

Filling Study Session

By: IndigoRho

“Dude, why do I have to carry the keg all by myself, it's almost as big as I am!” A plump mouse whined. He let the keg down for a moment to catch his breath, his soft gut resting atop it.

“I won the coin flip fair and square,” the purple mouse leisurely strolling ahead him said as he turned around.

Ankou was slim, with long black dreadlocks bound into a ponytail. He was adorned in jewelry and fashionable clothes, including new sneakers and a brand of jeans Jason had never heard of. All in all he was far more stylish than his heftier companion. The two practically didn't know each other at all—only shared a class—but when Ankou spontaneously offered to introduce Jason to a skilled tutor the mouse had jumped at the chance. His grades needed all the help they could get.

“Yeah, yeah,” Jason relented. “Not sure why we need a keg for a study session, though.”

“It's Lane's payment, silly!” Ankou said, referring to the tutor. “A little booze and a snack helps him work.”

Jason picked the keg back up again. “I guess that makes sense. Where's the snack, though?”

“Oh it'll get there when we do.” Ankou grinned wide.

A few short minutes and a flight of stairs later they arrived at Lane's apartment, with Jason exhausted. The doorbell was rung, and Jason swore he could hear the door rattling slightly as heavy footsteps approached. When it did open, a massive owl was there to greet them.

Lane couldn't have been an ounce under three hundred and fifty pounds, his doughy gut barely contained by a purple hoodie sporting the initials of Columbia State University. His feathers were a mix of white and tan, and a pair of glasses sat atop his beak. A trio of pins were attached to his strained belt and partially covered by his overhang, but Jason recognized them as being video game related. The owl appeared to be a strange mix between frat boy and nerd.

“Awesome, I was just starting to get hungry!” Lane laughed, his whole gut shaking. His gaze shifted to Jason, lingering on him for quite a while before he beckoned the two mice inside.

“Wouldn't want you starving,” Ankou teased as he entered, giving Lane's belly a poke.

Jason gave a strained introduction, on the verge of being overwhelmed by the keg. He was grateful to finally set it down in the living room, panting and bracing himself on it.

“Ankou you really outdid yourself this time!” Lane waddled over to the keg, though his attention seemed to be more on Jason than the booze. “Perfect size, bound to be filling, and looks softer than the last one, too.”

Softer? Jason was suddenly very confused, and being sore and tired weren't helping him any.

“Let me just scarf the doughball down real quick and we can start.”

Lane grabbed Jason by the arm, then squeezed the mouse's belly with a wing, licking his lips. “You aren't gonna do my diet any favors, but I'm not about to say no to a good meal!”

Jason gasped in horror and tried to pull away, but the combination of the owl's strength and his own exhaustion made the effort futile. His arms were quickly pinned to his sides, Lane opening his beak wide in anticipation.

“Ankou, h-help me!” Jason shouted in a panic.

Ankou smiled and shrugged his shoulders. “But you're gonna look so good hanging from Lane's waistline!”

The conversation was ended as Lane swallowed Jason's head in a single gulp. Jason squirmed frantically, hot breath pelting his face in the darkness before a strong swallow pulled him into the throat. He could feel Lane tasting him. Seconds later his paws lifted off the floor, flailing. His struggles didn't seem to be slowing his descent at all, and Lane obviously had no trouble consuming prey of his size. Jason wondered how many other students had been turned into pudge before him.

As Lane's beak stretched over Jason's soft belly the owl moaned in delight. His own middle was

starting to swell out some as Jason emptied into it, bouncing wildly from the mouse's protests. He could vaguely hear some muffled shouts, but not well enough to tell if they were threats or pleas. He assumed the latter.

With most of Jason now either dangling in the air or within Lane, Ankou snuck up to get a better view of the action. He nudged Lane's hoodie up a bit to fully expose his bulging belly, the mouse eagerly groping and kneading it. The feeling of Jason squirming beneath the feathers and fat was wonderful. He pressed his face into the mass to nuzzle it, letting out a quiet squeak.

Feeding Lane was the best part of the study sessions as far as Ankou was concerned, along with watching the owl get fatter and fatter over time. Fortunately campus had plenty of high-calorie meals for the mouse to lure over.

Lane grinned around Jason's bubble butt as he felt Ankou doting on his gut. He slowly waddled forwards until Ankou's back was against the couch, then started swallowing faster. His belly swelled right into the mouse's face, prompting Ankou to blush and let out a flustered "weh". Lane knew the mouse enjoyed the experience, though, and so did he.

Gulp after gulp sent the rest of Jason down Lane's gullet, until he was just a pair of wiggling footpaws. At that point Lane stepped away from Ankou, who happily pushed the last of Jason in himself. Lane's belly bounced as Jason emptied into it fully, the owl belching loudly in triumph.

"Can't believe you keep—*braaaaaap*—finding more fat mice for me to eat," Lane said as he lazily rubbed his gut. "Would've thought they'd be rare with how often you want to 'study' with me~"

"Education's important!" Ankou insisted as he returned to adoring Lane's bulging belly. "And you can't tutor well on an empty stomach."

"Sure~"

Lane waddled to the keg and lifted it in one wing with ease, then brought it over in front of the TV. Ankou had scurried ahead, turning on a game system and grabbing a controller before laying down on the floor.

"Should we game a bit while we wait for your dinner to settle in?" Ankou asked, already knowing the answer. A routine had formed long ago.

"Hah, you just want to sneak in a few wins while I'm tipsy!" Lane said.

Ankou looked up in feigned shock. "What? Of *course* not! I just think it eases digestion."

"I hear a comfy cushion works just as well."

Lane grinned and lowered his shifting gut onto Ankou's back, gently pinning the mouse down. Ankou wiggled a little as he felt the lumpy belly spread over him, blushing profusely.

"H-hey, I'm not a seat!" Ankou claimed with little conviction.

"I'll be the judge of that~" Lane snickered, grabbing the hose from the keg and placing it in his beak.

Soon the chilled beer was pouring down Lane's throat and into his stomach, dousing the meal within. Jason's struggles increased somewhat, but being pinned between Lane and Ankou didn't give him much room to work with. He punched and shoved at the fleshy walls of his cramped prison, barely keeping his head above the rising pool of booze.

Meanwhile, Lane and Ankou had started to game. Ankou proved to be thoroughly distracted by the belly covering him, a fact Lane made sure to bring up frequently. He managed to pull out a few wins, but he was clearly at a disadvantage. The flow of beer eventually became an equalizer, until the pair were both playing poorly. Not that either seemed to mind.

As an hour passed Jason's squirms gradually ceased, and Lane's stomach began to gurgle loudly. The rumbling *glrrrrrrks* and *glorrrrrrrps* only managed to fluster Ankou further, until the mouse simply stopped paying attention to the game entirely. Pleasantly buzzed, Lane smiled at his victory. Becoming a tutor had certainly proved a filling venture...