

A Roll in the Park:

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The sun was low on the horizon, hidden behind orange and pink clouds just above the peaks of the distant Olympic Mountains. Amongst the many furs relaxing along the sandy stretch of beach along the Sound were a fairly interesting duo: a gray, furry dragon and a crocodile with a considerable amount of red, orange, and yellow feathers. Vann and Reave were wrapping up a rather casual Valentine's Day, having decided to forgo the expensive dinner of the previous year in favor of simply hanging out and enjoying the reasonable weather. No stressful arrangements, no questionable service, just some nice personal time together. Of course, they still had to decide on something for dinner.

Reave ruffled his feathers as a brief, chilly breeze blew through. "So, I'm not really in the mood to cook tonight, and you can barely make popcorn right without setting the microwave on fire. Are you alright with some romantic take-out?"

"I don't know, take-out's not really filling, and I've got some catching up to do," Vann replied, poking his non-existent belly. He was unabashedly fond of all things pudgy—himself included—but hadn't had the opportunity to bulk up since his last re-formation. His boyfriend, meanwhile, had a fairly chubby middle.

"I've seen you pig out on delivery a million times, it's plenty filling!" Reave said, amused.

"Oh, whatever! Honestly, I've got a bit of a craving for something far tastier than any take-out," Vann said.

Reave had an idea where the conversation was going, but let his boyfriend have his fun anyway. "And what is that?"

The dragon leaned over and licked Reave's cheek, causing him to giggle. "Why crocodile, of course."

"I don't know, I've heard dragon is far more delicious. Tends to be high in calories, though," Reave joked, patting his soft belly. The voracious couple teased each other about their taste often, so the crocodile thought nothing of Vann's lick.

Vann's stomach rumbled, though the noise unfortunately went unnoticed by Reave. The dragon swooped in front of his boyfriend and wrapped his arms around him, moving in for a kiss that was eagerly accepted. Reave was enjoying the tender moment when he suddenly felt something warm slip over his snout. He opened his eyes just in time to see Vann's maw lurch forwards and engulf most of his head. The romantic embrace transformed into a tight hold, inhibiting the crocodile's frustrated struggles as a second large swallow filled his vision with a dark, drooling maw. Reave grumbled in complaint as he felt Vann's lips sliding over his shoulders and chest, forcing his head into the slick throat. He had wrongfully assumed his boyfriend didn't *actually* want to gobble him up, at least not yet. Sure, maybe after some mundane dinner and a couple movies, when they were just about to pass out for the night, but not this early!

Reave expected to feel his clothes or backpack being pulled off so Vann could get a good, long taste of him on the way down, but the feeling never came. Vann simply kept swallowing and swallowing, reaching Reave's waist faster than he ever had before. His hunger pains were just too sharp, and the urge to fill his stomach was far greater than the desire to savor the meal as completely as usual. The dragon's belly poked out from under his shirt as Reave's head entered the stomach, quickly ballooning out with each gulp. Once his meal's legs were nicely pinned together in his mouth, Vann moved his paws to his fluffy gut, rubbing it as it squirmed and swelled more and more. He could feel the imprint of Reave's snout and eventually claws pressing back against his touch much more vividly than usual, as he lacked a solid layer of flab to suppress it.

As Reave's knees disappeared into Vann's maw, the dragon lifted his head high into the air, happily letting gravity aid in his boyfriend's final descent. Reave was quickly curled into a ball as his legs were slurped up, the inevitable entry of his footclaws causing a joyful bounce in Vann's bulging

belly. Vann sighed contently as his meal was completed, patting his exposed, distended gut with glee as Reave squirmed. There were few things he loved more in the world than being full from a live meal, and he considered it the perfect ending to a perfect date.

"Mmmhmm, that was a wonderful Valentine's Day gift, hon!" Vann practically moaned. "Way better than any old box of chocolates."

Reave punched the fleshy walls of his prison in response. "Real funny, now let me out you gluttonous furball! The night's still young, we should be spending it together!"

"We *are* spending it together, silly!" Vann replied, shaking his belly around playfully. "We both know one of us was gonna end up nomming the other before the night was through, can you really blame me for getting a head start?"

"I can and will!" Reave said, stretching as far as he could in a futile effort to irritate his boyfriend's stomach.

Vann shrugged, a smile on his face, and began waddling in the direction of their car, belly swaying back and forth. "Well then just think of how chubby you'll make me! You always love watching me fatten up."

"Kind of hard...to watch when I'm...the one you're snacking on!" Reave managed to say as he was rocked around by Vann's movement. "You could've just eaten a delivery guy you know!"

"Oh, but that wouldn't be nearly as special," Vann said, having left the soft sands of the beach and arrived at the foot of the gentle path leading up the hill overlooking the parking lot. The walk would be a bit tiring considering the extra weight he was lugging around, but he could manage.

Reave tried to think of a snarky comeback, but the awkward lump in his backpack caught his attention first. A devious grin grew on his snout as he concocted a plan to escape spending the rest of the night as dragon pudge. "I'm gonna give you one last chance to throw me up, Vann, otherwise I'm busting out the tough way!"

Vann laughed. "Sorry Reave, I'm not fond of returning gifts. You're just gonna have to get used to your private room."

Having given his boyfriend as vague a warning as he deserved, Reave unzipped his saliva-soaked backpack and pulled out his trump card: a modest air tank. He'd brought it along on their date as a surprise for Vann, planning to use it to give him the nice round belly he adored, albeit temporarily. Now the plan would be getting a few tweaks. Vann would get a bigger belly than he'd ever dreamed of, though he'd be bursting before he had a chance to enjoy it. Reave turned the nozzle of the tank as far as it would go, the resulting hissing noise music to his ears, and lay it down. After a few tense seconds he felt the stomach walls slowly begin to pull away.

Vann was so happy being full he didn't notice the subtle rounding of his belly at first. The obvious bulge of the crocodile within gradually faded and his skin grew tauter and tauter. A few passing furs stopped in their tracks and stared at his growing middle, watching it swell out further in bewilderment. The unwittingly inflating dragon paid them no head, simply assuming they were looking at the wiggling bulge of his boyfriend. Vore was common, but it always drew a little attention, not that Vann minded. Vann loved the effect it had on passersby, that concern that they might end up joining his current meal if he was hungry enough, forced to waste a whole day digesting before they could get on with their lives. He was top of the food chain, devourer of friend and foe alike, an insatiable pred!

Vann gave his belly a hard slap to celebrate his triumph, and the hollow, almost elastic sound that resulted caused him to halt immediately. The dragon looked down, his eyes growing wide once confronted by his much larger, much rounder middle. He pressed down on it with both paws, feeling the pressure of the air within and the continued growth, clueless as to what was happening to him. A faint hissing noise soon became apparent, though, and at last Vann had an idea as to why he was expanding.

"Hey, stop that! How'd you get a tank in there!" Vann shouted at his ballooning belly.

"It was supposed to be your *actual* present, I was hiding it in my backpack the entire time!"

Reave yelled back from within the stomach.

Vann was forced to widen his stance to accommodate his rapidly expanding gut. “Looks great, now turn it off!”

“Why are you suddenly against having a massive belly? Just think of how big you'll be once this tank's emptied out!” Reave said.

“I'll be too big!” Vann yelled.

“Oh, no such thing as too big, hon! I'll make you nice and round, then maybe give you a good old internal belly scratch,” Reave giggled deviously. “Hope my claws aren't too sharp!”

The dragon imagined becoming a perfect sphere and bursting to pieces, his boyfriend left standing in the blast radius, laughing maniacally. Vann couldn't let him win with such an underhanded tactic. Out of desperation he tried belching the air out, but the few small burps he could manage didn't even put a dent in his middle, and the expansion of his chest made it impossible to force anything stronger. There was, however, a battery operated pump in the trunk of the car. If he could reach it in time, he could potentially use the deflate mode to counter the air tank.

With his pride on the line, Vann began comically jogging up the path, his inflating belly swaying less and less as his skin tightened, creaks soon accompanying every step. Reave was tossed around within, shaken but not harmed thanks to the soft stomach walls. He wasn't sure if Vann genuinely had a plan to thwart his escape attempt or if he were simply panicking at the thought of popping. Vann's sprint was rather short-lived, as his thighs and forearms began to swell, limiting his movement greatly, and forcing him to wobble along at a snail's pace. The seams of his shirt slowly ripped apart, fabric scraps falling in his wake, and he nearly tripped over the remains of his jeans once they failed him.

The larger Vann grew the more he was noticed by others in the park, dozens of eyes glued to the strange sight, some furs pointing others laughing. Vann's face turned red in embarrassment from the unwanted attention and humiliation. He hoped they were all strangers, that no coworkers or classmates were watching at a distance. If he did explode they'd never let him hear the end of it, and he'd lose his beloved “gluttonous furball” nickname and be trapped with something worse, like “Fuzzballoon” or “Puffball”. Unfortunately, no mental motivation in the world could halt the physical expansion of his body, and Vann found himself unable to move further forwards practically the moment he arrived at the peak of the hill.

Vann's bloating body began to engulf his limbs and neck, leaving him immobilized just as he was in sight of the parking lot below. Even worse, his position atop the hill exposed him to even more amused witnesses, as some furs actually delayed leaving the park just to gawk at the gray sphere growing nearby. His skin began to creak loudly as it stretched close to its limit, the pressure within him nearly unbearable. He remained as still as possible—an easy task considering his predicament—fearful any unnecessary movement would burst him preemptively. Within the now spacious cavern of his massively inflated stomach, Reave sat cross-legged, eyes closed as he listened to the wonderful creaks, groans, and hissing echoing around him. Surely his boyfriend wouldn't be able to last much longer, and his ears would be rattled by the earthshaking *Kaboom!*

Creak, groan, hiss. Creak, groan, hiss. Creak, groan. Creak. Reave's eyes shot open as the stomach quieted, settling on the air tank nearby; it was silent. The crocodile fidgeted with the nozzle, hoping it had turned off accidentally, but it spun smoothly. Inches away from blowing Vann sky-high and the stupid thing had run out!

“Damn it, I should have bought the larger tank!” Reave yelled in frustration.

Vann heard the outburst and laughed lightly to himself. He was still intact! “Ha! You failed hon, and now I can sit here and slowly belch my stomach back down to size. Enjoy that extra legroom while you still can!” The dragon managed a small belch, and then another, not caring if it took him all night to finish the job.

Reave heard the dainty burps within his prison and frowned. His earlier threat to poke a hole in

him with his claws had actually been a bluff, as he'd filed them down just that morning after accidentally slashing the furniture one-too-many times. He couldn't let Vann win, though, not when he was so close to victory himself! If there was nothing within the stomach sharp enough to pop the dragon, then Reave would have to find something outside to do the job for him. With only the vaguest bit of confidence in his new plan, Reave stood as well as he could manage and threw himself hard against the front-most stomach wall. Vann winced as the impact strained his taut skin. He let out a brief sigh of relief as his body held on to itself, until a second bump knocked him off balance and sent him rolling onto his spherical middle.

The dragon wobbled as he wiggled his barely visible claws, instinctively trying to right himself. A new impact caused his side to creak, and Vann realized he was slowly rolling towards the edge of the hill. Vann yelped as he left the peak and began to pick up speed, tumbling along the grass. Furs dodged out of the fluffy boulder's path as it came nearer and nearer to the parking lot full of sharp, pointy objects. There was no hope of recovery now, only inevitable popping. The creaks and groans returned in full force as every bump, twig, and stone in the hill pressed against his taut form, and the smooth rolling gradually turned into rough bouncing.

Near the bottom of the hill he managed to bounce perfectly off a particularly misshapen mound of earth, which sent the inflated dragon soaring into air. A gazelle walked right into the path of his fall, too distracted by his music to hear the yelping ball of dragon hurling towards him. He noticed the strange shadow falling over him far too late, glancing up just in time to see a gray sphere slam into his sharp horns. Vann burst apart on impact, the shock-wave setting off car alarms and hurling furry gray scraps all over the parking lot. The gazelle was thrown onto his butt and stunned, confused beyond all belief.

On the grass nearby Reave groaned, his feathers in complete disarray and his entire body sore. The crocodile slowly came to his senses, grinning as he breathed in the fresh air and watched the occasional bit of his burst boyfriend fluttering to the ground. One of Vann's hardened antler-horns was embedded in the dirt beside him. He pulled it out and brushed himself off, casually walking to the car as a small crowd of furs gathered to see the carnage up close. There was still plenty of time for take-out and a movie, and Reave would have the apartment all to himself tonight. He would have to thank Vann for the exciting roll through the park when he finally re-formed.