



Zorua's Midnight Snack

Fiddleciper

It's late, around 11:30 at night. You are laying down in your bed, snuggling with your Zorua. He's purring and nuzzling his face into your chest. You have one arm over him, holding him close. His soft, gray-furred belly is against yours, and he's rubbing his little snout into your chest. After what seems like forever, he finally stops and rolls off the side of the bed. He walks to the kitchen, looking for food. You follow him into the kitchen, opening the fridge and pulling out your leftover birthday cake from that morning. You cut him a big piece, putting it on a plate and setting it on the floor for him.

He digs in, getting cake crumbs all around his mouth as he scarfs it down. You can't help but laugh at how adorable he is, watching as he finishes eating the sizable piece of cake in about thirty seconds. Once he's done, he looks over at you, giving you puppy dog eyes. You chuckle and grab the tub of ice cream from the freezer, giving him a nice, big scoop of cookie dough ice cream. He chomps happily, licking up all of the creamy frosting and ice cream, making you smile again. After he's finished eating, he curls up beside you, resting his head on your chest once more. You wrap your arms around him, pressing kisses into his fur.

As the night progresses, you fall asleep with him in your arms. The next thing you know, you're waking up to the sound of his belly rumbling as he looks at you pleadingly. You turn to check the clock, and it reads 1 A.M. You decide it's too early to get up and grab some food for him, telling him to go back to sleep and that you'll get some food for him in the morning. Before you can go back to dreaming, though, he whines and licks your face, trying to make you get up and get him some food.

As he licks you, his eyes go wide; your flavor dancing across his tongue as he starts to drool. He never realized you tasted so good!

His belly growls again, encouraging him to swallow you down. He starts at your feet, slurping them and making you giggle in your sleep. He gulps them down, growling happily as he feels them move around in his neck. As he reaches your knees, you finally wake up, wondering why your feet and thighs feel warm and wet. When you lift your head, you're met with the sight of your legs halfway down Zorua's gullet. He freezes as he sees that you've woken up, staring at you as you look at him in surprise. Your brain tells you to struggle, to not go down without a fight, but you ignore it. You don't want to hurt Zorua by accident, and you're pretty sure he doesn't intend to hurt you either. You just stare at him and wait to see what happens, curiously noting that your legs don't make a bulge in his neck.

After a few more moments of silence, he resumes swallowing you, gulping you down to your waist; your body still not creating a bulge. When he gets to your chest, you feel your feet and thighs push into his stomach, dunking down into the ice cream and mushy cake inside. You rub his neck with your hands, feeling for the lump your legs and waist should be making. You aren't able to find it, but you can feel the light pressure of your hands pressing down on the parts of your body that are inside his throat. Eventually, you come to the conclusion that he must have hammerspace insides. It would certainly explain his tendency to eat more food than your larger Pokemon and his nearly bottomless appetite, not to mention that your body isn't creating the slightest bulge in his neck or belly as he swallows you down.

You're pulled from your musings as he swallows again, bringing your head into his jaws. The two of you make eye contact, with Zorua gazing at you affectionately as he licks your face. Your vision is framed by his fangs as he gulps again, pulling your head into his gullet. Peristalsis drags you down, forcing you into his gut. You're crammed into his stomach, getting covered in melted ice cream and

mushy cake as his belly churns you around. Zorua growls with satisfaction as he feels you settle into his gut. Outside, Zorua looks exactly the same; any observer wouldn't be able to tell a difference in his appearance before or after he ate you. His belly tightens around you for a moment as he belches quietly above you. Your body doesn't make any bulge whatsoever in his tummy as he curls up on your blanket. Suddenly, your body glows for a few moments as Zorua uses Protect on you. He settles down on your bed, snuggling into your blanket. As he starts to doze off, his stomach gurgles, tightening once again and compacting you as the walls slather you with gastric juice and cake mush.

His belly churns around you as the partially digested food continues to roll along your skin, covering you as if it were a coating of paint. It's not a bad thing, though; it's actually quite pleasant. The warm mush feels soothing against your skin when it slides over you. You love it inside his tummy—the sweet smell from the cake mingling with the creamy, relaxing scent of the ice cream. As you start to fall asleep inside his stomach, you hear him start to growl happily, the vibrations traveling through your body. You smile, snuggling up against his stomach lining happily as you drift off to sleep.

The next morning, you awaken to the sound of Zorua eating. Bits of chewed Lumpia plop down around you as he devours his breakfast, quickly restricting your ability to move as the slush thickens. Once he's finished scarfing down his breakfast, he takes a swig of Buko juice, the sweet-scented drink pouring in and thinning the sludge slightly. Once he's finished, he heads back into your room, hopping up onto your bed and curling up. Just as he starts to doze off, your Lucario walks in. *"Have you seen our trainer around?"* Lucario asks, *"I wanted to meditate with him."* Zorua yawns, shaking his head. *"No worries, I'll find him later. Sorry for bothering you."* Unaware that you're relaxing in Zorua's gut inches away from him, Lucario apologizes, leaving and shutting the door behind himself. Once he's gone, Zorua snickers, rubbing his belly. You drift off, lulled to sleep by his heartbeat as you make a mental note to meditate with Lucario tomorrow.

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