

Professor Gillespie Vs. Ace Glutton

The bright August sun burns warmly as a city bus pulls up to the local university. As the long metal vehicle settles beside the sidewalk it begins to rock back and forth, its frame creaking in protest. Inside an otter breathes deeply for the first time in nearly half an hour as he suddenly has open space beside him as opposed to being pressed against the window. He glares as he watches his unintentional, yet unapologetic, oppressor walks towards the door amongst the other young adults off to the first day of the semester. He's not the only one staring though, just the only one doing so angrily. Everyone looks at this particular student as she squeezes past the seats with either disbelief or disgust plastered over their faces. The reason for the attention is that she is responsible for the whines rising from the bus' hydraulics. To call this young woman big would be akin to calling the north pole a tad nippy. The entire bus tilts to the side as she steps down onto the stairs leading out the door until at last she squeezes out onto the sidewalk allowing the bus to spring back to its normal position, those still in line to dismount all being tossed to their backsides.

Hearing the collective yelp of everyone behind her Gloria snickers to herself, a look of pride in her eyes as she affectionately rubs her massive gut. The warm rays of the mid-morning sun warms her pitch black fur and she takes a deep breath of the fresh air. Sighing happily she turns back and offers a hand to the smaller, yet still chubby, fox boy now sitting on the bottom most step. He blushes slightly before gripping the chubby paw offered to him. Another yelp escapes his lips as he is easily yanked to his feet, his momentum carrying him face first into an ebony airbag barely contained in its cotton tee prison. The soft wall offers little resistance, allowing him to sink in slightly before her powerful arms wrap around him, hugging him deeper into the cushiony belly.

“Ohhhh Tim,” his captor giggles, “such affection. “I had no idea you felt this way about me.”

The only answer she gets are a few lines too muffled by her pudge to be understood and a bit of token

effort at escape. Finally she lets her long time friend go, his face as red as the shirt he'd been smothered against, "Jeeze Gloria," he chuckles weakly, "I'd like to make it to at least one college class before I die." "Such lofty goals you have," she chides, "besides you know you love this work of gluttonous art." She rubs her paws over herself, striking various runway poses and drawing more than a few odd stares from passersby. "Ohhh yeah," Tim rolls his eyes, "you caught me. I'm only in this friendship for the eye candy." Though he was of kidding he did truly find her beautiful. Since high school when they had first met he had yearned to step out of the purgatory of the dreaded friend zone, if only he could work up the courage. "Well all awkward flirting jokes aside," the larger canine grins, "what class do you have first?" The fox boy pulls a folded piece of paper from his pocket and glances at the slightly crinkled schedule, "hmm. . . looks like I'm off to first year chemistry, which is. . ." he flips the paper over to a map of the campus, "clear across campus from here. Damn, how about you?" "Practical reasoning which is in the hall right across the street." she gestures over her shoulder, a proud smirk on her face, "Why do you think I had us get off the bus here? Me start the day by backpacking across campus? No thanks." Her massive form jiggles as she shudders at the very idea, last thing she needed was to be out of breath with her fur drenched in sweat from a hike in the hot sun. Tim smiles, "Fair enough, I shall be the gentleman and bear the horrid burden of a small walk on a nice day. Meet you for lunch around noon-ish?" "It's a date big boy." At that Tim darts off into the crowd, his cheeks turning a very distinct red. As she watches her friend depart Gloria turns to head for her own destination, "There had better be an elevator in there."

On the fifth floor of Descates hall a pleasant ding sounds out as the elevator arrives, the doors sliding open to reveal the giant lupine crammed within. With a bit of shimmying Gloria manages to push herself through the door revealing a squirrel and toad who for the small ride had been mashed against the back wall. She snickers at the various vulgarities tossed her way between gasps for air. At last she steps into her classroom, the usual scene rows of desks neatly ordered with a long desk at the

front. From the ceiling a small projector hangs ready to transfer any and all power point slide shows from a professor's laptop smart screen. She always loved being one of the last to arrive so she could look over all of her classmates, especially on the first day of a new class. It was like walking into a new buffet, such a delectable variety to choose from she couldn't decide who would go first. "I've seen huskies before but that's just ridiculous." Gloria's ears zero in on the rather uninspired fat joke, finding the source to be an overly dolled up cheetah girl smirking at her. The feline was the kind of girl that just a look at her told you she felt joining a sorority had been a bigger deal than making it into college at all, even if she weren't wearing the obligatory pink shirt with three big white greek letter across the breast. "How nice of her," Gloria muses to herself, "printing where I can find you right on your shirt." While she was not wearing enough makeup to make one think of words like "harlot" or "trollop" it was definitely enough to make you wonder if she knew she was in class and not a dance club. Her bleach blonde hair cascaded over her shoulders, highlighted by a more strawberry blonde dye and on her face she wore a look of both contempt and delight. A lone laugh rings out from the lion who's lap the cheetah sat in, and oh wasn't he just a perfect fit for her? He was as broad as the cheetah was lythe, and in an effort to look as trendy as possible he had trimmed the bottom of his mane into a perfect goatee. "Good one babe." Gloria opens her mouth about to respond when she's suddenly cut off, "Sorry but this is college, not high school. It's time to grow up." The large wolf turns, stepping away from the door to see who spoke up. It was a young pig woman with a belly that rivaled even her own. This porcine woman brushes her auburn bangs from her eyes, which are narrowed in annoyance, "That goes for both childish insults and public displays of affection." "Oh?" the sorority girl snorted, "and just who are you?" "Essen Gillespie, but," the porker grins, "you can call me Professor Gillespie." Realizing that there's no way to win this argument the Cheetah begrudgingly takes a seat next to her mate.

Gloria stared at the swine a moment, partially sizing her up even as her brain told her eating a professor would draw too much attention. . . even if she weren't too big. "Yes?" Essen asks as she

realizes Gloria has not taken her seat. “Oh, umm. . .” she grasps for anything to say, “you don't look, well, OLD enough to be a professor.” she finally utters as she takes a desk by the window, other students scooting aside to make plenty of room. “Why thank you,” the professor beams brightly, “but twenty-five isn't very uncommon. I'm just a lecturer not a full tenured professor just yet. Now let's begin, you all should be here for Practical Reasoning, if not then please let me know and I can direct you to your proper class.” Thus the first class begins with no further interruptions, and after an hour and a half of explaining the syllabus, introduction exercises, and other assorted first class activities the plump professor concludes the first day's class. For the large wolf the class felt like an eternity, someone had caught her eye, in all the right, or wrong, ways. “Not a moment too soon,” grumbled Gloria as she made her way down the hall, her belly easily parting students like a biblical body of water. “Breakfast didn't last long at all,” she thinks to herself as she follows a skinny young bat boy at a nonchalant distance, “and I believe it's time to celebrate my first college class,” she grins deviously, “and what better way than with my favorite food for brunch?”

In a quiet room in the top floor of the library Selena moans quietly, her round ears perking with small jolts of pleasure. She loved being a student worker in the library, she could be gone as long as she wanted and it was just assumed she was sorting books. Plus all these private study rooms made great spots to bring her bat beau for “anatomy lessons”, the young mouse just adored how he nipped and suckled at her neck like this. “Mmmm Kyle,” she cooed, “can ohhhh can you lick a bit lower babe?” He looks into her eyes, his own full of excitement, a fanged grin on his face, “Want to feed your fruit-bat a bit of you juicy peach huh?” Pain erupts on his nose-leaf as the mouse girl flicks him, “OUCH, what was that for?” “For being cheesy.” She glares at him. “But I thought mice loved chee OUCH!” He mockingly pouts before he begins slowly kissing his way down her torso, pulling off her jeans as he goes. “That's more like it,” she shivers with anticipation, laying her head back as he draws closer and closer to that sweet spot. Neither of them notice as the door slowly opens, the large frame of their

drooling voyeur blocking out all incoming light. Quietly Gloria creeps in and closes the door behind her. She takes a moment to just watch her meals, savoring the moment as each step she takes brings the couple closer to their new home.

“My oh my,” Gloria finally makes her presence know, “such naughty little students.”YIPE!” the amorous pair both jump in surprise, turning to see who has discovered their activities as Selena covers herself. Blushing deeply she cries, “Who the HELL are you?!” “Me?” the famished fiend smirks, “Oh, nobody of importance really. Just a hungry student getting brunch.” The tan colored fur of Selena's cheeks grows bright red in anger. “Does this look like the food court to you? Beat it tubby!” Gloria licks her lips, “Food court, no, but who needs fast food when the tastiest of all treats is all around you?” Before either can react the wolfess lunges forward with surprising speed, belly flopping on the bewildered looking bat and concealing him entirely under beneath her massive belly, made up of so many men and women who came before him. In one fluid motion she also catches the slender arms of the still fuming mousey.

“Let go of me you freak,” the girl tries to fight and squirm but her small frame is no match for Gloria's bulk, “what do you think you're doing?” “For someone with such big round ears you don't hear very well,” her captor grins, a bead of drool oozing past her jaw, “I already told you I'm getting brunch.” The terrifying meaning behind those words slowly sinks in causing the rodent girl to struggle all the more. “Oh come now,” Gloria pouts teasingly, “don't burn all of your energy now. I'd prefer you to struggle AFTER I slide you into my belly. It's far more fun that way.” She brings Selena's hands closer to her maw and opens wide, stings of saliva connecting her jaws as her mouth waters in anticipation. Grunting and wiggling, a panic in her eyes, Selena tries to pull away from the gluttonous cavern. The foul, warmth of Gloria's breath heats the fur of her paws as they are laid upon the ebony canine's wide damp tongue. Gloria moans softly as she closes her maw around the rodent's forearms,

flavor practically filling her mouth. It had been a couple of weeks since her last squirmy meal. She suckled her prey's hands for a moment, her tongue running over the pair, coating them in slick saliva as she tasted them.

“You can't do this!” Selena begs “Please let me go!” Yet her pleas are only met with a sudden force pulling her forward as Gloria sucks her arms in to her mouth past the elbows. Pred and prey are brought muzzle to muzzle, Gloria's purple eyes seeming to pierce to Selena's very core yet still they carry a sadistic glee. The larger girl gives a playful wink as she places her hand on the back of the mouse's head and parts her lips just enough for her to push her inside to her shoulders. Selena feels the soft lips slide over her face, “This can't be real, “ she thinks to herself,” I must be having a nightmare.” Her face is caressed by the warm slimy tongue, her nose overpowered by the strong scent of Gloria's breath causing her to gag a bit. With what little light makes it into her cramped space she can see her arms vanishing into the dark void of the wolfess' throat, now mere inches from her face. “Any moment now I'll wake up in my dorm room and hear my roommates snoring,” she tries to assure herself, “or in Kyle's apartment, wrapped lovingly in his wings.”

Another swallow brings her face to the precipice of Gloria's tight throat, her shoulder's and breast's now held firmly within the canine's drooling maw, her fur getting drenched in the vile fluid. “Eww,” she winces as the warm substance seeps in down to her flesh. “Please,” she calls out in desperation, “just let me go. I won't report you for this. I'll . . . I'll even treat you to a buffet. Just *please* don't eat me.” There is the briefest of pauses before ***GULP*** and with that her head slides into the gluttonous girl's throat, on the outside her features are vaguely distinguishable as she is slowly guided to her fate. As she lowers through the constrictive tunnel her hands come to a muscular ring. she bites her lip and moans in dread, feeling her fingers slip through into the far hotter chamber awaiting her. Unceremoniously, Gloria crams the mouse in by the hips, consuming the poor girl up to her waist and forcing Selena's face against the hungry opening to her stomach. That's when the smell hits, acidic with

just a hint of maple from that morning's breakfast. The slightly sweet scent fills Selena's nostrils, so potent she can even taste it, and this is what finally erases her thin veil of denial, cementing the reality of her predicament in her mind. Despite her best efforts the results are comical at best. For all her struggling all she manages to do is kick her feet in the air and jiggle the gut that is steadily claiming her.

As Selena struggles within, Kyle too fights for freedom. All he sees is black fur, all he feels is soft squishy flesh wrapped in said fur, pinned as he is under the titanic bulk of the belly currently being fed his girlfriend. The white bat has no clue what is going on outside of his bizarre prison, but he fears the portly bitch holding him down is molesting his sweet Selena. "AUGH!" he strains to push this living blanket off but his arms just sink into the soft belly, "Get off of me you nutjob, leave her alone!" From all around him he hears a distinct gulping sound, one eyebrow raising in confusion, "Are you eating?! Seriously what the hell is going on out there?" The only answer he gets is another loud swallow though suddenly he swears he can hear Selena. Muffled through pounds of wolf hide he can just barely hear something about a buffet. "Is she still insulting this whale of a wolf? SELENA FOR CRYING OUT LOUD DO MORE THAN JUST CALL HER FAT! CALL FOR HELP, OR AT LEAST THROW A PUNCH!" ***GULP*** "And what in blue blazes are you eating up there you crazed bitch?!"

No sooner had the words left his mouth than Kyle got his first hint of an answer. As he again pushes up into the doughy wolf woman something grips his wing-hand. "IS THAT A PAW?!" he cries out in alarm, his efforts to escape growing fiercer with no better results, "YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY BE DOING WHAT I THINK YOU'RE DOING! LET HER GO YOU CRAZY GLUTTON!" Despite his pleas Gloria swallows again and suddenly Selena's voice becomes much clearer for her trapped beau. "Kyle, is that you out there? Please help me, I don't want to be dog food! Call for help!" "I'm trying babe, but I'm trapped. This big bitch has me pinned under her gut, but I'm going to figure a way out of

this.” He feels Gloria shift about a bit before she jiggles suddenly and he hears two muffled thuds.

“What's she doing out there? She's shaking.” Selena asks, worried about what else may be in store for her. “I'm not sure. . .” after a brief moment without any more activity he continues, “I think she's stopped now.” The lithe young bat racks his brain, desperate to come up with an escape plan to save his beloved. “Come on,” his mind screams at him, “there's always a way out.” ***GULP*** Another swallow and sweet Selena slips further away. “You've seen a million and one action movies, what would John McClain do? . . . Probably shoot the fat ass before she even got this far.”

As Kyle runs through a baker's dozen of increasingly more implausible plans of rescue, Gloria simply pushes Selena's feet into her mouth. She licks over the sensitive paws for a while, loving both their slightly salty flavor and the delightful wiggling it triggers from the girl filling her esophagus. “Ticklish, how cute,” the massive wolfess thinks with a chuckle, “Well, enough of the appetizer.” She smiles and swallows her mouthful of feet, the twin appendage following the rest of the mouse girl through the slide to Gloria's belly. A yelp echoes from within the large canine as Selena feels her feet enter the tight warmth of the throat. Her legs slide down and inch after inch of her slender body is forced into the muggy chamber of the larger girl's stomach. Once her feet join the rest of her the tight opening clenches shut once more, sealing poor Selena within. She rises to her knees and pushes forward into the cruel sphincter, trying desperately to force her fingers through it to pry it open. However, as many a soul has learned, while the entrance is all too happy to open to let prey in, it cannot be opened from the inside.

BUUUUUUUURP Gloria unleashes a mighty belch, reinvigorating the still fresh taste of student in her mouth, she licks her lips enjoying the taste even as it again begins to slowly fade. “That's just what I needed. Nothing like a great brunch to prep you for a good lunch with a friend.” Grunting with exertion she forces herself off of the bat boy that up to now had been positively embedded under

the adipose prison that is her gut and sits back with a content sigh. Selena tumbles about as her world is shifted, making the experience all the more miserable. Now in a far more comfortable position the titanic glutton lifts her strained t-shirt to free her wiggling belly and rubs over the rolled globe with her chubby paws, watching with amusement as her second course scrambles to his feet. Her swollen gut bounces slightly as the rodent within fights for her freedom, pounding on the walls and trying again and again to force the entrance or even the exit open, both to no avail. For all her efforts the only effect is Gloria getting a shiver of pleasure down her spine.

A hurricane of shock and disbelief fills Kyle's mind as he stares at the small mountain of carnivorous canine before him. Even though he just heard Selena crying out from within that monstrous belly his mind still cannot grasp that it's true, that his sweet mouse can really be contained under pound of fatty tissue. All his doubts are quickly quelled though as he watches lumps and impressions rise and fall over the wolf's midsection from his girlfriend's struggles. Briefly hope flares in his heart as he thinks of their cell phones, but this too is quelled as he notices both of the devices smashed upon the floor, "Damn, so that's what those loud thumps were." he realizes as the hope he had been building slowly crumbles into new emotions, "If I can't call for help than I have to *be* her help." With a heart full of fear and eyes full of rage he clenches his fists tightly, his knuckles turning as white as ghosts, "*Let. Her. Go.*" he states through gritted fangs. Despite all the murder in his voice Gloria simply laughs it off, "Or what? You're built for flight not fighting." The comment stings, but deep down he knows she's right. He was maybe 120lbs when soaking wet, but this beast? 300 lbs was likely underestimating her weight. He didn't stand a chance, but still his mind tells him he can't just let this happen, it's time to be a man. Baring his fangs, fists raised, he approaches the overweight predator, but rather than returning his fierce attitude she smiles.

"Aww," she giggles, each small laugh sending waves of motion along her gut, "chivalry can be

so cute. Tell you what little guy, I'll make you a deal, a game if you will." "A *game*?!" he snaps back, his voice shaking with adrenaline, "You eat my girlfriend and then you want to play a game? Why should I entertain you instead of tearing out your throat?" A smirk spreads over Gloria's muzzle, "Oh for a few reasons. First off our difference in weight class leaves you at a major disadvantage so I must admit you aren't very intimidating. Second, based on these delicious squirms I'm feeling you tasty little mouse is still alive and if you win she's yours. No muss, no fuss, what do you say? All you have to do is climb down into my throat and reach in for her, if you can pull her out of my stomach in, let's say, ten minutes you win." "Like I'm going to fall for that, you just want to swallow me down like you did Selena. I won't just waltz into your stomach you sick whale." he snaps. She sighs in exasperation, "If I wanted to eat you than why wouldn't I just do it? As we discussed," she jiggles her gut again tumbling her captive about within the humid chamber, "I am more than a match for you. Were I to just lunge out and take you, you would be all but defenseless and you know it." Again a blow to his ego, but part of her words were starting to sound reasonable. He glares into her eyes, looking for malice or deception but all he sees is a smug amusement. "What kind of nutjob would play a game like this?" he thinks to himself, "It makes no sense. If I win she gets turned into the authorities for attempted murder. Yet on the other hand she's right, if she wanted me in her belly that badly she could just grab me and cram me down her gullet with a black eye being the worst she would get. Plus who just swallows other people like they're a morning vitamin pill to begin with? Maybe she is just crazy enough to view it as a game. . . ." Fierce arguments are hurled from one side of his brain to the other and back again as he stands there, determined to save his love, but worried that his chance is just a trap.

Soon though Gloria grows impatient with his war of logic, "Better hurry bat boy," she rubs her gut tenderly, as a mother to be would caress her unborn child, "I don't think our sweet little prize will last much longer." Sure enough the jiggles marking Selena's struggles are slowing, the poor mouse within growing tired and giving in to the churning organ that holds her. Just as expected that was the

last push Kyle needed to be pushed into hero mode, his own safety be damned. “Fine,” he exclaims stepping closer to the large lady, “I’ll play your sick game.” “Mmmmm,” she grinned, a devious glint in her eye, “that’s just what I wanted to hear.” She licks her lips, already drooling in anticipation. With a slow curl of her finger she beckons him to his potential fate, “Then climb in and give it your best shot hero.” He takes another step towards the titanic wolfess, his legs weak and quivering like jello, his stomach a tight ball of nervous knots. Deep down he knows this must be how inmates feel as they approach the gallows, and he looks at Gloria’s tongue hanging from her mouth but all he sees is a noose. Yet despite his fear he presses on, hoping against all logic that he can save Selena and get out of this bizarre nightmare.

Standing before the gluttonous girl his eyes scan over her round front, “So how do I do this? Just climb up your gut?” “Oh, silly me.” Gloria chuckles, “Let me give you a hand. Wouldn’t want you kicking your dear lover girl now would we?” She reaches forward, hooking him under his arms and hoists him up effortlessly. “Any battle cries you’d like to call out Mr. Hero?” “Let’s just get this over with.” he retorts with an arrogance he doesn’t truly feel. With a shrug Gloria opens her maw and brings her second course forward. The young bat stares into the cavern of her throat as his face is brought closer and closer to her mouth. Warm droplets land on the back of his neck as he passes her lips, “Drool,” he thinks to himself, “just stay calm. You can do this.”

Her wide maw wraps around his shoulders and her tongue practically smacks him around as it runs over his face. “Oh,” Gloria’s eyes light up, her ears growing perky, “He’s much tastier than his girlfriend. Citrusy with a hint of mango, such a wonderful dessert.” she grins around him, “I’ll have to keep fruit bats in mind.” While her mind is abuzz with culinary critique her arms go to work with a practiced precision making him fit nicely into her mouth. She grips his arms and forces him into a self hug, wrapping his wings around his torso as he wiggles and fights. “Who needs a choco-taco when you

have a fruit-bat burrito?” she chuckles softly as she slides him in further, already his chest wrapped in her hungry muzzle.

When he felt her grab his wings Kyle had panicked, worried she was about to get more brutal with this meal as visions of his wings being torn off flashed through his mind. “Making me fit better? I guess that makes sense. . .” his eyes roll as he suddenly wants to smack himself, “Sense?! What part of any of this makes sense?” The back of Gloria's throat opens wide as his head finally slips into the tight tunnel, “Hang on Selena, I'm coming.” Worry again fills his mind as the only response he gets is a gurgle from the organ waiting below. “Come on cutey, you're a tough girl. Just hold strong a little longer.” The walls around him kick into action as Gloria takes her first swallow, they relax to accommodate the bat yet still hold him tightly enough to tug him down, seemingly as eager as the wolfess herself to claim him. Each time she swallows he powerful muscles in her throat just as swiftly begin dragging Kyle down towards her hungry stomach.

New sensations bombard his mind as his torso is taken into her esophagus. He didn't know what being swallowed would be like, but somehow his expectations were worse than the actual experience. Sure the slobber was gross and the smell rising from the digestive sack below was anything but pleasant, but other than that he was doing ok. Gloria's body heat was seeping into his muscles, keeping him pleasantly warm, like being wrapped in an electric blanket on a cold day. Even the pulsating walls around him felt nice. Sure they were leading him towards a chamber of acid but for now they just felt like a gentle massage. “Maybe *I'm* the crazy one,” Kyle snaps at himself, “here I am waist deep in an insane fat chick's mouth and my mind is noting the pleasant aspects of it all? I need to hurry, grab Selena, and get the hell out of here.” As surprisingly comfortable as the ordeal is for Kyle, Gloria is in gluttonous heaven. Never before had she had prey that was so sweet. It was as if the longer she kept the little herbivore in her mouth the more intense his fruit lace flavor became. The citrus taste soon gave

way to a mixture of berries, which itself lead into banana and coconut. She happily sucked his legs into her maw, leaving just his feet sticking from between her lips. "If only he were fatter," the truly rotund pooch's wishes, "still this was quite a delightful meal."

With that last swallow Kyle finds himself face to sphincter with Gloria's stomach. "Alright, now I just need to reach in and. . . wait a minute. . . what the hell?" he struggles to reach forward only to realize his wings which are still wrapped around him are pinned in place by the constricting walls around him. "H Hey!" he fidgets and squirms, stuck in a straightjacket of his own body, "I can't move my arms! This isn't fair, I can't pull her out at all like this!" His ears are filled with an ominous chuckle that causes his fleshy prison to jiggle all around him and his fear and anger are renewed, "I knew I couldn't trust you!" He feels his own insides lurch as Gloria's tongue wraps around his feet and draws them into her mouth, away from the cool air of freedom. The one way opening to his final room slides over his face as it gets pushed forward, and in the dark he can just see Selena's form. "Selena! I'm here for you babe!" he cries, hoping he's not too late. The petite girl shifts slightly, "K. . . Kyle?" she slurs, her voice wavering with exhaustion, "are. . . are we going home now?" He bites his lip as he feels their massive predator swallow one last time causing him to slide into the surprisingly small chamber beside his beloved mouse girl. "I'm umm. . . working on it sweetness."

The sound proof room nearly shakes as it is filled with an ear shattering belch. "Mmmmm," Gloria licks her chops, savoring the flavor of her first living dessert, "You know that should really be your nickname not hers. Never had such a sweet tasting little occupant before." "SHUT UP!" Kyle shouts furiously as he pounds on her inner walls, "You cheated, let us out of here!" Raising her hands to her mouth as if aghast Gloria gasps, "Cheated? I did no such thing. You were the one who admitted defeat in there." "When on earth did I admit defeat? I would never just let you eat me!" her most recent meal continues to slam himself against the exit of her esophagus. "I can't pull her out like this." The large hound quotes assuming assuming a squeakier voice to best mimic him, "Those were your exact

words, and they sure sound like a forfeit to me. Besides you didn't really think you could win that game did you?" "What do you mean?" even as the question leaves his mouth the small male knows the answer. "I wasn't playing a game for her freedom," Gloria laughs cruelly, "I just didn't want to get all sweaty trying to pin you down. A meal is so much nicer when I can just lay back and have my food climb in willingly." "You can't do this!" Kyle's punches grow weaker and weaker, the warmth of the chamber combined with the stale air already sapping his energy. "Actually I can," she smirks as she rises to her feet, taking a moment to sturdy herself with all the extra weight, "In face I'm pretty good at it." Her paws again rub over her stuffed tummy, how already she grows excited to see how big the cute couple will make her. "We aren't food!" her latest victim calls out as he slowly drifts off. The last thing to ever hit his ears is a snort followed by, "Of course you are. You're all nothing more than food waiting to be added to my fat."

Once the struggling stops and she's sure her new occupants are nice and quiet Gloria ruffles through the duo's belongings. "Ahh, here we go," she grins as she holds their wallets, "ID's complete with home addresses. Looks like I know where I'm going for dinner AND for my midnight snack. Hmm. . . and there's even a good chunk of change between the two of them. Maybe I'll treat Tim to lunch. . . Well I'll pay my own way at least. Wouldn't want to bankrupt him after all." Putting the cash and ID cards in her pocket she crams the clothes in her backpack for later disposal and heads off to meet her smaller friend for a less thrilling yet still fun lunch. She grins as she opens the door "Yeah, I think I'm going to like college just fine."

Meanwhile in a small office back in Descartes hall a certain porcine professor gazes out her window, a troubled look on her face. "I think this will be an intense semester Cecile. That one girl in our first class, the look she had in her eyes as she stared at those two lions, and even when she looked at me, it's a look I know all too well, and surely *you* recognize it. After all when I gave you that look it

lead to our current relationship.” Her soft midsection gurgles softly. “What do you mean which girl? The wolf with a gut that rivals you. The canine with a dangerous hunger in her eyes.” Again a hungry sounding yet quiet growl rises from within her. “You were *what*?! I already told you we will NOT be eating any students. I’m still getting used to eating people at all, but the students are under my protection.” This gets a small roar in response and she sighs. Essen lovingly rubs her tummy, “Easy girl, how about I make it up to you with a pizza and if you’re really really good a delivery boy to go with them. Now as I was saying Gloria has me worried.” *Gurgle* “Well of course it’s not for my own safety. She’s big, but not any bigger than me, no way she’s getting a ham dinner, but I worry about the other students.” *Growl* “NO, not because we need them all to ourselves. I’ll have to keep my eyes peeled, if one student goes missing I’ll be on her in a heartbeat looking for proof.” *Gurgle* “Eating her isn’t an option even if she weren’t a student. Like I said she’s as big as me, but I get the hint. Let’s head home and order that pizza, maybe some bread sticks, OH and some barbeque wings.” ***ROAR*** “Yes, yes and the delivery fur.” *Gurgle* “I love you too.”