

## Columbia State 36: Taste Test Party

By: IndigoRho

Kyler tugged on his tank-top to no avail. The overweight rabbit sighed and finally gave up, his orange-and-white belly completely exposed. Only a few days before he'd unexpectedly eaten a rather hefty classmate, and now even his loosest clothing was too small to comfortably wear in public. Sure, lots of active preds flaunted their guts that way—Kyler remembered wearing small clothing was “in” for a quite a bit while he was still in high school—but the rabbit wasn't eager to gain the attention of his hungrier peers. He'd set aside some time tomorrow to buy something new, maybe even look into pricey expandex clothing that would fit no matter his weight, but for now he was content to let his gut hang out. After all, the friends he was meeting up with were just as fat as he was.

“You finished fighting the inevitable?” the blubbery otter next to him smirked, before knocking again on the door in front of them.

“Yeah. I didn't realize just how big a difference forty pounds would make,” Kyler said, gently holding his belly in both paws and giving it a light shake. “Honestly Xan it's still kind of weird being this fat. I mean, you hear about the Freshman one hundred being a thing but, well...”

Xander abruptly frowned, becoming starkly aware of his own waistline. “Be glad you're just dealing with a hundred. I'm way too close to the two hundred mark.”

“Dude, you're handling the weight really well! I'm sure you'll slim down again during the Summer.” Kyler had admittedly gotten so used to Xander's increased size that he could barely remember how slim the otter had once been.

“Ugh, this dumb thing makes me feel like a boulder!” Xander grabbed his own gut and angrily shook it, not noticing Kyler's eyes glued to its every wobble. “And I can't hunt for prey in the water anymore, swimming just tires me out.”

Thankfully the door opened, saving Kyler from the awkward conversation. A gray, woolly ram-dragon hybrid greeted the pair with a smile, shirtless and letting his own large middle hang out proudly.

“Starting the party early, Vann?” Kyler asked.

“Well I'm pretty sure I'll be eating someone first, so why bother wearing a shirt?” Vann licked his lips as he eyed his friend's bellies. “It's gonna be awesome finally getting to taste you guys, though it's a shame I'll have to let you afterward.”

Xander glared. “Try not to make that joke in front of Jordan, the guy's still shook up about my bro almost eating him.”

“Don't worry, don't worry. I'm not gonna be a dick to my own roommate.” Vann waved the pair inside, closing the door behind them as they entered the somewhat cramped space of the dorm quad's common area. “Having Jordan eat a person or two should help, though. Gotta make him feel like a pred again instead of being overwhelmed by prey fear.”

The door to one of the rooms opened and a large jaguar waddled in. He was wearing shorts and a shirt almost two sizes larger than necessary, an attempt to disguise his actual girth. Like Xander, Jordan wasn't overly fond of the weight he'd gained as a Freshman. The jaguar had been active, an avid skate- and snowboarder, but pledging for a voracious frat had done a number on his waistline. He'd also been forced to fatten up in order to avoid the attention of Xander's older brother Xavier, who had a reputation for dating and eating slim felines. Unfortunately Xavier's obsession with Jordan had only increased as he watched the jaguar purposely wreck his body, culminating in a drunken attempt to eat him less than a month earlier. Jordan had only narrowly dodged digestion when two passersby intervened, but he was still suffering from constant nightmares.

Xander swooped in for a hug, embracing the surprised jaguar. “Jordan, I got a little revenge for ya, bud! Had dinner with the brothers last night, and Xav was still being an ass so I ate him!”

Jordan's gaze instinctively went to Xander's middle, which didn't look any larger than normal.

Xander seemed to notice the confusion right away. “Not permanently! I just made him stew in

my stomach the whole time, didn't let him out till I got home. Honestly it's been a couple years since I last got the chance to swallow him, so it was sort of nice."

A smile crept on the jaguar's face and he let out a short laugh. "You sure he's not just gonna return the favor later?"

"He's kind of vore-shy right now after he got drunk and ate that friend in a bet," Xander shrugged. "I don't think he wants to risk *actually* digesting me and getting even fatter."

Kyler slipped his way into the conversation. "It's still really weird seeing Josh's picture on the frat's memorial wall. I mean, dude wasn't the brightest, but he was one of the few upperclassmen who was chill to pledges."

"Eh, I saw him try to eat his brother at the Winter's End Bash," Xander said. "Probably the reason no one bothered preventing him from menacing Xav's middle."

"Yo, you guys ready to get things started?" Vann asked, setting out drinks and snacks for the group.

The other three eagerly joined him. Taste test parties were a popular past-time for close friends with a passion for vore, a safe way to quell curiosities before they became obsessive or ended unfortunately. Of course most preds had heard stories of taste tests going horribly wrong, either due to accidents or elaborate betrayals. One of Kyler's older brothers had digested all three of his roommates that way as a college freshman, having spent most of the year planning the deception. Kyler himself had originally considered his brother's treachery to be terrible, but his opinion of the event had switched to admiration since he'd started eating others as well.

The friends each cracked open a cheap endurance lager to begin. The beer wasn't known for its taste, but the digestion inhibitors mixed in would help ensure no one was accidentally digested as they played their game. As long as they kept the fresh air flowing everyone would go to sleep that night safe and sound, and not curled up in a stomach.

Jordan cringed as he finished a long swig from his bottle. "So, how we gonna figure out who eats who first?"

"Well, I think it'd be best for you to be first pred at the very least," Vann said, supported by nods from Xander and Kyler. "As for first prey...not it!"

A moment of confused silence followed before Kyler managed to eek out a "not it" ahead of Xander.

"Damn it Vann that's low!" Xander fumed, pulling off his shirt with some difficulty. His belly jiggled as he struggled to remove it, catching the attention of all three of his friends.

"Oh don't worry, you'll get to enjoy a full gut yourself soon enough," Vann laughed, his eyes lingering on the otter's gut longer than the others. He was open about his adoration for fat, and watching his new friends all gain weight the last few months had been nothing short of delightful. "You want to go paw first or head first?"

Xander tossed his shirt aside, opting to keep his shorts on. They were practically swim trunks, and washing the stink of digestive juices off them would be fairly simple. "Paw first, definitely. Way more comfortable going down."

Jordan took off his shirt and settled into the worn-out sofa, awaiting his first meal. Vann and Kyler each took one end of Xander and carefully lifted the otter up till he was horizontal, his belly swaying as it sagged towards the floor. Once Jordan opened his jaws they slowly fed Xander's footpaws in. The otter fidgeted as he felt his toes coated with saliva, Jordan's tongue daring a few exploratory licks. He'd been swallowed a few times before—during other taste tests and casual games—but the experience was always a bit unnerving. His mind still urged him to kick and struggle, to do *anything* to avoid sliding down a jaguar's throat. Xander took a few deep breaths to calm himself and focus on other things; like the paw teasing his middle.

"I know that's you Vann!" Xander tried looking up to glare at his friend, though the angle proved impossible. "Not even restrained for a minute and you're already groping my belly!"

Vann laughed. "Hey now, I've got both paws busy holding you up!"

"Jordan! I've seen you knead prey guts while stuffing yourself!" Xander switched accusations swiftly.

Xander could feel Jordan trying to mumble something with his mouth full, but he couldn't make sense of it aside from knowing it was a denial. That left only the least likely suspect.

"K-Kyler?"

The teasing stopped, and Kyler started humming innocently shortly after.

"When the heck did you get into fat!" Xander had always seen the rabbit target slimmer prey, and exercise regularly in between meals. "You've been corrupted by Vann, haven't you!"

"I'm not into fat! It's just...uh...interesting to feel," Kyler was thankful Xander couldn't see just how much he was staring at both the otter's gut, and Jordan's swelling one.

By then Jordan had reached Xander's sought-after middle, allowing Kyler to dodge further questioning as he helped re-balance the otter. Xander looked down, watching the bulges in Jordan's belly shift with every movement he made. It was mesmerizing and scary simultaneously.

With his paws finally free, Vann couldn't resist giving Jordan's gut a quick pat. "Man, Xander, you're really filling up Jordan well. He's gonna be huge once he's finished gulping ya down!"

"Keep this up Vann and I'll 'forget' to let you out for a couple hours after I've tasted you!" Xander frowned as Jordan's lips stretched over his belly. "Hey, no nibbling!"

Jordan garbled an apology, though trying to talk merely caused him to swallow faster instead. As Kyler watched his friend's middle swell with otter he started to repeat "chug" over and over again, quickly joined in by Vann. Xander gave the pair dirty looks, but soon realized Jordan's swallows were increasing in pace to the chant, hastening his descent. His arms were awkwardly forced upwards as his chest, and then his shoulders were swallowed, pressing into his fat cheeks and prompting a ridiculous scowl from the irritated otter. He squeaked as his head vanished past the jaguar's jaws, and flipped Kyler and Vann off right before his paws went as well.

Jordan's gut bulged, rocking back and forth as Xander emptied into it completely and moved into a more comfortable position. The jaguar groaned and rested his paws on his shifting middle, panting from eating his obese friend. "Ugh, that made my jaw sore."

"I'm not *that* fat, damn it!" Xander whined from within Jordan's stomach.

"You'll get used to it eventually," Vann said. "We'll have you feasting on four hundred pounds in no time!"

Jordan shuddered. "I don't want to eat anyone this fattening, though! I really just want to eat people I can work off in like a month or two at worst."

Kyler gave his friend's belly a few gentle pats, then a full-on rub. He'd always considered himself fairly apathetic about weight, but seeing how immense Jordan was after being stuffed with Xander was giving the rabbit feelings he'd never had before. There was a tinge of jealousy, but also...delight? No, more than that. It was the same feeling he had towards women he had a crush on. The rabbit abruptly pulled his paw away from Jordan's belly and blushed, caught off-guard by the sudden realization.

Vann, though, had been keenly watching the entire time. A sneaking glance at the bulge in Kyler's crotch told him everything he needed to know, and the ram-dragon grinned with excitement.

"Kyler, you haven't had the chance to see someone this big up close before, have you?" Vann asked innocently. "Most of your old friends weren't into vore, and you spent a good deal of the Bash incapacitated so you missed out on a lot of the gluttony, right?"

"I-I guess not." Kyler tried to avoid eye-contact with Vann, but doing so only seemed to divert his gaze right back to Jordan's, massive, writhing gut. "Seen plenty of preds though, nothing different about it!"

Vann decided to dig deeper. "Your hard-on says otherwise, dude."

Kyler's eyes went wide and he looked down at his rather obvious erection in horror. His face

flushed a deep red, the rabbit swiftly shielding his crotch with both paws out of embarrassment. Vann simply smiled and gently held onto Kyler's paws, moving them onto Jordan's shifting belly instead. The jaguar had no idea what was going on, and the knowledge that he was too stuffed to resist filled him with an excitement he hoped wasn't noticed by the others.

"So, what's the best part about it?" Vann asked, eager to aid in his friend's self-discovery. "His size, his immobility, maybe just the thought of how much fatter he'd be if he really *did* digest Xander?"

"I-I-I don't know. I mean...he's just...his belly's so *large* now," Kyler fumbled over his words, still unsure over what exactly had provoked his lust over someone of the same sex, let alone a friend. "I'm probably just hungry. It's a pred crush."

Vann made sure Kyler's paws remained on Jordan's gut. "You can crave eating someone and still have stronger feelings towards them. I fantasized about eating Jordan a lot while we were still messing around together."

"Dudes, I'm right here! No plotting to eat me for reals!" Jordan gulped. His mind was a jumble of mixed emotions, flashes of being swallowed by Xavier mixed in with the ingrained allure of being in no position to flee if Kyler or Vann decided to gorge on him.

Xander couldn't hear half of what was being said outside, shielded by layers of jaguar flab. He knew something was pressing against him, though, and assumed someone was giving Jordan a belly rub at his expense. At the very least they weren't feeding Jordan or trying to use him as a chair.

"Oh don't worry you goof, I know you too well to digest you!" Vann said.

"Thanks, I guess?" Jordan replied, before beginning to purr as the rubs continued. He hadn't been pampered after a live meal that way since his brief relationship with Vann had ended, and the jaguar had forgotten just how lovely the feeling was.

Kyler was slowly becoming more comfortable with the attention he was giving Jordan, though the whole situation was still a tad bit overwhelming for him. He wondered if he'd always been attracted to guys as well, if some past pred crushes had actually been *true* crushes that he misread, if he'd merely been suppressing the thoughts since he also loved women. Whatever the truth was, he decided he wasn't going to figure out everything right away, instead cautiously embracing his new-found affection.

As he watched the scene unfold in glee, a devious thought came to Vann's mind. "Hey Kyler, there's a really easy way to make Jordan even larger, ya know?"

The ram-dragon inched his hooves close to Jordan's head and gently eased them into his open jaw once he moaned again, catching the jaguar off-guard at first. Vann smiled as he tickled the back of Jordan's throat with his fingers to provoke a swallow, enticing his friend to greedily gulp down his arms while he leaned onto his bulging gut. The act put additional pressure on Xander, who struggled and complained, unaware he was about to have company.

"I'm gonna go diving for fat otters, hope you enjoy the results bun," Vann teased, then pushed his head into Jordan's maw.

Whatever reservations Jordan had about swallowing larger prey appeared gone, the jaguar's purrs increasing as his friend practically forced his way down his gullet. The vague lack of control was blissful, and Jordan's mind raced with fantasies of being force-fed all his friends by a hungry pred eager to fatten him up. He rocked back and forth a bit, as if he were trying to escape but too stuffed to move, a few fake whimpers mixing in with his genuine moans. Jordan knew Kyler's first meal had actually been a close friend, so envisioning the rabbit as a treacherous pred prepping him for a feast proved quite easy.

Kyler watched the growing bulge of Vann travel down Jordan's neck and chest, before causing the jaguar's belly to swell once more. For a moment the ram-dragon's descent ceased, followed quickly by a surprised shout from Xander and a dramatic increase in belly movement. Though he couldn't see exactly what was going on within the bouncing gut, Kyler had a guess: Vann was sneakily taste-testing Xander.

Jordan's middle wobbled and expanded as he gorged on Vann and Vann gorged on Xander.

Kyler could feel the shifting mass push against him, then gradually spread around him, threatening to pin him to the ground if he wasn't careful. He was tempted to just sit there and embrace the full weight of his overfed friend, to have his whole body massaged by the squirms of his friends crammed in the jaguar's immense gut. The rabbit wasn't ready for that, though. His paws continued to rub Jordan's belly, but he inched away with every swell and lurch, always a step ahead of the slow-motion avalanche.

Though Vann was barely slimmer than Xander, Jordan seemed to have far less trouble gulping him down. His jaws accepted the ram-dragon's woolly gut with ease and his mouth filled completely with pudge until Vann's round butt was finally forced down his throat. The struggles in his stomach were a bit rougher than he would have preferred, which only prompted him to swallow faster. Jordan's belly began to sag further and further over the edge of the couch, weighed down by the bulk of his overweight friends-turned-temporary-meals. His purrs were a roaring rumble by the time he slurped up Vann's tail.

Kyler looked upon Jordan's massive, writhing belly in awe. The jaguar's middle felt taut and not nearly as soft as it had been before, and Kyler realized Jordan's flab must have been stretched thin as he expanded even more. There was just so...so *much* of Jordan now. With a hint of shame Kyler wished there was another friend of two over to stuff the jaguar with, to give him a literal mountain of a belly to wobble atop of. He suddenly regretted missing out on the chance to see Xander that big, after the otter had been forced to eat five people during the frat's Winter's End Bash. Kyler had been at the "ceremony" when Xander was fed, but he'd been so distraught over getting a second demerit the previous night he'd completely ignored the event, and hadn't visited his friend at all during the days it took to digest so many prey. Perhaps he'd have discovered his desires earlier if he had.

A loud belch echoed from within Jordan's stomach, shaking his belly and provoking a belch of his own. He frantically gulped down an excess of fresh air to keep Vann safe.

"Oh fuck, Xander is crazy delicious!" Van practically moaned, his voice slightly muffled. "His fur's so short you just really, really taste the flab. I might need to add otter to my favorite foods list!"

"I think you're over-exaggerating, dude," Jordan said, his purrs settling down. "Maybe I'm just not keen on otter, though."

There was laughter from Vann, followed by a short burp. "Deal with it dude, you're really tasty! I kind of regret not trying ya sooner, just to see what difference the extra pounds made."

Kyler was still adoring Jordan's belly, and rested his head against its surface to feel the movement inside. "Jordan, you're...you're really cute when you're full."

Jordan blushed, unsure of whether to feel complimented or embarrassed. Everyone seemed so obsessed with fattening him up or making him huge, and the jaguar was becoming convinced he'd never be allowed to be thin, or even chubby, ever again. His meals were growing larger, his prey fatter, and the opportunity to glut on both more frequent. He truly felt his weight was in the paws of others and not his own. The purrs renewed again, louder than before.

"T-t-thanks," Jordan whimpered. "But m-maybe I should throw Vann up and let someone else have all the fun."

"Just a few more minutes, man," Kyler murmured as he buried his face into the jaguar's gut. "I'm not sure how often I'll get to enjoy this."

Jordan only blushed more, sheepishly caving into his friend's demand. The night was going to be a long one for him, and it'd only just begun.