

Local Cuisine

By: IndigoRho

Xil pretended to take a sip from his already-emptied beer as he sat at the bar, eyes and ears looking out for an ideal prey. The black and white wolf had decided to spend a Summer abroad in the US, a welcome excuse to sample some of the local cuisine various cities had to offer. So far the trip had been a rousing success, and Xil was spending a few brief days in Columbia City before heading back home to Germany.

Above the sounds of music and nearby chatter, a single boisterous voice stood out. “No, no, I don't need another. I mean, I *want* another, but my wimpy roommate wants to call it a night cause he's gotta stupid exam on Monday.”

Xil glanced over to the voice's source, a rather bland looking raccoon who appeared more than a little tipsy. The wolf knew he could take him in a fight easily, even if he were sober, and quickly decided the drunk stranger would be his dinner. As the raccoon closed out his tab Xil licked his snout in anticipation and stood up, lingering amongst the crowd until his prey began stumbling in the direction of the exit. Stalking him was simple. About halfway through the bar the raccoon went down a sparse, narrow corridor rather than cut through the crowded dance floor, giving Xil an ideal opportunity. He didn't care if there were witnesses—vore was legal, after all—but the wolf still preferred having room to enjoy his meals.

A hard pat on the raccoon's back was enough to get his attention, and the moment he turned around Xil shoved him hard against the wall, knocking the wind right out of him. The raccoon coughed and gasped for air, shaken, as Xil's paws rested heavy on his shoulders.

“If you really want another drink, there's plenty in my stomach for you,” Xil grinned, jaw opening wide to reveal a tongue as blue as his hair and goatee.

The raccoon was too terrified to respond, and his eyes went wide as the larger wolf lunged at him. He squirmed and screamed for help as his face was coated in saliva, a strong gulp pulling his head right into the wolf's throat. Xil pinned his prey's arms to his sides and lifted him off the ground with ease, jaws stretching over his shoulders. Every struggle and flail proved useless as Xil continued steadily swallowing down his dinner, the wolf outclassing the raccoon to a comical degree. Other patrons entering the corridor swiftly turned around and left, uneager to interrupt the meal in progress.

Xil's slightly pudgy belly began to swell outward as the raccoon emptied into it, the faint outlines of paw prints visible as his meal struggled. He'd only worn jeans out that night—no reason to hide the results of a successful hunt—and delighted in the brief glimpses of the bulge made in his throat by the helpless prey. Chest, belly, waist...all slipped past Xil's lips in time, the raccoon reduced to a pair of frantic, kicking legs. Soon the wolf dealt with those as well. As Xil closed his jaws around the raccoon's footpaws and gulped, his bulging gut bounced, the wolf letting out a loud, messy belch to signal the completion of his meal.

A buzzing and clattering on the floor drew the wolf's attention, though. Xil spotted dinner's phone sitting on the ground—likely having fallen out of his pocket while being eaten alive—and he picked it up out of curiosity. Though the screen was cracked the phone still worked well enough, and Xil discovered a series of increasingly frustrated texts from someone he assumed was the raccoon's roommate. The sender was apparently waiting near an alley just outside the bar, threatening to leave on his own if “Mitch” didn't meet him there soon. Xil grinned as a fun idea came to him: perhaps he should be courteous and reunite the two roommates.

Xil's wobbling belly growled in response, sealing the deal for him. As the wolf made his way to the bar's entrance he skimmed through dinner's phone, eventually finding a few pictures of the roommate in order to identify him. He gave a nod to the bouncer as he exited, grinning as he watched the eyes of those waiting in line outside all drift to his bulging middle, a mix of fear and amusement prevalent. Xil pretended to be using the raccoon's phone so it wasn't too obvious he was searching for

someone, though it didn't take long for him to spot a rather plump, glasses-wearing tiger leaning against a building, a definite match to the roommate's photos.

The tiger was in the middle of sending another angry text when Xil walked up to him, completely oblivious to the danger nearby. Xil decided a direct approach was the best way to get his next meal's attention, and without warning he pinned the tiger to the wall of the building with his squirming gut. The tiger yelped and dropped his phone, struggling in vain to push away the shifting belly holding him down.

"Evening!" Xil said with a smile. "Mitch was gracious enough to accept my offer to give him a lift home, and I only felt it'd be fair to extend the same offer to you."

Only then did the tiger recognize the muffled pleas coming from within Xil's belly as those of his roommate, and his jaw opened in a gasp of horror. Unfortunately, so did Xil's, though for very different reasons. Xil roughly shoved the tiger's head into his maw, uninterested in listening to any begging or screams for mercy his meal would likely make. He was able to keep the tiger at bay with his gut alone, slowly inching his prey upwards with the aide of powerful swallows. While the tiger was thicker than Xil's first meal of the night, he wasn't at all more difficult to eat, and the wolf's jaws still stretched over his body with ease.

Xil gradually stepped away from the wall as he gulped down more of the tiger, his bulging belly swelling out even further as his second course was added to it. He loved the feeling of the raccoon and tiger having to struggle for room in the cramped confines of his stomach, knowing they'd be squeezed right against one another with no hope of escape. Passersby tended to give Xil plenty of space. Vore was incredibly common this close to the infamous Columbia State University, and in general they were simply glad the wolf was eating anyone *besides* them.

Right before swallowing the tiger's waist, Xil carefully liberated him of his wallet, which would hopefully provide a nice bonus to his travel funds; such prizes often made his vacations rather profitable. By sheer luck he found a spare apartment key hidden amongst the cash, and the wolf eagerly checked the raccoon's phone for his home address, delighted to learn it was within easy walking distance of the bar. A cozy apartment would be much nicer than a hotel room for sleeping off a large dinner.

Xil was still gulping down the tiger as he began to walk in the direction of their apartment, his large gut swaying from side to side from the struggles of his prey. Gravity sped up the tiger's descent greatly, and soon he too was sealed away within the wolf's stomach, reunited with his roommate one last time. Xil teased his belly with his paws as he walked.

"The food really *has* been the best part of this trip!" Xil said, loud enough for his meals to hear. "Goes down easy and fills you up well. A bit high in calories, but nothing a solid workout can't fix!"

The struggles in his belly intensified, just as Xil had wanted.

"I'll eventually need to snag something else before I grab my flight, though," The wolf mused aloud, before pulling out the raccoon's phone once more. "Hopefully your friends taste just as well as you did!"

Xil's laughs echoed through the streets of the city, as loud gurgles echoed from his bulging gut.

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Sunlight pierced the blinds and warmed a bed, causing the wolf sleeping upon it to stir and slowly waken. Xil stretched and yawned as he begrudgingly opened his eyes, glancing over at the nearby clock and learning it was well into the afternoon already. He slowly leaned up in bed, belly sloshing and jiggling all the while. When he'd gone to sleep the night before it'd been utterly massive, bulging from the struggles of dinner. Now it was smooth and half the size. In a couple more hours his middle would shrink even more, and the only evidence left of the two strangers he'd eaten would be a few extra pounds of flab on his gut. Even that would be burned away in time.

Xil lugged himself out of bed and headed to the bathroom to clean himself up. A short time later, as he was strolling into the living room, Xil stopped as he felt an itch in the bottom of his throat, causing him to cough. After a brief fit he belched up most of a tiger's skull. The wolf grinned as he looked the remains over, before callously tossing the skull into the nearby trashcan. Some preds enjoyed taking them as trophies but Xil didn't see the point. Food was just food, no matter how big or talkative it'd been before entering his stomach. It's not like he kept the crumbs from his sandwiches or the bones from his chicken, either.

With the day mostly over, Xil decided to simply relax and enjoy what his temporary apartment had to offer. Sometime later he'd need to search the contacts list on his previous meal's phone, hopefully find another suitable meal or two. Luring someone over wouldn't be too difficult—he'd done so quite often in the past. Their far-too-late realization of the deception was always good for a laugh. Until then, though, he was eager to be lazy. Xil plopped down on the couch and rested his paws on the coffee table, turning on the TV and flipping through the channels in search of mindless fun.