

A Bounty and A Drink

By: Indi

Revan pushed open the door to the sheriff's office with a boot, the black wolf's arms busy keeping a bound rabbit from bouncing away. He was barely a foot inside when he tossed the rabbit to the floor. "Settle down, Sinclair, before I reconsider lunch!"

The rabbit's ears flattened at the threat, and he decided against the stream of curses he'd been thinking up.

Across from both was a hefty horse seated at his desk, sporting a massive, squirming gut and a look of confused frustration. "Ya could've knocked."

"I'm sure you'd have come waddling to the door at full gallop, Colton." Revan scoffed at the sheriff. The pair only got along when liquor was involved, and both were dry at the moment. "So who's the lucky visitor to your private cell? Another traveler not pay the right bribe?"

The sheriff scowled. "Shut it Revan, it's been years since I pulled anything petty like that. In fact, it's a deputy doing hard time for scarfing down prisoners instead of releasing them in the morning." Colton gave his gut a shake and pressed down on a large bulge with a hoof. "Guess he thought I wouldn't notice a couple drunk prospectors go missing. Or how fat he was getting."

"Not like this town ain't already fat as hell to begin with. Can't eat a single person without outgrowing your shirt, pants, and belt overnight!" Revan himself was only a little chubby, still defined more by his muscles than his pudge. At least for the moment, anyway. "Though thanks to your gluttonous deputy I assume you'll have plenty of cell space for Sinclair here to brood in."

Colton slowly got out of his chair, belly bouncing and swaying as he waddled over to the bound rabbit. "Bit leaner than I expected seeing as he ate a whole train car of people."

"I assumed it was a dining car, it was an innocent mistake," Sinclair said, the rabbit doing his best to avoid staring at the sheriff's massive middle. "And I try to stay in shape."

"Sure." Colton belched, his belly shrinking faintly as it wobbled. "Honestly Revan I'm amazed you didn't just eat him yourself."

"Having a scrawny snack isn't worth losing out on the reward," Revan grumbled. "The bounty *did* say he was wanted alive, after all."

"The first one, sure, but that got updated a week ago to alive *or* dead. Turns out one of the meals was some bank head back in the big cities. Someone important enough for the bounty to be made a bit more desirable. Course it should've been that way in the first place since he's a mage."

Revan's gaze turned towards Sinclair. "Nothing the right prep can't deal with. Turns out being able to throw booze around doesn't really work on a wolf with my tolerance." The smug look he gave Sinclair made the rabbit frown harder. "Now Sheriff why don't you continue your digestion break—I've suddenly gotten a craving for rabbit."

Sinclair yelped as he was lifted off the ground by one paw and turned towards Revan. "W-Wait, you already turned me in! You can't eat me!"

"I didn't turn ya in. I just dropped by to have a chat with my good friend Colton before I ate lunch. I'm sure he'd agree." Revan gave a toothy grin.

Sinclair looked over his shoulder towards Colton, who simply shrugged and waddled back to his desk, one hoof idly rubbing his belly. By the time the rabbit turned back around he was facing a looming maw. "No, l-let me—*mrrrrrmph!*"

Revan's jaws quickly wrapped around Sinclair's head, ears, and shoulders, the wolf wasting little time in ravenously consuming his prey. The ride from Sinclair's hideout had been long, and Revan hadn't had a filling meal in days, so the rabbit was the perfect way to sate his appetite. His neck bulged from his wiggling meal.

A few more swallows caused the top-most buttons of Revan's shirt to snap off. They were

designed to come undone in such situations, as the wolf was too fond of live prey to destroy his clothes every other meal. Instead the snap buttons went off one-by-one, exposing his swelling gut.

Though bound, Sinclair was still free enough to kick, not that it did him any good. Revan had his legs pinned together with relative ease, and soon he was guiding the last of the rabbit down his throat. By the end he practically shoved Sinclair's paws into his mouth, a look of content on his face as he made the last gulp.

Revan's belly rocked and swayed as Sinclair struggled within. The wolf grasped his gut with both paws and gave it a hard shake to jostle his prey around, laughing the whole time. "Real shame you weren't a bit plumper, but a meal's a meal! Alright Colton, I'm gonna hit the saloon. I'll bring ya the proof Sinclair's been locked away for good tomorrow. Have fun finding a new deputy."

The sheriff was just settling back in, his chair groaning in protest of his bulk. "Yeah, yeah. Next one better be just as filling as this one was."

Revan let his gut lead the way as he waddled out of the sheriff's office. The sun bore down on the dome of his middle, warming it gently. He basked in it for a moment, just feeling the warmth and the wobbling. Passing townfolk couldn't help but sneak a look at the engorged bounty hunter, and a few noticeably distanced themselves as they went. It was good instinct to be nervous around a pred, even one who'd had his fill. Especially since Revan was the type to still feel peckish after only one meal.

The journey to the Sloser Saloon wasn't far, but Revan took his time. He took pleasure in a lot of things, but a full belly was one of his favorite indulgences. He teased Sinclair constantly, poking and prodding and shaking him, squeezing every last bit of struggle out of the doomed rabbit. There were times when Revan couldn't believe he was paid to eat people.

Eventually Revan reached the saloon, once again using his gut as a door opener. The place was as lively as ever, the rowdy patrons either drinking or gambling or both. His belly wasn't the only one bulging and wobbling.

A donkey rested against the wall on the ground near a table with cards spread out, his middle massive but still. Clearly he'd won big at poker, his three opponents on their way to becoming thick layers of fat. At the bar a crow was busy chugging a whole mug of beer, the occasional lump appearing on his round belly as he did. The belch that followed rattled the walls.

Revan found a reinforced stool of his own to sit on, spaced away from the counter enough so his gut could fit. The legality of eating others might've been questionable at best, but that didn't stop the saloon from catering to such tastes.

A couple silver coins were placed on the counter, the stocky rattlesnake bartender exchanging them for a full glass and a pitcher. Just like the crow, Revan gulped the entire thing down at once. The booze cooled his throat and startled his meal. He shifted in his stool, pressing his gut a bit harder against the counter while massaging it with a paw. He snickered as he did, if only to wobble his middle a little more.

Two glasses. Then three, and four. Revan could hear the faintest sloshing from his stomach, and imagined Sinclair soaked in a rising pool of liquor and digestive juices. Not enough to get dunked—unlike whoever was trapped in the pool of a belly the crow now sported. The struggles were growing weaker, but Revan was still enjoying himself.

"Nice to finally find a bounty who's not gonna pack the pounds on me," Revan chuckled. "You'll be a soft layer of pudge at worst, nothing I can't work off. It's not *too* bad having a gut, but I'd rather not feel winded when I'm running after my next catch."

He heard a *glrrrrrrgle* in reply, followed by a rip. Then a lot of ripping.

Revan looked down curiously right as his belly started ballooning outward without warning. He tried to get out of his stool but was too late, his swelling middle pushing him off and sending him falling backwards onto the floor with a hard thud that knocked the wind out of him. He groaned as his gut continued to grow. It was still lumpy, and looked as if the wolf was somehow eating more people—

or was his meal simply getting fatter?

By the time Revan had regained his breath he was too stuffed to stand, the wolf pinned beneath his obnoxiously large belly. The swelling had stopped, at least. The commotion had drawn the attention of everyone else in the saloon, who watched with amusement and confusion. The drunk crow gave his massive belly a shake, as if that'd somehow cause his own meal to expand. It only made him belch again, leaving him disappointed.

"Wha...what the hell!" Revan growled, paws pressing against his mountain of a belly. The mass within was solid, and definitely not an illusion. The rope he'd used to bind Sinclair was treated to negate magic, so the rabbit couldn't have cast any growth spell in a desperate attempt to escape. But how else could he have gone from a bean pole to a mass of bunny blubber so swiftly?

Then Revan remembered Sinclair's crime. The rabbit had eaten everyone in a train car, a fairly monumental task even for a mage, especially one by himself. He should've been immobilized after the first couple prey...unless he'd had a way to keep a bulging belly in check.

With an enchanted compression outfit Sinclair's middle would've remained flat no matter how many people he ate, which would also explain how he'd been able to stroll off the train without raising suspicions. And once they'd all been digested the outfit would've hidden his considerable gains as well, and allowed the rabbit to remain mobile until he lost the extra weight.

"Stomach acids must've ripped the damn compression outfit and let all that rabbit pudge flow free." Revan let out a curse. "Not sure this bounty's gonna be worth the weight. Ugh, I need another drink!"

The barkeep pulled out a bottle and a funnel and strolled over to his grounded customer. While embarrassing, Revan accepted the help, wondering if he should find a new line of work as he chugged.