

## Glutting in the Library

By: Indi

Cal slowly skimmed the shelf of books. When he found the gap he'd been looking for he smiled, and carefully slid the book he'd been holding into place. He looked back down at his full cart, selected the next book, and continued on his way.

The middle-aged lion enjoyed his job as head librarian at the university library. Work had treated him well over the years—his modest belly was proof enough of that. Most of his days were spent in his office or at the front desk. Occasionally he would roam the library, ever on the lookout for things that needed improvement. And troublemakers who needed churning.

His smile widened, showing off his fangs.

Reshelving books wasn't a normal task for someone of his position. He found it to be rather relaxing, though. It kept him moving, didn't require much thought, and let him peek at books he might not have seen otherwise. There was, of course, also the fact Cal had eaten the assistant who had been scheduled for reshelving that day.

Cal tapped his belly with a paw. A sweater vest covered the doughy ball, clinging a little tight thanks to the inches added by the assistant two days before. He'd been a chubby deer, quiet but always on time. One of the best assistants he'd ever had, if he were to be honest. But Cal's hunger was hard to ignore, and his spontaneous craving for venison had sealed the unlucky assistant's fate. They'd bounced around quite a bit after he'd snapped off their antlers and gobbled them up, but before long they'd become pudge, just like everyone else who'd fallen into the librarian's gut.

While putting away the next book, Cal's sweater vest slid up, exposing a small strip of his soft middle. His cravings had caused him to balloon quite a bit over the last few months. A quick tug covered it again.

Approaching chatter caught Cal's attention. He looked down the aisle and saw four students walk by. He guessed they were on their way to the study rooms, since they'd been doing so once a week for most of the semester. They weren't a disruptive group, thankfully. They never left the study room a mess and returned books in an orderly fashion. A rarity for rowdy college students.

As they passed, his gaze drifted to their bellies and rumps. All four ranged from plump to fat, a jiggle in every step. They'd grown fatter recently as well, likely for the same reason Cal had. It was hard to resist eating one's peers on a voracious campus. He'd certainly glutted on his fellows frequently back in his own college days.

Cal's stomach growled. Breakfast had been light that morning. He couldn't help but imagine how eating each of them would feel. The lion was the fattest amongst them; stretching his jaws around his large belly would be a delight. The cream-colored horse was hefty, too, and would surely make his gut swell. The black and white cheetah in the clothes that didn't fit looked like a squirmer. And slurping up the thick tail of the

gray snake would feel wonderful.

The feast of students waddled out of sight, and Cal sighed. Glutting on all four of them would be blissful, and definitely sate his hunger. It'd also be rather excessive. Cal had stuffed himself often in the past, churning multiple prey at a time, but such meals were best left for special occasions. He couldn't *always* eat six people in one night. He snickered at the memory. The safe bet was to snack on the tasty-looking students one at a time, whenever an opportunity showed itself. Hopefully none of them would be eaten by others before then.

Cal returned to his work, thoughts of filling up on students still fresh in his head.

A half-hour later and a few aisles over, Cal spotted the horse from the study group approach. He believed his name was Clyde, though that could've been the lion's name instead. Remembering the names of potential meals was hard.

"Hi, Mr. Cal, sir," Clyde said, nervously.

"Why hello. What can I do for you?" Cal put on his friendliest smile. His appetite was well-known throughout campus, so he relied on charm to put the students at ease. And encourage them to lower their guards if he decided to eat.

"Um, I was wondering where the microfilm readers are?" Clyde asked.

Cal maintained eye contact, but he could still see the curve of the horse's belly in his periphery. His face was about as round. The librarian realized his first opportunity for a snack had arrived. "Yes, yes, let me show you. They're in an out-of-the-way spot, so bringing you there is easiest."

"Thanks!"

Cal led Clyde down the aisles, taking turns that led to a slightly more secluded section where no one was likely to stumble upon them. He preferred his meals to go unwitnessed. Seeing students react to him suddenly sporting a bulging belly was always fun.

Cal stopped half-way down an aisle. "Silly me, I went the wrong way. Oh well, I can show you something else while we're here."

The librarian turned around and swung his belly, pinning Clyde to a bookshelf. The books rattled, but none fell off. Clyde squirmed and pushed, trying to free himself from the lion. His hooves sunk into soft pudge, tickling Cal but little more.

"Enjoy the trip~" Cal opened his maw wide and lunged, silencing a fearful whinny from Clyde.

Instinct and hunger took over. Cal swiftly stretched his jaws over Clyde's head and shoulders, working his way lower and lower with strong gulps. Clyde's struggles intensified, but nothing he did slowed his descent. Cal nibbled on the horse's belly as it slid into his mouth, tasting them. Fatter meals simply tasted better.

As Clyde's feet left the ground he kicked wildly, hitting the bookshelf a couple of times. Cal carefully lumbered back so his meal wouldn't damage the library's collection. Being swallowed was no excuse for breaking the rules. Cal's belly ballooned out from

under his sweater vest as more of Clyde emptied into it. The furry ball bulged and bounced, muffled pleas echoing from within. They were promptly ignored as Cal continued indulging.

Cal tilted his head up and let the rest of Clyde's legs slide down his gullet, kicking and twitching the whole way. A satisfied chomp sealed Clyde's fate.

"You were a delightful meal. Even tastier than you looked." Cal watched his belly wobble from Clyde's squirms. The struggles of a doomed prey were as wonderful as the filling sensation of cramming a whole person into his stomach. There was no hope for the horse. He could kick and punch all he wanted, but in the end he'd be churned into fat. At least he'd have the comfort of knowing he wasn't the first student Cal had eaten, and he'd certainly not be the last.

"Please let me out!" Clyde shouted between struggles.

"I'm sure I'll belch something of yours out eventually. *Uworrpp!*" Cal chuckled and pat his stomach. "Excuse me."

The librarian batted his belly around, grinning at how it swayed. As he ogled it, he realized he wasn't quite satisfied. No hunger pains teased him, but he didn't feel full enough. His thoughts drifted to the three other snacks in the study room waiting for their friend to return. After eating Clyde, he found himself craving them all. Taking three prey on with a full belly was risky, he couldn't deny it. If he couldn't daze them they'd either flee or overpower him. They might not even bother trying to free their trapped friend, and simply swallow him down on the spot. Eating the voracious librarian would be a boastworthy feat. But fear tended to cause mistakes, and the sight of their friend being reduced to a helpless bulge could turn the whole group into easy pickings.

"I think I'll add a little excitement to my day. Why don't we reunite you with the rest of your plump, juicy friends," Cal chuckled.

Cal waddled to the study room, Clyde kicking up a storm in his gut the entire trip. The librarian let his rowdy belly push the door to the room open when he arrived.

The conversation in the room ended the moment they realized the new arrival was the librarian, and not Clyde returning. Confusion and worry fell across their faces, and Cal knew then the odds were in his favor. "Lovely day for a meal, isn't it, gentlemen?" Cal asked, before closing the door shut behind him.

The end of the snake's tail flicked about in a frenzy as Cal slurped it up.

"*Buworrpppppppppppppp!*" Cal groaned, smiling wide. The lion lay on his back, with his enormous belly wobbling from side-to-side as the four students fought to escape. Around the room, books were strewn about and chairs toppled. One had been snapped by the weight of Cal's gut during the feast. A small price to pay for his feast.

The cheetah had been gliding down his throat before the others fully understood

what was happening. There'd been panic and delayed reactions. The snake had tried to make a distraction for the lion to flee, but the fat feline had still ended up snatched and gulped. Rather than escape, the snake had made an ultimately futile attempt to pull the lion free, and had joined him for his efforts. Cal appreciated how much friendship added to his waistline.

Standing back up was out of the question. Cal didn't care. Four filling meals were crammed into his stomach, just waiting to be digested and turned into fat. Being beached for a few hours was an easy sacrifice to make.

"Well, I'd say you all put up a good fight, but I can't honestly admit I had much trouble scarfing you all down. I guess you were destined to be prey." Cal chuckled. A chorus of curses and protests came from his massive middle, the students drowning themselves out. He thought he heard some arguing and moping mixed in. Prey often struggled to come to terms with their fate as food.

The imprints of paws and snouts bulged out from Cal's belly, all fading away within seconds. He imagined the prison he'd sealed them all within was fairly cramped. They were as likely to elbow each other as they were him. And the pool of stomach acids would soon be rising in preparation for their digestion.

"You lot weren't quite able to survive college, but that's nothing to be ashamed of. At this point I've probably added a few hundred others like you to my tank, so you're in good company!" Cal laughed, shaking his towering gut. "Just look at it this way: now you'll never have to worry about getting eaten again!"

The four students began to squirm harder, their struggles only managing to massage the engorged librarian.

Cal neatly folded the purple shirt. Digestive juices had burned large holes into it and loosened seams. He thought it'd belonged to the lion, though he couldn't quite remember. The details of his four prey were fuzzy. He placed the shirt on a stack of other clothing, all in various degrees of ruin. The ones he'd belched up early were merely damp, while the later ones were practically shredded. Beside the clothes were four skulls.

Digesting his catch had taken all day. Cal had stayed awake to revel in their struggles, only closing his eyes once they'd settled down. His dreams had been filled with gluttony—they always were after particularly large meals. When he'd finally woken, all that remained of the four students from the study group were belched up clothes and skulls. And pudge, of course, pounds and pounds of pudge.

Cal's belly stuck out a solid foot more than before his feast, wobbling free. His sweater vest clung to his chest, at least three sizes too small now. The elastic waistband of his pants hadn't been able to handle his gains. Seams were ripped and the button

popped off. They'd survive the waddle home, but were too far gone for to be repaired.

Cal squeezed his new gut and smiled. His weight had fluctuated greatly over the years, and he loved it anytime he really swelled up. The jiggle of his belly, the weight of his steps, the nervous looks on the faces of his potential meals. Being huge again was great—and he had the potential to get so much larger.

“Nothing's as fattening as college food.” Cal laughed and slapped his belly, wobbling the layers of pudge that just a few hours ago had been four students oblivious of their impending doom. On campus, one's loss was always another's gain.