

Convention Art Trade
By Angelus

Jags took up two chairs in the convention hangout area as he finished sketching up a piece for an impromptu art trade. His fat green ass and bulging back fat nearly swallowed the pair of chairs he was using to support his weight, and his white stomach was large enough that he had the sketchbook propped up on his stomach instead of sitting on the table. His hammy hands gripped the small pencil as he put the finishing touches on a vore sketch he was drawing for the hefty fox seated beside him, and he occasionally glanced over at the fox's character badge that he was using for reference.

"How's this looking man?" Jags slid the sketchbook off of his stomach and onto the table so the fox could look at it.

The fox reached around Jags' bulky, round belly to fetch his book, and took a moment to admire the sketch. People passed by, chatting idly amongst themselves as Jags waited for a reply. "Damn, this is looking good! I love the belly bulges, thanks a ton!"

"Sure thing, my pleasure!" A big grin was stretched over his jagged green muzzle as he watched the fox admire the sketch he had done.

The heavy fox closed the sketchbook, tail wagging with delight. "So, what did you want from me in exchange?"

Jags' grin got a little wider, and he licked over his teeth. "Oh, I've got something quick in mind~" He grabbed the fox by the shoulders with his chunky hands and opened his mouth, lifting the fox out of his seat.

The fox yelped as they realized what was happening and tried to wiggle free, but Jags just tightened his grip and stuffed the fox's head into his mouth. In a single gulp, the hefty fox was already shoulder-deep, their head barely making a bulge in Jags' meaty neck. Their legs kicked and their paws sunk into a ball of white gut, succeeding at nothing but making it wobble. Jags chuckled around them, amused at the useless struggles.

A few heads turned to look at the muffled commotion but most turned back to the conversations they were having. A single, distant "Yeah! WOO! Pack 'em in!" was shouted across the convention space, eliciting a few amused snorts.

Jags wedged the fox's fat middle into his wide jaws and squeezed them in, using both hands to shove them down. That gut made for a bit of a challenge, but a welcome one for the huge green dragon. Skinny prey always went down too easy, so his tail swayed with delight at the feeling of wide fluffy hips and rump stretching his mouth and throat. Another couple of gulps pulled the rest of the fox past his jaws, leaving just the prey's paws wiggling helplessly before Jags closed his mouth and sealed him in.

Jags' huge white gut barely bulged despite holding an entire person within. It occasionally bounced and distended with a particularly rough struggle from inside, but he could otherwise pretend he hadn't eaten anyone at all. Satisfied with himself, he grabbed the fox's sketchbook and stuck it into his bag to take a photo of the sketch he did later.

He picked up their badge, the one he had used as an art reference, and clipped it to his bag so it sat just under his own badge, accompanied by almost a half-dozen other badges he'd collected. He licked over his muzzle, shook some lead free from the tip of his mechanical pencil, and propped up a sign he'd made for the table. "Sketch Trades Open!"