

Electric Enjoyment

Fiddleciphper

You are relaxing at home on the sofa with your Jolteon sitting next to you on a cushion as you watch Baby Driver on TV. As Baby delivers a Goodfellas pizza to a frat party, Jolteon's stomach rumbles. "Are you hungry?" you ask. He nods. "We'll have dinner soon." You reply, petting him gently on the head. He sighs, rolling over and resting his head on your thigh. As the movie continues playing, you idly rub his belly with your hand. A few minutes later, during an ad break, a Kanine Krunchies Pokémon treat commercial comes on, with Eeveelutions dancing across the screen as they sing:

"Kanine Krunchies can't be beat
They make each meal a special treat
Happy 'Vees are those who eat
Nutritious Kanine Krunchies
Kanine Krunchies all contain
Selected meat and wholesome grain
Toy Rockruff or Arcanine
All love Kanine Krunchies
So do what all the smart 'Mons do
And you'll feel great the whole day through
You can beat the champion
If you eat Kanine Krunchies!"

Jolteon's stomach growls again as he looks up at you with a pleading expression, obviously even hungrier now thanks to the commercial. "Can you wait a little while longer for dinner?" you ask. He whines quietly, shaking his head. You hate to see him so miserable, your heart sinking as he

After a few moments, he walks into the kitchen. Once there, he digs into some Spicy Rich Curry, the lumpy substance dropping down into his belly with you. Next, he munches on some Lum berries, mushy remains of the berries slathering the walls of his belly with green slush. Managing to crack your refrigerator open, he spies your leftover lasagna and grins. You hear him chewing, followed by a gulp as lasagna slop splats down into his stomach chyme. He doesn't stop until he's eaten it all, his belly filled with chunky lasagna mush. His gut churns and sloshes as it stirs the muck around, rhythmically contracting to help break it down. As you stew inside his belly, you hear him fumble around outside.

Dimly, you realize that you'd left your phone open to DoorSprint, intending to order food for the two of you before deciding to let him eat you instead. Outside, Jolteon manages to order some food from your favorite restaurant, [The Galaxy Diner](#), charging it to your tab. With a happy sigh, he walks back into the living room to enjoy his meal and let the food in his belly digest properly as he waits for the rest to be delivered. He hops back onto the couch and lays down with his head on his front paws, his swollen belly sloshing as it spreads out under him. Some time later, the doorbell rings. Jolteon's stomach sloshes wildly as he jumps down from the sofa, walking over to open the door. The delivery driver watches in confusion as Jolteon steps outside, expecting a trainer to take the bag of food off her hands. As Jolteon looks at her expectantly, the delivery girl assumes that you sent him to get the food, handing the bag over. Jolteon picks the bag up with his mouth and carries it back inside, pushing the door closed with his leg.

He returns to the kitchen, putting the bag down and tipping it over, spilling the two containers inside onto the floor. He pops the first one open and starts chowing down on the contents. As banana and French toast mush slops into his gut, you realize that he's ordered one of your favorite meals, Trailer Park Pancakes¹. As he continues eating, you groan, realizing how much thicker the slop in his belly is going to get because of the peanut butter. Once he finishes off the first container, he looks to the

¹ Trailer Park Pancakes are peanut butter and banana stuffed french toast

second one hungrily, popping the top off to reveal some fried brownie bites², his mouth watering as he eyes the delectable dessert. He chows down, covering your body in chewed brownie paste as he gulps down his treat. You shift around, trying to get comfortable as the warm, mushy stomach contents rise up to your chest, covering your body like a wet blanket. Fortunately, he stops eating before you get buried, his stomach squeezing in for a moment as it forces air up his throat, resulting in a hearty belch, Jolteon catching the scents of you, the brownies, and peanut butter on his breath. Smiling, he heads back into the living room, his belly sloshing from side to side as he walks. As he hops back onto the sofa, his stomach lurches around you, submerging you in the mushy remains of his food for a few moments. You burst back to the surface, gasping and sputtering as you tread stomach slop, recovering from not being able to breathe. Jolteon's gut presses in as he lays down on the sofa, the warm mush rising up to your neck as you relax in it like a hot tub.

He seems happy with his meal, purring quietly as his stomach gurgles and groans around you, melting down his food efficiently. As his food digests around you, his belly gurgles loudly, and air rushes back up his throat as Jolteon lets out another thick belch, flecks of spittle flying out of his maw. Once his belch has subsided, he rolls over, curling around the bulge your small body makes in his belly with a content expression on his face. As you relax in his belly, Jolteon yawns and closes his eyes. You feel his stomach muscles tense, squeezing inward as his dinner digests around you. It takes him a moment or two longer than usual to fall asleep, but eventually he dozes off. As he drifts off to sleep, he feels you move slightly in his belly, making his purr deepen.

For several hours, everything falls quiet in the house as Jolteon sleeps peacefully, his gut burbling as it finishes digesting his food, the level of mush slowly dropping as his food liquefies and drains into his intestines. As dawn breaks, Jolteon wakes up with a big yawn and stretches his limbs, wiggling his claws and flexing his joints. He glances at his belly, remembering that you are still curled up inside. He gets up, padding into the kitchen and regurgitating you onto the cold tile floor. You get up gingerly and

² Homemade brownies a la mode drizzled with chocolate, caramel and whipped cream with a cherry on top.

stretch, feeling sore. When Jolteon returns you to your normal size, you smile. "Did you enjoy your dinner last night?" you ask. He nods enthusiastically, grinning toothily as his belly grumbles. You laugh. "I'm glad you enjoyed me." As Jolteon eats his breakfast, you walk back to the living room and turn the television on, finding a new episode of Pokémon Heroes for you to watch. Jolteon follows suit, lying down on the cushions and stretching his limbs out as his breakfast settles in his gut. You lean against the armrest of the couch, watching the show as the Pokémon fight each other across the screen.

As you listen to the sound effects that play out in the background, something catches your eye. The camera zooms in on a Pokémon fighting a human. The Pokémon, who appears to be a Sylveon wearing a crown, tackles the human to the ground, opening its mouth wide and stuffing them in! They swallow the squirming human down, with Jolteon staring intently at the screen as the bulge slides down the Sylveon's neck, disappearing before it reappears as a sloshing bulge in the Sylveon's midsection. "I think we'd better change the channel before you get any ideas," you suggest. He looks over at you and smirks, licking his lips. You blush as you realize what he's implying. Jolteon keeps his eyes on you as his stomach groans.

You shiver slightly as he watches you, the image on the television flickering and changing. As the battle ends, Jolteon licks his chops, getting ready to devour his prey again. But as he leans in, his stomach rumbles loudly, and he groans. "You ate me with your dinner last night, and you just had breakfast; you shouldn't be hungry." You tell him, patting his head as he rolls his eyes and grunts. You stand up and head toward the kitchen to fix him a bowl of food. When you get back to the sofa, you set down the bowl of food next to him. He sniffs the dish, looking at you. After a moment, he takes a bite of the macaroni and cheese from the bowl.

After he finishes eating the macaroni and cheese, he licks his jaws clean before turning to look at you. You sit back and stroke his fur, feeling his purrs vibrate through your fingers. "How does it taste?" you

