

Hot Drinks, Warm Friends
By Angelus

Angelus, Patxi, and Angelo were cuddled up in a winter cabin as a snowstorm howled outside. The three of them were seated together on a couch in the living room, sipping on cocoa and coffee as they watched the fire roaring in the hearth and enjoyed its warmth. Presently, they had just finished their drinks, and it was time for a refill.

Angelus grabbed the mugs from Patxi and Angelo and got up. "I'll get us some more hot drinks, I'll be right back," Angelus said. Angelo and Patxi both thanked him as he disappeared into the kitchen to heat up more water.

"So..." Patxi leaned on Angelo as soon as Angelus was out of sight. He put an arm around Angelo's shoulder and pulled the demonic fox against him. "You're demonic, is that right?"

"Er, y-yeah..." Angelo stammered, thrown off by Patxi's sudden closeness. The wolf was rarely cuddly, and Angelo was caught off guard. "How did you know?"

Patxi pressed his muzzle against Angelo's neck and sniffed around, tickling the fur and making Angelo tense up. "I can smell it on you! You smell just like the kinds of demonic beasts I used to eat back home." His grip on Angelo tightened, and his stomach growled. A grin cracked over his grey muzzle, and his blue eyes were almost glowing.

Angelo blushed and squirmed. He tried to pull away, but he couldn't budge. Patxi was stronger than him by several magnitudes. "Ah, th-thanks?" He swallowed nervously. "Angelus should be back soon you know! He can grab us some snacks..."

"Why? I've already got one right here!" Patxi opened his maw, and the last thing Angelo saw was the pink flesh at the back of Patxi's throat.

Patxi stuffed down Angelo in a flash. He gripped Angelo by the waist and shoved the fox down, swallowing and making his throat bulge. Angelo's legs flailed, but he was belly-deep in Patxi before he knew it. The buttons on Patxi's white shirt pulled taut and strained, before bursting off and sailing across the living room. His grey-furred stomach bulged with Angelo's wiggling form as he swallowed down the fox's legs, gulping hard to stuff all of that fox into his growling stomach. He clamped his jaws shut as the last traces of Angelo vanished down his throat, and swallowed one last time to make sure the fox wouldn't be coming back up.

Patxi leaned back with a sigh and rubbed over his stomach as Angelo struggled about inside. He loosened his belt and pulled his jacket over his stomach to partially conceal it. Bulges kicked out from under the jacket as Angelo protested his confinement. Patxi just pulled his jacket tighter around his middle, squeezing Angelo to restrict his movement. The fox whined as he was squeezed, but his protests were drowned out by a particularly loud groan from Patxi's guts as they started to churn up Angelo.

Angelus wasn't gone for more than a few minutes. When he returned, he stopped in the doorway with three steaming mugs in hand as he noticed Patxi's stomach bulge and the suspiciously missing Angelo. "Patxi, where's Angelo?" he asked, already knowing the answer.

"He said he was gonna get me some snacks, uhhrrpp..." he lied, his belch smelling like Angelo's fur shampoo.

“Uh huh. Let him out, come on.” Angelus said as he approached the couch and stood in front of Patxi, looking down at him. He set the mugs on the nearby coffee table, not taking his eyes off the stuffed wolf.

“No one to let out!” Patxi grinned wide and opened his jacket, then gave his belly a shake. It sloshed, full of thick liquid, with no trace of a squirming fox inside.

“Sheesh... That fast?” Angelus sighed and sat down beside Patxi, sliding him his drink, as well as the one intended for Angelo.

“My stomach is built for digesting demonic beasts, and a demonic fox fully counts,” he bragged as he downed the first drink in one gulp, washing down his demonic snack with it. “Hardly my fault he couldn’t last until you got back!”

“Eh, no use worrying about it now.” Angelus shrugged and squeezed the side of Patxi’s stomach, drawing another loud slosh out of it.

Patxi gave his stomach another pat to enjoy the way it sloshed around with fox and cocoa, then leaned against the back of the couch with a delighted sigh, letting the heat of the fire warm his churning belly.