

Double-stuffed Snack:

By: IndigoRho

A light slap to the cheek roused Marcus from his nap, the zebra groaning as his eyes adjusted to the light. His mind was a haze, and Marcus wasn't sure how he'd managed to fall asleep while shopping at Sun Mart with his friends. He'd headed towards the fitting room to try on new clothes as the others wandered off to electronics, but he couldn't remember reaching them, let alone passing out. Now more or less awake, Marcus realized he was sitting at a chair in a large stockroom, and an attempt to stand proved he was strapped down. His glasses were missing, unfortunately, though he could still see well enough. While not fully aware of the circumstances, numerous past experiences hinted that he'd likely been snagged by a hungry pred looking to feast on the very obese zebra. Marcus simply sighed.

"Excellent, my tasty morsel is finally awake!" A blue cheetah about as massive as Marcus strolled into view, his red polo doing a terrible job of containing his belly. His prominent name-tag revealed his name as Indi. "I like my meals nice and squirmy."

Marcus fidgeted against his bindings a little on instinct, knowing he wasn't strong enough to escape them on his own. "Isn't this bad customer service, I won't buy anything if I'm ate—wait where'd my clothes go!" The zebra had only just then realized he was completely nude, and blushed in embarrassment.

"I needed to distract your friends and trick them into thinking you'd already been gobbled up. A nice pile of torn clothing and broken glasses sent them scurrying off to interrogate everyone with a bulging belly," Indi laughed.

"Hey man, those glasses aren't cheap, you didn't need to break them!" Marcus said.

Indi shrugged. "A gluttonous pred isn't gonna gently take off your glasses after they've ripped your clothes off. Someone as delicious looking as you should be wearing contacts, anyways."

"That's not a good excuse! And you could've at least left my boxers on you creep!" Marcus was thankful his sizable gut hid his genitals, but he still felt far more vulnerable than usual.

"It wasn't intentional! I was in a rush and your clothes were so tight they came off when I was trying to free you from your shorts," Indi nearly stammered. "Why am I even arguing with you! Time to fill you up nice and good so you can fill me up even better."

Indi waddled out of Marcus' view, grabbing a muzzle that was connected to a holding tank via tube. He strapped the device to the zebra's head—after some token resistance—and chuckled as his prey struggled in the chair. "Hope you like the little feeding machine we put together back here. We've always been allowed to stuff prey with leftover clearance food we'd normally throw out, and man has this thing made the process easier," Indi said, proudly. "Delicious fudge is on the menu for you, stripes!"

A push of a button and some loud whirring soon silenced Marcus' muffled complaints as a steady stream of warm liquified fudge began gushing down his throat. He fought against his restraints as hard as he could, but only managed to strain his wrists, not even budging the chair an inch. Indi was eager to witness his handiwork up close and personal, grabbing onto the zebra's thick lovehandles and squeezing them in his paws, purring as he felt the soft flab. The cheetah absolutely adored fat, both on himself and others. Gorging was practically a hobby for him, and he was notorious for encouraging his friends to gain weight, tricking them into eating more or outright feeding them himself. While seeing them fatter was a significant motivator, he couldn't deny that he also considered his friends tastier when they were fatter.

Marcus' belly was already beginning to swell, filling with pound after pound of fudge. Indi continued his pre-meal adoration, getting so caught up in the moment he recited a cheesy tune to his prey. "Tasty zebra, tasty zebra, gonna be a snack. Tasty zebra, tasty zebra, gonna make me fat. Soft zebra, soft zebra, filling up with fudge. Soft zebra, soft zebra, soon you'll be cheetah pudgie!"

The cheetah's poor singing made Marcus squirm even more, but when Indi decided to toy with

his growing gut in return he unveiled the zebra's fully erect cock. There was a brief moment of confusion before Indi grinned deviously. "Well look at this! Seems like tubbo here actually enjoys a good stuffing." Marcus blushed bright red. "No wonder your clothes were so tight, someone's probably been plumping you up real good."

Marcus' cock pulsed and swayed at the words, confirming Indi's suspicions. "Hmm, I wonder if your feeder was with you? Is it the huge goat, or maybe the fat fox with the eyepatch?" He watched the zebra's cock as if it were a lie detector. "Perhaps the blubbery cougar?"

Again Marcus' member betrayed him, becoming more rigid at the cougar's mention. "Wow your dick has a terrible poker face," Indi giggled and readjusted the zebra's expanding belly so it was supported by one arm. "You're really getting into this feeding, I'm a tad bit concerned you'll blow your load all over your gut at this rate, and honestly I'm not a huge fan of cum-coated meals. Just gonna discharge you real quick before you're too large to!"

The zebra gargled and fidgeted aggressively, obviously not eager to get a hand-job from a complete stranger, let alone one preparing to eat him. To make matters worse, Indi decided to tease his prey first, poking the tip of Marcus' cock with two claws. His timing was impossibly unfortunate. Indi's claws reached the cock just as it was flaring up some pre, and they slipped right into the slit and down Marcus' member. The cheetah's face scrunched up when he felt his claws suddenly enveloped in the slick, warm shaft, but his prey's cock seemed far more welcoming of the situation. Marcus' cock abruptly swelled and swallowed the rest of Indi's paw.

Indi's eyes went wide as he watched the zebra's dick in action and—at the worst possible moment—he lost his footing while attempting to pull out his paw. With a yelp Indi fell onto his knee, and his arm pushed straight down Marcus' shaft up to his elbow, causing the zebra to moan loudly. The cheetah quickly panicked, squirming erratically and desperately trying to free his arm as the zebra cock grew larger and larger. Pre bubbled up around Indi's arm, eventually causing his one free paw to slip into the cock as well. His arms easily slipped down Marcus' slick shaft, and all Indi could do was chirp up a storm and slide around on his knees as his head inched closer to the greedy cock.

"W-wait, stop it, stop it!" Indi pleaded. "I'll let you go just—no no no no no n-mmmphmhmph!"

Indi was silenced as his entire head was sucked into Marcus' sweltering cock. By then his paws had entered the zebra's ballsack, pushing at the thin walls and twitching as they were more thoroughly soaked in cum. The overwhelming musk and heat made Indi want to gag. He frantically tried to get a grip on something—anything—to push himself out, but his prison was just too slick; downward was his only option. His shoulders, and even his round moobs easily slipped into Marcus' dick, as more pre shot up the shaft and hastened his fate. On the outside Marcus' belly continued expanding as well, weighing down his swollen cock. Indi had hoped his beloved gut would somehow slow his progress, but the cock effortlessly stretched to slurp up its prey, and the cheetah's head entered the ballsack.

The scene would have confused anyone unfortunate enough to stumble upon it. Marcus was twitching and moaning as his belly was stuffed with fudge and his cock with cheetah. A pair of flailing legs in khaki pants were rapidly disappearing up an abnormally distended dick bent towards the ground by Marcus' gut, while milky white cum oozed and pooled onto the concrete floor. Behind it all—and barely visible—was the zebra's swollen ballsack, which swayed and bulged dramatically, muffled shouts echoing from within. All of Indi's attempts to prevent the inevitable were in vain. More and more of his body was emptied into the ballsack and dunked in a basin of cum that seemed to be getting deeper with each passing minute. He had chosen a relatively isolated part of the stockroom to prepare his meal, and knew the chances of being found by a coworker were terribly slim. Then again, he wasn't sure he *wanted* to be found by a coworker in this state.

With little ceremony, Indi's sneaker-clad footpaws were slurped up by Marcus' cock, a dribble of pre marking the moment. As Indi's legs traveled down the shaft the zebra's cock slowly shrunk behind them, returning to a normal—albeit still erect—size by the time he was fully encased within the

ballsack. His weight caused the sack to hang all the way to the floor, where the disgruntled cheetah elbowed and pushed at the thin walls in a fit. Nothing he did proved effective. Indi's paws slipped off the slick walls, the heat was making him sweat like crazy, and the lake of cum was almost to his waist.

This wasn't his first time in someone's cock, and he knew he was likely already well on his way to being transformed into a zebra load. His skin was growing soft and malleable as his body slowly melted into a pool of swirled blue cum. Being obese dragged the process on—there was simply more of him to convert—and he chirped in despair when his soaked pants and boxers slid from his slimmer body and his polo became a poncho. The patterns of his fur started to leak and mingle as he lost definition. He continued pleading to be released up until the moment his throat collapsed, letting out a guttural spout of cum before sinking completely into a pool of blue.

As the movement in Marcus' ballsack ceased, so did the flow of fudge into his muzzle. Marcus hadn't intended to suck the hungry cheetah into his cock—he'd only purposely done such a thing a couple times before—but the accident had been immensely fortuitous, pleasurable, and...embarrassing. He was still panting from the consumption, and with his bloated belly rubbing against his erect cock, he knew it was only a matter of time before he released Indi. The zebra tried his hardest to resist and maintain a bit of dignity, but his riled up member had other ideas. With a muffled, drawn out moan of ecstasy Marcus blew his load, shooting ribbon after ribbon of dark blue cum onto the floor. The steady stream was only interrupted by the periodic ejecting of Indi's clothing, which splattered across the ground stained by cum. His swollen ballsack rapidly deflated as its contents were emptied, much to Marcus' relief. After a good deal of twitching, moaning, and pulsing he finally ran dry, a soaked name-tag flying out with the last of the cum.

Marcus settled back into his chair, exhausted. Draining Indi had drained the zebra as well, though euphoria lingered. He was still in a vulnerable position, naked and strapped to a chair in a stockroom his friends wouldn't even think to look, but all Marcus wanted to do was nap. The zebra's eyelids grew heavy, then closed, as Marcus fell into a deep slumber. Only a few feet in front of him was a slowly spreading milky blue pool, along with the curiously discarded uniform of a Sun Mart employee, complete with name-tag.