

## A Little Indigestion

By: IndigoRho

Chris groaned, nursing a faint headache with one paw while fishing around for his keys with the other. All the massive shiba inu wanted to do was collapse on the couch and rest...and for lunch to finally quiet down. Right on cue his enormous belly lurched and wobbled, the movements of the prey within having grown sporadic, but still inconvenient. Regardless of the annoyance, Chris prided himself in being able to manage four live meals simultaneously, a feat that at the very least would've grounded most preds had they even pulled it off. Having a three hundred and ninety pound frame certainly helped. His fingers finally grabbed ahold of his keys, and Chris happily opened the front door to his apartment and lumbered inside. Or he tried to. The gluttonous canine's gut got wedged in the door frame almost immediately, and he was forced to brace himself against the interior wall in order to free his squirming middle, practically stumbling into the entryway after.

"You were out later than you said you'd be, I was beginning to get worried," a voice from the living room called out.

Lucas. Chris was already prepping himself for what the hyena would say once he actually saw him. His boyfriend wasn't a pred, and didn't exactly view eating others nearly as positively as he did. "Uh, sorry about that. Lunch ended up bigger than expected."

"Well hopefully it wasn't too big, the guys are a terrible influence on your waistline I...swear." Lucas stopped in his tracks as soon as he rounded the corner and saw the dog taking up the whole hallway. The initial look of surprise on his face swiftly turned into a scowl. "H-how...seriously Chris?"

"Lucas it—*uurrrrrrrp*—looks worse than it is," Chris insisted as his gut bounced from the belch.

Lucas threw his paws into the air. "You promised you'd show restraint today, that you wouldn't eat anyone while out, and instead you ate...how many—"

"Four," Chris answered with a grin.

"—four people! Four people aren't gonna return home tonight because you decided to stuff yourself like a pinata," Lucas fumed. "Mark and Kyle put you up to this, didn't they?"

A bellyache was starting to surpass the fortunately waning headache, so Chris carefully waddled past his frustrated boyfriend towards the living room. "Well..yeah, but they sure as Hell are being poor sports about it."

Lucas' gaze returned to Chris' bulging gut. "You *ate* Mark and Kyle! You're supposed to avoid eating our friends, let them out this instant!"

Chris lowered himself onto a noticeable imprint in the couch, which creaked beneath his immense bulk. "I can't just throw a specific meal up on demand. Besides, I'm pretty sure they're on their last legs in there, I think only half of them are still twitching."

The shiba inu's guess was correct. Deep within the cramped confines of his stomach four doomed meals were running out of hope. Two had already lost consciousness, slipping beneath the digestive juices and waiting to be churned and processed. A fox and a wolf were still barely holding on, weakly pressing against the soft walls of their fleshy prison, desperate to find an exit in the darkness. Occasional burps would shake the whole stomach and squeeze the prey closer together. Mark—the fox—was too drunk to think straight or even remotely know the true danger he was in, expecting to be released by his friend at any minute. He didn't know why Chris was taking so long, though he was glad Kyle had stopped being so hysterical. The coyote's loud whining had been giving him a headache.

Back in the outside world Lucas merely shook his head, trying not to linger too long on the belly bugles he'd called friends. He couldn't even begin to count the number of close acquaintances he'd lost to Chris' gluttony, and the impact on the couple's social life was irritating. Mark and Kyle had endured longer than most, and Lucas was just beginning to believe they'd stick around for good. "Well I hope getting to pig out was worth losing your bar hopping buddies over."

"Honestly aside from the indigestion I feel great, and that's nothing some Tums won't fix,"

Chris insisted, jiggling his mountainous gut with both paws until a loud *bworrrrrp* purged the last of the fresh air in his stomach. "If I'd have known eating four people at once was this easy I'd have tried it a lot sooner."

Lucas decided grabbing the Tums would be a welcome distraction, maybe even help him calm down some. He wasn't ready to stop chastising his boyfriend, though. "Wonderful, so should I expect you to ruin more dinner plans in the future cause you decide to show off?"

"I wasn't trying to show off, Mark and Kyle were dumb and tried to make a quick buck off me," Chris said as he watched Lucas wander to the bathroom. "We were a few pitchers in and someone started boasting about their largest prey, and then Mark bet me I couldn't eat four people. We convinced a couple dudes at the table next to us to get in on it, and after I ate them Mark and Kyle got cocky and offered themselves up as numbers three and four. Not my fault they underestimated my stomach capacity."

Lucas couldn't deny his soon-to-be digested friends held some responsibility for their unfortunate fates. He'd warned them plenty of times about how voracious his boyfriend could get. "Well that still doesn't excuse you gorging on live meals when we'd already made plans for dinner. It doesn't matter how many people you can eat, you sure as heck can't digest even one in half a day alone."

"The bet was a hundred bucks a person, winning meant I could treat you to a really nice night out instead!" Chris half lied. He'd barely even considered the payout upon accepting the bet, far more interested in proving his gluttony. "With all the cash I nabbed from lunch we can really indulge again."

The ploy succeeded, somewhat. While the originally planned simple night in would've been lovely, the couple hadn't splurged on a fancy date since...since the last time Chris had gone on a voracious eating spree. "That does sound nice. Not that any of the new dress clothes I bought you for your birthday will fit by tomorrow," Lucas sighed as he finally dug out the jumbo-sized bottle of Tums. "You were already like four hundred pounds, right? I can't imagine how fat you'll get from this."

Chris, on the other hand, could, and the thought put a huge grin on his face that was only broken by another burp and echoing gurgles from his motionless stomach. "I'm sure I've got something in my closet that'll work, it's not like this is the first time I've reached six hundred."

Having just re-entered the living room, Lucas stopped to frown. "True, but you get *even* hungrier at that size, and risk being a couple live meals short of immobilization. We're hitting the gym the second those guys have turned into flab, and then you're back to daily jogs and salads until you've slimmed down to three hundred at the very *least*!"

"Can't I at least enjoy the extra bulk for a month or two?" Chris practically pouted, taking the Tums from Lucas and downing half the bottle in one go. "Would be a shame to—*brrraaaaaap*—say goodbye to Mark and Kyle so soon."

"I guess a month delay won't hurt," Lucas gave in. "But only one!"

Lucas' anger had mostly subsided, and the hyena shifted to helping his bloated boyfriend deal with the consequences of his gluttony. While he wasn't happy with Chris' methods, Lucas was still undeniably fond of the shiba inu's girth, and he'd never seen him larger. He gently kneaded Chris' belly, easing the rather vocal digestion process that'd begun. Sloppy gurgles and glorps sounded out as fur and flesh were melted away, a thick soup building within the canine's stomach, the bodies of his prey being battered into a more manageable form. In time the consumed prey would fall apart, tendons and muscles dissolved into goop until their bones slipped away and settled in the pit of Chris' stomach. The shiba inu's gut would need to work overtime to handle his tremendous meal, and he'd likely need to go through a few bottles of Tums before all was said and done. For now, though, he was thankful for the attention his middle was receiving from Lucas.

Belly rubs turned into a full-on embrace as Lucas wrapped his arms around as much of Chris' gut as possible, burying his face into the mass and moaning in delight. Chris' already considerable pudge provided a comfortable cushion, but even that wasn't enough to completely bury the lumps of his

churning prey within. Lucas could feel the bulges of shoulders, heads, and elbows shift beneath his embrace. Four grown furs powerless in the face of his boyfriend's mighty gut, boiled down just like any other snack and reduced to doughy flab for Lucas to worship. Second-hand guilt was cast aside as Lucas realized Chris' middle would be big enough for the smaller hyena to sleep on that night, the sounds of his friends digesting working better than any white noise machine. The thought prompted him to unconsciously grope his boyfriend even more. Lucas unburied his face long enough to give Chris a loud kiss on the belly.

Chris looked down at him and grinned. "Proving I'm top of the food chain has got me a bit pent up, but unfortunately I'm too huge to handle it myself. Maybe a certain hyena should wiggle on under and provide some relief."

The hyena blushed back, and without saying a word he slowly lowered out of sight, kissing his boyfriend's gut on the way down. Chris had spread his legs wide to provide Lucas access, but his swollen middle still needed to be lifted a little before the canine's already-bulging crotch was revealed. Lucas felt like Atlas with the immense belly spreading across his shoulders and back. He could hear the sounds of digestion even clearer now, messy *slurrrrshes* and *glrrrrrrns* drowning out all other noise in the apartment. They were getting longer and messier with each passing moment. Chris' stomach had become a boiling cauldron, the liquid slurry within turning into a thick sludge as it wore lunch down bit by bit, as eager to prove its strength as the voracious shiba inu. Momentarily mesmerized by the roil above him, Lucas finally remembered his original goal and began tackling the problem of his boyfriend's pants, working tirelessly to free the shiba inu's eager cock. Undoing the belt was a chore, and the strained button seemed on the verge of flying off, but once the zipper was down Chris' dick practically lurched out to greet him.

Lucas then happily stretched his mouth over Chris' throbbing member. He could feel his boyfriend's middle wobble as he moaned in pleasure, motivating him to tease Chris further. His movements were slow and steady by necessity, the heavy bulge of a meal he may very well have known constantly pushing down upon him, shifting slightly as it was melted away. There was a tinge of guilt in the back of Lucas' mind, though it was less about the fate of Mark and Kyle and more about the excitement he was feeling from pleasuring Chris while they churned into oblivion. They were likely unrecognizable at this point, furless bodies with strips of flesh boiled off. First they'd turn to mush, then to fat, fat that he'd squeeze and cuddle and adore. His heart raced as he turned himself on.

Far above Chris was in heaven. Alone his active gut would have been more than enough to give him bliss, but Lucas' mouth and tongue running across his cock brought the experience to a whole 'nother level. He panted and moaned, gripping his belly and massaging it as he resisted climaxing immediately, prolonging the joy. Chris could *feel* his middle resting atop his boyfriend, large enough to envelope him with ease. His gut was like a mountain to the hyena, dwarfing him, looming over him. Perfect.

The omnipresent churning continued all around Lucas, joined by scattered pops and cracks; bones were being separated. Lucas swore Chris was spreading his legs a little bit further just to shift the burden of his gut onto him more and more, and he knew the easiest way to get back at him was to pleasure him till holding back was impossible. With all his strength he nudged Chris' belly up a bit higher, jostling his prey about and provoking the loudest *glrrrrrrrrrrp* yet. The extra space allowed him to get more creative and pick up the pace. Flicks of the tongue and scratches of the gut were more than enough to put Chris over the edge, bursting a powerful load straight down Lucas' throat. Lucas held on till he'd gulped down every last drop, falling backwards onto the floor afterward.

Lucas sighed contently as he rested on the carpet, staring upwards at the lumpy gut dominating his view. He could hear—and honestly see—Chris panting and letting out staggered moans of delight. Ogling his boyfriend's immense middle gradually gave the hyena a shameful idea that made him blush: how massive would the shiba inu be if he ate *five* people...