

ROOM 3

“Oh, are you the last group?” A voice asked from the side. We all turned our heads at the vorer by our side. He was resting on a beach towel with his arms propped under his head. He then sat us to look at all of us. He was a huge alligator, around Kai’s body build and size. The only difference was his noticeable bulge resting between his legs. He then sat up and analyzed all of us. His eyes locked on mine and I got very red.

“Are you going to be my prey...?” He asked as he stepped close to me. His bulge was shoved against mine. Speaking of his bulge, he was only wearing shorts, but it would seem like he was wearing booty shorts, because all of the fabric was pulled to that region. He must have a lot down there. I could feel myself blush and I nodded slowly. He put his muscular arm around my shoulder and wrapped me close.

“The rest of you can go.” He requested. Hesitantly, the other three sat down on the beach chairs and started relaxing. I then looked at the crocodile’s face, only to see that he was staring at me the entire time.

“You ready?” He asked. Was I already supposed to do something?! Was he actually going to eat me? Was I going to die here? Why was I so stupid and I signed myself up for this?! His paw stoked the underside of my chin and face me towards him. He seemed understanding and gentle. I felt safe with him. I nodded my head once more. He slowly opened his gaping maw and let a wave of hot breath wrap around my face. I leaned my head close. He pressed his paws against my back and shot my chest against his and my face immediately landed on the soft sponge of his tongue. He then closed his mouth and started swallowing. Every gulp took me deeper and deeper into him. A soft coat of saliva covered me along with his squishy insides. My neck and shoulders were aligned with his and my elbows and below were left out. Not for long however, he then swallowed again and pulled my entire upper body into him. Now it was only smooth sailing. My head started hitting a little valve that opened up moments after meeting it. I was then pulled into it with my knees dangling outside of his jaws. My shoulders and above were met with a wet sack that I assumed was his stomach. I squished my face against it as the rest of my body followed. As my body rocked inside a compact flesh bag, I remembered what I was supposed to be doing. I tried to move my head or try to struggle into a more comfortable position, but the walls of his stomach kept me still and in one place. I wasn’t in the worst position though. I was cradled in a fetal position with a warm hug of flesh making it even more enjoyable. I sighed and leaned against his stomach. I was covered in his fluids and I couldn’t really complain, really. Well that was easy. Hopefully one of the others will actually win this game. As I

started to drift into a slow but steady sleep, the stomach constricted and started pushing and compacting my body together. Before I had time to have a proper reaction, my body started sliding upward, back through the tonsils and throat. It wasn't long until I was brought outside once again. Did he just let me out?! I looked at him as he wiped his maw from all the saliva that he just spit up. He then stared at me with sincerity with his eyes.

"By the look on your face, I take it that you are confused...?" He asked. I nodded my head in response. Was this an alternative win?

"Well some people in this game have stomachs that are inescapable. Like mine. So each time I get someone new, I take them to this abandoned submarine in my room, so that I can view them in a way that it's possible to escape. Do you want to try it? Or do you not believe me and want to try again in my stomach?" He asked. From what I knew already is that if wherever he vored me is anything like his stomach then I don't stand a chance.

"Well I'd rather stand a chance to win rather than a predetermined death." I said. I realized just then, that that one sentence was the only sentence that I said to him. He nodded his head in response and motioned for me to sit down on the couch that was set up next to him. He unzipped his pants and dropped them to the floor. I already knew where this was going and he was already giving a hard time. I was damp and soaking with his saliva. His long cock started to elongate even further and point upward towards the top of the submarine. He glared at me readily and reminded me what I was here for. He then stepped forward with his cock swaying back and forth with every step. The head of his cock then slapped against the side of my face and I reactively wrapped my hand around the bulbous head. I looked back at him.

"You're gonna go down there in my balls... understand?" He hissed the words slowly at me. I still held his cock against my head. He was very well endowed. His muscular form was towering over me with his muscular arm holding the couch's rim behind my head. I was surrounded by him. Both of my sides were covered by his mighty body.

"Y-yes." I said quietly. He chuckled as he lowered his gator head lower to mine and urged my head back against the couch. My movement let the cock move from the side of my head and fall straight ahead of me. In place of his long member, he used his other arm that had been in his hip and held my head where his cock used to be. It was less warm, but just as comforting.

"You don't have much of a drive to win this game, do you?" He asked. I had melted in his grasp and snapped out of my trance to catch his cold glare.

"You were pretty comfortable in my belly, and even now you don't seem in much of a hurry to meet back up with your friends." He growled. He was so hot. I could barely handle it. I smiled as I held one the muscular arms that surrounded me and leaned my head into it.

“Yeah... I’m pretty n-new to this... sorry.” I sighed. I almost wanted him to claim me as his. He let go of the couch and held my head in his claws and I once again fell victim to his grasp.

“You’re one of the captains, right?” He asked. I nodded my head slightly as I kept my eyes closed. He chuckled.

“Then you’re a valuable piece. I’ll give you a word of advice; make it to the 7th level... I’ll see you then~” he chuckled. I was confused and looked up to him, not letting myself leave his claw.

“I’m gonna carry you back to your friends. I better see you again in the 7th level.” he offered, patting down on my head with pet-like affection.

“Wh-what?” I asked. He nodded, patting the side of the couch for me to sit on. I easily did what he said and looked back at him. Being so close and next to him was a plenty good reminder of just how big he was.

“Look, kid... This whole competition is rigged. If you wanna survive, you have to fight your way out of a lot of bellies. If not, then I’m sure any pred’ll be happy to have a fox snack... The 7th level is a gateway. Every room circles to that one at the end, so there’s no avoiding it. The pred there is basically inescapable and he sure loves a struggling meal. But after him is a room full of predators who’ll fight over you. That’s the secret finale they don’t tell you about... I’ll be waiting for you there, got it?” he hissed. I nodded slowly, feeling as though this weren’t conventionally allowed for the competition.

“The cameras up there will notice if you’re not slimy or anything, so let’s have some fun while we’re down here, eh?” He asked, stroking his massive cock as it obstructed half the room with its length and overpowering width. With the vague idea in mind, I approached the head of the cock, holding its bulbous head once more, easily capable of taking in my face if he leaned forwards a bit. I tugged my arms along the massive length and felt the thunderous pulsing from his cock, siding with the low rumbling he made to show I was doing a good job. It seemed he was already a bit far along as I stroked, feeling his excitement rise with ease. It only took a few strokes before a long stream of what I could only identify as precum lept forward. It landed square on my face with a solid amount in my mouth, leading to a foul and salty taste in my muzzle from the spunk that landed. I was fearful to push my luck and spit it out, instead deciding to swallow it with a grimace, feeling the rest of the wave come in.

As my lips began to close, the cumslit of the massive cock was split open as a gushing stream of cum shot through, nearly shoving me to the wall as I lost my footing. I couldn’t tell if it was because of the massive force or the loss of traction on my feet by the gator semen. Either way I was held victim by what was essentially a fountain of cum, muffling my very gasps for breath as the massive gator came to his climax. Load after load flushed across my fur and coated me in the salty spunk, unsurprisingly landing several gushes of it in my

mouth for the taking. It was a despicable taste, but whatever I spit out gave room for double the amount to take place, so I instead kept it in and hoped for a moment of levity where I could be rid of it. The opportunity came at another hour after, landing me to be surrounded by both dry and still warm semen all around.

The gator lounged about on the couch, his legs wide and his cock slowly falling over. He seemed to be asleep, lightly snoring. I was about to leave before realizing that we were underwater, as a security measure against the supposed cameras. Speaking of which, was what he said truthful? Us contestants were promised the best reward in solid gold, despite being brought here without much of an explanation. If he is to be trusted, then I'd need to be more careful... Should I even share this with my team? I'm not that much of a leader and one of them is a predator in disguise, so I can't even trust them clearly. With this all in mind, I realized that the gator that brought me here was sound asleep with pooled semen around his legs. I groan aloud, debating letting the gator know of my willingness to escape this place after being drenched in semen, though he seemed none the wiser, continuing his blissful sleep. The entrance to his little abode was isolated, so if I so decided, I could leave without him waking up at all. Assuming he planned for this all to happen as it has, he probably expects me to leave on my own. I know this isn't too deep, simply judging by the time spent in his gut. I groan again, now hoping that my irritation awakes him so that he could swim me to the top. Upon hearing his snoring as a reply, I realize that I'm alone in leaving his room here.