

## Raf's Christmas Punishment

By: IndigoRho

Twas the night before Christmas, and Santa stood silently on a rooftop, glaring at the chimney in disdain. The snow leopard looked down upon his large paunch and hefted it with both gloved paws, letting it drop and shake like a bowlful of jelly. While always portly, Santa couldn't deny his snacking had gotten out of hand that year. The sleigh creaked when he settled into it, the reindeer struggled to lift off, the chimneys felt tighter, and his belly was knocking things over left and right. Belly-bumping a plastic statue of himself off a roof a few cities back had felt rather foreboding—and of course embarrassing.

The various inconveniences hadn't stopped him from indulging on the ever-plentiful milk and cookies left out, though. Santa would worry about his waistline *after* Christmas.

Eventually Santa relented, waddling towards the chimney with his sack over his shoulder. One boot and then the other stepped into the chimney, and then the snow leopard slid off to begin his descent. It was halted seconds later as the less-than jolly man in red became wedged.

Santa had expected to get stuck—he had in every chimney prior—and grumbled as he wiggled himself loose. Little-by-little his blubbery belly was squeezed into the chimney, until his weight finally sent him sliding down at a modest pace.

A loud *oof* echoed up the chimney as Santa landed butt-first in the thankfully-empty fireplace. Some soot was kicked up on impact, lightly dusting the floor. The wide snow leopard filled every inch of the fireplace, and further wiggling was required to escape.

Santa stood and brushed himself off, eager to deliver presents and be on his way. And hopefully have some delicious cookies.

A nearby belch caught Santa's attention, and he swiftly turned towards the source.

Passed out on an abused recliner was a massive hyena who managed to make Santa look slim in comparison. His blue flannel pajamas looked snug, the buttons of the shirt straining with every deep breath. His pink mohawk was a bit disheveled, and he was frowning as he slept, mumbling something about “too much food”. All Santa cared about, though, was the empty plate on the table beside the hyena and the cookie crumbs on his muzzle.

Santa had completely forgotten his current delivery was for Raf Gaines, a grumpy glutton who lived up to his name. Every year the hyena grew fatter and fatter, and every year he managed to accidentally gobble up any snack meant for jolly Saint Nick. Usually Santa merely rolled his eyes and moved on, but that Christmas Eve he wasn't in the best of moods. He considered raiding Raf's fridge or “gifting” him a new wardrobe two-sizes too small. Instead a simple, more spiteful punishment came to mind.

Grinning, Santa approached the snoozing dough ball, readying the sack. While it held plenty of presents, there was also a bounty of coal, unsavory treats he'd rejected, and other etcetera. It'd make the perfect Christmas feast for Raf.

In a flash Santa shoved the end of his sack over Raf's muzzle, tying the drawstring tight. Raf's eyes shot open in surprise, which only increased once he realized Santa stood before him.

“Ho ho ho, Mr. Gaines. It seems you've been naughty this year!” Santa gave Raf's soft gut an accusatory poke. “It's not nice to eat food that isn't yours! But don't worry, I'll make sure you have your fill tonight.”

Worry came upon Raf's face, the hyena easily held in place by a firm paw. He knew he shouldn't have taken a moment to rest after putting out the cookies. The plate had held every cookie in the house, an attempt to both make up for past years and get rid of temptation. Of course he'd just stuffed himself in the end *and* infuriated Santa.

The sack was lifted up, and from the bottomless wonder a select set of treats began to pour. Raf felt lumps hit the back of his throat and did his best not to think about what they were as he swallowed

them whole. Almost immediately his belly began to wobble and swell. Buttons creaked as more and more tan fur peeked out from beneath the gaps, unable to handle the pressure. His gut shook when the first button popped off and flew into the distance.

Santa snickered as he watched the helpless hyena blimp up. Punishments for those on his naughty list tended to be passive, just a lump of coal or something symbolic to make the recipient think about their actions. He was rapidly beginning to enjoy the more hands-on approach, though. Raf needed to be bigger, so huge he'd be incapable of even reaching a plate of cookies let alone eating them. Maybe then he'd finally be careful about what he stuffed himself with.

The rest of Raf's buttons burst off in a row, exposing his expanding gut as it spread over his lap. Satisfied with the hyena's likely immobility, Santa stopped holding Raf down and tilted the sack higher to increase the flow of treats. Raf desperately attempted to slide off the recliner and flee the feeding, but his belly was simply too big at that point. All he managed to do was comically rock back and forth.

As Raf filled his increasingly-uncomfy chair it began to groan in protest beneath his bulk. Metal strained and screws loosened, springs bent and the cushion flattened. The noise only encouraged Santa to continue.

Raf squirmed, feeling the recliner giving up. Though it wouldn't be the first time he'd crushed a chair—or even the largest thing he'd crushed—the feat would still frustrate and fluster the grump to no end.

The screeching of metal heralded the end of the recliner, which collapsed to pieces underneath Raf. A muffled belch accompanied his impact, momentarily interrupting the flow of unseen snacks. Santa had ensured the sack remained attached to Raf's muzzle throughout his brief fall, now able to hold it vertically with the hyena beached on his mountain of a belly.

Despite the futility, Raf kept struggling and wiggling, though his efforts were weakening as his middle grew heavier. He couldn't believe just how much had been emptied into him from the modest sack. Raf worried Santa would keep him hooked up all night, until he outgrew first the room and then the whole house. Walls would collapse, leaving just an enormous hyena on the lot with a broken roof topping his impossible gut.

Fortunately for Raf, Santa didn't have all night to punish him. Once Raf's belly was as tall as he was the sack was removed. The hyena had a strained frown on his face, which was unwilling pressed up against his gut. He didn't growl or curse or say a single word, but he did grumble under his breath.

Santa pressed his paws up against the slightly lumpy mass of hyena belly and gave it a shake. “Well this is definitely a better way to deal with unwanted food than giving it to the reindeer! Perhaps it should be my new holiday tradition. I could have you tied to the sleigh and lugged back to the North Pole, where you'll be fed all the bad toys and failed treats you could dream of!”

The proposal prompted a whimper from Raf, who shook his head in disapproval.

“Course I'd probably have to cram you into the sack just so the sleigh could handle you, and that might just lead to you eating everything in it. You'd be as big as the whole world, then!” Santa bellowed.

Again there came a whimper from Raf, who clearly feared he'd go on an endless eating spree if left alone in the sack.

“For now, though, I think I'll leave you right here to enjoy your gains...Mr. Gaines.”

Santa had only gone two steps before he turned back around, pulling a single present out of his sack and placing it right on top of Raf's gigantic gut. “Almost forgot! It's a new, much larger outfit to match the much larger you. Merry Christmas!”

Santa laughed all the way to the fireplace, which he once again squeezed into, vanishing from sight in a puff of soot. There were still many presents to deliver—and perhaps a few more long-overdue stuffings...