

“Nah, I’m tellin you I’ve gotten bigger, mate!” Bandit laughed, pinching at his sides and groping at the love handles that dropped from his side. His friend, Fido was hanging out with him in his house. The two had the day to themselves and they somehow found themselves talking about their weight habits. Bandit was currently the center of attention, rubbing his belly and feeling his girth. Fido seemed enthused, however.

“Oh you’re hardly that big! You’re too hard on yourself. I’ve seen dogs twice your size and didn’t care in the slightest. Plus, I think you look good.” Fido smiled, his own paws maneuvering to rub over the fluffy belly of Bandit affectionately. Bandit was caught off guard by this, not knowing how to respond and ending up freezing, allowing Fido to feel around before realizing what he’d been doing. Quickly, he pulled back and held his paws over himself.

“Oh! M-my bad! I guess I just got caught up there! hehe!” Fido laughed. Bandit wasn’t sure exactly what happened but he could piece most of it together. He slumped down next to Fido and pulled him into a one armed hug, planting Fido’s head into his gut and enveloping him warmth.

“Ah it’s alright. I had a friend of mine talk about it too. Vore, yeah? Yeah, Pat always wanted to be my food but uhh... Oh where *did* he go?” Bandit rambled, placing a paw on his chin as he tried to remember where Lucky’s dad went. Disconnected from his wonder, he could feel his balls tingle slightly. Fido was hardly listening though, his paws rubbing over his gut amorously and leaning into the thick belly. The massive heat pressed into his head as his cheeks rubbed against it comfortably. It gurgled loudly, getting Fido excited as well. Bandit could feel himself getting hungry.

“Say, Fido?” Bandit started, his stomach now doing most of the talking. Fido looked up from the gut curiously, not yet catching on. “You want a closer look? We still have a few hours before I have to go pick the kids up. You can have as much fun as you want in there!” The heeler smiled down at his future meal. He could totally take him out of his belly after a while in order to avoid digestion. Fido just had to-

“Oh you’d let me do that? Aw thanks, Bandit!” Fido laughed, climbing over the lap of the massive Heeler and sitting just in front of his muzzle, his paws rubbing at Bandit’s cheeks before the massive maw opened. Bandit’s tongue was the first to interact with Fido, slipping out of his maw and flicking against Fido’s wrist slowly. His maw was already a cavernous pit of spittle and hot breath, which delighted in taking in Fido’s first paw. Bandit initially allowed him to take his time,

slowly stroking along his tongue his each individual digit before Bandit leapt to swallowing it greedily. Fido didn't object to it, instead leaning into his muzzle with another paw and lowering his head between Bandit's jaws and pressing his nose into his esophagus. Bandit gave him a good swallow, allowing a decent start to his descent. Bandit reached around to cup the bottom of Fido and lifted him up, his dad's strength coming in handy to line up Fido for a slower and filling sink down his gullet. As Fido's face sank past the back of Bandit's tongue, Bandit rushed to lubricate the dog in as much saliva as his tongue could carry, leading to a more swift descent with another gulp. Once Bandit swallowed past Fido's pelvis and lapped between his legs, another swallow was all it took for Fido's paws to land on his tongue. Another good few licks and Bandit let the dog slowly sink in now, no longer offering his effort to help him find his place. Luckily, Fido already found most of his body in the cramped gut already, able to reposition himself and pull his legs inwards. Soon, Fido had completely disappeared from the outside world and solely belonged to Bandit's stomach walls, squeezing around him and already gushing light dribbles of various fluids. Fido felt around, perceiving the impossible weight of the layers surrounding him. The thick fat, fur, and muscle all kept him tightly in place. He was more than sopping wet already thanks to Bandit's efforts, able to nuzzle around each of the slippery walls.

"Whoa who knew you'd be such good food?" Bandit exclaimed, impulsive slapping his gut and immediately disorienting his prey inside. Bandit was quick to now rub at the belly apologetically. With a yawn, Bandit continued.

"Oof sorry, mate. Impulse." He laughed. Even through the layers, his voice came clearly. Fido lifted his head slightly and spoke loudly, unsure of how much he needed to be heard.

"No problem, it is a bit tight in here though..." Fido commented, trying to push back against the walls only for the rest of the muscles to fold around his limbs and cramp closer. Bandit didn't seem to hear him, falling over to his side and flopping Fido over in the process. Bandit stoked his belly carefully as another yawn overtook him.

"Ok I'm gonna get some shuteye pal. You good to stay in there?" Bandit asked. Much to his surprise, he only heard a muffled hum coming from Fido, leading him to assume he was fine to sleep. With another grunt, Bandit rolled over so that his body was essentially hugging the massive gut with the bulk of his new meal parting his legs. Within seconds, the blue heeler was out cold, though his body

still went on. His belly gurgled around the massive meal in his gut, squeezing him on all sides and gushing fluids all over him. Bandit's legs also found new purpose as well. While Fido worked to satisfy himself in his massive friend, Bandit's unconscious *other* head shared the idea, humping the massive growth in his belly with his cock that had emerged from his sheath.

Recently, Bandit's cock had grown alongside his balls, but he completely forgot what he did to make this happen. With his elongated cock now shoving into the gut and ridding Fido of the limited space he already had to work with, his stomach went into overdrive. While the process already started, unbeknownst to all parties, the constant humping from the blue heeler worked to shove Fido in all the right places. His cock was growing more excited by the pound, humping harder with more frequency. Fido worked as well, getting an understanding of what was happening around him and jerking himself off with reckless abandon. Almost in unison, the two came, the climax forcing the gut to squeeze one last time and Bandit having vum all over himself with small tufts of golden fur apparent amongst the sperm after withstanding his semen.

After a short 5 hour nap, Bandit awoke to his alarm to get his kids. His gut had shrunk down to allow his legs to flop over the couch with stained cum across his inner thigh and underside of his gut. Bandit groggily got up, expecting Fido to be underneath his belly, feeling the extra weight surrounding it, but he only found that his gut had nearly doubled over in size. With a groan, Bandit squeezed his gut inwards, feeling the rest of Fido get forced into his lower intestines.

"Oh of course all of you went to my gut. Ha! I gotta wash, hope you enjoy this belly, mate." Bandit laughed, slapping his gut once more, though fully purposeful. He pulled himself from the cushions and walked over to the shower in his bathroom, feeling the extra weight around his stomach and sides. To an extent, Fido got *exactly* what he wanted. Though it was a little too late to back out now.

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