

Gamer Fuel

By: IndigoRho

August—like a dozen others at the party—was staring intently at the projector screen dominating one wall of the den. The plump, gray seagull was an avid gamer, and watching a pro wail on someone he obviously outclassed was rather amusing. The pro was a white tiger as doughy as August named Ari. August watched the tiger's streams often and considered himself a fan, but he also admittedly had a bit of a crush on Ari. A *pred* crush.

The seagull considered felines to be a delicacy, and Ari in particular looked absolutely delicious. He was soft in all the right places, with a gut that jiggled and a bubble butt that was practically squeezed into his pants. August had felt an increasing need to add the gamer to his waistline, and a perfect opportunity had presented itself that night.

Ari was quite a few beers in, and August had watched him gradually grow cockier and cockier. His recent victories had been less due to skill and more due to the greater insobriety of his opponents. He was also playing a game he *wasn't* an actual pro at, creating a much more even playing field than most of the party guests realized. Reputation and booze could be a powerful combo.

Most importantly for August's desires, though, was the fact that Ari had just started issuing winner-eats-loser challenges. Of course no one had accepted such a seemingly foolish stipulation—yet. All August had to do was wait for Ari to get a little bit drunker.

The current bout ended with another victory for Ari, but it'd been noticeably closer than the others. Ari basked in the praise, finishing off another beer in celebration. When the tiger almost dropped the empty bottle, August knew the time had come.

“All this winning's working up my appetite!” Ari boasted, hungrily eying the mouse he'd just defeated. “Alright, next game is for keeps! I'm craving gamer fuel and everyone's starting to look tasty.”

Some laughed while others backed away. The mouse made himself scarce, correctly guessing he'd be on the menu if no one volunteered quickly enough. Then August stepped forward.

“Yo, I'll take you up on that offer!” August said, doing his best to look far less sober than he actually was.

Ari looked the seagull up and down, visibly salivating. Just as August had hoped, the tiger only saw a guaranteed meal, not a threat.

“Now *you* are worthy of being my dinner!” Ari said. “I'm sure you'll enjoy becoming cat fat.”

August acted suitably nervous, but still sat beside Ari. It took all his willpower to avoid grinning.

Even before the match had officially started the audience were confidently siding with Ari. They teased August by calling him belly-filler and offering to stuff him once Ari had won. None knew the seagull well, so they were blissfully unaware of how skilled a gamer he was. August couldn't have hoped for better circumstances.

Once the game started August held back just enough to keep Ari sure of himself. Then he went all out. The shift was abrupt, but it still took a while for either Ari or the audience to realize August was winning. Ari grew sloppy as he slowly started to panic, making more and more mistakes. He was swiftly falling behind, his chances of making a comeback dwindling. Towards the end he was overcome by the inevitability of loss—and the fact he would be eaten as a result.

When August won, there was a brief silence as the unexpected outcome settled in. Then the cheers erupted like usual.

Ari was stunned, too drunk and confused to react. He was a pro, he'd been wrecking every challenger that night with ease. He should've been preparing to gulp down the seagull, ready to tease his meal for the rest of the night. Why was the opposite about to be true!

“B-best out of three!” Ari stammered. “We can't just decide something this important with one

match!”

August wrapped a wing around the nervous tiger and smiled. “Sorry dude, that wasn't the deal. But hey, you had a good run! I'll make sure to tell everyone I meet who gave my gut its jiggle, too.”

Ari made a passive attempt to escape the couch but was easily held in place by August. Some of the people who'd been watching now circled around, eager to watch someone get swallowed whole—even if they knew them. They clearly cared more about the meal itself than the prey, and Ari knew none were about to intervene. He whimpered.

August stood, looming over the tiger. He pinned Ari's arms to his sides and opened his beak wide, giving his soon-to-be meal a clear look at his destination. As the gluttonous seagull lunged Ari made a last second plea for mercy, which was quickly silenced.

Photos were taken and video recorded as Ari struggled. August had no trouble stretching his beak over Ari's shoulders and soft chest. Strong swallows pulled Ari in deeper and deeper, the tiger reduced to a mere snack. With every gulp August's belly ballooned further outward, the gray feathered dome wobbling as it pushed away his hoodie. A vague imprint of Ari's face was visible as the tiger was pressed against the stomach walls, his muffled shouts barely audible.

All the squirming and wiggling in the world couldn't help Ari. He twitched as he felt his gut and then butt tasted and squeezed, kicking harder than before. Gravity was working against the tiger, guiding him further into the stomach, the prison that would eventually churn him away. Ari could already hear it gurgling around him in anticipation.

August casually flipped off the tiger's shoes as he continued swallowing him, tossing away his socks as well. When only Ari's footpaws remained on the outside August cradled his bulging gut with both wings and moaned, indulging in the sensation of his meal's frantic struggles. He let the tiger linger for a moment longer before making the final gulp and sealing Ari away for good.

“Nothing's quite as filling as a—*buh-urrrrrrrp*—pro gamer!” August laughed, his whole gut shaking.

Some of the guests dared a prod or two, just to say they'd touched the gut while the pro was still kicking within. None seemed particularly worried August might snag a second course.

With his goal accomplished, August grabbed his beer and slowly waddled away from the couch, idly rubbing his belly the entire time. Despite the success, August was feeling greedy, and a delightful idea was coming to mind. Ari hadn't come to the party alone, he'd been accompanied by his brother. His *twin* brother. The nearly identical tiger wasn't famous like his brother, but he was likely just as delicious. Gorging on both twins in one night was a temptation impossible to ignore.

Fortunately for August, it would take time before word got around that Ari had been eaten. Reuniting the brothers before then wouldn't be *too* difficult, then.

August waddled from room to room, scanning the small crowds for sight of his intended prey. He found no luck inside, but remembered a few guests had braved the cold to hang out on the back patio.

The patio was almost deserted by the time August squeezed through the sliding glass door, a shiver running through him as the cold hit. Relaxing in the hot tub, though, was a very familiar tiger.

Ari's twin brother was slightly slimmer, and apparently just as fond of beer. A few empty bottles lined the edge of the hot tub. August pulled off his hoodie and shirt, then kicked off his shoes. By chance he was wearing shorts, and didn't mind if they got wet if it meant stuffing himself.

August carefully lowered himself into the hot tub, water nonetheless pouring over the lip as he displaced it. The tiger clung to the wall of the hot tub as the engorged seagull joined him, his eyes locked onto the shifting belly. He attempted to slip out, but August's massive gut soon pinned him in, the struggles of the unknown meal impossible to ignore. The muffled voice within almost sounded familiar.

While August found the hot water relaxing, his prey certainly did not. The already high-temperatures of the stomach were increased, creating an oppressive atmosphere. He squirmed even !

Back on the outside, August grinned as he watched the tiger before him wiggle futilely. “Ah, can’t resist a chance to toast a meal a bit. Shame I won’t be able to have seconds, though, cause this guy was incredible!”

“Though now that I think about it, you look a lot like him. Maybe not as chunky, but close enough. I guess it's just my lucky night.”

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August's belch was loud enough to rattle a nearby window and spook the lone pair of guests still outside on the patio with him. He was absolutely stuffed, his immense, bulging belly taking up almost the entire hot tub. Had he the strength to lug himself out he doubted there'd be much water left. Reuniting the twins had provided him with plenty of delightful struggles as the tigers resisted their inevitable fate. August had stopped replenishing their air, though, so that fun was bound to end relatively soon. Course then he'd be serenaded by the churning and gurgles.

August leaned back in the hot tub and let out an elated sigh. The tiger twins were going to make wonderful additions to his waistline, not to mention a great story to tell at parties. He just hoped being stuck in the hot tub for too long didn't give anyone a craving for cooked bird...