

Raf's Royal Feast

By: IndigoRho

Flanked by a pair of loyal guards, the oft-frustrated King Raf waddled down an opulent corridor of his palace towards a meeting he wanted nothing to do with. The hefty hyena hated almost every aspect of being a monarch. Nobles were always wasting time with some scheme or another, Parliament kept looking for his approval for *everything*, and half his days seemed to be spent overseeing a banquet or grand dinner party. His rebellious belly growled in response to the mere thought of food. A lifestyle of leisure and accessibility to any food imaginable had caused Raf's weight to balloon out of control since he'd begrudgingly taken the crown. Stress and limited time for exercise made slimming down close to impossible, and the King was embarrassed at the frequency with which his royal garb needed to be replaced.

So many popped buttons and torn seams, often in plain view of his subjects. The last time he'd needed to don military dress for a major evaluation he'd *felt* the outfit straining to handle his pudge, nothing about his weight left to the imagination. Even now Raf was concerned his large cloak and overcoat were doing little to disguise his girth. The dress shirt underneath was mildly uncomfortable, and the belt a meal or two away from being useless. Mediating the petty squabble he'd been pressured into hosting sure wasn't going to do his waistline any good, either.

King Raf let out an aggravated sigh before allowing his guards to push open the doors to the official meeting chamber; he was greeted by a useless argument already in progress.

"Taking all my rolls just like you've taken my people's fields, Orion? Why am I not surprised!" An obese giraffe slammed his hoof on the center table, glaring at an equally wide phoenix across from him.

"Don't act sour just because you waited too long to enjoy the food, *Duke* Alec," King Orion shot back, aggressively emphasizing his counterpart's lesser title. "And I'm sure our gracious host will agree that the fields have been a part of my kingdom for centuries."

It took every ounce of will in his body for Raf to resist groaning out loud. King Orion and Duke Alec were the rulers of two fairly small lands bordering Raf's own, and somehow he'd ended up chosen as the neutral third-party to settle a fight over a few damn fields. He couldn't have cared less about them or their issue, but as King he was obligated to help, not that he believed his presence mattered. Of course, Raf's main enemy at the meeting was the ridiculous feast that'd been prepared for only three people. The table was overflowing with food and wine, all of it decadent, all of it obnoxiously fattening. King Raf swore his royal chefs were incapable of making anything even remotely healthy.

After giving his guests the absolute minimum acknowledgment possible Raf plopped down in his chair, a paw already instinctively reaching for a tempting pastry. "Alright, let's get this over with so we can all leave and be happy," he grumbled.

Hours of grueling back-and-forth ensued. Orion and Alec barely bothered with direct arguments and evidence, preferring to insult each other and their kingdoms in decreasingly subtle ways and taking frequent breaks to glut on the bounty available to them. Though neither were as fat as Raf they were just as ravenous, scarfing down dishes with a shameless ferocity while making no effort to disguise their swelling bellies. Raf actually became *more* conscious of his own weight just watching them gorge. He blushed and scowled every time he realized he'd cleared a new plate, and as soon as he spotted a tuft of tan flab peeking out from a gap in his dress shirt he switched to chugging wine to drink his embarrassment away. Unfortunately the excess of liquor quickly began to impair his already-weak inhibitions, ensuring the hyena stuffed himself even more.

Inevitably the trio of royal appetites had managed to wipe out a feast meant for a dozen at the very least. Out of spite and hunger Duke Alec snagged the last pudding right from under King Orion, letting out a triumphant snort at his "victory". Fairly intoxicated himself, the cheated phoenix stood from his seat and stormed over to his rival, large gut wobbling the entire way. Alec stood as well,

taking advantage of his slightly better height and weight to keep his prize from the angry Orion.

"That was rightfully mine you...you thief!" Orion sputtered.

"Think of it as a taste of your own damn medicine!" Alec said, sneaking in bites of the pudding. "Revenge truly is delicious!"

The new round of senseless arguing was combining with the wine to give King Raf a terrible headache. He hefted himself up and groggily waddled to the pair of annoyances, head spinning and stomach still growling loudly despite having stuffed himself rather thoroughly. His arrival was initially ignored, not that he was sober enough to notice, or even really recognize what was happening. Some kind of large, colorful bird was swaying in front of him, and all Raf could think of was how such a mouthwatering dish had managed to fall off the table. Oh well, it was probably still fresh enough to eat.

King Orion looked at his incredibly drunk counterpart with confusion, wondering why he hadn't said a single word after wandering over. He waved a wing in front of the hyena's eyes again, but this time he Raf responded by abruptly grabbing his arms and pinning them to his sides. The phoenix was just about to protest his undignified treatment when Raf's maw opened wide and closed over his head. For a moment there was an awkward silence, until the first strong swallow cemented the reality of the situation. Orion began frantically struggling in Raf's grip, his panicked shouts mostly muffled as a couple more gulps pulled him into the hyena's throat. The sudden betrayal didn't make any sense but he didn't have the luxury of time to think on it.

At first Duke Alec was mildly horrified at the sight of his rival being eaten alive right in front of him, even considered interfering for a fraction of a second. Then he remembered just how much he disliked the phoenix. His look of shock slowly transitioned into a nervous chuckle, and he found himself silently cheering on Raf's convenient gluttony. Alec had never considered King Raf to be a shrewd monarch, but the world was full of surprises...just like Raf was about to be full of phoenix. The Duke assumed his arguments had won over the King so much he'd decided to put a permanent end to their mutual irritation; he felt blessed to have a front row seat to the judgment.

Raf let out a faint moan as he savored his massive, slippery meal. For some reason he could barely keep a firm grip on the bird—as if it were actively trying to escape his grasp—but he was determined to gobble it all up in one go before one of his obnoxious guests did. His jaws stretched over the wide shoulders and soft moobs of Orion, who's squirms had become more and more desperate as he slid down Raf's slick gullet. Nothing he did seemed to be slowing his descent into the voracious hyena, and he worried no one in the room was loyal enough to intervene and pull him free. Surely the scoundrel Alec was behind the nefarious scheme on his life. Despair overcame him as he felt his talons temporarily lift off the ground, then permanently, King Raf actually managing to lift his considerable bulk in the air.

Every greedy swallow caused King Raf's blubbery belly to balloon outward even more, the buttons of his shirt shredded till his middle swayed wild and free. From the outside Duke Alec could see the vague bulges made by Orion's beak and resisted the urge to prod them and mock the doomed phoenix. Though he knew swallowing others whole was possible—he'd indulged on prisoners a few times in the past himself—Alec was still impressed by how easily Raf seemed to be handling his live meal's bulk. Most of his own prey had been on the slim side, and could be a hassle even in chains. There was no doubt in the Duke's mind that Raf must be a prolific, albeit secret, predator. If anything it would explain how the hyena had gotten so fat over the years.

Of course the Duke was completely wrong. The unfortunate phoenix was Raf's first ever prey, and he'd turned out to simply be a natural at consuming others, regardless of how massive they were. Orion's bloated belly slipped into King Raf's mouth, prompting additional moans and even some blushing as the hyena felt wonderful flab jiggling in his maw. He arched his head up and gulped, causing his gut to lurch as a few more inches of Orion emptied into it, the terrified royal well aware gravity was conspiring against him now, too. The few remaining buttons of Raf's shirt burst off in a flash, his belt torn away as well, leaving the hyena's massive tan gut exposed. Soon only Orion's legs

were jutting from Raf's mouth. They flailed as best they could but they were vanishing from view fast, practically slurped up. His talons barely twitched when they inevitably ended up passing Raf's lips, Orion too distracted pounding on the slimy walls of his dark prison.

King Raf's drastically distended middle bounced as he let out a loud *bworrrrrrrp* to signal the completion of his meal. The drunk hyena still scowled, satisfied with the snack but annoyed it hadn't done a thing to his pounding headache. Perhaps he needed more? Meanwhile, Duke Alec was celebrating soon-to-be end of his rival, prodding Raf's bulging gut just to taunt the phoenix further. Orion's complaints were music to his ears and the faint imprints he made were a sight he wished could be immortalized on canvas. His only real regret was that he wouldn't personally have the pleasure of digesting the jerk of a King into royal flab.

"Well Orion, it turns out you're a lot easier to stomach when you're *in* one!" the giraffe laughed alone at his own joke. "I wonder if your people will even mourn your sudden disappearance? Honestly they'll probably praise King Raf once they learn the extra jiggle in his step came from you!"

As Alec continued reveling in apparent triumph, Raf's belly continued to growl. His persistent hunger was impossible to ignore while intoxicated, and the hyena was sure a little more food would solve his migraine problem once and for all. Alec froze mid-sentence when he felt two thick paws latch onto his arms, his mouth dropping open in fear as he saw the cavern of Raf's maw first-hand. The first big gulp silenced his plea for help. Although he was sturdier than Orion, Alec soon discovered just how disorienting being swallowed alive could be, blindly flailing his hooves in an attempt to find a solid grip.

Raf's slick gullet walls pressed into his face as strong swallows pulled him deeper and deeper, saliva soaking his fur and clothes. He could feel lips tightening around his shoulders and chest, the tongue teasing him, the padded squirms of Orion below. Breathing was difficult and sometimes outright impossible if his snout was angled poorly in between gulps. When his nose pressed up against the sphincter he knew things were about to get much worse, Alec struggling fiercer before the inevitable occurred. All at once his senses were overwhelmed. The air within Raf's stomach reeked of wine and everything he'd gorged on throughout the night, and he nearly couldn't overcome the urge to hold his breath in response. Orion's desperate cursing and begging was deafening in the limiting confines of the stomach, getting worse once the phoenix realized he was having less-than-friendly company.

The giraffe felt a wing press hard into his face upon entry, and he couldn't tell if Orion was trying to push him out or simply smother him. Either way the effort was ended by another swallow pulling him in more. Duke Alec couldn't see a thing in the pitch-black stomach, wiggling in fright as he was shoved into phoenix and mush. He felt Raf trying to lift him into the air to handle his massive gut, but after a few failed starts the hyena gave up and shifted tactics. Alec yelped as his hooves were kicked out from under him and the whole stomach shook violently, Raf apparently falling to his knees to continue stuffing himself. Once his arms finally entered the fleshy prison with him Alec was able to at least brace his descent better, and also fend off the sporadic abuse from Orion. Nothing he did could reverse his course, though.

Raf's belly was spreading across the marble floor in all directions wobbling as his guests fought their confinement. He was mostly oblivious to its ridiculous size, focused only on finishing up his latest dish and resting off his headache. Thankfully the other two royals had finally shut up, the hyena assuming they'd stormed off to their rooms for the night while leaving him in peace. Dealing with them in the morning wouldn't be fun, but at least he'd be able to enjoy a brief reprieve. In due time Alec's hooves were merely a sinking bulge in King Raf's throat, the voracious dinner officially over. The engorged king was too full to move and too tired to call his guards for assistance, not that he was sober enough to care.

"Those last two—*uorrrrrrrrp*—dishes were the best I've had in ages," Raf mumbled to himself, barely awake. "I should...I should—*braaap*—give the chef my thanks later."

The string of belches purged his stomach of what little usable air remained, eventually silencing

Alec and Orion completely within a couple of minutes. Raf's already-active stomach acids wasted little time going into action, the messy sounds of digestion soon echoing out from within the hyena's bloated gut. The gentle noises soothed King Raf to sleep, a reluctant smile forming on his face in the process.

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The following day King Raf sat on his creaking throne, head buried in his paws. Raf's belly had shrunk considerably since the night before, but it was still a horrendously wide orb that sloshed uncomfortably whenever he moved, his guests noisily churning within. He'd yelled for practically a half hour straight when he'd awoken and discovered the size of his middle wasn't just from regular food. While the King certainly didn't care much for the loss of King Orion and Duke Alec, the obscene amount of calories between the two was aggravating beyond belief; if he were lucky he'd *only* gain a hundred or so pounds from the ordeal, weight he might never successfully get rid of. Every time he tore a seam or grew winded waddling down the hallway he'd have those two idiots to blame. His self-proclaimed head adviser thought the entire situation was hilarious, of course.

Prince Leon was Raf's "younger" twin brother, and almost his spitting image aside from a decent weight difference. As a mere Prince, Leon got to enjoy all the benefits of being royalty without any of the responsibilities his frustrated twin endured, and he reveled in tormenting Raf whenever possible.

"Bold move brother, annexing two kingdoms by first annexing their rulers to your waistline!" Leon chuckled. "With your appetite we could control the whole continent in a month."

Raf growled from behind his paws. "Shut it, Leon!"

"The new lands we're gaining aren't much, but they will give us a bit more coastline," Leon mused, ignoring his brother. "Ooh, we should commission some statues and portraits to celebrate the bloodless conquest! Just imagine: a massive statue of you cradling your bulging gut in triumph, every victorious curve visible to the public eye."

"Ugh, never!" Raf said with a frown, glaring at his middle in disgust. "The existing stuff is already bad enough, I don't want *anything* glorifying me pigging out!"

"To be honest, brother, all art involving you is gonna depict that." Leon smirked and gave his twin's gut a hard poke, delighting in the way it wobbled. "Now as much as I'd love to stick around and watch you crush your throne, I've got business to attend to. Hope you enjoy the two new titles as much as the pudge that came with them."

King Raf mumbled a slew of indecent words under his breath as his brother sauntered off. In the back of his mind he wondered if the voracious mediation had been planned all along by Leon—it was the kind of "prank" he adored, after all. Unfortunately Raf didn't feel he could lay enough of the blame on the Prince, instead cursing his own poor self-control. He'd do anything to keep his infuriating gluttony at bay, but unless a miracle occurred he was doomed to constantly stuff himself silly, always blimping up more and more. The *glrrrrps* from his stomach and *creeeeeeaks* from his throne agreed...