

Spring had finally arrived. The frigid, brutal cold of winter had finally subsided, and given way to blossoming flowers, pleasant weather, and most importantly, sunlight. Warm golden rays of sun, perfect for basking in. At the moment, that's what Otis was doing. Just off a concrete trail in his local park, the chubby snake lay on his back, sprawled out on rock, absentmindedly basking in the afternoon sun. Without interruption, he could have laid there all day, not a thought in his head, not a care in the world, the perfect way to spend a cloudless day. One thing nagged at his attention, though. His own stomach.

Deep within his own pudgy potbelly, the reptile's stomach occasionally sounded off with a rumble. He was able to ignore them at first, but as he laid in his basking spot, it became harder and harder to ignore. He was hungry. Perhaps he should have eaten something before heading out to lay on rocks all day. It didn't matter now, though. He would simply have to find something to eat out here. After a final, particularly violent growl, Otis finally gave in, getting up from his spot and embarking on a search for food. As he was getting to his feet, however, he was alerted to the sound of belabored huffing and puffing, coming up the trail.

It was a mouse. He couldn't have been any taller than three feet, and by the looks of it, was at least that big around. Grey sweats hugged his cinnamon colored torso, but failed to contain a rotund belly that actively worked against the round rodent's regimen. He was jogging up the trail, but also sweating heavily, his thick cotton clothes living up to their purpose. All in all, he looked like a dumpling with legs and the very sight of him made Otis ravenous. Just as the mouse was passing by, he stepped out onto the trail alongside him.

"Well, hello there, little fella~" he chimed down at the portly mouse, "What's got you in such a hurry?"

The round mouse had to stop jogging and catch his breath just to be able to speak. Otis stood over him, waiting patiently, while the rodent huffed and puffed doubled over from the intensity of his exercise.

"Winter weight....out of shape....exercise...." he managed to say. Without realizing it, the mouse slumped over against Otis' legs. The snake didn't mind at all. After all, with what he was planning, the butterball of a mouse would be getting to know his body a lot more intimately very shortly.

"Ah, you're trying to shed some weight then? Why though? You certainly don't look like you're having very much fun..."

The mouse, finally having gained the ability to form sentences again, looked down at his feet, or at least he would have been, were his torso not so round and doughy.

"Well, I may have hit the snacks a bit harder than I should have when I was stuck inside, but now swimsuit season is coming up and I've gotta shed all this winter weight so I can look good in my trunks!"

Before he was even done talking, Otis had set his tail into motion, slowly encircling the roly-poly rodent. He tightened his grip. The mouse squeaked in surprise as the vibrant reptile's tail squeezed him around the waist.

"That's a shame, personally, I think your current beach body looks *delicious*." the snake replied. His stomach sounded off with another audible rumble.

Somehow, the mouse was still completely oblivious. "Oh, well, thank...you?" he replied. And then, with no warning, he was lifted right up off of his feet and up to Otis' eye level. He began to fidget nervously.

Holding the mouse up to his face with his coiled tail, Otis reached out and slipped one finger under the bottom of the mouse's ill-fitting sweatshirt, his other hand was planted nearby, also on the soft, brown globe of his prey's middle.

"May I?"

His black forked tongue shot out and flickered across the mouse's nose.

"Well, I don't understand why you'd want to see what's under *there*, but, um, knock yourself out, I guess..."

With that, his sweatshirt was pulled all the way up to under his chin, revealing the bounty of soft pudginess that he was looking to shed. Otis pressed his hands into either side. Vibrations shot up his body at the sheer delightful softness. He reached just slightly down and hefted the orb of squish, watching it jiggle, all while the mouse turned a variety of shades of red. A few people walked by, intrigued by the odd display, but Otis kept on feeling up that round rodent tummy without a care in the world, at least until his own stomach let him know once again, why he had engaged with the mouse in the first place.

"You're such a soft little dumpling, I can hardly help myself~"

"Um...help yourself from doing what, exactly?" The mouse chuckled nervously. He had no idea what was going on, but couldn't help but notice that the situation was escalating slightly. He kicked his legs and squirmed, trying to free himself from the snake's coiled tail, to no avail.

Otis was far too busy, still rubbing and kneading at the mouse's belly to register his concerns. He flickered his tongue contentedly, occasionally splashing the rodent with drops of saliva from his watering mouth. "Oh, you're almost too good to eat..."

"Wait, what? You're not actually gonna eat me, are you? You're just joking right. I-mmgh!"

Otis shoved the mouse headfirst, directly into his gaping maw, and then closed it gently around his chest. He released his tail's grip and instead used it to slowly push the rodent in from

behind, while he held him in place with his hands. The mouse kicked and wriggled in Otis' grasp, but his grip and his experience were no match at all for the rotund rodent. With a simple motion, he tossed his head back, and the mouse was pitted against not only Otis' throat muscles, but gravity. A couple of strong gulps, and he vanished entirely into a sizable bulge traveling rapidly down the snake's throat and chest, eventually dumping out into his already protruding potbelly.

The sudden addition of weight to Otis' middle nearly knocked him over at first, and the fact that the mouse was kicking and squirming around inside of him didn't make keeping his balance any easier. That didn't matter though, a haze of satisfaction washed over the snake. With his boulder-like belly guiding the way, he waddled back over to his sunning spot. A few people walked by him on the trail, eyeing the occasional impressions made from the inside of his gut by the disgruntled mouse, but Otis couldn't care less. He waddled by them, carefree. Riding the high of such a delicious lunch.

Otis laid down on his rock, this time opting to lay on his stomach. His back arched to accommodate his occupied middle, but with the rest of his weight pressing down on it, and the mouse inside, he could feel every subtle movement that his prey made.

"HEY Are you even listening?! Let me outta here! You're too heavy!" the mouse protested, still pushing at the walls of his slick, fleshy enclosure.

Otis was far too pleased with himself to comply.

"Mmmmm, just as I - hrrrrRRRRP- suspected, you're a delicious, fat, squirmy little dumpling, my friend..."

His comments only seemed to work his prey up further, a particularly strong kick made Otis wince, and he finally gave a direct response.

"Ah, alright, alright. You'll be ou-uuUAARRP- out soon, just let me enjoy you for a bit longer..."

The mouse huffed and crossed his arms, but settled down, and with a now very full, but mostly peaceful belly, and those warm rays of sun warming his resting body once again, Otis settled back down for a post-lunch nap.

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The first thing Otis picked up on, was that the sun had gone down. The air had gotten chillier, and though the sky was still mostly lit, it was bound to get dark very soon.

The second thing he noticed was the fact that his stomach's occupant was still very much solid, active and *pissed*.

"HEY! You big oaf, let me outta here! It's been three hours!"

As Otis rubbed his head, it all came back to him. The rock, his plans to sun himself all day, and the delicious, fat little dumpling of a mouse that he had indulged in for lunch...

"I know you're awake out there! LET ME OUT! You promised!"

And evidently promised to let out...

"Alright, I hear you, let me just-"

Getting the mouse out of his stomach was a lot harder and a completely different endeavor from putting him in. It took a bit of doing, but with some swallowing of air, squeezing of his belly, and a rather loud burp, the mouse came up his throat, out of his maw and went tumbling across the grass.

"Welcome back to the outside world. Did you enjoy your stay in my belly?"

The mouse was much less amused. His fur and his sweats alike were covered in saliva and stomach juices. He picked himself up off the ground, squinted at the relative brightness, and then proceeded to waddle right up and smack Otis on the nose.

"You can't just eat me like that, you weirdo! I'm not FOOD!"

"Sure you are, you're a delicious little dumpling~" Otis replied. He brought his tail around to prod at the mouse's rotund belly, but the mouse was quick to bat it away.

"That's not what I mean!" he started, but in his attempt to continue shouting, he lost the words. Instead, he sighed and plopped down on the rock next to the lounging snake, his back against Otis' plush, smooth middle. The two sat in silence for a while. The sky slowly turned hues of orange and pink, above them.

"You're free to go continue your jog. I'm not keeping you or anything." Otis eventually mentioned. He nudged the mouse's side with his tail again, rather than retaliating, the rodent seemed unphased, even as it came to a rest across his lap

"I don't think I want to anymore. I...uh...funny thing. I kinda enjoyed being...squeezed and rubbed and..."

"You enjoy being a fat, round, doughy little dumpling?"

"...maybe."

The mouse's cheeks were flushed red, and even though Otis wasn't looking, he could practically sense his company's embarrassment and conflictedness at the new information he had learned about himself. Otis eased off of his mischief for a moment.

“There’s nothing wrong with being a little big in the waist, you know? I particularly enjoy it myself. Soft and heavy. You look at yourself in the mirror every morning, lift it up and give it a nice jiggle~...Have you ever stopped to feel up your tum?”

The mouse fidgeted, and with great reluctance, admitted. “I uh...I have. It’s part of why I let myself go this far. Every time I would go get groceries, I’d try to be sensible about it, but I kept imagining myself eating massive amounts and getting absolutely huge, and I...well, I guess I’m here now.”

“Well, then, if you enjoy it so much, why’d you say you wanted to lose all your ‘winter weight’?” the snake asked, genuinely curious

“Well, being this big is...not the easiest thing. I figured I’d be better off slimmer, and I figured if I just pushed all that stuff aside and was really diligent about exercise, I could get back to ‘normal’, I guess. It was really hard to ignore how I felt about fat with you teasing me like that and calling me a...uh...a dumpling. But now I figure that maybe it’ll be worth it to see this through...”

Otis nodded along, finally sitting upright, next to the mouse. He gave his small, round companion a cautious pat on the back. “This is just the opinion of one fatass snake, of course, but I say if being a chubster-”

“A dumpling.” the mouse corrected. Otis was taken aback, but complied with the change.

“If being a pudgy little dumpling makes you happy, then I say go for it.”

The mouse nodded, and for the first time since Otis had encountered him, flashed a hint of a smile. They sat together in silence on the rock for a while longer, before they were interrupted again. Not by conversation, but by Otis’ stomach. Seeing as the only thing he’d eaten that day was now sitting next to him, the snake was left hungry again. His belly roared back to life, letting him know it was high time for dinner. There was of course, a perfectly good meal just to his side, but Otis chose a different option this time.

“Hey, um...?”

“Lewis?”

“Yeah, hey, Lewis, speaking of bellies, mine is kind of fussing at me right now. Do you want to grab some burgers or something?”

The mouse hesitated for a moment. He hadn’t eaten in quite a while either, though, and aside from changing his clothes, he didn’t really have anything else better to do. He nodded.

“Sure, I could eat.”

And with that, the potbellied snake and his regurgitated lunch turned companion disembarked from the rock and headed off in search of a filling dinner.