

Coffeehouse Special- Vore Talk
by Holo

Nick pushed open the door to his apartment, his stomach sloshing and bouncing in front of him as he stepped inside. His uniform was riding halfway up the swell of his gut, so he was grateful to have a chance to pull it off. There was a thump, impatient, from inside his guts, and he grunted, then chuckled. "Relax Carrots, I didn't forget! Just didn't wanna pop any buttons getting you out." Nick bent forward, opened his mouth wide, and gave his stomach a squeeze. With half a belch, Judy came tumbling out of his mouth, covered in slime, but otherwise fine.

Fine, but annoyed. "Again? Come on Nick, you can't just stash me in your gut every time things go south on the job. We're cops! Danger is in the job description," the bunny told him as she flicked some of Nick's stomach goo off of her hands. Nick grabbed a towel that was hanging from a chair and handed it to her to clean up with.

"Sorry, it's a reflex, I swear!" Nick was sincere, but Judy gave him a look.

"Be that as it may, it's still not... work appropriate." she told him. "Besides, we're *both* faster when you're not waddling around with me in your stomach, and that's considering the weight you've put on." She jabbed a finger into his stomach. It was soft beneath the fur, and Nick blushed for a moment before regaining his cool.

"What can I say? Clawhauser has good taste in doughnuts, and is pretty happy to share when we're doing doubles at the desk. Though I do wish they'd find him a proper assistant secretary."

"Pshh, with all the paperwork they'd have to do? We'd have better luck getting you to swear off doughnuts," Judy teased as she tossed the towel aside, looking much more clean now, though her fur was still matted down in places.

Nick eyed her through the brief lull in the conversation, and then picked up on something. "Hey, what did you mean by 'not work appropriate?'" he asked.

Judy's ears twitched. "Er, what it says on the tin. It's not something you should be doing at work. Not work appropriate."

Nick's muzzle turned up into a grin. "So when *should* we do it, hmm?" he asked, leaning in close.

Judy blushed immediately, and Nick could feel the heat rising from her face. "What? N-no! That's not what I meant!" she insisted.

"You sure? Because you could have just said that it's not appropriate... but you specifically said 'not *work* appropriate.' Twice, in fact."

Judy swallowed and took a step back, eyes widening. "Err, uhh. Look, I'm not saying I like it, or anything, but-"

"Buuut you're not saying you dislike it, right Carrots?" Nick leaned in close to tease that line, and then stood up straight, arms crossed over the chubby swell of his middle. "Don't worry about it." He uncrossed his arms and waved a hand dismissively. "It works out, since I kind of enjoy having you bouncing around in there," he admitted.

Judy almost smiled, and then stopped. "Did you just make a bunny joke?"

Nick snorted and laughed. "No no, a bunny joke would have been something about you hopping down my throat when I'm misbehaving at work." He poked out his tongue at her, making her both stomp her foot and light up with blush again.

"R-rude!"

"You like it."

"Guh, y-yeah." Judy slumped her face into Nick's stomach and nuzzled it, enjoying the softness and warmth of it.

Nick pet the back of her head a little before pulling back from her. "I think you should shower up before bed," he suggested, gently.

She looked herself over, remembering where she had been for the ride home, and nodded. She slipped into the bathroom, and Nick flopped down into a chair to wait for her so he could take her home, or tuck her in beside him. Whichever she preferred.