

Private Pool

By: IndigoRho

Unhindered rays of sun reflected off Rhys' golden-orange chitin as the ant strolled around the Emerald Rapids water park. The abnormally warm weather had made the park busier than ever, and Rhys found himself apologizing left and right as he passed through the crowds, his sizable belly seemingly bumping into every other person. Rhys was an insect prone to overindulgence and his girth showed it. He was a little over three hundred and fifty pounds the last time he'd bothered to check, sporting surprisingly thick limbs for an ant, as well as a decidedly round face. His gut didn't quite jiggle or bounce like those of other species his weight, but still wobbled noticeably as he waddled. While a fondness for ciders and sweet desserts had played a role in Rhys' size, the real reason he'd packed on the pounds was his voracious taste for others.

Of course, in a society where eating people was far more likely to be encouraged than frowned upon, such gluttony was to be expected. Rhys saw plenty of bulging, prey filled bellies as he wandered, even ended up close enough to hear a few muffled curses from one, and every squirming gut seemed to make him hungrier. Finding a suitable meal could be difficult, though. His antennae twitched in the breeze as he looked over the nearby crowds, focusing on anyone who appeared to be both tasty *and* alone. By sheer luck an opportunity presented itself after only a few minutes, when Rhys noticed a tiger in one of the pools loudly chatting with two of his dryer friends. From what bits and pieces Rhys overheard, the other two were about to hit up the water slides, while he was content continuing to enjoy the water. Soon they were gone, allowing Rhys to eye up lunch.

The tiger was fairly slim, his features sharp. Rhys doubted he was an active predator, one of the many who'd merely indulged on a live meal once or twice in their life. Though he didn't think any less of such individuals, he couldn't deny how much easier it usually was to eat such inexperienced prey. His stomach was already growling in anticipation. Keeping a close watch on the tiger, Rhys carefully slipped into the pool, carefully paddling towards his target while closing in on a sparsely populated patch of water. Once he felt he was close enough to maintain a visual he took a deep breath and silently dipped beneath the surface.

Despite his size, Rhys was an experienced swimmer, a skill he frequently used to surprise unsuspecting prey. He wasn't necessarily the fastest—especially compared to otters or seals—but what he lacked in speed he more than made up for with endurance. Like most ants, Rhys could hold his breath for a considerable amount of time, allowing him to prepare underwater ambushes with ease. There'd be no panicking to hastily gulp down his meal, no chance of passing out if he were weighed down, and no way anyone would try to intervene. The only downside was dealing with the foul taste of pool water.

Hovering directly underneath the tiger, Rhys grinned and made his move. The ant opened his mouth wide, causing water to rush down his throat and pulling in the tiger's footpaws as well. Rhys could feel his belly swell out a little from the water, the plates of his thorax separating to reveal the transparent membrane in between. With his meal already dipping into his gullet, Rhys grabbed the tiger's legs and pulled hard, causing him to flail about in confusion. A string of deep gulps and another yank brought the tiger completely underwater.

Rhys' grip on the tiger held firm, and he continued to steadily swallow his prey whole despite the struggles. The tiger realized far too late what was pulling him under, his eyes squinting as he spotted the blurry form of the ant gobbling him up. A lack of oxygen and the unfamiliar environment swiftly disoriented him, and the tiger's paws swatted futilely through the water as he tried in vain to fend off his attacker. Rhys' throat was essentially a one-way water slide now.

Inch-by-inch the tiger disappeared past Rhys' jaws, his heart pounding as his doom drew closer and closer. Rhys' gut ballooned outward as it filled with water and tiger, its contents clearly visible through the membrane. The pair were slowly sinking to the pool's bottom, neither able to maintain

much buoyancy in the chaos. Soon the tiger was waist-deep in ant, his arms inevitably snatched and shoved into Rhys' mouth as well. Rhys regretted not being able to savor his meal's taste much in the odd conditions, but feeling his belly expand and squirm more than made up for the loss, not to mention the eventual gains once the tiger was digested. By the time Rhys had reached the tiger's shoulders, his prey was on the verge of passing out, having never had the chance to properly hold his breath. His struggles were erratic and infrequent, allowing Rhys to close his mandibles around the tiger's head with ease, a final gulp sending him to the stomach.

Rhys gently settled onto the pool's bottom as he finished his lunch, grinning as he looked at the tiger floating within his gut. Though he'd swallowed quite a bit of water in the process a small pocket of fresh air remained, allowing the tiger to recover just enough to splash about in horror as he came to terms with his predicament. Rhys adored being able to actually see how his meals reacted thanks to his transparency. Relaxing on the bottom was somewhat tempting, but Rhys was eager to show off his catch and soak up the sun, and so the ant slowly angled himself to a "standing" position and headed in the direction he assumed the shallow end was.

The ant's gut wobbled from side to side as the tiger desperately fought within, his kicks and punches not proving to be of any inconvenience to Rhys, who merely had to resist giggling while underwater. After a couple arduous minutes he finally reached the steps leading out of the pool. Other swimmers dispersed as they saw the bloated ant approach, giving Rhys plenty of room to pass on the off chance he was still hungry. He let out a content sigh as his head broke the pool's surface once more, grabbing onto a pair of rails to help lug his body out. A few long gulps of air ensured his meal wouldn't lose consciousness anytime soon.

Rhys' massive belly received plenty of attention as he waddled back onto dry land, most unaccustomed to seeing a prey's struggles so clearly. The tiger's pleas for help were barely audible, though the fear on his face was enough to convey his desire for rescue. No one attempted to, of course. Vore was a natural part of life, after all, and quite a few bystanders were more interested in taking pictures of the spectacle than showing sympathy. He was just another attraction in the park now, a temporary one that'd inevitably digest away.

A few lounge chairs were still unoccupied near where Rhys had ended up, and the ant happily waddled towards the nearest one to rest a little. He eased himself down into the chair—which bowed and creaked slightly under his considerable weight—a broad smile on his face. Rhys proudly patted his swollen middle with both claws, then shook it just to watch his meal splashed about within.

"I hope you're enjoying your private pool Mr. Tiger," Rhys chuckled. "I know it's not quite as large as the others in the park, but every visitor seems to expand it a little more!"

Rhys' gut bulged and swayed as the tiger pushed against the walls of his cramped prison, head barely above the water. The engorged ant settled in, ready to enjoy seeing how long his lunch could last while also keep an eye out in case the tiger's friends returned. Being forced to reunite them all could be exhausting if he were caught, though Rhys had to admit the idea of a three course meal was tempting...