

Cartoonish Meal

By: Indi

With how early the sun was setting, late afternoon was feeling like midnight, and Indi had found himself feeling lazier and lazier because of it. He was already in his extra casual relaxation outfit—some exercise shorts and the loosest shirt he had. Which was feeling a lot less loose lately. He'd been eating out a whole lot more and cooking larger meals at home, and the pounds had been piling on. At the rate he was going he'd likely inch over three hundred by the end of the month.

Indi actually looked forward to it. He'd always loved the idea of getting bigger, though the process had been erratic and slow at times. He imagined himself blimping past four hundred, maybe even four fifty if things went well. But that would take time. Unlike in the cartoons he couldn't just stuff himself with a room-filling feast and double in weight overnight. Not that he didn't fantasize about it often.

At the very least he could still overindulge a little.

From the fridge Indi pulled out leftover pizza and a two-liter of soda. Once the meal was heated up he made his way to the living room, grinning as he felt his doughy middle bounce a little on the way. His shirt rode up and exposed his belly as he plopped down on the couch. He didn't bother adjusting it, already chowing down on pizza.

The remote was grabbed and the tv turned on. Indi flipped through the channels aimlessly, unsure of what to watch. He wasn't interested in anything too serious or time consuming, but nothing was catching his eye. As he reached the highest channels—most of which he'd never bothered to even look into, the remote slipped from his hand and onto the floor.

Indi leaned over to grab it, grunting as his gut pressed against his lap. Unfortunately his fingers had no luck finding the remote, which had slid under the couch and out of sight and touch.

Meanwhile, he'd ended up on a channel airing a cartoon of some sort. It starred an anthropomorphic, gray and white scaled snake. He was lean, wearing an open blue vest that looked small on him. His long tail was whipping about as he walked around what looked like a mage's study of some sort. Nothing Indi recognized at a casual glance. He returned to his futile effort to find the remote, stubbornly refusing to leave the couch.

On the tv screen, the snake turned towards the camera and grinned wide. "I was just getting hungry," the snake said. "And it seems I've been blessed with a filling meal. Or at least the beginning of one." He chuckled, his dialogue unheard by Indi.

The camera view changed to focus on the snake's upper body. He looked to be reaching for the sides of the screen, and as he did his claws somehow physically pushed through, clutching the edges of the tv. He braced himself and leaned in, his head and torso now out as well. It was harder to get his legs out, but he managed, one at a time.

The snake was already half-way out of the tv when Indi finally looked up, his mouth dropping open in astonishment. He couldn't believe what he was seeing. He blinked, expecting the snake to vanish, to be back on the screen as the cartoon played as normal, but instead he remained. Indi almost considered wiping his glasses, but there was no way they were responsible for whatever he was seeing. With a slight stumble the snake was free, his tail slithering in behind him.

He looked around at the apartment living room, with its closed blinds and dim lights. He flicked his tongue, but didn't sense anyone aside from Indi. "Bit of a drab place you got here. Could really use a bit of decorating."

Indi stared at the snake dumbfoundedly, unable to speak. He was dreaming, it was the only thing that made sense. Cartoons didn't just walk out of tvs and start chatting.

"Quiet type, eh? Well then allow me to introduce myself: I'm August, mage extraordinaire." The snake gave a short bow. "And who might you be?"

“Um, Indi,” Indi managed.

August looked at the pizza, then towards Indi’s partially exposed belly. “Bit of a pitiful snack you’re having there, Indi. Someone of your size deserves a *real* feast. And lucky for you I can provide just that.”

Indi blushed at the references to his weight. Now he knew he really *was* in a dream. Just another fantasy, nothing to worry about.

A metal band on August’s wrist began to glow blue, highlighting unknown text. With a finger he drew a strange sigil in the air. It lingered for a moment, before bursting into a cloud of blue. When the cloud had dispersed, a large plate of pasta was floating in its place.

“The beauty of magic, Indi. More delicious than anything you could make yourself, and it’s all for you.”

The plate floated over to Indi, hovering close to his face. The utensils bunched up some pasta and pushed it into his open mouth. Surprised, Indi chewed and swallowed. Just as August had claimed, the pasta was delicious—no, incredible! He immediately found himself craving more, and the magic utensils were eager and willing to help. Indi ate more ravenously than he ever had before, his stomach feeling like an empty pit all of a sudden.

In less than a minute the plate was empty, and Indi’s belly was faintly tauter.

“Enjoyed it, did you?” Indi nodded. “Well there’s plenty more where that came from.”

More sigils were drawn in the air, creating plates of ham, omelets, and another kind of pasta. They dutifully went over to Indi, and the feeding frenzy began anew. Individually each plate should’ve been a full meal, yet somehow Indi didn’t feel the least bit full. He gobbled it all down, thinking of little else but the next bite.

As he ate, August created a couple two-liters of what looked like soda, along with more plates of food. When the first two-liter arrived Indi was made to chug it all in one go. The servings were getting larger and faster, Indi barely having time to chew as he gorged. He glimpsed more plates being summoned, more bottles. There would be no breaks during his feast.

The steady influx of food and drink was causing Indi’s soft belly to swell out. It was getting rounder and rounder with every gulp, blimping out over his lap with terrific speed. And yet he still wasn’t full, didn’t even feel like he’d eaten a single bite. His stomach had become cartoonishly bottomless, and he welcomed it.

Indi’s shirt rode up. His gut was growing larger and heavier, past his knees and up to his chin. He rested his hands on it, gently poking and squeezing it in disbelief. It all felt so real, yet it couldn’t possibly be. Cartoons couldn’t come to life, magic wasn’t real, people couldn’t eat their own weight in food in one sitting. It couldn’t be real—even though he wanted it to be.

In between the summoning of plates and bottles, August vigilantly eyed Indi’s belly. He looked at how the engorged human was wobbling, how they seemed pinned down by their own middle. His tongue flicked out in anticipation. Soon Indi would be too stuffed to move--too stuffed to flee. Then the real fun would begin.

Indi was blushing as he ate the endless feast, imagining how much weight he’d gain if it were all real. It was the best dream he’d ever had, and it was all so vivid. In the back of his mind he compared himself to a stuffed turkey on Thanksgiving. But of course he wasn’t going to end up as someone’s dinner—not in his own fantasy.

But he wasn’t in a fantasy, wasn’t in a dream.

Content that Indi was effectively immobile, August moved to phase two. “You’ve been so well behaved, letting yourself get plumped up without a fight. You’re easily twice as big as before.” August smirked as he strolled closer.

Indi looked at the snake with confusion, still eating. He tried to say something, but a bottle of soda interrupted him.

August’s tail prodded Indi’s massive gut, then slithered around it as best it could, giving it a

light squeeze. “It’s been a long while since my last truly filling meal, and you’re starting to make my mouth water, jumbo. I think you’re only a few plates away from being a proper feast yourself~”

Concern filled Indi’s eyes just as pasta filled his stomach. He tried to slide off the couch, but he’d gotten so fat it was practically impossible to move. And pushing back the plates and utensils proved futile. His dream was starting to turn into a nightmare.

“I get the feeling you’ve fantasized about getting big and fat before, considering you required no convincing to gorge. Though I doubt you ever considered just how delicious you’d look as a butterball.” August grabbed the side of Indi’s gut with a claw and gave it a shake, feeling the heft. “You’re like a one-man buffet, a banquet in human form. Utterly delectable.”

Indi was wiggling with all his might, but he could do nothing to stop his stuffing. He wanted to eat like a pig—not be scarfed down like one! He tried to wake himself up, willed it, pinched himself, closed his eyes and opened them again. But no matter what he did, he was still trapped on his couch, getting magically force-fed while a cartoon snake eyed him up.

“Well I’d say you’re just about ready. Enjoy your trip down my gullet, Indi.” August slapped the human’s gut. “Hopefully you’re as tasty as you look!”

The voracious snake started low, grabbing Indi’s feet and gobbling them up first. His jaws soon stretched over the lower bulge of Indi’s belly as well, swallowing legs and gut all at once. Indi was struggling, but it didn’t matter. All he could do was sit there and be swallowed whole, being fattened up further the entire time.

It was a steady process, Indi slowly squeezed into the gullet of the snake. It was like slipping into a warm, constricting sleeping bag. He whined when he saw August’s mouth stretch over the horizon of his immense belly. His arms were pulled in, the majority of his gut and back gone as well. Somehow he was lifted up off the couch by August, as if he were a fraction of his weight. Gravity pulled him down faster, his eyes going wide as he felt his head sliding into August’s maw. His glasses were shifted awkwardly, but stayed on his face. And then suddenly everything was dark and slimy.

August gulped and grinned, letting out a triumphant sigh as the last of Indi emptied into his stomach. His now massive belly bounced to the floor. He reached down and lifted it up, with ease. An advantage of being a cartoon. He jiggled his Indi-filled gut, feeling the human squirm sluggishly within.

“Delicious, absolutely delicious!” August laughed, admiring his middle. “And no doubt fattening, as well. But then a meal isn’t fun unless it rounds out your waistline in the end.”

The stuffed snake slowly waddled back towards the tv, the walls rattling from the weight of his steps. He grasped the sides of the tv, claws slipping partially through the screen. Lugging his enormous, wiggling gut through was a challenge, and August was forced to warp and stretch the tv as he squeezed himself through. Despite briefly getting stuck, he succeeded, the tv snapping back to its normal shape after.

August collapsed onto a comfortable couch of his own, the camera giving lots of focus to his bulging belly, where Indi’s faint struggles could still be seen. An internal view briefly appeared, showing just how cramped the comically stuffed human’s confines were. The view vanished once he’d been shown adequately terrified.

For a couple minutes August toyed with his gut, before yawning. The camera zoomed in on his smiling face. “Time to sleep off all this hard work—*uooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!*”

A pair of soaked glasses flew out of August’s mouth as he belched, passing back through the tv screen and landing on the floor in the apartment. The stuffed snake chuckled, then passed out.

It was almost midnight when Raf came home from his evening shift, grumpier than ever. He fussed with his pink mohawk as he waddled through the apartment door, immediately smelling the leftover pizza in the kitchen. He scowled. All the extra food Indi kept around was making him hungry

and ruining his most recent diet attempts. If Indi wanted to get fatter then so be it, but he didn't want to gain a single ounce more. Buying new clothing was already hard enough.

When Raf entered the living room he saw the leftovers near the couch, barely touched. Indi wasn't anywhere to be found, though. He spotted Indi's glasses on the floor and picked them up, confused. They felt a little sticky, the lenses dirty. Then he noticed the tv was still on.

It was showing a cartoon of some sort. There was a fat, gray and white scaled snake relaxing on a couch and rubbing his belly. The snake seemed to look towards the screen right at Raf, and a wide grin grew on his face. "Perhaps a second course is in order~"

The screen was reflected in Indi's glasses, showing a doughy snake walking towards his next meal of the night, as Raf stood still, wondering if he were dreaming.