

Loot Box Pred (Bad End)

By: IndigoRho

Kai finished off his beer in a single gulp, shaking his hips a little to the music that filled the frat house. The lean, blue-and-white koi dragon hadn't been to a good party in quite a while, and thankfully Tau Tau Psi's big bash was meeting all his expectations. Booze and music were great, he'd been able to chat up quite a few friends, and the bellies were everywhere.

He just had to do his best to avoid ending up in one.

Of course frat parties were always voracious affairs, no one expected otherwise. Get enough gluttons together in one place and people were going to get eaten. Kai felt safe enough, though, especially with his friends there. He was even considering taking a dip in the pool out back and seeing if he couldn't snag a live meal himself later on. Just had to hope the otters weren't hunting there all night.

Weaving through the crowds of partiers on his way towards the back, Kai found himself drawn to a hefty owl he swore he recognized. After a few moments of not-so-subtle staring it finally clicked: he was one of Kai's favorite streamers, Lane.

Somewhat starstruck, Kai drifted towards the owl, who had just left the kitchen. The corridor was practically abandoned compared to the living room and patio it connected, and it didn't take long for Lane's gaze to settle on Kai as well.

The owl smiled and nodded. "Enjoying the party, dude?"

Kai couldn't help but blush, and Lane clearly noticed, which only made him blush more. "Y-Yeah! Party's been killer so far! I'm, uh, I'm a big fan."

"Awesome to hear—on both counts," Lane replied, waddling over to Kai. Up close he dwarfed the koi dragon, and must have been close to two hundred pounds heavier than him. "I get the feeling my gaming's not the only thing you're a fan of~"

Only then did Kai realize how obviously he'd been ogling the owl's doughy middle. He was left speechless in embarrassment, and nearly fled.

"Don't worry, I'm rather fond of my girth myself!" Lane laughed and gave his gut a teasing slap, causing it to wobble beneath his purple hoodie. "Though I'm sure you've seen me eating on stream enough to guess that."

"I can't deny it's one of the best parts." Kai was slowly growing more comfortable around Lane. "That pizza guy a couple weeks back was a delight."

Lane grinned wide. "Oh yeah that dude tasted great! And he was just the right size to not get in the way of gaming. Can't even begin to remember how many times I've had to cancel a stream because I over indulged."

"Honestly I bet you could still outplay most people even with a bulging belly."

"Maybe! You'd be surprised how distracting all that kicking and struggling can be." Lane leaned in closer, until Kai was nearly pinned between his gut and the wall. "I'd love to show ya firsthand, though."

Kai didn't realize Lane's true intentions right away, and barely had time to react when the owl's beak opened wide.

The belly pressed forwards and a wing shot out, a distressed cry swiftly muffled as Kai's head was shoved into Lane's mouth. Kai was struggling fiercely, but the weight of the blubbery gamer against his chest made breathing difficult, and steadily being pulled into the gullet made him panic.

Lane secured his snack with practiced ease. His beak stretched over the koi dragon's shoulders, pinning his arms and impairing his ability to fight back effectively. There was no telling if they had any friends at the party, so Lane wasted little time gulping him down. The squirms of prey once they were settled into the pit of his stomach were always the best part of the meal anyway.

As Kai emptied into Lane's gut it swelled outward, peeking out from under his hoodie. Thick layers of pudge pushed down on the koi dragon, making the stomach feel even more cramped.

Other guests passed the meal in progress on occasion, though none gave any thought to interfering. After all, a pred with a full belly meant they were less likely to get eaten themselves.

An eager gulp took in Kai's rump, Lane tilting his head up to let gravity handle some of the work for him. Kai continued kicking his legs even as they rapidly vanished from sight, until only his tail remained, smacking blindly at the ceiling and wall. Like a noodle it was slurped up.

Lane sighed happily as he swallowed the last of his fan, his wings immediately shifting to his belly to give it a wobble and rub.

"Don't get to feast on seafood very often, thanks dude!" Lane chuckled, his gut bouncing.

"Now I know I promised to show ya how hard it was to game after a filling meal, but I should really mingle a bit longer while I'm still mobile. I'll make sure you've got plenty of air in there so you can enjoy the night, too, though~"

Kai thrashed and cursed as he tried to find a comfortable position—not that it was possible to be comfortable while sitting in a pool of digestive juices. Lane's amused laughs echoed all around him.

For a few minutes Lane simply leaned against the wall and played with his belly. Kai had created a respectable bulge, but Lane didn't exactly feel burdened by the weight of his snack. Those meals could be the funnest at times, the ones that allowed him to keep going about his business as if he *didn't* have someone stewing in his gut.

He was so distracted he almost didn't notice the rotund gray lion heading in from the patio, mumbling loudly to himself.

"I swore he was gonna wander over to the pool eventually, Kai practically lives in the water," the lion said, shaking his head. He spotted the massive owl who'd obviously eaten well and smirked. August hoped *he* was that big by the end of the party. Finding a meal that suited his tastes had been harder than expected, but he was reluctant to just snag the first edible loner he saw.

"Hey, any chance you've seen a blue-and-white dragon around lately?" August asked the owl, not expecting much luck. "He's half-fish, real thin, goes by Kai."

Lane knew perfectly well who the lion was talking about—and where they'd ended up. All he had to do was shake his head and his meal's friend would leave to continue his search in vain. However, the owl was feeling greedy, and the lion was making his mouth water. A second course that large would be rather excessive, but Lane felt he deserved to treat himself. He just needed to lure the lion to a proper place for feasting.

"Yeah, I know where Kai is! Was showing him my gaming setup upstairs before I snuck down for a quick bite. Guess he's a fan." Lane gave his bulging belly a pat, and was pleased with the accepting look he received from the lion.

"Oh, cool! Hope he hasn't been overwhelming you, he can be a bit of a fanboy when he gets going."

"Nothing I haven't been able to handle." The owl grinned wider as he felt his meal's squirms intensify. Kai must've recognized his friend's voice. "I can take ya right to him. Just follow me and I'll use the tank here to clear us a path there."

August didn't perceive the stuffed owl as a threat, and accepted the invitation without a second thought.

Sure enough, Lane's mass prompted the crowds to part, ensuring the way through the living room and up the stairs was devoid of delays. The creaking of the stairs beneath Lane's heft filled August with envy, and his obsession with finding a nice, potentially fattening meal renewed.

The upper floors of the frat house were only slightly quieter, dominated by frat boys waddling back to their rooms to digest prey and those trying to avoid the drunker, hungrier crowds below.

Lane's bedroom door was cracked open and the light still on, a coincidence he was thankful for. Still, timing would be everything once they were both inside. Lugging around a meal would put him at

a disadvantage, and the lion was larger than Kai had been. He'd overcome worse odds before, though.

August entered first, Lane right behind him. While August was busy being confused about Kai's absence Lane nudged the door shut and drove his next meal hard into a dresser the second he turned around.

The wind was knocked clear out of August, and the pressure prevented him from drawing new breath. He gasped and squirmed in vain. No matter how hard he pushed he couldn't budge the immense bulk of the owl. Regret mixed with panic, and the lion's vision began to fade fast as he drifted unconscious.

Lane waited a solid minute after August went limp to step backward, satisfied his prey was out of commission. Nothing was quite as effective as brute force and a good old fashioned ambush.

August was dragged and plopped on the edge of the bed, his partially-exposed belly squeezed for softness.

"Good good good, lots of dough on ya. Cat's always turn into great fat, too!" Lane teased.

Once again the owl's beak opened and his tastebuds rejoiced. He allowed himself some time to savor the flavor of the soft lion, but he couldn't doddle. They were bound to wake up soon. As long as they were past the point of no return by then Lane would be set.

Deep within Lane, Kai knew something bad had happened. His prison had been compacted against something that'd wiggled, and now he could hear the sounds of something being swallowed above him. He'd adjusted to the dark, looking towards the tightly clenched sphincter with dread. The markings on the feline face that inevitably pushed through proved his worries.

Kai tried to push back August as he descended. The lion's weight and the force of Lane's swallows proved too powerful. Inch-by-inch August slid into the stomach, expanding yet filling it all at once. Squirming became nearly impossible for Kai.

August didn't begin to stir until he was up to his knees in Lane, and didn't fully recover until his footpaws fully slid into the stomach, sealing him up tight with his friend.

A victorious belch sounded outside, followed by plenty of fresh air to replenish what had been sucked out. The engorged owl was tottering, and the stomach shook every which way as Lane sprawled out on his bed, ready to lazily sleep off his meal.

"Shit, are you ok Kai?" August asked, squirming up a storm.

"Doing great, just being flattened by a friend and about to be added to my favorite streamer's waistline," Kai groaned. "Guess this is why they tell you not to idolize strangers."

Under better circumstances August would've glared at Kai for the sarcasm. "*You* can become bird fat if you really want to, but I'd rather end the night not being digested!" He carefully wiggled a paw into his pocket and pulled out his phone. "Since the gamer glutton up there seems happy to drag this out, we might be able to get help."

Curled up in a ball, August slowly typed out a text to his boyfriend Rho, who was also at the party. With luck he wouldn't overlook the message...

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Elsewhere in the frat house, a rotund orange-striped zebra was debating whether or not he could lug a blubbery bunny home in his belly.

Rho had been eying the orange-and-white rabbit for about an hour. He was rather hard to miss, and clearly a member of the frat, squeezed into a varsity jacket that didn't fit well at all. All the frat bros at the party were tasty looking to Rho, it was like a buffet.

Seconds away from introducing himself to the rabbit, Rho felt his phone vibrating in his pocket.

The zebra pulled it out and read the message he'd just received, eyes widening. He shot back a reply right away.

Where are you!

Second floor. Down hall. Two doors left.

Rho was already making his way to the stairs, belly jiggling as he hurried up them. Sure enough the second door on the left was closed, light coming from beneath it. He cracked the door open just enough to peek inside.

On the bed was a massive feathered belly, wings lazily rubbing it. Even from that distance Rho could guess the owl was in no position to resist. That would make the rescue of August and Kai somewhat easier.

Rho slipped in and shut the door behind him, not making any effort to be silent. The startled owl rocked back and forth in a futile attempt to sit up, managing only a short belch in the process.

“Well *you*’ve certainly been eating well tonight!” Rho said with a smile. “Normally I’d support that kind of gluttony, but I’m afraid I’m rather fond of that lion you swallowed.”

“S-Shit,” was all Lane could say. There was a muffled protest from his gut as it abruptly got rowdier.

“Oh don’t worry Kai I’ll make sure to get you out, too,” Rho laughed.

With the owl relatively helpless he wasn’t too stressed out, though he wouldn’t be completely relieved until August was safe and dry. Now he just needed to figure out how he was going to free his friends.

Asking nicely likely wouldn’t work—and there was always a chance the owl would play along so he could turn the tables once he were more mobile. Forcing someone to throw up was nearly impossible as well, and Rho wanted to avoid putting his hooves anywhere near the frat boy’s maw. Not like they would burst after only three prey.

Suddenly a very odd idea came to Rho, one that made his grin widen. While it was true the average person’s stomach capacity was considerable, everyone had their limit. Perhaps it was time to test Lane’s durability.

“You look like you have a pretty hearty appetite, Lane,” Rho said, catching the name on a collection of trophies as he strolled around the bed. “I’m sure August was fairly filling, but Kai’s more of a snack at best, so you *must* still be hungry.”

Lane was confused and worried, silently cursing himself for not thinking to lock his door or swipe the phones of his prey. He’d been too cocky on home turf after glutting on so many guests with ease in the past. Whatever the zebra was getting at, it couldn’t be good.

“Now don’t be modest, there’s no shame in needing to gorge now and then so you don’t go hungry.” Rho patted the owl’s gut, causing him to wince. “Seeing as you’re in no position to go prowling around for more courses on your own, why don’t I bring them here, instead? Three or four, all so big and juicy you’ll feel like you’re gonna pop once they’ve all been crammed into your mountain of a stomach. Course I get the feeling my friends wouldn’t mind seeing you go boom~”

“Whoa, w-w-wait! I’m not a balloon, let’s talk this over or something!” Lane sputtered, wiggling even more aggressively as he tried to roll off the bed. Unfortunately the weight of his two-course meal proved too much to handle.

“Nah, I’m way too excited about bird bursting now. This’ll be fun and educational!” Rho laughed and walked back to the door, opening it

By pure luck there was a fat horse waddling his way, another frat boy. Thinking fast, Rho got his attention.

“Yo, Lane ate too much and I need help moving his fat ass, you up to the challenge?”

“Course he did. Bet he was gorging on fans again.” The horse scoffed, but still seemed willing to help. Even as he approached the bed he didn’t show any sign of suspicion, too eager to mock the predicament of his fellow frat brother. “Bro you gotta find thinner fanboys. Or at least know when to stop stuffing yourself.”

“Clyde watch out, the zebra’s trying to pop me!!”

Rho quickly grabbed the horse from behind and shoved him head-first into Lane’s open beak as

he shouted. Chaos ensued as Lane and Clyde both struggled, while Rho kept his grip long enough for the owl to instinctively take a first gulp.

Once Lane started swallowing Clyde there was no way for him to stop. He steadily vanished into the owl's maw, Rho dutifully pushing the frantic horse.

In Lane's stomach Kai and August were tossed about as he fought his feeding. The pair had heard the gist of Rho's plan, and though desperate to not be digested they weren't exactly confident it'd work. Sharing the already-cramped space with others wasn't thrilling, either.

August found himself almost directly facing the sphincter when Clyde's muzzle poked through. Suddenly inspired, the lion opened his mouth wide, and let Clyde slide right in.

Clyde felt warm breath pelt his nose as he slid into the stomach, then a wet tongue under his chin. He wiggled more fiercely as he realized one of Lane's earlier meals was trying to eat him. There wasn't any real way for him to avoid the second, deeper trip, though.

Soon August's belly was swelling, pressing up against Kai and giving the koi dragon a solid feel of the truly unlucky horse within. He was gradually enveloped by squirming lion belly until only his head was free, face permanently blushing.

There was a pained groan as Lane finished swallowing his friend. His gut towered higher than before, and he could hear the occasional faint creak coming from his bed. It'd been a long while since he'd last eaten so much in one sitting. Lane had no idea what his limit was, left hoping someone would come to his aid before the whole party ended up being relocated to his stomach—or worse.

"Hmm, no creaking hide, so you can't be full yet!" Rho slapped Lane's belly prompting him to groan even more. I'll just need to find someone even fatter~"

"P-Please, dude, stop!" Lane begged, his breathing heavy.

Of course the owl was ignored, Rho back at the door in search of more prey. He was blessed by who approached next.

Taking up most of the hallway was an immense spotted hyena with a pink mohawk. Rho was very well acquainted with Raf, a gluttonous grump who most preds on campus felt was cursed. Many on campus had tried to make an overindulgent meal out of him, but they'd all ended up getting accidentally swallowed by Raf or foiled through other, miraculous means.

Most would've considered the hyena to have tremendous luck—he tended to complain about how fattening the would-be preds had been instead.

If eating Raf didn't burst Lane outright it'd at least put him on the very edge, which was perfect.

"Raf! Just who I wanted to see." Rho smiled as he walked into the hallway, blocking Raf's path. "August went and got himself into a bit of trouble and I could use your expertise."

The hyena frowned. "Not my problem if he ate someone too big again." He made a passive attempt to get past Rho, but at his size slipping past anyone who wasn't a beanpole was close to impossible.

Raf's reluctance had been anticipated, and Rho simply took him by the arm and guided him towards the room with only a token effort. The hyena was notoriously easy to bully into doing things.

"Actually August is the one who's gotten himself eaten, and I'm working tirelessly to free my beloved fat cat." Rho pointed towards the immobilized owl on the bed as he dragged Raf closer.

"Did August double in size since I last saw him?" Raf asked as he stared at Lane. He knew from experience how it felt to be stuffed to such a ridiculous degree, and the sight made him recall many embarrassing memories. When Lane spotted Raf he looked horrified, which confused Raf greatly.

"If only!" Rho laughed. "But no, he's just got some company in there. I came up with a rather ingenious plan to free him by stuffing Lane here until he burst like a pinata! Though it may be more accurate to describe him as a loot box since he's some fancy gamer apparently. And who would be better for bursting a bird belly than you my blubbery friend!"

By the time Raf realized what Rho was talking about his paws had been shoved deep into Lane's mouth, a quick swallow pulling them into the owl's gullet.

“W-Wait, I don’t want any part of this!” Raf growled, trying to retrieve his paws. A push from behind caused him to stumble forwards, practically gliding right up to his elbows in Lane.

“But it’s for a good cause Raf!” Rho snickered as he force-fed the hyena to the gamer. “You’ll be back out in the open in no time, and we’ll buy you dinner as thanks!”

“This is insane, I’m just going to end up being digested too you—*mmmmmmpph!!*”

Raf’s rant was silenced as his head was swallowed.

Wrangling the enormous hyena into Lane was an ordeal that tested Rho’s strength. He held off on lifting the five hundred pound butterball until Raf was on his tippy toes.

Back on the inside, August had been adoring the squirms of his unexpected horse snack and contemplating a second course of his own when he recognized Raf’s voice as the next visitor. Not wanting to explode himself, August leaned away from the sphincter, dreading the mass that was about to crush him.

“Damn it August this is all your fault!” Raf fumed as soon as his head entered the stomach. His mohawk had been matted down with saliva during the journey

“It’s Kai’s fault, he got eaten and I valiantly tried to rescue him!” August insisted, grunting as he was pushed forwards from Raf’s momentum. Lane’s belly was stretching like a balloon to handle the influx of prey, but wasn’t nearly spacious enough for those trapped within it.

“That’s a lie, you just got duped and gulped!” Kai said, trying to avoid getting buried completely under August’s gut.

Conversation grew harder as more of Raf was swallowed, the trio struggling to find anything resembling a comfortable position. Raf grumbled under his breath nonstop. He’d given up actually struggling, the act too exhausting and pointless to bother with.

Lane’s eyes were nearly glazed over as he gulped down the last of Raf almost mechanically. His middle was huge, too huge, spread across his legs and bed, weighing him down like a boulder. He could feel his mattress and box spring being crushed, groaning as loudly from the pressure as he would be if his beak weren’t full of fat hyena.

For the first time in his life he felt painfully full. Pleasantly stuffed had always been the norm, a reason he enjoyed glutting on others so much. Rho’s feeding session was enough to make him never want to eat anyone ever again—and if the zebra succeeded that’d be guaranteed.

There were screeches and creaks of protest as Raf finally disappeared. It was no surprise when the entire bed collapsed beneath Lane’s bulk. The floor shook and Lane let out a thundering *buh-urrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrp* that rattled the walls as well. He swallowed a bit of fresh air on instinct, saving Rho the effort of threatening him into doing so.

Rho ran a single finger along the bulging belly of Lane and smiled as he saw the owl wince at the lightest of touches. One more. Just one more prey and Lane was bound to blow. He hoped the experience would make August more cautious in the future.

Leaving the nearly incoherent Lane behind, Rho went to the door and waited. And waited. And waited.

No loners were wandering past, only small groups or preds with bouncing bellies who looked a little too strong for Rho to easily shove down Lane’s throat. He didn’t want to wander far and risk someone coming to the owl’s aid, not when Rho was so close to popping him.

Rho was beginning to get nervous when a lean mint green tiger scurried around the corner and down the hall. Another acquaintance, Reid, someone Rho didn’t expect to see at a frat party. The tiger was usually too timid to attend such things.

As Reid was constantly looking over his shoulder Rho suspected he was on the run from a pred, which gave him the perfect excuse to lure him in.

“Hey Reid, in here, hurry!” Rho said, waving his hoof.

Reid looked as surprised to see Rho as Rho had him, but rushed over in the hopes of safety in numbers. He was ushered into the room and the door shut behind him.

“Oh thank goodness you showed up! This rabbit I’ve been tutoring invited me over and I thought we were going to be studying but I’m pretty sure he just wants to eat me instead and every stomach around me’s been growling and—holy shit how many people has that owl eaten!”

“Four. Turns out it’s harder to stuff a bird till they explode than I thought,” Rho mused, nudging Reid closer and closer without the tiger really realizing it. “Alright Lane, you’ve held out well so far, but I think I finally found the wafer thin mint that’ll do you in!”

The confused Reid was slipping into Lane’s gullet before he even knew what was happening, while Lane’s eyes bulged in fear as he was forced to swallow.

Though the tiger was the thinnest meal he’d had that night, Lane already felt like a balloon on the verge of popping. He barely struggled, as the intense pressure within him made moving painful, and he feared that one wrong wiggle could cause his hide to give out.

In the meanwhile, Raf’s mood hadn’t improved in the slightest.

“This plan is so dumb, I should’ve just stayed downstairs and ignored that drunk seal trying to eat me,” Raf growled. Having shifted around, he was essentially in the same position August had been before, head angled directly towards the sphincter. “At least I’d have privacy in a seal—*urmmmmph!*”

Reid had pushed into the stomach and into Raf’s open mouth in a single lurch, cutting the surprised hyena off mid-sentence. Before Raf could raise his paws up to try and pull the tiger out a second gulp drove Reid even deeper. Raf himself took a gulp, and then there was no stopping it.

Rho didn’t know why Reid’s struggles abruptly increased, or why he didn’t hear the tiger shouting for help as soon as he entered the stomach. Lane’s many layers of pudge should’ve been too spread out to muffle yelling to such a degree. At the time, though, he was just focused on making sure Lane popped.

With Reid getting eaten, Lane and Raf getting stuffed, and August and Kai getting squashed, the only one getting any enjoyment out of the situation was Rho.

He could hear the sounds of Lane’s hide actually creaking from the strain, the owl’s belly bigger than any Rho had seen before.

“Getting closer Lane, just a few more swallows and you’ll be primed and ready to go off. I wonder if it’ll be just like in the cartoons, with feathers flying everywhere. I’ll have to save a few as souvenirs if so!” Rho laughed.

Lane’s only response was a muffled whimper, the owl barely able to think straight.

“Amazing how much trouble a little gluttony can get you in. I mean, just think of how all your fans are going to react once they hear you ate so much you burst!”

Inevitably Reid was reduced to just his wiggling footpaws, and Lane had no choice but to gulp them down as well, a pained look on his face once the deed was done. The owl looked nauseous, eyes aimless and wandering erratically.

Against all odds, though, Lane remained intact.

Rho gave the horribly engorged owl a few rough shoves in the hopes of causing a reaction, but all that accomplished were strained belches. Worry was setting in again.

Finding Reid had taken far too long, and Rho wasn’t sure August had the luxury of waiting for him to drag in someone else to finally burst Lane. Seemingly out of options, Rho decided risks were necessary.

“Alright Lane, I admire your persistence but loot boxes were meant to be opened,” Rho frowned. “Guess it’s time for me to be the three hundred pound key!”

To Lane’s surprise and terror Rho forced open the owl’s beak and shoved his own hooves deep inside, feeling them brush the back of the throat.

Getting willingly eaten alive went against every survival instinct in Rho’s body, but he didn’t have a choice. He needed to free August quick, and surely his own heft would be enough to burst Lane.

After swallowing Reid, Raf had slowly shifted himself to prevent anymore obnoxious accidents. He grunted as he felt a pair of hooves press into his stuffed gut, and growled as they teased and tickled

him for a few seconds after. Annoyance turned to confusion and then concern when he realized *Rho* was the owner of those hooves.

“If this was your whole plan all along then it was even dumber than I thought!” Raf complained, wishing he had the room to shove Rho right back up the gullet. Instead he soon found more and more zebra pushed against his face.

As Lane’s beak stretched around the doughy gut of Rho he wanted to cry. He was already so painfully full, and was convinced there was no way he’d survive swallowing the zebra as well. This was it, he was about to get reduced to a pile of feathers in the most humiliating way possible. Why couldn’t he have just been eaten instead?

Inch-by-inch Rho vanished from sight, just like the five meals before him had. Lane’s hide stretched and creaked. It was a miracle he was still managing to hold together.

When Lane’s beak finally closed shut, though, there wasn’t an ear-splitting boom like he’d expected. He lay as still as he could, eyes locked on the lumpy mountain of his gut, waiting for it erupt. It didn’t.

The shocked owl let out a weak laugh. He hadn’t burst, he somehow hadn’t burst. Lane felt utterly terrible—especially with his feast squirming in his stomach—but he was intact, and that was the most important part.

Lane wanted to celebrate, to jump for joy, but eating six people in such a short period had left him exhausted. His eyelids felt as heavy as his gut, and the victorious owl drifted to sleep with a faint grin on his beak, burping quietly as he did.

The mood within the dark stomach of the sleeping owl wasn’t good. Rho couldn’t believe Lane had proved so durable—that *anyone* could handle so much prey at once. Struggling was close to impossible with everyone crammed so tightly together. Escape in any fashion just wasn’t going to happen.

Thankfully there wasn’t enough air left for arguments, and one-by-one the prey within Lane all passed out. Digestive juices rose and bubbled, beginning the long, long process of churning the preposterous feast.

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Days later, Lane stood before a mirror in his room, admiring his drastic change in figure.

He’d spent half a week stuck in bed as he slowly processed his prey into pudge, teased relentlessly by the others in the frat for almost letting himself get popped.

His stomach had let out sloppy *glrrrrrks* and *squrrrrrks* practically non-stop during that time, interrupted by the occasional *buh-urrrrrrrrrrrrrrrp* as he belched up acid-stained clothing and bones. Lane had relented to posing in front of the towering pile of debris for a picture. It’d gotten a lot of love from fans and friends alike.

Of course the best souvenir of all was the considerable amount of weight he’d put on thanks to the feeding—over two hundred and fifty pounds worth. Lane’s previous record had been four hundred pounds, and weighing nearly six hundred was an incredibly experience. He was getting stuck in everything, belly-bumping people and furniture left and right, and eating far more in general than ever before.

Lane was honestly considering maintaining the girth rather than slimming back down to his old weight.

Whatever his final decision ended up being, for the meanwhile he was content to adore his immense belly. His thoughts drifted to each of the prey that’d gone into building it.

There was the fanboy snack who’d started it all, and his pudgy feline friend. Eating the cursed dessert Raf was an accomplishment he was glad to gloat about, and he *had* indeed been as delicious as he looked. The tiger was a good palate cleanser, while digesting the obnoxious zebra who’d tried so

hard to turn him into a living loot box was icing on the cake.

It was a shame Clyde had gotten caught up in the mess, but he wasn't the first friend Lane had gobbled up, and certainly wouldn't be the last. Really it was the horse's own fault for getting so easily duped to begin with.

After jiggling and shaking and squeezing his middle for a good while Lane finally waddled over to his new, reinforced office chair. He smiled as he felt his sides squish against the arms, and started getting ready for another stream. He couldn't keep all his wonderful blubber to himself, after all...