

The morning unveils itself as cool and crisp when the first rays of the sun light up the savannah, ushering all night animals to their hiding places while offering the chance to start morning rituals for others. And this morning there's a rather peculiar morning show going under the shade a large acacia tree, with a number of lionesses gathered around two nervous-looking sitting cheetahs, who keep digging the dry soil with their forepaws while one of the lionesses circles around them and the others merely lie about with their eyes half-open.

"I take that both of you have been explicitly told why you are here, and what you're going to be taking part of, right...? Since we've had a problem with that in the past.", the more active lioness asks loudly while pausing in front of the cheetahs to extend a forepaw towards them, tracing a claw lightly over both of their cream-coloured bellies one at a time, from their crotch to chest – while both flinch and shudder, struggling to stay put with their eyes facing the ground at the lioness' paws. "Y-yes, we've been told, several times... no problem this time! As per our old agreement, in exchange for protection and unlimited hunting in the region, you've been delivered a pair of cheetahs, male and female – for you to share your catch with them.", the slightly smaller and lankier one explains in a soft voice – revealing herself to be the female side of the pair. In the meantime, the male simply gulps audibly, saying nothing although his flat belly gurgles under the lioness' probing paw.

"Good, good! And by coming here in there first place instead of turning tail, you seem to have been instilled with the proper amount of enthusiasm. Since as you will have been told, this will not end well for either of you – as the agreement stipulates, we will hunt for ourselves but it will be you who eat all of it, and you will be helped to eat once you're too full to properly swallow. Because you're expected to fill your stomachs with our catch until they burst, at which point we will consume everything we gave you, and your bodies on top of that, and consider the agreement fulfilled for another two years.", the bulky lioness explains with her eyes closely watching both cheetahs as the duo keeps fidgeting before her, the male being especially squirmy as he has a nauseous expression after the long monologue. Both simply nod and stay silent however, apart from anxious gulps and muffled stomach growls. "You got it, I take it, lets get moving then as **we** are all hungry already and I'd rather not have any... mishaps.", the lioness concludes and swings around to motion at the others gathered around and behind her, prompting them to clamber up with plenty of lazy chuffing and growling as they file up behind the matriarch – while the cheetah pair reluctantly stands up as well to follow.

As the pride minus the male lions gets on the move under a cool breeze and rising sun, with the matriarch leading and keeping the cheetahs in front of her, the male cheetahs shuffles almost against the female to turn to her. "My stomach's hurting already... do we gotta do this, Mish...? Being fed 'til we explode, not fun!", he whispers into her ear, receiving a snappy hiss from her in return. "Quit that, Trey, and behave! They're watching us... and we're the ones selected, too, it's gonna hurt me too... so you'd better take it or I'll force-feed you myself until you pop.", she huffs, eliciting a distraught and defeated whine from Trey – while their short conversation causes them not to notice how a couple of lionesses have already broken off the group to disappear into the increasingly tall grass which surrounds the small river that runs nearby. Whereas the matriarch briefly smirks at the bickering and leads the cheetahs along a circuitous route which follows the edge of the grass, all of their ears perking up to the sounds of a distant scuffle and cries of pain, until they eventually reach the site of a fresh kill which the other lionesses are finishing up.

"I can always count on you, the first catch of the day and this early too! We're right on track – now, we'll slice it up for you and you'll eat until it's gone – this is how we do it for all kills. Keep standing, you'll have plenty of time to sit later on.", the matriarch says as she leads the cheetahs right up the kill which is already being torn apart while it's still twitching reflexively – granted, it's an impala and not a huge one either, so both are rather relaxed while drooling at the smell of fresh

blood. Moments later Mish and Trey find themselves wolfing down the meat as it comes, both of their slim throats bulging from the large chunks of meat which the lionesses tear from the carcass as its stripped of all of its muscle in a rather hasty pace while several large paws reach into the stomach cavity to extract internal organs.

Now that the feeding is on way, the slender and practically concave midsections of the cheetahs don't stay that way for long – with both of them forcing meat down their gullets as fast as they can, their bellies swell visibly and end up with healthy dome-like distention by the time the choicest parts of the impala are gone, the lionesses stopping and leaving the rest for scavengers which are already milling about.

Pleased with the sight, the large matriarch approaches both to nudge their round bellies with her muzzle while moving behind them. "That was a good appetizer, it seems, the next one will be more substantial so I'll allow some time for those stomachs of yours to settle – come along.", she tells them and coaxes them on the move by pawing at their rumps while part of the pride has disappeared again ahead of them. The resulting stroll under the morning sun isn't too unpleasant, the duo carrying their bellies with ease while licking their chops.

"Didn't go so badly yet, right, Trey? Try to concentrate on eating and forget the pain when it comes – I'm here for you.", Mish whispers as the second kill appears in the horizon with silhouettes of lionesses standing beside it, the female earning an enthusiastic nuzzling on the cheek from Trey. "Yeah, I can do it – we can do it – have to do it for the others, I know. It's going to be over pretty soon...", he muses and swishes his tail anxiously when they draw closer, Mish's tail joining his as they are being slowly sandwiched between the matriarch and the waiting lionesses who are guarding a rather large male gnu in the middle of stomped grass. Cringing at the task before them, the two cheetahs nevertheless stop close by to stand and wait.

There's no need to wait for long either as the kill is already partially dismembered and gutted after what has apparently been a tough fight, the lionesses dragging intestines away before peeling long strips of meat from the gnu's flanks and hindlegs. So long, in fact, that they need to dangle them above the heads of Mish and Trey to gradually feed them down into their maws as they go.

This time around the larger kill doesn't dwindle as rapidly as the two hope and both of them keep throwing dismayed looks at the remaining carcass as their stomachs fill and distend steadily – as one meaty bulge after another journeys down their throat, their furry domed bellies sagging lower and swelling sideways until the half-sphere shapes have turned into definite full spheres which have widened out beyond their haunches.

At the same time the pace of their gorging keeps slowing down, imperceptibly at first but more noticeably towards the end of the gnu's carcass due to how the lionesses are being forced to wait for the two to swallow before offering more. Especially Trey keeps having problems despite his slightly larger size, whining and drawing deep breaths between portions when his underbelly gets close to knee level – whereas Mish eats quietly, in an almost robotic manner while occasionally letting her increasing girth brush against Trey.

By the time the gnu's remains hold no more good meat, it's close to noon and the high sun is making the smell of intestinal contents rather strong while heating up the hefty meat-filled bellies of the cheetahs to make them even more uncomfortable to the point where both of them are gritting their teeth silently – the matriarch mercifully leading everyone away from the carcass to rest for a moment. Although it's already a bit hard from Trey and Mish to come along thanks to how their low-hanging rotund bellies swing pendulously between their legs, forcing them to adopt a relatively slow gait as they move over to the shade of some large bushes where their large stomachs receive various greedy glances to their further discomfort.

"Lie down for a moment and let those bellies settle, we need to gather our energy before the next kill so it's going to take a while – you're doing pretty well so far! I bet you can still devour at least one more kill before splitting open.", the large matriarch comments as she flops on her side, while

the two cheetahs pad into the middle of the spread-out lionesses and settle down gingerly to let their bloated bellies lay on the soft warm ground, pressing them together in a protective manner while staring at each other.

"Bwaaah, I don't wanna more meat, Mish, so stuffed already – feeling sick already... I wish I would burst already to get this over with.", he grovels while Mish keeps pawing at his distended belly lightly and nodding, both of their tails swiping each other as they lash. "Trey... I can't say I feel good either, but we need to just go on until it's done, you can do it!", she replies with a burp when he places a paw on her lower belly and nods in a submissive manner. "I can... I know I can... I just feel so sick...", he continues with a groan, but before he can say more, the bellowing voice of the matriarch startles them both.

"Time for us to leave! Everyone knows what they need to do – so off we go!", she hollers as she springs up, her stature alone coaxing the gorged cheetahs to clamber up and file in front of her as usual while the rest of the lionesses seem to scatter again. The next leg of the journey is substantially harder as while the meat within Trey's and Mish's stomachs has softened up to the point where some of the odd shapes under their hide have disappeared, their girth or weight hasn't decreased any – and lugging their distended bellies in the heat makes them both gag and stumble as their innards throb.

Hence although neither of the two is looking forward to more meat, they're relieved to find out that they're closing in on the newest kill which is close to a large watering hole – finding out that their meal will be a younger antelope, not massive but certainly large enough. "You can sit down when you feel like it, those bellies might become too much pretty soon.", the matriarch instructs the cheetahs when they awkwardly walk close to the carcass, their full bellies swinging slowly even after they stop moving.

This time around the lionesses put more effort into slicing and dicing the prey into easy-to-swallow chunks, thus giving the hapless duo more time to deal with them as they have trouble cramming everything into their straining stomachs. At first they both stay standing as before, but as their bellies balloon up further from meat amid errant meows and stomach gurgles, Trey is the first one to crack and plop down on his rump to let his grossly distended midsection sit between his spread-out haunches while he throws a pleading look at the lionesses who keep stuffing his maw.

"A mo-moment, please! I'll.. keep going, just have to let the food settle a bit... aches so badly!", he whimpers, earning a derisive snort from the lionesses who however pause for a moment, whereas Mish throws a bemused and frustrated look at him – her own belly already akin to a large fuzzy beach ball with her eight teats poking through her fur and her taut lower belly half-way down her calves, her own legs shaking from the effort of standing. Her piercing glance quietens Trey swiftly and he stops trying to turn his head away from the offered flesh, obediently taking more into his maw to languidly swallow it while burping and resting his forepaws on his expanding girth.

"I know it's not pleasant, but you need to keep going without crying like a cub – we are in this together!", Mish softly scolds him when she too is forced to give up standing and almost collapses right next to him, their massive bellies pressing a little into each other as they ingest more antelope meat with increasing difficulty – requiring the lionesses to help force the chunks into their gullets already. Time passes with no further discussion while their girths increase steadily with the matriarch overseeing the feeding – despite her resolve, even Mish can't help whining and gasping when her stomach exceeds a metre in diameter, its oblong shape covering her crotch fully and creeping up her chest as she sits while it barely yields under Trey's or anyone else's paw when-ever they gingerly touch it.

In the meantime, Trey still eats but wails bitterly between each bite, some tears of pain rolling down his muzzle as there's no helping the excruciating throbbing and pulsing of his overburdened stomach which is even larger than Mish's and seems to hold nearly his own weight in meat based on

its immense size. Additionally, both of them keep flexing their hindlegs as if they want to move away, but their bellies simply don't budge thanks to their substantial weight, pinning the duo down.

With the sun well below its noon height, the antelope's meat has been finally expended – and the two immobilized cheetahs seek each others comfort as they cringe, sniffle and groan – trying to soothe their massive drum-tight bellies in vain while neither of them is able to reach around their own girth with their forepaws, not even close.

"We're... ngyaaah... almost done! You should finish.. this, matriach!", Mish grovels after a little while, tossing her head from side to side as the pain on her overstretched stomach lining keeps flaring up – her and Trey's wary eyes locked onto the bulky lioness when she steps close to sit down and carefully places a splayed-out paw on both enormously distended bellies as if measuring them up. Seconds later she actually puts some pressure on them, causing both cheetahs to flinch and hiss reflexively when they believe that she's already going to burst them.

But she doesn't, opting to back away while wordlessly sending a few lionesses away towards the watering hole while she keeps watch.

"I agree, you're both nearly ready – so incredibly full of meat, you certainly are feeling it too. This will be over very soon, a huge meal like that is best finished with a good drink – so both of you are going to drink in succession until both of you have burst.", she tells while the first one of the other lionesses returns with a crude trough-like piece of wood which keeps dripping water. On the order of the matriach, she takes it to Mish who reluctantly guides it into her maw with her forepaws, spurting a bit of water around as she drinks jerkily. The next trough goes to Trey who cries a little once he's done, trickles of water running down both of their bellies while the matriach toys with Mish's popped-out teats to elicit further whines from her.

After the second trough there's a bit of a pause as more water is fetched, the extra time prompting Mish to turn to Trey and clumsily nudge his side with a forepaw once the pain in her stomach has subsided enough to be tolerable for the moment again. "You did well, just a little more, you big cub – I t-think we'll burst in a moment.", she murmurs while he keeps arcing his back in agony, drawing a deep breath. "Th-thanks... I wanna burst already, can't take this...!", he replies hastily as more water is brought in and they both have to struggle to drink again.

By this time, the sizes of their bellies hardly expand anymore but instead the water smoothens them out, turns them even more spherical – and naturally increases the pressure within as well up to the point where both of them have a distinct dark stretch mark running over their bellies from crotch to chest in the middle of other blotches and stretch marks, their skin so tight that even the lightest touch brings anguish. For a little while it's already almost impossible for either of them to fill their stomachs any more... but suddenly Mish retches and spills water all around in the middle of drinking while blood visibly spreads over her thinned-out bellyfur when her hide starts to tear open. Unable to do anything or practically even say anything, Trey observes in a horrified manner as Mish's underbelly rips partially open with a nasty wet noise, and her massive stomach spills forth from her lower side... its translucent lining full of bloody blotches while all the meat inside can be seen clearly.

His vision spinning from the sight, Trey turns his head away while hearing the excited voices of the lionesses and the choked gasping of Mish – her stomach only staying intact for a moment before the initial noises are followed with a loud SPLORCH which showers everyone with warm slimy water and semi-digested meat, Trey included – the final noise being the SPLAT of Mish's flailing body crumpling atop the contents of her ruptured stomach while the lionesses swiftly assault her to break her neck and end her suffering.

Covered in stinky remains of her now-gone partner's meal and in terrible pain due to her own stomach's perilous state, Trey breaks into quiet sobs and gasps for air due to his squashed lungs.

"You'll follow her in a moment, do not worry – I think you have had enough to drink.", the matriach

comments without him even really acknowledging it, the large lioness withdrawing from Mish's remains to put some distance between herself and the male cheetah before stopping. After which she clearly aims at him with her head and lowers herself, allowing him to realize that she's going to ram his belly – which prompts him to cover his muzzle with his forepaws and stare at her nervously, his entire body trembling in anticipation.

The matriarch herself draws out the situation for a moment due to this being her favourite part of the treaty – such an enormous and vulnerable stomach as her target, full of palatable and nicely seasoned meat which the stomach's owner would have to give up in a very short moment – her tail quivers from the thought when she launches herself on the move.

Mere seconds later she crashes hard into Trey's belly, causing his hide and stomach lining to rupture almost instantaneously with meat and cheetah parts splattering all over her and the ground as Trey is knocked both down and out, the sudden pain making him faint mercifully before the matriarch ends his life too by biting into his neck hard.

With both cheetahs done for and their stomach contents waiting to be eaten, all the lionesses get to it with gusto – while the carcasses of Mish and Trey are paraded around for a bit like ragdolls which have lost their stuffing, even slimmer than they were in life earlier. But eventually they too are parted out and eaten unceremoniously, all the lionesses leaving the grisly scene with visibly swollen bellies while the matriarch begins her trek to go tell that the sacrifice has been accepted yet again – after all, in two years there would be yet another delicious pair ready for the same...