

## Columbia State 33: Hectic Morning

By: IndigoRho

A sharp hunger pain caused JD to fidget in his sleep, while a second was just enough to wake the tiger completely. With an irritated groan he rolled onto his side to look at the clock, hoping he still had at least a couple more hours to snooze before his first class of the day. He stared at the glowing display until the numbers made sense, but when they did his eyes shot wide open; JD wasn't up early, he was late. The tiger growled out a string of “fucks” as he tossed aside the sheets and hefted himself out of bed, his round gut bouncing wildly under his poor-fitting tank-top. He wasn't a morning person—never had been, never would be—and tended to wake a couple hours before he needed to be anywhere just so he could build up the motivation to do anything. Maybe his alarm hadn't been set, or was muted, or not loud enough, but either way, JD had a little less than an hour to get to class.

JD snatched a towel and his messy shower caddy and huffed out the door of his dorm room wearing only boxers and the tank-top, neither of which did much to hide his pudge. Any other day of the week JD would have written off the class and gone back to sleep. Unfortunately, the mandatory “General Vore Health” elective included attendance as a not-so-insignificant part of the grade, despite being the largest class JD had ever been in. The official reason for the odd requirement was that the college administration was merely interested in tracking campus attrition from consumption, but of course rumors spread of ulterior motives. Some thought the young professor was just trying to ensure the room was full to make himself look good to superiors, others were convinced he planned on making a meal out of whoever had the worst attendance. JD honestly didn't care about the why, just about how inconvenient it was to him personally.

A loud, pitiful gurgle echoed from within JD's stomach, followed by a hunger pain harsh enough to make him wince. Stopping by the meal hall wasn't an option, not during this rush, and he knew there wasn't anything substantial yet quick lying around his room. Fortunately, a solution was within sight. Further down the hallway—and directly in the tiger's path—was a lean cardinal with his back turned, likely heading off to class. JD didn't bother with stealth or any real plan, he just closed the gap and grabbed breakfast by the backpack right as he started to turn around, then slammed him beak-first into the wall. The cardinal cried out in pain, a second slam disorienting him so completely he didn't even realize his backpack was being torn off. His head was ringing and his vision blurred, then everything abruptly grew dark and moist.

Normally JD enjoyed savoring the taste of meals, or at least teasing them horrendously, but today he simply needed someone to fill his gut, and fast. The cardinal swatted erratically at JD, obviously still dazed, but there was little he could do against a tiger close to three times his weight. His talons lifted off the floor as JD swiftly stretched his maw around his shoulders, practically dragging him up the wall in the process. Saliva soaked his feathers and blinded him, the sweltering heat made him lightheaded, and the tight walls of JD's throat threatened to cut off his breathing every time they compressed to move him further. Breaching the sphincter into the stomach offered no relief, as the air within was stagnant and foul. He was already waist-deep in JD before he truly realized he was being eaten alive.

JD smirked as he felt his meal start to actually squirm, knowing the struggles were far too late to make a difference. He hated not being able to prolong the moment, but time was short so sacrifices had to be made. The tiger's belly slowly swelled with every gulp, the usually smooth surface becoming lumpier and lumpier. Inevitably his over-stretched tank-top failed on him and tore right down the middle, though JD considered the loss well worth it. Muffled shouts and pleas for help erupted from his gut as the cardinal's butt and tail feathers vanished from view. Only JD heard them, though. With a terribly firm grip on the cardinal's still-clothed legs JD began shoving his meal down his throat to speed up the process, enduring the pain until his lips reached the knees. At that point the tiger felt confident enough to multitask, carefully bending down to retrieve his towel and caddy before continuing onwards

to the bathroom.

Waddling down the hall with his belly bouncing to-and-fro with every heavy step, JD chugged the cardinal down, inch by inch. His sagging, bulging middle covered his boxers, and the tiger would have appeared nude to anyone seeing him head-on. JD wasn't one to worry much about modesty, though, especially when he was in a hurry. He forcefully undid the cardinal's sneakers as he traveled, casting them aside without thought. A trail of evidence had formed, starting with the ripped backpack and a discarded, wrecked tank-top a few feet away, then leading to one shoe and finally its partner right to the door of the bathroom. That was where the cardinal's talons finally slipped completely into JD's maw, and where the tiger's belly shook as his breakfast emptied into it.

JD belched as he pushed his way into the bathroom, instinctively gulping down fresh air so the cardinal wouldn't pass out right away. The struggles of his meal were helping to keep him awake, and he wasn't about to give up that perk. Luck continued to be on JD's side, as all the shower stalls were free, including the extra-wide one. He spun the shower nozzle and carefully stepped under the spray of warm water, letting out a happy sigh. Despite his swift progress JD didn't have enough time for a very thorough cleaning, though he still scrubbed himself aggressively with soap. Washing his gut was a tad bit more difficult than normal thanks to the panicked prey inside, and JD made sure to push hard against his meal with the bar of soap simply out of spite, grinning at the additional squirms and squawks the act provoked. He could feel his belly warming up from the excess of hot water cascading down it, and imagined how horrible the conditions within must have been getting for the cardinal.

Unfortunately JD's joy was tragically short-lived. As soon as the last bit of soap was washed from his fur he turned off the water and shook vigorously, violently shaking the cardinal around in his gut. He absolutely loved the sensation of weight, the clear feeling of another living being trapped in his stomach, doomed to be digested into little more than fat and bones. Thin prey were his favorites for exactly that reason. Eating someone large would simply immobilize him, while a leaner meal was small enough to barely slow him down at all. He could walk, drive, even work-out, and not see a noticeable impairment to his daily routine. The nervous look some strangers gave him during those days was even better.

The faint shouts for help coming from the cardinal had gone away, replaced by almost incoherent and desperate begging, which didn't even register in the pred's mind. JD grabbed his towel and started up the wall-mounted air dryer, working as fast as his girth would allow to dry the water from his body. For a moment he considered clamping his jaws around one of the nozzles and gulping down air to scorch his meal and bloat a little, only deciding against it once he realized the struggles would likely cease in the process. Slipping back into his boxers with a full gut wasn't too bad—thanks in large part to years of experience—and JD was out of the shower and speed waddling to his room in record time. A kangaroo was looking over the debris left behind after JD's meal, and the tiger made sure to slap his gut and show off a toothy grin as he passed, which caused the other student to flee.

Back in his room, JD tossed aside his shower stuff and grabbed the first pieces of stretchy clothing he could find, settling for a pair of plaid shorts and a worn Columbia State University t-shirt. The shirt was expandex, covering his gut completely while still showing off the obvious bulges of a recent meal. He favored such pred-wear both for comfort and to remind other preds he wasn't merely a spontaneous hunter; some might reconsider attempting to eat him if they felt he'd be a hassle. Before rushing off he gulped down digestion inhibitors to ensure his breakfast wouldn't start churning in the middle of class, and to serve as a fun distraction during a likely boring lecture.

Huffing down the dorm stairwell was surprisingly delightful, if a little exhausting, his belly bouncing wildly with every step and breakfast crying out in pain on the rougher shakes. He lamented a missed opportunity to “accidentally” gut-slam a mule heading in the opposite direction, who managed to brace up against the wall just in time. Despite waking up late, JD's morning meal had done wonders to boost his mood, allowing him to power through cramps and aches as he pushed his body to its limits to reach class in time. On the other hand, his prey's movements faded dramatically during the journey.

The cardinal was in considerable pain, both from the initial ambush and the rough treatment he'd received while curled up in JD's sweltering stomach. Bruises and the horrid smell were the only thing preventing him from passing out completely, and he'd essentially given up hope. He could hear the distant sounds of the campus, students going about their day, laughing, yelling, chatting. He should have been with them, but instead he was sitting in a pool of stagnant stomach acids waiting for the end.

JD, of course, didn't even notice the miserable sobbing from within his gut. The tiger threw his extra weight around to force his way through the crowded hallways of the Hall he'd finally entered, arriving at class almost exactly on time. A rather intimidating boar sat near the door, his bulging gut gurgling loudly as his stomach worked to process some unfortunate meal. Every student tapped their ID on a tablet he was holding before choosing a seat, officially registering their attendance that day with the TA. A second TA—even bulkier than the boar—sat by the other entrance doing the same. JD grinned as he waddled up, scanning his ID while paying close attention to the TA's massive belly.

“Have a filling breakfast on the way here?” JD asked.

The boar laughed. “Nope, just some cocky Freshman who thought he could sneak out after registration. Might've gotten away with it too, if I hadn't already been eying him up the moment he walked in. Woke up craving veal, you know how it is.”

JD's gut wobbled as he chuckled, the tiger only now noticing the pair of snapped antlers and ripped sneakers pushed against the wall nearby. Finally able to relax, JD waddled down one of the back rows of the massive lecture hall, having spotted a friend already seated. Nick was a leopard seal even fatter than he was, and a fellow member of the Zeta Nu Delta fraternity. They'd been roommates Freshmen year and despite numerous drunken attempts to eat one another their friendship had endured. He saw JD slowly approaching, jokingly licking his lips while staring at the tiger's shifting gut.

“Dude, how'd you know I was hungering for stuffed cat?” Nick said with a little too much seriousness. “Good thing these chairs are reinforced cause I'm gonna need it.”

JD flashed his teeth as he plopped onto the chair beside the seal, much to both his seat and his meal's agony. “Shut it blubber butt! The last couple times you've tried that you've ended up crammed in this tank awaiting a new life as tiger pudge.” He gave his gut a hard slap with both paws.

“Yeah, and you pretty much hurled immediately after. Meanwhile there's a couple inches of tiger tail on my belly just begging to be reunited with the rest of you,” Nick sneered.

JD winced at the mention, his previous bravado drained. While the scarring wasn't *too* noticeable, JD had come dangerously close to being digested by Nick at a party the year before. The fur he'd lost had eventually grown back, but the tip of his tail had ended up horribly burned to the point of requiring...snipping. He was understandably bitter about the incident, yet their friendship somehow hadn't ended over it. “Whatever, don't gloat till you've snagged something actually important, like an ear or an arm.”

“Or the whole tiger?” Nick said, squeezing part of JD's bloated gut like he was sampling meat.

“Fuck off!” JD growled, slapping away Nick's flipper.

Nick didn't seem fazed. “Pfft, don't be such a baby. So, was breakfast the reason you were later than usual?”

“Nah, woke up late and needed food, saw some on the way to shower and had him gulped up in a couple minutes, tops.” JD answered with pride.

“Ha, sucks to be him! Well I *was* going to ask if you wanted to go hunting later today, but I doubt you want to double up, do ya?” Nick said, idly scoping out the classroom for potential meals.

“Hell no, staggering meals like that blows. The second prey starts digesting the minute they dip into your stomach so you miss out on the real good squirms and pleas.” JD was teasing his belly, trying to provoke a few more struggles from his emotionally broken breakfast. “Plus purging bones from *two* meals is a pain. I've got more important shit to do than that.”

Nick grinned. “Well, I mean you're literally--”

JD cut his friend off as fast as he could. “No! No cra—bad jokes like that! Anyways, you're on

your own today. Maybe I'll get lucky and someone'll gorge themselves on seafood.”

Nick rolled his eyes. “Not gonna happen, dude. Though now I'm thinking you really *are* worried about ending up on my waistline soon.”

JD grumbled under his breath, and thankfully their conversation was ended by the professor finally starting the lecture. The tiger leaned back in his chair, not even bothering to pay attention to class, and focused on his wonderful bulging belly. Every strained movement of his doomed meal brought him joy, as did the muffled crying he was now able to hear. The thought of keeping the cardinal alive for a few more hours suddenly crossed his mind. He only had one more class that day, and skipping it wouldn't be an issue. Instead the tiger could just relax in his room and have a little fun at his prey's expense. His mind essentially made up, JD grinned; there were few things quite as nice as being at the top of the food chain.