

## Sealing the Deal

By: Indi

Mike looked at his phone. Using the front facing camera he checked himself over, adjusting his tie and fixing his jacket, simply because it was better than sitting around in nervous silence. His dark-blue suit jacket was open, revealing the light-blue dress shirt with a flashy tie beneath. The ensemble did little to hide his modest paunch, but it looked good on him nonetheless. He quickly fixed his hair, then checked the time, only to find barely any had passed. His stomach growled. He'd been so nervous getting ready he had forgotten to eat a proper lunch. Mike sighed, and anxiously tapped his foot.

His boss—Mr. Gaines—had tasked him and his coworker Ryan with closing a business deal with the company's biggest client: Dominic Hunter. It was a fantastic opportunity, but both Mike and Ryan were still rather new to the company, and neither were quite sure why they had been picked to close such an important deal over their more experienced peers. Following the advice of their boss, they'd let Mr. Hunter choose the venue. He'd selected a very exclusive upscale restaurant Mike and Ryan had only heard of in passing but never been to.

Upon arriving they were ushered into a cozy private area in the back and left to wait for Mr. Hunter to arrive. The room felt like a lounge. Two long, crescent-shaped benches flanked a round table, while an unmanned bar stood against a wall. It looked like the perfect place for a casual and private business dinner.

Suddenly the door flew open, startling Mike and Ryan to their feet. A portly man strolled in. His belly was round, jiggling a bit with each step, but his arms were thick and clearly muscular. He looked like he'd played football in the past, or maybe wrestled. And holding it all in was an immaculately tailored olive green suit. At first glance Mr. Hunter came across as intimidating, but his toothy grin and friendly voice managed to put Mike and Ryan at ease as they introduced themselves.

"This place is great, isn't it? No better restaurant in the city!" Dominic boasted, spreading his arms out to show off the room. "Though I'm gonna guess it's your first time here?" Still stunned by the grand entrance, the other two could only nod awkwardly. "Perfect! Means every taste will be a brand new experience. I take any opportunity to try new foods. Rather hard if you've indulged on the whole menu, but new delicacies always seem to find their way onto it here." His confident grin grew wider. "But I'm getting ahead of myself. I insist on taking care of all the ordering, and the bill."

Of course Mike and Ryan agreed. Their boss had told them to let Mr. Hunter have control of the evening, that he preferred to be in charge. And that he enjoyed being a generous host. They both showered Dominic with gratitude, intent on keeping him happy. With a gesture from Dominic, the waiter simply smiled and nodded before heading off to the kitchen.

Mike took a deep breath and reached for his briefcase. "So, Mr. Hunter..."

"Please! Please! Call me Dominic. And no 'mister', either."

"Oh, yes, uh Dominic. If you take a look at our numbers, I feel you'll—"

"No, no, no..." Dominic interrupted. "I never talk business on an empty stomach. From experience, nothing improves business quite like a full belly. Really enhances your *gut* instincts." The two laughed nervously along with Dominic's shameless confidence. His personality, like his figure, was big and intimidating.

He pulled out a cigar and lit it, taking a few strong puffs before blowing the smoke out with a grin. As the thin cloud drifted over, Mike and Ryan twitched their noses, but didn't cough.

Mike put down his briefcase and took a seat next to Ryan. He was desperately thinking of ideas for small talk when suddenly the door to the kitchen swung open and out came what could only be described as a parade of platters and push carts. Both Mike and Ryan's jaws dropped. On one cart there was a keg of imported beer, while the rest of the platters were stacked with an endless array of appetizers. They gawked in disbelief at the sheer amount of food being provided. Even the portions

themselves seemed excessive. Mike guessed there was at least one of every appetizer on the menu. It was enough for a dozen people at least, and he couldn't fathom them being able to eat it all.

As the waiters left, Dominic snagged a bite of the closest appetizer. "Just...wonderful. I can easily eat an entire platter on my own when I'm in the right mood. I'm sure that's obvious!" He laughed out loud, patting his belly with both hands as he did. His gaze shifted towards Mike and Ryan, and then down towards their waistlines. "I feel that's something the three of us have in common, though."

It took a moment for Mike and Ryan to realize what he meant, and the pair blushed a little.

"Now, now, don't be shy." Dominic said. "I guarantee you'll love it all so much you won't want to stop." He shifted the cigar from one side of his mouth to the other, even more smoke pouring from his devilish grin. It was a strong aroma, but strangely soothing as well.

The appetizers did look delicious and smell amazing. Having missed lunch, and with Dominic's encouragement, Mike couldn't help but begin. Ryan was already digging into some sliders, so Mike picked up a mini club sandwich and had a taste. It was good. Really good. He'd gone back for another, and another, before he caught himself. Pigging out in the middle of a business deal probably wasn't the best idea. But ignoring the bounty Dominic had provided would be seen as rude. He'd just have to pace himself...while trying one of everything, of course.

The beer proved refreshing, and easy to guzzle in large amounts. Fortunately there was plenty to go around. Each platter was a new assortment of things to try. Onion rings, pretzel bites, fries, and a plethora of sauces to dip them all in. While one hand was tossing something into his mouth, the other was already reaching for the next. Whenever Mike thought to bring up the deal in even a casual way, he would instead find himself tempted by something new placed on the table. Everything was just too irresistible.

"Dominic?" Ryan managed to ask as he refilled his mug. "The food's good—amazing, actually—but would we be able to share some projections—"

"If you're loving the food, then make sure to finish it all..." Dominic interrupted. He stared right at Ryan and sent a thick puff of smoke his way. Ryan shuddered as it enveloped him, and for a brief moment his gaze looked aimless. "In business, having a big appetite is essential. Far more deals are sealed with a hearty meal than any bland conference call or slideshow. I'll let you both in on a little secret: in our world there's as much eating and drinking as there is talking. Often more! So never turn down an opportunity to practice."

Mike thought about all the lunch meetings his boss and the executives held, all the evening events to restaurants and bars, the constant catering. Previously he'd believed it to be a bit excessive. After all, his suit had fit much better when he started the job. But Dominic's words were echoing in his mind. Or perhaps he just wanted the excuse to indulge on someone else's dime. After all, it would be a shame to let any of the food go to waste.

With every bite, and with every gulp, Mike and Ryan's restraint eroded. Empty platters were stacked, and the keg started to sputter dry. Eating only made the two hungrier. And while they indulged, Dominic sat back and offered a steady stream of encouragement, taking only small sips and bites himself between puffs of his cigar.

All of the gorging was causing Mike's belt to feel the pinch. His light-blue dress shirt hugged tight to his rounding middle, the creases smoothing out. It was slowly untucking out from under his waistline. The same was happening to Ryan, who'd taken Dominic's advice to heart and was scarfing down food even faster than Mike was. His shirt had bunched up around the dome of his belly, and he'd pulled his normally neat tie loose, presumably so he could gulp down beer faster.

Before long they'd managed to finish off every last appetizer on the table. Their shirts had ridden up around their large middles, leaving bellies exposed. Even their jackets had rode up, enough that their sides could be seen peeking out from under the hems.

Mike was stuffed—and quite tipsy—but he didn't feel full. He privately wished there was even

more. Maybe once the deal was made... “Thank you, mister Dominic sir, it was all very—*hic*—very delicious.” He shifted in his seat, his belly wobbling in his lap. He tried tugging down his shirt to cover his gut, but gave up within seconds once it proved impossible. “Now we can go over—”

“Don’t thank me just yet!” Dominic said. “Never judge a meal until after the main course—and yours should be arriving very soon.”

Right on cue the kitchen door swung open, and the waiters returned to clean up the empty plates. In their wake came more carts, and more plates of food, again filled to the brim with absolutely excessive quantities of food for only three people. And more beer of course.

A wave of conflicting emotions poured over Mike and Ryan. The mains appeared even more daunting than the appetizers, but looked and smelled twice as amazing. Both were eager to try the food, but some resistance remained to stuffing themselves silly at what was supposed to be a very important business meeting, perhaps the most important of their budding careers. They teetered on the edge of gluttony and responsibility, their stomachs quietly rumbling.

“You’re not full, are you?” Dominic asked, breaking Mike and Ryan free of their indecisive daze.

“Uh, no!” Mike said. Ryan shook his head in agreement, his focus drifting to the nearest plate.

“Then dig in! You absolutely *must* try everything. I’m certain you’ll find room for it” Dominic chuckled, his eyes locking onto the bulging middles of his guests.

Ryan started eating right away, while Mike just barely resisted the urge. “Dominic...I want to make sure we have time to discuss the deal, too!” He blurted the words out, worried he’d get interrupted otherwise.

“Y-Yes...” Ryan added, sheepishly, before continuing to eat.

“The deal? Your boss and I settled all that yesterday,” Dominic said. “That’s the whole reason we’re celebrating, after all. Your boss really knows how to win me over.”

The revelation baffled Mike and Ryan. Their boss had made the meeting sound like an essential part of sealing the deal, not a celebration. But their confusion was quickly replaced with relief. It felt like a huge burden had been lifted from their shoulders. And with it, the last ounce of restraint. Ensuring the dinner continued to go well would be simple, especially since Dominic seemed easily pleased just seeing the pair enjoy the food.

“Why don’t we have a toast?” Dominic stood up and raised his mug, while the others stayed sitting, too afraid to try and stand while stuffed. “To dinner!”

“To dinner!” Mike and Ryan said in unison raising their mugs. They clinked them together and drank their contents in one, continuous gulp, while Dominic merely sipped, and watched.

After wiping the foam from his face, Mike turned his attention back to the feast before him and licked his lips. He felt an overwhelming need to eat. To prove to Dominic he really could glut on the same level of his bosses. It was a strange feeling, to throw caution to the wind and indulge. Finally relaxing and giving in to this hunger ‘for more’. He gave in to the celebratory mood, and attacked a plate lasagna.

The steady flow of beer cleared their inhibitions, while the lingering cigar smoke cleared their thoughts. There was far less hesitation from Mike and Ryan as they ate. No longer forcing themselves to slow down, their joy of gluttony was showing through much, much more. Shirts and ties rode up, their bulging bellies wobbling in plain sight as they expanded, bigger and rounder. Occasionally they’d catch a glimpse of how stuffed they were, but it wouldn’t stop them. It just made them hungrier. Thoughts about growing larger filled their heads just as food and beer filled their bellies. It was what they both needed to do. And it felt amazing.

Half-way through the extravagant main course, Mike reached for his mug and suddenly froze. His right hand wasn’t his hand anymore--it was like a hoof. A *pig’s* hoof.

Dominic noticed his shock and casually walked around the table. “Pigging out until you become a literal pig? Now *this* is a pleasant surprise!”

All the beer made it hard for Mike to truly panic. His brain was trapped in a deep haze of drunken gluttony. Between the alcohol, the food, and this new development, all he could manage was a slurry of words. “P-Pig? But I can’t—*hic*—be a pig.”

“And why not? Everybody loves bacon, big boy!” Dominic grabbed Mike’s belly with a hand and gave it a quick, but firm squeeze, causing Mike to blush harder. “This is a vast improvement over the old you. And you don’t see your friend there worrying about his changes, do you?”

Mike looked over to Ryan, who also now sported a pair of hooves...and much more. His entire left arm was covered in white fur with black stripes. One of his ears had grown larger and was sticking straight up. Either he hadn’t noticed or simply didn’t care, as he was still cramming food into his mouth with considerable glee and haste. While Mike was becoming a huge pig, Ryan was looking to become the fattest zebra anyone had ever seen.

Dominic had started changing, too. His hands shifted into clawed paws. He gave his head a shake, and a muzzle distended from his face, sprouting feline whiskers. Orange and white fur spread across his skin, accented with black stripes. It was now a large tiger giving Mike’s middle a teasing squeeze. “Just have another drink and embrace the animal within, Mike.” Cigar smoke leaked from his nostrils and poured over Mike, his gaze dulling faintly.

The tiger brought a mug up to Mike’s mouth, tilting it gently so he would have to chug it down. The beer eased Mike’s worries and rejuvenated his hunger. By the time he finished his mug, his only worry was whether or not he would actually be able to satisfy his appetite. He simply wiped the froth from his new upturned snout, and continued with his gluttonous rampage.

Dominic stood behind the two, looming over them with a wide grin. He watched them plow through plate after plate. Pizzas and pastas. Steaks and seafood. The two were utterly dedicated to nothing but eating and growing. Even as their bellies steadily ballooned outward their human features faded away. Tails poked out from the seams of their strained suit pants. A long muzzle pushed from Ryan’s stuffed face, while Mike’s ears grew pointed and large, until they flopped forward into soft pig ears.

Glutting had become addicting for Mike. He couldn’t believe he had never let himself overindulge before now. It was euphoric, better than anything he had ever experienced. He wanted to eat everything. To not leave a single crumb behind. To feel his stuffed gut pressing down upon his lap. The growing pig stopped trying to stifle his belches, too busy stuffing himself to care.

As immense as the feast was, it did not last long against the ravenous appetites of Mike and Ryan. By the time the last two plates were practically licked clean, they had fully transformed. The two humans were now gone, replaced by an anthropomorphic pig and a zebra, both incredibly round.

“You two have exceeded my expectations! I doubt your boss could’ve picked two finer employees for this feast.” Dominic declared. “Ryan, stand up so I can get a good look at you.”

The bench practically groaned with relief as he steadied himself upright, swaying gently on his feet, the calories and alcohol clearly affecting his sense of balance. Ryan’s gut had grown huge, like a striped beach ball. His jacket was pushed back behind his curved sides, and his loosened tie lay lopsided over his middle. His belt was unbuckled, the button of his pants undone. When he hiccuped, he wobbled and giggled.

Dominic circled around him, probing the zebra’s packed middle with his curious paws. “Yes, you’ve stuffed yourself nicely. Ballooned right out of that suit, didn’t you?” He tugged down on Ryan’s shirt, which didn’t even begin to cover the dome of his gut.

Ryan shivered and blushed, nodding his head. “I wanted to—*hic*—look my best.”

“And you’ve succeeded. Just looking at you is making me hungry enough to eat a horse...or a zebra.” Dominic gave Ryan’s belly a squeeze, causing his face to twist in embarrassed glee. “You wouldn’t mind sating that need, right Ryan?”

Mike nearly snorted, assuming it was a joke. But the first words out of Ryan’s mouth were “It would be an honor!”

“Knew I could count on you.” Dominic wrapped his paw around Ryan’s tie and carefully pulled him in closer.

Stunned in his seat, Mike watched as Dominic’s maw opened wide, like a cavern, then engulfed Ryan’s long face. An audible ‘*glrrk*’ accompanied the first big gulp. Dominic slowly ran his claws along Ryan’s sides before grabbing onto his love handles. He lifted the round zebra off the ground effortlessly. Ryan’s tail was rapidly flicking, his legs squirming slightly but not kicking. It was clear he was enjoying himself, even as he descended deeper into the tiger’s gullet. There was no resistance. Not even a hesitant squirm, or a nervous whimper. Just a soft whinny of bliss that echoed from the bulging belly of the gluttonous tiger.

Mike just stared, speechless. Ryan was vanishing down Dominic’s throat inch-by-inch, loosening the tiger’s tie and causing his belly to balloon out from under his olive shirt. Despite feeling concerned for his partner, and nervous for his own fate, Mike also felt a tinge of jealousy. Why had Dominic wanted to eat Ryan, and not him? Did he even *want* to be eaten? Watching Ryan accept his fate, and willingly become a meal was overwhelming, like most things that evening had been.

Ryan was hoisted upward. Once his massive middle had squeezed past Dominic’s lips, gravity sent the stuffed zebra plummeting into his ample stomach, which bounced with the arrival of his eager meal. Dominic licked his thick fingers, and sighed, practically moaning. He gave his swollen gut a firm, playful jiggle and waddled back to his seat, plopping down to give his heavier frame a rest, the wood creaking beneath him.

“Just as I thought: delicious! You were an absolutely spectacular appetizer, Ryan! The best zebra I’ve ever eaten, truly.” The tiger’s belly shifted a little as Ryan settled in. Dominic gave the massive paunch a satisfied rub, covering his mouth with a paw to muffle a belch. “There are few things as pleasant as an eager meal.” His attention was fully on Mike, who couldn’t tear his gaze away from the tiger’s bulging middle. “But first, I think it’s time for dessert.”

With another wave of his paw, waiters arrived to take away the empty plates and replace them with full ones. This time the table was loaded with a bounty of pastries and treats, cakes and whipped cream. Mike quickly realized that with Ryan gone everything he saw before him was for him, and him alone, and he wasted no time diving in.

Feasting was no longer daunting to Mike. He knew he could eat it all, that his stomach would find the room. He felt his body growing bigger and bigger and bigger, filling with donuts, cakes, pies, cookies, and a dozen other sweets. In the back of his mind he thought about how much more appetizing all the gorging must be making him look, how quickly he was becoming a one-pig feast himself.

In between ravenous gulps he looked towards Dominic, seeking approval. He knew he could be even bigger than Ryan, more filling, more delicious. If he showed Dominic the full extent of his gluttony, perhaps the tiger would find room for a main course of stuffed ham.

Dominic’s mouth was watering as he watched his pig stuff himself in a frenzy of frosting and flakey crust. Mike grunted and stretched with a groan, intent on no dessert escaping his greedy hooven hands. His gut was so round he could barely reach the table anymore.

Seeing the pig’s predicament, Dominic gestured to a waiter. The troop of kitchen staff appeared, and they swiftly took away the plates already emptied. Once a space was clear they hefted the engorged pig onto the table, his belly wobbling as he was positioned. By then Dominic had stood, belly swaying as he loomed over the table. He gripped the bottom of Mike’s gut with a paw and gave it the slightest jiggle, provoking a gleeful oink.

“Only a few dozen more desserts left, piggy. Let me help you reach your peak potential.” He didn’t wait for an answer, he just pushed a cupcake into Mike’s mouth, grinning as it was swallowed in a single eager gulp.

Still massaging the pig’s middle with a paw, Dominic rapidly fed him every last dessert. Mike accepted every thick slice, every jelly-filled pastry, every chocolate-coated treat. Gorging had been wonderful, but being stuffed by another was a pleasure on a whole different level. And as he glugged, he

saw the hunger in Dominic's eyes building.

Dominic stuck a claw into the cork of a bottle of chocolate liqueur and pulled it out with a satisfying 'pop'. "Bottoms up." He pressed the bottle against Mike's lips and tilted it up.

Booze gushed into the pig's mouth, his cheeks puffing up before he began to guzzle it all. His face flushed and his eyelids lowered. When the bottle was pulled away he let out a *hicurrrp*, a dopey smile upon his upturned snout. Two more bottles still were emptied into him, until his thoughts were swimming in a drunken haze.

The three feasts had filled Mike to the very brim, and Dominic had to push the final slices of pie in as the hog struggled to swallow them down. But he did, leaving nothing on the table uneaten. Except for him, of course.

Mike blushed red, all the way down to his bulging belly. It felt right, being on the table, where food belonged. And he wasn't a mere snack or side dish, no! He was nothing short of a main course. Dessert had doubled the size of his middle, turning it into a mound so large he knew standing on his own was impossible.

"You've outdone yourself Mike. It's been a long time since I've been presented with a delectable morsel so willing to fatten himself up like you." Dominic grabbed the pig's belly from opposite sides and squeezed just enough to make him moan. "You'll be a fantastic main course."

No doubts remained in Mike's mind. "Y-Yes!" he excitedly snorted in agreement.

Empty plates were taken away, and an enormous silver platter was placed beside Mike. He was carefully rolled onto it, resting atop his belly with his feet aimed at Dominic's seat.

The rotund tiger adjusted Mike's dark-blue suit, straightening it out as best as possible considering how much he'd outgrown it. The hem of his jacket rode up over his backside, unable to hide any of his newfound figure. "Shame we don't have the time to get you properly fitted for a new suit. I must admit, a well-dressed meal really adds to the decadence. You'll still taste lovely, though." His tone towards Mike had shifted. He truly saw his ample self as nothing but a meal now.

Dominic sat down, licked his chops, gathered up Mike's legs, and began to gorge. Consuming a meal as large as this took time, and of course Dominic wanted to savor every inch of his handsome ham. Every gulp pulled Mike in a little more. The exuberance he felt being gobbled up left him completely flustered. At a far corner of his mind, a little voice pleaded to him that he shouldn't be so willing to be food, but he couldn't help it. It just felt so *right*.

Dominic's gut swelled more and more, practically blimping out thanks to Mike's girth. It bumped at the table, and nudged the bench back, demanding more room. He grabbed the pig's love handles and pulled, practically cramming the rest of his legs in. As the entirety of Mike's belly slid into the Tiger's hungry jaws, the table was knocked over, allowing Dominic's swelling self the ample room it needed to continue.

Mike's shoulders and chest were squeezing into Dominic's powerful throat. Between the moans of pleasure, and the snorts of pressure, Mike could only manage short panting breaths. Dominic wrapped his clawed fingers under the pig's chin and gently pushed Mike down. His neck and face must have been extra delicious for the Tiger, as his tongue took its time to taste and savor every inch that squeezed into range.

Finally, Mike's chin laid resting on the red carpet of Dominic's tongue, drool dripping around him, only one big gulp away from closing the deal. He just relaxed, and let the weight of their gluttony lull him into a blissful stupor. Dominic wrapped his tongue up around Mike's snout, still covered with a dollop of whipped cream, and dragged him into the cavernous throat, with one final, wet *gulp*. His flashy tie was dragged through the tiger's lips, sealed away along with him.

The immense belly of the tiger wobbled as his main course spilled into it. The whipped cream from Mike's snout had gotten on Dominic's paw, and he gleefully licked his fuzzy fingers clean. "Amazing. Just...*amazing*. A properly stuffed pork is truly a classic, with a side of zebra complimenting it surprisingly well. Your boss really knows how to sweeten a deal with a meal." He tightened his tie

and straightened it out over his enormous middle.

There was a wobble of glee from Dominic's gut, which made him chuckle. He lit a fresh cigar and leaned back, letting the smoke swirl around his mouth before blowing it all out. The waiters cleared the dishes, and fixed the knocked over furniture.

At times he felt he was too easily won over by promises of food. But right then, while he was stuffed with two stuffed prey who wanted nothing more than to fill his belly, he didn't care. Being at the top of the food chain was simply too much fun. And now with this new business arrangement, Dominic would have more willing meals than ever before. Perhaps Mr. Gaines would care to join him for an employee, or three.