

Lane the Gamer Glutton

By: IndigoRho

The Emerald Shore Arcade was predominantly lit by TV screens and neon lights, typical for a Saturday evening. Practically every machine and station was in use. A cacophony of chatter, hollers, and dozens of different games being played filled the air, ensuring one couldn't clearly hear any conversation aside their own.

Regulars like Lane, though, were used to the unique ambiance. The rotund owl was an avid gamer, and could hit the arcade every day and never get bored. Of course he'd inevitably become immobile if he did.

In addition to being a gamer Lane was a voracious glutton, and nothing sated his appetite quite like his fellow nerds. Leaving the arcade without a bulging belly was a rare occurrence for him. He wasn't alone in his tastes. There were plenty of other wiggling guts in sight, and Lane grinned as he saw a deer staff member gulping down the kicking legs of a customer nearby.

Lane's stomach was already rumbling in anticipation.

The hungry owl waddled in the direction of the fighting games, one of his favorite hunting grounds. The machines seemed to attract the largest number of cocky drunks, players easy to goad into matches where winner ate loser. Lane's girth and outwardly friendly demeanor served as wonderful bait, too. He just had to avoid challenging gamers he knew were actually good.

Sure enough, Lane was able to find a prime target within minutes. A lean panther was loudly dominating a cabinet, an empty pitcher of beer on a table beside it. While he was certainly playing well, his opponents were far from competent. The panther likely wouldn't be expecting to face someone with skill.

Lane blended in with the small audience and patiently awaited an opportunity to face the tipsy "champ". Once he was up, Lane held back to a considerable degree, faking frustration when he purposely lost.

"Too bad tubbs!" the panther sneered. "Though I guess it's hard to play when your gut almost spills over the controls!"

Lane had to resist laughing at the inept mockery. No one sober would taunt a person over twice their size, as it was an easy way to get turned into a snack on the spot. It was a miracle the panther wasn't already pudge on somebody's waistline.

"Oh whatever!" Lane replied, trying to sound as bitter as possible. "Why don't we play with real stakes, loser becomes dinner!"

"Pfft, dude you'd make me huge, it'd be a pain in the ass shedding all those pounds!" the panther rolled his eyes.

"What, can't beat someone with a handicap?" Lane taunted, shaking his gut with both wings.

As expected, the panther fell for the bait. "I was feeling merciful, but your funeral dude! I'll make sure to keep some of your feathers as a souvenir."

The second game began, and right away things went poorly for the panther. Lane completely trounced him, barely letting his opponent get in a significant combo. When Lane secured victory, the panther was left aghast.

"N-No way! I was supposed to win!"

Lane shrugged. "Looks like luck was on my side tonight. Don't worry, though, I'll make sure to put ya to good use~"

The panther took a step back and turned, obviously unwilling to honor the bet that would end with him digested. "The game was rigged, I'm not gonna be bird food!"

Lane grabbed the panther by the tail, prompting a howl that pierced even the loud sounds of the arcade.

"In the dark all I see is a wiggling worm, and that's *definitely* bird food."

The owl crouched down and slipped the end of the panther's tail into his mouth, slurping most of it up in seconds. His meal struggled—or at least attempted to—but Lane was able to overpower the drunk with comic ease.

One wing forced the feline to bend down, the other got a solid grip on his butt. Gradually Lane managed to fold the panther in half. His beak stretched over thighs, rump, and back. Lane's prey was already panicking, wiggling and shouting but failing to slow his descent let alone reverse it.

Lane tilted his head back, smiling wide as he felt the cat start to slide down his gullet even faster. His throat bulged—and then his belly. As scrawny as the panther was, he still made a mark on Lane's massive middle, though layers of fat reduced him to faint lumps.

“D-Dude, c'mon, it's just a game, let me go, let me go!” the panther begged, his head on the verge of vanishing into Lane's maw. “Fuck fuck fuck—*mmmmph!*”

The curses and whimpers were silenced, the panther's flailing legs and arms all that remained to convey his terror. Soon enough those disappeared as well, Lane's beak shutting tight.

A small bounce of Lane's belly announced the full arrival of the panther in his stomach. His hoodie had slid up a little, revealing a strip of feather-covered pudg. He gave his gut a playful shake, delighting in the squirms of his first course.

“You're a good start, but I think I'll have to find you a friend so my stomach stops complaining!” Lane chuckled as he taunted the bulge in his belly.

The onlookers who'd remained to watch the panther's consumption were all suddenly nervous as they realized the owl wasn't full yet. Getting eaten alive was only fun when you weren't the one on the menu. Fortunately for them, Lane preferred the thrill of winning his meals.

Having a prey stewing in his belly slightly complicated gaming, so Lane had to be choosy for his next target. Sitting sounded good to Lane, but he wasn't in the mood for console games. Perhaps a racing game was in order.

Lane strolled deeper into the arcade, past the plethora of instrument and dance games. He envied the preds who were able to rack up high scores on the dance cabinets while simultaneously juggling a sloshing gut, something he couldn't even manage on empty. It wasn't something he was willing to lose his beloved belly for, though.

The owl was still kneading his middle as he arrived at his destination, eying a good way to acquire his second course. It was harder to simply challenge someone to a racing game, and they always seemed to have some of the more sober gamers hanging out by them.

Inevitably his gaze fell upon a line of six racing cabinets, all linked to each other. Above the usual signage was a vibrant neon sign reading: “Pred Cruise”. *Perfect.*

It was an unusual specialty race that only occurred once an hour, in which the loser's straps would lock into place so the winner could consume them with ease. Obviously the race involved a lot of skill and luck, and few were willing to take the risk. Lane was feeling bold, though.

Lane carefully lowered himself into the last open cabinet, his shifting belly pressing up and over the racing wheel. He took a moment to adjust his seat, until he was actually capable of reaching the wheel without his “passenger” getting in the way. The panther's struggles had weakened, but Lane was diligently supplying him with a steady flow of fresh air to maximize the wiggling.

“Wish me—*uorrrrp*—luck, snack!” The owl chuckled as the race began.

To Lane's surprise he started off stronger than he expected, sliding into a solid second place with little effort. He kept an eye on the race track mini-map, grinning as he realized third and below were all fairly far behind while first was just in sight. For the first couple laps his position remained the same, though Lane was slowly inching closer and closer to his temporary rival. On the final lap he successfully overtook them, his heart thumping hard until the moment he went over the finish line.

The owl sighed and caught his breath, eventually sliding out of the cabinet with some effort. His belly swayed left and right as he waddled towards the cabinet of his next meal, already licking his lips in anticipation. Lane almost laughed when he saw them.

A plump weasel was struggling against their straps, frantically trying to escape them and clearly unwilling to accept the consequences of losing. Lane rested both wings atop the cabinet and loomed over the weasel, his gut nearly pressing into their face. He delighted in the look of terror such a simple act created.

“Damn it’s really been my lucky day!” Lane snickered, letting his middle squirm and wobble, the panther’s whines barely audible. “You look exceptionally juicy and fattening~”

Lane gave the weasel’s middle a testing squeeze, which made him recoil in fear. Once he was satisfied with the teasing he leaned down, beak opening wide.

The cabinet rocked back and forth, getting the attention of the others who’d been racing. None could see what was happening within the covered cabinet itself, but it was impossible to miss Lane’s massive gut swelling more and more with each passing second. His belly bulged and bounced in a frenzy, feathers and fat disguising the lumps made by desperate punches and kicks.

A short while later Lane braced himself on the cabinet once more, slowly pulling himself out. His enormous middle was completely exposed, his hoodie wrapped tight around his chest. He could barely stand, legs spread out to handle the mass swaying from his waist. Lane’s face was a flurry of emotions, shifting between euphoria, exhaustion, and the occasional fractional hint of regret from overeating. For the most part he appeared to be rather content.

“Been a—*brrraaaaap*—while since I last gluttoned like this,” Lane moaned as he pressed his gut against the cabinet, rubbing and squishing his prey. “I wonder if I can even waddle home like this. Doubt I could squeeze onto a bus or a taxi, not without help. Maybe I should just rent a room here for a the night, let you both churn into a more manageable soup while I snooze~”

Lane’s meals began squirming more wildly than before, the reality of their situation setting in. He chuckled and belched.

“Room it is! Just sit back and relax guys, you’ll be part of a *good* gamer soon enough.”

The engorged owl slowly waddled off, cradling his belly in both wings and trying to resist adding a third course to his already-indulgent feast...