

ROY'S ROUTE

An Oral Vore transcript from Edibility by Kanoodlebin

His jaws part... You're lifted in one careful hand, getting close enough to the opening mouth so that you can see past the gateway of teeth above and below... His tongue acts like a slippery red carpet--or, blue carpet--twitching in the very center.

It leads all the way back to an archway of flesh where a fat uvula hangs low. It sways in unison with the giant's breath... And it looks more than ready to engulf you completely. He's an herbivore, you forget. Not used to live prey. And likewise, you're not used to this. For a near-stranger, you both have that in common. It seems like that's why he's a bit more rough when dragging you back, toward the soft palate of his mouth...

When it grazes the top of your head, it's not rough, but so, so soft. You're stopped by his tongue blocking your decent forwards, peeling open slowly to reveal a plummet you can barely take in, before—Just at the back of his throat, you halt where the tongue under you vanishes.

It's a fall with the potential to be endless, if it weren't for the fact you know where it ends...

And it makes YOUR stomach drop.

But the ridges seem like they'd be happy to catch you in close proximity. Otherwise, plunging that deep... Would be a lot less inviting. But it does invite you. Each muscle moves in a sort of come-hither motion, and the tunnel knows how to convince you. You lean further over the edge to see if you can glimpse the other side, when—

A hard swallow is all it takes. You're welcomed to a brand-new chasm with a too-friendly hug from a throat.

It's snug here, much tighter than it looked before, the deeper you travel. But saliva lubes your decent and speeds you along... Peristalsis of his body guides you... Light fades off the deeper you sink... Sounds from the outside world are replaced by foreign noises.

Another wave of muscle movement grips your midsection, ushers you along where breathing and the low drum of a heartbeat are all you hear.

As you continue sinking downward, the sounds become distant. But they never vanish. The dark is easy to adjust to, but it helps that a faint internal glow comes from deeper inside. Bioluminescence?

Outside, you'd just be a barely-visible bulb on his throat until you vanish behind a shirt's collar. Judging by the carnal groans on the other side of the sphincter ahead, you get the feeling you're about to go

somewhere PLENTY excited to meet you.

Squeezed like toothpaste through a tube, you're spat, unceremoniously, into a new chamber. Everything was moving before, but in one direction. Downwards. Now liquid pools everywhere and nothing about the world around you feels predictable. It's like a slimy bouncy castle. And you're at its mercy.

As soon as you enter, he gives his belly a few hard pats. Your surroundings constrict as air bubbles up the way you came. It turns into a burp HIGH off where you came from. He wasn't kidding about there being a lot of empty space... It's good etiquette, but where's the beverage he was supposed to drink with you? Panic tries to creep up on you. Except you know how closely monitored the tables are, so things like that don't happen, and you don't end up deeper than you ever wanted...

Looks like he remembered-

the sound of gargling travels down the way you came, and the cause pours in around you like a gooey, sweet-smelling waterfall. The fuller the stomach, the harder it works... Your head keeps grazing the sphincter you came in through. It kisses the top of your head, drooling over you with any remaining liquids in timed pulses. There's... a rhythm, to the movement.

Churning starts at the ceiling, where muscles flex and carry down in wave-like motions. It becomes predictable, even relaxing. It's a good thing you won't drown here, and you can't be digested. As soon as you get used to it, everything around you feels more soothing than it ever felt intimidating... Your palm runs along the wall of the stomach, which lurches and curves into your touch in response.

Pretty soon you'll find yourself back between the lips that let you in, but in the meantime?

All your thoughts...

Drift...

Off...