

Stuffed Blue Jay

By: Indi

August dug through the spread of pizza boxes, constantly met with mere crumbs. The doughy, gray-and-white lion's appetite had become insatiable since he'd put on a few dozen pounds. Even the feast his roommates and him had ordered didn't seem to be enough. He was very suddenly regretting not scarfing down the delivery guy when he'd had the chance. But when he reached the final box, he found three surviving slices.

"Hell yeah!" the lion cheered. He stacked all three slices on top of each other and chowed down, demolishing them all in a matter of seconds. After licking his fingers he waddled back into the living room.

"Yo, how much we got left?" Indi, a chubby blue jay on the couch, asked. He was guzzling the last of a two-liter of soda, his belly wobbling as he did.

"Nothing anymore," August said with a smirk. He gave his partially exposed belly a slap with both paws.

"Dude I swear you ate half the pizza yourself!" Indi said with a frown. "You're more hippo than lion."

"And you're looking more turkey than blue jay, tasty." August licked his lips. He was only sort of joking, his stomach rumbling faintly.

"A turkey that's about to be stuffed with lion if you're dumb enough to get too close!"

"Oh knock it—*uorrrrp*—off you two," the third roommate, Bacchus, said. He was a lion as well, though lean compared to the portly August. A miracle considering how much he loved to chug cider. "If one of you gets ate then I'll have to find another roommate again, and that's never fun." He was glaring at August as best he could, a challenge since he was rather drunk.

August grinned and gave his gut a wobble. "Eating Raf was totally worth having to pay a bit extra until we got Indi. And I think my savings are good enough for me to afford a bird dinner tonight~"

The lion dramatically crept towards the couch, acting like he was ready to pounce. In his desire to show off he lost his balance, though, and tripped on the rug. He yelped and flailed, his fall cushioned by Indi's lap. "Oops. Uh, thanks bud." He chuckled, looking up at his friend.

"No, thank *you*. For bringing me more dinner."

Indi grabbed August's soft sides, opened his beak, and yanked the lion forwards, swallowing his head in one gulp. August immediately began to squirm, but failed to get his footing quick enough. Two more swallows pinned his arms to his sides, limiting his ability to fight back.

Indi groaned as his beak stretched over August's broad shoulders. He was groping at the lion's pudge, eager to feel it fill his mouth and then his belly. It didn't matter that the two had been friends for years, Indi was hungry, and August was obnoxiously delicious.

"Ugh, you two are the worst sometimes," Bacchus complained. All the booze in his system made it hard to really care that one friend was eating another right in front of him. Stopping the act would be a hassle, and Indi was probably hungry enough to eat two lions in one sitting. He was also annoyed at August for starting the silly fight to begin with. Maybe it served the glutton right, ending up as bird pudge.

So instead of interfering, Bacchus simply went searching for another cider. He strolled around the couch, barely noticing August's round belly sliding past Indi's beak, or the way the blue jay's own middle was rapidly ballooning outward as it filled with lion. He did slap August on the ass along the way, giggling as the lion's squirms intensified for a moment. The squirms were accompanied by muffled yelling from within Indi's stomach, something along the lines of demanding he help or maybe just cursing him out for the butt slap.

Bacchus rolled his eyes and headed over. But as he did he couldn't help but notice just how round his friend had become...and how juicy. He'd eaten the least of the three by far, and was finally starting to feel hungry. He was also far too drunk to make anything, or even really go searching for leftovers in the fridge. Indi was right there, though, stuffed and ready to be gulped down. Bacchus didn't eat others very often—he rather liked being slim—but he found his mouth watering at the sight of Indi.

“Looking real big, Indi,” Bacchus said with a drunken giggle.

“Well duh, my main course was a bit of a pig.” Indi squeezed his gut, snickering as he felt August wiggling more at the sound of his name.

“Looking real helpless, too.”

Indi gulped. He suddenly noticed the grin on Bacchus' face, and how the lion's eyes were ogling his belly. “M-Maybe you should just roll me to my room for the night. I gotta start digesting August so we can find a new roommate in the morning bright and early.”

“Or,” Bacchus said, “I could roll you into my room, and I could have dinner in bed. I've always wanted to try turducken, and a lion-stuffed blue jay might be the closest I'll get.” He leaned over and placed both paws on the bulging side of Indi's belly, who was wiggling a fair bit now.

“Dude, if you eat me then you'll have to find *two* new roommates!”

“I can just dip into your account for a while until I do.” Bacchus gave a hard shove, rolling the bloated bird onto his back.

“Wait, I'll throw up August. That's what you want, right? I'll play nice and let him go!”

“Why would I want my dinner to be less filling?” Bacchus asked, rolling Indi further, towards the hallway that led to his room.

“But I don't want to get eaten!” Indi squawked, wobbling with all his might. He kept rolling, though, getting closer and closer to Bacchus' room. “And this night was going so well! It's all your fault, August!”

“Serves you right!” August shouted. “If you'd just let me eat you this wouldn't have happened.”

Indi scoffed, then belched. “As if! At least I'm not just gonna be stuffing for a better meal!”

“You'd barely be a meal without me filling your damn gut!” August shot back.

“Clearly I didn't need to weigh three hundred pounds to be delicious, since *you* were still thinking about snacking on me before I crammed you down my gullet!”

The bickering continued all the way down the hall and into Bacchus' room, only ended by the stomach of the suddenly voracious drunk.

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Bacchus woke, groaning, with a lingering headache. The lion grumbled, slowly opening his eyes to let them adjust to the light. The ceiling looked further away for some reason, and he eventually realized he was on the floor instead of in his bed. “Ugh, must've been one hell of a night.” As he tried to sit up his shirt felt strangely tight, and he heard a seam rip somewhere. He nearly yelped when he realized he was somehow plump. *Really* plump.

He was sporting a doughy ball gut, and his shirt was stretched over his soft moobs. His pants clung tight, and he could *feel* how big his rump had gotten just by shifting around. He felt his face with his paws, and confirmed his cheeks were round and his jawline softened.

“What the hell happened!”

The confused lion's stomach let out a loud gurgle, and he felt something coming up his throat. He let loose a long, sloppy *buh-urrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrp*. A bird skull flew from his mouth, followed shortly after by a lion skull, both clattering across the floor of his room. Bacchus stared at them for a moment, until memories of the night before came flooding back. The gluttony, the teasing, the rolling. Even

forcing Indi to guzzle the rest of the soda in the apartment just to round him out more. He cracked a faint smile as he remembered how belchy the blue jay had been going down.

Bacchus' amusement ended once he saw his gut again. "This is gonna take *forever* to work off!" He squeezed his fresh pudge, blushing and scowling. "Wish all my friends weren't so damn voracious. They all keep ending up on waistlines when we hang out!"

The plump, frustrated lion stood up, ripping a few more seams along the way. Nothing in his closet was going to fit him anymore, that was for certain. He'd just have to borrow August's stuff until he could buy new clothes. Bacchus waddled out of his room, leaving the skulls of his former friends behind. They'd have an honored place on his dresser eventually, together forever.