

Pizza Delivery

By: IndigoRho

A loud, protesting growl rumbled from Nick's stomach as he relaxed on the couch, the large wolf glancing away from the TV to a clock on the wall. Though it'd felt like an eternity since he'd ordered his pizza, only about forty minutes had passed, and his demanding appetite was getting harder to ignore. Nick Wolf had eagerly embraced the lifestyle of a big bad wolf, taking on the "big" aspect often as literally as possible. His shirt was rolled up a bit, leaving his soft belly free to wobble in the open, and sweatpants snug around his rounded hips. Being on top of the food chain meant he could glut on whomever he wanted, whenever he wanted, and today wouldn't be any different. Soon his order from Dino's Pizzeria would arrive, along with another lucky meal to be added to his waistline.

When the doorbell finally rang Nick lugged himself off the couch and revealed a toothy grin, licking his lips as he headed to the door. The anticipation was making him salivate as memories of past meals came to mind. There'd been that timid blubbery lion he'd stuffed with six whole pizzas a while back, the unexpected combo of a trainee and trainer who'd made a great dessert, and of course the hefty boar he'd come across delivering to a neighbor—and the neighbor himself shortly after.

As soon as Nick opened the door, though, his grin morphed into a look of obvious disappointment. Before him was a rabbit dressed in the blue polo and gray khaki shorts synonymous with Dino's Pizzeria. He was undeniably plump, with chubby cheeks and a round belly, and his outfit seemed rather loose on him—as if he'd been forced to wear the spare of a fatter coworker for some reason or another. For once Nick had only ordered a single pizza to go with the true main course, and the wolf was far too hungry to be satisfied by the combo that'd arrived. The rabbit was oblivious to the strange looks his customer was giving him.

"Pizza for Nick Wolf," the rabbit announced.

Nick quickly regained his composure, a plan already brewing in his head. "Right on time. Come in, come in!" Before the rabbit could respond Nick wrapped an arm around his back and ushered him inside the apartment, locking the door behind him.

Confused and nervous, the rabbit merely stood in silence as Nick grabbed the pizza from him and then yanked the cap right off his head, his ears springing up.

"It's your lucky day...Ben!" Nick said after squinting at the name embroidered on the polo. "I'm giving you some well overdue time off!"

"I'm n-not Ben, he—whoa, whoa!" The rabbit staggered as Nick tugged on his collar and forced his work polo off with ease.

Nick put the polo on over his own shirt, and with a flick of his wrist placed the cap atop his head. "Outfit might be a bit snug, but I'd say it's good enough to help me pass as a delivery guy for an afternoon, don't you think?"

The rabbit started a half-dozen sentences but couldn't complete a word.

"You should be smiling Ben, I'm about to cover your shift for you for free!" Nick bellowed, resting his paws firmly on the baffled rabbit's shoulders. "Hmm, though perhaps you should accompany me for the first couple of runs, just till I get settled in."

Nick's grin widened and then opened, the wolf lunging at his terrified meal-to-be. A single gulp was all it took to engulf the rabbit's head. The unlucky delivery guy shouted and squirmed as his face was coated in saliva and drawn in towards the back of Nick's throat, greedy lips already beginning to stretch over his shoulders. He tried his best to struggle and prevent himself from becoming just another snack, but blind flailing and panic did him no favors, his paws lifting off the ground. While Nick *had* wanted to savor his meal, one good taste of the rabbit was all it took for his stomach to take over control.

Strong, sloppy swallows pulled the rabbit in deeper, Nick's neck bulging as he gorged. Lighter prey were always so easy to gobble up, their squirms futile and amusing, rarely able to phase him at all.

His gut started to swell out a bit as the rabbit emptied into it, distorting the usually smooth surface of his middle. There was plenty of shouting and pleas for mercy—as expected—though Nick's thick layers of flab muffled it fairly well. As the wolf's jaws wrapped around his prey's modest belly he began to unbuckle the rabbit's belt, tugging off the khaki's in between swallows. Once the last piece of his uniform was secured Nick released the rabbit's legs and arched his head back, prepared to let gravity do most of the work for him. The rabbit slid down Nick's gullet, his thrashing just as ineffective as ever, no hope of escaping his predicament.

Nick casually and awkwardly tried to slip into the shorts while he was still eating, gut shaking wildly. By then the poor rabbit was just a set of wiggling toes sticking from Nick's lips. The wolf eagerly waddled over to a nearby mirror to get a better look at his completed ensemble, admiring his gut as he made some final adjustments. Inevitably Nick closed his jaws shut around the rabbit's toes with a satisfied grin, watching the bulge they made slide down his throat.

A bounce in his wobbly belly and a long *uorrrrrp* sealed away the poor delivery bunny; his lunch, however, was far from over. As the rabbit had been woefully unfilling, Nick would need to supplement him with something else. Thankfully the rest of the customers on the rabbit's delivery route would likely solve his hunger problem. Nick grabbed the still-warm pizza box from before and waddled with it out of his apartment, scarfing down slices as his belly swayed in protest.

Nick's new delivery car was conveniently parked right outside of the complex, a pizza-shaped topper making it impossible to miss. The wolf's exposed, bulging gut was just as conspicuous, but none dared chastise Nick for his gluttony. After all, why risk becoming a second course?

As soon as he opened the car's front door he pushed the driver's seat as far back as it could possibly go, carefully angling his bulky frame in. With a little adjusting he managed to squeeze in, the whole car groaning in the process. Nick wasn't exactly comfortable but he felt he could make things work, and at least he had more room than his rowdy meal, whose struggles had intensified upon being wedged in between the steering wheel and Nick's chest. The wolf started the car up and strapped himself in, snickering “safety first” just loud enough for lunch to hear before screeching off to the next address listed on the delivery route.

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The apartment door rattled as Nick banged at it with a fist, bellowing out “pizza delivery!” and trying not to chuckle. He made a passive attempt to straighten out his borrowed polo, though there was no way for the small shirt to even remotely cover his large, lumpy middle, which was still wobbling a little on occasion. Eventually his persistent knocking paid off and the door opened, revealing an overweight midnight-blue cheetah whose initial look of irritation swiftly shifted to one of confusion once he got a look at his delivery guy. The cheetah was just in sweats—no shirt at all—and Nick instantly suspected he'd planned on treating himself to the same wiggly meal the wolf had enjoyed a short while earlier. Beating another predator to the punch gave Nick an extra bit of glee.

Before the cheetah could reconsider his questionable delivery Nick forced his way through, using his gut to shepherd his next meal back into the living room. “Good afternoon sir! Name's Nick, I'm covering for the usual guy while he explores new—*hic*—work opportunities.” The wolf gave his belly a teasing slap, prompting it to bounce in response.

Despite not being too much smaller than Nick, the cheetah was quickly put on the defensive, his confidence wavering in the presence of another pred. “I-I think you've got the wrong address, I definitely didn't order a pizza, nope!”

Nick put on a fake frown and flipped open the pizza box he was holding. “So you didn't order this meat-lover's pizza with extra cheese? I am *so* sorry for the mistake, it's my first day on the job and I'm still getting the hang of things. Please, accept the pizza as an apology!”

“No thanks I'll be—*hooomph!*” The cheetah's eyes bulged as two slices were abruptly shoved

right into his mouth.

The cheetah stumbled backwards in a hasty attempt to flee, but managed to bump right into the recliner behind him instead, falling onto it. Two more slices followed soon after, and the cheetah was forced to swiftly scarf down the pizza just so he could sneak a breath in. His muffled complaints were promptly ignored as Nick continued stuffing him with the large pizza that'd been ordered, favoring speed over finesse. When the empty pizza box was eventually tossed aside the cheetah's belly was taut, the stuffed feline groaning from eating so much so fast. Nick grinned at his handiwork and poked his future meal's gut, eyeing him without any subtlety.

"Shame you didn't take advantage of a few more combo deal coupons, but I suppose a big, plump pred like yerself was expecting a much bigger meal to come with this order!" Nick laughed, maw opening wide as he closed in on his prey.

The cheetah merely whimpered in terror before his vision went dark, his face pelted by warm breath reeking of pizza and rabbit. Nick's big belly kept him firmly pinned to the chair, its weight ensuring he could do little more than wiggle frantically in place. A strong swallow pulled him straight into Nick's squishy gullet, the muscles in the throat eager and willing to nudge him further towards the stomach. As the wolf's lips spread around his shoulders his arms became pinned to his sides, halting the doomed cheetah's desperate attempts to push Nick away and reaffirming his fate as a meal.

Every gulp made it more and more difficult to fight back. Despite the extra heft of his second course Nick was consuming him with practiced ease, jaws steadily stretching and inching forwards to take in the fat cat as if he were a mere noodle to slurp up. For Nick a hefty prey wasn't a challenge it was an overindulgent treat, and they filled his belly just as easily as anyone else. Saliva coated the cheetah as Nick thoroughly tasted him, giving a muffled groan of approval as he savored him like a delicacy.

Lifting his prey off the chair, Nick began to pace out his swallows more, eager to take his time working over the mound of pudge. His prey plainly disapproved of the attention, flailing more aggressively as he was relished and enjoyed like any other snack yet incapable of reversing his descent. Nick's belly ballooned outward once again as his second course started to empty into his stomach. By now his polo was scrunched up almost completely, incapable of handling his gluttony, not that his disguise was really necessary; he merely enjoyed playing the role of the ravenous delivery guy.

The desire to settle into the recliner and spend the rest of the day lazing around the apartment was strong, but then Nick remembered there was a single delivery left in the car outside...and the appetizing customer it was meant for. With the cheetah's legs and poofy tail still hanging from his maw Nick began waddling out, determined to not let the last order go to waste.

As Nick made his way down the halls of the complex he passed a few residents, all of whom nervously avoided joining their ex-neighbor. They could hear the cheetah's muffled shouts as the wolf lumbered by, Nick grinning around his meal and tipping his hat in greeting as he continued on unchallenged. By the time he reached the car only the cheetah's frantically twitching tail remained, which Nick noisily slurped up as it tried to desperately coil around his nose, smacking his lips before letting out a solid *bworrrp*. He forced his way back into the car, barely able to see past his immense, wobbling middle that bumped against the horn accidentally. Fortunately the next address wasn't too far.

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"*Urrrrrrrrrp*—oof, keep it down in there will ya?" Nick smirked and took a moment to push down on his squirming gut. "You're gonna have plenty of company soon."

The last delivery on the rabbit's list was a doozy, four large pizzas overloaded with toppings, the wolf struggling to balance them all. Only a party of people or an incredibly gluttonous individual would make such an order, and either outcome made Nick's mouth water in anticipation. He could probably cram a small get together down his throat as long as he moved quickly enough, and a

blubbery meal would be too slow to escape him. Sure his first two prey had been enough to serve as a satisfying lunch—even for him—but the opportunity to overindulge was impossible to resist.

Lost in the fantasy of his next meal, Nick almost didn't notice the front door starting to open, the wolf grinning cockily as he eagerly awaited how the customer would react when faced with a voracious predator; instead he found himself facing a wall of dark fur and a rumbling belly. Looking up at the large customer, Nick's smug grin faded away. Taking up almost the entire doorway was a massive black bear big enough to make the well-fed Nick look merely plump in comparison. He wasn't just fat he was bulky, giving off an air of predatory intimidation before he'd said a single word. Initially the bear seemed just as confused as Nick was, but after a good look at the wolf's faintly shifting, gurgling belly a smile crept across his face.

"Well, well, well, you must be a brand new driver. I see your route's been treating you well." There was an uncomfortable friendliness in the tone of the bear's voice, and he gave a firm and knowing prod to the wolf's exposed gut.

Nick gulped. "Oh, um...wrong apartment, I think I'm meant to be on the next flo—"

"Nonsense, you're exactly where you need to be," the bear chuckled and placed a heavy paw on Nick's shoulder, applying just enough pressure to keep the wolf from wandering off. "Now why don't you come on in and enjoy some pizza with me, I *insist*."

Despite a plethora of mumbled excuses Nick found himself steered into the apartment, just as the rabbit had been a while earlier. As the door shut behind him and locks were turned Nick frantically searched for an escape route, but the paw was back on his shoulder before he knew it, guiding him deeper into the living room. While a few brief minutes ago Nick had felt like the king of this town, a wolf amongst sheep with two trophies already hanging from his waistline, now he suddenly felt like a stuffed treat, a feast awaiting the dinner bell.

"I gotta come clean, I'm not actually a delivery guy," Nick admitted with a nervous laugh. "Had him for lunch and decided to have a little fun, ya know, snack—"

"Snack on some customers, like me." The bear said with a knowing smile.

Nick shook his head. "Of course not, wouldn't dream of doing that to a fellow predator! It's important for us to stick together and remind everyone else who's food, right?"

"Right." The bear took the pizzas from Nick and placed them on the coffee table nearby. "I think you'd agree that good food gets delivered right to your door. Like a pizza for example! And it's best when it's filling, mouth watering, and too stuffed to get away."

The wolf didn't like where the conversation was going at all, paw shaking as he adjusted his shirt collar. "C-certainly. Good thing I don't see anyone like that here!"

The bear rubbed his chin, as if deep in thought. "Hmm, about that."

Without warning the bear gave Nick a solid shove, throwing the engorged wolf off-balance and causing him to stumble backwards. Fortunately for him there was a couch to break his fall, though he did let loose a hiccup on impact. Heart pumping from the surprise, Nick took a second to recover before trying to stand back up, still hoping he could somehow sneak away from the imposing bear. With a grunt he lurched forward...only to fall right back into the couch after moving just a few inches. Again and again Nick attempted to leave the couch, and every time he found his massive belly too heavy and unwieldy to overcome; he was effectively immobile.

"Huh, would you look at that? You seem to be having trouble moving," the bear mused. "You know what, I do believe you might be food!"

"N-n-now let's hold on a second, I'm just catching my breath!" Nick insisted, still rocking back and forth as he tried in vain to escape his comfy prison. "I'll be back up in a sec I swear, and then we can share stories about our favorite meals! How does that sound?"

The bear nodded, but Nick had a sinking feeling he wasn't agreeing for the right reasons. "Wonderful idea! Well if you're preoccupied then I'll start: I once had the pleasure of indulging on an incredibly delicious wolf who arrived on my doorstep pre-stuffed with at least two other people." His

smile widened as he loomed over Nick. “And then I had the most delightful time feeding him the four pizzas I'd intended to use to fatten up the usual, woefully slim delivery guy.”

Nick's wiggling intensified as he watched the bear casually open up the top-most pizza box and pull out some slices, fresh cheese oozing from them. “That's...uh...that's a really really good one! Some of my favorite meals are ones I caught with friends, actually! I bet if the two of us predators went hunting together we could clear out whole restaurants with ease. Just saying we'd make a great—*oomph!*”

The bargain attempt was interrupted as the bear leaned on Nick's bulging gut with his arm, a mouthful of pizza quickly silencing the wolf. The same technique he'd used on the cheetah earlier, now turned against him.

The bear happily hummed to himself as he crammed slice after slice of pizza into Nick's maw, practically forcing the canine to swallow them whole with no breaks. Nick managed garbled complaints the entire time, hoping for some kind of miracle to save him from what was to come. The first pizza was force-fed to Nick in under a minute, the wolf groaning as his belly became that much fuller. Exhaustion was finally beginning to creep in from his afternoon of gorging, making it more difficult for Nick to struggle. Unfortunately there were three more pizzas left for him to “enjoy”.

Nick fell into a daze as his stomach grew tighter and tighter from the onslaught of pizza, barely willing to move and incapable of much else aside from groans and moans. The bulges of his belly smoothed out slightly as pizza filled in the cracks, though the signs of his voracious gluttony couldn't be erased entirely. Occasionally he'd try to squirm on instinct, his efforts rewarded with a double stack of pizza, the wolf utterly at the bear's mercy. When the last box was empty Nick was left mumbling nonsense.

The bear licked the cheese and sauce clean from his fingers. “I can already tell you're gonna be the best meal I've had in months!” the bear said cheerfully before using his strength to roll Nick over onto his bloated belly.

Without any further fanfare the bear crouched down and grabbed Nick by the ankles like he was a sandwich, sliding them right into his cavernous maw. Nick could feel himself entering something warm and wet, but he was far too stuffed to resist, simply groaning and belching in dismay. The bear was free to take his time with his overindulgent meal, savoring every inch of Nick without having to worry about the wolf wiggling free of his grasp or turning the tables on him. When he'd originally ordered the pizza he'd expected to just get an unimpressive delivery guy to fill up as a light snack, something to hold him over till he went hunting for dinner. Scoring a fellow pred who'd let himself get carried away was a delightful surprise.

Nick's legs were a mere appetizer compared to the rest of him, and the bear's mouth began watering as he approached his hips, grasping the wolf's bulging sides with both paws for leverage. His jaws stretched preposterously wide in order to take in his prize. The bear lazily grabbed Nick's paws and slipped them past his lips as he inched his way upwards, denying the already incapacitated meal any means of fighting back. His belly swelled, spreading across the floor as the wolf was steadily crammed into it. For the bear, consuming someone as massive as Nick wasn't impossible, but it wasn't necessarily easy either, and at times he was forced to take short breaks to ensure he didn't pass out mid-meal.

With most of Nick's mass either resting in his stomach or sliding down his gullet, the bear carefully stood up, swollen gut swaying gently in the process. Gravity made the final stretch of his sizable meal less strenuous, Nick's own weight hastening his descent. Nick was still too woozy to even make a final attempt to bargain for his freedom, moaning as his head began to slip past the bear's jaws, about to be done in by his gluttony. At the very end the bear placed a paw atop Nick's nose and pushed, shoving him right in like he was another slice of pizza.

Nick's world went dark. A broad, wet tongue scooped around the wolf's muzzle as the bear's mouth shut in front of him, his face squeezed by the throat as he finished his slow descent into the pit

of the cramped stomach. Hanging from the bear's waistline, all Nick could do was barely resist falling into a food coma while putting up a token bit of weak resistance. On the outside, the bear let out a joyous sigh of relief, cradling his bulging gut and licking his lips. With considerable effort he lowered himself onto the couch, which groaned in protest beneath his ridiculous bulk, barely able to handle its engorged owner.

The bear stretched and yawned, loosening his belt to give his meal the room to settle down in his hips. For him, the rest of the day would be one of lazy relaxation, spent enjoying the taste of stuffed wolf lingering on the tip of his tongue. He spotted the delivery hat lying nearby—having fallen from Nick's head as he was gobbled up—and chuckled as he put it on.

“I must say, you are by *far* the best pizza delivery guy I've ever had.” The bear gave his massive belly a satisfied pat, delighting in the wobble it provoked...