

Deep Fried Wolf

By: IndigoRho

The tempting aromas of fattening food poured from the stalls of the County Fair, all seemingly converging on a single location. Or at least, that's how Raf felt. The obese hyena was doing his best to focus only on the ground ahead of him, avoiding the endless array of food stalls as if they were the plague. His sizable belly bounced as he walked, the buttons of his dress shirt straining with every step while his stomach growled in defiance. Raf was—as always—desperately trying to lose weight, and knew if he faltered for even a moment he might end up stuffing himself unwittingly on all the Fair had to offer him. Once he escaped the high calorie trap he'd be free to grump around the rest of the fairgrounds.

With the end of the stalls in sight he was on the verge of breathing a sigh of relief, though fate had other plans.

“Hey big guy, I'm sure *you'd* be eager for the meal of a lifetime!”

Raf's ears twitched and he stopped walking for a moment, immediately frowning at the fact he'd actually responded to the perceived insult. Maybe the voice was shouting at someone else, it's not like he was the only hefty guy there.

“Yo, you with the pink mohawk!” The voice persisted. “I'm offering you a lunch that'll actually fill that tank of yours!”

Raf clenched his jaw shut, suddenly aware of all the bystanders who'd stopped to look directly at him and his pink hair. With a scowl on his face he turned to confront the heckler. In between two normal stalls was a larger space taken up mostly by what appeared to be a large dunk tank, atop which sat a chubby, smiling wolf. The wolf was wearing only swim trunks, though there wasn't a drop of water on him yet, the white fur around his neck still extra floofy. Above him was a large sign excitedly declaring: “Deep Fried Wolf”. Raf was too confused to do anything but glare.

“Ah, I knew food would get your attention fast!” The wolf shouted. “What's your name tubbs!”

“Raf,” the furious hyena growled.

“Raf? Wonderful name, matches your gut. I'm Wire, but if you're lucky you'll soon be calling me lunch!” The wolf said, chipper as ever.

The hyena rolled his eyes. “I'm not in the mood to eat anyone right now, not even you.”

“Hey now, I might not look filling to someone of your impressive girth, but I assure you my taste is unmatched once I've been deep fried!” Wire said with a mock frown.

Raf's eyes drifted from the wolf, to the sign, then down to the tank, which he abruptly realized wasn't filled with simple water. The liquid within was bubbling, and heavy generators connected to the tank itself; it was an enormous deep fryer. Raf's confusion had only grown.

“Ugh, you'd be even healthier fried! Find someone else to fatten up!” Raf yelled back.

“I can't believe you'd turn down such a generous offer! You're...you're not afraid you'd miss, are you, jumbo?” Wire taunted with a grin.

Against his better judgment Raf waddled up to the tank. The wolf's insults had finally gotten to him, and Raf was now eager to fry his bane away. Once he'd dealt with Wire he'd just walk away and leave the life-size fair snack to whoever wanted it. Not like he was obligated to eat him, after all.

“If you want to be eaten that badly then fine, I'll take a throw!” Raf fumed. “How much?”

“Two throws for a dollar! It's a steal,” Wire said, far happier than someone in his situation should've been. “Just sign the little sheet on the table with the balls and leave a buck there.”

Raf swiftly jotted his name down without reading it, dropping a few quarters nearby before grabbing his first ball. He was always weary of carnival games being rigged, and the ridiculous circumstances of this one only fueled the belief. Still rather angry, Raf tossed the ball wildly towards his target, missing considerably and bouncing off the tank instead. There were a few chuckles in the crowd, and Wire himself gave a look of overexaggerated disappointment.

"I believe in you, butterball! Just imagine how juicy I'll taste if you win!" Wire yelled, slapping his pudgy belly for emphasis.

The frustrated hyena took a deep breath, then imagined the target as Wire's head before making his second toss. This time his throw flew true, nailing the metal circle dead center. Right away a waterfall of flour poured over Wire, coating him almost completely. Soon after he was equally pelted by bread crumbs, which clung comically to the wolf's body. He grinned suspiciously wide and gave a big thumbs up to the gathered crowd before the platform he'd been sitting on gave way, sending him splashing down into the massive deep fryer. In an instant the wolf was flash-fried, cacophonous sizzling filling the air as Wire was violently prepped. He twitched momentarily after falling in, but fortunately the audience was spared any excessive flailing this time.

Raf grimaced as he watched his "lunch" being made, though he still had trouble feeling sorry for the nuisance. He was about to walk away when an aggravatingly familiar voice called out to him.

"Hey now, bro, not so fast! You've still got a deep fried wolf to scarf down!"

Raf turned towards the stall counter, only now realizing there'd been someone manning the register while Wire lured in customers. The worker looked strikingly similar to Raf, bearing a grin that mirrored Raf's frown and a frosted-tipped mohawk rather than a pink one. He was the last person in the world Raf had wanted to see: his twin brother Leon.

"I'm just gonna pass it along to the next customer, I'm not that hungry," Raf nearly growled.

"First of all, you're always that hungry," Leon sneered. "Second of all, you're contractually obligated to eat every last crunchy bite of that wolf you just bought."

Raf scowled. "Says who!"

"Says the sheet you signed when you bought those two throws. If you let Wire go to waste, you'll be forced to compensate his lost wages, and I think you'll find I'm a generous employer," Leon said.

Sure enough, when Raf waddled over to the sheet he'd blindly signed he discovered Leon's claims were true. "How is he worth three hundred dollars!"

"Convincing someone to get deep fried requires cash, bro! Though honestly I think he'd have done it for free considering who he was gonna feed," Leon shrugged. "Well Raf, unless you want to break the bank, you'd better get waddling to the table while I grab your treat."

The situation was far too absurd for Raf to come up with even a half-assed witty response, and the hyena decided he was best off simply getting the unwanted meal over with. He grumbled as he sat in the obviously reinforced chair in front of the stall's dining table, his gut already pushing into the edge. Meanwhile, Leon was busy using a crane to fish the fried Wire out of the tank. The crispy wolf was dramatically raised then lowered into a wheelbarrow, half a leg breaking off in the process. Leon eagerly delivered the mostly-intact Wire to Raf, rolling him onto the table. Raf looked down at his meal with disdain, embarrassed that he'd been so easily tricked by his twin and the wolf.

Leon brought a heavy meat cleaver down on Wire's left arm, severing it at the elbow. "Alright bro, dig in!"

Raf sighed, then tore into the large chunk. Just as he'd feared, fried wolf was obnoxiously delicious. He chomped and ripped and gulped like he was eating a regular drumstick, stripping the forearm right to the bone until not even a scrap of flesh was left. The buttons of his shirt were barely holding on by a thread now, his pudgy tan belly peeking through the wide cracks. A messy belch escaped his lips, causing the hyena to blush at his own gluttony. Unfortunately there was a whole lot more of Wire left to deal with.

Another half of limb was severed, and again Raf went to town on it, so lost in the taste he nearly forgot just how fattening his meal would be. His gut gradually swelled the more he ate, until inevitably his shirt buttons went flying off one-by-one, his flabby middle wobbling out, free. A small crowd had begun to form—much to the Raf's disdain—encouraged by Leon to cheer on the hyena who "dared to consume an entire fried wolf". Raf scowled and blushed as he felt the hoard of eyes watching him, but

he was quickly realizing he was too hungry to walk away from the feast even if he'd wanted to.

Bone after stripped bone was tossed to the table as Raf gorged on Wire. His immense belly had spilled over onto his lap, crammed with juicy meat and crispy breadings, and he wasn't even half-way through yet. Any time the hyena faltered Leon would threaten him, reminding him of the potential fee. Sometimes he'd even shove a chunk of meat right into his mouth as "encouragement", which embarrassed his twin to no end. Once Wire's arms and most of his legs were gone, Raf let out a tremendous burp, groaning as he rested his paws atop his gut. He felt horribly massive, and was fearful he wouldn't even be able to waddle home once he'd actually finished the meal.

Leon saw the concern, and smiled. "You've got this bro, I've seen you eat much, much more in one sitting before! Remember last Thanksgiving, when you ended up immobilized for a week!"

Raf growled. "I only ate that much because you force-fed me everything!"

"Now now, this isn't the time for semantics," Leon teased, before leaning in close. "And if you don't finish soon I might make you repay me by taking Wire's place in the dunk tank."

The stuffed hyena gulped. The only thing worse than getting fat was being used to fatten someone else up. With renewed gusto Raf tore into Wire's legs, stripping them clean in record time. Though the fried wolf had been drastically reduced in size, there was still a considerable amount of meat left, and Raf swore he could feel his belly swelling with every bite. His audience had grown irritatingly large, cameras recording every second of his embarrassing feast. Raf managed to begrudgingly endure and, after what seemed like forever, he finally tossed aside Wire's skull. Not a single bit of meat remained of the wolf.

Raf leaned back in his creaking chair, exhausted and full beyond belief. His belly was a swollen, blubbery sphere, far too large for him to walk with. A few more loud groans escaped the chair before it gave in, collapsing suddenly beneath the bulky hyena. He yelped in surprise as he fell onto his butt, gut jiggling in the process. As expected, Raf was now far too fat to stand back up let alone move, though he still wobbled about in frustration. The shame was too great, and Raf quietly fumed on the ground.

"Told ya you could do it!" Leon cheerfully said, giving his immobilized twin a hard slap on the belly. "I think I might even hire you on as prime advertisement space for the stall! Shouldn't be too difficult to drape a banner on you, or maybe just write on that giant gut of yours."

Raf refused to grant Leon the joy of a grumpy retort.

"And don't worry bro, you'll be compensated well for your work: all the free food your bottomless stomach could desire!" Leon laughed, giving his defeated twin one last poke before returning to the counter to find a marker.

Raf sighed and grumbled curses under his breath, staring up at the bright blue sky. Hopefully this wasn't the beginning another long, terrible week...