

Columbia State 27: Zeke's Unlucky Day Part II

By: IndigoRho

Outside in the bustling campus commons, an ocelot named Theo was relaxing on a bench and enjoying the relatively nice weather, already finished with his one class of the day. He enjoyed just watching other students go about their business in general, but his attention always drifted most to the preds. They were easy to spot in the crowds, of course, their guts swollen and lumpy, sometimes still bouncing around from the squirms of a live prey. On lucky days he'd actually get to witness a meal happen. Just last week he'd seen a hare and mink brawling behind the library, trading blows while attempting to shove the head or a paw of their opponent into their mouth. Theo had believed the fight over once the hare was half-way down the mink's throat, until the would-be prey managed to beat his attacker unconscious with a rock barely within reach. Seeing the hare crawl out of the mink and quickly consume the limp meal had been quite the experience for Theo.

A low growl shifted the ocelot's attention. With a tinge of irritation Theo looked down at the source, his round belly. Seeing others indulge in live meals always gave him the desire, too, but he knew he needed to get better about watching his weight. He'd been so diligent about his size in high school, sticking to a fit one hundred sixty thanks to wrestling and being picky about his prey. Then Theo started college, and fell victim to Columbia State's infamous freshman one fifty. His old workout routines ceased to exist, the meal hall food was cheap and suspiciously fattening, and he quickly found out he tended to get gluttonous while drunk. Theo guessed that well over half his meals during the first couple years of college were influenced by excessive booze. The unfortunate consumption of a friend during one incident curbed his drinking habits hard, and a little self-control had helped the ocelot slim down to a manageable two fifty, after having been on the verge of four hundred.

Despite all his hard work, Theo was still regularly hit with the cravings for large meals. Thin, low-calorie prey were alright, but they just didn't feel the same way going down as a nice plump meal. The more his mouth had to stretch to take in a meal the better it was, and nibbling on flab always brought him joy. His friends joked that he would always target the fattest guest at parties when he drank too much. Reminiscing about past meals made a dangerous combo with his hunger, and Theo's eyes drifted from satisfied preds to round middles, something the pred-heavy campus had in droves. That's when he spotted the jiggling belly of an otter hurrying by. The otter was the perfect size and shape for Theo, large enough to sate his desires and still leave him mobile. He slid off the bench almost subconsciously, stalking his prey. To his delight, the otter stopped under the shade of a tree just off the main walkway and away from the bulk of the students. If Theo acted swiftly he'd be able to catch up to the otter and cram him into his stomach in peace.

Theo was so focused on his potential meal he didn't notice the panther racing across his path until the pair collided into each other. He let out a startled yelp, but managed to just barely stay on his paws, while the panther hit the ground hard, the textbooks he was carrying scattered. The impact was loud enough to gain the otter's attention, and the tubby prey cut his break short and quickly waddled off. By the time Theo noticed, his meal was too far away to bother chasing after. He growled at his misfortune, at least until he bothered looking at the fur who'd cost him a meal. The panther was still on the ground, nursing a likely bruised elbow and still a bit dazed. His shirt had also inched up a decent amount, exposing a soft, black belly that must have been as large as the otter's. Maybe Theo hadn't been so unlucky after all. Driven by hunger, Theo bent down and began tearing the shoes off his new meal. The panther cried out in surprise, but was too slow to react, his newly liberated footpaws now sliding past Theo's lips.

"Let go, let go!" the panther yelled, trying to pull his footpaws out before it was too late.

Theo responded by grabbing a hold of the panther's legs and limiting his movement, dragging more of his meal into his mouth.

The panther was already in a full-blown panic. He desperately tried to bend up and claw at his

attacker's paws, but his own girth blocked his efforts. "Please no! I'm begging you, don't eat me!"

Theo grinned around the panther's legs as he continued swallowing, already moving past the knees and feeling toes tickling the entrance to his stomach. He wondered if the panther actually thought begging would work.

"No, no no no no!" the panther wailed, tears forming in his eyes. In a panicked fit of inspiration he dug his phone out of his pocket while it was still free, his fingers racing across the screen in an attempt to call for help.

A merciless swipe from Theo put a swift end to that hope, sending the phone clattering over the pavement and leaving three deep, painful crimson lines across the paw that'd held it. While the panther screamed in agony, Theo grabbed both his paws and shoved them into his mouth to inhibit any future escape attempts. He had no intention of ending up like the mink he'd witnessed earlier, doomed because he gave his prey a way to fight back. Theo's gut was already beginning to stretch from the panther's legs entering his stomach, and his lips had just reached the flabby edge of the belly.

The panther had been reduced to a sobbing mess. His body was still aching from the fall, and the fresh cuts on his now saliva-soaked paw were a source of incredible pain. He could feel the ocelot's mouth stretching over his gut, his body slipping further and further into the wet warm stomach. Escaping on his own power was impossible now, and the realization that he was well on his way to being digested into mush was simply too much for him to handle. All his life he'd managed to avoid preds with ease, even using his girth on a few rare occasions to turn the tables on would-be attackers, an accomplishment he'd gloated about often. There'd never been a close call, no near misses. The one time he'd even been in a stomach it'd been a friend's, just part of an innocent party game. Now he was minutes away from becoming a stranger's meal, all because his alarm had gone off late and forced him to rush to class.

Theo happily gnawed on the round belly of his meal as he inched it into his mouth, purring as he felt the panther's flab squish with each light nibble. His prey's pudge had been everything he'd hoped for, and his one regret was that the experience would soon be over. With considerable effort he carefully began to stand up, holding the panther's back in his arms as he lifted him into position for the final swallows. The panther squirmed as he rose, but there was no real way for him to fight back anymore.

"P-please, someone...someone h-help me," the panther muttered hoarsely in between tears, his chest and shoulders sinking into Theo's maw. "Anyone. I don't, I don't want to..." His voice faded as Theo's jaws closed around his head.

Theo's already exposed middle swelled some more as the rest of the panther gradually emptied into it, giving the ocelot the massive, bulging belly he'd been after. With a grin on his face he patted his gut. He couldn't remember the last time he'd let himself get so full, and couldn't help but purr up a storm. The panther within him wasn't struggling as much as he would have liked, though the subtle squirms and whimpers were good enough. After letting out a small burp, Theo slowly waddled over to the nearest bench, eager to relax a while longer and just enjoy his belly. A trio of scattered textbooks remained on the ground, nearby the discarded shoes and cracked phone, which suddenly started vibrating from an incoming call.

With a delightful groan Theo lowered himself onto the bench, which accepted his excessive bulk easily. Like most furniture, the bench was reinforced, a necessity to ensure its survival in a world with so many full preds. At first Theo was leaning a little too far back, almost unable to see over the misshapen mountain of his gut. His low purrs intensified as he watched the lumps of his meal shift around as the panther pushed against the stomach walls, the muffled sounds of crying soon drowned out. Theo nudged himself up and spread his legs, feeling his middle sag down between them from the weight of his meal, his sight clear once again.

While the entire experience had been absolutely delightful, Theo knew there was a quick matter he had to deal with before returning to his fun: calling out from work. He retrieved his phone and gave

the campus clinic a ring, patiently waiting until the front desk picked up. “Hey, yeah it's Theo. Not gonna be able to make it to work tonight, just grabbed an unexpected meal.” He tapped the fingers of his free paw on his belly while he listened to the other end. “Naw, doubt I'll be able to make it in tomorrow afternoon, either. This guy's a big one, he's gonna take time to digest fully.” Theo tried his best to hold back the purrs. “Ha, thanks! You have a good night, too.”

Theo hung up and let his paw drop to his side, now free of obligations for the next couple days. He was thankful Eli hadn't been manning the phones when he called. The arctic fox tended to get preachy when it came to vore, and chatting about a good meal while he was nearby was a great way to get glared at or receive a snarky remark. Eli likely would have lectured him for a solid ten minutes before agreeing to pass the word on about Theo's call-out. Theo had hoped Eli would mellow out once he had his first live meal, but that had only seemed to make him worse. The most annoying thing was that the two actually got along pretty well as long as vore wasn't brought up, and Theo had even hung out with him a decent amount in the past.

The ocelot sighed. Lingered on work was quickly killing his mood, and he wanted his feast to be a positive one, not negative. Shaking aside all thoughts of work, Theo returned his full attention to his bulging gut, resting his head against it to feel the panther within squirm. His purrs were loud and rumbling, and out of his control at this point. Over the next few hours his meal would be broken down into a messy soup, giving him a fun—albeit temporary—bouncy belly that would slosh whenever he moved. He always enjoyed that stage of digestion. Of course, once the temporary belly receded he'd still be much fatter than he was before eating. A shopping trip would be on his agenda tomorrow, a good excuse to update his wardrobe a bit while showing off his churning prize. With a happy sigh he leaned back, relaxing and enjoying the weather as if nothing had changed since he was last on the bench. The whimpering in his stomach was ignored.