

Columbia State Short: A Delightful Dream

By: IndigoRho

Eli slowly walks around the dining room table, the shirtless arctic fox eyeing its contents with anticipation. A puma lies atop it—paws bound and stripped down to his boxers—unconscious, his sizable belly gently rising and falling with each breath. The fox is mesmerized, thoroughly looking over every curve of his friend's body, mouth watering as he imagines what he must taste like. He's tempted to sneak in a quick lick, but doubts he'd be able to hold back if he did, and there are still a few things to finish before he can begin his dinner. The puma groans and stirs, his eyes opening slowly. Eli grins.

"You're finally awake, Riley. Good," Eli says, smiling as he looms over his friend. "Your final preparations would be a lot harder if you were asleep. And not nearly as fun."

Riley looks up in confusion, realizing his paws are tied behind his back as he shifts a little. "What are you talking about Eli, what's going on?"

Eli continues to grin and reaches for Riley's exposed belly, grabbing a solid pawful and squeezing the wonderfully soft flab. "Well, you need a tad bit more stuffing before you're ready to eat. I really want to make this a meal to remember."

The puma winces as he's groped, his confusion turning to worry. "This isn't funny Eli. Please untie me." He struggles against his binds.

"Riley, I don't think you understand just how hard it's been for me to resist this temptation," Eli says, rubbing the puma's belly with a paw, feeling its warmth. "Brock was the most incredible thing I'd ever eaten, but you...you'll be better in every way, I just know it."

"P-please, Eli, think about what you're saying!" Riley begs, staring into his friend's eyes. "This isn't who you are. We've known each other for years, since middle school, I know you don't want to eat me!"

Eli's grin wanes. "We'd been friends for years when you ate me at that sleepover. And when you digested Eddy."

Riley's jaw opens, his eyes beginning to water as words fail him for a moment. "You know I didn't mean to eat him, I didn't know I was a sleep eater! I have to live with that mistake for the rest of my life!"

Eli moves a claw to Riley's naval, twirling it and listening to the squeamish sounds the puma makes in response. "I've kept in touch with Eddy's little brother, Jordan, had to babysit him a lot after Eddy was gone. Eddy was the last sibling he had left, the kid was convinced he'd be eaten next." His voice is melancholic. "He became a pred because of that, fairly active one, too. Every time I see a feline skull in the Peace of Mind box I fear it's gonna be his."

"I...I don't like eating people, Eli," Riley replies, tears running down his cheeks. "I try to control my sleep eating, I take precautions!"

"And yet a good dozen or so furs have still ended up as puma fat, despite your precautions. A few were strangers, but too many were friends, lovers...family." Eli's claw stops as he finishes the sentence.

Riley's eyes grow wide, and his attempt to respond results only in a quiet whimper.

"Your extended family's pretty large, so it was probably just dumb luck that I heard about one of your cousins going missing around the same time you had one of your 'accidents'. Nick, right?" Eli wasn't looking at Riley's reaction, focusing on the puma's belly instead. "Am I the only other person who knows the truth? Perhaps you told Marcus, he is your boyfriend after all. I wonder how much longer he'll avoid that same fate."

"I'll never eat Marcus!" Riley blurts out, voice cracking. "I love him, I won't hurt him! I've always been careful around him!"

Eli frowns. "Yet last month he ended up half-way down your throat because of a little catnip."

One day there'll be no one around to pull him out, and he'll be gone because of you. Eating you is for the best Riley, you'll never have to suffer that pain again."

"Eli what's gotten into you!" Riley shouts, whimpering in between words. "You sound like Adam!"

Eli bares his teeth and glares at his meal. "I'm nothing like Adam! I'm not letting this moment be ruined, time to fill you up!"

The fox grabs a large canister of whipped cream and forces the nozzle into Riley's mouth, pushing down hard on the lever. Riley's muffled complaints are quickly replaced by gurgles, then steady gulps as he swallows the constant stream of fluffy cream. He wiggles and jerks, trying to escape his stuffing, but Eli simply presses a paw into his chest and holds him firmly in place. The minutes pass and the whipped cream flow continues—the canister seemingly bottomless—as Eli watches the belly of his dinner-to-be swell more and more. A teasing poke of the tan-white dome causes Riley to recoil. Eli's unable to resist temptation, and moves his paw from the puma's chest to his growing gut, feeling it sink in slightly. Just a little more and he'll be ready.

With an enormous grin, Eli slowly pulls away the whipped cream canister, leaving behind a wonderful swirling hill of white upon Riley's face. The puma chokes down the leftover filling and gasps for air, groaning. Eli gives his meal no time to recover from his stuffing, and roughly rolls him onto his swollen middle before he walks to a seat at the head of the table, facing Riley's footpaws. He grips the puma by his ankles and opens his drooling maw wide, slowly pulling his meal closer. Riley's footpaws wiggle frantically once they're rested on a coarse tongue and bathed in warm breath. Meanwhile, Eli is already experiencing pure bliss.

The fox's tastebuds are dancing, his memory of swallowing Brock returning ten thousand fold. A burning desire to sink his teeth into the soft gut of his meal nearly consumes him, and Eli digs his claws into Riley's calves and practically yanks him forwards, gulping down his footpaws. Riley yelps in pain and struggles more fiercely, feeling his body rapidly pulled into his friend's throat and coated in saliva.

"Eli, stop, stop!" Riley yells in despair.

Eli moans as he feels Riley's footpaws push into his stomach, bulging his poofy white belly. His prize is fast approaching. He grabs a hold of the puma's love handles and uses them as leverage, sliding the first portion of Riley's swollen belly into his salivating mouth.

"No, Eli, pull yourself together! This isn't who you are!" Riley begs.

Eli's mouth fills with squishy puma and his eyes begin to water. All his wildest assumptions and hopes are true: Riley is unbelievably delicious. He decides to take his time, savoring every last inch of his meal's belly, slathering it and gently chewing. Riley whimpers and sobs as his closest friend continues to treat him like a piece of meat, their years of friendship unraveling as he gradually becomes an overindulgent meal.

"P-please, Eli...please don't do this," Riley says, his body dragged further down the table. He knows his pleas fall on deaf ears.

A reluctant gulp pushes the last of Riley's wonderful gut into Eli's throat. He wishes the meal could last forever, but there will still be plenty of fun once the puma's completely contained within him. Eli slowly raises his head while swallowing, his lips stretching over Riley's shoulders. The puma has been reduced to tears, all hope of getting through to his former friend gone, sensing the jaws closing over his head. A loud gulp reduces Riley to a bulge in the fox's throat. Eli nearly loses himself as his belly balloons outwards from his large dinner and moans as he feels the desperate struggles begin. He rubs his paws all over the bulges, pressing down hard on his gut just to provoke a stronger reaction. To him, there's just something undeniably pleasing about feeling a meal's last futile resistance.

Over time, the movement within Eli's stomach begins to slow as the little bit of trapped air grows stale. Barely conscious, Riley makes a final attempt to reach his friend. "E...Eli...please...help..." Eli's stomach twitches, then grows silent.

The grin on Eli's face hasn't left. "Oh Riley, you were wonderful. Brock's taste was nothing compared to yours, I'm so glad I went through with this." He lets out a short belch, his stomach clinging even tighter to Riley's body. "You'll be a tad fattening, though. Doubt any of my clothes will fit me once you're properly digested. Oh well. I've been thinking, maybe I'll keep your skull as a memento, something to remember your taste by. Just gotta make sure our friends don't find it, wouldn't want to be forced to eat anyone else. At least not this soon..."

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Eli spasmed in bed, his eyes wide open and his heart racing. The horrible nightmare was still far too clear in his head, and the fox curled up into a tight ball, shaking. He hated himself for what he'd done in the dream, the terrible things he'd told Riley, stuffing him, taunting him. That the events had occurred in a dream was of no solace to him. Why was his subconscious tormenting him like this? The first nightmare had happened before Brock was even finished digesting, and now it felt like he was waking up from them two or three times a week. Riley wasn't always the victim, but he was definitely the most prominent, and the ones involving him grew crueler and crueler every time. He didn't want to fall back to sleep—convinced the nightmare would be waiting for him—but his eyelids were heavy and he felt exhausted.

The woeful fox hugged his pillow tight and whispered to himself over and over as he faded. "I can beat this. The hunger doesn't control me. I can beat...this. The hunger...doesn't control...me. I can...beat...this..."

As Eli drifted to sleep, his stomach growled.