



Buffet Bellies

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The restaurant was filled to capacity with the peak of the dinner rush, and I feared that I wouldn't be able to find a table at first. Every demographic was represented at the buffet, from the young family to the bargain-seeking bachelor, but what most caught my eye was a single husky near the warming tables. It looked like he was alone, but that didn't stop him from eating for three or four. I almost tripped over someone's kit in my absent awe, and only then did I realize how completely he held my attention. The amount of food he shoveled into his muzzle was truly something to be admired, after all. His shirt was speckled with the casualties of his greed, but given the sheer volume of calories pouring into him, the garment was impressively tidy.

I eventually found a place to rest my plate after a group of felines departed, and luckily it had a wonderful view of the gorging canine. In retrospect, it must have been pretty obvious that I was staring. The weighty husky was able to finish entire trays of food in the time it took me to clear a single dish, and our gazes met on more than a few occasions. I always tried to look away before he could glare at me, but I don't think I was entirely successful. It seemed to happen more often as time went on, and from the corner of my eye I could tell that he eventually stopped turning away. I wasn't sure if he was put off by my apparently shameless ogling or not, but it seemed he was at least willing to let it slide.

My gut reminded me that I had come to the buffet for a reason, and the mountainous husky drifted from my forethoughts as I conquered my own servings. I ate at relatively relaxed pace compared to the monochrome glutton, but I still put away more than my fair share. I can't be completely sure how many trips I made to the buffet or how long I took, but I was a bit shocked to find the place almost completely empty by the time I was full. Not that I was in any sort of rush, mind you. I'm patient enough to savor culinary artwork, and this was easily the best all-you-can-eat I had been to in some time. As I finished dabbing the essence of my desert from my muzzle, I realized that I wasn't the only one that held that sentiment. The staff had either given up on taking the husky's used plates away, or maybe he wanted to pile them into a pillar of trophies, but for whatever reason the byproducts of his feast were proudly displayed.

Numerous stacks of used dishes cluttered his table, utterly dwarfing my own gluttonous accomplishment. I briefly considered trying to match him server for serving, but my belly didn't appreciate the idea. The pangs of preemptive stomachache surged forth at the mere thought of closing the caloric gap, not to mention the ground he would gain while I caught up! He ate like a beast possessed even though he had single-handedly decimated the restaurant's profits, and he was still going strong. With my own hunger sated, I decided to stay a little longer and watch the poetry of his motion unfold. Either by gratuitous practice or natural talent, not a single flake of food fell from his jaws. There had been cubs in earlier that made a bigger mess, but I'm sure he was more motivated by greed than courtesy.

His pace finally slowed as he completed his fifth tower, and he stifled a belch as he leaned back in his groaning chair. The pose lifted the hem of his too-small shirt, putting the bottom curve of his stuffed belly on display. I swear I heard threads popping from half way across the room as he stretched his flabby arms, exposing even more of his cream-furred middle. A smirk and a wink told me that the display was intentional, and once he had my attention, he waved me over with a thick paw. I hesitated for a moment before I acted, wondering what he could want with me. His grin widened as I stood and tried to pull my own tight shirt over my gut, evidently pleased with my above average capacity. It was nothing compared to his however, and the gulf that separated us became more obvious as I sat down beside him.

His frame widened grandly under the table, flaring out into a pair of hips that would challenge most doorways. He had a fittingly large rear as well, expansive enough to strain his jeans and bury his chairs. His thighs were easily as thick as both of mine combined, but they appeared strong enough to support his lardy frame without much issue. A blush warmed my cheeks when I caught myself in a worshiping gaze, bringing a light chuckle from the indulgent god. “No shame in liking what you see,” he teased as he jiggled his impressive middle. “I thought you’d enjoy a closer look. You’ve been watching me eat all evening, after all.”

My ears splayed against my scalp and the heat in my muzzle intensified, but I couldn’t deny that he was right. “Sorry about that,” I nervously murmured. “I didn’t mean to be rude.”

The husky let out a bellowing chucking at that and hugged me against his soft form. “Nonsense. There’s nothing rude about admiring a work of art.”

I didn’t try to pull away, and once his reply sunk in I began stroking the soft fur beneath his stretched shirt. “It really is a thing of beauty,” I hummed. “How long did it take to get this big?”

He rumbled in appreciation of my rubbing and gently pressed my head into the soft dome. “Not as long as you might think,” he said with mirth. “Want to know my secret?”

I nodded without hesitation, sliding my muzzle across his fat-warmed pelt.

“It’s all in the diet,” he grinned. “Food high in fat will plump you out faster than anything else, and the more you eat, the better. It also helps when your meals deliver themselves to you.”

I didn’t understand what he meant until I looked up, just in time to see his open muzzle dripping with saliva. His embrace tightened as his lips overtook my nose and settled at the base of my snout, but the added strength was hardly needed. Shock kept me from wriggling out of his sinfully soft arms, and disbelief stole my strength as he took the rest of my head. The husky’s breath was unexpectedly sweet with his recently devoured dessert, which was at least a thin silver lining. Panic set in when he came to my shoulders, but reason prevented me from struggling and wasting energy. He had eaten twice my body weight in food mere moments

before, so even if he had the ability to swallow me, he wouldn't have the capacity, right? He's massive, sure, but no one is *that* massive.

That line of reason eroded as continued to sink deeper into him, however. I started to think I had underestimated his gluttony when his tongue played across my chest, saturating my shirt and fur with thick saliva. He evidently wasn't fond of the flavor-muting fabric, but I guess he couldn't come up with a good way to get it off me beforehand. He wouldn't make that mistake twice though, and a rush of cool air swept over my legs as he tore off my pants and undergarments. I was sure that someone would try to help me at that point, either a heroic patron or concerned staff member, but it seemed like no one was willing to risk padding out his gut even more. The husky continued to swallow me whole and uncontested, and soon he was cradling my stuffed middle with his tongue.

I flinched as he playfully chewed on my thick belly, accidentally shoving myself in a little deeper. He rumbled around me as he stripped my fur of its flavor, and a small river of drool flowed over me when he swallowed. My decent slowed when my gut wedged between his jaws, giving me a fleeting moment to process what was happening. I quickly came to the conclusion that I wasn't getting out without help, and the chances of that dwindled rapidly. My mind clouded as I baked in the sweltering heat of his core, and his pounding heartbeat further scrambled my thoughts. The result was far more relaxing than it should have been, and my body slumped as it gradually warmed up to the idea of joining his. A booming chuckle rattled my bones as my predator noticed the change, and he tipped his muzzle up in satisfaction.

I fell into his stomach under the force of gravity, but his muscles limited my descent to a languidly slow slide. The regular rhythm of his body was interrupted by a deafening pop, making it obvious that his jaw had separated. My rounded middle effortlessly slid into the top of his throat after that, bringing my wide hips and exposed rear well within tasting range. The husky's tongue curled between my thighs without hesitation, and another thunderous rumble told me that he enjoyed what he found. I naturally blushed at the odd compliment, and I found some comfort in the fact that I was worth savoring. It probably helped that all his attention was beginning to cause a physical reaction. A shiver ran the length of my body as my shaft emerged from its sheath, and at that point I was almost glad that nobody was trying to get me out. My situation was getting harder to explain by the second!

Unfortunately, I couldn't stay suspended in his gullet forever. My weight and his greed worked against us, and after a few minutes of teasing and squirming, I slipped past the point of no return. A muscular wave rippled down my body as he swallowed, and with more of me in him than out, physics took over. I bulged his neck heavily before disappearing behind a wall of muscle and fat, and reappeared seconds later as I spilled into his gut. A bed of soft food cushioned my drop, but it wasn't nearly as large as I expected. He had eaten many times what I had, after all, and what I saw couldn't be more than a few plate's worth. I didn't get to dwell on that for long however, because his stomach was already hard at work when I arrived. Slimy walls

clenched down around me, forcing me to curl up and saturating my fur with the last parts of his feast. The sweltering environment quickly drained what little energy I had left, and I could feel myself slowly succumbing to his gastric desires.

My shirt was the first casualty, sloughing off my dampened pelt after a few vigorous contractions of his walls. I feared that my hide would be next, but the thick belly slime didn't seem to have much effect on me. It slickened my fur and kept me tumbling, but otherwise I was fine. His first dinner wasn't as fortunate however, and what was left of it drained away in short order. I was alone in the churning sac after a few minutes, and exhaustion began to set in once the rush of being swallowed wore off. I wasn't sure I would wake up again if I gave into sleep, but I honestly didn't care at that point. There was no chance of escape, and I'm not sure I would be able to leave his warmth even if I had the chance. My body soon made the choice for me, and I blacked out amidst the satisfied groans of his belly.

The husky's colossal middle sagged down to his thighs as he stood from the table, and the restaurant staff cowered as he lumbered towards them. They breathed a collective sigh of relief as he continued passed them, which quickly turned to shouts of outrage when they realized neither he nor his meal had paid. The canine would be long gone before anyone mustered the courage to pursue him however, and once clear of anyone that might stop him, he ducked into an alley to rest. He rubbed over his stomach as he took a seat on a wooden crate, nearly splintering it under his great weight. Once sure that his seat would hold, he leaned over the swollen dome of his belly and lavished himself with generous rubbings. "That was lesson one. I hope you paid attention, because I'm expecting you to put it to use later."