

Belly Talk

by Maven Treecat

<https://www.weasyl.com/~maventreecat>

Content Warning: Soft vore, unwilling prey, body control, digestion, fatal

Most people would be suspicious of a masked individual. Fabric face masks for public health were understandable and appreciated, certainly. But—outside of the context of a theater—almost anyone would give at least a little pause to a thick white drama mask obscuring every single facial detail except the curve of a smiling muzzle, a twitch of a chocolate-colored nose, and the glint of amber eyes. Even her clothes suggested she had something to hide; the back of her cloak was a humble tan, but its interior and the clothes beneath were wildly colorful and eye-catching. Every single bit of the strange skunk, identifiable only by her two-stripe tail that swayed behind her, suggested an enigma she was *inviting* people to investigate.

Shinara, however, wasn't like most people. What the vixen saw was a small, snack-sized person with loose, easily removable wrappings walking alone in an alleyway: easy prey, especially for such a talented huntress.

Pounce! Shuff-strip! ShglORF, GLuCK-GULP, glOrsh-ULK... BUUUURP!

After a mere few seconds of flying clothes and merciless devouring, the red fox sighed in satisfaction, feeling the taut shape of a suddenly-nude four foot tall skunk girl squirming within her white-furred belly. The small skunk had only gotten one shocked gasp out, and it was with her head already descending that greedy gullet. It was the perfect afternoon snack, and Shinara was sure it'd be nice and done before dinner rolled around. She slurped over her lips, shrugged her green vest on a little more, and left her stomach to start digesting the poor thing alive.

"...that's it?"

The voice, casual and unbothered, came from her gut. The fox didn't pay it any mind; nobody else would hear the girl's words as she reduced her to meat.

"Hey, I'm talking to you! Aren't you going to say something?"

Shinara yawned as she stretched, adjusting her green cap atop her head. Why bother talking to food?

"...no teasing or taunting? No gleeful comments about what you're gonna do to me?"

The vixen rolled her eyes. "Why?" she chuckled with a toothy grin. "It's not like it's going to change the number of calories I get!"

The sigh the mighty huntress felt inside her belly was one of casual disappointment, even as her stomach started ramping up acid production. It certainly wasn't something she'd felt from any of the lives she'd stuffed in there before. "...ah well. Go pick up my clothes, then. I'm going to need them."

Shinara laughed, her stomach's growl being the only reply she needed to give.

Then, the vixen stopped dead in her tracks, her eyes wide. Caught off-guard by the sudden twinge of discomfort in her stomach, she staggered against the shady alley wall. Then, before she could question it, she found herself staggering upright, turning around, and walking back to the scene of the crime.

"Wh...what's going on?" asked Shinara, feeling her meal's hands pressing at the rear of its prison against her back.

"We're going to get my clothes," the skunk within commented confidently. The easy, bright sound of that voice within her made the fox shudder. "And then you'll do me a few favors."

Shinara gasped as she looked down, her walk brushing against her prey's wrappings. As if on cue, another twist in her belly doubled her over, and she grabbed the clothes. Then, casting the clothes over her shoulder, the fox began walking back out of the alley despite herself..

The shape inside the vixen's now strangely quiet guts shifted, a smiling mask pressing out from behind the fox's white belly fur between her breasts. "I'm Helena Troi, but you can call me Hel. Nice to be so intimately acquainted with you!" the skunk giggled. "What's your name?"

"S...Shinara Evergreen?"

"Shinara! Well..since I'm not going anywhere soon, why don't we get to know each other?"

Shinara flattened her ears, looking deadpan ahead as she turned onto the sidewalk. This was going to be a very long afternoon.

The fox found herself jerkily moving down the street, forced to frequently choose between talking with her food or having a particularly uncomfortable stomach ache. Hel proved quite capable of telling how honest she was; truthful answers got a deliberate squirm that tickled her predatory pleasures, while lies made the skunk's questions probe deeper.

In those exchanges, she began unwillingly learning about her afternoon stomach-filler. A drama student....of *course* the little skunk was a theater major. Lecturing her on the importance of teasing, of humiliation, of predator impact, one would almost assume the skunk were a predator herself. "Of course not! It's an awful thing to do, digesting people!" she'd exclaimed, "but if you're going to do it, you better do it right!"

Shinara wasn't going to take the skunk's manipulations sitting down, though. In her moments of control, she'd managed to make it to a drug store, quietly taking a few bottles of digestive aids from the shelves. "Oh, shopping?" the skunk asked as she walked down the aisles, the fox flinching from the prey's keen hearing. "Good idea! Hey, pick me up some tortilla chips, I need them for my sorority meet tonight!"

The lioness cashier looked shocked at the fox and her laden belly as she put the various items onto the counter. Shinara's sheepish, pleading grin and raised finger at least manage to prevent the lioness from reading out each item as she rang it up, nervously glancing at the shifting bulge.

"Oh, we don't need a bag for those chips," her belly said, the lioness jumping as a hand bulged outwards from her customer's belly and grabbed the tortilla chips.

"No, I...really do need a bag," the fox muttered with embarrassment, snatching the bag away from her own flesh and trying her best to keep up the grin as she handed the chips back to the cashier. "Heheh..."

An exchange of a credit card and receipt later, and the vixen wasted no time. She unscrewed the top of her primary purchase, poured the chalky tablets in her mouth, and gulped.

"*Haah!*" she sighed in relief at her clever solution. "Finally!"

Then, her ear twitched at a strange noise...a muffled gulp from within.

"Oh hey, are these the ones with lactase?"

Shinara dumbly looked down at the empty bottle. "Yeah, why?"

"Oh sweet!" the skunk cheered, "Let's go get ice cream, your treat! I'm getting three scoops today! Oh, and don't try that again or I'm going to find someone to feed you to. Thanks, Shinara!"

The fox crossed her arms, bags in hand, as the skunk inside piloted her outside again. She muttered darkly as she began working on a Plan C. She wasn't about to be outsmarted by food.

Shinara blushed as the entire parlor stared; it wasn't every day people saw someone gulp down whole a cone with three scoops of ice cream down, the vixen not even so much as touching her mouth on it. The assembly popped into her belly, Helena excitedly squealing as she caught it and began to lick away, starting with the strawberry scoop on top. The muffled hums and singing from her stomach didn't help the vixen get out of the center of attention.

Grumpily, the fox resigned herself to spooning down a single scoop of chocolate ice cream from a cup as she did her best to jerkily move to the nearby bus stop. Even her mildest attempt at tormenting her passenger while she plotted failed, the unclothed skunk giggling as each super cold gulp splattered against her body. "It's like running out in the snow! Have you ever tried that, Shinara?"

All Shinara could think about was potentially getting home, knowing she could take her time making sure Hel digested well and good without any risk of escape there. She was *keeping* her *prey*, and that was all to it. It wasn't too long that the distracted skunk let the fox sit herself down on the bench. A sheep looked blankly as the fox conversed with a murmuring curve in her midsection.

Looking up, she saw it: the 3:15 bus downtown. Just four stops away, and she'd be home free. The vehicle hissed as it stopped before the small bench, the sheep quickly rushing into the open doors before anyone could step off.

"Oh, is that the 3:25 bus uptown?" her meal asked.

"...yeah! Have somewhere to go?" Shinara said, feeling confident in her lie as she stood up to follow the alarmed public transit customer..

Helena's foot pressed firmly down, hitting the brake both figuratively and literally as the wind drove out of the vixen's chest. Shinara watched helplessly as she deflated onto the ground, the bus' doors closing and driving off without the homesick huntress.

"Yeah," the skunk said as Shinara slowly gasped in air and hoisted herself back up onto the bench. "I figure we could have an hour or two at the mall! Just us girls, y'know?"

Shinara growled. "...there's going to be one less by tonight, if I have anything to say about it."

The skunk inside shifted in a pleasing way. "Oooh! Just got to the mint chocolate scoop!"

Shinara grinned as she cleverly plotted Plan D.

“A massage parlor?”

Shinara nodded, forgetting for a moment her meal couldn't actually see. “They have an *excellent* one here! Real specialists. Just the sort of thing to help us bond, yeah?”

“That's a great idea, Shinara!”

The vixen was certainly hoping the two would bond, at least with regard to Helena's nutritional bits bonding with her boobs.

The vixen's approach was greeted by a pleasant deer behind the counter. “*We'll* have the *second* option,” she said to the parlor employee, holding up four fingers and winking. The deer knew just what option the customer was really asking for, guiding them back to a table.

Shinara laid down on her back, a strong-looking wolfess striding in with an eye on the fox's shifting belly. “Mmh, ready, Hel?” she asked, looking forward towards that deep massage getting her stomach going *really* good.

“Ready! I'm looking forward to our heart-to-heart over a nice session.”

The wolfess' paws reached down to that squirming gut, briefly feeling just how the wrinkled walls stretched around a prone skunk. Then, with purpose and intent, she kneaded hard.

“*Hooghf!*”

The sudden winded grunt from the vixen clearly surprised the masseuse. Inside, though, the skunk sighed out. “Ooh, that's a real good press...keep at it!”

The wolfess tried again, aiming to coax that belly into a digestive fervor no one could stop.

“*Gurk!*”

Shinara clutched at the table even as her meal inside shuddered with clear delight. “Wow...” Hel groaned. “Whoever's out there, they're good. Getting right at the knots in me! Say, you're a hunter, right Shinara?”

The vixen met eyes with the masseuse; the parlor worker's expression asked if she should really continue. Shinara rolled her eyes and nodded, bracing herself for a terrible time as the skunk wiggled and shifted uncooperatively. “Y-yeah...”

“So you must know a lot about anatomy and muscles from staying so fit, right?”

“Yeah, sure. Why?”

Helena shivered; the predator could feel the nude skunk’s toes curling against the inside of her stomach. “Isn’t it neat how they connect? It’s so easy to just...prod one here, press one there, pull another...and the whole body follows! It’s like how...*mmf!*...this wonderful massage doesn’t just stay in one place...that relaxation radiates outwards, y’know?”

The fox groaned, more and more uncomfortable as she was shifted just enough to have sensitive spots carelessly pressed into despite the masseuse’s best efforts. “Y...yeah, pretty neat,” she lied through her teeth. It wasn’t neat at all having food pulling at her every string like a professional puppeteer.

“Still, surprised you don’t know how to get the most from your prey,” the skunk purred into her stomach walls, loving every deep massage despite the buffer of flesh between them. “You’re a great huntress, but that’s a pretty big vulnerability. You gotta know your prey, right?”

“R-right...” Shinara felt like she knew her prey now, even against her will. What she didn’t know was what Plan E for getting this snack churning would be.

“I had a great time. Thanks for treating me, Shinara!” Helena said, her voice brighter and even more refreshed from both the massage and her anticipated gains from their various shop forays.

Collapsed, back against the mall fountain, and surrounded by bags of new clothes, home accessories, and hobby paints, the vixen groaned. “N...no problem.”

“Alright, well, probably time we split. Gotta make sure we can get dinner going, after all!”

Shglrgh-POP!

Helena wiggled out from the vixen’s mouth, popping free without an ounce of shame at her nudity or her melted ice cream and slime-coated fur...not that anyone could’ve noticed an embarrassed look beneath that mostly featureless drama mask. “Hand me my new towel, why don’t ya?”

Shinara reached over, plucking the new item out of its bag and slowly dragging it across her exhausted body for the short skunk’s use. “Here.”

“Thanks!”

Helena dried herself off, picked out her clothes from the mess of bags, and redressed with that full, enticingly flamboyant look. “Alrighty! And give what I said about using your words and really working on your prey a thought, okay? Can’t hurt to change, right?”

Shinara watched helplessly as the skunk lifted up the mall bags, grabbed her bag of chips from the drug store bag, and strolled off with a casual wave. Her eyes rolled back over to the mall clock. 5:35 PM, and she hadn’t had a single thing to eat since before noon...nothing she actually got to process at least.

“Maybe she’s right...” the vixen muttered. “Maybe I should do more with my prey.”

“Hey, miss, are you alright?”

The question came from a bright-eyed tigress in summer clothes, hands tucked behind her butt. Shinara looked over the girl, all five-plus feet of curvy, tasty-looking potential. She feigned a groan to suppress the grin she felt like wearing. “I’m not sure...I think there’s something irritating the back of my throat,” she fibbed before opening her mouth wide.

“Really? Well, let me take a look!” the tigress said, voice comforting and smile friendly as she stepped up close and leaned in. “By the way, what’s your name? My name’s Sash-”

*Yank! Grab-strip! **SqUEICH, GLurk-SGORF! GluNk, glug, glrp, ulk, GULP!**
BWUOOURRP!*

Shinara patted her belly with a grin, slurping around all that delicious tigress flavor she’d gotten while stuffing the nice girl down her throat. The confused and betrayed muffled *mrowls*, the desperate struggles of a full-sized meal uselessly fighting for its life stretching her belly, the feeling of her stomach cruelly soaking the nude girl...this was what a great huntress like her was supposed to get. And one of the *best* parts was she didn’t even know her dinner’s name!

The vixen, reenergized, picked up the few remaining bags in one hand and grabbed her prey’s clothes with the other. There wasn’t much point in carrying around discarded wrappers, so she tossed them into the nearby mall trash can. “Naahhh,” she answered her earlier introspection. “I’m already a great hunter! Besides, what would food know?”

Shinara walked off, not paying any heed to the pleas for mercy inside as her stomach digested the friendly stranger alive. All she did was enjoy the feeling of live, squirming meat losing fur and breaking down into mush inside of her. And as the sealed-in tigress churned, all she heard in response to her struggles and begging was the fox’s gut doing its thing.

Glrrglgl, GLURCH! Blorp, gworrrgle...groooooan, grp, gurgle~ 🐾