

How To Effectively Deal With Vermin (Soft Vore, Full Tour, Scat)

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Ever since he had arrived at Fort Joy, The Red Prince had been desperate to find some companions. Though it wasn't because he was especially lonely. No, The Red Prince simply needed people who would do his busywork for him. To pamper him, to carry his things, to ward off the many miscreants who inhabited the prison island so that he didn't have to dirty his own fair hands.

But had anyone taken it upon themselves to serve him? No! None of them realised that it would be their honour to be a servant to a regal lizard such as himself. The petulant, unruly Sourcerers that were trapped upon the island scoffed at him when he informed them that he was their better, and that serving him was his right, frankly. Perhaps if he were garbed in royal garments rather than rags, they'd realise that they were all far below his lofty station.

One person - or animal, at least - had insisted upon following him. That was Sir Lora, a "Knight of Drey" - wherever that was - who was a ridiculous little squirrel that rode around on an even more ridiculous skeletal cat. At first, The Red Prince had found the little creature endearing, but as time wore on, he realised that he was more of a pest than anything else. All the silly little creature did was babble loudly about how he needed to save the world from some Great Acorn. He was too small to carry his things, too small to be of any use, and, frankly, far too disrespectful to his royal presence.

If it those were Sir Lora's only problems, then The Red Prince might let them slide. He would be suitable as a court jester, perhaps. But it wasn't his small frame nor his irritating, long-winded attitude that

annoyed the tall, red lizard, no. It was the fact that he was always getting in the way. Not only did the little creature insist upon riding around his lofty, long legs, but he also tended to get himself - and The Red Prince - into trouble. Just the other day, the stupid little red squirrel had dived headfirst into a trap set for another inmate, causing a blaze of fire to erupt all around him!

The little squirrel had escaped unscathed, of course. He was too agile to be caught up in such a blast. But The Red Prince had not been so lucky. If it wasn't for his tough, red, fire resistant scales, he would've ended up far more scorched than he had been! Why, if he was a lowly human, he might've even ended up dead! If the next trap that the little bugger triggered was an acid trap or a lightning trap, then, well ... The Red Prince couldn't bare the thought. Dying? On this tiny island? Before he had reclaimed his throne? Such a thing wouldn't do at all.

No. It was very, very clear that he had to deal with Sir Lora. The creature might have claimed that he was a knight, but as far as the Prince was concerned, he was nothing more than vermin. He needed to be dealt with. And quickly. Or, at the very least ... put within his place. The only question was ... how?

The Red Prince believed that he had an excellent idea. It came to him on an evening that was more miserable than most on Fort Joy. He and Lora were sat on the beach that surrounded the prison, perched by a poorly constructed fire. The meal that he had been served that evening hadn't been fit for a peasant, nevermind a future emperor. As he sat around a poorly constructed fire, poking at it with a stick while his empty tummy grumbled loudly, he realized that Sir Lora could, well, be a meal. Squirrel meat was hardly more suitable than the

rotting gruel that the guards had slapped in front of him, but ... it was a more honorable death than simply snapping the little squirrel's neck.

The petulant little knight sat across the fire from him. The lizard's stomach let out another loud, painful gurgle. A clawed hand fell to his rag covered stomach, and he clenched at it, gritting his teeth. "Lora," the Red Prince cooed, speaking in a far more pleasant tone to him than usual. Hungrily, his long tongue lashed across his sharp teeth. "Do me a favour and come here, would you?"

Sir Lora, who was busy babbling about the Great Acorn to himself, for the most part, looked up from the fire. He nudged the tiny, skeletal cat underneath him, sending him into a gentle trot. "I've told you already, lizard," the boisterous creature exclaimed. "If it's food you're after, I daresay that I can't provide it. Unless that carnivorous stomach of yours has decided that it can handle fruit and nuts!"

Lizard. How dare this annoying little squirrel refer to him as 'lizard'? A lizard! The Red Prince was certainly a lizard, of course, but he was also to be a future emperor! He was a Prince, for goodness sake! Regardless, he bit his tongue to stop himself from going off on a tirade. He was trying to lure the little creature in, after all. "No, no. It's not about food. Well, it is. Just come closer, and I'll tell you," the red lizard said. Even if he was trying to sound pleasant, his voice always came out sounding incredibly royal and entitled. Despite the fact that the lizard was incredibly tall and rather well built - a fantastic example of his species, really - his voice definitely had a degree of whiny haughtiness to it, thanks to his royal upbringing.

"Very well," Lora said. He clicked his little fuzzy feet against the sides of the skeletal cat he rode upon, bringing him to a stop only inches away from The Red Prince. "What is it, then?"

The Red Prince knew that he needed to be careful. He had seen just how agile Lora and his damnable cat were when they sprung that trap. A smile, disarming, crept onto his scaly lips as he placed his hands onto his knees, and leant forward to look closely at the squirrel. Oh, he looked so delicious. How long had it been since he'd tasted fresh meat? Despite his sharp fangs, the Prince had no intention of chewing or biting at the little creature, no. The Red Prince wanted to swallow him whole, so that he could feel his feeble struggles inside of his belly. He wanted to feel full. It had been so long since the luxurious banquets back at the palace.

"Well, Lora," the Prince stated, in his well practiced, friendly tone. "It's just that ..."

The Red Prince snapped his arm outward quickly, grabbing Lora by his tail. Long, clawed fingers easily wrapped around the little squirrel's curled limb with room to spare, clenching into his brown, fuzzy fur. With a flick of his mighty wrist, the tiny knight was unseated from his skeletal steed. With a mighty kick of his foot, The Red Prince sent Quercus sailing off down the beach. He had no interest in consuming a skeletal creature. Only in eating the morsel of meat in front of him.

"Quercus!" Lora yelled, extending stubby little paws in his direction as he dangled in the air, claws and scaly fingers gripping tightly at his

tail. "How dare you, lizard! I am a Knight of Drey, and I will be treated with dignity!"

The Red Prince grinned, and then opened his mouth. His jaw parted to reveal row upon row of perfectly white, deathly sharp teeth. Strands of thick drool clung between them, his maw wet in anticipation of the encoming meal. His tongue, in the center of it all, lashed outward, lapping across scaled lips and flicking against the edges of his reptilian teeth. His lips smacked together shortly afterward.

"Dignity? My little Lora, there's no death more dignified than becoming a snack for such a royal creature as myself. You'll become a part of me forever. How could I possibly treat you with more dignity than that? It's an honor. A privilege, even. You should be thanking me."

Lora begged to differ. But his opinion mattered little. While the squirrel began to make the most undignified and ferocious noises as he squirmed and attempted to free himself, The Red Prince merely tilted his head backward, and allowed his lips to part once more. Lora now dangled above the lizard's maw. His struggling ebbed. Even if he managed to free himself now, all that would happen is that he would fall down into the pink, slick abyss that was awaiting him. His tiny body went limp as waves of hot, hungry breath began to wash over him. Meekly, he closed his eyes, and awaited his fate.

Mere seconds later, his eyes shot back open as he felt the Prince's slender, slick, reptilian tongue suddenly lash against his face. The

regal lizard enjoyed his first taste greatly. So much, in fact, that he let out a quiet groan of anticipation. The squirrel, on the other hand, clenched his facial features in pure disgust. The regal muscle moved from Lora's face, to his throat, to across his belly, each lap just as unpleasant as the last. The increase in saliva production was incredibly visible, the thick, viscous liquid leaking from cheeks and tongue, and sliding down the throat that Lora would soon be getting very intimate with. His taste, clearly, only inspired the Red Prince's hunger.

"Oh," the Red Prince sighed, his speech muffled by his distended jaw. "Oh, I can't take it anymore. You're going to be the best meal that I've had in weeks."

He had to eat him. Now. The squirrel's head was lowered, further and further, until the waiting maw surrounded it from all sides. His shoulders soon followed, then, his fuzzy little torso. At this point, his head was nudged against the tight muscle that led toward the Red Prince's esophagus. The pressure on his tail shifted, moving to grasp at his legs inside. Fingers wrapped around them tightly, leaving his fuzzy tail to swish anxiously in the air.

With his new found grip, The Red Prince began to push the squirrel's skull into his throat, feeling his neck stretch just a little to accommodate the meal that he insisted upon swallowing whole. His shoulders were the final obstruction. As soon as the red, royal lizard had pushed those past the tight band that was his throat, the rest of Lora's body went in all by itself. The fleshy, tight walls of the Prince's throat rippled around him. Powerful muscles drew his torso in, then his lower body and tail, and, finally, his weakly kicking legs. Then, save

for a slowly moving bulge within the Red Prince's throat, the squirrel was no longer visible to the outside world.

The world was dark to Sir Lora, but the sensations pounding at him from seemingly every angle were a constant reminder that he was conscious, and that he hadn't passed out from pure terror. Muscles rippled in a constant attack upon his puny form, slick and squishing against him without relenting for a second. The sound of the Prince's racing heart filled his ears, pounding, crashing, an excited, constant, heavy throb. And below, he could hear the lizard's gut gurgling in anticipation for the meal that was slowly travelling toward it. The noise became louder as his descent continued, until the glorping, internal grumbling was practically shaking his bones.

Even if Sir Lora was trapped, however, he was plucky. This was not his first time travelling toward the belly of a beast. He would simply need to be resourceful, clever, tactical. His tiny claws would bring no harm to the creature that had consumed him, he knew that much. No, here, he would have to rely on wit, rather than brute force. For now, he would have to tolerate being squeezed from every angle. He would have to tolerate feeling saliva and throat mucus smear against his beautiful, red fur. He would have to tolerate every moment of this cruel, slow descent toward a belly that sought to digest him whole.

Meanwhile, the Red Prince was thoroughly enjoying his meal. His head was tilted back, and he could feel Lora weakly struggling within his gaping gullet. He hadn't felt anything stretch his throat out like this since he'd been thrown on board the damnable boat that had brought him to this wretched island. The lizard couldn't wait until the disgusting little wretch hit his stomach, so that he could feel properly sated. In

preparation, he set a large, clawed hand upon his belly, and began to run it in circles around his gut.

With a happy sigh, The Red Prince reclined against a nearby rock, and allowed his eyes to lid closed, stretching his legs out in front of him. This was pure heaven. He couldn't believe how far he'd fallen. A single, miserable red squirrel now felt as satisfying as stuffing himself at one of his royal banquets. If it were possible for the Prince to feel humbled ... well, he just might.

Back inside, the squirrel's head was now just about starting to pass through the tight sphincter that lead from the lizard's esophagus and into his growling, eager stomach. With a wet schlorp, his skull passed through, then, his shoulders. The rest of his body slid smoothly inside of the tight, wet sack that was The Red Prince's belly. Pink, slimy walls gripped at him from every angle, forcing his arms and legs to be pinned against his side.

From the outside, he heard the Prince let out a groan of pure and utter bliss. He felt his hand patting and rubbing at his stomach from the outside, jostling his body around within ... making those suffocating walls just that little bit tighter. The goop that contained digestive enzymes began to soak into his fur, adding an entirely new layer to the thick saliva that already coated his brilliant red coat. Weakly, he struggled. Lora knew what he needed to do to escape. But it would not be easy, nor would it be pleasant.

The Red Prince, languidly laid against his rock, allowed his eyes to fully close. His prey was trapped inside of his belly. It would only be a

matter of time before he was digested. The hand that stroked as his belly began to slow, and the regal lizard rolled onto his side, tucking his long, reptilian legs against himself. For the first time in months, he felt sated, warm. If he knew that the squirrel would provide this level of satisfaction ... well. He would have eaten him the moment he rolled up on his stupid skeletal cat. As he began to fall asleep, he made a mental note to eat live prey more often. Gradually, he fell into a deep, blissful slumber.

Within, Sir Lora felt as if he could do the same. The contortions of the Prince's stomach had already forced him to curl up into a tight, cozy little ball. The distant beat of the lizard's heart would even make for a gentle, relaxing lullaby. But the squirrel, the proud Knight of Drey would not allow himself to fall asleep. He would not succumb to slumber, no, even if the lizard's throat had battered his little body into near submission. He had to escape, and he knew that he needed to move quickly. He knew that he had to escape deeper into the lizard's gut to be able to prevent himself from being digested.

It was hard to orient himself in here. Truly, the little creature didn't know up from down. He was blind, of course. No light penetrated here. The only thing that he could see was a dim pinkness. The lizard's stomach continued to squeeze at him, shifting him around all by itself. He needed to fight against it, and fortunately, he had just enough strength to. Awkwardly, he moved around in his fleshy prison, attempting to turn himself so that he was facing the bottom of the Prince's tight, pulsing stomach. His paws reached out. Claws, ineffectual against the thick stomach lining that surrounded him scrabbled for something else, desperately seeking to find his way out of here.

He found it. The pyloric sphincter, the tight band of muscle that led toward the lizard's small intestine. Under normal circumstances, it wouldn't open until he had been fully churned into a nutrient rich slurry that would feed the great lizard that he was within. But Lora had no plans of being digested. The world still needed to be saved from the Great Acorn. His small paws dug into either side of it, pushing in, attempting to stretch the clenching sphincter open. His little, fuzzy body shook with the exertion of it all. It felt impossible. Was this where he would fail?

No. Slowly, but surely, he felt it begin to open, his paws slipping deeper into The Red Prince's guts. He lunged forward, shoving his arms into the opening.

Outside, The Red Prince let out a quiet, discomforted groan in his sleep. The sensation of having his guts stretched wasn't particularly unfamiliar. Slumbering, he simply assumed that Lora's bones were beginning to make their way through his guts.

And they were, but not just his bones, no, all of him. His head slipped through the passage, and he squirmed, shoving the rest of his body deep into the lizard's small intestine, forcing his way inside. Then, he was through, his tiny body squeezing into a passage that was somehow more tight than the Prince's stomach. He had made his way toward relative safety.

Moving himself down here was near impossible. His body was forced into a crawl. An intense, sauna-like heat surrounded him, and the displeased gurgle of the Prince's emptied stomach could now be

heard above, angry that it didn't get a chance to properly digest it's meal. The squirrel could see nothing at all, save for the occasional glimmer of pink. Lora let out a quiet laugh. Now, all he had to do was crawl through here. He knew that his exit was going to be incredibly unpleasant ... but at least, he would make it out of here in one piece.

On his hands and legs, he forced himself to crawl deeper and deeper into The Red Prince's guts, forcing his way through the tight, squishy passage. Villi, seeking to absorb nutrients from a body that was still whole, stroked and tickled at his entire form, brushing across his undercarriage, across his upper back, over his tail, his skull. It was not an unpleasant sensation, but it was distracting. He let out a couple of squeaks from the undue attention, kicking his back leg out awkwardly from time to time as the ticklish sensation briefly overwhelmed him.

Outside, the Prince was undisturbed from his slumber. A bulge moved and wriggled across his abdomen, an unseen sign that Lora was still alive and quite literally kicking. The remnants of the fire crackled lazily by his side. It was peaceful out here. Especially compared to the disrest that Sir Lora was currently suffering through. If The Red Prince knew, he might find the fact that the creature had to traverse his innards preferable to digesting him. After all, such a thing would put Lora in his place, in his opinion. But, for now, he knew nothing.

Lora, however, was not concerned with how he'd treat the Prince after this little event. He was concerned with making his escape. Even though he wanted to move quickly, the Prince's tight, restricting gut stopped him from doing so. Intestinal walls rippled all around him as he made his descent, and that wasn't the only thing that slowed him. The scent in the Lizard's stomach had not been particularly pleasant,

but here, it was worse. The smell of methane, bile, and other digestive enzymes was, frankly, disgusting, and the deeper the squirrel got, the worse the foul scents became. The smell of raw fecal matter began to assault his tiny nostrils and fill his mouth. There was only one good thing about the smell. Lora knew that the stronger it became, the closer he was getting to his inevitable, messy exit.

After what felt like an eternity of insufferable crawling through a lizard's gut, Lora found himself inside of the Prince's ileum, the final part of his small intestine. He felt the ileocaecal valve underneath his paw as it reached forward, a tight sphincter that provided entry into the Prince's large intestine. Under ordinary circumstances, it would only open when the small intestine was ready to be flushed out. But these were no ordinary circumstances.

Lora reached forward with his other paw, digging fingers and claw into the entrance in front of him. His fingers prised and pulled at the valve. It was much easier work to open it than the first that he'd made his way through. The Prince's guts shuddered around him, and the squirrel pushed his way through, headfirst, shoulders after. His body slipped through easily after that, save for his bushy tail. That required a great deal of wriggling on his part. But eventually, all of him passed through.

As his head made his way through deeper into the lizard's gut, a smell far worse than any other hit him square in the nostrils. The large intestine was responsible for fermentation, for solidifying fecal matter, turning it from slurry into proper logs. The scent was just that. The smell of rot, the smell of shit, so strong that Lora could taste it. He was already breathless and tired from his journey to this point. His eyes wanted to close, his mind wanted to shut down. He could move

no longer. The smell, the ache in his body, the lack of oxygen, all of it contributed to the squirrel passing out. Exhausted, he finally allowed himself to fall asleep, rolling onto his back and curling his tail against his body. The lizard's guts would move him all by itself, now. It was only a waiting game, and after his journey, he deserved some rest.

And it did. The exhausted little body of the squirrel was moved by rippling, shuddering tract. His body coursed over a foul river of solidfying feces, adding a whole new layer of filth to his already muddied coat. Fortunately, he was not conscious for such a desecration to his very being. If he was, he would've felt his arms getting pinned to his sides, his legs squished tighter against him, his tail, once his proudest feature, covered in brown, shitty muck that slowly solidified over his very being. Around him, the lizard's gut rumbled perpetually, and his heart beated lazily in his sleep.

Outside, over the waters on the horizon, the sun began it's steady rise into the sky above. An orange sunray fell across the Prince's face, bathing his red scales in a warm light. His eyelids gently opened, and he let out a low, sleepy growl. He pressed his claws into the warm sand beneath him, and pulled himself up so that he could lay back against his rock.

Minutes after he awoke, he felt a short, stabbing pain his lower abdomen. His guts began to growl angrily, rippling around an intruder that the Prince did not yet know was alive. As of now, he was under the assumption that the reintroduction of solid meat back into his diet was causing ... problems. "A pest in life, and a pest in death," he complained, patting his stomach as he pulled himself up into a stand. Groaning, he retreated behind the very same rock that he had just been sleeping against.

His feet, long and clawed, efficiently dug a hole into the sand, a burrow where he would deposit his waste. He continued to clutch onto his sore innards with his hands as he did so. When the job was done, he hastily drew his ragged pants down to his thighs, and squatted over the freshly dug hole, his tail raising in the air so that it would be completely parted from the tight hole that it hid.

The fiery pain in his gut was eased a slight by the sight in front of him. The waves crashing against the shore, the sun ascending higher and higher into the sky. His stomach growled, and his anus rippled noisily as it expelled a stream of foul gas. "Oh, you continue to be a disgusting piece of vermin ... I daresay that it was barely worth eating you. I ought to have just snapped your neck," he drawled. But he was delicious. He allowed his eyes to close, and strained his abdominal muscles to squeeze out the immense dump that laid within.

Finally, he felt relief. His tailhole finally parted, squeezing open as he expelled brown pellets into the hole beneath him. Each one landed with a distinct, wet plop. He let out a loud, satisfied groan of relief. Underneath his hands, he could feel his guts rippling in what felt like joy, happy to be rid of the shit that it had churned up overnight.

But the gurgles of joy came to a halt. The Prince winced. He felt something truly huge pressing against his anus now. He had assumed that his belly would have digested his bones, but it seemed that it hadn't. He could most certainly feel the outline of a skull pressing firmly against his tailhole, blocking it. The lizard clenched onto his guts with both hands, squeezing his claws into his taut, scaly adominal

flesh. Straining even harder, he sought to expel what he assumed were the squirrel's remains from his rectum.

The loud groan of joy that came from his mouth when Lora's head finally passed through his rectum was enough to wake the squirrel up. Fecal matter had caked his eyelids shut, but the cool breeze over his dirtied face was a sure sign that he was about to be released from the hell that he had just endured. He could feel the lizard's tight sphincter squeezing around his neck, and then his shoulders, and then, easily, the rest of him slipped free from The Red Prince's colon. His fall into the hole was cushioned by the shitty pellets that had just been squeezed, his face and body landing into them with a loud splatter. He let out a squeak, and immediately regretted it. The acrid taste of lizard shit filled his mouth. A fitting end to his journey, really.

The lizard heard the squeak. Frowning, he turned around to inspect the pile that he'd just created. Curious, he cast his eyes downward, inspecting the fecal load, just like any mammal would after producing such an enormous dump. Laid in the pile that he had just produced was a very alive, twitching little Sir Lora. Caked in shit, and exhausted beyond belief. The Red Prince grinned toothily. Alive, then. But certainly broken to his will. Or at least, that was the hope.

"Get yourself out of there, you disgusting little wretch. Go and wash your filthy little body off in the ocean. Then, fetch me some leaves so that you can wipe my bottom. And this time, make sure that they're soft," the Prince instructed. He had a feeling that little Sir Lora would be far more obedient from now on.