

Prey on Demand

By: IndigoRho

A smile adorned Rho's face as he passed through the sliding doors to Ideal Meal. The overweight zebra had found himself craving live prey the last few days, and rather than deal with the uncertainty of hunting someone on a crowded space station he'd instead opted to simply order one. Ideal Meal was the gold standard for cloned prey, offering the widest selection in the sector for reasonable prices. Rho was a frequent customer, as evidenced by the considerably flabby gut contained by his expandex bodysuit.

The deer at the front desk greeted Rho with a warm smile. "Welcome to Ideal Meal, do you have a reservation?"

"Yes, under Rho Taliesin," the zebra replied, his stomach already growling in anticipation.

The deer typed away for a moment, bringing up their client's relevant information. "Ah, enjoying a customized Raf model, excellent choice! I tried one out for the first time a couple months ago, though I went with the two-hundred fifty pound variant," he chuckled, his soft middle jiggling as he did.

"Raf's my favorite by far, though I don't think I've had one under four hundred pounds in a long, long time!" Rho bellowed. "I'm sure my eating habits alone have made his progenitor a bundle."

"He's apparently a best seller," the deer said. "Three were prepared today alone, it's been pretty fun peeking in on their chatter in the waiting room. Turns out Rafs really don't get along with each other."

Rho hadn't considered the possibility of ordering multiple copies of the same meal before, and suddenly found himself regretting not thinking of it sooner. He'd have to return to the idea in the future, perhaps as an indulgent birthday present. "Then I guess I'll be doing the other two a favor by gobbling up mine!"

Without further delay Rho was escorted to a private room within the establishment, a smaller one meant for "to-go" meals like his. Overnight rooms were also available for those interested, but Rho didn't want to spend too much extra for what was essentially an extra-large lunch. His prey was already there waiting for him, Rho looking him over as soon as the door shut behind him. The Raf model was a hyena of significant girth, approximately five hundred pounds according to Rho's specifications. Aside from his bulk, Raf was easily recognizable by his bright pink mohawk and eyes, along with a prominent scowl that was practically a trademark of the line. Rafs despised their weight, and Rho had noticed their overall annoyance tended to increase along with their waistlines, which pleased him to no end. Their grumpy attitude was what had won the zebra over in the first place; along with their unparalleled taste, of course.

Raf gave only the slightest hint of acknowledgment. "Ugh, let's just get this over with."

Rho had to resist a snort. Since he'd wanted an easy meal he'd ordered a willing Raf, which seemed to translate to frustrated apathy. "Happy to oblige! Gotta get you started on becoming fresh zebra pudge so you can join the rest of your clone buddies."

A subtle tap activated a display screen across Rho's middle, two long rows of Raf headshots flickering into view one-by-one. Teasing prey by showing off his former meals was always a delight for Rho, and revealing to Rafs exactly how often he gorged on them was no different. Raf took one look at Rho's belly and rolled his eyes.

"So great to know I'm such an important part of your diet." Raf's voiced oozed with sarcasm.

"Trust me, if I could afford it I'd probably eat a Raf for breakfast, lunch, and dinner every day," Rho smiled as he approached. "And none would be an ounce lighter than six hundred pounds."

The massive hyena blushed in response, merely mumbling under his breath after.

"Alright tubbo, time to go where you belong, in my belly!" Rho grinned as he grabbed Raf by the sides.

Raf frowned as the zebra's maw opened and engulfed his head. Programmed to accept his fate as food, Raf didn't try to struggle or shout like a normal prey would, instead pouting as he was gradually pulled into Rho's gullet. Rho's tail swatted about in glee as the wonderful taste of hyena filled his mouth. He hugged Raf close so he could feel the hyena's blubbery gut, knowing his jaws would be stretching over it's doughy mass within minutes. His neck and chest bulged outwards as his prey descended, his bodysuit expanding with ease to handle the meal. Gulp after large gulp Raf vanished into the voracious zebra. Even though there was a solid two hundred pound difference in weight between pred and prey, Rho had no trouble consuming his much fatter lunch, having practiced often over the years.

When a strong swallow finally lurched Raf into the zebra's stomach he gasped for air, growling as his face was shoved into the soft fleshy walls more and more. He could feel his belly being tasted as he was consumed, the clone just independent enough to become annoyed at the prospect of being treated like food, not that he had the will to resist. Rho's middle was swelling dramatically from his meal, sagging towards the floor as it filled with hyena. The zebra carefully widened his stance to better handle the immense size of his prey, knees shaking a little as his bulging gut wobbled and jerked, imprints of Raf faintly visible beneath his bodysuit.

Drifting moans escaped Rho's lips as he ate, euphoric over feeling himself doubling in size from a single meal. He prodded his bloated sides with both hooves, actively trying to provoke a response from Raf, listening out for muffled grumbles. Rho was already to Raf's knees. The zebra aggressively increased the rate of his swallows, beyond the tastiest part of the prey and now merely eager to have an overfilled stomach. His whole middle shook with every gulp, until finally Raf's paws were passing his lips and sliding into his throat, the hyena sealed away for good. As soon as Raf was completely swallowed Rho embraced his boulder of a belly with glee, swaying it back and forth just to feel the weight. The display screen on his bodysuit returned, this time showing only a single Raf headshot, along with clear text reading "Occupancy: 1".

"I swear every Raf manages to taste better than the last!" Rho cheerfully said to no one in particular. "Never been disappointed, you really are worth your weight in credits."

Raf understandably didn't appreciate the admiration shown to him, the imprints of his snout and paws momentarily visible before being pushed back down by an insistent hoof. While Rho would have loved to tease and play with his prey for a while longer, his reservation was nearly over, and he had a few other errands to complete before he could head home. After a short *urrrrrrrp* he started slowly waddling back to the front, trying not to knock anyone over with his large gut in the process. He offered a wave and a grin to the deer at the desk, who seemed to get a chuckle out of seeing him lug around the grumpy obese hyena. As he exited Ideal Meal, Rho found himself already looking forward to his next Raf, debating if he'd be able to handle the burden of a double order the next month, both on his wallet and his waistline...