

Breakfast and Betrayal

By: IndigoRho

Columbia State University. A sprawling campus in the city, bustling with students and faculty going about their day. While the college does offer some of the best education in the State, it's far better known for being an incredibly vore-friendly party school, with essentially zero restrictions on the consumption of others. For some students it's a predator's paradise, for others it's a source of constant anxiety, and for many it's their road to becoming a few layers of flab on a peer's gut. Not that anyone attends with the intention of being another's meal, though. You applied to CSU because most of your friends did, because the recruiters talked up the bounty of prey that'd be available to you. Education was a questionable fourth or fifth on your priorities list. Regardless, you survived first semester with ease, and started the second half of the school year a little bolder and a lot chubbier. Today shouldn't be any different.

The slamming of a drawer stirs you awake, and you grumble as you shift beneath your covers, tempted to sleep once more. Despite your best efforts, though, you can't resist taking a peek at the clock just to see how much time you've got before the alarm goes off. A blurry eye begrudgingly opens, and you take a moment to read and reread the searing red numbers, then groan; your alarm never went off. Fortunately you haven't completely slept in yet, but the loss of time is still a considerable inconvenience. In order to make it to your first class of the day on time you'd need to get leaving soon, and that'd mean missing breakfast, your favorite meal of the day.

Of course, you could also just skip. You're doing fine in the math course, and missing a single day wouldn't hurt your grade or put you behind. Grabbing a nice breakfast at the dinning hall and simply being able to relax till your second class is rather tempting. Either way, you need to make your decision fast.

You successfully resist the temptation to skip class, not eager to make a habit of it. Besides, you'll have plenty of time in between your first two classes to grab something to eat. Or maybe even someone if you're feeling particularly peckish. As you roll out of bed you nod good morning to your roommate, Trafton, who'd unintentionally woken you in lieu of the usual alarm. Unsurprisingly, the striped hyena didn't notice, lost in his own little world as his wireless headphones blasted music into his ears. The two of you had been friends since Middle School, and you often teased that a pred would one day snatch him while he was distracted like that. Honestly you assumed it should have happened years ago.

A sharp hunger pain causes you to wince, and you frown at your stomach. You'd practically skipped dinner the night before, focused too much on homework and then computer games, and now you were paying for it. There weren't any quick snacks left in the dorm room for you to grab, either. The building your math class was in did have a couple scattered vending machines, though they were offline or empty more often than not. Your gaze drifted towards Trafton as your stomach began grumbling, and your mouth watered. You always tried to take pride in being a loyal friend, but at this moment the hyena was looking more and more like the perfect breakfast on the go. The clock is ticking, will your hunger get the better of you?

Unfortunately for Trafton, you're about to let your gluttony get the better of you. He's only in his athletic shorts, his chubby belly wobbling slightly as he moves around the room, grabbing his clothes for the day and completely oblivious to your intentions. You've tasted the hyena for fun a few times before, a pretty common practice for pred friends, and you know for a fact he's one of your tastiest friends. The last time you swallowed him temporarily during a party game you honestly contemplated

“forgetting” to let him out, and now you've got a second chance to correct that.

Trafton's music perfectly masks your approach, though you still creep forwards as cautiously as you can, making sure to look busy anytime he turns your way to grab something. Distracted or not, ambushing Trafton won't necessarily be an easy task. If you're not careful he'll overpower you, and there's no doubt in your mind you'd end up as the hyena's breakfast instead if that happened. On such short notice you feel you've got two ways to handle your meal: you can either attempt to daze him with something heavy and swallow him before he can recover, or simply try and brute force your friend down your throat.

Nothing in sight looks sturdy enough to knock out Trafton, so instead you decide to eat him the old fashioned way. When his back is turned you sneak up behind him, your heart racing as you wait for the hyena to turn around. Once Trafton finally does he jumps a little in surprise, obviously not expecting to see you staring hungrily into his eyes. With your maw wide open you lunge, shoving most of Trafton's face into your mouth before he has a chance to react. Your lips stretch over his head inch-by-inch and you grin around your meal as you assume a premature victory. Unfortunately for you, Trafton isn't eager to end up as your breakfast.

Trafton struggles intensely as you attempt to pin his arms to his side and his back to his bed. Your progress slows to a crawl as you're forced to deal with your rowdy snack, and you grunt in pain as Trafton begins stepping on your paws and kicking you hard. The strikes cause you to lose your weak grip on the hyena's arms, putting you at an even greater disadvantage. With punches and pushes you find yourself slowly spitting out Trafton, until his head pops back out of your mouth with a messy slorp. You manage a short cough before Trafton shoves you away hard. With nothing to brace yourself you fall straight backwards, your head slamming into the side of a desk on the way down, nearly knocking you unconscious.

You lay on the floor, eyes twitching and vision somewhat blurred as Trafton looms above you. Understandably he looks furious, having been spontaneously betrayed by a close friend without warning. If you were capable of speaking coherently you would've tried claiming it was a joke, not that the hyena would've believed you. There's only one way for this to end now.

Without saying a word Trafton grabs you by the ankles and shoves your paws into his mouth, swallowing hard. You moan as you feel Trafton's lips wrap around your ankles, and then your shins, saliva quickly coating you. Every gulp brings you one step closer to digestion, to being nothing more than an extra jiggle on the hyena's hips. Fighting back is nearly impossible, though. You can't keep your thoughts together, and barely manage to squirm and whine as you're swallowed past your knees. Trafton grabs a hold of your arms before they can be of real use, roughly sliding them into his mouth just as your footpaws enter his stomach, dipping into a stagnant pool of digestive juices.

Soon you fell yourself lifted off the ground, mumbling a slurred slew of pathetic excuses as gravity begins to hasten your descent into the depths of Trafton. The small belly you'd gained over the last few months of predation was easily swallowed, now fated to never reach the Freshman 150 you'd hoped for. Perhaps Trafton will achieve the goal in your stead. You can see the hyena's distend gut balloon outwards as he consumes more of you, the sight of your own struggles within his stomach causing you to freeze in a panic. Trafton's lips are at your chin now, and you let out a pitiful whimper before they stretch wide to welcome the last of you in.

The journey down Trafton's gullet is dark and cramped, your face pressed up against the soft, wet walls

with no chance to breath. You gasp when your head eventually gets pulled into the stomach, your new prison only marginally more comfortable. A belch shakes and shrinks the stomach, and you can feel paws pressing against you from the outside; Trafton's rubbing his gut. There's still the faintest hope Trafton will calm down and show you some mercy, but you can't recall every hearing of anyone letting a meal go free after eating them, at least not without the act biting them in the ass in the end. Allowing your hunger to get the better of you will likely be the last mistake you ever make.

Trafton spends a good few minutes cursing you out and demanding answers, not that he can hear much of what you have to say. As expected, your answers don't satisfy the furious hyena, who soon begins continuing on with his morning routine as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened. You feel the stomach tighten a bit as he puts on a shirt stretchy enough to handle his bulging gut, and begin swaying back-and-forth once Trafton finally leaves the dorm to head to his first class. The air in the stomach is stagnant, but Trafton keeps gulping down a fresh supply now and then, apparently intent on keeping you conscious and suffering for a while longer. You'd admittedly have done the same thing in his situation—and often after even a “normal” meal—but being on the receiving end of such treatment now seems horrifically cruel.

You twitch and squirm as the stomach acids surrounding you begin causing your skin to itch, and you know that'll turn into full blown stinging and burning within minutes. By sheer luck Trafton forgets to swallow more air after a particularly long burp, and you find yourself growing dizzy. You pass out before Trafton ever makes it to class, spared a rather painful end. At least you don't have to worry about choosing your major anymore...