

Fattening the Skater 3: Embracing Girth

By: IndigoRho

Lojh knew he should have been cutting back on the beer, but an hour into hanging out with his friends he was convinced the only way to handle the night was to be drunk. For the most part the light blue crocomeleon enjoyed their company—he certainly hadn't gone out of his way to avoid them—it was just that a couple of them had proven overly eager to tease him lately.

The group were skaters, predominantly reptiles, and all either athletic or at least slim. *Except* for Lojh. His new job as a pizza delivery driver had wreaked havoc on his waistline. In a few short weeks his weight had ballooned from a lithe one hundred and fifty pounds to nearly three hundred.

There was a jiggle to the crocomeleon's step, and he could feel his gut bounce whenever he waddled even a short distance. His coiled tail had gotten thicker, every new pound unraveling it a tiny bit more. Lojh had lost track of how many times he'd knocked something off of a table with his belly, or accidentally bumped someone over when turning around too fast.

It was easy to double in size when you found yourself eating a customer a week at the very least. Lojh swore he'd had the worst luck considering how often he found himself struggling with someone eager to turn him into a filling meal. Sure, he didn't *need* to always eat them once he got the upperhand, but that tended to be the most effective way to ensure it never happened again. Unfortunately all his friends cared about was the fact he'd gotten fat, not the why.

“Broken a skateboard lately?”

Lojh growled as he felt a claw prod his gut, glaring at its source. The short alligator in front of him was Wes, and no one had been even remotely as obnoxious as him. “No, but I'm sure I can snap all of yours in half if you want. Or just you.”

Wes didn't seem at all threatened, still sporting a cocky grin. He was as drunk as Lojh, which only worsened his behavior. “Ha! Dude I could run circles around you, and at this point you're wide enough to make that an accomplishment!”

Lojh wished there was someone nearby for him to chat with so he could ignore Wes, but the others were off in the living room playing video games. “Enjoy it while you can, cause the weight's temporary! Losing it will be easy once I can find time to hit the gym, I've done it before.”

“Sure jumbo. Bet you say that every time you squeeze that gut through a doorway and belch out a skull!” Wes cackled, far too amused by his own dumb joke.

“Know what? Why don't we make the next skull *yours*!”

For once Lojh purposely used his gut as a battering ram, knocking Wes flat on his back, hard. The surprised gator looked up to see his friend looming over him, and preemptively yelped as the belly he'd been so eager to mock came crashing down on him. His eyes bulged and the wind was knocked out of him.

Normally Lojh would have left it at that, content with humiliating Wes, but the booze had made him extra spiteful. He lifted Wes off the ground roughly and opened his maw wide, ensuring the gator got a good look at it before lunging forwards.

A panicked shout was instantly muffled as Lojh started to eat Wes. Work had given him plenty of experience consuming those who didn't want to be consumed, and Wes wasn't even struggling as fiercely as most of his recent meals. Their difference in size only made Lojh feel more justified in his revenge. Wes was just an annoying little snack, not even a full meal. Anyone in the group could have eaten him, but he was about to end up in the tank of the one friend whose waistline he'd barely make a dent in.

Despite Wes' frantic squirms he found himself sliding into the stomach after only a few short gulps, his snout pressed against a slick, fleshy wall that barely budged an inch thanks to the thick layers of fat beyond it. He made a brief attempt to push himself out once his claws slipped in to join him, but he was terribly outmatched by the strength of Lojh's throat muscles.

Lojh's gut swelled as his friend emptied into it, peeking out from beneath his shirt more and more. He lifted his head high, until Wes' sneakers scraped the ceiling, letting gravity do all the work for him. The rest of the doomed gator practically glided down his gullet.

Jaws dramatically slammed shut the moment Wes' sneakers passed through, Lojh hefting up his bulging gut and letting it drop, a belch escaping his lips after.

"Whoa, was that Wes?"

Obsessed with getting vengeance on Wes, Lojh hadn't noticed a salamander wander into the kitchen—Mitch.

"Maybe—*braap*." Lojh grinned, turning so Mitch could see his gut wobbling about.

"He lose a bet?" Mitch asked as he walked over.

The sight of one friend eating another didn't appear to have much impact him at all, as if it were casual and expected. Though true for some social circles, Lojh still found himself caught off-guard by Mitch's apathetic response.

"Nah, he was being a shit," Lojh answered, before looking down on his gut. "Still wanna make fun of my weight, Wes?"

The response from within was too muffled to be understood. From the tone alone Lojh guessed he was already at the begging stage of any prey. Lots of desperation and pleas and the occasional attempt at bribery. As if a meal could simply buy their way out of his stomach.

"Ah. He in there for good, or should we like, set a timer or something?" Mitch said as he opened up the fridge and grabbed a fresh beer.

"I don't know, I'll play it by—*bworrrp*—ear." A truthful statement. Being able to lord the incident over Wes would be delightful, but throwing him back up would be uncomfortable.

"Cool, cool. Should probably tell Jake, though, so he doesn't waste time trying to figure out where he disappeared to."

Lojh was eager to show off his victory to the rest of the guys, and gladly waddled off towards the living room, one claw groping the bulge made by Wes.

Distracted by the TV, the others only gradually became aware of Lojh's presence—and his noticeably bigger gut, of course.

"Yo Lojh, were you in there ordering a delivery guy?" A dragon joked, getting plenty of chuckles from the rest.

"Nope," the crocomeleon said, smiling.

There were plenty of confused looks—especially after Mitch returned safe and sound—the skaters starting to take a headcount to figure out who was missing.

Lojh just waddled over to an empty chair and plopped down, making sure his massive gut was front and center.

Soon someone put two and two together. "I think you're gonna have to start looking for a new roommate, Jake!"

More laughter, though this time it was at the expense of the dragon, Jake. He'd frequently joined in on teasing Lojh with Wes, and was now suddenly worrying the crocomeleon might consider having a second course.

Everyone was at least a little tipsy, and the braver ones couldn't resist poking and prodding Lojh's belly to tease the increasingly-frantic gator within. They'd essentially accepted Wes was going to be digested the second they'd realized he'd been eaten, so none made an effort to convince Lojh to free him.

Later they might all claim they were too drunk to think Lojh was serious about digesting Wes, that it was just regular old drunken accident, nothing out of the ordinary. At the time they simply thought it was hilarious and were thankful it hadn't been *them* who'd pissed off Lojh. For certain the snide comments about the crocomeleon's weight would simmer down from then on.

Lojh, however, was finding great joy in the power of his gut for once. He'd been so frustrated

about not being able to skate and outgrowing his wardrobe that he'd neglected all the advantages to being heftier. For one people were getting easier and easier to eat, the scrawny ones like Wes unable to fight back well at all. Sure some strangers might eye him up hungrily, but the vast majority looked at him nervously, as if they feared he was hungry enough to swallow them down right then and there. They weren't always wrong—he'd just shown restraint in the past. If he wasn't worried about his weight anymore that might change.

Few of Lojh's recent meals had left him truly satisfied, but now the crocomeleon was giving his belly a loving squeeze. For the foreseeable future all his skateboarding would be done in video games—but he could still add a skater or two to his waistline on occasion...