

Alita sat before a large Goodra cock, shaft half his size and accompanied with large round balls squished to the ground, dripping in viscous ooze and twitching before him. The apprehensive plump Zangoose tugged at the scarf about his neck and flickered his tail about, his own meager member bobbing to life between his legs. Alita and his date were in a secluded part of a large forest in which they both lived, but the summer sun blazing above past a sea of green wasn't the reason the Zangoose was perspiring as much as he was. Alita couldn't take his eyes off the drizzling member aimed his way. "You don't waste any time do you, Grot?"

"No, not when I have such a specimen such as yourself to entertain me," the purring Goodra answered, the Pokémon positively glistening in the slime that continuously ran down his own massive form. The slimy Pokémon stood several times Alita's height, 10 feet at least, and loomed over his guest. Alita tore his gaze from the musky shaft before him to stare up at Grot, who gave him a sly grin. "What are you waiting for, cutie?" The Zangoose shuffled an inch or so forward, and Grot rolled his eyes. The Goodra's erection sagged, its tapered tip brushing Alita's muzzle and leaving a thin trail of slime in its wake. Grot thrust his hips forward a bit and let his cock drizzle over the blushing Zangoose's face, playing it this way and that before Alita took the hint and gently grasped the tip, giving it a little lick and holding it before his slowly-yawning mouth.

"About time," Grot winked, bringing an arm down to pet over Alita's ears, fur matted down wherever that paw passed. Alita felt it push to the back of his head, not-as-gently guiding it forward and urging the eager Goodra dick between his furred lips. Alita flinched, his head being slowly compressed against the soft purple belly of the fat Goodra, leaving him precious little room to breathe cleanly. His senses were flooded, Goodra slime pouring all over his head and squished into the fur of his face, squelching noisily around his ears and oozing down and around Grot's paw down his back. His attention returned to the Dragon-type dick now throbbing against his tongue, and the Zangoose was forced to swallow a bit of the goopy slime that seemed to secrete even from the large turgid shaft he was consuming. He heard Grot murmur in idle delight, but the sound of the squishing stomach and thick sludge gradually coating his body was far more dominant. Alita attempted a muffled murmur of his own, cock growing fully hard and twitching in the air between his legs, but Grot thrust at the moment, making him choke on his proclamation. The twitching tip played about in the Zangoose maw as the Goodra forced it in deeper, forcing Alita's jaws to stretch wider still, as Grot began to enjoy his blowjob in earnest.

Grot was slow to start with his volunteer, his slime-coated stomach gently ladled over Alita's head while gradually feeding the Pokémon more of his cock. Alita murred quietly while lowering down to all fours, his own chubby belly grazing the ground as he fell to his knees. The Zangoose tail fluttered in pleasure, exposing Alita's own ball sac and eager shaft. Alita worked his stretched jaws further down the horny Goodra's member, slurping around the oozing flesh and trying not to swallow too much of the gunk. Grot leaned over further still, gradually moving his other paw to the back of Alita's head, and closed his eyes blissfully. Alita's own eyes were forced shut when his face was completely mashed to the malleable Goodra tummy, hardly noticing just how much of that thick, viscous slime slowly crept down his fur and over his entire prone form. All his faculties were focused on his own erection, and the throbbing one he was close to gulping down. The tip slid across the Zangoose's wet, fidgeting tongue, the dick's girth sprawling to fit every crevice of Alita's mouth.

Then without warning, the Goodra humped, and Alita heard the belly slosh as it further enveloped him. His eyes widened against the see of slimy purple, reflexively gulping down the tip by a couple inches and then some, feeling it bulge out his throat as it throbbed and thrust eagerly. He gagged as he took sputtered breaths, his own shaft throbbing in delight as he blew Grot. The Goodra's tongue fell out of his mouth, and a mound of slobber fell to pool messily in the small of Alita's back. The heated saliva combined with the slime made Alita shiver, though he was just trying to breathe as the thick cock slid out a bit, then back in, in a repeated rhythm. Alita tasted the salty hint of precum at the back of his mouth, some flooding across his tongue and making the already-slime-assisted blowjob that much slicker. Alita idly felt the bulging balls of the Goodra twitch about near the edges of his planted claws, the Zangoose making gulping and gagging sounds while Grot panted and moaned blissfully above it all. The Zangoose cock craved a home but was left idly bobbing of its own accord, though oozing slime that traveled down the Zangoose's presented butt tickled down the sac and shaft both, urging more shivers from Alita.

Grot rammed more of his rod down Alita's gullet, the Zangoose feeling it crowding his maw and throat with every throb stretching his jaws further. Most of his vision was obscured by the soft, sagging stomach, though he could see the big jiggling balls of Grot twitching of their own accord along the ground, also oozing slime and creating a small pond of the goop around them. Alita moaned and humped down against nothing, eager

to get off himself but distracted from the sheer girth pounding in and out of his gob, a mix of pre and Goodra goo squishing out between his lips and dribbling down the dragon dick. Grot's tongue hung free and his panting blew over the slime-coated Zangoose, who could barely feel that heated breath. The Goodra humped a little deeper, fitting a third of his throbbing erection in and stretching Alita's maw to its limit. Alita gagged and groaned from the sheer weight of the Goodra's belly and malehood overwhelming him, the big ball sac before his eyes suddenly contracting tightly. Grot let out a lewd moan and his cock throbbed wildly, Alita's eyes scrunching as his jaws stretched beyond what he thought possible. He felt wads of Goodra cum float through the shaft and into him, released in audible **splot, splurt, splorts** down his throat with more jizz flooding his maw. Alita's cheeks bulged then receded in equal rhythm, Alita forcing himself to swallow thickly with each new gift from the Goodra given. "Mmmph... **GLUK, GLP, ULP...**" Alita's cock twitched idly but only managed a dribble of pre, not quite there yet. Grot's paws remained locked behind Alita's head and forced him to swallow every slimy drop of his seed and slime, not letting the pressure off until the bulges of his semen disappeared from Alita's neck, and swelled the white-furred tummy considerably.

Alita knew Grot was finished when he felt the pressure behind his head relax, though he swallowed a few more times for good measure, his mouth tasting of viscous Goodra ooze and cum. His breathing was labored, but he knew it was over. Grot would likely return the favor now, and the Zangoose's heart beat faster in anticipation. But Grot didn't remove himself from the Zangoose, and in fact the embedded dick didn't soften much at all after the orgasm subsided. Alita wanted to look up to Grot, but the chubby belly still sagged over his head, preventing him from asking what the deal was. Alita got his answer, however, in the form of another soft hump, feeling the tip, now on Alita's tongue again, twitch back to life. Alita's eyes rolled, trying not to faint from lack of clean air, as Grot picked his rhythm back up once more.

It was as if the Goodra hadn't just emptied himself into Alita, whose belly sloshed and jiggled slightly with the cum he'd been forced to drink down. The Zangoose muffled out a groan that was half-protest, half-lust, eyes rolled and jaws slackened around the cock's continued invasion. Lewd slurps of the shaft slipping out, then driving in, proliferated the surrounding forest area once more, and Alita could no longer feel most of its temperate climate: More translucent Goodra slime poured down over him, adding to the layers he'd already obtained in his time beneath Grot, all-but-gluing Alita to

where he was. His once-flickering tail, thick and bushy, was matted down and splayed against the earth, hiding his erection that he felt throbbing up against his underbelly. Goodra paws renewed their efforts and shoved Alita's head down suddenly, eliciting a plugged squeal from the surprised Zangoose as he found himself gulping down that ooze-coated dick once again. His breaths through his snout whistled, sandwiched between the slimy Goodra belly and pulsating, thick shaft below. He tasted, then saw a mix of saliva, slime, and precum sneak out around his lips, but didn't catch anything else as Grot leaned forward, completely devouring Alita's head in the pounds of purple belly flab.

Once more, Grot was panting, moaning up above his toy. He glanced down at the Pokémon, layers and layers of his own messy ooze confirming his ownership of Alita. The Zangoose looked more scrumptious by the minute, and Grot couldn't wait to get to the second part of his date with the horny, naive Zangoose. Alita could hardly feel what he assumed was more slime pooling over his back and down his rear, fully-concentrated on pleasuring the dominating Goodra in hope that he too would get to blow his load sooner or later. Thick lines of slobber escaped Grot's open maw, dripping down a visible tongue and adding to the sloppy mess that was beneath him, thick dragon sac bobbing and squishing against the ground in front of the blind Alita. Hips thrust, belly jiggled, and paws kept Alita's head locked in place, the Goodra seeking to fill out his meal-to-be even further before beginning his little feast.

He didn't have to wait long.

Alita groaned around the thick, throbbing Goodra cock, embedded deeper than before somehow, crowding his throat and filling his maw to the brim. His tongue, pinned beneath the girth, tasted gobs of Goodra goop and dragon pre, with the mix continuously leaking from his lips. Grot had a lot of his weight in or on the Zangoose at that point, leaned forward considerably with his thick slimy tail upraised and swaying, showing his constricting sac jostle against the earth. Alita recognized the build-up this time, and felt the sting in his jaws as the cum began to pulsate through the shaft he'd half-devoured. His own little cock spurted a shot of translucent pre, furry balls twitching, getting close on his own, but Alita was forced to endure Grot's second load prior. The Goodra came harder than before, pulling his cock upward, until the tip tickled the edge of Alita's throat, and exploded from the release of pressure. **SPLORT, SPLRRRRT, SPLOT SPLUT SPLLT!** Alita's cheeks continually filled out, then deflated with

powerful loud swallows. He and Grot alike moaned as the Goodra emptied himself into the Zangoose, and that furry white belly bloated outward more with every noisy gulp. Grot nearly pulled out but left a last gift of cum on Alita's tongue before removing his dripping, slime-coated dick from Alita, a trail of cum sagging to the ground before the connection broke. Alita shivered, clenched his eyes shut, and gulped down the final bit of jizz like a good Zangoose, pining for his own release as his cock bobbed in the air, unspent. Grot rolled back into a sitting position, weight coming off Alita. The Zangoose, freed, took fitful breaths and laid down, arms and legs and tail splayed, belly jiggling from impact. He laid there to recover despite not having blown his load, covered in gallons of ooze and mouth dribbling excess Goodra cum.

Alita was still recovering when he saw Grot's body shifting about. Still panting, the Zangoose wiped viscous thick slime out of his eyes so he could see a little better, and craned his head upward. The looming Goodra's serpentine head lowered towards him, a greedy smile played about Grot's lips. Alita felt one of the Goodra's paws slip under his chin and chest, propping him up just a bit, Grot feeling the steady pounding in the overwhelmed Alita's chest. Alita sputtered out a squeak and more slime, just as the Goodra's lips locked to his own. Alita's eyes fluttered closed in the passionate kiss, jaws slackened, allowing the Goodra's tongue to invade his maw. Grot leaned heavily into that smooch, thick tongue pouring into Alita's mouth and feeding him loads of slobbery slime. Alita shuttered as many emotions clashed at once, having to swallow all that excess gunk in heavy gulps, and experiencing his cock throb and ball sac tighten against itself. Alita came mid-kiss, splurting his seed out along the gooey ground in a few fitful spats, the Zangoose groaning into those locked lips all the meanwhile. Grot felt Alita go mostly limp, peeking his eyes open as the Zangoose dutifully swallowed the rest of the gooey slime. He parted lips, a trail of saliva breaking once he'd lifted his head up enough, and watched in amusement as the swollen Alita lay there among the sea of slime to try and recover from what Grot just put him through.

Despite his efforts, Alita still had ooze leaking from his jaws, panting away with a belly full of Goodra jizz and slime. The bloated white-furred belly splayed out to his side, flat against the ground but round everywhere else, and the Zangoose swore he weighed almost twice as much as he had prior to starting this little date. "W-wow..." he mumbled to himself, still tingling from it all, now-flaccid cock softening after leaving its seed along the ground. He lazily wiped his mouth clean and sputtered some more, leaving the majority of his body still quite coated in the slime. At the back of his mind

Alita bemoaned how long it would take to clean himself up entirely, but at the moment the shivering Zangoose almost welcomed the gooey blanket. He was all set to pull himself up and leave when Grot suddenly thrust a paw down against his fat gut, pushing heavily into it and squishing it about. Alita coughed and whined as he was rolled onto his back, a second paw joining the first to slosh and sway his fattened belly to and fro. Grot's head was hovering just over Alita's, upside down from the Zangoose's perspective, but nevertheless having an expression plain as day: Grot's tongue slithered out and slowly worked across his lips, a smattering of drool raining down over Alita's face.

"Did you have fun?" Grot's voice rumbled softly as he continued pressing into the swollen Zangoose stomach. Alita was getting over his post-orgasm high and stopped shivering, and was able to nod. Every move the Zangoose made was accompanied with the shifting squishing sounds of slime. "Good. I'm about to have my fill of you, myself, now that you're properly sized." Alita wiped his face free of more goop to try and get a word in, but found himself speechless as a yawning Goodra maw came down straight for him! He gasped, but his head didn't slide into the oozing mouth, instead feeling that tongue slowly ladle down his freshly-cleaned face and down to his soft, squashy belly. Grot murred at Alita's slimy flavor, running his tongue all the way down to Alita's soft cock before lifting back up.

"Wh-what are you doing?" Alita managed to sputter, Grot's head lifted up with tongue smacking lips.

"Even after forcing so much seed in you, my dear Alita, you still weren't quite plump enough for a meal," Grot chuckled. "But a little kiss was all it took to ripen you up just enough for me to truly enjoy." Alita sputtered out a bit of slime in shock, and struggled a bit against the ground, but Grot still had him firmly pinned, with his paws planted on his gut.

"What, n-no!" Alita cried, protesting in fitful squirms as Grot's paws slid down to his hips and grabbed to flabby slime-covered flesh. Alita was dragged around and up until his gut mashed against the big purple Dragon-type's own belly, the Goodra sitting him down among the sea of slime and hugging him close. Slime was smushed out from between the guts, though that squelching didn't distract Alita from hearing the inside of that belly growl hungrily for him. Grot peeled back just enough for Alita to see

behind him, thick dragon tail gently swaying, and the Zangoose felt that slimy tongue play over his head again, showering additional goop all over his plumped-up body. “Grot, I-I thought this was just a hookup!”

“That’s exactly what it was,” Grot giggled as he swiped his thick, dexterous tongue around Alita’s neck, then all the way up his head and ears before parting. Alita sputtered from being drenched in thick slobber again. “Not my fault you were too pathetic to notice when you’re getting all fattened up to be my lovely dinner.” Alita wiped his face free of enough gunk to be able to look up to see Grot’s jaws peel open slowly, lips smacking apart and revealing the gross, oozing maw. “Ahhh...” he heard, the Zangoose panicking and starting to breathe in quick, raspy breaths as the cavernous mouth slowly descended.

“Wait!” Alita begged, pressing against Grot but unable to move, looking from the growling belly up to the lowering mouth, tongue once more lolled out. Alita felt the tip brush his snout as warm stale Goodra breath washed over him. His ears wilted when the lips passed his head. “Don’t eat me Grot! DON’T EA—” **SQSCHLMP!** The Goodra’s jaws sealed shut and left Alita awash in loads of slime and saliva with his face pressed right against the tongue, his begging silenced then and there. Grot worked his tongue all about that face as he pressed down, feeding Alita’s shoulders into the mouth, slimy lips glued against the scrumptious Zangoose chest. He murred, feeling Alita’s cries for help rumble meekly against his tongue, spurring forth more tasting and squeezing. The Goodra wrapped his sticky arms around the soft wide mass of Zangoose and squeezed him tightly against his own prodigious purple belly while he salivated, slurped, and gobbled Alita up. The large stomachs mashed and melded as one jiggling mass of blubber. This entrapment, on top of the mounds upon mounds of gooey slime that completely covered Alita, left him with no means of escape, doomed to be eaten alive.

Grot forced his head lower and took Alita’s madly-squealing head down with a squelching **GLK** of a swallow, the ooze the Zangoose was covered in slickening the trip. Alita felt gobs of goop flow down beyond the throat to race down to the stomach he could hear even from the top of the esophagus, as it pounded against his head from all sides. Grot worked his jaws open and closed as he fed more of the juicy Zangoose up into his mouth, tongue made visible and pressing against the flabby furry flesh. Alita flexed his claws but they were all-but-glued to his sides, and Grot was amused seeing his fat prey twitch and flex. Ignoring his muffled cries for help and fitful protests, Grot

worked his head down further, elongated neck bent and betraying more and more of the plump Zangoose's terrified features. **GULP, GLRK, URLK!** Continued swallows pulled more of Alita into the oozing throat, with nothing but the gallons of slime on his body to accompany him. Grot's uncontrolled slobbering as rubbery lips sank downward helped devour the Zangoose further, every scrunch of the jaws working more pounds of squishy Zangoose into his mouth and beyond. Grot made it all the way down to the belly that was bloated out with so much slime, saliva, and Goodra jizz, the sloshing white dome squishing easily between the lips and making the Zangoose down his neck cry out in terror. Alita was more than halfway eaten, and there was nothing he could do to stop it!

But then, Alita felt twinges of fresh air against his upper belly. The Goodra lips slurched noisily as the Zangoose began to peel free from those lips, Grot slowly lifting his head and releasing some of his meal. Waves of jiggling bellyfat poured out and sprung outward to their natural girth, and Alita was left puzzled. Was Grot letting him go? His heart pounded at the thought of liberation, feeling himself worked up the throat bit by bit. Grot murmured in delight as he got a second taste of the Zangoose, the chest of the Pokémon just able to see daylight, and absolutely saturated in Goodra slobber and ooze. Alita breathed a relieved sigh, when suddenly: **GLURK!** Grot thrust his head down and, much like a Goodra cock before, Alita was swallowed straight back down the throat. He whimpered in confused despair when Grot's lips squelched down to his belly, nearing his waistline, a second time, full Zangoose stomach sprawled in the Dragon-type's maw. Grot played his lips and tongue against the squishy fat, then repeated the process, the squirming bulges outlining his throat slurching outward. Alita quivered when he was nearly out, but tensed as if about to veer down a roller coaster hill he knew was coming, and was pressed downward again. Alita was running out of screams to give with what little breaths he could take, being forced through thick layers of dragon slobber every trip up and back down the gullet, barely able to sneak in a breath in between. Grot repeated the slow, torturous motions, soaking up all the flavors the fattened-up Zangoose had to offer, leaving Alita to his fate of getting swallowed again, and again, and again.

SCHLLRRRK! GULP, ULLLK, GLRK, ULP! SCHLLLLRRRRK.

Alita's voice had gone raspy with all his pleading and begging, and now his jaws hung limply agape as he was shunted in and out of the throat. He had no idea how much

time had passed, cocooned in volumes of slobber and slime, more coating him as excess flowed beyond the throat into the belly. He felt the poke of a softened Goodra cock against his soaked stomach, with the purple belly always present as well. It was some time before he felt something new, with Grot having had his fun, and desired to finish his meal entirely. Soft Goodra paws slipped south of Alita's stomach, past fidgeting Zangoose legs and tail, to cup and squish into the plump rear end. The cheeks yielded to the newfound pressure, and after another series of slow, wet swallows dragging the whimpering Alita up to his belly, those paws heaved him upward.

Alita let out a mewling whine. "N-no... D-don't eat meeee!" The cry didn't even escape the throat Alita was embedded in, the slime and goeey saliva muting all sound. Grot murred, sliding his tongue all about the compacted Zangoose belly in his mouth, as he lifted his head and arms in concert to drag Alita up to head level. Paws slid under the juicy Zangoose butt and folded over his thighs, the Pokémon's legs shoveled greedily into the already-stuffed jaws. Alita gasped and lost what little breath he had when his knees were forced up into his own stomach, leaving the soles of his twitching hindpaws nestled visibly under his furry butt. The thick Zangoose tail flagged every which way, occasionally exposing his malehood, when a Goodra tongue wasn't sliding back and forth across Alita's ass and balls, glistening slimy goo left in its wake. "Mmph, hlllp!" a muffled cry managed to escape the bowels of the Dragon-type. The neck swelled considerably when Grot swallowed thickly, a slow, rhythmic series of gulps and slimy **GLORKs** squashing Alita's wide, sloshing stomach and legs down into the throat. Alita's eyes widened as his face pressed into the sphincter, which provided no resistance whatsoever, introducing the Zangoose to his final resting place.

Grot's lips smacked and slurped around the buttcheeks framed in his drooling jaws, Alita paying them no mind as the acrid stench of the slimy stomach assaulted his senses. He shuddered in terror, plunging into inert thick stomach fluids with his chin dragging along the squishy walls, inching his way inward and steadily bloating out the fat Goodra belly. The temperate climate of the forest, already barely felt due to his thick slime coat, disappeared utterly when his tender rump was squished and swallowed into the jaws, with Grot's lips pursed around his waving, flagging tail. "Mmrrrr..." **GLK!** **GULLLLLRK! ULLP!** Grot's inflated cheeks betrayed the journey of the last of Alita, his hinds tapping against the tongue that continued matting down the fur of his rear, lengthy tail gradually slurped inward. Most of Alita's outlined curves bulged out Grot's neck and chest, though that mass was slowly transferring to the elastic Dragon-type

belly with every slow, deliberate swallow Grot took. Only inches of the Zangoose tail remained protruding, a practical waterfall of slobber and slime continually oozing from the now-limp thing.

Alita was far too concerned about his upper half slowly becoming acclimated to the growling stomach and flowing enzymes pooled about, to notice the distant **SCHLLRRRRRRRP**, tail flailing like a noodle as it disappeared completely from the world. He only realized what was about to happen when Grot positioned his tongue up the squashed crevice of his ass, ball sac covered by the muscle with the tongue tip slipped around his tail dock. “No... n-nooooo!” Alita shrieked from the stomach. Grot purred deeply as his belly growled in anticipation, and he raised his head as if to study the sky.

ULP GLRK GLUT, GLRRRK, ULLLLP!

GLLLRRRRRUUUUUK!

The Goodra swallowed Alita completely whole, his squelching bulges, plumped-out stomach widest of all, noisily slurching down the throat. Alita’s head bent up against the floor of the stomach, then squeezed up and backwards as the rest of him sloshed into the oozing slimy prison. A gallon of slime and slobber messily poured over him once his whole body was confined to Grot’s tummy. The Zangoose’s own belly made quite the bulge, along with several smaller ones, as with a final **SLORSH** his full weight bloated out the now-sated Goodra. Grot’s belly slapped the forest floor and sagged outward, folded over his own soft cock and leaving the Goodra bent over and slurping his lips languidly. “Ahhh... **OOORRRRRRUUUUUP.**” The belch sprayed white hairs and unused saliva all about the forest floor, Grot’s paws limply dangled while his stomach let out a feeble grumbling churn that dwarfed the weak Zangoose cry within.

Alita had rolled in on himself in the confines of the pitch-black stomach. Blurping acids ran down the walls he was pressed against with the gunk mingling against his fur and ingested slime. Drool still trickled from the sealed-off sphincter and onto the panicking Zangoose, topping off Grot’s fat meal. Alita’s limbs were pressed against his middle at awkward angles, with his tail splattered between his legs and mashed against his own face. “Grot! Someone... Someone help me!” he squealed, thrashing his cum-bloated body about in the jiggling mass. Grot groaned in delight, rubbing vigorously down into

his soft, protruding gut. The Goodra pressed down until it flattened to the forest floor, then let it spring upward. **BLUP! Chrrrgle...** “Grot... P-please, don’t digest, please spit me up!” The begging Zangoose’s words never left that belly, however, the only sounds escaping that of the slow startup process of tending to the newly-deposited Pokémon meal.

Despite being unable to hear his devoured prey, Grot spoke down at his slime-covered belly, seeing it visibly quiver as the throes of digestion really started to take hold. “You really were worth the fuck, Alita. Got you all nice and fat, but my leavings aren’t for you to keep.” Grot slowly swayed backwards, then thrust forward, using the momentum to stand up on two strong hind legs, tail swaying for balance. The belly below sloshed loudly as it swayed to the shift in weight, making Alita dizzy as acids and more splashed all over him. “Oof... heavy thing. You’ll be giving me all of that lovely seed back, after you’re a part of me, Zangoose.”

“No!” Alita denied, for Grot’s voice rumbled throughout his whole body, piercing the sloshing stomach’s gurgles and groans. Alita was doomed, and it was clear from that taunt that he wasn’t being let out if Grot had anything to say about it. Alita gulped in fright and whimpered. Grot’s word was the only one that mattered here. The walls of the stomach were alive and compressing in on the fattened-up Alita from every conceivable angle, scrunching against him, working the burbling fluids deeper into his coat, as more enzymes secreted from the stomach lining. The pools of fluid rose over time around Alita’s back and crept up his sides. His furry sac was submerged after a little bit, and his shoulders would splash and slosh every time Alita had another burst of effort to spare. On the outside, Grot heard the occasional familiar churn, but it was mostly quiet for him. The Goodra had tuned out the heavy sloshing sounds that occurred with every heavy step he took, his own large balls swaying between his legs and belly swinging wildly to his gait. Grot left behind the large mess he and Alita (mostly he) made: Depressed foliage where the Goodra had sat; piles of slime and oozed cum; saliva invisible and puddling about the other fluids; trace hairs and a discarded scarf of Alita’s. The whole area reeked of Goodra sex and feasting, and would be avoided by all who dwelt there for a while. Grot wasn’t one to hang about where he lured in victims, and began the slow, steady waddle that would take him back to where he slept off big, jostling meals. The Goodra left one last sign of a meal enjoyed behind, as he turned his head to the side and loosed another thick, rumbling burp. A poor tree

was victimized as a splash of slime and what remained of Alita's armband and scarf assaulted it, both dripping down the bark slowly.

Alita wanted nothing more than to escape the belly, or at least be able to see. Not only was it pitch-dark in the grumbling gut, but his tail was in the way, splotched over his face, and it was too tight for the devoured Zangoose to move. The viscous fluids alone practically glued him in place, though the compacted, squelching stomach walls constantly compressing into his fat form preventing Alita from doing anything but begging for his life. Being unable to see was the least of his worries, with constant reminders of his impending fat rumbling about in the ears that were flush against his skull, immobile, yet terrifyingly acute to the bubbling fluids digesting him. The dizzying sways of his fleshy prison kept Alita in a perpetual state of discomfort, never quite able to get a grip on which way was up. The glopping acid was rising ever-higher, and every now and then a muffled, drawn out belch from above would leave the Zangoose with less air to work with, though he never seemed to run out. He clung to that last desperate hope that he would be let out, even if the Goodra seemingly had all but forgotten about him. He'd feel a paw press into the massive purple stomach and squash harshly against him, but that's all the Zangoose was now to Grot: Food.

Food that was digesting away.

Alita cried out, raspy as his voice was, over the course of seconds, minutes, hours. Cries that weakened over time. Alita clung to consciousness as long as possible, even when his skin started to get itchy and fur flowed off in messy splotches. His bulging, jizz-and-slime-filled gut was as uncomfortable as ever, aiding the Goodra gut in confining him tightly. Grot, with a stomach full of a squirming, protesting meal gurgling away, belched once more, and clapped his lips thereafter. He paused a moment, yawned, and fell to all fours. Alita let out a yelp of surprise as the gathered slime and stomach fluids flooded over him. The yelp turned into a shriek as he was flooded by the slow-moving fluids, which now played about his very head. Ears picked up the sizzle of slime, Goodra's own gunk the first to succumb to the enzymes completely. The stomach fluids, far thicker than the slime or saliva was, now had more room to maneuver, as the coating had served as a vain form of protection about the Zangoose. Alita had endured the itchiness, irritation, and loss of fur. Things were now going to get a whole lot worse.

Grot panted as a particularly low, long **gurrrrrrrrrt** bubbled out of his stomach that partially pressed to the ground. He murred, and bent his legs, thrusting that sagging slimy stomach to the ground. **SCRRRGLENCH, SQUSH, SQUSSSSSH**. Alita moaned when the stomach seemingly compressed from beneath out of nowhere, and what little free space there was in the stomach was lost, the whole area flooded with the thick slime. Alita's heart pounded as he had to thrash his head to clear enough space away in order for him to keep breathing.

Grot idly rocked his hips back and forth, humping his fat, gurgling stomach into the ground slowly and methodically, as if wanting to speed up digestion so that he'd have less of a load to carry. Every soft scrunching squish sent a ring of pleasure through him, the Goodra slurping over his lips slowly. "Such a delight you are, Alita..." The Zangoose, hearing those words, let out a last pitiful whimper before the glue that was the stomach fluids poured over his face. He tried to thrash his head again, but it was held in place by the walls of the stomach, and the layers flowing over him were just too thick. He was left with eyes open staring blankly, semi-floating in the thick burbling fluids. After Alita fell still and passed out of consciousness, the walls compressed and a loud **GLORRRRUUUURN** roared from the stomach. Grot's cheeks puffed up, then his lips parted and vibrated as a rancid **BLURRRRRRRROOOOOOP** of a belch was ripped free. The last remnants of air and a gob of slime was spat free, with splotches of white and red fur splattering to earth.

Grot reached a paw up to wipe away the dribbling saliva, leaving a thin trail of slime in its wake, a futile effort. "Mmm..." he murmured, straightening his limbs and resuming his walk through the forest. It wouldn't be long before reaching home, and he was more than ready to sleep the night, and most of the next day, away. His thick tail was up and swaying to his gait, hips quivering with every step, and stomach loudly churning away the devoured Zangoose within. Beneath the tail swayed Grot's ball sac and flaccid member, though the latter would occasionally twitch as Grot reminisced during his journey home. The belly in front of it, wobbling and sloshing every which way, would brush up against it now and then, further teasing it. Though, Grot managed to make the rest of his way home without blowing a load along the path.

He'd have plenty of time to do that the next few days, either alone, or with his next meal to prepare.

Alita digested quite thoroughly, if slowly, within the sated Goodra's stomach. It would take several days, but eventually Grot was left with a hefty paunch that would never quite go away, hips that would attract just about anything on legs, and balls that housed even more capacity than before. Grot's tail thickened as well, and if Grot had thought about it, he would've decorated the tip by tying Alita's scarf to it. *Ah well*, he thought some days later, long after Alita was just a memory, *I'll always remember the brief time we shared, Alita*. Grot slowly pushed a paw down and around his soft, big belly.

You left quite the lasting impression on me.