

Friendly Gorging

By: IndigoRho

As a movie finished playing Indi lazily turned off the console and TV, letting out a wide yawn. The large, midnight blue cheetah had spent most of the evening marathoning movies with his roommate, Aster, a plump black cat. Though he'd had a lot of fun, Indi couldn't deny he was getting tired, and Aster appeared to be in the same position.

"Alright, I think I may have to call it a night," Indi said as he hefted himself off the couch, doughy belly jiggling as he rose.

He made a conscious effort to stretch hard enough to expose his middle, knowing Aster wouldn't be able to resist staring. Both felines shared a fondness for heft—a poorly-kept secret their waistslines betrayed—and were fairly prone to admiring each other's bellies at every opportunity. As expected his roommate's eyes were locked on his middle the second a soft strip of blue fur revealed itself.

"Honestly I'm probably gonna do the same," Aster replied, eyes lingering on the fatter feline's gut for a few moments more. "Though I gotta grab a bite to eat first."

Indi nodded, suddenly aware of his own hunger. "Ooh, good idea!"

The cheetah made for the kitchen, prompting Aster to hastily get up and follow out of fear Indi might clear whatever snacks were left ahead of him. Unfortunately once the pair opened the cupboards they were greeted by a wasteland. Aside from some popcorn and a couple slices of bread there was nothing that could be microwaved or eaten outright. A check of the fridge and freezer proved just as disappointing.

Aster frowned. "I swore we had ice-cream sandwiches this morning!"

"Uh, I had those after lunch," Indi admitted with a hint of obviously fake guilt.

"All twelve!" Aster shot back, despite knowing just how gluttonous his roommate could be.

"Well what about the leftover pizza!" Indi gave the black cat an accusing poke to the gut. "I thought you looked rounder than usual."

The back and forth bickering continued, but in the end both were equally guilty of clearing out the once well-stocked kitchen. Neither had the patience for delivery, and shopping was simply out of the question that late. With their stomachs rumbling audibly their thoughts slowly drifted to another option for second dinner: each other.

Indi was the first to make a move, having been passively considering gobbling up Aster for the last hour or so. Without warning he pinned the cat to the nearby wall with his belly, grinning as his roommate grunted in surprise. While Aster was a rather plump two hundred and ten pounds, Indi still weighed about a hundred more, and wasn't afraid to abuse their size difference. His middle was like a blubbery wall, and nothing Aster did could make it budge.

The mischievous cheetah didn't take the time to gloat about his assumed victory, his rumbling stomach demanding food immediately. He opened his maw wide and lunged at Aster, swallowing half the annoyed cat's head in a single go. Aster wiggled and complained as he felt Indi swallow again, the cheetah's lips beginning to stretch around his shoulders, but with his arms pinned his options for escape were limited. Still, he refused to just give in and become a snack, especially considering how much Indi was guaranteed to tease him about it once he re-formed.

Every greedy gulp put Aster an inch closer to spending the night in a stomach, and if he didn't act fast he'd be past the point of no return. With his legs still mostly free, Aster braced his feet against the wall and pushed as hard as he could, throwing his roommate off-balance.

Indi stumbled backwards and bumped into the counter, his grip on Aster's waist weakening as bit of his roommate's soft middle slipped free. The persistent flailing of the rowdy cat prevented Indi from regaining control of the situation, and he had no choice but to bend over and cough harshly. The rest of Aster's belly wobbled free of Indi's mouth, another cough releasing his chest before a final one

ejected the rest of the cat onto the floor.

Aster shook his head and gasped for fresh air as he found himself temporarily off the menu, while Indi finished up a coughing fit. The cheetah looked at his frowning roommate and returned a guilty smile. “Hehe, no hard feelings?”

“Not once I’ve turned you into a belly bulge!” Aster grinned back.

The hunter had become the hunted, and Indi decided he was best off making a break for his room and hoping Aster wasn't hungry enough to follow. He lumbered away as fast as he could, already out of breath from being forced to hack up his potential snack and not in the best of shape. Of course Aster was extra eager to fill his belly with cheetah at that point, and pursued his delicious roommate with a vengeance.

Indi managed to flee the kitchen but he wasn't even halfway across the living room before a sharp tug on his fluffy tail caused him to chirp in dismay and topple over. The nearest wall rattled some upon as the blubbery cheetah impacted the carpet, groaning from having the wind knocked out of him.

“Don't worry Indi, you get to sleep in your *real* room tonight!” Aster laughed and patted his belly with both paws.

Licking his lips in anticipation, the cat bent down and grabbed Indi by the ankles before shoving the cheetah into his mouth. Indi was still trying to recover as an all-too-familiar sensation of warmth spread from his footpaws up his legs. He chirped and flailed, trying in vain to pull himself free, but he was already too late. His toes were sliding down Aster's throat, and with his legs pinned together by his roommate's jaws all Indi could do was claw at the carpet while trying to crawl forwards.

“C'mon Aster, it was a joke, I swear I was gonna spit you out after!” Indi lied, terribly.

His knees were just passing Aster's lips, the cat's belly starting to swell a little as his meal emptied into it. In many cases Indi's weight would've given him an advantage against the smaller cat, but Aster was quite adept at targeting his roommate's weaknesses. For one, Indi was horrible at escaping preds once they started swallowing him, especially when he was grounded. He'd never try to roll or thrash, just crawl, and he wasn't about to overpower Aster's hunger that way. The cheetah's greatest weakness, though, was his own beloved gut.

Aster grabbed a hold of Indi's doughy sides, squeezing the pudge to tease his roommate. The act was met with a flurry of chirps as Indi blushed in embarrassment, wiggling more but less effectively. Being prodded and jiggled always flustered the cheetah to no end, distracting him so he'd be an easier meal. Of course Aster also simply enjoyed feeling just how soft his larger friend was.

Soon the vengeful cat had completely swallowed his roommate's butt, his jaws stretching to take in Indi's sizable belly. Confident, he lingered on the pudgy middle, savoring the taste and squish. Brief, treacherous purrs escaped Indi as he was thoroughly tasted, the cat fuming over how enjoyable the *sensation* of being eaten was even if the end result was less than ideal. Aster himself was purring loudly in assumed triumph, his gut swelling with cheetah as he devoured more and more of his delicious friend.

As Indi's chest started to slip from view Aster decided to risk standing back up so he wouldn't end up stuck on the floor of the living room all night. With considerable effort he got onto his knees and braced his paws on the carpet, then carefully started to rise. His late-night snack didn't make the process easy for him, but Aster managed to balance himself despite Indi's wiggling and complaints. Aster's bulging belly now hung low, rocking side-to-side from his meal's squirms, a ball of black fur that'd ripped his shirt down the seams.

“I'm too fat to eat you, you jerk!” Indi said in frustration, unable to believe he'd been bested and was likely doomed to become cat pudge *again*.

Suddenly the sound of the front door being unlocked made both Aster and Indi freeze in place, their gazes turning towards it. A slim, black and white lion walked in, though he did a double-take and laughed once he saw what his two roommates were up to. “Ha, lose a bet Indi?”

“August help, Aster's just eating me for no reason!” Indi lied, again terribly.

“Dude there's always a reason—and yes hunger counts!” August smiled as he walked by, taking the opportunity to pat Aster's swollen gut. “Digest well Indi, see ya sometime tomorrow!”

Indi made a few more pitiful attempts to gain the lion's favor, but soon August was hiding in his room, door locked just in case Aster decided to have dessert.

“Traitors, you're both trai—*mmmph!*”

The defeated cheetah's tirade was cut short as his head began to slip into Aster's maw, a long gulp pulling him into the slick throat. His arms were greedily slurped up like noodles, Aster quickly cradling his massive middle in his paws to await the final gulp. Just as expected his belly bounced heavily once Indi emptied into it completely, eliciting a fresh round of loud purrs and a gleeful *uorrrrrrrrp*.

Aster's cheetah-stuffed middle was utterly massive, a lumpy boulder he struggled to hold up. For a couple minutes he just stood in the living room, hugging and nuzzling his own belly as he basked in the joy of being huge—and of turning his friend into a fattening snack. Just thinking of the pounds he'd be adding to his waistline thanks to Indi made him grin from ear to ear.

The wonderful meal had left Aster somewhat exhausted, and his bed was sounding more than ideal. Slowly the cat waddled down the hall towards his room, belly shaking and jiggling thanks to his irritated roommate-turned-dinner. He nearly got stuck in the doorway, laughing as he was forced to wiggle through at a snail's pace, but nothing was going to stop Aster from getting a good night's sleep. With care the engorged feline lowered himself into bed, smiling at every creak his excess girth prompted.

Aster sunk into the mattress, his purrs almost loud enough to drown out Indi's continued whining. “Indi have I ever told you you're at your best when you're rounding out my belly?”

The cat's middle wobbled in response. “L-let me out, I'm a pred not prey!”

“You get eaten plenty, jumbo, you're practically a regular part of my diet!” Aster teased, giving his bulging gut a solid rub. “Just like my stomach's your real bed at this point.”

Indi squirmed even harder than before, much to Aster's delight. As he rubbed and patted his belly he started to yawn more and more, his eyelids growing heavy as the need for sleep overwhelmed him. Inevitably the cat nodded off, bound for dreams of gluttony. Rest was far harder for Indi, though. The cheetah kept wiggling and struggling in the cramped confines of his friend's stomach, pouting in the dark where no one could see. He was already plotting revenge, fantasizing about how exactly he'd gobble up the cat once he re-formed. Soon enough he passed out as well, destined to become cat fat for the time being...