

Early Birthday Hunt

By: Indigo Rho

Indi let out a delighted sigh as he sprawled atop the bed barely big enough to contain him. The blubbery blue anaconda's thick tail winded over the chubby lion cozied up next to him, practically pinning the guy down. The blankets had slid off the side of the bed at some point as they'd gone at it, pushed aside by groping paws and claws. With how much creaking and groaning the bed had done, Indi was surprised it'd held up. He'd crushed his fair share of beds at college, mainly thanks to his steadily ballooning waistline. He blamed his fattening peers.

The cute lion nuzzled Indi's soft side, one arm over the anaconda's chest. "God, you're so doughy," he meowed.

"I like having some cushion for the bottoms and handles for the tops," Indi said, earning a tired giggle from the lion. That line always worked for some reason.

Indi's phone chirped and buzzed on the side table. He grabbed it and saw a new text that made him grin.

"What is it?" the lion asked, eyes half-lidded.

"Just my friend August wishing me a happy birthday. The dork sent it the second midnight hit." Indi wondered if August was even still awake or if his friend had simply scheduled the text.

"Happy Birthday," the lion said.

"Thanks." Indi read the message again. "Of course the first thing he does is remind me to gorge today. As if I'd start stuffing myself right away rather than wait till morning." And stuff himself he would. As far as Indi was concerned, birthdays were for feasting, and the anaconda's appetite was bottomless. He was the sort of ravenous pred who considered one prey a snack and three prey a decent meal. Common sense and gravity tended to prevent him from going overboard, but he daydreamed often of devouring whole lecture halls. Just thinking about it made his stomach rumble.

The lion rubbed Indi's round gut. "It's a shame you're not hungry now. I'd love to see your belly swell tonight."

Indi looked over at the lion beside him. He had a cute smile pinched by chubby cheeks and a fine bubble butt. In a frat house of handsome guys, he managed to stand out. Though Indi had a thing for lions, so maybe his bias was showing.

The anaconda had somehow gone an entire frat party without eating a single person, an astonishing feat. But there was still time.

“If a swelling belly’s what you want, then a swelling belly’s what you’ll get,” Indi smiled and gave the lion a nice, long kiss goodbye. As he distracted his one-night stand with a kiss, he expertly coiled his heavy tail around the unfortunate lion. When Indi pulled back, he squeezed the coils tight.

The lion gasped in surprise as the air was forced from his lungs.

“I know I told you earlier how hot I was for lions, but I neglected to mention how hungry I was for them as well.” Indi flicked his tongue out, tickling the coiled lion’s nose. “Sorry handsome, but it takes a lot to fuel a body this big, and you’ll be a welcome addition to it.”

Indi opened his stretchy maw and swallowed the lion’s head in a single gulp. He greedily slurped up his lover-turned-meal, eager to fill his stomach with something other than chips, beer, and cum. The helpless, wiggling lion lurched down Indi’s throat and into his stomach. The anaconda’s gut swelled, just as the lion had wished.

Frantically wiggling paws disappeared into the abyss of Indi’s gullet, and the lion was sealed away with a satisfying gulp and a tiny burp.

“That hit the spot,” Indi moaned. His gut wobbled furiously, a blubbery mound of scales weighing down on a whole frat boy. His prey’s shouts were a bit too muffled to be audible, though he assumed they were the standard pleas and curses food tended to belt out once they found themselves in a stomach. He rubbed his middle with the tip of his tail, pleased with the massaging squirms his teasing provoked.

If Indi truly wanted to, he could simply pass out for the night then and there. The lion no longer needed his bed, and he didn’t have any roommates waiting to stumble in and wonder about the engorged anaconda in the room. Half of Indi’s one-night stands ended with him crashing at his dinner’s place like that. Sometimes, he even got to eat a roommate or two for breakfast. But the temptation to feed slithered its way into Indi’s head. One prey was technically enough to serve as dinner, but he refused to consider a chubby cat a proper meal. Surely, he could find a second course before heading home for the night.

Dead set on filling up further, the massive anaconda lugged himself out of bed. His belly swayed like a pendulum, tossing around his lovely lion snack. Dressing himself was a chore, but Indi wasn’t about to stroll through a party nude—he wasn’t anywhere near drunk enough to streak. He inevitably slid back into his pants and shirt, though he left most of his wonderfully wiggly gut exposed to show off his catch.

Indi kneaded his middle with his claws. “Don’t beat yourself up over becoming snake chow, dude, it was bound to happen eventually. You’re a tad bit too trusting, and you have an adorably mouth-watering ass. It’s a miracle

none of your frat brothers cornered you first.” Though he was sure at least a few had considered it.

The pep talk did little to calm the lion, who had no interest in admitting he was destined to be a layer of anaconda fat in a few hours.

After emptying the lion’s wallet, Indi left the small bedroom. The upper floor of the frat house was relatively quiet, as the party hadn’t completely spilled into it. With midnight come and gone, some frat boys had already retreated to their rooms for the night, either to fuck someone, digest someone, or both.

A huge arctic wolf had collapsed in the hallway, out like a light, with his baseball cap covering his face. His bloated belly continued to squirm, and Indi guessed two, maybe even three prey were trapped within.

Indi eyed the appetizing wolf up, imagining what a wonderful bulge he’d make in his belly. But as incredible as the wolf would likely taste, scarfing him down would be a hassle, and he wasn’t quite sure he’d still be mobile after the indulgent feast. He might stuff himself, only to end up as someone else’s feast of a dinner later.

“Later, dough ball,” Indi said as he squeezed past the snoozing wolf. “You’ll make a great meal after you’ve fattened up more.”

The stairs were in sight when a bedroom door opened, and a fat, shirtless horse stumbled out. The horse bounced off Indi and spun around, belly jiggling all the while. He somehow avoided falling flat on his plush ass and appeared particularly proud of the accomplishment. The scent of pot hovered around the horse, and his lack of sobriety was evident at a glance, but Indi cared more about the horse’s delightful ball gut than how high he was; though inebriated food was a bonus.

“Shit, my bad, bro,” the horse apologized, still swaying a little after deflecting off the much rounder anaconda. His gaze gradually drifted to Indi’s gut. “Hell yeah, eating good tonight!” He raised a hoof for a high five, and Indi returned the favor. “Anyone I know?”

“He’s a lion with golden-brown fur, a bit on the chubby side and rather feisty.” The horse stared blankly at Indi. “He also growls and roars while getting railed.”

Recognition lit up the horse’s face, and he clapped his hooves together. “Oh shit, that’s Trav! Gotta be Trav. We fucked around a bunch before I started going steady with my current chick, and he’s so damn kitty when he bottoms!” The horse patted Indi’s gut twice. “Bummer you got caught, dude. Uh, can I have your backpack? Mine’s kind of falling apart.”

The muffled outburst from Indi’s stomach didn’t sound like an affirmative.

“Dude, you gotta speak up. This snake’s hella fat.” The horse put his ear to Indi’s middle, oblivious to the danger.

“If you need to chat with dinner, I can help,” Indi offered. He waddled forward, pinning the horse hard against the wall. “After all, I’m always hungry enough to eat a horse.”

“Uh, I’m cool,” the horse answered right before Indi started swallowing him.

Confident in his ability to take on a stoned frat boy, Indi took his time gulping down his second course. He nibbled at the horse’s soft chest and belly, provoking flustered whinnies from within his throat. He felt the lion try to push back at the horse, but it was a lost cause. Indi was going to pack away the stoner no matter what.

Pound after pound of wiggling horse slid down Indi’s throat, ballooning the ravenous anaconda’s belly out a few more feet. The horse emptied into his stomach with a heavy bounce that made Indi moan.

“Fuck me, everyone in this frat tastes so damn good.” Indi groped his writhing middle, his fingers dancing over the bulges. “They really know how to treat a snake on his birthday. Do y’all recommend anyone as a third course?”

He only received kicks and punches in reply, none of which were effective against his sturdy stomach.

Pleasantly stuffed and invigorated by swallowing two prey so easily, Indi slowly lumbered down the stairs. A two-course meal was fairly good. He knew he shouldn’t go overboard so early in the day when he’d still have to sleep off the lively feast before his actual birthday began. There’d be plenty of time in the day to hunt more while hanging out with friends, who he’d encourage to hunt as well. The more bulging bellies, the better.

Downstairs, the party thrived. Hours of drinking, dancing, and insatiable appetites had left half the remaining guests stuffed with their peers to various degrees. Discarded clothing littered the floor alongside plastic cups and crushed beer cans. There was an antler here, a belched-up bone there, and the occasional cell phone abandoned after debasing a prey’s socials with belly bulge selfies.

A lanky cheetah darted past Indi at the bottom of the stairs, just within reach. Indi instinctively blocked the feline’s path with his tail and snatched him by the collar. He didn’t *need* to eat anyone else, but felines were hard to resist. Besides, twinks were more of a snack than a full meal.

There was no teasing or savoring the third course of the birthday feast. Indi strove to consume the cheetah as fast as he could, swallowing the squirming frat boy down in huge gulps. Within seconds, the cheetah had been reduced to another bulge in Indi’s vast gut.

“Just like shotgunning a beer,” Indi said as he slapped his middle.

The bottomless pit of an anaconda made his way to the front door unopposed. Some guests gawked at him, but he wasn’t even the most stuffed prey in the room. An elk who looked ready to burst lay in the wreckage of a recliner, flanked by envious buddies and grinning wide. Another future meal for Indi to keep an eye on.

But before Indi could reach the door, he found his way unexpectedly blocked by a meandering fox as wide around as an elephant with a gut that squirmed and protested. Greed got the better of Indi, who couldn’t resist treating himself on his birthday.

“Nice catch,” Indi complimented the fox, who swayed about as drunkenly as everyone else at the party.

The fox giggled. “Won him in a bet,” he boasted, patting his middle. His prey kicked hard, and the fox’s muzzle twisted.

“I wasn’t making a damn bet, you idiot, I was making a joke!” The fox’s meal sounded like he was on the other side of the house, but at least he could be heard.

“Well, it was a bad joke,” the fox huffed.

“If you don’t throw me up, I’m texting all our friends how huge a jerk you are! Say goodbye to game night, friend-eater!” the fox’s bitter meal growled.

“Don’t be a poor sport!” the fox begged. He eyed the wrecking ball of a gut Indi was lugging around and nodded. “Oh, congrats to you, too. I’d go after a second prey myself, but this one’s already giving me indigestion. What all did you catch?”

“I just can’t help myself at times. First course was a cute lion I was having a one-night stand with. Second course was this stoned horse with a belly as soft as dough. Third course was a random cheetah twink who went down in a few quick gulps. And I’ll be finishing it all off with a dessert of well-stuffed fox.”

The fox nodded politely, then stopped as a very slow realization spread through his head. By the time he thought of stepping away from Indi, the anaconda already had him by the shoulders with his maw open wide.

Indi didn’t care that the fox had doorway-brushing hips and a stuffed gut as well, he wanted him in his stomach, and he was going to do whatever it took to shove him in there. Fortunately, the fox struggled to put up an effective fight early on, which gradually doomed him as he slipped inch by inch into Indi’s maw.

Indi stretched his large tail behind him to help anchor him in place as he worked on dessert. His belly swelled and groaned, scales stretching to hold five furious people who’d found themselves at the bottom of the food chain that

night through chance or neglect. Belly, rump, and hips passed through Indi's jaws. He had to use gravity to slam the rest of the fox down his throat, but he stood triumphant in the end, if wobbly.

Indi squinted and stifled a groan. He felt like another bite might blow him apart like a pinata, raining startled prey upon the party. But despite the looming stomach ache, he didn't regret his rampant gluttony at all. If anything, it made him giddy. Four courses and five prey, waiting to churn into thick layers of fat. It was a hell of a way to start his birthday. And when he woke up from his food coma, he'd have every excuse to do it all over again.

"Damn, nothing beats eating people," Indi blissfully declared. He carefully guided himself out of the frat house, barely able to squeeze his immense belly through the front doors. The anaconda was destined to have a spectacularly gluttonous and fattening birthday.