

THE WAY TO A SCALY HEART

Few holidays resonated with college students quite like Halloween always did. They got to dress up in goofy or cool costumes, hang out at parties, watch scary movies and really get their fill of sweets. And if they managed to do all of the above, even better.

Taro's apartment was empty, sans the plethora of wrappers, piled up plates and various soda cans and beer bottles he vowed to get around to cleaning up eventually. But eventually, he announced his presence in a way only Taro could.

**"BRRUUUUUUUU
OOOOOOOOORRR
RRRUUUUUHPIII!"**

A big, rumbling belch erupted just as soon as the apartments front door swung open. When it ended, in entered Taro, who was dressed in gear reminiscent of the Overwatch hero character, Roadhog, if Roadhog were a big fat crocodile. Road-Taro groaned as he cradled his enormously full stomach. "Grroooohh, dude, yer film pals rock some seriously dope pizza..." Taro groaned, rubbing his clawed hands all over his thick, flabby dome.

"I still can't believe you never tried Margarita Pizza with basil and feta cheese before," replied Conall. The smaller alligator was dressed in a lab costume with a black shirt underneath with torn up purple pants. Perhaps if he wasn't a reptilian creature by nature, his Lizard costume wouldn't have flown over so many heads. Fortunately, his comic-loving, tubby boyfriend at least got it.

Taro lumbered over to the couch, cradling his globular belly the whole while. It jiggled and bounced with each heavy step the croc took. All the pizza and soda he'd downed at the party sloshed so heavily within his fat stomach that it sounded like a huge, rubbery ball full of rich and thick syrup. He lazily plopped his thick rump onto the couch and spread his equally thick thighs apart so his massive stomach could spill out. Taro groaned and gave his fat gut a resounding pat, sending ripples throughout that vast, scaly beanbag chair of a stomach, making it gurgle and slosh deeply. In response, Taro threw his head back and expelled another throat-rattling belch that rumbled out of his maw for a few seconds straight until it left him sighing with relief.

Conall bit his lower lip and eagerly scuttled up to the couch, nestling himself right up against that giant stomach. Immediately, he planted his hands atop that blubbery, jiggly dome and nuzzled up its sides. His palms, much like the side of his face, sank a little into Taro's soft-scaled belly fat. "I think you've put on a little weight there, big guy," Conall said, teasingly patting Taro's belly and feeling its surface ripple after each pat like mild shockwaves.

Taro hiccuped then snorted. "No joke, bro. Ya keep bringin' me t'places with all this amazin' food, how d'ya expect me not t'chow down, ya know?" The big-bellied crocodile grinned a little more slyly, wrapping his arm around the much smaller gators' back and gently squeezing him into his belly some more. "S'too bad ya couldn't feed me tonight, huh."

Conall's dark green cheeks darkened even more when the squeeze made him blush. "...Oh, I think we can fix that," he insisted, cupping his hand under Taro's immensely heavy belly and trying to push it up for emphasis. The bottom of his gut squished a little from the action, but it was so heavy and full that Conall couldn't heave it up like usual. The croc was that full.

Just then, the doorbell rang, catching the two off guard. It only took a second before Taro's face lit up until he, with surprising speed, heaved himself up from the couch, belly wobbling and sloshing intensely. "Right! It's still Halloween, ain't it!" Taro said, almost excitedly. He hobbled over to the kitchen and grabbed a bowl stuffed to the brim with candy, belly bouncing with each step he took until he eagerly swung the door open was greeted by about six little kids in costumes all holding bags out eagerly.

“Trick or Treat!” They said mostly in unison. They were young so coordination wasn't yet a strong suit.

“Awww, lookit you lil dudes!” Taro exclaimed eagerly, looking over the costumes. “Black Panther, dope, respect. Lil Joker, spooky! Pumpkin Head? Creative! Sheets with holes cut out? Classic. And two Buzz Lightyears? Hah! I saw Toy Story 2, so that can only end in hilarity, lil dudes!” The fat crocodile eagerly dropped small handfuls of candy into each of their bags then waved the kids off.

He smiled and closed the door, placing the bowl down and hobbling his way back to the couch, leaning against the arm once more for Conall to resume his belly rubs.

“Sorry, bro. Feel free t'have at it,” Taro remarked, folding his arms behind his head and slumping back so his belly would stick out more.

Conall smirked, cheeks darkening once more while he resumed rubbing Taro's fat, blubbery gut in big, wide circles. “You wanna watch another scary movie?” He asked, grabbing Taro's belly by its sides and pushing his palms into the undersides again to heave it up while he kneaded his claws eagerly into it. They sank a great deal into that scaly fat, which only made Taro groan contently.

“Graaaaah, whatever ya want, bro,” Taro groaned, too contented by having his thick, tender belly attended to so thoroughly.

“Scream 1 it is then,” Conall insisted, using one hand to turn on the TV and set it to the movie, while continuing to run his other hand firmly up and down Taro's vast belly. Taro's thick, fat tail thumped against the couch, signifying how contented he was by the treatment he was receiving.

But once more, the doorbell rang. And like the Roadrunner, Taro shot up to his feet, much to Conall's surprise. “Ooh! I got it!” He said eagerly. He cradled his remarkably fat belly with both hands and hobbled over to the front door, scooping up the bowl as he swung the door open.

“Trick or treaaaat!” Another group of kids declared, holding their bags.

“Oh dang, someone call Batman! All his enemies converged at my place'n they're hungry fer sweets!” Taro joked then smiled down at the kids. “Here's some candy fer the Riddler, some fer lil Harley, hey, another Joker! Classic TAS, love it! And here's a lil extra fer you, Killer Croc.” Taro winked at the little crocodile boy who stared up at him with confusion.

“I'm the Hulk.”

“...Oh. W-Well, Lou Ferrigno's cool too,” Taro insisted then waved the kids off as they thanked him and ran back to their parents.

Taro smiled then closed the door, setting the bowl down again. He was walking back to the couch but stopped and grimaced with discomfort. Fortunately, it was short-lived when Taro gripped his fat gut with one hand and belched ferociously.

**“HOOOOOOOUUUUU
UUURRRRAAAA
AAAAAAHPIIIIII!”**

It rumbled out of his throat for a few seconds straight, leaving Taro's maw gaping open and baring his fangs as that eruption ripped out of him. As soon as it ended, his head bobbed out with another deep belch, then a smaller afterburp.

“You okay there?” Conall asked.

Taro grunted, patting his belly contently and then sighing in an equally contented manner. “Guh, yeah, just shook the keg up a lil too much runnin' over here,” Taro joked while he lumbered back to the couch and plopped back down.

"Y'know, if you're still so full, I could give out the candy," Conall suggested, turning on the movie and cuddling against Taro's comfortably soft, burbling dome.

Taro snorted and wrapped his thick, burly arm around his little scaly boyfriend. "And miss seein' all those awesome kids rockin' all those kickass costumes? No thanks, bro!"

Conall looked up at Taro and grinned while he ran his hand across the center of the crocodiles belly. "I didn't realize you liked Trick-or-Treating so much."

Taro grinned a big, almost childlike grin as he looked up in thought. "Ya kiddin' me? Growin' up, that was one'uh my favoritest things t'do, bro! My pops'n I would walk all around the neighborhood, goin' from block t'block, fillin' my bag t'the brim with candy'n talkin' all the while." Taro snickered, making his thick belly jiggle like gelatin as he remembered something. "He never got a chance to Trick-or-Treat when he was a kid, so I'd always go a few extra blocks so I could get some candy fer him too. But it was always nice, just the two of us, hangin' out, enjoyin' the night...and the haul I'd always get? Hoooooh baby..."

Conall's smile softened while he continued rubbing his boyfriends belly and looking up at him more affectionately. "You and your dad really are close, huh."

Taro smiled happily and nodded back at Conall. "You better believe it, bro. He's always been my best friend, and he's the only dude who's ever beaten me in an eatin' contest before," Taro added jokingly. "But nah, he's always been just the best dude. Seein' all those lil dudes runnin' around in their kickass costumes just reminds me'uh all the fun we had together. Plus, it's nice just seein' kids havin' a nice fer themselves like that, where they get t'just be kids."

Conall simply smiled and shook his head softly. How Taro could keep surprising him was a mystery even Conall could never comprehend, but it wasn't one he minded not knowing the answer to. It was just another reason why the gator loved his boyfriend so much. He once again rested his head against Taro's belly and rubbed it fondly in slow, wide circles. The smaller gator teasingly stuck his claw into Taro's rather deep belly button. Taro groaned contently while Conall wiggled his clawed finger into the croc's navel, lost in thought himself.

Conall never really had as many good memories of Halloween. His parents were usually too busy to take him out, and frankly, growing up, the gator didn't have a lot of friends. But sitting here with his big, kindhearted boyfriend, enjoying a scary movie together and a nice, blubbery belly to fondle over, well, in the moment, Conall couldn't ask for much more of the holiday.

Predictably, the doorbell rang again. While Conall might have been annoyed under any other circumstances by the constant interruptions, seeing Taro's face light up eagerly instead warmed the young gator's heart. Taro scooted up to his feet and hobbled over to the door once again with his bowl out.

"Trick or Treaaaaat!" The kids sang out, and one of them, an actual pig boy, marveled at Taro's costume.

"Heeeeeeey! Roadhog's your favorite too?" The boy asked, dressed in the exact same costume, only wearing the leather gas mask as well.

Taro grinned down at the little pig boy and nodded eagerly, dropping candy into all their bags. "You better believe it, lil dude! That grapplin' hook? Outta this world awesome!" Taro insisted, dropping a little extra into Little Hog's bag.

Another one of the kids, one dressed up like Reaper, looked up at Taro's massive belly and pointed at it. "Is that why your tummy is so big? Because you wanna look like Roadhog?"

Taro snickered, making his bare, bloated belly jiggle around. "Well, I definitely eat way too much like that dude clearly does. So moderation, lil dudes. Keeps ya thin'n keeps yer fangs nice'n bright...an' I'm totally just sayin' that 'cuz yer mom's right there'n makin' sure I set a good example fer you lil dudes."

The adult of the group, a wolf woman dressed like a soccer mom, looked back at Taro and shook her head in an amused, good-natured manner. He waved the kids and their mom off then headed back inside. Conall watched the whole thing and smiled when the croc plopped down next to him. "I don't know how you're so good with kids, man. It's a gift," Conall admired, sinking into Taro's bellyfat once more and caressing away.

“Nah, I'm just a big kid at heart, bro!” Taro insisted playfully, once again using his arm to wrap around Conall and pull him closer into his belly in time for the movie to start.

...Which was promptly paused when the doorbell rang yet again.

Taro snickered and shook his head. “Heh, sorry, dude. Comes with the territory.”

Conall rolled his eyes, but smiled all the while. “Hey, seeing you in action? No movie can top that, big guy.”

Taro smiled back at his smaller boyfriend then leaned over and gently booped his snout against Conall's in a display of affection. “Happy Halloween, bro.”

“Right back at'cha, big guy.”