

Columbia State 27: Zeke's Unlucky Day Part IV

By: IndigoRho

Henry couldn't believe his luck. The chubby silver fox had decided to take a detour through the campus park on a whim after an unsuccessful hunting trip, and his instincts had rewarded him immensely. Down the hill and further up the pathway was an obese brown-and-white otter, hastily waddling in his direction. In a minute or so he'd be passing the park restroom, and that's where Henry was planning on jumping him, beating him unconscious, and gorging on him. Normally he enjoyed feeling his meals squirm a little, not to mention whimper, but with a prey this huge he wanted to practice some precaution, especially if the otter happened to be a pred. A sturdy rock picked up off the ground would ensure his prey didn't wake up before being swallowed, if ever at all.

The otter was almost to the restroom now, prompting Henry to crouch down and quietly creep towards the stairs leading down the hill. With his attention squarely on the otter, though, Henry overlooked a thick, exposed tree root in his path, tripping over it almost immediately. He managed to silence his surprised yelp with a paw, but doing so prevented him from breaking his short fall, causing the fox to land hard on his elbow and snout. Tears welled in his eyes as the pain from fresh scrapes and bruises hit fast, and Henry clenched his paw tight to muffle the whines. As soon as Henry felt he could ignore the pain he grabbed his rock and practically stumbled over to the stairs, limping down them when he couldn't spot the otter anywhere.

Henry was panting once he reached the lower pathway, arriving just in time to watch his prospective meal hurry around the bend, too far away to chase after in his condition. An easy chance at an overindulgent feast, ruined by his own clumsiness. He tossed the rock into the woods and let loose a stream of curses. There was no way he'd find another prey like the otter today, perhaps not even for weeks, and his stomach was growling from not being fed anything since the morning. Not finding a suitable meal at all would have been far better than being teased with one like this. The fox hadn't seen the otter in any of his classes before, or on campus in general, so even the option of stalking him later on was a near impossibility. While he likely wouldn't be haunted by the missed meal for the rest of his life, it was guaranteed to bug him for months.

After a solid couple minutes of fuming, Henry finally managed to calm himself and move on. Then he heard the humming. A mouse strolled right out of the nearby restroom, brushing something from his shirt and utterly oblivious to the fox standing a few short feet away. Inevitably he looked up, freezing in place as the pair stared right at each other. The stand-off lasted mere seconds, but it was just long enough for Henry to realize the mouse was prey and for the mouse to realize the stranger was a pred. Fueled by instincts and adrenaline, Henry rushed the mouse and shoved him roughly into the wall of the restroom before he could even begin to flee. The size difference between the two was minimal, and Henry had to fight for a clear advantage, digging his unbruised elbow into the mouse's neck and pinning his arm against the wall.

The mouse frantically tried to break free, but his attempts only resulted in Henry pressing down on his neck more. "No, NO! Let me go!" he coughed.

"Ha! I just missed out on the meal of a lifetime, snack," Henry leered, swiftly kneeing the mouse to quell his squirming. "You won't be anywhere near as delicious as that otter I lost, but you'll make my stomach shut up for a bit. Or at least switch from growling to gurgling."

The mouse's eyes were watering, and with Henry practically crushing his neck he couldn't even beg for mercy, only let out coarse whimpers.

Henry decided to torment the mouse further, slowly licking up his new prey's neck and face. "Just as I thought, you taste mediocre. Hopefully you've got some quality bones in ya, at least. Wouldn't mind a nice trophy out of this day."

The mouse's heart was racing as Henry's maw opened wide to show him his future destination. He was barely struggling at that point, shocked into submission by the fear of his impending death.

Then he looked beyond the fox's shoulder, and his eyes grew wide.

Just as Henry was about to shove the mouse's head into his mouth, he felt something large and soft press gently against his back...and around it. Henry's confusion lasted mere seconds, just long enough for a pair of thick paws to pin his arms to his sides and dig into his flesh, causing him to yelp in pain. He was spun around with enough force to nearly twist an ankle, and squeezed against the absolutely massive gut of a husky wearing the uniform of campus security. The husky couldn't have weighed any less than four hundred pounds. A firm tightening of the husky's grip ended Henry's squirms instantly, as the fox was convinced his back would be broken if he continued. Now it was his turn to be frozen in terror.

A well-shined badge on the husky's chest revealed his name as Randy, and he looked down on the fox with a hunger in his eyes. While the abruptly-rescued mouse slumped to the ground in shock, Randy steadily waddled towards the wall of the restroom, pinning Henry against it with his considerable bulk. Then he squeezed. Henry's eyes bulged as he struggled to breathe, spasming in the husky's grasp. Randy grinned the entire time, smirking at every twitch and squirm his prey made while being deprived of precious air, his tail wagging increasingly faster. Eventually Henry's head bobbed and his eyes glazed over, the fox passing out in Randy's arms.

With his prey reduced to a limp snack, Randy opened his mouth and began greedily swallowing Henry whole. The collar of his uniform stretched as the bulge of the fox steadily moved down his neck and into his chest. Randy had made an effort to order work clothes made from some of the best predator-friendly materials, stuff designed to expand along with the wearer's gut and handle all but the largest prey. Though there were preds who enjoyed wrecking their clothing and exposing their bellies after a successful meal, Randy preferred having as little of his middle showing as possible, if at all. He liked the idea of prey being wrapped neatly by his uniform, felt that just as mundane food normally wouldn't burst a button, so shouldn't more "lively" cuisine. Not to mention the little extra fear it caused in onlookers. After all, no one would bother wearing such stretchy outfits if they weren't planning on eating others often.

Randy's already immense gut began to gradually swell more and more as he practically slurped up Henry. He stepped away from the wall to let his middle expand freely, enjoying the subtle bulges Henry's head was beginning to make. Very subtle. The husky was close to three times as heavy as his unconscious meal, and his thick layers of blubbery fat managed to smooth out most of Henry's imprint, except when a particularly strong swallow pressed his head against the stomach walls. Henry was rapidly disappearing down Randy's throat, becoming a larger and larger bulge in the husky's belly. Still, Randy's uniform stretched to accommodate the meal perfectly, its buttons straining ever-so-slightly to reveal slivers of the white shirt underneath.

As Henry's paws inched towards the jaws, Randy untied the laces of his meal's sneakers and roughly pulled them off, but didn't toss them aside. Instead, the husky expertly tied the laces of the shoes together in a neat, well-practiced bow, all while continuing to swallow his meal. Only when he was closing his jaws around the fox's paws and making a final, deep gulp did Randy toss the sneakers onto the pathway behind him. With glee he let out a deep belch that purged most of the rank air from his stomach, tightening the prison of the still unconscious Henry. He gripped his gut with both paws and gave it a gentle sway back and forth, grinning as he heard the audible sloshing of digestive juices within. His snack was lucky to be out cold rather than awake and feeling the pain of stomach acids firsthand. Not that Randy would have minded the squirms that usually produced.

The mouse had spent the entire ordeal crouched on the ground against the wall, terrified. His fears slowly began to subside as he watched his attacker sealed away within the husky's hefty gut, convinced he'd just experienced the luckiest day of his life. Never before had he come so close to being caught and eaten by a pred, not even during his Freshman year when he spent most of his free time drunk at parties filled with hungry peers. A small smile crept on the mouse's face and he chuckled lightly, carefully standing up. He was alive, while the fox who'd tried to eat him would soon be

digested away into husky fat.

"T-thank you, you saved my life!" the mouse managed, still a little overwhelmed. "I thought...I thought I was gonna..."

"End up as a quick snack?" Randy finished for him, grinning.

"Um...yeah." The mouse didn't notice Randy slowly waddling closer. "It's a miracle you walked by when you did."

Randy continued smiling and talking, ensuring the mouse remained distracted. "Was sheer coincidence. I was following a rather delectable looking otter, but the tubbo was surprisingly fast. Outpaced me cause I was a bit too cautious."

A sliver of suspicion entered the mouse's mind.

"Thankfully I stumbled upon you and the fox here," Randy said, patting his gut. "The two of you combined should make up for that lost opportunity well enough."

The mouse turned to flee, but far too late. Randy grabbed the mouse by an arm and yanked him over, nearly knocking his second meal to the ground in the process and prompting a pained yell. A desperate punch attempt cost the mouse his free arm, as Randy grabbed him by the wrist and greedily shoved both the mouse's paws into his mouth. He ran his tongue across the mouse's fingers and palms entirely to tease him further, delighting as his prey cringed in response. Then he swallowed. The mouse felt his paws pulled into Randy's throat and immediately began begging for mercy in between screams for help. Randy kept swallowing, guiding the mouse's arms right into his maw and pulling him in closer till they were face-to-face.

Randy stopped for a moment to savor his meal's panic. The mouse was thrashing about in his grip, moving a lot without making any progress, sobbing as he found himself facing a gurgling doom once more. With no real hope for rescue, the mouse was already beginning to wish he had simply been eaten by the fox in the first place. At least then he wouldn't have been tormented with the illusion of survival. A large gulp muffled the sobs and yells, and Randy went back to eating his early dinner. As the renewed swallows pushed the mouse's head into Randy's throat, his paws pushed past the sphincter and entered the distended stomach of the husky. He'd expected them to poke at the fox within first, but twitched a little when he instead felt them dunk into digestive juices.

Within seconds of entering the acidic mixture the mouse's paws began to itch and sting. His struggles picked up dramatically as he realized Randy's stomach was already actively beginning to digest his first meal, but no amount of kicking or squirming could save his paws from the pain. Every swallow covered more and more of the mouse's arms in stomach acids, and when he finally started pushing into the fox, he could feel fur loosening off the other meal's body. The mouse realized in horror that his head would be submerged in the muck a good deal before he was fully swallowed.

A brief, muffled scream echoed from Randy's gut as he gulped down the mouse, soon followed by the most energetic writhing the husky had felt from his meal yet. He knew the reasoning, of course, and while he was tempted to linger a bit to test how long the mouse could hold his breath, he also wanted to enjoy a nice, full belly as soon as possible. Despite the addition of a second, much feistier meal, Randy's uniform showed no signs of failing. The gaps between the buttons widened a little bit more, but the buttons themselves held firm and the shirt remained neatly tucked in. His middle was becoming bulgier and more misshapen, too, with his flab spread out too far to conceal his predatory feasting. He didn't mind, though. Inciting fear in others was one of Randy's favorite pastimes.

Just as with the fox, Randy ceased swallowing towards the end just long enough to remove the mouse's shoes and tie them together, though a bit more effort was required this time. He turned around, his sagging gut swaying violently as he finished gulping down the rest of the mouse, and happily tossed the new pair of sneakers next to the old one. With a joyful sigh Randy held his belly in his paws, loving every bulge and squirm, his hunger sated quite wonderfully. The mouse was still yelling, and obviously trying to desperately find a way to stay dry in the hostile environment, but the noise reached Randy as merely a quiet whisper.

Randy couldn't believe how lucky he was to have a job where he was essentially paid to hunt. He had a long history of being fired for "excessive consumption of co-workers", but as campus security he could indulge in his hunger whenever he felt like it and didn't have to resort to gobbling up his peers. Though of course he had eaten his fair share of new recruits in the past. The husky felt it was important to deal with potential rivals or threats early, and anyone who seemed a bit too independent or gluttonous tended to end up going MIA during a late night patrol or after a long shift. The fact that Randy often waddled into work a couple days later with a sloshing gut and fresh layers of fat hadn't gone unnoticed by his superiors, but they were willing to let it slide.

The cackling of his walkie-talkie tore Randy from his daydreaming. "Randy, you almost finished walking the south end of the park? The stadium was pretty quiet so I'm already on my way back to the station."

Randy took a moment to reach the walkie, which fortunately hadn't fallen off during his feast. "Only about half-way done, Niall. Ran into a couple punks trying to flood the bathroom, they're—*urrrp*—not an issue anymore." He snickered at the unintended timing of his belch. "Gonna be late, reduced to a waddle here."

"Alright, thanks for the heads-up. Want me to pass on the word that you won't be coming in tomorrow?" the other end of the walkie asked.

"Yeah, sure." Randy honestly didn't care. "I'm gonna get back to waddling off my meal."

Randy let out another belch and patted his tumultuous belly, glad that the mouse was providing adequate squirms. With a smile on his face he continued on with his patrol, albeit much heavier now. His gut bounced with each step, and Randy hoped he'd run into at least a couple more park visitors before his shift was over, just to see the look on their faces when they saw his bulging middle. Maybe the mouse would even still be moving a bit then. The big husky let out a deep laugh at the thought, his whole middle shaking up and down. As he left the scene of his meal, the only evidence left behind that two furs had become food there were the pairs of sneakers abandoned on the path, a temporary warning to passersby of how quickly a day could end horribly.

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Zeke locked the apartment door behind him and let out a sigh of relief, finally able to relax. Home was one of the few places the obese otter truly felt safe at, and his mood usually improved dramatically once he arrived. Unfortunately, the stressful events of the day couldn't be brushed aside so easily. He sluggishly entered the living room, tired out from rushing around almost non-stop, and plopped down on the couch to rest. His chubby red panda roommate—Leo—walked in from the kitchen with a smile on his face, finishing off a glass of water.

"Hey man, you have a rough day?" Leo asked.

"Ugh, it was horrible. Someone started fighting a teacher right after my first class, and when I stopped to see what was going on the guy next to me got eaten!" Zeke whined. "Then Professor Jacobs' got eaten before his class was supposed to start. I ran right into the big hyena who did it, too."

"Huh, don't see a professor gobbled up that often," Leo said, a little more bluntly than he'd meant to.

Zeke rubbed his temples and frowned. "And on my way home I swear I was being followed in the park, I practically jogged the whole way through!"

"Dude, you need to stop taking the shortcut through there, that place is always full of preds," Leo said. "My big bro's pretty insistent I don't step paw in the place."

"The long way around feels more dangerous. It's so much busier, and all those eyes staring at me, everyone licking their lips." Zeke shuddered.

"I really think you're overestimating how much others want to eat you, man." Leo settled into the couch next to Zeke. "I mean, I know you're fat and all, but sometimes it feels like you think the

whole world wants to gobble you up.”

Zeke sighed. “Be honest, would *you* want to eat me if we weren't friends?”

“I...I admit you do look kind of tasty,” Leo replied after a moment of hesitation.

Zeke stared at him.

“Ok, ok, you look *really* tasty,” Leo relented. “Heck, the reason I ate that elephant a few months back was because you were still walking around the apartment in way too small clothes after eating the cheetah. I needed something big with the hunger that provoked.”

“I had to wait for the next paycheck before I could buy new clothes, and eating him was an accident!” Zeke didn't seem too concerned that his roommate had admitted to finding him delicious. “But anyways, you don't even hunt that often and you still think I'm tasty. Just think about all those active preds on campus who can barely go a month without stuffing themselves with someone, like my brothers. I'm an all-you-can-eat buffet to them!”

“Man, stressing out like this isn't gonna help, you're careful and you've lasted this long without becoming food. You'll survive college.” Leo hoped he was sounding encouraging.

Zeke let out a small squeak, though the sound of the toilet flushing ended the conversation.

Leo noticed his roommate's confusion. “Oh, oh yeah! Your tutor's here, that grumpy hyena. He got here way early, so I've been using him to dispose of all that care package junkfood my parents send me that we never eat.” He laughed a little. “It's hilarious, he's always grumbly when I offer it, but he never says no.”

The bathroom door opened and an overweight hyena stepped out, angrily fussing with a button on his white dress shirt that seemed to be having trouble containing his soft gut. He managed to secure the rebellious button after a string of curses, though he quickly moved on to poking at the small tufts of light brown fur that peeked out from the gaps in the shirt. Zeke and Leo did their best not to stare, having learned early on that the hyena wasn't very fond of his weight being pointed out or noticed. They both silently waited for him to finish adjusting himself and acknowledge them.

“Good, you're home, let's start early,” the hyena said as he walked past the couch and over to a table strewn with packages of cookies and chips, a math textbook exiled to the far end.

“S-sure Raf!” Zeke said more out of enthusiasm than fear, before waddling over to join him. Leo was certain he saw the otter blush a little.

Zeke sat at the table while Raf began his lesson, interrupted only by the occasional munching of snacks.