

The Raf Who Ate Christmas

By: IndigoRho

A gentle snowfall graced the Cascade Mountains on Christmas Eve night, adding to the cozy festive atmosphere of the many small lodges. One lodge in particular was only dimly lit, the occupants having mostly settled down in preparation for sleep, amongst them an obese hyena whose bed creaked faintly under his considerable bulk. His pink mohawk was tousled and a scowl marked his face even while sleeping. He'd managed to toss and turn enough to shed the thick blankets, revealing his blubbery middle and the flannel pajamas struggling to contain it. Fortunately he was still kept warm by the abundant pudge he constantly grumbled about.

Raf had been dragged to the holiday outing by his friends—a fairly common occurrence—and had snuck away to bed at the earliest reasonable opportunity. The grumpy hyena didn't care about singing carols or watching Christmas classics, or trying to guess what his presents under the tree were. He wanted nothing to do with the hot chocolate or the crackling fire, and above all else he wanted to avoid the obnoxious amount of tempting cookies and treats everyone had brought. No, Raf wasn't at all fond of the holiday that only seemed to exist to make him even fatter. Instead he planned to just hide until it passed so he wouldn't have to worry about being too wide to fit in the car on the trip home.

Unfortunately someone had other plans for him. Looming over the sleeping hyena and invisible to the world was an equally grouchy, jet-black goat. As a spirit of Christmas punishment, Krampus was rather busy, and admittedly a little bitter about the sheer size of his naughty list. Everyone in the lodge needed to be dealt with for some reason or another, which only added to his frustration. He was *supposed* to adhere to a specific set of time-honored punishments, but at the moment he was in too foul a mood to care, having decided to take the lazy, blunt route. For that he'd need a proper vessel, and none seemed as ideal as Raf.

With a deep breath Krampus faded, Raf's body vibrating slightly mere moments later. A pair of small, curved horns began to slowly sprout from his head, resembling those of the recently vanished spirit. He mumbled and growled in his sleep but didn't wake. Once the horns had fully grown in his eyes finally shot open, uncovering the horizontal pupils of a goat; Krampus was ready of a little venting.

The possessed Raf slid out of bed, wobbling a bit as Krampus adjusted to his temporary body. Raf himself was on the list due to his persistent grumpiness and his tendency to eat others—more often than not accidentally. His punishment would be in the form of doling out the punishments of the others, or more specifically, the delightful after-effects of that. With a spiteful grin on his round face “Raf” waddled out of his room and into the hall to track down his first victim; he didn't need to look far. The door to the next room over was open, giving Raf a clear view of the lone occupant within. Casually digging through a drawer with his back to the doorway was a chubby lion/goat hybrid. Tobias had fur of a black tone slightly lighter than Krampus' own, his bushy mane a red-tinged sienna. Horns and hooves betrayed the other half of his ancestry, as would the distinct horizontal pupils had he not been turned around. His crimes were similar to Raf's, though he'd usually been the one feeding people to others.

Raf's first step into the room landed on a particularly creaky board, alerting his target almost immediately. “Hon if the floor's complaining then maybe your midnight snack wasn't as small as—” He stopped as soon as he turned and realized Raf was there. “Oops, though you were Rho for a second there. Are...are you wearing goat horns?”

“Just trying out a new look.” As Raf walked closer he smiled, which was by far the strangest thing about the situation.

“Ok.” Tobias was incredibly confused, but hadn't reached the point of being worried. “Wait, when did you get new contacts?”

The ruse wasn't going to last much longer, but thankfully it didn't need to. Raf jutted his gut out

with enough force to knock Tobias against the dresser, giving him the perfect opening to lunge, mouth open wide. Tobias recovered just in time to watch the salivating maw rushing at him, a cry for help silenced before it could ever be unleashed. The voracious hyena had managed to swallow almost the entirety of his prey's head in one gulp, horns and all, and once he started eating he didn't stop. His bulk gave him a significant weight advantage over Tobias, allowing him to hold down the chimera and fend off his struggles with ease.

Tobias frantically swatted at his hefty acquaintance, knowing he was fighting a losing battle but refusing to simply give up. He had no idea why the normally passive Raf would suddenly decide to turn him into a meal. He never went out of his way to eat others—even as a joke—and their interactions that weekend had all been as civil as possible considering the grump's reluctance to do much with others at all. His mysterious horns and pupils likely had something to do with his actions, though Tobias was in no position to seriously contemplate what was going on, getting sucked further and further into the hyena's throat. The chimera's mane was soaked and matted entirely through, every swallow drenching him a little more as he was pulled into the stomach.

Raf's massive belly began to steadily swell outward as he sealed away the chimera, bobbing left and right from his squirms. Despite handling most problems by eating them, Krampus was surprisingly apathetic about the actual taste of prey, far more interested in the terror he inspired. The ensuing girth could be fun at times, too. As a result, Krampus didn't bother teasing or prolonging the consumption of Tobias, instead working tirelessly to simply deliver the naughty meal to his stomach. Fortunately the chimera was more of an appetizer than a full course. Once Tobias had been reduced to a mere pair of wiggling hooves Raf turned around and began lumbering towards the door. There were still more in the lodge to punish, and Krampus couldn't waste the whole night there.

With a messy *homph* Raf swallowed the last of Tobias and closed his jaws, happily patting his distended gut. His pajamas were being pushed to their absolute limit, buttons straining and seams creaking as they tried to handle his live snack. Clothing mattered not to Krampus, though, who expected his host to be far too wide to fit anything once he was through. The remaining rooms on the second floor were empty, forcing him to make his way to the first to continue hunting. Every careful step down the wooden stairs made Raf's belly bounce, Tobias tossed around within him, unable to find a comfortable position.

To the hyena's dismay the open living and dining room of the lodge was empty. The bright Christmas tree and presents were unattended, platters on the table that had once held cookies now thoroughly reduced to crumbs. Faint noises from the kitchen reached his ears, giving him some direction for where to go next at least. While he'd hoped to get lucky and trap all three of his remaining meals there, the noise was revealed to have been made entirely by one individual: an overweight orange-striped zebra busy clearing out the fridge.

Even with Raf's noisy gut and heavy steps, the sounds of his next target stuffing himself were loud enough to mask his approach. The zebra was Rho, a writer who was adamant live prey were the best literary muse, and Krampus was eager to have him join the chimera. Seeing Rho greedily down an entire canister of whipped cream on his own stirred powerful feelings of annoyance from Raf's mostly-dormant conscious, which amused the dominant Krampus to no end. Rho somehow managed to glut more than Raf, and while the zebra was still very doughy his weight rarely drifted upwards too dramatically. This was a stark contrast to Raf, who was always growing bigger and wider and heavier. There was no doubt Raf both envied and despised Rho a little for his metabolism.

Krampus doubted Raf would take any solace in getting fat thanks to Rho, though. He tapped the still unawares zebra on his shoulder, and when Rho turned around he found himself bumping into a very unexpected bulging gut.

"Tobias wants you to join him in bed," Raf smirked, slapping his wobbling belly so Rho was left with no doubt about his intentions.

The zebra was left speechless, too shocked and confused to think of any response; Raf wouldn't

give him a chance to say a coherent word. Again the possessed hyena lunged, and again another head found its way into his maw, gulped down with ease. Despite Rho's size he was still only half as heavy as his attacker, and that was *without* the addition of Tobias. His strikes only bounced off flab or slammed into the chimera-filled belly, utterly failing to faze his attacker. As soon as the zebra slipped into Raf's stomach Tobias attempted to stop his descent, pushing at his shoulders as best he could, but he simply wasn't strong enough to win against the sheer determination of the voracious hyena's gluttony; instead the chimera found himself pinned against the pit of Raf's gut by his heavy, struggling boyfriend.

One by one every button on Raf's pajamas burst off as he swallowed Rho, flying all over the kitchen. Raf's belly was quickly becoming a bouncing tan boulder, pressing up against the cabinets and appliances as it filled with a second prey, its surface constantly shifting. A lesser pred would have been grounded by the overindulgent feast, but the combination of Raf's bulk and Krampus' power ensured he remained standing, though even then only just barely; the next meal would undoubtedly steal his mobility. He'd worry about that later.

Rho's flailing hooves vanished into Raf's maw a few minutes later, a hearty swallow emptying the zebra completely into his attacker's dark cramped stomach. He tried not to squash Tobias in the process, but there wasn't much room to maneuver, and the unfortunate chimera had nearly passed out by the time the two had shifted to a more manageable position. After stuffing himself Raf was almost too large for the kitchen. His bulging sides rubbed against the kitchen cabinets and island, rattling doors as he slowly waddled by. A bar stool was knocked to the ground after a particularly fierce kick from one of his meals, though the hyena paid it little heed. Two more members of the naughty list remained, and Krampus was beginning to fear he'd just have to wait for them to come to him considering how hard it was to move his host's body.

Of course Raf ended up temporarily wedged in the door frame leading to the living room, pouting as he worked to wiggle through. He stumbled a couple steps forwards after freeing himself but didn't fall—thankfully. The living room was still woefully uninhabited, and Krampus begrudgingly decided to wait only a short while longer for the others to hopefully arrive before simply moving on to the next targets; after all, there was always next year. To ensure at least *some* punishment was doled out he set his vengeful eyes on the presents underneath the tree.

The spiteful hyena rudely nudged or outright kicked the gifts until they were all in an easy to reach pile, denting corners and bending bows. Afterward he lowered to the floor himself, crushing a couple boxes beneath his writhing belly. He looked across the bounty of presents—so many shapes and sizes—a ravenous glimmer in his eyes. With just a moment of thought he grabbed a small one and shoved it into his mouth as if it were a mere grape, gulping the box down whole. A larger, more awkward one was next, but it proved no challenge for someone who could eat a living being whole, and ended up deposited into his stomach as well.

One-by-one Raf gorged on the gifts, crushing them a little if necessary. His still-squirming prey were left utterly confused by the act, though their worries quickly shifted to the personal discomfort that ensued instead. Raf's gut was getting wider and more misshapen, his unusual snacks creating distinct, angled bulges. Ribbons, bows, wrap, and cards...none were left behind in the gluttonous frenzy. He went out of his way to eat as noisily as possible in order to lure in the missing targets, but he remained alone for the majority of his feast, aside from weakening Tobias and Rho of course. Finally—as he was gulping down the very last gift—the front door of the lodge opened, prompting Raf to grin.

A cheetah and crocodile entered the room, snowflakes scattered across their heads and jackets. The feline was midnight-blue with golden eyes, while his companion was a lighter blue, his thick tail curled oddly in the manner of a chameleon. Both were sported massive, round bellies, exaggerated further by their winter coats. Initially they were too engrossed in their own conversation to notice the immense Raf, despite the fact he should've been quite impossible to miss in his current state.

“Told you there wouldn't be anyone out in this weather, Lojh!” the cheetah said in a huff,

shaking the snow off as he ditched his jacket right on the floor.

The crocodile rolled his eyes as he did the same. "It was still worth a shot, Indi. Haven't eaten anyone since we got up here and it's just not a real vacation unless you leave with a souvenir on your waistline." He started snickering and patting his ample gut, until Raf caught his attention. "No way, did the grump actually *eat* the presents?"

Lojh waddled over, baffled as he confirmed the gifts were all missing and Raf's bloated belly was suspiciously lumpy. In his haste he failed to spot the ominous bulges by the hyena's more lively food, though, and came to his own conclusions rather than assess the situation further. With a sigh he turned back towards the cheetah. "Dude Raf totally sleep-ate the presents, there's nothing left! I thought he only cleared out fridges that way!"

Frustrated, Lojh's tail began to uncoil and recoil over and over, the tip inevitably ending up within paw's reach of Raf. He eagerly snatched the tail of his next meal and yanked it into his maw, knocking Lojh over hard onto his gut at the same time. In the confusion Raf was also able to secure the gator's feet, greedily swallowing as much of him as possible before he could recover. At first Indi simply laughed at Lojh's fall, convinced he'd just slipped on the wet floor. Lojh almost thought the same thing as he groaned, chest aching, but the warm, wet sensation spreading over his tail and legs was unmistakable.

The crocodile tried kicking his feet and rolling over in a panic, but a pair of unseen paws firmly gripped his legs and restricted his movement, foiling his escape attempt. "L-let go of me you hungry ass!" Lojh shouted. "Indi he's still sleep-eating, help me!"

Indi seemed unmoved by both the plea and revelation. "Ha, you got caught by someone who's not even awake! I've never seen someone lose their pred cred so fast, maybe it's for the best if you get eaten," the cheetah teased.

"This isn't funny Indi, pull me out before it's too late!" Lojh glared at his supposed friend, his knees already passing beyond the hyena's lips. "I don't have the money to get re-formed, this could be permanent!"

"I can just wake Raf up afterward, let you stew in there a bit for making me trudge through the cold for nothing," Indi mused out loud, not taking the dangerous situation seriously at all. "Besides, it'll be easier to retrieve the presents if we've got a guy on the inside. Literally."

Lojh was furious, and increasingly frantic. Getting swallowed by someone only vaguely conscious put him at considerable risk, and he couldn't believe Indi would endanger him so readily. Even worse, Raf was gulping him down with horrendous speed, his jaws beginning to stretch around his rotund middle as if it were nothing. "Indi, if you don't come over here and rescue me I'll *make* you come over here and rescue me!"

As strange as the threat was, Indi seemed to understand it clearly. The cheetah's eyes widened and he booked it towards the staircase to the second floor, moving as fast as his blubbery body would let him. Lojh swiftly opened his mouth wide, and in an instant his tongue shot out across the room, smacking the cheetah's leg with a wet *splat*! Indi barely had a second to yelp in terror before Lojh's chameleon tongue retracted, flipping him off his paws and causing him to slam head first into the bottom step; he was immediately knocked unconscious. Unfortunately Lojh had no way of knowing he'd taken out his only hope for salvation, slowly reeling the limp cheetah his way while his arms were captured and slipped into Raf's mouth.

All too late Lojh realized his mistake, a look of fear coming over him as a very useless Indi slid to a stop before him. By then he was also feeling the movements of his two other friends within Raf's stomach, worsening the hopelessness washing over him. The crocodile's struggles dramatically intensified as his head was pulled into Raf's maw, his sticky tongue dragging Indi in with him. Amidst the despair, Krampus couldn't believe his amazing luck. He'd been willing to potentially settle on just snagging Lojh—leaving Indi for next year—but his prey had actually *helped* doom the cheetah, too! Now he was guaranteed to remain on schedule.

Raf's hide creaked as it was stretched well beyond normal, somehow managing to make room for two more sizable meals. His stomach was becoming a nightmare, four prey and a hoard of presents forced into a tight ball with no chance for comfort. Struggling in any reasonable manner wasn't possible, their weak movements more likely to irritate themselves than the predator glutting on them. The general chaos prevented them from coordinating or concentrating, everyone too panicked over the prospect of being churned into hyena pudge to fight back smart. Back on the outside, Raf's mountainous gut was wobbling closer and closer against the tree as he finished gulping down Indi, who was still out cold. He only narrowly avoided knocking it over.

Eventually Indi vanished completely down Raf's dark gullet, jaws clamping shut behind him. As soon as the cheetah emptied into his stomach Raf let out a series of long, sloppy belches that echoed throughout the room and rattled the windows, each tightening his gut a little more. Krampus couldn't risk his hard work being undone—whether by accident or purpose—so his four captives needed to start digesting quickly. Their squirms increased noticeably as they ran low on fresh air, though there was nothing they could do to stop the burps, and thus their doom. The twitches and fidgets ceased one after another, until a few minutes later the engorged hyena's middle was still.

Krampus let out a bellowing laugh in triumph as his host's body began the difficult task of processing four live meals and the pile of barely edible gifts, which was bound to take days. He'd be long gone by then, of course. Once the *glrrrrrks* and *grrrrrrrgles* from within Raf's gut were suitably loud Krampus decided to move on. The hyena's whole body shuddered, and suddenly the spectral form of Krampus faded back into view. While he'd been fairly slim before, the spirit was now rather doughy, fatter than Rho had been but slimmer than Indi or Lojh. He toyed with his added girth a little, amused by the impact enacting the punishment had had on him; the group at the lodge had been some of the fattest he'd dealt with in a long while. Raf's temporary horns crumbled away into nothing, and his pupils warped back to their usual round shape.

Unfortunately Krampus couldn't linger to watch the aftermath of his handiwork in person. There were still plenty on the naughty list who needed to be turned into fresh pudge for their misdeeds, and the night wasn't getting any longer. With a ghostly laugh he left the lodge for good. Raf, meanwhile, was beginning to stir, groaning and wobbling as he struggled to come to. He'd been enduring the strangest dream, one filled with horribly ridiculous gluttony and the prospect of becoming an immobile blob. The nightmare had been so vivid he swore he could still feel full and bloated.

As Raf's blurred sight cleared he was met with the unfamiliar view of a lumpy tan horizon, and he starred in confusion for a solid minute before concluding it could only be one thing: his own belly. The hyena's eyes bolted open, his groggy movements turning intense as he desperately tried standing to no avail. The more he struggled the more he realized just how enormous he was, how heavy his grossly distended belly had become. There wasn't enough normal food on the entire mountain to swell him that huge, the only logical answer being that he'd eaten people; a *lot* of people. Before Raf could even dwell on the possibility that he'd consumed his companions he went into shock, passing out from the overwhelming frustration and food coma. At the very least he wouldn't have to worry about his friends dragging him to events again...