

Writing Prompt 3:

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“No, no, no!” Marcus cursed as he swatted around in the water in a desperate attempt to grab his glasses before they sunk to the bottom of the pool. Unfortunately, without them actually on he had no chance of success, and the obese zebra could only float and sigh as they escaped his grasp. He had only just slipped into the pool, and already things were going wrong. His boyfriend Riley was still sitting on the lounge chair texting his brother, so Marcus knew he had to retrieve the glasses on his own before they managed to get damaged. While not the best swimmer, the zebra was at least confident he could sink well enough to complete the task. Taking a far larger than necessary breath, Marcus dove into the water and ungracefully paddled towards the bottom, stumbling upon his lost glasses almost right away.

Thankful nothing had gone horribly wrong, Marcus slung his corded-glasses safely around his neck and pushed off the pool floor, eager to be above water again. Though his vision was blurry, the impact of someone diving hard into the pool was painfully clear, and Marcus opened his mouth in a water-logged scream as he realized a blubbery arctic fox was speeding right at him. The fox—Noah—had his sight blocked by his outstretched arms, and didn't even see Marcus below him until his paws shot straight into the zebra's mouth and down his throat. A combination of speed and flowing water caused Noah's head and chest to follow in a single movement, and bulging Marcus' neck enough to pop the cord on his glasses and send them back to the bottom. By the time the momentum of the two swimmers had ceased, Noah was well up to his massive belly in zebra.

Neither swimmer had a solid idea as to what had just happened, and the panicked squirming of Noah caused Marcus to instinctively begin swallowing. He groaned as the arctic fox's sizable gut was pulled into his maw, the ever-present water soothing the process somewhat. Marcus frantically tried to paddle upwards towards safety, but swimming with a struggling fox in his mouth was close to impossible, especially for him. Though Marcus had never been very fond of eating others, he knew his best chance for survival was to gulp the unfortunate fox down and hope he could still make it to the surface in time.

Marcus managed to grab Noah's hips and pull, swallowing the rest of his unintended prey's belly in the process. He could feel his own gut swelling dramatically, both from fox and water, wobbling about as Noah was slowly pushed further in. The arctic fox was only barely aware that he was being eaten, gasping for air as water poured into the stomach with every gulp, growing more and more concerned that he was in danger of drowning. Back on the outside, Marcus had pinned his meal's legs together and guided them into his mouth. His lungs were burning as his lips passed the fox's knees, forcing him to begin paddling again out of sheer desperation. Marcus' heart raced as he saw the pool's surface looming above him, getting closer and closer.

Just as he felt he was on the verge of passing out Marcus' head broke the water's surface, a pair of fox paws jutting from his mouth as he greedily breathed fresh air in through his nostrils. He slipped back under for a moment before closing his mouth around Noah's paws and resurfacing, this time for good. Staying afloat was proving to be exhausting, and Marcus wasn't sure how long he could maintain his paddling with his belly weighed down by a meal who was probably just as fat as he was. Fortunately he was immediately spotted by both his puma boyfriend and an otter life-guard. The two fairly overweight furs slid into the pool and swam the short distance to Marcus, bracing him and keeping him above water as they slowly helped him towards the shallow-end's stairs.

“Marcus are you ok?” Riley asked.

“I—*uurrrrrrp*—I think so,” Marcus answered, belching up a mix of air and water. “I was just trying to get my glasses and this fox dove right into me and I swallowed him on accident. I think it was one of the twins.”

Riley laughed. “I overheard Nathan teasing Noah that he was too fat to dive, so it probably *was*

him. I'm sure he's not too happy to have been preyed upon by you of all people.”

“He's kicking up a storm in there, so yeah,” Marcus said with a faint smile.

The trio finally made it to the stairs, and Riley and the life-guard carefully helped pull Marcus into a sitting position along the edge. For the first time since eating Noah, Marcus was able to get a good look at the damage. His belly was simply massive. Four hundred pounds of his own flab were wrapped around an equally heavy arctic fox, in addition to a considerable amount of accidentally swallowed water. The shape was generally round, though occasionally a bulge would appear in the smooth white surface of his gut as Noah pushed against the soaked, fleshy walls of his prison. Marcus could hear loud splashing from within along with a whole lot of angry cursing.

“Uh, we should probably get him out, shouldn't we?” Marcus asked.

The tubby otter just shrugged, not wanting to get involved further in any way.

Riley gave his boyfriend's bloated middle a playful slap and smiled. “I don't know. He'd probably be pretty grumpy if we let him out, and I wouldn't mind admiring your big belly for a while.”

Marcus blushed. “I, I guess you're right.” He belched again. “He's gonna take forever to digest, though, and I might end up weighing almost half a ton when it's all over.”

Now it was Riley's turn to blush. “That's one of the funnest weights to have you at, you just waddle around and nap all the time. And you're so snugly!”

“I also can't escape you at that weight when you sleep-eat,” Marcus said, smiling. “Though if that's what it takes to get you back up to four hundred yourself...”

“So digestion it is!” Riley said, sitting down beside Marcus and leaning against his wobbling belly. “Thank you Noah!”

Marcus' gut lurched slightly in the puma's direction as Noah's muffled voice came through. “Let me out or I swear I'll gobble both of you up when I re-form!”

Riley and Marcus laughed at the threat, as an arctic fox who was the splitting image of Noah waddled over. “Ha! Did he seriously manage to dive right down your throat?”

“Sort of. Really just part-way, kind of had to eat the rest of him after that so I wouldn't drown,” Marcus replied, turning to face the newcomer. “I hear you're to blame in a way, Nathan?”

Nathan laughed again. “Not sure how much credit I can take for Noah being dumb. All I did was say he was too fat to dive, he's the one who got all huffy and said I had to find him dinner if he succeeded.” He bent down and bopped the first belly-bulge of his twin he could spot. “I don't think diving into a zebra counts, bro!”

“Help me out of here you jerk!” Marcus' gut shouted.

“Nah, this is hilarious. Besides, you'll look good as zebra fat,” Nathan grinned.

Noah went on a renewed tirade of curses before a strong belch from Marcus cut off the last of his fresh air and swiftly silenced him. He grinned at Riley and Nathan before all three burst into laughter.