

A Warm Bed

By: IndigoRho

Late on a Friday night, two friends sat together on a couch, the room lit only by the dull glow of a TV screen. Most of the couch was taken up solely by Indi, a blubbery midnight-blue cheetah with a notorious appetite. Beside him—resting against his doughy sides like a pillow—was a much, much slimmer corgi, Arkson. The pair hadn't had the time to hang out for quite a while, and the night of casual video games and movies had been the perfect way for both to wind down after the busy work week. Unfortunately all good things eventually came to an end, and Indi and Arkson's shared yawns during the credits were a sure sign the night was over.

Arkson sighed and forced himself to abandon Indi's comfortable pudge, standing up to stretch and check his phone. "Wow, it's already one in the morning," he said, a hint of disappointment in his voice. "I guess I should probably get going if I want to catch my last bus."

Indi frowned. "Bummer. We'll really have to do this more often." He tried getting up but only managed to wobble at first, before successfully sliding his bulk off the couch to see his friend off.

While Arkson gathered his belongings Indi decided to peek out the blinds that'd been closed most of the day. To his surprise a flurry of snowflakes were lit up by the street lamp below, a growing layer of fresh snow covering the street, cars, everything.

"Uhh, I'm not sure you're gonna make that bus Ark," Indi said, motioning the corgi over.

Initially confused, Arkson understood Indi's comment clearly once he got a look at the snowfall himself. "W-where did that even come from? It wasn't that cloudy when I headed over."

"Well there's no way I'm letting you go out in that, not when your bus might no-show or already be gone," Indi insisted.

Arkson didn't need much convincing, excited at the opportunity for a nice impromptu sleepover. "Well if you *insist*," he said with a grin.

"Good answer! If you'd said no I would've been forced to gobble you up to guarantee you stayed nice and cozy," Indi teased, giving his belly a slap for emphasis.

"M-maybe I should've declined then." Arkson blushed, his gaze drawn to his friend's ample gut. "I spent most of the last movie trying not to fall asleep on you, and I can only imagine how much more comfortable and cushioned your belly is on the inside."

Indi had originally been joking, but Arkson was clearly in the mood to be swallowed whole, if a little shy to admit it outright. "Oh I assure you, my stomach is the best bed in the apartment by far. It's very spacious, provides luxurious padding on all sides, and keeps you warm on cold snowy nights like this one."

"I get the feeling you've practiced that pitch before," Arkson smiled, taking a step closer to the cheetah and gently rubbing his middle with a paw. "Your stomach wouldn't happen to have any Yelp reviews for me to look up, would it?"

"Not yet, though I'd love for you to give the first." The attention directed at his belly had provoked a few low purrs. "Did I mention the complimentary massage?"

"Sold!" Arkson said with a laugh.

Indi slowly opened his maw wide, providing his friend with a clear view of the "hallway" that would lead to his room for the night. After giving the cheetah a firm hug goodnight Arkson slid his paws right into Indi's mouth, giggling as they ran across his tongue on the way to the gullet. As soon as a finger tickled the back of Indi's throat he instinctively swallowed, pulling Arkson forwards. From then on Indi's gulps were long but gentle, meant to ensure a relaxing journey for the corgi. Soon Arkson's elbows were up to Indi's lips, the cavernous maw stretching wider to welcome his eager guest. He'd reached the limit of his ability to feed himself to his friend—standing on his tiptoes just to gain a few more inches—so Indi took over. The cheetah carefully grabbed Arkson's sides and lifted him off the ground, holding him against his soft belly to help maintain his grip. By then Arkson's head was

slipping into Indi's gullet while his further ahead fingers poked into his stomach.

The cheetah's throat clung to Arkson's body, its soft walls massaging the corgi as he was pulled along. Rumbling purrs added to the experience, their vibrations strengthening as more and more of him was consumed. His face flushed red and his tail wagged wildly, a joyful grin forming the moment his head entered Indi's stomach. Indi could feel his gut beginning to swell, and his purrs ramped up in approval, the cheetah himself blushing up a storm. He enjoyed the prospect of a full belly just as much as Arkson enjoyed filling one. A gulp took in Arkson's flat middle, and a second his rear, Indi slowly lifting his head to let gravity take over. The cheetah's paws drifted to the base of his expanding belly so he could feel his friend's movements within.

The last few swallows were swifter by necessity, Indi unable to delay Arkson's descent without actively holding him in place. With a look of pure glee he inevitably closed his jaws around Arkson's paws, feeling their bulge head down his throat until his belly bounced. Arkson was now fully tucked into bed. The happy corgi shifted around in Indi's stomach till he was comfortable, leaning back and letting himself practically sink into the soft lining. Purrs continued massaging him, echoing throughout the stomach and threatening to soothe him to sleep in an instant. Everything was just as cozy and relaxing as Arkson had imagined. He was free from all outside worries, blessed with privacy while simultaneously being surrounded by friends. Well, *one* friend.

Indi slowly rubbed his bulging middle, following the outline made by Arkson. "So, how's your impression of the VIP suite?"

From Arkson's point of view the cheetah's voice was deep and all around him. He found that oddly comforting. "Wonderful. I've only been in here a couple minutes but I'm already tempted to book you for the rest of the weekend."

Indi let out a hearty laugh, shaking the corgi in his gut. "Well I wasn't gonna mention it, but you're not *that* noticeable on my waistline. I bet with the right hoodie no one would be able to tell there was a dog hiding in my belly, they'd just assume I was fat. Err...fatter."

"Hey now I'm not *that* small!" Arkson giggled, yawning wide after.

"Compared to me you are! I could keep you there all week, going to work, buying groceries, wasting time on the computer...after the first day or two I'd probably be completely adjusted to your presence." Indi mused, knowing Arkson was likely blushing within him.

The corgi was, of course. "I admit a little staycation would be nice. Why don't we start with one night and go from there?"

"Deal." Indi was surprised by a long yawn, his full stomach making him sleepy. "Alright Ark, I think it's time for both of us to snooze."

Indi leisurely waddled into his bedroom and lowered himself onto his bed with care to prevent Arkson from being jostled around. His eyes were nearly closed by the time he lay his head on his pillow, though he couldn't resist one last look at his swollen middle and the faint bulges made by his friend.

"I'll, uh, see you in the morning I guess," Indi chuckled. "Sleep well Ark."

"You too Indi," Ark managed, before his friend's purrs lulled him into a relaxing slumber, his dreams destined to be filled with large doughy cheetah bellies.