

Pampering Blithe

By: IndigoRho

There were many perks to being a posh member of the nobility, and Blithe made a habit of taking advantage of them all. The hefty white horse was lazily sprawled across a chaise lounge, being fed fresh pastries by one servant while two others dutifully rubbed his round belly. Blithe was passionately gluttonous, indulging excessively in only the best food and ensuring there was always someone around to worship his ever-growing middle. As far as he was concerned having a wide waistline was one of the best signs of status—or at least the most enjoyable. His current binge had nearly brought his blue vest to its limits, the gold buttons straining to contain his girth. They weren't likely to survive the day, not that he couldn't replace them with ease.

Despite the considerable amount of food he'd consumed, Blithe's hunger was relentless, and he suddenly found himself craving something more filling than mere pastries. He glanced over at the sharply-dressed panther who'd been feeding him, his eyes drifting to a shiny, dinner plate-shaped pin on his shirt. Amongst Blithe's servants, wearing that pin marked them as willing meals for their master. The horse had long ago discovered it was surprisingly easy to find individuals eager to add to his fabulous frame, and he gloated often to his peers about his many loyal morsels. His soon-to-be snack was rather slim, but he'd be a good start.

With little warning Blithe grabbed the panther by his shirt collar and pulled him close, licking his lips in anticipation. “The pastries just aren't cutting it, but you'll do lovely.”

The concerned look on the panther's face swiftly changed to one of joy. “T-thank you! It's an honor!”

“Trust me, the honor's all mine,” Blithe replied with a grin.

Blithe opened his maw wide, giving the servant a clear view down his throat. He engulfed his meal's head in a single gulp, the need to glut outweighing any desire to tease the “lucky” panther. The two attending Blithe's middle stopped for a moment once the eating began, one immediately returning to his duties while the other—himself sporting a dinner plate pin—watched for a second with a mix of awe and jealousy. Strong swallows pulled in the panther's neck and shoulders. As Blithe's own neck started to bulge from his prey's descent the frilled collar of his vest stretched until the top button popped off. With every swallow more of the buttons burst, gradually exposing Blithe's ballooning belly.

The panther made no effort to escape, even as his head pushed into Blithe's stomach and he joined the pastries he'd so cheerfully fed him earlier. No struggles or pleas, no shouts for help, just the occasional gleeful wiggle as he was consumed. Like so many others he'd fallen for the opulent horse, and had extensively fantasized about becoming pudge. The thought of being an extra wobble in Blithe's step, a jiggle in his gut, a strain to the seams of his outfits...all brought the panther bliss. He tried his best to be an easy meal, settling in the pit of Blithe's stomach gently so as not to disturb him.

Even as Blithe's belly swelled and bulged from the panther's addition, the other two servants diligently rubbed and kneaded it, trained to perform the task no matter what their master had decided to stuff himself with. Their work must have been appreciated, as Blithe let out soft moans and swatted at his seat with his tail. He could feel his gut swelling, almost spilling over the side of the chaise lounge, a delightful sight to behold. By now the panther was just a pair of footpaws, easily slurped up. Blithe's middle bounced slightly as the servant emptied into it, and he let out a content sigh followed by a politely stifled belch. Unfortunately his hunger hadn't been completely satisfied.

The belly attendant with the dinner plate pin—a deliciously doughy hyena who must have been twice as fat as the panther—was already making his mouth water. Having just finished gobbling up one servant, Blithe pointed to the one belly rubber beside the hyena, a slightly slimmer rabbit.

“I need a second course, feed me the hyena.”

While the rabbit cowered somewhat at the command, his companion was visibly ecstatic, offering himself up with no hesitation. Again Blithe opened his maw, but this time he allowed his

servants to do all the menial work for him. The hyena carefully slipped his paws right into Blithe's mouth, using only enough force to prompt an accepting swallow. Afterward he lowered his head as his paws and arms vanished, gazing into the slick abyss without any fear. The rabbit guiding him tried to remain professional, but Blithe could clearly see just how nervous he was feeding another living being to the horse. Had Blithe not had a mouthful of savory hyena he would've laughed. Servants were simply another convenient food source to him, and gorging on the willing ones helped reinforce that truth in the minds of the *unwilling* ones. After all, everyone who served in Blithe's household ended up part of his gut inevitably.

Swallowing the hyena took a bit more effort than the panther, though Blithe managed a steady pace, having feasted on prey twice as large in the past. The panther already within him greeted his temporary roommate with open arms, ensuring the consumption went smoothly on his end as well. Blithe's gut was only getting larger, a massive white orb swaying softly with each gulp. He moaned as he felt his middle swelling to handle the hyena, eager to be bigger, more imposing. His jaws stretched over the hyena's soft belly and round butt, the thick thighs following soon after. The noble's hunger wasn't nearly sated, and with a devilish grin he decided for certain there'd be a third, likely unwilling course.

Blithe made an abruptly powerful swallow as the rabbit was guiding in the hyena's legs, trapping the servant's paws in his mouth as well. Assuming the act was carelessness on his own part, the rabbit quickly tried to retrieve his paws from his master's maw, only to have them pulled in deeper as Blithe pulled again. A good look at the horse's eyes revealed his true motives, sending the rabbit into a panic as he realized he'd been added to the menu. No matter how fiercely he struggled Blithe proved stronger, and the terrified servant was losing ground fast, his fingers entering the throat.

"M-Master Blithe, please let me go, I beg you!" the rabbit stammered, Blithe's maw closing in. "I've always been loyal, don't eat me!"

There were so many things Blithe wanted to say in response, but unfortunately there was no way he would've sounded coherent while eating. Besides, it would've been poor manners. Instead the horse replied by swallowing even faster, eventually pulling in the rabbit's head as well and muffling his pointless complaints. While the panther and hyena had been delightfully complacent, dessert obviously wasn't going to be, and the rabbit began blindly kicking and squirming right away. Of course Blithe had consumed his fair share of reluctant meals in the past—prey had a bad tendency of not accepting their place on the food chain—so the rabbit's little wiggles were of no consequence.

As Blithe grabbed the squishy sides of his plump third course to get a better grip the seat below him groaned in protest. Most furniture in the mansion was specially reinforced with the gluttonous horse in mind, but the chaise lounge was an antique meant for far less indulgent individuals; Blithe couldn't have cared less about it. His once-serene stomach turned rowdy as the rabbit was slowly forced to join his peers, who did their best to restrain him, loyal to the end. The creaks were growing louder as Blithe's belly expanded, only the rabbit's legs left. He moaned as the chaise lounge groaned, until finally he shoved the rabbit's paws into his maw and made a firm last gulp to seal him away.

The chaise lounge failed as soon as the rabbit fully entered Blithe's stomach. The wooden legs cracked and splintered, the main cushion falling flat as the horse neighed loudly in surprise. He let out a thunderous belch upon impact, blushing momentarily before remembering there wasn't anyone around to witness the act. At least, no one around who wouldn't be horse fat in a few hours. With his ego bruised more than his butt, Blithe happily began rubbing his massive distended gut, feeling every shifting bulge and lump on its vast surface. There'd been some muffled shouts from the rabbit earlier but now they were gone, the disruptive servant likely gagged by the others.

Blithe continued groping and kneading his belly long after his three-course meal, until the only sounds coming from his stomach were *glrrrrrgles* and the only movement the churning of prey. The feast was going to be a boon to his already-wonderful figure, adding more curves and jiggling in all the right places. Perhaps he'd get some softer love handles or rounder cheeks, maybe thicker neck. His gut

was bound to widen at least, and his personal tailors would need to get work right away to make suitable alterations to his expansive wardrobe. When you were nobility it was impossible to run out of clothing that fit, no matter how voracious or gluttonous you were...