

Sandwich Cravings

By: IndigoRho

At work, August had been beset by the sudden, and rather intense craving for a sandwich. Lunch had failed to fend it off, and by the time the doughy lion returned to his apartment all he could think about was sandwiches. And not just any sandwich. No, August needed something large, something filling.

Not even bothering to slip out of his work uniform, August headed straight for the kitchen. From the pantry he lugged out an obscenely large, pre-sliced hoagie roll. It was nearly four feet long, taking up the bulk of his table. Condiments and toppings were placed on the table by the armful, enough to actually complete a sandwich of the hoagie roll's sheer size.

Only one ingredient remained, and it was by far the most important.

Returning to the pantry, August bent over and picked up a bound and squirming fennec fox. They were fairly short and a little chubby. A gag muffled their panicked shouts. August had snagged him on the way home from work just the day before, an impulsive acquisition that he'd only just now decided what to do with.

"I've never had a fennec sandwich before, but I've got great hope for ya being delicious!" August chuckled and licked his lips.

The captive fennec wiggled even more fiercely, but being tied up and significantly outweighed made escape impossible.

August carried his prized ingredient over to the table and laid him out belly-first atop the bottom-most slice of the roll. He fit perfectly, and fortunately wasn't able to wiggle off the bread.

Slice after slice of cheese was placed on the back of the fennec. August didn't stop until every last bit of him was covered, and then he started on a second layer, then a third. Enough cheese was piled atop the fennec for him to actually feel weighed down, which only made him squirm harder.

After the cheese came the meat. Ham and turkey, in alternating layers, so many layers. Every emptied package caused the fennec to sink a little more into the bread, his movement hampered.

Originally the bounty of ingredients had been meant for a party-sized sub, the centerpiece of a get together with friends. August felt its new use was just as valid.

There was lettuce, of course, a whole garden's worth. Tomato slices as well, the most time consuming part of the preparation. To top the whole thing off August squirted bottles of mustard and mayonnaise to a nearly excessive degree. Not that there was anything modest about such an enormous sandwich.

The top half of the bun was carefully laid in place, twine used to secure it. August then took a step back to admire his work.

Just looking at the sandwich made August's mouth water. The fennec was barely visible, head covered in bread and toppings. He'd exhausted himself struggling, but the sandwich still gently wobbled occasionally. Proud of his work, August pulled out his phone and took a few pictures, uploading the best and boasting about the feast he was about to indulge in.

"Took a bit of work but I think you're finally filling enough to satisfy me!" August chuckled, patting the giant sandwich. "I assure you my stomach is *very* accommodating~"

As the fennec's struggles renewed August bent down at the foot of the sandwich and opened his maw as wide as he could. The fennec had a clear view of the lion's gullet, which only got clearer as the sandwich—and him along with it—were pulled closer.

August greedily closed his jaws around the end of the sandwich and swallowed. His taste buds were teased by the mixture of bread, condiments, and dripping juices. The faint shifting of the fennec made August moan and gulp faster.

Inch-by-inch the massive sandwich disappeared down August's throat. Soon his belly began to

swell, the buttons of his work uniform stretched to their limits and bursting off. He didn't care at all about the destruction—it wasn't the first time he'd outgrown a uniform before after all—only about gorging.

As the wiggling sandwich vanished above August's gut expanded below, spreading out beneath the table. By the halfway point August hadn't slowed down even a little, still just as eager to stuff himself as when he'd started.

Shortly after August simply lifted the rest of the sandwich right off the table, slowly standing back up. The lion's rising gut tipped the table over. He angled his head upward, letting gravity ease his swallows. His middle was swaying, though that was more thanks to his aggressive eating than anything the unlucky fennec was doing.

Inevitably August was able to shove the last of his sandwich into his mouth, a final gulp causing his belly to bounce as his feast settled in.

Already hefty to begin with, August's gut had become massive and round. Aside from the suspicious wobbling there was no way to tell August had eaten anyone, the rest of the sandwich thoroughly disguising the fennec within.

August hefted his belly with both paws, squeezing to provoke faint wiggles within. He let it drop, feeling the sheer weight as it bounced. Few things were as delightful as a full stomach, and an utterly stuffed one was even better.

The lion happily squeezed and groped his belly as he lazily waddled into the living room. He settled in front of his recliner and plopped onto it, grinning as he heard it groan in protest beneath his bulk. One day it collapse from his weight, that was for certain. It was a day he looked forward to.

Leaning back in the recliner, August grabbed the remote, ready for a relaxing night of doing nothing but watch TV...and digest his sizable meal. He wondered what craving he'd have tomorrow...