

PuffyRainbowCloud

Approx. 1,400 words

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HUNGER

by

PUFFYRAINBOWCLOUD

Its bouncing leg brings a smirk to my face. Its losing itself in it again. really feeling it. The slightly flushed cheeks, the hand subtly grasping at its stomach. The soft smile on its lips.

"Hey, you okay, babe?" i say, and I make sure my tone is dripping with condescension. It takes it just a moment to look up at me. It hugs itself, stroking its upper arms as it does, taking a deep, contented breath.

"Yeah, no, why?" Its words are a little slow. it sways lightly, something i know very well to be soothing to it when "coping with" its hunger pangs.

"I was gonna grab something from the fridge. Do you want anything?" Its face contorts into this pained, conflicted thing i love so much. It thinks for a good ten seconds as i burrow my eyes deeper and deeper into its soul. One index finger is tapping its lips, one hand is resting resting by its stomach. Its rocking is so cute.

"I don't- don't want anything." it stutters, and I wonder if it is just using its stutter as an excuse for getting away with a double negative. Nevertheless, I smile softly, and pat my lap. I see it freeze to brace itself before standing up. Drawing a shaky breath, eyes closed, it sways, and I feel myself tense up, ready to catch it if it falls. But it opens its eyes and makes its way over to me. I know its trying to be subtle about it but I can tell its moving just that bit slower than usual. My smile widens.

"That's it, good pet..." I coo as it slips onto my lap, resting its head on my shoulder while my hand strokes its strikingly long and beautiful hair. One of my finest accomplishments. It has filled out so much since I started taking care of it. I run a finger along the side of its face, tracing its crisply chiseled jawline, down the sternocleidomastoid muscle, following the collarbone to the outer end, back again. Its breathing is light and

trembling in my ear, and I take a deep breath, letting the exhale become a groan as I admire my work. My finger trails from rib to rib, following the delicately sculpted lines between each one on the side accessible to me. Leaving the final rib, my finger becomes my whole hand, fingers outstretched, covering as much of its belly as I can. It whines — so, so quietly — and I exhale sharply through my nose in amusement. It's so sensitive like this. It's as if while the rest of its senses are comfortably dulled, it feels its body all the more. I rub its belly for a while.

"You're such a good pet. Do you see how beautiful you are for me?" At that, its hips start grinding against me and I can't help but grin and move both hands to its hip bones, squeezing them tight to its moan-worthy delight. "But more importantly, how dedicated? How obedient? How hungry." I growl the last word and it bites into my shoulder. I laugh. "You're not going to eat me, are you? Have you become that feral?" It giggles, not letting go of my shoulder. Grabbing its hands, I guide them towards its chest, placing them on its barely-there breasts. I trace the scars with its own fingers, proud to have helped it be itself also in this way. Its bite softens somewhat. I could swear it's suckling just a bit... "You're so close, babe. Only two more hours to go." It shudders and I chuckle. "72 hours is your longest one. We did it. That's as far as we'll go with only water. Can you believe that? Just two more hours."

At me motioning to start getting up, it slips off of me and onto the floor. I pat its head as I walk away towards the kitchen, it staying in front of my chair. There's a carpet underneath it, so it's better for it to lie there than to grovel on the kitchen tile, even though I'm sure it already misses me. In the fridge I find the curry egg wrap I prepared earlier and bring it back to the couch. Unwrapping it, I can see its gaze fixated on it. There really is something purely animalistic about how it gets around food when it's like this.

"Pet? Is there something you want?" I tease. It licks its lips repeatedly and whines. It's a beautifully pathetic display. I peel the plastic wrap off of the roll and take a bite. It puts a hand on my crotch and I use my free hand to trace its fingers and the outlines of its fingernails. They're so sturdy and shiny now. All I needed to do was balance things, that's all. It was doing its best. It's not its fault that I'm so much better at it than it ever was on its own.

It rubs at my increasingly obvious bulge, looking up at me with the biggest eyes they ever made, and I sigh and hold out my roll to it. Its eyes light up like the night sky during a

thunderstorm and it lunges at it, ripping out a bite so big it has to cock like a bird to get it all into its mouth. As it chews, moaning, with an expression of absolute bliss, I just watch on with all of the admiration in the whole world, I think. I hold out a napkin from the coffee table next to me and look away. “Go on, get it over with, pet.” Hopefully my joking tone came across. It spits. After wrapping that in another napkin I hurl it at the trash can. Luckily it’s a hit. It’s swallowing and licking at its own lips, savoring every bit of flavor. It closes its eyes, and a single tear trickles down its cheek,

“Thank you.” it says before lunging at the drawstrings of my pants to tear them off. I laugh and take another bite of my roll. As it takes me between its lips the light heat of the curry filling makes me chuckle more than anything.

Nobody would understand, but it’s never been as safe as with me. It was going to starve no matter what I did. Unlike it, I actually care. I care to consider its macros and its micros. I care to make sure it’s taking every other medication keeping it going. I care to make sure it loves food when it eats it, and never resents it again. And some would disagree with what we do. I’m enabling its sickness. I’m making it worse. I’m a negative influence. I’m corrupting it... I’m suddenly overcome with its I feel for this creature, everything it gives me in exchange for helping it be okay with itself. I fill her mouth, and it looks up at me inquisitively.

“Swallow, babe. This one won’t count.” It swallows, I pull out, and it smiles. It’s so beautiful like this — a little hazy, but so comfortable. It climbs back onto my lap and we kiss. It tastes like curry and cum. It tastes like ketosis, too, and it’s impossible to explain how all of this makes for the most beautiful scene I could imagine. I use all four fingers of both hands to trace its ribs, from its spine to its side, as it shudders and moans softly with each stroke, the noises shrinking as it slowly drifts off to sleep in my arms. At least when it’s hungry it gets to sleep. Its life is such an impossible balancing act. I’m so relieved that it can leave all of that to me now. I set a timer for half an hour before the alarm goes off so I can order its food on time. Having pulled a blanket over both of us and slipped into a slightly more comfortable position, I too slowly drift off, dreaming of a dining table full of Chinese food and the happiest pet in the world getting to taste it all. Luckily, some dreams will come true.

The End