

Columbia State 27: Zeke's Unlucky Day

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.

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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. Lingering 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.

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Professor Jacobs walked through the halls towards his classroom with a smile. The horse had been having a wonderful week so far, free of stress both in class and within his department. Today would only get better. He'd been planning a special meal the entire semester, carefully gaining the trust of one of his fattest and most timid students, waiting for the right moment to turn him into a filling

feast. The student, an absolutely delectable otter named Zeke, arrived early for class every day, thanks in part to the professor's encouragement. They would chat as Jacobs prepared for the day's lesson, and Zeke had finally started letting his guard down completely around him. Jacobs could only imagine how Zeke would react once he was tied to a table and seasoned.

The professor pushed open the door to his classroom and entered with high hopes. A horrible, jolting pain in his back changed everything sending him crumpling to the floor in agony. He briefly heard a cackling sound before the pain struck again, causing him to spasm on the ground. Though Jacobs couldn't see, a large hyena was crouched over him, a stun gun in his paw. Confident the professor was down for the count, the hyena began pulling off the shoes and socks of the horse, then his pants.

"Long time no see Mr. Jacobs. Doubt you remember me, name's Michael," the hyena said as he tossed the horse's pants aside, moving on to his jacket. "I was in your class last semester."

Jacobs groaned, feeling his arms pulled back as his jacket was removed, a claw tearing at his undershirt.

"I failed, you know? You thought it'd be hilarious to make attendance a major part of our grade, which is a huge 'fuck you' to preds. A guy my size needs a hearty meal now and then to survive," He gave his massive gut a slap. "Not my fault I sometimes need to take a day off to digest them."

The professor struggled to pick himself up as he felt his shirt torn off, but was quickly shocked back into compliance.

"I needed that course requirement to graduate this year, and if I hadn't found a way to get it deferred I'd have been stuck here a whole semester longer for a single, fucking class!" Michael growled as he sat hard on Jacobs' legs and began zip tying his paws behind his back. "Turns out another professor hates your guts, though, and he's more than willing to sneak me into his class and pass me with flying colors if I retire you."

A swift kick to Jacobs' side preemptively ended any response. With his future meal secured, Michael began to arrange the professor's clothing on the floor nearby, flattening the pieces out to resemble an outline of a fur. Though Michael planned on being long gone by the time any students arrived for the class, he wanted their professor's fate to be clear. Satisfied with his presentation, Michael returned to Jacobs, dragging the much smaller horse across the room before lifting him off the ground and slamming him against the wall for good measure.

Professor Jacobs grimaced, glaring at Michael. "You insolent punk I swear I'll..."

Michael muffled the horse's complaints by shoving his head in his mouth, greedily swallowing his former professor up to his neck. Jacobs squirmed and tried to break free, but Michael simply leaned into him, pinning him to the wall with a gut so big it practically engulfed him. The size difference between the two was fairly dramatic, with Michael being both a foot taller and well over twice as heavy as Jacobs, allowing the pred to utterly dominate his prey. Eating a professor was something Michael had always wanted to do, the sort of accomplishment he'd be able to gloat about for the rest of his life. The fact that he would be eating a professor for a passing grade was just a delightful bonus.

Bound, stunned, and faced with a pred far larger than him, there was little professor Jacobs could do but kick and curse from within Michael's throat as his body was swallowed with frightening speed. He knew there was practically no chance of escaping his fate, experience taught him that plain and simple. Anyone who stumbled across the pair would back off, not intervene, and being stripped down to his boxers meant having no way to contact help or force himself free. While many would have given in to the sorrow of facing death, Jacobs turned to anger. Everything had been going so well, but now he was about to be ended by a disgruntled student who had likely skipped class out of laziness far more often than gluttony. Of course there was also the matter of the professor who'd encouraged the hyena's ambush. Even if a friend bothered to avenge him and consume the student, that mystery professor would likely never be linked to the incident.

With practiced ease Michael continued gulping down his meal, sliding the horse up the wall

with his paws while his belly kept him in place. The hyena loved eating smaller prey. He loved how effortless it was to carry them around, how he could walk and swallow them at the same time if the situation required, how he had no trouble going about his business once they settled in his stomach. Their low calorie-content also meant Michael could eat others far more regularly than if he was gorging on every fat fur he came across. To a certain extent, he had trouble imagining lightweights as anything *but* food. Micheal had felt that way since he first starting eating others, when his weight ballooned to the point where few realized he and his brother Raf were identical twins.

He remembered with fondness the day back in high school when he'd almost managed to digest his thinner twin, the day he'd stopped considering Raf family and started seeing him as food. Unfortunately Raf had managed to bulk up a fair bit after surviving the consumption attempt, making him slightly less of a priority in Michael's mind. His twin was merely an annoyance now, someone he put up with at holiday gatherings and mocked on the rare occasions they ran into each other on campus. He knew Raf would end up in his stomach again someday, though. After all, having a prey escape was a sour mark on his predatory record.

Jacobs' head pushed into the stomach, and the horse had just enough time to gag at the horrible smell of digesting food before the next swallow drove him headfirst into the muck. His squirms immediately increased. Guessing his meal's predicament, Michael briefly slowed down his gulps, enjoying every second of the professor's struggles to breathe. The fun was kept brief, though, as Michael was intent on Jacobs being conscious for as much of the digestion process as possible. A few more swallows slid Jacobs along the bottom of the stomach and out of the terrible mess. He yelled in a rage, slamming his now fully swallowed paws into the sides of his flesh prison and cursing out the hyena more. The wet sludge coating his muzzle stung slightly, and he could feel more digestive juices oozing in to aid in the process of breaking him down.

Michael finally stepped away from the wall, taking a moment to admire how much wider Jacobs had already made his gut. The thick layers of fat covering his belly softened the shifting bulges and muffled the yelling considerably. Just the way Michael liked it. Jacobs was food, and proper food shouldn't be recognizable at a glance while in your stomach, or be heard as anything but gurgles and sloshes. Sure, the sheer size of his middle would give away what he'd eaten, but with his ultra-stretchy predwear shirt still covering most of it any onlookers would second-guess the assumption. Even more-so in a few hours once his stomach had broken the professor down a bit.

Looking at the clock, Michael realized he needed to hurry up his fun so he could avoid being seen by too many witnesses. While eating a professor was definitely a proud accomplishment, the university's faculty tended to frown upon student's preying on them, and most would jump at the opportunity to make an example of him. The fewer who knew about his involvement, the better. Michael opened his mouth wide and took the deepest swallows he could manage, gulping down what remained of the flailing legs of professor Jacobs. His belly pushed out a few inches more and lurched as the horse was fully contained within, before bouncing wildly as Jacobs took his frustrations out as best he could.

Michael grinned and gave his bulging gut a hard slap, holding back the urge to belch. He wanted to make sure Jacobs had more than enough "fresh" air. The professor's yells and insults were already being noticeably interrupted by pained yelps as digestive juices filled more and more of the stomach, stinging his flesh. Triumphant, Michael waddled to the classroom door, belly swaying. Something bumped right into his middle the moment he exited, and a surprised squeak alerted Michael to a tubby otter now nervously backing away.

Zeke was shaking. The strangely familiar hyena leaving his next class was massive, and the odd bumps and movement in his middle proved without a shadow of a doubt he'd eaten someone. Someone now screaming in pain. His heart was racing despite knowing the pred was more than likely full, thoughts of being grabbed and forced down the hyena's throat invading his mind.

Michael had to resist laughing at the terrified otter. Had he been slim, Michael probably would

have eaten him too just for fun, but dealing with such a fatty meal just wasn't appealing to him. "It's your lucky day, class is canceled." He gave his belly a hefty shake with both paws, splashing stomach acids all over Jacobs and provoking even louder pained yells.

The meaning of the hyena's words were clear to Zeke right away. His eyes began watering, now aware that Professor Jacobs was the one being digested alive in the pred's stomach. Jacobs had been one of the kindest teachers Zeke had ever had, always treating him as a pupil rather than a potential meal. He'd actually felt somewhat safe in Jacobs' class, too. Soon he'd just be an anonymous layer of fat on an obese student's waistline, an extra jiggle in the hyena's step. Zeke turned and ran.

"Oh man that never gets old," Michael chuckled, his gut shaking violently. He might not have been able to gorge on the otter, but at least he was able to terrorize him a little, which was rewarding by itself. Hopefully the other student would be too scared to remember any details about the pred who'd eaten professor Jacobs, at least until Michael could find a suitable scapegoat to frame for the deed. Besides, if he ever felt the otter was a threat, he could have him dealt with fairly easily. Quite a few of his friends would jump at the chance to stuff themselves with such a blubbery meal. Michael smiled as he felt Jacobs thrash about within his gut, desperately trying to avoid the roiling lake of digestive juices and begging for mercy in between screams. The week was turning out to be a wonderful one.

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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.

* * *

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.