

Becky was hoping to have a relaxing, uneventful morning. Unfortunately, that's not the day had in store for her.

The anthro cat was sitting on a park bench on that sunny, beautiful morning. She watched people pass by with mild interest, and as a yawn escaped her, she stretched her arms above her head.

This pulled her shirt up juuuuust enough to show of her belly button. Meanwhile, an anthro raccoon named Richard had been walking by, and he noticed this. Grinning, he walked over to Becky as she was stretching, and playfully booped her belly button with one finger.

The anthro cat startled and turned to Richard. "Hey, what's the big idea?!" she exclaimed. Then her face changed to unfortunate realization, and she asked him, "Um, wait . . . did you just poke my belly button?"

"Ha ha, yeah," Richard replied, grinning goofily. "I just thought it would be funny is all."

"You really shouldn't have done that," Becky said, frowning, "unless you wanted to be my food!"

"What do you mean?" the raccoon asked.

And that's when it started.

A strong suction, like a vacuum, began to radiate from the cat's navel. Without warning, it pulled Richard's hand inside. "What the freak?!" he exclaimed. "Your navel is pulling me in! Why is this happening?!"

Becky sighed, with the sigh of somebody who has been through this far too many times. "Yeah, sorry, I can't stop it. Once somebody pokes it, it won't stop until it's sucked the person who poked it inside. It's a weird power of mine."

Frantically, Richard tried to pull his hand out of her navel, but the suction was too strong. And so, it began to devour him.

His wrist was pulled deeper into Becky's belly button—Richard could feel her skin surrounding his hand. He tried once more to escape this strange and precarious situation, attempting to pull his hand free from the navel's grip. But the suction was way too much—instead of him escaping, it got stronger, and pulled his other hand in as well. Great.

Becky watched this all with a sigh and sympathetic eyes. She had certainly not asked for these powers, nor did she want them. And now she was stuck here while a raccoon—a complete stranger—got pulled into her belly button. Great.

Richard kept trying to resist as the vacuum sucked in his arms. "Come on!" he yelled, trying to yank his hands out of the cat's navel. But he could do nothing to stop himself from being devoured—it was futile to resist.

His forearm was pulled deeper and deeper into Becky's hungry belly button, causing Richard's hands to travel down a tunnel of skin. That tunnel squeezed tightly around him, a firm grip that refused to release its prey. The raccoon planted his feet firmly on the ground, and tried his best to pull his hands out of the navel, trying to free himself from the ravenous suction. But it wasn't enough—he remained trapped inside.

The belly button pulled in his upper arms, sucking them inside. More of Richard traveled down the tight, squeezing tunnel, and the navel stretched to fit the rest of his arms inside.

And then, he reached it.

Richard felt his fingers pop out of the belly button, and enter an open space. At first, he breathed out a sigh of relief—finally, his hands weren't in that tight tunnel! But then, he heard Becky's belly let out a low /gruuuumble/, a growl that reverberated through her and made his fingers twitch with the vibration. That's when he realized where he was headed.

"I'm going into your STOMACH?!" the raccoon exclaimed, starting to panic.

"Yep," Becky said, sighing again. "I can't do anything about it."

"But I don't want to be food!" Richard sobbed, trying desperately to free himself from the navel's grasp.

"Sorry, but you don't have a choice, and neither do I," the cat explained to him. "Just go with it, ok? I promise you won't be hurt."

The raccoon groaned, then nodded. "Guess I don't really have much of a choice. . ." he muttered.

And so, the belly button continued to devour him. It had reached his shoulders by now, and the navel opened wide before him, so that his head could go in.

Perhaps that was his chance! Since the tunnel wasn't squeezing around his arms anymore, Richard tried desperately to pull his hands out of it, grunting with strained effort as he did so. But, even though the tunnel wasn't as tight, the suction certainly wasn't, and it was strong enough to keep the raccoon from escaping. He was trapped—food for a very hungry belly button. And with that, his head was pulled inside, and the tunnel clamped around his face.

Richard was surrounded by darkness and skin, pulsing flesh that vibrated with Becky's heartbeat. It echoed around him, a constant /lub dub, lub dub/ that filled the raccoon with anxiety. He tried to pull his head up and out of Becky, but the tunnel's grip prevented him from leaving. He couldn't leave.

His shoulders were slurped up by the navel, and Richard was pulled further down the dark, cramped, cylindrical space. The raccoon could hear faint growls coming from in

front of him, and he felt his hands hit the floor of the stomach. Ooze was already starting to form at the bottom of the belly. Oh no. . .

His chest was sucked up by the strong belly button, and that was when he reached the inside. Richard's head left the tunnel with a /pop!/ At least now nothing was squeezing around his face—but now he was in Becky's belly! He had to do /something/ if he didn't want to get eaten.

Richard put his hands against the wet walls of the cat's gut, and pushed against them as hard as he could. Screaming and straining, the raccoon did his best to try and escape. But he could move a single inch thanks to the tight grip of the tunnel. With a sigh, Richard stopped trying, and resigned himself to his fate.

Becky's navel pulled in his midsection, pushing more of him deeper into the stomach. He ended up being forced against the vibrating, groaning walls of the belly. The gut let out more growls of hunger, and the raccoon whimpered. This was a really bad situation. . .

Now, only his legs were left for Becky's belly button to eat. His thighs were pulled in with a /slorp/, which caused more of Richard to go inside of the ravenous, relentless stomach. He was in here up to his chest now, but it wouldn't be long before all of him would be in here. That he knew. . .

His calves were sucked inside the navel, and the raccoon's midsection joined him inside the stomach. He sighed, feeling defeated. The stomach growled triumphantly around him, and Richard gulped. It was starting to get pretty cramped in here, wasn't it?

Only his feet were left. The belly button didn't hesitate: it pulled them right inside, and the rest of the raccoon's body traversed the tunnel, and ended up inside of Becky's stomach.

Just like that, all of the raccoon was inside of Becky's belly. His presence caused a big bulge to form in her stomach, and for her shirt to get pulled up—enough so that her belly button could be seen.

Inside the cat's gut, Richard was feeling kind of freaked out over the events that had occurred. Not to mention it was pretty tight in here, and he wasn't sure if he wanted to be digested. "C-Could you just spit me back out?" he asked Becky. "This is getting too weird for me. . ."

"Sure," Becky said. "Just let me—"

"Wow, it looks like you had a really big lunch there!"

Becky was interrupted by an arctic fox passing by. The fox, Dorothy, walked up to her with a goofy grin on her face. "Um, yep! Heh heh," the cat replied nervously. "Just had a really big lunch!"

"I'll say!" Dorothy replied, laughing. "I'm surprised your belly button didn't turn into an outie with how big that lunch is! Boop!"

She reached out and poked Becky's belly button. /What is this?/ the cat thought with a sigh. /Poke the belly button day?!/

"You shouldn't have done that," Becky said. "Now my navel is going to suck you in."

"Wait, it's going to—ah!"

The fox's hand was pulled right into her navel. "What the heck?!" Dorothy exclaimed, trying to tug her hand back out. "What is that? Make it stop!"

"I can't," the cat replied, sighing. "It's an uncontrollable power that won't stop until it's sucked in the person who poked my belly button. And that person's you."

"Crap!" cried the arctic fox. And so, the struggle began.

The suction pulled in Dorothy's other hand, causing the arctic fox to yelp in surprise as she was forced into the navel. She could feel the tunnel surrounding her hands, and she gulped.

"Come on, there has to be some way out of this!" Dorothy exclaimed. "Maybe you and I could run in opposite directions, and—!"

"Not going to work," Becky said in a tired voice. "Trust me, I've tried everything. That too. You'll just be pulled along with me if I do that."

"And you can't let me out on your own accord?" the arctic fox asked.

"Nope," the cat replied. "I wish I could, I really do. But this power of mine can't be controlled. So I guess you're next on the menu."

"Menu? Wait—ah!"

Dorothy let out another surprised scream as she was pulled deeper into Becky's belly button. Her forearms were yanked down the cramped, cylindrical space, which squeezed tightly around her hands. "Are you implying that I'm going to be food?!" asked the arctic fox, in a panicked voice.

"Unfortunately, yes," Becky said. "That navel tunnel leads straight to my stomach. Which is a pain, because I really didn't want to eat two people today. . ."

"Oh boy," Dorothy said, trying once again to pull her hands out. "So it's a cat-eat-fox world out there, huh?"

Becky laughed. "That's so cheesy."

"Thanks! I'll take that as a complime—oh! Oh crap, help!"

The arctic fox's upper arm was pulled into Becky's navel, forced down that tight tunnel. It expanded to fit more of its food, and soon, Dorothy's hands reached the stomach.

Richard had heard the interaction between Dorothy and Becky, so he wasn't entirely too surprised when a set of white fingers popped inside the belly. He heard the fox screaming for help, so he tried to push her fingers back into the tunnel, but, of course, that didn't work. She, too, was food for the belly button, and it was going to see this all through, by devouring all of her.

Dorothy watched as the tunnel opened wide before her, big enough to pull her head inside. Before she could react to this, she was sucked in with a /slurp!/ And so, the arctic fox was forced into the cylindrical space. It pulsed her, and she could hear Becky's heart beating from above. This wasn't going to be good. . .

The tunnel expanded once more, and snatched up Dorothy's shoulders, trapping them inside. The arctic fox was forced further down the tunnel. She could hear the stomach starting to rumble a head of her, and she gulped. This was quite the situation she had put herself in. . .

Meanwhile, inside the belly, Richard could feel it reacting to the arrival of new food. It grunted and groaned loudly, and fluids started to drip from the walls. Then, those walls squeezed tightly around the raccoon, making the tight space even more cramped, and getting liquids all over his fur. Richard whimpered, but (thankfully) a moment later, the walls retreated, making the small space a little less tight. Phew.

Dorothy's chest was forced into the navel, and then, her head arrived. It popped inside of the stomach, and Dorothy's face was forced against Richard's legs. The arctic fox moved her face, and then said, "I actually have to admit, it kind of feels nice, getting sucked up like this."

"Really?" Richard asked.

"Truly?!" Becky exclaimed, completely caught off guard.

"Yep!" replied Dorothy, laughing. "It's kind of cool. I can't wait for all of me to be in your stomach!"

Apparently the navel heard her, because a moment later, it sucked in the arctic fox's midsection. More of her was forced into the stomach, going between Richard and the nearest belly wall. "Guess you're going to have a belly buddy!" Dorothy said to the raccoon. "Sorry for making the space so cramped, though. . ."

"Eh, it's alright," Richard replied, shrugging. "Don't worry about it too much."

"Thanks," the arctic fox said.

Dorothy's thighs were pulled inside of Becky's navel, and more of her slid inside of the belly. She was in there up to her midsection now, and she looked around the grumbling

belly, whose walls were dripping with fluid. "Oh, this is nice," the arctic fox said, talking to no one in particular. "This is perfect. . ."

Her calves were sucked in, and Dorothy's thighs came into the stomach. They were forced against her chest because of the lack of space. The arctic fox rested her chin on her knees and turned to her belly buddy. "I'm Dorothy, by the way," she told him. "What's your name?"

"Richard," the raccoon replied.

"Nice to meet you. I'd shake your hand or something, but, well, that's kind of impossible right now," the arctic fox said, laughing.

"Yeah, I got you," Richard said, laughing too. "Don't worry, it's totally cool."

Only Dorothy's feet were left for the belly button to eat. After a long moment, they were finally pulled inside. The rest of the arctic fox slid down the tunnel, and soon, all of her was in the stomach.

Now there were two people in Becky's belly. Neither were starting to digest yet, but there were some acids pooling around them inside the gut. . .

"You must be some sort of weirdo," Richard teased Dorothy. "To enjoy getting sucked up like that."

The arctic fox laughed. "Well, it takes one to know one, weirdo! After all, you must have poked her navel to end up here!"

"Well, yeah," the raccoon admitted. "But I wasn't expecting to end up in a stomach by doing a playful belly button poke!"

"Sure, sure," Dorothy teased him. "Say, I wonder if poking /your/ belly button will cause me to get sucked up!"

"What?" Richard asked. "I'm pretty sure by belly button doesn't work that way."

"Well, let's find out!" the arctic fox said. She reached over with her free hand, managing to slide it in such a way that she could move it, and poked the raccoon's navel. "Boop!"

Richard had a very ticklish tummy, and he giggled upon being touched there. "Hey! Don't do that!" he said, laughing.

"But you must have liked it," Dorothy said, laughing too. "After all, you giggled!"

"What? No way," the raccoon replied.

"Well, let's find out. Here come more tickles!"

She reached out with her free hand and poked his stomach a few more times. Richard laughed again. "See!" the arctic fox said, giggling. "You do like it!"

“Maybe I do like it, but now, I’m going to return the favor!” the raccoon exclaimed, grinning.

He reached out and tickled Dorothy’s belly, making the arctic fox laugh. She tickled him back, and the two began a tickle fight, poking and prodding at each other to make the other person laugh.

Becky, hearing all of this commotion in her big gut, pointed out to them. “You know both of you are still in my stomach now, right?”

At that, the two stopped tickling each other, and realized a melty feeling was spreading over them. Looking down, they realized that most of their legs had already digested, and were now goop thanks to the digestive juices. They had been so busy having fun, they didn’t even notice!

“. . .I guess there’s really no point in being spit up now!” Dorothy said, laughing.

“Yeah, I agree,” replied Richard. “It would probably be better if we both digest and reform.”

“Sounds good to me,” Becky said, shrugging.

“Great.” Dorothy reached into her dress pocket, and pulled out a pill. “Mind if I a Quick Reform pill, so the both of us can regenerate faster?”

“Awesome!” Becky said. “That sounds good to me.”

“Good.” The arctic fox she dropped the pill into the acids, and turned back to Richard, a big grin on her face. “And now that that’s done . . . it’s time for another TICKLE FIGHT!”

She reached over and poked the raccoon’s navel; in response, he laughed loudly and reached over to tickle her. And so the tickle fight began again.

As Richard and Dorothy tickled each other, another person walked up to Becky. This time, it was an anthro ferret named Fritz. “Sounds like there’s a party going on in your belly,” he joked to her. “Mind if I join in?”

As he walked up to her, he accidentally bumped into Becky’s navel, poking it. “Oh, sorry!” the ferret exclaimed. “Didn’t mean to come so close.”

The cat laughed and said sarcastically, “Well, now that you’ve pressed the button, you get to join in on the party!”

Fritz frowned. “Huh?” He tilted his head in confusion. “What do you mean? How exactly. . .?”

At that moment, Becky’s navel began sucking him inside, and his hand was pulled in. “Whoa!” he exclaimed. “That’s one strong vacuum!”

“I’ll say,” Becky replied. A little annoyed that she had to explain this for the third time, she said, “My belly button activates its suction when somebody pokes it. It won’t stop until it’s pulled in the person who poked it.”

“Got it,” the ferret said. “Well, I guess I get to join the party!”

He smiled as the suction increased, causing his other hand to get pulled inside of the cat’s navel. He could feel the inside of the belly button squeezing around his hands, pressing against them, forcing them to stay inside of the hungry navel. And that felt absolutely wonderful.

Becky watched Fritz’s reactions as he was pulled in. Was the ferret . . . /glad/ that this was happening. Aside from Dorothy’s reaction a moment ago, she hadn’t really met people that /liked/ being pulled inside of her belly button. This was a strange, new experience, and she honestly kind of liked it. . .

Fritz felt the navel’s force increase, and his forearms were snatched up by the tunnel, making his hands go deeper inside of Becky’s belly button. “That feels nice,” he told Becky. “So, have you always had this power?”

“It started when I was 18,” the cat told the ferret. “Some kind of late bloomer puberty thing. Everyone in my family has powers—I just got unlucky and have a really bad one.”

“Oh, I’m sorry,” Fritz said. “Well, I think your power’s cool. For the record.”

Becky smiled. “Thanks.”

The ferret’s upper arms were yanked inside of the cat’s navel, making the rest of him push forward. A moment later, his hands were in the stomach.

Inside the belly, Dorothy and Richard were /still/ tickling each other, when they heard a /pop!/ Looking around, they saw a set of hands were entering the belly. “Guess we’re going to have one more!” the raccoon exclaimed.

“Yep,” the arctic fox agreed. “As if this place wasn’t cramped enough already! Ah well, it’s alright; I actually like being in here. So the more the merrier!”

Meanwhile, the belly button was preparing to take more of Fritz. The ferret watched as the tunnel opened wide before him, and he gazed inside, mystified by its presence. Then, his head was pulled in, and then, he was surrounded by darkness.

Fritz smiled as blackness enveloped him, and walls squeezed tightly around his face. Hearing Becky’s heartbeat was actually pretty relaxing, and he closed his eyes with a happy sigh. He loved feeling helpless like this, defenseless in the face of a hungry predator. Who knew that predator would happen to be somebody’s belly button of all things? He certainly hadn’t been expecting that, but it was still most welcome.



Up ahead, his arms poked into the stomach, landing on the floor of the gut, where the pool of digestive juices had settled. Feeling the wet juices, the ferret quickly pulled his hands out. He didn't want to start digesting until all of him was in there—then, he could be food on his own terms, and he really liked that.

The navel pulled more of Fritz inside, sucking up his chest. At that same moment, his head reached her belly, entering it with a loud /pop!/ Fritz looked around the space, and noticed that the two occupants of the stomach, a raccoon and a arctic fox, had melted up to their chests from digestion.

“Hey there!” the ferret exclaimed. “Is this the party room?”

“Yep!” Dorothy replied. “Come on in! Sorry, we would have waited for you, but you showed up late. So we went ahead and digested without you!”

They all laughed. “I'm Fritz, by the way,” Fritz told them. “What's your names?”

“Dorothy,” the arctic fox replied.

“Richard,” the raccoon told him.

“And I'm Becky,” Becky added. “Just so you all know.”

“Nice to meet everyone!” said the ferret. “Now, hopefully the rest of me can get sucked in soon so that I can join the party. . .”

His wish would soon be granted. A moment later, Becky's belly button pulled his midsection inside, which made his head and shoulders both slide inside the hungry gut. Fritz grinned. Only his legs were left now. . .

His thighs were pulled into the tunnel, and his chest went inside of the stomach. He ended up pressing against one of the belly walls, right next to a melting Dorothy. “So what were you too up to in there?” the ferret asked. “I could kinda hear talking, but I wasn't close enough to hear the words. Though I could see you both jostling around!”

Dorothy laughed. “We were just playing around,” she said. “Having a tickle fight together. Isn't that right, Richard?”

“Yep,” the raccoon replied, giggling. “Completely correct.”

Fritz laughed too. “Cool, cool. Noted.”

His calves were forced into the hungry belly button, and his midsection ended up inside of the belly. Then his feet were pulled in, and soon, the rest of him traveled down the tunnel, and landed in the gut with the other two.

And so, the three of them were inside Becky's stomach, making it really swell outward. Now that there were three occupants, it was time for the belly to kick things into overdrive.

The gut gurgled and growled, and then, more fluids began pouring down from the walls. They landed in the pool that had already formed, and splashed on Dorothy, Richard, and Fritz, making them all feel tingly. The pool rose, and now it was up to their hips.

Both Dorothy and Richard felt themselves melting. Their chests tingled thanks to the stomach acids, and they gradually began to digest again, with their chests slowly turning into melty ooze that mixed in with the liquids in the belly. First the bottom of their bellies melted, then Dorothy's breasts and Richard's moobs began to break down, steadily disintegrating and becoming one with the juices of the stomach. Fritz watched this with great interest—though he wasn't melting away yet, because he didn't have enough stomach juices on him to be broken down.

The digestive process reached the necks of the raccoon and arctic fox. "Looks like this is it!" Dorothy said as her neck melted away, and her chin started to be broken down.

"Yep," said Richard. "I'll see you on the other side."

"For sure," the arctic fox said, grinning as her head was dissolved into liquid. "See you soon!"

With that, the stomach acids melted the rest of them, and Richard and Dorothy digested.

Becky felt something coming up her throat, and she let out a loud /buuuuurp!/ Richard's clothes flew out of her mouth, and Dorothy's dress left her maw with another belch. A moment later, the two of them started to regenerate into their clothes, starting with their feet.

Richard reformed into his sandals; Dorothy reformed into her moccasins. His body slid into his jeans and gray hoodie; her body slid into her blue dress. Finally, their heads and necks reformed.

Richard and Dorothy were back. They both stood up from the ground, and looked at Becky. "That was quite a lot of fun!" the arctic fox said, grinning. "I really enjoyed myself in there. Especially with you in there, Richard!"

"I have to admit," the raccoon said, laughing. "I wasn't expecting to enjoy myself at all, but it was a blast." He turned to Dorothy, blushing. "I liked hanging out with you, too."

Becky let out a sigh of relief. "I'm just glad you're not both mad at me," she told them. "Or think I'm some kind of freak show. I don't have many friends because of this, and it really sucks."

"Then let's be friends!" suggested Dorothy.

Becky perked up. "Really?"

"For sure!" said Richard. "Let's all exchange contact information."

They all pulled out their phones and began switching numbers. Meanwhile, inside of the stomach, Fritz was digesting.

There were certainly enough acids on the ferret for him to digest now, and he smiled as the stomach grumbled and growled around him. He was going to be broken down into food soon. As he had always wanted to be.

His legs started to feel strange, and Fritz looked down to see that they were starting to melt away. His feet tingled, and then, the digestive acids broke them down, melting them into a liquid that mixed with the rest of the pool. "Perfect," the ferret said, smiling. "This is great. . ."

The belly groaned, and it released more fluids from the walls, then squeezed in, forcing those fluids onto Fritz's body. The ferret relished this moment, of the stomach's relentless pursuit to digest the food: him. He loved it.

The gut let go of him. Now, the pool was up to his midsection. Everything in the pool felt tingly, which was not an unwelcome sensation. He could feel the meltiness traveling up his feet, reducing them from solid to liquid, and he grinned as it happened. Leaning against the belly walls, he felt fluids drip on his fur and around his body, preparing to break him down. What a lovely thing it was, to be somebody's meal. Was there anything better than this?

The melting spread further, taking all of his foot and going up his ankles. They, too, were soon reduced, and the digestive process continued to take the ferret. It traveled up his hips, midsection, and forearm, breaking them all down into an oozing mush, which spread into the pool.

The gut growled and squeezed in again, pouring acids from the walls and raising the pool to his shoulders. Fritz smiled—the belly squeezing in around him actually felt kind of nice; the pressure was perfect.

When it released him, digestion continued. The acids broke down his chest and upper arms, reaching his collarbone. Now it was only his shoulders, neck, and head that had to be reduced down.

The acids didn't waste any time. They enveloped Fritz, and broke down the rest of him. As it did so, the ferret smiled.

All of the ferret melted away.

Becky felt something rushing up her esophagus, and a moment later, she burped out Fritz's clothing. It landed on the ground, and a moment later, the ferret started to reform.

His feet formed first, going inside of his sneakers. Then his legs formed, going inside of his orange shorts. Next, his midsection, chest, and arms slid inside his rainbow suspenders and plaid shirt. Finally, his neck and head reappeared with his glasses on.

Fritz was back. He stood up from the ground with a smile. "Hey guys!" he said cheerfully. "What did I miss?"

"We were just exchanging contact information," Dorothy replied. "Want to switch numbers so we can stay in touch?"

"For sure!" replied the ferret. And so, the three of them swapped numbers with him.

After they were done, Becky put her phone away with a sigh. "I'm gonna be so plump once my body finished absorbing the three of you," she noted. "I usually don't eat three people at once! I mainly just have one at a time, when the mood strikes me.

"But I still had fun." She gave the three a big smile. "I think this time, having three meals was worth it. After all, now I have three friends!"

"For sure," Richard said, grinning.

"Yeah!" Dorothy replied, laughing.

"Absolutely," remarked Fritz, beaming.

"Let's stay in touch," Dorothy said. She turned to Richard. "I have some errands to run in the city. Want to come with me?"

"Sure!" replied the raccoon.

The two of them parted ways, with Richard and Dorothy holding hands as they left. Becky and Fritz both noticed this, and both wondered the same thing: /Is love in the air for us, too?/

The cat stood up from the park bench. "I'll keep in touch," she said shyly to the ferret.

"Thanks," Fritz said, smiling. "See you around.

And so they left, going home in opposite directions. As she walked, Becky reflected on her situation.

Thanks to her strange power, which had pushed many people away in the past, she now had three friends who she was going to keep in contact with. One could call that quite ironic.

And perhaps that Fritz could be more than just a friend?

Only time would tell.