

Small Size, Big Appetite

By: IndigoRho

On the floor and bound in chains, Raf wasn't having the best day. The perpetually grumpy charr had foolishly decided to take a morning stroll through the somewhat labyrinthine Gladium Canton, eager to elude the barrage of teasing and goading from the rest of his warband back at their barracks. He'd almost enjoyed the walk at first. The light breeze had whipped his pink mohawk a little and the omnipresent aromas of good food tempted the feline's nostrils, but at least no one was poking fun at his girth. Raf wasn't sure *when* he'd been knocked unconscious with a cudgel, though he was fairly certain his captor had something to do with the nefarious Flame Legion. Mainly because he wouldn't shut up about it.

The other charr bellowed in laughter, his exposed, ashy-gray gut bouncing as he did. "You Iron Legion fools are such easy prey! Though considering how chunky you are that's not too surprising."

Raf scowled, more annoyed at the insult than actually being kidnapped. "You're fatter than I am!"

His captor grinned, and gave his belly a gentle pat. "A temporary necessity. After all, the most effective way to dispose of a test subject is to simply eat them. I'm sure you'll love being slimmed down so dramatically!" Again he laughed, though now his wobbling middle as a bit more ominous than silly.

"Ugh, whatever. Just get it over with then, your rambling's obnoxious," Raf grumbled, rather annoyed he was doomed to add to another's waistline. He could only imagine the field-day his warband would have if they ever found out.

The other charr scoffed. "I might have to 'ramble' even more now. And you won't be filling my belly until you've been put to good use. I'm one of the best alchemists the Flame Legion's ever been blessed with, Reginus Embervial, and you should be honored to help perfect my potions!"

"Why does everyone want to test crap out on me!" Raf growled. "I swear I drink more elixirs than water now!"

"Quiet!" Reginus leaned over, forcing Raf's mouth open with a paw and emptying the contents of a vial into it.

Raf coughed after chugging the bitter elixir, his lips curling into a frown as he felt a surge of warmth throughout his body. He had no idea as to what was going to happen, sitting in nervous silence for a moment as he waited for a sign of change. The subtle loosening of his chains was the first hint. His wrists and ankles felt slightly more comfortable, then practically unrestrained. Confused, Raf stared down at his bindings long enough to realize the reason: he was shrinking. At first the change had been slow, but now he was rapidly losing height, the chains feeling heavier and holding him down with their weight alone. Thankfully his clothes appeared to be matching his change in shape, which Raf could only guess was through magic imbued in the elixir. The odd hunger pains he was getting were a whole other mystery.

Reginus continued laughing as his captive gradually diminished in size, delighting in how he towered over Raf more and more. While most alchemists in the Flame Legion specialized in fire or strength-enhancing potions, Reginus had been a prodigy of size-changing ones. Shrinking others was practically his specialty, and while his superiors would've preferred having giant warriors to crush their foes, he'd managed to convince them that tinier enemies were just as beneficial to the cause. For that very reason he'd been tasked with infiltrating an Iron Legion city and perfecting his elixirs, with the end goal of spiking the water supply to soften up the defenses. Reginus was having quite a bit of success already, and every new test subject ended up a little shorter than the last.

Worry finally replaced annoyance on Raf's face, the charr terrified he'd end up shrinking to the size of a mouse, or worse. At about half his original height, though, the warmth dissipated, much to Raf's relief. Unfortunately the two piles of chains were still doing a decent job of impeding his

movement.

"Hmm, not much smaller than the last one," Reginus frowned. "I was certain those miniature gryphon eggs would enhance the effects, too. Oh well, at least you'll make a good lunch."

As Reginus began leaning over, Raf knew he'd have one final chance at avoiding becoming food. The smaller charr had gone out of his way to ensure Reginus didn't realize he knew magic himself, and unleashed a short jolt of electricity from his paws. Reginus was completely caught off-guard by the sudden burst, his whole body twitching as lightning surged through him, causing his fur to stand on end. He collapsed on the floor in a daze. Genuinely surprised his plan had worked, Raf swiftly wiggled free of the chains, eyeing the door leading to freedom. The now somewhat imposing, likely locked door to freedom.

In his slightly diminished state, Raf wasn't sure he'd be able to open up the door before Reginus recovered, especially if it were locked. Even if he did manage to escape, he'd potentially be lost, and might even get caught again trying to find a way out. To make matters worse, the Flame Legion alchemist would more than likely vanish for good if Raf did reach safety, free to continue his experiments and feast on those unfortunate enough to come across him. A strange mix of self-preservation, obligation, and guilt forced him to stay and deal with Reginus, though the next question was how. Raf's growling stomach gave the answer he'd least wanted to hear.

Rolling his eyes, Raf quickly grabbed Reginus' footpaws and shoved them into his mouth, wincing at both the foul taste and sheer size of them. Raf *had* eaten others before—though rarely willingly—but he'd never attempted to eat someone twice his height. The overwhelming instinct to survive proved to be a spectacular motivator, though, and he made impressive progress in just a few gulps. Reginus was still shaking off the sneak attack, groaning with his face pressed against the floor, woefully unaware of what was happening to him.

Raf's belly began swelling with charr almost instantly, his vest stretching to contain his growing middle as best it could. He was so prone to expanding in various ways he'd been forced to wear clothes that were incredibly elastic just to ensure they weren't constantly being destroyed through gluttony or out-of-control pranks. They'd never been tested to this degree, though, and Raf wasn't sure if the elixir's magic had effected them as well. The gorging grump could only hope for the best. Reginus didn't realize he was being eaten until Raf had reached his knees, and the alchemist swiftly panicked.

"S-stop that! I'm not food you little runt, you are!" Reginus shouted, awkwardly attempting to dislodge Raf.

Unfortunately for Reginus, his position and Raf's solid progress made struggling difficult. He tried crawling towards his workbench, dragging the increasingly-stuffed Raf behind him, but the effort was slow and exhausting. By the time he'd managed to get a few feet closer, he was up to his waist in Raf, who now sported a ridiculously large, bulging belly. Raf grabbed a hold of his massive meal's love handles and pulled, inching Reginus' blubbery gut into his horrendously stretched mouth. Of course he'd ended up with a captor who was stupidly fat and full of calories, rather than a slim one who'd maybe only leave behind a few pounds to work off.

Reginus' heart raced as he felt his belly slowly swallowed, horrified that he was well on his way to becoming his own test subject's lunch. He was far too important to go out in such a humiliating manner. His dreams of living in luxury and being praised as a hero of the Flame Legion were vanishing gulp by painful gulp, his desperate pleas and begging ignored by Raf. Moving was practically impossible at that point, the alchemist reduced to scratching at the floor as he slipped towards doom.

The buttons of Raf's vest were finally strained too much, popping off in quick succession as the seams of his undershirt ripped apart. His sandy-brown gut was like a mountain, Raf rocking atop it as he continued to slowly gulp down his captor. Swallowing was becoming a little bit harder once he reached Reginus' shoulders, but Raf trudged onward, reluctant to take a break in fear of giving his meal an opening. Reginus' threats were merely whimpers as his head was carefully engulfed, the light of the outside world fading as he slid into Raf's gullet, his twitching arms all that remained in the open. Soon

they were dealt with as well, and Raf was relieved to finally close his tired jaws around Reginus' paws, his arduous feast finally complete.

Raf groaned, thoroughly immobilized by the obese charr curled up in his stomach. Reginus' squirms caused him to rock back-and-forth quite a bit, but the alchemist didn't have much room to maneuver, crushing any hope of escape. If anyone had stumbled upon the sight they likely wouldn't have believed their eyes. A stunted charr with a belly twice as wide as he was tall, the obvious signs of a living prey within. Raf let out a short belch and pouted, a tiny part of him almost regretting *he* hadn't ended up as the meal; at least then he wouldn't be stuck digesting prey for who knew how long. Not to mention the inevitable weight gain. All Raf could do was sit and wait...

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Half a day later, the door to Reginus' secret workshop finally opened. Raf—now back at his normal height—grumpily waddled out. Unfortunately for him, the alchemist's elixir hadn't worn off until shortly after he'd completely digested his prey, and the consequences were dire. He'd gained well over a hundred pounds, his belly a wobbling mass of pudge that jiggled with every step. Raf's face was doughy and round, and frowning only seemed to make him look fatter. While his pants had handled the gains admirably, his shirts were obviously still shredded from swallowing Reginus whole, leaving his gut fully exposed for all to see. The waddle home was going to be anything but pleasant.

With a scowl the blubbery charr headed off, having unintentionally saved the city from utter disaster at the expense of his poor waistline. Few would ever learn of his heroic deed, but many would take a jab at the belly that'd expanded from it. Just another annoying day in the life of Raf.