

Tip of the Day:

By: IndigoRho

Blaidd rapped his paw on the front door and sighed, his stomach grumbling. Working hungry on his birthday was frustrating enough, but deliveries that day had been few and far between, and the tips nothing short of criminal. To make matters worse, the last two trips in a row had ended with the wolf fleeing hungry preds who were far more interested in gorging on delivery guys than actual pizza. Those kind of customers always thought they were so clever, as if they were the first person to ever think of “ordering” a delivery guy for dinner. Fortunately Blaidd was experienced enough to spot most of the ambushes before he ever knocked on the customer's door. They tended to have unusual orders to begin with, like individual desserts or a single 2-liter of soda, and always lingered on his pudgy middle the moment the door opened.

The wolf grumbled to himself aloud, curious as to why the door hadn't been answered yet. He knocked again—much louder—just wanting the delivery to end. By the time he drove back his shift should be over, and he could at least head home and relax. A few more minutes passed, and Blaidd was on the verge of outright kicking the door when it finally clicked open. The tell-tale aroma of pot hit him almost right away, and the goofy grin on the slim, shirtless ferret standing before him only confirmed the customer was high. Very high, considering how distracted the guy seemed.

“Hey, I've got your two medium cheese pizzas, just as ordered,” Blaidd said with little enthusiasm.

“Thanks dude, forgot I even ordered them!” the ferret cheerfully replied, nearly dropping both the second he was handed them.

Blaidd sighed in relief once the customer safely placed the boxes on a sidetable near the entrance, and impatiently waited for him to sign the receipt and maybe provide something at least resembling a tip. He'd received generous tips from stoners before, so there was still a chance for the night to turn around. A small, hopeful smile grew on the wolf's face as he watched the ferret pull out his wallet, which turned into a frown once he realized it was completely empty.

The ferret looked down at his sparse wallet in confusion, before shrugging and turning to Blaidd. “Oh, uh, tough luck man. Maybe next time.”

Next time? He'd driven to the very edge of his store's delivery zone, and was doomed to sit in traffic on the way back, and the cheapskate wasn't going to tip him anything at all! This wasn't the first time Blaidd had been stiffed on a tip, and it wouldn't be the last, but the whole, terrible day finally caught up with him. He wanted to give the ferret a piece of his mind, tell him how horrible he was being, how he was endangering his livelihood, a thousand different things...but then a sharp hunger pain distracted him. Blaidd's lunch had been rather rushed for unforeseen circumstances, and the lack of food was beginning to get to him. Suddenly the wolf knew the answer to all his immediate problems.

Blaidd quickly grabbed the ferret and gripped him in a bear hug, taking full advantage of their size difference. As the confused ferret squirmed weakly in his grasp, Blaidd licked his lips and grinned deviously. “Don't worry, I know the perfect way you can tip me.”

Before the ferret could question the ominous response Blaidd opened his maw wide and lunged, engulfing his “tip's” head in one go. The ferret's struggles immediately picked up once he realized the wolf was trying to eat him. He wiggled and attempted to back away, but all he managed to do was jiggle Blaidd's belly and make the wolf even hungrier. His head steadily pushed into the throat as Blaidd stretched his jaws around his shoulders and gulped. A loud gurgle echoed up the gullet and rung in the ferret's ears, Blaidd's stomach eager to fill itself to the brim with the live meal inching towards it and encouraging the wolf to swallow even faster. Blaidd happily complied.

Long, strong gulps pulled more and more of the ferret into Blaidd, his paws lifting off the ground and kicking futilely in the air. Blaidd had plenty of experience consuming prey his size and larger, so swallowing a meal who didn't even weigh half as much as him was comically easy. The fact

that the ferret was fairly high made the matter trivial. Another gulp finally pushed the ferret's head into Blaidd's stomach, quickly followed by his shoulders and chest. Blaidd's gut swelled outwards, pushing away his uniform and exposing itself to the fresh air. Every new swallow caused it to expand further, and Blaidd chuckled as he felt the ferret's face pressed into his own flailing legs momentarily. By the time he reached the ferret's knees he was practically shoving the rest of his meal down his throat in order to appease the hunger pains. With a satisfied gulp and sigh Blaidd finally closed his jaws around the ferret's paws, grinning as the last of his meal slid down his throat and emptied into his gut with a delightful bounce.

"Oh man, that almost made today worth it!" Blaidd said, giving his bulging gut a couple happy pats with both paws.

The ferret shifted a bit within him, but his struggles didn't pick up much once he was completely eaten.

Blaidd pulled his shirt down as far as it would go for his own amusement, almost overjoyed that it couldn't come close to covering up the live meal in his stomach. "Hopefully you'll remember enough of this to tip well next time you order!" He gave his gut a hard shake for emphasis. "Maybe I should start doing this more often."

"Sweet, pizza's here."

The new, lazy voice caught Blaidd so off-guard he almost broke into an immediate sweat. He looked up to see a rather plump panther waddling his way, smiling and taking oddly careful steps. Blaidd guessed he was either the ferret's roommate or friend, and from a glance he was obviously just as high. "Woah, big pizza guy. This stuff must taste crazy good, then!" The panther said, oblivious.

Blaidd breathed a sigh of relief and decided to play along. "Yep, really tasty, can't get enough of it," he said.

"Awesome! I wonder where Dane went, he said he was gonna answer the door." The panther asked.

Blaidd's gut bounced as the ferret heard his name, though the panther didn't seem to notice. The wolf was about to think of a simple excuse to distract the other customer and leave with his meal, when a better idea hit him. "Oh yeah, I know exactly Dane went. He actually asked me to show you if we ran into each other."

The panther trusted Blaidd without a second thought, even when the delivery guy closed the door behind him and waddled over while licking his lips. At that point, Blaidd decided not to bother with subtlety or theatrics. He just wanted another squirming meal in his belly to celebrate his birthday right. While the panther was a decent bit fatter than Dane, he was still smaller than Blaidd, and the wolf didn't feel he'd be much of a challenge. Without saying another word, Blaidd grabbed the panther's shoulders and pushed him against the closest wall, pinning his next meal with his massive middle. Just like Dane, the panther squirmed in confusion, but not nearly enough to avoid being eaten by the gluttonous wolf.

For a moment, Blaidd considered taking his time, maybe see if the panther was worth savoring. Instead, his greedy stomach rumbled again, and Blaidd knew the best use for his prey was as fast food, scarfed down to sate his hunger so he could move on to funner things. Again the wolf's maw opened wide, and again a furry's head was shoved into it. Swallow after swallow caused the struggling panther to disappear down Blaidd's throat, and his belly bloated to an even greater degree once his stomach welcomed course two. Blaidd could feel his gut bouncing around once the panther was forcefully reunited with his buddy, and wanted to laugh once he realized Dane made a pitiful attempt to halt his meal and push the panther back up. A strong gulp ended that delusion.

When Blaidd finally swallowed the last of the panther he let out a thunderous belch and leaned into the wall with his bulging gut, feeling a bit winded from his eating spree. He took a few moments to catch his breath, wrapping his arms around his enormous middle as best he could, and enjoying his handiwork. The wolf hadn't let himself indulge like this in a while, and the feast was just what he

needed on a rough day like this one. Driving home in his current state was out of the question—he doubted he'd even be able to squeeze into the driver's seat let alone reach the steering wheel—but fortunately he now had the perfect place to crash while he waited. After all, the ferret and panther would be “away” for a bit.

Despite being weighed down by two disgruntled prey, Blaidd managed to waddle into the apartment's living room and settle in on the surprisingly comfy couch. He practically sank into the cushion, letting his gut spill across his lap and hang over the edge a little. The TV remote was thankfully just within reach, allowing Blaidd to take advantage of the nice set-up his meals had. Blaidd belched again, chuckling as he politely excused himself, and quickly selected something enjoyable to watch as a distraction. His birthday dinner had been better than he could have hoped for, the perfect way to fill his belly and vent his frustrations at the same time. A small yawn escaped his lips, and Blaidd mused about indulging in such meals far more often as his eyelids grew as heavy as his gut and he slipped into a well-earned food coma.