

Voracious Discipline

By: Indi

Shay made no attempt to hide how pissed off he was. The chubby striped hyena brushed his messy mohawk away from his eyes and looked in the fridge again, as if it'd somehow be any less empty now. Nope. Still just barren shelves and a few condiment bottles that probably only had a couple more squeezes left in them. He slammed the door shut.

"How the Hell did you forget the food, Zak!" Shay growled.

The short, plump mouse behind him shrugged in apathy. "I was doing stuff and it slipped my mind."

"When was the last time food ever slipped your mind?" Shay said, poking the mouse hard in his soft middle. "You had *one* job: get food for the hangout; and you somehow blew it!"

"Dude, what's the big deal, we can just order pizza," Zak said.

Shay didn't sense a single bit of regret from his friend. It was insulting. "Because it'll take forever for the pizza to get here, idiot! And thanks to you pigging out and clearing the fridge, I don't have a damn thing to snack on while we wait." He hadn't eaten much that day at all, and it was starting to catch up with him. His stomach was growling impatiently, desperate for food. Shay's foul moods only grew worse when he was hungry.

"Not my fault you don't keep any emergency snacks handy," Zak said.

Shay felt ready to explode. He'd never been more furious with Zak in his life, which was impressive considering how frustrating the mouse had been lately. Zak needed to be taught a lesson, and Shay went with the first thing that came to mind.

"Know what? There *is* one snack left in the apartment. And it's one that's nice and plump!" Shay poked Zak in the belly again, before lunging.

The mouse didn't have time to react as his friend pounced on him. Within seconds he was plunged into darkness as his head was swallowed, his arms flailing blindly as he realized he was being eaten. Fueled by hunger and revenge, Shay relentlessly scarfed down the mouse, eager to cram them into his stomach. His spiked collar stretched and creaked a little as his throat bulged. His small belly ballooned out from beneath his shirt a few swallows later, wobbling as Zak began to empty into it.

Though Zak was fatter than Shay, the ambush had prevented him from using his weight advantage, and the smaller hyena was having no trouble gulping him down. As Shay's jaws stretched over Zak's soft middle he lifted the mouse up, pinning their kicking legs in place. He knew he'd won, then, that it was only a matter of time before Zak was sealed away completely in his belly. His gut swelled more and more, sagging from the weight of his meal, bouncing with every swallow.

As the last of Zak vanished down Shay's gullet and his collar snapped back to its usual size, the striped hyena let out a triumphant moan. Zak was fighting hard in his stomach, kicking and punching and causing Shay's middle to shake. Shay responded by squeezing down hard on his gut, and smirking as he heard the mouse whine.

"Wow, you were a whole lot better than chips or pizza!" Shay said, thumping his belly

with his fist.

“Dude, what the Hell! Let me out!” Zak’s muffled shouts reverberated through Shay’s body, much to the hyena’s joy.

Shay laughed. "You fucked up getting food, so now you're replacing it."

"It was an accident, I'm sorry!" Zak sounded panicked, and his struggles were frantic.

“Throw me up and I’ll order the pizzas and grab something from the store, too, I swear!”

“The trip down my gullet sure changed your shitty attitude, didn’t it?” Shay asked, shaking his middle again just to jostle Zak around. “Maybe if it improves some more I’ll think about letting you out. Better work fast, though, cause my stomach’s a lot less patient than I am, and I get the feeling it’d just *love* to churn a mouse.”

Zak's squirms didn't lessen any, but Shay still grinned. He was in total control of the situation, his friend at his mercy. Shay wasn't planning on actually digesting him—the weight he'd inevitably gain would only make skateboarding harder—but Zak didn't need to know that. He'd let the mouse stew for a while until he was begging for forgiveness and willing to do whatever Shay told him to do. Maybe after that the mouse would think twice about fucking up.

As fun as it was to feel his belly jiggle from Zak's wiggling, standing with such a stuffed gut was exhausting for Shay. He lazily waddled over to the couch and plopped down in the middle of it, smiling as he heard it groan under his weight. It'd been a while since Shay had eaten anyone, and he was mesmerized by how round his gut was, how the surface shifted and bulged as Zak pushed at his prison. He'd forgotten how good it felt to be full.

A loud knocking at the door snapped Shay out of his daze. “It’s open, just come in!” he yelled.

The door swung open, a gray lion backing his way into the apartment carrying two cases of beer. A black and white cheetah came in behind him, along with a fairly plump, cream-colored horse. Their conversation ceased as they spotted Shay on the couch, his gut clearly wobbling.

"Started eating without us?" the lion—Vex—asked.

“Nah, just some overdue discipline. Zak didn’t get us food, so he’s graciously volunteered to take its place.” Shay smirked and rubbed his belly, watching the surprised looks appear on the faces of his friends. He hadn’t considered it before, but punishing Zak would also discourage the others from messing up in the future as well.

"You're joking, right?" Jet asked. The cheetah was looking around for any sign of Zak.

“Does this look like I’m—*uworrrrrrrrrrrp*—joking?” Shay growled and squeezed his gut. Zak had started fighting again, likely hoping the arrival of the others meant his salvation. But Shay wasn’t ready to let the mouse out. Not yet, not while he was enjoying every squirm coming from his stomach.

The horse—Clyde—looked the most worried of the group, which was to be expected. He was the most timid around Shay, and also the one who acted on his orders the fastest. Shay found that to be a good quality in a friend. “Uh...when are you gonna let him out?”

“When he proves he deserves to be let out. You might want to say your goodbyes now, because currently he’s still fated to be hyena pudge.” Shay leaned back on the couch and

gazed fondly upon his middle. He was still angry with Zak, but asserting his dominance had improved his overall mood considerably.

"I know Zak's a fuck up, but that doesn't mean you should be eat him, dude," Jet said. Shay didn't appreciate the cheetah trying to lecture him; it made him look bad in front of the others. "Just throw him up so we can get back to hanging out."

Getting ordered around made Shay scowl. "*I'm* the one who decides if he gets out, not you. But you're free to try and pull him out if you care so much; I certainly wouldn't mind a second course."

The response provoked a dirty look from Jet, and Shay silently declared himself the winner of that confrontation. He wasn't about to let everyone forget who was actually in charge when the group hung out.

"Why don't we all just chill and have some beer," Vex said. "We've got time to figure things out." The lion liked to think his smooth talk eased tensions amongst the friends, but Shay wasn't falling for it. He'd let Vex keep the others in line with false hope, though.

"Yeah, I'm sure Zak's got a lot of time to spare in there," Jet grumbled under his breath.

Beer was grabbed, and the rest of the group found places to sit. Vex and Clyde joined Shay on the couch, sitting on either side of the stuffed hyena. Jet took a chair.

"Guys, get me out of here!" Zak shouted, his voice muffled so much only Vex and Clyde could hear. "I'll buy our food for the next month, please, just get me out!"

Zak's pleas made Clyde cower some, though the horse couldn't seem to take his eyes off the frantic bulges of his buddy.

"Oh that reminds me," Shay said, turning towards Clyde. "Order us some pizza. I'm thinking a dozen at least, just to make sure we're good. And feel free to use Zak's card. He did offer to pay, after all~"

The horse practically jumped off the couch, his middle jiggling as he rushed over and made the order. Jet was less happy than ever, while Vex was giving Shay a concerned look. But despite the fact they obviously all wanted Zak to be freed, none of them made any move to actually make Shay throw the mouse up. Shay saw it as clear evidence he was in charge. He bet he could digest Zak and they'd do nothing about it but complain a little. And as time passed, Shay was feeling tempted to keep Zak sealed away more and more.

The atmosphere in the apartment was tense, even as the four friends chatted and played video games. Zak was struggling less, having tired himself out early and mostly given up on begging to be released. Shay made sure the mouse had plenty of fresh air, though, unwilling to let him simply fade away. No, he was going to milk the fun for all it was worth, and maybe let the others think he might actually free Zak in the end.

When the pizza arrived, Vex and Jet barely touched it, sticking to a single slice apiece while chugging beer. Clyde only ate after Shay told him to, another test of his control over the group. Shay himself enjoyed a couple whole pizzas, just so the others didn't think eating Zak had made him full. Admittedly he *was* getting a craving for a second course, but wasn't sure if

he could act on it. After all, he wouldn't have any friends to boss around if he ate them all.

Jet had stayed quiet for a couple hours, silently brooding and barely joining in on conversations. Eventually the cheetah tossed aside his controller and glared at Shay. "Dude, Zak's been in there long enough. Let him out."

Shay kept his attention on the game. "I don't hear gurgling, so he clearly has to stew for a bit longer."

"That's not funny!"

"If you're gonna get pissy at anyone, get pissy at Zak for getting himself eaten," Shay said.

"You're being an ass—he's our friend!"

Jet's whining was getting on Shay's nerves. The cheetah should've been minding his own business and enjoying the get together, not challenging him on who he could eat. If digesting Zak wasn't going to keep him in line, then he'd just have to make an example of the cheetah as well. But in his engorged state, he'd need to be tricky.

"It's Zak's fault for endangering our friendship by not taking his task seriously. But if you *really* want to get that worthless mouse out of my stomach, then why don't we play a game?" Shay asked, grinning. "Best out of three. If you win, I cough up Zak, and he lives to fuck up another day. But if I win, then you're joining him in here." He wobbled his belly.

A nervous look came upon Jet's face, and for a moment Shay worried he'd scared the cheetah back into submission, and would be denied his next meal. But then the stubbornness returned. "Sure, if that's what it'll take to knock some sense back into you then so be it. You've been full of yourself all night, dude."

Shay snarled. No matter what he was going to win, and make sure Jet became pudge. He didn't care how long they'd been friends, he refused to be insulted so brazenly.

"Guys why don't we think this through," Vex said. "More gluttony won't solve this."

"Shut it, Vex, at least I'm trying to get Zak out of there!" Jet shouted, picking his controller back up. "Can't believe I'm the only one here who doesn't think we should be eating each other. Fucking ridiculous."

Vex backed down, and Clyde continued cowering. There was nothing stopping the bet now.

The first round was close, and ended in a narrow victory for Jet. Shay saw the relief in everyone's faces, how they were all obviously rooting against him. No support came his way. He'd make them regret that.

Motivated by petty anger, Shay dominated the second round, tying things up. The relief was gone, and Jet clearly looked nervous now that he was one loss away from getting ate. No one could play well when their life was on the line, which was exactly why Shay had tricked him into playing the game. The cheetah was as good as his.

While the third round was close again, Shay came out victorious. The hyena laughed, his whole middle shaking, and grinned at Jet. "Alright, you lost dude, so time to pay up."

Jet looked stunned, and Shay wondered if the cheetah would try to back out of their deal. It wasn't like he could stop him from bolting, and he couldn't count on either Vex or Clyde to drag him over. Though if Jet refused to be eaten, Shay would need to find a proper

punishment.

Finally Jet stood up and walked over to Shay, furious. His face was twitching, fangs showing on occasion. “Why the Hell are you doing this?” the cheetah demanded.

“Doing what, accepting a normal bet?” Shay said, with mock obliviousness.

“Eating us you gluttonous ass!” The cheetah punched Shay in the stomach, hard. Shay coughed and felt his stomach tighten, but thankfully he didn’t start dry heaving. He suspected his sore loser of a friend had been hoping to force him to cough up Zak.

Jet went for another punch, but Shay managed to grab him by the wrist and pull him in close. “This is just good old fashioned discipline,” Shay growled, before shoving Jet’s head into his mouth.

The cheetah immediately began to struggle, but was in such an awkward position he couldn’t properly fight back. Out of the corner of his eye Shay saw Vex looking over the situation, undoubtedly weighing in on whether or not to intervene. He couldn’t give the lion the chance to consider it. Shay gulped down Jet fast, forcing the cheetah into his gullet inch-by-inch and taking no breaks. The deeper Jet was, the harder it’d be to free him, and the more likely the others would simply accept his fate.

Shay’s belly was bouncing as Jet entered it, Zak far from happy to have a companion in his cramped cell. His attempts to hold back Jet failed completely, and soon he was being pressed against the wall of the stomach with little space to maneuver. Shay pressed down hard on the wiggling paws of his latest meal, forcing them into his mouth. Jet was gone. Eating Jet left Shay panting, his throat sore from swallowing so aggressively. But the sight of his massive, bulging belly made it all worthwhile. Two useless friends were trapped within, ready to be digested into fresh layers of soft hyena fat. It was a proper punishment for all their past failures.

“This night just keeps getting—*braaaaaaaap*—better and better,” Shay snickered, rubbing his middle and moaning. He turned to look at Clyde, and then Vex. “Hopefully we’ve all realized the consequences of fucking up.” It wasn’t a subtle threat, but Shay didn’t care. He *wanted* the others to be fearful of him. He wouldn’t tolerate disrespect anymore.

The next hour involved long periods of nervous silence, mainly interrupted by the curses and pleas coming from within Shay’s stomach. Jet was begging Vex and Clyde to do something, and guiltting them for letting Shay potentially get away with eating Zak and him. Shay saw the guilt on the faces of his remaining friends—but also the fear. They weren’t accepting of what Shay had done, but they weren’t doing anything about it, either. His grip over the diminished group had become absolute. He wished he’d eaten someone years ago.

Clyde saw a bulge on the side of Shay’s belly that might’ve been Jet’s face, and looked away. The horse could hear his friends struggling, the faint noises of digestive juices splashing about amidst whimpers and growls. Shay had really just...just *eaten* them, without any hesitation or regret. Sure, the hyena had always been a bit bossy, and often a jerk, but issues in the group were usually handled by shouting and eventual reconciliation. Shay’s new approach was a lot

more permanent.

Maybe Shay was just playing a really cruel joke, and would let them out at the last minute? It seemed like something the hyena would do. But there was an uncomfortable glimmer of triumph in Shay's eyes that convinced Clyde he was being serious. Clyde remembered messing up a beer order for a hangout just a month earlier; how close had he been to being gobbled up by the vengeful hyena?

The thought was too much for Clyde.

He slid off the couch, wincing as he brushed against Shay's wobbling gut. "I'm...um...I'm gonna use the bathroom," Clyde said, unconvincingly, before leaving the living room and heading down the hall towards the bathroom. He walked right past it, hiding just inside Zak's room.

Less than a minute later Vex entered, startling Clyde.

"Easy, easy, it's just me," Vex said.

"I can't believe he's gonna digest them," Clyde said, his heart racing. "We've known each other since high school. We went through college together. And he's just...just gonna..."

"You know how Shay can get. I'm sure he just had a shitty day, and his bad temper got the best of him so he got voracious," Vex said. "Let me go have a chat with him alone. I can get him to calm down and let Zak and Jet out, I'm sure of it."

"Are you sure?" Clyde asked. He didn't see how the hyena could be convinced.

"Of course. Shay's my oldest friend, he listens to me. I'll probably have to stroke his ego but I'll make him feel like letting the others go is a victory for him. Just give me a few minutes and I'll get ya when everything's good." Vex gave Clyde a pat on the shoulder and left the room.

Clyde breathed a small sigh of relief, hoping things were about to return to normal.

The minutes dragged on, until a thump from the living room jolted Clyde. Against his better judgment he headed down the hall, wondering if the sound had been Jet or Zak getting thrown up. When he reached the living room he froze in place.

Shay was still on the couch, his belly slowly crushing the coffee table as it swelled over it. A pair of kicking legs were sliding down his throat—Vex's. Seconds later the lion was gone, and Shay was smiling at Clyde.

"Oh, there yourrrrrrrrrrrrrp are." Shay let out a groan. "Just finished having a very productive conversation with Vex about my recent methods. "We agreed to—*braaaap*—disagree on some things--like whether or not crossing me meant a trip into my gut. You're free to join the conversation if you'd like; I've still got room~"

Clyde was shaking. Three of his friends were now crammed into Shay's belly, and he couldn't think of any possible way he could free them. If Shay were willing to eat Vex, someone he was close to, then he'd have no issue eating him. He needed to escape.

The horse had only taken a single step when Shay called out to him. "Hey, buddy, where ya going? I need someone to rub my rowdy belly so dinner starts digesting, and you're the only one left to do that. So get on it, now."

The order sent a shiver through Clyde's spine. He hurried over to Shay, frowning as he saw how massive the hyena's belly was. His friends were demanding to be let out, Vex's curses

“The last group may have been a failure in the end, but that just means I’ll be able to make better friends this time around—friends who’ll do whatever I say, and won’t talk back. I’ll just need to show them the consequences of fucking up early.” Shay licked his lips and smiled wide, already looking forward to his future meals. Making friends was going to be fattening work.