

Party Pred Jail

By: IndigoRho

Kit took another sip of his drink, listening to his friend Aldan finish discussing a project he'd been working on recently. The two toucans were catching up after a brief absence, enjoying the party Aldan had decided to host.

"...so yeah it's been really hectic, but also really rewarding, you know?" Aldan shrugged.

"Anyway, are the A.I.s I gave ya treating you well?"

"Oh, yes. For the most part. They still tend to be a tad bit overenthusiastic when I let them help with meals, though." Kit adjusted his button-up shirt, which only just barely covered his belly.

Aldan laughed, his own gut wobbling as he did. "They're just trying to ensure you're never malnourished!"

Before Kit had a chance to respond to the questionable claim, something caught Aldan's attention that made him scowl. Aldan abruptly walked away, approaching a fox sporting a pot belly that was suspiciously disproportionate to the rest of their lanky body.

"Hey, I explicitly said vore wasn't allowed tonight!" Aldan gave the fox's exposed gut an accusing poke, causing it to bounce around.

The fox had apparently expected to go the rest of the party unnoticed, stumbling through a handful of lies and excuses that weren't convincing to anyone. Aldan grabbed the fox by his collar and dragged him back over to a rather confused Kit, mumbling about etiquette the entire time.

"I provide a plethora of snacks and entrees for free, and you go and stuff yourself with another of my guests instead, someone who probably doesn't even taste that good?" A holographic display screen appeared in midair as Aldan ranted, one feather tapping away at it as the other held onto the fox. "Gonna have to nip this in the bud so the party doesn't become an eating contest."

Without warning Aldan forced open Kit's beak and shoved the rulebreaker right into it, head first. Both Kit and the fox flailed about in surprise, until impulse took over and the toucan was forced to start swallowing. Aldan kept the fox's arms pinned to his sides as he fed him to his incredibly reluctant friend. Kit made an effort to resist and cough the fox up, but Aldan was fairly insistent, and once his "meal" entered his throat swallowing was practically automatic. The commotion had quickly caught the attention of everyone else in the room, which only made things worse in the toucan's mind.

One by one the buttons of Kit's shirt popped off as he gulped down more of the fox, his beak forced to stretch around the squirming, prey-filled gut of the rulebreaker. Kit wanted to feel bad for the unlucky meal being dragged along for the ride, but he was mainly concerned with how much bigger *he* was going to look with two people in his belly. The last few buttons of his shirt flew apart as his belly ballooned outward, bouncing around as the fox disputed his punishment. Swallowing him down was becoming easier, which was comforting as Kit just wanted his forced meal to be done with as quickly as possible. Kit breathed a sigh of relief once he was finally able to close his beak around the fox's paws, groaning as his gut bounced hard from his meal fully entering his stomach.

"What was that for!" Kit asked, making a futile attempt to hide his belly behind his ruined shirt.

"I had to make sure everyone takes my rules seriously, and I knew you'd be willing to help,"

Aldan replied, messing with the holographic screen once more.

Kit felt an odd tingle on his gut, and suddenly the words "Pred Jail" appeared on it in black print like a tattoo, along with a ten minute countdown timer. The toucan tried brushing away the markings with his wings but they wouldn't budge.

"Alright, anyone who breaks the rules gets to spend ten minutes locked in the Pred Jail here,"

Aldan declared, slapping Kit's belly with a wing. "And if you get eaten then you're stuck in there, too!"

Kit frowned as he looked down upon the painfully slow timer cursing his gut. He wished Aldan hadn't used his reality-altering powers to write all over him; having to serve as the jail was bad enough, but being turned into a waddling sign was worse.

“Aldan I gotta be honest, using vore to discourage vore kind of seems counterproductive.” He couldn't get over how huge he looked, and the dueling squirms of his prey and his prey's-prey were an odd experience to say the least.

“Trust me Kit, these voracious types are always worried about being treated as prey, so threatening them with that works wonders.” Aldan himself seemed pleased, both with his solution and Kit's wider gut. “Plus being gulped down by a toucan hurts their pride even more!”

Kit wasn't completely convinced—and admittedly suspicious of his friend's motives—but decided all he could do was hope no one else at the party had to serve time. For the next ten minutes Kit did his best to enjoy the party normally and mingle; unfortunately his new belly made that impossible. Anyone he mingled with was swiftly distracted by the toucan's wobbling middle, and he often found himself poked, patted, and rubbed from curious onlookers, causing him to blush wildly. The attention would provoke belches from Kit or loud muffled complaints from his prisoner, which only fueled his popularity with the guests.

As the timer neared the end a small crowd counted down the final seconds, and much to Kit's grief they were rewarded by a goofy jingle when the clock hit zero. The timer erased itself—though of course “Pred Jail” remained—and suddenly Kit's middle shrunk and rounded, all squirming ceased. His prey was gone from his stomach. Less than a minute later both the fox and the panther he'd tried to eat walked back into the room perfectly fine, albeit looking fairly embarrassed.

Kit *wanted* to breathe a sigh of relief, but he quickly realized something odd; he was fatter than usual. The toucan hurried over to a nearby wall mirror to get a good look at himself. His face was definitely a little rounder and his arms thicker—to the point that his shirt sleeves had become somewhat tight—and as a whole his belly was flabbier. Even his pants were digging a little more into his waist.

While Kit examined his unexplained gains, Aldan approached from behind, dragging a drunk eagle with a shifting gut. “Alright Kit, looks like you've already got your next occupant. I guess this one was in the other room when I laid out the punishment or something.”

“Aldan why did I gain weight from that!” Kit asked, shaking his softer belly with both wings for emphasis.

“Oh, yeah. Well I was in a hurry when I was re-programming you to serve as a holding cell, kind of had to take some shortcuts to get it working right,” Aldan answered, trying to look innocent. “When your prisoner gets teleported out you gain weight as if you'd—ya know—actually had them as a meal.”

“Can't you fix that? My outfit's already half-way ruined, another round as jailer might make my pants tear off!” Just the thought made him blush for conflicting reasons. Kit wasn't exactly eager to be any more exposed in front of everyone, but the idea of literally fattening out of his clothes had a degree of appeal, though he was embarrassed to admit it.

Aldan brought back up his floating display and worked away at it. “Sure, sure. Should be fixed now!”

Kit grinned until he felt his pants and shirt loosen a little. “Wait...did you just make my clothes bigger?”

“Yep! Now they'll auto-adjust to your size throughout the night.” Aldan delighted in the frustrated glare his friend returned him. “Now open up!”

Kit resisted once more out of principle, prompting Aldan to flutter away at his display and cause the other toucan's beak to open unwillingly. Again the punishment feeding drew a crowd, though the guests seemed more excited than concerned this time. Kit continued blushing as his belly ballooned out further than before, a purple and cream mass that was impossible to miss. Swallowing the eagle whole was a little easier now that he was used to it. Soon the toucan was cradling his freshly-filled, bouncing belly, already worrying about the weight he'd be gaining from it.

“Ok, maybe if we clearly mark just how many have been punished that'll help dissuade others,” Aldan said as he added lines of code to Kit. A new line of markings appeared on Kit's gut in between

“Pred Jail” and the timer, presenting a tally of how many guests the toucan had eaten thus far.

With the task complete, Aldan returned to policing his party, and Kit returned to being a waddling photo op. He made an effort to sneak off to a quieter part of the house, but his distended middle made navigating hallways and doorways a challenge, and he quickly gave up after nearly getting stuck trying to pass one of the heftier guests. Five minutes were left on the countdown timer when Aldan tracked Kit down on the couch, a pouting voracious lizard in tow.

“Looks like we’ve got our work cut out for us tonight, Kit,” Aldan told the already-dismayed toucan. “I’m beginning to think they doubt your holding capacity!”

Kit blushed, swiftly glancing around to see just how many bystanders had overheard him. “C’mon Aldan this obviously isn’t working, maybe we should—oomphoomph!”

The lizard was in Kit’s beak and down his throat before he knew it. While the previous two offenders had been somewhat slim, the lizard was considerably plumper, stretching Kit’s belly to a ridiculous degree as he was gobbled up. Kit’s middle was bouncing up a storm as the prisoners within scuffled over a comfortable position within the cramped space. He could feel himself sinking further into the couch from the added weight, which groaned under his pressure. When the lizard’s tail finally disappeared from view Kit began panting, and a second timer appeared on his massive belly.

Moving with four people in his gut was impossible, forcing Kit to wait out the timers stuck on the couch, unable to escape the growing group of “fans” he was making. Admittedly he was gradually beginning to enjoy the attention his belly was receiving—especially the constant barrage of rubs—but the thought of telling anyone that made his face flush red. Instead he continued expressing his discontent, sounding less and less genuine over time.

Kit was relieved when the first of his new prisoners teleported away, reducing his size so he could actually stand up again. Just as Aldan had promised, Kit’s clothes stretched to accommodate his increased weight, which he assumed had likely surpassed his friend’s by now. When the lizard’s term was up, Kit was left plainly obese. His belly jiggled whenever he walked—though at this point he was more accurately waddling—and he could feel the roundness of his face anytime he smiled or grimaced. The toucan’s mind wandered as he imagined how fat he’d be by the night’s end, even envisioning himself so big he took up half the room. That’s when he caught himself grinning, and covered his face with both wings to hide his embarrassment.

As Kit was lost in thought a trio of guests approached him. They were a horse, a hare, and a bear as wide as Kit was, and there was something off about how cheerful they all seemed. The horse spoke up first, placing an arm around Kit’s shoulder.

“We’ve been watching your gluttony tonight, really good work!” The horse snickered.

“Uh, thanks?” Kit didn’t like where this was going.

The horse smiled. “Mind if my friends and I get a closer look inside, though?”

“I’d rather you no—hmmph!”

In an instant the bear’s paws were down Kit’s throat and the horse’s on his shoulders. Kit could only watch on in confusion as the bear aggressively fed himself to him, unable to overpower the trio. The bear was the bulkiest prey he’d swallowed thus far, though thankfully not as heavy as a stuffed pred on his own. Still, Kit groaned as his middle swelled outward to accommodate the very unwanted meal. He was encouraged by the remaining two to slide onto his knees as he finished off the bear, his massive gut spilling across the floor and shifting about. Kit only had time for a quick breath before he felt the hare’s paws slip into his mouth.

The sight of guests willingly feeding themselves to Kit immediately drew a new, curiouiser crowd of onlookers, most of whom were too confused to cheer on whatever was happening. Kit’s belly expanded even more as the hare quickly joined his friend in the toucan’s stomach, their combined weights firmly grounding Kit. Too heavy to escape, Kit groaned in annoyance as the horse knelt down in front of him and offered up his hooves, obviously intent on being the third “meal”. Resisting was too much of a hassle for Kit, and the toucan was almost eager now to make the horse endure ten minutes in

his cramped gut. A couple minutes later he was resting atop his immense belly, slurping up the horse's hooves and letting out a modest belch that gained the admiration of the crowd. Three new timers dutifully appeared on its surface, shifting automatically so they could be seen, and Kit's official tally of swallowed prey jumped up to nine.

"Excellent, you've started being proactive in your role, Kit!"

Kit turned his head, immediately rolling his eyes as he saw Aldan and his newest—and surprisingly complacent—rule-breaker. "Yeah, no. Three guys just forced their way into my stomach all on their own!"

"Huh. Guess I should be glad people are turning themselves in," Aldan said, adjusting his yellow-tinted glasses.

"But they hadn't even eaten anyone! One of them was really big, Aldan, I'm gonna be huge when the timer's—uurrrrrrrrrrp!" Kit belched again as his belly wobbled.

"Weird. For now I'll just add a display of your current weight, hopefully people will take pity and avoid fattening you up!" Aldan said with poorly-hidden amusement right before feeding Kit the latest prisoner.

The supersized Kit rocked atop his mountainous gut, now the centerpiece of the room. Thanks to the five guests within him, the display of Kit's weight was well over a ton, and the toucan frantically tried to cover it up with his wings. Unfortunately the reading slithered out from under them any time he tried, ensuring it could be read by all. He eventually gave up when the weight's text expanded in response to his efforts.

Guests had returned to poking at his belly, especially now that it was larger than ever before. The collection of countdown timers were still going strong when a lion abruptly climbed up Kit's gut. Kit suspected what was about to happen, but was powerless to stop the lion from opening his beak and wiggling on in, just like the trio from before. He reluctantly yet swiftly swallowed his newest willing meal, only to realize there appeared to be an actual line forming behind him. The overeager prey gave Kit no time to complain or negotiate, and Aldan was no where in sight.

More and more timers and tallies appeared on the toucan's middle, which steadily spread in all directions with each new snack. At regular intervals the jingle would play and Kit would wobble as a meal was safely teleported away, but there always seemed to be two more to replace them. His double-chins were growing thicker and his belly flabbier at a ridiculous rate, and Kit had no way of accurately knowing how fat he was getting thanks to the weight display including the heft of everyone in him. He both did and didn't want to know the truth. Oddly enough the idea of gorging on the entire party was gradually winning Kit over, and suddenly the toucan was imagining not only filling the room, but the whole house as well.

Out of view, Aldan watched with a smile on his face. Though he'd feigned ignorance, the toucan knew a few guests had turned fattening Kit into a delightful party game, with many betting on who could be eaten by the toucan the most. To encourage them Aldan had stealthily added to Kit's growing display belly, changing the simple tallies to small pixelated headshots of each guest and showcasing the current front runner. Seeing Kit get huge was enjoyable, but Aldan wasn't very pleased with how aggressively a large portion of his guests were ignoring his rule against vore, and soon his *true* punishment would be ready. He just needed Kit a little bigger.

Kit's belly was engulfing half the living room when Aldan finally showed himself once more. "Alright, game's over!" The toucan poked away at his personal display, and a final jingle played right before Kit's momentous middle suddenly emptied completely.

Kit stumbled about as he abruptly found himself mobile again, disoriented. He'd expected to be preposterously fat considering the sheer number of people he'd "devoured", but to his surprise he only seemed to be as large as Aldan. "W-what just happened?"

"Decided it was finally time to send the troublemakers home, along with a couple personalized party favors, heh." Aldan seemed very pleased with himself.

“Ok, but what about my flab? Where the heck did that go?” Kit asked. He hoped he didn't sound *too* disappointed in his smaller size.

Aldan's phone began buzzing with new message alerts, and he grinned as he checked them. “See for yourself.”

Aldan handed his phone to Kit. On it was an angry text, along with a selfie of a very, very obese horse with the words “rule-breaker” written on his massive gut. After a few seconds of staring Kit realized it was the same, once fairly slim horse who'd started off the feeding frenzy earlier. The other messages were similar, the guests having teleported right back to their homes much fatter than usual. While most were annoyed, Kit noticed a couple at least who seemed enthused about their parting gifts.

Kit began to laugh, and was soon joined by Aldan as the duo looked through the growing barrage of texts and pictures, their bellies wobbling in unison. Overall the party had been a roaring success, and guests at the next one would likely follow the rules without hesitation. Though Kit secretly hoped a few wouldn't...