

Fat Chance

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(Inktober Prompt, Day 12: Whale)

Content warning: Foul language, sexual imagery, casual, public humiliation, fatal anal vore, digestion/transformation, and scat

Brent woke up cursing to himself. "9:29? You've gotta be fucking kidding me," he grumbled, throwing off the sheets. Of all the days to sleep through his alarm, it had to be on the day he was set to be interviewed concerning a possible promotion. "No time to shower, fuck it," he muttered, smelling his pits. The scrunching of his nostrils was enough to let him know that wasn't going to cut it.

The horse bolted into his apartment bathroom, snatching a washcloth to thrust under the sink and moisten with hot water. Just the important bits would be fine, he thought, scrubbing the moist, rough fabric underneath his arms while he kicked off his sleep pants. As he scrubbed the cloth over his sheath and balls, Brent inwardly thanked his lucky stars he was who he was. All he needed to be was inoffensive enough to not be distracting; once he was in front of the department head, the position was as good as his.

With a brief rub over his taint, he tossed aside the washcloth to the tile floor and raced to grab his work clothes. He'd worry about cleaning later. He just had to get to work before noon, make his interview, bend the poor sucker's will, and play catch-up on the claims processing during the afternoon hours. Skipping breakfast, though, was required. Maybe he could fit in the time to find something filling and squirmy to prematurely end the life of in his belly...*after* the interview, of course. Wouldn't do to have another voice answering questions for him from inside his gut.

Wallet, keys, phone, good enough. Brent swung out the door, locked it behind him, and raced down the steps to the ground below. Thank goodness he lived literally one-and-a-half blocks from the metro. His hooves clattered against the concrete sidewalks as he narrowed his gaze at the street-corner awning that marked the descent into the below-ground mass transit.

Not too many people from around where he lived had anywhere to be at such an unusual hour, and his corner of suburbia was early on the line; it made it all the easier to skip past what few people there were, slide his card over the reader, race down another set of stairs, and then into the sparsely populated metro car before the jingle finished playing and the doors slid shut. Brent even had a seat all to himself. All he needed now was... "Damn it! Only 22%? Fuck, music'll have to wait," he muttered to himself, thankful he hadn't yet unbundled his earbuds. The horse huffed and pocketed his phone once more. He was absolutely going to eat

someone later; he would need something to feel good about after such a stressful morning, and nothing made him feel better than demonstrating his superiority.

As the train traveled from stop to stop, its cars filling at a remarkable rate the closer to city center it drew, Brent reflected on that superiority. Muscular and handsome, good money in the family, large endowment even for his kind, well-fed, and that handy little power of persuasion. He couldn't use it too much or make it work on distracted people, but it was awfully handy. A little enchantment on people always tipping the scales in his balance, and all Brent had to do was be careful about getting caught. But an interview...well, that was too easy.

Ding~! "Now arriving at...Metro Center."

The car was completely full, shoulder-to-shoulder with more than a few people giving him the stink-eye for having a seat and having unconsciously spread his legs wide while mentally patting himself on the back. However, with so many lines joining at this station and a great deal of the city within walking distance, almost as many were likely to get off here. Sure enough, the mass of people adjusted themselves towards the doors, the horse looking at his phone's clock. "11:35. Twenty-five minutes for seven blocks," he murmured to himself.

The doors clunked open, Brent one among many as he shoved his way forward. He was pretty sure he knocked a few people backwards as he shouldered deeper towards the head of the crowd. All he had to do was get to the long escalators before the first bunch from the nearer cars...

He broke free, a brief moment of cool air feeling like heaven to his nostrils. The breath let his brown eyes focus on the goal a mere few steps ahead, the path so beautifully empty. And as his hoof clanked on the metal platform just before that long ascent, he watched as it all vanished behind the frame of something huge.

"No, no!" he gasped as the large elephant stepped upon the escalator step and adjusted herself. It was too late to change, though, and Brent found himself immediately behind her as they began to rise upwards. The horse looked the obstacle over. The girl was at least a good two feet taller than the six-foot-tall horse, and her body rolled with both generous amounts of fat and the dense musculature of an extremely physically active athlete or blue collar worker. She must've been in her twenties, but she only looked her age because of substantial amounts of work. How much lotion did she go through a day to keep elephant skin even the slightest bit smooth? Her fingers were almost as thick as her three, massive toes. Loose white shirt with short short sleeves, loose black sweatpants whose elastic rim sagged extremely low on her ass...not only was she in his way, but she was practically mooning him at the same time!

Brent scowled, his frustration mounting as her size blocked what normally would be a wide enough escalator for two. Even worse, she didn't seem in any hurry, letting the machinery slowly move her upwards rather than accelerating the process by walking herself. "Hey, fatty!" he shouted. "You're blocking people down here!" There was no response. "Hey, bitch! HEY!"

It was then that Brent noticed the worst insult of all, a glimpse of something black and plastic over the top of her head. Leaning his head all the way over the edge of the moving black rubber handrail, his eyes locked with a fury onto the object; in front of her large, floppy ears were nestled two specially-built headphones with a tiny red light on. They were attached by a small cord down to a phone in her left hand.

Noise-canceling headphones. Playing loud music.

He look his phone out. 11:32 and—to add insult to injury—5%. He'd left it on and unlocked the whole train ride.

"That does it!" he whinnied, stuffing his phone deep into his pocket and slamming his entire body forward. Not only did Brent barely make a dent, but the elephant seemed engrossed in her own private world, shifting her hips side-to-side. "Fucking move already! You whore! You fucking whale!" he shouted, more than a few people behind him and on the escalators to either side looking at him with concern. He shoved his hands onto the exposed ass cheeks, grunting as he tried to push her onwards. "Just...move...you...cu-"

slp-SCHLORP~

His hands slipped on the lotioned asscheeks, his entire body falling forwards from how completely he'd braced into the shove. Just beneath that raised, flicking tail, his wrists and upper arms vanished, swallowed into the thick ring of puckered flesh. Brent's face rocketed forward, following his quickly sinking arms and burying itself muzzle-first into the elephant's asshole. Still his forceful shove drove him forwards, the momentum not stopping until his world had gone almost completely dark and he shoulders were slurped over by the slimy passage.

Gasping in confusion, his nose was forced into the second rude encounter with a pungent bodily stench this day. However, the horse's own musk smelled to him of dominance. This odor, rancid and other, smelled humiliating. He tried to gasp out, to cry out for help, but almost every bit of his pleas were absorbed into the thick flesh around him. A brief glimpse of light illuminated the dark, squishy flesh as it began to undulate. For lack of a better instinct, it began to draw him inside.

To everyone who'd been watching the confrontation, seeing the well-dressed horse being devoured by the exposed ass was either watching karma or intimidation enough to stay silent. It was difficult not to watch the angry commuter get disappear down into the ignorant elephant's bowels, and—even if a few resisted—everyone on that long escalator ride would find it difficult to escape the noisy *squishes*, the *squelches*, and the *shlurps* of the asshole gulping away. The elephant winced from a strange bit of pressure in her bowels, but otherwise was unmoved; the swaying of her hips to the music only aided Brent's noisy, disgraceful vanishing act, twisting the intestines this way and that for the squirming body to curl deeper inside.

The pressure was immense. Brent's entire body felt like it was in a vice, and his lungs began to burn from only being able to snatch the tiniest, hyperventilating breaths of stale, oxygen-starved air. He screamed obscenities, railing against anything and everything, but his muscles began to burn and grow weak too. His fingers felt a tingling sensation as the elephant's organs squeezed and slided over them. Then, with a slow, softening sensation, he felt his fingers squeeze tighter and tighter until a particularly messy *squelch* sounded out. His arms began to soften and smell, and they too found themselves in tighter and tighter quarters until they gave way. Brent shuddered with some of his last remaining energy as his nose began to sag, nostrils clogging with their own converted mass.

He'd been looking for a promotion today, but there was no more extreme a demotion than this: being converted to shit by the bowels of a blissfully ignorant elephant.

Sam yawned as she stepped off the escalator, the elephant stretching. It always astounded her how long the trip was, but at least the minutes-long wait was strictly superior to walking across the city. More cost-effective than a taxi, too.

Her song ended, and, free from the anxiety-inducing underground with its noisy crowds, the elephant finally took a moment to breathe in, slipping off her headphones. It was at that moment she noticed a wolf girl frantically waving in front of her. "Hm?" she asked.

The wolf girl looked like she was going to say something, but then she reconsidered her words—she wasn't sure if there was any point anymore, watching the hooves of that angry, rude horse tremble before being slurped into the elephant's body completely. "Your uh...pants are down," the wolf girl settled on saying.

Sam looked over her shoulder down to her tail. Sure enough, the sweatpants had sagged well below her hips. With the rest of her panties in the wash, the elephant hadn't thought it a big deal to go without. Now she realized her mistake. Her entire face flushed a dark color beneath her grey skin. The wolf grimaced as the elephant tensed up, a terribly timid pose that also served to tighten something else and make a still vaguely horse-shaped bulge on her abdomen distinctly less horse-shaped.

"Mmp—" *squirlch*~

"I am...so, so sorry," Sam hushedly said, bringing her hands up to her mouth as she looked upon the grossed-out expression on the wolfess' face. "I, uh. Oh dear, I am...please forgive me. I didn't mean to..."

"It's, uh. No big deal, really. Just thought you should know."

The wolf left the elephant girl to pull her pants back over her rump, her fingers fumbling with the white rope tie. "...nff, could've sworn they weren't this tight around my hips before..." Finally, the elastic seemed to find a comfortable point to settle, the band taut and tied into a small bow. She stuffed the knot into the band and scampered off, fanning her face for having made a fool of herself.

"Oh no oh no, oh-no-oh-no-oh-no..." Sam squealed, squirting as she sprinted from the workshop, a bandana wrapped around her head. Her fingers were still slick with engine grease, but there hadn't been time to wash up. It had been just another workday before this need for the bathroom spiked out of nowhere. It was as if her bowels had suddenly and spontaneously generated enough shit to fill her to the brim!

The girl squinted as she tried to navigate the hallways to the distant bathroom, her pace shaking the floor despite how reserved she was. The last thing the elephant wanted to do was trample some poor passerby. However, despite her hurried jog, hands clutching her abdomen, it wouldn't be fast enough. Looking nervously either direction in the middle of the less traveled hall, her fingers fumbled with the tight tie she'd tucked into her sweatpants earlier in the day. While she got it part of the way, a pain began to sear through her gut. She needed it out *now*.

Stretching the elastic pants to wiggle down just over her ass, Sam huffed and squatted over the ground. Grunting, desperate, she began to clench and force herself, hands reaching down to spread her own cheeks. Slowly, her asshole expanded, a thick, oddly-shaped log squeezing out with tortuous slowness. Even that, though, began to feel like a grand relief to the mechanic, the entirety of her bowels seeming to relieve themselves all at once.

The growing pain and need that had plagued her last minute began to slowly fade; instead, the elephant began to groan with a relief she'd not known before. Solid, brown waste pressed against the floor, smearing against the smooth vinyl flooring as the massive clump seemed to find little end. Gasping, Sam huffed her way through the massive clog, partially grateful for not making it to the restroom and destroying a toilet in the process.

Eventually, one last lumpy mass squeezed its way free, the huge mass released from her body. Only a few smaller, more typical sized logs squeezed out in response to the opportunity. Sam was only just barely able to stop something else from taking advantage of the situation too; with her pants only lowered so much, she didn't want to have yet one more embarrassment to linger on her person throughout the day.

Her floppy ears caught wind of two people conversing, one of the familiar. Sam's heart skipped a beat; if her boss found her here with this, there would be no way she could keep her job! Face burning with shame, she fled the scene without even looking behind her, slowly

jostling her stretched sweatpants back over her butt as she hoped that nothing more would happen today. There was only so much surprise and concern an elephant could handle!

Ari raised an eyebrow in genuine confusion. "He really never showed up?"

"Nope," the feline replied, shrugging as they walked. "To tell the truth, though, I don't even know why he was recommended for the position in the first place. His direct overseer didn't have any explanations when I contacted him today, like he was confused he recommended the horse too."

The grey fox hummed to himself, massaging his chin. "Well, Jules, I can't say I know how the human resources department or ethics board work. But I think it's safe to say that you'll have to go with your charismatic bunny girl. Bright or not, she's the only one who bothered to show up!"

Jules sighed. "I like the girl, but I worry she's going to come across too bub-"

Both cat and fox paused, faces markedly confused. Ari's muzzle settled into a disgusted frown, while Jules began to slip forward, tail swishing with curiosity. Eventually, he began to laugh, coaxing Ari to walk forward and see what Jules saw.

Although squished in places and lumpy in others, the huge mass of shit was unmistakably in the shape of a terrified horse guy laid out on his belly. His hooves and lower legs had suffered reemergence the worst. A close second, mashed into the ground and twisted; were his arms, slightly flattened and stretched out past his gasping, scared expression; the head had suffered additional indignity with extra waste having piled atop it.. Half-digested clothes still loosely fit, and a half-shit wallet was still embedded in his ass. A shattered phone had fallen to the floor, pieces still stuck where the pocket of the horse's pants was.

"Hoo, it's even funnier knowing what sort of an ass this guy was rumored to be!" Jules explained through chuckles, eyes brimming with mirthful tears. "And I know it's not foul play because no one in my department can manage something like this. Gods above, I cannot say this isn't fitting? Not a chance at a promotion for this guy."

"Lots of paperwork, though," Ari reminded his friend, hiding a smirk behind one hand. The slight flick of the fox's tail was enough to give away to the cat that his friend had found the humor in the situation.

"Fuck it. It's worth it. He's filled out a few stacks of his own for things he's probably caused, so I'll do whoever managed this a solid and get the paperwork done. Cheers to them!"

Jules took out his own phone, busying himself with the necessary calls to the janitor and his assistant back at human resources. Ari simply walked past the mess and down towards the hardware workshops his labs were coordinating with on a project. Somehow, he felt like he should get to know a certain big and timid pachyderm a little better.