidget here or there, but… the Saiyan was his meal now, and was showing as many signs of life as a typical meal did. Sprawled out on the floor, his gargantuan yellow abdomen surged out between his legs, Lavender grinned as he dominantly flexed his claws, gently rubbing the clawtips over that dome of flesh and fur… The coyote undid the button on his pants so that his distended belly wouldn’t be so painfully constrained, sighing with relief as he immediately felt all that pressure go away. He folded his hands on top of his stomach, occasionally patting the dome to taunt the Saiyan within. Gohan was all his… just like every other person he’d devoured in his lifetime.

From an early age, Lavender found an easy way to avoid going hungry in the hellish Universe 9 despite how much he and his brothers struggled… and he quickly mastered the art of swallowing people alive, feeling that was far more satisfying. The way they’d beg, the way they’d try to bargain, the many hollow threats they’d make regardless of which side of his stomach walls they were on… and then, the sweet silence, broken only by the burbling and churning of digestion. The universal sign a person had become calories in one’s diet and fat on one’s waistline.

Looking over at Universe 7’s platform, he could see many of Gohan’s comrades were glancing at the gravid middle he was currently sporting, realizing one of their top fighters was stuck inside it. Lavender simply broadened his smile, giving them all a clear shot of his teeth, before teasingly picking at them with one of his claws… he wanted to reinforce Gohan was meat. Meat that was going to be broken down into nutrition and energy for the hungry Universe 9 warrior, and there was nothing they could do about it.

Deep within the monster, Gohan found himself increasingly in a daze. His whole body was tender, none of his bones or muscles providing any support for his weight… gravity was in effect full force here, keeping him pinned to the fleshy floor of Lavender’s stomach. The heat was sweltering, his body starting to dehydrate not just from the sweating the temperature and unbearable humidity prompted, but from the fact he himself was starting to become more mush than man. He found it a wonder he was even still alive, quietly wishing he wasn’t. The toxins had fortunately numbed him for the most part before he was crammed in the coyote’s stomach, but now he was just… waiting for the end.

Those slimy walls, deceptive in their softness, were coming down on him with crushing force, tenderizing him and trying to make him as soft as they were… which wasn’t that hard, given he’d been melted to a good degree already from Lavender’s poison. Other than those relentless massages, he felt a light tingling all over his body, understanding it was the degrading chemicals at work. He was almost completely submerged in a thick liquid; had there been light, he would have seen it was purple, obviously a liquid form of the poison Lavender loved to attack people with… though given he himself was purple, it was entirely possible some of it was the mush his body was starting to become; he was just that softened up that he was starting to lose his shape!

And then there was the whole bodily atmosphere. Fluids churning down below, the remains of previous meals coursing through Lavender’s guts. Fluids rushing on all sides, the pumping of blood around the coyote’s body to keep him in tiptop shape. Lavender’s relaxed breathing and heart rate, having returned to normal after the initial adrenaline rush of swallowing a grown human alive… that was just how casual devouring a person was for the coyote. Gohan may have talked and wiggled more than most food, but… he was just a meal at the end of the day.

Lavender’s heartbeat. That organ he metaphorically tried to appeal to in order to save himself was just beating so calmly above, creating a perfect white noise. Gohan felt himself grow even heavier (if that was possible) into the plush, mucky floor beneath him… for a split moment, he thought of his wife and daughter, and then, surprisingly like the bliss just before sleep, he let go….

“Burrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrp!” That sound signified that the abyss of Lavender’s appetite had finally claimed the Saiyan, if the fact no one could feel Gohan’s energy anymore wasn’t enough of a hint. The belch erupted from within him with surprising force, befitting of a strong warrior like Lavender, although its volume was drowned out by the chaotic battle between Bergamo and Goku below. Lavender ignored the disgusted complaints of Roh behind him in response to the coyote’s belch having splattered a mix of saliva and toxic poison on the platform floor. He had just expelled the last of Gohan’s breaths, and now could just sit and relax in that painful yet pleasant bliss that followed a feast…

What couldn’t be heard of that enormous burp over the intense battle down below could still be seen, however. A distance away, on Universe 7’s platform, Gohan’s boots landed on the floor with a wet “splat!,” tumbling over as they splattered warm saliva across the whole platform (Beerus was quite disgusted at the spittle striking him, but he knew better than to make a scene in Zen-Oh’s Palace). There was no Gohan with those soaking boots… just a small bit of purple ooze that sizzled out onto the floor… there was even some steam rising off the partly-digested footwear, indicating just how unbearably hot the inside of the coyote’s body was!

All of Team Universe 7 gazed back and forth between the boots and Lavender in utter horror, fully processing the Saiyan-human hybrid’s fate: being melted down alive and whole within the belly of a very hungry coyote. Yes, they reasoned he could simply be wished back to life with the Dragon Balls, but it was a horrifying fate to imagine nonetheless! They could only hope that he hadn’t been conscious long enough to experience the worst of it…

Lavender’s gut burbled, continuing to break down its now-still contents. He smacked his chops before giving that enormous beergut a satisfied pat, the resultant slosh (and “thump” from hitting the drum-like belly) music to his ears. Earthlings were rather tasty. He’d have to see if there was any way he could get some more…