

A Filling Dream

By: IndigoRho

Kane nervously looked across the main floor of Indulgence, the orange and black liger subtly moving to the music as he watched the crowd drink, dance, and laugh. Of course the true appeal to the club was the live meals. Vore wasn't just allowed at Indulgence, it was celebrated. Upon entry patrons would select a wristband appropriate to their intentions that night: red for those who wished to leave with a full stomach, green for those who preferred to end up churning away in one. Few places in the city catered to willing prey in such a manner, guaranteeing there was rarely a shortage of meals for preds desiring a more intimate hunt.

As Kane continued standing on the sidelines he fidgeted with the green band practically digging into his doughy wrist. For years he'd fantasized about being eaten by another, constantly daydreaming of the many scenarios that could lead to him becoming a sizable addition to someone's waistline. Over time he'd befriended others of similar mind, forming a tight-knit group that provided wonderful memories but was fated to inevitably dwindle to nothing as each person's dream came true. The liger still grinned as he remembered the handful of meals he'd personally had the pleasure of witnessing, the friends he'd seen joyfully slide from view, the belly bulges he'd teased. Now, though, Kane was the only one left. His need to be eaten was stronger than it'd ever been, and going out in a place surrounded by others who shared his passion just seemed right.

Still, the prospect of achieving his goal was daunting. No pred had approached Kane in the club yet, and he was admittedly unsure of the best way to make a first move himself. Eventually he simply downed the rest of his drink and waddled into the fray to advertise himself. The liger was very hefty, sporting a round belly that jiggled to announce his arrival and had often been praised for its pillow-like qualities. Kane had always been fond of his size, convinced he'd make the most overindulgent, mouth-watering feast one day. Amongst his old friend group most had expected him to be the first to go; he was rather disappointed that belief had never come to fruition.

After a few slow minutes of searching Kane spotted a hyena who seemed as eager for a meal as he was to become one, and built up the courage to hit him up. "H-hey, you wouldn't happen to be looking for a filling dinner, would you?"

The hyena's eyes widened as Kane spoke, but not in a way that appeared promising. "Oh, whoa. I...sorry dude, I'm sure you're delicious but there's no way I'd be able to handle a meal as big as you."

"N-no worries, hope you...hope you have a good night." Kane quickly turned away to hide his embarrassment.

He tried not to dwell on the rejection, instead vowing to find someone who looked either gluttonous or particularity strong. A muscular leopard became his second attempt. "Interested in a meal of a lifetime?" Kane asked with all the confidence he could muster.

A single returned look of disdain was all it took for Kane to realize he'd struck out, but unfortunately the pred wasn't willing to leave things at that. "What, and ruin all this hard work?" he boasted and flexed with little regard to Kane's feelings. "I'd have to *live* at the gym to undo all the damage your calories would do."

Kane didn't even have a chance to respond before the leopard walked away, leaving the prey speechless. He'd endured insults about his weight in the past, but hearing them used by preds in tandem with rejection stung especially hard. The liger was certain his bulk would be a deal maker for someone there, he just needed to track them down. Psyching himself back up took a bit longer thanks to how harsh the leopard had been, but Kane trudged on. To his dismay, the first two attempts proved to be a preview of what was to come. Over and over the liger's efforts were rebuffed, and the painful majority directly mentioned or hinted at his size as the reason. More preds were ending up with occupied stomachs as time passed, Kane yearning to be in one of his own, to be just as happy as those prey who were a good belch short of becoming part of something greater. In the end, though, Kane lost hope, the

liger retreating to the bar to drink his sorrows away.

Elsewhere in Indulgence, another patron was struggling just as much as Kane. Zero—a massive blue and white dragon who was impossible to miss—was beginning to wonder if his red wristband was getting overlooked in the frenzied atmosphere of the club. A mood for willing prey had come over him recently, and a trip to Indulgence should have sated his desires faster than searching online for a volunteer. Apparently he wasn't standing out enough. With his best predatory grin Zero lumbered from one crowd to another, licking his lips as he looked over the bounty of prey just waiting to get scarfed down; he felt like he was at a buffet. Then again, here the meals weren't likely to try fleeing from his open maw in terror.

Eventually a slim fox caused Zero's stomach to growl, and the dragon happily accepted him as a candidate for first course of the night. “You'd make a wonderful appetizer. Is fox on the menu tonight?”

Expecting a quick yes, Zero was surprised by the fox's somewhat blank stare. “I'd be crushed by all your flab if you ate me.” The fox's contempt was as palpable as his intoxication. “I wanna sway on a pred's hips as they dance, feel him tease and prod me knowing that safety is just a thin layer of flesh out of reach. I wanna...I wanna...”

The much plumper, much more sober husky with him gently clamped a paw around the fox's muzzle to quiet him. “Sorry about that, booze makes him melodramatic. Definitely not an aspect I'll miss about him.”

Zero simply nodded, his focus swiftly switching to the slightly more filling canine once he noticed his wristband. “Well, my stomach might be the best place to escape him early, *if* you're interested.”

For a split second the husky looked like he might take up Zero's offer, before firmly shaking his head. “Honestly I'm aiming for a pred who's waistline I can just utterly wreck, someone small who doesn't realize the pounds they're gonna be dealing with once I'm digested,” he said with a sheepish grin. “I'd barely make a dent on you.”

The dragon frowned, disappointed at being rejected twice in quick succession. Assuming the pair were merely some initial bad luck, Zero moved on to the next tasty-looking meal...then the next, and the next. Every prey seemed to be telling a similar story, as if they'd all coordinated beforehand to deny him. They wanted a pred they could hinder, wanted to be seen, wanted to leave their mark. A few of the ruder ones even had the nerve to suggest he ate *too* many prey, causing Zero to silently fume and question just how willing they were considering their pickiness. His dreams of enjoying a nice, relaxing meal were crumbling, and after a long string of failures he decided a drink was in order.

Zero squeezed into a gap at the bar that opened up as a couple left, ordering a quick drink and trying not to let recent events sour him. The blubber liger to his left caught his attention nearly right away, and Zero realized he likely had a kindred spirit once he confirmed the stranger's belly was empty. “Having trouble getting a bite as well?”

Kane was startled from his drink by the question, and found himself searching for an answer as he admired the large dragon beside him. “The exact opposite, actually,” he replied, raising his arm to show off the green wristband. “It's real great being treated like junk food.”

“Hey, you're not junk food,” Zero insisted, suddenly seeing the liger in a different light, stomach grumbling. “You're more of a royal feast, or one of those eating challenges everyone's trying to beat so they'll get their name on the wall!”

The liger chuckled, his dour expression swept away by a smile. “T-thank you. Though I'm beginning to think I'm not gonna find someone up to the challenge tonight.”

“I don't know, you'd be surprised how much this tank can hold,” Zero patted his belly and grinned. “Zero, by the way.”

Kane blushed, and for the first time that night he didn't try to hide it. “Kane. I...I wouldn't mind testing that capacity if you're offering...” The liger stretched to emphasize his own large gut, delighted to see Zero's eyes light up in response.

Zero wrapped a thick arm around his mouth-watering new meal, sneaking a quick pinch of the liger's pudge that made Kane giggle. "Seeing as the crowd here sure doesn't appreciate our wonderful girth, why don't we grab some food and retire to a private room for dinner?"

The smile in return was all the confirmation Zero needed. He flagged down a waiter to secure their room, and also ordered the Stuffer Special from the kitchen, a dish he hoped lived up to its name. With that the ecstatic duo waddled after their waiter, the crowds forced to part lest they be hip-checked away. Located towards the back of the club, the private room offered wide couches, a bed for sleeping off larger meals, and a quieter atmosphere in general compared to the deafening dance floor; it was the perfect place for a feast of Kane's degree. Finally alone, the pred and prey settled onto a couch side-by-side and started getting to know one another. They shared stories of their heft, how they'd grown over the years, and when they'd realized their joy of the larger side of life. Zero regaled his meal-to-be with tales of past prey—willing or otherwise—while Kane talked of the many friends he'd helped into voracious preds' stomachs. Both found themselves wishing they'd gotten to know the other sooner, though they were also beyond grateful to have met at all.

When the Stuffer Special arrived on a pair of carts, Zero and Kane stared at the overflowing plates in awe, guessing it was traditionally meant for a party of four. Not that Kane was intimidated. He dug into the meal with plenty of encouragement from Zero, who wasn't afraid to feed the liger directly at every possible chance, making sure he was always gulping down something. Kane was in pure bliss the entire time, elated to actually experience being stuffed by a gluttonous pred, knowing every bite was meant to make him even more filling. He could feel his belly swelling as he gorged, Zero's claw rubbing and gently teasing it. The dragon constantly complimented Kane on his size, reminding the liger he was simply food now, how tempted he was to eat him right on the spot; all things Kane had dreamed of hearing one day.

As the final plate was cleared and Kane leaned back cradling his taut middle, both dragon and liger knew the time had come for the main course. Zero stood, stomach growling in anticipation as he admired his prey, imagining how huge he'd be after. With a grunt Kane failed to get up, the fullest he'd ever been. His face flushed red and he made a few more attempts, managing to do little more than wobble and groan. The liger felt a tinge of embarrassment, but the thought of being literally too stuffed to escape a ravenous pred overwhelmed those feelings swiftly, prompting Kane to play it up for show.

"W-wow, ate so much I can't stand up. I'd be a sitting duck if anyone with gluttonous intentions were nearby..." Kane winked at Zero, who gladly went along.

Zero grinned and held out a claw. "Thankfully there's just me, a totally trustworthy dragon who wouldn't dream of gorging on someone as lovingly fattened as you." He lifted Kane off the couch, gripping the liger in a way only a hungry pred would.

"I get the feeling you're not planning on letting me go," Kane said cheerfully.

"Trust me, once you've felt a dragon's full embrace you'll want to remain in it forever," Zero smirked.

Without further delay Zero opened his maw wide, giving Kane the view he'd wanted for so long. The liger was plunged into darkness as his head was completely engulfed in a couple quick bites, grinning ear-to-ear. He could feel Zero's jaws stretch to take in his shoulders as he entered the gullet. His eyes adjusted just in time to glimpse the entirety of the soft tunnel he'd slide down on the way to the stomach, his one-way ticket to a future of being dragon flab. Zero's tongue was leisurely tasting every inch of his body as he was gradually swallowed whole, the dragon's loud moans echoing their way to Kane's ears, a sure sign of approval. The confirmation of his deliciousness meant a great deal to Kane.

Zero himself was having to show considerable restraint. Not even a third in and Kane was already one of the best meals he'd ever had, Zero's stomach practically begging to have the liger all to itself. Kane's continued willingness meant Zero had a rare opportunity to savor his feast to his heart's content, no worries of a struggling prey trying in vain to avoid the inevitable, no chance of annoying

interlopers getting involved—though admittedly he'd often enjoyed the free dessert. Kane did wiggle a bit, but only to enhance the experience of both, causing Zero's belly to jiggle and bounce as he slowly entered it. The more Zero swallowed the bigger he got, and Kane's impressive middle was guaranteed to make him swell beautifully.

Deep within the dragon Kane braced himself against the soft stomach walls as his paws left the ground, Zero easing his legs upwards so the descent wasn't *too* sped up. As expected, Zero's blubber pressed firmly into the liger from three sides. Kane shifted around expertly to ease the pressure, though from his point of view the sensation was a bonus. Very soon he'd be adding to that bulk, a part of him forever helping to compress Zero's future meals. Only a few swallows past the liger's butt, Zero could tell his bulging belly was already too wide for him to even fit through the expanded doorway to the private room, a white-scaled behemoth. Truly the sign of a perfect meal. He lingered on Kane's legs, kneading his lively gut with both claws in between gulps, wishing it were possible to enjoy Kane again and again.

Even the best meals had to end eventually, though. Zero's jaws gently closing over Kane's paws and tail was a bittersweet moment for pred and prey, yet also the completion of each's desires. A long, satisfied sigh escaped Zero's lips as Kane settled into his belly, the dragon rejoicing at his unparalleled feeling of fullness. He was barely able to remain standing—and impressive feat considering he'd nearly eaten his own weight in prey—and couldn't resist the chance to show off a little to his eventual pudge. With considerable effort Zero lifted his colossal gut and let it drop, causing Kane to bounce along with it.

“Oh man, you really hit the spot!” Zero said, giving his belly a congratulatory pat. “All the other preds out there have no clue what they missed out on.”

The praise kept Kane blushing nonstop. “I guess these years of embracing my hearty appetite really paid off in the end. I'm glad you were the one to finally reap the reward.”

“Was my—*urrrrrrp*—pleasure. Oops,” Zero laughed as he belched, gulping down some fresh air to ensure he'd still have more time with Kane. “My only regret is not ordering you another two or three of those Stuffing Specials. I bet you could've handled them.”

“Maybe, though at that point I'd likely have been too full to think straight!” Kane said. “And from the slight wobbling I feel in here, I'm not so sure you'd still be standing if I'd gluttoned extra hard.”

Zero shrugged, not that Kane could see it. “It'd have been worth it.”

The strain of carrying around an obese liger *was* becoming impossible to ignore, so Zero carefully lumbered over to the bed and slid his bulk atop it, smiling as he heard it creak beneath him. He rubbed his middle and gazed upon the shifting bulge of his prey, musing about Kane being curled up within, surrounded by the sounds of a stomach eager to digest him. Undoubtedly the liger was smiling just as broadly as he was. Even under the countless layers of flab Kane felt the occasional curious prod from the one who'd consumed him, pushing back as best he could and squirming to give the dragon an internal belly rub.

Zero and Kane began to chat once more. They teased, mostly, indulging in every fantasy they could in what little time they had left together. Zero would tell Kane he was a deep sleep away from becoming dragon fat, or briefly force out air to tighten his stomach around the liger. In return Kane countered by saying the voracious dragon would need a whole new wardrobe by tomorrow, that he'd be getting stuck in every other doorway, that he'd need to start eating twice as many prey just to satisfy his hunger from now on. As time passed the breaks in between responses increased, Zero fending off an impending food coma while Kane slowly ran out of air. In the end they both succumbed almost simultaneously—one permanently, the other temporarily.

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By the following morning, the private room at Indulgence was only occupied by one. Zero

stretched and yawned as he woke from his refreshing sleep, sliding himself to the edge of the noisy bed. His enormous belly swayed heavily in the process, and the dragon looked at it with glee, beaming over every new roll and curve; Kane was nothing but flab now. With a grunt he pushed off the bed and stood, his whole body jiggling from his thighs to his cheeks as he did, still in awe at how undeniably heftier he'd become. He was so used to barely noticing the aftermath of live meals—and conveniently having others not notice as well—but Kane had been on a whole different level than his usual fare. Imagining the looks on his coworkers' and friends' faces once they saw his gains brought a smile to his own.

Eager to make the thought into reality, Zero decided it was time to leave Indulgence and show Kane off to the world. The extra wobble in his waddle was delightful, something he hadn't felt in a long, long while. Just as Kane had teased, though, Zero found himself wedged in the doorway the moment he tried passing through. He blushed as he felt his doughy love handles and sides pressing into the frame, a few staff members catching sight and staring at the dragon's immense mass in astonishment. With some intense wiggling Zero managed to escape the doorway and stumble into the main room of the club, laughing once he realized he was going to be dealing with that on a daily basis for the foreseeable future. All thanks to a wonderfully blubbery liger. While Zero would have countless more live meals of varying size and willingness, he'd never forget his short night with Kane, fondly remembering him with a scratch of the belly he'd helped to expand.