

Awaiting the Main Course

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The on-again, off-again drizzle that had persisted throughout the day finally shifted into a full-blown downpour, prompting a wolf caught in the mess to make a mad dash to the covered stoop of his destination. Blaidd knew he shouldn't have been running—especially considering how poorly-lit the area was—but he wasn't about to let a relaxing hang-out get ruined right away by soaked clothing. Fortunately he managed to reach the door to his friend's apartment both in one piece *and* relatively dry. He gave the doorbell a ring and quickly brushed the water droplets from his vest and shirt, before giving his whole body a good shake to rid his fur of dampness. Blaidd was as dry as could be given the circumstances by the time the door finally opened.

A grinning coyote in a black, Tri-Force baseball cap greeted the wolf. “Hey man, come on in! Didn't get soaked, did ya?”

“Nah, Brejen, I dodged the worst of it,” Blaidd said as he happily strolled into the much warmer apartment. Accompanying the wave of warmth was the delightful, intertwined aromas of freshly cooked food. “Oh wow, whatever you made smells great, it's making my stomach growl!”

Brejen's grin somehow grew wider, though Blaidd failed to notice. “That's just the appetizers. I still need to finish the last bit of preparations for the main course.”

“Ooh, what is it?” Blaidd asked as he was led over to a table near the partially-enclosed kitchen.

“A filling surprise!” Brejen waved a paw at a collection of plates nearly overflowing with various snacks and finger-foods. “Alright, the timing of this last dish can be rather inconsistent, so I'm not sure how much longer I'll be. I'm sure distracting yourself with treats will make the wait feel shorter.”

Blaidd had indeed already begun ogling the selection of prepared food, his mouth watering as his stomach rumbled in hunger. “Brej, it all looks really good, honestly, but isn't it a bit...uh, much?”

“I couldn't decide on what to make tonight, so I sort of just made a little of everything!” Brejen answered surprisingly fast, having obviously expected the question. “Was fun to experiment, so consider this night to be an impromptu taste-testing, too. Besides, you've seen what it takes to fill my tank sometimes!”

Blaidd knew perfectly well. While Brejen was relatively slim at the moment—if somewhat chubby—on past occasions the coyote's appetite had left him rather hefty. The fact he was prone to eating other fattening furs whole didn't help him any in that regard, either. “Yeah, it takes waiters of all sizes. I'll try a bite of everything, but I don't want to ruin my appetite before the main course is finished.”

“Oh trust me, there'll be plenty of room for the final dish,” Brejen said with a chuckle as he headed into the kitchen to work.

A small opening allowed the two friends to talk freely to each other while still concealing the coyote host for the most part. Blaidd cracked open a beer and quickly settled on his first snack, a large loaf of steaming cheesy bread. He pulled off an end piece as a conversation about work started up, but the first bite silenced him abruptly. The wolf had eaten plenty of cheesy bread before, from all kinds of fast food joints and decent restaurants, but the stuff Brejen had baked immediately put a goofy grin of satisfaction on his face. A single bite turned to many as he raced to devour the delicious treat. Brejen either didn't realize or didn't care that the conversation had suddenly become one-sided, and happily continued talking while his guest continued eating. Blaidd had pulled off a second piece of the bread before the first was even finished, which was quickly followed by a third, a fourth, a fifth. He felt guilty about ignoring his friend in favor of food and started responding to Brejen again, but the new distraction only made clearing off the rest of the plate easier.

Inevitably Blaidd's paw reached for another piece...only to find an empty plate littered with crumbs. He looked down in surprise and blushed, embarrassed that he'd eaten the entire dish on his

own, and rather quickly, too. Though the cheesy bread should have been a full meal to most, Blaidd didn't feel full at all. In fact, he was still practically starving. The wolf silently chastised himself and vowed to not have another bite of anything until Brejen finished the main course. Unfortunately for Blaidd, the bounty of appetizing smells proved far too overpowering, and Brejen's sudden desire to chat about his favorite cooking shows didn't help. A massive platter of various sushi became his next target.

Just like before, Blaidd couldn't stop at merely one bite. Piece-by-piece the platter's contents were decimated by the gluttonous wolf, who was essentially oblivious to his own gorging. His once-flat stomach was gradually rounding out, smoothing the creases in his tightening shirt. Soon a small strip of gray fur peeked out from underneath as Blaidd's middle slowly outgrew his clothes. Midway through the sushi, Blaidd fatefully moved his attention towards a bowl of chips, then to cookies, then rice. By grazing on portions of everything he became less aware of just how much he was actually eating, and his growing dome of a belly went completely unnoticed. Brejen—hiding just on the other side of the wall in the kitchen—heard the steady sounds of snacking, and grinned.

Confident his friend was distracted, Brejen quietly made his way back into the living room, taking a moment to admire just how much Blaidd had managed to stuff himself in the short time since arriving. A quick clearing of the coyote's throat caused Blaidd to turn around, and the unexpected swaying of his rounder gut finally alerted him to his gluttony. Blaidd desperately tried to pull his shirt down over his middle as if the act would undo all he'd eaten, but every attempt to cover his belly ended in failure. Giving up, Blaidd instead blushed and let out a sheepish laugh, initially worried Brejen would be upset with just how much he'd eaten.

Brejen swaggered up to his friend and gave Blaidd's exposed middle a teasing poke. “Good to know you enjoyed my cooking.”

“I didn't mean to eat so much, but everything was so good and I just couldn't resist trying it all!” Blaidd blurted out. “I...I hope I didn't ruin the main course.”

“Oh, no need to worry about that. As I said before, no matter how much you ate, there'd still be plenty of room for the main course,” Brejen said as he snuck in closer to Blaidd and firmly planted his paws on the wolf's shoulders. “Because you're it!”

Before Blaidd had time to even begin to understand what his friend meant, his vision was filled with Brejen's wide open maw, followed by warmth and darkness. Brejen had swallowed Blaidd's head almost in a single gulp, taking it in completely a quick swallow later. Sweltering breath and saliva assaulted Blaidd's senses, and he frantically tried to push himself away from Brejen before it was too late, only to be foiled by an eager gulp. He felt Brejen's lips stretch over his shoulders as his snout slid into the coyote's throat, his arms pinned to his sides to inhibit any escape attempts. Blaidd's success in avoiding the rain was gradually undone as Brejen's saliva soaked his fur and clothes; it was like taking a painfully slow, sticky shower. The wolf yelped as one of Brejen's paws groped and squeezed his taut belly, and Blaidd swore his ravenous friend's mouth started watering even more.

Already at a disadvantage due to the surprise attack, Blaidd also had to contend with sluggishness from stuffing himself so thoroughly. He couldn't believe he'd not been suspicious of his voracious friend's intentions, and knew Brejen would never let him forget the time he willingly fattened himself up. Blaidd put up as best a fight he could given the circumstances, but every long gulp brought the wolf closer and closer to becoming dinner. His paws lifted off the ground as Brejen began to swallow his swollen middle. He tried kicking at Brejen—if only to annoy him—but landing a blow while traveling upside down through a dark gullet proved just as difficult as he'd feared, and he barely grazed the coyote's legs. Instead, Blaidd settled with complaining as loudly as possible the second his head pushed into Brejen's stomach. Unfortunately, even that little bit of vengeance was taken away as he was roughly slid up the slime-coated walls of the stomach with each gulp. The coyote's belly had swelled out considerably from his overindulgent meal, bouncing wildly as Blaidd resisted his status as dinner.

As Blaidd's butt passed his friend's lips, Brejen raised his head high into the air to swallow the

last half of him down swiftly, and rested his paws on his gut to feel it expand further. He wagged his tail as his middle stretched and shook, his paws moving over every rough bulge made by Blaidd. Brejen abruptly clamped his lips tight around Blaidd's knees before were swallowed, eager to tease his friend by delaying the inevitable a few minutes longer. The struggles within his gut picked up once Blaidd realized what was happening, and Brejen gladly rewarded him with a heavy shake of his middle that made the wolf dizzy. Eventually the coyote's own growling stomach prompted him to stop playing with his food. Gravity and practiced gulps made short work of Blaidd, who soon felt his footpaws sliding into Brejen's mouth and slipping down the throat to join the rest of him.

Blaidd shifted and squirmed within the coyote's slimy stomach as he worked to find as comfortable a position as possible. All the while he could feel Brejen's paws pushing against him from the outside, patting, kneading, and teasing him. The green vest he'd been wearing had nearly slipped off completely during his consumption, and in a bout of inspired desperation Blaidd balled the drool-drenched clothing around his paw and tried irritating the sphincter back open. His plan worked to an extent, but the vest was suddenly sucked off his paw and sent up the gullet. Brejen gagged a little before letting out a long, sloppy belch that sent the crumpled vest flying across the room, shaking and shrinking Blaidd's prison. The coyote quickly gulped down more "fresh" air for his friend.

Brejen lifted his rowdy gut with both paws before letting it drop and bounce around, delighting in how much it sagged. "Oof, you really pigged out, didn't you? Normally you don't add this much of a sway in my step!"

To say Blaidd was unhappy was an understatement. His shirt and pants had already been drenched by the goop dripping off the stomach walls, while his matted hair clung to his face. The whole experience had been like a gross, never-ending slip-and-slide. "Let me out Brej, I'm not your damned dinner!"

Brejen smiled as he watched his bulging gut jiggle in anger, and lazily waddled over to the couch as he talked. "Hmm, you sure looked like a fresh stuffed wolf dinner to me. And you definitely tasted like dinner."

"Friends aren't dinner!" Blaidd growled.

"Well now that's just false. Some of my favorite dinners are friends!" Brejen laughed as fell back onto the couch, taking joy in the hefty shake of his full gut that ensued.

Blaidd was well-aware of his friend's eating habits—and this was far from his first time ending up in the coyote's stomach—but he wasn't eager to be passively treated like a snack. "I thought we were going to hang out and have some food Brej!"

"We both had quite a bit of food, and you're hanging from my waistline, so everything seems to be going fine so far," Brejen chuckled as turned on the tv.

"Oh come on, you know that's not what I meant!" Blaidd jabbed Brejen's stomach with an elbow.

While Brejen was fond of teasing, he didn't want to take things too far. "Alright, just hear me out in there. You had a good meal, right? And a free one I might add."

"Yeah, the food was really good. And on the house," Blaidd said begrudgingly.

"Ok, and even you have to admit that my stomach is way more comfy than the old couch," Brejen said, actively trying to find a comfortable position on the aged piece of furniture himself. "You won't have to worry about waking up in the middle of the night or not being warm enough while staying in the old VIP gut suite."

Blaidd laughed at the absurd truth to the argument. "Yeah, sleeping over isn't exactly my favorite part of hanging out at your place."

Brejen could feel the struggles in his belly subsiding. "I'll keep the air flowing and put on a movie for us to fall asleep to, and when you wake up from your deep slumber you'll be in the comfort of your own bed and fully refreshed. That's a Brejen guarantee!"

"And if I'm not satisfied with my stay do I get to introduce you to Hotel Blaidd?" Blaidd joked.

“Well I'm certain you'll have a five-star stay! It'll put a spring in your step and a wobble in mine,” Brejen said with a grin.

Blaidd groaned. “Alright, alright, you've convinced me.”

“Good! Now how about a make-up hug?” Before Blaidd could protest, Brejen gave his middle a hearty squeeze with both arms, mushing his hapless friend in between the slick walls of his stomach. He maintained the “hug” just long enough to get a few more squirms out of Blaidd before releasing him, chuckling as he felt the wolf futilely attempt to dry off again.

“Ack, you're forgiven, just turn the movie on!” Blaidd's muffled voice echoed with the slightest hint of amusement.

“Mind if I grab a drink and a snack first? Eating you really worked up my appetite!” Brejen said, gently tapping his claws on his middle.

A nudge from within made Blaidd's answer perfectly clear. “Absolutely not! You should've thought about that before you decided to host me in your gut, fatty!”

Brejen had been joking—somewhat—and Blaidd's response made it all worthwhile. “Hmm, I'll just have to stuff you better next time. Maybe a couple other 'guests' and a stack of pizzas would make you more filling?”

“...M-maybe,” Blaidd replied after a moment of silence, thankful Brejen couldn't see him blush.

With a grin Brejen found an acceptable movie to put on, and raised the volume so his dinner guest could hear. Pred and prey enjoyed the brief remainder of the night, both eventually peacefully passing out.