

*Normf, slurp gulp!*

The bear tore through his breakfast in a beastly manner, slurping up bacon slices and munching on recently made toast. Bits of grease flew from his mouth and onto his chest, staining his fur in dark stains. His arms worked over the table by taking every bit of food possible into his hungering maw. After gulping down what was left of the French toast with bacon, his paw took hold of the orange juice jug and put it over his greasy lips, tipping it ever so slightly as the juice drained in an audibly disgusting chug.

*Glk glk glk!*

Once the jug had been emptied, he placed it back on the table with a satisfied sigh, his other paw caressing his slightly distended stomach, feeling the contents settle in. A soft burbling escaped his mid-section as the bear stifled a belch in his paw, tasting the memories of his breakfast back on his thick tongue. Both hands went towards his middle, grabbing his paunch and shaking it lightly, sloshing the slurry of food within.

He leaned back, letting his gut jut out from his abdomen and sprawl onto his lap. He was full, but he could be fuller. His thought caused him to rapidly ogle his roomie's breakfast, a sizable bowl of milk and cereal. As sneakily as a bear could, he leaned over the table and committed the crime of the century, hurriedly getting rid of the evidence as he moved the bowl up and over his head. He opened his cavernous maw and stuck his tongue out, letting it rest it between the glistening fangs as his hungry throat opened, anxious to send more food into the bear's inner pit. The bowl tipped, creating a waterfall of milk and nutty cereal, which was hurriedly sent down the gullet by the powerful throat. Bulges were seen on the neck, making their descent into the burning furnace of the bear's stomach as his Adam's apple bobbed up and down. A metallic clank could be heard as even his roomie's spoon fell into the hungry maw, suffering the same fate as the rest of the meal, sliding back over the wet and sloppy tongue and down through the powerful throat.

*Uurp.*

A slightly crasser belch escaped the bear's maw, rattling his lips and spraying specks of drool over the table. After leaving the bowl back in his rightful place he leaned back once again, his fuller gut becoming the center of attention. A disgusting squelch and a sickly groan could be heard from his rumbling tummy, his hand promptly rubbing his gut as his stomach took notice of the unholy mixture of milk and orange juice. A quiet wince escaped his chest as he felt a certain discomfort inside, but his mouth still shaped onto a devilish grin, nonetheless. Being full was worth all the trouble.

"Here's some more bread!" His roomie got back from the kitchen, just in time to see the crime scene and the body still warm. "Dude, did you eat my breakfast again? Ugh." He just reluctantly grabbed the bowl for a refill, he was already aware of the bear's antics. "Where's my spoon, though?"

*Gurggle...*

*"Uurp. Dunno."*