

Vore Day Aftermath

By: IndigoRho

The incessant blaring of an alarm stirred Rico from his deep sleep, prompting a grumble of dismay from the lion as he shifted in bed trying to ignore it. Of course the noise didn't go away on its own, and after about a minute he sluggishly swatted at the nearby alarm until it shut off. By then he was awake enough. Rico opened his eyes and stretched, glancing over at the clock and snorting once he realized it was well into the afternoon. A cat nap that long wasn't too surprising considering how much he'd eaten the day before, and had likely been necessary to help digestion. Besides, oversleeping meant he could admire the aftermath of his gluttony.

Rico's belly was a wonderfully flabby dome that jiggled when he moved. He made a passive attempt to stretch the tank-top he'd fallen asleep in over his gut, smiling with glee when doing so proved impossible. His fingers and arms both looked doughy, and he was certain his face was probably much rounder now, too. When Rico'd gotten up the morning before he'd barely weighed two hundred pounds, chubby but still small; today he was over three hundred. Not a big surprise considering he'd eaten three people last night.

Vore was fairly rare, a social taboo that was usually too inconvenient or shameful for anyone but the most addicted carnivore to bother with. However, there was one day out of the year where everyone tended to let loose and embrace their voracious side; August eighth, Vore Day. For twenty four hours the city became a giant, mouth-watering buffet, with the intense desire to consume overwhelming feelings of familiarity or friendship. This year Rico had celebrated the occasion at a friend's party, and the lion was curious to see who else had survived the festivities.

Still adjusting to his new weight, Rico rolled himself out of bed, stumbling a bit as his heavy gut wobbled about. The previous night was a bit of a blur, though the lion was thankful he'd managed to find a comfy bed to pass out on instead of the floor. He recognized the bedroom as belonging to Jack, a seal he'd known for years who'd been his roommate throughout college. Currently he was enjoying a permanent stay on Rico's waistline. Rico hadn't gone out of his way to eat the seal, but when Jack had challenged him to the winner-eats-loser game of beer pong he'd accepted without a second thought. That was the whole point of Vore Day, after all; taking fun risks and seeing just how many people you could gobble up without ending up as a meal yourself.

Rico waddled out of Jack's room, laughing as he saw how trashed the rest of the apartment was. Plastic cups and beer bottles littered the hallway, along with a few scattered pieces of clothing removed from prey. A quick peek in the second bedroom revealed it to be empty—though messy—and the same was true of the bathroom. More guests must have stumbled home than he'd expected. That or more were eaten. The kitchen and small dining space were more of the same, a graveyard of decimated liquor and empty pizza boxes. He grinned as he remembered how Jim, another friend, had drunkenly attempted to scarf down the pizza boy. Watching him slide down into the much bigger delivery guy's gut had been hilarious, and Rico had been one of the many to give him a goodbye slap as he was carried away through the front door.

On the verge of assuming he was alone in the apartment, Rico finally found luck in the living room, where an obese deer even fatter than him was snoozing on the floor, slowly waking up. He was still wearing most of a ripped shirt, and both his antlers had been snapped off at some point. Rico looked him over for a moment before speaking up. “Yo, feeling alright, um...Maven?”

The deer let out a lazy chuckle that wobbled his middle, before shaking his head and pointing to his gut.

“Oops, sorry Marco,” Rico shrugged. “You and your brother look a lot alike. Er, *did* look a lot alike.”

“Well I won't be having that problem ever again,” Marco said, leaning up on his elbows and ogling his own belly. “Oh man I look ridiculous. Didn't think I'd ever gorge enough to double my

weight in one night!”

Rico carefully avoided the minefield of garbage as he strolled over to his friend's younger brother. “You had a head start, though, didn't you? At least I swear you arrived at the party with your gut already occupied.”

With some effort Marco got back onto his hooves, his fresh flab jiggling all over as he did. “Yeah, gobbled up some rando when we stopped for gas. Man, hearing the car groan a little when I got back in it was a blast!” He finally took a moment to look around at the apartment. “Anyone else still here?”

“Already thinking about breakfast?” Rico laughed.

Marco grimaced, before rubbing his gut with both hooves. “Geez no, I still feel kind of stuffed, honestly. Maven by himself was filling enough to hold me over for a week!”

“I kept telling him he'd be a goner on Vore Day if he didn't lose some weight.” Rico's mouth watered as he thought about his now-digested friend. “Was he as delicious as he looked?”

“Oh God, he was the best thing I've ever eaten, no competition.” By the look on Marco's face, he was obviously reminiscing about Maven as well. “Soft all over, and he wiggled all the way down. He was pretty rambunctious the rest of the night, especially when my stomach got super cramped. I get the impression he was convinced I'd feel bad and throw him up eventually. Hah!”

“Darn, I really should've eaten him when I had the chance. Was crazy tempted to yesterday but I decided to be nice and give him a break,” Rico said, staring at the belly his friend had added to. “Oh well. Anyways, we *are* in fact the last ones here, and I actually think both Jack and his roommate got eaten during the party, so I guess we're free to stay as long as we want.”

Marco took a moment, eyes drifting around to all the trash. “Eh, not eager to linger around. Kind of just want to check on how many friends ended up as pudge, then hit the mall to buy new clothes.”

The lion and deer were both rather bare, down to shorts with torn seams and shirts that were either completely ruined or essentially useless after their considerable gains. Despite coming to the party with the intention of getting fatter, neither had bothered wearing anything that could handle those potential gains. After all, having a bulging gut so large it couldn't be contained by your shirt was part of the Vore Day fun.

Rico nodded, lazily fishing his phone from his pocket. “Good idea. Should probably check Lifeboard to see if I've actually got a D&D group left to chill with tomorrow. They're gonna be peeved when they learn I ate the healer,” he grinned, remembering how good it felt to have the husky squirming inside him. “You mind me tagging along to the mall?”

“Feel free. It'll be a lot less awkward walking around like this if I'm with someone,” Marco said.

The pair spent a short while strolling through the apartment, making sure they grabbed everything they'd brought with them and snagging a few mementos that no longer had owners. Rico also took the time to take and post a selfie showing off his new weight, and give acquaintances a heads up that he'd survived the festivities. Scrolling through his feed, Rico saw that a handful of friends had already checked in, with quite a few now so fat they were barely recognizable. He made a few tentative gut-rubbing plans for later.

Of course there were also plenty who'd had their profile pictures changed to a pile of ripped clothing, or someone else's massive gut. Locations were changed to such original names as “My Roommate's Belly” or “A Better Player's Waistline”, along with enough terrible toilet puns to make him roll his eyes. One of his cousins now had the occupation of “Winter Insulation”, while a co-worker had just made the career change to “Protective Padding”. He smiled whenever he discovered someone particularly annoying had been eaten, and frowned when anyone he was particularly close to was confirmed as flab. The grief was brief, though. After a while you tended to get used to friends being suddenly eaten.

Marco had obviously been trying to do the same, but he'd gotten caught up in a phone call rather

quickly. "I already told you, he challenged me first Mom! He'd of eaten me if he'd won, too."

Rico snickered as he watched the frustrated deer pacing around the apartment, digging through discarded pants for wallets as he talked.

"Mom, Mom! Eating people's the whole point of Vore Day, I don't see why it's such a big deal." Marco uncovered one of his broken antlers while tossing aside clothes, scowling for a moment before tossing it. "Trey ate all three of his brothers last year, and Uncle Howard just laughed it off. And you ate Aunt Mindy when you were younger!"

The deer abruptly distanced the phone from his ear, wincing.

"Don't worry, I've got his wallet and stuff, and his keys. We won't have to deal with closing out his accounts or anything, and I'll drive the car home myself," Marco was rubbing his forehead with a hoof. "Ok, ok. I really gotta go now, though. Yeah, love ya too, bye."

Rico had to resist bursting out laughing. "Getting chewed out for snacking on your bro?"

"She was pissed she learned about it from Lifeboard and not me personally," Marco pouted. "I mean, I guess she has a point, but whatever. I'll probably get flak about it for a few days but Mom'll get over it."

"Probably," Rico smiled. "You about ready to head out? Mall's likely packed with all the successful preds buying new clothes, and I don't want to miss out on the good sales."

Marco nodded, and the two finally left the apartment, not even bothering to shut the door fully on their way out. A passed out red panda was blocking half the hallway, obviously still digesting someone from the night before. As they sidestepped past him they could see a few other doors cracked open, catching glimpses of abandoned parties and preds sluggishly waking up at last. In the lobby at the back entrance they ran into another snoozing pred, a plump otter sprawled face-down on the couch, shirt stretched tight over his belly. A pair of discarded shoes and a pile of clothes littered the floor nearby him.

Rico's stomach rumbled as he neared, his gaze glued to the stranger's soft middle. A couple years ago he'd managed to catch an otter on Vore Day, and had immediately decided they were his favorite prey. He hadn't had the luck of stuffing himself with one since, but now he was being handed a rather unique opportunity. While Vore Day was over, there wasn't any rule saying he *couldn't* indulge on someone, it was just frowned upon. A few judgmental glares were a price Rico was easily willing to pay for a good meal and a few dozen more pounds.

Without saying a word the lion crept up on the sleeping otter, kneeling on the floor so they were nearly at eye-level. He quietly opened his maw wide, saliva dripping as his warm breath gently pelted his prey's face. The otter twitched his nose a little before his eyes half-opened. Rico lunged in an instant, engulfing the otter's head in one hungry gulp. His meal flailed and squirmed as his neck and shoulders were roughly swallowed whole, his position too awkward for him to properly fight back. Soon the otter's arms were pinned to his sides, sealing his fate.

Rico moaned in delight as he felt the otter glide down his throat and into his stomach, his blubbery belly ballooning outwards with every gulp. All he could think of was the wonderful calories the struggling otter contained, how many new layers of pudge he'd become, how much more his body would wobble in the end. He always adored the short term gains Vore Day provided, even if he did tend to lose most of it throughout the year. If anything his approach made the gains all the more special. The lion wondered if his spontaneous meal had felt the same way about his weight, or if he was doing the otter a favor by slimming him down.

Having swallowed the otter up to his waist, Rico slowly stood up, lifting his prey into the air and using gravity as an aid. His gut was bouncing wildly, faint bulges of the otter's snout and paws occasionally visible beneath the feline's considerable fat. Any pleas and curses the prey made were unintelligible, muffled til they were nothing more than background noise. The otter slipped away, one swallow at a time, and soon only his twitching footpaws remained outside. A quick gulp and a belch dealt with that.

Rico sighed loudly and shook his greatly distended middle, ecstatic about having finally indulged on an otter after so long. He happily waddled back over to Marco, who'd spent the whole time simply texting and messing with his phone.

“Oh man, that was way too good to—brrrrraaaaaap—pass up!” Rico said. “Though wow nothing makes you feel fatter than eating people two days in a row.”

“Dude you're lucky the seats go back far enough, cause otherwise you'd have to be squeezing yourself onto a bus,” Marco teased in between texts. “Can't promise the ride's gonna be comfy for ya, though.”

“Still worth it.” Rico gave his belly a slap. “I'll just belch a few more times and tighten the old gut up a little, that'll give me plenty of room.”

Rico's belly bounced around even more as the otter's struggles picked up, Rico and Marco both bursting into laughter as they exited the building.