

Breaking Rules

By: IndigoRho

Though the TV in the basement den of the Days household was on, no word of it could be heard over the sibling squabble going on. Two overweight, black-and-white lions stood in front of the couch, one in a red hoodie and one in purple, both talking over each other.

“Bro, I *said* I was coming down to watch the baseball game, you can't steal the TV!” the lion in red—Julian—growled. At twenty he was the youngest sibling, but also the fattest by a solid thirty pounds. A proud member of the Tau Tau Psi fraternity and an active pred, Julian was rather used to getting his way.

Cal—the oldest sibling at twenty-four—had rarely had the patience to let his younger brother get everything, though. “We *are* watching the game, the Columbia State University game. No point in watching your Eastern Columbia U get wrecked like usual,” he added with a sneer.

Their combined sibling and college rivalries led to frequent arguments over, well, everything.

“We've got a decent track record against South Bay University!” Julian insisted. “And CSU's not gonna do any better today considering how fat half the team just got. One gluttonous party and now you're stuck with a bunch of butterballs who can't fit into their uniforms!”

“They're not *that* huge!” Cal replied without much confidence. “Damn it August back me up here, it's literally your team!”

A third, much slimmer lion was lazily resting in a recliner nearby. The middle-most sibling, August had managed to stay neutral in the pointless fights between his brothers, mainly so he wouldn't get eaten all the time; he wasn't about to switch tactics now. “In case you forgot, I'm kind of not on the team anymore. Senior year's supposed to be my no effort year.”

Thankful he wasn't getting double-teamed, Julian sneered at his older brother. “Well if it's a tie, why don't we settle this the old fashioned way. Winner gets the TV, loser gets to be dinner!”

Cal accepted the challenge with a grin. “Sounds great, you belong on my waistline anyway!”

There was no official declaration of a start, just two hungry lions lunging at one another, stomachs growling. August kept just a close enough eye on the ridiculous brawl to make sure he didn't get caught up in it, though of course he also secretly bet on which brother he thought was going to come out on top and full. After many misses and snaps, Cal managed to secure a solid grip on both of Julian's arms, before opening wide and swallowing his younger brother's head.

“Well I certainly hope you're not trying to make a snack out of your brother, Junior.”

The voice made both Cal *and* Julian freeze. At the sound of his embarrassing nickname Cal swiftly released his intended-meal, turning to face the newcomer with a look of nervous guilt on his face. Lumbering down the basement steps was an older lion, a scattering of gray fur accentuating his black mane. He was heftier than Julian, boasting a formidable ball-gut that wobbled with every step and strained the buttons of his plaid flannel shirt. Calvin Days *Senior* had an intimidating figure but a kind face, an interesting combo for the head librarian at Columbia State University. As inviting as he could appear, though, his sons knew well he was just as voracious as they were.

“*Junior* took the TV from me and then tried to eat me when I didn't just leave!” Julian said as soon as he'd wiped the saliva from his face, putting as much emphasis on his brother's loathed nickname as possible.

“Not true, you're the one who said we should settle things with vore!” the younger Cal said. “Dad you know how gluttonous he is, he sure as Hell didn't get that fat off junk food!”

Mr. Days' smile turned into a look of disappointment as he approached his sons. “I've always been very clear that none of you are allowed to eat each other while at home, and the punishment for breaking the rules is even clearer, Junior.”

Junior cowered a little as his father loomed over him, too nervous to even throw a glare at Julian as the younger sibling celebrated his apparent escape from justice. “C-can't you just let me off with a

warning, I don't even live here anymore!"

"Now Junior, house rules didn't change when you moved out," Mr. Days replied, carefully taking off his glasses and sliding them into a pocket. "I'm sure a good stew will make sure you don't forget."

Junior was stopped mid-complaint by his father's jaws closing over his head, two strong gulps pulling the younger lion into a dark, slick throat. He flailed instinctively as he felt himself getting swallowed, but his dad brought him under control swiftly with ease. Once his shoulders slipped past the other lion's lips Junior put up only token resistance, knowing turning the tables on his father was next to impossible.

Julian grinned smugly as he watched his older brother get gobbled up inch-by-inch, confident he'd gotten his way once again. He knew he was his father's favorite—even his siblings agreed—so of course Junior would end up as the filling snack rather than him. August seemed just as amused by the situation, though he was happy when anything brought his cocky brothers down a peg.

Cal's belly swelled as his son began to empty into it, shirt buttons creaking as they were strained to their limits in seconds. One-by-one they burst off flying across the room as the older lion's furry gut was exposed with a bounce. Every swallow made it distend a little more, bulges shifting over its surface as Junior struggled to find a comfortable spot within. With the strength of his jaws alone Cal lifted Junior off the ground, using gravity to take in the rest of his son's doughy gut and butt.

Only Junior's legs and tail remained, and they were easy to slurp up for a pred as experienced as Cal. He rested his paws atop his gut as he swallowed, gently pressing down on the lumps made by his son as he did, eager to feel his belly expand from his gluttony. Less than a minute later he was closing his jaws around Junior's paws and letting out a content sigh after one, last swallow.

The smile returned to Cal's face, wider than before, like that of someone who'd just had a plan come together perfectly. His middle was massive, swaying from side-to-side as Junior moved within, obviously frustrated about the outcome. He dared not voice his anger aloud, concerned his father would schedule a second course later on if annoyed enough. Cal happily jostled his belly about for a few seconds more, then carefully lowered himself onto the couch behind him. The couch creaked from the weight as the lion sunk into the cushions.

"Junior I gotta compliment you on how filling you are, you're better than takeout any day!" Cal bellowed, his uneaten sons joining in to a lesser degree.

Junior held back a slew of sarcastic remarks. "*Thanks* dad..."

Once Cal had settled into the couch Julian approached, unable to resist getting a few more shots in at his defeated brother. "Bro I'm surprised you even got this big with how often you become pudge!" he dared a poke at his father's gut, aiming for a bulge belonging to Junior.

While the youngest of the lions gloated his father casually glanced over at something on the end table beside him, which prompted him to raise a brow. He grabbed an open bottle of beer raising it up to confirm the label before shaking it just enough to get Julian's attention. "Care to explain this?"

All the bravado in Julian drained away in an instant. "Uh, that was Cal's."

The lie was a poor one, and not just because of the lion's sudden lack of eye contact. "Odd, since you and I are the only ones in the house that like this brand, and there's a different bottle right next to it that's obviously your brothers. I'm not going to pretend you haven't been drinking at college, but while you're underage it's against the rules *here*."

Now it was Julian's turn to feel the uneasy gaze of father piercing right through him. "Well I...I mean...I turn twenty-one in a couple months that's close enough, right?" He didn't notice August lingering behind him, having gotten up to better enjoy the mess his brothers were in.

"Close enough is still breaking the rules, Julian, and you know what happens when you break the rules in this house," Cal grinned, giving a knowing nod to August.

Julian suddenly felt a pair of paws shoving his back, and the lion yelped as he toppled forwards—right onto his dad's bulging belly. He braced himself on the sides of the shifting middle below him,

bu when he looked up all he saw was a wide open maw. “W-w-wait!”

The protest was silenced, and Cal began his second course. He grabbed his son by the love handles and inched him up along his wobbling gut, making short work of the younger lion's shoulders and chest. Julian was far squirmier than his brother had been, due in part to his awkward positioning, but his father didn't seem to mind. Cal enjoyed the thrill of eating a meal that didn't want to be eaten, whether it be a disruptive student at the college library or a nervous delivery person. Besides, all the wiggling in the world wasn't going to prevent him from cramming another lion into his stomach.

Without any additional prompting August grabbed his brother by the ankles and lifted him up, actively feeding him to their father. As the smallest of the three siblings he was often the target of teasing, Junior and Julian throwing their weight around whenever the opportunity arose. He'd managed to eat them in the past, but not nearly as frequently as they ate him, and he took great joy in watching them become meals.

A muffled argument broke out the moment Julian pushed into the stomach, him and his older brother each blaming the other for what was happening. They were swiftly interrupted by a strong gulp that shoved the younger into the older, denying them the space to even feud. Cal's belly continued to balloon as he consumed his second course, spreading in all directions like a black furry boulder. With August's aid his newest meal was gulped down even faster than the first, and soon Julian was reduced to just a pair of twitching footpaws sliding into darkness.

The sigh Cal let out was even longer this time, and the engorged lion immediately began to rub and need his massive middle. He could feel his sons pushing and elbowing each other within his stomach, both trying to find a comfortable position and smite their sibling at the same time. Unfortunately for them there really wasn't space to accomplish either. Their rowdiness forced a wet belch to escape Cal's lips and cause his gut to vibrate, though he made sure to replenish any air his two meals callously forced out.

While getting digested should've been punishment enough, Cal felt they were more prone to learning their lesson when the process was prolonged a little. Besides, he was rather fond of being excessively full, and indulging on multiple prey at once was a rare treat considering his job required a bit of mobility. Not that he hadn't cleared out whole study groups before when the mood hit.

“Alright, the longer it takes you two to settle down in there the longer I'll force you to sit around in the dark bored.” Cal chuckled as he gave his gut a few gentle pats. “And if you give me indigestion I'll be having lion for brunch tomorrow as well.”

Julian and Junior quickly ceased squirming, instead resorting to whispered insults that'd be muffled by the thick layers of fat on their father's belly. As soon as they were cooperating Cal reached for a handle on the couch's side and put his seat into recline mode, which made his added weight easier to handle.

Amused that his brothers had been dumb enough to get themselves eaten by their father, August was about to head upstairs to his old room to hang out in peace when his father stopped him.

“What August, not eager to spend time with your dad?” Cal asked, his kind demeanor a stark contrast to his wobbling gut.

“Well I wouldn't want to intrude on your bonding time with the others,” August snickered, delighted to watch his dad's belly jiggle a bit in response.

Cal gave a light shrug. “Fair enough. Though would you mind passing me the remote? Waddling over to it would be quite a hassle at the moment, for obvious reasons.”

August agreed without a second thought, retrieving the remote and handing it to his father, which required leaning over since the older lions middle took up so much space. Rather than snatch the remote, though, Cal snatched August's arm, yanking forwards so his son was pinned against his belly.

“Sorry son, but I just remembered you helped push Julian down my throat, and feeding your brothers to others is also very much against the rules, *regardless* of who they are.” Cal smiled, and then shoved August's paw into his mouth.

“D-Dad, wait!” August pleaded, but within seconds his paw was sliding through his father's gullet as he was dragged up the furry mountain containing his brothers.

As the thinnest of the three sons August was also the easiest to consume, and Cal scarfed him down with the same haste he would a student on the way into work. Powerful swallows pulled August deeper and deeper, past the gullet and into the packed stomach where his brothers awaited, neither glad to be sharing their fleshy prison with yet another meal. The couch groaned again from the concentrated weight of four people on one spot, pushed to its limits and begging for relief.

While Cal's belly dutifully swelled to take on a third live prey, he could *feel* his hide resisting his absurd level of gluttony, an overwhelming sense of fullness creeping in. When he did finally close his jaws and seal away August there was a strained look upon his face. Cal leaned back on the couch, panting slightly, elated but also the tiniest bit regretful about eating so much.

Moving in any fashion was both uncomfortable and impossible, the lion weighed down by the hundreds of pounds of meat in his gut. He groaned and belched, massaging his bulging sides and on the verge of passing out. In the back of his mind Cal considered the ridiculous amount of weight he was bound to gain from his most recent bout of gorging, and a smile returned.

“I'm so lucky to have sons who know *just* how to keep their father well-fed!” Cal joked, grunting faintly as his meals replied back with annoyed wiggling. “I'll see you three tomorrow, perhaps for lunch again?” His hearty laughter shook the walls and his belly, drowning out the now forgotten TV...