

## Glutting in the Stable

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The stables at the Columbia State Fair were quiet—at least until the door slowly creaked open. A gray horse with white markings poked his head inside, scanning the stable to make sure it was empty. Only when he was certain it was did he trot in. The horse's round belly bounced as he trotted, faint rumblings echoing from within. Hunger was his sole reason for sneaking into the stable that morning.

August was no ordinary horse, or at least not usually a feral one. He'd been arriving at the fair early to help set things up, but had woken late and missed breakfast. Though he'd tried to work through the hunger the bounty of oats and hay in the stables had proven too tempting to resist. In his normal form he'd have risked getting in trouble for grazing on the food, but if he looked like just another horse he wouldn't even have to worry about being caught.

The devious horse headed straight towards the nearest appetizing bale of hay and dug in. August enjoyed mundane food just as much as the next person, but his natural horse cravings always persisted. In between burgers and pizza he would snack on oats, and he preferred hay to salads. No matter what he was eating, though, it tended to be in bulk. He had an appetite to match his sizable belly, and wasn't the least bit shy or ashamed of being hefty. To him it was wonderful.

Starving from the lack of breakfast, August plowed through the hay bale, scarfing down mouthful after mouthful. His swaying middle was very slowly starting to swell as the bale vanished. August had merely intended to have a quick snack, but once he started he couldn't stop. Soon the bale had been reduced to a scattered layer of hay.

August licked his lips and let out a short *braaap*. He knew it would be best to return to normal and go back to work, but his stomach was still rumbling. Being feral tended to increase his appetite, and that morning was no different. Another alluring bale was right beside the first.

The horse happily continued to eat, his belly growing bigger and bigger. Two bales of hay turned into three, then four, then five. It was all simply too delicious for August to resist. Work was gradually forgotten, until all he could think about was gorging. He paid little heed to the passage of time or how stuffed he was getting. The increase in his belly's wobble only seemed to encourage August to eat more, and fortunately there was plenty of food to be had.

After devouring numerous bales with no sign of slowing, August abruptly set his sights on something else. On the far wall was a dispenser for oats, lots and lots of oats. Normally a stablehand would use a pull string to dump oats into a trough, limiting what the horses could eat. However, August knew exactly how to operate it.

The pull string was easy to reach with his mouth, and a solid tug caused a cascade of oats to pour into the trough. August neighed in delight after the first bite, amazed at the quality. The fair was practically pampering the horses! He chowed down on the oats even faster than he had the hay. His newest feast was slightly heavier than the last, causing his gut to sag lower towards the floor and giving its gentle sways more force.

Pure desire fueled August's appetite. He wanted to be fuller, bigger. He wanted a belly more akin to a wrecking ball, one that could pin people to walls and knock over a table without warning. So far August's dream was coming true. His massive middle was starting to press against his legs, and he'd have barely been able to waddle let alone trot. Hunger pains no longer nagged at him, but still he ate. And Ate. And ate.

August's body was quickly beginning to resemble a barrel. The horse's enormous belly jiggled constantly as he gorged, his sides jutting out beyond his legs. Only a few inches separated the floor from his gut, but he was too enthralled eating to notice how close he was to becoming immobile.

Inevitably greed got the better of August. Tired of having to constantly pull on the string to release more oats, the horse managed to yank hard enough to break it, ensuring the flow of treats didn't stop.

Ignoring the trough, August placed his muzzle right over the tube filling it, a waterfall of oats gushing down his throat. While before his belly had been only swelling slightly, it now started to outright balloon. Within seconds he was beached, legs angling away from the growing mass of his gut. He shrugged off the sensation of being grounded, eyes glazed over as he fantasized about being enormous. Of course he was perfectly mobile in those daydreams.

Eventually even August had had his fill, and the horse attempted to trot backwards and away from the tube. All he managed to do was wobble. Confused, August tried again, and again, only to abruptly discover his hooves weren't anywhere near the ground. Stuck on his oat and hay filled middle, all August could do was continue to eat—and hope the supply of oats ran out soon.

The engorged horse's belly pushed against the trough and then over it's lip, spreading across the floor in all directions. His tail was flicking about in frustration, legs occasionally kicking helplessly. He couldn't even begin to imagine how much weight he was going to gain from his misadventure. Cramped doorways and broken chairs were likely to be in his very near future, which he had a mixed response to.

Steadily the flow of oats slowed, until finally August was able to pull his muzzle out of the tube. A loud *uoooooooooooooooooooooo* echoed throughout the stable, the horse's whole body jiggling from the belch. He was undoubtedly stuffed now, feeling sluggish and in need of a long nap to sleep off his gluttony. August didn't want to think about what would happen once someone stumbled across the mountain of a horse he'd become.

“I should've known!”

August's ears perked in recognition of the voice. Perhaps he still had a bit of luck with him.

From the stable door strolled a fat, orange-striped zebra, an amused grin on his face. “You vanished for an hour to grab a 'snack', so of course you were off having a feast instead! Let your appetite get the best of you again?”

August snorted in annoyance. He hadn't mastered speech yet in his feral form, which at least allowed him the benefit of being able to ignore the teasing from his boyfriend, Rho.

“I'll just assume that's horse for 'yes'. I'm sure you thought you were being sneaky, but an immobile rotund horse kind of stands out,” Rho said, patting August's bloated sides.

There were more snorts of disdain from August.

“Well I guess I *could* roll you out of here and to a tent so you're less conspicuous.” Rho's grin suddenly widened. “But I could also roll you to the biggest livestock competition instead. You'd be guaranteed to win the blue ribbon~”

August blushed. Part of him actually rather liked the idea of winning an award for being the fattest. The rest of him wasn't so sure about being poked and prodded by judges in front of a massive crowd. Unfortunately he didn't have much say in the matter. He'd have to think of a nice spot to display that ribbon...