

Gluttonous Feast

By: IndigoRho

The loud sounds of utensils scraping plates, sloppy gulps, wet belches, and groaning belts filled the dining room as a feast went on. Dylan, an overweight lion, had just received a modest pay raise at work, and had decided to celebrate by inviting his friends Wyatt and Nash over. All three were fairly hefty, known for their gluttonous and quite often voracious appetites. As such, a whole party's worth of food had been prepared. They'd been gorging for nearly an hour, their bellies all jutting out from beneath too-small shirts, exposed.

Wyatt let out a particularly powerful burp, the zebra grinning wide in satisfaction. "Damn Dylan, if this is what happens whenever you get a raise you should get them more often!" He laughed a little before digging right into a chocolate pie.

"Pfft, not like we need an excuse to have a hearty meal now and then," Nash managed in between bites. The brown bear had just finished off the last of the mountains of mac and cheese, and was eying one of the cakes for dessert.

"If we ate this well too much the boss might put me on his lunch menu!" Dylan said as he patted his bloated belly. "Course the food *is* worth it. Speaking of which, I should probably check on the rest of the dessert in the kitchen—I'm not even full yet!"

Dylan slowly slid out of his chair, belly bumping the table a little as he did. The bump caused Nash to drop the slice of cake he'd been holding. It fell with a splat onto his gut, spreading frosting and whipped cream all over it. He frowned at the loss, before salvaging what he could of the slice and not bothering to wipe up what was left.

By coincidence Wyatt's gaze drifted towards his friend, settling atop the bear's massive middle now covered in cake. His stomach rumbled, thoughts turning to how much Nash resembled an enormous pastry. Stuffed with delectable food and frosted thoroughly, plenty of soft pudge that'd squish in his maw and fill his belly. His stomach rumbled louder.

A debate raged in the zebra's mind, between his hunger begging him to turn Nash into the main course and his sensibility insisting that the bear was too good a friend to simply gobble up. In the end, Wyatt reminded himself that he'd eaten plenty of friends before, and didn't necessarily regret it.

Wyatt stood up, as if to reach for a more distant dessert, but instead purposely bumped the rest of the cake onto Nash. There was a yelp of surprise as Nash's belly was covered in cake.

"Oops, sorry bud, I get clumsy when I'm hungry," Wyatt snickered.

"Ugh, don't worry about it guess, just—hey what the hell!"

Wyatt had abruptly spread the chunk of cake all over Nash's gut so it was thoroughly coated. Before the bear could continue complaining he felt himself pulled out of his chair and onto the table, plates and platters clattering loudly as they were pushed away. He looked about in confusion, and then saw Wyatt licking his lips and opening his mouth very, very wide.

A lunge and a gulp silenced an attempt to cry for help. The table wobbled and groaned as Nash thrashed atop it, steadily getting pulled deeper and deeper into the maw of his gluttonous friend.

The bear himself had been hungering for Wyatt half the night, and couldn't believe he'd been outmaneuvered. He had to find some way to wiggle free of the zebra's grasp and turn the tables on him.

Unfortunately for Nash, Wyatt wasn't wasting any time savoring his enormous meal. Swallows were strong and swift, jaws stretching over Nash's shoulders and moobs in less than a minute. Only when he reached the bear's chocolate-coated belly did he allow himself a moment to tease, running his tongue across its delicious surface.

"Alright dudes I've got a few buckets of ice-cream that should last us a while." Dylan stopped in his tracks as he came upon the voracious scene at his dining table. Nash's rump was slowly entering Wyatt's mouth, the bear kicking over plates left and right as the zebra moaned loudly. "No eating the guests!"

With a growl Dylan rushed over and grabbed ahold of Nash's legs. He pulled with all his might, but Wyatt's grip and hunger proved equally strong. At best he was able to halt Nash's descent though not reverse it. The standstill didn't last long.

Slowly Nash began to slip further into Wyatt again.

"Stop eating him dude, he's our friend!" Dylan demanded again and again. He was, of course, ignored. Wyatt knew Nash would just try and eat him if he released him, and wasn't fond of giving up a meal either way. Dylan was just going to have to accept that or join him.

Even when Nash was up to his knees Dylan didn't let go, the lion gradually pulled up onto the table as well. He frantically attempted to brace himself and gain more leverage but nothing he did seemed to work. Down to just his wiggling footpaws, Dylan cursed and released his grip, unwilling to risk getting pulled in as well. He knew Dylan well enough to suspect the zebra would delight in a second live course.

As Dylan fell back he watched Nash vanish down Wyatt's throat, the zebra's jaws closing into a euphoric, satisfied grin.

Wyatt's belly ballooned outward from the enormous meal he'd consumed, bouncing wildly as Nash fought his imprisonment. Eager hooves groped its surface, pressing on every lump and bulge.

"Damn he was—*braaaaaaaaaaaaaaap*—delicious as hell!" Wyatt said. "Can't believe—*urrrrrp*—I didn't eat him sooner."

Dylan frowned as he watched Nash squirming frantically within Wyatt's gut. He considered whether he should continue trying to free his unlucky friend, maybe force Wyatt to belch him up somehow, or even avenge him if that proved impossible. Instead he just sighed in exasperation. It'd all be such a hassle, and he only wanted to enjoy his promotion celebration, not get involved with a spat between friends. Oh well.

"This was supposed to be a nice little get together, did you really have to eat Wyatt?" Dylan grumbled, already looking for food on the table that hadn't been ruined by Nash's struggles.

"I'm sorry, I couldn't resist, you know how it is! He spilled a bunch of cake on himself and all I could think about was how much he looked like the best pastry in the world." Wyatt was still rubbing his belly in delight.

A full plate of cookies had survived the ordeal, and Dylan's mood was already improving as he started scarfing them down. "Yeah I guess. Now I'm kind of bummed I didn't get to have a taste for myself."

"You could always wiggle down and give it a try," Wyatt teased as he wobbled his gut. "Kind of cramped, but I'm sure you could find a way to snack on him in there~"

"Pfft, no thanks. And if you keep being cheeky like that I'll just have you as my final course. Zebra *is* one of my favorite foods."

Wyatt pouted, suddenly realizing he was rather vulnerable with a gut full of bear. He'd need to make sure he either waddled home afterward or left as soon as Nash had been churned down some. There wouldn't be any time to enjoy his rounder waistline if he were on his way to becoming cat fat instead. "Alright, alright, I get your point."

Deep inside the zebra, Nash had been able to hear most of the conversation between his two friends. He was furious with Wyatt for eating him, but even more with Dylan for giving up on him right away. Some friends they were!

"Let me out you gluttonous ass!" Nash shouted as he squirmed around in the dark, half-buried in everything the zebra had eaten that night.

"Dude you're food now, just except it and start to gurgle," Wyatt chuckled as he prodded his belly. "Dylan's given me permission~"

Dylan rolled his eyes. "Only sort of. Yo Nash you're on your own bud—not my fault you let your guard down and ended up as zebra chow. At least it wasn't a deer!"

"Oh fuck you Dylan!" Nash shot back, though the bite of his words was neutered by where they

were coming from.

Another belch escaped Wyatt's lips, tightening the stomach around Nash a little more. The steady stream of burps stole precious oxygen from the bear, who found himself growing lightheaded. His struggles grew weaker and weaker, his protests increasingly ignored.

By the time messy gurgles began to echo out from Wyatt's stomach the zebra and lion were already chatting about other things, Nash's fate utterly ignored. Wyatt would keep a couple souvenirs of the meal and the tale of the bear's consumption would pass around their social circle on occasion, an amusing story to tell while hanging out. Nash might be considered unlucky, but no one would act too concerned any time Wyatt jiggled his gut and claimed the bear was still hanging on it.

After all, anyone could become a meal at anytime, so why make a big deal out of it?