

Vore Day Boasts

By: Indigo Rho

Roman sizzled under the warm rays of the summer sun. The weather report had claimed the day would be partly cloudy, but none of those promised clouds had floated within a mile of frat row at Columbia State University. The green rattlesnake knew it could be worse. Temps had passed a hundred for days a couple of weeks back. He just wished Eta Alpha's porch offered better shade.

"C'mon, pocket, I know you're there," Roman hissed. He bent his arm at a painful angle, trying to dig out his keys. The gargantuan, sloshing gut he'd been so proud of refused to cooperate, spilling over his pocket if he didn't position himself just right. The fact his shorts now clung skin-tight to him didn't help. A few seams had already torn. The rattlesnake hadn't expected lunch to go right to his thighs.

He finally reached his pocket, only to confirm his worst fear: he couldn't wedge his fingers in.

"Well, fuck me," Roman mumbled. He'd have to try the doorbell and hope someone in the frat bothered answering.

The sound of footsteps and jingling made Roman look over his shoulder.

A lean coyote with a boulder of a belly waddled up the path. He swung a pair of keys around his finger, smirking. Roman heard the thick sloshes and rumbling gurgles of a churning meal coming from the coyote's bloated middle as he got closer.

"Color me surprised, Roman, you actually survived Vore Day!" the coyote let loose a belly-shaking chuckle. "I was damn sure this was the year you'd get ate."

Roman rolled his eyes. "Looks like someone tried to turn you into yote stew, Jackson. Shame they screwed up."

"Naw, I was the one doing the hunting, like always." Jackson patted his gut, resulting in a faint *glrrk*. "If I'd known you were gonna stuff yourself silly, I'd have saved some space for ya." He licked his fangs.

Roman snorted, treating the threat like the joke it was. The pair were frat brothers and only sort of got along. Both were entering their junior year at CSU, and had pledged together for Eta Alpha. Like a lot of cocky, would-be preds, they'd treated their fellow freshmen more like potential snacks than potential friends. They'd attempted to eat each other more than once while pledging, in a moronic attempt to prove their hunting prowess to the upperclassmen who were as likely to eat them as praise them.

Thinking about it embarrassed Roman; he was grateful they'd both moved on and mellowed out. But rooting for each other's demise was tradition

Jackson learned from Roman's mistake and gently lowered himself beside him. The couch creaked loudly beneath the engorged frat boys.

"Bro, stop hogging the couch." Roman pushed Jackson's belly. His claw sunk in.

"You're taking up way more of it than I am, dude!" Jackson pushed him right back.

Roman tried to wiggle away from Jackson so their bellies weren't touching but discovered he couldn't budge. His gut had him pinned to the couch. At least Jackson didn't seem to be in any better position.

"I forgot how immobilizing good meals are," Roman said. Being too stuffed to move flustered him. It took a real prod to glut that much.

"A meal ain't worth it if it doesn't leave you beached afterward," Jackson said.

Roman saw an opening and leaped for it. "Damn, then you must eat like shit with how often I see you strutting around with a barely bulging gut at parties."

"What, are you stalking me now?"

"I've heard coyotes taste good. Course, you might be the exception to the rule."

Jackson dug an elbow into his belly, forcing another belch out.

"I'm not hearing any disagreement." Roman reached for the side table in search of the remote but found it empty. His eyes darted about, eventually finding the remote over on the entertainment center. With him too full to stand, it might as well have been on the moon. "Fuck, we didn't grab the remote."

"Well, get up and get it!"

"I'd love to, but my gut says I'm stuck here for the time being. And I've got a feeling yours is saying the same thing." Roman thumped his rattle on the floor, daring Jackson to say otherwise.

"So much for the game."

"You guys need help?"

Roman and Jackson turned in unison toward the newcomer. A portly orca strolled by the couch, wearing a red and black plaid button-up that struggled to contain his globe of a gut. Eta Alpha had two orcas, both fairly chill with near-bottomless appetites. Fischer was the one who'd joined them.

"Yeah, could you turn the TV on for us?" Roman asked.

"Sure. What channel?"

"Football. Whatever's on," Roman said. It really was his lucky day.

Fischer quickly found a game just going into half-time and settled into the recliner beside the couch. The orca looked the pair up and down and grinned. "Been a productive Vore Day for y'all?"

Roman nodded. "I always make sure to eat well on Vore Day." All two of them he'd had a chance to indulge in.

"So, who was on the menu this year?"

"Roman had been waiting for someone to ask since the moment he'd returned to the house. "Oh, you know, just Heath." He tapped his swollen middle.

Fischer whistled. "Damn, your boyfriend? Haven't you two been a thing for about a year?"

"More like half a year." It'd taken them weeks to figure out if they were actually dating or just sleeping together a lot. "Things had sort of cooled down lately, and we both accepted that. Just wasn't meant to be, I guess. Anyway, we were having one last hurrah last night and thought it'd be fun not to be off-limits to each other on Vore Day. Obviously, we both thought we'd come out on top, but when two preds set their sights on each other, only one can waddle away sated." He traced a circle on his gut.

Jackson raised a brow. "How the hell did you manage to take down a donkey Heath's size? Dude's a fat fuck." The coyote leaned over and jabbed Roman's belly. "I always assumed he'd scarf you down eventually."

"I sort of thought the same thing, honestly," Roman admitted. He'd been into predation long enough to know when someone had a hungry look in their eye, and Heath had often ogled him like dessert. Dangerous, yet he'd struggled to resist the doughy donkey's charm. "Heath was a lot bigger than me and could chug a prey in a minute. But our predation experience was about the same. He was only fatter than me because I target leaner prey. And I knew just how to distract him."

"I got up first this morning and made breakfast for Heath. While I was doing that, I realized he'd eat everything I put in front of him because the big guy couldn't help himself. I've had to help him out of his chair at the dining hall when he gluts. And he's prone to falling into food comas. Stuffed and sluggish is a bad way to be around someone ravenous." In retrospect, he'd had plenty of opportunities to eat his churning ex-boyfriend. The donkey had survived on luck alone—for a while, at least. "So I got to working on a huge feast. Practically cleared out his fridge and cupboards."

"And he wasn't suspicious?" Jackson asked skeptically. He'd never considered Heath a fool.

"Not of the plain old plate of pancakes I handed him while he watched TV. Or the eggs I added a minute later. Or the toast after that. Or the sausages and spam. The trick was giving it to him piecemeal so he didn't notice how much he ate. And boy, did that fucker eat!" Roman laughed, shaking his belly and the sloshy remains of Heath. "That big gut of his was as firm as a

basketball by the time he finished everything off. He yawned a lot and mumbled about taking a quick nap. That's when I knew I had him."

Fischer and Jackson waited with bated breath. Hunting stories always drew preds in.

"I made out with him first. Wanted to get in a few last kisses and gropes before I sent him on his way. Last kiss was the deepest; went right over his muzzle and his shocked eyes."

"Sounds like you're lucky he didn't shove ya away," Jackson said. Getting overpowered in such a wimpy way felt absurd to the coyote.

"Oh, he tried, but his full belly pinned him in place." Roman remembered the hooves pushing blindly at him. The desperate smacks that spurred him on. "Still, he took forever to gulp down. All that wiggling and thrashing. Only delayed the inevitable, though. I sprawled on the couch afterward with my gut towering above me. His squirms were incredible," the rattlesnake sighed. "God, though, he was a fucking baby in the end. Whole lot of bitching and moaning about wanting to be freed."

"Damn, I thought he'd take being prey with more grace," Fischer said. "He shit talked whiny prey a lot."

Roman shrugged. "Dude never thought he'd be a meal. Being fat made him cocky. Now he's gonna *be* fat. Well, once he finishes churning." He prodded his gut. "He's gotta be the most satisfying meal I've ever had. I need to eat more tubby guys."

"The tubby ones *are* delicious," Fischer patted his belly.

"Not exactly a surprise coming from you," Roman snorted.

"Yeah," Jackson chimed in. "I barely ever see you scarf down anyone who isn't tipping the scales. Then we all have to worry about the rubbery wrecking ball waddling around the house."

The large orca blushed and scratched his head. "Not my fault my favorite meals aren't all skin and bones."

"I don't know, bro, you're the one choosing to eat the chunky ones," Roman said.

"Whatever." Fischer quickly changed the subject. "Who'd you eat, Jackson?"

The coyote perked up as the attention shifted to him. "No one special, really. Just a couple customers at the end of work."

"Long day?" Fischer asked.

"Nope. Work was actually pretty quiet. Mostly preds waddling into the minimart to snag a drink after eating someone. Nothing worse than a dry throat after a meal. I didn't plan on hunting this morning, either," Jackson

said. He preferred waiting to see who plumped up after Vore Day. Fresh weight made people clumsy.

“And that somehow turned into a two-course meal?” Roman stared at the massive curve of Jackson’s belly.

“Hunt of opportunity. You know how it is. So I was waiting for my shift to end when this cute cat in a tank top strolled in. Lean, shiny coat of fur, and a hot ass. Went right to the coolers for a sports drink. He was in my line of sight and taking his fine time choosing a drink, so I had plenty of time to admire the view. Then my stomach starts rumbling.” Jackson licked his lips.

Roman laughed, rattling his tail. “You and your fucking felines, bro.”

“What?”

“Don’t play dumb. You’re always stalking cats at parties. And if you aren’t trying to get into their pants, you’re trying to cram them down your throat.”

“No clue what you’re talking about,” Jackson insisted with a huff.

“He’s right.” Fischer blacked Roman up. “I’ve seen you pop a boner just looking at a cat with a half-decent ass.”

“Oh fuck off, both of you!” Jackson growled. “Back to my damn story. By the time the cat reached the counter, I’d decided to eat him, so I nudged the card reader closer to me than usual when he wasn’t looking. I grabbed him by the collar the second he leaned in to use it and dragged him over the counter and into my maw.”

Roman nodded in approval. “Funny as hell seeing that happen. Chick in front of me at Crater Coffee last week got scarfed by the barista after making a fuss about two stupidly complex drinks.”

“Customers forget the counter’s not some impenetrable wall between us and them. Catches them off-guard every damn time.” Jackson let out a sloppy belch. “Dude might have had a chance if he’d braced himself against the counter, but he flopped around like a fish instead. Desperate meals are the fucking best, bro.”

“Course, he kicked and whined when I got him down.” Jackson growled in delight. “I was so distracted by how good his squirms felt that I almost missed the fox who wandered in a few minutes later. I watched him peek around the aisles and call a name out. Then he dropped by the counter and asked if I’d seen a cat,” he smirked.

“Did he not see your bulging gut?” Fischer asked.

Jackson shook his head. “The candy bar stand hid my belly. Since we only have the one entrance, I couldn’t claim the cat had left, and I didn’t know if the fox were the sort to seek vengeance or run for his fucking life if he found

out I'd turned his buddy into a snack. That's when I decided to give myself a Vore Day treat and reunite him with his friend."

"I came up with a quick lie and said the cat had bolted into the bathroom. That dumb fox fell for it. After he thanked me and headed to the bathroom, I snuck up behind him. Just like hunting oblivious freshmen," Jackson snickered. "When the fox reached for the door handle, I lunged, pinning him to the door with my wiggling belly. I put my whole weight against him and told him he'd fucked up. Said I hoped he was as delicious as his friend."

"Smart use of your gut," Fischer said.

Jackson jostled his belly. "Use it if you've got it. I was a fat kid when I started college, and I miss throwing that weight around."

"I can't imagine life without this." Fischer lovingly rubbed his round middle.

"I reckon the fridge wouldn't get cleared out nearly as often," Roman teased Fischer and was rewarded with the sight of the orca blushing again.

"As if he's the only one with a bottomless appetite in the frat," Jackson said. "Anyway, it didn't take long for my belly to balloon with my second prey of the day. Not gonna lie, I could barely stand with how hard they were thrashing about in my stomach. I lugged myself through the break room door and crashed on the couch. I kept them stewing until my stomach filled with digestive juices—couldn't resist." Jackson flashed his fangs. "Hung out until I reduced them to a more manageable goop. Spent a solid ten minutes inching myself off the couch and to my feet. By the time I waddled out of work, the coworker who'd taken over for me had a bulging belly of his own. Guess I inspired him."

Fischer sighed. "Damn, y'all, your stories got me jealous. I wasn't really thinking about nabbing anyone today, but now I'm hungry."

"Still plenty of time to head out and snag someone," Roman said. He tried shifting in his seat, but his enormous middle continued weighing him down. "I bet you could do a loop of frat row and shovel everyone you come across into your maw. Might be hard getting through the front doors, but it'd be worth it."

Fischer slumped in his recliner. "Maybe. But it's so damn hot out, and everyone smaller than me keeps their distance. Could be a whole lotta effort for nothing." He gripped the arms of the recliner and lugged himself up, causing his belly to bounce and peek out from under his shirt. He trudged over to the couch and stopped in front of Roman and Jackson. "Sorry dudes, but I'm gonna have to eat one of you instead."

The engorged pair both let out short, nervous laughs. There wasn't enough snark in the orca's voice, though.

Roman's heart raced as his fight-or-flight instincts kicked in. Fischer had him beat on strength, girth, and—at least at the moment—mobility. He was screwed if he was telling the truth.

Jackson didn't look any more confident in his odds. "Wait, bro, you can't eat us when we're stuffed like this! And we're frat brothers!"

"Yeah! There's plenty of other prey out there to eat!"

Fischer rubbed the back of his neck. He barely made eye contact with the pair. "I know it's kinda shitty, but staring at you two all this time has given me a mighty craving for stuffed prey. You're just so damn mouth-watering like this," he gulped. "No way am I gonna run into someone outside in the middle of digesting a meal. And there ain't any rule against eating frat brothers, y'all know that."

Roman pushed hard against the couch in a desperate attempt to slide off and escape, and Jackson followed suit. Neither found success, merely wobbling and sloshing in place. The meals they'd so eagerly boasted about had turned them into ideal prey.

Roman cursed himself for gorging and letting his guard down. It wasn't like he hadn't seen stuffed preds get overpowered plenty on campus. Smug grins transformed into panicked gasps as a bolder pred with better mobility made their move. Yet he'd gotten complacent. And cocky. He should've used the damn elevator and passed out in his room.

"Y'all being stuck is the other reason you're on the menu. Can't say no to convenience and all that." Fischer laughed sheepishly. "And come on, you can't blame me for thinking you look delicious! I adore a soft, round belly on a prey." He slapped the side of Roman's gut, smacking it right into Jackson's. The two engorged frat boys sloshed and belched.

"Wait, you can't do this!" Jackson blurted. "Think about how often I've covered your chores when you needed to cram for tests!" He'd only done it to earn a favor in the future, maybe dissuade the orca from eying him up at parties, and he rushed to call it in.

"I *do* appreciate that. Some of my professors seem to think I'd make a mighty fine meal, so I gotta keep my grades up."

Roman couldn't let Jackson smooth talk his way to safety at his expense. "What about all the essays I've helped you with?!"

"I'd have had to take summer courses if not for that," Fischer admitted. The hungry orca bit his lip as he looked between his two options.

"Remember when my uncle helped set your dad up with that used trailer? It was a damn steal!" Jackson said.

“Don’t forget we’ve fucked!”

Jackson looked stunned by the revelation, while Fischer's face flushed red. “What? When?”

Fischer answered. “His freshman year. We were drunk, and it was only the once, but it was nice.”

Roman wished they’d fooled around more. Maybe Fischer wouldn’t consider him so edible, then.

“Damn, y’all, this is hard. I gotta fill my belly up, no question. You’ve both been good to me, and I’ve got nothing against ya, but I can’t quite shake away thinking of either of you as food. Once that mentality kicks in, I’ve gotta eat. That’s just how it is,” Fischer said.

Roman and Jackson generally understood where the bigger frat boy was coming from, but neither was about to accept their doom.

“Alright, alright. I’ve gotta idea about how to make this fair.” Fischer pointed at Roman. “Eeny, meeny, miny, moe.”

Roman’s jaw dropped as he watched Fischer recite the long, childish rhyme. Pure luck stood between him and becoming layers of orca blubber. He held his breath and didn’t blink, afraid a thick finger would be pointing at him when his eyes opened.

He wasn’t ready for the end. It didn’t matter how often the possibility of being eaten had come up in his life. PSAs and stories didn’t prepare a person for the reality of digestion. He was a hunter. He was supposed to breeze through college with a comfortable collection of successful hunts under his belt and the paunch to prove it. Losing everything to bad luck wasn’t fair.

“Eeny, meeny, miny, moe.” Fischer offered a sympathetic smile. His finger pointed at Jackson. “Sorry, dude. I’ll be nice and won’t draw it out, though. Just a minute or two of squirms, alright?”

Jackson grunted and wobbled, calling upon every ounce of strength he could muster to escape his fate. He merely tired himself out.

Fischer knelt before the frantic coyote, the regret on his face turning to ravenous anticipation. Gaining a taste for predation changed a person’s appetite and—naturally—how they viewed others. New desires manifested—the need for a swelling belly, to feel the struggles of a prey about to churn, to have a grand weight hanging from one’s waistline, to feel fuller than any mundane meal could ever make them. The need to sate any or all of those desires drove preds like Fischer to brush aside bonds for the sake of a meal.

Fischer grabbed Jackson by the ankles and guided his feet into his wide maw. Deep gulps pulled Jackson into his gullet with sickening speed, as if he were going down a slick slide.

“No! No no no!” Jackson howled. He was already knee-deep in Fischer’s mouth. Greedy hands gripped his thighs, ready to drag him further into oblivion. He felt Fischer’s throat squeezing his legs, then imagined it squeezing his belly and chest and finally face. Darkness, heat, and digestion awaited him in the pit of the orca’s stomach if he failed to get away.

There had to be something he could do. It couldn’t end like this! “Roman, help me! Please!” he begged the rattlesnake next to him.

Roman looked Jackson in the eyes and shrugged. “Bro, I’m immobile. How the hell am I supposed to help? You might as well just let it happen and not stress yourself out in your final moments.” He knew full and well he’d be just as desperate if their roles had been reversed.

“Fuck that!” Fischer’s jaws reached the bottom curve of Jackson’s massive gut, and his descent slowed. “Maybe I’m too big for him to swallow!”

“No one’s too big to eat, dude, that’s fact.” Only inexperience and interference got between a pred and a meal, even the enormous ones. “We’ve both seen Fischer scarf down people way bigger than you. You’re fucked.”

Sure enough, Fischer’s maw steadily inched over the mass of Jackson’s belly, showing no signs of stopping. He moaned around the squishy middle filling his mouth. He felt less and less bad about eating Jackson by the second. The softness of a sloshing belly packed with digesting prey was unbelievable. Surely luck had been on his side to grant him such an incredible meal on Vore Day.

Jackson nearly fainted when he spotted Fischer rising past the peak of his round gut. His girth and Roman having failed him, he wildly swatted at Fischer’s face to drive him back. Pain was one of the few ways to fend off a pred. He only managed a few stiff smacks before Fischer snatched his paws and guided them into his maw. All hope left the coyote.

Down below, Fischer’s belly bounced against the base of the couch. He tensed his muscles and slowly stood, lifting the remainder of Jackson off the couch. Jackson twisted violently as he rose, sensing the end was near. Gravity tugged on him as much as the orca’s swallows, pulling him in. “Nooooooooo!” he cried as he glided into the darkness and out of sight.

The buttons on Fischer’s shirt creaked furiously, strained to their absolute limits. Jackson’s rapid descent blew them off, one by one. His shirt flew open as his belly ballooned out and landed with a heavy thud on the couch, right where Jackson had sat moments before. The giant, rubbery ball jerked about, bulging out from Jackson’s squirms. And Roman had a front-row seat.

“Let me out! Let me out!” Thick layers of blubber weren’t enough to silence the trapped coyote. Roman even heard the muffled thumps of Jackson’s

fists slamming against the walls of his prison. Pure chance was the only reason he remained safe while his frat brother stewed.

“Oh, that really did hit the spot,” Fischer moaned. He patted his rowdy gut, rubbing a hand over the shifting bulges. “Sorry again, dude, but I needed this. I’ll make sure your picture on the memorial wall is a decent one. Nothing silly or embarrassing. And tell ya what, I’ll also make sure everyone knows how stuffed you were when I got ya. The guys will understand you didn’t stand a chance like that. It’s a respectable way to go.”

The string of frenzied curses that erupted from the orca’s belly didn’t show much in the way of gratitude, but he didn’t take it personally. Getting eaten sucked.

Fischer slid his hands under his belly and hefted it up. He returned to the recliner, taking methodical steps to avoid toppling over. A chorus of creaks rang out as he settled in. His gut spread over his lap, nearly blocking Roman’s view of his face. “God, predation rules. And so does—*urrrrp*—Vore Day.”

Roman’s raging heartbeat slowed. The terror that’d overcome him when Fischer had revealed his intentions to eat someone faded. The rattlesnake had come dangerously close to meeting his end, but all was good now. Unless another gluttonous frat brother waddled in looking to make a feast of him. He’d have to be more discreet about his current lack of mobility.

“Fischer, it’s absolutely wild how much you can casually pack away,” Roman said. “If I’d been the one trying to snack on Jackson, I’d still be fighting him down my throat.”

Fischer chuckled. “Honestly, being an orca helps. Big mouths.” He opened wide, showing off the abyss numerous college students had vanished down. “And growing up on a farm gave me a hearty appetite. Maybe a bit too hearty. Bulk runs in the family. I’ve got an uncle and a few cousins who are so fat they’re immobile. One of my older brothers is heading that way as well. Comes back for holidays heavier and heavier. He swears we’re all exaggerating about his gains, but that’s bullshit. That cushy office job back west is turning him into a whale.”

“You planning to follow in his footsteps?” Roman asked.

“No way!” Fischer scoffed. “I’m smart enough to exercise and shed a few pounds now and then. Besides, I won’t be able to hunt if I get too fat!” He smacked his gut with both hands, jostling Jackson. “But I’ll tell you what, this heft is totally worth it. You should think about bulking up for good. The frat could always use another heavyweight.”

Seeing the ease with which Fischer could turn an engorged pred into food had Roman seriously considering the benefits of growing fat. “How do I know you’re not just tricking me into fattening up?”

Fischer grimaced. "I ain't trying to do ya dirty, I promise. Sure, being fat makes ya more appetizing, but the pros outweigh the cons, so long as you don't slack off. Try plumping up this semester. I'll even give you weight training tips so you can keep up with the gains."

Roman looked upon his huge gut and imagined himself big and blubbery. He'd seen massive snakes strutting around at parties without an ounce of fear. Intimidating others with his belly alone could be fun. "Maybe I will. I'll see how I feel after digesting Heath." His ex would undoubtedly give him a head start on gaining weight.

Two lumps bulged out from opposite sides of Fischer's belly as Jackson fought inevitability. Roman's eyes followed the coyote's squirms. "Did you really choose who to eat at random?" he asked.

"Course I did," Fischer answered. "Playing favorites wouldn't be fair. I wasn't lying when I said I felt bad about eating either of ya. Guess I could've asked for a volunteer, but neither of you seemed the sort to offer yourselves up."

"Yeah, I sure as hell wouldn't have volunteered. I want to feel bad for Jackson, but better him than me. I got lucky."

"Half of life is luck. The other half is being hungrier than the other fella," Fischer smirked. A stick kick made him wince.

The two stuffed frat boys laughed.

"Hey, Fischer?" Roman asked.

"Yeah?"

"If anyone else drops by, would you mind not bringing up my immobility? I'd kind of like to survive Vore Day."

"Sure, sure," Fischer replied. "I didn't mean to take advantage of y'all's trust regarding that info earlier."

"No worries, that's on us for letting it slip. We, uh, got cocky." And Jackson would churn for it. A chill ran through Roman's spine. He'd gotten so damn lucky.

A loud, rumbling gurgle echoed from Roman's stomach as it processed Heath. "*Bworrrrrrp!*"

Fischer laughed, only to be interrupted by a thunderous belch of his own that tightened his stomach around Jackson.

"Happy Vore Day, Fischer."

"Happy Vore Day, dude," the satisfied orca said back.

Their friendly chatter and gurgling stomachs drowned out Jackson's weakening protests.