

My Hungry Roommate

By: IndigoRho

I'd always known college was going to be rough, but I didn't expect the reality of it to hit me so quickly. The first day in the dorm was mainly spent moving in the few things I'd bothered to bring up with me, and trying to get to know my new roommates a little. I shared a room with a fellow badger named Emery who seemed painfully quiet and eager to ignore me. Aside from him there was Blaine, a large panther who had a bedroom to himself, but shared a small common room and bathroom with us. He'd been very talkative in the emails we'd sent around before moving in, gloating about all the sports he'd been involved in along with his interest in...well, vore. I'd tried not to worry too much about Blaine being a pred, though; I mean, if he was planning on eating me, he wouldn't admit to being voracious, right?

On the morning of that second day, though, I still didn't know how the semester was going to go. My room was empty—Emery had wandered off to take a shower earlier—and out of sheer boredom I headed into the cramped common room on the off chance Blaine was hanging out there. Unfortunately the room was empty. I was about to simply take a stroll around campus when the bathroom door suddenly creaked open, though when I turned it wasn't Emery who came walking out—it was Blaine.

The panther's fur was still damp in places from showering, a towel wrapped tightly around his waist. He'd already put back on the baseball cap he seemed to adore wearing. However, my attention was mainly focused on the massive, bulging ball-gut Blaine was now sporting. His belly was visibly swaying from side to side, and guessing the identity of his “breakfast” was uncomfortably easy.

Blaine already looked rather satisfied when he left the bathroom, but as soon as he saw me his grin grew even wider. “Campus food's already better than I'd hoped!” He let out a loud laugh that shook his middle, all while lumbering over to me.

Despite knowing Blaine was a pred, actually seeing him in action was still unnerving, especially since I'd chatted with his meal less than an hour ago. I could barely make out Emery's pleas for help, but Blaine's new size was far more distracting. My eyes kept drifting towards his middle.

“Like what you see?” Blaine inched in closer till I was nearly pinned between the wall and his struggling gut. “I'm feeling generous, give it a rub.”

It sounded more like a threat than an offer, not that I resisted. I rubbed Blaine's belly cautiously at first, awkwardly moving my paws over the shifting bulges made by Emery. Without really thinking my finger found its way into his belly-button, which felt strangely deep.

“Be careful bro, that's a one-way trip to my gut if you slip up.”

Blaine lurched his belly forward, and suddenly my entire fist sunk into his naval. My heart raced at the thought of being sucked right in to join Emery, but I managed to pull myself together and retrieve my fist, causing Blaine to let loose a long belch right in my face. I winced as the scent of Emery's cologne pelted my nose. Taunting me had purged the panther's stomach of air, and Blaine's belly began to shake frantically before my eyes, before slowly coming to a halt.

“Darn, wasn't much of a fighter,” Blaine frowned. “Oh well, hopefully the next one won't be such a disappointment.”

His gaze lingered on me far longer than I'd have liked, until he waddled back to the privacy of his room to digest his breakfast. Out of an almost morbid curiosity I remained in the dorm all day, catching glimpses of Blaine as his body broke down Emery. As the hours passed Blaine's belly gradually began to shrink, the lumps smoothing out over time. He didn't try to hide his swollen gut at all, and actually seemed to revel in showing it off to me during the few times we stumbled into one other. Each time I was “encouraged” to rub his belly and feel the progress, often rewarded by a sloppy belch or two.

I could actually see the effects on Blaine's body as Emery digested away. His face grew just a

little bit rounder throughout the day, his muscles losing some definition here and there. The panther's middle was becoming softer as a few layers of pudge were added to it. By midnight the only real traces of Emery left were the extra inches on Blaine's waistline. I was honestly astonished by the sheer speed of it all.

I went to sleep that night with my door locked, enjoying the sudden luxury of having a room all to myself. My mind was filled with mixed emotions, though excitement was beginning to outweigh the initial fear. Blaine would eat someone again, that was obvious, but if I were to bring the meals to him, then perhaps he'd continue letting me enjoy the aftermath. As I drifted off to sleep, I decided I'd need to work on making some new "friends" right away...