

The Scenic Binge Home: Part II

By: IndigoRho

Brett smiled and took a sip of his drink, taking a moment to glance at the farmland racing by his train's dining car. The chubby caribou had spent most of the first two days of his long train ride home resting in his cabin as he digested Hugh, the bee who'd been unfortunate enough to end up as his roommate. Being cooped up had made Brett a little stir-crazy, and he'd gone exploring as soon as he'd finished fully processing Hugh; now the bee was nothing more than a few delightful layers of pudge and a tidy bag of bones Brett had passed along to an attendant. Most of the caribou's clothes no longer fit, and the few that did were noticeably tight on his chunkier frame, leaving a strip of his belly exposed whenever he stretched. Wardrobe issues was one of the many reasons he was currently sitting across from a rather drunk, very overweight koi fish.

The koi's sizable gut had caught Brett's attention the moment he'd entered the dining car, and the caribou had quickly decided the fish would be his next meal of the journey. His target was already two drinks deep when Brett slid up to the bar next to him. Buying him a couple more made the pair instant friends, and Brett was delighted to realize the koi—named Lewis—was gradually flirting with him the drunker he got. Brett's impromptu fishing trip was looking to be an astounding success.

Lewis drained the remainder of his drink and nudged it over to a collection of empty glasses. “I know they *say* they're strong, but this liquor can't put a dent in me with the tank I've got!” He gave his belly a hard slap, causing it to jiggle about.

Despite the koi's claims, it was obvious to Brett he was plastered. “You do have an admirable gut there,” he teased, giving the koi's belly a gentle poke. “Still might be a good idea to drink some water and relax, though. Perhaps back at my cabin?”

The koi's face flushed red, just as Brett had hoped. “T-that would be very nice!”

Brett took Lewis by the fin and carefully guided him through the train back to his sleeper-car, laughing any time another passenger had to hug a wall just to get past the koi's wide middle. The journey was thankfully brief, and Lewis collapsed on a seat the second they were in the privacy of Brett's room. While Lewis recovered, Brett dug through the suitcase belonging to the late Hugh, retrieving an untouched bottle of cheap vodka. With his hoof concealing as much of the bottle as possible, Brett settled in next to his inebriated meal-to-be and offered him a drink of “water”. Lewis was already too drunk to realize the deception, and opened his mouth to accept, which he soon regreted.

The burning sting of booze gushing down his throat caused Lewis to spasm in surprise, but Brett leaned hard into the koi and forced him to drain the entire bottle in one go. Lewis coughed and gasped for air once the deed was done, his head swirling in a daze as Brett continued to pin him down. He knew something was wrong, that he might even be in danger, but the onslaught of alcohol gradually overwhelmed and subdued him till he was utterly unaware of his surroundings. Brett was now free to eat dinner at his leisure.

With effort, Brett maneuvered Lewis flat atop the bench seat he was on, the koi mumbling and groaning the entire time. He carefully removed his meal's clothes—ensuring none were damaged—and placed Lewis' wallet and cabin key on a shelf nearby. Once he digested the koi he'd retrieve the rest of his wardrobe and valuables. One of Hugh's shirts was used to gag the prey so he wouldn't make a ruckus during dinner, and Brett rolled him onto his belly to finish off the meal prep.

Brett knelt on the floor of the train car and greedily stuffed Lewis' fins into his mouth, gulping them down with ease. Lewis twitched a little as he felt his legs slipping into something damp, warm, and constricting, but wasn't putting up anything close to a fight. The caribou had never eaten anyone aquatic before, and was slightly disappointed to find Lewis' scales tasted rather bland, lacking in the hints of seafood he'd hoped for. Nonetheless, Brett was far more interested in Lewis' calories than his taste.

He was certain he would gain forty, maybe even fifty pounds by eating the koi, which would cause his own weight to jump to a delightful two hundred eighty pounds or so. Brett would truly be bulky then, sporting a round belly and a double-chin to match. Though his height tended to stretch his girth more than he preferred, the results would still be pleasant. The new weight would also come in handy for overpowering whoever else he ate on the trip.

Brett's middle bulged as it filled with Lewis' legs and thick tail, already pressing into the bench. He adjusted to compensate before stretching his jaws wide to take in the koi's massive belly. Regardless of the uninspired taste, Brett was still able to enjoy the feeling of flab filling every nook of his mouth as it was forced down his throat. Lewis was still thoroughly out of it, fidgeting as his arms were pulled in as well. Every gulp caused Brett's gut to swell out more, spilling over the floor and against both seats. With just Lewis' chest and head left to swallow, Brett twisted into a more comfortable position, belly on his lap and back against the wall. Barely a minute later the koi vanished from sight completely, a bulge traveling down Brett's gullet.

Brett's stuffed belly wobbled gently as his drunk prey shifted about aimlessly within. His shirt had torn from the strain of eating such an immense meal, but Brett wasn't bothered. By this time tomorrow he'd be wearing Lewis' clothes instead. Stealing a whole wardrobe from a meal was very appealing to the caribou, who in the past had swiped a piece of clothing or two from prey as trophies. Eating someone almost entirely for their outfit as an exciting escalation of that, though. He knew from their brief conversation that Lewis hadn't been accompanied by anyone on the trip, but Brett was still hopeful some of the passengers and crew would notice both the koi's disappearance and Brett's sudden acquisition of his outfits. Sure it would make hunting more difficult, but the look on their faces would be worth it.

Consuming such an overindulgent meal was proving exhausting. Brett yawned as his eyelids grew heavy, and the caribou laid back to sleep off as much of the koi as he could before morning. His belly settled down along with him.