Really, Anderson should’ve seen this coming. He’d managed to get quite a following with his articles, so it was a matter of time before one of the subcultures he’d investigated took a liking to him and accepted him as one of their own. Enough to invite him to a rather exclusive party, in fact. There was apparently a holiday dedicated to the entire practice of vore! Who would’ve thought?

Really, he should be using the information he gathered here to write another article, but he figured that might be rude, and he certainly didn’t want to breed any ill will. In reality, though, the main reason he wasn’t bothering with it was because he wanted to enjoy himself privately this time around.

 And enjoy himself he was. As soon as he entered, he was offered a tray of tiny girls on top of sushi. After a bit of thought, he took one for himself, carefully removing the girl from the actual sushi. He ate the food itself first—which was honestly surprisingly good—before looking to the flustered looking girl in his hand. Anderson grinned hungrily, licking his lips intimidatingly—which, to his delight, caused her to squirm even more. He picked her up by the scruff of her neck, partially submerging her in his mouth so that he could slurp the sauce off of her body, tongue wrapping around every inch of her.

 He almost ate her after that, before a particularly wicked idea came to him. His tongue curved upwards, probing teasingly between her legs before figuring out exactly how to leave her a shuddering, whimpering mess. Her release drizzled onto his tongue, an intoxicating flavor that made his mouth water even more. To his delight, he could feel her faintly shuddering still all the way down his throat. Anderson’s stomach growled eagerly as she slid inside. This was only the first of many delightful encounters, and already he felt his senses singing with absolute bliss. And by the *stars* was he absolutely *ravenous* for more.

 “Well, you’re a natural predator, aren’t you?” A short rabbit-esque person looked up at Anderson with an impressed look on his face. “You looked like you were about to cum just from eating her. I’ve never seen someone so thoroughly devour his prey, or *enjoy* it so much. I’m, ah, a bit flustered, if I can be honest.” The blond bunny chuckled nervously, looking over Anderson very appreciatively.

 “Were you hoping to be next?” It took Anderson everything he had to not pounce on the rabbit right then and there. His body and mind were screaming at him to eat something, *anything!* This did not escape the eye of his cunicular compatriot, whose breath become shaky.

 “I—um—yes? But be caref—“ The rabbit was cut off with a squeak as Anderson picked him up effortlessly, dangling him into his mouth feet first.

 “Hmm?” Anderson looked up at him inquisitively, already having swallowed the bunny’s shins.

 “Ah, um… just don’t… be too rough, okay? I’d like to make it down in one piece, please.”

 Well, that was perfect, as that tended to be Anderson’s preference as well. It was less fun for him if he couldn’t feel his prey wriggling inside. He nodded, swallowing up to the rabbit’s hips, tongue running teasingly over the sensitive flesh of his navel. The rabbit seemed to wriggle a lot more at that, whimpering in a way that made Anderson *need* to hear more of it. He closed his mouth gently around his prey, causing the timid rabbit to yelp in alarm as he felt teeth pressing lightly against him.

 Anderson’s stomach began growling prominently, as if impatient to receive its meal. And if he were honest with himself, it wasn’t just his stomach. He guided the rabbit in further, hands on his shoulders, rubbing soothing circles into the creature’s shoulder blades with his thumbs. The soft fur glided along his tongue almost effortlessly, carrying a light, almost buttery flavor that was rather addictive. With one final swallow, Anderson slurped up the rabbit’s floppy (and rather sensitive, going by how much he writhed when Anderson toyed with them) ears. He hummed in satisfaction as the last of his meal glided down his throat, settling nicely in his stomach.

 Though the rabbit certainly didn’t settle down there. After a moment Anderson felt a frantic, repetitive movement start up in his belly. The realization of what was happening put a devilish grin on Anderson’s face. “Oh? You’re *really* enjoying this, hm?” He clutched greedily at the trembling bulge, attempting to caress the bunny from the outside. “Two can—“ Anderson interrupted himself with a belch, “Can certainly, ah… play at that game.” After all, the proceedings certainly had Anderson feeling rather “excited” as well…

 He stumbled off to the cover of a nearby tree, earning many interested looks from fellow partygoers aimed at the squirming bulge in his belly. Leaning against the trunk, he thrusted up against the bulge formed by the rabbit, the delicious friction tearing desperate vocalizations from his throat. He was usually rather capable of keeping quiet during sex if necessary, but feeling something squirming inside him, having that taste still on his tongue, being absolutely and utterly *full—*it made it far more difficult to keep his cool.

 Panting, he thrusted his cock against the curve of his belly, caressing the indents the rabbit made greedily. “God, you feel *incredible* in there…” Anderson could hear his stomach beginning to gurgle as it churned. “You just couldn’t help yourself, could you? And now you’re *mine.”* His stomach suddenly clenched up with a *grrrrrrgl,* causing him to let out an absolutely thunderous belch. “Ohhh fuck. Fuck, I can still taste you. Mmm… god—I… *shit!”* He sped up his thrusts frantically, breath staccato, and with a sound between a groan and a whimper he came. He slid down the trunk of the tree to collapse in a still shuddering heap, rubbing weakly at his belly.

 “That was absolutely *incredible,* you know that? What do you think?” Instead of a voice, however, a loud, sloshing gurgle came from below as the soupy chime filtered into his intestines. Anderson bit his lip. “Ah, fair enough. Hope you enjoyed yourself, you lovely little treat.” He couldn’t help but continue groping at the soft flesh, knowing it was currently breaking things down so efficiently and effortlessly. Between the fullness of having just ate and the post-orgasmic bliss, however, he couldn’t help but drift off…

 Waking up, Anderson was more than a little sore, the rough bark digging into his back. When he tried moving, however, he noticed a weight on his belly. Said weight lifted almost immediately after he began to stir as a girl scrambled to get up, blush evident on her face. “O-oh! I’m sorry! I didn’t, um… I didn’t realize you were waking up. You’re not going to eat me, are you?”

 Anderson raised an eyebrow. “Did you want me to?”

 “Ah… I’d really prefer if you didn’t?”

 “I won’t, then. I can find plenty of people who *do* want me to, after all. Did you want something else?”

 The girl looked bashfully down at his belly. “Um. Can I… lay there some more? You can get a bit more comfy first!”

 Anderson stretched his arms sleepily before nodding, lying flat on the grass and patting his rather rounded belly. “Go right ahead.”

 Almost immediately, she flopped down between his legs, pressing her ear firmly to his belly. “Th’nk you...” She muttered in embarrassment, squeezing her eyes shut. Anderson couldn’t help but grin fondly at the endearing sight, bring a hand to stroke her brown hair gently. It was nice, running his hands over the soft texture of her hair, down from her scalp to where it ended just above her shoulders, a soothingly repetitive gesture that allowed his mind to drift for a while.

 Which meant that it took him a little bit longer than it might have normally to notice her breathing was quickening, and upon lifting his head, well… he could see quite clearly where her hands were now positioned. If that was what she wanted… he could certainly have some fun with this. Anderson took the hand that had been stroking her hair and instead pressed her head more firmly against his belly. The effect was immediate—she begin whimpering, movements and breathing quickening.

 He gulped down air quickly, a wily idea having come to him. Hopefully she would like it *quite* a bit. Anderson pressed her head down against his belly as roughly as he could without hurting her, forcing out a long, noisy belch. The effect was immediate—she let out an honest to god *moan*, breathing quickening as she no longer tried to hide what she was doing.

 “You liked that, didn’t you?” Anderson purred. “Go on, you’re almost there, aren’t you?” He received a high-pitched ‘mhm!’ type of sound in response, which he couldn’t help but chuckle at. “Alright,” the cyborg’s hand snaked down to tease lightly at her nipple. “Go ahead then. I know you can do it.”

She squeaked and rolled onto her back, head still pressed to the flesh of his belly. “C-could you… both hands?”

It took Anderson a moment to realize what she was asking. He grinned wickedly, reaching around another hand, massaging both her nipples as he squeezed and kneaded her breasts, and after a moment the sounds she was making suddenly hit a fever pitch. Desperate and wanton, she shuddered as the waves of her orgasm washed over her, sighing in blissful relief.

“There you go, I knew you could do it. Came for me like a good girl.” Anderson slipped out from behind her, carefully laying her back on the ground. His eyes raked over her appreciatively. Seeing her one hand still slick with the wetness of her release, however… he couldn’t help myself. He lifted it to his mouth, sucking her fingers dry and wrapping his tongue dexterously over each digit to get every last drop of her flavor. He finished this off by withdrawing his tongue back into his mouth, savoring the taste, before licking his lips reverently.

“Holy shit.” She whispered, eyes wide.

Anderson met her eyes for a moment before something seemed to occur to him. “I need… more of you.”

“What do you mean m—oh *fuck!”*

Anderson had settled between her legs, lapping up her release as thoroughly as possible. By the time he’d gotten every drop of her, he realized she seemed more than a little fired up again. Well, there was no harm in finishing what he’d started. He wrapped his lips around her clit, alternating between suckling at it and swirling his tongue around it rapidly. Her nails dug into his scalp as she came again, gushing onto his tongue and into his mouth. Anderson barely noticed, so caught up in tasting her.

He ran his tongue up along her belly, around her breasts, against her neck, biting and suckling at her shoulders, nibbling at her ear lobe… and as he sat back up, seeing her pliant and utterly blissed out of her mind, his mind screamed at him to devour the rest of her. He knew right then and there that if he even allowed himself another kiss… there would be no coming back. Sighing in frustration, he muttered a quick apology, standing up and walking away quickly before he could change his mind.

What appeared to be a small crowd quickly drew his attention. In the middle, a rather sizeable crocodile sat back and lounged luxuriously. There were two nervous aquatic aliens rubbing his belly, headfins pinned flat to their skulls. Suddenly, a bird with rather vibrant plumage shoved his way to the front, getting right up into the croc’s face, looking *incredibly* miffed. “Excuse me! What’s all this, then? This is a *party!* Meant for guests to intermingle and *engage!* You can’t just… monopolize half the guests to do your own bidding! You have to leave some for the rest of us!” As he jingled and gestured, the peacock’s many pieces of gold jewelry jangled this way and that, punctuating his words like a fool’s bells.

The croc raised an eyebrow, making no effort to change his position or do… anything, really. “Oh? And why not? Everyone is here of their own volition, after all. What are you, anyway? Observer? Prey?”

The bird spluttered indignantly. “Why, *pred* of course! Surely a prey wouldn’t be dressed like I am if they were going to be *eaten!”*

The smug scalie shrugged. “Not necessarily. Perhaps they wanted to leave their predator with a nice little trophy. Rather thoughtful, if I do say so myself. Really, I’d say you seem like the type…” He leaned forward with a sharp-toothed grin, “To *think* himself one thing, when he’s really another.” Suddenly one of the croc’s arms shot out, grabbing the pompous bird by the scruff of his neck. His long, toothy maw opened menacingly, rows of sharp teeth glinting maliciously in the light. There was only time for the bird to squawk in alarm before being shoved roughly inside, obscenely long tongue pushing him down his throat in one laborious swallow, wriggling down his throat to join whatever else was already in his sizeable belly.

As Anderson approached cautiously, the whole crowd turned to face him. “Oh, uh… I’m, uh.” He honestly didn’t know *why* he was approaching. After all, this guy clearly would have no qualms with eating him.

The croc, however, grinned widely upon seeing him. “Oh, I know you! You’ve written some excellent articles. I’m glad you could make it. Name’s Garret. C’mere, let me—“ Garret let out a sudden belch, and one of the necklaces the bird had been wearing landed in a scrunched up heap on the ground in front of him. “Oh, excuse me! You know how it is, I’m sure.” The croc gestured knowingly to Anderson’s belly. Garret then nudged one of the aliens that had been rubbing his belly forward. “Hand me that, will you?”

The croc took the piece of jewelry as it was handed to him and shook off the drool and gastric juices. “Ooh, it’s engraved! ‘Julien,’ eh? Lovely name. It’s a shame you had to be so belligerent, Julien. We could’ve had a good time first, you and I.” ‘Julien’ seemed quite annoyed with this comment, if the sudden thrashing of the Garret’s belly was anything to go by. “Ooh, feisty, though. I like that.” He looked up suddenly at Anderson. “Oh, but don’t let me ignore you! Actually, I had a few ideas when I first heard you were invited. Things I could teach you. You’ve come to our world, sure, but there’s plenty you’ve yet to learn. A lot of fun we could have together. For example…”

Garret snatched his two aquatic companions up, one in each hand. “Catch!” The croc tossed the alien girl into Anderson’s arms. The cyborg caught her reflexively, smiling down at her as comfortingly as he could. Whatever Anderson had been expecting, however, it certainly was *not* for Garret to take the one he was holding and literally *shove her down his cock.* He slid her down his shaft slowly, letting out a guttural rattling sound, like the equivalent to a purr. “Ohhh, fuck, that’s good.” With a final push, her head was enveloped by his cock, and the rest of her seemed to sink down to settle in his balls. Anderson could still faintly see her moving around in there.

“I—ah. Wow.” Anderson was, frankly, speechless.

“Mmm. Figured you’d never seen that before.” Garret nodded at the girl over with Anderson. “You wanna join your girlfriend, right? Alright, Mr. Reporter—Anderson, right? Bring her over, do just like you saw me do. You won’t hurt me, don’t worry.”

Anderson realized the girl in his arms wasn’t so much afraid as apprehensive. On some level, she did, in fact, want this. He lifted her up rather easily (her species seemed to be rather lightweight) and guided her down feet first. To his delight, she began hiding her face in his shoulder out of flustered embarrassment, muttering something how it ‘feels so weird.’ And it certainly *looked* weird, to be sure, but seeing Garret’s eyes shutter closed, blissed out expression on his face, claws digging into the arms of his ‘throne,’ well. It began to look more than a little appealing.

Miraculously, both of them fit, even if his balls looked close to bursting. Garret’s breathing ran ragged as the two squirmed together. “Ahhh, that’s the stuff. Actually, could you give me a hand—or perhaps a mouth, as it were?”

Anderson thought for a second before nodding. “Yeah, alright. What about them, though?” He motioned towards Garret’s still squirming balls.

Instead of answering him, Garret just grinned and motioned him forward. “You’ll see.” Anderson shrugged, settling down between Garret’s thighs and wrapped his lips around the croc’s cock, stroking the rest of his length with his hands. (It wasn’t exactly tiny, after all.) After a while he noticed the movements in Garret’s balls becoming more violent, before the faint bulges started to round out. Suddenly, a clawed hand gripped Anderson’s hair. “Swallow,” Garret commanded. Not even a moment later Garret’s release was gushing down Anderson’s throat, far more than Anderson had expected. It seemed to last forever, seemingly liters of cum filling his stomach, which, after managing to eat people often as large as himself, expanded easily to accept it.

Still, he certainly felt utterly *stuffed* afterwards. Anderson half collapsed onto the soft yet solid belly of Garret. There was only the—admittedly *loud—*sounds of gurgling digestion left there. No more protests or complaints. Garret’s hand ran surprisingly gently through Anderson’s hair, before suddenly pressing him tightly against him. Anderson felt himself being pushed against something surprisingly solid. There was a wet, bubbling groan along with a clenching *squelch,* and then the resistance gave way to gurgling softness.

Garret let out a long, rumbling belch. “Mmmm, I think that was the last of him.” He grinned down at Anderson lazily. “I can help you pull that same thing off, y’know. I can assure you that you’ll enjoy it very much.

“I’m… unsure that’ll even *fit.”*

Garret laughed. “Oh, we’d start far smaller than that. And I know just the place…”

Garret led Anderson to a cluster of what appeared to be pixie-like creatures fluttering around a cluster of flowers. If one examined them more closely, they would discover a bacchanalian whirlwind of lust and hunger, with the parties involved fucking, fighting and feeding on each other much in the fashion of the rest of the festivities at this party.

With a surprising speed for his size, Garret reached out and snatched up a handful of the creatures, placing them in a jar with holes poked in. Interestingly enough, the other ‘pixies’ seemed to just continue on with their business, not really caring about what had happened a few inches away from them. Garret brandished his catch with a triumphant grin. “Alright, here we are. Just get comfortable, and I’ll help you with the rest. I quite like you, after all, and you were willing to help me out earlier. Never let it be said that I don’t return a favor.”

Anderson figured Garret knew what he was doing. He seemed to move with certainty, as if he already knew exactly where things would end up before he took action. The cyborg laid down in the grass, hands cradling his head. “Yeah, I’m comfortable. Now what?”

Saying nothing, Garret knelt down, stroking Anderson to full hardness. The croc deftly plucked out a fairy with pink and purple wings and, with no warning, pushed her down Anderson’s shaft. The sound Anderson made was likely not one he could have consciously replicated. Sitting bolt upright, he looked helplessly over at Garret who was wearing possibly the smuggest expression ever. “You alright, there? It’s not hurting, is it?”

And… well, no, it wasn’t. It was possibly one of the most intensely overstimulating things he’d ever felt, however. He’d pretty much forgotten how to form words. “Aaaaaghhhh.”

“Good?” Another toothy grin from Garret.

Anderson exhaled shakily, face hidden in his hands, and nodded. “Mmmmm…” By the Heavens above, feeling her wriggling down, settling into his balls, and continuing to squirm and thrash in there… he couldn’t even think. He wasn’t sure he’d ever been so hard in his life. And then, just when he thought it was as crazy as it could get, Garret began pushing down another. “OhshitohfuckPLEASE—“ Anderson didn’t know what he was begging for, but he was going to lose his *mind* at this rate.

A surprisingly dexterous tail wrapped around Anderson’s wrists, pinning them together. “Easy, we’re almost there. Just one more to go.”

 *“Ghhhhaahhh.* How.” Anderson looked at Garret with an incredulous expression. Any more than this and he was fairly certain something in him would *break.*

But Garret was already pushing in a third, one with wings like a Monarch butterfly who seemed to be thrashing especially wildly. “Mmm, need both hands for this one.” He pinned the fairy’s wings behind her, pushing her down the rest of the way with a bit more speed than the other two.

 By all means, he shouldn’t be enjoying this. But somehow, he was reduced to whimpering, moaning, and almost *convulsing* in pleasure, as if every fiber of his being was seized with an orgasmic bliss. Anderson looked down, dimly aware of the thrashing in his balls. In a way, there was something utterly *filthy* about the sight.

Some part of him felt a mixture of lust and guilt flood him when he realized he could hear what sounded like muffled moans and screams down there. He reached to finish himself off, but Garret swatted his hand away. “No, not yet. There’s one other thing I’d like to try, first.”

Before Anderson could say anything, Garret had rolled him onto his front, tilting up his hips to get better access. A scaly, lubricated finger slid inside his ass, then a second, easing him open. Well, he wasn’t averse to being fucked, and honestly, it sounded rather nice right about—

Anderson was *not* expecting the fingers to be replaced with something able to *move.* He’d *thought* he saw Garret grab four fairies, but he’d forgotten due to the whole “being reduced to a shattered, desperate wreck” thing. He folded his arms beneath himself to bury his face, groaning as the fairy was pushed even deeper.

Of course, that failed to muffle his vocalizations very much when the fae’s protesting writhing ended up being pressed against his prostate. He was dimly aware of Garret’s scaled hand reaching under him to stroke him off, but in reality Anderson didn’t really need it, not when he’d already been so close already.

Every inch of his body seemed to prickle with sheer pleasure as his orgasm washed over him. The movements of the fairies in his balls, already having been weakening and seemingly shrinking up until that point, stilled completely as his release shot out.

And it continued. His orgasm seemed to last forever, cum gushing out endlessly as he found himself barely cognizant of his surroundings in his bliss. Finally he stilled, flopping over weakly onto his side. A warm, dexterous tongue glided over Anderson as Garret lapped the cum off of him, looking at him with an intense expression that would probably turn him on again if his brain wasn’t absolutely fogging over at the moment with sleepy, post-coital bliss.

Anderson sighed contentedly as he felt that tongue wrapping around him, the teasing sensation feeling nice and his skin. It took him a moment to notice that he could feel something *else* wrapping around him, rippling and tight. His whole world became upended in an instant as he slid down a moist surface. It wasn’t until everything squeezed tightly around him with a thick noise that he realized that Garret was *swallowing* him. He wasn’t normally so slow on the uptake, but he’d just experienced an actual mind-melting orgasm.

Before he could grab onto anything, however, he was pushed through the valve of Garret’s throat into the tight confines of his stomach. Almost immediately, it clenched around him with a gurgle as the croc belched loudly. Clawed hands clutched at him greedily from the outside. “Mmm, you were utterly *delectable.* I’m going to savor every moment of you breaking down in there, my treat. You understand there’s no hard feelings, right? I couldn’t—“ He interrupted himself with a sudden hiccup. “Couldn’t really help myself.”

Anderson knew this was a possibility when he came here, but he hadn’t expected to be caught off guard like this. Sure, he’d come back, but he was rather looking forward to eating some more, among other things. And how would this feel? He’d never *actually* had this happen outside of simulations.

A faint glow surrounded him suddenly, and he noticed himself feeling quite a bit better. Where before he’d been starting to get a little lightheaded, he was now able to breathe freely. He found himself able to relax, the kneading ministrations of peristalsis becoming almost soothing. “Feeling better? Little bit of something, some might call it magic.” Garret seemed to be jingling something, if the muffled sounds Anderson could make out were anything to go by. “Charms, enchanted trinkets, that sort of thing. I always like to make this bit as enjoyable as I can for my favorite meals. And I really am fond of you.” There was a firm but gentle rubbing against Anderson as Garret massaged his belly. “If we get to meet up again, there’s a lot more I’d enjoy doing with you. Just enjoy yourself for now, though.” Garret chuckled warmly.

After a while the surface of Anderson’s skin seemed to tingle lightly, singing with an oddly pleasant sensation. The kneading of Garret’s stomach muscles seemed to pick up the place, and the gurgling and groaning sounds he could hear were more prominent and frequent. His head buzzed with an odd high as everything began feeling floaty. The intoxication made him want to indulge in… other pleasant sensations. He idly stroked himself at first, before getting legitimately turned on. Was he actually getting off on this? Maybe it was just Garret’s “magic.”

Everything seemed to pool around him, as if he was shrinking and melting away. He felt his pleasure build and build as his consciousness began to drift. He felt himself approaching the edge, Garret’s stomach seeming to churn more and more desperately, until everything seemed to snap like a rubber band being launched, and with a greedy, gurgling groan the stomach squeezed him into nothingness right as he came, everything drifting off as the last of him careened into temporary nonexistence alongside the heady, orgasmic bliss.

Anderson woke up by a peaceful spring, a supernatural calm drifting over him. He looked around drowsily, only to notice a very familiar croc lounging on his back nearby. “Garret?”

Garret looked over sleepily. “Oh, you’re back. Wanted to wait for you to get back. Rub my belly?”

Anderson snorted. “The belly full of *me?”*

“Mmhmm. Not squeamish about that, are you?”

Anderson rolled his eyes and began massaging the aforementioned belly softly. “Just surprised you have the gall to ask me to do that.”

“’Preciate it.”

The cyborg flopped onto it tiredly, trying his best to ignore the fact that the loud gurgling was coming from his former body. “Right. Well, if that’s that, I’m taking a nap. This reforming stuff takes a lot out of you.”

Garret lazily wrapped his tail around Anderson and ruffled his hair. “Fine by me. Sleep well, morsel.”