

The Epicurean Lounge

By: IndigoRho

Night had fallen, but Columbia City was still bustling. Laughter filled the streets as people celebrated the start of the weekend at parties and bars. Amongst the crowds was a heavysset orange-striped zebra, Rho Taliesin. A professor at Columbia State University, Rho as still in his suit jacket and dress shirt after a long day of teaching, and was looking to unwind and enjoy a good meal at the same time. Fortunately he knew just the place to sate his needs.

Above a conspicuous set of automatic double doors was a large neon sign that read “Epicurean Lounge”. Part-restaurant, part-club, the Epicurean Lounge catered to a very particular clientele: preds. While finding someone to eat wasn't necessarily difficult—Rho's classes were full of delicious students—it was sometimes nice to simply indulge on a willing meal who wouldn't put up a fuss about becoming pudge. At an establishment like the Epicurean Rho could select a prey from a fairly extensive list and eat them at his leisure. It was a perfect—albeit somewhat pricey—way to eat well with little effort.

As Rho entered the club he passed a massive elephant waddling out, his exposed, bulging belly swaying from side to side. From the looks of the lumps disrupting his middle he'd clearly had at least two courses, maybe even three. Rho offered a grin and a nod to his fellow voracious glutton, more eager than ever to feast himself.

A deer manning the front greeted Rho as he approached by name, recognizing him as a regular, and happily escorted him to a favored booth. Smooth jazz filled the club, just loud enough to be heard while not drowning out casual conversation. A sizable bar dominated the center of the main room, which consisted of comfortable couches and recliners arranged in small groups separated by dividers. The darker décor and dim lighting provided a degree of privacy, allowing patrons to enjoy their meals without worrying about being ogled or disturbed.

While alone Rho preferred a section towards the very back of the room, which held only a couch, a chair, and a table. He settled into the small couch, sighing as he lazily picked up the tablet that served as the menu. Rho knew he wanted at least a couple meals that night, and decided an appetizer would be best to start off with. A box was checked to narrow down the candidates to anyone under two hundred pounds, which still left him with quite a few smiling face shots to browse.

Thanks to a delicious-looking co-worker hyena as on his mind, and luckily there was one on the shortened menu. A click brought up a full body picture of the striped hyena, who went by the name Sebastian. Sebastian apparently enjoyed swimming, and was understandably not available for stuffings, though being filled with anything low in calories was possible upon request. An idea was already forming in Rho's mind as he selected the hyena and a drink to start off with.

A few, short minutes later Sebastian strolled up to Rho, a welcoming smile on his face.

“Wonderful to meet you Mr. Sebastian,” Rho said. “You're looking *very* delectable this evening.”

Sebastian blushed faintly, much to Rho's delight. Every prey at Epicurean was willing, but some clearly enjoyed being eaten more than others. In all likelihood Sebastian wasn't just working at the club for extra cash, then.

“I try my best to look as good as I taste.” The hyena grinned and sat beside Rho on the couch, providing a polite amount of distance. His gaze frequently drifted towards Rho's round gut, which prompted more blushing.

“Well hyena happens to be one of my favorite foods, so I am *very* glad to hear that.” Rho nodded as Sebastian took the decanter of water on the table and offered to refill the zebra's glass.

“What a coincidence, I'm rather fond of filling zebras. Sometimes it's just nice to have the food chain flipped on you,” Sebastian admitted.

Rho adored the mindset, and could already feel he'd made a good choice in ordering Sebastian.

If the hyena was as delicious as he said then he might become a regular meal in the future.

For half-an-hour the pair simply chatted, mainly about Rho's work at the university. The zebra regaled Sebastian with how frequently he consumed his students, how the campus was more akin to a buffet as far as he was concerned. Once he realized Sebastian's appreciation for his gut he began to consciously rub and jostle it for emphasis as he talked. Rho mentioned how he always got so much fatter during the school year thanks to underperformers, who he claimed wiggled the best.

Next it was Sebastian's turn to chat, as Rho encouraged the hyena to discuss his hobbies, particularly swimming. Sebastian's enthusiasm for the sport was clear. He cheerfully described how he spent most of his time in the pool, and that diving was his specialty. The hyena was also more than willing to bring up the numerous times he'd been eaten while swimming. He was apparently a frequent target of preds at his gym, laughing about how he was likely to end up diving into a pred's open mouth than the water. From what Rho could gather Sebastian had discovered his joy of being eaten from those numerous "accidents".

Rho laughed heartily as Sebastian finished talking about an afternoon he'd spent sloshing in a lifeguard's gut. He'd been draining his glass surprisingly fast, and the table's decanter of water had needed refilling multiple times. His belly had swollen noticeably from all the water, and audibly sloshed whenever he laughed. The larger it got the longer Sebastian's gaze would linger on it, until he was barely making eye contact with Rho.

"You know, I'd love to see a bit of your diving skill," Rho said.

"Kind of hard to dive in a place like—oh." Sebastian blushed hard as he realized Rho's intentions. "I won't be able to do any fancy flips, but I do hope the show meets your expectations."

Sebastian took off his button-up and undershirt, then slipped off his pants, revealing a pair of boxer briefs beneath. The table was carefully moved aside and Rho leaned back in the couch. He slowly opened his mouth wide to welcome his first course. Sebastian layered one paw over the other and stretched his arms out just like he would before making a real dive, before gently angling them into Rho's awaiting mouth.

The hyena's paws slid over Rho's tongue and into his throat, muscles immediately clenching tight around them and tugging. Steady gulps pulled Sebastian forwards until he was leaning atop Rho's doughy gut, his face flushed red. As his head closed in Rho's jaws stretched wider, creating a damp cavern. He couldn't help but grin as everything went dark.

Once Sebastian's head was in Rho's mouth the zebra took over. He gripped the hyena's arms in his hooves and continued guiding him into his gullet, taking gentle gulps to ensure the experience was enjoyable for them both. He could feel the bulge of Sebastian traveling down his throat and into his stomach, his belly beginning to swell. Though Sebastian was fairly slim—at least half Rho's weight—he would still make a sizable bulge just by virtue of being a whole person.

The zebra's dress shirt was made of an incredibly stretchy material, the buttons only slightly strained as his belly filled with hyena. Rho's gut shifted some as Sebastian tried his best to get into a comfortable position above the water that'd been guzzled earlier. The sensation was wonderful, and Rho couldn't resist moving a hoof down to rub his expanding middle. The other hoof joined it soon after.

Sebastian was already up to his knees in Rho, the rest of his legs disappearing in a series of steady swallows. A minute later Rho was closing his jaws, cheeks bulging from wiggling footpaws as he made one last gulp to seal his meal away.

Rho let out a low moan as Sebastian settled in the pit of his stomach. He stifled a belch and groped his gut, adoring its temporary size. Eventually Sebastian would only leave behind a dozen pounds at best, but for now he was an undisguisable bulge.

"A perfect ten out of ten Sebas—*uorrrp*—tian," Rho said, giving his belly a congratulatory pat. "And I can see why everyone at the gym is clambering to gulp you down, you've got a delightful taste."

The reply from Sebastian was too muffled to hear, but from the tone Rho assumed it was a

thanks.

Eating the hyena had calmed Rho's hunger some, but he knew a more filling course was in order if he truly wanted to be sated. He lugged himself off the couch, belly swaying wildly, and managed to grab the tablet from the table before returning to his spot. There would be no browsing this time, as Rho had a very specific meal in mind.

Most regulars at the Epicurean Lounge had favorites, meals they ate either excessively or even exclusively. Rho's favored was a cream-colored horse named Clyde. He punched in his order and put aside the tablet, relaxing and teasing Sebastian as he waited. Plenty of fresh air was swallowed to ensure the hyena didn't pass out, Rho eager to keep him present for as long as possible—or at least until he had Clyde there to distract him.

The horse who arrived was just as fat as Rho was, a broad grin on his wide face. When Clyde had been hired he'd barely been chubby, an avid skateboarder and gamer eager for an easy job . On a whim he'd opted for stuffings, and Rho had decided to turn him into a pet project. Whenever Rho ordered Clyde he'd have the horse gorge, feeding him until till he'd reached his capacity. As the horse's weight ballooned over the months he'd gradually come to like his gains, and even started stuffing himself on his own time as well.

“You're fatter every time I see you Clyde, it's truly amazing,” Rho licked his lips in anticipation.

Clyde gave his blubbery gut a shake. “Thanks to your influence I’m eating as much every meal as most eat in a day! Can’t really board well anymore, but that just lets me focus more on streaming, and I get the feeling donations have increased as I’ve gotten wider~”

“Even more reason for you to reach five hundred pounds,” Rho snickered.

In the past Clyde would've recoiled at the prospect, but now he blushed. Getting massive had proven to be addicting, especially with the Professor's encouragement. "If I get that huge you might have to cut back on eating me, unless you're able to teach a class as a blob!"

For once Rho blushed. “I’m sure if it comes to that you’ll be able to give me some advice on streaming lectures. But until that day I’ll just keep indulging to my heart’s content.” He gave his bulging belly a slap. “Now why don’t you have a seat and order whatever you like, whatever it takes to put you into a food coma before I turn you into a feast fit for a king.”

Clyde didn't need to be asked twice. He took the tablet and highlighted all of his favorite stuffer combos, mainly burgers. Being treated to dinner had become the best part of the job, especially since he got commission based on the amount ordered. His girth had made him one of the most requested employees, a fact he took pride in.

While the pair waited for Clyde's food to arrive they chatted. They shared very few interests outside of gaining but appreciated the talks nonetheless, discussing simple personal matters and life. Occasionally Clyde would be encouraged to tease Sebastian, who was still active despite Rho's increasingly frequent *braaaaaaaaaaps* and *urrrrrrrrrrps*.

Finally a trio of waiters arrived, each pushing a cart overloaded with burgers, fries, and pitchers of soda. Clyde eyed them with glee—while Rho eyed up the horse as he imagined how much rounder he'd be soon.

Rho watched as Clyde dug into the burgers with a fury only a glutton could manage. Large bites reduced the burgers to crumbs and scraps of lettuce and onion in record time, the horse practically inhaling them. In between burgers he'd grab piles of french fries and stuff them into his mouth, often dunking them in sauce beforehand. Everything was washed down with a generous amount of bubbling soda, which the wait staff were constantly having to refill.

Rho snuck a few chugs of soda himself just to keep his hunger at bay. He could feel Sebastian squirming some as the digestive juices began to make his hide itch, and finally rewarded the hyena with a break by letting out a thunderous *buoooooooooooooooooooo* that purged the last of the air from his stomach. As Clyde cheered the display Sebastian went still, faint *glrrrrrks* echoing from within the zebra's stomach. They grew louder and louder as time passed, the hyena sloppily churning away.

Meanwhile, Clyde's belly was steadily starting to peek out from under his shirt. A dozen burgers and countless fries were gone, but the horse showed no signs of slowing down, obsessed with breaking his previous personal record. His feeding frenzies filled Rho with awe, who felt blessed having a self-fattening meal. Many of the other prey on menu were willing to glut before getting eaten, but few showed such enthusiasm in the process as Clyde. Rho appreciated that.

Of course even the massive horse had his limits. Gradually he was burping more often than chomping, his eyes narrowing some as he struggled to continue on. He was panting, sometimes moaning, but always eating. Eventually when he tried reaching for a burger his hoof wavered and he fell back into the couch, groaning.

"C-can't—*urrrrrrrrp*—reach," Clyde mumbled, gripping his swollen belly.

"Don't worry, I'll lend you a hoof."

Rho stood up, his gut noisily protesting, and waddled up to the last cart. He grabbed a burger and brought it up to Clyde's lazily open mouth, pushing it in as the horse began to chew. Progress was slow—especially compared to earlier—but with Rho's help Clyde was able to finish off the last of his order.

Success had left Clyde in a stupor, the horse's belly as taut as a drum and his gaze unfocused. He couldn't speak coherently, only mumbling and burping. Less than a minute later he passed out, falling into a deep food coma.

"Clyde I'm always impressed by how skilled you are at eating yourself unconscious," Rho said, giving the engorged horse's gut a gentle rub. "Which is good because I'm pretty sure my stomach's going to start digesting you the second you enter it."

Rho carefully lowered himself to the ground before Clyde and lifted the horse's chubby hooves up as if they were a sandwich. He slid them into his mouth and swallowed, slowly slurping up Clyde's legs inch-by-inch. He grabbed a hold of Clyde's love handles and pulled, his mouth widening more and more as he swallowed his meal whole.

Though Rho's outfit was stretchy it couldn't handle the level of gluttony the zebra was putting it through. His tie undid itself and his shirt buttons popped off in quick succession, exposing his expanding gut completely. He didn't mind in the slightest, having had plenty of experience replacing burst buttons.

When Clyde's hooves slipped into Rho's mouth a barrage of *glrrrrgles* and *glorps* echoed from within. Rho's belly ballooned outward, spreading across the carpeted floor and into the couch. The zebra moaned as he took in Clyde's rump, his jaws soon stretching over the horse's huge belly. Soft pudge filled his mouth and he couldn't resist a teasing chew or two, even though Clyde was thoroughly unconscious and unable to feel it.

Consuming Clyde took considerable effort, but the reward was well worth it. The steady sensation of becoming utterly stuffed was incredible to Rho, and carefully selected shampoos had given Clyde a pleasant taste that brought to mind a juicy steak. Rho rose upon his growing belly with every swallow, beached and immobilized. At last only Clyde's head remained outside, with his round cheeks and double chin. Before long even that was gone.

As Rho made his final gulp he practically collapsed atop his gut, exhausted but euphoric. The hyena and horse had complemented each other wonderfully as a meal, and would no doubt be even better as fresh layers of zebra fat. He grinned as he idly thought of Clyde re-forming a little bit heavier, his hunger increased again. Clyde was well on his way to becoming professional food, fated to spend most of his time churning in a bulging belly. There were less fulfilling careers.

Rho yawned, a food coma rapidly setting in. The churning of his stuffed belly wasn't helping, creating a soothing lullaby that urged him to sleep. Even as his eyelids closed he smiled wide, rubbing his gut.

"Sleep well food. Hope to eat you again soon..."