

Cliff's Kigu

By: Indigo Rho

Sam looked around the empty living room, and took a moment to relish how abnormally quiet his home was. No grumbling, no laughing, no shouting, and no rambling lectures of any sort. He wondered if the others were all out and about. The white-furred mountain lion allowed himself a small smile. He wanted to grab a beer, sit on the couch, and mindlessly watch TV for the rest of the evening.

Hopeful, Sam walked towards the kitchen.

A weasel in a green dinosaur kigu abruptly jumped through the entry to the kitchen and let out a squeaky roar.

"Christ!" Sam's tail straightened and he nearly leaped back.

The weasel swiftly adjusted their glasses, which had slid to the tip of their muzzle. "I actually managed to frighten you; I really *am* more fearsome now!" they proudly declared.

Sam thought of all the times the wiry weasel had startled him simply by being where he least expected them. They didn't need to dress like a dinosaur to accomplish that. "Cliff, why in the hell are you running around in a costume like it's Halloween?"

"It's not a costume, Sam, it's a kigurumi."

"A what?"

"A kigu." Cliff reluctantly shortened the term, expecting instant recognition. Sam looked at him blankly. "How have you not heard of a kigu?"

"I don't watch anime."

"It has nothing to do with anime!" Cliff squeaked. They rubbed their temples to calm themselves down.

"Alright, alright," Sam replied in haste. The weasel could get passionate at times, and not just in bed. "Why are you running around in one trying to scare the shit out of me." He longed for the hope of quiet and a beer that'd scattered in the wake of the weasel's arrival.

"I'm getting into character. Adopting an alternate sona can make a person a better pred, so long as they embrace the voracious attitude of that character," Cliff answered, matter of factly. "A TikTok channel I follow

explained the concept in great detail.”

“Why are you getting advice from a clock?” Sam groaned.

Cliff frowned sternly at Sam and crossed their arms. “I *know* you know what TikTok is. Murdoch shows you videos on it all the time.”

Sam preferred to pretend he’d never had the app forced upon him.

“How does pretending to be a dinosaur make you a better pred?” he asked, right before realizing he had no desire to hear the answer.

“I’m not a dinosaur, Sam. I’m Grotmond, a fearsome beast who knows nothing but hunger.” Cliff made an attempt to growl that earned him a smidgeon of pity from Sam.

“You look like you’re about to teach me how to count.” Fortunately Murdoch was the only one around obsessed with teaching him math. “Look, clothes don’t make the pred. If that was the case, then Murdoch would be all skin and bones.” Instead, the plump fox kept putting off buying new shirts and walking around wearing ones that left his belly exposed.

“But Murdoch is very fashionable.”

“Sure. That’s why he always wears that shirt that reads ‘I Love Eating Ass’ when he covers part of it with his jacket.” And somehow it was one of the least embarrassing shirts he owned.

“That one *is* rather crude, but it gets quite the chuckle out of me and others,” Cliff said. They cleared their throat and narrowed their gaze in a manner Sam assumed was meant to be menacing. “Murdoch’s fashion sense isn’t what you should be worrying about Sam.” They raised their paws, poorly mimicking claws. “I’m feeling positively ravenous. I think I’m going to eat you tonight, husband.”

Sam let out a little snort. “You can barely swallow someone your own size, Cliff.”

Cliff’s small muzzle twisted at the retort. “I have devoured plenty of prey, thank you very much!”

The few times Sam had witnessed the weasel consume anyone, they’d acted like they were on their deathbed, gasping and cradling their writhing belly. “Remember that party a few months back, when Murdoch dared you to swallow Nik?” Cliff averted their eyes. Nik was a burly badger, twice as thick as Cliff when he was dieting and barely mobile during the stretches he indulged. “You couldn’t even make it past his chest. Then he swallowed you

in two gulps.”

“It took four!” Cliff furiously corrected the mountain lion. “But Nik is a monumental meal, and Cliff was the one trying to eat him, not Grotemond the Voracious.” Sam barely concealed his sigh upon hearing the extended title of Cliff’s strange alter-ego. “I’ll understand if you’re afraid of spending the night in my belly, though.”

Sam rolled his eyes. “I’m not worried about getting eaten, I just don’t think you can handle someone like me. Yet,” he swiftly added, to avoid completely crushing the weasel’s dreams.

“Then let me prove you wrong!”

Sam wanted to say no. The TV and booze called for him. But he knew if he brushed off Cliff, the weasel would get persistent. Or worse, they’d mope. They still might when they realized a costume wouldn’t make their jaws or belly stretch more than usual, but at least then they’d go mope in their study or bug Murdoch or something.

“Fine.” Sam pulled off his hoodie and shirt, revealing his athletic form. He caught Cliff staring at him, naturally, and flexed a little to fluster them. He approached the weasel, looming over them, and held out his paws. “Let’s get this over with quick. I’ve got things to do.” He didn’t expect Cliff to make it past his stomach. Once they gave up, he’d just dry off, spritz himself with a bit of cologne, and get back to doing absolutely nothing.

Cliff placed their paws on top of Sam’s and gently pushed them down. “No. Head-first, not paws. If I’m to do this, I’ll need to remain in character. Which means this has to feel like I’ve ambushed you.”

Sam held back a rant that only would’ve delayed the embarrassing show. He returned his arms to his sides. “Good enough?”

“Perfect.” They cleared their throat again and put on their silly little smirk. “Ah-ha! I’ve finally cornered you, Sam. Try as you might, you’ll never be able to elude my insatiable appetite. You’re doomed to fill my cavernous belly tonight!”

Sam thanked God no one was around to see the ridiculous display. Murdoch would’ve had it uploaded to the internet in seconds. He didn’t bother joining in on the charade, instead waiting for Cliff to fail.

Cliff leaned up and nudged Sam’s head into their maw with none of the ferocity they’d boasted of. They continued swallowing, slowly, taking in

Sam’s broad shoulders with noticeable effort. They gulped and gulped and gulped, working more of the bored mountain lion down their throat. Despite their painfully lethargic pace, they made progress.

Sam felt the weasel’s lips spread over his chest and then his stomach. He was bent over a bit awkwardly, as if he’d leaned in to grab something from the pit of Cliff’s stomach real quick. Swallowing half of him was an impressive feat for Cliff, but he knew they wouldn’t be able to get much farther. Any second now they’d gag and throw him up.

Cliff clenched their eyes shut and opened their mouth wider. Against the odds, their jaws slid over Sam’s rump. They grabbed the mountain lion by the thighs and lifted him off the ground, their legs wobbling as they fought to keep their balance.

Within the weasel, Sam yelped as he plunged deeper. Gravity aided Cliff’s swallows. Sam suddenly regretted not taking off his pants as well.

Cliff’s belly rapidly ballooned outward as Sam emptied into them. The seams of their kigu creaked as it struggled to contain their growing gut, but the material had an impressive amount of stretch to it. They focused all their attention on the task at hand—glutting on their beloved Sam.

Sam twitched a little out of habit as his legs descended Cliff’s throat. He couldn’t believe they were actually eating him. He’d ended up in his fair share of bellies over the years—some more than others—but he’d never thought Cliff’s would be one of them. The sliver of pride he felt in the weasel’s accomplishment was immediately and overwhelmingly buried in the inconvenience of having to deal with yet another pred in his life.

Cliff gasped for air as Sam’s feet vanished past their maw. They gripped their enormous middle in their paws, laboring to hold up the weight. Their legs felt like jelly. They swiftly relented and went down onto their knees so their belly rested on the floor. They winced as Sam shifted around within them, trying to find a comfortable position in his new cramped home.

Cliff’s cheeks puffed up and their mouth shot open. “*Bworrriiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!*” The rumbling belch tore a hole straight down the middle of their kigu, allowing their bulging belly to swell free. “Goodness gracious!” the engorged weasel declared. “I did it! I mean—see, Sam, you had no chance of escaping my—*urrrp*—hunger.”

“Congrats.” Sam’s muffled voice echoed out of Cliff’s gut. “Now that you’ve pigged out, would you mind letting me go?”

“I couldn’t possibly do such a thing, Sam. It’s not a real voracious meal unless digestion is involved,” Cliff replied.

“Who told you that? Is it some dumb TikTok rule?”

“No. Murdoch was kind enough to teach me about proper predation etiquette. He certainly never throws me up whenever he eats me.”

“That’s because he’s greedy and likes to stuff himself.” *And he craves a captive audience*, Sam silently added. He’d once spent an hour in the fox’s gut as they lectured him about the history of cell phone cameras before they’d finally let him churn.

Sam didn’t bother trying to change Cliff’s mind. Arguing would’ve been a hassle, and so would cleaning up after being inside a stomach. He’d just let himself be digested and hope for time to himself once he’d re-formed.

“And what do we have here?”

Cliff looked up, and smiled at the plump fox who’d strolled into the room. His shirt barely made it past his navel, giving a clear view of his soft belly and love handles. “I was just—*uworp*—having dinner, Murdoch.”

“I had assumed Sam was behind that monstrous belch.”

“He was, in a way,” Cliff smiled and rubbed their gut. “I turned our sweet Sam into a sweet treat.”

Murdoch raised a brow. “Did you, now?” He crouched down next to Cliff’s belly and tapped it. “Did Cliff finally get the better of you, Sam?”

Sam didn’t say a word. He curled up tight, as if that could shrink him enough for Murdoch to doubt Cliff’s words.

“Come on, Sam, there’s no shame in becoming a weasel snack.” Murdoch placed his paws on either side of Cliff’s middle and wobbled it furiously. Cliff squeaked and burped as Sam was bounced around in his stomach.

“Yeah, he ate me! Now quit that shaking!” Sam roared as he was jostled.

“Always knew you had it in you, hon.” Murdoch kissed Cliff on the cheek, nearly turning the weasel’s face red. “Cliff, you’re going to balloon if you start eating Sam regularly. He sure plumped me up well!” The fox smacked his belly, further flustering Cliff.

"I'm not a damn snack," Sam grumbled.

"True," Murdoch replied. "You're more of a full meal. At least that's what Nik always says."

Sam was grateful neither Murdoch nor Cliff could see him blushing.

Murdoch rubbed Cliff's belly, feeling the lumps Sam made on its surface. "I'm proud of you, Cliff, I really am. But I must admit, I *am* feeling rather peckish all of a sudden. And isn't it only right that someone slays the fearsome monster to avenge poor, poor Sam?"

Sam knew right away what Murdoch had in mind and scowled. "I don't need avenging. I'm fine."

"It's like he's still here with us, our dear, beloved, fattening Sam," Murdoch went on, ignoring the mountain lion. "At least I hear stuffed monster is a delicacy."

Murdoch gave Cliff a long, loving kiss on the lips. After a time, he opened his mouth and leaned forwards, swallowing Cliff's head. The weasel was too enraptured to care, and gladly allowed the fox to devour them.

Murdoch had plenty of experience consuming people twice his size, so Cliff proved an easy meal. He scarfed them down swiftly but gently, sneaking in a few gropes to rile the weasel up and make the journey enjoyable for them both. Sam grumbled quietly to himself as his prison shrunk, the mountain lion crammed inside a belly within a belly. At least he was bound to pass out before Murdoch tried to add a lesson to the embarrassing ordeal.

As Murdoch ate, he rolled onto his back. His belly swelled upward, wobbling from side to side as it filled with stuffed weasel. He folded his paws behind his head and slurped up the last of Cliff. A euphoric grin spread over his face, interrupted only by a messy belch. "Nothing tastes quite as great as the ones you love," he mused aloud. A flustered squeak echoed from the round hill of his belly.

A long yawn escaped Murdoch's mouth. Even he wasn't immune to a food coma. "Alright, my loves, I'll see you both in the morning. You can take me clothes shopping so I can restock my wardrobe after all the pounds I'll be piling on. That's the least you can do for being so fattening."

Murdoch smirked and let his eyes close, falling asleep to the rhythmic wobbling of his greedy gut.