

Raf's Voracious Escape

By: IndigoRho

In the cramped hold of a small cargo ship—in between two rather uncomfortable crates—sat an incredibly grumpy hyena, his paws cuffed behind his back. A permanent scowl was on his muzzle, and his pink mohawk was a mess from lack of care. The last few days had not been fun for Raf. The tiny orbital relay he'd been stationed on had been raided unexpectedly, with the whole crew taken captive. At first the group merely thought they were going to be ransomed for some quick cash. Then the lead engineer had been eaten alive and whole right in front of them, the freshly-stuffed raider waddling away without a word. One by one the crew had been gobbled up, sometimes on the spot, sometimes elsewhere, until only Raf remained.

A small holographic projection of a hefty hyena bearing a striking resemblance to Raf appeared within his line of sight, grinning smugly. “Well tubbo, you can finally stop pouting, cause I've secured our escape.”

Raf pretended to ignore the hologram, despite the fact that it automatically adjusted to stay within view, existing only within his mind.

The hologram persisted. “Seriously? I tell you you're *not* going to be eaten and reduced to a thick layer of jiggling flab, and I don't hear a single thank you, none at all?”

“Leon, any 'plan' you come up with is just gonna be an elaborate prank at best. Getting ate would almost be worth it just to not have to deal with you anymore.” Raf's personal A.I. had been reprogrammed by his malicious twin brother years ago, turned into an easy way to passively terrorize the hyena. Sheer laziness and the expense were the main reasons he'd never bothered to get it replaced, along with the fact that Leon would actively interfere.

“I can't believe you'd even consider letting yourself get turned into an overindulgent feast just to spite me!” Leon increased the size of his projection, to give Raf the impression he was glaring right in his face. “Anyways, those fancy cuffs they've got you in were comically easy to override, so now you're free.”

The metal restraints over Raf's arms and legs both clicked simultaneously, before falling open onto the floor with a clang.

“Step one complete. *You're welcome*,” Leon said. “While you were busy giving up, I've been prodding the ship's system security. It's as terrible as the cuffs, so I assume they probably ate their tech guy when they were bored or something. If I can access the personal A.I. of a crew member I can probably brute force my way into the system and give us free reign. All I need for you to do is eat one of them.”

“How does eating someone help at all!” Raf growled. “I won't be able to escape if my gut can't fit through the damn doorways!”

Leon rolled his virtual eyes. “You've got nanites in your damn stomach, idiot. I can send them into overdrive and digest whoever you eat in like a minute flat. And while they're being digested, their A.I. will be overwhelmed and unable to defend itself properly, allowing me to snag us access codes and whatnot.”

“This is so stupid.” Raf folded his arms in defiance.

“Well too bad. A crew member just entered the cargo bay by the way, so get ready to snack once I give you the signal.”

“What signal!”

Before the internal conversation could continue, a zebra walked into view. He'd been the only crew member Raf hadn't seen noticeably fatten up over the course of his captivity, having obviously waited till the very end to indulge on his prey.

The plump zebra licked his lips as he approached Raf, oblivious to the hyena's lack of cuffs. “I am *so* glad they left the fattest meal for last,” he sneered, jiggling his own gut. “You really do belong

on this waist.”

Raf was about to give a snarky reply when the zebra's eyes seemed to abruptly flicker, causing him to cry out in surprise and stumble forwards directly onto Raf's lap. With a heavy sigh Raf opened his jaws wide and quickly stuffed the dazed zebra's head right into his mouth, silencing his unwanted meal. The zebra squirmed and swatted at the hyena frantically, but a strong gulp pulled in his shoulders, then his chest. Raf wasn't very fond of eating others; people tended to be obnoxiously fattening and their taste was all over the place. However, he *did* find zebras to be delicious more often than not, and the one sliding down his gullet proved to be no exception.

Raf's already ample belly began to swell as the zebra was emptied into it, his work bodysuit thankfully stretching to accommodate the expansion. He cringed as he felt the zebra's muzzle and eventually hooves pressing against his stomach walls, creating noticeable bulges in his middle. The sensation of the zebra's soft gut passing through his lips, though, was shamefully enjoyable, only making Raf angrier about the entire situation.

A few minutes of gulping were all it took for Raf to gobble up the zebra. He groaned as he cradled his bouncing belly in both paws, the zebra's struggles forcing a few sloppy belches out. Soon his stomach began to tingle, and the zebra shouted in terror and kicked up a storm; digestion had commenced. With a look of disdain Raf watched as his distended belly slowly shrunk, advanced nanites breaking down the zebra horrifically fast. At the same time, Raf could feel himself getting slightly thicker, the bulk of the zebra being converted into pure fat rather than usable energy. His gut smoothed out and grew softer, his neck and cheeks puffed up a tiny bit, even his fingers became plumper. When the process slowed to a halt Raf felt something upsetting his stomach, and after a few dry heaves managed to cough up the barely-damaged spacesuit the zebra had been wearing. Wonderful.

Absent for the entire ordeal, Leon suddenly projected himself into Raf's sight once more, though the hologram now sported a bulging gut of his own.

“Really.” Raf grumbled.

Leon slapped his middle, causing it to shake wildly. “What? I absorbed as much of that zebra's A.I. as I could, I was basically eating it! Nice job putting that gut of yours to good use for once.”

“Ugh, why couldn't he have been thin? I don't even want to imagine how much weight I gained because of him.” Raf frowned and poked his rounder gut.

“31.2 pounds exact.”

“Shut it.”

Leon finally digested his “meal”, adjusting his size to match Raf's. “You're just jealous I can actually pull off 293 lbs way better than you can.”

Raf snarled, but decided to quit giving the rogue A.I. any more ammunition.

“Alright, accessing ship systems was just as easy as I predicted. I've got the full layout of the ship, location of all remaining crew, current heading, blah blah blah.” Leon appeared fairly pleased with himself.

“Cool, so how do I actually escape?”

Rather than glare, Leon simply smiled, which made Raf uncomfortable. “*We're* not escaping. *We're* gonna take this ship for ourselves.”

“Bullshit! How the hell would I take down seven people all by myself with no weapons? Just send me in the direction of an escape pod!”

“Even if you did manage to squeeze your fat butt into a tiny escape pod—and trust me, the thing is tiny—you'd just end up drifting in space with no hope for rescue,” Leon lectured. And you're gonna deal with the *six* remaining crew members the same way you dealt with that zebra.”

Raf wasn't amused. “Oh no, I'm *not* going to eat everyone else on this ship! I'd end up a damn blob!”

“With a few adjustments to ship's gravity you could easily still move around even if you weighed half a ton or more,” Leon said. “Eating them will allow you to take them out one by one

without getting caught; it's a lot easier to hide a body on your waistline than in a closet. Less messy, too."

Despite hating the A.I.'s logic, Raf couldn't think of a better alternative. "Stupid pirates. Why couldn't they have just eaten me first?"

"Stop whining and get waddling!" Leon ordered. "Your next course is all alone nearby. Time to reunite him with his friend..."

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The door to the crew quarters slid open, and Raf begrudgingly waddled out of the room. His massive belly wobbled as his latest conquest finished flash-digesting into flab, the second pirate he'd dealt with since leaving the cargo hold. Leon's infiltration of the ship's systems had made ambushing crew simple, and Raf himself was finding it easier and easier to swallow others whole, at least physically. Mentally he continued to fume about the sheer amount of calories involved; Leon's constant updates about his weight didn't help.

"358.4, getting close to the big four-zero-zero big guy!" Leon's voiced echoed in Raf's head before his projection reappeared. "Only four more courses left before you've got a brand new ship all to yourself. Not that anyone else will be able to fit on it once you're through."

Raf gritted his teeth. "Just tell me where the next crew member is."

"Just down this corridor, in the galley. Two of them."

"I can't take out two at once!"

Leon's grin grew wider. "Don't worry about it. I've already got a plan all figured out, just waddle on over to the galley and I'll handle the hard part."

"Fine, fine." Raf headed towards the galley, being almost overcautious with his movements simply to prove to Leon he could walk without bouncing his belly. He could hear voices as he approached, though he was constantly reassured by Leon that the source was thoroughly distracted. Once Raf reached the open galley door he risked a peek inside, spotting a lion and cheetah happily chatting away.

"I can't believe Harris got to eat that blubbery hyena, lucky bastard!" The lion grumbled, before impatiently tapping the display screen of what Raf assumed was the ship's food dispenser.

The cheetah was sitting at a table, poking away at a plate of bland-looking rations. "Your meal could've been just as huge if you'd just bothered to stuff it beforehand like I did. The processor's library has one hell of a fattening protein shake!" He took a moment to loudly pat his gut with both paws, obviously meaning to taunt his comrade. "Seriously, I managed to double that ram's weight, and he was probably one of the juiciest things I've ever eaten."

"It doesn't have the same taste as pudge they've gained naturally over time, though!" the lion insisted, still messing with the dispenser. "Dumb thing's acting up again, keeps locking out and not--"

A segmented metal tube suddenly lunged out of the dispenser and straight into the lion's open mouth mid-conversation, shocking both his cheetah companion and Raf. The lion desperately tugged and clawed at the tube, but nothing he did made it budge. As the cheetah hurried over to provide aide, Raf spotted the lion's already soft middle begin to swell noticeably; he was being stuffed. Even with a second pair of paws the tube remained firmly in place, the lion's muffled cries of distress only growing louder as his belly grew wider, the cheetah now pounding away at the dispenser's screen in a futile attempt to turn it off.

Leon's smug laughter filled Raf's head. "I can't believe they splurged on a food dispenser with such an advanced manipulator tube! They must really love using that to fatten up captives I guess. Ooh, here's your chance!"

Having tried everything he could think of, the cheetah scurried away from his friend, heading towards the exit. "Shit I'll grab Harris, I bet he can shut the damn thing off!"

The cheetah was in such a hurry to get help he ran right into Raf, nearly bouncing off the obese hyena's gut. A dark maw quickly muffled his cry of surprise.

Back inside the galley, the lion's heart was racing. Pulling the tube had proven useless, but he still tried occasionally, hoping for a miracle. Whatever was being pumped into his stomach was thick and heavy, and maintaining his balance was growing more difficult as his belly ballooned. He whimpered and stumbled backwards in a panic, falling right onto the galley table with a thud. Getting back onto his paws swiftly proved impossible. The lion flailed and wobbled as his middle spread upwards and outwards across the table, the sheer weight of it pinning him down. Just as abruptly as it had begun, the flow within the tube ceased, and the tube itself slithered out of his mouth and out of sight.

The lion groaned as he lay atop the table, on the verge of passing out from his forced-feeding. His head tilted to the side so his eyes were towards the doorway, in time to witness Raf waddle in. He stared at the hyena in confusion. If not for Raf's trademark mohawk he wouldn't have recognized him, as the former captive had both gained nearly a hundred pounds and was sporting a violently shaking, bulging gut.

Raf looked down at the bloated lion with sheer disdain. "Really Leon? He was probably the thinnest one here, and you managed to stuff him like turkey!"

There wasn't a response at first, but as soon as Raf's belly began to tingle and shrink the holographic bane of his existence popped back into view. "You might not appreciate my expertise, but my ploy was the perfect way to incapacitate one of them and lure the other away without alerting the entire ship at the same time. Now the cheetah's a diminishing slurry and the lion's in no condition to fight back while you casually gobble him up."

"There's nothing 'casual' about eating someone so fat they cover up a whole table," Raf mumbled aloud, as if he couldn't still be "heard" by Leon that way.

Raf gave the bloated lion's mountainous gut a poke, sighing as it jiggled only slightly at his touch. Knowing Leon, whatever he'd been filled with was likely stupidly high in calories, meant to wreck Raf's waistline just as much once eaten. With little fanfare Raf grabbed the lion's swaying footpaws and swallowed them down, slowly pulling his massive meal into his maw. The lion wasn't coherent enough to form a proper sentence, merely groaning and twitching as his body slid into Raf's gullet inch-by-inch. Swallowing the lion's middle was terribly uncomfortable, and while Raf didn't necessarily feel any pain doing it, the sheer sensation of his jaws stretching so wide was unnerving enough.

Raf's belly spilled onto the cold galley floor as it filled with lion, expanding in every direction. His only consolation was that his meal wasn't struggling nearly as much as his previous ones. The more lion he swallowed, the more exhausted Raf got, and gulping down the immobilized feline's shoulders and head took far longer than he would have liked. Eventually his jaws did manage to shut around the pirate's mane, though, and now it was Raf's turn to groan in dismay as he lay atop his enormous belly.

There was no time to rest, though. Raf's stomach began jostling and churning practically the moment the lion emptied into it fully. Every inch of the hyena seemed to puff up as pound after pound of fat was added to his body, his meal never having the chance to even register he was eaten before being digested.

When the tingling finally subsided, Raf rolled over onto his back, growling as he felt his blubbery gut and thighs wobble in the process. Seemingly perched on the peak of his belly was Leon, who had dutifully adjusted his weight as well. The visual of his new appearance only made Raf more annoyed.

"Alright ya gluttonous math wiz, want to take a guess at your weight?" Leon smirked.

"I don't care."

Leon laughed. "Oh, but you do, you do *so* much. 438."

Raf swatted at the hologram, not that there was anything for him to actually hit.

“Ok tubbs, no time to nap yet. Just two more crew members left, and they're both in the same room. Captain's quarters.”

Raf slowly stood back up, taking a moment to adjust to his new size. “Great, more elaborate plans to make me fatter for shits and giggles.”

“This'll be the easiest course, I swear!” Leon said, snickering. “I honestly don't have to do much on my end, either. We got really lucky!”

“What is that supposed to mean?”

More grinning, Raf's least favorite response. “It's a surprise, one I'm sure you'll get a kick out of.”

With zero enthusiasm Raf followed Leon's directions, his steps echoing through the quiet ship corridors louder than ever thanks to his dramatic increase in girth. He had gained nearly two hundred pounds, five pirates reduced to jiggling blubber and discarded spacesuits. A procedure to remove the weight would be terribly expensive, and attempting to shed pounds the natural way tended to fail, at least in Raf's experience. There was a rather high possibility the hyena would be stuck at his new weight for years, maybe even permanently depending on his fortunes, and there were still two more fattening meals left to eat.

Dismay proved to be an effective distraction, and Raf found himself just outside the captain's quarters sooner than he'd ever have liked. Without warning the door slid open on its own, though Raf's fear was quickly replaced with the usual frustration. A fat, black-and-yellow salamander was passed out on the bed, the large dome of his belly swaying from side to side as he slept. The belly itself displayed a fairly clear projection of what Raf guessed was within: another, angrier salamander. Raf had seen the technology in action at bars often, always sported by preds wanting to show their current meals off to the public. Usually the unfortunate prey would have a similar view projected within the stomach so they could be taunted with the outside world before digestion.

“Do I really want to know?” Raf asked, carefully making his way towards the bed.

“You really do, it's hilarious,” Leon piped in. “I've been snooping around ship logs, and watched most of this happening while you were playing vore commando. The salamanders are brothers, and are both 'co-captains' of this whole operation. Apparently they're still fond of trying to prove who's the more dominant one, though, and any big argument ends with one eating the other, but not digesting them.”

Raf was not at all amused. “Fun, they're exactly like my brother.”

“Anyways, this most recent argument was about Harris, that zebra you ate in the beginning. Turns out they both had the hots for him, and fought over who deserved to take him out on a date once they reached port,” Leon continued. “Fools didn't realize they were duking it out over a few fresh layers of flab on your gut!”

“Yeah, super hilarious,” Raf grumbled, eager to get the final meal over with so he could finally relax.

Just like with the lion from before, Raf carefully snagged the ankles of the salamander and fed them into his awaiting maw, trying his best to not wake his prey. Fortunately the salamander proved to be a heavy sleeper, and he showed no sign of waking even as his knees vanished down Raf's throat. His bouncing, brother-filled belly would be a whole different matter. Raf stretched his lips to take in the curve of the salamander's gut, gaining just enough of a foothold to continue forwards with ease.

The new source of pressure was felt by the already eaten salamander, though, who fidgeted around even more out of confusion. With a snort the voracious brother finally woke up, groggily opening his eyes as he tried to understand the array of odd sensations hitting him. Raf could feel the salamander's claws wiggling in his stomach, and grabbed the sides of his meal's bulging gut to pick up the pace.

“What the hell!” The salamander shouted as soon as he realized what was happening. “Spit me out, spit me out!”

With his mouth full of salamander gut, Raf wasn't able to respond, not that he'd have wanted to. Instead he continued swallowing, slowly sliding onto the bed as he did. Eating the stuffed lion had loosened his jaws and gullet, so making a meal of the salamander wasn't nearly as difficult as he'd wished it were. Raf ignored the droning curses and pleas of mercy from his prey. From now on he'd make an effort to only eat others head-first, if only to shut them up early. Not that he *wanted* to ever eat anyone else. He was already dreading all the paperwork he'd have to fill out from his voracious rampage nearly as much as the resulting weight gain itself. With his luck work would probably force him to attend predation addiction meetings, too.

All the struggling and shouting in the world did nothing to save the salamander, who still had no idea how the last prisoner had managed to escape. Or how he'd gotten so fat. As his head slid past the hyena's jaws and his vision went dark, the salamander stopped caring about the details much, though. He curled up in Raf's stomach, his own over-stuffed gut making the sweltering space even more cramped. One ear was filled with the muffled, confused shouts of his brother, while the other was filled with his former captive's echoing heartbeat.

Raf pouted as he lay atop the thankfully reinforced bed, his bulging middle shaking from both his meal *and* his meal's meal. He waited for the all-too-familiar tingling of flash-digestion to begin, but nothing came. "Ugh, this guy's giving me a stomach ache. Why isn't he digesting yet?"

Leon didn't bother creating a projection, remaining as a disembodied voice. "Eh, I'm gonna have you break the last course down the old fashioned way. You being in a good long food coma will give me some time to integrate with the ship and get a feel for the important systems."

"You wouldn't dare!" Raf growled. His eyelids were already feeling a bit heavy, and eating so many people in such a short period had admittedly left him tired. "I'd be stuck on this bed for an entire day, probably two!"

"Well I'm sure it's a comfy bed at least. We'll chat more after your nap, while you get used to weighing 523 pounds."

Raf's drowsiness abruptly became overwhelming, the hyena barely having a chance to whimper about his future weight before drifting into a deep sleep. His dreams decided to continue his anxiety, though, plaguing the hyena with visions of getting stuck in doorways, permanent immobility, and even outgrowing the ship itself due to an endless appetite. Perhaps half-a-ton wouldn't seem so bad once he woke.