

[CS] Basketball Belly

By: IndigoRho

Clark looked around the locker room of the Columbia State University Trojans in awe. The fairly timid mouse had always been a fan of the university's basketball team, but had never in his wildest dreams believed he'd ever see the locker room in person. Of course, he'd never envisioned being hit on by a member of the team, either, let alone Ryker Reed, whom he'd had a slight crush on. They'd literally bumped into each other at a party the night before, the slim white ferret absolutely towering over the fairly short Clark. While the mouse initially felt intimidated, Ryker's friendly smile and laugh had quickly made him at ease, and the unlikely pair had ended the night cuddling next to each other on a couch as the party winded down. When Ryker suggested Clark join him on the walk to practice the next morning, he'd accepted in an instant.

Ryker was nearly dressed, jersey in his paws as he finished tossing his stuff in a locker. "Sorry the place is dull, we're kind of barebones right now while the remodel happens."

"What? This is awesome!" Clark turned back to Ryker, a huge grin on his face. "I honestly can't thank you enough for letting me see it!"

The ferret laughed. "Next time I'll have to get permission so you can actually watch the practice, too. Coach gets crazy strict about non-players being here otherwise. Ate a JV player's roommate a couple months back when he caught them chilling out here."

Clark's excitement plummeted. "Like, ate-ate?"

"Yep! I think he'd missed lunch or something, though," Ryker didn't sound at all concerned. "Coach can be a bit of a heavy eater. Likes to throw around threats of chomping down on anyone not pulling their weight, but it's mainly just a bluff."

"Uh, m-maybe I should sneak off just to be safe." Clark was suddenly extra-suspicious of any perceived noise coming from the locker room entrance.

Ryker smiled and shrugged his shoulders. "You should be fine, Coach tends to cradle his coffee for a bit. No chance he comes--"

"Reed!" A voice echoed down the hallway and into the locker room. "There's a noodle-shaped gap in my scrimmage game, what the hell's taking you so long!"

The ferret suddenly wasn't so cheerful. "Crap! Gotta hide ya before Coach decides to have a second breakfast!"

Clark frantically scanned the room for a potential hiding spot, but his unfamiliarity and general panic clouded his thoughts.

Ryker, on the other hand, settled on the very first idea that recklessly popped into his head.

"Hope ya trust me dude, cause my gut's the safest place for ya right now!"

"W-w-what?" Clark stammered just before Ryker grabbed him by the sides and lifted him right off the ground.

Ryker's jaws opened wide, till Clark could practically see down his throat. The mouse barely had time to squeak before his head was completely engulfed in the ferret's maw, saliva soaking his fur as a firm gulp pulled him in past his shoulders. He wiggled and squirmed, but Ryker had an advantage in both height *and* strength, allowing him to easily overpower the mouse. Ryker took deep, aggressive gulps, wincing as his throat burned from practically inhaling the unexpected meal. The pain was far more preferable than what might happen if he was caught with an uninvited guest, though. If he were lucky, Coach would just order him to release his "prey" and let Clark scamper off. Not that Clark knew that.

The mouse gasped for air as his head was pulled into Ryker's stomach, which unfortunately still stank of booze from the night before. There was no time to recover yet, as the deep swallows caused Clark to lurch further and further in at an almost frightening rate. Being eaten alive was terrifying enough, but being gulped down so swiftly just made the poor mouse feel even more like mere food.

Ryker's normally slender middle dramatically rounded out as he filled with mouse, giving the ferret a larger and larger ball-gut. He couldn't help but enjoy the sensation at least a little bit, though he resisted thoroughly tasting his meal. Despite his appearance Ryker was a relatively active pred, maintaining his athletic figure through the combination of a hearty exercise routine and targeting thin prey. Gobbling up someone like Clark wouldn't raise any suspicions with the Coach.

Only Clark's whip-like tail remained uneaten when the coach finally huffed into the locker room, the heavyset alligator's eyes rolling at the sight of his tardy player pigging out. "For the love of...Reed, what have I said about eating before practice!"

Ryker slurped up and gulped down Clark's tail, clearing his throat with a cough after as his gut bounced. "Um...don't?"

"I expect this shit from Miller or Levi, not from you!" the coach growled, causing Ryker to cower slightly. "I'm already pissed I ran out of coffee, now I've got you stuffing yourself useless!"

"I-I'll just throw him up then. Sorry Coach," Ryker said, sheepishly.

The coach shook his head furiously. "Uh-uh, you're dealing with your mistakes today Reed. Can't think of any better incentive for you to never do this again then to have you go through practice on a full stomach!"

"Coach I'll pass out if I do that!" The thought of having to run and shoot while carrying Clark's weight around on his hips was of more concern to him than the mouse's actual safety.

"Well tough luck! Just pace yourself and stay hydrated, and remember what happens when you break the rules!" The coach turned to leave. "And don't bother trying to squeeze into your jersey. You were gonna be on the skins side anyway."

Ryker decided not to press his luck, pouting as he made his way to the court while keeping a comfortable distance between himself and his irritated coach. His bulging pot-belly swung from side to side as Clark continued squirming. The mouse had overheard the argument, and was suddenly very worried about being digested by his idol. He'd wanted to be close to Ryker, but not *this* close.

"R-Ryker, please don't eat me!" Clark begged as he tried to find his bearings in the damp dark stomach.

He felt something gently push against him from two sides, likely Ryker's paws. "Don't worry dude, you just gotta hold out till practice ends." Ryker's voice was just barely audible. "I'll make sure you've got fresh air."

Clark wasn't necessarily comforted by the promise, but a little hope was better than none. Maybe he'd get a fun story out of the whole ordeal, as long as he survived.

Ryker took Clark's silence and less-frequent squirms as a sign of understanding, and shifted his attention towards the practice itself. After all, having a peer in his belly didn't give him an excuse to slack off.

The rest of the team got a good laugh as they saw Ryker slow-jog onto the court, his round middle a ridiculous contrast to the rest of his slim form. A couple went in for high-fives in spite of the disapproving glares given to them by the coach, who immediately organized a scrimmage before Ryker's meal could cause a distraction. Ryker initially played defensively, sticking to short bursts of movement and passing the ball to teammates. As the game went on he gradually adjusted to his temporary size, sprinting more often and landing an increasing number of risky three-point shots. His opponents proved easily thrown off by his bulging belly, which also managed to interfere with their attempts to block his shots and passes. The experience was exhausting, but surprisingly fun. At least for Ryker.

Clark clung to the walls of Ryker's stomach as best he could, thankful the pool of digestive juices he was splashing in were merely tingling his skin rather than burning it. Ryker *was* giving him a constant stream of somewhat fresh air, but that did little to counter the constant swaying as the ferret moved around the court. He could feel every time another player bumped into Ryker's middle, every hard bounce from a jump-shot, every toss on the rare occasions his "host" took a bump to the floor. At

times Ryker would let out a long belch that would tighten the stomach around Clark and threaten to deprive him of air, but then the stomach would swiftly fill again and he'd be safe. Kind of. Curled up in a ball with no light and barely acceptable air caused the mouse to lose his sense of time, which made the practice seem like an eternity. Eventually a tiny part of him almost wished he'd just be digested, if only to spare him from the endless uncertainty he was facing.

With the clock running down in the last quarter of the scrimmage, Ryker used his ample gut to fend off a blocker and catch a pass, attempting a final shot to rack up the score for his already-winning team. Unfortunately the ball bounced wildly off the rim as the buzzer went off, denying the ferret his last-second glory. Though Ryker hadn't played nearly as well as usual, he was more than satisfied by what he was able to accomplish with someone hanging from his belly, and regretted there wasn't a recording. He'd need to remember that next time.

As the players chugged water and recovered from the game, their coach finished off some notes, his mood still sour. "Alright, I'm calling it short today. I'll go over the specifics next practice, but overall I've seen better from most of you. We'll definitely have to work on dealing with a full pred on the court, cause Ryker was obviously throwing off your rhythm."

A few members of the losing team groaned, having hoped Ryker's ridiculous state would mean the coach wasn't expecting them to go all out.

"Get cleaned up and keep out of trouble. It was nice not discovering any permanent absences today!" The coach grumbled. "And Reed, you'd better be hitting the gym the second your meal's done! Whatever weight you gain from him needs to be burned off as soon as possible."

Ryker stared at the coach in momentary confusion, before remembering the others weren't aware of his intent to let Clark free. "Definitely Coach! Might even run the treadmill while he's still breaking down!" He gave his belly a hard slap to keep up the act, but Clark was too drained to offer up anything but the weakest of squirms in response.

The short trip back to the locker room was tiring for Ryker, and the full ferret waddled in long after the other players. His belly got plenty of attention from his teammates, who gave a mix of taunts, complaints, and bemused congratulations as he waddled to his locker and then the showers. Releasing Clark while everyone was still around likely would've ended in the mouse simply being eaten again, so Ryker held onto him for the moment.

Levi—a goat who was probably the closest thing the team had to a chubby player—nudged Ryker as he showered. "I can't believe Coach actually let you keep your food, he always makes me throw them up if they're still twitching! It's a pain in the ass tracking them down again..."

"That's cause I don't show up to every-other practice with a bouncing gut!" Ryker laughed. "Or the first game of the season. Swore he was gonna eat ya after that."

"Well thankfully my pre-game snack was filling enough for him," Levi pouted. "Still can't believe he thought I was lying about it being self-defense. Dude was a rival fan trying to take me out!"

Ryker grinned and shook his head. "Uh, from what I saw the guy was crazy wasted and way scrawnier than you. I bet he was out cold well before you gulped him down!"

Levi gave the ferret a not-so-light punch to the gut, and the conversation drifted elsewhere. Inside Ryker's sweltering stomach, Clark was barely aware of the outside world. The fleshy walls of his prison were constantly squeezing at him, but the deep pool of stomach acids hadn't gotten any worse than a bad tingle thanks to a digestion-inhibitor Ryker had snuck in during practice. Staying conscious was a daunting task, and the mouse was constantly on the verge of passing out for good. He offered little-to-no response to the sporadic pokes and wobbles inflicted upon him.

By the time Ryker had finished cleaning up, he'd gotten so used to the mouse being in his belly he'd nearly forgotten he was there. A little voice in the back of his mind kept reminding him to gulp down fresh air often, but letting Clark out was gradually becoming less of a priority. Back at his locker, the ferret struggled to change into normal pants before giving up and deciding to put up with his basketball shorts at least until he got back home. He grabbed his shirt and slid it on as best he could,

though there was no way he'd be able to cover more than a couple inches of his bulging gut. Ryker didn't own much pred clothing, but he also wasn't shy about having his temporary belly exposed for all to see.

As Ryker slammed the locker door shut, his stomach let out a long, echoing growl that caught the attention of the only other player left in the room, Levi. The goat gave the ferret an odd look, then poked at his middle a few times.

"Whoa, why haven't you started digesting breakfast yet?" Levi asked, a grin growing on his face. "Didn't think you were into dragging out a meal...or were you planning to let it go?"

Ryker immediately looked guilty. "I...um...well, crap. I only ate him cause Coach was about to find him, and I thought he'd just make me throw him up so he could get away real quick but then Coach was in that mood and made me keep him and--"

"I get it, I get it," Levi waved his hooves. "You get so rambly when you break, geez. Well I think your gut wants your new "friend" to be a permanent addition."

Practice *had* worked up Ryker's appetite quite a bit, causing him to crave a large, filling meal. "Man, that'd be kind of mean. I did promise to throw him up."

Levi placed his hooves under Ryker's gut and lifted it a few inches before letting it drop, bouncing from side to side. "Guy's probably a belch shy of getting souped, not even a little kick! Besides, if you really cared you'd have coughed him up right away instead of lingering about for so long."

"I guess," Ryker sighed. Clark had been a fun distraction, but the ferret wasn't actually *close* to him or anything. The only thing he'd really regret was the potential stomachache later.

"Well I need to get something filling in me before I start eying up the campus and get on Coach's bad side again for being overweight." Levi frowned and squeezed the small bit of pudge on his belly. "The dining hall nearby is pretty decent if you want to tag along."

Ryker gave his gut a gentle wobble, deep in thought. "Sounds good. Maybe the food there will convince me to let the poor guy go free."

Levi bleated in amusement. "Man you're indecisive over the goofiest things. Let's bail."

The pair left the locker room in good spirits, with Ryker's fan teetering on the edge of joining the team he admired in the worst way possible.