

The Burpday Boy

Vic Waite

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The following tags apply: Vignette, Mature, Feederism, Fat, Oral Vore

Illustrated by my lovely partner SmallerGod and written for my good friend Keo's birthday. As sweet as he is tasty <3



Illustrated by [SmallerGod](#)

There wasn't an open space on the couch, tables, or floor. As far as birthday parties go, a day in with friends wasn't the most ambitious choice, but Keo executed it well. A morning of passionate preparation and an afternoon of expert cooking resulted in a feast worthy of royalty. A trio of his friends laid sprawled on the soft embrace of his couch, lounging in the aftermath of that culinary celebration. Plates licked clean and cans drank dry littered the space, the ruins of a gastric feat still in progress. The sofa itself fared little better than the food, bent and bowed under the weight of three experts in gluttony. The curve in its frame was likely permanent, and the cushions were squished flat to near uselessness. It was a price worth paying for that camaraderie and closeness.

At the near end of that lavish sofa sat Lyla, a kobold wide in belly and wider in hips. The soft, cream swells of his scaled stomach spilled over his lap, burying a pair of thighs that squished well passed the bounds of his seat. The arm rest creaked and groaned with the most subtle shift of weight, fighting a pressure it was never rated to contest. A shock of blue hair broke over the side of his head in a fluffy wave, a bright contrast to his pale, fine scales. A modest chest rose and fell with his breaths, supported by the soft, cyan swell of his middle. Those scales quivered with a building rumble, the subtle preamble to a belch that shook the windows and floors alike.

"Lovely," Keo smirked and giggled. "Got any more?"

A clawed hand slapped the side of that stuffed expanse, and its echo rumble forth. **UUURRRPPPPP**

"Heeeheeee," the husky answered, muzzle bright with his blush.

The pig beside her hefted her stomach and dropped it into her lap, sending a sloshing wave across its soft pink rolls. "I can beat that."

Jenny spilled over her fair share of the couch, belly compressed by cyan on one side and grey on the other. It avalanched over the pig's lap and strove for her knees, round and tight with enough courses to fill a large family. Despite that, the sounds of its persistant need filled the air between words. Burbles and churns of digestion ruled the apartment's ambiance, underscored by rumbles demanding more. A plate perched upon the boulder of its curve carried the crumbs of her most recent snack, pulled chicken slathered in a rich sauce that also flecked her snout. The glutton had the foresight to set it aside before pressing her paws to her gut, sinking in deep and pressing out a sound that resonated in Keo's bones.

BBBURRRURLLP

The pig grabbed her love handle and sloshed it, grinning in triumph. With her other hand she passed the empty plate to Keo, who traded it with one loaded with coleslaw and barbecue. In the wake of that exchange, everyone's eyes fell to the jotun beside her.

Vic smiled, a more bashful look. The shapeshifter fell somewhere on the spectrum between cow and fox, broad bovine muzzle accented with little fangs. A pair of horns broke their hairline and rose just high enough to stand against their sweeping volume of rich brown mane. Dark and light grays compressed the rest of their pelt, the former focused on their front and the latter on their back and limbs. Patches of the darker hue littered their figure in bovine spots, concentrated on their upper arms and thighs. The jotun's belly couldn't beat Jenny's in size, their hips didn't match Lyla's in scale, but the twin swells of their chest just barely claimed the title of largest among them.

Vic thumped their chest twice, and a pitiful little burp tumbled forth. *Uuurp*

Keo basked in it, Lyla chuckled with it, and Jenny patted their back in consolation.

"I need some more seltzer if I'm going to compete with these two," they laughed.

Keo obliged and passed a can to Vic.

The sounds of three stuffed, lounging gluttons filled the air for a beat before Lyla raised a point. "As much as I've enjoyed this, are you sure this is what you wanted, Keo? Usually the birthday boy has someone cook for them, not the other way around."

The orange husky waved a paw. "This has been exactly what I wanted, don't worry at all," he answered, mirth in his voice. "Just make sure to eat as much as you can."

The kobold laughed and patted his stomach. "No worries there, I'm stuffed."

Keo's tail wagged into a blur, and his gaze slid to Jenny and Vic.

Jenny rubbed a paw over her stomach, hooking her fingers just enough to catch the ridge of her belly button and bounce her pink boulder. "I think I've got some room for dessert~"

"Dessert sounds fantastic," Vic echoed.

The husky's hips swayed with the whips of his tail by then. "Sounds good, I'll get some ice cream for you two."

Keo left for the kitchen, and behind him the hungry pair shared a conspiratorial look. From between the crushed cushions Jenny produced a coin, and with a nod, Vic asked her to flip it. It clinked against Jenny's cloven fingers and tumbled through the air, spinning on a path that carried it to the floor. Anticipation fluttered in their

chests while it came to rest, and that unspoken exchange ended when it finally fell. Jenny smirked and patted her belly in victory, while Vic smirked and rubbed its other side. Both grinned ear to ear when the husky returned.

Keo held a sundae's worth of ice cream in each hand, triple scooped and loaded with fixings. He brushed aside a place for them on the table, and when he turned to face the couch again, a paw reached out and snatched his leash. A sound between a gasp and a moan tumbled from his muzzle, quickly muffled by his landing against Vic's chest. His face blazed fiercely, and it only grew hotter when the jotun spoke.

"Ice cream is well and good," they murmured, low and sultry, "but you should know by now that it takes a little more than that to fill either of us."

"But you've already had five plates, both o-" Another pull of his leash ended that blushing protest.

"And it was excellent, all of it," Vic purred. "But it lacks a certain quality. It's not your fault by any stretch."

A confused sound spilled into Vic's cleavage.

"It's not prey," Vic revealed, quietly chuckling. "It's delicious, it's decadent, it's savory, but it doesn't squirm or moan or quiver like real, proper food." Their tongue glided over their lips. "You know what I mean?"

The orange and cream husky, one hundred percent prey by every standard, nodded and whined.

"Naughty morsel, lying like that," Vic laughed. "I should scarf you down just for that, but that's not how this afternoon is going to go."

A questioning wurf knocked into Vic before they passed the leash to Jenny's waiting hand. A smirk crossed her muzzle and she stuffed its lead into her mouth without hesitation. A deep, rolling swallow sounded through the room when she claimed the loop, a noise that sent a shiver down the husky's spine. The full scope of Jenny's act didn't hit until her third gulp, when she finally stole enough away to create tension in what was left. It pulled unyieldingly on Keo's collar, more than enough to pry him away from the expanse of Vic's cleavage. When he saw how much of that line was gone and heard how greedily the pig's belly rumbled for him, it stole its breath.

Fortunately, Keo's stunned stammering had little impact on Jenny's appetite. If anything, the fire in his muzzle and the whine in his chest accented it. The husky wrapped his paws around the leash in a token gesture when Jenny swallowed again, bringing his nose to the gluttonous gate of her maw. It yawned wide under her heart-shaped nose, and the tusks at the corners of her lips stood like guideposts while the action of her throat reeled him in. Keo did less than hesitate. His tail lashed a mile a minute and he threw himself onto her stomach. Submissive delight shivered through his body, and he glided over that expanse on the way to Jenny's mouth.

She claimed his hands easily, stuffing them into her jaws as if they were any other food. An approving groan resonated in her chest as she slathered him with her tongue, stealing away his natural orange cream flavor. Her stomach echoed that sentiment with a rumble, a demand that she addressed swiftly. The pig leaned down and slurped over his arms, then stretched her cheeks around his shoulders. Practice and experience rendered that feat a simple exercise, and with a few tilts of her head, she conquered the first hurdle of Keo's figure. While she stretched her jaw and limbered up for his chest, the husky watched the entrance of her throat pulse and clench around his elbows.

The drop over the back of her tongue loomed inches away from his snout, and the soft squishes and squelches of its desire rang in

his ears. Huffs and pants of her humid breath rolled by, seeping into his pelt and saturating what her drool did not. Outside his hips wagged with the momentum of his tail, and inside he strained forward at that point of no return. Peristaltic motion massaged his paws and wrists, and the only thing he could think about was how nice it would feel over the rest of him. Jenny agreed, and another swallow tipped his head down and over that inviting ledge.

Keo's plush chest squished against the pig's lips before gliding over them, and her jaw dropped wide in preparation for his middle. Her tongue squirmed against the fluffy tuft between his pecs, smoothing his glide as he curled over himself. It was a slow motion driven entirely by Jenny's appetite, and it stalled against the weight of the husky still outside. Half upside down and swamped with slick saliva, Keo hung the in the chimney of her throat for just an instant, before a pair of hands planted onto his soft backside. Vic stole the barest hint of a squeeze before pushing him down, nudging the husky back into motion.

Gravity tipped into Jenny's favor, and the gate of her stomach yawned open with his approach. His paws braced against the spongy floor of her stomach, and slick gastric slime immediately broke his grip. Keo's face smooshed into the folds of her belly next, in the same instant his hips caught on her mouth. Easily the husky's widest point, they lodged in place firmly and offered an enticing invitation to savor him. Jenny obliged, and with soft chews tenderized that husky rump. In the pit of her stomach, his face burned bright and he protested those tastes with half hearted shouts undercut with moans and laughs. Her own greed spared him from that prolonged teasing, and in the wake of a rumble that rattled Keo's world, she tipped her head back and dropped her jaw.

The husky's thighs squished in, and that last holdout against Jenny's bottomless appetite slipped. He glided down her gullet in the span of seconds, and her belly spilled passed the bounds of her lap. Soft pink flab rolled over her knees, and the couch protested the

weight of yet another person. Her hands flew to her middle and roamed over the bulges of his form, tracing and trailing them until he settled into place. Keo's world inverted again and again, though that soft, squelching tumble lasted only seconds. The wrinkled gate of her stomach sealed shut somewhere above him and vanished into the folds of the walls, leaving him with no obvious exit.

Not that there was anywhere else the husky would rather be.

A sigh spilled from Jenny's snout while he shifted and settled, a sound eclipsed by a belch that squeezed her stomach down tight on Keo. Those plaint walls smooshed down on him with the weight of her flab, burying him in the collective result of her gluttony. The points of his figures, his elbows, his knees, the other distinct parts of his body, left no sign on her frame. There was only the soft rolls and folds of her fat, and had Lyla and Vic not witnessed and helped with her meal, they would be none the wiser to his whereabouts. They knew exactly where the birthday boy had gone however, and they wasted no time tucking him in to his new room.

From both sides, paws and claws squished into the mountain of Jenny's belly, pressing and kneading deep enough to tease its resident. The pressure of their attention added to the rising rolls and churns of that stomach, squishing and saturating Keo with warm, slick gastric need. It soaked his fluff down to the skin and sapped his strength, wearing down the passion of eager squirms and little wiggles. The overwhelmed husky only lasted a few minutes before his stamina waned leaving him only the strength to bask in Jenny's hunger and snuggle against her softly churning walls. The soft rush of her breaths and the steady pounds of her heart served a potent lullaby, drawing him into content, satisfied sleep.

"You know," Lyla began, "if I wasn't already so full, I'd eat you for not including me on the coin toss." He punctuated that with a hissing chuckle, only half joking.

Jenny waved a hand. "That would have taken too long."

"Plus, you can eat him any time you want," Vic added. "You'll have plenty more chances to make up for this missed snack."

"Fair enough," Lyla conceded. "But don't be surprised if I eat you later anyway. And I get first dibs when he reforms."

Vic arched a brow. "We'll figure it out when he reforms."

Jenny grinned and ended the argument. "Happy burpday Keo~"

"Happy burpday Keo," Lyla and Vic echoed.