

The Scenic Binge Home: Part I

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Brett instinctively ducked a little as he made his way through the train to his sleeper car, always concerned of the combination of his height and antlers. The tall, white-and-brown caribou had been visiting family on the East Coast for a few days, and on a whim he'd decided to take a long, meandering train ride home to the opposite coast instead of the usual flight. Such a trip had long been on his to-do list, and the journey seemed like a wonderful way to start the Summer now that the semester was over. His boyfriend Ryker had teased him about the decision, claiming the caribou was trying to avoid meeting up with him because he'd gotten fat on vacation.

The idea was silly, of course; of the couple, Ryker was the one far more likely to binge following the end of basketball season. Despite their relationship, Brett and Ryker both played on rival college basketball teams, working hard to stay in good shape to retain their scholarships. That meant indulging only rarely in vore, a practice the pair were rather fond of. At least during the Summer they could afford to glut on others now and then.

After a few more minutes of ducking through doorways and sliding past heftier passengers, Brett finally arrived at the train car he'd be living in for the next few days. He opened the door and froze upon seeing his cabin-mate. Sitting on one of the benches was a fairly plump bee, or at least someone who was mostly bee. Even at a glance the curious hybrid showed obvious signs of feline heritage, though they blended too well with his insectoid features for Brett to make more detailed presumptions. Insect hybrids were a rarity—at least where Brett lived—and he did his best to avoid staring as soon as he realized the stranger noticed him.

“H-hey, I'm your roomie on the trip. Name's Brett.” The caribou extended a friendly hoof as he entered.

The bee accepted the greeting, responding with a grin. “Hugh. Good to meet you!”

As Brett put away his luggage he discovered the sleeper-car was a bit snuggier than he'd imagined. While the trip wasn't too long, the room would undoubtedly be cramped for the duration, and privacy would be at a minimal. A meandering conversation with Hugh gave Brett the impression the bee was friendly enough, at least. Unfortunately for Hugh, Brett was eager to make the trip as memorable as possible, and his growling stomach was tempting him to settle on a rather extreme solution to his minor problem.

Brett had never eaten an insect before, and curiosity quickly got the better of him. When Hugh stood up to make his way to the bathroom, Brett made his move. The hungry caribou stood as well and greedily shoved the unsuspecting bee's head into his open maw. Hugh was caught completely off-guard, arms flailing and wings buzzing as he felt the much taller caribou's jaws stretch down over his shoulders. Though the bee had the weight advantage, Brett was more imposing and stronger in general, easily pinning Hugh's arms to his sides and impeding early attempts at escape. Brett giggled as Hugh's antenna tickled the back of his throat, causing the bee's belly to jiggle and encourage Brett's hunger more.

With some effort Brett managed to tear Hugh's shirt, slowly ripping it off his body and giving the caribou a clear path to tasting his unique meal. Casual licks in between gulps were proving indecisive, and Brett didn't consider him any better or worse tasting than the average prey. Still, just being able to say he *ate* a bug would be fun. As Brett's mouth began filling with pudgy bee belly, his own flat middle swelled out from Hugh's entry. The bee was struggling up a storm and begging to be let go, but Brett had a firm grip on him and was far too hungry to feel mercy for the random snack. Besides, eating others was just a normal part of life; regret wasn't necessary.

The low ceiling of the sleeper-car made consuming the bulk of Hugh somewhat difficult, though sliding onto his knees helped a great deal. Brett carefully removed his meal's jeans as he finished savoring the last of Hugh's gut. There was a decent chance the bee's wallet was in them, and the extra

cash would be a nice bonus for the trip home. He wasn't that fond of having to cough up partially-digested clothing, either. Brett's ballooning belly spread across the floor as it filled with prey, bouncing and shifting from Hugh's squirms. Swallowing Hugh's thorax was a brand new experience for the caribou, and he was delighted to learn it was almost like gulping down a second belly, though not nearly as soft. A couple minutes later it was just a bulge in his throat.

As expected, Hugh's legs were the easiest part of the meal, as Brett's swallows were aided by gravity. Socks and shoes were removed shortly before Hugh's claws vanished past the caribou's jaws, and a few short gulps sealed the bee completely in the stomach. Brett let out a content sigh as he finished, blushing at how large his belly had grown from gorging. He spent most of the year being slim and in shape, and getting bigger was always a guilty pleasure of his. Digesting Hugh would give him the pleasant beginnings of a gut, a soft little dome of flab that would jiggle when he walked. His face would round out a bit, too, especially when he grinned. The changes would likely be appreciated by Ryker, who adored teasing him about his weight.

A fun idea suddenly came to mind: what if Brett tried to gain as much weight as possible on the short train ride home? Now that he had an entire cabin to himself, lazing around digesting large prey was both possible and admittedly ideal. He'd save money on food, for sure, maybe even make enough from swiped wallets to pay for the entire trip. Not to mention the surprised look on Ryker's face when he eventually waddled off the train. The plan was too good to pass on, and would guarantee a memorable ride.

Brett lugged his wobbling gut off the ground and moved into a more comfortable seat, belching as he settled in. Hugh had been a wonderfully exotic meal, and his wiggles provided an excellent massage as well. The combination of the train finally moving and his meal's desperate struggles gradually lulled the gluttonous caribou to sleep. Brett's trip was already off to a great start.