

The Grad Gut

By: IndigoRho

Greg was panting as he sprinted into the elevator of the English Department building, his tail just barely making it in as the doors creaked closed behind him. The lean snow leopard was only a freshman, but he already hated that elevator in particular. It was small, always slow, made every uncomfortable noise, and he swore the doors wouldn't actually stop if something was blocking them. He'd heard some upperclassmen English majors jokingly refer to it as "Old Creaky", and their lack of contempt for it was beginning to seem like Stockholm syndrome to Greg. At least *he* would never have any fond memories of it.

He'd just caught his breath and composed himself as the elevator came to a grinding halt far earlier than Greg expected. Hopefully whoever was about to get on was heading to the same floor he was just so he didn't have waste any more time.

The doors opened, and the first thing Greg noticed were flowers. Or, more specifically, flower print. More and more print was revealed as the doors opened wider, and then Greg spotted a row of buttons and tufts of black fur. Only then did he realize he was staring right at a button-up shirt, one clinging to the roundest belly Greg had ever seen.

Just outside the elevator was an absolutely massive feline with lavender hair and a friendly smile on his face. Greg had seen him before--he was fairly impossible to miss after all. He was Aster, a grad student who TA'd one of Greg's low-level English courses. Most grad students on campus were huge, fattened up by years of eating at the dining halls. Aster had to be one of the largest, though.

The blubbery grad student waddled into the elevator, the soft sides of his gut pressing up against the sides as he steadily made his way in. The elevator groaned beneath his girth, more so than usual. Greg found himself having to back into a far corner as Aster's gut filled the already-cramped elevator, a doughy tidal wave threatening to spill right over the snow leopard. Inevitably he felt pudge pressing into him, preventing Greg from moving much at all.

"Sorry about that, Old Creaky tends to become single occupancy after I've had lunch!" Aster laughed, and Greg felt the grad student's belly wobbling against him.

Greg couldn't help but blush, flustered by being right up against such an immense middle. Despite being thin himself, the snow leopard had always been fond of fat, and the sight of so many hefty students at college had been delightful. He hoped Aster wouldn't notice his obvious infatuation.

"N-No problem! I've got just enough room," Greg said, chuckling nervously.

The elevator began its sluggish ascent, running at a crawl.

"Ha, that's just cause you're still a freshman! This time next year there won't be many elevators on campus we can ride together--unless you don't mind being buried under a belly for a few minutes." Aster winked.

Greg's face grew even redder. "What do you mean?"

"Well no one escapes the freshman fifteen--though here it's more of a freshman fifty to one hundred depending on which dining hall your dorm's next to," Aster said. "We've been declared the fattest campus in the country for a full ten years running now!"

"Oh, I didn't know," Greg lied. It was one of the main reasons he'd chosen to go there.

Aster only had to glance at the sheer amount of the blushing the snow leopard was doing to suspect otherwise. "Well it's a fun factoid. Though which dorm *are* you in, if you don't mind me asking?"

"Henderson." Greg was having trouble keeping focused, aware of every slight jiggle of Aster's belly. He couldn't help but imagine the grad student leaning up against him, until he was buried completely.

The feline's abrupt laugh startled Greg. "Henderson? That's the same dorm I was in freshman year! If that's the case then you're looking at the freshman hundred for sure. I swear I put on at least a

pound every meal at the dining hall there, and that was before they expanded the buffet.”

“I mean, my metabolism’s pretty fast and I don’t eat much to begin with.”

“Yeah, that’s what all the cheetahs on my floor said,” Aster reminisced, clearly with fondness. “It was fun watching each and every one of their waistlines just balloon up during the year, til they were as big as hippos. Course it’s fun carrying around extra heft, I’m sure you won’t even want to lose yours by year’s end!”

Greg didn’t experience concern over Aster’s prophecy as expected, but rather...anticipation? He’d never considered gaining weight himself, but now he found the prospect intriguing. He could be the one waddling around campus, belly bouncing as he grabbed second lunch in between classes. What if one day *he* was the one filling Old Creaky?

“M-Maybe,” was all Greg could manage, blushing up a storm.

“Just remember, the gains don’t stop after freshman year. They’ll just snowball through sophomore, junior, and senior years--and don’t get me started on grad studies!” Aster laughed harder then, as if to shake his belly even more than usual while the underclassman blushed before him.

The elevator finally reached its destination, the doors opening. Aster took a deep breath, his belly swelling up against Greg, and then slowly started to waddle backwards and out. Greg wasn’t even trying to hide his staring then.

“Well it’s been nice chattin with ya but I’ve got some work to get to and dinners to plan,” Aster said, patting his gut. “Good luck with your gains~”

“T-Thanks.”

The elevator doors closed, Greg getting one last view of Aster’s swaying rear as the grad student waddled away. He’d forgotten why he’d even come to the English building in the first place, and all he could think about was one thing: eating. The snow leopard had some catching up to do...