

The Gluttonous Wolf O'Donnell

By: IndigoRho

An arwing cautiously navigated the dark docking bay, the glow of its engine the only significant source of light. It narrowly avoided a wall and another ship before settling down. The cockpit opened and Fox leapt out, blaster at the ready as he scanned the room. Even after a thorough sweep proved he was alone Fox remained on guard.

For weeks he'd been tracking his rival, Wolf, following dead-end lead after dead-end lead. As his flashlight lit up the Wolfen, he knew he'd finally found success. There was a noticeable layer of dust on the ship, and the cockpit had been left open. Upon closer inspection Fox discovered signs of odd damage. The control panel was cracked and the flight stick bent. The chair was in rough shape as well, as if a heavy weight had been dropped on it.

Despite the damage the Wolfen was likely still capable of flight. Perhaps Wolf had simply remained at the abandoned station this long due to overconfidence. No answers would be found in the docking bay.

Fox left the room and began his search. The corridors were dim, the whole station apparently on emergency power. As careful as Fox was his steps still echoed ahead of him. Room by room, hallway by hallway, Fox searched. All he seemed capable of finding were boxes of condensed rations, though. They were everywhere, dozens of varieties that ranged from steak dinners to blueberry pie. The brand was unfamiliar, likely one that'd proven so unprofitable the entire stock had been abandoned along with the station.

As Fox ventured deeper he began to come across some boxes that'd been opened, even emptied. Pilfered boxes were followed by wrappers littering the floor. The result of years of scrounging by various outlaws, Fox guessed. It was a miracle there'd been anything left for Wolf considering how ravenous past squatters had been. He allowed himself a quick smirk imagining Wolf's jacket hanging loose on his shoulders, his pants on the verge of falling down.

Eventually Fox came upon a break room of sorts, one of the last places on the station left to look. More lights had been brought on in the room, and there were obvious signs of recent habitation. A mountain of used ration boxes dominated one corner, plates and glasses covering most of the tables. Blankets covered a couch that had seen better days, a noticeable dip in its middle.

It looked like a whole squad had been eating there.

Confusion was overcoming Fox. No other ships had been in the docking bay, yet there was no way Wolf could be alone with how much food was being eaten. If the rest of Wolf's squad had been there he'd have run into them while searching, though. Nothing made sense to Fox, and he wondered if he should call for backup just in case.

"Well, well, well. Just the fox I'd wanted to see!"

The voice was unmistakable, and Fox spun around in a flash, blaster raised. His stern look gave way to shock.

Standing before Fox was the fattest wolf he'd ever seen. He was squeezed into a jumpsuit with the same branding as the rations, every curve of his massive gut emphasized. The purple vest jacket he wore over it was far too small to actually be zippered and buckled, more accessory than clothing. A pink bandana dug into the flabby folds of his neck, nearly buried beneath his multiple chins. Across his left eye was a long scar, an eye patch over it.

They were unrecognizable yet recognizable all at once, and Fox's mouth was agape. "W-Wolf?"

A wide grin appeared on the wolf's wider face. "Bigger and better than ever, McCloud!" he bellowed.

Wolf lurched forwards, using his sizable gut to knock Fox backwards and into a table. Fox's blaster flew from his paw as he tumbled over the table, landing on the floor along with a pile of clattering plates.

"Doubling...doubling in size is a terrible disguise when I can still recognize that smug grin," Fox coughed as he caught his breath, still on the ground.

"Just a little side effect of getting bored while I holed up here," Wolf said as he waddled over to Fox. "Damn rations proved addicting, and the pounds piled on faster than I realized. Outgrew my suit and then my ship before I could get a handle on my appetite!"

More laughing, Wolf clearly unfazed by his new girth.

"Not like I ever needed a larger target!"

A swift kick from Fox connected directly with Wolf's gut, only managing to jiggle it dramatically. Another belly bump was unleashed in retaliation, sending Fox against a wall. Before he could react he found Wolf's doughy middle pinning him in place, practically engulfing him. No matter how much he struggled he couldn't wiggle free, the efforts soon exhausting him.

"Turns out there's an advantage in being twice as fat as your opponent," Wolf chuckled, making sure the trapped Fox had a good feel of his gut. "I have to admit the constant hunger's a pain, though. All there is to eat around here are rations, and I got bored of the flavor a week ago. I need something fresh, something...filling."

Wolf's stomach rumbled loudly enough to shake Fox. He licked his lips and revealed his fangs, which prompted a sudden renewal in Fox's struggles.

"Ya know Fox, I've got a spot open on Star Wolf—you just need to apply within!"

The wolf's maw opened wide before closing over Fox's muzzle and silencing any potential cry or curse. Motivated by a mix of hunger and spite—though mostly hunger—Wolf greedily swallowed Fox's head and neck, moving on to the shoulders soon after. Victory had never tasted sweeter.

Saliva soaked Fox's face as he was pulled into the gullet, soft walls compressing against him. He was in a state of disbelief. Not only had Wolf bested him, but he was *eating* him. It shouldn't have been possible, yet there was no denying he was getting gulped down inch-by-inch, steadily approaching the growling stomach below him. With every passing second escape became less and less possible.

The strained zipper of Wolf's jumpsuit was slowly undone as Fox traveled down his throat. His blubbery belly swelled modestly, bouncing about as Fox punched at the walls of his prison. Thick layers of fat muffled his shouts nearly to the point of being inaudible. Fortunately Wolf could hear them just well enough to enjoy their futility.

As much as Wolf would have loved savoring his hard-fought meal, the demands of his stomach were impossible to ignore. It wanted Fox even more than he did, and he wasn't about to deny it the prize.

Barely a minute after he'd begun eating, Wolf tilted his head back, Fox's kicking legs swiftly sliding down his throat and out of sight. As he clamped his jaws shut he grinned wickedly, triumphant.

The glutton wolf gave his bulging belly a boastful slap. "Now *that* is a meal! Such a shame I can only enjoy it once~"

Fox thumped on the stomach walls in a mix of panic and anger, which just made Wolf's gut wobble. "L-Let me out O'Donnell! I'm not food!"

"Sure tasted like food. And you'll digest like food, too!" Wolf pressed a paw hard into his paunch, feeling Fox squirm within him. "Hopefully I can find a bigger jumpsuit on this station, because with the pounds you add this one'll be an even tighter fit. Maybe that'll finally motivate me to try jogging around a bit—though I'd be sad to see the pudge you make go~"

Fox was still fighting, though the ominous *glrrrks* and gurgles echoing out made Wolf laugh. Resisting digestive juices wasn't an easy task.

"Can't wait to show you off to the boys once I finally get back!" Wolf taunted, slowly waddling over to the couch. It creaked under his girth as he sat down on it. "Though I'd better warn them to stock the mess hall beforehand. Otherwise I might be tempted to scarf one of them down the second my hunger picks up."

As the wolf laughed his gut jiggled, tossing Fox around in the rising pool of acids. The squirms

were getting more frantic, the gurgles louder.

“And don't worry Fox, I'll make sure to reunite you with your crew eventually, even if I have to do it one meal at a time~”

The only response Wolf heard was a wet, messy *slorrrrrrrrrssssh* that brought a smile to his face...