

Maps and Meals

By: IndigoRho

Indi sucked in his gut a bit as he slowly made his way through the club, worried he'd accidentally knock someone over and bring unwanted attention to himself. The midnight blue cheetah was bulky to say the least, and his skintight bodysuit did nothing to disguise that fact. He was rather fond of his size, though, delighting in the squish and feeling of being wobbly. While teasing others with the excess girth *was* amusing, this just wasn't the time for such fun. Getting discreetly in and out of the upcoming business transaction was important.

As he exited the crowd Indi spotted the door to the private room he'd been told to meet the seller at, and the cheetah put on his best serious face and strode over, giving a firm knock. After a few seconds the door opened, and a cheerful otter greeted him with a smile, ushering Indi in. The room wasn't anything special—just a glorified booth honestly—but it provided just the right amount of privacy. Introductions were brief and no drinks were offered, both in a hurry to be done and enjoy the rest of the night.

“So, Xavier, you said you've got survey data for a newly discovered set of ruins?” Indi asked.

The slim otter nodded and set a datapad on the table. “Yep! On a moon orbiting Artesia Five, far from any recent pirate activity.”

“Wait, that whole system's been settled for decades, how the hell is this information new?” Indi asked. While this wasn't his first time purchasing from Xavier, doubt was still creeping in.

“Helps when they're deep underwater in a sea that's frozen over most of the year.” Xavier smirked and flipped through a series of scan results and pictures, all pointing to the obvious existence of some ancient structure in the water. “Guess the moon was overlooked when they budgeted their initial survey.”

Indi wasn't looking forward to taking a swim, but he knew his captain would be overjoyed at the adventure. Regardless he was bound to get a fairly respectable finder's bonus for acquiring the data. Convinced the information was worth the previously-discussed cost, Indi leaned back and nodded. “So, anyone else been sold this survey yet?”

“Course not, I always give you first dibs on the mid-range stuff like this, you know me!” Xavier chuckled as he saw his companion frown in response.

“Wow, really making me feel like a valued customer, aren't ya?” Indi grumbled, trying to ignore the remark and conclude the deal. He brought up a holographic display over his arm and typed away. “Alright, payment's sent to your usual account.”

Xavier waited for an acknowledging tone from his datapad, and then did some typing of his own. “Wonderful. Files are on their way to you now. Pleasure doing business with you as always.” He stood and offered his paw to the cheetah.

Indi followed suit, maintaining a firm grip as he shook the otter's paw. “Same. It's hard for me to turn down a free meal.”

There was a look of confusion on Xavier's face, and he yelped as his client abruptly pulled him in close so they were practically hugging. He tried to politely slip away from the awkward embrace but Indi was holding onto him tight, as if he didn't have any intentions of letting him go. Unfortunately Indi answered his growing questions by licking his lips and opening his jaws wide. Xavier's heart stopped and his struggles intensified as he watched the looming cavern of Indi's maw rushing towards him. A cry was muffled and a wet *glrck* rung out as Indi engulfed Xavier's whole head in one go.

Indi moved swiftly to pin the otter's arms to his sides so he couldn't fight back, then maneuvered him up against a wall completely impede him. All the while he was slowly swallowing more of Xavier, running his tongue across his unwilling meal's face to get a solid taste. He'd limited himself to a relatively light breakfast that morning just so his hunger would be appropriately intense—not that the gluttonous cheetah really needed any motivation to overindulge. Eating others was practically a hobby

for him, and Indi could ramble on about his favorite prey for hours if given the chance, something his friends knew painfully well. His unusual diet was the main reason for Indi's considerable bulk, the cheetah having once been as thin as the otter he was ruthlessly gulping down before realizing how delicious people could be. After that his weight had ballooned.

Xavier, of course, was absolutely mortified. The slick walls of Indi's gullet had pulled him straight into the stomach, the rank smell of stale air causing him to cough as he gasped for breath. His face was matted with saliva, his bodysuit was soaked, and ominous pool of digestive juices he was gradually being dunked into wouldn't stay dormant for long. Time was rapidly running out for the otter, every swallow making it less and less likely he'd be able to escape being turned into a living snack. Being upside down in the dark made struggling incredibly difficult, though, and with his legs tightly in Indi's paws he couldn't even blindly flail.

The bodysuit the otter wore made his chest and flat stomach rather unappetizing, not that mediocre taste was going to stop Indi. His round belly swelled outward as the otter emptied into it, the squirming meal not large enough to create a considerable bulge. Xavier still made an odd lump or two, his wiggles causing Indi's gut to wobble and jiggle constantly. A quick gulp took in Xavier's butt and then hips, and by then all hope was essentially lost for the otter. Indi didn't make any effort to delay the inevitable, practically chugging down Xavier's legs as if he were in the last minute of an eating contest, his middle swaying wildly as the otter rapidly vanished from sight.

Indi greedily shoved Xavier's paws right into his mouth once they were all that was left, a series of swift swallows sending them down to the join the rest of the otter in the stomach. A wet belch left Indi's lifts seconds later, the cheetah gleefully patting and rubbing his stuffed gut. The sensation of a live meal shifting around inside him was wonderful beyond compare, and he purposely shook his middle just to feel Xavier bounce around in different ways, chirping in delight as he did so. He could just barely hear his meal's shouts and curses, though most of Xavier's words were muffled beyond recognition.

Within the bleak, humid stomach of Indi, Xavier was punching and kicking with reckless abandon, hoping he could somehow force the cheetah to throw him back up. All his effort was for naught, though, as he heard deep laughter and purrs echoing around him. Aside from terror and fury, Xavier also stung from the dramatic and unexpected betrayal. He'd known Indi for years, and while they hadn't necessarily been close Xavier never would have expected the cheetah would so callously eat him.

As Indi's belly bounced in protest, he wondered if he should bother explaining himself to his meal, not that the otter had ever believed he was actually just a disposable clone. The real Xavier was a recluse and allegedly somewhat paranoid, though Indi knew for a fact he was simply embarrassed about his weight; he had been since blimping up in college. Xavier's peculiar attitude prompted him to use slim, idealized clones of himself to handle all of his public transactions. Most received selective memory wipes and were put in stasis until their next mission, but Xavier insisted Indi eat any he dealt with. The cheetah assumed it was a stubborn attempt by the otter to keep him fat, though Indi was more than capable of achieving that on his own.

While Indi normally enjoyed flaunting his bulging gut after eating—at least where such activity wasn't frowned upon or outright illegal—today he didn't want to draw much attention to himself. Fortunately there was an easy way to disguise his unwilling passenger. From a small pocket Indi retrieved a bulky capsule, grimacing as he swallowed the bland-tasting thing down. Xavier's clone felt the odd pill bounce off his shoulder and plunk into the stomach acids below, but he had little time to react before it split open. Foam erupted from the broken capsule, rapidly multiplying and filling every available gap in the stomach, the clone shouting as he was inevitably engulfed.

On the outside Indi's belly was shaking and swelling. The few misshapen lumps created by the clone's body gradually smoothed out as the foam expanded, giving Indi's middle a rounder, tauter look over time. Within a minute no sign of his live meal remained, the cheetah simply looking like he'd

overindulged a little or gone overboard hydrating himself. There was still the occasional wobble from Xavier, but the otter clone was immobilized for the most part, merely awaiting digestion. Indi doubted anyone in the club would notice he'd gotten larger since arriving, and even if they did they were less likely to make a fuss than if he was caught with a patron in his belly.

Satisfied with both the information he'd bought and the complimentary meal that'd come with it, Indi gave his gut a teasing pat and waddled out of the private room, slowly adjusting to the extra weight he was carrying. He took glee in seeing his bloated belly barely receive second glances from anyone else in the club, and any he did get were more likely out of admiration rather than suspicion. A whole otter sealed away in his stomach and no one was the wiser. Had the cheetah not had other plans he might have casually lingered around the station just to taunt his meal, enjoying the power trip. Perhaps he'd let himself indulge next time. Happy and sated, Indi wandered back to his ship, the clone he'd gobbled up on his way to becoming a fresh layer of fat.