

Fattening the Skater

By: IndigoRho

Lojh looked down upon his red delivery uniform and tried not to frown too much. The lean, light blue crocomeleon had gotten a job as a driver at a local pizza joint, Mezziano's, and he was already regretting it before his first shift had even started. He would've much rather been at the skate park with his friends. Unfortunately Lojh was in need of extra cash, and Mezziano's had been the first to hire him.

“Alright Lojh, order going out!”

His first solo order was a small one, thankfully. One pizza, no sides or drinks. Lojh quickly strapped it to the back of his bicycle and rode off. None of the other delivery guys at work were in shape enough to use the bike, which meant Lojh had a monopoly on all the short range deliveries. The opportunity to get in a workout was nice at least. If he were too sedentary he might end up as fat as his new coworkers.

The ride was a breeze, even with Lojh constantly worried his coiled tail would knock the bag off. As he stood waiting in front of an apartment door, Lojh began to think the job wouldn't be so bad after all.

A chubby ram answered the door, smiling wide as he invited Lojh inside with the promise of a tip once he grabbed his wallet. Lojh hadn't been working delivery long enough to suspect something was amiss, and entered without a second thought. That's when the ram struck.

Lojh yelped in pain as he was shoulder-checked into the wall, the delivery bag falling from his claws. The crocomeleon's odd tail made it impossible for him to be pinned against the wall, which disrupted the ram's attack just long enough for Lojh to start fighting back.

No words had been shared between the two, but Lojh knew very well that his customer was trying to make a meal out of him. He'd been convinced all the stories of pizza guys getting gobbled up on the job were exaggerations, an overused gag in movies and shows that didn't represent reality. The open maw slipping over his snout told a much different story.

Lojh's eyes widened as he felt more of his snout slide into the ram's mouth, inching towards the throat and certain doom. The desire to avoid becoming a cliché—and pudge—drove Lojh to fight hard.

A lucky knee hit the ram in the groin, prompting him to spit out Lojh and weaken his grip. The opening was brief, but Lojh took it. He lunged, nearly swallowing the ram's entire head in a single gulp. A quick second swallow blinded his prey and caused him to start panicking.

Lojh had never considered himself an active pred. Sure he'd gluttoned a bit too much early on in college, but ballooning from a lithe one hundred and thirty pounds to a doughy two fifty had made him rethink treating campus like a buffet. It'd taken a considerable amount of work and resisting temptation to return to his original weight, allowing him to enjoy skateboarding again. Ever since he'd only eaten others sparingly, and specifically targeted prey as thin as he was. As the ram's head entered his gullet he was relieved he wouldn't be *too* high in calories.

The more Lojh ate, the harder it was for the ram to effectively struggle. His legs flailed as they were lifted off the floor, kicking air more than anything else. Lojh's usually flat middle had swelled out from beneath his work uniform. The impression of the ram's face and horns were clearly visible on its surface, which shifted wildly as the struggles continued. Muffled shouts echoed out, not that Lojh was about to show mercy towards the person who'd been trying to eat him just minutes before. If the ram hadn't wanted to end up crammed within a stomach he wouldn't have tried to make a meal out of an innocent pizza guy.

A tilt of the head allowed gravity to aid in the final swallows, Lojh practically slurping up the ram's legs. Inevitably his jaws shut tight around a pair of hooves—sneakers and all—and Lojh leaned against the wall, coughing.

Eating the ram had been exhausting. Lojh groaned and stifled a few burps as he cradled his

squirming gut, massaging it.

“Ugh, I don't even know when I'll be able to—*brraap*—to make time for the gym to work you off!” Lojh complained. “Seriously if you were that hungry you could've just ordered more pizza or something!”

His belly yelled something incoherent back, which Lojh ignored.

“I'm not even sure what the policy for this sort of thing is, it's my first day! Do I leave the pizza and take the money? Do I take back the pizza? And shit, I have to somehow get back to work on a bike while *you* weigh me down!”

Lojh slowly crouched down and grabbed the delivery bag, groaning the whole time. He doubted the pizza had survived its fall intact, but returning with it to work seemed like a safe enough bet. For a moment Lojh considered doing a quick search of the apartment for anything valuable. In the end he decided against it, not wanting to waste any more time there or risk a roommate returning.

Waddling with a ram hanging on his waistline was awkward at first, and took time to adjust to. Getting on the bike was an entirely new adventure. Lojh was forced to fight with his gut as he wrangled it into place. It pressed right up against and over the handlebars, the crocomeleon's chin practically resting atop it. The ram's pleas and curses were a lot easier to hear then, but so were Lojh's own complaints.

The bike ride back to work was slow and uncomfortable, and got plenty of stares and laughs from passersby. He was panting by the time he waddled into Mezziano's, unable to manage even a fake smile.

The first coworker to notice his arrival was Cody, a fairly rotund donkey who was one of the other drivers. He burst into laughter, which only made Lojh frown harder.

“First delivery and you've already got a taste for the customers?” Cody chuckled. “Took me a week before I started that!”

“Didn't have a choice, dude tried to eat me!” Lojh insisted. The struggles of his meal had long since stopped, replaced by the faint *glrrrrks* of digestion. “Please tell me this is a rare thing.”

Cody gave Lojh's gut a teasing pat. “I get about one attempt a week, sometimes two or three on holidays. Two days ago it was a plump, savory wolf.” He drummed on his own ample middle with his hooves, clearly reliving the recent meal.

Suddenly Lojh knew exactly why the other delivery drivers were all so fat. “Oh man, I'd get massive if I ate a person a week!”

“I just said it was an *attempt* a week. Whenever I'm concerned about my mobility I'll just bring them back here for anyone to take or call up a friend who's hungry,” Cody said. “Though the extra girth *does* help you overpower uncooperative customers.”

“Yeah, and it'll help me snap my board in half if I try to grind a rail, too,” Lojh mumbled. “Enough about weight, though. What exactly am I supposed to do when we, uh, lose a customer this way?”

“Nothing fancy. Try to snag their wallet to pay for the order at least, and you're free to the actual food itself. If you're up to it you can continue making deliveries, otherwise they'll put ya on a register.”

Lojh breathed a small sigh of relief that he'd still be able to make money even when saddled with a belly full of customer. “Well that's good. But why would I want to eat anything else after gorging on someone? Usually I'm not hungry for a whole damn day after.”

“Well you don't have to eat it on the spot! Though I admit it's been a while since I've succeeded in bringing home leftovers.” Cody grinned. “But more importantly, great job on the catch! You might actually survive as a driver at this rate.”

Lojh reluctantly accepted the compliment and made his way to the break room.

Slight creaks welcomed him as he sat down, a sound Lojh wasn't used to hearing himself make. He couldn't help but remember enjoying the noise back when he was a college heavyweight, though. There'd definitely been good memories associated with his bulk, but Lojh was eager for them to remain

just that: memories.

No one else was in the break room, Lojh's only companions being the television and the pizza box from his failed delivery. After staring at the box for a few minutes he cautiously opened it. The pizza was in rough shape, but perfectly edible and not yet cold. With his bulging belly pushing into the table Lojh reached for a slice and took a bite, enjoying the flavor after the bland taste of the ram's clothes. Scheduling some time at the gym was seeming like a necessity more and more...