

Filling the Roommate: Part I

By: IndigoRho

Nommz glanced between his notes and his open textbook, trying to remember where he'd left off. The dragonmutt had probably read and reread the same pair of paragraphs a half-dozen times by now, but he was simply too tired for the information to properly stick with him. After a final last-ditch effort to force himself through the chapter Nommz gave up, closing the textbook and deciding to put off the last of his studying till the next day. He wasn't actually behind on anything, anyways. Nommz rubbed his eyes and leaned back in his chair, prepared to call it a night before the distant sound of a lock turning caught his attention, causing him to turn around; his roommate must have just gotten back.

The pawsteps echoing from the quad's common room were louder than usual, and Nommz suspected the reason why well before the door to his room sprung open. A hefty, midnight-blue cheetah waddled in, preceded by his bulging gut. He took a moment to adjust his school hoodie, trying to stretch it over his still-squirming belly but failing comically. When Nommz had first met the overweight cheetah a month ago he'd admittedly been terrified he wouldn't make it to the second semester. The cheetah—Indigo—had admitted to being a pred almost immediately, telling the dragonmutt how excited he was to sample the student body and wondering how quickly he could achieve the “Freshman 150”. Nommz was certain the conversation would end with him inside the gluttonous cheetah's stomach, until Indigo gleefully invited him to go hunting around campus.

Nommz had never eaten anyone before and wasn't necessarily eager to become a pred anytime soon. He was, however, secretly fond of squirming guts. The dragonmutt had accepted his roommate's invitation, though only as an observer, getting to know Indigo better as the pair got acquainted with the campus while searching for a suitable meal. Indigo's lunch that day ended up being a rail-thin skunk who had chosen the worst day to absentmindedly obsess over his phone while listening to loud music. Watching someone get eaten up close was a brand new experience for Nommz, and he was overjoyed when Indigo asked if he wanted to feel his belly afterward.

Indigo scratched his bouncing gut and smiled at Nommz. “Oh cool, you're still awake. Was worried I'd wake you up.”

The cheetah was obviously drunk, barely staying balanced on his paws. “Staid up later to...uh, study,” Nommz said, losing focus as he stared at his roommate's squirming middle. “I see you had fun at the party.”

“Huh?” Indigo said, confused, before remembering the fur struggling in his gut. “Oh, yeah! Won this guy in a game, was super fun!” He playfully shook his belly with his paws, nearly falling over in the process. Laughing at his successful save, Indigo hopped backwards onto his bed, violently shaking his meal.

Nommz couldn't resist the temptation anymore, and quickly got out of his chair and approached Indigo, wanting to admire the cheetah's meal up close. The bulges in Indigo's belly weren't distinct enough for Nommz to easily guess what species were making them, though he was certain they had a beak. Without bothering to ask, Nommz pressed his paws against the cheetah's gut, feeling the squirms of the doomed prey beneath his stretched pudge and fur. The prey twitched even more as he was groped from the outside, angrily pushing back as best he could.

A muffled voice echoed from within Indigo's stomach. “Let me out fatass, I'm not dinner, it was just a game!”

“Dude, the rules were really clear that winner got to eat loser, for keeps!” Indigo chastised his stomach. “If you'd been better you'd be the fatass right now, instead of future cat fat.”

“I thought it was a joke, this isn't funny!” Indigo's gut continued bouncing. “Please let me out, I don't want to be digested!”

Indigo gave his gut a quick bop. “Oh stop whining. We were, like, the fifth pair to play. I know you saw that really fat deer win the first game and then get gobbled up by the ferret in game two. That

ferret was passed out digesting his winnings for half the party!”

“D-damnnit, this isn't fair! Let me out, let me out, let me out!” The prey's struggles were so intense Indigo nearly fell off the bed, and the cheetah resorted to laying back fully to remain stable.

Nommz blushed as he watched Indigo's distended belly wobble backwards, the cheetah's hoodie riding up even more. He continued giving it attention, smiling as his belly rubs provoked quiet purrs from the cheetah. “So you didn't just snag this guy, you played a game to see who would eat who?”

“Yep! I was sort of tipsy when I agreed to it, but everyone was cheering me on and I just had to do it,” Indigo replied. “And when I won a bunch of people just grabbed my dinner and fed him right to me, it was really nice!”

“P-please, whoever else is out there, get me out!” Indigo's meal pleaded. “I've been trapped in here for hours, I don't...I don't want to be digested!”

Nommz grinned. “Sorry man, I think you look real good on Indigo. There's so much more to hug with you squirming around in there, cat fat.”

The goading got just the response Nommz wanted, and Indigo's gut writhed a little more. Nommz began pushing his paws into and out of Indigo's belly like he were working a pump. Indigo squirmed a bit himself from the motions, though his louder purrs revealed his enjoyment of the situation. The pressing continued until Indigo's cheeks puffed up slightly and the cheetah let out a modest belch. His stomach immediately tightened around his meal, enhancing the outline of the mystery avian somewhat and limiting his struggles.

“W-wait, don't do this! C'mon, I never did anything to either of you, let me free!” The meal pleaded, though he was quieter than before.

“Hmm, nope!” Nommz pressed down hard on Indigo's gut, causing the cheetah to belch again and release the last of the fresh air within his stomach. The prey no longer had enough free space to even beg, reduced to slight squirms and muffled whimpering, which were quickly drowned out by Indigo's purrs. Nommz pressed his face against the cheetah's gut to feel the struggles up close, blushing from the vibrating purrs. Indigo giggled and yawned, passing out himself just seconds before his unfortunate meal, though his purrs persisted at a low rumble.

A happy sigh escaped Nommz as he nuzzled his roommate's bulging belly long after the squirms had ceased and Indigo had gone to sleep. He imagined how the cheetah's middle would slowly smooth out and shrink over the next couple days as his prey was digested away, how Indigo would end up flabbier and jigglier. Only a month into the semester and Indigo's clothes would already be a little too tight to wear comfortably. Nommz suspected the cheetah would hold out a bit before buying new clothing, and those few days of Indigo's belly constantly being exposed and his shirt clinging to him like plastic wrap would be delightful.

Of course, Nommz was already thinking about Indigo's next meal. And the one after that, and the one after that. Every new prey would make the cheetah fatter and fatter, cushioning the bulges of his meals and turning Indigo into a mountain of a cat. If Nommz had his way he'd be there for every meal, latched onto the cheetah's squirming middle to feel every struggle and reverberating shout up close and personal. His roommate was going to become nothing more than a bed to nap on and a belly to snuggle, and Nommz was certain a little alcohol and words of encouragement could convince Indigo to eat whoever he wanted, whenever he wanted. Indigo didn't know it yet, but the fate of his waistline was now solely in Nommz's greedy paws.