

Columbia State 27: Zeke's Unlucky Day Part I

By: IndigoRho

Zeke huffed as he pushed himself to stay on the move. The tubby, white-and-brown otter knew he was most in danger while going in between his classes, when the halls and campus were packed with students. Hungry students. Tripping at a bad moment, taking a break to catch his breath on the wrong corner, wandering too close to a group of bored preds. All could lead to Zeke sliding down a stranger's gullet and being digested, treated like nothing more than an overindulgent snack. He'd seen it happen on an almost daily basis, other students kicking and screaming before their pleas for help were muffled by a trip down a gleeful fur's throat, becoming a horrible squirming bulge in their gut. His own sizable belly bounced back and forth as he darted from a trio of thin peers to a duo of girls who were obviously half-way through digesting prey of their own.

Many would avoid preds outright, but Zeke knew that sometimes the safest place to be was near a pred who was already stuffed. A full pred normally wouldn't risk immobilizing themselves in public, even if given the opportunity to eat someone delicious. Zeke shuddered. As much as he hated to admit it, he knew he was considered a desirable meal for his size alone. He'd stress-eaten himself to a hefty three hundred pounds during high school, and had dealt with others eying him up as food and fantasizing about his taste behind his back ever since. The otter had even overheard his younger brothers Xavier and Xander talking about it before. His attempts to lose weight had all failed miserably, sometimes even actively sabotaged by preds hoping to get lucky and be the one to finally feast on the fat otter.

Overall, Zeke had lived the last few years very stressfully. Accidentally applying to Columbia State University should have been a death sentence for him considering the school's reputation as a pred haven, but he'd put his past experiences to good use and survived. The support of his longtime roommate Leo and his older, much more empathetic brother Zach had definitely helped. Neither were there to protect him in Pierce Hall, though, with so many students traveling between classes. Fortunately he had just entered the main lobby. A quick weave through the masses past the fountain and he'd be in the slightly safer open air.

The loud smack and sudden wave of gasps made the tense otter jump far more noticeably than he would have liked. He defensively scanned the area before realizing most of the room had stopped moving to watch something happening on the far end of the lobby. A white ram was beating a deer, who Zeke assumed was a professor based on his suit. Zeke didn't know what the fight was about, and honestly didn't care. Fights usually led to vore, and while the rest of the students were likely excited to potentially see a professor get eaten, Zeke was simply thankful he wasn't the one being kicked in the chest.

Not all of the students in the lobby were distracted by the brawl, though. For a chubby ferret named Merv, the fight was the perfect distraction for him to snag a quick meal. Merv didn't consider himself an active pred. Sure, he'd eaten his fair share of furs over the years, but his last live meal had been a good three months earlier, and involved a lot of drinking and a lucky bet. For some reason, though, he was really in the mood to eat someone today. Maybe it was from listening to his roommates Barrett and Ward ramble on about the prey they'd scored while bar hopping, or the fact that he'd just spent the last hour ogling a classmate's bulging gut as the squirms gradually dwindled to nothing. Whatever the cause, Merv was dealing with the strong desire to have someone in his belly, and now was as good a time as any.

With most of the room paying dangerously little attention to their surroundings, Merv had quite a few potential meals to choose from. In order to not waste time, though, he limited himself to the two furs directly in front of him. The first was a rather obese otter, who's soft belly was just barely peeking out from beneath his shirt. Just the slight glimpse of that pudge made Merv's mouth water, and a vision of stuffing himself silly with the otter immediately filled his mind. He could only imagine how squishy

such a meal would be on the way down, how low his gut would sag from the struggling student, how heavy he'd feel in general, how...fat he'd get. Merv's fantasy faded. Already a bit on the chubby side, Merv knew he'd end up much too big for his own liking once the delicious otter was finished digesting into flab. Working off the weight wouldn't be impossible, but it'd be a huge pain, and he'd probably either have to buy a new wardrobe or at least borrow some clothes from fatter friends until then. Delicious-looking or not, the otter wasn't an option. Today.

Merv quickly switched his attention to option number two. To the left of the otter was a mouse, who was both shorter and seemingly thinner. Wasting little time, Merv lunged at his prey from behind, clenching the mouse's snout shut with one paw, then driving his free elbow right into the side of their head twice. The mouse's cries of surprise and pain were well-muffled by Merv's paw, and were reduced to faint moans as he was overwhelmed by pain. Merv smiled as he felt the mouse grow limp in his paws, doing his best to ignore the bruise already forming on his elbow. He'd forgotten how painful the attack could be.

Being on the fringe of the impromptu audience, no one noticed the unfortunate mouse being attacked, not even Zeke. Merv attempted to spin his prey around to begin consumption, but to his surprise he barely managed to turn the mouse sideways, which was just far enough to discover why; he was fat. Almost as fat as the otter. Somehow the mouse's backpack and position had managed to hide his true bulk from behind, an impressive feat considering the fur's normally hard to miss belly. While Merv had chosen the mouse specifically because he wanted a thinner meal, a do-over simply wasn't an option, leaving the ferret with a far larger meal than expected. Cursing his poor luck, Merv stopped wasting time and turned the mouse to face him, wrapping his paws around the prey and opening wide.

The mouse had no idea what was happening, even when his head was enveloped by the warm, moist cavern of Merv's maw. Simply attempting to think was a challenge, and the horrible pain pulsing through his head was all he could focus on. He groaned and muttered nonsense to himself as Merv's mouth stretched over his shoulders and his head inched further towards the stomach. The tight walls of the throat pressing into his throbbing skull only made things worse, causing him to twitch and wiggle from pain. Merv was just thankful his blow had done the trick. Consuming the mouse was proving to be a struggle, even with him incapacitated, and the ferret was beginning to sweat as he slowly lifted his obese meal off the ground. He made a mental sigh of relief when his lips finally wrapped completely around the mouse's round gut, allowing him to gradually tip his head up and use gravity to aid with the rest.

With everyone still obsessed with seeing who would win between the professor and student, Merv's act went surprisingly unnoticed. His throat bulged comically as the mouse's belly passed down it, while his small middle rapidly began to balloon outward to accept its indulgent meal. Merv groaned as he felt his stomach stretch more and more as he swallowed, swelling from under his shirt and sagging towards the ground. He'd wanted to feel a weight in his gut, but this was becoming far too much. As the mouse began the final descent to his end, Merv staggered from side to side while trying to maintain his balance, his body threatening to topple over. The ferret slipped his paws under his expanding belly to help hold it up, hoping to cushion the impact his meal would inevitably make upon total entry into the stomach.

Zeke realized with dismay that he'd let himself get caught up in the spectating. Quickly attempting to re-assess his surroundings, the otter squeaked in terror once he saw the fat mouse who had been right next to him was now replaced by a bulging ferret gut. He immediately stepped back, watching Merv slowly gulp down the still covered—and barely moving—footpaws of the mouse, unable to look away. His heart was pounding and Zeke began to sweat, his mind racing with paranoid thoughts as to how close he might have been to being in the mouse's place. The otter had let his attention falter for barely a moment, and as far as he was concerned it'd nearly been lethal. With his fight-or-flight instincts going into overdrive, Zeke rushed away from the ferret and doomed mouse, desperate to reach the relative safety of his next class.

Merv only barely noticed the otter's retreat, engrossed settling his meal into its final resting place. As expected, his belly sunk sharply once the mouse fell fully into his stomach, and even with his preparations he still almost fell to the ground. Swallowing the fat prey had tired him out far more than he'd imagined. He'd never consumed someone quite as heavy as the mouse before, and the thought that he might not be able to actually waddle home was slowly entering his mind. His meal was supposed to have been a delightful treat, a way to indulge a little and make the rest of the day's classes more enjoyable, not to mention reaffirm his position in the campus food chain. Instead, Merv was exhausted, uncomfortably full, and in no condition to attend another class today, maybe even tomorrow. Even worse, he'd ended up tasting more clothing than pudge.

The mouse squirmed slightly, though he was obviously still out of it. Merv doubted his lunch would regain his senses before passing out, especially considering how hard he'd struck the guy. If anything the mouse was better off being digested now than somehow finding rescue. After all, who knew what kind of permanent damage he'd suffered when the ferret's elbow had slammed into his skull. He stifled a shallow belch, feeling his stomach tighten around the fat mouse. Such a fat mouse. Merv guessed he'd gain forty, maybe even fifty pounds once his meal was fully digested. Losing the weight would literally take him months, and was a hassle obnoxious enough to sour his mood. Despite that, Merv not once considered throwing up his still very-alive prey, a solution that would have solved all his problems. With a huff, the stuffed ferret carefully began to waddle off towards home, dreading the long trip and already craving a good nap.