

Aster's New Roommate

By: IndigoRho

As he stood outside the door to his new dorm room, Aster took a deep breath. The black cat was a freshman, and the prospect of finally starting college was exciting and nerve wracking all at once. There was just so many new experiences for him to be exposed to—classes, parties, dorm-life, frats. But before any of that, Aster would have to meet his roommate.

Though the school had given the two future roommates each other's email addresses to get in touch, all Aster had learned of the other student was his name: Titus. The lack of communication had been somewhat frustrating, but for all Aster knew Titus had simply gotten distracted while preparing for school; he certainly had himself.

Either way Titus had obviously arrived before him, as music echoed from the other side of the door. After another deep breath Aster steeled his nerves and entered the room.

Directly across from the door was one of the two beds, and atop that was a massive alligator. Titus' scales were a mix of mint green and jet black, which only seemed to highlight his bright toothy grin even more. His outfit followed the color scheme to an extent, with the addition of purple on his jacket and cap. Despite music playing from a speaker nearby, Titus also wore a pair of large headphones around his neck. Finishing the ensemble were a pair of black athletic pants and a shirt emblazoned with the slogan "Gator Die".

What stood out most to Aster, though, was Titus' round gut. The exposed, wobbling mass wasn't at all contained by his shirt, which must have been two or three sizes too small. The hefty gator obviously had no qualms about his girth, presenting himself with a pride that made Aster jealous. He was chubby himself, and absolutely adored heft—both his own and others'. His gaze had locked onto Titus' belly the second he saw it, and he failed to realize how clear his ogling was.

Titus looked Aster up and down, his grin growing wider. "You must be Aster."

The gator slid off the bed, claws thumping heavily on the floor and belly bouncing. Aster didn't move an inch as Titus approached, trying desperately to hide his blushing. He only looked larger up close.

"Um...yeah!" Aster managed. "It's great to finally meet you."

"Likewise. I'm overdue for a good lunch, but it takes a lot to fill me up." Titus chuckled and gave his gut a solid pat, spotting the moment Aster bit his lip. "Luckily I've got an idea of how to solve that."

Only then did Aster hear the low rumbles of the gator's stomach. "Oh, you've been able to try the dining hall across the street already? I was wondering if it'd be good."

"Nope, I was planning to eat in instead. Cat's one of my favorite foods, and plump cat is even better." Titus licked his lips slowly as he rested his claws on Aster's shoulders.

Aster's face flushed red and he gulped. Secretly he'd hoped his roommate would be into vore, and Aster himself enjoyed indulging in the occasional lively meal. He immediately wondered if Titus' weight was entirely from eating people, if the gator was only going to balloon in size as the school year went on. Coming back from classes to see Titus lounging on the bed with a bulging, shifting gut would practically be a dream come true.

"W-well I've been told I'm tasty a couple times," the cat laughed nervously. He wasn't sure he wanted his first interaction with the new roommate to be diving down his gullet. "Though shouldn't we...uh, get to know each other a little bit first?"

"Trust me, you can learn a lot from someone's stomach," Titus said. "And I'd like to figure out just how big my gut can get when you're added to it. Just for future reference."

Had Aster been capable of blushing any more he'd have been red as a cherry. He offered no more excuses, and when Titus finally opened his maw wide he looked upon it with pure anticipation. Everything slowly went dark, warm breath flowing over Aster's face as he found his chin resting on a

bright green tongue. Aster didn't resist, even when he was pulled into Titus' throat, gator jaws stretching over his shoulders with ease. He felt Titus sneak a squeeze of his middle as he gripped his sides. Another strong gulp took him up to his chest, and slowly he was lifted off the floor.

Usually when Aster was being eaten he was putting up a fight, trying to wiggle his way out of a gluttonous stranger or friend who'd decided he was on the menu whether he liked it or not. This time, though, Aster simply relaxed and enjoyed the ride. Titus wasn't rough in any way, taking long swallows that made the journey into the stomach smooth. The gator's already sizeable gut began to swell outward further as Aster emptied into it, softly swaying from side to side in the process.

Though Aster couldn't see what was happening his imagination ran wild with visions of how big Titus was getting. The faint lumps that would appear as he pressed against the stomach walls with his paws, the stretching of scales, the gradual sense of fullness Titus would experience. He wanted to hear a loud, content sigh when Titus' jaws finally closed shut, the sound of a satisfactory meal completed. But most of all, Aster wanted to see what Titus would look like later on, with a couple dozen pounds of cat fat added to his waistline. Maybe he'd even have a chance to rub that pudgier belly.

Little-by-little Aster vanished into Titus' maw, the gator's gut growing bigger and bigger. At the earliest opportunity Titus shifted his claws to his bulging middle, rubbing and kneading its mass. There was a look of joy in his eyes and an occasional muffled moan, the gator clearly enjoying his meal. After the last gulp sealed away Aster he belched—belly bouncing—then let out the delighted sigh his roommate had hoped for.

“Oof, that really hit the spot!” Titus said, cradling his massive middle. “You're *way* better than anything at the dining hall, Aster. It's gonna be hard resisting having you for lunch every day~”

Deep within, Aster grinned unseen. “You'd be immobile within a month! And I'm only gonna get more fattening as the year goes on.”

“Wouldn't be the first time I'd eaten myself to immobility,” Titus snickered in response. “I could always just get a classmate to bring me notes for the lectures I miss. It'd be a bummer if I couldn't skate, though.”

Aster finished settling in, finding the most comfortable spot possible considering the circumstances. “We could always just get you a skating game as a distraction. Hopefully you can play while I'm using you as a blubbery couch.”

The faintest blush appeared on Titus' face. “I'm beginning to get the feeling you'll be dangerously fattening to be around, Aster.”

Titus waddled back to the bed and hefted himself atop it. The whole thing groaned loudly under his bulk, music to the gator's ears. He fully expected to break it by first semester's end, and if Aster was as gluttonous as he implied he might not be alone in that. Another small belch escaped Titus' lips. The two new roommates casually began to chat away as Titus fended off an impending food coma, a strong—and fattening—friendship swiftly forming...