

The Gluttonous Wolf O'Donnell Part 2

By: IndigoRho

“Uorrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrp!”

The belch echoed through the empty corridors of the space station, followed by the clattering of metal.

In the lazily converted break room that served as Wolf O'Donnell's temporary home away from home the mercenary laughed. With some effort the blubbery wolf leaned over and picked up the saliva-soaked headset he'd crassly burped up. Beneath him the couch groaned, not used to handling someone of his girth. He idly rubbed his exposed, doughy gut with one paw while he admired the headset. It'd make a delightful memento of his recently-digested rival Fox McCloud.

Wolf had always assumed he'd defeat Fox in fierce space combat, but swallowing him whole and turning him into soft fat was far, far more satisfying.

“Tsk, tsk McCloud, you went and made me fat!” Wolf bellowed, his belly jiggling. “Can't even zip up my jumpsuit thanks to how fattening you were. Wonder if I can send the bill for a new wardrobe to Star Fox.”

His sizable middle rumbled in response.

“Figures you're already begging for more, even after *that*,” Wolf scowled. “If this is my new diet I'll never be able to fit in the Wolfen again! Course if all my rivals are pudge then it won't matter too much...”

Wolf's smile returned, a devious plan coming together in his head.

“Maybe it's time for 'Fox' to call for some delicious backup.”

A growling stomach joined in on the laugh.

* * *

It was a day later that Wolf watched yet another Arwing land in the abandoned station's docking bay. Through his camera feed he saw Falco Lombardi exit the cockpit, wearing a bright red flight suit that showed off his slim figure. There was no urgency in his actions, and he looked a little annoyed. Understandable, since Falco had been led to believe he was just there to babysit a captive Wolf while Fox handled business elsewhere.

As Falco left the docking bay, Wolf went on the prowl.

“Fox!” Falco yelled for what felt like the hundredth time.

Despite traveling all this way on short notice Fox hadn't even bothered to meet him at the docking bay—or turn on the lights for that matter. All calls to his headset had gone unanswered, and if it weren't for the fact that Falco had seen both the Wolfen and Arwing he'd have assumed he was the victim of a practical joke.

Emergency lights seemed to be guiding him somewhere, though. Hopefully it was a trail left by Fox so he didn't have to let Wolf out of his sights. Then again, from the look of all the empty ration wrappers lying around the corridors *someone* was sure eating well on the station.

Eventually Falco found himself in a large storage room piled high with fresh ration boxes. A table stood at the far end, and as Falco approached he recognized a headset on it—*Fox's* headset. It looked...stained somewhat, like something had tried to melt it.

All too late Falco heard the heavy steps behind him, turning around just in time to see a wall of gray slam into his head before being knocked unconscious.

* * *

Falco came to with a groan—and the feeling of chains around his wings and legs. He shifted

about, quickly realizing he was on a table.

“Glad you could make it to dinner, Lombardi,” Wolf snickered.

The instinctive look of anger on Falco's face turned to surprise the second he got an actual look at Wolf, much to the hefty mercenary's delight.

“W-Wolf?”

“Hah! Fox said the exact same thing when he saw how pleasantly plump I'd become!” Wolf said. “Course that was before he added to my wonderful new figure.” He gave his gut a squeeze and a wobble.

Falco struggled against his chains. “What did you do to Fox, Wolf?”

“I already told you. Or was I too subtle? I ate him, Falco, gobbled him up like he was just a snack—and trust me at this size that's all he was. Not filling at all.” Wolf shrugged before poking Falco's flat middle with a fat finger. “Unlike *you*. At least after you've been properly plumped up.”

“This is ridiculous, I'm not gonna believe your obvious lies!” Falco claimed, though his growing look of concern said otherwise.

“I don't need you to believe, Falco, I just need you to be fat! And juicy, and delicious, and hopefully capable of sating this damn hunger of mine!”

Further curses from Falco were silenced as a cobbled-together funnel was forced into his beak and secured in place.

“Wouldn't want you pecking at my paws as I prep you, and a funnel makes stuffing *so* much easier,” Wolf chuckled.

Nearby, dozens of plates of freshly prepared rations stood waiting. Wolf grabbed the first and snuck a bite before dumping the rest of it right into the funnel all at once. A bottle of soda was used to wash it down, and Falco was given no rest before he was forced to take on his second plate.

A routine quickly formed, food and drink always cascading down Falco's throat. By the second plate his middle was starting to swell. The effects were slow at first, but steady. The fabric of his flight suit stretched with ease to accommodate his forced gluttony while still clinging tightly, doing nothing to hide the attempted destruction of his figure. Falco caught occasional glimpses of the growing mound that was his belly, and his squirms intensified.

Even the slightest hint of a gut on Falco made Wolf's stomach growl. He was finding it surprisingly easy to see others as simply food now, especially if they had frustrated him in some way. There was the tiniest concern that such thoughts could eventually become a problem, an addiction, but they were pushed aside for another day. After all, he *deserved* some revenge—and a decadent meal.

“I can already tell you're gonna fatten nicely, Falco,” Wolf taunted, kneading his captive's pot belly as he did. “I don't have the patience to get you as big as me, unfortunately, but I'll make sure you're bursting at the seams at least!”

There was just as much worry as anger in Falco's eyes, and Wolf came to the realization that prepping someone to be a meal was almost as great as actually eating them.

“Such a shame I didn't think to fatten Fox. Still, you'll make a fine experiment in stuffing—and my stomach capacity.”

Rounder and rounder Falco's belly grew, his struggles weakening as he was stuffed to a degree he'd never thought possible. The seams of his flight suit were creaking faintly but still intact. Wolf was barely able to resist gorging on the bird then and there, using the hope of an even bigger meal to fend off temptation. With Falco's gut fast resembling a large beach ball, Wolf stopped feeding him.

“Alright dinner, time for you to rest and fatten for a bit.” Wolf rubbed his exhausted foe's middle. “Once this meal's digested you'll eat the next, and we'll repeat the process until...well until I can't resist eating you anymore~”

Falco drifted off into a food coma, the first of many.

True to his word, Wolf returned as soon as Falco was empty. The bird was visibly plumper, now sporting a permanent—albeit small—belly. Wolf squeezed his gut, thighs, arms and even cheeks,

testing their softness. More food was shoved down Falco's gullet, even more than the first meal. He fought back at first, but it was a tiring, futile endeavor. Fending off Wolf was impossible while chained up, and the food never seemed to end. There was always more, so much more.

All the while Wolf made sure to remind Falco of how tasty he was going to be. He referred to him as Dinner just as often as Falco, complimenting his gains and guessing his weight. After a couple days Falco no longer doubted Wolf's absurd intentions—the mercenary really *was* planning on eating him.

With such an intense diet, it didn't take long for Falco to become undeniably fat. Throughout the feedings his flight suit had survived—mostly. The belt buckle had snapped off after the second day, prompting a long bout of laughter from Wolf. It detailed every curve of the hefty bird, leaving nothing to the imagination. Wolf was impressed enough by its durability to look into buying one for himself, if only to wear while eating his new favorite food.

“At long last I think my feast is ready! You're looking decadently fattening, Dinner,” Wolf said.

The press of an unseen button caused Falco to lift up off the table, his chains connected to a hook on the ceiling. He wiggled weakly, only managing to make himself look more appetizing as his gut jiggled in the air. Wolf was pushing away the table and positioning himself directly below, a ravenous gleam in his one good eye.

“Time to reunite you with Fox! Make sure to tell him hi for me when you see him.” Wolf slapped his gut with both paws and opened his maw wide.

Falco's round belly prevented him from getting a clear view of the living pit beneath him, but the second something pressed his boots together he knew what was happening. He was being swallowed.

Inch-by-inch Falco descended into Wolf's gullet, helpless to stop the inevitable. First Wolf's neck bulged outward and then his belly, which began to steadily swell as it filled with frantic bird.

The hands-off approach allowed Wolf to enjoy his meal without having to work for it. He groped his own gut, feeling the bulges shifting as it ballooned. There was a much greater sense of weight to Falco than there had been with Fox. When Wolf's jaws stretched to take in his prey's blubbery middle he very nearly moaned, teasing the mass with the lightest of chews. His stance was widened as Falco emptied into him, Wolf carefully unhooking the doomed bird for the final part.

Belly, chest, and shoulders slipped from view in quick succession, Falco's eyes wide with terror as the end neared. He felt the back of his head slide into Wolf's maw, an eager tongue lapping under his chins. Darkness flooded his peripheral vision. For a good, long moment Falco was allowed to linger at the back of Wolf's throat—until slowly the mercenary closed his jaws, sealing away the vanishing beak for good.

Wolf's bloated belly bounced as the meal was finished, almost knocking him over in the process. He braced himself on the table, groaning in joy as he felt Falco squirming within him. It was a challenge to remain standing, and Wolf had doubts he could actually waddle back to his couch—or that his couch could even handle the combined weights of wolf and bird. For the time being he merely allowed himself to slide onto the ground, his gut becoming a lumpy pillow to lean on.

“Well Dinner, if it makes you feel any better, I'll—*bworrrrrrp*—probably never be able to lose all this weight!” Wolf teased. “You and Fox are just gonna be stuck haunting my waistline forever, what a pain~”

The gurgles were starting up, and Wolf knew his stomach would have to work overtime to deal with a meal as filling as Falco.

“Course if anyone decides to disrespect my powerful paunch I'll make sure to fight them in your honor—and give you some company at the same time.”

Wolf took the squirms deep within as a sign of gratitude. He could feel a food coma approaching, and fell asleep with a wide grin on his face, his dreams dominated by visions of how glorious his gut would be once Falco had been churned into precious pudge...