

Columbia State 28: A Loving Hunger

By: IndigoRho

Reave sucked on the end of the dwindling joint resting between his talons, the smoke rolling down the length of his long snout on the way to his throat. He watched the embers flare, trying to draw out the final scraps of weed in a single, deep breath. Only when the heat licked the tips of his talons did he discard the burnt out joint, letting the smoke linger in his gullet before blowing a steady stream into the air above. The feathered crocodile giggled and coughed towards the end, much to the delight of Vann, the tubby ram-dragon sitting on the bed besides him. Vann patted Reave's flabby, teal-scaled gut with a paw, smiling at it in admiration as he leaned in closer.

"You doin' alright big guy?" Vann asked, playfully.

Reave coughed a couple more times before giving his boyfriend a sarcastic glare. "I'm perfectly fine, man, just...just got a little ambitious there."

"I'm so proud of my tubby croc," Vann teased, giving Reave's exposed belly a loving rub. "You've been catching on fast, and your tolerance is definitely improving. Plus you get the most adorable munchies when you're high."

"S-shush you!" Reave said with a goofy grin, bopping Vann's gut himself. "I get a *little* hungry, that's all."

Vann laughed. "A little? Last week you kept trying to call out for pizza cause you were craving delivery guy, then you ate a whole box of cereal."

"Pfft, I was joking," Reave insisted.

"Sure you were. You're definitely not a gluttonous cliché of a stoner. Which is too bad, cause you know how desperate I am to see you bigger..." Vann applied more pressure to his rub. "...and softer..." He gave Reave a soft kiss on the neck. "...and juicier." The ram-dragon slowly ran his tongue across his boyfriend's cheek.

Reave wrapped an arm around Vann and pulled him in tight, snuggling his wooly body. "Is that why you got me into weed, to fatten me up? Am I gonna wake up one morning tied to the bed, you looming over me and licking your lips?"

"Oh sweetie, it wouldn't be anything so...mundane," Vann said. "You'd definitely be tied to the bed, but I'd have a funnel strapped to your snout, too, and a few large containers of warm, thick soup."

"And what would those be for?" Reave asked.

"Filling you, of course! I'd empty 'em all into you nice and slow just to watch your blubbery gut balloon outward even more," Vann answered. "It wouldn't be scorching, only hot enough to make you squirm while your whole body heats up to the point of being just barely uncomfortable."

Reave nuzzled Vann's shoulder harder, his thick tail twitching behind him on the bed. "Turning your poor boyfriend into a thermos, so mean!"

"I'm just getting started. Once I was finished with the soup, I'd slide onto the bed and give your painfully taut belly a delightful rub, teasing you about how delicious you'll taste as you nervously beg to be untied." Reave let out a delighted gasp. "Then I'd 'slip' in a little further to give you that last bit of needed filling."

"A farewell fuck?" Reave sounded oddly joyful about the concept. "It's a very romantic way to break off the relationship."

"I'm glad you agree. Of course, as the finale I'd slowly eat you claws first, the sweat from the soup's heat and sex making you practically glide down my throat." Vann gave Reave another playful taste. "You'd be so full and exhausted you'd barely be able to struggle at all, just whimpering and begging me to reconsider, our eyes locking one last time before I swallow you completely."

Reave's tail was swaying, slapping the bed on occasion.

"When it was all over, I'd just roll over onto my back and knead my bulging gut, telling you how delectable you were and how much fatter you'll make me once you've digested away." Vann ended

his story with a wide smile before giving Reave a long kiss.

"I think I'm a tad bit too aroused by the idea of being churned away to plump you up," Reave admitted. "Kind of goes against one's survival instincts to even entertain that sort of thought."

"Well my belly *is* very alluring," Vann teased. "And you'd always be a part of me, rather than on the waistline of a stranger."

Reave slid off the bed and leaned over his boyfriend, talons pressing into the sheets. "A fate I think I could live with." His eyes were nearly as red as his feathers, a light growl coming from his stomach. "But if you know someone wants to eat you, shouldn't you strike first?"

"I hear your tummy making noises. You planning on gobbling me up?" Vann asked, fairly distracted by the crocodile's soft belly.

"I'm thinking about it." Reave raised Vann's chin with a talon and licked a line up his neck from his chest to his lips. "You *do* taste incredible, and the weight I'd gain would be lovely."

"Hmm, Jordan's in the other room, though. What if he hears my struggles?" Vann joked, blushing from the taste test.

Reave inched in closer, his gut pushing into Vann's. "If I eat you, I'd have to eat him too anyways, so I don't see it as a problem. Can't leave behind any witnesses, otherwise your friends would seek revenge." He steadily lowered his left talon, slipping it past Vann's shorts and wrapping it with care around the ram-dragon's partially erect cock.

Vann shuddered. "M-makes sense. Jordan's rather delicious himself, you know? We...tested the waters a bit after becoming roommates, and I swear he grew tastier the fatter he got." Vann moaned as he felt Reave caressing his member.

"You're only making me want to do this more," Reave admitted, mouth watering. "And I'm getting the feeling you wouldn't be as unwilling as you should be."

"Oh sweetie, even high you'd never snack on me," Vann giggled. "I'm far too adorable."

A devious grin grew on Reave's face, and he moved his snout within inches of Vann's muzzle. "Wanna bet?"

"You wouldn't dare," Vann said, attempting to call his boyfriend's bluff.

Reave opened his jaws and lurched a little forwards, gently closing them around Vann's muzzle. The ram-dragon arched his brow in confusion at first, until a second large gulp forced the rest of his head into the crocodile's drooling maw. With one talon still holding Vann's dick, Reave pulled his boyfriend in closer with the other, stretching his mouth around the shoulders. Initially Vann assumed the crocodile was merely teasing him, but as his arms were slowly pinned to his sides by the encroaching maw he grew worried Reave wasn't going to stop. As high as he was right now, Reave might not be completely aware of how dangerous his joke was.

Vann attempted to squirm and push away his ravenous boyfriend, but Reave immediately countered with a flourish of talon movements across the sensitive skin of his cock, causing the ram-dragon to convulse in pleasure. The delay gave Reave just enough time to swallow Vann up to his flabby gut. Reave's tastebuds were being overwhelmed, his tongue slithering across his meal's moobs and chest, matting the light gray wool till it reached the delicious flesh beneath. Eating the delectable sea lion Sebastian barely two weeks prior had rekindled his hunger for living prey, and in his inebriated state, the desire to make up for months of skipped opportunities easily overrode any reluctance to consume his lover.

The crocodile's jaws slid over the large, doughy dome of Vann's middle, gently snapping down every couple inches to feel the flab and tease the prey. Deep within Reave's gullet, Vann was lost in a daze. He knew he was nearing the point of no return, that his muzzle could push into the stomach at any moment, but he was simply incapable of fighting back. His movements were already a little sluggish from the weed, and the handjob Reave was giving him was proving almost wonderful enough to make him forget where he was. The worst part, though, was the fact that Vann was getting an unexpected pleasure from being swallowed whole, something he'd never experienced. Had anyone else

been eating him, he'd be kicking and screaming, his heart racing as he feared for his life. Instead, he was actually finding it strangely soothing knowing his destination was Reave's stomach.

He imagined the crocodile's belly massive and bulging from his meal, a mound that would eventually round out and shrink, new layers of fat forming all across his body. Maybe their mutual hunger for each other was too great, maybe one was fated to become part of the other, and he had merely brought about their destiny sooner rather than later. A jerk of Reave's left talon destroyed Vann's train of thought completely, followed by a large, satisfying gulp that sent the ram-dragon's head into the rumbling stomach.

Reave finally relinquished his hold on Vann's cock, though not before giving it a few last teasing strokes, just enough to cause a dribble of pre. A few well-placed tears removed the ram-dragon's shorts and boxers. His mouth and throat bulged from Vann's large gut, and the crocodile carefully slid his talons beneath his boyfriend's butt and shoved. The flabby curve of Vann's belly disappeared into Reave's maw, along with his erect and pulsing member. Reave gave his meal's butt cheeks a playful squeeze, giggling in delight as he felt the ram-dragon's dick throb in response. While Vann wasn't necessarily a willing meal, he was obviously enjoying being consumed to a degree, enough so to further encourage Reave in his endeavor. The crocodile needed to have his tubby boyfriend completely sealed within him, wanted to feel his belly sag and jiggle, weighed down by nearly three hundred pounds of living meat.

Fueled by his hunger, Reave forced the remainder of Vann's ass and crotch into his mouth and lifted his head high. He felt Vann's cock slide over his tongue and immediately began caressing it, causing Vann to convulse in pleasure. With his member soaked in saliva and already heavily teased, Vann was unable to hold back, blowing his load across the crocodile's tongue and down the throat. His moans echoed within the dark stomach, and when his cock finally finished throbbing his whole body went limp. Pleased by the success of his devious tactic, Reave began taking more aggressive gulps, eager to finish off his meal and prove to Vann he wasn't afraid to eat him. He'd simply let Vann stew for a while in his stomach, then let him out later.

Within Reave's stomach, Vann groaned and shifted as more and more of his body poured in to join him. He was fighting to remain conscious, exhausted by the weed and handjob, the smooth stomach lining doing their best to lull him to sleep. When his hooves finally pushed past the sphincter he felt his whole body bounce a little, heralding the completion of the meal. Vann weakly pushed against the fleshy walls of his prison and mumbled his boyfriend's name, but his voice wasn't loud enough to reach the outside.

Reave leaned back against the bed, heart pounding, and admired the immense lumpy sphere of his full belly. He ran his talons across its entirety, feeling Vann's faint movements and how taut his flesh had become. The feeling of having another living being trapped inside him had always given Reave an immense amount of pleasure, but the fact that his meal was someone he knew—someone he loved—brought the joy to a completely different level. He wasn't particularly proud of that fact, and knew how easily it could lead to regret. Only a couple years ago, while he was still in high school, he'd let his urges get the best of him and eaten his friend Kody.

They had been rather close in middle school, though they'd drifted apart after ending up in different high schools. Then Reave had stumbled into him while grabbing late-night burgers on a whim; Kody was almost unrecognizable. The husky had been a bit on the chubby side the last time Reave had seen him, but on that night he looked like he'd nearly doubled in size. His uniform clung tightly to his flabby gut, tufts of fur and pudge poking out from underneath, and his face was delightfully round. While catching up, Kody had admitted to gaining most of the weight due to his job at the burger joint, overindulging both on the cheap high-calorie food and the occasional plump peer who'd lingered around too long at closing time.

The unexpected reunion filled Reave with an odd mix of emotions. His attraction to the now rounder Kody was painfully obvious, but his former friend also aroused his hunger. After agreeing to

hang out later, Reave had hurried to the nearby skatepark, where he quickly ambushed and consumed the first lone boarder he could find. Unfortunately, filling his stomach with a stranger hadn't been enough. When the pair did meet up again the weekend after, Reave spent the entire hangout ogling Kody as a meal instead of a potential boyfriend, and within hours the husky was kicking and begging for mercy within the crocodile's stomach. In the heat of the moment Reave had no doubts about his decision, moaning in pleasure as the weight of his friend pinned him to his bed. Meal crushes were common amongst preds, and Reave had wanted nothing more than to eat Kody then.

When Reave had woken the morning after, though, regret hit him harder than it ever had before. He'd prodded the mushier dome of his swollen gut with amusement initially, and then he'd made the mistake of toying with Kody's discarded phone, scrolling through the pictures. Dozens of shots, all from their wonderful outing the previous day, of two friends smiling and having a great time together. Finding the texts sent to a coworker describing how he'd "rekindled a friendship with an adorable old friend" only made the situation worse. Once Kody was fully digested, Reave had driven an hour away from his hometown to deposit the remains in a Peace of Mind box, so ashamed of his betrayal he wanted no one to know the truth. Fortunately, that one mercy was granted to him.

Of course, Reave didn't plan on Vann meeting the same fate as Kody. He was going to let him out, but not until he'd had some fun first. Reave waddled over to where Vann's phone was sitting and raised it high, snapping a torrent of selfies from every angle he could manage. For a moment he considered squeezing into some of Vann's clothes for more pictures, but the effort involved was too much for the crocodile in his inebriated state. There were plenty of other ways to tease his boyfriend, though.

"Hmm, so how does it feel to satiate my munchies?" Reave told his gut, giving it a playful shake with his talons.

The only response was some minor shifting, along with a noise so faint Reave couldn't make it out.

"Hehe, are ya grumbly cause I gobbled ya up?" Reave asked, assuming his boyfriend was merely giving him the silent treatment.

Again the crocodile received little response in return. The stomach walls clung tightly to Vann's body, digestive juices oozing from all over into his wool. Reave hadn't swallowed any fresh air yet, and Vann was already beginning to feel lightheaded, only barely aware of where he was. A murmur in the back of his mind was urging him to struggle or yell for help, but the ram-dragon simply didn't have enough energy left to do either. He ignored the strong desire to close his eyes and rest for a bit as best he could, his instincts insisting the innocent act was actually dangerous, though he couldn't remember why. The slowly rising pool of stomach acids went unnoticed.

"Hmmp, well if you're gonna play that game, I'm just gonna have to embarrass ya in front of your friends! I bet Jordan will get a kick out of this," Reave said, triumphantly waddling towards the door of their room.

* * *

Jordan leaned into the small loveseat of the quad's common room, giggling at the movie he was barely watching and absentmindedly shoving cookies into his mouth. The fat jaguar had turned down Vann and Reave's offer to split the final joint, instead opting to grab a quick snack while he waited for them to return from...well, whatever it was they planned to do in the privacy of their room. From their brief attempt at a relationship, Jordan was well aware that Vann could get rather frisky when stoned, not that he really wanted to imagine his two roommates banging in the other room. He just hoped they'd make it quick. Jordan had brought the entire container of freshly baked cookies out of the mini-fridge, and needed the gluttonous duo to gorge on them before he fell to temptation again.

The tasty treats were the last remnants of his most recent "care package" from his friend

Xander. Xander was rather paranoid that his older brother Xavier—notorious for his love of eating felines—might attempt to add the jaguar to his list of conquests, a concern Jordan wholeheartedly agreed with. In his brief time with the Tau Tau Psi fraternity, Jordan had witnessed first-hand on multiple occasions what happened to any feline unfortunate enough to get close to the lustful voracious otter. Xavier was supposed to prefer slimmer meals, so Xander had gone out of his way to ensure Jordan fattened up throughout the course of the year. His prey had to be plump, his meals needed to be excessive, snacks had to be easily obtained, and weed needed to be plentiful. Jordan wasn't fond of the weight gain, but his traitorous desire to be ordered around made arguing against Xander's wishes impossible.

Xander's efforts to bulk up his friend had so far been a resounding success. The jaguar had gone from being somewhat fit—if a tiny bit chubby at times—to being just plain fat. He was closing in on three hundred pounds, a weight far higher than his old peak, with a large round belly that jiggled when he walked and a double chin that smushed around his face whenever he looked down. For a while the plan seemed to be working, and Xavier stopped teasing Jordan once his flat chest started filling out. Then, while drunk at a party the previous month, the otter admitted to Jordan his budding attraction to slim furs who'd let themselves go, too. The night had nearly ended with Jordan being dragged to Xavier's room, and potentially his doom, until Xander had stumbled across the pair and interfered. Jordan had tried to explain to Xander what had happened, but Xander refused to believe his brother's actions were anything but a drunken fluke, and had increased the jaguar's “diet” instead. Though now Xavier was starting to send treats his way, too.

Jordan grimaced at his predicament, even more so when he felt his paw claw at nothing but crumbs. Initially believing the cookies had merely slid to the other side of the container, he sighed in dismay after glancing over and realizing there were simply none left at all. The surprised jaguar gave his big belly a squeeze, horrified that he'd consumed the entire batch of cookies on his own without realizing it. At the rate his natural hunger was increasing, he'd be in danger of breaking the four hundred pound mark well before his second year of college began, and attempting to return to a normal weight would be close to impossible. Then again, there was always a chance he'd end up sliding down Xavier's gullet instead.

Busy bemoaning his troublesome weight, Jordan almost didn't hear the door to Vann and Reave's room open, only looking up after Reave had fully entered the room. At first, the sheer size of the crocodile's belly confused him, until the bulges and subtle swaying made the source of his bulk terribly clear. Jordan honestly didn't know how to react. He hadn't heard anything suspicious from the other room, no shouts for help or stuff getting knocked around in a struggle, so maybe his two friends were just messing around. Their relationship was an odd one, at least in Jordan's opinion, apparently involving constant teasing about eating each other and lots of taste tests. Even so, something didn't feel right. Reave had a rather smug grin on his snout, but his movements were awkward, and his gut barely moved. Paranoia set in as Reave stumbled towards the loveseat.

“H-hey dude, w-whatcha up to?” Jordan asked, failing miserably to disguise his worry.

Reave lazily waddled right up to his friend, unintentionally blocking his escape route. “Heh, just proving a point to Vann,” Reave said happily, before giving his belly a rough shake. “Silly wool puff didn't think I'd have the guts to eat him!”

Jordan winced as he watched the vague bulge of his friend tossed slightly, a faint groan barely reaching his ears. “Oh, well, y-you sure showed him, I guess?” he said. Whatever had happened, it wasn't simple messing around. Reave seemed fairly out of it, and Vann was in a bad enough state that he wasn't even actively struggling.

Reave smiled at Jordan's apparent agreement. “Must be pretty embarrassing, ay Vann?” Reave said, slapping his gut. “First I gobbled you up super easy, and now Jordan's making fun of you!”

“Yep, you won, great job Reave. Now why don't you throw up Vann, so we can...um, make fun of him to his face?” Jordan suggested, hoping he could trick the stoned crocodile into releasing their

mutual friend.

"Don't worry, I'll let him out in a bit, it's actually kind of fun having him in my belly," Reave replied, before giggling deviously. "But if you want to make fun of him to his face, I'm sure I can arrange that for you."

"F-forget I said that, but seriously you should get him out before—*oomph!*" Jordan's spiel was interrupted by Reave leaning into him with all his weight, his ram-dragon stuffed belly pressing the jaguar deeper into the loveseat and pinning him.

Reave couldn't help but moan a little as he felt the movements of Jordan and Vann combine to massage the padded flesh of his belly from within and without. "Oh, oh that feels *sooooo* good! Mind giving my belly a rub, dude?"

"C'mon man, this is serious, you really need to throw Vann up!" Jordan gasped, barely able to breath with so much weight on him.

"He'll be fine, just give me a belly rub!" Reave insisted.

Jordan twitched. He needed to stay focused and help Vann but Reave was getting so...so commanding. The faintest purrs began reverberating throughout his body. "W-well if you let Vann out, he can give you a belly rub too."

"Aww, but I really want to get the rub while he's still in there," Reave whined, grinding his swollen gut against Jordan's. "We'd be able to tease him so much about that later!"

Jordan bit his lip, holding back a whimper as he felt the weak shifting of Vann within Reave's belly. He wasn't sure the crocodile had actually been swallowing fresh air, and every moment he wasted might be putting Vann in more and more danger of being digested. "O-ok, I'll give you a quick belly rub if you let Vann out right after. That way we can rub it in right away."

Reave looked overjoyed. "Yep yep. Now get to rubbin' kitty!"

The purring flared even as Jordan cringed at the nickname. With apprehension, he placed his paws on the sides of Reave's hefty middle, feeling the stiffness of the lumps Vann's body made. He'd felt prey bulges countless times before, had prodded them and laughed as they shifted away from his touch, but these made him queezy. All he could think of was Vann curled up in Reave's stomach, barely conscious, desperately hoping to escape alive. The jaguar's paws slowly began to move, in circles at first, drifting across the soft layer of pudge concealing a twitching head and elbow. His rubs were gentle out of fear for Vann's safety, yet strong enough to elicit a few more faint moans from Reave, who's mouth was falling open and eyes drifting. Concerned for time, Jordan reluctantly picked up the pace, actively kneading Reave's belly and putting as much of his weight into his movements as he could. The tactic proved successful, as Reave became more focused and louder in his expressions of gratitude. After a few minutes of dedicated attention Jordan slowed back down, hoping the high crocodile was content.

"A-alright Reave, you got your belly rub. Please let Vann out, your stomach's really not the best place for him," Jordan almost begged, staring Reave right in the eyes.

The crocodile took a painfully long time to answer, glancing down on his belly—and Jordan's—and giving it a solid poke. "I guess. He's so wonderfully filling, it's hard to let him go."

Reave stepped away from Jordan and carefully lowered himself onto his knees, giving his gut one last hug before he began forcing himself to dry heave. Jordan breathed a sigh of relief once he saw a bulge start to travel up the crocodile's throat, his belly receding slightly in the process. Saliva oozed from Reave's mouth as he opened his maw wide, a gray head and curved horns slipping out. More and more of Vann's body lurched from his boyfriend as the crocodile heaved again and again, his wool matted and stuck to his skin, stomach acids dripping onto the carpet. Jordan rushed to the ram-dragon's side the moment his hooves hit the floor.

"Vann, are you alright man? C'mon, say something, please!" Jordan pleaded, frantically checking to see if his friend was even breathing. Reave crawled over, too, seemingly oblivious to his own boyfriend's condition.

Fortunately, Vann began to twitch and groan almost right away, his eyes sluggishly opening. He raised his right arm and ran his fingers through the feathers on Reave's head before resting his paw behind the crocodile's neck. "H...hey big guy. I was...kind of get...ting worried you were...gonna snack on me there."

"You do fill a belly good!" Reave replied happily.

Vann reached up and wrapped his other arm around the crocodile. "I'm glad...I'm glad you enjoyed me," he said with a grin. "I think you owe me a hug now, though." The ram-dragon pulled down on Reave's neck with just enough force to make the crocodile stumble atop him, their flabby bellies smushing and spreading across one another. He gave his boyfriend a kiss before nuzzling his snout and gently rolling him over so they were side by side on the carpet. Jordan scooted backwards once the action began, looking at his two friends in bewilderment. As far as the jaguar was concerned, Vann had come horrifyingly close to being digested, yet the ram-dragon was acting like nothing had happened. The simple embrace turned into a firmer hug, then kisses, then making out, and Jordan quickly wanted nothing to do with the pair. He fled to the safety of his room, wishing he could somehow forget the entire ordeal.