

“Hey, I’m here!” you called out as you shut the door to the apartment behind you.

The faint smell of air freshener that had long run out of its prime hit your nose, but it wasn’t unpleasant. Looking around at the tidy kitchen and living room, you hear the sound of heavy footsteps from the nearby hallway. In walked your rather tall draconic friend, Justin, with a friendly smile across his snout.

It had been a long day for you. It was honestly a blur in your mind, but the physical and mental exhaustion was a very real reminder that your day-to-day job was no fun. Luckily there were friends to help, and in this case that kind of friend was Justin. Many humans like yourself would normally be pretty terrified at the sight of an 8-foot toned dragon of the night fury species walking around like everyone else. His skin was mostly gray, save for the area around his eyes and muzzle that traveled down the front of his chest beneath his light blue tank top and black shorts. The three horn-like appendages on either side of his head were tipped with black and red, matching both the tips of the large wings on his back and the fins flared out at the end of his thick tail.

“Thanks again,” you said before taking a seat on the couch next to Justin. “It was another one of those days, y’know?”

Justin waved a meaty claw dismissively, “Don’t worry about it. You know I’m almost always down to chill.” The dragon clicked the remote and turned on the TV. “You doing okay otherwise?”

You nod with a pat to your legs, “Got the cozy pajamas on and ready to wind down.” Those cozy pajamas were a pair of dark red sweatpants, a thick black sweater, and a snugly-fit, soft pair of black house shoes. “How about you?”

Justin chuckled, “Doing just fine.” You could swear you heard a light rumble as he spoke, but you simply chalked it up to your imagination.

The night carried on simply enough. Just mindless vegetation in front of the television with idle chit chat about what was on. In the middle of one conversation, you could have sworn you heard that rumble again. It was louder this time.

“Did you hear that?” you asked, looking over at him.

Justin slightly chuckled as those appendages on his head folded gently back against his skull like a nervous animal would do, “Ah, yeah. I may have skipped lunch.”

You playfully punch the dragon’s strong bicep, feeling the sleek skin against your own soft, human flesh, “Ya should’ve said something! We can order something, my treat. I’m pretty hungry, myself.”

The dragon chuckled again, but this time it sounded more uneasy, “If you insist. Just gotta hold out till it can get here!”

You dig into your pockets and pull out your phone, “Then consider it done.”

Moments later, food was ordered and the waiting game began. You were hoping it wouldn’t take too terribly long, because Justin’s stomach was already rumbling again. More than anything, you were worried that he wouldn’t get food fast enough before he got cranky. No one liked being hungry, after all.

Moments of pure silence passed by, you and Justin seemingly lost in the drone of the television. The sounds of cars passing outside, the hum from the television, the overhead fan whirling gently above... It was like you could hear everything, and then the familiar sound of Justin’s stomach rumbling was heard again. It was *loud*, now.

“Are you going to make it?” you ask, glancing up to the larger anthro dragon.

Justin mumbled, but you couldn't quite make out what he was saying. It seemed like the hunger was actually starting to get to him now, and naturally you just wanted to make sure your friend was okay. The rumble came again. You noticed Justin's jaw clenched in agitation this time. The hunger was definitely getting to him, and you weren't sure there was much you could say to alleviate the situation. You fidgeted slightly in your seat.

"Are you..."

Before you could ask again, Justin turned himself towards you, throwing you off balance on the soft couch cushion. "Once I get something to eat..."

Before you could even question what he meant, Justin gripped the collar of your shirt and pulled up. Your arms were forcefully yanked upwards as the garment was pulled off, leaving you shirtless. The night fury grabbed you by your bare waist, squeezing as he pulled you forward.

"Wait, what are you-"

Your words were cut off as Justin opened wide, his sharp teeth suddenly sinking away into his gums to form a soft row of pink flesh, and clamped down over your head and shoulders. You began to struggle, the cushions and your house shoes making it hard to get any kind of grip or friction. The dragon wasted no time in giving a solid shove and swallow, pulling you into the dark wet tunnel of his throat until you were already halfway into his waiting, salivating maw.

Those comfy pajama pants weren't helping the predicament, bunching up around your knees as your legs kicked up into the air when Justin gave another swallow. You sputtered and cried out as the pulsing walls pressed against your body, soaking you in saliva and slime as you traveled further and further down as nothing but a squirming lump outside the stronger dragon's body. Justin tossed his head back, sending you up to your knees into the hungry night fury.

That swallow pushed your head and shoulders through the tight sphincter leading into his stomach. You looked around, able to see the dark pink walls pulse over a pool of acid below: your final resting place. You twisted and squirmed, though that only pushed you further into the fleshy ring entrance even more as what little was left of you outside of Justin's toothless grasp madly squirmed and wiggled.

"Let me out of here! I got us food, you could just wait a little longer...!" you cried out, but the sound was completely muffled to the hungry one's ears.

You weren't even sure that Justin would hear you or if he cared, because you already felt another toss of his head send you just a bit closer to disappearing from the world outside entirely. Those soft black house shoes struggled outside as if they had any chance of changing your fate now. The stomach squeezing around your upper body in a warm, wet hug made focusing that much harder, the juices sloshing across you as the night fury's body readied to do what it did to all food given to it: digest it.

Justin moaned out, holding onto your supple ankles with his lips as he shifted to a lying position on the couch with your feet still squirming wildly outside his lips all while he rubbed at his slightly-swollen and shifting gut. You had been made into nothing more than this: food and nutrition for your friend all because he couldn't wait out delivery. Your thrashing about didn't seem to deter the hungry dragon, and feeling him lie down only further disoriented your senses as a new wave of acid splashed over your face, burning against you.

"This isn't funny!" you shouted, knowing good and well Justin had already made up his mind.

Outside, Justin only grinned across the last of his food. He simply reached a claw up and extended two fingers. One sharp nail on the rubbery soles of each house shoe, he and you both knew this was it. You felt the gentle pressure of a push.

“Justin, no! Wait...!”

There was no response to indicate he gave any mind to your words. Justin shoved your squirming feet, house shoes and all, into his mouth. His strong jaws pressed down against the fabric-covered morsels, saliva soaking them thoroughly as his tongue danced across the soft surfaces. With a hefty final swallow and a small push with his tongue, Justin swallowed down the squirming shoes with ease, feeling his throat with his claws as the last of you disappeared as a simple lump into his stomach.

You could feel the space around you tighten as the remainder of your body pushed into the already-cramped space of Justin’s stomach, curling you into a misshapen and fidgety ball. Justin put his arms behind his head, content with his meal as he licked his lips. His stomach had definitely expanded, pushing his tank top up a good bit. It didn’t matter; his body was going to make that disappear in due time. His belly was already groaning and gurgling in full force, easily muting out the struggling and pained cries from inside.

None of the commotion seemed to bother Justin. He simply closed his dark brown eyes and stifled a small belch as his body began to work you down, slowly fulfilling the process of making you nothing more than his dinner. Your struggles began to slowly and become less and less aggressive, feeling the warped walls of the flesh prison shrink in on you more as each second passed. The acid was getting higher, and your time was running out.

Justin opened his eyes, feeling something attempt to come up. He wasn’t concerned for your escape; he knew that wasn’t going to happen. Instead it was the very expected build up of

air. He opened his cavernous jaws, strands of saliva still stretching from top to bottom, as a massive belch rang out. With that belch also came a single, sopping black house shoe and soaked pair of familiar red sweatpants.

“Hm,” Justin mused, “These are far too small of a size for me. That’s a shame, too. I was wondering how comfy they really were~.”

There was a knock at the door. The delivery was finally here. Justin patted his shrinking stomach, unsteadily getting himself off the couch. He could still eat more. Maybe even the delivery person would make a good dessert.