

Aeywon had grown up here, this little pocket of countryside and woodland. In a middling size town, of a place of moderate weather, and among other town denizens working typical livelihoods. Things were always quite "normal." Even the dusty stories and old legends that even now would be retold throughout the years, of mythical beasts and large creatures that roamed the night... or day. Some were purely terrifying, some were just large and mysterious. Some were almost intriguing, in some ways.

And one in particular had turned out to be true! The legend and stories were rather far off the mark, if in fact they even had their basis in him. But beyond the town, beyond where all the people lived, Aeywon had discovered large tracks, and some measure of evidence pointing to the presence of something enormous. And something he'd never seen before. Exploring more, watching quietly from apple trees in the evenings, or listening from the edges of cornfields, he had eventually spotted the creature. It wasn't like any animals that lived in the area, impossibly large, tough blue skin, a flaring mane like bat's wings. Or perhaps more like fish's fins. A tail like one too, though it walked on four legs and paws like a cat.

Aeywon eventually found some paths it tended to follow, and left small edibles along the way, sweets with varied sweet apple flavors on them. The apple orchards and corn fields were a staple of his town's farming. That allowed him to reveal himself eventually. The two were cautious around one another, but friendly. The beast hadn't just attacked him outright. And Aeywon had no intention of harming the beast either. Not that he probably COULD, if he had wanted to. He was no longer a child, but still an inexperienced youth, and certainly not cut out for battle.

They managed a couple more meetings following that, slowly getting to recognize each other's sight, sounds, and scent. The big creature had even recently decided he quite liked the corn fields it seemed. They were good cover for him to rustle around through. Or just to roll around in and flatten, or snack on if he felt like it. That had led to a munched out spot at the distant back of one of the fields, and had become a newer meeting spot.

And that's where Aeywon was again today. But this time with more foods to give. He'd pulled along a small cart with him, and stacked onto it what things he could manage. There were leafy vegetables, bushels of apples, ripe melons and sweet apple sauces for more flavor. And also stacked a few slabs of meat he'd even managed to acquire. Not that he was really sure what his new quadrupedal friend would want to eat or not. But he figured that food was food, and this spread would help find out what other things he might enjoy ingesting. Plus, delicious food was a surefire way to get on any creatures good side right? He had reached the cleared out area of the cornfield, and sat on the edge of his cart. The cornstalks were high, plenty tall to cover him on all sides, making a very private area. However, it also did well to hide his new acquaintance, even as large as he was.

To anyone who spotted him out and about, Wiggly was likely the oddest living thing they'd ever laid eyes on. The stuff of legends even, apparently. All it would take to birth such a tale was a set of large tracks being happened upon by someone particularly imaginative. They wouldn't even have to see the creature that left them behind. However some people did happen to see the creature responsibly, and as a result many of the legends floating around the general area held some truth in their story line, accurately described the large creature they were telling a tale about, or even both. Getting to see the creature and share a tale about it was one thing, but being able to actually get close and perhaps touch it first was a whole different experience. Very few were among those who could truthfully claim to have met this one creature in particular. Most others simply missed out on the opportunity due to hesitation or fear, rued the day for the rest of their lives. Merely guessing at the details they never got a chance to experience for themselves when they made up their own stories about their encounter with 'Big Blue' and "how friendly he was when he let them touch him".

And then there were those who didn't believe in or care for the tales, and those who believed every word of each one. With the subject of most present-day tales defaulting to 'Big Blue', the latter of the bunch often strove to track down the creature and capture it as a trophy or tame it as a pet. Unfortunately for nearly all of them, they also tended to ignore the more important details shared in those tales when they went off searching for Big Blue. Details such as that of the creature's personality, diet, and reaction to being approached by a stranger. These details often contradicted each other from story to story, thanks in part to those who made most of theirs up in order to fit in. Those who listened out of fascination and curiosity would eventually be able to weed out the facts from the fiction. But those who wanted nothing more than to be able to tell a tale so great it overshadowed all of the others, a tale of how they single-handedly got rid of the beast known as Big Blue, simply didn't care either way or believed the creature was nothing they couldn't handle either alone or with a small group of friends. In fact, those were the same people who would

go off searching for Big Blue on their own and not tell anyone what they were up to, lest they be scolded for their desire to do something so careless and dangerous and, in the case of the younger ones, forbidden from leaving their homes for anything at all.

Ambition is a hell of a drug. Especially when you're young and naive. Choosing not to listen to your elders when they tell you never to go somewhere, assuming you know more than everyone else and can prove them wrong because you feel you can take on the world and nothing can stop you, and especially having a group of rebellious friends who feel the same, are all ingredients that go into a recipe for nothing but failure and disaster. Especially when you sneak out in the middle of the night and no one knows which direction to head in when you don't come back for a long while. Indeed there have been many over the years, from the nearby mid-size farm town and other towns nearby, who recklessly venture out to take on Big Blue without a clue, a plan, or a word to friends or family. And those who go in groups embark in the same exact manner, save for themselves being the only friends they share their intentions with. Every single instance has the same things in common. They all succeed at their quest in finding Big Blue. They succeed in touching him too. Yet each and every one of them fails to return home.

Why?

Because unbeknownst to any one of them, the massive creature can understand every peep of their dialect. From threats, to insults, to calls for their buddies to take certain actions, Big Blue understands every single word that comes out of any of their mouths. But even if the beast could not understand them, he dwarfed them at such a scale that his tail measured at its base was larger in diameter than any of them were in height. It was no contest. By the time any of them realized their mistake, whether there be a group of them present or just one on its own, it was already too late. While any of them would do anything in the world to go back in time and settle for just seeing Big Blue, and not even touching him, they were far beyond the point of no return. Rather than making it back home with a story of how they spotted, touched, and captured Big Blue, their tale would end beneath the tail of the beast when they were eaten by Big Blue instead. People would joke amongst themselves whenever the name of a missing person was brought up, suggesting things like

"Perhaps ol' Big Blue got a hold 'a them" or
"You think they went and got snatched up by that creature?"

when nobody could come up with any answers as to their whereabouts. Those having such conversations easily laughed it off; after all, they had no idea just how right they really were.

It had been a long while since anyone had tried anything of the sort. Big Blue, who outside of townfolk gossip went by the name Wiggly, had gone just over a month without anyone, for whatever reason, rushing over and attempting to 'slay him' or something. He'd kept to the outskirts of a decently-sized farm town and done most of his hunting in the deep dark waters of a nearby sea to avoid disturbing the townfolk. That is, until he started coming across a peculiar set of treats that seemed to have been specifically made to be left in places he would find them. At first it was just a couple, a quantity able to keep his interest enough that he returned the following day to inspect the trail for more. When more were laid out, the creature ate what he found and continued on his way. Until one day he returned to find not only the usual treats he had grown fond and expectant of, but a little blue-furred townfolk emerging from the foliage some ways down the path to deliberately plant some more food in one of the usual spots he found it, intentionally doing so right in front of him. This was the first time Wiggly had been approached in this manner. So while it was a welcome change of pace from the usual 'let me touch you' types, it came at the cost of a great deal of confusion and Wiggly was rightfully suspicious of the blue-furred feline's motives. But over time, as each of them returned day after day, they came to a point where they both felt comfortable enough to close the gap between 'Big Blue' and 'Little Blue'. Contact was established, both parties remained calm, and Wiggly could tell that the blue feline had no intention of attempting to harm him.

Days turned to weeks, and Wiggly began growing more and more comfortable with meeting and being around the strange little felid. He had no idea why they were always so keen on filling his belly, but as far as he was concerned there was no need to question it. Questioning a full belly he didn't have to work for was like questioning why water felt so good on his body when he was getting too hot. Some things you just don't ask questions about. You either accept it and indulge, or you ignore it and suffer for no good reason. But one day Wiggly followed the young feline, known as Aeywon, quite a ways back the way they'd came. That was when he discovered the fields belonging to the

farm. One field in particular was absolutely massive. Two whole square miles worth of corn crop, separated into several massive fields all perfectly rectangular. Every several dozen rows of plants there was a small gap and then the next rows would start, with columns between the crop occurring several times more often and the gaps between the individual rectangular plots stretching wider than regular gaps to let you know you've reached the end of one field and are headed into another. The crop went on for as far as the vapoleon could see in every direction but the way he had come to get to it. And the best part about it was that it provided the perfect cover to hide in! Well, arguably the best part about it was the fact that Wiggly could fill his belly with it and eat it. But the tall healthy stalks rising several feet above his head gave him a sense of security and confidence that he could wander closer to the townsfolk and remain well and fully hidden, if he so pleased. In fact, the only way to see above the crop was to rear up on his hinds and use the fluke of his tail to support himself while he stood as upright as he could manage. Though one could easily see how endless the corn field seemed by standing at the intersection of two of the many paths that cut through it, both wide and narrow, and gazing down each of the four paths in any direction they pleased.

Wiggly had taken it upon himself one day to begin munching through the produce. While vegetation wasn't exactly a diet he could live off of whatsoever due to the circumstance in which both of the species he was comprised of were obligate carnivores, that didn't stop him from stuffing himself with it. Corn was found to be especially appealing to Wiggly's feline nature, being something that both smelled and tasted delightful in the event that he even bothered to chew it so he could taste the vegetable beneath the outer husk. Corn, husk, and cob vanished down the vapoleon's gob; if he could get it down him he would eat it so long as it appealed to him as food. At first he had begun munching out some small patches close to the barns. But after catching sound of some faint conversation about crop circles and aliens in the corn near the exact location he'd been munching little gaps into, he took it upon himself to steer well clear and settled for a spot at the very outskirts of the enormous field of tall green crop without putting two and two together to come to the conclusion that he was the one being regarded as the aliens of the corn. Better safe than sorry anyway, he supposed.

Today Wiggly was on his way to the usual chewed-out greeting area where he'd meet up with the energetic little fuzzy blue tiger and accept some apple-y treats they brought along. Aeywon didn't have to wait any longer than a couple of minutes before the telltale rustling crunch of heavy footsteps started off in the distance. After a few moments a hint of blue could be seen between the far stalks of green in its direction, parting said stalks to the sides as the massive creature casually made his way through after having made an abrupt turn off of one of the narrow paths in order to reach the clearing that laid somewhere well off between any trails that lead through the crop, allowing it to remain well hidden even if someone were slowly walking along the various rows and columns. The only way to find the clearing, in fact, was either knowing where it was from the get-go or viewing its location from well above the ridiculously tall corn crop. A few more seconds went by and, with a high-pitched squeal of a greeting, Wiggly burst into the clearing and gazed in surprise upon both Aeywon and the surprisingly generous quantity of various foods that were stacked upon it. Standing upright at six and a half feet tall to the shoulder, ten to the top of his head, and a whopping sixteen and thirty-six feet long when measured from nose to tail and nose to tail tip respectively, the gigantic four ton vapoleon was absolutely every bit the beast the rumors had portrayed him to be. However as far as Aeywon was concerned at this point in their familiarization with one another, Wiggly was nothing further than a misunderstood gentle giant who was reasonably wary of the townsfolk sneaking on him. The vapoleon's eyes seemed to light up with excitement as they darted around the contents of the cart, right up until the vapoleon unintentionally locked eyes with Aeywon sitting on its edge just as he lowered his head some while a whiff of fresh meat caught his nose and his tongue instinctively slid from his muzzle to slurp around it from right to left. Anyone else in Aeywon's position would have every right to nearly shit themselves in fear at that very moment, with such a large creature standing there licking its lips while it stared straight at them like that. But Aeywon was not 'anyone else'. They were a familiar face, a familiar sight, a familiar smell. A friend, in fact. And while Wiggly's size and weight could come off as a little intimidating sometimes when he came up close, the excitement coursing through the big vapoleon's veins would surely put any feelings of unease to rest when that muzzle of his parted to squeakily, and excitedly, meow the word "Food!"

Aeywon himself had heard plenty of those rumors and legends himself. Even the joking comments in light jest of those unfortunates gone missing, commenting that perhaps they were eaten by Big Blue. He'd never really put much stock into those things, nor paid more attention than any other. But now that he'd been providing food to the creature, and come close enough to see and touch in person... maybe they weren't so wrong after all. He was certainly thick and large enough to fit someone into his jaws. Maybe even swallow them whole...

That was a hell of a thought.

Today though, was a day for more snacking. And being up close with Big Blue. Not only that, it was the first time with meat, to see how he'd respond to it. If it was a favored item though, it was going to get expensive to acquire more. At least, dead meat would be. Live meat was more expensive to PURCHASE, but... it often existed in larger more chaotic quantities, where a few going missing here and there were much less noticed than choice flanks of steak from the local butcher.

At the noise from Wiggly, it was immediately clear he knew what all this pile of edibles was. Food for him, treats of the best sort Aeywon could manage so far. He took a few steps sideways from the cart, making sure he wasn't in biting distance. The last thing he needed was to get some accidental injury. Even the best case would involve getting bowled over by the hungry critter.

"Here you go, Blue! Best and biggest I could manage to bring out here for ya!" He said, gesturing wide. He was not quite sure how much Blue could understand him if much at all. But he seemed surprisingly intelligent. More than most pets. Though he didn't speak much of the common language, not that Aeywon had heard yet.

"There's a few things stacked up in here, just let me know what strikes your fancy! I'll see what I can do to get more of that!"

He was out of the way, but still close, as Blue pounced in to the edibles. Aeywon carefully came a little closer, to place a paw on the big cat's leg, giving him a feel and a pat. The skin was interesting, since he had no fur to speak of. Quite smooth, and generally... nice to the touch.

That huge muzzle of his came down and positively attacked the foods. He could definitely eat, that was for sure. Aeywon had never seen him properly full, so he didn't know yet just how much he could swallow. Definitely more than Aeywon could bring at any given day, that was for certain. And then came all the noises too, the wet slurping and slapping of tongue and jaws, tossing around the contents inside, savoring their taste and flavor, before swallowing down, a glob at a time. A quick ripple down the neck and the stuff was gone, passed right on down to his belly. Especially since he was so large, the general chomping of the food for it's flavor didn't seem very frightening. It was more... gentle? Or seemed so, at times. A very full and proper tasting before swallowing, some portions of it even still whole, if they avoided the teeth. And Wiggly had no problem getting it down.

"Must be a soft ride down for those cabbages!" Aeywon remarked, patting Wiggly on the side. It was somewhat a comment to his soft exterior. But the inside surely was even softer. Pretty warm too, he could imagine. He'd not felt Big Blues tongue or lips to know, just watched him eat on a regular basis. But hey, it could be kinda nice, maybe? In it's own gross way? And he was able to keep watching today, as Wiggly carried on through the vegetables and sweet things, definitely appreciating the sweet. And finally towards the end were the few meats on the cart.

Getting off of the cart and stepping away was a good idea. Anything on that cart when the vaporeon approached was regarded as food. That was its purpose after all, to bring food to the clearing. Or, at least that was its purpose as far as Wiggly was concerned. Had Aeywon neglected to get off of the cart after Wiggly expressed his desire to begin eating, they might have ended up as part of his meal! Well, perhaps not Aeywon. The bond between the two felids strengthened with every meeting. In its present state, Wiggly wouldn't be too hard pressed to describe his relationship with the little tiger anthro as a friendship of sorts. So it was unlikely that Wiggly would just snatch them up off the food cart and bolt them down his gullet out of impulse. But with a creature this large, and such information unknown unless spoken, 'better safe than sorry' was the best course of action. Especially when it came to sitting atop what was essentially an oversized dinner bowl while its intended recipient came over to feed.

"Blue you," Wiggly meowed in response with an upward flick of his thick powerful tail. Although the corn crop that surrounded them both was plenty tall enough to hide them, Wiggly's tail alone was nearly twenty feet in length. When raised upright, even if it wasn't perfectly vertical, a good portion of it extended well above the crop. Even more so while Wiggly was standing, as much of the height of his own body was added to that of his raised tail. However at nearly twenty feet high on its own, there was never going to be anyone capable of peering out over the top of the corn to the far back of the field to spot the vaporeon's tail. Not every stalk was the same size anyway, so with taller stalks scattered about among a dozen other variables that would need to be overcome in order for someone to spot him, Wiggly was never going to be spotted in such a manner. Wiggly's tail wasn't raised for very long anyway,

and was set down onto the ground as the creature positioned himself in front of the cart full of treats.

"Fancy?" Wiggly asked as he turned his head down to face the tiger and gave them a puzzled stare. "Food," he meowed for the second time, with a nod of his head in the direction of the snacks stacked atop the cart. "Normal food." Turns out the creature thought Aeywon was trying to say that the food was fancy. But he couldn't quite grasp how something he was supposed to be eating could possibly be fancy. It looked and smelled like regular food, and he could take a wild guess that it would taste like normal food too.

Aeywon's touch to Wiggly's foreleg came just as the vaporeon's desire to devour the food on the cart made itself known in the form of a deep bassy rumble from the large critter's gut. The vaporeon's hide was thick, tough, and the taut muscular nature of his foreleg in particular made it feel firm and sturdy with little to no give if Aeywon were to press inward against it. Comprised of mostly muscle and bone, the feel of the vaporeon's foreleg gave a good idea of what the rest of his body might feel like in terms of touch, with the trade-off being an exaggerated level of hardness that wasn't present anywhere other than his legs. At least, it was while he was standing and the muscles were busy holding him up. In contrast, the creature's mighty tail was also comprised mostly of muscle. In fact, probably more so than all four of his legs combined. It was as thick as the vaporeon's middle near the base, almost as if it were an extension of his body rather than an appendage of its own, and was practically the sole means of motion whilst he was moving around in the water. The bone was buried deep beneath the surface of the skin, all the way up near the top of the tail, and thanks to its massive girth, pressing against the skin along the bottom and sides would reveal a fair level of "squishiness" present while it was resting. As for the vaporeon's middle? Well, that depended on several factors such as where it was being touched and how much the vaporeon had eaten.

The heat generated by the vaporeon radiated heavily from his body. So much so, that when Aeywon got close, they could very likely feel the warmth permeating through their fur to reach their own skin beneath. It wasn't an uncomfortable heat, definitely nowhere near as hot as a soak in the rays of the sun for a few moments, but it was enough to feel the vaporeon's presence from several feet away and keep someone warm from the cold of winter so long as they stayed very close. In order to keep warm from extreme cold however, one would ideally be resting up against the large creature or, less likely but more effectively, resting inside him. Nonetheless, the touch of Aeywon's paw upon Wiggly's foreleg transferred a similar warmth in body heat to that of their own body's temperature. It was certainly very warm, especially noticeable on their pads where the fur wasn't present to insulate from the heat, but it wasn't enough to burn or sting. A pleasant sort of warmth, if you will. Wiggly didn't seem to react to Aeywon's touch at all. Either he didn't notice it or he didn't care. Either option was a good one, in any case, as it made the giant 'beast' seem a lot tamer than your average person might expect him to be. Though the acquaintanceship between the two might have been part of the reason for the vaporeon's docile behavior.

There was no doubt that the four ton beast of a vaporeon could easily cram more food down him than Aeywon could bring them in a single trip with their wagon. Unless a larger means of delivery was acquired, the vaporeon was always going to be capable of downing everything that was presented to him whilst still having room left over for plenty more. However, if Aeywon were to acquire live "foods" that could bring themselves to the 'giant creature in the corn' by tagging along while Aeywon lead them there, or bring the vaporeon to the food instead, then dream of getting to see the creature eat its fill could be brought to reality. That is, if the desire to overfeed their massive friend ever popped into the tiger anthro's mind someday. If it did, they could probably figure out how to achieve such a feat without first having to practically overwork themselves with carrying or dragging the required quantity of food all the way out to their large friend by hand.

In the present however, everything that had been brought over for the vaporeon was, just as Aeywon guessed, naught more than a snack for the large heavy creature. It was still plenty more than enough to get the vaporeon's attention however, and the vaporeon's nose could be seen shifting in many different directions while Wiggly took in the various scents each item gave off. Upon catching wind of the presence of meat, Wiggly's snout jerked upward a small amount and his head began to slightly bob. The creature's interest had certainly been piqued by something, as the sniffing now became clearly audible and a thick glob of clear viscous saliva oozed from the right corner of Wiggly's muzzle. The clear lubricating fluid stretched down through the air to form a thick rope as it spilled over the creature's bottom lip and dribbled from his chin. Impressively, Wiggly's saliva was thick enough that the rope it formed held itself together even as its length approached four feet, dangling in the air directly in front of the tiger for several long moments before a sudden forward movement of Wiggly's snout swung it forward and smeared it against the front of the cart. As the strand of saliva broke free from the creature that produced it, the excess length that

wasn't clinging to the frame of the cart was now dangling off of the front edge of it, still holding its composure while it swing back and forth thanks to the inertia left over from the action that transferred it there. Unlike what one would traditionally expect from saliva, it seemed this creature's spittle was thicker, more akin to a slime than a runny fluid, and preferred to coat and cling to surfaces rather than soak into them. Such information may come in handy later on.

Wiggly's eyes locked onto his starting point a few short moments after he moved his muzzle to hover over the cart and its contents. A second impatient call from the vaporeon's stomach made itself known; a wet bubbly-sounding growl that seemed to be muffled by the presence of something shifting around inside there and absorbing the sound and vibrations it produced. Was the creature really that hungry despite clearly sounding as if he had recently ate? It certainly seemed so, thanks to the way the sounds and vibrations scaled themselves upward with Wiggly's large size and Aeywon's relatively close proximity to their source. And especially thanks to the way the big vap practically dove face-first into the spread. The first thing to go were the meats. Wiggly's nose didn't lie to him, and neither did his eyes. His smaller blue buddy had brought him something he was actually excited to get down him. Vegetables and other crops were fine, food was food after all, but meat was where the real party started so to speak.

Pushing his nose into the contents of the cart, Wiggly easily bumped a few apples and cabbages aside with his snout and parted his jaws just enough to pinch his incisors down onto the edge of the first slab of meat. What seemed like a large cut for Aeywon was nothing of the sort for the huge vaporeon. Without any visible strain or effort involved in the process Wiggly pulled the slab of meat away from the rest of the things on the cart. Then with a single backward toss of his head, forward jerk of his muzzle accompanied by a quick snapping of teeth opening to release the slab of meat and clacking together as it continued moving backwards and his muzzle moved forward to engulf it at twice the speed, the entire thing vanished. Tossed back, snapped up, and gone in the blink of an eye. In fact, it wasn't even clear if Wiggly had swallowed or not as his muzzle darted forward to repeat the process with the second slab, polishing it off just as quickly as the first. With both flanks of steak dealt with, Wiggly's muzzle darted down to hover just above the empty space the slabs of meat occupied moments earlier and his tongue noisily dragged itself over the surface of the cart several times as he gathered up the remaining flavors, oils, and any bits and pieces he'd left behind. It was at that moment that Aeywon, if they were paying close attention, might have noticed a slight distortion in the top of the vaporeon's otherwise smooth neck just a foot or so beneath his chin. The sudden jerking motions of the vaporeon's head darting to and fro over the cart while he sniffed about for more meats caused the slightly visible lump to drop deeper and deeper along the creature's neck. Turns out he hadn't swallowed after all, and instead the slabs of steak had been ravenously tossed into his gullet or something, and now they were currently pressed together inside his neck and making their way down of their own accord. That was certainly a strange way of feeding that could elicit a few questions such as how this creature was able to feed in such a way without choking and why it chose to do so in the first place.

When it became reasonably clear that he had gathered up all there was to offer, Wiggly turned his attention to the rest of the items on the cart. Apples were snatched up and rolled over his tongue straight into his gullet. One at a time, two or three at a time, if he could scoop them behind his incisors and toss them back with a snap of his jaws then they would vanish all together at once. Little ripples could be seen in the top of the vaporeon's neck as the apples tumbled into his esophagus and impacted one another to create a tiny jolt behind the vaporeon's thick blue hide. It wasn't until Wiggly made it to the cabbages that his feeding behavior began to change. The first couple of cabbages passed through the vaporeon's jaws and straight into his gullet just the same as everything before them. Hardly even tasted, entirely unchewed, and downed whole without even a swallow. The latter two points were due largely in part to his anatomy; Wiggly didn't possess flat molars for chewing. All of his teeth, save for his canines, were the same dull cone shape spaced a roughly equal distance apart from one another. They were curved slightly backwards and designed primarily for gripping onto food and prey and tossing it backwards rather than keeping it around and chewing on it. While that wasn't to say Wiggly was alien to the idea of eating slowly to savor his food, as such a behavior did have a time and a place after all, it wasn't his typical go-to procedure. In fact, the blunt force of Wiggly's bite was more likely to sever by crushing than by tearing, and unless he opened his jaws and used his tongue to purposely disgorge something from inside, the curvature of his chompers was such that they would easily snag into the fur or scales of some lively unwilling prey who was attempting to escape. Those four canines in the front of Wiggly's maw, however, were certainly more than capable of puncturing anything living he snapped his jaws around with ease should he desire to get a firmer grip whilst also sending the message that he isn't playing around.

Back to the cabbages, the two Wiggly had tossed into his gullet were rather prominently present in the top of the vaporeon's neck. Two distinct lumps of not exactly swallowed food, but food nonetheless. And just like everything be-

fore them, they began making their way down on their own as well. Right up until they reached the roadblock of meat and apples sitting halfway down his neck. Wiggly had just snapped his jaws around three cabbages at once by the time the bulges, large and small, all met up with one another in close enough proximity to Aeywon's height that they were sitting directly at eye level if they were standing upright. Up above the vaporeon's head lifted from the cart upon noticing the obstruction of all the food he'd carelessly tossed down his gob. Yet he couldn't help himself with more to eat sitting in his maw, and with a slight upward tilt of his snout to point them in the right direction, Wiggly lifted his tongue to shove the three cabbages into his gullet all together and swallowed for the first time during this feeding to get them down.

"Glorpf"

The unmistakable bulge of three whole cabbages pushed out in the top of the big vap's neck just below his chin, accompanied by a powerful rippling squeeze just above them that rapidly shoved them a quarter of the way down his throat in a single go. The awkwardly shaped bulge then decelerated but continued to slowly slither downward for a solid second or two before a second forceful rippling of muscle visibly crammed the lump further down. The sound of muffled creaking from heads of cabbage being squashed against one another groaned out from the bulges sitting right in front of the tiger as a third powerful squeeze visibly rippled down the remainder of Wiggly's neck. There was a wet smacking noise as Wiggly snapped up the few remaining cabbages, and before he'd even gotten everything down him those were tossed back and swallowed just the same. With the second swallow came a second round of strange lumpy masses being forcefully shoved down the creature's neck by visible rippling of the inner musculature one push at a time. But strangely enough, rather than taking a forward turn and being squeezed fully into the vaporeon's chest which should have been expected in order to get them to his belly, the swallowed lumps of food seemed to be gathering together in the base of the creature's neck. All the way at the very bottom where his neck and body met between the gap in the middle of his collarbone, was a barely noticeable swell. At first, with the first batch of bulges, everything seemed normal. That final powerful squeeze of inner muscle worked the steaks, apples, and cabbages down through the second half of Wiggly's neck where they vanished into his body. But after the remaining food on the cart had been downed, some of which consisted of a couple additional cabbages on top of the three he swallowed in his second official gulp, a peculiar swelling began to form in that general area that pushed outward further and further with every additional lump of food that was passed along into it. With everything on the cart gone and eaten, the swelling appeared no larger than that of a bowling ball pushing down from the underside of the big vap's front. But it was definitely there.

Was his stomach somehow much, much larger than Aeywon had anticipated?

Or was the swelling somehow unrelated?

It certainly didn't take on the shape of anything in particular. It just seemed to be... round. Too wide around to be a stuck cabbage. In fact, if Aeywon were to press against it with his paws, it would freely squish inward like it was made of warm putty and then return to taking on a barely noticeable sag as soon as their paws moved away or stopped pushing on it. They might even feel soft thumps of different lightweight impacts as things knocked into one another while they were shifted around inside from the pushing on the outside. Apparently there was a lot of give in Wiggly's thick hide around the base of his neck, and his neck in general, no doubt a result of his eating habits and diet in general.

With everything on the cart downed, perhaps a bit faster than Aeywon might have hoped partly thanks to the feline side of the creature being rendered completely unable to taste or smell the presence of "sweet", as Aeywon might describe it, the vaporeon took to idly lapping his tongue over the floor of the wagon. Each slurp painted a little more of its floor with a thick layer of rather gross, oily, slimy, clingy saliva while the vaporeon made an effort to lick up every last scrap. But after a few moments of that his head lifted up and away. His tongue swiped around his jaws from right to left, a heavy wet swallow sent a visible ripple of muscle rolling down the big vap's neck, and excess saliva and food scraps passed into his forestomach without affecting the size of the strange tiny swell beneath the base of his neck. And now he turned his attention to the tiger, lowering his muzzle and turning his head to face them after receiving the comforting pat-pat against his side. He briefly flashed them the feline squinty-eyed gesture that expressed feelings of affection and content, but opened them back up to their normal positions after only half a second.

"Smooth," Wiggly repeated with a wet smack of his jaws and another little swallow to clear his maw of the goopy slime it continued to produce even after his snack had been downed. "Smooth ride down, yup yup!"

Aeywon chuckled and tried to explain better, with the confusion about 'Fancy'.

"No, no, the food is normal! I mean... let me know what you like the best. I'll try to get more of it for you!" Aeywon was still impressed by the warmth of the creature too. He looked half aquatic, so probably lived part time in some of the lakes and rivers in the area. Aeywon had only interacted with him on dry land so far, though. And for a feline like him, other warm things were always appreciated. People, animals, sunshine, you name it. It didn't take long before it was quite clear where Wiggly's biggest interest was. The meat was the first spot he went, and Aeywon stood by, watching. While he had been drooling over all the things on the cart, it was more saliva than Aeywon had seen from him before. The previous snacks and offerings were minuscule by comparison, hardly worth getting excited over at his size. But it was a start to their interactions, and had began that relationship. The stuff was surprisingly thick when Aeywon caught sight of strands and ropes of it oozing down from the creature's lips, and hitting either the cart or dripping onto the ground, sticking out in clear gobs and smeared stretches. Nothing like a pet's or persons saliva, that would have left just a thin film making things glisten, even if it was in quantities like his.

Most of his eating was rather fast, excited to get food into him, and not stopping to take things slow. Not that Aeywon entirely expected him to. It was impressive, especially as the high bulges slowly formed and grew, somehow he seemed to hardly have a gag reflex, if any at all, considering how much was piling up just behind his tongue in the top of his throat. Without fur to hide the outlines, the shapes of foods and objects made some nice outlines, at least what could be seen through muscle and normal layers of insulating fat under the skin.

His fascinated viewer was starting to think that he didn't swallow at all, and he was just going to let gravity eventually pull them in. But the bulge kept going, squishing things all together in a rough pile. But eventually... he did swallow. A quite firm, noisy, and wet swallow at that. More followed, as he finished the foods from the cart, all sliding their way steadily down, seeming to fill a pocket that was too high up to be his stomach already. It was an interesting spot. Aeywon did feel the urge to touch it, whatever that expansion of anatomy was between his throat and his chest. The tiger was cautious, but stepped up closer, and pressed a furred paw to it, pressing in gingerly. It was much softer than his flanks, giving and squishing away under paw, leaving a small indentation after Aeywon stroked his paw away and lifted it. That little dent didn't last long though, and soon everything had smoothed out again. Done with the food, and bathing the cart's bottom, Aeywon's attention turned away, thick and wet licks slurping around against the wood. If there had been anything left over on the bottom of the thing, it was getting quickly scooped up or heavily lathered with his saliva. Aeywon stepped back, and moved around to the other side of the cart, now that it seemed safe to get close to the "dinner bowl" again. While Wiggly' tongue turned to cleaning about at his lips, Aeywon peeled his emerald eyes away to look down at the cart, and the thick saliva on it.

"Well, I think I'm going to have to clean this off before I take it home. Someone's sure to be asking about all that mess." He reached out with a paw though, hovering it just centimeters above the still-warm slime. Then with a quick breath in, he squelched his paw down into it, and smeared it around left and right, kneading his digits and feeling the wet and sticky fluid work its way in between them. He let out a light laugh, and lifted his paw away, bringing with it a small curtain of the slime. Aeywon shook his paw, managing to break it loose, but now was left with the goop thick on his paw. Attempting to rub it off with his other paw resulted in merely spreading it further, now with TWO wet paws.

"If all that food got soaked in this stuff," He said, wiggling his slimed paws a little, "It HAS to have been smooth going down!" The tiger grinned though, and held up his arms, holding them straight out to Wiggly over the wagon. "You wouldn't mind trying to ah... clean this off, would you?" he asked, wondering if with tongue and lips, Wiggly might be able to suck some of that saliva back off his paws. Or it might just make them even more slimed over, but there was only one way to find out.

Though Aeywon was doing a good job at clarifying what they'd meant when they said the word fancy, and Wiggly was actively listening and heard every word, the vaporeon was far too busy salivating over the snacks on the cart to provide any external cues that Aeywon could pick up on to tell them he'd heard what they said. A somewhat lengthy pause in Wiggly's actions occurred shortly after the vaporeon had gotten the last of the items that were on the cart down him, just after the last little lumps of swallowed foods passed into his chest area. During this period the vapor-

eon seemingly stared off into space as if he was being distracted by something. Though his gaze did shift to focus on Aeywon as they curiously approached him.

The swell in the central base of Wiggly's neck was soft. The vaporeon didn't even react when the tiger's paw once again reached out to touch him. Upon contact the swell felt malleable and hollow, which was confirmed when Aeywon pressed against it and their paw sank inward to create an indent in the center of the swell all the way forward until some lumpy resistance within stopped it from pressing any deeper. A deep-toned and bassy groan rumbled through the vaporeon's upper midsection as a result of the tiger's actions; noises that were produced when some of that pocket of air in the top of vaporeon's forestomach was forced deeper down through the various contents by some pushing from above where it had all collected in the very top of the organ. Wiggly expressed not even a single ounce of discomfort in response to whatever had just happened inside him however, even as the bubbly sound of small air pockets moving about could be heard stirring much deeper along the vaporeon's midsection, around where his stomach would more likely be located. Indeed some of that disturbed air had been passed along into Wiggly's main stomach, causing some wet bubbling slurping noises from within as fluids and gasses were exchanged between the two organs, so when Aeywon's paw listed up and away the swell didn't quite rebound back to its original size. In fact it was noticeably smaller, taking a second or two to rebound and push out the indentation that the tiger's paw had created in it while the air rushed in to occupy the available space once more. But less air meant less swelling, so whatever they'd just done by pushing forward in that spot didn't seem to bother or disturb the massive creature one bit. Well, apart from the disturbance it seemed to cause in their stomach.

Only a handful of seconds after the tiger's paw pulled away, Wiggly sidestepped Aeywon and shoved his muzzle back into the empty cart to begin lapping and slurping over its wooden floor. The wet slurps and slick crackling sounds of a wet slobbery tongue sliding over smooth wood caked in goopy slobber rang out with perfect clarity. The slick crackly sound of little air bubbles popping within the thick saliva when Wiggly's tongue pressed them against the wood when it passed by was loud and plentiful, as was the sound of the creature's empty wet gulps along with accompanying groans and squelches as swallowed air bubbled through thick spittle while both were deposited into his forestomach together. With a little imagination, the bulk of such noises could easily be compared to those produced from stirring sauce into a freshly strained pot of pasta. By the time Wiggly had finished, and turned to slurping his lips rather than the bottom of the cart, the entire interior had been painted with a thick goopy layer of the creature's clingy pasty slobber.

"Meat was best," Wiggly mewed, finally confirming that he'd actually listened to what Aeywon had said to him earlier on. "Very fancy. I will enjoy when you try to get more."

Wiggly's ear fins perked up and his eyes locked onto Aeywon's paw as it first hovered over, then lowered down onto the floor of the slobbered-on cart. The resulting squishy slurp of the tiger's paw pressing down into the goop made Wiggly shift in place with embarrassment, but at the same time he was far too curious to look away and too carefree to feel ashamed. Drooling and slobbering all over the tiger's cart was one thing, but there was something peculiar about watching them play with his goopy spittle that caused the vaporeon's muzzle to feel hot with a variety of timid emotions. As soon as Aeywon began moving their paw around in the warm slime, the friction of fur against wood was rendered completely absent. With almost no resistance due to friction, the only force to overcome was that of moving their paw through the thick fluid. As long as it glided over the surface and didn't press down through it, Aeywon would be able to slide it over the drool-slick wood of the cart's floor with similarly as much force as it took to move the paw through plain air. In fact, the lack of friction present felt identical to the warm version of slipping around on wet ice. No traction, no friction, and unbelievably slippery. Though even with the tiger pressing their paw down through the surface, moving it about and smearing the stuff around was somehow as easy as moving it through water. Indeed when the tiger anthro was done making silly squelching sounds with the creature's gooey saliva and lifted their paw up and away from the cart, a heavy sheet of clingy saliva webbed between the two and kept them attached to one another. At first it was a thick sheet. But as gravity tugged down at it, the sheet quickly began to shrink, narrow, and thin down to resemble a thick rope of the stuff instead. This easily broke off when Aeywon shook their paw, and a tiny wet splat was produced when the thick rope of saliva slapped against the drenched surface of the cart's floor.

Despite being heavy and thick, the slimy slobber rope that flung away easily merged with the stuff in the cart and spread out to form a smooth even surface. If Aeywon was familiar with such a thing, they might be able to observe that the creature's saliva appeared to behave in a similar manner as a non newtonian fluid. Attempting to use their

other paw to rub the vaporeon's saliva off of the first did two things. It tugged uncomfortably as the tiger's fur as if it were trying to hold on somehow. That is, until a coating of slobber was easily applied to the second paw as a result of trying to remove it, slightly thinning the layer painted upon the first as a result. Then they simply slid over one another as if they'd dipped their paws into some industrial lubricant. The way it crept beneath their fur sort of tickled too, in a way that was barely noticeable, as the stuff worked its way beneath their coat and settled upon both their undercoat and the skin underneath. When undisturbed it seemed to behave like water, but when placed under direct stress it behaved more like a thick syrup or molasses.

"Very smooth going down," Wiggly meowed in response, followed by an exaggerated gesture in which his tongue noisily slipped from one side of his muzzle and slurped its way around to the other side before being sucked back inside. "So smooth going down, all goes down so easy!"

When Aeywon asked him if he could clean his saliva off, and even presented their paws to him over the wagon, an idea immediately flashed into the vaporeon's head. And just as quickly, the massive creature acted upon it and thrust his head forward. In a quick moment the jaws parted only slightly, the muzzle darted forward so Wiggly's head hovered above the slobbery cart, and both of the tiger's paws plunged past slobbery blue lips at the front of the creature's muzzle. There they found themselves suddenly buried in the goopy warmth of the maw's interior as they were cupped within the center of a tongue that had curled upward along the sides to hold both arms in the middle. Of course all of the saliva drained to that central pocket as well, which meant that both of the tiger's arms were now caked in the same goopy spittle they had wanted to clean off of only their paws. Their paws, likewise, were now caked in the stuff too. And it was at this moment that a particularly interesting trait of the stuff made itself known. Using it to his advantage, Wiggly's tongue pushed upward against the underside of both arms but did not push them to the roof of the maw. Instead the tongue pulled backwards and retreated deeper into the maw. As if suddenly connected by a solid, the saliva coating the tiger's arms yanked at their fur and tugged both arms inward, causing their entire body to jerk forward and lean against the edge of the cart while the remainder of their arms slid through the spaces between the creature's bottom incisors and sent him shoulder-deep into the nearly-closed jaws of the massive beast with Aeywon's chest gently bumping into the front of his muzzle. The only things that had prevented them from going any further was the fact that Wiggly's jaws were mostly shut, so they couldn't fit through, and there was a cart sitting between the two felids. But even so, 'Big Blue' had just effortlessly pulled them forward with nothing more than a bit of movement from his tongue. Although Aeywon may not know about the creature's weight of roughly four tons give or take a few hundred pounds, the force present in an action as simple as moving his tongue was truly a testament to the amount of power this creature was capable of leveraging. Or perhaps it would paint a better perspective of what Wiggly might be capable of, even if the perspective itself stretched beyond anything Aeywon could imagine or compare it to.

Had 'Big Blue' been trying to eat them, Aeywon would have been greeted to a view of the maw's interior as the jaws spread open to engulf them. As likely as such an outcome seemed right about now, and as easy as it might seem for the creature to pull it off, that was not his intention. Instead he simply stared at them for a few short moments past his snout, with his large wet nose nearly pushed against their face and both arms soaking shoulder-deep in the warmth of his interior, then relaxed his tongue and allowed it to fall flat upon the bottom of his maw. With the pressure his tongue was applying to the underside of their arms no longer present, the saliva's tugging at their fur melted away and the interior of the maw, along with the surface of the tongue, became incredibly slippery. Although the saliva had been tugging on their fur, there was no uncomfortable pinching or poking. Every strand the saliva held onto was pulled with equal force, grabbing the entire surface rather than the individual strands. This resulted in an even pull, that only removed some loose shed fur from the coat on the tiger's arms since it wasn't truly attached to Aeywon anymore, and felt like being grabbed rather than being tugged along by the fur. But now everything was slick, and with a simple backwards tug of his head, both arms slipped from the front of Wiggly's muzzle and back out into the open air, dripping with thick ropes of hot clingy spittle.

After blinking in response to his utter failure, and actually achieving the opposite when he tried to suck his slobber off of the tiger's paws, Wiggly sat down onto his haunches while the sides of his muzzle pulled back to bask in the humor of the situation with a very obvious grin. After waiting a few short moments, both to collect his thoughts and allow Aeywon to gather their own while he silently laughed off his silly failed attempt at cleaning them up, Wiggly allowed his grin to fade and instead parted the front of his muzzle as if he were sucking in air. Instead of air going in however, a sudden jet of very warm water fired out. It was a very small squirt of water from Wiggly's perspective; but thanks to his massive size, from Aeywon's point of view the volume of water leaving the creature's maw was

comparable to the output of a five-inch fire hose pumped through a firetruck connected to a hydrant. It was insanely warm, matching that of the vapoleon's current internal temperature, but not warm enough to scald the tiger anthro. Not even against their soft furless nose, inner ears, or paw pads, but especially not through their thick fur coat. While the volume of water was quite massive despite Wiggly's effort to keep it low, the pressure propelling it was thankfully nearly nonexistent. 'Big Blue' had definitely mastered controlling the strength of his attacks. As a result, Aeywon would find themselves immediately drenched from head to tail in whatever was coming out of the giant quadrupedal aquatic felid. For the first couple seconds it sprayed directly over them, dousing them in its warmth and quickly rinsing every trace of saliva from their paws and arms. Turns out the stuff comes right out with very warm water, or maybe the creature's... whatever he was spraying, without needing to scrub; though that might not be the first thing the blue-furred tiger has on their mind at the moment.

Although the torrent of water wouldn't push them backwards much assuming they could handle its weight coming at them, it did make it hard to breathe with all of it crashing into them from directly in front. Luckily Wiggly knew this and only kept the stream aimed at them for the short moment it took to clean them off. After that Wiggly stood up out of his seated position and tilted his head downward to aim the stream at the cart. Without worry of harming his fairly new friend, Wiggly allowed the volume of water leaving his muzzle and the power he was spraying it with to increase. The result was a thick spray that held together in the form of a solid beam that caused the cart to roll backwards a few feet as the, gentle from the vapoleon's perspective, spray of water pushed the entire thing backwards with incredible amounts pressure. The vapoleon's tail swung around over the flattened corn stalks that littered the ground to hook its fluke behind the wheels and stop it from rolling, then Wiggly's muzzle moved around to aim the stream to rinse off the entire interior of the slobbery wagon. Water sprayed and splashed everywhere during the short handful of seconds the cleaning took place in, and when the flow of water finally stopped and 'Big Blue' closed his muzzle to admire what to him was a job well done, everything all around the two felids was drenched, including themselves, with a hefty amount of water puddling on the ground around their paws while it slowly drained down into the soil.

"Clean!" Wiggly proudly mewed as he pulled his tail away and allowed it to swish through the puddle on the ground on its way back to its normal resting place behind himself. Aeywon had probably gotten a lot of it into their mouth from being sprayed directly, and now there was a pool of the stuff sitting there in the cart throwing off a very noticeable amount of radiant heat energy. But as far as the flavor was concerned... there was none. It tasted like nothing at all. It was just... fluid. Warm tasteless liquid. They could probably figure out what it was without much thought, after the surprise and anything else ebbs away, but figuring out how was going to be a bit of a journey.

Paws were slurped up and in very quickly. Just a little bit to start, but immediately drawn into the thick squishy warmth, he couldn't help but appreciate the sensation on his pawpads. Everything was covered in this same slime, weird properties and all. But at the moment, all he could think of was what he felt. He was able to slide his paws side to side, flexing his wrists around to run his hands over the tongue that cupped them together. He only had a short time of exploring with his paws like that, before Wiggly's tongue pulled away, along with a thick slurping pressure. It made Aeywon stumble forward, the thick saliva clinging to his arms drawing them in. The big blue lips pursed, and his arms slid in easily through them, his chest bumping into Wiggly's chin, and his face right up against his nose. He could lean to the side, and see around the muzzle up to Big Blue's eyes. Fortunately it seemed he wasn't at risk of getting munched on like all the other food. Only in up to the shoulders. But now the heat and warmth, and especially the sliminess had increased tenfold, his whole arms getting the experience. He let out a shy whimper in spite of himself, It all felt... good. He couldn't help but thinking that Wiggly was big enough to probably do that to the rest of his body, if they tried. He shuddered, a rippling shake from tailtip, up his spine and into his fingers too.

He was finally released, and arms slid out easily, now even more drenched in the thick ooze than he was before. He kept his arms held out, trying to avoid getting the oily stuff spread around onto other parts of him, or his clothes.

"Well, so much for that idea, I suppose. Though that felt... really... good?" He admitted aloud. "Inside, on my paws and on my arms. Your mouth is incredibly warm, big guy!"

Wiggly's ear fins visibly fanned out when they picked up the sound of Aeywon's whimpering vocalizations. They definitely didn't sound frightened, nor pained. In fact it seemed to sound as if the blue tiger was, more than anything else, pleased with what was currently happening to them. The shy whimpering from 'Little Blue' was part of the driving force behind the emotions that heated Wiggly's muzzle and nearly got him to blush with similar, but more timid, feelings of his own. Although innocence could be seen within Big Blue's returned stare when Aeywon leaned aside to gaze past his muzzle and look into his eyes, there was a hidden twinge of emotion held beneath the surface that had the vaporeon mulling over thoughts that were very similar to the smaller felid's own current wonderings.

Could he simply part his jaws a little more and suck his new friend up like a fish fresh out of water?

.....Should he?

And furthermore, was it even right to be mulling over such thoughts mere moments after feeding, when his maw was at its slobberiest with his hunger eager to both slime and claim anything that slipped through his jaws via a simple passage down a well-lubricated esophagus already warmed up from the passing of smaller offerings being shuffled down it? Indeed this massive quadrupedal creature was no stranger to morality. So while the idea did tickle his curiosity, the thought of sucking his friend down his gullet like some mindless fish flopping through the water that meant nothing to him further than serving as a means of quelling his hunger was dismissed as nothing further than just that, a quirky little idea.

Could he? He'd done it plenty with random aggressors.

Should he? No. Aeywon was not for eating.

At least, that's how Wiggly felt in the present. He had no reason to consider Aeywon themselves as food, after all. Nevertheless, the idea of holding his friend entirely within his jaws, and having them inside him in their entirety, on its own didn't sound half bad. The shuddering of the arms in his maw, felt quivering within the hug of the curled tongue that cupped them, did not go unnoticed either.

"Feel good for you, taste good to me," Wiggly timidly admitted in return with a soft meow and a smack of his lips, just before he swallowed his mouthful of built up saliva and quickly changed the subject by initiating his extremely gentle water gun attack to clean everything off.

Fortunately, Wiggly had another way to help get things clean. When the pressured stream of water crashed into him, his paws shifted, to better support himself. This fluid seemed very clean and thin, by comparison. And in moments his arms and paws seemed to feel less goopy and heavy from the thick slobber. When it slowed, and stopped, he slowly unscrewed his facial expression, opening one eye at a time, and glancing down to his arms, flexing his fingers. It was all cleaned off already! Though the rest of him was dripping wet, he gave the air a sniff. It didn't smell like... anything. Just wet with water, like he'd come up out of the lake.

"That was... convenient. I didn't know you could do things like that!" Aeywon stepped back and let his friend set in on washing down the cart, while he pulled off his shirt, wringing it out from the water, and stroking down his arms and legs, trying to work out the excess water. With the cart getting cleaned so quickly, that would save him a lot of time.

"You said earlier that the meat was your favorite? Well, that's a little harder to come by than vegetables and fruit. Though, I could go to some places that aren't inside the city... If you don't mind meat that's not uh... well," he was trying to think of a tactful way to say it. "If you don't mind eating animals. Or maybe that's even better or more normal for you? I've not really seen what your diet is, other than what I've brought out here for you." Aeywon's mind was already running through all the different options of what he could get, and where to bring it from, and just how some of that might work for the two of them.

"I can do many things," Wiggly meowed upon finishing up with his rinsing of the cart's interior, which left both it and his maw dripping with water; the former doing so for several long moments thereafter. "I spray gently on you. Just to clean. Can spray much more powerful stream for attacks. Can put out big fires from far away or knock over opponents very hard." To address the smaller felid's concern, which surprised Wiggly in the sense that he had no idea that Aeywon was unfamiliar with what made up his main diet, Wiggly wrinkled up his muzzle with visible confusion and pulled his head back a few inches in surprise.

"You never hear of vaporeons?" Wiggly asked, continuing before Aeywon could answer. "That is my species. Maybe not from nearby since I travel from far and see no others for a long time, but I stick around for many moons. Eating other animals is very normal! Meat is best to eat, so easy to fill with, and gives me the most energy from eating it. Meat is best as animals. So much energy all together, nothing removed, all there to feed on. I like that best," he meowed as his posture returned to normal and he nodded to confirm. "I eat animals every day, need meat to be strong and feel good. Friend can bring animals. I will be happy!"

At last, the cart was washed clean too, as well as the cart's owner. Still wet, but this was much easier explained than being covered in thick goopy slime, if anyone were even to ask. Aeywon stayed out for a time longer with Wiggly, his company was unique indeed. Intelligent, if seeming somewhat elementary in his understanding of things, and ways of expressing himself. The day was passing however, and they were quite a ways outside the city. Aeywon said his goodbye's, and promised to come back to the same place the next day, and to bring with him more food again.

And to make it meat this time around.

And thus after some further interaction, by far the most that had occurred between the two in a single meeting session spanning plenty of time to render both the cart and its owner mostly dry by the end of it, Big and Little Blue finally parted ways.

On the following day, he was headed back to their same meeting spot, as promised. This time, it was a slightly noisier cart of things! Atop the cart was a caged space, holding inside a half dozen calm clucking chickens, and two medium sized sheep that had been somewhat recently shorn too. They still had plenty of wool, but it didn't seem so much that it'd cause Wiggly to choke on them. Aeywon had snagged them from a farm outside the wall, when nobody was looking. It was a place with plenty of animals, and this seemed it wouldn't be too missed. And definitely much more meat amongst the animals than there was among the steaks he had brought previously.

"Hey Big Bluuuuee!" Aeywon called out, bringing the cart to a stop in the clearing. He knew the big feline had to be around somewhere, he wouldn't miss out on free food. He got part of the cage open, and got the sheep out. Each had a rope around their neck, to lead them around. Aeywon used it this time to tie one to the front of the cart, and the other to the back. On the cage, he opened the top, making it accessible to either pull out a chicken one at a time to feed to Wiggly, if he wasn't able to stick his muzzle into the top of the cage, or perhaps use his tongue to scoop out a chicken or two at a time. He had more of the sweet apple-y syrup with him too, in a jar. He figured that he'd almost always included that with the food and meals before. May as well keep it for this session too, to make it clear what the animals were there for. Could be useful later on too, to suggest to wiggly that certain things were food, or not. For now, he took a scoop of it with a paw, and rubbed it onto the backs of each of the sheep, the two just bleating a little, and continuing to nose around at the scattered corn stalks and husks scattered on the ground. It was harder to get the chickens prepped the same way, but the tiger managed to scatter and splatter some in on top of them. Enough to get the point across, he figured.

About that time he heard Wiggly approaching. Just in time! "I've got some more food for you today! It's still probably not enough to really fill you up, but you might like it a lot more!"

When Wiggly approached the area the next day, a bit faster than usual upon catching wind of the distant call of his new friend's voice, he was pleasantly surprised to both smell and hear the presence of several farm animals in the clearing before he had even moved through enough of the corn to gain a visual on whatever Aeywon had brought for him.

"Wiggly!" the vapoleon called back, correcting the anthro tiger with a shrill high-pitched squeal much more in tune with the high frequency chirps he'd communicate with in the water. The sound rang out from afar, not nearly loud enough to sting in the smaller feline's ears due to the natural faster decay of high energy sound waves. Such a high frequency of communication stretched far beyond the hearing range of any of the present farm animals, however the felid anatomy of the anthro tiger's hearing armed them with the ability to pick up on roughly 85% of Wiggly's frequency range. Thus, if they were listening for it, the return call would be audible to them and them alone. It was perhaps the first notable occasion in which the vapoleon had chirped out a vocalization at that high of a frequency, which was definitely a good indication of the large beast's increasing comfort in regards to being around Aeywon, not to mention a milestone in the slowly strengthening bond between the two felines. While to Wiggly the return call seemed like a normal response, should Aeywon pick up on the word Wiggly chirped out, the smaller feline might find the chosen phrase to be a bit peculiar. Almost as if it were a miscommunication of some sorts.

It didn't take much longer for the sound of Big Blue's approaching footsteps to come crunching into the tiger's range of earshot. Just under a minute, in fact. However unlike last time, this time when Wiggly pushed his way through the final stalks of corn and emerged into the munched-out clearing, he didn't wait to respond to what Aeywon had said to him before he began eating. Wiggly heard the words loud and clear, and he would respond to them in turn, but first he had to get rid of some of the excitement he'd been holding in all day from repeatedly mulling over the various possibilities in regards to the types of meat Aeywon would bring for him when they met today. And the only way he was going to achieve such a feat was by finally getting some of this food in him he'd been anticipating for so long. At first both sheep and vapoleon had been shocked to actually see one another, with the latter half expecting such thanks to picking up its scent and the former recoiling in fear and attempting to run away. The sheep tried its best, and it got as far as the barrier of growing corn crop at the end of the clearing perpendicular to the cart, but the rope around its neck inevitably snagged tight and yanked it clean off of its hooves without so much as budging the vehicle it was attached to. Or at least it would have if it was given the chance to. Wiggly didn't notice the rope among the discarded husks of corn, flattened and browned stalks, and pieces of munched cob that spared being swallowed whole that littered the ground. This was partly because the main subject, the sheep it was attached to, was currently in the process of carrying out an escape attempt.

But the vapoleon wasn't going to allow that. He didn't wait all morning for the food he was anticipating to sneak away from him like that. In the blink of an eye the big vapoleon leapt through the air, propelling himself forward more than he did upward by pushing off of the ground with both his hind legs and the fluke of his tail. From one end of the large clearing to the other, the gap was cleared by the massive quadruped in a single leap. With the elegance of a thunderstorm, which is to say there was virtually none at all, all four tons of the vapoleon's weight came thundering down with a series of mighty thuds as both forepaws, then his hinds, then his tail, thumped to the ground one after another to both push off of the ground as soon as he landed and simultaneously reverse his momentum by swinging himself around. The extra force required to pull off such a feat at his size easily tripled his weight in impact force, resulting in a thud so hefty Aeywon was sure to feel the ground tremble beneath their paws. In fact, the thump resulting from that impact, at the level of power required to negate the kinetic energy of the hefty vapoleon's forward momentum to redirect it on the spot, was not unlike that which a well-grown tree would produce when it fell to the ground after being cut. With a skillful jerk of his head, the sheep he was after was snatched into his jaws at the same moment he transferred his weight to one forepaw and, with a push to one side using the fluke of his tail, spun around to face Aeywon, the cart, and the other remaining animals. Despite such a careless display of hunting technique, when Wiggly spun fully around and his tail whipped out behind himself, he somehow managed to avoid slapping it into any of his surroundings. And that included the wall of corn crop directly behind him. There was just enough space between the end of his tail fluke and the beginning of the crop to accommodate the length of his entire body. Surely such precision had to have been quickly and intentionally calculated by the large creature. It was far too perfect to be a coincidence!

In addition, the sheep Wiggly had grabbed onto appeared completely unharmed. In fact, as the vapoleon's maw began to salivate and beads of the resulting slippery goo started trickling out over its body, smearing over the wool on its way to the lowest point down the legs to collect at and drip from the tips of the hooves, the animal was actively struggling within Big Blue's jaws and even bleating at the top of its lungs. The look in Wiggly's eyes at that moment, while he stood there with the head of a bleating sheep dangling from one end of his muzzle, hind hooves pinched together jutting from the other, and forelegs poking from the front while he stared in Aeywon's general direction simply due to the nature in which he intercepted his prey was primal, focused, and purely predatory. In fact, from as far

away as Aeywon was, they would clearly be able to make out the low-pitched roar of hunger that gurgled through the vaporeon's midsection as his stomach begged him to get on with it and eat the thing already. Even though it had been naught but a half a minute at most since he arrived, Wiggly simply couldn't help himself and greedily obliged. With a backward recoil, then a forward toss of his head and accompanying snap of his jaws open and shut, the large blue creature snatched nearly the entire animal into his jaws all at once. It was an impressive feat to witness, even if Wiggly's jaws had already been gently gripping it roughly around its center. With the help of his tongue sliding up and over its belly to cup around it and curl over its upper-facing side for use as leverage in order to yank the thing in as soon as the jaws opened, the animal found itself suddenly and violently forced to fold up in the shape of a ball.

The entire sheep was tossed back-first into his slobbering jaws and yanked deep by the tugging of the tongue around its body, leaving nothing more than two pairs of hooves attached to several remaining inches of forcefully outstretched legs protruding from the front of Big Blue's pursed muzzle. A muffled terrified bleat echoed into the clearing as the sheep wailed in terror from deep within Wiggly's jaws. In the same moment, a second pull from the beast's tongue wedged its slightly curved spine and fluffy woolen back up against the far back of his maw as the animal was pulled even deeper inside. The remainder of the legs, and the swinging attached hooves, slurped wetly through the front of the vaporeon's muzzle at that moment and the sheep was as good as gone, save for the rope that was still attached to the animal. With thick beads of saliva running down the length of rope that trailed from the front of Wiggly's maw, he didn't seem to pick up on its presence whatsoever. In fact, with so much room left over in his maw as the struggling sheep just barely filled the rear half thanks to how cleanly it had been pulled inside, there was nothing for the vaporeon to fuss with that would clue him in to its existence. Especially not with the visual portion of the hunt long since concluded. Now the vaporeon's eyes fluttered closed, and he focused his senses on touch and taste.

Another muffled bleat, this time a little garbled on top of the muffled echo thanks to the volume of saliva that was pooled around the animal nearly drowning it on the spot, sounded through the barrier of Wiggly's closed muzzle and rang quietly through the clearing past the thick hide that covered his cheeks. But unfortunately there wasn't much time for the vaporeon to savor the snack he snatched up. For Wiggly knew that struggling prey as inflexible as sheep could easily squirm into a position that made swallowing them whole difficult, uncomfortable, or even both, if he wasted too much time tasting them. So with the one currently pinned in the back of his jaws so desperately kicking around, he knew he had to act fast while he still had it in that perfect position for a smooth cushioned back-first ride down his throat. Some pressure was applied to it by tensing up his maw to squeeze down over the animal, producing the amount of force required to cause his saliva to stiffen and hold taut whenever the sheep attempted to roll over and reposition itself in the back of his maw. Just before Wiggly could think twice about what he was doing, the distinct familiar twinge of Aeywon's apple syrup spreading throughout his maw as it dissolved in his saliva served as the final confirmation he needed to let him know that this animal was indeed intended to be his food. Thus, after a long drawn-out exhale through his nose, Wiggly bobbed his snout slightly upward to align the sheep's passageway and powerfully swallowed before the animal had a chance to uncurl itself.

"Ghlorp!"

A powerful, air-laden, and especially wet-sounding gulp was cleanly emitted into the now mostly silent clearing as the entire sheep was swallowed whole. The top of the vaporeon's neck bulged impressively with a large, compact, rounded swell that immediately began rolling steadily down beneath the creature's thick blue hide. The way the bulge pushed Wiggly's hide outward from deep within elicited a pleased-sounding groan from the upright-standing vaporeon, who took it upon himself to noisily slurp his tongue out of his muzzle from one end to the other while the hefty lump of visibly struggling prey steadily rolled its way down his neck. From Aeywon's point of view the swell was as large as a medicine ball. Both the horizontal depth from the outside in which the swallowed sheep traveled and the powerful muscles around it keeping it compacted into the shape of a sphere reduced its overall footprint within the vaporeon's body. It was harmless for now, but obviously that was of no concern considering the destination the thing was headed for. The pleasant feeling of the last of the legs and the hooves gliding over the back of his tongue and sinking down into his gullet elicited yet another shameless groan of satisfaction to come rumbling from the creature's closed maw. Or rather from his snout, seeing as the natural path his airway took wasn't routed in his throat or maw whatsoever. Wiggly's eyes had opened at some point.

Yet it wasn't until the swell of the swallowed animal squeezed down through the base of Wiggly's neck then passed into his upper chest area with a sudden forward burst of motion after seemingly getting hung up for a short moment, that Wiggly finally noticed the length of rope protruding from the front of his drooling jaws. Without a word the va-

vaporeon's eyes followed it along the ground. From the several feet of it coiled up at his paws, to the path it took all the way to the front of the cart where it was tied, before finally peeling away and glancing in the direction of the smaller anthro feline, wherever they currently resided. It was clear that Wiggly was taken aback by the presence of a tether connected to the prey he'd just swallowed. But nothing about his posture, body language, or anything even hinted toward any offense being taken over its presence. In fact, now that its length had ceased being naturally slurped deeper into his body by the sheep it was attached to dragging it along behind them, the vaporeon took it upon himself to toy with it by sliding his tongue from the front of his jaws and experimentally jiggling it around in the air with a couple flicks of the wet taster below it. A muffled bleat emitted deep within his chest area caused him to slurp his tongue back into his maw right before some vague movements could be seen shifting small lumps within the base of Big Blue's neck. The shifting movements occurred in the same area where a small soft swelling had built up after he'd been fed the previous day. However this time no such swell was present in that area, at least nothing noticeable just yet, and instead it looked as if something was moving around deep beneath the surface. Then the movements seemed to sink deeper inside as the vaporeon visibly tightened some muscles within his core, and the struggling disturbances caused by the sheep could be seen sinking deeper into Wiggly's body as they visibly faded with added depth. Several inches of additional rope reeled its way into the creature's muzzle, and when the muscles relaxed moments later a raspy bleat of desperation could faintly be identified echoing from somewhere deeper inside Big Blue. But yet... it still seemed to be emitted from somewhere too close to his front to be his stomach. In fact, it only seemed to have moved from his upper chest to somewhere down along the underside of his front, instead of traveling deeper into his body closer to his middle. As if the sheep had been drawn downward rather than inward. An inspection of the vaporeon's underside, should Aeywon be so curious, would indeed reveal periodic sudden indents from impacts occurring inside his body bumping out at random against the thick hide directly between the vaporeon's forelegs. The sheep had been pulled deeper no doubt, yet they still resided nowhere near the angry call of the quadrupeds capacious stomach roughly eight feet along his body near his center. So what the heck was going on?

Aeywon was able to pick up on the high pitched call from Wiggly. And apparently it was high enough the animal's didn't, since they were all still quite calm where they were. And pretty soon, the sound was followed by the sound of paw steps, and after that the appearance of the creature himself. Aeywon realized it was a good thing he tied up the sheep to the cart, the one already running wouldn't be getting away and wasted, and the other one couldn't leave either. It was quite the long rope, he hadn't bothered trying to shorten it for any reason. He expected wiggly would likely be scooping up the animal and biting through the rope in order to swallow it, when he did. Though, it seemed that even if the creatures weren't bound by these lines to the stationary cart, Wiggly would have had no trouble at all in catching up to them. The huge blue body swirled around and leapt incredibly. It must take such strength to simply carry around a body as large as his, but to even pounce and lurch in such a way, it was absolutely marvelous. And even a little intimidating.

The dirt shuddered under Aeywon's paws as Wiggly landed, more evidence of his size and power. And as his landing completed and he turned about, there were sheep parts sticking out through his lips. His little spectator had been fully anticipating the possibility that, even though the vegetables and dead cuts of meat had gone down in whole pieces the day before, the living prey could face a more bloody ingestion technique. But, at least at the start, the sheep wasn't showing any signs of red liquids coming out anywhere. Just the same expected mostly clear saliva, starting to run down its legs and off its hooves. That's when Aeywon realized it was still wriggling around, quite alive still, and making some rather loud noises too, all clearly audible while its head was outside Wiggly's jaws.

Holding it there, and with his stomach starting to grumble noisily, Aeywon couldn't help but approach the blue predator. A step at a time, he wasn't worried about being injured or accidentally nabbed or anything, but the urge to come closer was incredibly strong. Most of the way between the cart and Wiggly, the big toss and lunging of his head chomped over the sheep, getting it fully inside his maw then. The bleating was quieter now from inside his mouth, and the rope slowly got tugged through the lips too, evidence of the distance and location of the sheep as it was slowly eaten.

The short time the animal had been in Wiggly's mouth was audible evidence of how wet it was inside. And Aeywon could remember from the day before, feeling inside Wiggly's mouth with his own two paws. He could only picture what it felt like for the sheep's whole body in there. But the sheep definitely knew - in spite of the goings on, it was

still alive, as he could tell from the other noises. It was just a short time in the mouth, and to the deepest parts of it, before that swallow.

And what a thick, meaty, visceral swallow it was.

The ball of what had been his prey was sliding steadily downward now, and Aeywon had to clutch his paws to his muzzle, to stifle another fascinated and strange little mewl of fascination once again. It wasn't just veggies going down, nor his paws in the maw. This time it was something still alive sliding down inside. He couldn't help but be thinking about something bigger in there.

Or someone. Someone like himself?

The spherical lump continued bleating and slurping deeper down, wriggling and kicking as such prey was likely to do. Finally, the prey reached that pocket in Wiggly's neck. Tiny today, by comparison to the previous day. But there were the tiniest of movements and sounds, suggesting just how thick the muscles and flesh were, between the outside world, and the slimy sauna of the predator's insides. And when it slid further down, properly into the vaporeon's chest, it didn't go that far down. At least, not to where a stomach likely should have been. That much was clear, seeing where the indentations were happening. And listening closely, wherever the sheep was now, it still had enough air to frequently bleat out it's displeasure.

Aeywon stepped back a bit, towards Wiggly's head. The length of rope still leading up to and out of his jaws. Aeywon grasped it, and gave it a gentle tug, and it compressed his friend's lip slightly. The tiger just marveled at that bit of woven material, trailing up and through the lips, then all the way down and inside him, to the still living food.

"You... swallowed it whole! It's still alive in there! But... it's not really in your stomach yet. Does it just take a long time to get there?" He asked, not sure how much detail Wiggly might know or even be able to share about his own digestive system.

He bounced the loose rope in his paws. "I wouldn't want to take your food away, but... we COULD just pull that sheep back out with this... couldn't we? And it'd still be ok? At least... for a little while, anyway. It sure seems plenty alive in there right now."

Wiggly didn't notice Aeywon approaching him while he was standing there with the sheep partially jutting from his jaws, nor did he notice when he tossed his head and snapped his jaws to snatch the rest of the animal into his gooey heavily-salivating maw. It wasn't until he swallowed and closed his eyes that the vaporeon noticed his smaller blue friend's much closer proximity to himself, but as expected, Wiggly didn't mind it one bit. Once the bulge of swallowed sheep had made it almost all the way down the vaporeon's neck and he opened his eyes to gaze around, Wiggly's ear fins swerved and his eyes locked onto Aeywon. They narrowed for a moment upon seeing both of the feline's paws clutching their muzzle in such a manner. Thinking back to just moments earlier when several shamelessly pleased groans of satisfaction had been emitted from his own muzzle, and further back to the previous day when Aeywon had groaned while he was slurping and suckling over their arms, it was relatively simple for the vaporeon to piece together the reason why Aeywon was holding their face like that. He kept it to himself however, deciding that for now it was best not to poke at his friend's apparent fascination with watching him eat. At least not until he could assure himself, for the time being, that doing so wouldn't lead to a scenario in which they suddenly stopped bringing him tasty things to gobble down! Without Aeywon's arms inside his maw like last time, this time the thought of slurping his friend down to follow the sheep they'd brought him never crossed his mind. There was plenty of other lively things nearby, that he wasn't friends with, for him to eat instead.

The vaporeon's full attention turned to Aeywon as they stepped back and began asking him questions about the sheep he'd just swallowed whole. Wiggly's muzzle opened slightly, but shut rather quickly, when Aeywon gently tugged on the rope. The funny feeling of the rope shifting about in his maw was not unlike that of a swallowed creature's long tail trailing up out of his gullet while they made their way down his throat. Thus, Wiggly smacked his lips and swallowed in response to the feeling. While the smallest movement of muscle action could be seen rippling down the vaporeon's neck, the rope in Aeywon's paws did not move further down the creature's throat along with it. Without anything to grip onto and pull at, the rope was basically ignored by Wiggly's esophagus, since its long

smooth shape matched that of the throat trying to grab onto it. It would have been a much different story if there had been a knot in the rope for the muscles in the vaporeon's esophagus to latch onto. But with the sheep it was attached to already down, purposely reeling it in with his teeth and swallowing it down in bunched-up wads was one of the only ways the vaporeon was going to be able to suck the rest of it down him. Simply swallowing over it wasn't going to do the trick.

"Swallowed it whole!" Wiggly repeated in a high-pitched squeaky meow of triumph and satisfaction. "Yup yup, the whole animal is down all at once! I feel it moving around inside. It struggles a lot, and makes lots of noise. But the noise is very hard to hear from inside me. But I can feel it making noise. It feels good. Like a good rubbing from the sounds bouncing around inside. Like purring but all over and not mine. Animal is alive, yes. Will be alive for some time."

There was a pause that lasted several moments while Wiggly contemplated what Aeywon said next. It was true that they could probably retrieve the sheep by pulling on the rope. Not even probably; it was just flat-out possible. And he knew that Aeywon wouldn't try to take food away from him. Especially not after he'd already swallowed it. Not without good reason, at least. But he'd tasted the apple butter that had been smeared all over the sheep's back. Certainly that detail alone meant that the swallowed animal was supposed to be eaten, even if it had to be... eaten twice. The vaporeon was quick to conjure up an unspoken compromise that could give them both what they wanted. And rather than negotiate it with the smaller blue felid, he figured it would be best just to do it and show them.

"You can pull it back with the rope, it will not be happy but it can come out. And it will be less happy when I swallow it back," Wiggly mewed. "It is inside my stomach yes. But it is in the first one. First one is for holding. I can hold lots, very large space for food to fill up. I can squeeze to squish food or leave it alone, but my squeeze will press hard. Animal will die if I squeeze. But I can squeeze food I am holding to go deeper without pressing and crushing. Just moving them to be where my hungry stomach wants them. Only filling my noisy belly in my middle makes hunger go away. They do not take a long time to move. I can move them up and spit them back out on my own with no rope. But if I leave them they will pass to my deeper stomach on their own after some time. But I can move them there on my own too. I am hungry anyway, and you want to see them deeper yes?" Wiggly mewed as a trail of clear saliva once again began running down the length of rope hanging from his jaws.

"Watch. You see how I swallow them alive and they make their noises and fight. But now you can see them go to my hungry stomach alive too. They will make louder noises and fight harder to get out, but moving them deeper makes their sounds go away. Too far in to hear. Good to hide noisy food. Much better for me to feel it and not hear it up front."

And with that said, Wiggly began his little demonstration of how he feeds himself with swallowed prey. First the vaporeon sat, making sure to shift forward enough that Aeywon was standing almost directly between his forelegs with each of his massive front paws planted upon the ground on either side of them. Overhead was the underside of Wiggly's muzzle, complete with that slobbered-on rope trailing out of one side of it. Directly in front was the vaporeon's lower chest, pulled and angled upward thanks to the slanted posture it took on while he was sat on his haunches. And all around, save for behind, was the comforting radiance of the creature's body heat being thrown into the air; if it was this warm just being near him, the sheep currently inside him must be basking in one hell of a sauna. Wiggly fully intended on making as much of a show as he possibly could out of the second stage of ingesting his prey, now that he knew his smaller friend was interested in observing the process.

The vaporeon's head leaned backwards, similar to what it would look like if he was avoiding something that had been thrust in front of his snout. But then he held it there for several short moments. During this time the muscles along Wiggly's front could be seen visibly shifting and tightening. A wet "glorp" sounded out, followed by the crackly squelch of something large shifting about while dozens of air bubbles popped all around it. At this point the shifting movements of the struggling sheep in the bottom of Wiggly's chest area, which was now visible lower down along his front while he was sitting, disappeared. The rope Aeywon was batting around, should they still be interested in messing with it, would then suddenly go slack as a distinct bulge of something was passed upwards into the bottom of the vaporeon's neck. Just above his chest area the bulge filled out and swelled, squelching upward into the creature's lower esophagus and coming to a halt just before the back end of the rounded swell was able to fully taper off at the bottom. Judging by the garbled and well-muffled bleating the bulge was emitting, it was quite obviously that of the swallowed sheep. With the bulge more elongated and the bottom portion still sitting within the vaporeon's

chest somewhere, that meant that the sheep had to be right side up with its head located somewhere in Wiggly's lower esophagus.

Unfortunately for the sheep who very well wished to escape its current predicament, its hind legs weren't going to be following the rest of it back up the throat of the predator who swallowed it whole. Wiggly's head moved forward back into its normal resting position overhead straightening out his neck, and then he leaned forward slightly and pressed it down. A foot or two of the gap between the underside of Wiggly's muzzle and the top of Aeywon's head disappeared as the vaporeon bunched up his neck and forcefully shuffled the swallowed animal along a different path that lead much deeper into his body. Rather than passing into his chest at a downward angle like the sheep had done previously, this time Aeywon was provided with a front row seat of the struggling bulge of swallowed prey sharply changing direction right where Wiggly's neck met his chest and passing forward into his body instead. A muffled wet slurping noise was emitted as the bulge passed through and vanished, and then the sheep was gone. Moments later a high pitched bubbling whine was emitted somewhere inside the vaporeon's upper chest directly at eye level with the standing tiger anthro, likely the result of the exhaled air from the sheep's most recent, and very silent, bleat of protest traveling back up the passageway it was headed down and burbling out at the junction to the vaporeon's fore stomach.

Meanwhile, up above Wiggly raised his head back to its normal height and relieved the pressure in his neck by allowing it to 'un-accordion' itself and rebound back to its normal resting position. Then the vaporeon peered downward, and while he couldn't see Aeywon from their current position beneath his chin, Aeywon might be able to see point where the rope trailed from the side of his closed jaws. The rope hanging from the vaporeon's muzzle continuously slithered its way upwards and slurped itself into his gullet as the descending sheep it was tied to, now entirely lost somewhere inside the predator's body without a single bulge to give away its current location inside him, continued to yank it along behind them. Unlike when Wiggly swallowed the sheep, the rate of the rope's ingestion and the speed it disappeared into his mouth was steady and unchanging. There was no slowdown followed by a period where it was tugged in much faster. It crawled its way inside inch by inch and didn't slow down even if Aeywon were to experimentally yank or tug on it. That is, until the sheep finally reached its destination deep inside Wiggly's body. At that moment a groan of satisfaction rumbled within the vaporeon's chest and came grumbling from the front of his muzzle as he gazed down in front of himself through half-lidded eyes. When the sheep finally passed fully into his stomach, a great length of remaining rope suddenly accelerated into the jaws of the vaporeon at a much faster speed. And then it stopped, the vaporeon's jaws still pointed downward hung slightly open with gobs of saliva steadily trickling out, and the creature's middle where the sheep had been deposited emitted a watery bubbling squelch as the newest addition to the vaporeon's diet was graciously accepted and pressed down into a pool of thick chyme by involuntary muscular contractions deep within Wiggly's midsection.

"Ahhhhh..." Wiggly groaned out briefly before slurping up and swallowing a bunch of excess saliva with a gulp that didn't sound nearly as wet as the one that had initially carried the sheep down his gullet, despite shuffling down nothing but air and saliva. "All gone," he mewed as he smacked his lips wetly and ran his gaze over the length of remaining rope trailing from the front of his jaws.

Several additional feet of rope had disappeared into the vaporeon, and how the swallowed animal's lifeline trailed much deeper into its predator's body than just his fore stomach between his forelegs. Now, the rope trailed from the cart it was tied to all the way in to the very core of Big Blue's body and hunger. The only remaining sliver of hope separating the animal from a painful digestive death inside the massive aquatic felid. "No pulling back now. Too far in. I cannot squeeze my other stomach to move things out. It is where food goes forever. Animal is food now. They kick and struggle much more, but it just makes it feel much better having them in deep while they are alive," the vaporeon explained while he rose up off of his haunches and stood back up. The rope trailing from his jaws slid along the ground as he turned his head to gaze toward his midsection where the sheep currently resided deep inside his body. There was almost no slack left in the remaining line. In fact if there was even a foot of less rope hanging from the vaporeon's jaws, the turning of his head would have yanked it up into the air and pulled it taut against the front of the cart. But thankfully there was just enough remaining that it only ended up being pulled into a straight line from the cart to the vaporeon.

It was an interesting sensation - Wiggly gulping just as strong as he had been against the long rope leading through to his throat. but it certainly wasn't going anywhere fast, not as narrow and slime-covered as it was now. Aeywon

was able to hold it easily, and even give a few test tugs. It was definitely pulled relatively snug, from his paws down to the sheep it was still attached to deep inside. The tiger nodded, agreeing.

“I can hear inside from here. But I’m closer than your ears. The sounds are really muffled, but I can tell it’s... in there!”

His green eyes wandered back and forth from meeting Wiggly’s eyes, to watching his lips and muzzle forming the words, and lower down the throat and to the pocket where there were still faint movements of struggles from the swallowed creature. Even under the blue fur, there was a slight tinge of red on the little feline’s cheeks, the predator casually understanding his interest, at some level, and offering quite promptly to take that food of his deeper. If it was in a “safe” spot now, and possible to bring back... that had some curious ideas swirling in Aeywon’s mind. But the next view he was treated to was enough to make his ears flatten back over his head. Not in a particularly fearful way, or in disgust either. More of the surprise at the control Wiggly had, and his casualness in treatment of his food. Not that he should act any different. It WAS just a sheep after all. It WAS food for him. But there was something potent in knowing what was going on. And seeing it firsthand. It wasn’t just piles of vegetables going around. Seeing and hearing that his prey was still alive, and having the rope still in his paws leading straight to the bulge he was watching, lent a certain impact to everything he saw.

He kept still, the fore paws flanking him as Wiggly got his ingestion going. Prey was squeezed and squished back up, out of what was apparently his “first” stomach. It still made enough noise to know it had enough air to stay conscious, and awake enough to keep struggling. What would it have felt like, if it was Aeywon, or one of the other kids from the town in there? Trapped behind so much skin and flesh, tens of feet down through those jaws, too much powerful muscle and thick saliva covering everything, that trying to escape by fighting it would be impossible. As impossible as it was for the sheep they were observing right now. If they had a rope like this, they’d be okay, mostly? But if there wasn’t it would be down to Wiggly’s own control to not gulp them into the wrong stomach, or to not squeeze or compress them so hard that he’d accidentally break an arm or a leg, if it was as strong as he said.

But those thoughts got interrupted somewhat as the next gulp caught his attention. The bulge took a different path now, the panicked sounds fading away right into the thick torso of the huge vaporeon. The cord in his paws was being steadily tugged through his fingers, the only evidence now of the continued trip deeper down, and just how much further it was. And how slowly it proceeded too. This time, this path... it was a one-way trip, even with the rope tied to it.

It must be so much more than getting a lick from his tongue, or one’s arms in his maw. More than one’s whole body in that mouth, or even getting squeezed and massaged down the thick throat. And more than being cupped in the bottom of that throat, or held captive in the escapable (assuming Wiggly was willing) forestomach. This was THE stretch of his gullet, perhaps extra soft, full of thick slime, squeezed by muscles, but also amongst all the organs surrounding it through his chest, and following the curve of his back, deeper down to the back of his body, to a spot you could almost consider between his hind legs. The sheep inside had just reached the end of the ride of a lifetime. It was possible to experience it, fully aware of all the sensations and feelings. With the sigh of pleasure from the beast above, and wet gurgling *splorch*-ing noises from the deepest part of his gut, Aeywon could tell the tiniest bit of movement there. Though, how much was the animal and how much was Wiggly’s own insides beginning their process of digesting it’s newest food item... the tiger really couldn’t tell. He let go of the rope, and walked closer, right underneath Wiggly, dropping to his paws and knees to go right up to the extremely warm outside of the belly, to press a paw to it, and then tentatively an ear.

It was particularly muffled up now, but past the gurgling, groaning, and wet burbling sounds, there was a thrashing and motion from inside, and the same bleating of the sheep, certainly still alive. Though, perhaps not for a long time now. When he stood, it left Aeywon sitting on the grass, directly below the now slightly satisfied belly. It swayed a little above him, and he gazed up over it, then forwards to Wiggly staring back at himself, and to the Tiger.

“That was... amazing,” was about all Aeywon could get out, his expression half-smiling and half slack-jawed from everything he was just shown.

“You can just bite off the rest of the rope, if that’s easiest for you. I imagine it’ll work it’s way down, and just be more food for you. When something alive goes to your *other* stomach... how long can they last in there?” He asked. Standing up himself now, he walked back up to the cart, where the somewhat flustered chickens and other sheep re-

mained.

“I can toss you some chickens next!” Aeywon was curious if food always went through his fore stomach first, or if he usually ate and pushed it to his ‘real’ stomach immediately. It seemed he could control it, at least to some extent. The little tiger hopped up onto his cart, and reached over and into the caged spot to grab a chicken, some splattering of the sweet apple-y sauce had made it onto all of them. With the first sheep out-of-sight and out-of-mind, the animals had started to calm down a little. But the chickens would definitely each get flustered, as he gave them a strong toss through the air towards Wiggly. They could flutter and flap their wings, enough to slow themselves in a fall. Not enough to really fly however. That just made them easy targets for Wiggly to snap up one at a time. Feathery little balls of meat, all six of them. When Wiggly showed himself ready from either parting his jaws, with either a sopping wet chicken at the back of his maw, or already sliding noisily down his gullet, Aeywon would toss another, until all had been fed to him.

“That just leaves one more, for what I brought today.” Aeywon said, coming down from the cart. He paused, biting his lip with a question. Surely Wiggly wouldn’t mind, right? Especially now that he had most of the food already. “Wiggly, I’ll take the rope off this one first. I don’t think we’ll need it. But... Could you swallow it to your first stomach, and then spit it out again? Just to show me? You can eat it for real after that.” He got the rope undone from around the sheep’s neck, and started to lead it further from the cart, and closer to Wiggly.

“And, when you swallow, can you do that with your moth open? So I can see inside when you do?” The first sheep and chickens had gone down plenty easily. But Aeywon himself was a bit larger than even those. And so were anyone else from the town for that matter. He was perhaps *too* curious now, about just what could fit into Wiggly’s throat. But he just had to know. It was one thing to see the little lumps of prey slide down his throat from the outside, and imagining what it was like inside. But a front row view into that pink maw-flesh, glistening wet and pulsing with hunger, and the throat especially, flexing with breaths and gulps of slobber... it was enough to start to trigger a stirring and rise under his clothes. A still small rise from what was usually just tucked away between his legs.

Wiggly proudly put himself on full display while the blue tiger tracked the ingested sheep’s progress as it was worked much deeper into his body. The vapoleon sat as upright as he could, which lifted his midsection higher up into the air and set his back at a much steeper angle to compensate for his much taller posture. As a result, Wiggly’s stomach was tipped about halfway onto its rear-facing side, which elongated the distance between the ‘new’ bottom of the organ and the entrance sphincter located in the upper front. That valve was now situated directly up top thanks to the organ’s tilt. So when the sheep was deposited inside, the sudden acceleration of rope disappearing into the vapoleon was a direct result of the animal’s plunge straight to the bottom of Wiggly’s stomach from one diagonal to another now that the ‘corners’ were vertically aligned. Such a plunge amounted to a mere four feet or so internally; the distance between the opposite corners of the organ at its regular wrinkly size without any expansion taking place to accommodate a hefty meal. But four feet was more than enough distance for a sopping wet sheep diving headlong into Wiggly’s gut, moderately shorn or not, to make a visible impact on the outside of the vapoleon. Indeed that wet gurgling ‘splorch’ that came from Wiggly’s middle as the living mass of food was ejected into a sea of chyme, as well as the vocalization the vapoleon emitted around the same time, were both complimented with a clearly visible disturbance bulging out of Wiggly’s underbelly right in front of Aeywon’s peering eyes. It began as a sudden jolt, an impact of sorts that began in a specific place, then continued onward as a rippling jiggle through the nearby area. But Wiggly’s hide was thick, tough, and well insulated with blubber and muscle. Everything beyond a foot or so away from the epicenter remained smooth and motionless, allowing the tiger anthro to pinpoint the exact location upon Wiggly’s middle in which the sheep had just wound up. The creature’s stomach contents must have been mostly digested, and therefore thin and liquid-y, in order for the sheep to drop straight to the bottom like that. Either that, or the beast who swallowed it was running near empty. It was very likely a combination of the two.

When Aeywon walked underneath his field of view and ventured past his forelegs, Wiggly kept himself perfectly still. The areas Aeywon had seen the impact occur in was, thanks to Wiggly’s posture, a mixture between the back wall and usual floor of the creature’s main digestive organ. But such was exactly where the swallowed animal currently resided, and when Aeywon pressed their paw to the surface of the blue underbelly, the subtle vibration of hooves impacting tough stomach wall deep inside could be easily detected teasing against his pads. While Wiggly’s hide was plenty thick enough to mask the animal’s struggles, even with its weight contributing in its favor to pro-

duce more of an impact upon the stomach wall and floor, his hide was only able to do so by sight alone. At least that was the case in this instance with a lack of additional foodstuff inside to provide extra cushioning, Wiggly's seated posture, and other such variables. A fuller stomach that stretched or sagged more heavily against the other side of that thick blue hide, especially with a heavier occupant inside of it at the same time, would certainly send most of the passenger's sudden movements dancing along the surface in the form of various bulges and ripples. Especially if he was already stuffed so full that his midsection appeared swollen just from containing it all inside him.

Although that wasn't the case in the present, the tickling sensations Aeywon would be able to feel occurring beneath the surface was more than enough to confirm their suspicion. That was definitely his stomach, and the sheep was definitely inside there - alive and kicking. For the time being, as long as Wiggly remained seated, the sheep inside his stomach would remain pinned to that bottom rear corner that Aeywon was interacting with. Its struggles and attempts to gain traction got it absolutely nowhere, especially thanks to the various lubricants it and the surrounding musculature were caked in. Gravity was a hell of a force when you had nothing but hooves to work with, you and everything around you was caked in mucus and slippery saliva, and your entire woolen pelt was weighed down by all the stomach contents it had absorbed like a sponge. When the tiger ducked underneath the vapoleon to press an ear to his lower gut, they were greeted with a symphony of continuous gurgling, wet bubbling slurps, and of course the wet slapping and gargled high-pitched bleats of terror being emitted by the blindly-flailing sheep that was somewhere inside there trying not to drown in whatever it was splashing in inside of the deepest reaches of Big Blue's body.

While the various gurgles, slurps, and bubbling noises fired off from many different locations both distant and nearby the area Aeywon's face was pressed to, the sloppy smacking sounds and garbled bleating was always emitted from the same place just on the other side of that thick underbelly their ear was pressed to. With gravity taken into consideration, this would suggest that Aeywon's initial assumption of the location of Wiggly's stomach was a bit off. At over sixteen feet from nose to tail base, Wiggly's main chemical stomach resided somewhere around the middle of his midsection and spanned a couple feet wide in the tailward direction with an unknown height. Its width, however, could easily be picked up on based on the echoing slaps and bleats of the struggling sheep inside bouncing off of the stomach's interior. A feline such as Aeywon was likely capable of detecting some of that, with their keen sense of hearing, or at the very least notice that their ear was placed right at the border between the struggling sheep and the constantly gurgling underbelly that housed the remainder of the creature's very active digestive tract. Had Wiggly been even half full of other foods, the sheep's bleating and struggles would have been emitted from somewhere a bit higher up on the beast's midsection assuming it didn't just drown in the vapoleon's stomach chyme.

Wiggly could tell, based on the touch to his underbelly, that Aeywon had their face pressed against his gut. He could tell that the tiger was utterly fascinated with the thought that another animal was alive inside his stomach. But until that moment Wiggly hadn't been certain, nor had he been sure, just how far Aeywon was willing to take their fascination with it in regards to expressing their curiosity in actions or words. Or, even more desirably, in the form of larger food items for him to swallow down. That was ultimately the place Wiggly's mind wandered to when he stood up and looked over at both himself and the tiger now sitting directly beneath him. Would his new friend be so interested as to bring him larger and more filling things to eat so long as he swallowed them whole? That was certainly an outcome Wiggly was hoping for. And to raise his chances of such an outcome coming true of Aeywon's own accord, without having to ask, Wiggly decided that it was in his best interest to throw caution to the wind and really open up to his new friend by showing them how he normally handled food when he wasn't trying to be polite about it. It was these exact behaviors that Aeywon seemed to be taking a liking to anyway. This way, Wiggly assumed, they could both get what they want.

When Wiggly stood, the shift in gravity peeled the sheep away from what was now the stomach's rear wall and sent it tumbling to the actual bottom. With the added weight of the chyme caked into its wool, the sheep's resulting splat to the bottom of Wiggly's stomach was clearly audible from Aeywon's position underneath him. Said splat came with a complimentary bleat of muffled terror which faded midway into a wet gargling sputter while the stomach contents collected around the fallen animal inside and swirled over its head. And then there was the thump, another ripple of motion from the vapoleon's midsection that occurred directly overhead right in the center between the beast's forelegs and hinds where the sheep landed inside him. It was a lot further up along his belly than the initial thump had occurred several feet further down while he was sitting. This would help put into perspective just how vast Big Blue's 'second' stomach must have been. And from Aeywon's vantage point where they were sitting right below it, should they estimate the distance between the two points they'd seen impressions from the sheep jut out, they would

without a doubt be able to tell that someone even the size of themselves would have no trouble fitting inside there. The distance between the two points spanned a much greater area than the space he was taking up on the ground seated underneath it. And there it hung overhead, taut and smooth, with a bit of a sway gently swinging it above them from the motion of Wiggly standing and turning of his head to gaze around one side of himself. Aeywon's curiosity toward the feasibility of picturing themselves or some of the kids from their town in there, sagging from that middle in a way the sheep couldn't with its much smaller size and its lighter weight, seemed to have graduated from fantasy to something very real that Wiggly seemed easily capable of pulling off.

"Hard to bite," Wiggly responded as he stepped to one side to get Aeywon out from underneath him, then turned and tilted his head so that the back of it was facing them. The rope fell from the front of his jaws to the corner, and a distinct "snrrk snrrk snrrk" sound was produced as Wiggly began chewing to saw the fibers apart between his teeth. After a few seconds the vaporeon's head raised, his muzzle turned to face Aeywon, and the severed rope with its remaining length sheered off fell to the ground with a soft thump coated in the vaporeon's slobber. With the most casual look in the beast's eyes, Wiggly wetly swallowed, and the sheep's only connection to the outside world was eliminated. Shuffled down his throat with a wave of rippling muscle and goopy spittle to eventually join them in his stomach whenever it ended up slurping through the passageway from his foregut. Said rope was crafted from plant fibers and sinew, which would indeed digest inside the vaporeon and become an additional source of nourishment however small it may be.

"Inside my stomach not for saving, they can last some time," Wiggly mewed in response to Aeywon asking him how long living things usually stayed alive after he ate them. "I can push air down, they last longer, but leaves less room for more food. Have to burp air out. Not good for swimming. Harder to stay under, but water squeezing will push swallowed air out anyway. So they do not live very long. But I can swallow some back in when I get out. Save them a bit longer. Until they struggle very hard and make loud sounds. Then they go quiet, can't save with new air. No more moving after that. Except moving through me as food."

As soon as Aeywon mentioned tossing him chickens, Wiggly reflexively swiped his wide slobbery tongue around his jaws from right to left, leaving behind a trail of shiny spittle. In addition, a bassy rumble of hunger thundered from his midsection so loudly it was clearly audible from the cart, even by the animals whose hearing wasn't nearly as keen as Aeywon's own. Though thankfully the animals outside the vaporeon didn't seem to react, the sheep inside Wiggly's stomach was throwing a heck of a fit after being gripped and compacted by its surroundings so forcefully, briefly collected into and shoved quite densely within the sea of stomach chyme, in order for the organ to call out for more nourishment with some shifting of air pockets roaring throughout. But its wails of displeasure were easily drowned out and muffled to nothing from Aeywon's distance over on the cart. The first chicken was captured with a single step forward and a quick snap of slobbering jaws. It was shuffled to the back of Wiggly's maw and swallowed almost immediately; a wet little "glrp" that sent the small but noticeable bulge it produced gliding down the vaporeon's front. It rode from his chin to his chest in a matter of seconds, following the same fast-slow-fast rhythm the sheep had taken, and when it reached the bottom Wiggly's head jutted first upward and to the left, then down and to the right. This action spanned a half a second at most. While his neck remained smooth throughout the ordeal save for the faint bulge near the bottom, internally the pathway forward from the bottom of Wiggly's neck had been realigned to direct swallowed food straight to the vaporeon's main stomach. Like an epiglottis folding over to direct food down an esophagus, a wall of muscle pushed aside to seal off the vaporeon's forestomach and send the swallowed chicken on a one way trip to the beast's center. Such could be observed by Aeywon from their position atop the cart, when the vague lump of living bird seemingly stopped short at the base of the creature's neck then passed inward through his collarbone to continue its journey through Wiggly's esophagus rather than moving further down and disappearing somewhere in his chest area between his forelegs. The gluttonous feeding behavior Wiggly typically portrayed was now front and center for his curious friend to observe, which included his usual process of filling his main stomach before his forestomach whenever he fed on live prey.

All six chickens were swallowed whole one after another as soon as they were tossed. The third was swallowed too quickly in Wiggly's haste to pack himself full, even though there wasn't enough live food present to fill his belly with. More accurately speaking, the swallow itself is what came too quickly. So when Wiggly yawned open his jaws for another bird, beyond the webs of gooey saliva that stretched and strung out all over the place, Aeywon was treated to the sight of a single flapping wing waving about above the dark pit over the back of the beast's tongue along with the sound of panicked squawking echoing out. Yet with all of that fussing and protesting going on right in the top of his throat, 'Big Blue' didn't seem the least bit phased by any of it whatsoever. In fact the continued rise and

fall of his upper body didn't falter in the slightest, suggesting that his breathing wasn't impeded by the thrashing chicken in his gullet. When the next was tossed in, it was patiently snapped up at the correct opportunity and shuffled into the gullet alongside the previous one. There was no haste to clear his airway of the blockage nor was there an extra swallow to remove the bird before the next one arrived. It appeared as though the squawking chicken lodged in his gullet somehow didn't affect his breathing. The maw opened early, a wet "gluk" sounded out, and the birds were both gone with the muffled crunching of wings forced to fold in improper directions. Reduced to a single shifting bulge that rode down Wiggly's neck and passed into his body just the same as the others before them. The remaining birds were gobbled down without further incident, vanishing one by one into the beast both visually as well as audibly. Out of sight, out of earshot, and into Big Blue.

Wiggly eyed the last remaining animal with hunger in his eyes. Despite containing a whole swallowed sheep, half a dozen chickens, and a couple dozen feet of sinew which had by now all arrived in his stomach thanks to the hens passing over it and dragging it along by the cling of grippy saliva, the beast's middle emitted a watery sounding rumble that clearly portrayed hunger as if he hadn't been fed at all. In addition, gobs of saliva were dribbling to the ground from the front of the creature's maw, off of his slightly protruding tongue, one wet splat after another as if he were famished beyond belief. When Aeywon spoke to him, the tip of his tongue was wetly slurped back inside. A watery "glrp" of a swallow followed shortly after and Wiggly parted his jaws without any excess drool spilling out.

"You heard my name," he mewed excitedly with a hint of a purr in his tone. "Yes I can swallow it to my first stomach and show how I squeeze it back up," he replied with a curt nod while his tail idly swished and waved side-to-side through the air behind him. But then the next request was met with a slight pause. A handful of seconds went by, during which Aeywon was busy leading the apple butter-smear sheep toward the vaporeon. And just before they were within reaching distance without needing to take a step, Wiggly responded with the most peculiar suggestion yet.

"I can swallow with open mouth," the vaporeon meowed plainly. "But if you want to see inside when I swallow the animal, I can show you much deeper if I swallow you too."

It was spoken so plainly, as if the vaporeon was making a serious offer. Nothing about his body language suggested otherwise either; Wiggly even emphasized what he'd said by staring straight in Aeywon's direction and swiping his tongue around his jaws like an animal ready to feed. Indeed, the huge aquatic felid had just full-on asked if Aeywon was onboard with letting him eat them, right there, whole and alive like some kind of prey. It wasn't until Wiggly noticed the tiger's reaction via the bulge forming at their crotch, the blush under the blue fur around their face and muzzle, and any vocalizations they may emit in response to his offer, that Wiggly dropped the act and revealed that he was only playing around. Such reactions likely happened rather quickly, with the former two reactions having already begun before the vaporeon even offered to eat the smaller felid.

"I joke," Wiggly mewed lightheartedly with an apologetic splaying of his own ears in the unlikely event that he'd frightened Aeywon in some way. "You are covered in prey flavor," Wiggly chirped in reference to the apple butter that was smeared throughout Aeywon's fur from their handling of the other animals, "But I know you are not food, and what you mean when you say you want to see inside." The timing and tone of Wiggly's redaction certainly suggested to Aeywon that the large blue felid might understand their interest a fair bit more thoroughly than they'd previously assumed. In fact, it sounded as if the vaporeon understood enough that he knowingly teased them with the possibility of ending up inside him!

Without saying another word for the time being, perhaps allowing the various emotions that his little joke had aroused in the smaller feline to gradually ebb away, Wiggly decided he'd take it upon himself to do what Aeywon had asked. Although the arousal Aeywon was expressing was likely to become worse as a result of Wiggly's upcoming demonstration, the vaporeon himself didn't seem to be the least bit disturbed by it. As a matter of fact, the massive creature standing before Aeywon had his own guilty pleasures embedded in the act of consuming living things whole. A quick journey alongside him might even reveal the first couple inches of Wiggly's own malehood jutting from the slit between his hind legs, should curious eyes wander to that area of his body with a peek underneath or a view from behind. While hunger did play a large role in the vaporeon's usual gluttonous feeding habits, pleasure was right there beside it to assure he did quirky things like getting his prey down alive as often as he could and stuffing himself to and beyond capacity with food that was often wriggling in protest.

While Wiggly's mind mulled over his own quirky interests when it came to gulping whole prey and feeling it travel to various places inside his body, his head lowered down to begin coating the animal's wool in a respectable layer of slick viscous saliva. A wave of radiant energy was emitted by the vaporeon while their tongue first cupped underneath, then passed over the top of the lamb's face and head. While whatever Wiggly had done was intended to affect only the animal, Aeywon's close proximity enabled them to sense the presence of strange radiating energy running through the lamb's body even though whatever it was didn't apply any ill effects to them personally. Unbeknownst to Aeywon, 'lick' could be used by the vaporeon as a low-damage offensive attack. While damage from simple 'attacks' such as that translated awkwardly into normal animals as discomfort or pain, its one in three chance of causing paralysis with each use translated perfectly. With its head caked in warm lubricating fluid, and its body stiff and mostly unresponsive, it was finally time to see if Wiggly could actually swallow the animal whole and safely bring it back up alive and unharmed.

With a flick of Wiggly's ears the vaporeon stretched his maw open and allowed it to yawn quite a bit wider than was necessary even to provide Aeywon the view they requested. Even though his maw would likely be at least halfway closed by the time it came time to swallow, the large water type loved showing himself off; his newest friend explicitly requesting that he did so was just an added bonus that gave him an excuse to exaggerate the experience. With his maw open nearly all the way, a considerably larger amount of light was allowed entry, not that Aeywon would be needing it to peer inside thanks to their possession of a similarly keen sense of feline night vision to Wiggly's own. Regardless, it was definitely a better experience to have the sunlight illuminating the vaporeon's interior, shimmering over and highlighting the finer details that, until that point, had been hidden away deep within the oppressive darkness of the water type's drooling jaws. One such piece of scenery that benefited from the additional light resided in the far back of Wiggly's maw. Beyond those shiny wet cone-shaped teeth, past the strung-out webs of saliva draped throughout, and over that large dormant tongue upon which excess saliva currently pooled, was the vast expanse of Wiggly's large relaxed gullet.

Wiggly was a special creature. He could breathe both air and water. But unlike other land mammals, and most other vaporeon, his composition was that of a mix between an orca and some species of feline. What was present in the back of that yawning maw lacked any sort of resemblance to a land mammal's anatomy whatsoever. Although the vaporeon's sinuses connected to his lungs in the same manner as any other land mammal's did, the pathway air took to get there did not. There was no epiglottis to seal off his trachea when he swallowed because the trachea was not present in the back of his maw. Exactly akin to that of an orca, Wiggly's trachea and esophagus did not cross paths in the back of his mouth. The vaporeon could direct air through his maw via a connecting passage much deeper down his esophagus, however that was not the natural way a creature such as himself breathed air, and he only routed air through his maw manually when he was speaking or breathing on someone. Breathing through his mouth was never an involuntary action. With his airway and esophagus entirely separate it was virtually impossible for him to choke on anything he attempted to swallow that ended up being too large. The air he breathed took a path through his body that couldn't be obstructed by something blocking up his throat.

Whenever Aeywon's gaze wandered to the back of Wiggly's maw, and even around the interior for that matter, the sights they'd be taking in were nearly identical to what they'd see if they were instead staring straight into an orca's mouth. In the far back of Wiggly's maw was a wrinkled muscular ring. In its current state it appeared to be protruding outward along the top and sides toward the back of the tongue and yawning wide open. The opening sat on a diagonal slant with the uppermost portion recessed several inches deeper inside the vaporeon's mouth than its lower rim. Beginning from an unseen position deep beyond the point where the back of the tongue fell away, the angle of the yawning ring could easily be compared to the doorway of a very low lying dome-shaped tent. With the top sitting much further back than the bottom, anything that fell onto the opening would have a difficult time keeping itself from falling through, anything that was shoved or pushed against it would drop in with ease, and either instance would send whatever it was directly into the soft pink embrace of Wiggly's esophagus. There was a clear difference in diameter between the wider pink expanse immediately behind that wrinkled opening and the much narrower ring itself, suggesting beyond just its wrinkled appearance that it was capable of stretching quite a lot wider should something large be forced through it. But Aeywon's feline eyesight could not adjust to both light and dark at the same time. A few inches of smooth muscle were visible beyond the gaping opening upon which Aeywon could see that the wrinkles in the yawning sphincter continued inwards into Wiggly's esophagus, suggesting that it too was capable of ingesting things much larger than one would immediately assume. Beyond the first couple inches of illuminated wrinkled throat flesh, the plush walls along the entire circumference curled outward and the opening fell away into a gaping pit of blackness. Somewhere in there the walls collapsed onto themselves with nothing keeping them apart

deeper down, but that point was far beyond the impenetrable darkness Aeywon's eyes refused to adjust to with all that sunlight present. Though they could easily work around the issue and catch a deeper view by getting closer.

The sight they were presented with was Aeywon's first clue that the massive creature before them needn't rush a hasty swallow over some large prey to clear an airway that wasn't there; since Wiggly hadn't verbally disclosed this particular difference in his anatomy to his smaller friend beforehand. With the vaporeon showing himself off in such a manner, Aeywon might find it easy for their mind to spark of numerous ideas for future feedings. Especially if they happened to compare the width of themselves to the unmistakably wider-diameter opening that framed Wiggly's esophagus. The muscular ring's elasticity wouldn't need to be called into question should they choose to dive through it. After all, one of the sheep had already disappeared down it with seemingly little effort. Aeywon was certainly much larger than a sheep. But now, as the tiger could finally see, so too was Wiggly's gullet. With a quick dip of the water type's head he brought his chin down to the ground and crouched low to keep his head as level as he could with only a slight downward incline from the back of his maw to his incisors. But thanks to the angle of Wiggly's lopsided throat opening, even with his muzzle pointed in a downward diagonal the space behind the yawning sphincter over the back of his tongue still appeared to plunge straight down. If the blue tiger dared to test their luck and venture forth into the warm embrace of the wide open maw to literally watch the animal vanish into Wiggly's throat, they would get one heck of a deep view, especially with the sunlight being mostly blocked out allowing their eyes to adjust to the darkness. So long as they were careful enough not to slip and end up following the thing down his throat. Though Wiggly was instructed to bring the sheep back up to demonstrate the control he had over the contents of his forestomach, would he also bring up a tiger who was unfortunate enough to slip and fall in as well, accurately assuming he reacted by swallowing them too? Well, in short, yes. Yes he would. But he would also hope that Aeywon might be careful enough that they wouldn't need to find out, should they choose to go exploring inside his mouth.

Rivulets of saliva were flowing through the numerous creases along the wrinkled throat sphincter's surface, collecting at the upper rim, and dropping silently into the yawning pit for several long moments before the vaporeon's tongue extended forth and slid beneath the animal. With the front of his tongue pushing forth between its forelegs, Wiggly took advantage of the status effect he applied to the sheep. His tongue was far too wide to fit between the animal's legs. Instead the pressure forced them to buckle, both legs folded backwards beneath and beside its middle, and the vaporeon's tongue smoothly advanced at the same pace so that the animal's weight seamlessly transitioned to it from its hooves. The sides of the tongue cupped upwards around the sheep's sides, locking its legs into place beneath it with the tongue curling up its sides and meeting over its back like it was some kind of sheep soft taco wrapped in a thick slobbery tongue tortilla. In the span of just a couple seconds the vaporeon's head and tongue moved forward in tandem to advance the slippery organ down the remainder of the animal's underside; the hind legs easily folded backwards and the rear hooves left the ground. At the same moment the sides of the tongue's warm slimy front brushed between Aeywon's hind paws, and thanks to its girth it even slurped between their ankles and the bottom half of their calves. The heat of the vaporeon's body pulsed through the air in heavy waves, so dense Aeywon might think they could drink it out of the air. The uninsulated surface of Wiggly's tongue and wide open maw were right in front of them, throwing off a heat much more powerful than anything that radiated off of his skin on the outside. Although it wasn't searingly hot by any means, it was still well above ambient and very much noticeable. The sheep already inside him must be baking in a sauna!

Wiggly held this position for a short while, perhaps waiting to see how Aeywon would react given the visible rise in their clothing around the crotch area that he absolutely noticed from staring straight at it while he scooped the sheep away from them. For a moment Aeywon could see the entire circumference of that wide wrinkled gullet ring in the back of Wiggly's maw while his tongue was pulled forward away from it. Then the tongue-sheep taco pulled backwards and retreated into the open jaws, once again obstructing the view of the bottom of that opening at least from the tiger's point of view from outside, and the front of the tongue folded upward to push the animal further along its surface. A blast of warm, stale, fish-scented air wafted out over Aeywon, displaced by the tongue and sheep's return into the open jaws, treating the smaller blue felid to their first sample of the vaporeon's breath. Some squelching slurping sounds occurred as the sides of the tongue uncurled and fell away from the animal, and then the front did the same. There, laid out over the center of the tongue, was the unmoving but visibly still breathing body of the sheep. Wiggly's tongue bulged upward in the center and held it in place, keeping it from slipping out of his open maw when the tongue fell flat and released it. A pool of viscous slime was rapidly building around the animal, which laid with its hind legs stretched out behind it and its fores tucked to the sides. The sheep was not a mouthful by any means. In fact it fit as easily into Wiggly's mouth as a Jolly Rancher would in Aeywon's. Excess saliva cas-

ceded down the frontal slope of the tongue after the hump that held back the animal and rapidly pooled in the front of the beast's open maw where it trickled between his incisors and was dammed up by his muzzle's bottom lip.

Wiggly intended to hold this position a bit longer, but a sudden distressed bleat from the sheep in his jaws and an accompanying kick of its rear hooves as it quickly began to regain control of its body brought forth a sense of urgency in the massive aquatic creature. He was going to have to cut Aeywon's show a little short and get on with it before the animal moved out of such an easy-to-swallow position. The hind legs attempted to fold so the sheep could stand, but they lacked the strength to pull it off and the hooves slipped. The legs followed, and they were once again extended out behind the animal. It wouldn't be much longer before they regained enough strength to move the weight of their own body caked in thick vaporeon spittle, but the vaporeon himself wasn't about to let that happen before it was safely sealed away inside him where it had no chance pulling off a miraculous sudden escape. Before Aeywon's peering eyes the crease bulging upwards at the center of the tongue pushed backwards with a smooth wavelike motion. Just high enough to push the hind hooves and slide the sheep further inward, but not enough to obstruct the tiger's view of the process. Aeywon was treated to the sight of the animal's upper half being steadily pushed over the steep dip at the back of the tongue, causing its body to bend forward and lay upon the curve half-in and half-out, with just the sheep's lower half visible jutting over the mountain's peak. For a moment the animal's chin caught the bottom rim of the throat entrance and held it in place. But then the sheep bleated, a muffled echoing bleat that was mostly snuffed out by the vaporeon's interior, kicked, and jerked its body in a frightened attempt to finally move its limbs. The animal's hind legs kicked upward, dislodging its haunches from their resting place over the tongue's downward curve and instead transferring all of its weight to its front. The result was a wet slurp and a rather foolish nose dive straight through that yawning wrinkled pucker into the darkness that lay beyond. A watery squelch echoed out of the open maw as the sheep nosedived through a pool of collected slobber atop the barrier deep inside where the inner walls folded together. Its weight allowed it to easily plunge a foot or so beyond that point, so that the soft walls of Wiggly's esophagus molded around its head and upper body. And then, with the hind hooves still visible poking up out of the darkness in the back of the vaporeon's mouth, Wiggly closed his eyes and swallowed.

"Gluck!"

The wet gulp echoed forth as the vaporeon's esophagus seized the sheep within it and pulled. The tongue remained still, and instead the gullet opening folded inward and narrowed. The hind legs that protruded were slurped wetly through as it quickly shut and opened back up in the blink of an eye. Once the yawning ring expanded it revealed, right in the center of the empty space behind it, the animal's sopping wet rear hooves. It only took one additional second for those hooves to sink inward and disappear into the blackness. If Aeywon had gotten closer and ventured forth into the darkness, they'd be able to see thanks to their dimmer surroundings and witness those hooves slurping wetly through collapsed folds of soft-looking flesh while the animal was sucked down Wiggly's throat. And now all was silent, the sheep was gone, and it hadn't even been a challenge in any sense of the word for the massive beast to slurp it down him! With the deed now done, Wiggly opened his eyes to make sure Aeywon was a safe distance from his maw, closed his jaws, and raised his head back up to its normal height. There in the bottom half of his neck sat the hardly noticeable, streamlined, and elongated bulge produced by the sheep he just swallowed. Aeywon would have been able to see the powerful rippling of muscle action working to carry the bulge down the beast's neck while his head was lowered and his neck was held vertically, if they had moved to the side to specifically watch it. But now with the vaporeon's head in the air, the bulge was on full display. The swell visibly twitched and squirmed as the sheep regained its strength. Aeywon was provided with a few short seconds to interact with it if they so desired, before the pull of gravity sent the bulge of the slippery swallowed animal steadily vanishing through the bottom of the vaporeon's neck where it met with his chest area.

The first half of the bulge sank slowly into Wiggly's chest over the course of several additional seconds. A shameless moan of delight from the vaporeon accompanied the second half rather suddenly sinking straight down with a muted gurgling groan, vanishing in a fraction of the time. As expected, a thump of impact was seen jostling and briefly jutting out of the smooth blue underside of Wiggly's chest area just between his forelegs, most definitely caused by the swallowed sheep nosediving straight to the bottom of the creature's fore stomach. And then the area sagged down a fraction of an inch lower than it had been beforehand. In fact the change was so subtle, no one who looked at Wiggly would be able to tell there was an entire sheep sitting in his fore gut. Aeywon would only be capable of locating it because they knew where to look and were watching. Any pushing against the barely noticeable swell would result in Aeywon's paws pressing into a firm taut mass. Shifting it around would require enough force to lift the entire swallowed animal. While Aeywon was no doubt capable of lifting a sheep, doing so by pressing up-

ward against a small weighty bulge from underneath would require some effort; effort that would be rewarded in the form of a noticeable thump from somewhere else inside the vaporeon's body should they succeed in getting the sheep to roll from its current position. Their paws would also sink a good deal upward into Wiggly's frame. But when they moved their paws away, the sheep would settle back into the same place.

Between Wiggly's hind legs, the first two feet of his tapering cetacean shaft had emerged from his slit. Apparently 'Big Blue' was enjoying himself just as much as Aeywon enjoyed watching. A thunderous bubbling gurgle roared from the vaporeon's midsection as his stomach naturally contracted around its contents, producing muffled squawking clucks and a desperate-sounding bleat of terror. But from further along Wiggly's body toward the front, the creature's entire chest area visibly tightened and flexed. A wet gurgling groan was emitted as the creature manipulated the muscles of his fore gut, and the hard-to-see swell where the sheep's weight settled inside Wiggly's body lifted away and disappeared. Wiggly took a step back and, just as he did last time, Wiggly pulled his head backwards and held his position for a moment. However unlike the previous time, this time Wiggly moved his head forward and lowered it down to the ground making sure Aeywon was standing adjacent to his neck or body rather than directly in front of his face. That familiar wet "glorp" sounded out as the sheep was squeezed into Wiggly's esophagus, causing a bulge to fill out in his chest area that quickly passed upwards along his neck with a smooth continuous rate of motion. When it passed the halfway point the vaporeon turned his head, swung his body around to fully face Aeywon head-on, and with his snout hovering near the ground he opened his jaws.

The first thing to leave his gullet was a large watery belch. Nasty gut fumes gargled through the relaxed muscled ring in the back of Wiggly's maw and rushed forth straight in the tiger's general direction. The air was noticeably warm, incubated within the vaporeon's body. Among the odors carried with it was a twinge of carrion and vomit, however said odors were quite mild and easily ignored amongst the presence of everything else that could be detected in the belched-up air pocket. Fumes from the vaporeon's main chemical stomach were ever present and easily detectable, but the gist of the smell consisted of what could only be described as a menagerie of wet animals all bundled together with some vegetables, most notably corn, thrown into the mix. There were other odors present as well, but the combined end result wasn't terribly offensive to breathe in. Shortly after that belch erupted out, a watery bubbling gurgle burst forth while the wrinkled ring in the back of Wiggly's maw violently bulged outward as the bulge in his neck meshed into the underside of his muzzle. Not even half a second later and the swallowed sheep belched through with a second burst of foggy humid fore gut air, spilling over the back of Wiggly's tongue and into his open maw in the form of a bleating, struggling, soggy-woolen heap. The sheep in Wiggly's maw slid down over the surface of his tongue before being caught on the wall of the vaporeon's lower incisors. It smelled absolutely vile, caked in a clear slime that held the consistency of snot. Within the slime was flakes of random material; Feathers of varying colors, chunks of random plant matter, soggy tufts of fur from a dozen different species of animal, and something that appeared to be a wadded up hair scrunchie an anthro would use to tie back long fur - perhaps fur on a head or a tail. It was suspended within the caked-on layer of slime and plastered to the sheep's woolen body.

After just a few seconds however, only long enough for the vaporeon to demonstrate that the sheep was okay, the front of the tongue lifted and shuffled the slimy wad of crying animal deeper into the maw. Just as before a rippling wave coursed through the organ to shuffle its living cargo backwards, except this time the sheep was roughly curled into a ball. A very imperfect ball, but a ball nonetheless. Whatever that goopy snot-like mucus was they were caked in, it seemed the sheep was unable to pull against it enough to put up any meaningful struggle against its current predicament. Consequently, the rippling motion carried it backwards deeper into the maw, a wet splat echoed forth as it slipped over the back of the tongue and slopped through the gullet opening, and with a wet-sounding "glick" the balled up animal's cries were reduced to muffled white noise as it was swallowed whole for the second time. Once again Wiggly's maw closed in front of Aeywon after the creature assessed their proximity to make sure it was safe to. But this time when Wiggly's head raised up into the air, the bulge of swallowed sheep was round and much easier to notice. Steadily squelching its way downward, the swallowed animal traversed the length of the vaporeon's neck in just a couple seconds. When it reached the bottom, an airy fluttering gurgle sounded out where it sat in the base of his neck, the bulge sank inward rather than down, and the sheep vanished into the vaporeon's body with naught but a final wet squelch ringing forth to announce the beginning of its one-way journey to the beast's chemical stomach where it would be digested alive inside him with the other animals Aeywon fed him.

"Sheep is food," Wiggly mewed plainly with a slurp of his tongue around his muzzle from the right side to the left while he flicked his tail straight out behind himself and gazed straight at Aeywon.

"See. I can bring it back. Not anymore. I ate it for real as food that time. No coming out the same way now. But

good apple taste. I see you like the show, when I swallow her with mouth open. You are a funny cat. Did you get to see inside like you wanted?" After pausing to admire the feeling of the swallowed lump of food squeezing through the valve that sealed off his main stomach, and subsequently vocalizing a little "Aaah", a groan of bliss while the animal slopped through and joined his stomach's other various contents with a wet gurgle of acceptance emitted from his midsection, Wiggly gazed around the area to make sure there were no more animals to eat before posing one final question.

"There it goes inside me. Just food now. Thanks for food. Does blue cat need any wash?"

Aeywon's curiosity was certainly enough, for the time being, to have lead him right up to the outsides of Wiggly's gurgling belly. At that position, and while he was watching for it, he could identify the little ripples around the impacts of the struggling first sheep. It wasn't to the point of exhaustion yet, and still struggling quite strongly it seemed. That would fade eventually, it wasn't going to survive forever in there. Aeywon got a bit of a blush just from the heavy belly swaying above him. From the sounds and little motions, its size was becoming more and more apparent. Wiggly was big, obviously. But so were some other rare creatures, like Elephants. But those animals usually had necks too small, or mouths too small, and diets consisted of things more plant-based, or of much smaller sizes. When it came to considering one's own place on the foodchain, Aeywon always thought his bipedal species (and others like him) were really the top of it. But here, on his back below Wiggly and his belly, there was definitely a predator above him. Literally.

It was becoming easier to picture himself in there, if he and Wiggly didn't have the relationship they did. Not everyone was going to have a connection like that. Maybe some other persons like him... would just be more food in his eyes? While he moved back to the cart to give the chickens, he couldn't help but remember some of the stories people told in town, about a big creature in the woods. And the typical 'disappearance' of those that felt foolhardy enough to set off to go 'deal with' said creature. Aeywon couldn't imagine there would be MORE big unknown creatures in the woods that could fit such a description. Though now he was unsure which would be more frightening. That more creatures were out here like Wiggly; ones that may have killed or eaten a lot of the townsfolk. Or that Wiggly was the only one, and this creature he was casually feeding live animals to had also swallowed down others like himself already.

"Well, I guess if you accidentally swallowed someone, we could always use a rope to get them out!" Aeywon tried joking to him. "A rope like that wouldn't just break the first time you closed your teeth on it." But, wiggly was plenty able to sever the rope after gnawing on it for a few moments. It just took more than one clean snap of teeth to shear it in two. Aeywon had himself already witnessed the first sheep alive inside. He expected it wouldn't last very long, in the true stomach of the creature. But even there, if Wiggly was able to keep swallowing air for it, and it didn't just drown inside... it sounded like their survival might not be limited a matter of minutes... maybe could be drawn out to hours if Wiggly tried to?

Would that be better?

Would it be worse?

But they were back to feeding, and Aeywon was tossing chickens, getting more apple-sweet on his arms, while trying to scoop up the birds to throw his way. Each one was a tiny little lump, but easy to follow it's ride down. And this time, they were definitely not being tucked into the forward stomach for storing later. The thrashing fowl were gulped straight down past it, directly into his real stomach, to join the first sheep. When one chicken wasn't swallowed all the way, Aeywon got a view of the wing over the back of Wiggly's tongue. There was almost a little pocket there where it was lodged, and seemed to be giving the Vaporeon no trouble at all. Once the next bird went in, the double-size lump was gulped down as casually and eagerly as the others. It seemed Wiggly didn't have much of a gag reflex.

Now to the second sheep, and Aeywon made his slightly nervous request, he was hopeful but unsure what wiggly might answer. He seemed like one more interested in getting food inside him, than taking his time with it. Thus the

reason for Aeywon's question, he wanted to see if Wiggly would consider doing such a thing. He let out a breath of relief at his agreement with the request about this last prey animal. But the follow-up offer froze Aeywon in his tracks.

Swallow... ME... too?

He didn't know how to respond to that one. Was Wiggly being serious? It sounded very serious and straightforward. Not only that, his attention was taken by the big wet slurp of pink tongue around those lips. That made even his ears blush red, and other parts of him twitch in response. He had already been thinking about it, how such a thing might go. But now Wiggly was even offering. He wouldn't offer if he wasn't capable of doing it too, would he? His breath was caught, and trying to formulate any answer, the best he could manage was a soft mewl of a whimper through his teeth.

After a moment of silence, Wiggly admitted to the tease, at least claiming to have been joking. Aeywon listened to the explanation following that, and Wiggly's understanding to his original request. Aeywon managed a little grin back to him, nodding his head. Able to take a deeper breath again, he tried steadying himself. It was a small sigh of relief, but there was yet another tingle of something else in the back of his mind. Disappointment?

Really? Aeywon thought. *I shouldn't feel this way about NOT getting swallowed alive...*

But for now it was time to watch and witness. He stepped back, but not far, standing close enough to help corral the sheep if need be. It was mostly frozen in fear, sticky from the apple-butter rubbed onto its wool. But once Wiggly's jaws came down, and that tongue slurped out to start licking over its back, the animal seemed to cease even its nervous quivering. Aeywon knew how sticky Wiggly's saliva could be, but this wasn't like it was so covered in drool that it couldn't move. Its like the licking had a 'calming' effect? At least to its body, if not the creature's mind. Soon the lamb's head was glistening wet, thick ropes of saliva dripping down from its ears and chin. And for the first time, the feline got a full view all the way into the actual size and depth of the Vaporeon's maw and tongue, and behind that, the throat leading away into the stomachs he'd already observed from the outside. And that throat was something else... He'd seen into his own throat with mirrors, or into other farm animals' mouths before. But Wiggly was such a big creature, and half aquatic at that, the top of the gullet seemed much more open, and softer than he'd even anticipated it could be. Mostly relaxed, random muscles flexing or quivering slightly caused extra glistening shows of their slick softness. As big as it was in the back, and as broad as Wiggly's neck was... it really did seem he could fit in there if wanted to. And all the way to the stomachs, which could also easily accommodate his form. Wiggly may have been joking about swallowing him too, but now from nose to belly, Aeywon could see with his own eyes that his friend was large enough for it.

Aeywon helped to push the sheep from behind, helping it to slide right up onto Wiggly's tongue, the animal still remarkably still, considering where it was going right then. Once it was on and cupped up to lift off the ground, Aeywon felt the tongue's tip even glide against the tops of his bare footpaws, and up his ankles. It dampened his loose pants, and even that little contact sent a wriggle up his spine. He set his forepaws down on the tongue too, sliding around his own paw's flavor onto the tongue. He wasn't about to just climb in after the prey on Wiggly's tongue, but he DID step right up until his belly was pressed to Wiggly's chin, reaching his paws in and rubbing more onto the tongue, then around to the bottom part of the tongue, now with it curled up like a taco, it was easy to reach. The top was textured in a rather pleasant way, but the underside was like gelatinous silk. Impossibly soft and warm, pulsing with life. Aeywon did tempt fate slightly, leaning halfway in, and sliding his paws down to reach into the pool of thick slobber collecting in the pocket under Wiggly's tongue-tip and behind his front teeth. There was enough build-up there to plunge in almost to his elbows, while he stared straight ahead, seeing the sheep lined up perfectly on the tongue to slide right into the waiting throat.

The tiger flinched in surprise when the sheep started to thrash and make noise again, but his forepaws were a little stuck in the thick slobber. AS the tongue lifted in its wave-like ripple to slide the sheep deeper, the front of Wiggly's tongue also pressed up to his shoulders, sliding up under his chin. He held his ground, letting the inadvertent lick continue up his face and ears, screwing his eyes shut as it went. When the tongue fell away, and he opened his eyes, the sheep was halfway into the throat already, hanging right on the edge. But its own small struggles were exactly what pushed it over the edge, as it slipped down and fell further in. The loud wet gulp filled Aeywon's ears. He

expected the tongue to pull back to support the swallow, but all that was needed was the muscles of the throat. It flexed and clamped shut, swallowing. It relaxed again, and Aeywon had the tantalizing view of just hooves poking out, the only part of the lamb exposed still to “fresh” air and light. Aeywon’s mind had a quick flash of a thought, replacing the hooves of the sheep with the footpaws of a small mousegirl he knew from the town, wondering what it’d be like if it was HER about to get gulped down, right in front of him. The very thought brought an embarrassing warmth to his cheeks and a shiver up his spine.

With the sheep gone, Aeywon slowly drew backwards, dragging his arms out of the slobber and clearing himself from the jaws. Wiggly’s head lifted away now, showing off the muscles and gulps of his neck, taking the writhing sheep down. Unlike the chickens, this sheep was deposited right into where Aeywon knew the fore stomach to be. He stepped back, to just admire Wiggly in his predatory greatness, now having swallowed another creature in front of him. That was when he noticed the bit of arousal coming from Wiggly himself, back between his hindlegs. Aeywon laughed just a little to himself. Maybe Wiggly enjoyed taking time with his food too, after all! But Wiggly was already working to get the sheep back out again. If the gulps down had seemed powerful up until now, the effort of regurgitating a live animal up the ‘wrong’ direction seemed crushingly powerful. It took efforts to get those motions to happen, but Wiggly was managing it. When the jaws lowered and opened, there was more pungent smells than just his slobber and mouth. Some belching air came forth, and finally a muffled bleating became louder, until with a sudden heave the sheep was squeezed out all at once, surged up and onto the tongue, sliding quickly and smoothly all the way to the front, stopping right in front of Aeywon, almost like an offering. But just an offering of the view of it, the creature was doomed to be food, and this was only a short respite. And an almost casually cruel, taunting tease to the creature, had it been sentient. Swallowed once to a stomach of relative safety, then brought back to fresh air and light before being eaten for real.

But once the awe of seeing the sheep brought back out unharmed (Aside from some intense massaging and being knocked around by thick muscles), he took more note of it’s state. The slime on it now was something different from Wiggly’s saliva. More mucousy, it must have been what covered the insides of his fore stomach. It was a bit gross, but why wouldn’t it be? This was all Aeywon’s first hints of what it must have been like in that pocket of flesh. And there was other evidence of previous meals too, from the feathers to fur to plants, that just had never been passed on to the chemical stomach, and had persisted for who knows how long in the fore stomach. But before wiggly resumed his swallowing again, Aeywon reached in quickly, and snatched out the colorful scrunched fabric stuck to the sheep’s side, holding it in a paw and marveling. This was no part of any animal. His attention went back up as the lamb was lifted backwards into the throat again, struggling weakly as it’s view of the world shrunk, framed by teeth and lips, until she was tugged over the edge, and a repeat of the swallowing exercise from earlier happened. Aeywon watched raptly once more, holding the small memento he’d grabbed in his paws. The bulge was sucked down again, tug after tug, until it diverted away from the fore stomach and disappeared into Wiggly’s body, off to join the pile of other prey animals in his belly. They were all just food now, and not coming back from there.

Aeywon shuddered, thinking about where the animals all were now, especially with Wiggly narrating their fate, and what was left for them now. Just some hours of slowly softening and digesting, until they eventually expired. “I... I did!” the cat replied. “That was... amazing to see. I’ve never seen anything like it. You can swallow them all so easily. And bring them back too, if you wanted. And you’re welcome! I’m glad you liked them!”

Wiggly may have been talking about the water washing, as he’d done the last time they were together. But after everything he’d been witnessing, and the memento he was holding, Aeywon was picturing a different sort of ‘washing.’ He also had another question gnawing in his head.

“Wiggly, you joked earlier about swallowing me too,” he started a little shyly. Then holding up the slimy scrunch of material, “Have you... actually eaten others? Others like me before? Because this came back up stuck to the sheep. And... it’s the sort of thing girls in my town wear in their hair.” He didn’t know if maybe the thing had blown out to the cornfield, and had been scooped up with other plant matter and swallowed at some point... or was it possible there was a story here? Of some girl that had been found by a more hungry and less curious Big Blue, who just needed something to satiate a growling stomach? Or, if Wiggly took any interest in intelligent prey of the female persuasion, if they may have been a bit of a plaything before getting gulped down.

Even if the history of the thing was potentially terrifying, that Wiggly had swallowed some girl alive at some point... Aeywon was still stricken with the same fascination that had been surrounding him all day. Whatever wiggly had to

say about it, if anything, there was still the question he'd posed about a washing.

"For that... washing you mentioned... I do kinda have this apple stuff still on a lot of my fur. I wouldn't mind if you wanted to... lick it off of me? Better than letting it go to waste, right? I can ah..." he glanced around nervously, as if there would be someone other than the two of them out there. "I can take my clothes out of the way too. They'd just get sticky and messy if I kept them on, don't you think?" There was also his unspoken thought of what a tonguebath might feel like against his bare fur, and especially with his still-present bulge of arousal under his pants.

Aeywon's comment to Wiggly about fetching a swallowed person with a rope was reacted to with a brief head tilt, wider opening of his eyes, and slight dropping of his jaw as if his mind had just wandered over the solution to a problem he'd failed to solve ages ago. This display only lasted about half a second before the vapoleon's facial expression returned to normal, like someone gasping in surprise as they reacted to some sudden occurrence and then playing it off like it was nothing of importance. But not a word or a sound of his own creation was emitted in the process. He simply... reacted and nothing more.

Aeywon's body language was studied by Wiggly's keen focused stare after he made that joking offer to gulp his new friend down him to 'get a deeper view inside'. The reddening of the tiger's ears, the sudden pause in their every movement as if his offer was a fallen wrench that sent the gears turning in their brain grinding to a halt, and especially the stirring in their crotch along with the flustered whimpering mewl that escaped through their teeth. In that moment, while Wiggly stared straight at Aeywon after swiping his tongue around his muzzle like he meant what he'd said, Aeywon might have been able to pick up on the corners of the vapoleon's muzzle subtly pulling upwards. In response to their reaction, the vapoleon was grinning. It only lasted a short moment, as Wiggly quickly claimed to have been joking, but he had definitely grinned in a manner that seemed to imply that he was pleased with Aeywon's reaction.

When Aeywon's fore paws came in contact with the warm surface of Wiggly's tongue, and the beast's warmth truly swirled throughout the air all around the smaller blue felid, at first Wiggly didn't seem to react much at all. But as Aeywon moved their paws around its surface at the very front, stepped closer, and then did the same to the underside when the front curled up to push the sheep deeper inside, the rate at which the vapoleon was salivating seemed to hasten. The underside of the beast's tongue was indeed quite soft; textured akin to that of wet jello yet infinitely sturdier while maintaining just as much give to any pressure applied to its surface. That wavelike ripple traveling the surface of Wiggly's tongue to draw the sheep deeper into his maw only needed to occur from the center of the organ, where the sheep's hind hooves were situated, onward to the far back. Yet the motion began from the very tip of the organ anyway, and as it did so it shoved itself between Aeywon's arms and their chin, pinning the former to the bottom of his maw and submerging them beneath a pool of warm saliva in the process. And then came the wave-motion. The top of the tongue lifted and curved, pressing gently against the tiger's chin and rolling upward over the corner to its front. From there some pressure was applied and the tongue continued to roll upward until it was plastered over their entire muzzle. But before the tongue fell away it slurped its way upward, passed over Aeywon's face and ears, and even teased at their arms with some shifting of its underside to 'wring out' the old saliva in their fur and extract more of the natural feline flavor they so generously wished to share with him. The vapoleon didn't make any attempt to snatch the tiger up. However it was clear by the way the tongue slurped over them that Wiggly had taken notice of their effort to spread their flavor around in his maw. In fact he appeared to be enjoying the flavor of Aeywon's body so much that he was actively tasting them!

Aeywon's arms were easy to withdraw from the pool of saliva as they were pulled straight out, leaving them both caked in a generous helping of the warm goopy stuff that collected at and fell from their fingertips in thick wads after running down their arms and paws. While they stepped back to admire Wiggly's predatory behavior, the vapoleon struck a majestic sort of pose that naturally showed off the strength, power, and size of his body while he stood upright with his head held high and his tail resting behind himself, patiently waiting for the last of the swallowed sheep to slip down the final stretch of his throat before it was deposited deeper inside him. The portion of his malehood out on display was simply an added bonus in this instance, however it did indeed seem to suggest that Wiggly enjoyed what he was doing on a level comparable to Aeywon's own personal interest.

A lot of power did indeed go into regurgitating the swallowed sheep back up Wiggly's throat. When the vaporeon wanted to send something back up, and commanded his body to do so, Wiggly's fore stomach was cruel, uncaring, and did what it was told regardless of the prey's personal comfort. Some additional care could be exercised for something the vaporeon valued, such as Aeywon for example, but when it came to the swallowed sheep all sympathetic feelings were inherently absent. Wiggly just needed to bring it back up so he could eat it for real. Neither he or his body cared how it played out with this animal. The muscles in the vaporeon's chest area were visibly flexing and squeezing; gathering the animal up with a wad of lubricating slime, balling it up into a singular bolus, and shoving it through the entrance to the vaporeon's esophagus. From there it was a near crushingly tight experience for the animal, no doubt more than enough to squeeze the air from its lungs on its way through that lower valve and prevent it from inhaling a breath on its way up despite a bubble of squeezed-out air accompanying it in its travels. Unlike when Wiggly swallowed, gravity could only work against him during this process. Further yet, the powerful rippling waves of muscle action that carried prey from top to bottom was not capable of functioning in reverse. Instead the esophagus collapsed beneath its cargo, slammed the bottom-most muscular ring together into a tight unyielding knot, and pulsed the barrier it created upward in one single wave of action. This was meant to be a one-shot deal. Either whatever it was came soaring up Wiggly's throat and squelched into the vaporeon's maw on the first try or that powerful knot of muscle passed straight over it and left it behind. Complications to living things experiencing the latter while they were curled up the way the lamb currently was likely included being crushed, resulting in a death that was hopefully quick, as they were forced to squeeze through an opening only wide enough for excess fluids or slimes to squirt back through when the muscular knot forced its way around their body lodged somewhere in his neck. Aeywon would certainly be able to see, by the way the muscles bulged directly behind the swell of returning sheep to such a degree that they surpassed its size with their own, that Wiggly's body was not playing around.

The slime the sheep was caked in was pretty disgusting. Its texture was that of a snotty lubricating grease or very thin putty, it reeked of a thick bitter bile-like scent that carried with it an odor similar to that of burning rubber, and it left a film of itself behind upon just about any surface it touched. When Aeywon snatched the crumpled article of fabric from the gunk that plastered it to the sheep's wool, it took a bit of effort to dig their fingertips through the dense sludge and actually grab onto the item within it despite the coating of the stuff itself being relatively thin. When they pulled there was a good deal of resistance, and the gunky slime stretched as if it were reluctant to release its hold on the item before the rope it created broke and fell upon the sheep with an audible splat. A good portion of the stuff was held in Aeywon's paw with the item, and as gravity took hold of it it gradually began to seep and smear into his palm. The vaporeon visibly beamed when Aeywon complimented his demonstration. Behind him his tail lifted up into the air, casting a great fish-shaped shadow behind himself as he expressed said joy, as well as his appreciation toward Aeywon bringing him the animals, in the form of easily recognizable feline body language. His tail gradually fell back down to its normal position when Aeywon brought up his prior joke, but it wasn't because he was unhappy in any way. In fact, Wiggly was almost certain that the tiger was about to ask him if he'd change his mind or consider swallowing them down for real. He opened his mouth to complete Aeywon's thought he assumed was coming next. However no sound came out, for he immediately knew what was actually coming as soon as Aeywon held up the slimy goopy wad of cloth. Then came the answer to if he'd eaten others like Aeywon before.

"Many," the vaporeon admitted almost immediately while his ears partially splayed to the sides as he pretended to be ashamed of himself. As a feline themselves however, Aeywon could likely pick up on other clues, such as the vaporeon's tone and lack of hesitation. That would inform them that his apologetic gesture was ingenuine at best and only displayed as a means of softening any potential negative reaction in their own feelings toward his admittance to performing such an act. This became especially evident while the massive aquatic felid explained the most recent occurrence of such behavior and the splaying of his ears rapidly subsided while his mind was distracted with expressing something that was genuine.

"I do not know which held that item," the vaporeon meowed. "But if you say it comes from females, it must be from um, yester-days ago. Last day before this day. Maybe from brown bunny slurped down from the water?" Wiggly paused for a moment to think, and during this time his tongue subconsciously swiped around his jaws as the memory of swallowing her down and feeling her weight sitting inside him flooded back into his mind. His main stomach, 'filled' as it was with fresh still-living meat, even growled with a watery-sounding grumble of hunger in response to the recollection of his recent feeding escapade.

"Yes. Female bunny swims in water far from land. Wears funny eyes under surface deep down. Eyes are fake, real eyes go behind, and fake eyes make many bubbles of air in water. I hunt fish. But I find alone bunny. Wears bubble

on mouth. She calls in water when I swim, says she finds the creature then says many numbers. But no one is nearby. I come closer to see and hear to hurry. Maybe boat is coming quickly closer. So I hurry and grab to the middle. I do not want to wait to see. But when I swim the face bubble comes off and goes straight to top of water. She try to make a signal maybe? So I stop to turn bunny because she is sideways and then suck her up like fish and swallow quick with water. Then swim quick to not be near where the device floated up. Then she struggle inside. Feels good. But she stand up inside and push hard. She try to use paws and feet to be big and stretch out so I release her. But I squeeze gentle and roll so she can not do it. But she still tries. Then I relax and she quickly stands again. Pushes paws up through top. But she pushes through not what she thinks. First stomach only goes to second unless I switch the paths to bring her up." There was a small pause now, during which Wiggly tilted his head slightly to one side and stared straight at Aeywon through narrowed eyes. Then Wiggly nodded to himself and finished his story.

"So I let her go in. Then I squeeze first stomach bottom to go up and help her. She is mostly in and pushes with feet to go, and that feels very good, and feels more good when I swallow and feel her get pulled through to travel deeper inside. I do not think she likes fish, she screamed and struggled lots but could barely hear in water. Burped up air because sound was annoying. Hard to focus on quiet prey noises with loud prey screaming inside food stomach. She did not last much long. But she taste and feel very good as prey."

When Aeywon seemed to be fascinated by his story rather than horrified, and even doubled back to address his concern toward cleaning them off, Wiggly immediately flashed back to the point just moments earlier where they had both of their arms inside his maw and their flavor almost distracted him from swallowing the sheep already lined up for a quick journey down his gullet. Yes, he definitely wanted an excuse to get a better taste of his smaller blue friend, during a time in which he could focus on their flavor rather than dismiss it as a distraction. He wasn't even going to correct the tiger and inform them, or perhaps remind them, that he had intended to clean them up with a spray of water. This was far too perfect of an opportunity for him to pass up or potentially ruin by trying to act unnaturally polite. This is what he wanted. From the way things appeared, especially with the prominent bulge of arousal still present in the crotch of Aeywon's pants, his friend certainly wanted this just as badly, if not more so. So, appealing to his better nature and casting useless hesitations aside, Wiggly happily obliged, perhaps a bit too eagerly!

Now it was the massive aquatic beast's turn to involuntarily place his arousal on full-ish display, as he marveled in the prospect of sucking on his friend like a delicious piece of candy - or rather an item with the closest resemblance thanks to his unfamiliarity with the word for actual candy. The vaporeon's shaft began sliding forth from the slit between his legs at a steady rate, creeping along his underbelly as he mulled over some unspoken questions such as whether or not Aeywon would willingly end up entirely inside his mouth, and if they did, whether he'd be able to retrain himself from swallowing them whole. At least he knew that in the event he couldn't help himself thanks to their flavor being too rich, the apple butter they were smeared in, both, or whatever else, he would leave the passageway to his main stomach blocked off just in case. That way if it did happen, through either Aeywon's actions or his own, he would eventually come to his senses and regurgitate the tiger.

"I will lick," Wiggly responded quickly with an eager-sounding meow. "No need to waste. Tasty flavors are good to get off. They will be very yummy. Nice for extra snack even if small." The vaporeon paused to swipe his tongue around his maw, and when Aeywon suggested removing the clothing that was already messy thanks to the apple butter so that Wiggly could lick it off without getting the clothing dirty, the idea clicked in the vaporeon's head that Aeywon wasn't actually suggesting this to clean that stuff off of him. This was yet another win-win situation as far as he was concerned, for his true point of interest was attuned to getting a second, or rather a third, sample of the flavor of the blue tiger themselves. With their arms, face, all four paws, and their ears already matted with his saliva, the clothing was really all there was left to 'clean off', in this manner. The vaporeon was keen enough to notice, but also clever enough to keep these details to himself and let the situation play itself out the way he wanted it to.

"Oh yes, idea is good," Wiggly mewed with a curt nod that sent a sliver of saliva flying from one side of his muzzle as he drooled over the prospect of slobbering over his friend's delicious blue fur. "Take cloth away," he mewed as his eyes wandered to the scrunchie Aeywon still held in one paw.

"Sorry for bunny girl from town. But she is food. Out from my food stomach since last night when I sleep her off and wake up with empty belly. Digested her yes? She does not need color thing any more." By now the vaporeon was so excited to get a real in-depth taste of his new friend that he could properly savor and enjoy, that the entire upper half of his long aquatic shaft had emerged from his slit and hung in the air between his haunches.

"Come on, remove cloths. I will clean fur," the beast eagerly mewed while he dipped his head, gently rested his chin upon the bed of corn husks that littered the ground, bent all four legs to lower himself down into a crouching sort of position, and stretched his maw open as wide as he could. The interior was absolutely drenched in saliva, with excess spittle streaming in heavy ropes from the roof of the maw where webs of the stuff stretched and broke thanks to the width of the vaporeon's eager yawn. Wiggly had clearly been drooling for quite some time now; a bunch of the stuff was pooled down in the front of his maw just the same as it was back when Aeywon had shoved their arms into it while he swallowed down the temporarily paralyzed sheep.

Aeywon remained, listening attentively. His face showed a small reaction from the first word of Wiggly's answer: 'Many'.

Especially as the story continued, it really felt like wiggly had been pretending to be apologetic about the truth. But it cemented the small cat's suspicions that Wiggly really was one in the same creature that was likely responsible for most (if not all) of those that had gone missing over time, one way or another. If he could just swallow someone down that easily, and in this case a bunny. Aeywon was still young, and relatively small. A bunny that was at least an adolescent as he would have been his size, or even taller. And apparently Wiggly had managed to cram them down without any problem. The gooey scrunchie in his paw was evidence enough of that.

The story continued, Aeywon trying to picture a bunny girl caught in Wiggly's jaws, stuck under the water with only whatever breath they could have been holding. But then tossed around and swallowed down quickly, it seemed almost a shame to him, to not get a good tasting before sucked down into the throat. But he understood why Wiggly would have done it that way. It sounded like Wiggly had still toyed with her a little bit, "helping" her along out of the forestomach, just to gulp her deeper into his true stomach, packing her away with whatever else he'd been eating. Fish, it sounded like.

And Wiggly had enjoyed it.

It also hit Aeywon that, depending on how fast and complete Wiggly's digestion was, there might have even still been some remnants of the bunny in his chemical stomach, now piled under the jostling weight of the goats and chickens that Aeywon had just spent the afternoon feeding to the vaporeon. He had to take another long gaze at Wiggly's round belly again, just imagining the sounds of one not unlike himself, trapped inside and waiting for digestion to set in. That was a terrifying thought. But long before even actual prey had to face the realities of the stomach, there was the whole process of tasting and savoring... And that part of it definitely seemed pleasant. Maybe even "worth it", if the only way one could get the experience, was to have the **complete** package. Tonguebaths, tastings, a massage down the throat, and a sweltering sauna of a belly before digestion. It wasn't a fate he was about to ask for, but... in some ways it was tempting. Maybe his joke about a rope wasn't such a bad idea, later on sometime.

Aeywon of course was not privy to the Vaporeon's excited thoughts about tasting his companion, and the possibility of him winding up in a belly before the day's end. But Wiggly was clearly excited, nonetheless! The tiger wasn't himself attracted so much to males, as he was to females. Otherwise the partially aroused member back under Wiggly's haunches may have been a more appealing and idea-inducing sight. But the ideas of what a huge tongue and maw could accomplish on one's body - that was a tempting portion of anatomy, regardless of the gender of who it was attached to.

Aeywon tried to bounce the colored stretchy cloth, still in his paw. "Well, There's not anything to be done for her now, I suppose. Or any others you've... eaten... before." It was strange to say it out loud. He picked at the edges of his shirt and trousers with the tips of his digits, after dropping the scrunchie to the side. Despite having made the suggestion, it wasn't exactly normal to him, to be undressing around anyone. Even if it was someone he felt familiar and comfortable with, out away from civilization, just the two of them.

"I've not exactly done this sort of thing before," Aeywon admitted. "Any of it, really. But I think it could be fun, here!" He paused to take breath to steady himself, then lifted up from the hem of his shirt, lifting it clear of his head and arms, tossing to the side, aiming for the small cart that had brought the animals. His pants followed too, tumbling through the air and landing in a **flump** atop his shirt. Leaving just his undergarments, they were the toughest to remove, mentally at least. But after a few moments he tugged those down too, stepping out from them one leg at a time. Most of him was covered in blue fur, aside from the obvious white diamond-stripes along his arms, legs, and tail. Those were easily noticeable to anyone. But now visible was the matching white color of his bellyfur, which extended down to include his sheath and most of his inner thighs. Many of the sensitive regions of himself, either ticklish or sexual in nature, painted white as if it was a target on his frontside.

Standing a bit awkwardly, he wasn't really sure what they should try to do first, when it came to something like this. He wasn't so sharply aroused as he was before, at least not until Wiggly lay down to match his level, and yawned his maw wide open. That got an almost immediate twitch from the little cat's member, witnessing the size of his jaws again, and once again treated to the soft, pink, fleshy pit of a mouth and throat at the back. Extra wet now too, it seemed the ropes of thick slobber stretched between every tooth, and many wide curtains from tongue to roof.

They all stretched away in their own ways as the mouth yawned wide, some stretching thin and holding on, others snapping and contracting back into puddles and thick gobs, that proceeded to ooze down from teeth or over the edge of his lips. It seemed Wiggly had no trouble making absolute GALLONS of the stuff, without really trying all that hard. He stepped forward and knelt down right at Wiggly's chin, close enough for his knees to touch the bigger creature's smooth skinned jaw. He had already been reaching inside today, and his paws were even still sticky from before. But starting things off a little slow, he reached inside once again, sliding his pawpads across the top of Wiggly's tongue, warming them up quickly, while 'fresh' saliva mixed to join the old in his fur.

"The ground's soft enough here, would it be better if I just lay down?" he asked, trying to lean over to see around the broad muzzle to Wiggly's face.

He was getting rather hard again, having the wet flesh squishing under his paws, and the slobber squelching between his fingers.

Wiggly had indeed enjoyed the experience of having someone, in this case at least Aeywon's own size but likely even larger, inside him whole and alive. In fact, were he to gloss over every instance of such that he could remember, he'd be hard pressed to think of a single occurrence in which he ingested some person or creature and didn't enjoy it. Such recollections would of course be inclusive of the countless number of times living things entered the vaporeon's body via the duo of typically unconventional entrances beneath his tail. But those two methods of winding up inside the beast typically resulted in a disproportionately higher level of enjoyment, in favor of the host, anyway. While Aeywon gazed over the vaporeon's chubby midsection and imagined what it would be like from their vantage point to hear the cries of someone bearing a similar stature to their own, trapped inside the beast's chemical stomach deep within Wiggly's body knowing digestion was their ultimate fate, the only sounds they'd pick up were the constant gurgling of the entire system hard at work and the faint squawking and panicked bleating of the animals who were currently undergoing the same exact treatment inside the beast's body. That bunny was in there somewhere, that's for sure. But while Aeywon imagined her calling out from deep within the beast using her words, she instead called out in the form of wet bubbling gurgles which constantly flared up further along the vaporeon's body where she was currently in the process of being pumped through the beast's lower plumbing. Gurgles, glorps, bubbling groans of gasses being produced and forced ahead of the solids, that was all she was now. A nutritional paste making its rounds through the lower digestive tract of the creature standing before them, fueling his body and padding it out just a tiny bit more than it already was right before the tiger's eyes; though not at a rate anywhere near quick enough to be visually picked up on. It was likely that the panicked animals in his stomach were flailing and splashing in at least some remnants of that former healthy, fit, lively female bunny he'd eaten prior, in which case some sloshing could be added to her vocabulary. But in a few additional hours not even that would remain of her inside the vaporeon. Tongue bath, massage down the throat, belly sauna, digestion... come the end of the current day, that bunny girl's 'full package' experience would complete with the lifting of Wiggly's tail. While the vaporeon's digestive system didn't care if the meat it was digesting or the remains it was getting rid of belonged to a rabbit or a tiger, should Aeywon truly feel tempted to play with such a fate, a safety rope tethering them to the outside of the vaporeon's body was a pretty good idea. Perhaps for the added sense of security it would provide, though it was entirely unnecessary thanks to the creature's natural ability to retrieve the things he swallowed.

The feeling of excitement currently inching its way onto display between Wiggly's haunches was nothing more than an instinctive reaction to the situation at hand. Wiggly was ecstatic with the idea of having his newest friend inside him, even if he currently planned on taking them no deeper than the confines of his drooling maw. Getting to a point where he could hold Aeywon within him, perhaps even lift his head with a slurp of their blue noodle of a tail to polish them off and hide them from the outside world... even the thought of carrying out such an action got the vaporeon's heart racing with unexplainable lust. The fact that he was literally about to do it, or at the very least attempt it, triggered an automatic response within his loins that he had no desire of hiding from the tiger. Just the same as Aeywon, Wiggly himself was not attracted to males. Although he had no desire to use his malehood as a means of interacting with the tiger, his choice to allow them to catch a glimpse of it so easily resulted from his decision to be entirely transparent about his feelings toward the situation at hand. Not only was Wiggly okay with Aeywon's apparently sexual interest with exploring his maw, watching him eat, asking him questions about his internal anatomy and what it was like to swallow someone whole, feeding him, and the like, he seemed to share the exact same sentiment with the roles flipped upside-down! Where Aeywon found pleasure in their interaction with an ideal predator,

Wiggly experienced the same pleasure from being that predator. A perfect match, if you will. Although the creature's grasp on speech in Aeywon's native language was rough and lacking, it was becoming more and more clear that the same case could not be made for his intelligence in general.

The cloth in Aeywon's paw was slick not with Wiggly's saliva, but with an outer coating of slippery secretions from his forestomach. Despite being soaked in saliva, the slippery gunk that coated the otherwise much clingier vaporeon drool the cloth had been soaked in gave it that bouncy springy feel Aeywon was looking for, even despite the thick clingy spittle they had caked over both of their paws. It wouldn't bounce on the ground of course, but bouncing between their paws was certainly achievable. Dropping it to the side resulted in a wet sounding "thwack" as the weight of the fur-laden gunk it was coated in smacked on the ground. "Nothing. They are all food," Wiggly mewled in response to Aeywon's comment regarding the anthro rabbit, and any others, he consumed earlier. "Nothing you can do for the bunny. But for me there is still some time before I am done with the bunny. She was food not very long ago. I still have bunny, but she will not be recognized. I use her until maybe tomorrow. Then she is gone."

With Wiggly's maw yawned open as wide as it was, when Aeywon knelt down in front of it the heat of the vaporeon's interior stood stagnant directly in front of them. Like an invisible door separating the inside of the vaporeon's maw from the outside, the warm outside air transitioned to the heat of the inside of the maw only once past the threshold of slobbery blue lips. With no mouth-breathing to waft it around, and convection carrying hot air upward rather than forward, the creature's hot breath stayed where it was. It wasn't until a mild breeze gusted toward the two that that barrier was disturbed and the fishy-meaty pocket of hot vappy breath came rushing out over the blue tiger's entire kneeling form. Though that experience was quickly dwarfed by the vaporeon consciously forcing a breath out through his maw. As gently as he could, Wiggly drew in air through his nose and slowly exhaled the entire breath worth of meaty humid gullet odor straight over his smaller blue friend. The vaporeon was careful not to release too much at once in fear of literally blowing Aeywon over onto their back. But in this case the level of caution Wiggly exercised was truly unnecessary. He could have exhaled a lot quicker than he did without even budging the smaller felid from their kneeling position in front of his open maw. But instead he took it as slowly as he could, truly prolonging the duration in which that heated fishy air blew from his maw with a humidity so thick the prolonged exposure dampened Aeywon's belly fur and baked in the odor of vaporeon breath. Not that they'd be able to tell, with the saliva carrying the same odor amplified several times over and the air they were headed into smelling no different.

Unlike Aeywon, Wiggly had a bit of experience in this field of action. This certainly wasn't his first rodeo when it came to giving some living creature an extended look and feel around his maw. However it was his first time doing it with someone he didn't immediately intend to swallow. So in a way the vaporeon himself was a first-timer as well. Normally he'd do as he pleased, they were eventually going down his throat and his stomach definitely wasn't going to be nice to them anyway. But for Aeywon he had to be gentle and cautious. This was, of course, how things played out in his mind. But once he got to it and put his plan into action, it didn't take long for things to get out of hand. Especially when the vaporeon, quite unexpectedly, literally lost himself in the blue tiger's natural flavor! Aeywon's estimate that there were gallons of saliva present was spot-on. Wiggly was a massive creature. Gallons upon gallons of the beast's thick slimy spittle were produced on a dime. Strings of the stuff hung in downward-curving arches that stretched between nearly every upper tooth like decorative tinsel pinned to a tree. Larger strings connected the upper teeth to the palate here and there, and deeper inside the maw where the space between the tongue and the roof was narrower, large thick ropes joined the tongue to the upper palate in nearly a dozen different places. Sheets of the warm clear gunk webbed across the dark pink pockets that made up the interior of the creature's cheeks. Rivulets streamed down the curve of the beast's tongue and poured from its tip and sides to feed a quickly growing reservoir just beyond the warm blue lower lip Aeywon's knees were situated up against, somewhat dammed up by the vaporeon's incisors but finding a way to flow between them as liquids naturally do. After a short while the pocket in the bottom of the maw had filled and the saliva began pouring around, then over, the vaporeon's incisors to begin filling the space between themselves and the creature's bottom lip - pooling just inches from the location of Aeywon's knees. Gazing upward would treat the tiger to the sight of large beads of fresh saliva building upon the creature's upper palate, dozens of large gobs dotting the ribbed surface as they spawned to life and dropped through the air when they grew too large to continue clinging, a result of the vaporeon actively salivating right in front of them. The same dots of fresh spittle were secreted from random locations along the soft inner cheeks and the surface of the tongue, while the rivulet flowing down the center seemed to be fed by those thick ropes in the back of the maw that refused to dry up and thin out. Wiggly must be salivating more heavily from that area of his maw in order for such a heavy flow to be maintained like that. And it was all for Aeywon. Anticipating their flavor, their touch, their introduction into that very maw from which it came.

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Just as the gap between Wiggly's lower lip and his front row of teeth filled with freshly-produced spittle and began to crest over the top and pour down the front of his muzzle and chin, Aeywon's paws came in contact with the surface of his tongue. As soon as contact was made, and Wiggly's taste buds confirmed that the tiger was something worth salivating over after all, saliva production doubled in an instant. With focus now honed in on sampling the tiger's taste rather than passively licking them as a gesture of affection and gratitude, Wiggly was able to really take in and enjoy Aeywon's natural flavor. Small areas of the tongue quivered beneath the tiger's touch as his salty pads were properly tasted. The muscle relaxed, allowing the paws to sink down and push into its surface. Their weight pressing down created pockets which immediately filled with flowing saliva and sent the vaporeon's inner warmth surging around Aeywon's paws, wrists, and lower forearms. When Aeywon asked their question and leaned to the side to peer around the vaporeon's muzzle, the creature responded immediately with a narrowing of his eyes and shifting of his tongue. The look on his face that Aeywon was able to glimpse looked anything but threatening. In fact, above all, it looked surprised. Right until the eyes narrowed a bit during that final fraction of a second that they were visible for and it took on a look more akin to blind determination with a bit of feline curiosity.

Sudden thick gusts of breath blew large gobs of spittle over Aeywon's front and, coupled with the shifting of the tongue, nearly threw them off-balance as Wiggly replied with their paws in his open mouth. The quick gusts of breath were much more forceful than the vaporeon's earlier carefully-released exhale, but they were still far from enough to knock Aeywon backwards even a little. Some blowback of their fur and flecks of flung spittle pelting them at random was the worst that became of it, though it was certainly a strange sight to see the entire maw shifting around them while Wiggly spoke. "Do not lay out," Wiggly mewed, nearly yanking Aeywon's arms straight up into the air when the center of his tongue slapped up against the roof of his maw to make the 'L' sound among others, sending those paws on a brief roller coaster of sorts in the process. "Lay to front."

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That final sentence was what did it. Slobber poured over the vaporeon's bottom lip and pooled on the ground, pouring over the corn husks that littered it and oozing around the tiger's knees and calves. Wiggly forgot to use only the center of his tongue to form words during that second sentence. So when his maw first pursed, then shut to create the "F" and "N" sounds, Aeywon was quickly but gently thrust in several different directions. At first the lips pursed, shifting their body to the center of Wiggly's maw. Then the lower incisors moved upward and nearly came together with the upper ones, scooping the tiger forward as the closing of the maw overhead forced the soft slimy warmth of the inner upper lip over the back of their head, then down their back, and pushed them into a forward-leaning hunch at an angle that vastly cleared the upper set of incisors thanks to movement only being present from the jaw below. Then all of a sudden the tongue shot outward and the tip scooped at the interior of the vaporeon's upper incisors, hooking onto Aeywon's face and upper body in the process and gently yanking the blue felid deep into the maw when the tongue retreated back inside a fraction of a second later. The tiger was tugged from their kneeling position and laid out over the vaporeon's tongue, pulled through ropes of saliva which draped themselves down their back and planted face-first upon the very center of the thick pink taster. Wiggly's immediate reaction was to say he was sorry. And upon doing so he made the same exact mistake. The last set of actions were repeated, sliding the tongue forward beneath Aeywon and pushing it against the upper incisors, on in this case Aeywon's hips, to make the "S" sounds which resulted in scooping the tiger up and shoveling them deeper into his maw when the tongue pulled right back. Only this time Wiggly didn't apologize. He knew better than to make the same mistake again, and he knew Aeywon would likely recognize that he hadn't done this on purpose. But all the same, he now had the tiger's body held almost entirely inside of his maw. With their hips slurped past the incisors and their head and upper body pushed well over the center of the tongue onto the steep upward slope where it curved toward that gaping pit of Wiggly's gullet at the far back of the maw, the blue anthro's legs from their knees down, a portion of their tail, and their feet were the only parts of them that weren't currently wrapped within the gooey warmth of Wiggly's interior. Like a blanket the warmth of Wiggly's body was suddenly draped over Aeywon's entire upper body. Gobs of saliva rushed over them as it flowed down the tongue, soaking them within seconds and caking their fur with its thick slippery cling. With a great sample of the feline's flavor blanketing the front of his tongue, the rate of Wiggly's salivation ramped up in response. Aeywon tasted good. Really good. An automatic pursing of Wiggly's lips sucked a bunch of saliva, both freshly produced and pooled at the bottom-front of the maw, up over the tiger to form a massive bolus up above that hovered over the gullet-pit for as long as the clenching muscles kept it sucked in place. Then the maw relaxed and the wad of saliva dropped inside, disappearing with a splat over the bottom edge of the opening where Aeywon could no longer see it from the angle of their vision before a wet "gluk" jerked the tongue beneath the tiger as a swallow rang out and an audible suction drew the wad of spittle deep into the creature's body.

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Wiggly was enjoying them. Fresh saliva was already pouring in to replace that which was swallowed, and beneath the fallen tiger the tongue quivered with excitement. The sucking of saliva hadn't drawn them much deeper into Wiggly's maw, intending to suck up the delicious tiger-flavored spittle rather than the blue tiger that flavored it. But it was clear that this decision was conscious. The vaporeon could have easily sucked them up right then and there and polished them off with two quick gulps to get them down. But he didn't. Aeywon was still in his mouth, and although the heavy production of saliva literally spoke volumes to Wiggly's opinion about them, for the time being there was no attempt on the beast's part to make a meal out of them. Now everything went still. Wiggly lay there unmoving with his maw drooling all over the ground, pouring from both the front and the sides of his muzzle while he waited for his friend to gather their bearings. Though quick as it was, it had been a wild ride. Wiggly wanted to make sure his friend was okay after what had just happened and more importantly, make sure they were still onboard with what was to come. Unlike before, the maw was now only partially open around the tiger rather than yawning unnecessarily wide, and a steady breath huffed in and out of the vaporeon's nose while he waited, creating a sound from up above that could be heard even if Aeywon's ears were clogged with the creature's goopy saliva. Even with the maw partially open there was still plenty of room to advance forward should Aeywon desire to do so. It was abundantly clear by how deep they already were, how much depth still remained to inch forward into before the tongue dropped down into dark cushiony gullet-flesh past that wide obvious ring, and by the way the tongue dwarfed the width of Aeywon's body by a few inches on either side, that there was plenty of room inside Wiggly's mouth to hold their entire body inside and then some.

With Wiggly's whole head taking up most of Aeywon's view, he wasn't in a position to stay and really observe or admire what was present between the vaporeon's hind legs for any extended time. But while moving about and preparing, and pondering about the creature's stomach, it was definitely noticeable. It didn't itself arouse Aeywon any, but he did appreciate the fact that their bit of experimenting and forays into feeding and tasting and all things oral were exciting wiggly as much as it was him.

While upon his knees at the entrance to that gaping pink tunnel, the smell wasn't entirely new. But it was strong, as he was provided a lengthy and full face of it. The smaller cat liked fish as much as the next... but the meaty smell of old fish, and all the other things that passed those jaws over time with no particular oral hygiene in place beyond whatever natural rinsing occurred underwater... that was a potent scent. But it was the natural scent of such a place, and it would have been more strange for it to have smelled good, or at least smelled like anything else. So, he tried to breath instead through his mouth and ignore his nostrils flaring up in response, and to focus more on what he could see and hear.

The sheer amount of slobber that could be produced were amazing, even at the beginning. As it oozed down, and collected nearer the tiger, it was obvious it wasn't about to 'all' collect down there. Because more just kept appearing. It seemed like every surface in Wiggly's mouth (or at least all 'sides' of the fleshy space, if not the tongue itself) could just create the thick sticky slime. The more that ran down that tongue towards the tiger, the more that spawned to replace it. As he rubbed his paws in across the rubbery tongue, he wondered were he to get a whole wash tub on the ground, if Wiggly would have been able to fill it with his saliva. Or rather... how quickly he'd be able to do so. It seemed that the quantity wouldn't be an issue, and only a question of how much time he'd need. Aeywon shook his head and flicked his ears. It was a weird train of thought, even for him, soaking in a warm bath of thick hot slime from Wiggly's jaws. He was looking such a bath straight in the face, but getting such treatment inside one's mouth was a 'normal' way of it. Not in an outside tub filled with the stuff. And then unbidden came two short thoughts in succession, of a second tub adjacent to his, similarly filled to the brim, where he and a romantic partner enjoyed the warmth of their own baths together. Or even better, enjoyed the warmth of a single very large pool of it together, with her seated atop him, their fur as lubricated as anything possibly could be. Not just coated with the stuff, but literally submerged in gallons upon gallons of it.

But he snapped past it finally, while his pads rubbed circles across the tongue, and it's quivering tasting back against himself demonstrated it's softness and the strength of life inside it. Perhaps such an experience with a female could happen sometime. But, they'd not need some crude tub for anything of the sort. From what Wiggly himself had expressed so far, he was sure that if he asked, the Vaporeon's maw could be made available for them. Such enveloping softness, and the cushion of his tongue for a bed... now that was a place where two lovers could truly get lost in pleasure.

But for now, it was time to advance a little further. Aeywon cocked a brow, slightly confused when Wiggly didn't simply nod or perhaps nudge him somewhere. Rather, his expression was promptly replaced with slight shock and attempts to simply hold his position, while the spoken answer dragged his paws (And by extension him) all around. "Don't lay... out?" he asked, a bit confused what the alternative was.

Lay... in?

The question was answered quick, while the follow up resulted in many things occurring all at once. The pooling saliva finally began to pour out over his legs, while the lips forming words crashed down and squeezed around his shoulders, the moving jaw and speaking tongue mashing his muzzle and cheeks into the tongue's surface more than once, very quickly managing to clog one ear with slobber. It was hardly a bad experience, more of a surprising and unexpected one if anything. But he understood the quick-to-follow apology. Which was all the more amusing in how it took things even further! He was still on his knees on the ground, but his body was leaning forward, no longer were his knees bent back, where he could just sit on his heels. But the tongue's words this time served well to scoop down, and catch him fully across his hips, and hiking his hindquarters up into the air, clearing him from the ground completely. It squished his member fully into the tongue flesh, and the warm gunk coating it, sandwiching it between the smooth muscle and his own wet belly fur. The tiger let out a sharp gasp at the sensation, it was like nothing he'd ever felt before, certainly not on that part of him. The rest of the attempts to settle him in just drug his body a little further down that tongue, sloshing and grinding his whole front on the pink tongue. It really was like a bed, wider than he was, and a muzzle plenty deep for him to fill comfortably. Possibly even fill with a second person

snugly.

Things were dim, with the maw partially open. But when wiggly decided to gather up the slime and slobber, the lips clamping around his knees sealed him in darkness in the maw. He could feel what was happening, and feel the pressure close in all the flesh around most of his body, forcing a small mewl and a groan from him. All that slobber washed back over him, enough to drown in had it not continued past to the top of the gullet. His eyes had adjusted, but couldn't see too well. But it was enough to witness the pool of translucent slime drop away into nothingness, when the tongue and throat flexed open. The surging tongue, at the loud swallow, jostled him more, grinding his member once again, this time adding the powerful and wet swallowing noises to it as well. Somewhere during the gulping, when Wiggly's throat was aligned just right, he caught distant sounds of his belly the deep, slow groans and gurgles of an active digestion taking place, and the panicked animal sounds of living prey that had been tucked away so deep inside. He wondered how long they'd last in there, the ones that weren't forced under the acidic chyme by the other larger ones anyway.

When it finally relaxed around him, Aeywon took the moments to catch his breath, and try to better get his head straight for where he was, the steady breathing sounds passing above him, while the maw's air stayed mostly still, stagnating with it's scents, but getting increasingly warm around him. He was stretched out straight, but took a paw to try to clear out his ears a bit, to better hear things inside. Looking ahead, he wasn't to the wide throat yet. And a large part of his brain was begging to be inside the rest of the way, as his toes were still awash in the cool air of the outside. Slowly he turned, bringing up one leg until he could plant his footpaw inside the mouth at wiggly's lower gums, at the base of his larger canines. One inside, he turned, and brought in the other, placing it similarly. It was simple to curl his tail inwards, drawing it inside too, so he was completely past the pearly whites surrounding three quarters of the space he was in. Bending at the knees and pressing his hands into the tongue, he could lift his shoulders a little bit, straddling the tongue between his legs, and seated firmly into it. He could feel how supple it was, and able to curve and form to his own shape, filling and pressing against what felt like every inch of himself, especially his now full arousal. He bit his lip, was Wiggly Ok with this? Well, surely he wasn't NOT Ok with it, considering that he had tugged him in there in the first place. Settling down onto his elbows, and gazing down his chest, the same thick ropes of slobber that filled the back of Wiggly's throat were visible around his hips, stretching from his own fur to the tongue itself. He gave an experimental buck of his hips, to grind onto the tongue, which immediately prompted a shudder to jolt up his spine. It stiffened his legs, and he straightened them out almost instinctively, which just slid his hips and torso up the tongue, pushing his head near the throat, and massaging even more pleasure along his member, eliciting a cry with no words, just a kitten's whimper of foreign pleasure.

The tongue held steady for him, at least for now, and he bent his legs, sliding back down and raising his hips away from the tongue, before pressing down and pushing forward again, grinding himself forward and back along the tongue. It felt incredible for him, and for Wiggly, he was a food item (though not on the menu today) that was willingly and quite intently massaging his own flavor into his tastebuds. There was another salty flavor on the way, though it would still be several minutes of pleasuring before that would happen. Aeywon was rather distracted, but a corner of his mind wondered if it was a flavor Wiggly would know, if he had taken time with tasting past prey in such a way. Or if this was going to be new to him as well. It wasn't long until the "little blue" kitty was turning into a panting, groaning mess on the tongue, one cheek smooshed into the tongue's surface, while his arms reached up overhead, his paws feeling just over the edge of the tongue towards the throat, every time a long slide of his body pushed him a little deeper, before sliding back away from it. Were Wiggly to sense what Aeywon was trying to do on his own and take over the sloppy massaging, he could surely move his tongue much further, and manipulate the small body inside much more than it could on it's own. And a surefire way to drive him up to, and over the edge of the building need he felt in his loins, something he'd not done very often even with himself, but that felt like the most natural thing in the world when in that mouth. And the single most important thing to achieve, no matter what. At that point, were Wiggly actually trying to eat him like any other prey, he probably would hardly have fought it, and instead reveled in the pleasure of getting shuttled back, and sucked into the continued massage of the throat, and the extra heat and new slime that could facilitate that pleasure. He'd have a rude awakening once the afterglow faded, but his sole focus at the time was chasing that pleasure.

Fortunately for Aeywon though, he didn't have to worry about getting gulped down just yet. At least, not that day, so he thought.

Wiggly stayed perfectly still while Aeywon began shifting about within his maw. For the time being he neither opened nor closed it beyond the position he was holding it, at least not until Aeywon stopped moving around. Wiggly figured his friend must be readjusting themselves after all of the commotion he accidentally subjected them to while trying to speak with their arms in his mouth. However the shifting within his maw didn't feel anything like the struggling that he was, as a predator, very familiar with. The way Aeywon was moving didn't even tickle the vaporeon's instinct to paint the smaller blue felid with his saliva and use it, along with some pressing with his tongue against the roof of his maw, as a means of pinning them in place to prevent most of their struggling in the short term the way he would when he was preparing to swallow some lively thing whole. It just felt like they were... moving, in general, and not with discomfort.

Wiggly's salivary glands continued to operate at full-bore while his maw released its nervous tension upon realizing his friend was okay, he relaxed, and Aeywon repositioned themselves and brought the rest of their body past his gums. A steady trickle of saliva dribbled from the front and sides of his jaws as a result. When Aeywon rolled their body and pulled their leg inside, Wiggly recognized what they were doing and took it as confirmation that his friend hadn't been bothered by the bout of yanking and tossing he'd accidentally subjected them to. Well, that was certainly a relief. But now they were trying to get themselves deeper inside. Or at least pull the rest of themselves in. Was Aeywon actually expecting to clean themselves off like this? Wiggly supposed that, at their size, he could get the job done more quickly by sucking on them like a tasty treat. But when Aeywon confirmed his suspicion by rolling their body the other way and repeating the action with their other leg, Wiggly couldn't help but get a feeling that the purpose of this whole ordeal no longer served to clean the smaller felid's fur. The way their body settled in his maw with their rear sinking into the soft warmth of his relaxed tongue. The way they straddled the slippery organ with their thighs while their legs tucked underneath and found themselves entirely submerged within the warm pool of vappy spittle that had collected there. The way they straightened their legs and pushed themselves upward to slide themselves deeper quite slickly thanks to the lack of pressure which would activate the stiff resistive property of Wiggly's saliva. Then came a noise. A mewl of pleasure accompanying the straightening of his friend's legs that echoed from his parted jaws. His friend was either feeding themselves to him or... wait, did they buck before they slid themselves deeper and mewled like that?

It took only until the tiger's next thrust for Wiggly to realize what was going on inside his maw. Although he wasn't able to see it happen, Wiggly could sense when Aeywon's tail curled forward and joined them inside the slobbery maw. It was one of those sixth senses that many experienced predators developed over time. Like a veteran locksmith sensing when the gates on the dials of a safe have aligned, Wiggly could sense that there was nothing left of Aeywon outside of his body. From the way their weight was distributed upon his tongue and the slight pressure of their paws positioned against his gums near his canines to the audible gasps and groans coming from within his slightly-parted maw. The vaporeon was ecstatic with how much his friend was enjoying themselves and, even if he weren't able to sense it, would have guessed in a heartbeat that pulling their tail forward and being entirely inside him was one of the anthro tiger's main priorities at this point in time. The speed with which this personal barrier between them had shattered sent the vaporeon's head swimming with dozens of fantasy scenarios in which the tiger he held within his maw ended up down his throat for some reason or other. Willingly diving down with a thrust of capable hind legs in a foolish leap of faith, slipping down cautiously with a tether tied around them like the first sheep he swallowed earlier, and even scenarios in which his newfound friend wound up stewing in his main stomach with the animals he recently swallowed. Then came the questions. Would 'little blue' want that? To be fully inside him that deep? Carried even beyond his forestomach to, what as far as he knew was, the point of no return? The tickle of the tiger's arms reaching upward and their paws cresting the curve on the back of his tongue where it sloped sharply down into the blackness of his gaping gullet-pit told him yes. As did the repeated thrusting and bucking into the tongue that nudged those paws fully over the slippery crest and onto the warmer slimier surface between the two time and time again, then back out into the safety of the maw before they could reach the barrier of the relaxed gullet ring where smooth slippery muscles could grab hold and tug them deeper inside if the vaporeon were to swallow around them. But the fact that Aeywon was very capable of carrying out such an action, yet stopped themselves time and time again before they could reach too far off of the back of his tongue, informed the watercat who was holding them that for now the tiger's journey to his core was best left as a 'what if' rather than an 'I told you so' after the fact.

What was not a 'what if', however, was the fact that his smaller friend inside his mouth was rutting into his tongue like it was the entrance of a female in heat. The vaporeon could clearly feel the contrast between the slick-furred texture of Aeywon's body and the warmer soft-feeling mass that made up their cock which extended forward separately from the main bulk of their weight where they sat and slid back and forth over his tongue's slippery surface with

each thrust of the aroused felid it belonged to. The difference in texture and heat was detected the moment Aeywon's malehood made contact, along with the difference in taste and the pinpoint pressure it applied when it was pressed against or thrust along his warm taster. From the moment Aeywon began, Wiggly knew what they were doing. Several lingering questions he never got to ask were answered while his friend was busy in his maw. From the extent of Aeywon's fascination with his feeding behaviors and the likes to the positioning of the line that separated what was okay to do and what wasn't. As far as Wiggly was concerned, the latter may as well be laid between everything he could imagine and 'eating his friend as food' - as he called it - considering the current set of events taking place within his maw. Opposition never crossed the vaporeon's mind in regards to what Aeywon was doing in there. In fact, Wiggly embraced the action by relaxing his tongue even further beneath the smaller felid and allowing the muscle to absorb and mold around every bit of pressure the tiger applied to it. Aeywon's shaft was free to push divots into the soft warm surface for as long as pressure was applied. The thickness of Wiggly's massive tongue played a huge role here. Thanks to its massive size in general, Aeywon would find themselves easily capable of pressing their shaft several inches deep into the surface before the springiness of the muscle pushing back resisted the action enough to make it uncomfortable to compress it any further. The force of the feline's thrusting alone, even horizontally parallel to the tongue's surface, would push their shaft deep enough into the muscle for the tongue to spring upward where pressure wasn't applied and hug around the anthro's entire cock. This was thanks to the surface above the depression they pushed into it forming two 'sides' that molded together over the top and encased the entire thing in slick warmth. Depending on how vigorously the tiger humped it, they might even be able to feel the bumpy texture of the vaporeon's taste buds sipping at their natural flavors.

While Aeywon affixed their attention to the vaporeon's open gullet-hole after the swallow, in addition to the gurgling of his chemical stomach and the faint cries of the animals inside of it, the tiger should be able to make out the gurgling sputter of air-laden vaporeon spittle squirting into the same organ. The action produced a slow distant croaking noise that echoed up out of that dark pit in the back of the maw as each bubble of air was squeezed from the bolus of swallowed slobber and popped through the stomach sphincter far down below. Indeed the vaporeon's esophagus was aligned to shuffle the Aeywon-flavored spittle straight to his main chemical stomach, and without a slab of inner flesh blocking the pathway to redirect things to his forestomach, various distant sounds were easily able to make the return journey and grace the anthro's freshly-unclogged ears. Normally these noises would be undetectable to anyone standing near Wiggly's front, either held far out of range by the height in which his head was held or muffled into nothing by the barrier of tongue and lips. But Aeywon was well within said barrier. And as such, they would be able to hear every groan the digestive organ produced while it got to work on breaking its living cargo down into a nutrient-rich paste. The gurgling was loud and powerful at its source, so it was easily picked up on - if a bit muffled and distant most of the time. But the cries of the swallowed animals were not. Most of the clucking was mute, but the louder sounds such as muffled flapping of wet wings, squawks of pain and panic, and the louder of the bleating sheeps' calls, reached a volume high enough to send an occasional bit of sound echoing up through the back of the maw. In fact, as Aeywon listened to the noises, they would begin to notice a pattern where the rhythmic contractions of the vaporeon's main stomach uttered some growling glorp and a bleat or a squawk was quick to follow. Mechanical digestion was a huge part of the process, especially in Wiggly's case where his teeth were not designed nor capable of chewing. Even the beast's main chemical stomach was capable of crushing the bones of large living prey into smaller shapes before the enzymes had a chance to soften or even reach them, in the event said prey wound up unlucky enough to be caught in the wrong position during a pass of its natural kneading contractions rolling by. The difference was that in Wiggly's main stomach the squeezing was generalized, predictable, and automatic. The same routine of 'clench, roll, squeeze, lift' traveled horizontally from the front of the organ to the back, changing only when the beast's belly was busy passing indigestibles that had been left behind from previous meals or what little remained of a meal it had been working on when the entirety of the organ suddenly filled with fresh chow to break down. It was designed to interact with and compress either liquidy chyme or a payload that would soon become it, accounting for whole live prey that had bypassed the creature's forestomach. Since the liquid doesn't compress, the pressure gets transferred to the solids in the event that large quantities of water are ingested for example, while some liquid and digested matter is forced deeper into his system at the rear of the organ. When the solids being squeezed beneath a liquid bath of watery digestive enzymes are still alive, a struggle tends to ensue. But the vaporeon's inner workings don't care. Wiggly had no say in the matter either. If there's a large enough solid mass to fold over and squeeze, whether that mass is a belly full of fresh meat or an arm or a leg that got caught sideways within a pocket of narrowing stomach walls closing in on one another, or there isn't enough solid mass and the action simply shifts some contents around, the same amount of force is applied regardless.

Unfortunately for the swallowed animals who couldn't reposition themselves, their collective mass formed a ball

larger in diameter than the stomach's narrowest point when it performed its routine squeezing over its contents to mix them around. With digestion ramping up into high gear, the organ had finally released enough enzymes to create a shallow pool around its living cargo and promptly got to work mixing things around the way it normally did. Up until this point the gurgling had been passive, little shiftings of inner muscles here and there making room for everything inside whether or not it was necessary. But now, like a washing machine entering its wash cycle after filling with water, Aeywon was situated well within earshot to witness the effects of the process right from the very beginning as Wiggly's stomach got to work digesting the animals they'd fed to him earlier. But not before the maw around them closed and the beast whose tongue he was splayed out upon rose into an upright standing position. As if to answer the unspoken question in Aeywon's mind, right on cue partially thanks to the swallowed spit raising the level of liquids inside the digestive organ, the vaporeon's stomach emitted a loud thunderous groan.

Meanwhile, just moments earlier on the outside of the massive creature, Wiggly could feel his main stomach shifting about as it prepared to get to work on the snack-sized helping of fresh living meat he'd introduced into it. Feeling the animals struggling around over top of one another trapped within a pocket at the bottom of his gut as the inner walls closed in, which amplified the intensity of their movements against the slimy wrinkled surface, stole his attention from his small friend who was currently rutting into his tongue. But it only did so for a small moment that spanned a few seconds. Digestion was starting, and although the pleasant sensation of struggling prey fighting against its early efforts tickled him just right, he had other things to attend to right now. His smaller blue friend was excited by the idea of being entirely inside him; that much was obvious. Even just being held within his maw had a strong effect on their behavior, not to mention the way their paws were reaching over the back of his tongue like that. And then there was the taste. The flavors his friend was rubbing onto his eager taster had Wiggly drooling much more than he thought he was. Webs of the stuff connected the anthro's raised chest, once they lifted it by pushing their upper body away, to the surface of the tongue in thick viscous sheets. Likewise, ropes of the gunk were strung over their back, attaching it to the nearby roof of the maw and providing several pathways for freshly-secreted slobber to cascade directly over their body from above. At times their thrusting would snap a rope or stretch a webbed sheet paper thin, but the remaining stalactite dangling from the upper palate would stretch back down after a second or so of fresh buildup and reconnect to the tiger with a warm drizzle of vaporeon spittle. Between Aeywon's fingers, their arms, their toes, and even the base of their tail, ropes and sheets of saliva connected their every limb like runny glue.

To further aid his friend in their effort to get off inside his maw, a plan hatched in Wiggly's brain like a light bulb blinking on. And without a second thought, the vaporeon put it into action. First, and very carefully, Wiggly began to lift his head and bring his chin up off of the bed of corn husks that littered the ground. From Aeywon's perspective, gravity would shift and tilt forward as a result. If they weren't careful, or didn't immediately notice, they might accidentally lunge themselves straight into the vaporeon's gullet as the bed they were thrusting into shifted horizontal. To account for this possibility, Wiggly consciously allowed the back of his tongue to move deeper into his jaws, slipping it up against the wrinkled gullet ring which itself clenched and narrowed before the tongue could seal it off. Aeywon's paws might get caught in the seam between the back of the tongue and the back of the maw, but it would be easy to pull them free as there was little clamping pressure due to their small size in comparison to still-squishy tongue that pinned them. With the gullet sealed off the way it would be if the vaporeon were in the water to prevent filling his stomachs with liquid, he rose up out of his crouching position and stood at his normal height. 'Little blue' would enjoy this, right? Wiggly certainly assumed the answer was yes. They wanted to be inside him, or at least imagine it for the time being, so what better way was there to simulate that experience other than turning off the lights? All around Aeywon the vaporeon's jaws began to close. The saliva was no longer running down the tongue and instead pooled around it now that things in the maw were level. But then with a soft sucking pop it began to drain into the gullet opening as the back of the tongue pulled away and the ring marking the entrance once again relaxed and opened up. Wiggly had only sealed it for long enough for his friend to realize things had changed, so they didn't accidentally feed themselves to him. With the danger of an accidental lunge sending the tiger down his throat no longer a concern, so too was the mitigation for such an event. As the small remaining gap between Wiggly's lips shrank, so too did the light illuminating the maw's wet interior. But Aeywon was a feline. They would make out just fine with the smallest bit of light. The upper palate lowered as the tongue and lower jaw lifted Aeywon up. From all around except forward, the teeth came closer and began to mesh together, slipping between one another and slicing the open lighting into small scattered beams. Up ahead the vaporeon's gullet did the opposite and yawned wider as if it was begging its owner to swallow. The gullet ring became taller and wider, the pathway through became much darker, Aeywon was left in near total darkness as the blue lips of the larger feline's muzzle came together, then their footpaws were gently nudged to the sides by the dull points of the upper canines as the teeth scissored shut. And now they were properly, though temporarily, sealed inside his body. Not as deep as the prey they fed to him earlier,

but inside him nonetheless. With his maw fully shut and his posture back to normal Wiggly contemplated what he should do next to help the tiger along in their efforts. But before he could come up with anything clever, mechanical digestion started up, and the shifting of air and fluids caused his main chemical stomach to produce a bassy guttural roar as it began its first squeezing pass over the contents held inside.

Wiggly knew what was coming and it never occurred to him that he should do anything to try and stop it. The process was so natural. More than once he'd found himself in this exact same scenario - only with actual prey he intended to swallow packed into his maw. With the delicious flavors of Aeywon's body draining into his gullet rather than onto the ground, the throat entrance remained relaxed and open. With the vaporeon's main stomach beginning its first rolling pass over its sloppy still-living contents, the first thing to be separated from the mix was the excess air. A long groan roared from deep within Wiggly's core, that was easily audible to the tiger within his maw, as excess gasses were forced from mulled-over contents and rushed to the top of the organ. While the first clenching contraction had only rolled halfway across the vast digestive organ, another began from the beginning, compressing the vast pocket of trapped air and causing a noisy bubbling groan as pressure was suddenly relieved via venting of the gas through the upper stomach sphincter. A watery-sounding gurgle followed suit which rushed through Wiggly's esophagus, and during the second or so it took to travel up the beast's neck, Aeywon would certainly be capable of picking up on the rapidly shrinking proximity of something huge rushing toward them from the darkness up ahead. And then, all at once, it happened. Without a care in the world or even a thought toward the tiger's well-being, the vaporeon jerked his head forward and causally belched into his closed maw a wad of spit that had drained down his gullet, gas, and gooey lubricating slime.

A long groan and a bubbling sputter roared from within the wide expanse of gullet-flesh in front of Aeywon as Wiggly's belch erupted forth. The release of the hot stomach gas was interrupted several times by the fluids and slimes it caught on its way up, sending gob after gob of the stuff crashing into Aeywon like liquid repeatedly spilling from a large full container someone accidentally bumped into. The gas was hot and ripe. Unlike before when the sheep was brought back up, the gas that was being released now came straight from the creature's main chemical stomach. Its pure acidic stink was as gross as one could imagine, carrying the reek of carrion, wet sheep, bitter stomach bile, and yes - even a detectable trace of rabbit among other less noticeable things, blasting right into Aeywon's face. The whole ordeal lasted just under two seconds. The gullet was forced to widen as air and fluid rushed out, hot stomach slime incubated within Wiggly's body and 'swallowed' saliva was spat over the rutting feline, while the tongue beneath their body stiffened to brace itself for the gas' release causing all of its sponginess to temporarily vanish and thrust the entire felid to the top of its flattened surface. The vaporeon's maw filled with gas and fluid, his cheeks puffed out to hold it, and finally the lips all around his muzzle rapidly flapped open and shut as additional gas his maw couldn't hold forced its way out of his gullet. Spittle and slime sprayed over the ground directly in front of him as some of that rushed out too, leaving his muzzle messy and dripping. Oh well. It wasn't as if his muzzle had been in the neatest shape beforehand anyway.

When the last of the gas finished escaping Wiggly's stomach and the vaporeon's lips sealed shut, fresh air inside his maw didn't exist. Perhaps the most vivid preview yet of what it would be like to be bundled up inside the beast's core presented itself to Aeywon just then, as they were left to soak in hot, clear, stretchy slop and breathe nothing but the fumes the organ had squeezed out of it. Gooey stomach slime and half a mouthful of slobber that had previously drained away filled the maw where the burped-up gasses had escaped, causing the vaporeon's cheeks to remain swollen and puffy as he held the mouthful of spit and slop inside with a pocket of gas remaining in the center where Aeywon was located. With the jaws sucking it to the sides of the maw, Aeywon was treated to the sight of a wall of clear gunk, both saliva and a thicker and slicker lubricating secretion from deeper down the beast's digestive tract that provided the surface tension needed to hold it all together, sitting just beyond the barrier of barely-parted teeth on either side of themselves while the tongue beneath them once again relaxed and softened to its former squishy composure. With his cheeks puffing out with burped up saliva and slimes, Wiggly completely lost track of what he'd been doing and thinking about, instead focusing his attention on the slop he held in his maw. Just the same as any other time such a situation occurred, seeing as accidentally burping up various objects and substances was not a rare occurrence given the vaporeon's ravenous dietary practices, Wiggly dealt with the situation automatically and instinctively. Without a single thought toward the matter, the jaws opened the rest of the way but the lips remained closed. Simultaneously the floor beneath Aeywon fell away and the cheeks were sucked inward. Before the tiger even had a chance to fall to the tongue's surface, the two walls comprised of both mixtures of various clear fluids slapped together in the center of Wiggly's jaws. At first they sandwiched Aeywon between them, but then they instantly molded together and suspended the blue anthro within the center of the resulting gooey wad.

Had Aeywon's eyes been open, they'd discover that the various secretions they were encased in didn't burn or sting in the slightest. But it sure did distort the tiger's view of anything they peered at through it. Despite this they would clearly be able to make out, assuming they were watching, the tongue beneath ball of slime becoming rigid and taut. The center dipped down, briefly cupping the mouthful to make sure everything was gathered up, while the round gullet opening yawned wider in preparation to accept it. Then the dip in the tongue, the crater holding the ball steady, smoothly traveled along the surface to the back of the maw. As the wavelike motion carried the wad deeper, the front of the tongue rose up against the upper palate to prevent it from spilling backwards. Then, when it was just shy of beginning to dribble off of the steep slope at the far back of the slippery organ, in a small fraction of a second the back of the tongue pulled forward to reveal a dark yawning pocket. The surface of the organ surged upward, slapping against the upper palate in the far back of the vaporeon's maw and forcing the glob into the pit. The back of the tongue snapped forward back into place, closing off the makeshift pocket and forcing its contents onward. With a "gluk" Wiggly swallowed. The gullet ring gaped wide, the back of the tongue punched the goop through the yawning opening, and the slick muscles beyond immediately clamped shut behind whatever wound up in their grasp. The contraction rolled forward, then down, seizing everything ahead of it and sucking it away around a sharp bending turn into the darkness of the beast's esophagus. The entire ordeal happened so quickly that only a single second had elapsed from the suction of the beast's puffy cheeks to the swallow that emptied his maw. A pulse of working muscle with a slight accompanying bulge of swallowed matter began rolling its way down the vaporeon's smooth blue neck while his tongue slipped from the left side of his maw and slid around to the right in order to clean the residual moisture from around his dribbling muzzle. With the extra moisture cleaned up and slurped inside along with his tongue, Wiggly subconsciously wiggled his taster around in his jaws to locate and pin 'Little Blue' so they didn't slip away while he swallowed his little 'mouthful'.

Reality hit the massive watercat like a falling hailstone. He didn't even have to think about it, search various places in his maw he hadn't checked, or look around on the ground. His maw had been closed the entire time. His friend was no longer pleasing themselves with his tongue. Their weight was gone from his jaws. But worst of all, he could clearly feel a pulse of automatic muscle action squeezing a pleasantly large mass of something down through his collarbone, into his chest, and right past it into his core where it sank into his body on its way to its intended destination in his main chemical stomach.

Oh crap! Blue Cat!

All around Aeywon, assuming they'd made it inside in a position that wasn't detrimental to their well-being and safety such as laying completely flat or curled up into a ball, was the heat and chaos of his large friend's interior. Powerful relentless muscle rolled steadily downward and carried them along, suspended in a wad of goop with a large bubble of air tagging along. Despite the darkness and constant movement from all around, Aeywon would more than likely detect the moment that they and the fluids they were encased within rounded the bend in the base of Wiggly's neck, squeezed through his collarbone, and bypassed his forestomach to continue forward into his main body. For Wiggly the process was too late to interrupt and too far along to intercept. He knew this in an instant and didn't bother trying to close off the passageway to his main chemical stomach. That would guarantee the end of his friend for sure by giving them an extra push from behind as it triggered an additional swallow. Instead he relaxed and waited, neglecting to tighten any of the muscles within his core as doing such would aid his esophagus in pumping its payload deeper. He even held his breath, exhaling to loosen the pressure of his lungs against his esophagus and closing off his airway as if he were going for a swim. His aquatic composition made holding his breath a trivial matter. In fact, in order to reduce his buoyancy in the water, he normally exhaled before holding his breath for long periods of time anyway.

For Aeywon, this would transform the experience of being swallowed whole from that of a normally constant and forceful shoving to a loose and casual cruise deep into the core of his large blue friend. In fact the journey ahead was so loose and relaxed that, somewhere around the halfway point in their horizontal journey through the last stretch of Wiggly's esophagus, a sharp zigzag in the passageway snagged them within it and the relatively gentle wave of rolling muscle that intended on delivering them to the epicenter of the beast's hunger passed by and suctioned only the slime through the narrower bit of esophagus. The walls all around wrinkled up on their way by and gave Aeywon either a quick massage or a gentle squeeze depending on whether or not they were curled up while some pressure was applied to their body as a last-ditch effort at coaxing them beyond the snag. But it ultimately failed, and Aeywon

was left behind in the vaporeon's esophagus while everything else continued its journey. Then everything all around smoothed out and relaxed, and a sputtering suction was heard from somewhere up ahead as the slobber and goop they had initially been swallowed with was successfully delivered into the beast's chemical stomach. From their location deep within the aquatic felid well beyond the position of his forelegs but not quite to his middle, rather sitting somewhere at the halfway point between the two, Aeywon could hear everything. Unlike Wiggly's saliva, the gobs of that thick slime that accompanied them down peeled away from their body when the esophagus sucked it away, leaving only a very well-lubricated coating that blanketed the saliva that was soaked into their fur. It clung to the saliva more than it was willing to cling to the anthro, or even to itself, so any excess trickled away like water and left Aeywon's ears, nose, and anything else slimy but empty and unclogged. Assuming the tiger made it out of the vaporeon the way they came in, that information could be useful in some way later on. From the beating of the beast's massive heart somewhere up above to the gurgling of air bloating the relaxed and motionless tunnel they rested within, Aeywon bore witness to ever little detail of the creature's inner workings. And that, of course, included what was going on just ahead through that tight passage the relaxed muscles around them had failed to push them through. Beyond was the short final stretch of lower esophagus, spanning two or so feet in length, and beyond that was the tightly clenched pucker that marked the entrance to Wiggly's main chemical stomach.

"Tha-tha-thmp-tha-thmp-tha-thmp-thmp-thmp". Within the loose relaxed hold of the vaporeon's lower esophagus, a rhythmic rocking and shaking began taking place. Wiggly was walking, moving around in some way, and each bend of his body when he turned briefly curved the fleshy tunnel that held Aeywon captive. From outside came a muffled crash, and then the movement stopped save from some very cushioned jerking motions here and there as his large friend fooled around with something. Wiggly's breath remained held, his heart rate steady, and the loose muscular hold around the tiger lax enough to crawl around and reposition themselves in. The latter was especially easy to do thanks to the elasticity in the walls surrounding Aeywon and the extremely slippery slime. Down in the beast's core, a rumble suddenly shook the surrounding musculature that cradled Aeywon's weight as Wiggly's stomach managed to gather the shrieking animals into a single pocket of flesh and began compressing them into one another. A chorus of sloppy slapping, bleating, beating of wet wings, and squawking rang out from nearby, voicing their discomfort with the way they were being treated. The vocalizations of the animals became garbled and collectively fell away into bubbling noise, then silence, as the swallowed wad of fluids merged with the juices in Wiggly's stomach and rose the total volume to a level far above their heads. Thanks to the way the folding muscles had gotten a grip on them and held them down, there was nothing they could do to save themselves from being trapped beneath the surface. Sloppy slurps and sucking sounds continued to ring out as a dozen small bodies thrashed and struggled in the slop. Then a muffled crackling noise began to occur, sounding not unlike the wood of a tree trunk splitting as it buckled and fell; except the sound was muffled by the fluids it occurred in, the vaporeon's body it traveled through, and the bodies that produced it. It was the sound of dozens of bones buckling under the pressure and splintering into pieces. The scream of a sheep pierced through the relative silence, its wailing cry near the surface of the pool it was held beneath managing to push away the liquid from above its face long enough for a sound to make it through. But as soon it was done the fluid rushed back into place, and the sheep's next breath consisted of hot slime and digestive enzymes in place of air and oxygen. Several long seconds of sloppy sloshing echoed forth as an intense struggle followed suit, then with a crunch and the faintest hint of a cry, the noises fell silent. Air was forced from the limp bodies as the pressure around them grew even stronger, bubbling to the surface and immediately being squeezed and collected into a pocket at the top of the digestive organ which would cause it to produce a seemingly triumphant gurgle in the wake of the lives it had just savagely claimed. Cause and effect no doubt, a natural process; but it was all too easy to imagine that loud rumbling gurgle that followed the final pained cries as the beast's digestive system happily declaring victory over the prey it had just snuffed out. And if Aeywon was adventurous enough to wander closer during the minute or two it took Wiggly to do whatever it was he was doing, they would certainly be able to work the puckered entrance of Wiggly's stomach open enough to watch the gruesome scene unfold right before their peering eyes. But if they chose to take a peek, and remained in place for too long, the next rolling contraction of the vaporeon's stomach muscles would squeeze a blast of foul gut air straight through the opening into their face. They would even be able to ear the gas pocket gurgle its way up the vaporeon's esophagus and escape from his maw as a noisy little burp.

Regardless of what Aeywon did inside him, on the outside the vaporeon's quick reactive plan was already in motion. It was a good thing Aeywon hadn't untied the rope from the cart when Wiggly swallowed the sheep it was attached to, and even better that the second rope was left behind at its full length. As best as he was able, Wiggly chewed the remaining length of the shorter rope from as close to the cart as he could manage to yield the longest length of sinew. Then he grabbed it in his jaws, brought it to the end of the full-length rope where the loop that had been around

the sheep was located, and carefully crouched down to thread the section he was holding through the loop. After a bit of poking around it slipped through and slid beneath the loop, which was Wiggly's cue to open his jaws and release it. The end was then snatched up with his incisors and pulled to slide the long section of severed rope through the loop until there was about half of it on either side. Then he pulled his head back, dropped it over the other end of itself to form a cross with a large space between itself and the other rope's loop, and pushed his snout into the opening. Once his muzzle was through he lifted it slightly and snapped up the end of the rope he'd just dropped, tilted his muzzle downward to allow the cross to slide off of the bridge of his snout, and yanked the end through the hole. With a slap of his tail fluke over the other end of the severed rope, Wiggly raised his head and body up into the air and pulled a the shorter thread into a tight, basic, single knot around the loop of the full-length rope. With his task complete he opened his maw, flicked his tail out behind himself, and admired his handy work. With the short rope fastened to the loop of the larger one, Wiggly gathered the entire thing in his maw and began sucking all three loose ends into his jaws like spaghetti.

Eventually the two ends of the shorter rope were sucked entirely through slobbery blue lips and only the one longer rope poked from the front of his muzzle. With everything inside his jaws that he needed, the vapoleon took a brief moment to bundle it up into a ball and coat the resulting mass in his saliva. Then, after taking a few steps toward the cart the tether hanging from his muzzle was attached to, Wiggly lifted his tongue and coaxed the wet heavy wad into his gullet. The wadded up ball of the wet shorter rope would serve as the heavy anchor the looped rope required to work its way down his throat without having to swallow. There was just enough weight to the wet ball of junk for it to slip down the loose relaxed passageway that made up Wiggly's esophagus, tracked through its entire journey by the slight tickle it produced on its way down. A little shaking and bending of his neck was required to work it deeper inside him toward the fluttering tickle in his midsection where his smaller ingested friend was currently moving about. But eventually he managed to work it through his collarbone and past the entrance to his forestomach where it sank into his body. However getting it any deeper than that was a challenge. Gravity couldn't help anymore, so instead the lightest swallow the large aquatic creature could manage was sent down to aid it. With a soft "gluk" timed when the tickle in his midsection moved away from where he knew the entrance to his stomach was located, the muscles sprang into action. Some rope was reeled into his jaws as the wad was slurped deeper inside him, and eventually the light muscular ripple grew too weak to pull it any further and released it atop the blue felid after attempting to suck it past them. It was nowhere near strong enough to carry Aeywon themselves, and the remaining strength the swallow had left passed by so casually it barely even wrinkled the flesh surrounding the swallowed cat.

While the rope was far too slimy for Aeywon to hold onto, undoing the jumbled ball would reveal the vapoleon's accomplishment. The loop that held the sheep Wiggly's stomach just erased from existence could be slipped around their waist or something, perhaps after some difficult-to-manage widening thanks to the slippery gunk everything was caked in. Or perhaps the shorter rope could be wound around them in the shape of a harness that would hold after being tied off no matter how slippery it was. Whatever they were going to do with it, Wiggly stood steady and gave them plenty of time to do it. It wasn't until he felt some distinct cue deep inside him, like a pat or a yank on the rope that was too intentional to be ignored, that the vapoleon began backing away from the cart to retrieve his swallowed friend. At first progress was slow as Wiggly held his jaws open wide and applied tension very gradually to make sure there were no accidents. Very slowly he could feel the tickle of his friend's presence inside him sliding forward toward his front. It was working! But then, without warning, the cart suddenly tipped over and the rope went slack just as the bulge of his friend rounded the bend from his main body up into his neck. Good enough. With a split second decision Wiggly shifted his muscles to close off the passageway to his main stomach, resulting in a wet slurping sound as the passageway Aeywon had just traveled through shifted and repositioned itself amidst some muffled thump and rattling from outside and a loss of tension in the rope. Then, as gently as he could, Wiggly exercised his natural ability to regurgitate matter from his forestomach just as Aeywon's weight began to carry them down into the vapoleon's chest, and horked his friend up with a quick clench of his muscles.

Smooth as butter the tiger accelerated upward. A pocket of squeezed-out air burbled up around them during their ascent and bloated out the passageway carrying them along, resulting in a looser ride up and a noisy belching release into closed jaws when they finally reached the top after the second or so it took to travel up his neck. As soon as Aeywon belched through with a wet horking heave, the back of Wiggly's tongue slapped over the gullet entrance and sealed it off. Above Aeywon came the sound of rushing air as the vapoleon took his first breath during the entire ordeal. And then, slightly reluctantly after holding them in his jaws for a few short moments, Wiggly lowered his head to the ground and allowed his rope-tied friend to slip slimily from his jaws with a torrent of saliva, slick digestive gunk, and the trailing remainder of both ropes spilling from his maw over top of them guided by the slope of his

tongue extending over his bottom row of teeth so nothing snagged against them. The difference in temperature between the inside and the outside of the vaporeon, even though it was the middle of the day, was enormous. Where rivulets of trickling spittle had cascaded past them for the last couple minutes during their brief stay inside their friend's body, there was now fresh air and blindingly-bright sunshine... along with a huge curious muzzle staring down at them from above. Aeywon had just been inside there. All the way inside there. Deep down within the beast's core and nearly turned into prey. Yet here they were now on the outside with Wiggly gazing apologetically down from above. His tail was curled around his right side and the fluke on the end guiltily tapped at the husk-laden ground while the creature's ear fins visibly drooped with apology and shame. The cart they were tethered to was laying on its side, chicken cage and all, and their fur was a complete mess. A simple nudge of Wiggly's snout could turn it upright, and some gentle jets of water from his maw could wash everything down, but first he needed to know Aeywon was okay.

The warm and, frankly massive, fluke of the beast's tail slid to the side and scooped its way beneath the slippery tiger. Like a spatula lifting a pancake, Wiggly easily rotated his tail fluke upright and helped the slobbery feline to their paws. After waiting a moment for them to further gather their bearings, should such a pause be required, Wiggly finally spoke up. "Sorry that I eat you," Wiggly mewed very quietly. "I did not mean to eat. But I hope you could finish your mating thing while inside. Sorry for scare. You are friend. If not given scare, then glad to help blue cat finish the mate." He was of course referring to Aeywon's arousal and the way they were bucking along the surface of his tongue before the accident. Just mentioning it head-on without so much as the slightest hint of discomfort toward the fact that it had happened in the first place! "Animals are gone," the vaporeon continued. "No more moving. Just food now. All animals food. Felt fluffy things squish down, squeezed in my stomach. Make crunchy sounds. Pushed some air out." The vaporeon was of course referring to the smaller belch he'd released while Aeywon was already deep inside him. "You do have good taste. Would clean you more again. Very nice. But not meant to swallow. Now is not time to digest blue cat. So sorry once more for eating," he mewed as he pulled his tail fluke away and slid the entire tail back around to rest behind himself before muttering one final 'question'. "Hope you enjoyed though?" Wiggly asked with a slight tilt of his head as if he was trying to find out whether or not their accidental ingestion had evolved into something Aeywon was fond of rather than frightened by.

While getting his fur all cleaned off was definitely how things started, it was quickly going much further than that! A request for a tonguebath had turned instead to a full-on getting slurped partly into Wiggly's jaws, and Aeywon was happy to help by crawling the rest of the way in. He wasn't just diving down the wide throat, he didn't want to wind up eaten like all the fruits, meats, and currently animals that had gone before him. But the beginning of that slimy, wet adventure that all prey took was too tempting to ignore.

And it was thoughts and fantasies of that, combined with the fact that he was actually THERE now, already as far as within his new friend's maw, that had him so aroused. He'd not done such things even with a female before, never having even courted someone before. This was a first time, and it was an incredibly intense place and method to be having his first real "mating" experience. Even if it was with the tongue and gullet of a predator that could swallow him whole! He could hardly help but slide his whole body around, nestled inside like he was. It was "slow" motions, relative to what Wiggly could do, and what it took for his saliva to thicken and almost turn into a partially solid binding goop. For what they were doing at that moment, it was still a wash of stretchy, gooey, warm slime that easily spread everywhere, and soaked into everything. Aeywon would try to lift up his chest when he could, sitting upright and gyrating his hips, grinding his thighs into the tongue, and admiring how the thick webs of slobber could stretch between his blue fur and the pink tongue, peeling back and oozing down, to form a warm puddle between his legs that held his member completely submerged. Leaning forward again to lay his chest down, that puddle would be compressed, and then squelched out, squirting in all directions, most spreading back up the center of Wiggly's tongue and gooping up to Aeywon's chin and cheeks, and some jetting out the sides, to run down his legs and into Wiggly's lower jaw, where all the rest of the tiger-flavored drool gathered eventually. The height of the sensations surging all around the poor little cat was almost too much to handle, and most of his attempts at bucking and sliding against the tongue just turned him into a shuddering, mewling furball of confused pleasure.

Eventually he had to slow himself down, just to get some control of his muscles, consciously trying to force himself

to relax, and to try to appreciate what was going on all around him. That was about when Wiggly decided it was time to close things up even more. The gullet closed ahead of him, his outstretched paws could feel that much, and there was still plenty of light to see what was happening. He hiked up his tail, making sure it was extra clear of the gradually closing teeth, and tucked up his footpaws. But they were easily clear of his teeth, and he felt the hard gums and dull white teeth scissor shut underneath his pawpads. Hoisted higher, and now closed away, the lips sealed off most all remaining light from where he was. And with the jaw closed now, he was unable to sit upright as he could before, neatly sandwiched between tongue and firm palate. All the sounds of nature and the outsides were gone already, replaced by the wet sloppy sounds of the flesh around his head, which was most of the way back in the maw towards the throat anyway. The distant churning and bubbly sounds of his working gut brought up the rougher sounds of the ingested animals, some few of them still struggling as best they could manage. But something was coming, the tiger could hear it for sure. He reared back, what little he could, paws outstretched in front of him, plunged into the soft tongue flesh, and his head and shoulders at the roof of the maw. He barely had time to flinch and screw his eyes shut, turning his face aside. It was too late to avoid the facefull of muck, as the hot belch carried even more heat to the jaws, somehow even thicker slime splattering across his face, shoulders, chest, and glorpings down the tongue to settle under his belly and trickle down his legs. When it finally passed, he shook his head, ears flicking, all trying to dislodge the worst of the slime so he could at least open his eyes. Wiping his face was almost useless, just smearing it all around, but he tried anyway, plenty of it Spilling down either side of his muzzle. The air it came with was rank, strong fish and aquatic smells alongside all the others his nose could pick up. It made him gag in spite of himself, coughing to clear his mouth of the mess. It was an intense sensation, as close to being inside the belly of the beast, but not actually trapped in the gastric grave. Though it hardly made it any more pleasant. But part of Aeywon accepted it, all the grossness of it. It was the “real” thing, after all, right? If he took that dangerous dive to the stomach, it would be a journey through a morass of sludge and smells and sensations not unlike these, wouldn’t it? The truth of what he was awash in, and what that meant about where his body was, sent electric wriggles down his spine, of some crazy combination of disgust and eagerness.

Wiggly was doing a skillful job of sorting out the belched and regurgitated mess in his maw, as most of it finally oozed and slid down with gravity, collecting in the lower jaw and out in his cheeks. Aeywon had got himself here, and this steamy, dripping mess was exactly what he had been asking for, even if not out loud or intentionally. There was no need to try to keep “clean” from it, he was already soaked. So instead he gave back into his carnal arousal. By now it was aching for attention again, and Aeywon started some slow bucking thrusts against the tongue, and the sloppy mess he was sitting in.

But things changed, when the tongue dropped from under him, jaws open but with closed lips, as the two messy pools splashed together from Wiggly’s cheeks into the center of the maw, encasing Aeywon right in the middle. HE couldn’t even feel the tongue below him, stuck in the clear bolus. He tried to keep his eyes open, almost floating atop the new pool of thick liquid. And that was when he noticed the tongue dipping down, and he was sliding back with everything else closer to the gullet.

“W-- Wiggly? You uh.. you’re... Hey! Wigglyyyy!”

Yelling aloud was about all the tiger could manage, as everything drained back, until finally the tongue squeezed back, a loud GULP filling Aeywon’s ears. The general darkness went even blacker, and his arms ahead of him did their best to try to stop himself. It did absolutely nothing, as following gulps sucked him down into the snug embrace of the esophagus, pulling him deeper. Inverted and falling straight down, gravity was all the vaporeon needed, the actively rippling throat was just extra on top of that. As the throat grabbed his body though, it was like being wrapped up by the creature’s tongue, but on all sides. Stretched out straight, he was plunging down like a diver through the slick flesh. It was like grinding forward on Wiggly’s tongue, but the forward motion didn’t stop, constantly sliding and slurping over him. His ears were full of the wet noises. He knew what had happened, but it just flipped a switch in his brain for the time being, and as the vertical fall turned horizontal, and the thick slime was tugged further beyond, clearing him to be better squeezed by the throat flesh alone, his loins blazed with a need. It was tough to breathe there, with very little space around his head. But he wasn’t in the stomach yet. He could hear the slop getting sucked past him, and squelching down into the stomach close ahead, struggles of other still-living prey further in. He was “safe” for now, right where he was, and he bucked against the snug walls, crying aloud both to get the attention of his predator, but also in unrepressed ecstasy. The pounding heartbeat filled his ears, as did the thudding and thumping of his footpaws. The motion of Wiggly’s body bending and rocking him about, even in the throat, just rubbed his whole form even more. He couldn’t help it, and finally reached down with both paws, no longer trying to hold himself from slipping any deeper. He desperately needed to cum, to finally hit that peak of pleas-

ure. Everything was perfectly lubricated, as his pads glided over his member, tugging firmly while his other paw rubbed between his legs, tail-tip and toes curling and thrashing equally, as he finally was driven over the edge. Another long, yowling cry came out of him. Almost embarrassed to be making such a noise he never even knew he could make. But it didn't matter right then, as he thrashed in the gullet, the orgasm rocking his whole body and mind. He let go of himself, letting his twitching self have just the rubs of that throat finishing him off, and slowly draining away his own sweat and seed into the sweltering final depths.

He was left panting, trying to get enough air where he was. Reality was finally starting to set in, he knew he'd been swallowed, but he was dangerously close to the stomach. A stomach that wasn't slowing down. His afterglow was fading by the time it turned rather gruesome, rumbling squishing and churning compressing once again around all the creatures within. Even in the throat, away from it as he was, he could feel the intense force and tight squeeze of the stomach's muscles, crushing most all the creatures inside simultaneously. He grimaced, thankful he wasn't in there right then with them. He wondered if it would have been the same, if the stomach wasn't so full. Had there been only a single sheep, or a single person sealed away in there, curled up in a fetal ball, would the organ be able to crush a single person, small as they would be? He didn't really want to find out, and winced at the crunching. The prey had reached their next milestone of being prey. Expired now, and just waiting for digestion to take the rest of it's course on their forms. There were no living sounds anymore, aside from Wiggly's own churning guts.

Thankfully, he soon felt some gentle swallows squeezing down past him, eventually carrying the balled up end of the ropes to bump to his footpaws. He helped to work it deeper from there, struggling to slide it up to his chest, where he could unravel and find what was there. Good thing it had a loop in it, his grip was nowhere near enough anymore to hold on himself. He looped it around his arms and shoulders like a harness, before giving a strong flexing kick with both legs, as best he could, and yelling aloud, "Pull me up!!"

His heart jumped when halfway out, the tension of the rope instantly fell away, but a tight surging and deep vomiting-like sounds grasped him tight by the whole body, and threw him upwards, so fast that the final section was a blur, slurping him right back into the mouth. He was on his back, footpaws at wiggly's lips, and head by his throat, until he was slid out the rest of the way, sliding out limp to the ground in a thick wash of various juices. He was gasping for air, fresh breaths feeling downright chilly compared to where he had just spent the last several minutes. He lay on his back, plastered to the ground for as long as Wiggly remained, staring down at him. He was able to open his eyes after a time, most his field of view was taken by a rather sorrowful looking blue Vaporeon face. He stayed on his back until the fluke of his tail circled around to help scoop the tiger to this footpaws. Rising, his member was flaccid again by now, a combination of having both reached his sought after climax, and the shock of having been almost completely ingested having put his mind onto other things.

"It's... that's ok Wiggly, you got me back out in one piece!" He continued listening to Wiggly's sharing. "I ah... yes, I did!" he replied as well, blushing and glancing down to his footpaws. "It felt really good on your tongue, but I didn't actually finish until I was, uhm... deep down in... *there*. But, it's not actually "mating" unless I was doing something with a girl."

Hearing the predator talking about the animals inside being gone now, it was quite clear from Aeywon's close-call next to them. "I heard that too, while I was inside of you. It was really close, and kinda scared me a little. But, It wasn't me, so it was... ok I guess?" Aeywon blushed, and laughed slightly, hearing Wiggly say that he would 'clean' the little cat again.

"I think so... yes, I'd say I enjoyed it, overall." he admitted, smiling slightly. "Though, maybe a bit more warning next time, of you're about to try swallowing me like that?"

"I did not mean to eat," Wiggly meowed in response to Aeywon as he took in all of the details of his friend's reaction to being so deep within his body. "I can not warn. It was your turn to warn about your good taste," the vaporeon joked. By now it was clear, especially with the way Aeywon was doing everything from blushing to joking about it, that his smaller friend wasn't put off by their accidental journey almost entirely down his throat. That was certainly a relief; it also helped to answer some additional questions Wiggly had been wondering. Aeywon seemed to really cherish the idea of live prey becoming nothing more than fuel for his body, even if said prey could accidentally end up being themselves! "So next clean I will know to look out for good blue cat taste. And be more careful. But I lose track of blue cat this time."