

Graveyard Gut
By Angelus

Dee belted out the last few lines of his song, and kicked the mic stand away as he finished, sending it clattering to the edge of the stage his band was playing on. The heavy-set rocker was squeezed into black leather pants that hugged the fat curves of his thighs and butt. His top half was dressed in a short sleeve leather jacket that covered his back, but opened into a window at the front that let his white stomach hang freely over the waistband of his pants.

The crowd was roaring as the show reached its intermission. The first half of the concert had whipped Dee's heavy metal fan base into a frenzy, and now that it was halfway through, they knew what was coming next. "ALRIGHT!" Dee half-sang-half-screamed into the mic. "WHO'S READY TO DIIIEEE?" The crowd lost their minds, waving their hands, shoving each other, screaming as loud as they could. Dee looked out over the eager crowd, grinning as he licked over his bright white teeth. His eyes fell on a coyote guy who had pushed his way through the crowd to the front of the stage. "You!" Dee yelled, pointing to him. "Get up here!"

The coyote nearly fainted from excitement, and he scrambled on stage with Dee. Dee grabbed him by the waist and pulled him close, so that Dee's exposed, fat, fuzzy gut was squished against the coyote as they both filled the frame of the huge projector screen behind them. "Well hey there handsome, you ready to give me a hand with the next number?" Dee asked as he put the mic to his fuzzy, white stomach so everyone could hear the hungry growl.

"Oh my god, yes, YES!" the coyote shouted, tail wagging, feet bouncing.

"Well good! Was nice to meetcha, will be nicer to eatcha!" Dee threw the mic away and let it hit the floor as he grabbed the coyote under the arms and lifted him with surprising ease. The coyote was shaking with excitement, tail wagging furiously as Dee opened his mouth... and shoved his fan down his gullet. Dee's throat bulged and his jaws stretched wide. His chest pushed out and his stomach growled with a deep hunger. The coyote tasted good, like adrenaline and concert hot dogs. Dee gulped him down with the practiced ease of someone who did for every live show, because of course, he did. His stomach bulged out with a lumpy mass of wiggling coyote. It hung heavily over his black leather pants and swelled out of the belly-window that was built into his outfit.

With a final gulp that squeezed the desert dog's feet and legs into his stomach, Dee grabbed the mic from the floor and posed for the crowd, turning to the side to really highlight the size of the squirming bulge in his gut. "Ready to help me with the rest of the show?" he asked, before moving the mic to his bouncing middle.

A muffled gurgle and whine was all that reached the mic.

"Good," Dee said, taking the mic back. "You've got like, three minutes tops to digest, I'm gonna need you to be slush, belches, and bones before the second refrain of Graveyard Gut after all." He looked out over the crowd again and licked his lips. There were shouts of "Me next!" and "Eat me!" and groups of friends holding signs saying "We're delicious!" Everyone was dying to be a part of the act. He gave his stomach a slap, and felt that the coyote was already half melted down. Perfect. "Alright! Let's get back to the music! This next number is called..." he paused and pointed to the crowd.

"GRAVEYARD GUT!" they shouted back.

Dee's grin widened. This was always the best part of the show.