

Watching the Feed

By: IndigoRho

Wyatt frowned as he fussed with his uniform, eying a particularly-strained button. The tubby zebra had been in such a rush to leave for work that night that he'd forgotten his comfortable, expandex uniform at home. Unfortunately the emergency spare he kept in his locker was a size too small, and he felt as if he were crammed into it. Just another sign of how fattening his job as a security guard at Evergreen Technologies had been.

The zebra had always been on the chubby side, but his weight had ballooned under the influence of his coworker and friend Colton. Colton had encouraged Wyatt to eat any trespassers they came across during the nightly patrols of the building, a habit Wyatt had easily embraced. He loved the feeling of being ridiculously full, and was gradually growing fond of the extra weight as well.

While lively meals were nice, they weren't too common, and weren't the actual best part of the job as far as Wyatt was concerned. The true joy was screen watching.

With a fresh mug of coffee in hoof Wyatt entered the main security room. Dozens of monitors lined the room, cycling through the numerous cameras set up within and around Evergreen Technologies. Colton was already sitting down, the fat horse's bulging belly still shifting a little on occasion.

"So, how's the trainee doing?" Wyatt asked jokingly as he took a seat, feeling his shirt buttons strain.

Colton gave his middle a soft pat. "He's—*uorrrrrrp*—settling in nicely. Hopefully he won't be a loud churner."

Wyatt snorted. He wasn't sure why the higher ups kept sending day shift trainees their way; they all tended to "mysteriously" not show up, while either Colton or Wyatt would coincidentally get fatter. There were risks involved with such open gluttony at work, but the pair were seen as just valuable enough to get a pass. If it were known how many late-working employees they'd eaten things would be *very* different. Thankfully Colton and Wyatt were good about covering their tracks.

"New guy must've been real bad if you ate him first thing," Wyatt said. "Usually you give them an hour or two to impress you before turning them into dinner."

"He was late, and apparently had been to every shift previous." Colton was casually rubbing his bloated gut, eyes skimming the camera feeds. "That and I haven't gotten to eat ferret in a while so..."

"Ah, saving the boss from paperwork then, how noble." Wyatt's gaze settled on his friend's middle. "Honestly every time you eat a trainee I'm thankful I managed to impress you on my first day."

Colton grinned. "To be fair, you were competent and I was still breaking down a drunk who'd wandered into the plaza from the nearby bar the night before. Otherwise I'd have eaten the heck out of you!"

When Colton laughed Wyatt joined in. The zebra wasn't about to hold such a thing against him; vore was just a fact of life after all.

"Ha! Maybe I should be watching my weight then. Though I think I'm less fun as wobbling pudge." Wyatt turned his attention to the monitors. "Did I miss anything good?"

"Nah, it's been quiet so far," Colton said. "I was sure the really fat elephant exec was going to waddle into the garage with another intern in his gut again but there wasn't a bulge when he got to his car. Maybe he's got a lunch meeting tomorrow he's holding out for."

The zebra shrugged as he leaned back into his chair. "Probably just doesn't want to end up immobile again. Remember when he was on 'vacation' for three whole months after treating the mail room as a buffet? I can't imagine having enough money to eat myself to immobility."

"I hear ya there," Colton said. Something on one of the monitors suddenly caught his attention. "We may have some action! Peeler's in the garage, but he's totally being stalked by Hunter!"

It only took seconds for Wyatt to find the feeds in question. Peeler was a somewhat stout lion

from IT, and soft all around. He'd only been to the security room a couple of times that Wyatt remembered, not enough for his name to stick. Wyatt and Colton mainly knew of him from his late-night antics. On numerous occasions they'd seen the lion ambushing coworkers, always individuals he had a bit of a weight advantage on. His tendency to almost completely disrobe his meals had earned him his nickname. Colton also like to call him the Messy Eater.

Tonight, though, Peeler wasn't the one doing the stalking. Lurking behind him was a plump deer in a suit, obviously intent on securing himself a hearty meal. Neither guard had ever met Hunter in person, though Wyatt thought he was a manager in accounting. A couple times a month he'd hide in the garage and jump someone seemingly at random. He didn't appear to have a preference, gobbling up slim and hefty prey equally. He never left evidence behind, eating any items his meals dropped and leaving in their vehicle.

Having two notorious preds run into each after hours was a rare sight, and built an air of excitement in the security room.

"Damn I'm gonna miss Peeler, he's been fun to watch," Colton said as his eyes followed the two as they moved between feeds.

"Don't count him out just yet. Maybe he's already heard Hunter and is just waiting for a good moment to strike."

Colton stifled a burp. "No way, Hunter's way too good. You're just sad Peeler's gonna be deer fat cause you've got a crush on him."

The zebra instantly blushed. "W-what, no way!"

"Dude you're so horny for lions it hurts," Colton laughed. "Or maybe it's horny; I've seen the way you moan after eating them."

Wyatt was too embarrassed to deny Colton's claims. Them being true didn't help, either. "Whatever, twenty bucks on Peeler!"

"Your loss." Colton moaned faintly as his stomach started acting up, digestion kicking in.

Peeler inevitably reached his car. To the security guards it was increasingly obvious the lion was oblivious to his creeping company, and Wyatt frowned as he saw Hunter lunge. With practiced ease the deer grabbed a hold of one of Peeler's arms and slammed him head first into the car. Peeler's glasses went clattering to the cement floor. The lion seemed dazed, squirming haphazardly in Hunter's grasp and not putting up nearly enough of a fight. The expected brawl was already seeming like a disappointment.

With efficient aggression Hunter pinned his prey against the car with his gut, then opened wide. Wyatt and Colton watched as the accountant jaws stretched over Peeler's head, then shoulders. Hunter's expandex suit stretched as well, accommodating the growing bulge traveling down his throat. His belly swelled with every swallow, gradually pressing hard into the side of the car as Peeler filled it.

"Ugh, all business as always," Wyatt grumbled. "Why couldn't he be one of the showboat types, the ones who make mistakes!"

"There's always dominant preds like that. Hunter probably ate his way to his position," Colton grinned. "Though if I ever see him I'll need to thank him for the easy twenty bucks."

Wyatt punched Colton's belly as he dug out the money, wincing as he felt it slosh about.

Back on the screens Hunter was almost finished with Peeler. Only the lion's twitching paws remained, a shoe falling off right before the final gulp. Hunter's mouth opened for must've been a belch, which he politely covered while chuckling. None of his bulging belly was exposed, the expandex suit handling the deer's gluttony expertly. Now the cleanup would begin.

With great effort Hunter bent down and grabbed Peeler's lost glasses and shoe. He tossed the glasses into his maw as if they were a potato chip. The shoe was next, Hunter grimacing slightly at the taste but swallowing it nonetheless. No traces of Peeler would be left in the garage, nothing to hint that he'd been eaten there. The lion was bound to be just another no-show employee, fired when his consumption was officially confirmed through the usual methods. It was doubtful any of Hunter's peers

realized his gains were at the expense of other employees.

The triumphant deer neatly adjusted his suit and gave his gut the most modest of pats, his mouth moving but words unheard by his unseen audience of two. Wyatt and Colton knew the deer would briefly tease his prey before squeezing into their vehicle. From there it was a mystery as to where the vehicle would be brought, though Colton swore he'd seen a former marketing director's truck at a used-car lot a few blocks away once.

When Hunter turned around, though, he managed to bump his belly hard into one of the side mirrors. He stumbled and lurched, hoof on the car's hood.

"Whoa whoa whoa, I think Hunter's dry heaving!" Wyatt said in excitement.

Colton leaned in to get a closer look. "No way, how hard did he hit himself?"

On the screens Hunter was on his knees, his hooves clamped tightly over his mouth as he coughed and heaved. His belly was bouncing wildly, Peeler obviously sensing an opportunity. Hunter's eyes widened as a lump appeared in his throat, right before his maw shot open against his will. Peeler's saliva-soaked head lurched out, the lion gasping for air. More heaving followed, Peeler sliding out inch-by-inch, a look of desperation in his eyes.

Hunter was doubled over, propped up on his slowly shrinking gut. He made a few weak attempts to grab his meal and force him back down, but he wasn't able to maintain a solid grip. The deer had completely lost control of the situation.

As soon as Peeler's arms were free of the deer's gullet he began dragging and thrashing his way out much more quickly. He also took plenty of swings at Hunter, further weakening the would-be predator.

Wyatt and Colton were glued to the feeds, their bet prompting them to cheer on "their" predator as if it were a sporting event.

"No way, swallow him back down, you *had* this!" Colton fumed, his gurgling gut swaying from side to side.

"Peeler's halfway out, he's not going back down." Wyatt was so entranced he didn't notice one of his uniform buttons pop right off. "Venison's on the menu tonight!"

When Peeler finally crawled out of Hunter's maw a spiteful kick ended any chance of the deer reclaiming his meal. Peeler rolled onto his back, coughing and gasping. His fur was matted and clothes a mess. His face was hard to see clearly on the monitors, but at best guess he was shifting wildly between joy and anger. It didn't take long for him to regain his composure and get to work.

A ruthless stomp shattered one of Hunter's antlers, causing him to cry out. Peeler grabbed the other with his bare paws and snapped it off, tossing it aside. The expandex material of the deer's suit made ripping it off close to impossible, so it was pulled off instead, and roughly at that. Piece-by-piece Hunter was rudely disrobed. He was kept just barely conscious, assailed any time he tried fighting back. It was one of the most brutal feedings Wyatt and Colton had ever witnessed.

Eventually Hunter was reduced to just his briefs. His clothing had been thrown in every direction, treated like trash—or a wrapper. Peeler licked his lips and grabbed a solid pawful of his prey's doughy gut, squeezing and jiggling it. Hunter squirmed some, but plainly wasn't all there. Now it was Peeler's turn to open wide.

The deer's head vanished into Peeler's maw, followed by his shoulders and chest. Being larger than the lion didn't seem to slow down Peeler's vengeful gluttony at all. Hunter writhed in vain, too injured to defend himself in any meaningful way. No doubt having the tables turned on him so suddenly wasn't helping his plight, either.

Peeler hadn't been wearing expensive expandex like Hunter, and his dress shirt was ravaged by the indulgent meal. His tie swiftly came undone and the buttons of his shirt tore away, exposing his ballooning belly. The lion was groping and teasing his prey to a degree Wyatt and Colton hadn't seen before, likely a way of venting about his close brush with digestion.

Hunter's struggles only weakened the more he was consumed, and his hooves were barely twitching by the time they slid past Peeler's jaws and joined the rest of him in the stomach. The

engorged lion's mouth opened and his gut rattled, no doubt a thunderous belch. More followed as Peeler massaged his middle. He appeared exhausted, panting. Not a surprise considered he'd eaten more than his own weight in food. The struggles in his gut momentarily intensified—the last throes of Hunter as the deer ran out of air—but inevitably they ceased completely. There would be no more miraculous escapes.

Hunter took a few minutes to rest against his car. He surveyed the mess he'd made with pride, apparently unfazed by the loss of his glasses and a shoe within his digesting meal. Actually getting into his car took a while as well, Peeler needing to adjust his seat and carefully slide in. The lion barely fit. The headlights lit up and Peeler pulled out of his spot, casually driving away from work as if nothing had happened. There'd be no doubts as to Hunter's fate, of course.

“Guess *I'll* be the one thanking Peeler for the easy twenty,” Wyatt snickered, delighting in Colton pouting beside him.

“Good luck with that. Zebras are a lion's natural prey, he might just give you a long, deep kiss in return!” Colton said as he tossed a twenty across the desk.

Wyatt was blushing again, much to his frustration. “Oh don't be a sore loser. I'm sure you could snatch and sell Hunter's suit to make up for it.”

“Dude that'd ruin the scene! Just imagine everyone coming into work tomorrow and seeing that outfit strewn about, with Hunter's ID badge clearly attached to the pants.” Colton shifted in his seat. “Half the building will be chatting about it—and looking to see if anyone else is noticeably fatter.”

“Well with how well the employees eat that certainly won't narrow it down~” Wyatt squeezed Colton's gut, eliciting a ticklish neigh.

The two security guards settled back in their chairs, continuing to chat as they watched the numerous feeds, always on the lookout for a new hunt to watch...