

You were sitting in Liam's lap, laying across him while he played his game on the TV. His arms enveloped you in a comforting way, the constant clack of the controller a nice, calming reminder that he was still there and still happy to be around you. You gave his arm a few light rubs as you continued the order on your phone.

You heard his game pause, and soon enough you felt his head peering over your shoulder. You still had the restaurant's menu open, and Liam gave you a raised eyebrow as he looked it over.

"What's that?" he asked, setting his controller to the side.

"I was just ordering dinner," you remarked, leaning into him a little more. "I'm getting hungry, and it's late, so I don't wanna drive out to go get it.."

He tilted his head with a cute look of curiosity. "Huh. What... what food?"

"Some pizza. I like meat lover's, personally." You scrolled through the menu again. "You want something?"

"I dunno, I've... well, I don't think I've ever had pizza before."

"You haven't?"

He shook his head, before leaning back on the couch. "Nah. I mean, Valeria and I might've had it when we were younger, but I don't think we had the money for that." He scratched his stomach, and you could hear it growl.

"Sides, I was never a big eater anyway."

"I'll just order an extra pizza for you." You thumbed through the app again, before settling onto the menu again.

"What toppings?"

He peered over your shoulder again. You gave him a few scritches under his chin, and he smiled. "I dunno, just do whatever you were gettin'."

"Meat lover's?"

"Yeah, sounds good. I like meat."

"It's sausage, pepperoni, and bacon." His head left your shoulder, and he shifted a little on the couch, spreading his legs out to accommodate you. "You're fine with those?"

"Mmm. I like that." His stomach growled again as he spoke, and he rubbed it up and down with one hand, tongue lolling out of his mouth. "Damn, now I feel like I haven't eaten all day."

"Don't worry big guy, you'll be fine," you murmured, standing up. Liam's gaze followed you. "I'm just gonna shower while they get to delivering it, okay?"

"Kay," he responded, laying down on the couch and yawning. "I'll be out here."

"Love you, Liam," you said with a small little smile, that the wolf reciprocated.

“Love you too, babe,” he made a little heart with his fingers, a gesture he’d learned from you recently. It was incredibly cute.

You were a tad bit excited, just to see how much he could pack away.

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As the doorbell rang, you bolted from your bed to get your food. Liam stayed behind in the living room—he could be frightening to those unfamiliar with him—while you paid for it all. It was a small amount of pizza, so you decided to add on a bit more to your tip. With a small farewell, you bid the delivery boy goodbye as you carried the pizza back into the kitchen.

Liam curiously, almost cautiously, crept up to you as you set the two boxes on the counter. As you opened the first one, his eyes widened with surprise. He sniffed it, leaning down to get a better whiff, and you could hear his stomach rumbling again. He mumbled a little uncomfortably as he licked his lips.

“That smells... uh, really good.” He gave the pizza another once-over, his tail starting to wag out of anticipation. “C-can I have some?”

“I bought an entire pizza just for you, of course you can have some!” You picked up the boxes and started walking to the living room. “Just gonna bring these to the couch, though.”

As you walked, and as Liam followed, he delicately picked up one slice from the open box. He kept one hand under it as his claws held it like some precious artifact. You giggled a little at the sight.

You set the boxes down on the coffee table in front of the couch. “You don’t have to be so careful with it, big guy. Just eat it!”

Liam sniffed it one more time before taking a tentative bite, only nibbling the tip of the slice. A small bit of cheese dribbled down his chin as the taste of it hit his mouth—his eyes practically started glowing. Without any hesitation, he took a huge bite out of the rest of the slice, tearing it off in one bite as he sat down on the couch.

“That good, huh?”

“Mhm!” Liam nodded vigorously as he chewed. “s RMLLY gffd!”

“Don’t speak with your mouth full,” you playfully chided, sitting down next to him and nudging him with an elbow.

He swallowed, a smile very prevalent on his face. “It’s REALLY good!” With another bite, the slice was gone—those teeth weren’t for show, huh? As he reached for another slice, you casually took one for yourself. Liam took two slices and set them on top of each other, before taking another huge bite.

“Careful, Liam!” you giggled, putting a hand on his shoulder. “You’re gonna get hiccups if you eat so fast.”

“Mmngmpf, fine,” the dog muttered after another swallow. “But it’s *soo* good...”

“I didn’t say don’t eat it. Just be mindful, y’know?”

He nodded, finishing the two slices eagerly. Damn, it was *impressive* how fast he wolfed it down. “Got it, got it. A-and, uh... thanks. For the food.”

“Don’t worry about it, pretty boy.” You pulled your feet up onto the couch, leaning against him. You grabbed the controller from next to him, setting your slice back on the table. “You mind if I take over?”

“Go—mngph—go ahead!” He shuffled on the couch to allow you to snuggle up to him. You smiled, leaning your head on his shoulder. “I’ll join you once I’m done eating.”

“I’ll be waiting—I need to race you again to make up for last time.”

“Babe, you’re still not gonna beat me.”

“Try me.”

He turned to look down at you, and you looked up at him in kind. You placed a small kiss on his nose.

You giggled. “You smell like pizza.”

“Aw, thanks,” he replied, rolling his eyes with a sarcastic tilt to his voice.

You casually returned to your game while Liam watched, eating away.

The evening steadily progressed as the two of you relaxed; it was about eight in the evening when you set your controller down again. Your hands had started to ache from using the joysticks so much. Liam hadn’t quite moved from the couch, still snuggled up against you.

As you rested for a moment, you looked at the pizza left on the coffee table. To your surprise, there was hardly any—the entirety of the first one was gone, and only half of the second one was left.

“Sheesh, you were hungrier than I thought,” you piped up, getting Liam’s attention. He paused, mid-chew, and lowered the slice of pizza from his mouth.

“Uh, well... sorry. I-it was a lot better than I, um, expected. Like, *way* better.” He scratched idly at his stomach. He didn’t show a single sign of being full, but you could see a bulge against his trim abs beginning to form. “Mm. And filling, too.”

You paused for a moment, in thought. “...You want me to order some more?”

His eyes widened, and he shook his head. “N-no, you don’t need to. I’m fine, I swear. If you wa—*hic!*—wanna,” he paused, hand on his stomach again. “If you wanna, you can, but don’t do it for me.”

“It’s my job to care for you, Liam—I’ll get you more pizza if you want it.” When he didn’t immediately respond, only taking another deep breath, you sat up. “I promise, pretty boy. Are you still hungry?”

He hesitated again. He took another bite of pizza as he nodded.

“Alright. I’ll get you some more, then,” you pulled your phone back out. “Do you want the same thing?”

“Mhm. A-and do you still have that soda? The—*hic!*—er, the one you got for me?”

“Yeah, it’s still in the fridge! I’ll grab it for you,” you said as you stood, still ordering on your phone as you moved into the kitchen. “Gotta make sure my boy is properly fed, yeah?”

Liam laughed, and you smiled at the sound. He was so cute when he got happy. “I guess so. I mean, I don’t eat a lot.” He rubbed his stomach, leaning back a bit more. “...usually.”

“That’s probably not good for you,” you murmured, finalizing the order on your phone. You slipped it into your pocket as you opened the fridge. “I mean, I speak from experience, not eating is a great way to feel awful later.”

You pulled the soda out of the fridge; it was a big, two-liter bottle of this soda Liam liked. “But I don’t—*hic!*—damn, that’s not... *noooaurp!*” Liam covered his mouth with one hand, clearing his throat. “S-sorry.”

“I’m glad you’re eating *at all*, Liam.” You strode back into the living room, sitting back down next to Liam. You set the bottle of soda in his lap. “Here—you didn’t need a cup, did you?”

“No, no, I’m good.” He scarfed down the last bite of the slice he was holding—there were only three pieces left in the box—and picked up the soda. “I think I’ll, uh... mmf. I’ll wait until the rest gets here to keep going.”

You picked up your controller, snuggling back up to him. The soda hissed as Liam cracked it open. “You wanna join me for a bit, then?”

“Yeah! Let me just...” He raised the soda bottle to his lips, taking a long swig. You could almost hear it as he chugged away and it settled with the pizza already stuffed into his gut.

“I should finish my first slice before you take it, huh?” you joked, nudging him again as you picked up your piece. You took a bite, Liam wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

“Ahhh, mm, that’s good.” He screwed the cap back on, setting it between his legs. He put a hand to his chest. “Thanks, babe.”

You settled back into place, handing him his controller as you both set up to wait for the second batch of pizzas. You finished your slice, and, while you were playing against each other, Liam finished the rest of them and started to make a considerable dent in the two-liter bottle. He really liked that soda.

As you snuggled up a bit closer to him, starting another round of races, you noticed how much the pizza seemed to be filling him. Aside from the sound of it digesting in his gut, which was becoming more audible by the second, you could see the visible curve his gut was making. It looked like his lithe abs were stretched over a small ballgut.

You set your hand on it in between rounds—Liam didn't seem to notice, too busy leaning back and sipping at his soda. It was a pleasant arrangement.

When the doorbell to your apartment rang again after about twenty minutes, you practically bolted off the couch. For whatever reason, seeing Liam stuff himself silly was getting more and more tantalizing by the moment.

You picked up the two boxes of pizza from the delivery girl—you were somewhat glad it was a different person—and brought them over to Liam with a pep in your step. He was practically drooling at the smell of it. And with good reason; it smelled heavenly. He sniffed at the air as you set it back down in front of him.

“There you go, pretty boy,” you lulled, making sure to give him a pat on the thigh as you grabbed the empty boxes. “Knock yourself out.”

Liam looked down at the pizza, reaching for another pair of slices again—he paused, however, looking up at you with a pair of puppy-dog eyes.

“Don't feel bad, Liam.” You stacked the empty boxes in your arms. “I *want* you to finish it. I promise.”

He stared at you for another moment, before smiling. You could see his tail wagging as he began to dig in. “Thanks again, like... a lot.”

“Anytime.”

You smiled as you carried the boxes over to the trash. You chucked them out, quickly getting back to your position on the couch next to Liam. You didn't want to miss a single moment of him feasting—it was too addicting, watching him eat and drink and eat and drink.

The first half of the pizza was gone in the blink of an eye. You were tempted to just set your hands on his gut, rubbing to your heart's content, but decided against it. Right now, it was only just starting to press against his jeans and belt. There'd be more time for belly rubs when he was fuller.

In the meantime, you returned to your game, resting your head against Liam's side while he ate.

Time passed fairly quickly, stretching into the later hours of the night. You continued to play your racing game, pausing for a breath as you were barely cheated out of first place. Liam groaned for your sake.

“C'mon, you should've—*ourp*—sorry, you should've won that,” Liam chimed in, wrapping an arm around you. He took another swig of soda. “Stupid computers.”

You looked at the pizza. He was almost completely done with the third box, but he was slowing down. You could hear it in his voice. You set your controller aside.

“How’re you feeling?” you asked, shifting in your spot to feel up his belly. It was tight.

“Hm... I mean, I’m—huff—a little full. B-but I really, *really* wanna finish it all.” He reached for another slice. He took a breath. “Okay, maybe more than a little full.”

You rubbed his gut, hand gently moving over the soft fur and taut abs. “You’ve got this, Liam, it’s just one more.”

He took a bite, and then another, and the slice was gone. He swallowed, before finishing it with another huge swig of soda. He wiped his mouth again, before groaning. “Ugh, it feels like it’s just... gods, it’s just trapped in my stomach.”

“Tell me what you want me to do,” you whispered, still tenderly rubbing his gut. “I’m here to help.”

“Just... just hand me more pizza, please.”

So you did.

Bit after bit, slice after slice, you handed Liam pizza whenever he didn’t have it already. You’d hand him a slice, he’d scarf it down, and wash it down with soda. He kept making groans of discomfort as all that food was packed away, the air trapped in his stomach in various different ways. He heaved every once in a while, making sure he kept the food *down* at least—you rubbed his belly to soothe him.

The third pizza was done. All that was left was the fourth one, but you could hardly take your eyes off of the gut that Liam was growing. Rounded and bulging against his jeans, it felt like you could watch it swelling outwards with each mouthful of pizza he swallowed. You let both your hands rest on it, soft fur under your fingers as you heard, and felt, all the gurgles of his stomach.

Liam paused for a moment to catch his breath, tilting his head back and taking slow, deep, strained breaths. He let out a low moan of discomfort as his arm fell limp at his side while you gave his belly all the attention you could. He hiccuped, and you heard the slosh of the soda in his stomach tossing around with each one. He grunted with effort to sit up again, his furred belly pushing against his belt as he reached for another two slices.

It was incredible, the way his belly ballooned. Not only had his abs been completely stretched out, stretched over the mound of food in his stomach, but his sides had swollen as well. The sheer amount of pizza and soda in his gut had rounded out his middle in a way that made him look bloated beyond belief—it was almost unreal. Compared to how slender he normally was, it felt like a beach ball was stuffed into his gut.

After a while, Liam was nearing the end—all the food you’d given him was gone from the table, and he was slowly but surely finishing the last few slices. It was a terrible effort, but he was nearly there; you whispered your words of encouragement into his ear as he tried to finish, his tail sliding anxiously next to you.

Liam swallowed the last slice of pizza with tremendous effort, panting as he kept one hand on his distended gut. He lifted the bottle of soda, and he started to chug—drop after drop, second after second, he finished the bottle in one grand swig. The moment it was empty, the sound of plastic cracking filling the room, he dropped it onto the floor. He groaned again.

“Whoof, I—gods, I finished it,” he heaved, leaning back with another moan of discomfort. Despite that, he chuckled, letting you rub his belly some more. “O-okay, now I... now I’m gonna rest. God, but—*oourp!*—sorry, it’s just so—*bwooOAAARP!*”

“There, there, just let it all out,” you consoled him, hands all over his belly to try and get all the air out.

Liam’s hands quickly darted to his belt, which was still wrapped tight around his waist—with a clink, it came undone, clattering against his hips. His belly was absolutely rounded out now, like a beach ball—no, a yoga ball—tucked under his skin.

“S-so tight, I... I juu*UUARP!*” He let out another belch, not even trying to cover them anymore. He was too busy rubbing his gut. Small beads of sweat dotted his forehead and his gut. “I’m—*oourp*, *bwoOOAAARPH!*—I’m so full... *BwoooaaAAARRrrp...*”

The dog let his arms rest at his side while you rubbed his gut. You heard the endlessly rolling noise in his gut, and you could hear the slightest sound of fabric straining. You took your hands off his belly for a moment.

Without warning, the button of Liam’s jeans popped clean off, launching across the room—it hit the wall and made a very tiny dent. His gut surged forward into his lap, taut like a drum as it spilled outwards. The force of it caused all that mass inside of it to slosh around again, sending another wave of air up his throat as a thunderous belch.

“*HOOARP—buAARP!* I-I can’t—*buoorp-bwoOAAARP!*—damn, I can’t believe I ate *sourp—bwoOOAAARPH!*, e-excuse me, so much...” Liam panted, tongue lolling out of his mouth now. His gut roiled with all the soda bubbling inside of it. “I can’t even... *buff*, I can’t even see *oooarp*-over it...”

“Don’t worry about that, pretty boy, just let it all out... you’re done eating, okay?” You patted his belly, and listened as it rolled again—Liam let out another thunderous belch. “See? You’re doing great.”

The pattern went on for quite a while—Liam would let out a string of belches, hand on his stomach, and you would soothe him with your hands on his gut. It was obscenely tight, skin stretched over the absurd amount of pizza, soda, and whatever else he ate earlier crammed in there. He panted again, breaths occasionally interrupted by tiny burps.

By the time he finally breathed a sigh of relief, slumping into the couch while his tail wagged, it was getting late. His gut was still gurgling with food and soda, sure, but he seemed to have gotten all of the burps out of his system. He came to a rest, for once.

Liam sighed, wrapping an arm around you. You kept your hands on his stuffed-to-the-brim belly. “Thanks, babe... for, *oourp*, all of that.”

You smiled as you patted his gut, listening to it slosh. “Believe me, it was my pleasure.”

The wolf held up a hand to his mouth, one last tiny burp coming out of his stomach. It was big enough that it looked like he’d doubled his weight in just a few hours. “I’m glad I could, *buuff*, glad I could help.”

“You ready to call it a night?” You laid your head in his lap, looking up at him. You couldn’t see his face over his gut, but he loomed over to look down at you with a smile.

“I *cannot* get up, babe,” he moaned, but leaned back, slumping into the couch. “I’m sleeping here.”

“Fine by me,” you replied, hands on his gut. It bubbled in your ear—the perfect sound to fall asleep to. “Goodnight, Liam.”

“Good—*ourp!*—goodnight, babe.”

You learned he was very adorable in a food coma.