

Belly Bully Vore

By: Indi

“We’re starting D&D again this Saturday, right?” Seth asked, the sheep taking a moment to shift his book-filled backpack.

“Yeah!” his friend Ike replied, the chubby horse having just finished sipping from a water fountain. Classes had been rough that day, lots of quizzes he’d exhausted himself studying for. He was still confident he’d done well, though, enough to stay on track for getting all A’s yet again.

“Good you’re still here!” a third voice rang out, causing Ike to cower on instinct. “Nerds can be pretty damn elusive when they want to be.”

Ike looked for a potential path of escape as he turned to face the portly lion heading his way, but the lingering crowds of students had him penned in. Seth didn’t have a clue as to what was happening.

“Oh, h-hey Dylan! I was gonna send you a text but got a little distracted.”

The lion came to a stop right in front of Ike, so close the horse could feel his breath on his face. “So you’ve got the controllers all fixed then, right?” From the tone of his voice it was less a question than a demand.

“N-n-not exactly,” Ike practically mumbled. “A couple were pretty busted up, and I had to take a break to study for some—”

“Slacking off?” Dylan interrupted. “I thought you promised to have those controllers ready for the frat’s big party this weekend? Bros are gonna be real unhappy if you let ‘em down.”

Ike’s heart was racing. “They will be, I swear! I’ll be working on them all night!”

“I really wanna believe you, dude, but maybe I should give ya a reminder of what’ll happen if you screw up.”

Dylan grinned wide, then turned towards the rather baffled Seth. Without warning he grabbed the small sheep and lifted him right off the ground with comical ease. Seth kicked and shouted, but his protests were silenced the moment he saw Dylan opening his mouth.

The sheep didn’t even have time to scream as he was gobbled up head first. Ike could do nothing but watch in terror as Seth was swallowed whole, swiftly disappearing from view. Seth was simply too scrawny to fight back. Even his backpack didn’t slow down his consumption at all.

Dylan’s doughy belly bulged outward a bit as Seth emptied into it, just enough to peek out from under his hoodie. Buried beneath layers of pudge, Seth’s struggles were barely visible, amounting to some wobbling and the faintest imprints.

Not even bothering to remove Seth’s sneakers, Dylan shoved the last of his meal into his maw and swallowed loudly. There was a satisfied grin on his face once the deed was done. He lifted his gut and gave it a rough shake, laughing as Seth was tossed around within him.

“Pretty bland, but it’ll hold me over till I snag a *real* dinner.” Dylan pressed his belly right against Ike, pinning the horse hard against the wall.

Ike was squirming frantically. He could feel Seth struggling inside Dylan’s stomach, hear his muffled cries for help. Though terrifying, the sensation also shamefully made the horse blush, which didn’t go unnoticed by Dylan.

“Enjoying that, nerd? Did you forget he’s gonna get smelted down into a few pitiful pounds that probably won’t even last a month once I hit the gym.” Dylan hadn’t stopped smiling. He was making sure Ike felt every kick and twitch of his doomed friend. “Or is that *why* you’re enjoying it? If that’s the case I’m gonna have to end your little fun right now.”

Dylan pressed both paws into the side of his massive gut and pushed, his cheeks puffing up as he let loose a loud *uoooooooooooooooooooooooooooo* right into Ike’s face. With all the fresh air forced out his stomach tightened around Seth. The sheep’s struggles intensified. They wiggled and squirmed fiercely, but the lack of air soon caused them to quiet down.

There were a couple last twitches, and just like that Seth was just food waiting to be processed.

Dylan kept Ike pinned for a few moments longer before stepping back and letting him go. Ike was shaking but still blushing, much to his embarrassment.

“Alright nerd, fix those damn controllers or you’ll end up like your former friend here.” Dylan gave his belly a small pat, if only to show the movement within had definitely ceased. “Cya!”

Dylan waddled off laughing and belching, vaguely eying up a couple other students. Ike didn’t linger for long. He rushed back to his dorm to work on the controllers, hoping there was enough time to finish the repairs. He’d have to wait to mourn Seth, who’d had the bad luck of being in the wrong place at the wrong time...