

A Filling Victory:

By: IndigoRho

“How the hell did you get so far ahead!”

Four friends sat around the living room on a lazy Friday night, eyes glued to the TV as they played their favorite racing game.

“By drifting and not running into every wall on the course, Niall!” Riley shouted in reply, grinning. The plump puma was worse than his larger goat friend at most video games, with the delightful exception of anything involving racing.

“Maybe you'd be winning if you hadn't spent so much time sideswiping me off cliffs, too!” said Riley's boyfriend, Marcus. The obese zebra wasn't all that great at video games in general, not that he really cared. Just hanging out with friends was nice, and he took some joy in distracting Riley with his gut every now and then.

The fourth—and by far thinnest—member of the group actively avoided the lighthearted smack talk, mainly because the arctic fox knew he tended to come off too snarky. Instead Eli quietly mumbled under his breath as he continued playing poorly, eager for someone to win just so he could scratch the nagging itch around his eyepatch. After a final lap of cursing, laughing, and terrible driving, Riley predictably crossed the finish line first, followed eventually by Niall and Eli. Marcus had been in dead last, and didn't even have a chance to finish his lap before the game mercifully ended the race and moved on to the standings.

Riley boisterously celebrated his victory before leaning into his boyfriend and giving his gut a teasing squeeze. “Don't worry hon, you'll get better at this sooner or later.”

“You're so thoughtful when you're tipsy,” Marcus said sarcastically. “Speaking of which, maybe you should hold off on more beer. You get hungry when you're drunk, and I'd feel bad grabbing the muzzle this early in the night.”

“Well he'd sober up real quick if his belly were full,” Niall interrupted, patting his own large gut for emphasis. “And if we were playing for keeps like we originally discussed then he'd get to gobble you up right now Marcus.”

Eli rolled his eyes at Niall as he tried to not use Marcus' belly as an armrest. “You were the only one who wanted to do the whole 'winner eats loser' thing ya glutton! The rest of us said no.”

“*You* said no. Riley and Marcus just sort of snuggled like goofballs,” Niall insisted.

Eli was tempted to go on a tirade, but decided the argument simply wouldn't be worth it. Despite being shamefully addicted to the taste of others, Eli avoided vore as best he could. Niall, on the other hand, was rather vocal about his love of eating people, which understandably led to numerous disagreements between the two. For Eli, the fact anyone who was eaten re-formed safe and sound within a day didn't justify gorging on others against their will. He knew he wasn't going to change Niall's opinion on the matter anytime soon, though.

“Ugh, whatever. I'm gonna use the bathroom real quick.” Eli slid off the couch and wandered down the hallway, the sound of a door closing following soon after.

Riley was a tad bit more interested in Marcus' middle than the conversation, sneaking a paw under the zebra's shirt in order to feel the flab directly. Marcus blushed at the attention. “Hmm, maybe Niall's got a point, tasty. A big zeeb in my gut would guarantee I don't eat any of our guests,” Riley said, giving Marcus a playful lick on the cheek.

“M-maybe we should get the muzzle now before I end up as dinner.” Marcus made no effort to move as Riley tasted him a few more times and slowly began to purr.

“You know, I hadn't thought much about it before, but if I ate you I'm pretty sure I'd end up about as fat as you are now,” Riley said, getting off the couch and pulling up Marcus' shirt so he could massage the zebra's gut more thoroughly. “And I know you've been saying I should put on weight.”

Marcus' face was flush red. “I don't get to see you break three hundred very often. Y-you could

just eat your own cooking to get there, though.”

“But it wouldn't be nearly as fast as just eating you. Unless you want me to stuff you in a pot and have zebra stew.” Being buzzed made Riley prone to teasing.

“No need for that! Raw zebra is far kinder,” Marcus said.

Riley inched down onto his knees before Marcus and gently grabbed the zebra's hooves. “Well now that you're willing, I think it's time to fatten myself up on ya.”

Before Marcus could respond, Riley greedily shoved the zebra's hooves into his mouth and swallowed, soaking them in saliva almost immediately. He took a second, deeper swallow and moved forwards, working his way up Marcus' legs while purring loudly.

Marcus giggled as his boyfriend's warm throat tickled his hooves, feeling more and more of his legs compressed and engulfed. “H-h-hey now, stop that! You promised you wouldn't eat me while we had friends over.

Riley attempted to reply, but his mouth and throat were too full of zebra for any of it to make sense. He had already reached Marcus' knees. Marcus made a playful attempt to fend off his ravenous boyfriend by gently bopping him on the nose, but Riley simply stuffed the offending hooves into his maw and gulped them down too, ending any chance of the zebra being able to escape on his own accord; not that Marcus was putting any real effort into not being eaten. Being digested was a small price to pay for adding a good fifty to sixty pounds to his boyfriend's bulk. Still, he didn't want to seem *too* eager to be eaten alive, especially while Niall was around.

Marcus' legs were almost completely swallowed now, his soft gut spilling against Riley's face and over his nose, overwhelming the puma with his wonderful scent. What little restraint Riley had left was gone in an instant. The puma's purrs grew closer to a roar, and he stretched his maw wide to engulf the lowest part of Marcus' middle. Wonderful flab and tasteless shirt spilled into his mouth like a massive marshmallow. Marcus giggled more as he felt his belly squeezed down Riley's throat, his hooves already pressing into the stomach walls.

“Uh, Niall, I could use a little help here,” Marcus finally asked.

Niall had been rather content to watch the show, always a fan of seeing his friends partaking in vore. “I don't know, it'd be pretty rude of me to deny Riley his prize. He won you fair and square after all.”

“This better not be a ploy to get a stuffed puma treat!” Marcus jokingly accused as his elbows passed through Riley's lips. “Getting Riley obese is the only way this worth it!”

“Oh don't worry, you'll just be puma fat tonight rather than goat fat,” Niall said, watching as Riley's gut expanded further due to his boyfriend snack. “Besides, Riley's always a bit more willing to go hunting with me when he's super fat.”

“The last time you took Riley hunting he got eaten cause you were too busy glutting to keep an eye on him—whoa whoa whoa!” Marcus felt Riley's paws inch around his back and lift what little of him remained uneaten, causing him to descend faster into the depths of his boyfriend.

Niall shrugged. “You can't blame me for that! Not my fault Riley let himself get ambushed by a red panda fatter than me. If you're really worried about him getting eaten you should just join us next time; would be fun finding a fat lion to feed ya.”

Marcus' chest was within Riley's mouth and his shoulders were soon to follow. “Ehhhh, I don't really care for the taste of flesh. The only time it was worth it was when Riley seasoned the heck out of the prey, and I honestly felt kind of bad the rabbit had to deal with that for almost a whole day.”

The door in the hallway clicked open, and Eli chose the worst possible time to return to the group. He took one good look at Marcus' head sticking out of Riley's open mouth and just sighed. “Did Niall put him up to this?” the fox asked Marcus.

“No! I mean, not really. You know how Riley gets when he's had some beer, sometimes he just can't help—mmphhmpph!” Marcus' explanation was abruptly cut short as Riley gulped down the rest of his boyfriend's head.

Riley rolled himself over so his back was against the couch, lovingly cradling his lumpy, exposed belly. The massive bulge that was Marcus shifted around as the zebra tried to find a comfortable enough position, before settling down to limited fidgeting. Eli cautiously made his way back to the couch, making certain to keep a safe distance away from Riley on the off-chance the puma was still feeling hungry. He doubted his friend was drunk enough to go on an eating spree, and hoped Marcus would at least soak up some of the liquor and sober Riley up enough to handle his inhibitions.

“Alright, we're down to three players now that Marcus' become an entree. What do we do now?” Eli asked.

Niall lifted himself off his chair and waddled over to the TV. “Well Marcus isn't puma pudge quite yet. If Riley swallows the tablet controller he could still play for a while longer.”

“Does that thing even still get good reception inside a stomach?” Eli asked, genuinely curious.

“Yep! I've had someone use it inside me before and I've got way more flab to block a signal than Riley does,” Niall said as he pulled out the bulkier screened controller and joined the others by the couch.

Eli shouldn't have been surprised by the answer. “Alright, but you're feeding the thing to Riley. I'm not interested in being digested tonight.”

Riley had barely been paying attention to the conversation, purring away as he gently rubbed his bloated gut. Niall was fairly confident he could avoid getting snacked on, but still took care as he poked Riley's muzzle with the controller. “Alright tubby, just gulp this down and keep swallowing fresh air so your dinner can keep playing till the digestive juices start up.”

Surprisingly, Riley did just as he was told, eating the controller without a fuss and only making a token attempt to nibble at the goat's hoof. His belly wobbled as Marcus moved to grab his new companion. Just as Niall had claimed, the icon for a fourth controller soon popped up on the screen, and the gobbled up zebra was back in the game. While he wasn't enthusiastic about the situation, Eli was at least thankful they could all continue hanging out to a certain degree, and did his best to pretend he *wasn't* playing video games with someone's impromptu snack.

Once Niall returned to his chair the next race was begun. Dealing with a boulder of a belly was having an obvious impact on Riley's game, and the stuffed puma struggled to stay within the top five. Marcus, meanwhile, was somehow managing to perform better than ever before despite being crammed in a slimy stomach with little room to maneuver. With Niall busy ramming Eli and Riley as often as he could, the zebra was able to stealthily creep past them as the laps progressed, practically forgotten. Riley's gut bounced around wildly once Marcus crossed the finish line first, though, and the others looked over in surprise as a muffled celebration commenced. The distraction gave Niall one final chance to nudge Eli's car off a cliff, which he did with glee to cement the fox's standing as dead last.

Niall chuckled to himself as he finished third. “Man Riley, how's it feel to lose to your dinner?”

“Oh c'mon, you lost to him to! Besides, I'm proud of my filling zeeb,” Riley said, giving his belly a congratulatory pat.

“Some of your skill must have rubbed off on me along with your saliva!” Marcus replied, his voice so faint even Riley could barely hear it.

“Alright Niall, how would your ridiculous vore rules work in a scenario like this?” Eli asked, unable to resist an opportunity to antagonize his friend. “Marcus can't exactly eat the loser while he's stewing away in someone's gut.”

Niall frowned and seemed about to say something when he suddenly stopped for a few moments, then grinned. “I guess you've got a point. Honestly in this case Marcus would be freed instead.”

“Well then Riley should spit him out!” Eli said.

“Yeah, good luck convincing hungry hungry puma there to give up his meal.” Niall pointed to Riley, who was still happily nuzzling his own gut. “The only way Marcus isn't ending up as cat fat is if someone pulls him out, and I'm sure as heck not gonna meddle in the food chain!”

Eli scowled at the goat. "Ugh, I'll do it. I know this is just an excuse to see me waist-deep in someone you ass." He slid himself completely onto the couch and crawled till he was kneeling right above Riley, who watched him intently. "Riley, Marcus won so he gets to come out now. I'm sure you can just eat him again after everyone leaves if you really feel the need."

Riley made an over-exaggerated frown, but didn't truly seem disappointed. "Okey dokey. You're getting a temporary reprieve, hon!" the puma shouted to his middle.

"Do I get to eat Eli when I get out?" Marcus' voice echoed.

"No you do not get to eat me!" Eli insisted. "You don't even like vore, and you should be thanking me for being the only one who doesn't want to see you digested tonight!"

Eli was already regretting his decision and he hadn't even let Riley swallow a claw yet. With a sigh he carefully lowered his paws into the now open maw of his friend, flinching ever so slightly as he felt the warmth of the puma's breath and saliva. As expected, Riley eagerly gulped the second Eli's paws poked the back of his throat. The fox had performed similar acts at his clinic job countless times, but there was always a bit of uneasiness involved in being swallowed alive, regardless of how harmless it was in the long run. His posture resembled a slow-motion dive down Riley's throat, his claws just beginning to creep into the stomach as his head slid into the maw. Once his paws were further in, though, he felt them grabbed, followed by a sudden yank that disrupted his balance and lurched him down the throat.

At first Eli assumed Marcus as just attempting to be helpful, until he felt a new wave of warmth and stickiness cover his paws; the zebra was trying to eat him. Eli cursed within the confines of Riley's throat as he futilely tried to escape Marcus. Unfortunately for him, there was simply no way to adequately fight back. He squirmed and wiggled as he felt himself sliding down the throats of two friends at once, his legs frantically kicking at the couch cushions and doing little to help. There were no delusions in his mind of reversing the situation. Niall would obviously just cheer for Eli to be gobbled up once he realized what was happening, Riley wasn't going to turn down a chance to get *even* fatter, and he doubted Marcus would actually be capable of stopping now. Forcing his way out of one stomach would have been incredibly difficult; escaping a stomach within a stomach was practically impossible.

Despite knowing he was doomed to add to a friend's waistline—*again*—Eli wasn't about to go down willingly. He fidgeted as much as he possibly could to at least be of minor annoyance to the gluttonous couple, and he made sure to aggressively berate Marcus during the brief period between his head entering the puma's stomach and moving into the zebra's mouth. His struggles gradually died down, though. The extensive trip down two throats denied Eli access to fresh air, and he was already feeling lightheaded halfway down Marcus' esophagus. By the time he entered the zebra's stomach he was unconscious, and Riley was closing his maw over a pair of motionless footpaws. The puma's belly swelled out even more as his first meal was fattened up by his second, causing the purrs to ramp up in intensity once again.

Niall watched the scene unfold first with confusion, then delight. He was always caught off-guard by his zebra friend's rarely-seen voracious tendencies, but he loved witnessing it in person; Marcus was even one of the few people Niall enjoyed being fed to, always hoping it would lead to the zebra becoming an active pred. As Eli's struggles faded, Niall waddled over to watch the remainder of the feeding frenzy at a closer distance, grinning the whole time. He offered cautious belly rubs once he was certain Eli was completely tucked away in Marcus' gut, kneading just hard enough to give both friends the experience.

"Your boyfriend's a very sneaky zeeb!" Niall laughed as he continued admiring the mass of his friend. "Eli's gonna be *so* grumpy when he re-forms."

Riley's belly wobbled slightly, a muffled belch echoing from within. "I kind of feel bad about it, but I just couldn't resist a chance to get Riley fatter!" Marcus said.

"Eh, don't worry. Maybe Eli will come back with both eyes this time around; then he'll have to thank you!" Niall said.

“Or he'll re-form really fat again and still missing an eye, and I'll be fox pudge,” Marcus replied, though he didn't seem too concerned about such a scenario. He admittedly really enjoyed seeing his friends get fatter, and the usually-slimmer Eli was no exception. Getting digested to make that happen was more than worth it.

“Even better! Fluffball can't control his voraciousness when he's fat, just gorges on anyone he gets a tiny taste of.” Niall smiled as he imagined the future possibilities. For now, though, he was content with the sight before him.

Riley had merely purred and rested his head against his massive gut while his friend talked to his dinner, and let out a loud, rumbling yawn. “Oof, haven't been this stuffed in a while, might have to pass out soon.”

Niall gave the puma a playful slap on the belly. “Just another reason you should make a habit of it!”

“I can't carry around a four hundred plus pound body like you can, dude; my gut would wreck the bakery kitchen!” Riley said in between purrs.

“If you say so.” Niall had seen the puma blimp up in weight enough times in the past to know he could handle the size perfectly fine. “Alright, if you're about to snooze I'm gonna head out. Don't want you eating me in your sleep when I'm not looking!”

Riley smiled. “Unless you fall into my mouth I think you're fine.”

“Something there's a high risk of if I think about you hunting again!” Niall said as he walked around the living room gathering up his stuff. “Have a nice night you three, and send me pics of the results once they're all digested!”

Riley had a good laugh before yawning again, barely hearing the apartment door shutting behind him. The content puma returned to snuggling his belly, eventually falling into a deep slumber as he thought about how much fatter he'd be in a couple days.