

Vore exploration team

“Olly, why are you here?” Everett sighed. “I’m not supposed to have guests over while we train.”

The training grounds for the town’s mountain rescue team were not closed to the public per se, but Everett would have preferred not to have Olly sniffing around while his team was having an exercise.

There were nine civilians playing avalanche victims, testing the skills of three rescue dog teams and Everett’s own size-shifting skills. And in the middle of it, Olly, wearing shorts and showing off his legs as if to mock the biting cold of the mountain.

“I’m moral support! You’re my bestest friend in all of the world, I want to spend time with you!” Olly defended himself, looking not one bit stressed out. He had that large toothy grin that made Everett expect a prank.

“Alright, you can stay; but please, stay out of the way, ok?” The white-haired man couldn’t repress a smile.

It could be dangerous to Olly himself, yes, but Everett was more worried about his team’s safety. The trainings sometimes involved Everett changing the size of himself and equipment, but also his teammates and the folks playing the victims to be rescued. Everett worried that his friend might try to kidnap one of them while they were shrunk. It wouldn’t be the first time.

“Everett, your turn!” The chief called out, and the two friends broke apart. Everett raced through the dense forest speckling the mountainside, growing a foot in between each footfall. When he was tall enough to break through the canopy, his eyes immediately noticed a flare not one mile away, along the bottom of the cliff. Signal from one of the reckon teams to show Everett the location of the victims.

He followed the signal and the tallest trees barely grazed his knees when he reached the group. The victims had been safely buried under an enormous amount of snow, simulating an avalanche. There was too much snow for the dogs or humans to dig through, which was a challenge designed for Everett. Without hesitation, he dug his giant fingers into the

snow mound and pulled out the victims with practiced speed. He held them delicately in one hand while he rushed to the next group in need of help.

When all was said and done and the victims were all gathered in his upturned palms, Everett was very proud of himself. He was just a few steps away from base camp, where the exercise would end, when he saw Olly sprint out of the cover of the trees and towards him. Everett barely noticed that Olly was carrying a satchel he didn't have when he arrived at the training grounds. The tiny man was fast and agile.

“Olly, what are y-OLLY!” Everett squeaked in surprise as his friend sneaked into Everett's trouser leg. He could feel his warm form pressed against the bare skin of his ankle and, holding onto the inner fabric of the pants, he was climbing up and up. “Hey! Get out!”

Everett's sudden discomfort and outburst made the victims, which until now had been confidently lounging in Ev's hands, start worrying and holding onto what they could. The change didn't escape Everett's eyes. He immediately straightened up and resumed walking to camp, determined to finish the mission despite the feeling of a tiny ascending his thigh.

As soon as he entered camp, he shrank back to human size and deposited the tiny victims in more competent hands. He would deliver normal-sized people, but this exercise involved nine victims, more than one ambulance could handle—unless they were finger-sized.

“Good job everyone! Especially you Ev,” the chief called the end of today's practice.

With a sigh of relief, Everett turned around and unzipped his jacket, pulled open his waistband and spotted Olly, suspended to the fabric. He plucked him out—he noted the absence of any bag, Everett figured he'd imagined it in the first place—and frowned. “You said you'd stay out of the way.”

Olly shrugged. “I wanted to congratulate you, you've done so good!” But Everett could recognize that satisfied little face, he knew Olly too well.

He exhaled again. “Doesn't matter, no harm done.” A moment later, Olly was grown back to his normal 5ft5 size.

“One day, I bet you'll get my size wrong and make me, like, 6 feet tall,” Olly commented

casually. Everett replied in banter that he would never forget such a precious info, already moving on without a thought.

The second Everett's back was turned, and unbeknownst to him, Olly plunged to the ground and snatched up a minuscule brown satchel, discarded from the valley of snow where Everett stood a minute earlier.

"Are you coming?" Ev asked, and Olly replied, "Right away! Let's go for pizza, my treat!" The two friends walked away chatting happily, one with a treasure tucked in his pocket and the other blissfully oblivious to his friend's scheme.

*

* *

"I am NOT going along with this scheme of yours!" Eric bellowed, properly enraged.

"I told you that you ARE!" Olly roared in response, his voice a thousand times more powerful than his shrunken pet's pathetic squeaks.

Witnessing their loud disagreement was Issak, Olly's second pet and neutral party in the routine conflicts between the two powerful personalities in his made-up family. At some point, Eric would come to him to complain about Olly, and he would nod and pat his comrade's back. Then, Olly would pour his feelings about Eric out in confidence to Issak, who would offer flawless moral support and affection.

"It is out of the FUCKING question! I am not getting eaten, not now, not ever!"

"Are your ears full of wax or is it just your shit for brains?!" Olly brandished the shrunken bag. "This is climbing equipment! For pros! There is a zero percent chance that it goes wrong!"

"That's not even the question! I'm not doing it! Period!" Eric's throat strained from the sheer volume of his protests.

Issak could tell that Olly was getting genuinely worked up, so he gracefully interrupted. "Master, I volunteer!"

"Uh?" Both Olly and Eric stopped their kerfuffle to stare at Issak in mild surprise.

“You got eaten once already, why in hell would you want it again?!” Eric pointed out, peeved. The incident, when Everett accidentally swallowed Issak, had led to a serious fright and injuries. After all, a giant digesting a tiny, even by accident, would be both a horrible death for the person and a horrible fate for all the survivors.

“The worst part of that experience was that the person who ate me was not the almighty Olly, of course!” Issak argued, and Olly’s expression illuminated with interest. “OOooh?”

Olly turned away from his unwilling—now visibly relieved—pet to dedicate all of his attention to his devoted servant. Olly’s mouth was salivating in advance, just at the thought of it. He handed Issak the bag, who pulled out and, with some instructions from Olly, tied around himself a safety harness attached to a long, powerful rope. Olly’s gigantic fingers snatched the end of that rope, he wrapped it around his finger several times for safety and, with a febrile hand and a grin of excitement, he picked up Issak’s torso between two fingers.

“Are you ready?”

Issak enthusiastically nodded and gave two thumbs up, his cheeks warming up as the massive mouth of Olly opened in front of him. Warm air wafted out, pushing Issak’s hair backward for a second. The cavernous maw was all that the tiny could see; the soft-looking tongue, glistening from saliva, was a familiar sight for Issak, who frequently allowed his master to suckle on him. One of Issak’s favorite activities.

Usually, he never went farther than the mouth, but this time...

The dark, damp cave engulfed Issak’s whole body, and the servant couldn’t hold back a shiver of instinctive fear. Despite volunteering, and despite visiting the confines of the young man’s mouth before, this time felt different.

His owner tossed him inside without the usual careful movements. It was how Olly treated popcorn kernels or grapes, something meant to feed him. Issak landed roughly, face first, half sinking into the plushy surface of the giant tongue. Drool immediately draped over him, and Olly hummed.

"Hold on tight, tasty boy," the divine voice of Lord Olly ordered.

Issak couldn't obey that order; there was nothing to hold onto. The tongue started rocking and slithering, greedily tossing the tiny across its surface, infusing more and more of it with the flavor of the meal to be. Issak felt a pang of nostalgia for their usual sessions. Olly's tongue was usually like a calm sea; barely moving, simply eager to be humped and soak up the slave's seed. Today, it was like a raging ocean, rising and turning. Saliva was building up amidst the pier-like teeth under the thunder of Olly's hums of pleasure.

Finally, the far end of the tongue dipped, revealing the dark hole which food never escaped. For the first time, the tongue wasn't the end of the road, ready to be pampered, kissed and loved. This time, it was merely the entrance to something more... grandiose.

The inside of Everett had given Issak an idea of what to expect. A long ride down a chimney of flesh constricting him and promising him pain.

He was happy to suffer, if it was for Olly.

So, when the inevitable GULP propelled him into the depths of his bratty owner, Issak felt a mix of devotion and thrill.

On the outside, Eric felt part of his companion's fear. Seeing the bulge that his friend formed in Olly's adam apple aroused the question, "What if he never comes out?" The giant adam apple did not carry a tiny body on the way out. Olly did hold the end of the rope serving as Issak's lifeline... but when had Olly ever been reliable?

Eric strictly had a foot fetish. He could see the visual appeal of a sole, and even though he would not admit it, the powerlessness of being trampled was mesmerizing. But being eaten? He could not see the appeal, he could only think of falling into a vat of acid.

Olly belched loudly. He pulled up the bottom of his t-shirt and gave his belly a hearty slap. On the other side of the colossus' gut, Issak was indeed waddling through that vat of acid, and he heard the echo of palm on skin reverberated a thousandfold. It was dark and inhospitable, naturally; and he could feel the tingles of digestion running across his skin but not yet breaking it down into nutrients for Olly.

If Issak were honest with himself, he would admit that the notion, in itself, was attractive to the part of him who wanted to belong to Olly forever. Olly was his god, the almighty ruler of his life... Thinking of being melted and fused with him made Issak's little stomach explode with butterflies. The primitive fear of dying was being shushed by his pious faith in Olly.

Issak knew he would not die there. Olly willed it so.

For Olly, it was a rush like nothing before. Sure, tormenting his old bully beneath his sole, feeling his tiny bones on the verge of going CRUNCH under his heel every day, that was a great pleasure... but it did not begin to compare with the feeling of eating someone whole.

Olly could feel the weak movements of Issak sliding down his esophagus and pure joy shot through his veins. He could graze it, finally. Godhood. True, infinite power over the bugs beneath him.

But there was too little of it. Issak was just one mouthful of human, and a willing one at that. Olly wanted hundreds of them; friends, neighbors, asshole customers at work, all packed in a popcorn bucket, ready to eat by the fistful.

He found himself blushing and salivating, so much so that drool dripped on his chin. He subconsciously licked his lips, looking at Eric.

The shrunken bully held up his arms in a defensive pose. "Don't even think about it!" followed by a cry of "Olly, you dick!"

The titanic fingers clasped his leg, and Eric was pulled upside down far in the sky. Not the first time Olly forced him to be manhandled like that, but surely the scariest, because this time he was being dangled above the dark well of Olly's gullet.

"OLLY! I do NOT consent to this!"

"Food doesn't get an opinion," Olly laconically said, and he let go of his pet's body. In a mad scramble, Eric latched himself with both arms and legs to a fingertip.

"I don't have a harness!!" Eric shrieked, his voice more high pitched than he would have liked. That did give Olly pause, so Eric continued. "The-the gear to let Issak climb up safely, I'd die without it." For perhaps the first time since the very first days of their domestic relationship, Eric felt genuinely freaked out and overwhelmed in fear of Olly.

"Please..." he pleaded.

"Uuuuugh, fiiiiine," Olly said after an unnerving pause.

Eric breathed out in relief only when his feet touched the top of the table, solid and reassuring. It was too easy to become familiar with Olly and forget how scary his master could be.... even if that was just because he was so utterly reckless as to be a menace.

"It's a bad idea, you know? I mean it," Eric informed his owner—but only after taking a few steps away. "Issak could be seriously hurt in there..."

Olly mouthed "killjoy" silently but he nevertheless straightened himself up and pulled on the rope that extended into his stomach. It took many long seconds, but Issak emerged, drenched and disheveled but beaming.

"Did it have to end so soon, Lord Olly?" Issak asked as he dangled from the safety rope of his harness, suspended in front of Olly's eyes like an alpinist hanging off a cliff. "You are truly mesmerizing, outside and inside!"

"You LIKED IT?!" Eric howled. "You LIKED being eaten? Like a fucking chicken nugget?! Ok, that's it, I'm out of here. You guys are just mental."

Eric gesticulated as he complained and walked away from Olly and towards the edge of the table, from which he jumped with practice ease. "Morons, the lot of 'em." He grumbled.

"Bwak bwak bwak bwaaaaak," Olly made a poor but very loud imitation of a chicken, his mockery accompanying the tiny as he walked away from the other two. Eric took refuge in Olly's bedroom, and in his own little cage, choosing to ignore his "roommates."

*

* *

The first thing Eric saw the next morning, as soon as he reached the living area, was Olly bent over a bowl of hot chocolate. Tightly bound around his right index was the safety rope and, sure enough, Eric spotted Issak, naked like on his first day, wearing only the harness, swimming atop the liquid.

"Come join me, brother!" Issak bellowed, a wide smile on his already amenable face.

"Oh yes, you will love it, the temperature is perfect!" Olly added, sounding uncharacteristically chipper. He even extended his giant palm like a lift for Eric to ride.

"I'm not dumb, you're gonna drink it the second I get in there. Fuuuck off," Eric said, and he walked off to get himself some crumbs of the pastries he could see Olly brought home earlier.

Olly's demeanor immediately reverted to normal, a little "tch" that was more playful than irritated. Eric was just glad that redhead was not trying to *force* him again. If Olly decided to have his way, Eric absolutely couldn't stop him...

Eric knew to expect it but he still felt unease when the gigantic young man took a swig of his drink, and Issak vanished between his lips, swept by the current. Eric turned his back to it and focused on the pastries. delicious, delicious sweetness.

After all, Olly seemed to know what he was doing, he figured. And Issak went in and out effortlessly before he reasoned to himself the sounds resonating in his back of vigorous swallowing and the satisfied exclamations of the giant brat.

Eric got himself a prime clump of doughnut, bigger than his whole head--although master Olly could easily lick the whole thing up with just the tip of his tongue. Yeah no reason to worry!

"E-Eric..." The voice was so worried that Eric immediately feared the worst. Olly never sounded worried.

Eric whipped around and saw the safety rope and harness dangling from Olly's fingers but no Issak to be seen.

"Ok, don't panic, Everett can get him out no problem," Eric figured.

But Olly shook his head, looking distraught. "He's out of town today, there's only..."

Silence settled for a second. Then Eric sighed. "Okay, fine, I get it. Hand me that thing."

With a hostile scowl, he snatched the harness and tied himself in it. "For the love of god, don't drop me too."

"Oh don't worry, I wouldn't waste such a precious snack~" Olly said as he wrapped his fingers around Eric.

The tiny let out a scandalized yelp at being called a snack, but Olly shushed him with a kiss. A full-on kiss, which shut even Eric up. Olly's full lips easily covered his whole head and upper body, pressing into him with a 'mwah!'

"What are you-" Eric said before the tip of Olly's tongue snuck out from between his lips and smothered his face. "I'm not playing a game, Issak is-" And he was shushed again by a mouthful of Olly's tongue, now more broadly slithering out of his mouth. Eric sputtered and spat out some of Olly's drool that was now coating his own mouth. "Issak is in danger, you fuckwad!"

Olly let out a hum and tilted his head back. He held Eric above it, barely repressing his glee. "You're right, food belongs inside of me~" And he let go.

Eric expected to slide down Olly's throat; he steeled himself for the frightful moment to come. He was wrong. It did not come. Instead, he hit the squishy tongue, rolled to the back of the mouth, Olly closed his lips, and the tongue started moving—rolling him from side to side, plastering him against the roof of the mouth, pressed and squeezed for all his flavor.

"You-" ... "actual-" ... "fucking-" ... "ASSHOLE!" Eric said whenever his face was not smothered by the soft insides of his master's mouth and liters upon liters of warm saliva.

"Hmmm... I'll dip you in chocolate next time, you're too salty," Olly mused, and with that he swallowed, taking Eric by surprise when the powerful muscles sucked him into the hole he feared so much.

Eric gritted his teeth as the esophagus compressed him from every side, and a few seconds later he plopped down into hell on earth. It was so dark he couldn't see anything, hot as a sauna, dampness oozing from the wall and ceiling, and he knew the place was filled with human-melting acid just waiting to turn his friend and himself into nutrients for the world's biggest moron.

"Issak?" Eric called. "Where are you dude? ISSAK?!"

Gripped with worry at the lack of response, Eric took his first, brave step into the acid, calling his friend's name at the top of his lung.

Outside of his belly, the beast was barely holding back laughter. Sitting in his palm, Issak was giving him a thumbs up. As soon as Eric fell for Olly's trick, Issak had crawled out of

his hiding space, following Olly's instructions to a T despite his personal reservations.

"Maybe we can pull him out now," Issak suggested. "A few moments are enough." But Olly did not reply, instead rubbing his belly with a satisfied smile on his lips.

Inside, Eric was starting to hyperventilate. Issak was nowhere to be seen. It was too fast for digestion, so he could only see one option. Eric trembled slightly at the thought of what he had to do, but saving Issak was the priority. He took a long breath and plunged into the acid, ignoring the stinging sensations to focus on the opening to the small intestine, currently closed. He put his hands against it and tried to pry it open. No success. He tried again, and again, taking a breath each time but remaining coated in acid, gritting his teeth and wishing to slap his owner across the face.

"What are you doing, brother?"

Eric coughed up some fluid, exhausted but not slowing down. "I'm saving your ass you fuckin..." He paused. He turned around. Issak was standing there, in the stomach with him, undisturbed. "How...?"

"I must apologize, Lord Olly asked me to deceive you. I was never swallowed, it was a trick to get you in here. I was sent to retrieve you, now," Issak said, and he offered his hand to a stunned Eric.

"... Would you be mad if I punched him? Like, real hard?"

Issak chuckled and, as he grabbed Eric and signaled to Olly it was time to pull them up, he assured him that no, he would not be mad at all.

*

* *

Everett inspected Eric's injuries, and he was glad to see they were superficial burns at worst. Some care and ointment, and it'd be good as new. Issak, Everett and Eric were gathered atop Olly's coffee table, discussing what happened after Ev rushed back home when he heard there had been an incident.

"Do you want me to shrink you back later or is this..." Everett looked over at Olly, who was

standing on the other side of the room, deep frown on his face and arms crossed "... a one-way trip kind of thing?"

"Shrink back. I just have to tell him a word," Eric replied, clearly irritated. Everett nodded and the two of them grew back to normal size in a blink.

Eric walked to Olly and past him without a look. Olly was surprised but wordlessly followed his pet into the bedroom, where Eric closed the door. Finally, when it was just the two of them, Eric's hand moved faster than Olly could react.

The meaty **SLAP** of palm meeting cheek at full speed resounded through the room. Then, only the whistling of tense breaths. Olly stood, staring at the carpet, his cheek stinging, completely motionless.

"I know you will punish me for that. Go for it. Hurt me all you want. Degrade me, insult me, I don't care. I don't fucking care if you break my legs for daring to hit the Ô so great Master Olly!" That got Olly to look up and meet Eric's eyes. "But I don't want to be in your stomach. Your whole eating people thing? You leave me out of it." Eric's breathing was becoming erratic, anxious. "It's scary, it hurts, I hate it in there. So, step on me all you want, but-"

Olly threw himself forward and squeezed Eric in a tight, powerful hug. "I won't do it again... I promise..."

The two of them remained frozen for a moment, then Eric let out a long sigh and allowed his lips to curl into a smile. He wrapped one arm around his small master's torso and petted his fiery hair with the other. At this size, the top of Olly's head barely tickled Eric's chin, and it reminded him of the good old times before his life turned upside down.

"It's okay." He whispered, and the two of them felt each other relax in their arms. "I'm sorry for hitting you, you dumbass."

Olly smiled and replied, "It's okay."

When they finally walked out of the bedroom, long minutes later, Everett was visibly worried but calmed down at the sight of them. "Is everything okay?"

Olly and Eric replied in chorus, "It's okay," and Olly alone added, "I'd invite you for dinner

but Eric and I have something to settle~”

Everett knew not to pry, and a few minutes later he was out of the door, with Eric once again two inches tall.

“So~” Olly said after seeing Ev off. “For your punishment~” The mischievous, confident, overbearing Olly was back, and his full attention was on an increasingly flustered Eric. “What was it you said... breaking your legs~?”

Oh boy.