

Giving it All

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<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/monroethelizard/>

for Sarkan

<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/sarkansergon/>

and Puck

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"Are you sure you want to do this?"

"Y-Yeah, of course. Why wouldn't I?"

Sarkan cocked an eyebrow at his housemate from across the table, appearing utterly unconvinced.

"You haven't forgotten what happens when I eat someone, have you?" the sergal/dragon hybrid asked.

"O-Of course not! How could I forget?" Puck replied.

Puck was a kookaburra. As a species of kingfisher, one might have assumed him to be a dominant predator. In actuality, however, Puck was most often *anything but* dominant or predatory. The slight-of-frame male lacked the impressive stature and musculature many of his peers boasted, and in fact, he was usually more inclined towards submitting to his partners' bedroom desires. Though he had never participated in vore as either predator or prey, he had heard plenty of boastful tales from others, including his housemate. He couldn't deny the growing curiosity he felt for the experience of being consumed, and if there was anyone he would be curious to try it with, it had to be his large housemate, Sarkan – either despite, or because of the unique aspects of Sarkan's physiology, of which he had been informed so many times before.

The petite kookaburra glanced up at his friend, meeting his eyes. Though they were seated in chairs of the same height, the 5'11" bird had to tilt his head quite far back just to lock eyes with his 8'6" friend.

"Look, I know what happens, just... I really want to try it, okay? I don't mind if I end up a little bit smaller. It'll be worth it," the kookaburra explained.

"Well if you really want it, I *guess* I could eat you," Sarkan replied. His yellow lips parted to flash a toothy grin at his friend.

The crimson-and-gold sergon boasted a fearsome visage including plenty of jagged, sharp teeth; long, curved, white horns; and a powerful jaw that could instantly snap shut with incredible force; for all of these features, he could certainly thank his draconic heritage. His sergal roots showed elsewhere – in his long, pointed snout; his impressive mane of golden locks; and his black paw pads. His striking eyes, with their black, slit-like pupils, green irises and black sclera, could have come from either side of the family.

And then, of course, there was Sarkan's draconic magic. Though he exerted no conscious control over his magic, he had learned quickly enough as a young adult that his draconic heritage endowed him with certain gifts to accompany his predatorial status. On several occasions, the sergon had come home inches – or even a foot – taller and gleefully lorded his augmented size over his little kookaburra friend for days afterward. He had not always held the impressive 8'6" stature he boasted today, but it had been gained over several eventful encounters.

Now, Sarkan's teasing grin betrayed the genuine excitement he felt at the prospect of voring his little friend and sapping away some of his size. A small chill ran up Puck's spine as he admired his friend's fearsome maw. Though he clearly felt a bit flustered by the whole situation, he was excited as well. He could already feel his own six-inch shaft stirring with eagerness, its tip beginning to emerge from his slit.

"Look, just... Can you just do it?" Puck asked. "You don't have to make this more embarrassing than it is."

"Can I 'just do it'? What, you're not even going to buy me dinner first? Though now that I think of it, I suppose you *are* the dinner," Sarkan remarked smugly. "Still, though! I never would have guessed little Puck wanted to ring the new year in by getting eaten and shrinking. I guess it just goes to show you – just when you thought you knew a guy..."

The kookaburra was blushing visibly by this point. The request was embarrassing enough in the first place, to say nothing of Sarkan's good-natured jabs. A distinct shade of pink adorned the beige and brown feathers at his cheeks as he flushed further. "Look, I... Don't make this weird, okay? I just want to see how it feels," Puck insisted.

The sergon resolutely pushed his chair from the dining table, rising to his feet. Strolling around the side of the table, he stopped mere inches from where Puck sat. Though the kookaburra was now at eye level with his plump sheath and heavy, swollen-looking balls, Puck pulled his gaze upward as the larger male spoke.

"If you're so eager, then let's get a move on!" Sarkan barked. Putting on an air of impatience, he began to tap his paw insistently.

"Does that mean you'll do it?" Puck replied cautiously.

"Well, I ain't here to fuck spiders," the sergon huffed. "Get up and we'll go to the bedroom."

Content with that confirmation, Puck rose to his feet. As he followed Sarkan to their bedroom – chuckling when the tall sergon nearly forgot to duck below the door frame – he admired Sarkan's energetic attitude, his excitement about the whole affair. The sergon's eagerness was palpable, his long, red tail whipping back and forth in anticipation.

Soon enough, both males were in the bedroom and Sarkan was taking a seat on the bed, crossing a leg over his thigh. He looked as though he was waiting for something, though that long tail of his never stopped swishing.

"So, um... How do we do this? Do I just sorta... hop in?" Puck asked uncertainly.

"Uh... Yeah? Are you waiting for me to eat a breath mint?" Sarkan snapped back.

"I'm not sure if I can just— You know, I've never done this before. I was actually hoping you could just, you know... take the lead," Puck admitted.

Sarkan rolled his eyes. "I knew you were a submissive little guy, but I didn't think I'd have to do all the work. C'mere," he ordered.

Puck's heart was racing as he stepped forward. He had found himself stealing sidelong glances at Sarkan's teeth in the past, but now those pointy pearly whites were all that filled his vision as he approached the bed.

Soon enough, he felt Sarkan grabbing his waist, lifting him up. Instinctively, he flapped his wings a little as his talons left the carpet, but in less than a second, his breath caught

in his throat as he was staring down the larger male's gaping maw, watching the strands of saliva that connected some of those teeth to that long, black ribbon of a tongue. Before long, though, his focus was drawn further back to the slippery, slimy entrance to the larger male's throat.

"Don't cut yourself on my teeth," Sarkan teasingly warned before lowering Puck. He stuffed the little bird into his mouth, feeling the first of the bird's soft feathers on his tongue before shoving him down further into his slimy throat. His tongue slipped out between his teeth and wrapped itself around the kookaburra's leg to pull his meal in deeper, forcing Puck down into the entrance to his throat. As Puck's head, then his shoulders, slipped into that warm tunnel, he felt the saliva growing thicker and slimier as he inched nearer the sergon's stomach. Before long, he felt his large friend's mouth closing around his taloned feet, cutting him off from the outside world. Disconnected from slight ambient airflow in his room, Puck found himself wholly encased within his friend's body.

With a gulp, Sarkan swallowed him deeper. Though his neck bulged with the size of his large meal, every swallow of his powerful throat muscles brought the bird deeper inside of him, closer to his stomach. Every time Sarkan swallowed down, the little bird's body was squeezed tightly by the wet, ridged walls of the sergon's throat, pushing him closer to his predatory housemate's gut. Entering Sarkan's chest, he could feel the powerful thumping of the sergon's heart and he could hear the soft gurgles of the empty stomach he was rapidly approaching. It wasn't long until Puck felt himself emerging in the relatively cavernous interior of Sarkan's belly, and a few more swallows brought the bird's entire body into his gut.

As Puck shifted positions to sit upright, he found himself bathed in Sarkan's gastric juices. Contrary to his worries, the sensation was quite pleasant. In the warm, tight environment of Sarkan's stomach, he was encased on all sides by his friend's firm walls. The kookaburra was coated in not only in the sergon's slimy saliva, but also his stomach juice, and he felt a mild tingling gradually taking hold across his entire body, from core to fingertips, filling him with warmth and small jolts of electric excitement. Almost automatically, he felt his six-inch shaft slipping free of his slit, racing towards erectness. In record time, his tapered cock was rock hard and throbbing, even leaking a small bead of precum. Was this always what it felt like to be someone's prey? Puck couldn't help but wrap his feathered fingers around his shaft, beginning to stroke himself and softly bucking his hips into his hand.

Sarkan patted his distended stomach, feeling the defined bulge of his little friend. "Who knew such a little guy could make such a filling meal?" he remarked with a cheeky grin.

He was rewarded with the faint sound of a moan emanating from within his stomach as his belly quivered a little. From the rhythmic jerking of his prey and the distinct shape of an elbow pressing rhythmically outwards against his furred yellow stomach, it was obvious what Puck was doing inside.

"Enjoying yourself in there?" Sarkan teased. "I never would've guessed you'd be so into getting eaten – I never took you to be this much of a slut for being eaten."

Puck was evidently too engrossed in his enjoyment of the situation to mind Sarkan's teasing as he continued fapping, shuddering and moaning inside the larger male. For his part, Sarkan was already close to fully hard just from voring his little kookaburra friend. His shaft had mostly emerged from its sheath, approaching its full 17-inch length, and one hand idly stroked his huge member as the other groped and patted his recent meal through his stomach.

Just as the sergon was about to make another comment poking fun at the bird, he was struck by a distinct, familiar sensation. Beginning in his stomach, he felt waves of pleasure radiate throughout his entire body as the tingle of growth took hold. His knot began to slip out of its sheath, swelling larger with every pulse of his heart as he felt his body slowly, almost imperceptibly, growing larger. With each tiny, pleasurable wave that spread across his body, he expanded a fraction of a millimeter larger. Soon, his 17-inch, black member was rock hard, throbbing and leaking precum. Its swollen knot felt as sensitive as ever as he laid back in bed, groping and squeezing it, daydreaming about how it would feel at an even larger size. As the minutes ticked by and the sergon enjoyed the toe-curling pleasure of growth, his change in size was steadily becoming more apparent. He was taking up a few more inches of the bed than before, while the bulge Puck made from within his stomach was subtly less distinct than it had been just minutes ago.

Puck himself was lost in ecstasy. The overwhelming scent of Sarkan's body swirled around him, and he heard every small gurgle and churn emitted by the gut he was entrapped in. As he pushed against the slightly elastic walls of Sarkan's stomach, they pushed back just as hard, reminding him that he couldn't escape until his large housemate permitted him to. He stroked himself in a frenzy, edging closer and closer to orgasm, and he knew it wouldn't be long until he climaxed inside the predator. Being so completely overwhelmed, so wholly dominated by a man so much larger than himself – knowing that if he stayed too long, he might pay the ultimate price and end up nothing more than a meal for his huge housemate – these thoughts alone had the little kookaburra dizzy with lust. He couldn't stop himself from gasping and moaning as he played with himself, and he was certain Sarkie was able to hear his pleasure. But judging

from the occasional deep, rumbling groan the big guy was making, Sarkan was clearly enjoying himself just as much.

Puck began to arch his back, pumping his shaft more vigorously. At this rate, he wouldn't last much longer. He simply couldn't help himself; he was in such bliss, submitting entirely to his big friend! Before long, he was edging past the point of no return, and then soon enough, he felt the rhythmic contractions begin. With a euphoric caw, he was thrusting hard into his hand as his body began to quiver and he spilled his first ropes of seed over himself, painting his belly feathers in his desperately-needed release and spilling his lust across the inner walls of Sarkan's stomach. The bird kept stroking, fucking his hand as he milked himself empty inside the huge male, spurting hot ropes of cum across his own chest and abdomen.

Eventually, Puck was left panting as he slowly regained his composure after what felt like the hardest orgasm of his life. He wasn't sure how long he laid there inside Sarkan's belly, feeling his breathing steadily returning to normal, but when he finally began to rouse, he was struck by a peculiar sensation. The dragon's belly seemed somehow more spacious than before. The walls of his big friend's stomach didn't seem to hug him as tightly as they had when he first slipped down into the wet cavern of the sergon's gut, and he now had a bit of room to move about. Earlier, every motion had brought a limb pressing hard against the dragon's inner walls, but now he could wriggle and writhe without each motion bulging out against Sarkan's stomach. Just how long had he stayed inside his housemate's stomach, and how far had he shrunk?

For his part, Sarkan had continued to stroke himself, enjoying his most recent additions to their fullest. At some point, both padded hands had wrapped themselves around his shaft, steadily pumping his huge, swollen-looking manhood as he leaked a veritable waterfall of precum over his hands and abdomen. He was lost in a daze, feeling the room around him grow smaller and more confining around his huge body while he sapped more size from his latest meal. At some point, he was vaguely aware of the feeling of his paws pushing past the foot of the bed. He was close to outgrowing the furniture in his room, but he couldn't bring himself to care. The growth was intoxicating, short-circuiting his capacity for reason with all-consuming, overwhelming pleasure.

Eventually, the sergon's attention was grabbed by the feeling of an insistent pushing against his belly. A small arm – undoubtedly Puck's little wing – was pressing out against his stomach as a voice began to call out from within him: "Sarkan? Sarkie? Could you let me out?"

There was a short pause as the sergon processed what he'd just heard – right, Puck was still in there! The hybrid reached down to grope his stomach, massaging his prey through the fur on his own pre-slick belly. "Maybe I could. Why should I, though? You feel pretty good in there, little guy," he teased.

For a moment, it seemed as though Puck were genuinely considering whether he wanted to leave. Finally, the little avian replied, "Well, I might go back in. But for now, I think... I would like to see how small I am."

"Hmm... I suppose, if you insist," the sergon agreed with a shrug. "Though I bet you'll be begging me to eat you again in no time at all. A week, max."

Spreading his legs, the huge male strained. With one hand, he pressed down on his stomach, kneading his meal down through his gut, towards his rear. He pushed the little avian out from his body, shivering in pleasure as his small friend squeezed past his prostate. His cock was achingly hard, spurting a rope of precum as Puck pressed hard against his sensitive love button. Soon enough, the little kookaburra was emerging from Sarkan's hole, first his head, then his shoulders. He shook his wings a little, drying them before grabbing the edge of the bed and pulling himself free, steadily extricating himself from the huge predator. Soon enough, he was lying atop Sarkan's fluffy red tail, panting.

As the larger male looked past his broad shaft towards the little bird, he saw the evidence of Puck's enjoyment splattered across his feathers. "Enjoyed yourself, I see," he remarked. "As you can see, I'm not quite done," he added as he patted his fat knot appreciatively. "Maybe you could help a friend out?"

The kookaburra looked up at that throbbing, needy manhood. It looked simply massive! As he sat up, he realised it wasn't just that cock that had seemingly grown – everything looked so much larger than before! Even as he looked over the edge of the mattress, the ground looked surprisingly far away. "Just how far did I shrink?" he wondered aloud as he rose to his feet. Standing on the bed like this, the tip of Sarkan's massive shaft was throbbing and leaking needily right at his chin.

"You look maybe... four feet? There's a meter stick over by the closet. You don't look too much bigger than that," the larger male explained with a nod. Puck followed Sarkan's gaze, finding the meter stick. The sergon was right – generously, he was perhaps a foot taller than the meter stick, most likely less. At this size, Puck wouldn't even be able to see the top of his own dresser. He would need help just to reach the taps on the

bathroom sink! The thought terrified him as much as it excited him. Against his better nature, he felt his cock beginning to grow from its slit yet again.

The kookaburra glanced down at Sarkan's paws, hanging far over the edge of the bed. His huge housemate had grown broad enough to fill a double bed on his own now, and he was now clearly too tall for his bed. There was no doubt that he'd have significant trouble squeezing through doorways at this point; he had to be closer to 11 feet tall than 10. He would have been huge compared to anyone, but next to the diminutive bird, he was absolutely colossal! Puck wondered if there was anyone who could take the hybrid's massive cock at this point; the thing had to be over half his own height, and if he was four feet tall, that meant—

Sarkan interrupted his thoughts: "If you're done being amazed by my body, I could use some help here," he said, patting his leaking shaft. "Put those little wings to use, why don't you? Or should I eat you again?"

Puck could only nod assentingly. He stepped closer, feeling his friend's enormous nuts press against his shins as he wrapped both wings around Sarkan's shaft. The sergon's cock was surprisingly hot! It made the kookaburra jump a little before he hugged it more firmly. Beginning to stroke, he felt the huge male's precum drooling out, coating his chest feathers and wings in plenty of slick, natural lube.

"Fuck, just like that, little guy," the sergon encouraged his friend. "Keep stroking, just like that."

Puck's shaft was rock hard by now, as he thought of how that cock alone must have weighed half what he did. How little did he weigh now? He had never been particularly heavy, and since he was smaller than ever, shrunken in every direction... could he have been 70 pounds? Lighter? The possibility sent a thrill of excitement through him as his cock throbbed hard. Before he knew what was happening, he had begun to thrust his rock-hard shaft against Sarkan's huge, swollen knot.

"Mmmhhh... That feels great, but you should go a bit faster," the hybrid instructed. "And don't stop grinding that little dick on my knot, Puck."

The kookaburra tried his best to comply, slightly increasing the speed at which he was stroking his wings up and down that massive shaft. However, Puck found he couldn't manage much more speed. What might have been short strokes for a larger man were a long, effortful affair for a little bird his size.

"Here, let me help you," Sarkan offered with a devilish grin. He reached down, wrapping his huge hands around not only his cock, but the bird's entire body as well! The sergon began to stroke his massive shaft, squeezing Puck against it as the little bird felt his feet leave the bed. "I think I like you better at this size. What do you think?" Sarkan huffed out as he jerked himself off with his little friend's body.

"Y-Yeah," Puck agreed, feeling a bit light-headed from the sudden stimulation. Squeezed against that cock, he felt Sarkan's juices coating his entire body for the second time that day, slicking him up with more and more of his friend's musky pre-seed. "Yeah, it's a good size..."

Sarkan and Puck's moans filled the air as the huge hybrid began to stroke more vigorously. He bucked his hips up, jerking Puck around as his body acted on auto-pilot, doing whatever felt best and brought him closest to finally cumming. The massive male was vaguely aware of Puck's own high-pitched moans growing louder and needier as his own desperate need swept over his body, driving him to stroke faster and harder. "So good, little guy..."

Puck was being squeezed against that cock so hard he was slightly worried he might be crushed if things got much rougher. He was so turned on, though. He'd never felt so needy before as Sarkan lorded his size over him, using him like a ragdoll for his own pleasure. He felt that knot swelling impossibly harder, throbbing against his own crotch and mashing against his own cock even harder. He couldn't last much longer, and from the sounds of it, Sarkan wasn't far behind.

Squawking loud, Puck began to cum again, shooting weak, watery ropes of cum over Sarkan's massive shaft as he emptied his testicles for the second time that day. It was only a matter of seconds until he felt Sarkan's monstrous cock throbbing hard too, the huge hybrid groaning with desperate need and vibrating his entire body as his shaft throbbed, shooting out his own huge, musky load. As Sarkan's cock throbbed, leaked, and bucked, ropes of seed splattered over his own fur, coating his belly, his chest, his own head and the wall behind the bed. Of course, plenty of excess seed drooled out over his own shaft, drenching his black-skinned organ in white and covering his small friend in its hot, potent release.

When Sarkan finally stopped convulsing, he slowly released his grip on Puck, letting the kookaburra separate himself from the massive organ he'd just pleased. While Puck slowly came back to his senses, he wanted to be close to his friend. He crawled up over that huge, two-foot spire, finding place for himself atop Sarkan's large, broad chest. Collapsing down onto his huge friend, it was unthinkable just hours ago that he could

use the hybrid like a huge, fluffy mattress. Still, it felt somehow right. And as his lust-clouded mind wandered, he found himself wondering what it would be like to give even more of his size to his friend – or even to give his entire being to Sarkan...

The sergon rested a heavy paw on Puck's back. "That was great, little guy. Did you enjoy?" he asked.

"Mmhmm," Puck murmured in agreement.

"Good," Sarkan grunted. "We really should get cleaned up, but... maybe in the morning," he muttered.

As both males' cum slowly cooled, they closed their eyes, slipping into the warm embrace of sleep together.

Hours passed with the two males cuddling into each others' warmth through the night, and in the morning, Puck was the first to awaken.

As he slipped out from beneath Sarkan's surprisingly heavy arm, he jumped down from the bed, lightly flapping his wings to land silently on his feet. Glancing back, the edge of the bed was level with his chest. Climbing back onto that mattress would certainly be a workout, but that was a challenge he could deal with after cleaning up.

Tiptoeing down the hall, he was continually amazed by how different his own home looked from his diminished vantage point. Previously inconspicuous tables and shelves rose above his head, obscuring their contents from view. Eventually, he made it to the bathroom. After a short adventure climbing up to the top of the towel rack just to reach a towel – and finding it surprisingly bulky and cumbersome at his new size – the kookaburra slipped into the shower. He turned on the spray of water and set to work lathering up his feathers, preening himself and cleaning off the musky residue of the previous day's fun.

Several minutes into his shower, the kookaburra heard a series of arhythmic, heavy thuds beginning to echo through the house. A heavy scraping, dragging sound, then some more thuds, followed by the bathroom door creaking open.

Sarkan ducked low, turning sideways to squeeze through the bathroom door. Even so, his body scraped the doorframe, the huge male nearly too large for his own home. Still, the sergon managed to get into the bathroom. He turned, whipping his huge tail into the cramped bathroom. He couldn't even stand up straight!

"Good morning," the hunched-over male greeted his small friend.

Puck realised he'd stopped scrubbing as he stared at his enlarged housemate. "Oh, uh, hey, Sarkie. Did you sleep well?" Puck asked.

"Yeah, well enough. How about you?" Sarkan enquired.

"Yeah, it was nice. Just thought I'd get myself cleaned up from last night."

The massive hybrid nodded. "I had the same thought. Curious to see how I'll fit in the shower. Do you mind?" he asked.

"No, um, not at all! I'll just... uh..." Puck stammered as he shrank into the corner of the shower stall.

"Great, thanks," Sarkan grunted. He ducked even lower. Puck thought there was no way the sergon could fit into the duo's small shower, but amazingly, the huge lad managed to duck and twist and contort himself into the shower. It couldn't have been comfortable; he was nearly doubled-over. But somehow, he managed.

"Say, it's a bit hard for me to move in here. I don't think you could reach my chest, but maybe you could lather up my lower half?" Sarkan suggested.

Puck gulped and nodded. And in that way, he began to soap up his huge friend's body. It truly was a two-person job; the little kookaburra could only reach as far as Sarkan's lowest row of abs, but he dutifully cleaned up the larger male's powerful thighs, his huge, reptilian-esque tail, as well as his calves and paws. Eventually, the kookaburra reached Sarkan's crotch. Taking those massive nuts into his palms, he was amazed by their weight. At Sarkan's increased size, they had to be as large as soccer balls. As he soaped up the huge nuts in their fuzzy sac, he felt Sarkan's shaft beginning to emerge from its plump sheath.

"Were you thinking of having fun in the shower this morning, little guy?" Sarkan asked. "That's a pretty sensual massage you're giving my nuts."

"Oh, just making sure they're clean," Puck replied, releasing his housemate's yellow sac and letting those heavy nuts dangle in the heat.

"Fair enough, short stuff. Why don't you wash my rear then?" Sarkan suggested.

Puck obligingly squeezed around his housemate's side, making his way to where Sarkan had raised his tail up, exposing his firm, rounded cheeks and tight hole for the little bird to clean. The kookaburra lathered up the fur, scrubbing it clean and even occasionally slipping a hand into the crack, brushing over Sarkan's hole. As he washed his friend, he found himself daydreaming about how great it felt to be inside the huge sergon once more – how he wouldn't mind giving up more of his size to help his massive friend grow even huger. The thought crossed his mind that he might even let Sarkan drain *all* his size.

As the smaller male daydreamed about squeezing into Sarkan's belly again, he found himself eyeing the larger male's hole appreciatively. He was growing hard at the mere thought, his shaft swelling to its full size. Eventually, he couldn't keep silent any longer.

"Hey, Sarkie, can I ask you something?" he finally called out, speaking above the steady thrum of water in the shower.

"What's up?" the large man rumbled.

"Would you ever consider... taking me up your other hole?" the little bird asked. "I was thinking I'd love to slip inside you again, and maybe... stay quite a bit longer this time."

The huge hybrid couldn't hold back a hearty guffaw! "I said you'd be asking to be eaten again before the week was out, but I didn't think it would be the very next morning – or up my ass!" he exclaimed. "But sure, I wouldn't mind. Were you thinking you want to give me half your remaining size? How small do you wanna get?" he asked, his thick cock already beginning to emerge from its sheath from the thought.

"Actually, uh, I was hoping you might be willing to keep me in there even longer. I'd love to give you everything," the bashful kookaburra explained.

"Everything, huh?" Sarkan rumbled, turning off the spray of the shower. Both males were amply clean by this point. "You sure? Once you're small enough, you won't be able to change your mind. I might not feel you if you try and let me know you want out."

The little bird considered for a mere moment. But he was certain. The more he thought of it, the more he wanted to give his all to Sarkan. "Yes. Please, I would love to make you even huger."

After only a short pause, the sergon nodded. "Sure, then. Let's get you in there, little guy."

Sarkan's tail coiled itself around Puck's legs, wrapping firmly around those skinny legs. He began to lower his rear until he felt Puck's feathered head pressing against his hole. As the huge male squatted in the shower, the small bird began to push into his tight hole. He was so much larger than Puck by this point that he didn't have to stretch nearly as much as other males might have, to accommodate the little bird in his rear passage.

The last things Puck saw were those heavy, yellow orbs and that tight little hole as Sarkan lowered himself down onto his body. He felt himself slipping into Sarkan's body for the second time within 24 hours and was immediately greeted by the now-familiar sensation of being squeezed tightly by his friend's walls. As Sarkan lowered himself further, Puck felt his shoulders enveloped within his friend's hole. That tail around his ankles pushed him up further and soon he felt the huge male's entire body vibrating. Sarkan was groaning deeply as Puck pushed past his sensitive prostate, eliciting a hard throb and a thick glob of precum from the hybrid's black breeder.

Sarkan pushed Puck in deeper and soon there was more bird inside him than there was visible to the outside world. Puck's comparatively little shaft was next pressing in, followed by his legs. All that remained was the bird's feet. Releasing his tail from its tight grip around Puck's ankles, Sarkan reached a hand back to push the bird the rest of the way in. A gentle shove, and the last inches of his little housemate were disappearing within his tight, rhythmically-squeezing hole.

Puck found himself breathing in deeply, inhaling the potent, recognisable scent of his friend's internals. He was taken by that familiar tingle again. Was he shrinking already?

As he pressed out against Sarkan's belly, he felt his predator's entire body shifting; the huge male was sitting down, taking a seat in the shower stall as he groped his meal through his belly and began to stroke his cock. "Fuck, you've been a great meal," he complimented. "Tasted great on the way down last night and finishing the leftovers this morning is just as satisfying."

Puck moaned, listening to his huge friend's words. At this point, he was Sarkan's fulfilling breakfast, the leftovers from last night's meal. He was more than eager to give his entire being to his huge friend, to give the massive male a gift he'd carry with him for the rest of his days – his very soul.

As Puck felt the wet interior of Sarkan's gut grow vaster, more spacious, he was treated to the sound of his stomach gurgling while the sergon digested him, the fluids bubbling as they sapped away his size and converted it to additional mass for the hybrid to enjoy. The smell was growing more potent as Puck bathed in it. It was intoxicating. How small was he now? Two feet tall? One? Soon, the only way the little bird could deform the predator's stomach was by pushing against its walls. At rest, no one could tell there was a tiny anthro inside Sarkan's belly.

As the minutes passed, Puck dwindled further. Soon enough, even when he pushed with all his might, he couldn't make a visible bulge in Sarkan's yellow-furred tummy. He was too weak and those elastic walls too strong for him to bulge them outwards. He was close to giving the last vestiges of his very being to his massive friend.

As Sarkan grew, one paw steadily massaged his stomach. He didn't need to, but it felt so pleasant to knead Puck through his belly as he digested his meal. He was rock hard and drooling again from the pleasure. "I'm gonna have to take care of this soon," he grunted as he glanced down at his massive erection. It was close to three feet long by this point, his knot a full foot wide at its broadest point.

Inside, Puck was giving his last ounces to the huge, furred sergon. He was in bliss as he gave his remaining mass to the monstrously large male. Then, all that remained was his soul, a concentrated ball of energy that remained after his body had diminished from existence. Even that was being steadily drained, sucked of its very life force as the sergon grew larger.

Even seated, Sarkan's horns were beginning to brush the ceiling of his cramped bathroom. "Fuck... Didn't know the little guy had so much to give," he murmured appreciatively as he ducked lower. He wasn't sure how he was going to get out of his bathroom, but his first concern was not to grow through the roof.

As he absorbed Puck's soul, a faint marking began to appear on his furred belly. A tattoo was etching itself into his skin, growing more defined with each passing second. A kookaburra wing feather was beginning to take shape, brown and white with black stripes, a beautiful iridescent blue near the base. As Sarkan absorbed more of Puck's soul, the tattoo grew brighter, permanently marking his stomach with a symbol of the little friend he'd consumed.

While Sarkan finished draining the kookaburra's bright little soul, he felt one last intense growth spurt. With nowhere else to go, his head pushed hard against the ceiling, several deep cracks spreading through its surface. But he wasn't done – he packed on feet of

height, the last spark of Puck's existence yielding hundreds of pounds of mass for his body as he drained every last morsel the kookaburra had to offer. He felt the roof crumbling, beginning to fail against his unyielding mass as dust rained down around him. The hybrid was outgrowing his own house! Still, inches piled onto his frame and his house crumbled further. By the time he finished growing, he must have been at least 20 feet tall, far too large to fit indoors even in his hunched-over position. The only buildings he might fit in now were perhaps some warehouses, or maybe an aircraft hangar. The hybrid shook his head, clearing the dust off as he straightened up a little.

"Well, shit. So much for the house... I wonder where I could shower off all this shit?" he grumbled. Standing up, the extent of his growth became apparent. The shower stall he'd squeezed into just this morning came only up to his knees. The roof of his ruined home only came up to his abs. His cock alone was as large as Puck had been!

Rubbing his belly, feeling over the new tattoo he'd gained, he couldn't help but reminisce about how amazing it felt when he was draining his little friend. Puck had been a great meal, but he was feeling a bit peckish again. Devouring the little kookaburra had awakened something within him, and he wanted more of it. As he stepped out of the remains of his ruined house, he growled out, "You know, the shower can wait. I think I'll go for an early lunch today."