

When it's in the mid-90s Fahrenheit and your ice machine is broken, the days are slow at a coffee shop. Sure, the morning rush always happens regardless of the heat – people need their wake-up juice – but once that subsides and everyone's at work, it can get kinda... well, it gets boring as shit. Hours upon hours of the same jazz and muzak renditions of popular songs, no chairs to sit at behind the counter, and no one to talk to.

It's particularly boring and terrible when you're hungry. Vakan's already eaten his lunch, a hearty Reuben sandwich with chips and lemonade. Unfortunately, he ate that at 12:30, and now at 3:45 he's *starving*.

Vakan is alone on shift right now, being the afternoon manager. He's a fat goat, fur white and hair tied in a brown bun, whose hooves have non-slip pads on the bottom. His sense of fashion is very basic: a green shirt with rolled sleeves, and brown pants. It gives him more room to accessorize, after all; a background that's too complex takes away from the subject of the painting. His beige apron cascades over his round belly, covering the sizable bulge in his pants. He was lucky to receive such a fat cock, as pretty much all whom he met – ladies, gentlemen, and those that know better – wanted to experience it in their own way. It's flattering, but there's only so many alleys to slip into for a quick fuck-n'-feed.

Oh, yeah, the eating thing. Vakan's cafe is in the pred district, a part of the gayborhood that's particularly hungry for both sex and prey. On this particular block and the next two in either direction, it's not uncommon to see people of all stripes with squirming stomachs, thrashing sacks, and writhing tits. Vakan himself is part of "the regulars", one of the many workers that keep the businesses in this district running. The bar down the street is equally hungry, and on occasion he's peeked inside to see people trying to perform karaoke between belches.

Chuuuuurn...

Vakan sighs. *God in heaven, let me get something to eat before I literally burst into flame*, he thinks. This is almost as bad as the job he took a few months back where he did literally nothing but sort hundreds of copies of the same comic over and over again with slightly different covers. He scrolls through his phone, liking and sharing some posts he enjoys – a horny musing here, a pic of his friend in someone's stomach there, something relating to a game that he just *has* to share to the group chat, the usual.

He considers taking one of the pastries out of the box, just to get something in him, but the bell over the door *dings*. Someone's here.

"Hi, welcome in!" He says, straightening up. The customer doesn't reply immediately, their eyes are on the menu instead.

The customer isn't even anyone in particular, but from their scent Vakan can tell they're unaware of what neck of the woods they've stumbled into. A completely unaware meal! A better opportunity can't have presented itself – alone, in a store with no cameras, on a lazy afternoon.

Vakan attempts to take a closer look at his potential catch, but what catches his eye is the shirt they're wearing: a shirt with Michelangelo's David with the words "I like the Classics". Vakan feels his eye twitch. That's wrong on so many levels.

They look down at their phone to move some money around, and Vakan strikes.

They can't even react in time to flinch away from Vakan grabbing their shoulders and shoving their upper torso into his mouth. Their flavor explodes on his tongue, shimmering across the surface, making him drool. He swallows once, dragging them in to their ribs.

They start yelling, muffled by the fat and flesh around them. Their kicking legs prove a challenge to get a hold of, so Vakan doesn't bother – and swallows again, a thick *gulp* bringing his meal in to their waist.

His prey struggles in his ribcage, pushing around what little space there is. They're likely angry, but it's not like Vakan is listening to them. Their opinion stopped mattering when they became food. Another swallow brings them in to their thighs. They haven't stopped thrashing, and their thighs push his lower jaw open a little when they do.

Vakan finally grabs hold of their shins, and shoves them in past their knees, leaving only their feet outside. He pries off their shoes – raggedy old things clearly needing to be replaced – and lets them clatter to the ground. With a wet slurp, he brings in the rest of them.

Gulp.

He savors the feeling of them sliding down his throat, slipping past his heart and into his stomach, their form curling into the curve of his fat gut so perfectly. He takes a moment to breathe – his prey usually sit in shock for a moment as they realize what's just happened to them, before–!

The impromptu meal begins thrashing again, in a desperate, hopeless attempt to escape. Vakan feels a bolt of bliss ripple down his spine, pooling at the head of his cock. It always feels so fucking good. The wriggling of his meal before they begin to slowly break down, begging for mercy he doesn't have, pleading to leave their final resting place, before their pathetic cries are replaced with quiet churning. The process of nature. God, it makes his dick throb every time.

UUUUUURRRRRP!

Vakan feels a weird sensation along the back of his tongue. Reaching in with precise fingers, he pinches the object causing the odd feeling, and slowly pulls out a wet t-shirt, dripping with gastric juices and singed at the edges. It still had its design – its anachronistic design.

“Look, I’m sorry, but this is just sloppy. Classics? Really? You and I both know Michelangelo was a Renaissance artist, not classical. What are they teaching people these days...”

The muffled voice of his prey isn’t happy, enraged by the idea that they were eaten because of the shirt they were wearing.

“You know the fun thing about Michelangelo’s David, though? It’s displayed wrong. It was supposed to be on the roof of the Florence Cathedral with a bunch of other biblical prophets, but instead it’s in some art museum. And Michelangelo wasn’t even the only guy involved in the project! Donatello made a statue of Joshua and no one’s talking about his work!”

Vakan makes his way over to the supply closet, and grabs the spray bottle of all-purpose cleaner. On the way back to the counter, he tosses the wet shirt in the trash. It lands with a sticky plop.

“Anyway, David’s sculpted weirdly because of his placement. His head’s too big for his body, and that’s because it’s meant to be viewed at a heavy angle – at the top of the cathedral! Around the dome!”

He makes a little circle with his finger to make his point, but it’s not like his meal can see it. His stomach’s getting louder, finally realizing there’s a meal inside it.

“He’s in no way a ‘classic’ statue. If you want a real classic, Myron made the Diskobolos back in the 400s BCE. Now THAT is a statue worthy of the title! And unlike David, it’s proportionally perfect because it’s fucking displayed properly.”

His meal thrashes with vigor as the organ they’re inside begins to work on them. It sloshes with acid and bile. Vakan tries to focus on what he’s talking about, but his meal feels so fucking good in his belly. The sensation of them squirming for their life makes the tip of his cock leak. There’s no one here, he *could* bust one out... Unfortunately for Vakan’s penis, his need to make an academic point overrides his need to masturbate at work.

“Two things about that statue, though. First, it’s not the original. Myron’s original is lost, but the Romans made copies, so it still survives. It’s in that fog-of-ages period where people didn’t write shit down, which SUCKS. My boy Ian across the street loves old documents and I think he’d actually explode if we found an original copy of the Epic of Gilgamesh.”

Vakan spritzes the counter, and uses a rag to wipe off the saliva that got out when he belched up that shirt.

“Second, since it’s a Roman copy, it was likely painted. Romans loved painting their statues, and some of them still have old paint chips in little nooks and crannies, which is how we know they were painted at all. The copy of Myron was likely painted too, but it all flaked off in the thousand years between its creation and Michelangelo’s David. Which, bringing that back into focus–”

BWUUUUURP!

Vakan groans. He just cleaned that counter. His meal's thrashes are beginning to soften, which means his time is limited. He's got maybe an hour before they finally stop fighting and get mulched into sludge that helps make him even fatter. *Fuck it*, he thinks, and reaches under his writhing stomach to release his dick from his pants. He grasps the shaft and strokes, face hot with arousal, legs trembling in anticipation. No cameras in this place and tinted windows, essentially total privacy. Well, aside from the person he's digesting, of course.

"Mmph, fuck..."

Their thrashes hit just the right spots in his sensitive belly, sending waves of bliss throughout his nerves like raindrops on a puddle. A particular kick strikes his prostate through all the layers of organs and fat, making him cry out in joy, just for a moment.

"God, why can't every meal squirm like you...?"

He keeps stroking, leaning over the counter, panting, so, so fucking close to release. His meal stops moving, and Vakan feels the wave crest over without the peak of orgasm.

"Oh, come the fuck on! I know you have some more in you!"

Silence. Vakan knows better – they're still alive and solid. They're just tired, and likely pissed at being used as jack-off material in their final moments of life. He rolls his eyes and lets out an annoyed bleat.

"Fine, fuck you. Have it your way. I'm gonna get back to what I was talking about."

He tucks his still-erect cock back into his pants, and lets his apron fall over himself again, looking decent once more. Well, except for the head of his cock brushing against the apron, but such is fate with his gift of huge meat.

"So yeah, the paint thing. That's why David is like that. He's all the same color because the Renaissance artists thought the Romans and Greeks made their statues unpainted. But that's not the case. It's also really funny, because when these statues are painted accurately, they show the nipples being painted different colors than the armor. They left holes in the breastplates for nips."

He sprays the counter again, wiping it off, leaving it clean and pristine.

"That makes sense, though, since the Romans had a thing for nipple piercings, especially the army. Showed off dedication to Mars, allegedly."

He finally puts away the all-purpose spray, and returns to his spot at the register, albeit a little further back with the weight in his gut. He puts a hand on top, caressing his meal, who he thinks he can hear sobbing, but it's hard to tell with all the sloshing and gurgling of his interior.

“So yeah, maybe consider an actual classical statue on your shirt next time? Or a better pun? I know there's shirts out there with David chewing bubblegum if that's up your alley. I know I'm not the only pred with a degree in this sorta thing, and I'm nice enough to help you correct your mistake. Y'know, if I intended on letting you out, haha.”

Vakan checks the clock again. 4:00. He grins, and preps for his end-of-shift duties. Only thirty left til he's off the clock, and can go home and finish what his delicious (and historically inaccurate) meal started in his pants.