

Filling Feeder

By: IndigoRho

August groaned as eager claws squeezed and kneaded his doughy ball gut, exploring every inch of the mass. The gray lion was blushing, a dopey look upon his face revealing he was quite high. His own paws were loosely tied to the headboard of the bed he was laying on, though he wasn't struggling in the least. Teal boxer-briefs clung to his thick thighs and rump.

A half-hour before the edibles had kicked in, and so had his hunger. Perfect for a feline who wanted to get stuffed.

The belly rubs slowed, and the gator giving them slapped August's middle, causing it to jiggle as the lion belched. "I can't believe how much you've already eaten! At this rate I'm gonna have to call in a second order from the pizza place."

"Irvine, dude, I could totally fit another—*braaaaaaaaap*—another couple orders at least," August giggled. "Shit I'm still starving."

The gator was overjoyed at the lion's admission. "Don't worry, I'll make sure you're filled to capacity tonight—and maybe all day tomorrow~" Irvine wrapped his arms around August's gut and buried his snout in it, listening to the faint gurgles of food starting to digest. "You're gonna be huge when I'm done with ya, five hundred pounds at the least!"

August's tail flicked in anticipation between his legs, and he nodded vigorously. The lion's love of fat had been a relatively recent discovery, the result of gaining weight at a sedentary job. Once thin, he was now a solid three hundred pounds, and only wanted to get bigger. Opening up about his desires online had led to him meeting plenty of local feeders eager to help him achieve his goal—such as Irvine.

"Glad you approve, butterball." Irvine grabbed a large box and slid onto the bed beside August, metal springs and frame creaking in protest from the additional weight. He was already fantasizing about the day it'd give out under the lion's heft, an inevitability considering both its age and Irvine's ambitions. "I think it's time for a dessert break—a few dozen donut holes should serve nicely."

Irvine grabbed as many of the treats as he could, and August's maw lazily opened wide to accept them. Jaws shut tight once the first batch was dropped in, chewed and gulped down just in time for the next.

Keeping up with the lion's gluttony was challenging, yet only made the experience more delightful for Irvine as he fed August as swiftly as he could. He'd need to look into a funnel in the future, maybe even a feeding tube if he could find one. Anything to speed up the process, to ensure August was permanently stuffed and gaining. August needed to be massive, more blubber than lion, barely mobile and comfortable to sleep on.

The daydreaming reached a fevered pitch, and Irvine grew careless with his feeding. His claws extended far further down than necessary, until they were within August's maw as they let go of the donut holes. Just like every time before the jaws clamped shut, but this time they wrapped around Irvine's claws as well.

Irvine was snapped back to reality, the gator looking down in confusion. August was too out of it to know exactly what Irvine had started feeding him, but it was delicious enough to prompt him to swallow it down just like everything else before it.

The sudden lurch forward startled Irvine. He finally tried pulling his claws free, but August's throat clung to them tight, and a second swallow sucked them in deeper.

"H-Hey, August, dude, stop swallowing!" Irvine begged as he struggled.

A greedier gulp wasn't the reply he'd wanted, and naturally fear kicked in. Irvine tugged with all his weight. The effort gave him a couple inches of his claws back, but a single swallow was all it took to reverse his gains and take in his elbows as well.

August lazily moaned around his meaty meal. His stomach rumbled loudly, demanding more of whatever the lion had begun to eat. Irvine had always adored those sounds before, but now they filled him with terror. He didn't want to be food, he didn't want to be digested alive and turned into blubber and bones.

For a split second the gator imagined the extra heft August would gain from such a feast and shamefully blushed. The distraction ended as he felt himself pulled face-to-face with August.

There was such a casual joy in the lion's eyes as he fed on his feeder, an obliviousness to what he was actually doing.

"August, stop, stop!"

The jaws opened wide, a wet cavern where Irvine's futile pleas echoed around in.

"Shit shit shit shit shit—*mmrrrrrrrrrrrrrrmph!!*"

Darkness and foul breath enveloped Irvine, and panic truly kicked in. The gator flailed about blindly, desperately to get a grip on something, *anything*. His claws had reached the open pit of August's stomach and the swallows were getting more frequent. Irvine's face was squeezed from all sides by the soft gullet, lathering him in saliva that made him even easier to swallow.

As Irvine's claws pressed into the mound of food he'd spent all afternoon stuffing August with he let out a muffled whine, fearful he'd end up buried in it by the end. His fantasy had been transformed into a nightmare.

Meanwhile, August was in heaven. His belly was beginning to swell as he gobbled up the amazing treat, something big enough to sate his intense case of the munchies. He was already hoping Irvine would make more of it in the morning, whatever it was.

The gator's rump slid past August's lips, leaving only flailing legs and a distressed tail. There was no hope for Irvine to escape at that point, his struggles only serving to prove he wouldn't meagerly become food.

Inch after inch of gator vanished into August's maw, the lion's belly growing massive and lumpy. Its surface was broken by the vague imprints of claws and sometimes a snout, rarely recognizable for long.

Inevitably the tip of Irvine's tail was slurped up like a noodle, and after a final gulp August let out a euphoric sigh.

"Damn, that was delicious dude!" August said, licking his lips. "Oof, shame it's upsetting my—*braaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaap*—stomach."

The lion's bulging gut bounced from side to side in response as Irvine searched for an exit.

The roughhousing made the bed groan and creak loudly. One leg bent and buckled, and the other three swiftly followed suit.

August's eyes widened as the bed collapsed beneath him, his restraints ripping off. On impact he unleashed an even louder belch than before, his stomach tightening like a vice around Irvine. The struggles intensified, but Irvine had no room to maneuver and no light to aid him. Soon he drifted unconscious, his squirms ceasing.

Sore from the fall and stuffed from the meal, August closed his eyes, going to sleep just as the first gurgles echoed from his stomach.

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The warmth of the afternoon sun eased August awake. He yawned and stretched, a paw instinctively shifting down towards his belly to give it a rub. He felt heavier than usual, but not full, and gradually forced himself to sit up to figure out what was going on.

August's belly jiggled as he shifted, and he knew right away it was doughier by a fair amount.

Confused yet delighted, the lion prodded and shook his middle. Something deep within jostled about and August grimaced. His cheeks puffed up, a sloppy *uorrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrp* joined by a lump racing up his throat.

Dripping wet and stained, the top half of a gator skull now rested in between August's legs. It wasn't hard to put two and two together.

Most of the previous night was hazy but August remembered getting high and being fed, and eating something impossibly large.

Guilt washed over August and he blushed like mad. He didn't want to believe he'd been hungry enough to scarf down Irvine, but the evidence was clear. Of course he also didn't want to believe he was delighted in the many layers of fat he'd gained by consuming him, either.

There was no denying even the small Irvine had proved fattening, and far more effective than even the most over indulgent feeding session. The gator *had* vowed to make him fatter. Surely being turned into lion pudge wasn't so bad?

August gave his belly a happy pat and picked up the skull, smiling at it. "Well Irvine you really went above and beyond this time! Too bad you can't see the fruits of your labor." He chuckled, and idea coming to him.

The lion turned the skull around and pressed it against his middle, snout first. "There ya go, Irvine, one last nuzzle for old time's sake!"

The morbid joke amused August far more than it should've, and he lay back down on the broken bed, letting the skull roll off to a side. He'd need to consider looking for a new feeder soon—hopefully one who was just as dedicated to the cause of fattening August as Irvine had...