

Boom woke up, and immediately wished she hadn't. The corgi-girl groaned at how the room seemed to spin around her, and how the morning sunshine gave her a stabbing headache. This wasn't her first hangover, though. She knew the drill.

But despite the misery of a still-half-drunk morning, Boom still gave a small, smug grin at her consolation prize: she pawed at her overstuffed belly with one hand, idly sloshing it back and forth, gauging her stomach's progress. This wasn't her first morning-after belly, either. Even after countless male suitors had taken this one-way trip, Boom never tired of this first moment after waking up -- her chance to share one last intimate moment with yesterday's one-night-stand. Or rather, with this morning's breakfast-in-bed...

"God, who did I eat last night..." The hungover corgi groaned, blinking sleep out of her eyes. Still, there's no better hangover cure than a healthy bellyful of half-digested protein and calories, and the throbbing of her forehead quickly receded as her body put last night's lay to good use. She felt a familiar pressure up against her tailhole, and laughed. **"Seems like *someone* got a little in over his head 'chasing tail', hm? Well, you found it after all~"** Boom licked her lips to search for those last few scraps of flavor. She mumbled to herself, **"Tastes like... fox? I thin--"** Her morning soliloquy was suddenly interrupted by a lazy yawn, which was in turn interrupted by a wet, crass, *delicious* belch: ***UAAAAAAAAARP!***

Oh, maybe not the last scrap of flavor after all! The corgi grinned, tasting her ex-partner on her breath. **"Yep, definitely fox..."** Boom idly picked at her teeth with one claw, and grimaced as she discovered a strand of saliva-wet orange fur. **"I swear, you foxes always taste so good, but the cleanup is a *pain*. I'll be finding orange hair on my toothbrush for weeks..."**

The corgi snorted, as her belly gave a wet *sloosh* -- almost like a reply from the half-liquid fox. **"Aww, that's so sweet babe, but there's no need to apologize!"** Boom cocked her ears -- her overstuffed belly gave a quieter, satisfied *gloorp*, as some stubborn chunk of undigested ex-fox finally stopped resisting her stomach. The corgi cooed, **"That's right, honey, you're *all mine* now... And you fox-boys usually exit from the back door without too much protest. All that lean protein, ya know, ends up nice and smooth~"** Boom giggled. **"Something to look forward to, this afternoon~"**

Even with her balance thrown off by a hundred pounds of meaty stew sloshing around in her stomach, Boom managed to lean over the bed (with only a little difficulty) and retrieve her dinner's pants from the crumpled pile on the floor. Swiping to unlock his phone, she scrolled through the selfies curiously. The corgi vaguely recognized her mystery meal as an athletic fox who frequents (*frequented*, she mentally corrected) her local gym. Though honestly, she couldn't quite be bothered to remember his name...

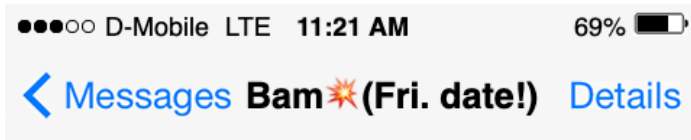
On a whim, Boom browsed through his recent text messages, and giggled as she recognized her older sister Bam in his contact list... Boom scrolled through their messages with amusement: their tentative flirting, the romantic innuendos, the dinner date (hah!) the two had planned... She gave a small laugh, stroking her hard-working belly. **"Oh, did someone have dinner plans for tonight? That's a shame, but you know how life goes..."**

The corgi laughed as her gut gave a wet *glorp* like an unstoppered drain, her intestines greedily slurping down more of their morning ex-fox protein shake.

“Seriously though, planning a dinner date with me while messaging my sister on the side?” the corgi teased. “You’re lucky I’m not the grudge-holding type, hun...”

A more subdued *sloosh* noise emerged from her lower abdomen -- almost contrite-sounding, Boom thought.

“Aww, don’t worry, I’m just teasing...” Boom cooed. “I’m just glad you’re being such a gentleman about all this~” The corgi smiled. Her headache seemed to be wearing off already, with some help from her ex, and it was proving to be a pleasant, lazy Friday morning after all. Still, there was only so much fun to be had taunting last night’s dinner: Boom clicked to open the messages app, eager for an opportunity to tease someone who could talk back...



hey sis, what up? ;3

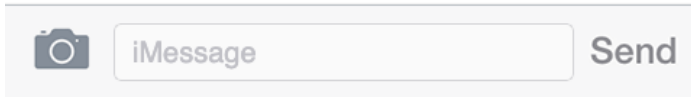
GOD, not again...

i hear you had some fancy dinner with Mr. Tall-Dark-and-Edible tomorrow, but it seems I beat you to the punch...

again~!

Dammit, Boom, I *liked* this one!

i'm afraid he's gonna have to call a rain check on that date, on account of being dog-food~



You know the rules, I call dibs on the redheads!

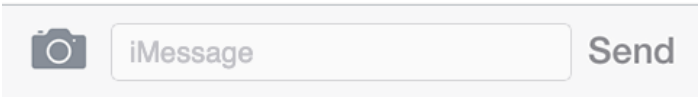
finders keepers~



all mine now, biiiiitch~

Boom, I'm a dog. You're a dog. We're both female dogs! What does bitch even mean here??

it means 'sore loser', apparently >:3



●●●○○ D-Mobile LTE 11:23 AM 67%

< Messages Bam 🌟 (Fri. date!) Details

You really are narrowing the local bachelor pool, you know that? It's your fault I'm single...

not my fault they like my ass better than yours 🍑

It's not even a dating pool anymore. It's more of a dating puddle...

the local dinner menu IS getting a little thin, tbh

Couldn't you just... do a public service and date girls for a while? There's currently three girls to every guy in this town, could you spend a while flushing the competition rather than the prizes?

iMessage Send

●●●○○ D-Mobile LTE 11:24 AM 66%

< Messages Bam 🌟 (Fri. date!) Details

but what's the point in winning if I don't get to keep all the prizes? :3

You don't keep the prizes that's the problem! ,

You just keep fucking FLUSHING them! 🤔

🏆😄🐶→🍑🚽📄

🤔

love u too, sis! ❤️ better luck in our next rematch~

iMessage Send

Still, as warm as Boom's bed was, it wouldn't do to stay there all day! If nothing else, that familiar pressure underneath her tail was getting sharper, a pressure she knew well -- it seemed that her gut had been *busy* all night, that cute athletic fox was halfway on his way to becoming just another anonymous pile of dog-shit... The corgi stretched, her belly giving a displeased **glorp** as the contents were disturbed, before she slipped out of the covers and made her way into the apartment's common area.

Boom hurriedly trotted toward the bathroom (ignoring her roommate Zia in the kitchen), rubbing her abdomen with a wince. **"Yeah, I'm going, I'm going... Jeez, no need to be impatient, Mr. Fox..."** She pulled the door closed behind her, before pulling down her sweatpants and plopping her plump rear onto the familiar porcelain of her own personal throne. She patted her belly with amusement. **"When you insisted on fucking me doggy-style last night, I bet you weren't expecting to get shat out doggy-style too~"**

From the kitchen, Zia guiltily listened to every sound from the bathroom, blushing a little (though she'd never admit such a thing to Boom's face). With her sensitive ears, the afghan hound could clearly distinguish every **huff** and **splat**, every wet **splooosh** as more of Boom's ex-boytoy left the house via the sewers, doing the traditional post-Boom walk of shame through the pipes... Finally, there's a pleased sigh as Boom finishes up her morning dump, then a casual flush and the sound of water splashing over Boom's paws... Followed by a grouchy, still-hungover complaint, **"Anyway, who do I have to eat to get some coffee around here?"**

Zia rolled her eyes, any guilty fascination disappearing even faster than Boom's boyfriend had. By the time that Boom sauntered out from the restroom, Zia wore a well-practiced disapproving scowl. Boom didn't even notice Zia's miffed expression, though -- the corgi murmured happily, **"Ah, that's much better!"** Boom shifted her hips experimentally, looking down with enjoyment as her ex-boyfriend sloshed back and forth -- quite a bit smaller now, but it's still gonna take a few more visits before her stomach is flat again. Belatedly noticing Zia, Boom smiled cheerfully. **"Oh hey Zee! Don't mind me, I'm just taking care of some morning business. Nothing like a good shit to start off your day, amirite? I already feel twenty pounds lighter..."**

Zia sighed. **"That's because you're literally twenty pounds lighter, Boom..."**

(Internally, Boom frowned with disappointment. Zia didn't seem mortified anymore, or even surprised! The corgi made a mental note -- she'd have to work harder to shock her roommate tomorrow.)

Boom snorted. **"Or twenty pounds heavier, depending on how you look at it..."** Boom idly pawed at her tits, feeling up her suitor's contributions -- yesterday's bra was still lying in a pile with the nameless fox's clothes, she hadn't bothered to put on a top yet this morning. It probably wouldn't fit now, anyway.

Zia tried to feign disinterest, but couldn't resist slyly eyeing her roommate's body: her own guilty crush on Boom had never quite disappeared, much to her own irritation. **"You better not have clogged the toilet again! I'm not calling the plumber this time, it's your turn on the chore sheet..."**

Boom, as always, ignored her roommate's bitching. The corgi was well-practiced at the art. **"It's a shame, honestly — for a guy I picked up at the gym, he was surprisingly fattening. I'm gonna have to go burn off him later. I wonder if he has any suggestions for exercise routines..."** Boom paused, before clarifying, **"Saved on his phone, I mean!"** The corgi grinned, just a tiny bit smugly. **"He hasn't been very talkative this morning, for some reason. Maybe you'll have better luck, heh~"**

Zia stuck out her tongue with disgust. **"Ugh, pass. I've told you: if it's not somebody I know, and if you don't clog the plumbing, I don't want to have anything to do with your little 'hobby'..."** The afghan hound made sarcastic air quotes, which Boom breezily ignored (as usual).

The corgi plopped her newly-fattened rump into a kitchen chair, then lazily shrugged. **"Your loss! I don't mind sharing, if you want to have some fun with them before the 'main event'..."** She patted her belly smugly. **"We could make the next fox-boy into a sandwich, before he becomes lunchmeat~"**

There was no response for a moment, and Boom internally huffed: if she didn't get a scandalized reaction, what was even the *point* of bothering to act crass? She'd need to up her game. Zia seemed lost in thought, though -- and almost... guilty? After a moment, the afghan hound stuttered, **"Um, you know... Um, on the topic of sharing..."** Zia paused, blushing. **"I was thinking..."**

Boom's ears perked up curiously. **"Oh...?"**

There was a long, awkward pause. Zia blushed bright red as a particularly wet **blorp** broke the silence.

Zia mumbled, **"So... Do you, um, still have any room? Or will you tonight? Cuz, well... My boyfriend is coming over this evening, and I thought you could maybe..."** She cleared her throat awkwardly, and was interrupted by a wet gurgle from Boom's gut, as more of the corgi's morning vulpine protein shake made its way into her intestines. **"Um, you know..."**

Zia gestured vaguely toward Boom's overstuffed stomach, blushing brighter.

Boom's tail flicked with confusion... and interest. **"I thought you absolutely hated it when I do that?"** She shifted into a higher-pitched nasal voice, parodying Zia. **"Boom, stop eating my boyfriends! Boom, my brother isn't on the menu! Boom, stop clogging the toilet!"**

Zia grumbled, **"I don't sound like that..."**

Boom waves a paw dismissively. **"You know, all that stuff. Why am I now the garbage disposal?"**

"Well I mean... Breaking up is awkward!" Zia shrugged helplessly. **"And I've never actually had to break up with any of my boyfriends, since you always end up breaking them down instead."**

(Boom took a playful, sarcastic bow, earning a scowl from Zia.)

"And besides, he's not a bad fellow on the whole -- I'd feel guilty if I were the one to break up with him. It's just..." Zia huffed to herself. **"The little frustrations, you know? He always stretches out my hoodies and never apologizes, and he always brings me the wrong takeout from that thai place down the road, and I can't stand when he leaves the toilet seat up. That kind of thing..."**

Boom paused, then suddenly grinned cheekily. **"I appreciate the offer, but honestly, I don't think I can do that..."** The corgi painted an insincere look of faux-mortified horror on her face, which (despite her best efforts) quickly morphed into a self-satisfied grin. **"I mean, eating my roommate's boyfriend? That just seems rude, ya know? Not like something I'd ever do..."**

Zia spluttered, **"You won't eat my boyfriend when I'm offering him on a silver platter?? Since when are you even capable of self control?"** She seethed. **"Do you even know the meaning of the word!?"**

Boom waved a paw dismissively. **"Of course I know what health patrol-"**

"Self contro-"

"--Self control is..." Now the corgi was the one who looked sheepish. **"It's, um... It's important! And a sign of maturity and responsibility... At least that's what my parents kept trying to tell me..."**

Zia ground her teeth.

Boom smirked. **"You know something else my parents told me? If you're good at something, never do it for free..."**

Zia groaned, cradling her head in her paws. **"Ok, ugh, FINE. What do I need to do to make all..."** (She waved a paw at Boom helplessly.) **"...this bullshit end? Cover the next plumbing bill? Pay our next month's rent?"**

Boom thought for a moment. **"Got any other brothers?"**

Zia looked mortified. **"BOOM!"**

Boom shrugged. **"I just mean, the last one was just so filling, and it's always good to have a nice home-style family meal..."** She held her paws up defensively, as Zia looked around for something to throw at her. **"Jeez, fine, okay! Forget I asked... I don't understand why you're holding a grudge, though -- I mean, it's been forever since that little misunderstanding happened!"**

Zia growled, **"It was a WEEK ago! Literally last week! I've been an only child for one week!"**

Boom nodded sagely. **"Exactly, it's been so long! I think we should let bygones be bygones. The past is just water under the u-bend..."**

Zia cradled her head in despair. **"Just tell me what I need to pay for you to dump my boyfriend..."**

Boom sighed patronizingly. **"Oh dear naïve Zia, don't you know? Life is priceless...~"**

"I lectured you on that last week, after you flushed my brother down the pipes...!"

"And really I took your message to heart, Zeze, let me tell you!" The corgi sighs piously. **"Life is precious, it can't be measured in a half dozen plumbing bills, or several month's rent..."**

"Oh, cut the crap already!" Zia barked. **"You're not fooling anyone, I know you're just doing this to piss me off..."**

Boom blinked innocently. **"Oh, is it working?"**

Zia ignored her. **"But more importantly, how can you call life precious when you have what used to be a person packing your bowels right now!?!"** she snapped.

Boom laid a hand on her chest overdramatically: **"That was the last time, I swear. I've repented, I've decided to change my ways. I was up all night with regret... Sleepless with my shame..."**

Zia huffed. **"Like hell you were! I heard you snoring all goddamn night!"**

"I wasn't snoring!" Boom said defensively. **"I was, um... choking on my guilt."**

"It was rhythmic..."

"Guilt can carry a tune, that's why church has hymns."

Zia spluttered, **"What... How... Just... Aaaaaarghghgh!"** Her tail twitched back and forth with irritation. **"I know you passed your classes in university, how can you possibly act this dumb?"**

"No, no, see -- this degree of stupid requires *intelligence!* It's highly skilled incompetence. Which means that this is skilled labor, and I should be compensated appropriately..." The corgi smirked. **"And besides, I mostly helped 'pass' my classmates."** (She made air quotes.) **"And it just seemed a shame for their papers to go unused. I wouldn't want to waste all that hard work..."**

Zia snorted, reluctantly bemused. **"So... You plagiarized your way through college?"**

"Hey, to be fair, I did lots of hard work too!" Boom insisted. Zia cocked an eyebrow dubiously. Boom paused. **"It was just mostly done in the school restroom."**

Zia couldn't take this any more, she stood up and stalked toward her room. She'd reached her maximum quota of Boom interaction for one morning. She complained over her shoulder, **"How are you even *like this???*"**

The door slammed behind Zia, leaving Boom alone in the kitchen. There was a moment of silence, before the corgi called out hopefully, **"So, that's a yes on six months of rent then?"**

There was a muffled grumble from inside Zia's room that could have been a 'yes' or a 'no'. Boom, eternally the optimist, took it as confirmation. The corgi grinned, licking her lips in anticipation.

Boom always loved having food delivered...

Still, evening plans aside, the day passed much as the fox-boy did -- casually and smoothly, with frequent visits to the toilet. Apart from her bathroom breaks, though, Boom spent most of the day snoozing in a pleasant food coma, or occasionally browsing the former fox-boy's social media page. The corgi giggled, poking her belly as if to try and get her now-digested suitor's attention. **"Oh look! Everyone's asking where you are. Hope you don't mind if I answer for you, 'cuz..."** Her still-round stomach gave a particularly wet *glorp*, and Boom giggled. **"Well, you know..."**



Johnny Fox

Today at 1:14pm · 🌐

Hey what's up everyone? I know I haven't answered any texts for a while, but don't bother trying to search for me...

I spent last night with this gorgeous, super SEXY corgi-girl 🔥🐶 Best lay of my life! 🍆💦😌 She gave me a nice tour of her whole body afterward, and I loved her cute 🍑 so much that I decided to stay the night, heh~

But don't worry, I'll be leaving by the back door soon! I got a nice makeover that I can't wait to show off to everyone... 🍑

[Like](#) · [Comment](#) · [Share](#)

👍 21 people like this.

↪️ 2 shares



Write a comment...



Boom sat back and grinned as the confused replies flooded in -- all his friends and family insisted on saying irrelevant things like **"Um, you don't sound like yourself. Are you sure you're alright?"** and **"What did you mean, makeover?"** and **"Wait, what's with the random toilet emoji??"**

Boom started to type out a reply, before she was interrupted by another sharp pressure in her colon. The corgi grumbled to herself as she hurried toward the bathroom, and plopped her newly-fattened rear down on the seat. Talking over crass **splashes** and **PFFRTS**, she rubbed her still-round belly and teased, **"Seems like someone's excited for his big exit! Maybe I should change your Facebook profile picture to be a picture of your ID buried in a pile of dog-shit, so everyone knows where you ended up..."** (Her guts gave a wet *glorp*, as a little more of the fox-boy was pushed deeper.) **"How would you like that?"**

Alas, the fox-boy's only response was an increased pressure in Boom's bladder. The kind soul that she was, the corgi wouldn't want to stand between him and his new home -- she relaxed her muscles to let loose an amber stream of dog-piss, splashing down onto the bone-flecked brown pile that her ex-lover had become.

One quick flush and hand-washing later, and Boom was back to lazily relaxing on the couch. As the corgi's belly steadily shrank, she idly pawed through the pile of clothes that the fox-boy had left abandoned on the floor. Her eyes lit up as she felt a bulge in the pocket of his designer jeans, and pulled out a slim black wallet.

"Awww, honey, a debit card? You shouldn't have..." The corgi playfully hugged her now-smaller belly and gave it a kiss. **"I hope you don't mind if I fit in a little shopping..."** She poked her belly, but got no response apart from a wet **blorp**, as a bit more of the fox surrendered to her digestive acids. She giggled. **"Well, that's not a 'no'!"** Boom grinned at a set of particularly enthusiastic gurgles, which she charitably interpreted as a 'go ahead'. **"Thank you for being so understanding about all this! Normally you'd be paying next month's rent too... But luckily for you, I already made other arrangements~"**

A couple new outfits in larger sizes, a month's membership to the gym's weight loss program, luxury three-ply toilet paper -- Boom thought the fox-boy would appreciate the humor. The corgi might be able to hide her predatory tendencies from her dates (or rather, dinners), but she still got plenty of advertisements for luxury toilets, or "all prey" dating apps, or extra-stretchy sweatshirts meant to accommodate a pred-size stomach...

Not that she paid attention to those last ads, of course. She always preferred 'borrowing' Zia's hoodies, even if they sometimes got a little stretched in the process. It was Zia's fault for leaving them out, anyway.

After making a few last purchases, though, Boom felt her eyes growing heavy, and yawned. A lazy nap sounded nice, to let her intestines do all their hard work. With any luck, last night's dinner would be gone after two or three more bathroom trips... And as soon as this fox-boy made his grand exit, she could move on to daydreaming about tonight's hearty main course...

When Zia emerged a few minutes later, she found Boom still lazing around on the couch with her full belly. Zia clicked her tongue with annoyance and complained to herself, **"It's like rooming with a beached whale..."**

Boom stuck out her tongue. **"Better than living with a princess..."**

Zia sighed. At least the corgi had put on something to cover those (very nice) tits, that was a rare victory, and... **"Wait, is that my hoodie?"**

Boom shrugged lazily. **"I dunno, maybe? What *does* ownership mean in a shared flat, anyway?"**

Zia sighed. **"I've *told* you not to wear those with a full belly! They always get stretched..."**

The corgi tried to hide a small smirk. **"Well really, this is your fault. If you leave something out, you should expect people to wear it..."**

Zia ground her teeth. **"It disappeared from *my* closet yesterday, that's not 'leaving it out!'"**

Boom waved a hand negligently. **"Potato, po-tah-to..."**

Zia sighed. **"But anyway, aren't you going to change into something less... that?"** She paused, gesturing toward Boom's rumpled clothes, the same from yesterday. **"Ugh, never mind... My boyfriend's gonna be here in thirty minutes, and I still haven't shampooed my fur, or picked out a dress..."**

Boom cocked her head with curiosity. **"Wait, you're getting all prettied up for tonight?"**

"Well, of course! Why wouldn't I want to give him a good last night?" Zia said a little defensively. **"It seems just polite, you know..."**

"So is this, like, some kind of apology sex?" Boom laughed. She mimicked Zia. **"Sorry honey, I felt too awkward about breaking up. So I'm feeding you to my roommate, have a good trip to the sewer!"**

Zia huffed. **"Why are you always complaining? Why do you get all up in my business?"**

Boom held up her hands defensively. **"Oh lemme be clear, I'm not complaining. I'd *never* complain about dinner being served on a silver platter, with free rent money on top! I'm just saying, it seems a little, uh, insincere? You know, getting all dressed up for fancy sex, when your boyfriend is gonna be more of a boyflush in a couple hours~"**

Zia rolled her eyes. **"Ugh, you wouldn't understand. *Some* of us like things other than casual sex. You don't have a sense of romance, Boom. I just want our relationship to end on a high note..."**

"Ah yes, the note of 'Hey babe, meet my roommate, she'll be your predator for the night, have fun you two'..." Boom giggled. **"My mistake, that's basically the dictionary definition of romance."**

Zia eyed the clock, and winced. **"Ugh, it's six o'clock and I haven't even picked a color to paint my claws yet either..."** She tossed her phone to Boom. **"Mind texting my boyfriend and ask him to bring dinner from that restaurant down the road? I'm in the mood for some pad thai..."**

"Ooh, while we're taking orders, can I get something too?" Boom asked hopefully. **"What appetizer pairs well with a nice, meaty main course..."** She licked her lips. **"Oh, curry sounds nice!"**

Zia rolled her eyes. **"I'm already giving you a free dinner. Don't push your luck..."** The afghan hound didn't wait around to hear Boom's answer, though -- she hurried toward the bathroom to get ready.

As soon as Boom heard the shower turn on, she grinned to herself. The corgi started to type on Zia's phone. **"Hey babe, mind grabbing dinner from that thai place nearby? I'd really love some curry..."**

He texted back, **"Huh, I thought you usually liked pad thai... But whatever you say, babe~"**

In the end, Boom did decide to change into fresh clothes -- a shirt labeled '**Gold Medal in Doggy Style**' -- but halfway through the process, she experienced the familiar sharp pain beneath her tail and sighed. **"Seems like someone's impatient. But I guess that's fair, eh? Out with the old, in with the new, so to speak..."** And as luck would have it, the corgi was halfway through a *very* pleasant bowel movement when there was a knock: tonight's main course had arrived, just as last night's dinner left by the sewer...

Boom heard a call from Zia in the other room. **"Hey Boom, can you get the door? I'm at a very delicate stage of my manicure, I can't get up right now..."** Zia whined.

Boom rolled her eyes. **"Ugh, one minute, I'm busy taking a shit!"** The corgi gave one last clench, ignoring the wet splat in the porcelain bowl beneath her, before wiping and standing up. She muttered, **"I have to do *everything* myself around here..."** Boom washed her paws and casually flushed the toilet, making the pipes gurgle ominously. She watched nervously, but this time -- thankfully -- the apartment's poor overworked plumbing behaved correctly, sending another couple feet of the fox-boy swirling down into the sewers.

(Boom let out an indrawn breath she hadn't realized she was holding. That toilet was an important part of her evening plans. It wouldn't do for it to clog *early*...)

Grumbling to herself the whole way, Boom trotted to the front door and pulled it open. She was greeted by the sight of an enthusiastic, friendly-looking german shepherd. He was dressed in casual jeans and a nicely fitted shirt, which casually showed off his well-toned abdomen and muscular arms -- or, to Boom's eyes, a wrapper around a delicious, protein-rich dinner. The dog smiled warmly, his tail wagging. **"Oh hey, Boom, long time no see! I brought food!"** He hoisted a bag of warm thai food. **"Is Zia here, can I come in?"**

Boom smiled back, a little awkwardly. **"Oh hey, uh... you?"** The corgi surreptitiously looked Zia's boyfriend up and down, doing her best not to drool... But despite her best efforts, her belly rumbled just *thinking* about this hunk curled up inside...

The german shepherd's face fell a little. **"Darn, I wish I'd known you were hungry, I'd have brought you something from the thai place. Want me to drive back real quick? It's no trouble..."**

Boom licked her lips hungrily. **"Don't worry, I'm sure I'll make do somehow."** She paused, reaching out to pat the german shepherd's shoulder, feeling up the firm muscles under his fur. **"There's always free food lying around the house, if you know where to look. I'll just mooch something from Zia..."**

The german shepherd nodded. **"Well, if you're sure... I'd never want you to go hungry!"**

Boom looked a little flattered. **"Aww, you really mean it? You're so sweet, I could just eat you up..."**

He blushed a little. **"Well, I mean, it's only polite for me to provide food if a friend is hungry! But enough waiting at the door, I'm starving!"** He sniffed at the steaming take-out and sighed in bliss. **"Man, I love the spicing on thai food... Something about all those mixed flavors..."**

Boom nodded. **"Oh yeah, same. I always love some extra flavor on my food too..."** The corgi took a deep sniff and sighed happily. **"On a totally unrelated topic, your deodorant smells delicious! Like... bacon~"** The german shepherd cocked his head with confusion, as Boom drooled a little. **"Um, I mean, you just smell very nice! Very rich and manly, like a nice juicy steak, but with sweeter undertones~"**

He laughed. **"Aw, thanks! It's my first time wearing this scent, think Zia's gonna like it?"**

Boom snorted. **"If you smelled that good by the end of the night, I'm sure she'd be very happy..."**

By the time that the two made it to the main room, Zia had *finally* emerged from the shower, and was leaning against a wall with a reluctantly amused expression. The afghan hound had dressed in a flirtatious evening dress, barely long enough to preserve the dog's modesty, with her light-tan fur freshly-washed and fluffy.

Her boyfriend's tail wagged back and forth, and he blushed a little. **"Babe, you look great! If I'd known this was a special date night, I'd have gotten dressed up all fancy too..."**

Boom rolled her eyes, and said a little sourly, **"Eh, she just looks like a show poodle..."**

Zia growled at Boom, without any real menace, then turned back to her boyfriend with a much sweeter look. **"Can you get dinner set up, love? I've gotta, uh, chat with Boom about a few things real fast..."**

He nodded happily and trotted into the kitchen, leaving Boom and Zia alone. Zia sighed, pressing a paw to her forehead. **"God, Boom, didn't your mother ever tell you not to play with your food?"**

Boom rolled her eyes. **"Hey, sod off — do I tell YOU what to do with your life?"**

"Yes, constantly!"

Boom looked smug. **"Well, that just shows I know best."**

Zia ground her teeth.

Boom asked innocently, **"Hey, Zia, by the way -- what's this guy's name again? I forgot."**

Zia said incredulously, **"I-I've introduced you two before! We've gone out to movies together, he bought you a Christmas sweater!"**

Boom shrugged. **"Yeah, but it's not like I remember the name of yesterday's dinner either... And all your boyfriends look the same when I flush them, sooooo..."**

Zia sighed, there was no winning this battle. **"His name is Reuben. Try to remember this time?"**

"Huh, Reuben, really?" Boom giggled. **"Well, when I'm done with him, he'll be more of a BLT..."** (Zia tilted her head in confusion.) **"Big, lengthy turd..."**

"This whole plan was a huge mistake..." Zia groaned to herself, pinching her snout.

Boom looked smug. Again. **"Eh, maybe. But we both know you're not gonna back out now, cuz then you'd need to do the break up yourself, and that's too awkward for a *proper lady* like you~"**

"I regret everything..." Zia whined quietly, under her breath. **"C'mon, let's just get this over with..."**

Boom grinned, licking her lips. **"Oh, I just *love* a proper romantic dinner..."**

By the time that Boom and Zia made it back to the kitchen, Reuben had laid out all the food on the table and even lit a romantic candle as the centerpiece. The german shepherd said warmly, **"Welcome back, I've got everything set up... Lemme just distribute some food, hold on, then we can get eating..."**

Boom stopped him. **"Nah, let me get it..."** She filled up Reuben's plate to the top, then handed it back with a laugh. **"Here's your food! You *could* say... Dinner is served~"**

Zia ignored Boom, of course, and the corgi pouted a little. She was just so *underappreciated* in this house.

Meanwhile, Zia searched through the bag of food, looking increasingly frustrated. She whined, **"Ugh, I don't see my pad thai..."**

Reuben tilted his head with confusion. **"But in your text message, I thought you said..."**

"No, it's fine..." Zia rolled her eyes at Boom, as if to say *'See? Told you so, he's just the worst...'*

Boom paused, then pointed at the curry. She asked a little slyly, **"So, uh... If you're not gonna eat that..."**

Zia raised an eyebrow, and asked pointedly, **"Shouldn't you be saving room for your *big dinner*?"**

Boom snickered. **"Honey, compared to the amount of meat I'll be sleeping off tonight, this is barely an appetizer..."**

Reuben looked confused. Zia rolled her eyes, before dragging Reuben away from the table. The afghan hound batted her eyes enticingly at her boyfriend, leaning down to stroke a hand up his inner thigh, making him wag his tail, and whispering in his ear, **"C'mon, honey, who cares about dinner. I've got something *very special* planned for you tonight..."** Reuben nodded eagerly, as Zia looked up and narrowed her eyes at Boom. **"I'm sure Boom won't mind cleaning up, since she got a *free dinner* delivered tonight..."**

Boom complained, **"Ugh. You ask ME to do a favor for YOU, then I have to clean up your mess?"**

"I called the plumber last week, so you owe me for cleaning up one of *your* 'messes'," Zia retorted huffily. Reuben looked a little confused -- it was a common expression on his muzzle, Boom thought fondly -- and he was about to ask for clarification... but any suspicion (which might have saved him) was immediately buried beneath a rush of desire, as Zia tugged him toward her bedroom by his shirt-collar. One of her paws was already disappearing down the german shepherd's pants.

Boom waved goodbye to the german shepherd cheerfully. **"Well, have a good last time, you two!"**

Neither answered, of course -- Reuben was too distracted literally drooling as he looked at his girlfriend, and Zia was a professional at the art of ignoring Boom. The two disappeared into Zia's room, leaving the door open just a crack. Mostly out of boredom, Boom repositioned herself so that she got a nice view of Zia's bed through the slight gap: the two dogs frantically running their paws over each other, Zia pushing Reuben onto the bed and straddling him, the eye-catching way Reuben tented out his boxers as he fumbled for a condom...

Boom considered herself an experienced connoisseur of Zia's boy-toys... but her eyes still widened just a tiny bit. Damn, Reuben *had* been hiding something impressive down there! He was certainly bigger than anyone else Zia had brought home -- Boom knew *that* fact from experience.

She was gonna have to get her paws *all over that*...

But, being a good friend, Boom knew it was *her* responsibility to set a nice romantic ambiance for those two lovebirds. The corgi's tail wagged — come to think of it, she had *just* the playlist for the occasion...

Songs to eat boyfriends by

9 videos • No views • Updated today

Public

i dunno, i was hungry, don't judge

Curvy Corgi

- How To Be Eaten By A Woman (2020 Remaster)**
The Glitch Mob
WATCHED 5:58
- Hungry Dog**
Navajo - Topic
WATCHED 3:41
- Maneater**
Daryl Hall & John Oates
WATCHED 4:32
- Hungry Heart**
Bruce Springsteen
WATCHED 3:26
- Shitty Boyfriend**
The Sonder Bombs - Topic
WATCHED 1:50
- Dog Eat Dog**
AC/DC
WATCHED 3:35
- One Way Trip**
Martin Rufer
WATCHED 5:56
- People = Shit**
Richard Cheese
WATCHED 2:04
- Dump Him (feat. Matt Bacon)**
Karthik Manickavasakam, Divya S Iyer, Art Vaughn - Topic
WATCHED 5:20

Boom counted in her head, biting down on a smirk... One, two...

On precisely the count of ten, Zia appeared from the bedroom, her bra showing and with her pink, lacy panties half-pulled-down. **"Do you mind?"** she snapped, showing the tips of her teeth in annoyance.

Boom cocked her head and blinked her eyes innocently. **"Yes, Zia?"**

"Could you *not*? I want him to have a good last time, and you're ruining the romantic mood..."

Boom rolled her eyes. **"Oh yeah, that romantic '*I sold you to my roommate as dinner*' mood..."**

Zia blushed guiltily. She protested a little weakly, **"No, i-it's not like that, I told you! I just..."**

Boom shrugged carelessly. **"What's the big deal, anyway? It's not like he'll mind in a couple hours, if his last lay was a little below average..."** She grinned. **"Even by your standards..."**

Zia huffed, **"Well, I'LL mind! It's just common politeness, not that you know what that is. And despite the reasonable and *not-at-all-petty* reasons I'm 'dumping' him..."** (Boom snickered, making Zia growl at her.) **"...you do have to admit he has a nice cock."**

Boom licks her lips. **"Oh, I *saw*... Mind if I 'borrow' him for a couple minutes before dinnertime?"**

"I don't mind if you play with your food... As long as he's in the sewer by tomorrow, then he's not my problem anymore..." Zia pinched the bridge of her nose with one paw, and took a long, slow, calming breath. **"I just want to ride that gorgeous cock one last time in peace, is that too much to ask?"**

Boom paused to think. **"Well, in the spirit of politeness and roommate compromise... And because you had my dinner delivered right to our doorstep, I suppose just this once..."**

Boom turned down the volume -- but, Zia noticed, didn't actually turn the music off completely. Still, taking victories where she could find them, Zia flounced back to her room (where her not-long-for-this-world boyfriend was spread decoratively across the bed), grumbling to herself, **"Dear GOD, that should not have been so hard..."**

Boom passed the time watching through the half-closed door and idly chowing down on the leftover thai food. The corgi would never want to waste good food, of course: leaving things uneaten offended her on a deep moral level. And besides, it was barely a snack compared to the main course.

Soon enough, though, Boom got bored of dog-watching and returned to browsing on her phone, already planning ahead for tomorrow night's dinner. That fox-boy had a couple hunky-looking friends who might fit the bill, she'd have to invite one of them to meet her at the gym sometime soon for some "in depth" exercise... Her thoughts were interrupted by a pleasure-filled howl from Reuben, as he finally came -- no matching howl from Zia, though, Boom noted with amusement. Seems like their relationship hadn't ended with a 'bang'.

A moment later, Zia emerged from the room, looking vaguely unsatisfied. She flicked a hand dismissively. **"You might have to wait a couple minutes, I kinda fucked his brains out."**

Boom snorted. **"I get the sense he didn't return the favor?"**

Zia rolled her eyes. **"Men these days are just so *inconsiderate*... Just another reason to dump him, I guess."** (Boom licked her lips.) **"But anyway, I'm all sticky now. I'm gonna go take a shower and finish off down there myself. Once he comes out, he's all yours."**

Boom tried to lounge stylishly on the couch, ready to entice Reuben into her room... But just then, she felt another sharp pressure underneath her tail, and another small burst of gas. The corgi stood up, stretching, and the sudden motion forced more of yesterday's fox-boy into her bowels. Boom yelped under her breath, then said a little reproachfully, **"Yes, I know, I know, I'm going! Jeeesus... You foxes taste good, you're like some fancy, sugary dessert. But you're always so damn impatient..."** She headed into

the bathroom, closing the door and plopping her plump rear onto the toilet seat. As the fox's final remains splattered down into the porcelain bowl, Boom grumbled, **"First you spend all of last night fighting NOT to go down. And then today you just decide to take your sweet time to leave..."** The corgi paused, hefting her now-heavier tits with one paw. **"At least you did ONE useful thing..."**

The corgi spread her legs a little wider, and grunted as a particularly large chunk of acid-pitted bone squeezed through her tailhole -- maybe part of a femur, or a vertebrae? Boom relaxed her bladder, soaking the pile in yellow, before the corgi finally stood, wiped off her rear, and flushed. This time, though, the pipes gave an ominous groan... and Boom sighed, resigned but not surprised. **"And great, you clogged my toilet too! Now where am I gonna dump this new guy? Stupid, ungrateful, piece-of-shit ex-boyfriend..."** Boom bitched under her breath, searching for the plunger. **"You were nothing but a pain in my ass, foxboy, from the beginning to the end... But this next guy seems much nicer than you, I bet he'll come out more promptly, harumph..."**

At that very moment, there was a hesitant knock on the bathroom door. **"Um, excuse me? D-do you need help in there? Is everything okay?"**

"Speaking of dinner..." Boom grinned to herself. **"Sure, come on in, honey!"**

Reuben opened the door, and immediately recoiled in embarrassment. **"Oh my goodness, I-I'm so sorry! I thought you'd have, you know, um..."** The german shepherd blushed, averting his eyes. **"Clothes on?"**

Boom laughed, a tiny bit charmed by her dinner's naïvete, despite herself. **"I don't mind, I don't see why I should be shy about that. Bare fur is just natural. We're animals, aren't we?"**

Blushing even brighter red, Reuben mumbled, **"I'll, uh, keep that in mind..."** He wrinkled his nose. **"Eesh, no offense, but it smells like something died in here..."**

Boom snorted. **"Oh, you can blame my ex-boyfriend for that... It's his fault the toilet's clogged..."**

Reuben cocked his head. **"Oh, the toilet's clogged? D-do you need any help?"**

Boom beamed -- it's so rare to meet someone who isn't afraid to get familiar with the apartment's toilet *before* spending a few hours stewing in her guts... **"Aww, Reuben, you're so sweet! I'd love your help. But honestly, I think whether or not this poor thing stays clogged is entirely up to you at this point~"**

Reuben looked a little confused, but forgot his misgivings as Boom ran a paw over his bicep. Satisfied, she handed him the plunger, before relaxing and letting Reuben do all the hard work. Boom raised her eyebrows. **"Damn, those *are* some nice muscles... Those are just perfect, how'd you build those up?"**

Reuben perked up. **"Oh! It's just an all-natural vegan diet of vegetables and protein!"** he explained proudly. **"What, want to come work out with me sometime? I go swimming every morning..."**

Boom smirked to herself. **"Huh, what a coincidence! A lot of my boyfriends end up going for a swim the morning after too. But I'm terrible at swimming, myself... I do love doggy style, though~"**

Reuben cocked his head in confusion. **"Oh, do you mean doggy paddle?"**

Boom smiled back at him, blinking innocently. **"Nope!"** the corgi said cheerfully.

Reuben blushed -- he's never been the brightest bulb on the Christmas tree, but he was starting to feel like Boom might have some... ulterior motives. **"Haven't we bumped into each other at the gym before?"** He paused. **"Wait, weren't you the one who clogged up the locker room toilets like a week ago?"**

"Well, if that raccoon ate a little more fiber, I wouldn't have!" Boom complained, a little defensively.

Reuben cocked his head in confusion. **"Wait, what?"**

"Uh, nooooothing?" Boom attempted, sounding a little nervous.

There was an awkward pause, then Reuben offered cheerfully, **"Well, maybe we could go to the gym together tomorrow, or something? I could give you some dieting help too, if you wanted..."**

Boom nodded, appreciative. **"Sure! I appreciate your enthusiasm about heading to the gym, I always get a little chubby after a big meal. I'd love some dieting help, but I could never be a vegan like you. Maybe a salad or two, but I just couldn't take meat off the menu~"** She looked Reuben up and down, then casually licked her lips to clean off some drool. The corgi ran a paw over his arm, humming to herself appreciatively. **"But enough about me! Could you put those gorgeous muscles to work, and help a girl out?~"** Boom gestured to the clogged toilet, her face *nearly* showing guilt.

Reuben nodded. He blushed, a rush of arousal running down his spine -- without even realizing it, his tail started to wag as he felt Boom's paws stroking him. Somehow, he got the sense that she was sizing him up somehow, like an experienced connoisseur... Or a python, measuring its length compared to a potential meal.

The german shepherd shook his head, trying to clear that sudden, strange thought, then knelt down and got down to work with the plunger. He did his best to ignore the smell, and the little flecks of -- wait, *white?* -- which interrupted the otherwise uniform brown dog-shit filling the toilet. Reuben started to ask a question, but Boom spoke up first, distracting him. **"Ugh, seriously though. I've spent so much time on the toilet today. Seems like last night's dinner just didn't agree with me..."**

Reuben blushed again -- it seemed so... strange, to chat about Boom's digestive health as he was busy forcing her bowel movement down the pipes, but if she wasn't embarrassed... **"If this is, uh, a common problem for you, maybe you should consider changing your diet?"** the german shepherd suggested awkwardly.

Boom laughed. **"I know, my sister keeps telling me the same thing, but..."** (She eyed Reuben hungrily.) **"I dunno, maybe I'll start that diet tomorrow. But tonight's looking like a cheat night, mmmm~"**

Boom bent down to use the sink, washing off her paws -- the bathroom was pretty small for two people, so Reuben ended up with a corgi-butt planted right in his face. It was a coincidence, Reuben was sure. A total coincidence, that Boom kept pressing her hips backward until his muzzle was almost buried between her cheeks. Boom's panties weren't high enough to hide her (he blushed) very cute tailhole, Reuben noticed. He felt a little lightheaded, and the way that Boom's tail was wagging and stroking teasingly against his ears didn't

help. Reuben asked a little faintly, **"Uh, Boom... Did you maybe forget to pull up your panties after, um..."** (He blushed even brighter red, under his fur.) **"...you know, finishing your business?"**

Boom looked back at Reuben cheekily. He looked so *nice*, tucked all cozy in between there. Getting an early preview of his final destination. **"Forget? No, I wouldn't say that..."**

Reuben helplessly mumbled something like, **"Uh, I'm sorry, this bathroom is just too snug... Lemme just finish up with the plunger then I'll get out of your a-- uh, I mean, your personal space?"**

Boom laughed. **"No need to be so shy, honey, I love a man who's willing to get familiar with a girl's backdoor."** The corgi smirked. **"I don't mind if you want to skip ahead to the end of the night..."**

Reuben nodded, even though he had no idea what he was agreeing with. Boom just seemed so inviting and friendly, it would be impolite not to go along with whatever she said. Plus, it was pretty hard to think with all of his blood between his legs rather than between his ears... Boom paused, then remarked faux-casually, **"You know, in my experience, a pleasant shit is very similar to a one night stand. Lots of huffing and puffing, something big and thick in my ass, some pleasant male company..."**

Reuben cocked his head. **"Uh, that sounds..."** His eyes widened a little, as Boom's shameless flirting *finally* made its way through his (perhaps decorative) brain. **"Oh! You mean...~"**

Boom raised her tail. **"I want to have you inside here~"** (She slapped her ass.) **"No reason to be shy..."**

"Oh! I'm flattered, and you do have a really sexy butt, but... I mean, I couldn't, um..." Reuben swallowed, trying to think through the haze: his body couldn't ignore a horny bitch grinding up against his face, but he tried valiantly anyway. **"I have a girlfriend, I shouldn't..."**

Reuben startled as Zia sauntered toward the bathroom, leaning up against the doorframe. To Zia's eyes, her soon-to-be-ex-boyfriend just looked helpless... and panicked. **"Zia!"** he yelped -- half guiltily, and half with relief. **"Babe, I s-swear it's not what it looks like. And, um, help?"** By this point, Boom was essentially grinding up against him, pinning him between a wall and a soft place. Reuben looked halfway caught between guilty and guiltily aroused, with his dick and slowly wagging tail revealing his body's opinions on the matter.

Zia looked halfway between bemused and reluctantly impressed. **"You two go ahead, I don't mind..."**

Boom laughed, patting Reuben's head fondly. That empty, empty head. **"Oh, don't worry! Usually I have to snatch her boyfriends when she's not looking, but this time she's agreed to share you~"**

Zia turned to Boom. **"God, you're shameless..."** she said, with the bastard-cousin of amusement.

Of course, Boom ignored Zia's critiques -- she chose this moment to 'notice' Reuben's predicament. **"Oh, is someone excited?"** the corgi asked innocently. Reuben blushed and nodded, and Boom smirked. **"Zia clearly didn't do a good enough job taking care of you, if you're ready for round two already..."** She reached down to paw at the bulge in Reuben's jeans, pulling the zipper just a *tiny* bit down, and the german shepherd couldn't resist bucking into her paw. She laughed, pulling her hand away (making Reuben whine unhappily). **"Seems like I'm always finishing what my roommate starts..."**

With his girlfriend having given her permission, Reuben abandoned his (futile) attempts to resist his instincts. He asked with a bashful laugh, **"Do you... often seduce your partners in the bathroom?"**

Boom grinned, a little smug about her effect on her new boytoy. **"Well, not all my one night stands start in the bathroom... But they all end up here eventually..."** The corgi giggled, as if enjoying a joke only she understood. Zia rolled her eyes. **"And all my boyfriends say it's their favorite stop on the tour!"** Boom finally turned around, gently tugging on the collar of Reuben's shirt. **"But we'll come back to the bathroom, don't worry. C'mon honey, my bedroom's more comfortable for this next part~"**

Boom wanted to get a good lay out of this one, before what she expected would be a pleasant morning dump.

Reuben let himself be tugged toward Boom's bedroom, content to let the corgi take care of everything. The german shepherd blushed -- he'd never admit it out loud, but he did have a huge capital-T *Thing* for girls who liked to take control... Reuben felt his pulse throbbing between his legs, as his eyes drifted toward the corgi's plump butt swaying in front of him, like a full moon. His head felt fuzzy. What... what *had* she said about all of her ex-boyfriends ending up in the bathroom? He supposed it didn't matter, though: as long as Zia didn't mind, he couldn't complain about knotting *two* sexy dog-girls in the same night...

And what's the worst that could happen, anyway?

Zia snorted, and waved goodbye. **"Have fuuuuun, you two!"** Zia's eyes lingered on Reuben's rear, as Boom dragged the overwhelmed german shepherd toward her room: her last glimpse of her boyfriend.

Reuben was a nice fellow all around, Zia admitted to herself. And he *did* have a nice ass: it was a shame she wouldn't get to admire it more before he got... dumped for good. She hadn't ever warned Reuben about Boom's... dietary habits, but it wasn't like Boom had been particularly subtle. If Reuben *still* hadn't managed to pick up on anything Boom had said so far... Well, honestly, that was just natural selection in action. Nothing she needed to feel guilty about, Zia reassured herself. Nothing at all.

The bedroom door clicked shut.

There was a strange sense of finality in the sound. Like a guillotine blade coming down, Zia idly thought.

The afghan hound frowned. There was a strange sinking feeling in the pit of her stomach, but she couldn't for the life of her think why. Zia trotted toward the kitchen -- a nice glass of wine should clear that right up.

On second thought, Zia reflected, it seemed more like a vodka kind of night.

The door had barely closed before Boom pounced on Reuben, pulling him close by his shirt collar and pressing her mouth against his. Reuben just let himself be carried along by the flow, everything melded into a haze of arousal... but his quickly-hardening cock and his still-wagging tail made it clear what his body thought of this turn of events. Still, Reuben *did* find it strange how, in her enthusiasm, Boom seemed to miss his mouth with her tongue, instead slurping across his face. She must just be overenthusiastic, he decided. The corgi made

strange noises of pleasure too -- little *ahs* and *mmms* of delight, as if she were... tasting him? Still, he couldn't complain. She'd been so kind to him all evening, and maybe this was just how Boom liked to make out?

Reuben's ears flicked as he heard Boom's hot breath tickle the fur inside his ear. **"Mmmm, you look like an eight or nine flush kind of guy... I'm a lucky girl, it was so polite of Zia to share~"** she whispered.

Reuben whined under his breath. He wasn't listening very closely: Boom hadn't even pulled off his clothes yet, and he was about ten seconds away from *begging* her to pin him down to a bed, and... He blushed, then laughed weakly, panting with arousal. **"Only an eight or nine out of ten? Aw, don't hurt my feelings~"**

Boom laughed, a rich and teasing sound, and nipped at his ear. She whispered, **"I suppose we'll see in the morning. I've got high expectations for you, maybe you'll prove to be a 'ten'. Though I'm not sure our plumbing can handle that~"** The corgi grinned to herself: since Reuben was Zia's boyfriend, Boom was sure she wouldn't have to pay the plumbing bill for once. Reuben was grinding up against her, she could feel the wet spot at the front of his boxers... Boom took pity on the overwhelmed german shepherd, and purred in his ear, **"C'mon, strip out of those clothes... I wanna see what's on the menu tonight~"**

Reuben nodded, blushing, and quickly stripped -- before long, he was wearing nothing but a pair of boxers, with a cute little cartoon bone pattern. Boom looked over the german shepherd with approval, licking her lips. Thinner fur than the foxboy, at least -- nothing her body couldn't handle, it shouldn't get stuck in her teeth. And all of Reuben's time at the gym hadn't been wasted: she could see all that *delicious* lean muscle flexing under his fur, promising a nice, smooth digestion... Boom idly ran a paw down Reuben's chest, before grabbing the waistband of his underwear and pulling him closer. Reuben blushed again, one paw moving downward as if to bashfully hide how his cock was already poking out of his sheath...

Boom gently -- but firmly -- pulled his hand away. **"Aww, honey, don't be shy! We're both dogs, it's nothing I haven't swallowed before..."** She giggled at how bright red Reuben was blushing. **"And I'm always in the mood to enjoy a nice, tasty bone~"** Boom snuck one paw into his boxers, teasing a claw through the thin fur on the side of his sheath -- Reuben gave a full-throated whine, instinctively bucking into Boom's paw and leaving a sticky little dot of precum in her palm. **"Let's see what you're hiding in there~"**

Reuben didn't need to be told twice. He nodded eagerly, then stripped off his boxers so quickly that the waistband nearly got caught on his cock, which had already started to lipstick out of his sheath. **"Um... Do you like what you see?"** he asked tentatively. Boom grinned: he might be shy, but his cock certainly wasn't.

Boom's smile grew, and she licked her lips with anticipation -- she was already drooling, just *looking* at all that delicious meat on display. **"Mmmmmm, honey, you look like the perfect size~"** the corgi purred, making Reuben blush. **"The perfect size to fill me up just right..."**

At that exact moment, the corgi's stomach rumbled in anticipation. **Down, girl,** Boom thought, amused. Her poor, underfed, impatient belly would have to wait-- she wasn't eating this one until she'd gotten to feel that *gorgeous* cock inside her, stretching her out as a preview of tomorrow morning.

Dinnertime could wait a little longer. Sex always helped her work up an appetite, anyway.

"C'mere..." Boom ordered, and Reuben didn't need to be told twice. **"Down, boy. On your back..."** she growled, and Reuben instantly obeyed -- he let Boom pull him down onto the bed by his collar. He blushed as Boom straddled him and pinned his arms above his head with only one paw. The corgi was strong, he noticed, testing her grip. Unusually strong, actually -- Reuben never skipped his daily workout, and he still didn't think he could pull away, even if he wanted to. Knowing Boom was in control here, that she could do whatever she wanted to him... It sent a shiver of guilty, submissive pleasure up his spine. The german shepherd wondered what she had in mind. Reuben had guiltily fantasized about this kind of thing, when he touched himself, but never admitted it to Zia. His girlfriend never asked or care what *HE* enjoyed, anyway. She just spread her legs and expected him to take care of her...

Boom stroked a paw up Reuben's neck, and grinned as he pressed into her touch with a little panting whine. **"Oh, you're one of *those* guys... All big and hunky on the outside, but with a sweet soft center~"**

Reuben nodded, blushing deeper. The corgi hadn't missed how he swooned when she *ordered* him into her room and onto the bed -- her cocky, confident grin above him made that *perfectly* clear. Honestly, if he didn't know better, Reuben might have described her expression as *hungry*. But once Reuben stopped squirming, Boom released his hands... as if convinced she could pin him down again if necessary, Reuben's subconscious whispered. The thought sent a shiver down his spine, and a blush across his face... A submissive little whine escaped from the german shepherd's mouth, much to his embarrassment.

"Good boy..." Boom crooned, and felt Reuben stiffen underneath her. The corgi grinned. She could work with this. **"Oh, you *like* that? You like a girl who takes control?"** Reuben nodded, not trusting himself to speak without his voice trembling. Boom licked her lips. **"Well that's convenient, 'cuz *I* love a meal who doesn't struggle on the way down. It's just so much easier for everyone involved..."**

Reuben *almost* frowned in confusion, he felt like something in that... sounded wrong, somehow? Like it should bother him? But any semblance of rational thought disappeared as Boom knelt down and unzipped his pants...

Boom knelt in front of the bed, with Reuben's cock right in front of her muzzle. She was a professional: she saw the concern flicker across Reuben's face, and knew she'd need a distraction to keep Reuben from asking some awkward questions about her post-coital plans tonight. Fortunately, Boom had just the thing: she chose that moment to gently stroke a paw up Reuben's rock-hard cock, meeting his gaze and licking her lips.

Reuben whined, deep in his throat, and any concern in his eyes was drowned beneath pure, unadulterated pleasure. Boom wrapped a paw around his length -- damn, Reuben WAS big, she admitted with a little awe. Boom teased him for a minute or two more, just enjoying how he writhed under her touch: she enjoyed boys like Reuben, the ones who were putty in her paws... But finally Boom couldn't resist any longer, and leaned forward to ever-so-slowly lick a stripe up Reuben's cock.

The corgi murred in pleasure. Oh, god, he was *delicious*: just the right mix of meaty flavor and sweet aftertaste. **"I wonder if the rest of you tastes this good~"** Boom murmured, before leaning her muzzle forward and slowly taking his whole cock into her mouth...

Meanwhile, Reuben was in heaven -- Boom clearly was an expert with her mouth, licking and sucking every inch of his cock, working her way downward and coaxing his cock out of his sheath until her muzzle was pressed up against his knot. His head was arched back as he panted, **"A-aah, I've never met a girl who could deepthroat me like that..."**

Boom pulled back for a second (much to Reuben's frustration). "**Deep-throating you? Already? No no, don't worry, that part comes later...**" Besides, she thought, she wanted to feel this *gorgeous* cock fill up her rear before dinner. And even beyond getting her first proper taste, he was big enough that she'd take any extra lubrication she could get. She'd taken shits wider than his cock before -- not to mention some undigested bones that *really* stretched her poor tailhole -- but not by much. Her rear was gonna be *sore* tonight.

Not that she'd want it any other way, of course.

Boom curled her tongue around Reuben's cock, sucking on his length like a hard candy, searching for every scrap of flavor. By now, Reuben was bucking into her mouth: she could taste the salty flavor of his precum on her tongue, the perfect counterpart to the rich, masculine overtones... Reuben tasted so *good*, dammit! It's like he was born to be food. *Too* damn good, honestly: Boom's stomach rumbled in complaint, tempted to end the evening early and skip to the tasty ending... Boom growled under her breath, pushing down a rising wave of hunger: she'd made herself a promise, dammit, she was *not* eating Reuben before she got knotted *properly!*

Her stomach would just have to *wait its turn*.

Not wanting to tempt herself further, Boom pulled away, leaving Reuben gasping and almost begging. The corgi grinned. "**Oh, you're perfect. You're gonna fill me up so nicely...**" Boom rubbed a paw over her belly. Just a little longer, she promised it. Then dinner. "**C'mon, big boy, time for the main event...**"

Reuben took a minute to pant, as Boom climbed back up on the bed. She straddled his stomach, her tail raised and positioned right over his rock-hard and now-slick cock. Reuben's eyes were wide, staring up at Boom with anticipation. Slowly, Boom ground her hips back, letting him feel his cock slide between her cheeks and push up against her tailhole... Reuben arched his back, pinned between her weight and the bed, biting his lip and trying to keep from *howling* out loud in pleasure... Boom leaned down, whispering in his ear, "**You're gonna be a good boy for me tonight, aren't you? You won't struggle too much...**"

Reuben found it hard to string together words, now. Especially when Boom ground her rump against his cock like *that!* "**I-I can do that...**" God, it's like she was *trying* to keep him horny and distracted, or something.

Boom smiled, she loved an easy dinner. The corgi reached under the bed, pulling out a set of restraints. A newly purchased pair, in fact -- she'd thrown away the last set of cuffs after... where they'd been. After last time, she'd learned to buy only from certified digestion-safe vendors. Sometimes her dinners needed to be restrained before going down the hatch, it was safer for everyone that way. And though she suspected Reuben would be a *good boy* all the way to her rear end, it never hurt to be careful. And besides, she suspected he might enjoy the cuffs too -- win-win!

The corgi licked a stripe up Reuben's neck, enjoying how he writhed beneath her. "**Mind if I put these on, just to make sure? Wouldn't want you changing your mind halfway down...**"

Reuben nodded, with a blush. "**A-ah, please, I've always had a... thing for bondage...**"

Boom rubbed a paw along the sensitive fur of his neck. "**I'm happy to make this nice for both of us~**"

"Zia never wanted to do this, even for my birthday..." Reuben admitted a little guiltily.

(Back in her room, through the wall, Zia huffed to herself, **"Well, I wanted an orgasm tonight. But seems like neither of us is getting our wish..."** Stupid Boom, she thought. Stupid Reuben, stupid thin walls...)

Boom smiled sweetly. **"That's because Zeze's a prissy bitch, and also because she doesn't know how to treat a good boy like you~"** The corgi reached down, fastening the cuffs until Reuben found himself bound spread-eagle on the bed. Boom leaned down to murmur in his ear, **"But don't worry, I know what to do with boys like you. I know *exactly* where you belong, just let me take care of everything..."**

Reuben nodded, his eyes half-closed in bliss. God, he felt so *exposed*, so spread open. His heart was pounding in his chest. Fuck, this was the best night of his whole life, he hadn't known his cock could GET this hard... He hoped Zia wouldn't mind, if he asked Boom to do this again? Maybe tomorrow night, he thought hopefully...

The corgi looked down at her work with pride: Reuben was nice and tied-down now. The only place he'd be going now was through her digestive tract, on a one-way trip to the sewers. She fixed him with a predatory look, and licked her lips. **"But enough delay... I wanna feel you inside me, I can't wait any longer~"**

Reuben blushed, and admitted, **"N-none of my girlfriends ever wanted anal. I've, um, never tried..."**

"Well, it's your lucky day! I'm an *expert* on all things ass-related. And by tomorrow, you'll be an expert too..." (The corgi giggled.) **"I'll give you a full, *in-depth* tour of my rear, okay?"**

Reuben nodded eagerly. Boom was being so kind and understanding, even if it *was* his first time... He started to reply, but trailed off into a whine as Boom pushed her hips back, his cock grinding up against her tailhole, and just the very tip sliding in, and... **"F-fuck, Boom, you're... Y-you're so much tighter than Zia..."**

Boom grinned: now *that's* the kind of compliment she enjoyed! Her cheeks were flushed too, although Reuben had barely slipped inside. And the corgi already felt so *full*, even with those first few inches... **"Aww, thanks hun! You're no slouch yourself..."** Boom clenched her tailhole with a grin, feeling Reuben's hips twitch. Inexperience can be attractive, Boom thought with a snort: she was pretty sure she could give Reuben a stroke if she tried. **"Plenty of guys like you end up back there, those muscles get *lots* of exercise..."**

Reuben bucked his hips forward, as far as the restraints would allow, and bit his lip as his cock slipped an inch deeper. Boom's tailhole felt so *fucking* good, but... **"Am I gonna fit? I wouldn't want to, um, hurt you..."**

"Awww, that's so *sweet* of you to be concerned!" Boom laughed. **"You're not bad, hun, but don't flatter yourself. I've fit bigger guys back there. There was this one guy this morning, he really did a number on my ass. I'm still sore from him..."**

Reuben made a strangled little noise, as Boom firmly clenched those lower muscles again. She couldn't quite understand him, she admitted. He could have been saying anything, really. **"Oh, you want to know more about that guy?"** the corgi guessed with a grin. **"I'm sure you two have met, but I'd be happy to reintroduce you tomorrow morning..."** Boom giggled to herself. **"I don't remember his face. He was**

a fox, very soft and brown with some white spots... He spent all morning pleasuring me in the bathroom, I was really huffing and puffing by the end..."

As she spoke, Boom slowly ground her hips downward, impaling herself inch-by-inch on that thick, *gorgeous* dog-cock. The corgi grinned at those cute, helpless little noises Reuben made every time she moved -- she loved being on top, she could use her weight to just, a-ah... Fuck, there's the spot! Boom gave a high-pitched yelp as Reuben bucked his hips and thrust himself inside her: his cock tickled that special place deep inside her, she felt his knot insistently pushing up against her tailhole, she arched her back, and...

It's a good thing that she just emptied her bowels, the corgi distantly reflected. Otherwise, Reuben might bump into her previous one-night stand early, and that would just be *awkward* all around.

(Meanwhile, Zia was slouched on her bed playing an app game, doing her best to ignore the lewd noises from next door. Her ears flattened down in irritation at a particularly loud *squelch*, followed by a moan. Zia growled under her breath. Stupid thin walls and stupid Boom being so loud all the time, stupid Reuben having better sex with her than me and stupid Boom being so *hot, ugh*, she *always* did this, made Zia listen to her having stupidly good sex, she was just rubbing it in at this point, why couldn't Zia ever find someone who made her moan like Boom's guys always did... Grumbling, Zia unzipped her pants and, still grumbling, stuck her free paw inside. Seemed like she'd be getting that orgasm after all... No thanks to Reuben.)

Meanwhile, Boom was approaching a much less resentful orgasm. Boom felt Reuben's hot breath on her breasts, they were pressed face-to-face as she impaled herself on that *thick* dog-cock Reuben was sporting, she had one paw gripping Reuben's hand above his head and one between her legs. She hadn't quite fit his knot yet, but she was almost there, she could feel it bump up against her tailhole with every thrust. **"C'mon, babe, I'm so close!"** she growled. **"Fuck, just a little deeper, just..."** She snapped her ass down, at the exact same moment that Reuben snapped his hips up, and his knot slipped past her taut tailhole, and...

The two dogs yelped in unison, melding into a single howl that had Zia clamping a pillow over her ears.

By the time Boom's ears had stopped ringing, Reuben was lying limp and panting beneath her. Fuck, that had been... Boom had lost count of how many guys she'd taken back there, over the years, though her plumber had probably kept the receipts.

But she'd never had an orgasm like that, and Reuben claimed this was his *first time??*

Would he get even better with experience... assuming he lived that long?

Boom paused, looking down at Reuben pinned beneath her: his knot still buried in her tailhole, his neck exposed (vulnerable, her hind-brain instincts said), his arms and legs cuffed to the bed, his fur matted with sweat and smelling like pheromones and sex... And yet, for the first time, Boom couldn't help but wonder...

Sure, her stomach was rumbling right now, but she could just order pizza and then eat the delivery guy. Meals were a dime a dozen. People who could fuck her like that, though... Those were rarer. Maybe she even could try out that whole 'long-term relationship' thing?

And of course, imagining Zia's pouty face was its own kind of pleasure...

On the other hand, she'd be giving up six months of rent. And she'd probably end up eating Reuben anyway, a couple weeks down the road when she was too lazy to order in, or find another guy. And it would be hard to find a pizza parlor that didn't have her blacklisted. And most importantly, her pride as a predator was at stake! She looked down at the german shepherd sprawled across her bed, laid out like a perfect five course meal. All fucked out and limp and mouthwatering, just *waiting* there for her. It would almost be an insult to *NOT* eat food that was so obviously delicious, and deliciously oblivious.

Besides, she'd burned lots of calories during sex, she was *hungry*. And pizza delivery took like *twenty minutes*.

Boom nodded. She'd made up her mind. No more waiting. She wanted dinner *now*.

(Zia bit her lip, trying to be quiet as she reached her own orgasm. She lay back, panting. She'd forgotten all about her app game mid-masturbation, and she looked down with a frown. Damn, she'd been close to her personal high score, too. One more thing that was Boom's fault, Zia thought irritably. Still, all that pleasure couldn't erase that guilty feeling in the pit of her stomach. Dammit, Reuben wasn't *that* bad of a guy, and he was probably her best chance to get fucked like that... Zia sighed, climbing out of bed -- with difficulty, her knees were still weak -- and trotted toward Boom's door, to tell her roommate that their deal was off...)

Meanwhile, Reuben lay back on the bed panting, his eyes half-closed. That orgasm had taken a lot out of him, it was hard to think, he just wanted to lie back and melt and let himself float away... He heard a rather loud **gurgle** from nearby, but honestly he didn't pay it any attention at all. What he *did* notice was the feeling as Boom pawed at his feet, and the german shepherd smiled at the ticklish sensation. He felt Boom dexterously unlatch the cuffs, her paws pulling his feet together, her silky tongue stroking across the pads of his feet...

...Wait, what?

Well, he'd never had a thing for feet, Reuben admitted. But if Boom wanted to use her tongue down there, he wouldn't be complaining. He owed her one. And besides, he'd never kink-shame if his partner liked something.

Still, this all seemed a little... strange? The wet, slick sensation of Boom's tongue seemed to be traveling upward toward his ankles, and his feet seemed to be... He frowned, trying to wiggle his toes. They seemed constrained somewhere warm and slick and wet... Something deep in Reuben's brain was trying frantically to raise alarm flags, he was sure he *SHOULD* be concerned by this new development, but he just... Everything felt so warm, and comfortable... Like he was slowly slipping downward, one inch at a time, like he was exactly where he belonged. Like he didn't have to worry about anything ever again...

"Wow, I really fucked your brains out, didn't I?" (Reuben nodded, overwhelmed, and Boom laughed -- the sound, as well as her words, were strangely muffled, as if she had... her mouth full?) **"Aww, it's so nice when a guy knows where he belongs. It's good boys like you who keep our plumber in business."** She grinned, stroking a paw along Reuben's flank. **"Thanks for helping support the local economy~"**

(Zia reached the door, about to knock and save her boyfriend. She raised a paw, and...)

Boom's ears flicked up, as if she heard something outside. The corgi paused, then asked casually, **"Oh! Silly me, I almost forgot to ask: how did I compare to dear Zeze?"** She giggled. **"I like keeping score..."**

(Zia hesitated, her paw froze an inch from the door, and...)

Reuben blinked, confused. **"Huh? I mean..."**

"Oh, go on, don't worry. The way things are going, give it an hour or two and we'll practically be the same person. Your secrets are 100% safe with me~"

"Well, uh..." Reuben sighed, a blush spreading across his cheeks. **"Zia's very hot, and I love her, don't get me wrong... But she never wants to do anal, and you're just so much tighter than her, and you paid attention to what I wanted, and..."**

"Yes!" Boom gloated. **"One more for me!"** The corgi raised her voice. **"Hey, Zia, since you're probably snooping at my door... That's 10-5 in my favor! Game point, bitch~"**

(Zia lowered her paw, tail twitching back and forth. If Reuben didn't know how to properly appreciate her, well... Zia huffed and flounced back toward her room, leaving her ungrateful boyfriend to his fate...)

"Now then, no more delays." Boom licked her lips. **"Time for the grand finale..."**

"There's more!?" He swallowed nervously. **"I'm not sure how much more of you I can handle."**

"Shhhh, don't you worry. Just leave it *all* to me. My body will do *all* the work, you can just lie back and relax and enjoy the trip... In fact, if you *really* want to be obedient for me, just keep your eyes shut, okay? It'll be a surprise..." He nodded, closing his eyes, and she grinned. **"Good boy~"**

He did exactly that, laying back and sinking into the mattress -- and back into subspace -- and a moment later he felt the sensation of Boom's tongue against his soles return. But it didn't stay there, this time. He heard a sound, something his exhausted mind couldn't quite place, and then the wet muscle was lapping against his thighs and his feet were...

Well they were still somewhere wet, but now they were much more... restricted. His ankles were held tight, even tighter than when he'd been in cuffs. Whatever held him wasn't letting him move even an inch, yet it was yielding and almost *cozy* in its warmth. Strangely intimate and reassuring, somehow. Was this some bizarre, exotic form of bondage? His cock certainly believed it was.

"That... F-feels so nice, whatever you're doing." Reuben panted. **"D-don't stop, it feels amazing~"**

Boom made a happy, contented noise in reply -- halfway between a **"mhm~"** and a **"mmmmm~"**. A good fuck *and* a good meal? Her boytoys were hardly ever both. Well, it's not that they weren't good meals once they got down, but they were hardly ever so polite in getting there. Zia had found a real catch for her, Boom admitted to herself. She'd have to thank her roommate somehow. A fruit basket, maybe? She already knew what she'd write on the card: *"Condolences on your recent breakup. Hope this gift is as tasty as he was~"*

It wouldn't be, of course. Not even close. But it was the thought that counted.

And Boom prided herself on always being thoughtful.

And the most thoughtful way to appreciate Zia's gift, she considered, was to put him where he belonged.

Reuben heard that **glrrk** sound again, wet and meaty. Those distantly buried red flags were waving around again somewhere in his pleasure-addled mind, but they were as indistinct as the rest of the world. All Reuben wanted was to relax and let Boom have her way with him for a little while. She'd certainly earned it. As far as he was concerned, she had free reign to keep on... uhh, what **was** she doing exactly? Well, whatever it was, it was certainly helping him relax and just *bask* in the pleasure. More than Zia ever did.

He felt his feet slip again, only now it wasn't just his feet, but the entirety of his legs all the way past his knees. Wrapped tight in this warm, cozy embrace. He *did* find it strange that "warm" and "cozy" also seemed to include "wet", but maybe it was some kind of lube to keep things comfortable? Regardless, he was *far* more focused on Boom's tongue. It was hard to focus on anything else. She must have been quietly climbing up the bed, because she was now working her magic on his lower thighs. She was dangerously close to his butt now... not to mention his cock, which was already back to standing at attention. His tail was pinned, too.

When had that happened?

gulck

He slipped again, and something unexpected caught his attention. His feet were... free? No, he wiggled them around. They weren't really free, but they certainly had quite a bit more room now, even if the air surrounding them seemed... humid and hot? If this were some bondage thing, why would she loosen things on him *now*?

What *was* she doing? He didn't want to disobey her, but he just needed to know, and...

Reuben opened his eyes, craning his neck to look down. He saw Boom's furry form in the low light, down on the mattress around his legs, as if kneeling at the foot of the bed, but... He squinted, and blinked a few times.

It *almost* looked like... no, he must be-

gulp

His blissful smile shrank *just a bit* as his brow twitched, trying to make sense of what he saw. Boom's muzzle... it was around his legs, or really, um, his legs were *inside* it... Well, actually inside her *throat*, in that furry bulge that held the rest of her body off the sheets. She was... She was *swallowing* him!

Wait... Just hold on a moment. There was *no way* this cute, dainty, plump corgi was actually *eating* him. No, of course not, that would be absurd! This must just be part of the thing, right? Part of the surprise? Some kind of special full-body oral sex? That must have been why she didn't want him to look, so that he wouldn't freak out or anything, maybe he should just close his eyes again like she'd said and pretend--

Boom noticed her happy meal looking down and met his eyes with a strange delight. She certainly didn't seem too upset that he'd opened them. In fact she seemed almost *more* excited now. Seeing her look so happy, it somehow took some of the edge off. Nothing that would make her that excited could be that bad, could it?

The corgi swallowed again, and this time Rueben recognized the sound. Not only that, but he saw Boom's muzzle lurch another inch or two up his thighs. Her playful, intent eyes drew that much closer to his -- she met his gaze and very pointedly licked her lips. There was something strange in her eyes now, under the surface. It looked almost like... hunger? Like she was *savoring* him? No, of course not. There was *no way* she was actually...

guuuurgle

Okay, he'd *felt* that one. It came from all around his feet... His feet that were now clearly inside her *stomach*. Those red flags from earlier suddenly seemed *much* sharper. A vivid image of being swallowed alive, spending his last moments curled up inside that tight, hot, wet (admittedly sexy) body of hers suddenly flashed through his mind. This was all happening so fast! There had been *absolutely* no hints or signs of any kind, Reuben thought to himself, Boom had been so *subtle*... But now it seemed to be quite a distinct possibility that she...

"U-um... Boom? You- uh- you have me kind of deep in, um, in your mouth? I'm sure that's just an accident, right? You're not actually trying to... you know, eat me... are you?"

The look in her eyes changed in an instant. Her eyebrows tilted into a cute, innocent pout: an unmistakable "*who, me??*" face, like a puppy who got caught stealing from the cookie jar. But the expression was contrasted rather sharply with a curt, casual little gulp, as he sunk that much deeper into the growing smirk that wrapped around his thighs. He could feel her fangs scraping ever-so-gently against the bottom of his, uh... He blushed.

The alarming sight mixed with her delightfully pleased demeanour and that playful, amused expression left him somewhat confused. Sure, it *seemed* pretty obvious what was happening, what Boom had in mind, but the last thing he wanted to do was offend her! She'd been so kind all night, shouldn't he return the courtesy?

"So, you, um... You *are* gonna let me out, right?"

Boom nodded her head happily, the gesture lifting his butt off the mattress and letting it bounce back down. He felt a rush of relief... for about two seconds, until the corgi lifted her furry rump into the air and shook it excitedly back and forth, pointing back with one paw toward her tail -- which was raised straight and proud, as if trying to announce its location to the world... or to reveal what lay hidden *beneath* that tail.

It was a rear he'd gotten quite intimately familiar with over the last hour, though now it suddenly seemed just *slightly* less friendly...

Reuben gulped. **"Y-you don't mean...?"**

Boom nodded again happily, giving her plump booty an extra-enthusiastic shake. She wrapped her tongue around one of his legs as she swallowed again, as if trying to make it *extra clear* that he was *hers* now.

Reuben felt a rush of conflicting emotions. On one paw, every moment gave him some new detail to worry about. His ears folded back with concern as the next swallow immersed his toes in a thick, warm fluid within Boom's stomach -- he was pretty sure he was dipping his toes in the remnants of the thai food he brought. All those odd jokes Boom had made, about Reuben meeting her ex-boyfriends, didn't seem quite as funny now... On the other paw, it was really warm and soft inside Boom's -- he gulped at the thought -- Boom's throat, and having his feet bound so tight was making his blood rush south again, and... This was all just so *sudden*, he hadn't expected his night (or his life) to end like this... But in another context, this would feel almost, uh...

Then every other sensation seemed to disappear, as the tip of Boom's tongue gently caressed the thin, soft fur beneath Reuben's balls. Just a little stroke at first, but it was enough to make him stiffen... He felt Boom huff out an amused laugh around his hips, her hot breath teasing his cock, and... Reuben whined, deep in his throat: all of that panic suddenly seemed a little further away, a little less urgent. If getting swallowed felt so incredibly good, it couldn't be wrong, his hormone-soaked brain insisted. He should just lie back, a-and...

Boom expertly wrapped her dextrous tongue around Reuben's cock, squeezing and stroking along his shaft, slowly coaxing him out of his sheath... She saw the hint of concern in his eyes, and how smoothly it was replaced with a haze of arousal... She felt Reuben grind himself against her tongue as well as he could in his position, and she grinned. The corgi stroked her tongue along his (quite impressive) length, slurping up every bit of flavor she could get: sweat and musk and the taste of his cum... Boom loved the feeling of having a hot dog in her mouth, exactly where he belonged. She wanted to savor him *properly*, despite how impatiently her stomach rumbled -- no more delays, her body seemed to beg, her dinner belonged inside *NOW*...

Reuben was panting faster now, his tail twitching and his eyes half-closed, as Boom deftly teased him toward orgasm... But suddenly (almost reluctantly), she withdrew her tongue, letting Reuben's hips slip into her throat properly. Reuben gave another desperate, pleading whine, begging for her tongue to return, but the noise shifted to a moan of pleasure as she took another deep *guuuulp* -- no matter how heavenly her tongue had felt, it couldn't compare to the sensation of her throat gripping his whole body, being rubbed and stroked and held so slick and tight from every angle, like a full-body blow job...

Reuben was so lost in bliss that, when he suddenly felt his member pressed tightly against his lower belly, all he could contemplate was how nice the warm flesh of her throat felt, against his sensitive skin, as he bucked his hips against the slick heat surrounding his member. Boom choked a little the first time he thrust, but soon enough she figured out his rhythm. From then on, she timed her swallows to match the twitches of his hips, letting Reuben feed *himself* down her throat one thrust at a time... The corgi stroked one paw along her throat, feeling the bulge of Reuben's cock within, giving him just a *little* more pressure to grind against, and...

Reuben couldn't resist any longer: he arched his back and gave a full-throated howl of overwhelmed pleasure, his hips twitching as his cum dripped down Boom's throat. Reuben went limp like a noodle in the post-orgasm glow, and Boom was quick to take advantage of the fact. She murred happily at the taste of his cum -- *almost* as delicious as the rest of him! -- and slurped him down faster, working her way up his body more easily now.

Reuben had his eyes closed again: overwhelmed by pleasure, or just resigned to where he was going, Boom wondered? She couldn't tell. It didn't really matter in the end, but Boom still hoped he was enjoying his trip. Even if he didn't have a say in his final destination, that didn't mean the experience should be *unpleasant*...

With his eyes closed, Reuben simply... relaxed, as best he could given his current circumstances. A loud, wet, *hungry* rumble sounded from below, somewhere deep inside the corgi girl, where a majority of his body was already buried. He tried not to think about it. It's not like he had any say in things anymore, but that lack of control let him sink into a warm, comfortable submissive space. If he couldn't control what happened to him, he might as well enjoy the experience. And, he admitted a little guiltily, this DID feel... pretty good. He'd just had the best orgasm of his *life*, far better than any that Zia had given him. If he closed his eyes, he could almost imagine he was slowly slipping into a warm, comfortable, private jacuzzi. Yeah, that sounded nice...

A faint, almost-smile spread across Reuben's muzzle, with his eyes still closed. An acceptance of his new place in the food chain, if not actual eagerness.

Aww, poor guy, all tuckered out... Boom thought. ***Here, lemme give you a nice, cozy place to relax, to help your concerns melt away...*** She slurped him down inch by inch, speeding up as her body took a larger hold in his. His chest, rising and falling, disappeared into her throat, making little rhythmic swells in her throat as it was passed along. She felt his heartbeat tickle her throat, being overtaken by her own.

"Boom... I..." Reuben murmured. He sounded so drained, it wasn't really clear what those two words were supposed to mean. *"I don't want to be eaten"*, *"I wish I could do this again"*, *"I hope I'm a good meal"...* It could have been anything, really. Probably that last one, Boom decided. She murred happily as Reuben's shoulders sank between her jaws -- the widest part was over. From here on down, it was just an easy slide. She stroked her tongue along his cheek as his face came within reach, a parting kiss before their lengthy stay together -- and Zia claimed she wasn't romantic! Boom caught one last glimpse of Reuben's muzzle, before her own eclipsed it from view. She got a close-up view of the german shepherd's almost smile, and smiled around his neck. She loved knowing she'd taken good care of her meal...

Reuben felt the warmth envelop his shoulders, and the humid breath of his partner-turned-predator wafted across his face. Against his fatigue, he cracked open his eyes one last time. The red ridges of the corgi's hungry maw filled his view, surrounded by her white, pointed teeth: all coated in a healthy layer of saliva, just like he was. He tried to take one last sniff of the outside, but all he could smell was *her*. Even his own familiar scent -- something every canid took for granted since their birth -- was gone now, erased beneath the scent of Boom's breath. He was covered in her scent, consumed by it. The room's dim lights began to fade into the darkness of her maw. Reuben's last glimpse of the outside world was framed by Boom's jaws. He tried to take one last breath of fresh air from outside, but the stale air of Boom's breath filled his lungs instead.

He felt himself slipping down again, down into that almost-comforting abyss. He let his eyes sink closed once more, a last little gesture of submission, before his head was sealed away into the wet, warm darkness.

****gulp****

Boom felt Reuben's head slip down her throat, and murred in pleasure. In fact, her body shivered around him, rocking him gently inside. The corgi felt him shift around, his legs pushing gently at the growing bulge he was making in her hungry belly. Only his arms were left now, the final mouthfuls of an all-around spectacular meal, and it was due time that she fully and formally introduced him to his final destination...

Boom took one gulp, and then another, pausing between them to see how her lover-turned-lunch would react. She always enjoyed this part. She had her meal right where she wanted him, totally under her control. Each

gulp sent him closer to her belly, even Reuben could see that clearly at this point. Though what this one lacked in brains he certainly seemed to make up for in table manners: he wasn't putting up one hint of a fuss.

She eyed the cuffs that kept his wrists strapped so firmly to the bed frame. He was such a well behaved meal, such a good boy: those cuffs hardly seemed necessary anymore. Not that *any* of Boom's meals could've done much at this point, she thought with a snort, but... it still seemed polite to reward Reuben for good behavior. She gave another small swallow to pull herself closer, then reached out and gently unclipped one cuff from the bed, then the other. His arms stayed rather limply in place, completely relaxed. She didn't bother to undo the cuffs themselves from around his wrists, though -- they were leather, they'd digest just as easily as he would.

She placed one of her paws in his -- as if to reassure him that everything was okay -- before she swallowed again. She felt him squirm gently, as her throat pulled him down ever deeper. She fancied that he seemed as excited as she was. He certainly wasn't fighting her at all. As Reuben's paws slipped into her maw, his fingers almost instinctively curled around her teeth -- his last connection to the outside world. Boom slowly closed her mouth, before ever-so-gently coaxing his fingers loose with her tongue, one at a time.

Boom murred happily -- Reuben was entirely inside her, a couple inches from taking the plunge. But before the final gulp... With difficulty, Boom dragged herself onto the bed, repositioning herself against the fluffy pillows. With her belly mostly full, the edge had been taken off her hunger. She could afford to take a little bit and just savor the moment, her last intimate moment with Reuben...

Playfully, she squished her tongue around his paw, working it in between his digits, stealing away the last little samples of original flavor she'd be able to glean from her dinner. She felt his fingers wiggle in response, and felt his whole body quiver as she tickled him to the point of muffled laughter. She kept at it until his wiggles shook her whole body, and then stopped and felt him gradually relax. His hands went limp in her mouth. Boom thought that was probably as good a sign as any that it was time to finish her dinner. She was about to send him on his way when she felt him move one last time. She felt his paw press ever-so-gently into her tongue, almost as if to say goodbye. Now *that* was a sign if she'd ever seen one~

Boom gave one final **gulp**, tossing her head back in a well-practiced motion, letting gravity do all the work...

...and Reuben slipped down her throat in a single smooth motion.

Boom relaxed for a moment, just basking in that luxurious post-dinner moment -- her stomach still stretching to accommodate her new meal, her dinner squirming around searching for a more comfortable position, the air in her overstuffed guts shifting, heading upwards, until... **UAAAAARRRRPPPPP!!**

"Ahhhh~ You really hit the spot, honey!" Boom patted her stomach fondly, her tail twitching, before licking her lips to savor the last remnants of Reuben's flavor. The corgi lazily flopped onto her back (sloshing Reuben around within her stomach), content to simply relax on her comfy bed and let her belly wobble above her. **"You were way more filling than what's-his-name from last night..."**

Meanwhile, Reuben found himself in much less luxurious accommodations. It was stiflingly hot and humid inside Boom's stomach, and every breath *tasted* like acid on his tongue. His fur was already soaked in the meaty stew which filled the bottom of her stomach, the remains of the thai food he'd brought her: a morbid preview of how he'd look in a few hours. Just a little while ago, he'd carried that food into their apartment,

and now he found himself joining it. Maybe a little bit of last night's lay was sloshing around in here too. God, her stomach seemed so alive, so *aware* of him inside, pressing and prodding and kneading him in the dark... before the walls suddenly clenched around him, as a burst of air erupted from the corgi's mouth.

The sound of the corgi's belch vibrated against Reuben's ears, echoing all around him. His whole world was the confines of Boom's body, now. It started to dawn -- he wouldn't be seeing the outside again. He felt a sudden urge to speak up, to remind Boom that he was still *there*, that he wasn't gone yet...

"Um... Boom? Can you still hear me?"

"Well of course I can, silly dog, you are right here in my belly after all!"

"I... you... you actually ate me..."

Boom blinked. **"Are you... surprised? I was drooling over you since you walked in the door."**

"I thought... I *didn't* think you were..." He trailed off. **"I didn't think I could even fit..."**

"Oh, I've packed *way* bigger guys than you in there -- no offence or anything, you were a *delicious* dinner~ And a *great* fuck too. Almost a shame what my belly's gonna do to that dick of yours, I would have liked to ride it twice, but I was on a schedule."

There was a short moment of silence. Well, not *silence* silence. Boom's gut was gurling up a storm with all that fresh meat pushing everything down to make room. And speaking of pressing, Boom felt a growing pressure on the inside of her gut -- but *not* at her tailhole this time. She looked down curiously and saw the distinct outline of her dinner's paw push slowly against her skin, only to disappear with satisfying ease back into his rounded bulge with a loud glorp.

Reuben just *had* to reach out and touch her belly, he had to confirm that all this was real. The way he could feel every little fold of her insides, the flexibility of her bulging belly, the way it hungrily pulled him tight again when he relaxed his arm. This was *definitely* really. Far too real than anything he could have imagined. He braced himself for shock and panic, except...

Amid all these overwhelming sensations, any of which should have sent him into a panic, Reuben found his new home oddly... comfortable. Peaceful, if he didn't pay attention to what any of these sensations *meant*. He could hear Boom's heart beating above him, the steady inrush and outflow of air from her lungs, soothing him with their steady rhythms. The gurgling of her bowels beneath him, too -- the occasional squelches as some leftover foxboy made progress through her intestines... Reuben was immersed within the furnace of Boom's guts, a machine evolved to process him into fat and energy and waste, and yet all Reuben could think about was that, somehow, more than anywhere else he'd ever been... This felt like where he belonged.

"...Was I good?" he asked hesitantly.

"Aww, Reuben, of course!" She assured him. **"You were such a good boy, the whole way down! You didn't struggle or anything..."**

Something about her still using his name while he was curled up inside her stomach... It sent a shiver down his spine. Hearing her say his name had *always* felt nice, but now it felt intensely intimate.

"N-no, I meant..." (Inside her stomach, where no one could see him, he blushed.) **"Was I a good meal?"**

Boom grinned, oddly flattered. **"Oh, I see... Well, I'd say you were an excellent meal, honey. Zia's boyfriends always are. You could say she has good taste in men, hah~"**

"Oh! Do you, uh... normally eat Zia's boyfriends? Wouldn't she get mad?"

Boom barked out a laugh. **"That's the whole point!"** The corgi picked at her teeth, a little smug. **"Haven't missed a single one yet! Had to fly to Spain to snatch one, Zia thought she could get away with a long distance relationship... But I pride myself on being a 100% completionist~"**

"S-so, no matter what happened, I was destined to be your food eventually?"

"Heh, I suppose you could say that..." Boom giggled, and the sound echoed from all around Reuben. **"But you were pretty special, honey. I can't convince most guys to go down that easy~"**

There was a moment of silence, as Reuben stewed in the hot, tight space. The corgi's stomach acids tingled against his skin -- just gently tingling for now, as they soaked into his fur, but he knew that wouldn't last. It was so strange, Reuben reflected -- he'd had so many dreams for the future. He'd planned to make something of his life. But now Reuben realized, his fate all along... had been to end up as dog food.

And stranger still, that realization felt utterly, undeniably *right* somehow. It fit into place like the last jigsaw piece, which would reveal the whole picture. It felt like he was *meant* to be a casual dinner for a girl he barely knew, like he'd *always* been meant to end up as food. It tickled the submissive parts of his brain *just* right. The thought sent a strange wave of peace through him, rather than the panic that he suspected he should feel. After all, he was at the beginning of a very *final* waterslide, which would lead him inexorably towards, well...

Reuben blushed, though nobody could see it in the dark. Toward a wipe and a flush the next morning, and that would be The End of his story. He'd better get used to the thought, sooner or later.

Why wasn't he afraid? *Shouldn't* he be afraid?

Maybe it was how *easily* Boom had coaxed him into bed (then down her throat) with barely a few words, or how little of an effort it had taken her to swallow him whole. If he'd lived his whole life one evening away from being dinner, even if he hadn't known it yet, hadn't this *always* been his purpose in life? Reuben took in a little breath of "air", bracing himself against the harsh sensations of Boom's stomach... yet yearning for them just the same. The smell at his snout was acrid and biting, yet still somehow unmistakably hers. *Everything* around him was hers. *He* was hers... Her meal... She'd made him into her meal... She'd eaten him, he was food now...

And he was okay with that, Reuben admitted to himself (almost guiltily). Maybe not *happy*, necessarily, but... okay. He was content to be Boom's special meal: as long as he was special to *her*, maybe that was enough.

At least, Reuben *hoped* he was special. He knew he wasn't the first -- or the last -- guy to take this trip. How would Boom remember *him*, Reuben wondered? Would he be mentioned in passing to the next unlucky (lucky) suitor who visited Boom's bed and bathroom? Would he just be lost among all the others? Boom sure seemed like an experienced predator, and... He frowned. **"Wait, how many other guys have you... um..."**

"I dunno, how many hamburgers did you eat in your life? They all blur together eventually."

"Oh..." Reuben's voice fell, just a little. In her chest, Boom felt a little pang of... heartburn? No, wait, that was *guilt*: such an unfamiliar feeling, she hadn't recognized it. It was just a *little* guilt, of course, nothing compared to the utterly satisfied pleasure she felt as her stomach got to work. And it's not like Boom felt guilty about *eating* Reuben, really.

It was just... He was such a *nice* guy and a nice meal, maybe just this *once* she should return the favor.

"...And I gotta say, I wish half of them were as half as good as you." Boom admitted, after a moment.

(Zia would never find out that she had a softer side, Boom reassured herself. It's not like Reuben would tell.)

"R-really, you mean it?" There was a note of hope in the german shepherd's voice -- a yearning to feel like his impending fate as dog-pudge had *meant* something in the end.

"Oh yes," Boom replied, and for once the corgi was completely sincere. **"You were just the smoothest going down, you made my mouth water so much. It's still watering, just from thinking about you. I wish I could eat you twice..."** Reuben heard a gulp from above, and a moment later felt a splash of saliva splatter his already soaked face. **"You were everything a hungry corgi could ask for. And if you're half that smooth coming out..."** She trailed off dreamily.

Reuben had finally gotten wise enough to understand that she didn't mean the way he'd come in. It had taken him a while, but he'd finally gotten there. **"You mean, after I'm..."** Reuben trailed off, embarrassed.

He felt Boom nod cheerfully, her motion sloshing him around inside. **"No reason to be shy about it, love! It's only natural. And you're gonna get some first hand experience with the whole process..."**

Reuben thought back to just a few moments ago, when he'd been a person instead of a meal. When he'd had his member knotted happily in her back door, instead of his whole body stewing in her stomach. The memory of that tight hole suddenly took on a whole new tone. He wasn't just dog *food*: in a few hours, he'd end up as dog *shit*, and he'd be squeezed right back through that hole that he'd filled so snugly -- only this time he'd be filling it from the *inside*, and he imagined it would be *much* more of a tight fit.

"Will... will it hurt?"

"Awww~" Boom cooed, stroking the taut surface of her belly, **"My sweet little Reuben."** She couldn't believe how considerate a meal he was being! Worrying for *her* health, she'd never eaten anyone *half* this sweet! The corgi wrapped her arms around her belly in a happy embrace. **"Don't you worry honey, this belly is a professional. You won't cause so much as a stomachache, I'll be just fine~"**

Reuben gulped nervously. **"I'm, uh, g-glad to hear that? B-but, actually, I meant..."**

They both were interrupted by a knock at the door. **"Are you done in there yet?"** came an impatient voice. **"I don't have all night. I have a party to get to, now that I'm single again..."**

Zia didn't wait for Boom's response, letting herself in to lean against the wall. She eyed Boom's rounded belly, looking bored, tapping a foot impatiently. As if she couldn't care less what had happened to Reuben.

Boom snorted -- she didn't buy that "prissy alpha bitch" shit for a *minute*. The corgi knew her roommate, through and through. Classic Zia, covering up all that *pesky guilt* with petty annoyance...

Zia would never admit it, of course... but Boom knew Zia must still be feeling unpleasantly full of guilt.

Unlike Boom herself, who was feeling *quite* pleasantly full of Reuben. All the better to annoy her roommate with. **"You won't be *officially* single until tomorrow morning, Zeze, unless you want to go grab me some digestive aids from the corner store..."** Zia waved a paw in irritation, and Boom smirked. The corgi raised her eyebrows. **"You already made plans for tonight, huh? That was... optimistic of you."**

Zia snorted. **"Oh come on, we *both* know that once a guy walks into your room, the only way he's leaving the apartment is by the sewers."**

Boom lazily shrugged. **"You know, I *was* tempted not to eat this one. I kinda wanted to keep him around for a bit, he's a *really* good fuck."** Reuben squirmed a little bit, trying to find a more comfortable position, and Boom grinned. She leaned down to stroke her stomach fondly, and cooed, **"Yes, you~"**

Zia rolled her eyes. **"As if you could *ever* keep your mouth off one of my boyfriends..."**

"See, my biggest reward is how *huffy* you get afterward... It's just no *fun* when you offer him up on a silver platter..." Boom grinned -- how far *could* she push Zia here?

"Then you wouldn't have gotten paid that six months' rent..." Zia grumbled. **"I still can't *believe* you scammed me out of that much. He was worth three months' rent at *MOST*..."**

Boom giggled. **"But the look on your face when you had to explain the situation to Reuben here... That would have been worth every cent..."**

Reuben yelped, **"Wait, you *knew* she was going to eat me?! And you didn't tell me?"**

Both dog-girls jumped a little: they'd almost forgotten he was still there, as they settled back into their familiar pattern of bickering. Zia looked startled. **"He can still hear us?"**

Boom shrugged, sloshing Reuben around. **"Of course he can, he's sitting right here in my belly. What did you expect? I only swallowed him like two minutes ago. He's got *plenty* of quality time in my gut ahead of him..."** She stroked her belly gently, feeling how Reuben was curled up so nicely inside.

Zia looked as though she wanted to back out of the room, but wanting to defend herself at the same time. **"Um, I guess I didn't put too much thought into what happens between when you *steal* away my boyfriends and disappear into your room, before they reappear on our monthly plumbing bill."**

Boom stuck her tongue out at Zia. **"If you recall, I didn't *steal* anything. You *paid* me to take this tasty treat off your paws. Six whole months of rent~"**

"You *sold* me to your roommate as dinner? For only six months' rent!?" Reuben spluttered -- partly from outrage, partly from the digestive fluids that were rising around him and dripping into his mouth.

"No no, sweetie, I didn't *buy* you. She's paying *ME* six months' rent..." Boom corrected cheerfully. She leaned down to her belly, and whispered conspiratorially, **"And she tried to argue me down to *ONE*..."**

"One month? That's all I was worth to you, Zia? That's... that's just not fair..."

"I totally agree, hun. It's not fair at all! I'm on *your* side here..." Boom reassured Reuben. **"If I'd known beforehand how good of a fuck you were, I'd have demanded a solid *year*~"**

Zia winced. **"I mean, you were a great guy, Reuben! But... It just wasn't gonna work out between us, babe! I think it's better to just admit that, and move on with our lives in different directions?"**

Reuben grumbled, **"Easy for *you* to say! You're not on your way to the apartment's *septic tank*..."**

Boom snickered. **"I dunno, Reuben, I think Zia's right. You two *are* going different directions these days! Like, Zia's heading out to a party tonight, and you're heading down toward my intestines."** The corgi giggled at her own joke. **"You could say you got the *butt end* of this deal..."**

(Both Reuben and Zia ignored her.)

"Just... Why didn't you at least *talk* to me, Zia?" Reuben sighed.

Zia started to answer, but Boom cut in. **"Oh, Zia here didn't like those *hard* emotional conversations. She said it would be..."** (The corgi makes sarcastic air quotes.) **"...less awkward that way~"**

Zia blushed. **"I-I mean, it's not your fault, Reuben! N-not that it's my fault, either. It's nobody's fault, really, you know? We're just two different people..."** the afghan hound insisted, doing her best to look nonchalant. **"I, uh... I know you could have made another girl very happy..."**

Boom raised a paw cheerfully. **"Me! That girl is me. You've made me *very* happy, Reuben~"**

"Aw, thanks Boom..." Reuben muttered grumpily. **"At least *someone* here appreciates me properly..."**

Zia sounded a lot more defensive now, with a hint of genuine guilt. **"H-hey, it's not like that! I just... I'm not good at breakups, you know?"**

Boom nodded. **"It's true, she *really* isn't. This one time she paid me to 'break up' and dump a guy for her."** The corgi paused with a grin. **"Oh, wait, that was today."**

Zia's eyes narrowed. **"Hey, don't try to pin this on me, Boom! I'm not the bad guy in this story!"** the afghan hound growled. **"You're the one about to *digest* my boyfriend!"**

Boom shrugged. **"Hey, you can't blame a girl for following her instincts. I see a delicious boy and I just wanna *eat him up*..."** The corgi stroked a paw along her belly. Damn, Reuben felt softer already.

Zia huffed. **"I was just trying to avoid a big awkward breakup, excuse me for being *polite*!"**

Reuben squirmed with indignation upon hearing Zia's 'excuse', and in response Boom's stomach made a wet gurgle, clenching tighter around the delicious morsel inside. Boom huffed, **"Now you've done it, Zia, you upset poor Reuben!"** She stroked the taut skin of her belly tenderly. **"And you gave me indigestion!"**

Zia insisted, **"Yeah, well, uh... Reuben's vote doesn't count! Dog-shit doesn't get a vote!"**

Boom giggled. **"Now you've got the spirit, Zeze! But see, Reuben's not dog-shit YET. That'll take a few more hours. And until then he's got a vote, so you're outvoted. You're the villain of this story -- sorry, it's official."** (The corgi paused for a second, biting down on a shit-stirring grin.) **"Zia, honey, if you keep grinding your teeth like that, you're gonna wear them down."**

Zia was used to this from Boom. But to have her soon-to-be-ex *agreeing* from inside Boom's stomach? That was a sheer level of insult that she had never anticipated! **"Well, Reuben, if it bothers you so much, why don't you, uh... Just go on and digest then!"** Zia finished weakly, before flouncing out of the room. **"My next boyfriend will have thicker skin, he won't be so easily annoyed about tiny things like this!"**

There was a moment of silence. Apart from the nonstop *grrrgles* and *glorps* of Boom's bowels, of course.

"Even if her next boyfriend has thicker skin, he'll digest just as easily..." Boom told Reuben, amused.

"Hey, Boom, um... Can I ask you a question?" Reuben asked a little hesitantly.

Boom stroked her belly. **"Of course! There's no secrets between a girl and her food..."**

"You spent all that time telling me how good I tasted, and how lucky you were to eat me." Reuben sighed. **"But did you actually mean it? Or did you only eat me because Zia paid you to?"**

"Of course not! Perish the thought... An amazing treat like you? I *definitely* would have gulped you down the first chance I got."

"You mean it?"

"Yes, absolutely!" Boom soothed. **"You were just too tasty to resist... Honestly, I was thinking of eating you tonight, even before Zia offered. I was in the mood to have a meal at home. Free money is free money, but you were probably getting eaten either way..."**

Knowing Boom had been eyeing him for months... Reuben wasn't sure why that was comforting, but it *was* somehow. **"Y-you've been so kind to me this whole time... Caring about my feelings, all the way to the end..."** The german shepherd blushed: his skin was tingling now, under his fur -- was this the start of digestion? **"Just... thank you? I guess?"**

Boom hugged her belly, more than a little flattered. **"Awww, Reuben honey... You're just so sweet~"** The motion sloshed Reuben around inside her stomach, before Boom let out a wet belch and licked her lips. Mmm, that last hint of flavor... Reuben really *was* sweet, she giggled to herself.

There was a little laugh from inside her stomach. **"Under all that snark, you're pretty nice, you know..."**

Boom winced. **"Don't tell anyone, okay? I've got a reputation to maintain..."**

Reuben grinned -- even inside her stomach, he'd made his predator sound *flustered*.

Boom stroked her belly fondly. **"Just sit back and relax, okay honey? You don't have to worry about anything anymore..."** She felt Reuben nod, and curl up a little tighter. Her belly gave an appreciative '*glorp*' -- it clearly appreciated how accommodating Reuben was being about this whole process.

Honestly, Boom admitted to herself as she stroked her round stomach, she preferred this kind of meal. The kind that got all flustered and submissive in her belly. Boom smiled, tracing a paw over her stomach, feeling how nicely Reuben had curled up. Like he was meant to be there. She always enjoyed the willing ones...

The ones who recognized where they belonged: on her hips.

(Well, the part of them that didn't end up in the toilet bowl, of course.)

There was another few minutes of silence. This silence felt peaceful, though -- Reuben spent the time trying to find a comfortable position inside Boom's stomach, and the corgi yawning as her body devoted lots of energy to handling her big meal. Boom shifted a little, curling herself around her belly as if spooning Reuben inside.

They heard a loud, passive-aggressive slam from the front door as Zia finally left for her party. But to Boom, the sound just meant that the great, black cloud had finally blown away, and she was free to enjoy her meal in peace. After all, annoying Zia took a lot of concentration, and at this point her attention was better spent on basking in the warm glow of her stuffed belly. And the feeling of the sweet, delicious dog within.

Time passed. The sloshing of Boom's stomach got louder and wetter, as Reuben slowly started to sink into the thick digestive stew that he was marinating in. The corgi yawned again. **"Hey, Reuben, you still with me?"**

Reuben nodded. The movement took effort -- his body was telling him to just relax, and let Boom take him.

Boom smiled, feeling the motion within. **"How you doing in there, honey?"** Her paws traced little circles over her belly, kneading and rubbing Reuben's curled-up shape, ensuring he was evenly covered in fluids.

Reuben was having trouble keeping his eyes open, now. His fur's oils had surrendered to the corgi's digestive acids by now, and he could feel a dull tingling as the fluids soaked into his skin. He felt... softer, now, almost like he was coming apart -- like bread soaked in water for too long. **"I-I'm okay, I guess it doesn't really hurt yet... But it's a little tight in here, and the air's getting pretty stale..."**

Boom did her best to gulp down some air -- no reason to be rude! But a few moments later her belly gave a rather sharp rumble, followed by another loud **UUURRP**. Boom winced. **"Sorry, my belly's not good at keeping food breathing. Probably for the best, though, it'll help you nod off nice and easy before it really gets to work."** She yawned again, showing off her big, toothy maw to the empty room. **"I'm totally beat, myself. A big after-sex meal is always so tiring. Breaking down cuties like you takes a lot of energy, I'll be out like a pup all night taking care of you."**

Reuben felt her shift around him, as if curling around her belly -- snuggling up cozily in bed, he presumed.

"...Boom?"

"Yes, tasty?" she replied sleepily.

"If I had to get eaten... I'm glad it was you."

Boom wrapped her arms lovingly around her belly again, and gave it a good squeeze, kicking off an energetic round of gurgles and sloshes.

"Aw, Reuben. You really are the sweetest snack a girl could ask for. Sleep tight in there, hun. I'll see you in the morning~" He felt Boom rest a paw against her belly, then rest her head against the pillow...

Over the next few minutes, Reuben gradually heard her breathing slow along with her heartbeat. At the same time, he heard (and felt) her stomach beginning to work more earnestly. Her belly didn't get to sleep, it had to work all night long. It clenched and squeezed up and down his body, working to knead acids into his tingling skin. Reuben found his own bodily rhythms falling in line with hers, as if he were already becoming a part of her, even before her hungry belly had its way with him. And then a new, sharper noise reached his ears.

snrrrrrrrrkkkkkk

The grating sound vibrated against his tingling skin as it ran through her stomach walls. Boom was asleep. She was asleep, with him tucked tightly inside her belly. It was such a strange thought. Her stomach would be hard at work breaking him down, even as she slept. By the time she woke up, he'd be gone: nothing but a smooth, nutritious slush. And there wasn't anything he could do about it. Or anything he *wanted* to do about it.

Reuben pressed a paw against the walls. It felt like a goodbye. Her stomach was eagerly kneading digestive fluids into his skin, and he too felt the pull of sleep, as his eyelids grew heavy. Boom's body was his whole

world now. There was nothing left for him but the rhythmic push and pull of the corgi's beautiful body. And so there was nothing left for him to do now but embrace it, to surrender to the inevitable. He closed his eyes, and let himself sink fully into the sensation. Fully into Boom.

On the outside, there wasn't anything to commemorate the moment when Reuben closed his eyes for the last time, and just... softened, going from a handsome dog into a lump of meat to be processed. Nothing but a quiet, sleepy **UAAARP** in Boom's sleep, not even enough to wake her up. Though, to be fair, there wasn't much that *could* wake her at this point. True to her word, she was out like a pup, not to wake until morning. So the much gentler *click* of the front door when Zia returned at two in the morning hardly even registered.

The afgan hound grunted quietly as she walked back into the apartment. The night had been a total bust, and the *last* thing she needed to hear right now was the sound of her obnoxious roommate snoring.

sloooooosh

On second thought, the *last* thing Zia needed was to hear her roommate's obnoxious belly all night long, as it melted down yet *another* of her boyfriends into dog-shit. Zia walked down the hall toward the crass sounds of snoring and gurgling, grumbling to herself the whole way.

Ugh, Boom left the door open again, she thought. Well, technically *she'd* left it open when she'd barged out, but still. It was the principle of the thing. Zia reached out to close the door -- not that it would do much good with these stupid paper-thin walls -- but she just *couldn't help* but notice how Boom was splayed out on her bed, snoring with her mouth open and tongue hanging out. Boom's blanket was in a messy pile on the floor, leaving everything out in the open... including her gurgling belly full of Reuben, towering high above her.

The sight held Zia's gaze for a moment: that huge, domed stomach sloshing every now and then, breaking down the large dinner that the corgi had so eagerly devoured. What had once been Zia's boyfriend was now, by the sound of it, not much more than a meaty soup, stewing and digesting in the corgi's belly. What was left of Reuben sloshed back and forth with each breath Boom took, with wet and crass sloshing noises.

It might be Zia's imagination, but she thought that Boom's belly looked a bit smaller than when she'd left. It seemed like Reuben was slowly meandering his way through the twenty-five-foot journey toward the exit.

Speaking of that 'exit'... Well, Boom's current pose -- tail folded down, rump facing the door -- didn't leave much to the imagination. Zia blushed guiltily at the sight, feeling a flicker of envy. While Boom's choice of diets was disgusting (and worse, annoying)...

Zia had to admit, it *did* give her roommate a great ass. Even if she was pretty sure that it counted as cheating.

...Stupid Boom, using *her* boyfriend to outdo her in the junk-in-the-trunk department...

Zia's hand was on the doorknob, but she couldn't resist taking a moment to admire the full moon on display. The quiet moment was ruined, though, as a burst of noxious-smelling gas emerged from Boom's rear. Boom smiled in her sleep -- ah, that felt much better! -- and shifted her position a little. At the same moment, Zia gagged, waving one paw in front of her poor, victimized, sensitive nose and slamming the door with the other.

God, Zia thought, **That was like a chemical weapon attack. Boom's got no class, even in her sleep.**

Grumpy, hung-over, and horny, Zia retreated to her own room for some well-deserved, Boom-free rest.

Boom awoke the next morning to the gentle chorus of nature. Not birds or insects, no -- the lazy, wet glorps of her own belly, slowly pumping more of last night's feast into her intestines. Boom blinked the sleep from her eyes, and let out a yawn that transitioned into a sudden, crass belch. Still drowsing, the corgi smacked her lips to enjoy the aftertaste. No headache? No hangover? A full belly? *And* that distinct lack of tension, from having a good time before passing out?

"Mmm, I just love a good breakfast in bed..." she murmured happily. Her stomach gurgled in response.

Wow, Reuben really *had* given her the best night she'd had in... at least three weeks? Huh, that's funny, Boom thought: she couldn't remember that last time that she'd, well, *remembered* her meal's name, on the morning after. Names never felt important, when her latest suitor was just a bunch of meaty soup sloshing through her guts. But Reuben had been *quite* the meal, she admitted. Quite a special guy too, she hadn't lied about that.

The corgi pressed a paw to her belly, squeezing and pressing and massaging the -- now noticeably shrunken -- bulge in her midriff. It gave a loud, almost melodic gurgle. Boom's ears perked up with a grin.

"Well good morning, sleepyhead!" the corgi cooed, her voice still rough with drowsiness. **"Did you enjoy your stay in the honeymoon suite last night? Checkout is first thing in the morning~"** Her belly of Reuben-stew gurgled again. Boom giggled. **"Aww, babe, I had fun too~"**

Boom grinned, sleepily pawing at her body -- that many calories had to go *somewhere*, and she was curious where that hunky german shepherd had ended up. Maybe her tits? Or her hips, or... She grinned, running an appreciative paw over her ass. **"Oh, there you are, Reuben!"** the corgi cooed. **"I told you that you'd get nice and comfortable with my rear..."** And indeed, Reuben's contributions had been so... substantial down there that she felt herself sway back and forth, as she sat up in bed. Like she was sitting on her own personal waterbed! Damn, Reuben must have *really* loved her ass, for that much of him to stick around...

The corgi swung her legs over the bedside and stretched, accompanied by a wide yawn and a waft of vaguely Reuben-scented morning breath. Her gut grumbled noisily as she arched her back -- the stretch squeezed and squished the digested slop within, from her belly all the way down through her intestines. She felt Reuben get pumped deeper, on his way toward her rear. Not that he'd been sedentary all night, of course. In fact, while Boom had slept, Reuben had dutifully continued on his twenty-five foot journey. All that was left was, well...

Boom grinned. Ah, there it was -- that familiar, pleasant pressure beneath her tail! But, oh... She smiled, wiggling her hips back and forth to a chorus of sloshes. **"Well! Aren't you a gentleman, all the way to the end~"** the corgi praised. Reuben's liquid form gurgled in response, which Boom took as the poor fellow being bashful. **"No, no, it's true! You know, the last guy just couldn't wait to leave. He could learn a thing or two from you, about being patient and polite..."** She patted her full belly appreciatively. **"And you digested fast, too! Most guys your size take a solid twelve hours to really soften up, but you went in one end and out the other..."**

It was a nice change, Boom reflected. The pressure in her rear wasn't painful or insistent this time, the way the fox-boy had been, but instead more of a... polite request? As if Reuben wouldn't mind staying a bit longer. Still, she decided, it was only polite to let Reuben out the back door, now that her body was finished with him.

The corgi grinned. Time for her favorite part of her morning routine...

With some difficulty, Boom pried herself out of bed and rummaged through the pile of laundry on her floor until she found something comfy to wear. She borrowed Reuben's jeans, since he wouldn't be needing them anymore, along with a nice comfortable shirt that announced **'I Swallow'** in bright, friendly blue letters. Boom pulled the shirt over her head, but it still couldn't quite stretch over the dome of her still-round belly. Well, it covered her tits, if nothing else. Good enough.

Boom trotted out into the main room to find Zia sprawled on the couch, looking grumpy. **"Morning, Zeze!"** Boom said brightly. At that moment, her gut happened to give a particularly wet *sloosh*, and Boom grinned. **"Reuben says good morning too..."** the corgi 'translated' cheerfully.

Zia looked unamused... and hungover. **"It's half past two..."** the afghan hound grumbled, after a minute. From her point of view, it clearly was neither morning *NOR* good.

Boom raised an eyebrow. **"Someone woke up on the wrong side of the bed -- party didn't go well?"**

Zia growled under her breath: god, her head was throbbing. She couldn't tell if that was a hangover, or guilt. Or both. *And* she hadn't even gotten laid last night to make up for it.

Boom paused for a second, then her voice softened a little. **"Hey, uh, Zia? You wanna order in tonight? We can get from whatever place you want, it'll be my treat. Well, my treat for you, I mean."**

Zia did her best to hide a tiny smile... if only because Boom was so clearly inexperienced when it came to being even the slightest bit sincere. **"Yeah, that'd be nice,"** the afghan hound admitted. **"I might have to ask you to cover dinner for a while, since I'll be paying double rent for the next six months..."**

Boom wasn't *all* bad, the afghan hound reflected -- not that Zia would ever admit such a thing out loud, of course. The corgi *did* have a softer side, it was just buried under all that... Boom-ness.

"Hmm... Deal, but only if we order from places with nice, hunky delivery drivers!" the corgi said, licking her lips eagerly. **"Oh, and we'll have to use your phone... Most places have me blocked for some weird reason."**

Zia rolled her eyes. *Deeply* buried, she mentally corrected.

There was a momentary pause.

"Hey, wanna watch Reuben get dumped? It could be like a roommate bonding experience!"

Zia stuck out her tongue. **"Ugh, pass... My head already hurts enough from this hangover, I'd prefer NOT to spend my morning in a toxic waste zone..."**

Boom shrugged. **"Your loss!"** she called out behind her, as she trotted into the bathroom and shut the door.

Boom unzipped her jeans, pulled down her panties, then happily plopped her newly-plump rump down onto the familiar porcelain toilet seat. The corgi sighed happily -- god, it was so nice how she *sank* into the seat, thanks to dear Reuben's contributions -- then looked down at her still-round belly with a smile. **"Now it's just you and me, honey..."**

The corgi felt that gentle pressure in her rear again -- now that she'd taken a few minutes to chat with Zia, she could feel a bit more of Reuben filling up her colon. Boom casually raised her tail, and simply... relaxed her pelvic muscles. She didn't need to huff or puff -- unlike some of her other meals, Reuben had been a complete gentleman from start to finish, so Boom wasn't surprised when he came out as smooth as silk. The corgi had her eyes half-closed in pleasure as she squeezed a long, thick, unbroken coil of dog-shit into the bowl, before reaching back and pushing the handle for her first flush of the morning.

Definitely not her last, though.

From there, it was slower work -- every few minutes, a couple more inches of Reuben reached her backdoor. Boom gave a quick clench, there was a nice and satisfying splash, then she flushed again. Rinse, wipe, and repeat. Still, as much as the corgi appreciated a good shit (and Reuben was *definitely* that), there were only so many times she could do those well-practiced motions without getting bored.

Luckily, as her boredom reached a peak, Boom felt something vibrate in the pocket of her jeans. Well, Reuben's jeans, technically, but Boom didn't think he'd mind if she kept them. Digestion was nine tenths of the law, after all. The corgi pulled out Reuben's phone: pleasantly enough, she discovered he hadn't put a passcode. Reuben sure was a trusting fellow, Boom thought fondly, as she opened up his messages app.

"Oh, a popular guy, weren't we?" she said, glancing down the list of unread messages. She licked her lips. Wow, Reuben really *did* have lots of tasty-looking friends from the gym! It felt like scrolling through the menu at a particularly mouthwatering buffet. God, they all looked delicious, Boom thought. She hated hard choices...

The corgi's gut gave a wet **'glorp'**, as a bit more of Reuben slipped into her colon, ready for his grand exit. **"Of course!"** Boom said, sounding relieved. **"You know *all* these guys, don't you? I bet you could tell me *exactly* who'd make the best dinner date."**

(Her belly grumbled irritably.)

"Well, second-best after you, that is~" Boom amended. **"You're a hard act to follow, hun..."**

Boom scrolled down the list of contacts with the eye of a seasoned connoisseur. **"Hm, how 'bout this guy?"** she asked, licking her lips.

Her gut gave an unconvinced-sounding gurgle.

"Yeah, you're right. I can find a better meal than him..." she admitted. **"Ooh, *this one looks tasty!*"**

Boom winced: her bowels gave a sudden grumble, accompanied by a mildly uncomfortable twinge as a bit of Reuben squeezed past a kink in her lower gut. A bone, maybe? A bubble of gas?

Either way, that *definitely* felt like a 'no'.

"Awww. Okay, I'll leave that one guy alone..." (For now, she added internally...) **"...but *only* because you were such a delectable dinner yourself!"** She scrolled down to the next guy on the menu. **"Ooh, this guy's got some great meat on him! I wonder what *he's* packing in those gym shorts~"**

A quiet, almost jealous-sounding little *'gurgle'* emerged from her gut.

"Oh, don't be like that, hun! It's not like I'm trying to *replace* you. I just need someone to take your place in my belly after you're done. A girl's gotta eat after all. You wouldn't want me to go hungry, would you?" She pouted down her snout at her shrinking belly, as she felt another bit of Reuben press against her tailhole. She promptly clenched her muscles, and sent it on its way. Her belly shrank that much further, and gave a somewhat understanding *'glorp'*. Boom put a paw on her belly. **"It's like... Your friends are all fast food, right? And you're a gourmet meal. But a healthy diet is all about *variety!*"**

There was another *'glorp'* from somewhere deep in her bowels. Boom fancied that it sounded grumpy. She laughed. **"Aww, if I didn't know better, Reuben, I'd think you didn't want to share my belly with any of your friends."** Another gurgle answered her, this time sounding more encouraging.

Scrolling further down the list, Boom suddenly stopped as she came to a particular photo. A handsome golden retriever, with nice muscles that promised some healthy, lean protein... Probably part of Reuben's swim team, the corgi thought. And wouldn't it just be *polite* to reunite him with Reuben at her apartment's 'personal pool'? **"Oh! This one, he's *perfect!*"** Boom found herself drooling over just the picture alone. **"Thoughts, hun?"**

Boom felt a sudden, pleasurable pressure in her lower abdomen. The corgi relaxed her muscles, letting Reuben emerge at his own pace, and... She whined under her breath, as Reuben pressed up against the sensitive edge of her tailhole, with *just* the right mix of silky dog-shit and rough leftover bone. The corgi bit her lip: fuck, she *loved* when her lovers came out like this! Thick and smooth, giving her that last little pleasure on the way out.

Boom took a second to recover, before flushing the toilet. Now *that* had felt like Reuben's stamp of approval!

"There we go!" Boom said happily. **"I *knew* you wouldn't steer me wrong, babe~"**

She grinned, picking up the phone to chat up tomorrow's dinner..

The corgi tapped on the new unread message: **"*How'd your date go last night?*"**

(There was a wet sploosh, as a little more of Reuben emerged from between the corgi's plump cheeks.)

"*Swimmingly!*" Boom texted back, giggling to herself.

A moment later, Boom got a response. **"Sounds like a good time :3 so Zia was in a good mood?"**

"Eh, you know how Zia can be, but I got to do anal with her roommate and it was SUPER hot..."

"Oh? Gimme the deets~ 🐶"

"Yeah, Boom is like SUPER super hot... Totally the hottest girl I've ever knotted, definitely..."

(Boom was sure Reuben would have agreed. Her bowels gave a wet *'glorp'* that she took as his approval.)

"Ha, sounds like you want to break up with Zia. Can't say I blame you, this corgi sounds hotter."

"Already did! Boom was kind enough to handle the whole breaking up process, actually."

"You probably dodged a bullet, I hear Zia's had lots of bad breakups."

"Speaking of that super-hot corgi... She says she's looking for another boyfriend. Maybe you two should plan a romantic dinner sometime~"

From there, the rest was easy. With some in-absentia help from Reuben (or at least, from his phone), Boom set up a nice dinner date for that evening. She licked her lips in anticipation -- sure, this guy probably wouldn't be AS tasty or sweet as Reuben, but she still couldn't complain about another free dinner.

Man, this had been the *best* twenty-four hours, she reflected. Dumping one dog, with another already lined up for dinner? For Boom, this was the closest she could get to paradise.

Speaking of darling Reuben, though...

By now, the last of him had collected in her colon. Boom prepared for one last, firm squeeze, and...

"Are you done in there yet??" interrupted Zia's voice from the outside, with an impatient knock. **"I've gotta take a shower, I'm gonna be late..."**

Boom rolled her eyes. **"I'm spending some intimate time with Reuben in here! Come back later!"**

(Zia grumbled through the door, before trotting away toward the kitchen to get a snack of her own.)

Boom let out a happy sigh, and patted her flat belly fondly. **"Well, Reuben, all good things must come to an end. You were definitely one of a kind, hun. I won't forget you for at least, like, a week!"**

Boom grinned. She loved this part, the last little tender goodbye. The corgi closed her eyes, and... *splooosh!*

Boom smiled, before squeezing her abdominal muscles one last time. A couple final logs of Reuben slipped free, splashing down into the toilet bowl, before she let out a quiet fart. The corgi sighed in relief, emptying her bladder on top of the pile before standing up to inspect her work: one sweet and sexy dog, turned into a

pile of dog-shit like any other bowel movement. Reuben really had been special... but he came out looking just like any of Boom's other one-night stands.

Man, Reuben had been a pleasure from start to finish, Boom thought. She didn't eat a guy like *him* every day!

The corgi wiped off her newly-thick rear with some triple-ply toilet paper, then tossed it on top of the pile. Only the best for her ass, since it had worked so hard. Boom hesitated, then flushed the toilet. She held her breath, as the mass of dog-shit spun in the bowl... before Reuben slipped down the drain without any protest, on his one-way trip to the sewers. Boom let out a breath of relief. **"Such a good boy, hun! You didn't even clog the pipes on the way out!"** the corgi praised... Though of course Reuben wasn't around to hear it anymore.

Rested, well-fed, and with her morning business taken care of, Boom trotted out of the bathroom. She left the toilet seat up, of course, as always.

The corgi's tail wagged back and forth. This felt like a great start to a great day...