

## Fattening the Skater 2: Eating Angry

By: IndigoRho

No matter how much Lojh tried to adjust his uniform, there was no hiding an undeniable fact: he was chubby. *Very* chubby.

Only three weeks before the light blue crocomeleon had been a lithe a hundred and fifty pounds at worst. Then he'd gotten the job delivering pizzas for Mezziano's. On his first shift alone he'd eaten a customer in self-defense, saddling him with an unwanted couple dozen pounds. The week after he'd ended up in the exact same situation when a drunk parrot had attempted to make a meal out of him. Lojh was *still* finding feathers in his car he'd burped up.

Neither prey had been fat, but a whole person was always guaranteed to be at least a little fattening. Lojh knew that intimately well now that he weighed two hundred pounds.

Noticeable love handles had formed, and the crocomeleon's ribs weren't as visible as before. There were hints of a double chin and he swore his cheeks were rounder—his new belly was obviously rounder. His coiled tail had plumped up as well.

The swift gains had interfered with his skateboarding, and he was missing tricks that *had* been almost second nature. Worst of all, his friends were teasing him relentlessly. Most of it was innocent or friendly, but at times he felt the strong urge to eat one just to silence the rest. He was sure the feelings would pass eventually, though.

In the meanwhile the crocomeleon was directing his frustrations towards the terrible repeat customer whose apartment he had just arrived at. They were a lemur notorious for never tipping on large orders, and as the newest driver Lojh was struck delivering to them whenever he was working. The customer's general rudeness had exasperated the situation, and Lojh was already at the breaking point.

Begrudgingly Lojh left his car and carried the delivery bag to the front door, also juggling a pair of two liters of soda. When the lemur opened the door he didn't look any friendlier than usual. He accepted the order with a nod and as few words as possible, laying it on a table just inside the apartment.

Once again the lemur made no move to tip.

Against his better judgment, Lojh decided to speak up. “Uh, I think you forgot the tip, dude.”

The lemur scoffed, and Lojh knew right away he wasn't going to like the answer. “Want a tip? How about try to eat less pizza before you outgrow another uniform!”

Lojh's shirt had in fact ridden up just enough to expose a thin strip of his belly. He finally snapped.

Ignoring how detrimental it would be to his waistline, Lojh decided to turn his obnoxious customer into an early lunch break. A hard punch to the lemur's gut left him winded and shocked. Lojh grabbed their head and opened wide, greedily swallowing him up to his shoulders in seconds.

The lemur still hadn't recovered, his struggles utterly ineffective. He was sliding into Lojh's ballooning belly before he'd even fully registered he was being eaten. Panic overcame him, ensuring Lojh's success.

The consumption of the former customer was swift, an act of anger rather than hunger. After he'd finished the last swallow Lojh didn't cradle his bulging belly so much as grip it like a vice. He shook his middle roughly, enduring the discomfort just to further spite the lemur trapped within.

“Oops, sometimes I just lose control and stuff myself silly. Guess I didn't gorge on enough pizza today,” Lojh said with a sneer, not that his meal could see it.

The lemur was pounding on the stomach walls as best he could, but a couple belches worked to limit his available space.

Lojh was quickly realizing it was very possible to eat his troubles away. It was the first time in a month he'd been happy to eat someone, and he'd nearly forgotten how enjoyable the act could be. The

squirms had always been his favorite part back when he ate others more frequently, along with proving he was truly higher on the food chain. Anything to make him feel like he wasn't just as likely to end up in someone's stomach as the next guy. He wasn't through with the lemur yet, though.

"Oh darn, I'm still feeling peckish," Lojh declared in an exaggerated tone. "Not surprising that a scrawny twig like you wasn't enough to fill me. Good thing I've got all this pizza and soda!"

Lojh grabbed the delivery bag and sodas, then waddled into the apartment's living room, grinning. The crocomeleon used his own engorged belly to clear a space on the coffee table, not caring what he knocked onto the floor. Lowering himself onto the couch, Lojh grabbed a slice of pizza and scarfed it down, making sure to give his middle a hard slap afterward.

"Nothing like delicious pizza to follow up a bland breadstick!" Lojh said, loud enough for his prey to hear.

More slices followed, eaten quickly so the lemur would always have something pelting him from above. The struggles of his prey had intensified due to the humiliation, but they didn't put the lemur any closer to freedom. Half a pizza was gone before Lojh opened up one of the two liters and started to chug. He gulped and gulped and gulped, intent on draining the entire bottle in a single go. When he eventually tossed it aside he thumped his gut to prompt a long *buh-urrrrrrrrrrrrp*. Fresh air was then swallowed.

Slice after slice vanished into the vengeful crocomeleon's mouth, filling any space in his stomach not taken up by the increasingly distressed lemur. The more Lojh ate the easier it became, and he gluttoned to an extent he never had before. It only managed to enhance the experience. His prey was now just another course, an overindulgent prelude to a feast fit for a party. One pizza was devoured. Then two, and three. In between Lojh chugged the remaining two liter.

Inevitably the entire order was consumed, Lojh having dutifully delivered it to the lemur's new address: his stomach. The lemur's squirms had grown weaker—exhausted by heat and the strain of struggling—but Lojh could still get a reaction from him by kneading his gut hard enough.

"Well I *guess* that'll have to do for now," Lojh said, giving his middle a firm poke.

The temptation was strong to simply crash at the former customer's place and sleep them off, but Lojh didn't want to miss out on the last half of his shift. Working the register would be awkward with an engorged gut, but at least he'd still make money doing it. Plus the nervous looks customers gave him once they noticed his massive middle was always a delight.

Escaping the couch took multiple tries—and nearly ended with Lojh crushing the coffee table. Eventually the crocomeleon succeeded.

Lojh happily rubbed his wobbling belly as he waddled towards the front door. The lemur within was still shifting—weakly—and faint gurgles were echoing out as his stomach started churning the feast. He was almost too distracted by his gut to hear the door creaking open, a tubby horse entering the apartment.

As the two strangers spotted each other they froze in place, minds racing. The horse's gaze immediately went to Lojh's middle, a look of fear forming on his face, clearly aware of what had happened to the lemur. He took a nervous step back, but hesitate too long.

Lojh didn't know if the horse was his most recent meal's roommate, friend, or even lover. His old predatory habits kicked in, though, and in an instant he decided there would be a second course.

The stuffed crocomeleon's tongue shot out, smacking right into the horse's chest before they could even begin to react. Once firmly attached, the tongue reeled back in at nearly the same speed, launching the terrified horse forwards.

Lojh braced himself as the weight of the fat horse caught by his tongue threatened to pull him to the ground. Strong tugs dragged the horse the last few feet, Lojh hefting him against and atop his bulging belly. The horse whinnied and struggled, but his muzzle was quickly shoved into Lojh's maw and gulped down.

Swallowing someone while full wasn't an easy task, especially when they were as fat as the

horse was. Lojh cursed himself for eating the newcomer without a second thought, even as he aggressively swallowed their shoulders and broad chest. They'd obviously been willing to flee and leave the lemur to his fate despite their size advantage, so it was doubtful they had any predatory leanings. Now instead of squeezing into his car Lojh was scarfing down his most fattening meal yet. And it *would* be fattening.

The horse's struggles became more erratic as he slid into the stomach and the muck of pizza, soda, and digestive juices that filled it. Lojh could feel his belly swelling, hide stretching to a degree it never had before, even in college. He found himself slowly crouching towards the floor, unable to handle the immense weight in his gut. His eyes showed strain as he swallowed the horse's large belly and rump, thick thighs following after.

Without gravity to help him, Lojh slurped up his meal's flailing legs sluggishly, groaning with every swallow. He felt ridiculously stuffed, like he'd burst if he finished the rest of them, but he forced himself to keep swallowing. When the pair of twitching hooves inevitably did slide down Lojh's throat the crocomeleon didn't grin in triumph or scowl in frustration. He just sighed in exhaustion.

Between lemur, horse, and pizza there wasn't enough room in Lojh's stomach for struggles, nor enough fresh air to stay conscious. The unlucky duo were passed out and digesting before Lojh had even recovered from the second course. He lay sprawled atop his noisy gut, immobile and tired. A food coma was coming—he knew it—but Lojh had to make a call first before it did.

The crocomeleon managed to slide his phone out of his pocket and dial work, his face resting on his belly.

“Yo, this is—*bworrrrrrrrrrrrrp*—this is Lojh,” he mumbled. “Had a—*urrrrrrp*—a twofer, no way I'll be able to make it back to the store tonight. Talk to ya—*uggh*—talk to ya later.”

Lojh let the phone slide down his belly and onto the floor before letting sleep take him. His dreams would be filled with scenes of uncontrollable hunger, the crocomeleon stuffing himself silly and never feeling full. And of course his belly was swelling forever and ever outwards, and mass of blubber he could never get rid of...