

Ten Year Reunion

By: IndigoRho

Despite a few random clouds in the sky, the weather had held up better than expected, just another sign to Hash that he was having a lucky day. He'd waited ten long years for his first high school reunion to occur, and now that he was standing in front of the old gym again his anticipation was stronger than ever. The lean Geoffroy's cat had enjoyed a comfortable position amongst the social elite during his high school days, a popular jock with a popular posse who was able to do whatever he wanted without fear of retribution. That tended to involve aggressively bullying every nerd he could find.

Sometimes he'd just steal their lunch money or randomly shove them against a locker while passing by. Other times he'd go for a classic swirly, or even sneak glue onto their seats. Inevitably he'd get bored of that, though, and then he'd simply eat the unfortunate nerd for lunch.

He smiled as he basked in the fond memories, of smugly waddling into class with a peer hanging from his waistline, the teachers never interfering. Only a speedy metabolism and a hint of restraint had prevented Hash's weight from ballooning out of control back then. Course there was also the nearly guaranteed chance that getting kicked off the team for not making weight would involve sliding down someone's gullet rather than a mere stern talk.

What was important, though, was that Hash had thrived in the environment, which was much more than he could say for the dozens of nerds who'd ended up as temporary pudge on his gut and butt. Then there was the one who'd gotten away: Indi.

Hash had practically dedicated his whole Senior year to terrorizing the scrawny midnight-blue cheetah. He'd eaten Indi's friends one-by-one—or at least ensured they got eaten by someone else—and hadn't been shy about letting his unlucky classmate know who was responsible each time. On one occasion he'd even gobbled up one of them while Indi was forced to watch, and didn't leave with his posse until the squirms had stopped entirely.

He'd planned on saving Indi for the graduation ceremony just so he could accept his diploma with a bulging gut, but the cheetah had managed to evade him the whole day, much to his fury. Afterward the cheetah went to college on the other side of the state, and Hash directed his hunger towards freshmen in the dorms and easy prey at wild frat parties. Hash hadn't completely forgotten about Indi, though, and when the invitations for the ten year reunion arrived he realized he'd have the perfect chance to finish what he'd started.

Indi had always been timid and shy, the perfect target for someone like Hash. He doubted the cheetah had changed at all. If anything Hash was surprised Indi had actually avoided getting eaten since high school had ended, but the surviving alumni list included with the invitation claimed he was alive and well. For now, Hash would make sure everyone there that night knew he was on his way to becoming cat fat.

Overeager to relive his glory days, Hash happily strolled through the doors of the gym, eyeing the trophy cases and letting the memories distract him. As a result, he wasn't paying attention when he suddenly walked right into someone's blubbery belly.

Hash let out a short yelp as he fell onto his butt, ready to snap at whoever had just bruised his ego.

“Why weren't you watching where you were...going...”

Looming over Hash was an obese cheetah with midnight-blue fur and yellow eyes behind glasses. As impossible as it should've been, the massive cat couldn't have been anyone else *besides* Indi. Hash abruptly felt very small, something that'd never happened back during high school. His heart was racing as he hoped Indi wouldn't recognize him, that he could pass as some forgotten classmate or just a random visitor passing through. The growing grin on Indi's face implied that wasn't going to happen.

“Well if it isn't little old Hash,” Indi practically sneered. “I was *really* hoping to run into you tonight, but I didn't expect it to be literally!”

As Indi laughed Hash nervously followed suit, too afraid to bolt out the gym and never return. “Oh, um, uh, do I know you?” Hash lied utterly unconvincingly.

“Of course you do, Hash. We hung out all the time back in the day, remember?” The smile on the cheetah's face was a stark contrast to the threatening tone of his voice.

“M-my memories not that great, honestly. Maybe you were thinking of someone—“

Hash's lie was interrupted by Indi lifting him up off the ground and into a standing position with little effort. It was just the kind of show of force Hash had loved employing on those he bullied. Indi placed an arm around Hash's shoulder and slowly guided him towards the wall of lockers nearby, the smaller cat powerless to stop him.

“Surely you remember that time you pinned me against a locker just like this one with your gut, don't you?” Indi firmly pressed Hash against the locker, then used his own immense belly to keep him in place. “One of my best friends was in your stomach, of course, struggling and begging for mercy while you criticized how bad his taste had been. You still digested him, made me listen to the first few churns.”

Hash was trembling, Indi's soft middle practically enveloping his much slimmer frame. His struggles were sporadic and uncoordinated, futile. He'd never been in such a position, the thought alone was incomprehensible to him. He was supposed to be an alpha pred, the popular one, untouchable. There'd always been a loyal posse to back him up then, strength in numbers and all that. Now he was alone and facing someone who must have been four times his size.

“W-w-w-wait, I can explain! I-I'm different now!” Hash stammered, obviously saying everything out of desperation.

“Sorry Hash, but all I'm hearing from you is '*I'm delicious snack*' and honestly I think you're right,” Indi said as he leaned a little bit harder into Hash, the lockers behind creaking from the strain.

Indi slowly opened his maw, letting Hash get a clear look at the wide cavern that led to his imminent doom. Hash begged and pleaded with increasing panic as Indi closed in, until his frantic voice was muffled in the darkness.

The once-bullied cheetah savored every second of his revenge meal, dragging out Hash's consumption to a ridiculous degree. Every squirm and whimper was a delight, the culmination of a decade of plotting. He wouldn't be able to pay back *all* the torment that'd been inflicted upon him in the past, but he could sure as hell try.

Indi had started eating others within a week of arriving at college, and over the years he'd gotten rather good at it—and rather fat. That bountiful blubber was quite the boon when you needed to overpower a shrimp of an ex-bully.

Inch-by-inch Hash disappeared down Indi's throat. His shirt was casually ripped apart and jeans slipped off, tossed to the floor in the same manner he'd always done himself. They'd be left there as a reminder to others that they could get eaten anywhere, anytime. The thought of his discarded outfit ending up in one of the same donation bins his former meals had made him panic even more.

When Hash pushed into Indi's stomach the cheetah's gut barely distended, the small cat forced to contend with heavy layers of fat pushing down on him from all sides. As soon as his paws were freed he began banging them against the fleshy walls of his prison, as if that would get Indi to throw him up. His legs were already starting to slide past Indi's lips, escape impossible. He shouted for help that'd never come.

A few good slurps were all it would've taken to finish off Hash, but Indi couldn't resist lingering a little, prolonging his revenge. He kept Hash's legs pinned together with his mouth and moved his paws south to poke and prod the faint bulges in his belly, denying his meal space and making the experience as uncomfortable as possible. Gravity inevitably provided Hash with mercy.

Indi's gut bounced as Hash was completely emptied into it, the cheetah letting out a locker-

rattling belch in celebration. He dutifully gulped down plenty of fresh air for his meal, nowhere near finished with the cat yet. The buttons of Indi's shirt strained with every squirm his prey made, but they'd been made of a stretchy material designed just for preds. It was doubtful Hash would be able to put up enough of a fight to burst even a single button off by himself.

Pure jubilation spread over Indi as he secured his revenge, barely able to believe he'd pulled it off flawlessly. The bane of his high school life was stewing in his belly, just waiting to be turned into pudge at Indi's will. Had he been paranoid he would have started digesting Hash then and there, but felt confident enough to terrorize the cat for a while longer.

"Ok Hash, I think it's time to go catch up with our old classmates," Indi grinned deviously, despite the fact Hash couldn't see. "Hope you don't mind *hanging* with me the whole time."

With glee Indi waddled down the hall and into the gym proper, where dozens of his former peers were already gathered. He grabbed a drink and stuck to crowds he felt were safe, people he'd actually considered friends or at least reasonable acquaintances, anyone who didn't look eager to snack on something a bit more lively than the provided buffet. Indi was one of the largest ones there, though, and he doubted he'd be on any pred's radar, especially with a squirming gut of his own.

At every opportunity he'd not only introduce himself, but the belly bulge that was Hash as well, and he quickly learned he'd receive far more looks of relief than fear. Hash had been a more notorious bully than Indi had believed, and few could resist the chance to taunt the doomed cat. Some would shake Indi's gut to jostle Hash while others would simply poke any imprint they could see clearly, all with Indi's blessing. A bit of prodding was well worth ensuring Hash knew just how many of his former classmates wanted to see him become food.

Hash himself was absolutely livid at his humiliation, forced to splash about in an increasingly deepening pool of booze as he was gawked at in the darkness. At one point he heard the voices of a couple old teammates and was convinced he'd be rescued, only to have them join the mocking and teasing. The betrayal stung. Whatever clout he'd had back in high school was long gone.

As time passed Hash grew weaker and weaker, barely responding to the jokes and pokes at his expense. He felt like he'd been trapped in Indi's belly forever, thoughts vaguely jumping to all the times he'd kept prey conscious in his stomach for a whole day on dares. He hoped Indi would get bored of him long before then.

Eventually the reunion started to die down, and Indi struggled to fend off the food coma Hash's presence had been tempting him with for hours. After many goodbyes and promises to keep in contact Indi headed towards the exit of the gym, kneading his belly and forcing a series of belches that slowly drained his stomach of air. The cat within wiggled about on instinct for a couple minutes, but by the time Indi waddled outside his belly was still, faint gurgling noises echoing outward. His ten year high school reunion had been everything he'd dreamed of...