

Nommz's Gamer Fuel

By: IndigoRho

Bacchus gave the gentlest knock on the apartment door he could manage and took a moment to stretch. The simple task was difficult for the muscular, well over six foot tall horse. He was used to always bumping into something or someone, and had even grown fond of it over the years. Being big and taking up space brought him joy, and so did teasing his much smaller acquaintances. Not that they ever seemed to mind.

The horse was never one to say no to a party or hangout, though such excess had caused him to gain a hint of a muscle gut that strained his black tank top, ensuring a strip of teal hide frequently peeked out. Some day he'd get rid of it, but for now it was just another way to feel larger than everyone else.

Eventually the door opened, revealing a furry brown dragon. Their gaze was everywhere but Bacchus' face at first, his tail wagging happily.

"You gonna invite me inside, Nommz?" Bacchus chuckled, flexing ever-so-slightly just to tease the dragon.

"Had to make sure you brought the goods before I let you in!" Nommz lied, moving aside for the massive horse.

Bacchus shook his head as he entered and raised the cases he'd been holding. "Yes I've got the soda—had to check three stores since it's some weird limited time flavor I guess. Why did we need this much again? It's just the two of us tonight."

"Cause it's the most important ingredient in the mixed drink!" Nommz led Bacchus to the kitchen, where various bottles of liquor and juice were already out.

"Doesn't really answer my question about why we need so much." Bacchus dropped the cases on the counter with ease, not feeling the least bit sore from his load.

"A night of gaming needs a night's worth of gamer fuel! And it takes a lot to fill you up~" Nommz snickered, already mixing something together.

Bacchus blushed faintly. He couldn't deny his tendency to guzzle vast quantities of liquor while partying. "Not my fault I've got a high tolerance for booze!"

"Hah! In that case why don't we get you started?"

In the dragon's paw was a tall glass filled with a liquid that almost matched the color of Bacchus' blue-green mane, albeit brighter. He hadn't been paying attention to Nommz as he put the drink together, and didn't have a clue what it included—aside from the soda of course. Intrigued, Bacchus accepted the glass and took a solid sip, his mouth filling with a strong taste of lime.

"Whoa, can't even tell there's booze in this." Bacchus took another drink. "Tastes damn great, though!"

"Knew you'd love it! Now you go get the games started while I get the rest of the drinks ready. That way we won't have to take a break from gaming once we've started." Nommz swiftly shooed the horse out of the kitchen, taking every opportunity to sneak a squeeze at Bacchus' sides as he could.

Bacchus kindly let the smaller dragon push him along, though he could have easily stood his ground and been unmovable.

Turning on the TV and game console wasn't exactly a time consuming task, and Bacchus soon found himself waiting, with nothing better to do but drink. It was deceptively addicting for a mixed drink, the horse taking sip after sip in quick succession without realizing.

Half-way through the glass the effects of the alcohol hit him, and hit him hard. He went from completely sober to sloshed in seconds, a dopey grin growing on his face as he began to drink faster than before. A soothing chill spread throughout his body.

When Nommz returned lugging a small keg he spotted Bacchus' empty glass and relaxed expression and smiled.

“Didn't think a single glass would last you long, so I just went and prepped a personal keg for you.” Nommz placed it on an end table next to the couch before sliding in next to the drunk horse. “Enjoy!”

“You're always the best host little guy,” Bacchus wrapped an arm around Nommz and leaned into him as he grabbed the hose connected to the keg, purposely pinning the dragon.

Pressed between couch and pec, Nommz blushed bright red, his tail flailing wildly. Bacchus took his time, prolonging Nommz's squishing as long as possible. Even after he put the hose in his mouth and started draining the keg he continued to lean in. Caught up in the teasing, Bacchus was oblivious to the vague, fruity scent he was starting to emit.

“Drink up, Gamer Fuel, it's all for you~” Nommz licked his lips.

“Huh?”

“I said drink up that gamer fuel, it's all for you!” Nommz said, a paw drifting towards Bacchus' gut and giving it a playful rub.

With Bacchus guzzling the liquor like he hadn't had a drop to drink in days, Nommz could feel his belly steadily swelling beneath his eager grip. It wasn't long before it took on the shape of a proper muscle gut.

“You're gonna—*uorrrp*—you're gonna have to tell me the recipe, dude, this stuffs fuckin' amazing!” Bacchus kept sipping at the hose even after he'd emptied the keg, eventually giving up.

“Oh nothing special, a little of this a little of that, some stuff to enhance the flavor.” The dragon bent over and gave Bacchus' belly a swift lick. The horse tasted just like the drink that'd gotten him thoroughly wasted. “When put into the right, hunky container it creates perfect gamer fuel~”

Nommz wiggled his way off the couch, paw following the curve of the hoss' gut until it reached the bulge below it. There was a euphoric whinny from Bacchus that intensified as his junk was gently squeezed. The dragon always the quickest way to press his buttons.

After idly toying with Bacchus' bulge Nommz went even lower, pulling off the horse's sneakers one at a time to reveal his hooves. He began to rub. The combination of the booze and massage utterly pacified Bacchus—just as Nommz had planned.

With glee Nommz carefully pinned Bacchus' hooves together and lazily opened his mouth, taking them in at his leisure. Swallow after swallow slowly pulled the horse deeper into Nommz's gullet. The fruity taste was strong, Nommz letting out a muffled moan as he savored his meal, tongue flicking greedily. Thanks to his special concoction Bacchus finally tasted exactly like he looked.

The sensation of wet warmth embracing his legs little-by-little was far from Bacchus' mind, the horse trapped in endless bliss. He put up no resistance aside from the occasional unintended twitch. Even as his legs were folded into a swelling belly and his crotch slid into a hungry maw Bacchus made no effort to struggle. As far as he was concerned Nommz was giving him the massage of a lifetime.

It took Nommz a bit of effort to guide Bacchus' meaty arms into his mouth. His jaws stretched wide to handle the buff horse's bulk, but it was worth it—so, so worth it. He was slowly rising atop his bulging belly as he gobbled Bacchus up, one of the largest meals he'd ever had.

Muscle gut and pecs vanished, followed by broad shoulders. There wasn't much left, and Bacchus wouldn't have been able to squirm free even if he'd been sober.

“Damn Nommz, has anyone ever told you you give great massages?” Bacchus mumbled, still blushing as his head was pulled into the cavern of Nommz's maw. “I'd love to have this after every workout...”

One last gulp silenced the horse, and Nommz gasped in content as he sent the rest of Bacchus down into his belly.

Within the stuffed dragon Bacchus twisted and wiggled, shifting into a comfortable position while occasionally prodding the soft walls of his new home in confusion. Nommz's tail was wagging up a storm, a look of pure bliss on his face.

“Now that I got me some gamer fuel it's finally time to game~” Nommz teased, grabbing a

controller from the couch that was barely in reach. He had to wobble and shimmy to get a better view of the TV, but soon he was lazing atop his large middle like a bean bag chair, game loading. It was time for another wonderful game night with filling friends...