

## Columbia State 7: A Quiet Night In:

By: IndigoRho

Marcus fidgeted in his seat, stomach growling. The strong odors of cooking had gradually drifted in from the nearby kitchen over the last half-hour, teasing his senses. Riley, his puma boyfriend, had shooed him back into the dining area a while ago, rightfully accusing the zebra of sneaking samples when he wasn't looking. Marcus couldn't help himself. He'd gained a considerable amount of weight in the last few months, and his appetite had grown with him. Before dating Riley he was prone to accidentally skipping meals from time to time. These days, though, it was rare for him to ever *not* be eating. Main meals were immense, leaving him stuffed, and in between them all he often caught himself unconsciously grazing on snacks. The results had been a speedy gain of over sixty pounds and a much rounder belly that was barely being contained by his white tank-top at the moment. Dinner would undoubtedly do a number on it. Marcus would have preferred just sticking to his boxers for the meal, but Riley always enjoyed watching the effects their feeding sessions had on clothing.

Riley attempted to hold a conversation in between the sounds of cooking. "So the day was sort of successful, I guess," he said with doubt. "I mean, Eli and his brothers managed to agree on a present for their dad, which was the point of the whole thing, but those three honestly can't go more than a few minutes without pissing each other off somehow."

"I'm surprised Eli even had them over, sounds like a phone call would've accomplished the same thing," Marcus said.

"Well, he hates admitting it, but Eli doesn't *completely* hate his brothers," Riley replied. "They're active predators and reckless, he's worried one of them will get eaten one day. He probably just wants to make sure he sees them now and again in case the worst happens."

Marcus frowned. He tended to avoid thinking too much about either Riley or him being eaten, but the possibility was always there. That was just a reality of life. "Well, hopefully neither of them ever have to endure that."

"Yeah," Riley said somberly. "Sorry, not the best dinnertime conversation. I've got appetizers ready, though!"

Marcus perked up, shedding his stressful thoughts. Riley turned the corner holding a large plate piled with cheese-stuffed breadsticks. He laid the plate down in front of the overeager zebra, who began digging into them right away.

"I know I've said it before, but I love just how enthusiastic about eating you've become since we started dating," Riley said, smiling.

Marcus took a moment in between bites to respond. "How could I not be, your cooking's amazing!"

Riley blushed. "Well, it's still surprising. I mean, you've been so willing to gain weight for me, so much of it. It...it was a lot for me to ask of you."

"Honestly, I'd have inevitably put on weight anyway surrounded by food like this," Marcus licked his lips. "The experience is a lot funner this way, and safer for us in the long run, I think."

Riley wanted to kiss him right there, but suddenly remembered his obligations in the kitchen. "Oops, be right back!" He hurried off, his own modest belly jiggling a bit in the process. Marcus didn't necessarily appreciate fat in the same way Riley did, but he admitted growing fond of the puma's paunch over time.

"I was thinking we could go to Horizons next weekend, give you a taste of inflation?" Marcus said over the sound of pots and the sink, watching Riley fussing with final preparations.

"That could be fun," Riley replied without looking up. "It'd be nice to see you inflated in person, the pics Victor sent were a tease."

Marcus nearly choked trying to laugh with his mouth full. "Yeah, and I wouldn't mind finally getting you big for once. I'm *very* curious what a puma balloon looks like."

"It might take a while for me to mess around with full body inflation, I've always found it a little unnerving," Riley admitted. "Like, Victor goes on and on about how safe it is, but..."

"When we go you can inflate however much you want," Marcus insisted. "I'll still let you roll me around."

"We'll see." Riley returned to the table with two plates of fettuccine alfredo just as Marcus was finishing the last couple breadsticks.

Marcus looked up, eyes wide in anticipation, as if he hadn't had anything to eat yet at all. With no hesitation he began scooping pasta into his mouth. Riley moved a second chair next to Marcus, sitting down himself. He carefully slid a paw under Marcus' tank-top and began rubbing his boyfriend's warm belly. It felt so soft, despite his stomach filling more and more by the second, and would only get softer with time. He imagined for a moment how incredible Marcus would look and feel fifty pounds from now. Or a hundred. Riley didn't know just how big Marcus would be willing to get, but he would adore the end result, no matter what.

"Oh Marcus, you gain in all the right places, it's wonderful," Riley gushed.

"Well, it takes a lot of hard work and determination," Marcus said in mock seriousness after a bite.

Riley laughed as he continued rubbing. "Truly, you're an eating savant."

"Hey, you're just jealous I'll finally weigh more than you after tonight," Marcus replied with an odd sense of satisfaction. "Maybe I should try to match Niall next, that's only, what, two hundred more pounds to go?"

The mental image was euphoric for Riley, who could only purr in response.

"Woah, sounds like a yes to me," Marcus giggled. "We'll have to see about that one. My old friends Len and Paul would probably supply the food if I wanted to gain that much, though."

Riley calmed himself. "I'm sure they're overjoyed about your current gains."

"Actually haven't told them yet, I want it to be a surprise the next time I travel back home," Marcus said, deviously.

"I'd love to see your hometown, meet your parents and friends," Riley said.

Marcus was attempting to balance gorging and talking, and took a while to respond as he finished chewing. "Maybe around Thanksgiving?" he suggested. "My sister would be in town then, and that's one of the few occasions mom and dad are willing to be around each other. I'm sure if they met you in person they'd be less concerned you'd try eating me one day."

"So no mentioning my sleep eating, then," Riley stated. He had never eaten anyone on purpose, but his bouts of sleep eating had led to accidental vore on a number of unfortunate occasions. His condition played a major role in Marcus' weight gain. Anything to make him harder to swallow if Riley wasn't in control.

"Maybe when I'm fatter," Marcus replied. "Ugh, explaining the weight will be hard. I told them I'd gained a bit from all your cooking, but I was pretty vague about the exact amount."

Riley laughed. "I'm sure everything will work out. I'll get along with your parents just as well as you did mine."

"They were just excited to finally meet one of your boyfriends!" Marcus said. "Your mom told me that meant I was a keeper." He seemed rather proud of himself.

"Well, they know my condition makes relationships difficult. In the past I didn't want to show them someone new if they were just never going to see them again after," he smiled, sadly.

Marcus blitzed through the last of the pasta, finishing it off with a loud gulp. "I'm doing my best to survive till a second meeting," he gloated, finally taking the time to enjoy the belly rub Riley had been giving him.

His stomach felt like it was at its limit, but there was always dessert to contend with. Riley stood up and left for the kitchen once more, returning swiftly with a fresh chocolate pie and a can of whipped cream. The sight made Marcus flinch. An entire pie would be rough, but they were his

absolute favorite, something he always found a way to make room for. Riley really knew how to motivate him. Sitting back down, Riley took a proactive role in Marcus' meal and personally fed him the first slice. Marcus opened his mouth wide in glee to accept the offering, chomping away at it bit by bit to savor the taste. The filling was soft and fluffy in his mouth, cool and gentle going down his throat. His stomach reluctantly added the slice to its cramped confines.

With the first piece finished, Marcus' open mouth waited patiently for more. Riley raised the whip cream can and sprayed a modest pile onto the zebra's tongue, which was lapped up with ease. The process continued, slice after slice, spray after spray. Marcus began to slow down, the pressure in his stomach growing greater with each passing minute. In response, Riley started doing most of the work for them, dropping the pie and whipped cream as far back into his boyfriend's mouth as he could. By the final slice, Marcus' eyes looked about to glaze over. As before, Riley slid the slice in, but this time Marcus responded by closing his mouth around the puma's outstretched paw. Marcus grinned, and Riley could feel the pie slip away as the zebra's tongue licked the crumbs and cream still on his paw. Riley pulled it out of Marcus' mouth, giving him a joking look of disapproval.

"You're pretty tasty yourself coated in chocolate," Marcus teased.

Riley didn't speak, instead emptying the remainder of the whipped cream atop Marcus' muzzle. He then leaned forwards, engulfing the cream in one gulp, and licked it away before ending in a long kiss. In Marcus' mind, the excessive stuffing had been worth it for that alone.

"Alright piggy, I think it's time for bed," Riley said.

Marcus made a vague attempt to stand, but only managed to wiggle a bit in place and groan loudly. His bloated belly was straining and poking out from under his tank-top. "I don't know, I'm pretty sure I'm beached."

"Hmm, you're lucky I'm in a good mood." Riley stood up. "Carrying you to the bedroom isn't nearly as easy as it used to be, you know?"

Marcus smiled back innocently. "I believe in you and your strong muscles."

Riley rolled his eyes and, with a considerable amount of effort, slowly lifted Marcus up and out of his chair. He almost regretted it; the hefty zebra was even more difficult to handle while full. With great care the two made their way into the bedroom, forced to awkwardly sidestep through the doorway. Riley gently lowered Marcus onto the bed, not wanting to upset his stomach and ruin all their hard work. Marcus appeared on the verge of passing out already, but forced his eyes to remain open.

"Are you sure you're alright doing this tonight?" Riley asked in concern.

"If the muzzle can hold out against this," Marcus gave his swollen belly a rub, grinning lazily, "we'll be fine."

Riley opened an end table drawer and pulled out his muzzle. The device resembled a respirator mask, light gray and plastic, with large vents so his breathing continued smoothly. It's straps were heavy, designed to hold the mask firmly in place and prevent any accidental loosening as he slept. In theory the muzzle would prevent him from harming anyone in his sleep. While the one in his hands was the sturdiest model he'd ever owned, Riley had been let down before, with tragic results. He had to try, though. Riley and Marcus hadn't been able to spend a full night together yet, and he wanted to normalize their relationship as much as possible considering the circumstances. He meticulously put on the muzzle, double checking every strap and testing to see if it shifted around under pressure. It held firm.

Marcus looked up in sympathy. "One day you won't have to suffer through that, I promise."

"If it keeps you safe, I'll wear it for the rest of my life," Riley replied, muffled, his smile showing through his eyes. He slid onto the bed alongside Marcus, cuddling up against him, purring.

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Marcus opened his eyes a crack, staring at the ceiling, half-awake. His stomach had settled some, thankfully, though he still felt uncomfortably full. Shifting around, he realized his left arm wasn't

budging, and assumed it had gone numb from sleeping on it odd or something. He could still feel his fingers perfectly fine, though. Marcus turned his head and discovered the truth: Riley was wrapped around his arm. The grip wasn't painful, but it was locked in well. The real concern was that Riley appeared to be trying to aggressively nuzzle his shoulder. Marcus understood the nuzzling wasn't as innocent as it looked, knew Riley was in the middle of a sleep eating bout and trying to find a way to eat the delicious smelling meal his nose told him was nearby. Fortunately, the muzzle was doing its job wonderfully.

Marcus frowned in the dark. Riley spent so much time worrying about his condition, went through so much crap trying to keep it in check. Marcus had to find some way to ease his pain. If gaining a couple hundred pounds would give Riley peace of mind, then he would do whatever it took to reach that goal as swiftly as possible, endure all the stomach aches and food comas. If he needed to spend his days off in a daze doing nothing but eating and eating till he felt ready to burst, he would. With a renewed sense of determination, Marcus closed his eyes and smiled, going back to sleep. Riley continued his futile gnawing.