

Frat House Christmas

By: IndigoRho

On the night before Christmas, the Zeta Nu Delta frat house was unusually quiet, most of the fraternity members having gone back home during the long Winter break from Columbia State University. The handful that remained either had family too far away to easily visit, or ones they had no desire to spend any time with. Not all left behind were willing, though. Indi, an obese midnight-blue cheetah, had been the Senior unlucky enough to get chosen to watch the frat house over Christmas. Missing out on the holiday feasts his family would have made had caused some obvious bitterness, only made worse when he realized there was nothing really left in the kitchen to eat. His stomach growled as he grumbled under his breath, begrudgingly accepting that he'd need to actually venture out to buy food, which meant dinner wasn't happening any time soon.

Indi was in a thoroughly sour mood as he entered the spacious great room of the frat house, which at this time was almost exclusively lit by a massive Christmas tree. To his surprise there was someone else in the room, sitting on the couch. A hawk was busy taking long hits off his bong, seemingly content just staring at the twinkling lights and relaxing. He was one of the Freshman pledges—Earl. Earl hadn't necessarily been a stand-out amongst that year's pledges, but the gradual expansion of his waistline had certainly gotten Indi's attention for all the wrong reasons. Spotting the hawk made Indi's stomach growl once more, and just like that bird was on the menu.

While Earl continued being blissfully unaware of Indi's presence the cheetah prowled, a wide grin on his face as he imagined the hawk stuffed in his gut, the perfect Christmas Eve feast. Eating pledges was discouraged but not against the fraternity rules, and there was a decent chance Indi could gobble him up without anyone being able to firmly lay the blame on him. After all, the Freshman attrition rate at Columbia State was abnormally high thanks to its reputation as a vore-friendly school; the others would just shrug his disappearance off as another statistic. He stopped being stealthy once he was certain Earl was too high to view him with suspicion, making him an even more ideal meal.

The hawk nodded as Indi waddled into view and plopped down on the couch beside him, finishing his hit and offering up the bong. He set it back down on the floor after Indi silently turned down the offer. "I'm more in the mood for an edible tonight," Indi said with a devious grin.

Unable to hold off any longer, Indi grabbed the hawk and pulled him closer, jaws opening to reveal his maw. Earl merely stared back at him in confusion, not reacting until his whole head was abruptly engulfed. Indi tightened his grip on his prey and began swallowing, chuckling as he felt Earl finally begin squirming futilely. He sincerely doubted the hawk was completely aware of what was happening, only struggling on instinct as his head swirled from the weed he'd been smoking. An eager paw pushed aside Earl's shirt to get a better feel of the bird's pudge, its wonderful softness only encouraging Indi's hunger. His lips passed easily over Earl's shoulders—pinning his arms to his sides— inching wider and wider as he neared the savory gut.

Earl tried shouting for help, but his voice muffled beyond use, even as his head was sucked into his attacker's stomach. The cheetah's sizable belly bounced and swelled with every gulp, his expandex hoodie stretching to contain it. He let out a garbled moan as hawk fat poured into his mouth, nibbling on it constantly just to enhance the sensation of consuming the large prey. Indi hadn't even broken a sweat yet, utterly overpowering the unfortunate stoned pledge as if he were just another burger or sandwich rather than a living being. Then again, as far as Indi was concerned he basically was. To him everyone was a potential meal, whether they liked it or not. Even friends weren't necessarily immune to such thinking, and Indi had gluttoned on quite a few over the years, adding them to his blubbery belly with very little remorse; if they hadn't wanted to be eaten they should've fought harder.

Soon Earl's round butt was swallowed, Indi leaning back into the couch as he let his jaws and gravity handle the rest of his late night dinner. Out of the corner of his eye he could see his gut wobbling from Earl's struggles, and he gleefully gripped his shifting middle, intent on feeling every last

wiggle and punch. He needed Earl sealed away, nothing but a giant bulge ready to be processed into cheetah fat. His gulps grew swifter, more intense, each one powerful enough to make his belly lurch as the hawk was gorged upon. Less and less of Earl was visible with each passing second, till only his talons remained, and even they were spirited away with a vengeance as Indi closed his mouth shut with a smile. Another peer conquered.

As soon as Earl was completely emptied into Indi's stomach the cheetah let out a bellowing *uorrrrrrrrrrp* that echoed throughout the entire room and up the stairwell. He blushed, hoping no one else in the frat house had heard his triumphant "roar", not that being found out would stop him. If someone felt the need to complain they'd just get to join Earl. He'd eat everyone there if he needed to—and the desire for such a feast was *strong*. Though inebriated Earl wasn't docile, Indi chuckling as he watched dinner's pitiful attempts to escape. Every once in a while he'd slap a particularly feisty lump just to see Earl struggle harder.

The aimless shifting forced the rest of the stale air in his stomach to roll up his gullet, a handful of feathers shooting from Indi's mouth as he belched again. Amused, he lazily swallowed more air in the hopes of the show continuing, fully intending on collecting the feathers afterward as a trophy. As he rudely played with his food, Indi caught sight of someone else wandering into the room, and swiftly put on a stern face in case he needed to intimidate them away. Fortunately they were just another pledge—a wolf almost as doughy as Earl—and from the way they were walking and blankly staring Indi felt safe assuming they were also fairly high; Earl apparently hadn't been alone after all.

"Whoa Indi, you got real fat!" the wolf said with a goofy grin, still making his way to the couch without fear. "Uh, where'd Earl go?"

Earl had made a pretty satisfying meal by himself, but Indi was quickly recognizing an opportunity for a second course. After a short moment of thinking he remembered the pledge's name. "Oh, he decided to crash a little early, Wayne. Maybe you should join him."

Wayne stood by passively as Indi hefted himself off the couch, his bulging belly swaying side to side as he did, Earl's voice faintly audible but not coherent enough. "I've still got at least another hour in me."

"Nah, it's gonna be an hour in *me*." Indi silently laughed at his own dumb joke before lunging.

Just like with Earl, Wayne was in no position to properly resist. He twitched and stumbled about as his head was swallowed, gut jiggling from under his shirt as Indi pulled him in closer, yet to realize he was already well on his way to becoming food. Indi's gluttony overwhelmed him, and he practically scarfed down the Freshman. His belly was rapidly swelling again, swaying towards the ground with every swallow, a preposterous mass. Wayne's survival instincts eventually kicked in, but of course he was too late. He lurched right into the disoriented Earl upon being pulled into the stomach. The two friends began arguing with each other as they were forced to share the same terribly cramped space, unable to work together to avoid a common fate.

Despite his considerable experience with eating others, Indi was still moaning from the strain of consuming two overweight prey, his knees threatening to buckle. He wasn't about to give up on his overindulgent feast, though. Indi backed into the couch as he angled Wayne's doughy gut into his mouth, slowly sliding down its front till he was resting on the floor. His immense middle spilled forwards, a wobbling mountain of blue that'd crept out from beneath his hoodie, warmly lit by the Christmas tree. The cheetah gripped Wayne's wiggling legs and pulled, hastening the consumption of his meal so he could finally rest once more. When his jaws closed around Wayne's paws he let out a sigh of relief.

Indi was too stuffed to do much else than groan and smile in between winces as his two prey wiggled within him. He could sense their struggles becoming a little more frantic, and assumed his stomach acids were accumulating in preparation for the arduous task they had ahead. Watching meals realize how close they were to being churned was one of Indi's favorite thing about eating people, second only to adoring the flab they added to him afterward. Earl and Wayne's constant shifting forced

a few more belches from Indi, the occasional feather still flying from his mouth. Though he'd wanted to keep the Freshmen conscious for as long as possible while he reveled in his gluttony Indi simply couldn't keep up with the burps, and little by little their supply of fresh air dwindled. Wobbling turned into mere jiggling, then to nothing. All that was left was to wait for digestion.

“Damn that was the best Christmas Eve dinner I had in—*urrrrrrrp*—ages!” Indi said, purring so strongly his gut began to quake. “Might have to make this a new tradition.”

As the voracious cheetah happily rubbed and toyed with his belly he slowly drifted off to sleep, his previous frustrations cleared away. Sometimes all it took was an extra-fattening meal to lighten the mood.