

Morning Cravings

By: IndigoRho

Hunger pains woke August well before his alarm, something the gray lion had grown frustratingly-accustomed to recently. With a sigh he rolled out of bed, his doughy gut jiggling in the process.

There'd been a point when August was rather fit and lean. Overindulgence had caused him to double in weight, though, mainly due to the encouragement of his even more gluttonous boyfriend, Rho. Initially he'd considered the gains embarrassing, but over time he'd come to enjoy his new heft, despite it coming at the cost of a demanding appetite.

At least a filling meal was never hard to find, even in an undersea survey station.

August slipped into his aqua-blue bodysuit and orange jacket, taking a quick moment to admire the view through the reinforced window of his quarters before setting out towards the mess hall. The lion's stomach was rumbling loudly, and his ideal breakfast was increasing in scope every minute. Omelets, pancakes, waffles, bacon, bagels...hyena.

August frowned slightly as the thought drifted into his head, prompted by the sight of one of the brand new station techs leaving the mess hall. Eating people—another of Rho's influences. August couldn't deny enjoying it, but gulping down a coworker tended to lead to both a lot of paperwork and a lot of extra pounds. It was a habit he really needed to cut down on.

The lion's greedy stomach had other ideas.

The more August stared at the hyena the more he saw him as the perfect breakfast. Lean so not too fattening, but filling enough that August might not have to worry about eating again until dinner. They were brand new so no one would actually miss them. Of course from what August could remember they were also seemingly on the geeky side, a trait the lion had realized he preferred in prey.

Barely a minute of doubt had existed before August decided the unlucky hyena was definitely breakfast.

The corridor was somewhat narrow, so it wasn't hard for August to "accidentally" drift into the path of the hyena, who was distracted reading a datapad. He ended up walking right into August's belly, the impact knocking the datapad out of his paw and his glasses off his face.

There was a quick flurry of apologies from both sides, allowing August to sneak a peek at his soon-to-be breakfast's name tag: Green. While Green went for his fallen glasses August stealthily scooted the datapad away.

"My apologies again, Mr. Green! I'm afraid I sometimes forget my girth—knocked my alarm right off the end table just this morning." August put on a cheerful air to lower his meal's guard—not that the tech had been around long enough to know the lion had a voracious streak.

"Oh, no worries sir, I should've been looking where I was going," the hyena said, politely. "I've just been trying to get ahead of my work tasks so my snout's always buried in a datapad."

August very nearly licked his lips in anticipation—just hearing the hyena ramble on about his highly technical work made him seem more appetizing. He simply couldn't wait another moment.

"Green if you keep this up you'll work yourself into exhaustion! You should really break, I insist." August placed a firm paw on one of the tech's shoulder. And then the other.

There was a quizzical look on Green's face, followed swiftly by a gasp as August opened his maw wide and lunged. A cry for help was far too late and heavily muffled. It only took seconds for Green to feel his head pulled into August's throat, jaws stretching over his shoulders.

August guided his terrified meal against the nearby wall, pinning him against it with his sizable belly. Hunger quickly took control.

The tech was rapidly being gulped down, his struggles growing increasingly ineffective. When he slid into the stomach his glasses fell off, landing with a splash in the pool of digestive juices below.

Though Green was lean, August's middle still swelled as the hyena filled it, his bodysuit stretching with ease to handle the extra mass.

Fast, ravenous gulps took in the hyena's butt and thighs. August backed away from the wall so he could tilt his head upward, letting gravity speed up his meal's descent even more. He could feel his bloating belly bounce wildly as Green fought, the frantic punches only enhancing the experience for the voracious lion.

Flailing legs became wiggling paws, which August shoved into his mouth with glee. Maw closed, a final lump traveling down his bulging throat, ending in a strong wobble of a distended gut.

August groaned and kneaded his belly, gently pushing down on Green. The tech had tasted wonderfully, yet August could *still* feel his stomach grumbling for more.

"Oof, is a whole hyena really not enough for breakfast anymore?" August asked aloud, ignoring the muffled complaints from his meal. He tried letting Green settle a bit in order to please his stomach, but the hunger pains persisted, albeit much smaller than before. "Oh well, I'm sure the food replicator can fix that."

August waddled towards the mess hall, leaving Green's fallen datapad behind.

The mess hall was empty—thankfully—so August didn't have to deal with explaining his clearly squirming gut to other crew members. It also ensured he wouldn't be tempted to be lazy and scarf down anyone else to sate his appetite. One prey was manageable, but two could leave him immobile, especially if either were on the plump side. He'd miss work *and* run the risk of someone thinking he might be worth eating.

A respectable feast of eggs and pancakes was entered into the industrial food replicator, which swiftly produced a tray. August stifled a belch as Green continued to kick and shake, the hyena understandably desperate to escape being converted into pudge. His chances of succeeding were as slim as he was. Going down August's gullet tended to be a one-way trip, with very, very few exceptions.

August carefully squeezed into one of the reinforced chairs, forcing his gut as far under the table as possible. Then he dug in.

Green was pelted by eggs, pancakes, and juice. After a fierce downfall the barrage suddenly ceased, only for the tech to feel his prison bounce as August returned to the replicator for more. And more. And more.

The stomach rapidly began to fill with food, Green whimpering as the weight of lion blubber pinned him down from above, movement growing more difficult. On the outside, lumps in August's gut gradually smoothed out as he gorged uncontrollably, eager to fend off the obnoxious hunger pains.

By the time August finally felt satisfied his belly was practically a ball, with no signs of the tech he'd eaten aside from the occasional weak wobble.

"Alright I may have gone a bit overboard with breakfast, but damn if it wasn't—*buorrrrrrrrp*—delicious as hell!" August said, happily patting his gut. "Just hope I'm not too stuffed to work."

August hefted himself out of the chair and began the slow waddle to the underwater station's modest command center. He wore a euphoric grin the whole way, sporadically breaking out into purrs as he felt the weight of his middle and how much he'd consumed. The few crew members he passed on the way took great pains to avoid the lion once they noticed how massive his belly was. Sure August wasn't likely to turn any of them into a meal—at least not at that particular moment—but none wanted to risk it.

Inevitably the engorged lion reached his destination, preceded by his huge gut. August had spent most of the trip figuring out how he'd explain his breakfast to Rho, but the moment he saw him lazing in the command chair he burst into laughter.

Rho—and orange-striped zebra—was sporting an even larger belly than his boyfriend. Its faintly shifting surface left nothing to the imagination, and August felt he could safely guess there were two crew members within.

“I see I wasn’t the only one who woke up hungry today!” August smiled as he waddled over to his own station, admiring Rho’s middle.

Rho returned the grin, then gave his gut a hearty slap. “Morris and Collins weren’t catching on fast enough to my liking so I decided to—*urrrrrrrrrrp*—terminate their contracts. Course missing dinner last night probably didn’t help.” He let out a short moan as his middle wobbled, breakfast responding to their names. “Who’s *your* mystery meal?”

As if in response August let out a thunderous *buh-urrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrp*, a pair of glasses launching from his maw and clattering across the floor. “Thought I’d balance out my diet with a little Green~” He snickered and belched again. “Though honestly I was hoping there’d be a bit more of a gap in between my lively meals. Hasn’t even been a week since I ate the guy who brought the new techs here!”

“Just means you’re gaining an appetite to rival that gut of yours,” Rho said, his chair creaking some beneath him.

“I guess, but at this rate I might end up immobile, even with us trying to only hire slim ones. The pounds still add up.” August gripped his belly with both paws and gave it a shake. “And so does all the time wasted training our meals.”

“Not too big a deal if we keep eating them in the first week or two.” Rho was teasing his gut with a hoof. “Besides, with all the automation we’ve added to this place we can handle the abrupt crew shortages with ease. Told you this gig would be a fulfilling one~”

August groaned, then burped, then groaned again, though only because Green was getting rowdier as he ran out of air. “Well if it ends up so fulfilling you have to shove my fat butt through doorways than just remember you have only yourself to blame.”

“Noted,” Rho said, with a hint of eagerness that made August blush nervously.

The sounds of gurgling stomachs soon joined their conversation, a long day of work and digestion ahead of the two preds...