

Manumaru's Appetite

By: IndigoRho

“...and then he just falls right out of his chair during the conference call!”

The boisterous laugh of the spotted cat Manumaru reverberated off the walls of the private karaoke room, the two others with him wincing slightly at the sound. He'd been drinking rather heavily in between—and sometimes even during—songs, and was regaling his newest coworkers with stories that were getting more and more incoherent as the liquor flowed. Fortunately the pair—an otter named Eric and a fox named Kevin—were tipsy enough themselves to not notice.

“But—*uorrrrrrp*—yeah, Sales has its moments, I'm sure you'll experience some soon enough!” Manumaru laughed again, though a rumbling in his stomach drew his attention. “I'm not sure about you two, but I'm starving!” He gave his middle an eager pat. The cat was fairly burly, and dwarfed his lean acquaintances a good deal.

Kevin took another sip of his beer. “Food sounds good, but I'm not sure this place will have enough to sate you big guy!”

“Yeah,” Eric chuckled and nodded. “You look like you could eat me and still have room for a second course!”

All three had a good laugh, but in his drunken daze Manumaru latched onto the idea wholeheartedly. “Ha, you don't get a body like mine by skimping on the protein! I bet I actually *could* swallow you whole!”

“No way!” Eric shot back, calling the cat's bluff. “Gobbling someone up isn't easy, you'd spit me out before you even reached my butt. Course I'm willing to bet dinner on it if you're that convinced.”

Manumaru was never one to back away from a bet, especially when drunk. “You're on! If I can't eat you then I'll cover dinner, but if I can...well then I guess my dinner will be handled.” He tried licking his lips menacingly, but the entire situation was too goofy for him to maintain the act.

“Deal!” Eric said, already celebrating his assumed victory.

With the rules of the bet agreed upon by all involved Eric started unbuttoning his shirt, only for Manumaru to rest his thick paws on either side of the otter. “Nah, no need for that, you've got a trip to make!”

The large cat opened his maw incredibly wide, wider than either Eric or Kevin had ever seen someone manage. Eric stared blankly up at the wet cavern above him before everything suddenly went dark, his head completely engulfed. On instinct the otter tried to wiggle free, but Manumaru's grip was too firm. Manumaru's first gulp was slow and cautious, the cat not really sure what eating such a large meal would feel like, or if he'd gag right away. Fortunately Eric slid rather easily down his gullet, his smooth fur speeding up the process as it became slick with saliva.

While Eric had calmed down some he still couldn't help but squirm as more and more of him was swallowed. His face was pressed against the soft walls of Manumaru's throat, clothes soaked and disheveled, and even lurching into the cat's stomach didn't offer much comfort. A pool of booze awaited him within, Eric vaguely realizing he may have made a mistake as he fought to keep his head above the mess.

Manumaru's belly began to swell as Eric emptied into it, the buttons straining on his shirt. The cat clenched his eyes shut as he forced himself to continue swallowing, determined to prove his greatness to the new hires...even if that meant eating one of them. Kevin watched on in relative silence, more amazed than afraid, actually rooting for the cat to succeed. Inevitably all that remained of Eric outside was a pair of twitching paws, which Manumaru greedily shoved into his mouth and swallowed down.

Manumaru groaned as his bulging gut wobbled in front of him, dress shirt holding on by a thread. In his inebriated state he'd assumed swallowing someone as small as Eric would be easy, but the

slim otter had left him rather stuffed and tired. His meal's wiggles brought on simultaneous feelings of nausea and joy. He carefully cradled his middle in both paws, blushing and wondering why he hadn't tried eating people before. Sure the taste left something to be desired, but being able to cram another into his stomach was the kind of feat he could boast about at parties.

"S-see, nothing to it—*braaaaaap*," Manumaru declared, giving his belly the lightest pat. "Though I gotta admit the fries here are better."

Eric's reply was too muffled to be heard, though based on the constant movement on the surface of Manumaru's middle he wasn't amused.

Kevin looked at his engorged coworker in awe. "I can't believe you actually pulled that off, you're the man Manumaru!" The fox risked a cautious prod of the feline's belly, if only to prove to himself he wasn't just imagining everything.

"Yeah I'm pretty awesome," Manumaru grinned and struck a pose, another shirt button flying off. He was gradually growing accustomed to being so full, and the initial faint queasiness was fading. "I bet I could handle a second course no prob."

"R-really?" Kevin asked, too tipsy himself to realize Manumaru was simply trying to build up his ego. "Me and Eric are about the same size, I'll take the same bet he did if you're up to the challenge!"

A brief look of concern marred Manumaru's smile. He was bluffing—just like before—but there was no way he could back out of a bet with a new hire; the other guys at the office wouldn't let him hear the end of it. "Well...I mean if you're ok with becoming dinner then sure. But once you're in there you aren't coming out dude!"

While the cat had hoped to intimidate Kevin out of the bet his boast had no effect on the inebriated fox. "I'm pretty sure you're too full from eating Eric, so I doubt I'll end up as cat pudge!" he laughed and finished off his beer.

Cursing his own success but genuinely curious if he could pull the feat off, Manumaru took a deep breath and grabbed a hold of Kevin. "Well, was nice knowing ya."

Seconds later Kevin was already slipping into Manumaru's throat, the fox thrashing a fair bit more than Eric had as he got to experience being eaten alive firsthand. To Manumaru's surprise, swallowing Kevin was actually somewhat easier, his gullet having been stretched from eating Eric. The initial gulps were quick, though progress still slowed once the fox started pushing into his stomach. One-by-one the remaining buttons of his dress shirt popped off, his tan belly jiggling wildly as it was freed of confinement.

Kevin's confidence deteriorated fast as he found himself sharing a very cramped stomach with Eric, and his struggles picked up noticeably once his chances of being coughed up disappeared. Unfortunately there was no backing out of his drunken mistake. Manumaru's jaws closed around the fox's foot paws inevitably, followed by a messy belch that rattled the walls.

Utterly stuffed, Manumaru stumbled backwards into his seat, regretting the bet despite winning. The cat was panting aggressively as his two meals squirmed and shifted about; he swore he was going to pop. For a while he simply sat and moaned, barely able to believe the boulder of a belly wobbling before him was his own. Even drunk he thought he looked ridiculous, his gut far too wide to be contained by any shirt and obviously filled with something aside from food. Well, *normal* food at least.

As the bet had been spontaneously made on bravado, Manumaru was only just then considering the actual side effects of consuming two people. Digesting Eric and Kevin was going to be a huge hassle, and he was all but guaranteed to gain a decent amount of pudge from them. While Manumaru was on the bulky side he still *tried* to stay in shape; working off the new guys would require hitting the gym far more often than he was used to.

Manumaru wanted nothing more than to pass out on the bench right there and then, but he knew the reservation on the private room was almost up. With great reluctance he managed to lift himself back onto his paws, belching as his belly bounced. He had to carry his gut so he wouldn't fall over,

unable to resist flashing the occasional grin as he felt the squirms of his prey. Though waddling proved difficult at first Manumaru gradually found his pace, regaining his usual confidence as he made his way out of the karaoke club and past a very confused attendant.

“Oof, you guys really shouldn't have doubted me!” Manumaru laughed and gave his gut a gentle wobble. “Though thanks for the free dinner!”

As the tipsy, engorged feline wandered off towards home he wondered how he was going to explain his future ball gut to his boss and coworkers...