Clash of the Weary Titans

Friday Night, that fleeting time of the week when every poor sap working their dead nine to fives gets a chance to live a little. Maybe they go out drinking with the pals. Or maybe if they’re a little younger or flirtier, they go dancing or screwing. But for all those who muster the energy to live up the weekend, there are those who just want to go to their crappy one bedroom apartment, turn off their phones and lights, and just crash into their cheap but comfy bed.

Replace crappy one bedroom apartment with luxurious penthouse, and replace cheap but comfy bed to silk, king-sized foam mattress. That about describes one crime boss in a nutshell. Outside of said luxury penthouse, a black range rover pulled up.

“Welcome home, Mr. Lugo,” said the driver of the range rover, an anthromorphic weasel in a cheap drivers suit. The creature in the passengers seat, nodded and silently stepped out of the vehicle. From the back seats, several armed guards in black suits emerged besides him.

‘Mr. Lugo’ was an anthromorphic wolverine, standing just below six feet tall, but built like a brick house. There were three large, aged gashes across his face, suggesting he was once clawed viciously, perhaps in his youth. He wore a gray sports coat over a black, buttoned shirt with no tie and the neck button undone, with gray pants and leather shoes. The crow’s feet under Lugo’s eyelids suggested wariness. But he turned to his men and gestured for them to head inside.
Outside of the penthouse, there were already a fair amount of various anthromorphic guards on post. As Lugo walked past them, each one greeted him with absolute respect. Lugo simply nodded to each one and headed on into the elevator, which took him to the top floor.

The sheer class of the penthouse would make any mogul weep with jealousy. Fine art, pristine upkeep, a fully stacked bar, a pool table, a 100 inch 4K flatscreen TV complete with surround sound, and a perfect window view of the entirety of Naici, the anthro city that never sleeps.

Lugo paid no mind to any of it. He simply headed straight to his master bedroom.

“Anything ya need, Boss?” asked one of Lugo’s bodyguards.

Without even looking at the guard, Lugo opened the door and answered. “Peace and quiet. I don’t want any disturbances for any reason. Is that clear?”

The guard, despite being notably taller than Lugo, like every guard in the penthouse, nodded almost nervously, and left him be. Lugo shut the door behind him and sighed to himself. His master bedroom was larger than some one-bedroom apartments or studios. He had a massive walk-in closet, full of fine suits, each one costing more than some people make in a month. His bed was just as large and luxurious as everything else in the building. And like the living room, Lugo had a window with a perfect view of Naici.
Lugo simply tossed his sports coat onto the bed and undid the buttons on his shirt, exposing his barrel chested, muscular torso. After taking his shirt off, Lugo simply sat on his bed, rubbing his tired face, looking off at the view from his window. His torso was just as muscular as one could imagine looking at Lugo’s frame even in his suit. Across his bare torso, several other, aged scars and gashes could be seen beneath Lugo’s brown fur. Each one had long since forgotten, and just another occupational hazard that came with Lugo clawing his way to the top.

He slowly rose up from the mattress and walked towards the window. Normally, for a criminal overlord, this would be ill advised, in case other crews got cute and hired snipers to make problems go away. But Lugo was never afraid of such things. He never met a problem he couldn’t deal with personally, and that kind of reputation kept a lot of established criminals in line.

Instead, Lugo simply took in the view of the city. All the lights glistening amidst the night sky, all the people going about their Friday Nights, it was enough to make a creature stop and take notice. Then, with a slight side step, Lugo’s focus was addressed not at the city lights, but his own reflection in the window.

“Mister Lugo,” Lugo muttered to himself, staring blankly at his own reflection. “You finally made it...”

The words would seem self-congratulatory, but there was zero enthusiasm, and nothing resembling pride in his voice.
Instead, Lugo just stood there, staring blankly at his reflection, seeing himself, seeing the beautiful bedroom behind him in the window. Yet, at the same time, seeing nothing at all.

‘Mr. Lugo’ was one of the most feared crime bosses in all of Naici. The criminal underbelly of the city was practically dependent on him and his operation. The sheer volume of influence Lugo had over this city was immeasurable compared to any other would be crime boss.

...But so what?

A question Lugo found himself asking over and over again. He had absolute power, not just in stature but in physical strength as well. Lugo had more money than he could spend in ten lifetimes. There was never a night when his belly went unfilled, or a night when he ever felt cold. He wanted for naught, and hadn’t needed in a very long time.

If he had kids, they and their great grandchildren would be set for life. Any woman went weak at the knees in his presence, and once they had their paws on him, they never took them off. Lugo had everything.

...So what?

All the money in the world couldn’t make this empty feeling inside of him go away. Any woman would sleep with him and screw him again and again, sometimes, six or seven times in a row.
But how many wanted to actually be with him? How many wanted a life partner, and not just a ticket to easy street, or the bragging rights of saying they got in bed with Mr. Lugo and had the best sex they’d probably ever have in their entire lives? What did any of it really mean?

More importantly, was the cost worth it?

As Lugo looked down at his bare torso, those forgotten scars suddenly weren’t so forgotten. One doesn’t become a crime boss of Lugo’s stature without cracking a few eggs, and Lugo had cracked more than a few. The fact that Lugo couldn’t even remember the amount of people he killed at this point had genuinely made him feel sick sometimes. He knew with certainty not every life he’d taken deserved it, and more often than not, there were some kids or a woman back home whose lives would be destroyed. And that’s not even getting into the lives destroyed from a life of drug trafficking, prostitution rings, heavy robbery, and a whole lot more.

Friday Night was a night many citizens of Naici chose to unwind and live it up. But for ‘Mr. Lugo,’ Friday Night was the night he felt the weight of all his misdeeds and the pseudo-luxury it afforded him. And, like any sap working those dead end jobs, Lugo just felt tired.

And Lugo wasn’t alone in that regard, in far more ways than one. For what neither Lugo nor any of his armed guards realized was that they had an uninvited guest venturing through the Penthouse. The floor beneath Lugo’s was a kind of stock floor, full of large crates loaded with drugs and guns.
Around five to six guards stood watch, all dressed in coats and suits, armed with semi-automatic weapons. From time to time, the guards would change shifts, and some would go to the stairway for a smoke break, or the restroom to relieve themselves. Their goal was to keep an eye on the goods, in case anyone tried to rip Mr. Lugo off. But they hadn’t been keeping an eye out for an infiltrator using those valuable crates as nothing more but cover to move closer and closer to his infiltration point.

The infiltrator was a young but large anthromorphic Tiger Shark. He stood at roughly eight feet in height and was a physical specimen with a perfectly toned, muscular body. The shark wore a grayish red hoodie with his sleeves rolled up to expose sharp fins on his forearms, and had the back of his hoodie carved in a way that allowed his dorsal fin to breathe freely. His pants were grayish tan cargo jeans that also had some makeshift hole carved in the rear to allow his long shark tail freedom as well. And for shoes, he wore sneaker sandals that concealed his toes but exposed much of his bare feet.

This sharks’ name was Kargone, and Kargone’s goal was neither drugs nor money. With his back pressed firmly against a drug crate, Kargone, despite his size, quietly and swift shuffled towards the edge of the crate, and peaked the corner. When the guard turned his back, Kargone promptly sleeked off from one crate to the next, bypassing guards with ninja-like efficiency. However, much like Lugo, Kargone didn’t appear as focused as someone in his position should have been.
As Kargone maneuvered his way closer and closer to a large industrial-sized air-vent that should have been able to accommodate his large frame, Kargone’s mind wasn’t in the penthouse. It was on a beach. And on that beach, Kargone envisioned himself lying on a beach chair in swim trunks, arms behind his head and an utterly content smile on his face as the warm sun baked over his bare, muscular body. No guards to avoid, no targets to eliminate, just peace and quiet.

The sound of the ocean calmly hitting the sand made the image of Kargone’s smile widen as the young Tiger Shark sighed contently. Even as that image lingered in Kargone’s mind, like sleepwalking, Kargone went through the motions and side-jumped his way to another crate, landing on his palms, and maintaining a silent hand-stand, which hiked his hoodie up and exposed his bare, chiseled abs for about ten seconds, before Kargone silently bent back down onto his feet, and stood right-side up.

With minimal effort, Kargone could have dispatched every guard on this floor. But he couldn’t risk alerting the target to his presence. Not just yet. Now, within range, Kargone patiently waited, mind far and beyond all of this. When the guard turned his back away from the vent, Kargone quickly but quickly made his way to the open vent, and climbed inside without so much as making a peep.

“Heh, friggin’ Die Hard up in ‘ere,” Kargone said with a snicker, commenting on him having to crawl through a vent to get to his target. Nonetheless, for a creature his size, Kargone was incredibly limber, and crawled with ease.
As Kargone crawled, his mind wandered elsewhere past the beach. To a place he once called home, in fact. Atlantis. A beautiful underwater paradise, with shining palaces and all aquatic life vibrant and happy as could be; it was a place Kargone once knew quite well. It was a place the young shark once called home.

But that was a long time ago.

Now, Kargone was an adult, currently crawling through an industrial-sized air vent, and now crawling directly above the top floor of the penthouse. There was a duct that allowed him to see what the floor was like. Several guards were on duty, and a few were on a suede couch, watching, coincidentally enough, Die Hard with surround sound.

“Now I know what a microwave dinnuh feels like!” whined John McClain as he crawled through a vent in what had to be cosmic perfect timing.

“Dude, don’t I know it,” Kargone said with a snicker, continuing down his path. Unfortunately, the view made it clear. The amount of guards on this floor was a little more than against his favor. Unsurprising that Lugo would save the heaviest hitters for his floor. Like any video game, one should always save the hardest guards right before the big boss. It’s only basic game design.

Kargone continued crawling, all the while, thinking on what life could be, how much easier it could be, then, he reached his goal. The fantasies faded, leaving Kargone in the now.
Oh so quietly, Kargone undid the duct that sent air over to the master bedroom, and pulled it into the vent as opposed to letting it clatter down onto the ground. Slowly, Kargone did a reverse pull-up and lowered himself onto the ground without making so much as a peep.

Unfortunately, his target wasn’t asleep like he had hoped. No, instead, Lugo, now in a black muscle shirt and sweatpants, was sitting on the edge of his bed in deep thought, when the shark just happened to land in his bedroom.

There was an initial panic from both sides. Kargone was dismayed that his target had spotted him before he could carry out his mission. Lugo, meanwhile, was startled by the unexpected visitor now alone with him in his bedroom. But as the two assailants locked eyes, something strange happened.

Both creatures could see something in the others’ eyes. Kargone could see a kind of emptiness, weariness, in Lugo. And Lugo could see a longing in Kargone. What Kargone longed for, Lugo didn’t know, and what made Lugo weary, Kargone didn’t know. They just knew, in that moment, neither Lugo nor Kargone wanted to be here. Not in this moment. Not in this position.

Both stood there, facing one another, and a kind of calmness stilled the air.
Naturally, it was Kargone who broke the ice and whistled, clearly impressed upon looking Lugo over. “Hot damn, Mr. L! I see why the ladies all swoon over ya!” Kargone remarked, praising his targets’ muscular body. But Lugo didn’t pay the comment any mind. He just looked Kargone over silently.

While Lugo did, Kargone listened for a moment, and then smirked to himself.

“Y’know yer guys’re blarin’ yer TV full blast right now, right? Yet, I don’t hear nothin’,” Kargone commented, holding a clawed finger up with his left hand, while his right drew a tranquilizer gun from his hoodie. “Yer someone who values their alone time, ain’tcha. That why ya installed extra layered sound-proof insulation all ‘round yer room?”

“You could say that,” Lugo said simply, not the least bit intimidated by the gun or Kargone. “I’ve been around the block. I don’t presume to know every face of every crew, but I do know every crew in Naici. So, either you’re freelancing for one of them, or you’re a new player looking to make a name for yourself. Either way, you made a serious mistake coming here, my friend.”

Kargone grinned and flashed Lugo a wink. “Well, yer right ‘bout the freelance part. ‘Cept, I ain’t freelancin’ fer no crews, pally. Nah, I’m here ‘cause people’re tired’uh you’n yer outfit ruinin’ this city with’cher drugs’n guns’n killin’.”

Lugo snorted with amusement. “You’re a vigilante then?”
“Mercenary,” Kargone corrected. “I ain’t doin’ this fer justice. Yer just another paycheck, far as I’m concerned.”

“That a fact?”

“Yep! Sure, I might not kill innocent people like you’n I ain’t too thrilled when people do, but I ain’t paid to be righteous. So, don’t go thinkin’ this is personal’er nothin’,” Kargone explained, taking aim with his gun pointed at Lugo’s head.

“Of course. It’s not personal. It’s just all you know,” Lugo remarked.

Hearing that, Kargone’s aim wavered slightly, making him scowl with annoyance. “Whadduya know about it?”

“Kid, I know that look. I’ve seen it every single time I’ve looked in the mirror,” Lugo said calmly. “You don’t want to be here anymore than I do. But you’re here. You’re here because this is all you know. Maybe it’s all you’re good at. And I’m here because, well, this is all I’ve known.”

“And yer sick of it too, huh?” Kargone asked skeptically.

“Does it matter?” Lugo asked simply.

“When you’ve screwed up as many lives as you have? Nah, nah, it don’t,” Kargone answered.
And without a seconds delay, he fired his tranquilizer gun. The wolverine dodged the first dart, and charged. Kargone cursed and fired a second one, this time, nailing Lugo in the arm. But it didn’t seem to have any immediate affect. Instead, Lugo, despite being much shorter than Kargone, shoulder checked him with enough force to send Kargone flying right into the wall.

Before Kargone even had a chance to recover, Lugo tried to drive his claws right into Kargone’s throat. This time, Kargone caught Lugo by the wrist and turned it around Lugo’s back. From here, he tried to restrain Lugo with one arm, and use his other to put Lugo in a chokehold.

Lugo snarled and hissed, swinging his claws like a mad beast, trying to pry free while Kargone tightened the grasp his arms had around Lugo’s throat. He was squeezing with enough force to lift Lugo’s bare feet off from the ground, trying to render his target unconscious.

“That’s it, go to sleep! Goooooo to sleeeeeep!” Kargone chanted over and over, trying to snuff Lugo into unconsciousness, using his size advantage against him.

“In your dreams, boy!” Lugo spat back.

“No-no! In your dreams!” Kargone insisted, tightening his grip some more. “Because you’re about to go to sleep! Now go to freakin’ sleep already, dammit!!”

“I don’t want to go to sleep, you punk!”
Unfortunately, what Lugo lacked in size, he made up for with brute strength. The wolverine used his momentum to swing overhead and actually drop both himself and Kargone down onto the ground, winding Kargone enough to ease his grip. Lugo used the opportunity to drive his elbow directly into Kargone’s ribs, making Kargone wheeze breathlessly and release Lugo outright.

Lugo rolled off of Kargone, coughing and panting heavily while Kargone grasped his sides and gritted his teeth in pain. Were he any smaller, Lugo’s blows would’ve been enough to crack his ribs with ease. Fortunately, Kargone was much sturdier than that. But damn if that didn’t hurt.

Once more, the two, more desperate assailants locked eyes as they tried to catch their respective breathes. It was a wordless moment, but both knew that neither one really wanted to be in this situation. But that was neither here nor there. Fact was, they were in this situation, and at this point, both had one clear goal - eliminate the opposition, and survive.

Kargone was the first to rise to his feet, but by the time he did, Lugo was up seconds after, and drove his fist right into Kargone’s stomach. It was like getting hit by a freight train. Kargone gasped breathlessly when that devastating gut punch forced him right to his knees. The young shark gripped his stomach tightly in pain, gritting his fangs in anger and sheer agony. How his bones hadn’t been crushed at this point was beyond him.
But Lugo was more than eager to see how it would take. He reeled his arm back and punched Kargone in the back of the head while he was still on the ground. Kargone dropped face first to the ground. The whole room was spinning, and everything was blurry. He was wheezing in pain, unable to catch his breath from two near fatal blows after the other.

It seemed Lugo had his victory in the bag.

And at this point, Lugo was done dancing with this young assassin. With a crack of the neck, Lugo marched before the downed Tiger Shark, ready to end this by lifting his foot high, and driving it down to smash Kargone’s skull.

But the instance he drove his foot down, Kargone rolled out of the way, forcing Lugo to smash his foot into the solid, marble floor. The wolverine growled in pain. The monumental backfire made him stumble back, not even noticing Kargone’s tail directly behind him, until Kargone used it to trip Lugo, forcing him flat on his back.

Kargone used the opportunity to rise back to his feet. He clutched his head, shaking it repeatedly until things seemed less blurry. Lugo went for a sweep kick while still on the ground, but Kargone, coming back to his senses, saw the attack coming and jumped back.

Lugo immediately rolled back to his feet, snarling like a feral beast as he bared his razor sharp claws. But when he went in for a slash, Kargone backflipped, flip kicking Lugo’s face in the process.
Once he landed, Kargone whipped out his tranquilizer gun and fired three more darts into the stunned wolverine anthro’s chest. Lugo angrily tore the darts out from his muscleshirt, and snarled furiously. But when he ran, he started to slow down, stumbling wearily to the ground.

For whatever reason, the chemicals just weren’t rendering Lugo unconscious, and there was enough in the darts fired to put a walrus to sleep. “Guess with all that drug pushin’, yer bound to do a bit’uh snortin’ yerself, huh,” Kargone muttered in annoyance. “Got enough toxins in yer body to keep the tranquilizers from doin’ their thing.”

But then, Kargone grinned when he saw Lugo seemingly struggling to get back to his feet.

“I would’a rather’uh done this the easy way. But this’ll do...”

“Done what...” Lugo asked weakly, slapping his head over and over to snap himself out of his dazed, drugged lethargic state.

*GRRBBBBRRRL!!*

Right on cue, a loud, hungry rumble bellowed forth from Kargone’s muscular abdomen. The sound was actually loud enough to almost startle the wolverine.
The Tiger Shark snickered and patted his stomach firmly. Then, he undid the zipper of his hoodie, exposing Kargone’s perfect washboard hard stomach. The shark rubbed his hand up and down his abs slowly and licked his lips with hungry anticipation. “That answer yer question?” Kargone asked, drumming his claws over his muscular midsection, and looking Lugo over with a much hungrier look in his eyes than before.

Lugo snarled, baring his razor sharp fangs. “I don’t think so, punk.” But when Lugo tried to push himself off the ground, he just stumbled right back down again in a frustrated heap.

Kargone snickered and stepped before the crime boss. “Sorry, *Mister Lugo*, but it don’t seem like yer in any position to deny me my meal.”

Then, Kargone reached down and yanked Lugo up by the arms, keeping him from clawing at him. Then, Kargone opened his shark jaws nice and wide, and proceeded to engulf Lugo’s head and shoulders instantaneously. Lugo barely had time to process what was going on when he was getting shoveled rapidly down the sharks’ throat.

Kargone was quick to force more and more of the dangerous wolverine down his throat as fast as he could. Even in his drugged state, those claws would be much more dangerous in Kargone’s throat than in his stomach. The throat in question bulged obscenely, expanding the more Lugo’s upper body slid down. Kargone ran his tongue across Lugo's body, savoring his flavor, then consumed more and more of the crime boss.
The wolverine’s legs kicked from outside Kargone’s maw but did nothing to stop Kargone from dipping his head back and gulping heartily. As more of Lugo started to enter Kargone’s stomach, it proceeded to expand at a rather steady rate. Kargone’s rock hard six-pack abs thinned out in no time at all, swelling into a big, round belly. Each expansion caused Kargone’s stomach to slosh out noisily, gurgling and churning audibly as it accepted its’ new occupant.

Kargone’s belly just expanded, getting bigger and rounder with each passing gulp. It got to the point where the sharks’ gut was constricting rather intensely against his pants. Thinking fast, Kargone undid his belt and unbuttoned the front of his pants. Almost immediately, his swelling stomach surged outwards, sloshing heavily in the process while Kargone rested his hand firmly against his ample and utterly bloated middle.

Only Lugo’s feet remained outside, but Kargone was quick to guide them into his gaping mouth with his tongue, and promptly close his jaws over them. He clenched his eyes shut and gulped a thick, wet sounding gulp. With it, the crime boss of Naici had plummeted into the belly of the aquatic assassin. Kargone groaned with utter bliss as he felt the muscular wolverine anthro fill his belly.

“Ahhh, what a meal,” Kargone sighed, running his palms across his massive stomach. Kargone’s belly had filled up to the point where it now stuck out a good few feet in diameter. Small mini-bulges emerged from his stomachs’ flesh, signifying Lugo pressing against the stomach walls.
Kargone looked down and saw the imprints of Lugo’s palms pressing out from his bulbous abdomen and with a snicker, daintily pushed Lugo’s palms back in the gurgling mass that was his stomach. “Heheh, good-**HIC!*-oof!  G-Good luck clawin’ yer way outta there, tough guy,” Kargone remarked.

Then, the real struggling started. Suddenly, Kargone’s belly began to sway left and right, and a few more, smaller bulges protruded from the ample mass of his midsection. Kargone’s stomach started gurgling ever more intensely as a result.

Going wide-eyed, Kargone brought a fist to his mouth and stifled a big burp, which reverberated loudly in his ballooned cheeks. Grunting, Kargone gulped it back down and hit his chest a few times before grimacing and gripping his squirming belly with both hands.

“Urgh, ‘kay, maybe I shouldn’t’uh thrown a challenge at’cha like that,” Kargone murmured, more to himself than Lugo, who was thrashing relentlessly in the sharks’ guts.

“Dammit!  Let me out of here, you miserable f-MRPFH!!!” Lugo shouted before his face was squashed against thick belly fat.

An imprint of the wolverines’ face protruded just above Kargone’s deepened belly button. He watched with delight as Lugo’s face and hands seemed to push out from Kargone’s stomach like he was trapped in a balloon. Kargone rumbled with utter bliss at the sensation, resting his arm behind his head and letting Lugo stretch as far as he could.
“Mmmm, damn, that feels good,” Kargone practically purred, licking his fangs contently at the feeling. He then proceeded to push Lugo’s face back, snapping the bulges back into the warbling mass of his ballooned stomach.

Once again, Kargone brought a fist to his mouth and did his best to hold back another impending and big belch, straining as he swallowed it back down.

“Ugh, dammit. I know this place’s got soundproof-\*hic!*-insulation, but it ain’t that soundproof,” Kargone muttered to himself.

He was going to need a way out undetected. Unfortunately, his belly was far too massive to let him squeeze through the vents he came from. And there was no way the emergency steps outside of Lugo’s window would support his wider girth.

Then, the intercom on Lugo’s nightstand sounded off.

“Mister Lugo? Sir?”

Kargone cursed to himself once again as he delicately stepped over to the intercom, trying to cradle his massive stomach as best he could.

“Sorry to disturb you, sir, but, I thought I heard something. Is everything alright in there?”
The thrashing in Kargone’s stomach intensified, sloshing like a bubbling vat of chemicals in a thick, rubber package.

Once more, several small bulges protruded from Kargone’s big fat abdomen. Kargone winced and brought a fist to his mouth to stifle another burp, which reverberated loudly in his mouth.

Coughing a few times, Kargone cleared his throat and, somewhat nervously, pressed the button on the comm. “Y-Yes, yes, everything is fine,” Kargone muttered in as deep and professional a vocal impression as he could muster. The look on his face suggested he was struggling to resist the urge to belch, but that he still needed to.

*Badly.*

There was a pause on the other end of the line. Kargone grimaced nervously, and a little nauseously when his stomach continued swaying back and forth from Lugo’s persistent rattling.

“You sure you’re alright, boss? You sound...kinda different.”

“He doesn’t sound anything like me, you jack-MRPH!!” Lugo barked and was immediately stifled when Kargone pressed his palm firmly against the center of his round belly, smothering Lugo’s face with more belly fat.
Once again, Kargone cleared his throat and hit the button. “Yes, I said, I’m-“

Kargone had to stop talking midsentence. A deep burbling sent a large pressure pocket up Kargone’s throat. Going wide-eyed for a moment, Kargone quickly took his finger off from the button and turned his head away, instead clamping his free hand firmly around his mouth.

“MMRRRP!! MMMRRRRRRRRRP!!!!!!”

Kargone’s cheeks ballooned intensely as he just barely managed to stifle a big, lengthy belch. It rumbled loudly in his closed mouth for a good six seconds before pattering out. When it ended, Kargone sighed wearily with a look of discomfort on his face. “Ugh, tasted yer-***burrrp*-c-cologne on that one...” Kargone groaned, hitting his chest a few times, before gripping his belly once more and hitting the button, clearing his throat and mimicking Lugo once once. “...It’s been a long day. If it’s all the same with you, kid, I’d rather not be disturbed.”

Another pause. Kargone wasn’t sure if the guard was biting or not, and starting to worry he might have to try his luck with the unreliable fire escape.
“U-Understood. Good night, Mr. Lugo.”

Kargone thrust his fist up victoriously. Then, he continued looking for a way out. Unfortunately, it didn’t seem like he had any other options except the most obvious.

“Ugh, this is gonna suck,” whined Kargone.

Still cradling his bloated stomach, trying to restrain it as the thrashing continued, and the bubbling seemed to get more intense, Kargone made his way to the bedroom’s front door. Oh so slowly, Kargone creaked the door open, and peeked the corner.

“Mrs. McClain…pleased to meet your acquaintance,” the chilling voice of Hans Gruber sounded off from the surround sound speakers. Kargone grinned when he saw that now, every guard was on the lush couch, watching Die Hard in its’ best moments. This was his window.

Oh so slowly and carefully, he pushed the door open and, after taking a deep breath, sucked in his fat gut as much as he could, and slowly side-stepped outside. The thrashing continued, causing more bulges to protrude from Kargone’s belly flesh. Never in Kargone’s life has he had to burp as badly as he needed to now, but doing so, in the condition he was in, might have been fatal. Instead, with one hand, he gripped his squirming gut firmly, held the impending gas back as best he could, and oh so slowly closed the door behind him while all the guards eagerly watched John McClain confront Gruber’s leading henchmen.
“Ya know, I always- *hic-cup*-mph, always thought that dude was Dolph Lungrin fer some reason,” Kargone muttered to himself. Fortunately, the speakers were so loud that his movement and the loud bubbling from his belly was masked. It was no surprise that Lugo had installed soundproof insulation in the walls of his bedroom. Anything less, and he might have thrown these guards flat on their asses.

Kargone made his way to the open bar, using the counter for cover and desperately holding back the gas trying to rise up his throat. One of the guards stood up and went for a beer, forcing Kargone to freeze stiff in his tracks, and grip his stomach as tight as he could to keep it from bubbling too loudly. Fortunately, the guard absent-mindedly kept his attention on the TV, even as he poured himself a cup of Vodka and let his cup overspill a little. The guard cursed, but just shrugged and took his drink over to the couch. Kargone sighed with relief, hiccupping shortly after, and advanced on. He moved past the bar area, and down the steps. He was almost at the front door, when, much to his dismay, a single guard still stood on watch. He would have cursed, but the guard was too close. Unfortunately, hearing that, Lugo thrashed and decided to call out, an imprint of his face protruding from the side of Kargone’s ballooned midsection.

“Hey! Hey! Need some help over hrMPH!”

Once again, Kargone angrily muffled the imprint of Lugo’s face. But it was too late. While the guards by the TV didn’t hear, the guard on watch did. He turned around immediately.
“What was th-RRMHP!!”

Kargone wasn’t thinking. Needing to act fast, Kargone immediately grabbed the guard and smothered the guards’ face directly against his fat, squirming belly. The amount of additional pressure to his overstuffed stomach was not doing Kargone any favors.

The whole time he was pressing the frantically squirming guard against his thick midsection, Kargone had the most strained expression on his face, like holding back the mother of all burps. The sheer pressure was unbearable; enough to make Kargone sweat profusely as he tried to contain himself at all costs.

But somehow, Kargone kept himself from burping, and after a few moments of struggling, the guards’ body went limp.

Kargone eventually dropped the unconscious guard, and dragged his body off to the side room before anyone could notice, at least immediately. Then, with some doing, he squeezed his big round abdomen through the doors’ frame, and made his way to the main hallway that led to the elevator.

Only to come face to face with two guards who were on duty, guarding the hallway, and both right about to enter the front door when they spotted Kargone.

The shark was like a deer in headlights.
“...Dang,” he said simply.

Then, once again, an unmistakable imprint of Lugo’s face protruded from Kargone’s belly as he cried out angrily for help. The guards stared comically wide-eyed at Kargone’s belly, then back at Kargone, who blinked dully.

“...Double dang.”

Once again, Kargone wasn’t in ship fighting shape when his stomach was full of cargo. So, he improvised.

Kargone rocked his hips back, and lurched forward, causing his massive, heavily sloshing belly to smack right into one of the guards, knocking him several feet back, and smacking face first into the wall, knocking him out. The second immediately reached for his gun, but Kargone decked him right a right hook across the jaw, knocking him flat on his back. But the guard was still ready to get back up, so Kargone, on a rather quick impulse, belly-flopped directly down on top of the poor guard.

The collective mass of Kargone’s big, heavy, wolverine-anthro filled stomach practically smothered down the whole guards’ body. Unfortunately, that sudden slam from Kargone’s stomach down onto the rather large guard and heavy floor proved too much for Kargone’s gut. All of that festering gas that had been building and brewing within Kargone’s gut, forced back repeatedly since swallowing his meal, caused a large bulge to rise up Kargone’s throat, making his cheeks bulge immensely.
Kargone’s eyes widened like saucers, bugging out of his skull. He tried. He really did try. Regrettably, there was simply no holding it back this time...

“BRRUUU

uuuuuuuu

uuuuuuuu

uurrrrr.
Kargone let out a volatile, positively thunderous belch. It exploded out of Kargone’s rippling lips with such impossible aggression that the whole penthouse seemed to quake in wake of such a monster. Every single one of those guards watching Die Hard at its’ most explosive moments, with loud surround sound blaring off was startled by the behemoth being unleashed.

“What the hell is th-ah!” one guard started to say, but then broke into an aggressive coughing fit, as did every other guard in Lugo’s penthouse. The sheer stench from whatever was roaring in the hallway was like tear gas, leaving all of the guards coughing and gagging nauseously.

Outside, Kargone’s colossal belch just roared on and on, and for almost a whopping twenty straight seconds. His fat belly jiggled and jostled aggressively as it closed in tightly around Lugo, making his imprints ever more visible from the sheer volume of air ripped out of Kargone’s gut in that disgusting moment. When it finally came to an end, Kargone sighed a breathless, gasp of relief, practically melting into the floor as his tongue hung out of his toothy maw.

“Ohhhh ho ho hoooooly crap, that’s so much better,” moaned Kargone blissfully relieved after finally getting that massive belch out of his system. But then, he stopped and blinked a few times to himself, as if realizing something. “…Oh crap…”

Immediately, Kargone pushed himself off from the ground. The guard was in a comically flattened state, still stunned from getting flopped on, but no worse for the ware. Mostly.
Kargone knew that the guards would soon be converging on his location, so he reached down the flattened, immobilized guard beneath him, and grabbed his keycard. He hurried over to the panel and swiped his card over and over, as if that would speed the elevator up. Even in his hurried, anxious situation, he couldn’t help but fan the air around him in disgust.

“Whew! Jeez, man! Even I think that stinks!” Kargone said, laughing. Then he grabbed his temporary love handles and shook his belly up. “Don’tcha think so? I sure do!”

Of course, there was no response from Lugo. Kargone would have commented, but thankfully, his elevator arrived. Like the other doorways, Kargone sucked his belly in as much as he could, especially now that it had been deprived of air, and scooted into the elevator, heading all the way down to the underground parking lot. Almost immediately after the elevators doors closed, the guards all converged on the hallway, spotting the two incapacitated guards…and all immediately broke into violent, disgusted coughing fits from the vile fumes wafting in the air.

Inside the elevator, Kargone waited anxiously for the lift to go down. The whole time, he was partially worried either the guards would be waiting on the underground parking level, or that his added weight might bring the lift down. So, as he waited, he ran his hands all across his big, fat, but oddly deflated belly. The imprint of Lugo’s body was much more visible with all that pressure blasted out of Kargone’s stomach. And oddly enough, Lugo wasn’t moving much.
Inside of the Tiger Shark’s massive stomach, Lugo was crumbled in a haphazard sitting position, with belly flesh all around him, churning intensely, as if ready to digest the fearsome wolverine once and for all.

Lugo still occasionally pawed at the stomach walls, but not so much in a thrashing manner. In fact, if one looked closely, they might see a slight, almost relieved smile on the crime lords’ maw.

“H-Heh,” Lugo muttered weakly. “S-So...that’s that. All that emptiness inside. All the bullshit. Gone. I...heheh, I can let it go...”

Lugo’s weary head rested almost comfortably against the stomach walls behind him, as if using the stinging, slimy flesh as a pillow. The churning intensified and yet, Lugo simply didn’t care.

Even as Kargone’s stomach prepared to digest him, that relieved, almost grateful smile never left his face. Instead, Lugo breathed one last sigh of relief, and rested his eyes shut comfortably.

It wasn’t how he expected to go, but at long last, the weary criminal overlord could rest.

Kargone, meanwhile, didn’t pay what was going on any mind. That is until the bubbling in his belly intensified like a boiling pot over a hot stove.
Kargone winced, gripping his churning gut, and the instant the elevator doors opened, Kargone let out another large belch into the underground parking complex. When it ended, Kargone immediately went wide-eyed and clamped his hands over his mouth, cursing internally again. Fortunately, it seemed there were no guards to be alerted to Kargone’s presence. Cautiously, he looked to his left, his right, and off in the distance, and it seemed, no one was around.

The young Tiger Shark wiped his forehead with his forearm and breathed a sigh of relief. “Whew, in the freakin’ clear,” Kargone muttered, until another deep gurgle rumbled audibly from his fat gut. Then, a rather mischievous and toothy smirk arose across Kargone’s lips. “Ah, what the hell, always wanted to try this...”

Kargone kneaded into the side of his bloated, churning stomach, then pressed firmly into it with both palms.

‘BRRAAAAAAUUURRRP!!!!’

Once again, Kargone threw his head back and let out a huge belch, one so loud that it echoed all throughout the entire underground parking complex, still echoing long after the eruption came to an end. When it did, Kargone grunted, and slapped his belly firmly, burping again immediately after, then he snickered with amusement.
“Heheh, good echo,” Kargone said proudly. Then, he rushed over to a topless convertible sports car, gripping his jiggling belly all the while as it gurgled the whole way.

He promptly opened his front seat, which, fortunately, was wide enough to accommodate a large anthro Kargone’s size. Kargone still had to suck in his big belly a bit, but eventually, he managed to maneuver his way into the drivers seat.

*HOOONK!*

But as soon as he did, Kargone’s stupendously bloated stomach pushed out against the steering wheel and aggressively honked the horn. The Tiger Shark jumped in his seat, and promptly adjusted his seat to ease back and give his belly some breathing room as it spilled onto his lap with a loud glorping sound.

“Stop it, you!” Kargone barked angrily at his big belly, smacking it with annoyance, as if still talking to the digesting criminal dormant within. Muttering some more obscenities beneath his breath, Kargone checked one last time to make sure he was in the clear, and drove off, out of the parking lot, and out of the scene of the mission without anyone catching wise. Once Kargone was confident he was in the clear, he disabled the roof of his convertible, letting the natural breeze of the open road in as he sighed contently and drove off down the open road.
Kargone drove with one hand firmly on the steering wheel, and the other gingerly rubbing all over his ample and large abdomen.

As he did, Kargone’s stomach seemed a little less lumpy, and seemed to start smoothing out over his lap. At one point, Kargone drove over a speed bump.

As a result, his belly jiggled and sloshed much louder than before, as if it was overpacked with syrup, rather than a full, physical creature. The sudden jostling also worked up a rather large pressure pocket built from his digestive process.

But this time, rather than hold it back, because he was out in the open world and in the clear, Kargone threw his head back, and belched loudly and proudly into the night sky.

“BRAAAAP!”

When it came to an end, Kargone grimaced, as if dissatisfied with the rather loud result. So, with his free hand, Kargone gave his round, much smoother looking belly a rather forceful slap, causing its’ smooth surface to ripple considerably, while the contents within sloshed heavily.

The firm slap also managed to work up a much more colossal burp in the process.
“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAUUUUUUUUUURRRRRP!!!!!!”

When it ended, this time, Kargone sighed with relief and patted his stomach a few times with satisfaction.

“Whew, there we—eeeeenuurrp!* ooph, heheh, ah, there we go. *oomph* Hah! Damn, crime really does make me gassy,” Kargone remarked with some degree of amusement as a few, wet sounding burps worked their way up his throat midsentence.

All the while, Kargone’s big round stomach continued gurgling and churning intensely. The sharks’ belly bubbled like a smelting pot full of boiling molten metal, breaking down whatever was inside until eventually, Kargone’s once bumpy, wolverine filled belly was now perfectly smooth and full of a much more liquidy substance, emphasized by the volume and heft of sloshing it made with every single movement Kargone made, be it directly or inadvertently.
For all intents and purposes, Kargone’s ‘meal’ had been completely digested and liquefied by Kargone’s mighty stomach. All that was left to do was to savor the moment. And that something the young Tiger Shark had no problem with whatsoever.

Taking the backroads, Kargone eventually drove down the empty streets to the parking lot of a shoreside beach. The place was normally jam-packed with anthros soaking in the sun and taking a relaxing swim, but because it was well past midnight, the beach was devoid of any life, safe for the few crabs that occasionally washed onto the sand.

Kargone sat there in the parking lot, the streetlights of the parking lot shining directly above the Tiger Shark. He didn’t care. Instead, Kargone pushed his seat all the way back, as far as it could go, and reclined enough to lie down slightly, whilst still having a view of the ocean. Only the ocean wasn’t what Kargone had his eyes on.

Instead, Kargone’s red eyes looked down quite fondly at his perfectly round belly. Between escaping the Penthouse and the long drive to the beach, enough of Lugo had digested completely to the point where Kargone’s stomach shrank down from a massive, near beanbag-chair sized stomach, to a smooth, beachball sized beerbelly. Quite a far cry from the rock hard abs Kargone always rocked, but they always came back. The active lifestyle, combined with his anatomy and rapid metabolism ensured that.
But that didn’t stop Kargone from savoring feeling nice and full. Slowly, oh so slowly, Kargone ran his palms all the way across the smooth, bloated surface of his ample midsection. Kargone moaned with pure and utter bliss as he felt every smooth, taut surface of that perfectly full belly. At one point, he gripped it from the bottom, hoisted it up, and then let his gut bounce back down onto his lap, sloshing immensely and heavily atop his lap.

The sensation of Kargone’s big, gurgling abdomen bouncing down, that glorious, full sensation, it was enough to make the Tiger Shark shudder with utter delight. His clawed fingers firmly dug into his taut, sloshing midsection. Kargone felt as his belly gurgled considerably beneath his clawed fingertips, savoring just how soft his belly was, and how deep his fingers could push in when his stomach was overstuffed as it was.

Still fondly looking down at his smooth, temporary beerbelly, Kargone traced his index finger idly around his currently deep belly button. He groaned in utter ecstasy as finger traced across that sensitive part of his stomach in such a tantalizing manner. The shark even dug his finger just ever so slightly into that deep pit, biting his lips contently. Normally, his navel was thinned out and shallow from his stomach being so muscular under normal circumstances. But whenever his belly got big and full, to compensate, his belly button deepened like it would for a much paunchier stomach. Not even Kargone could explain why the sensation around it felt so good, he just new that it did. Eventually, he pulled his finger out, making his belly wobble slightly from the motion.
Kargone might have been a physically perfect specimen, but he utterly loved his belly, especially when it was big and round. He adored the sight of it, the feel of it, all the sounds and sensations that came with such girth.

No matter how temporary, Kargone made it a point to savor every second when it was big and full. Far and ahead, this was the favorite part of his job. It wasn’t the thrill of the fight, not the payment, not even the satisfaction of knowing that, in some small way, Kargone helped make Naici a better place. No, it was being able to sit and savor the fullness his spoils brought him. Kargone ran his tongue slowly across his lips, and groaned contently as he felt his stomach bubble and boil some more.

Then, Kargone felt a strong vibration. He reached over past his globular stomach and into his hoodie pocket, which was still unzipped and hanging from the sides of Kargone’s torso, and grabbed his cellphone. The caller ID was blocked, but Kargone knew who it was. Snorting, he hit the green button and held the phone to his earhole.

“Is the job done?” asked a filtered, modified voice on the other end of the line.

Once more, Kargone rolled his eyes. He never cared much for some of the Cloak & Daggers stuff SIGMA’s higher ups had. It always felt so damn cliché.
Nevertheless, he flipped his thumb over from the call to his camera. Kargone held the camera up, and pointed it down at his bare upper body, specifically, that round sloshing gut resting gently on his lap, which Kargone was in the middle of rubbing, giving his belly a few firm slaps as he took the picture, smiling as he felt the contents of his bloated stomach slosh around his belly from those firm slaps.

Then, in a rather bored fashion, he sent the picture to the caller via encrypted text messaging.

There was a pause, then, the caller said, “Nicely done, Mr. Calgon. With Lugo eliminated, that should cripple the central line of drug trafficking within Naici. The guns, odds are, his crew will still find a use for, but with Lugo dead, the supply runs dry. That mutt built such a name for himself that there were no number two’s ready to take the mantle, in case any tried to dethrone him. And with him so high up in his own operation, his suppliers would never deal with anyone else anyway. After all, you only do business with those you trust. And Lugo was a name criminals trusted.”

Kargone was barely listening. He looked skyward and mouthed to the caller, mimicking him to suggest that he’d heard all this kind of talk before. And the truth was, he had. SIGMA was always reliable when it came to work for mercenaries like Kargone, and they paid just fine. But there was always this sense of something grander, and Kargone just didn’t see things that way. He was simply over the idea of his work being anything more than mere wetwork.
It didn’t help that this particular client was kind of full of himself, and Kargone always made it a point to let him or her know it in his own subtle way. Which Kargone decided to demonstrate when he got bored of the anonymous caller going on and on. So, with a toothy grin, Kargone took a deep gulp of air, thumped his chest a few times, and then burped long and loud, right into his phone.

“HUUVUURRRP!”

That was definitely enough to shut the caller up. Or at least make them take the hint.

“...Anyway, payment’ll be wired to your usual account. Our people will be in touch when it’s time for the next chess piece to go down. Good day, Kargone...”

And as soon as Kargone heard the caller hang up, he tossed his phone overhead into the backseat, turning his attention back to his glorious and round stomach. That is, until his eyes wandered to the ocean itself, seeing the stars glistening perfectly over the waters’ surface.

Kargone’s fond expression changed to a slightly more stoic one as he sat there, watching the water from his car, listening to the ocean waves and the crisp breeze. It was peaceful. It was downright perfect. So, why wasn’t Kargone smiling?
Because after taking that sight in, he slowly turned his attention back down to his belly, big and round, once full of a substance that was once a living creature, and then, Kargone just sighed.

Kargone settled back in his seat, looking down at his stomach as he gently rubbed his hands across it, but it wasn’t in utter bliss and satisfaction like it was before. His expression was actually quite neutral.

“I’m here. I made it,” Kargone said to his stomach, as if talking to a person. “Yet, I didn’t make it. I can’t make it.”

The young Tiger Shark closed his eyes for a moment, and rested his head against the headrest of his seat.

“You got what you deserved. In fact, you got off easy. You been in the game a long freakin’ time, dude. A long, long time. You didn’t get where you were playin’ by the rules’er bein’ merciful. You made widows, orphans. Yer drugs claimed countless lives. Yer guns claimed countless more. That ain’t even gettin’ into all the people you yerself put in the ground. Hell, if Urufu wasn’t the teacher he was, you’d’uh probably put me in the dirt too. I don’t feel sorry fer what I did. I know you might’uh felt somethin’...regret, guilt, call it whatever ya want. Too lil, too late...”

Then, Kargone’s eyes opened just slightly. He looked back at the ocean. The look on his face made it hard to tell if he was bored or sad.
“...That’s the part that sucks. That this is who I am. A merc. An assassin. A killer. I ain’t the kinda dude who gets to enjoy a day on the beach, or a life back home. S’pose I stop, then what? Live my life, carryin’ all this? Be okay with it? The sad part is that, I love this. I loved feelin’ ya squirm in my gut. Love feelin’ my belly full of what you were. Love that’cher a part’uh me now…and I hate that. I hate that I’m okay with all this...hate that I can’t just, live that kinda easy life. Even if I ain’t ever hurt an innocent person in all my life, I hate that I gotta carry you’n every other scumbag jerkwad like you I turned into bellyfat...”

Despite everything, Kargone snickered. It was a strange kind of snicker. Amused, yet self-aware.

“...Ya ain’t even listenin’, are ya, Mister Lugo,” Kargone said, snickering in that odd way as he gently patted his stomach. Then, he looked back down at it in silence, smiling softly and slightly. And then, he reached over, and pinched into his temporary love handle. “Were ya tired too...?”

Eventually, Kargone just rested of both his hands idly atop his round, soft, smooth, perfect stomach. He continued idly rubbing it gingerly, almost lovingly with both hands. As he did, Kargone rested his eyes shut. Friday Night had come and gone. Kargone had lived it up as much as he needed to that night.

Now? Kargone just felt tired...

_The End_