

Eating the Pride: Part 4

By: Indi

“Stop laughing!” Raf growled. There was as much embarrassment behind his voice as anger, the lion’s face bright red. The laughing continued, though from a source hidden beyond the massive mound his middle had become.

August looked upon his gargantuan grumpy friend with glee. Raf was practically immobile, taking up a good portion of a bed that creaked beneath his bulk. Every inch of him was doughy, from his arms to his fingers to his cheeks. He jiggled when he spoke, when he growled, and even when he sighed loudly enough. He’d always been huge, but never on such a ridiculous level.

Everything had gone wrong for Raf the day before, when he’d accidentally eaten a pair of swimmers. Both would’ve been fattening enough on their own, but of course his bad luck had continued. While getting transported back to his cabin a crew member had tripped into his maw, a cheetah who might as well have been an elephant considering his size. August had watched on with glee, doing nothing to save Raf from his hefty fate. When he woke that morning, he’d found himself as big as a whale.

“You really are gonna end up immobile by the time our vacation’s through!” August snickered. “Though I must say Raf, you’re getting harder and harder to ignore. If you get any fatter, I may not be able to control my appetite~” He gave Raf’s middle the gentlest nibble, causing his friend to whine and wobble.

“Not funny!”

“I’m not joking, I’m just giving you a heads up!” August said. “Though if you do find the need to make yourself more filling, go all out. I’d love for you to linger on my hips for a long, long time.”

There was a flurry of concerned grumbling as August left their cabin, silenced by shutting the door behind him. Alone in the hall, the chimera happily squeezed his own gut.

He’d managed to more than double in size while on the cruise, eating more people in five days than he had in five months. With no time in between to exercise, he’d gotten delightfully blubbery. Five hundred pounds according to the scale in the bathroom. Sure it was nothing compared to Raf, but his friend was particularly skilled at blimping up.

“I should probably show some restraint. If I glut too much Raf and I won’t be able to fit into our cabin by week’s end!”

The chimera started to laugh, only to be interrupted by a collar snapping around his neck. He let out a yelp, but was quickly overcome by a sudden sense of dizziness and zoned out.

“Wow, those alter collars work a lot faster than I thought!” Indi said as he strolled into view. The fat, blue zebra was smiling. “If you still had your wits you’d probably be furious about that right now. Course as long as that collar’s active you’re almost a blank slate, willing to do whatever I tell you. Isn’t that right?”

August simply nodded, not showing much in the way of emotion.

“Which is good, because I wasn’t eager to try and wrestle you down my throat the normal way, not with those pointy goat horns of yours. And you’re a lot fatter than any of your friends were—aside from Raf. What’s he up to right now, anyway?”

“Stuck in bed cause he’s a big butterball cat,” August answered, sluggishly.

Indi laughed. “Well that’s wonderful to hear. It’d be tempting to have you gobble him up and serve as my grand feast, but I think eating the rest of you individually will be funner. You’d like to join the rest of your tasty friends, wouldn’t you?” He brought up a display of face shots on his belly. Rico, Stelios, Tycho, and Vex, all smiling and beneath text reading “Stored”. Thanks to the collar, August had no real reaction to the revelation his four friends had all been eaten by the same gluttonous zebra. “Well I’m sure you would. But for now, we’re gonna have some fun together. Follow me, Breakfast.”

August dutifully stepped into line, the helplessly hypnotized chimera waddling behind the zebra who'd promised to eat him.

At one of the many buffets on the starliner *Columbia*, August finished bringing another two plates loaded with food to Indi. The zebra had laid claim to a large booth, whose table was now filled with food. It was so overindulgent it was almost obscene. A single plate would've been enough to satisfy even his demanding appetite, but he was intent on pigging out.

Besides, gluttony while having a servant at his beck and call made him feel like a king.

Without delay Indi dug into the food. He ravaged the plates with haste, numerous servings vanishing into his swelling belly. His gut was already pressing hard into the table when something new caught his eye.

Near the dessert counter was a short, chubby ferret, his fur as white as cream filling. A wonderful idea came to Indi. "August, go stuff that ferret over there with all the soft serve ice-cream they have and then bring him over to me."

Without a second thought August hurried over, his belly swaying. He scooped up the confused and terrified ferret with ease and carried him over to the soft serve machine. The ferret squirmed hard, but he couldn't prevent his muzzle from being pressed against the dispenser, which was turned to full blast. Soon his small belly was rounding out.

When the first flavor ran dry, the ferret was left with a pot belly that didn't look too out of place on their chubby frame. The second and third increased its size dramatically, though, well beyond even a sizable ball gut. By the end, the ferret had exhausted himself, groaning as his belly bulged before him.

August lugged his stuffed prize over to Indi, and plopped him on the floor. The ferret made a passing attempt to sit up, but was weighed down by his middle. All he could do was wiggle and moan.

Indi let him lay there for a few minutes, continuing with his feast as if he wasn't even there. A dozen more plates were finished off before he casually ordered August to feed the ferret to him. The front of the table was cleared and the ferret placed on it, belly-down. All Indi had to do was open his mouth wide, and August did the rest.

The zebras maw and throat filled with frantic ferret. Slow and steady swallows pulled the stuffed meal into him, his belly ballooning outward with enough force to push the table away. The ferret's struggles picked up a little once he was added to the pile of food Indi had already gorged on, but they weren't enough to reverse the tide. His footpaws were barely twitching once they were gulped down.

"*Buh-urrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrp!*" Indi made no attempt to stifle the belch after swallowing the ferret. He felt delightfully stuffed, but had no intention on quitting early. There was still much to eat.

Plate after plate after plate was devoured, with August occasionally ordered to bring more. Over time the ferret's struggles became harder to see and feel as he was buried in a torrent of food. The lumps he'd made initially were gradually smoothed out. There was still a faint wobbling, but it was hard for Indi to tell if it was caused by the ferret or merely his own aggressive gorging.

As Indi's belly grew it became too big for him to handle even while sitting. Its weight caused him to tip forwards, and he laughed as he rolled atop it. August passed him food after that, and the zebra only swelled larger.

The final mundane course was a muffin, which Indi tossed into his mouth and swallowed whole. He'd eaten so much his hooves could no longer reach the floor, his belly so large he could probably be rolled. And yet he wasn't completely full.

"August, you've been a great help, you really have." Indi grinned and burped. "But I feel like I can fit one more tiny, little treat in my belly. Why don't you wiggle on in and be the fattening feline you were meant to be~"

Just like before, August agreed without question. He presented his paws, easing them into Indi's waiting maw and giggling as he felt them squeezed and lathered. His gut pressed against Indi's, the two doughy mounds squishing into one another. Even when his head was carefully swallowed, August continued.

The sight of someone willingly feeding themselves to another caught the attention of everyone nearby. There was plenty of confusion, as few had spotted the collar the chimera was wearing. It might've just been a stunt or a joke. Or perhaps the chimera simply dreamed of getting eaten alive. Such people were rare, but certainly existed. At least until they found a belly to add to.

August's girth and Indi's immobility slowed the meal down--not that either minded. The chimera was merely happy to be of service, while the zebra was happy to be gorging excessively. Slowly he rose higher as his belly swelled, August adding to its bulk. The pace picked up after August's rump was gulped down, his thick legs slurped up like noodles.

When Indi's jaws closed shut at last, the zebra appeared to be in a daze. He panted and groaned, a faint smile on his face. He felt beyond full, as if he could burst if he took another bite. It was tiring, but also euphoric. A ferret, a chimera, and a buffet feast were all crammed into his stomach. It was excess, pure excess, and Indi couldn't believe he'd had the good fortune to experience it.

Deep within, August was shifting around, and probably sinking into a mountain of food as well. Indi smiled wickedly, and remotely shut off the collar. After a brief delay, his belly began to shake from the confused struggles of a suddenly aware August.

"Oof, wasn't sure how that'd—*uorrrrp*—feel, but it's still nice even when I'm this full," Indi moaned, crossing his arms and resting them atop his belly. He enjoyed the squirms for a couple minutes before flagging down a passing server. "Food was incredible as always. Now would you be able to secure a private room for me so I can rest it off? I promise you won't be joining me if you do."

The server gulped as he stared at the engorged zebra's immense middle. "Yes sir!" They scurried off, as if afraid Indi would eat them if they didn't get everything arranged fast enough. An understandable fear to have when faced with a voracious glutton, even a stuffed one.

Indi chuckled as he watched the server leave, doing his best to avoid dozing off. Only one lion remained on his to-eat list, and of course he was the fattest, most filling of them all. Though he'd just eaten, he swore he felt his stomach rumble at the thought of being filled with the blubbery, grouchy feline. "Oh Raf, I'll make sure you're reunited with all your friends soon enough. I'm sure you'll appreciate all the weight I'll take from ya."