

A Voracious Hangout

By: Indi

The muffled clanking of metal-on-metal echoed through the space station corridor as Sesh passed through. The Scivoli didn't enjoy making so much noise just walking, but it was inevitable when one wore a protective metal shell just to maintain their shape. They were easy to mistake for an anthro snake robot at a distance, but a longer glance would reveal the glow of blue goo in between plates of dark purple metal. Hints of the sentient slime's natural body hidden within.

Scivoli like Sesh weren't uncommon, though they still tended to catch the attention of others easily. Sesh was used to it, and on that day all they cared about was the hangout they were heading to. Their new friend Indi was going to introduce them to a few of his other friends. They expected it'd be a fun night, perhaps the first of many future hangouts.

At that moment Sesh was mainly hoping there'd be food.

On accident Sesh had managed to miss lunch, and their stomach was loudly voicing its disapproval. Sesh was somewhat plump by Scivoli standards, which they blamed on their demanding appetite. They didn't mind the extra mass—if anything they actually enjoyed the feel—but it meant dealing with the hunger. All they had to do was hold out until they arrived at Indi's, then they could sate themselves with a snack or three.

Still thinking of food, Sesh entered a lift.

“What level?”

The voice startled Sesh out of their hunger-induced daydream. They looked over and saw a rather plump gray lion in a light-blue bodysuit beside them. “Oh, level eleven.”

“Same!” the lion said with a nod, his paw pulling away from the button panel on the wall.

Sesh, however, had found themselves staring at the lion's belly. Bodysuits always seemed to highlight a person's curves, and his was no exception. The Scivoli began imagining how it'd feel to have that belly sliding down their gullet and filling their stomach, the lion no doubt pressing against the gooey sides in all directions. Sesh—like all Scivoli—didn't have a very strong sense of taste. Instead they favored the texture of food—or simply how it felt once it was inside them. It was no surprise some of them found live meals then to be the most delicious.

Arriving at Indi's with a full belly felt rude, but in the end Sesh couldn't ignore their hunger pains. They hoped the lion wouldn't mind too much.

A quick flick of their serpentine tail was enough to trip the lion, who stumbled right against the hard plates covering Sesh's belly. Before they could apologize for the perceived accident they saw Sesh's metal maw opening wide, revealing more blue goo. Claws gripped their arms as they made to push away, and he was lifted up with ease toward the eagerly awaiting mouth.

“W-W-Wait a second, I've got plans—*mrrrrmph!*!”

A single gulp pulled the lion's head, shoulders, and chest into Sesh's throat. He squirmed as hard as he could as he felt himself surrounded by the cool goo. The plates of the neck on Sesh's shell split apart to make room for the bulge the lion was becoming. Another swallow pulled the lion in up to his belly, his head pushing into the cavity Sesh had formed to act as a stomach.

No effort was made to taste or tease the prey. Sesh did moan faintly as the lion's middle and rump stretched the jaws and neck of their shell, though. The persistent and futile wiggling of the lion made their meal all the better.

The plates covering Sesh's middle began to separate as the lion emptied into it, slowly opening like a flower would. His face was pressed against the transparent goo, creating a clear imprint. Once his paws were swallowed enough to be free he shoved and punched at the goo in vain. It was too elastic for him to do any harm to, stretching a fair distance before snapping back and regaining a round shape.

Soon the lion's tail was being slurped up, Sesh's belly bouncing nicely as their meal was sealed

away.

Happily sated, Sesh looked down at their gut, watching the lion continue to struggle. “Sorry for my hunger, it’s been really relentless lately. You were really filling, though!”

“Thanks,” the lion growled. “Now let me out!”

“I’d love to, but then I’d just be hungry again and that wouldn’t be fun,” Sesh said. The mouth of their shell wasn’t great at showing expression, but their teasing came through well enough in their tone. “Besides, I’ve been told Scivoli stomachs are some of the comfiest to sit in, and you’ll re-form eventually.”

“That doesn’t make it any better! I’m too busy to get turned into goo tonight!”

The lift finally arrived at the eleventh level. Sesh ignored the complaints of their dinner, and waddled out as soon as the door opened. Their bulging belly swayed from side-to-side, jiggling as the lion within squirmed. No one passed by without taking at least a momentary glance at the engorged Scivoli. Reactions varied from nervousness to amusement depending on whether the individual was voracious themselves or not.

None bothered helping the lion, no matter how much he seemed to be pleading. It was considered about as rude to interrupt a live meal as it was to indulge in one, and most Scivoli were strong enough to handle a second course if the need arose.

Sesh enjoyed the amount of attention their belly was getting, even if it was only because of what currently filled it. There was just something fun about exhibiting a meal and letting others see how well—or poorly—the prey was handling the situation.

After a delightful stroll Sesh arrived at Indi’s apartment and pressed the buzzer. Some time passed before the door slid open, and right away Sesh could guess why.

Before them stood a blue jay in an orange bodysuit with a belly bulging nearly as much as their own. Displayed on the front of the bodysuit were the words “Occupant:”, along with a smiling feline face below it.

There was a look of surprise on Indi’s face as he looked at Sesh’s middle, but it was swiftly replaced by a grin. “Welcome Sesh...and August.” Indi directed the second comment towards the lion. “Glad to see you both made it!”

“Indi stop laughing and get me out of here!” August demanded, wailing on the gooey walls of his prison.

“Oh...oh no, is this lion one of your friends?” Sesh asked sheepishly. Their goo briefly gained a purplish tint, a sure sign they were blushing. “I’ll get them out right away!”

“Eh, don’t trouble yourself. You ate him fair and square—if he didn’t want to end up as someone’s dinner he should’ve been more careful.”

“Works for me,” Sesh said with relief. “He *was* surprisingly easy to eat. Delicious, though—have you ever eaten him before?”

“A few times. August tastes even better after a good stuffing, by the way. Absolutely delectable if you can snag him while he’s four or five hundred pounds.”

August’s joy at the prospect of being released was frustratingly short-lived, and listening to Indi and Sesh compare notes on the proper way to eat him made things worse. “You’re both being the worst right now!”

“Who was the lucky snack Indi?” Sesh finally asked, pointing towards the blue jay’s gut.

Indi smirked. “Another friend, actually. Jet. We had a little bet while waiting for you two to arrive, and the poor cheetah lost~” His belly wobbled harder in response, Indi pressing down on a large lump with his talon. “You proposed the bet, Jet, so no being a sore loser! But Sesh, come on in and have a seat.”

Sesh waddled after Indi into the apartment. The hangout hadn’t even begun and it was already one of the best Sesh had had in recent memory. They couldn’t help but notice how furniture and decor appeared to be spaced out so their bulging bellies weren’t in danger of knocking anything over. Sesh

wondered just how often Indi's parties turned voracious. Or maybe he just had a lot of hefty friends.

When they arrived in the living room there was someone else already there. A doughy, orange-striped zebra was sitting on the couch. He nodded in greeting to Sesh, then snorted as he saw August in their belly.

"Hey Rho, Sesh was kind enough to give your boyfriend a lift over," Indi said as he lowered himself onto the couch beside the zebra, his gut still wobbling in protest.

"How thoughtful of them! I do hope August appreciates it." Rho's grin only grew wider when he saw August scowling. Sesh sat on the other side of him, putting the zebra right between a pair of large, wiggling bellies. He gave the Scivoli's gut a gentle pat, watching the exposed goo jiggle. "Being trapped in goo is a real good look for you August~"

August blushed and frowned. "I can't believe you're betraying me too! Shouldn't you be charging valiantly to my rescue or something?"

"Maybe later. So Sesh, he was tasty, right? He's been my favorite food since before we started dating."

"He really is! Wiggles just the right amount, and filled me up good. I hear he gets fatter, though?"

"A whole lot fatter," Rho confirmed. "Honestly I've been meaning to fatten him up again—it's always so fun watching him gobbling up people left and right because nothing else can sate him. Makes him so, so much tastier, too."

August was covering his face with his paws in a poor attempt to disguise his blushing. "There's nothing wrong with being big every now and then."

"Exactly," Indi chimed in, giving his gut a shake. "I might start rounding out again myself—though it'll take more than Jet to put real pounds on me!"

"I've never been much bigger than I am right now," Sesh admitted. "It could be fun gaining some more mass."

Rho laughed. "I can't decide whether I feel left out or hungry you two gluttons!"

"Well if that's how you feel, then why don't we continue the game we started with Jet? You're free to take the place of the future bird pudge Sesh." Indi kept a talon on his middle, massaging it as it bounced and lurched.

"What kind of game?"

"A simple one, really. Just the newest Gamma Racer, with whoever finishes best getting to eat whoever finishes worst. Turns out Jet's not so great at it~" A string of inaudible curses echoed out from the blue jay's belly. "Though I guess if the winner *really* wants to they can force the loser to let out their meal."

Sesh couldn't turn down the opportunity to fill himself even more, despite the equally good chance they'd become the meal. At worst they'd help fatten Rho or Indi up, making them potentially tastier meals in the future.

Rho accepted again as well, but when he saw a glimmer of hope in August's eyes he shook his head and grinned. "Don't get the wrong idea, August. I just think a lion-stuffed goo might make a wonderful dessert."

Everyone but August got a good chuckle out of that. The unlucky lion finally gave up on getting out and tried to find as comfortable a position as he could to watch the game.

It turned out that Sesh was already familiar with Gamma Racer. *Very* familiar.

The Scivoli zipped through the menu options to customize their racer, giving it far more attention than either Indi or Rho had. When the race actually started Sesh roared ahead, acing every shortcut and rarely making mistakes. It very quickly became apparent to the others that Sesh was guaranteed the victory. The real question was which one of them would end up as their second course.

Rho and Indi targeted each other with reckless abandon, Sesh ignored in their smack talk and nudging. It was close until the very end, when Indi managed to just barely inch ahead of Rho, securing

his position as second—and Rho’s as food.

To the zebra’s credit, he accepted his loss with grace, giving Indi’s gut a playful punch and swearing he’d have bird again for dinner soon. After that he stood and faced Sesh, a smile on his face.

“You’re a damn good racer, even with my boyfriend getting in the way. I haven’t been eaten very often, but I’m rather excited to see what it’s like inside a Scivoli.”

“And I’m excited to eat someone with a belly as big as yours!” Sesh gave his next meal’s middle a poke to feel how soft it was. They weren’t disappointed.

Without further ado Sesh opened their maw wide to welcome Rho, and the zebra gladly offered up his hooves as he leaned over and onto Sesh’s gooey gut. The hooves vanished from sight with haste, Rho laughing as he was pulled into Sesh’s throat. Sesh pulled and gulped and swallowed, overeager to feel their belly swelling once again. August was already shifting his position down below to avoid getting flattened by his soon-to-arrive boyfriend.

Indi watched with fascination as Rho was consumed. He’d seen plenty of people eaten before, but Sesh’s transparent body did away with all the mystery normally present once someone went past the lips. He saw Rho getting gently pressed and squeezed by the gullet, his glasses jostled and his messy mohawk tousled further. And best of all, he could see how Rho was emptying into Sesh’s ballooning belly.

Of course Sesh themselves was having a euphoric experience. They couldn’t remember the last time they’d indulged on more than one person, and August and Rho were both fatter than their usual snacks. Their gooey body stretched thin to handle the large meals, making them more sensitive to every squirm and shift. It was incredible—and yet they still craved more.

Inevitably Rho slid in completely, joining August in the bulging blue dome that Sesh’s belly had become. He pushed at the gooey walls with curiosity and waved at Indi.

“Not gonna lie, it’s really weird being able to actually see out of the stomach like this. Feels more like I’m hiding out in my own little room and not, you know, something that’ll be churning me into more goo later.”

“Trust me it’s just as weird on this end.” Indi took out his phone and aimed it at Sesh’s middle, taking a few pictures for later. While Rho and Sesh both posed, August merely curled up more, as if he could somehow hide. “So Sesh, how was course two?”

“Amazing—*bworrriiiiiiiiiiiip!*” The whole surface of Sesh’s body jiggled as they belched. “Alone both were great, but together they’re even better. I’m sure they’ll add a good deal of mass.”

Rho gave his own belly a wobble. “I like to take pride in my calorie count. Nothing fattens you up quite like a voracious zebra!”

Even August couldn’t resist joining in on the laughter that followed. He still wasn’t happy about getting eaten, but having company was slowly lightening his mood.

For a while the four simply chatted, with Sesh’s belly getting plenty of attention. Slowly Indi found himself feeling hungry again, despite the rowdy cheetah in his stomach. Though Sesh had dominated him last game, they were now dealing with an even larger, more distracting gut. It’d undoubtedly lessen their reaction times some, perhaps enough to close the skill gap between them. A risky bet, but Indi was in the mood for those that night.

“So Sesh, want to keep playing? I’d say we both make quite the prize right now.” Indi lifted up his gut and let it drop, the lumpy mass bouncing and swaying.

Sesh hadn’t even considered the possibility of eating more, but suddenly it was all they could think about. “One of us is going to get very, *very* fat by the end of the night.”

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Hours later the living room lights brightened to signal the start of a new day cycle, and Sesh

stirred. They stared up at the ceiling for a minute, confused, trying to remember where they were. Their gooey body wobbled as they shifted, and Sesh rapidly realized there was more of them than usual. Sitting up confirmed that was a bit of an understatement.

Somewhat plump the night before, Sesh now sported a massive ball gut of goo. Of course every bit of the Scivoli had gotten thicker. All the major seams on their shell had split apart during the night. Heavy goo peeked through all over, from their legs to their arms. Even their tail was fatter, separated plates clacking together as they twitched it. Their partially disassembled shell seemed to float on their exposed body, like islands in jello.

In the past Sesh's gains had tended to be small, enough to maybe make their shell feel tight. On that morning, though, they couldn't help but feel like they'd burst out of it. It was a surprisingly wonderful feeling. Their solid friends could gloat about tearing the seams of clothing or bursting buttons, but Sesh's nature had denied them that experience—until now.

Fortunately their shell was still intact enough to help maintain their form. With a good deal of effort Sesh managed to stand up, their belly bouncing and glorpung the whole while. As they squeezed and admired it they began to notice it wasn't empty. Floating within was some clothing, along with at least three phones. Gradually they recognized the bodysuits of August and Indi, along with Rho's jacket. There was a third, silver bodysuit Sesh wasn't familiar with, though they suspected it might have belonged to Jet, the cheetah they'd only seen in the form of a belly bulge.

Four people. Sesh had eaten four people in a single night! It was an absolutely ridiculous degree of gluttony, especially for them. They were starting to remember how amazing it had felt to swallow Indi. How the blue jay's massive, wiggling gut stretched their shell on the way down. How they'd been utterly immobilized and beached on their gooey belly. How their prey had pushed at just the right places to tease them, amused at the shift in the goo's color due to blushing.

Sesh already hoped there'd be plenty similar nights in the future, even if they ended with them in a belly as well.

“With friends as fattening as these, I'll be twice as large before long!” Sesh laughed, their body wobbling. “Though for now I should probably go shopping for a larger shell—something I can grow into. Maybe I'll snag a quick snack on the way, too.”

Sesh squeezed their gut, smiling as Indi's goggles floated by. They'd have to thank the blue jay for the fun night once he re-formed. Perhaps even buy him a nice, fattening meal to make him all the more filling next time--or offer themselves up as one.