Sorority Dangers

By Arthotus

A commission for Combat

 Kleo couldn’t believe she’d been invited to the biggest semester kick off sorority party on campus! She was never invited to these sorts of things in high school, but a few of the sorority girls had asked her specifically to be there! Oh gosh, oh gosh, what was she going to do! She was flattered and excited by the idea of being invited, but their thinly veiled threats if she didn’t come had her more nervous than anything.

 “If you’re not there, it might be tough to finish the semester~!” One had said. Even though it was a vore free campus, if she didn’t go to the party, Kleo had no doubt she’d end up in one of the busty and alluring seniors in no time. She definitely didn’t want that, so she only had two options; flee the school entirely or go to the party.

 The party night, the first Friday of the semester, came hard and fast, and the unfortunate girl found herself dressed in her best baby blue blouse and dark red knee length skirt, complete with a matching red headband to hold back her shoulder length blonde hair, and blue Converse to finish it off. She took and deep breathe to steady her nerves as she appraised her make up in the mirror one last time and set out for the sorority party. She’d heard all sorts of things about college parties, but she wasn’t the type to attend things like that. She preferred reading books, watching YouTube videos, and just quietly doing homework, not drinking her face off and sleeping around just for the fun of it…she didn’t have a choice though.

 She heard the party before she saw it. The sorority house was close to the school and the dormitories, basically still on campus, as all the houses in this neighbourhood were college student residences. She fell into step with other people heading in the same direction, though she was too shy to actually say anything or even make eye contact with those people. She encountered a wall of people standing around the yard out in front of the house, which was labeled with several large Greek letters. She didn’t really care which ones, but this was no good! She needed to at least get into the house, to be seen by the sorority members at least, or they wouldn’t believe she was here!

 Kleo uncorked as much courage as she contained, and began to gently push her way through the rambunctious crowd flooding the street loosely. There were people everywhere! On the road, filling the sidewalk, the yard, on the roof, hanging from the windows and throwing something at the people below...she didn’t want to think about what it was. The clinging smells of beer and something pungent she only vaguely recognized as smoking or some kind of drug use filled the air, along with the generally bad smell of people of course. No one paid the shorter girl any real attention as she pushed past them, reveling or laughing with their own groups of friends. It was still early in the night, not even 10 o’clock, so few people were drunk yet, hell, the party didn’t even officially start until 11.

 She somehow managed to swim through the sea of people to reach the front door and was greeted instantly by a very enthusiastic sorority girl, the same Greek letters on the front of the house emblazoned across this girls very low cut top. Across her large, bouncing breasts specifically, which were at eye level for the small girl.

 The sorority girl was a ditzy looking blonde, long, straight, shiny bleached blonde hair, a healthy summer tan, face painted with a paint brush, and the enormous assets that all the seasoned sorority girls sported around these parts. Kleo watched those all natural melons swing before her as the girl bent over to be eye level with her, grinning from ear to ear after seeing the smaller woman actually appear at the party.

 “Oh. My! GOSH! I can’t believe you actually came! Come in! The other girls will just fuckin love this! Eee!” She seized Kleo’s wrist and pulled her into the even more crowded house before she could protest or resist. No! That wasn’t the plan! The plan was to come, be seen, then leave! Nonono!

 The sorority girl shoved and pushed her way through the dense indoor crowd until they were in what Kleo assumed was the living room when it wasn’t wall to wall with people. She pulled Kleo painfully along behind her, until Kleo was pulled up onto was seemed to be a…table?! The woman held up her hand and shouted out to everyone in the room, who fell silent at the sight of the two women rising above the rest of the crowd.

 “Here she is everyone! The first prey girl of the semester! Who wants a shot at her!?!?”

 All colour drained from Kleo’s face. Prey girl?! She wasn’t…

 The roar and press of people was terrifying, as nearly a hundred people in the small room pushed forwards, all talking at once hands reaching out for the shy and now very terrified girl. The table swayed and shook as people, men and women both, pressed in on all sides, but the sorority girl slapped their hands away, shouting for silence.

 “QUIET!!! QUIET!!! Damn it!! Maxi!!! Can you-“ The shriek of speaker feedback suddenly cut through the crowd like a knife, everyone inside and even those outside the house falling silent at the terribly piercing noise.

 “Quiet please, while our host, Joe-Ann, explains the rules of tonight’s games.”

 The crowd parted as the most ‘alpha female’ woman Cleo had ever met strode through the crowd with a microphone in hand. Her voice was commanding, her saunter was entrancing, her appearance pristine. She was wearing a white, three piece suit, the vest and handkerchief bright red, a matching top hat atop her head. The suit was perfectly fit, displaying her impressively built, nearly six and half foot, more than well endowed, frame. Emblazoned in neat letters on her collar were the Greek letters of the sorority. Everyone backed away in awe as she strode into the room, walking up to the table and handing Joe-Ann the microphone. No one in the room spoke a word.

 Unfortunately for Kleo, the woman’s eyes were locked directly onto her, keeping her frozen in place, even if she wanted to make a run for it. It was like a tiger staring down a mouse. The controlled smirk tilting the corner of the well-dressed woman’s mouth displaying more confidence than Kleo had in her entire life. This woman could eat her in front of everyone here, and still not get in trouble, Kleo knew this deep in her soul.

 “Thank you very much Maxi. Now.” The frayed jean short-short clad sorority girl, who also didn’t have a bra, panties, or shoes on, took the microphone and began to explain the party for everyone who’d come. It was the first college party for many of course.

 “Welcome to the Semester Kick off! I’m Joe-Ann, the host of tonight’s events! First, let me introduce Kleo, our Prey Girl for tonight! Say hi to everyone, Kleo!”

 The microphone was thrust into her face, but she couldn’t look away from Maxi, the leader of the entire sorority. There was a moment of silence as Joe-Ann waited for the completely frozen girl to even realize there was a microphone in front of her face, but she just never did.

 “Well, that’s why she’d our prey girl!” Everyone laughed, but settled down as the scandalously clad barely more than teenage girl began to explain the rules.

 “So, for everyone who’s here for the first time, or was too drunk to remember the rules from last year, at every party we play a series of games, all centered around a girl specially selected by the Girls of Gamma Gamma Beta! There are different rules for each game, but the overall rules are as follows!”

 She thrust her hand into the air, “FIRST! NO FUCKIN CELL PHONE! Stow your damn cameras! You’re breast fat if anyone catches you with a camera or electronics of any kind!” Everyone murmured their approval, and she continued,

“SECOND, The Prey Girl must participate in every game at the party! I’ll explain the games in a moment, but for every time she loses a game, she’ll lose an article of clothing to the winner!”

 Everyone cheered, but the energetic girl continued her explanation of what felt like Kleo’s funeral.

 “THIRD!” The speakers whined, but she continued without stopping, “Anyone who has a piece of the Prey Girls clothes at the end of the night can trade it in for a single sexual favour from their choice of Gamma Gamma Beta girls!” Whoops and cheers went up at this, and Joe-Ann winked.

 “Finally, anyone who loses in a game to the Prey Girl gets ‘eaten’ themselves! That means you have to take off all your clothes and go home a loser! Careful!” This brought on just as many cheers as the rest.

 “Ok! The Prey Girl will now get dressed, and I’ll explain all the games! Listen closely!”

 A pair of sorority students, wearing outfits slightly more modest than Joe-Ann, but not by much, seized Kleo and dragged her limp body into a side room, away from the public onlookers. She was glassy eyed until she felt them tugging at her clothing.

 “Hey! Stop!”

 “No! We need to hurry and get you into your uniform!” The girls didn’t heed her protests and quickly stripped her totally naked, working in well-practiced tandem to overcome any mild, awkward resistance the smaller girl put up. Why were they so strong?! Then they were dressing her again, but what she was being put into could barely be considered ‘clothing’.

 Kleo stumbled out of the changing room like a newborn calf learning to walk. Her cute, hard chosen outfit was gone, replaced by a strange sort of swimsuit-esque mouse outfit. Starting at the top, her headband was replaced by a pair of stained and bent mouse ears, her hair was held out to the sides in a pair pigtails by bow tied black ribbons. A tight latex collar complete with a pair of dog tags bit slightly into her throat. A pair of thicker, black ribbons crossed over her mosquito bite chest, one covering each breast and crossing over the opposite shoulder. Around her waist was a garter belt, holding up a pair of tight, black latex stockings. Her panties underneath were the laciest, most risqué single article of clothing she’d ever worn, by a long shot. Lastly, she could barely stand up straight on a pair of pointed black, five inch+ heel plaform stilettos. Every time her knees shook, they rubbed a little against eachother, making her latex stockings squeak, and everyone ‘ooo-ed’ and ‘aaawed’ as she stumbled out, with only minor assistance from the pair who’d dressed her.

 She felt as if she was naked before hundreds of people she didn’t know, and she was pulled back up onto the table for Joe-Ann to show off, forced to spin in a circle for everyone to admire her somewhat underdeveloped body. She wasn’t unattractive, not at all, but she was definitely part of the itty bitty titty committee.

 “And here she is! Our little mousey prey! Now who’s predator enough to come try to eat up our little mousey, huh!” Hands shot up everywhere, and Joe-Ann beamed, “Okok! Everyone can only compete in one event, so fill out your name crads and place them in the pres’ hat! We’ll draw names for all the events right away! Eeee!” Everyone flinched as she screeched with excitement, bouncing up and down on the table as most eyes in the room followed her bounce.

 “Wh-what are the games?” Kleo managed to ask. She didn’t have any choice but to play, of course, but maybe she wouldn’t lose every one…

 Joe-Ann lowered the mic, still smiled as wide as could be. She could see how terrified and ‘deer in headlights’ Kleo looked and seemed to have some sympathy in her because she leaned in and explained a little, “Oh, don’t worry hun! It’s all just fun drinking games! You’ll be fine! You’re the safest person here. We’re just teasing you.”

 “Joe-Ann! No telling the prey the rules!” Someone shouted from the crowd.

 “I know! I was just giving her a pep talk! OK! GAME ONE! Balloon Chasers! GO!”

 From that point on, the night was a whirlwind of insanity for Kleo. She’d never played any drinking games before, likely one of the reasons she was chosen for this position, so the games made almost no sense to her whatsoever. The sorority girls all shouted instructions at her, while everyone else were obviously rooting for anyone else to win. She lost the first three games before she even understood they’d really started, and her heals and garter belt were gone in short order, actually sort of a relief. At about that same point, the energy of the room started to crack her introvert shell, and she began to actively participate in the games, to the delight of the crowd. She still lost badly for the next few games, losing her latex stockings, then the pair of ribbons in her hair. She’d managed to gather that there was an order to the articles she lost, and unfortunately, the mouse eared head band was last, and the latex collar was second last. But she was very quickly learning the general flow of the games, and picking up the rules of the sudden and unexpected games faster and faster. It was at that point that she started to actually beat people! Three got stripped and sent home in one game, but she was just one, inexperienced girl. The drinks caught up with her, more than once actually. She sprayed the bubbly contents of her stomach more than once, but that was only a momentary respite from the assault of alcohol from all sides.

 Her winning momentum quickly reversed as the alcohol itself took effect and before she knew it, her chest ribbons came off, then her panties, each soaked in alcohol, sweat, and who knows what else. The collar came off next, a relief that flooded her head with fresh blood. Fresh intoxicated blood, but still.

 Finally it was the last game, and the last piece of clothing! At this point, she was too drunk to care that she was running around buck naked, half the people who lost to her had stripped and stuck around to watch the rest of the games anyway, so she wasn’t the only one either. It wasn’t necessary an official part of the rules, but if those stripped were attractive, they were allowed to stay.

 Kleo stumbled into the back yard for the last game, directed by the crowd and a few equally drunk sorority girls.

 “Last game!” Joe-Ann’s now very familiar voice chimed. To the drunken and long ago overwhelmed Kleo, the bubbly, vaguely airheaded voice was like the commandments of God, pronounced from on high and booming from every direction.

 “CAT WALK COMPETITION! G-“ Joe-Ann was cut off unexpectedly, as small scuffle over the microphone broke out. A male voice cut in, “New rule! All sorority girls have to participate! Ugh!” The speakers let out a heavy thump as, presumably, the mic hit the floor.

 Joe-Ann’s voice returned to the mic, “Sorry girls! He snuck up on me! Rules is rules! Unfortunately, I and the pres can’t participate, but everyone else has to!”

 The loudest cheer of the night went up and Kleo heard the girls on either side of her groan. They were smiling though, their drunken courage more than enough to get them through this. A pseudo catwalk was erected in the backyard and pretty much everyone at the party crowded into view as the sorority girls lined up to show off their cat walks, Kleo somewhere in the middle. At the very end of the catwalk, in a throne of beer bottles and cans, sat the, the ‘pres’ Maxi, still in her white suit, but without her long ago stained jacket and top hat, her ripped arms now visible, since she’d never had an undershirt, only the vest. Beside her stood Joe-Ann, presenting the women who paraded before their leader, strutting their stuff drunkenly, but still as passionately as they could.

 Kleo, very, very drunk at this point, by far the most drunk she’d ever been in her life, had something else in mind. When it came to her turn, the last to go of course, the normally timid girl, still adorned with the somehow still in place mouse ears, dropped on all fours and began a literal ‘cat walk’. She knew she had no chance in an actual contest, she couldn’t even walk straight without two others to help, but she could move in a more or less straight line on all fours! She crawled with drunken grace towards Maxi, meowing and sauntering down the ‘runway’ as the sexiest ‘kitty cat’ she could manage. She ever rubbed her head and body up against the pres’ leg, mewling loudly for everyone’s benefit. The entire act, considering she was naked, was surprisingly effective, the initial bout of laughter dying down as she continued her erotic display of drunken sexuality. When she finally finished and stumbled to her feet, the crowd erupted in a thunderous roar of approval.

 “So pres, who won the competition?” Joe-Ann asked, lowering the slightly beat up microphone to Maxi’s red lipstick clad mouth.

 “Hmm…” the still smartly dressed woman, her dark hair swept back with gel, hummed in thought. She smiled, everyone knowing the conclusion she’d come to. “Kleo.”

 The crowd erupted again, the sorority girls hoisting the naked girl into their air. Kleo’s world spun as she was bounced and passed around, totally dazed and disoriented. She didn’t think she’d win, she just wanted to be funny!

 From there, the party descended into true chaos, up until that point something akin to organized pandemonium. Kleo was eventually dumped at Maxi’s feet, where she lay in a dazed state in not quite total undress. She still had her mouse ears which, if she weren’t more alcohol than blood, wouldn’t have mattered. However, in her pleasant haze, it felt like a crown of her victory.

 “Hey! Fresh meat! Get up! We’re playing one more game!”

 Those nearby fell silent as a larger woman stood over Kleo. There was a little more weight around this woman’s hips than the average sorority girl, but only enough to make her ‘curvy’. They all had heavy breasts, so that was no change.

 “Whaaa~? But-but-but….” Kleo stuttered, unable to endure anymore now that she’d been ‘released’.

 The woman hauled her to her feet, “I challenge the fresh meat to a game of Beer Pong!”

 Maxi raised an eyebrow, clearly the target of the declaration, but Kleo didn’t know any of the rules of the sorority, even though she’d been playing their games all night.

 “Your wager?”

 “I bet my body for hers!”

 The crowd, which had gathered around by now, made various surprised and awed noises, too much drink in them for it to be a coordinated sound like before. Whisperings slithered amongst the crowd, and the impressed look on Maxi’s face didn’t give Kleo hope.

 Joe-Ann appeared from the crowd, her lipstick smeared to one side, “Steph lay off! You’re such a pi-“

 She was cut off when the sorority Pres held up a hand.

 “Do you accept, Kleo?”

 Kleo looked surprised she had a choice. “Uhm…I uh…”

 Maxi smiled, “You’ll get to learn the rules beforehand this time.”

 That smile flooded her drunken mind with confidence, and she nodded against her tiny, easily drowned out better judgement.

 The crowd roared, and in a way only a crowd of drunken college students can, arranged a beer pong table in seconds. As they did, several sorority girls came forward to explain the rules to Kleo, who nodded dreamily as they did. She only barely understood the rules, but it didn’t matter because they started playing almost right away. Steph ramped up an advantage right away, but Kleo was too drunk to even realize that. She steadily plunked through the game, landing shots, missing them, none of it mattered to her, it was just another game!

 Finally, after just another shot for Kleo, the crowd erupted in delight and the sorority girls mobbed her again. Her slow mind caught onto the fact that she won, eventually, but before she cheered with the crowd, she was back before Maxi.

 “Congratulations Kleo, you won. What would you like to do with Stephanie? Her body belongs to you now.”

 Kleo blinked dreamily at the large, beautiful, slightly masculine woman. “Ummmm~” she fumbled, the gravity of the situation going over her head.

 “It’s not-hic- fair! It was…it was beginners luck! Best two out of thre-“ The curvy sorority girl began to protest, but a sharp glance from the Pres silenced her.

 “She was going to eat you. Would you like to eat her?”

 There was that same smile. Kleo smiled back dreamily, and just nodded again.

 “Pres no!”

 Maxi leaned back in her throne and flicked her hand, giving the signal to the other sorority girls, who jumped forward and seized Steph. She suddenly looked panicked, looking around for any support, any sympathy, but there was none. Her resistance withered in the face of such heartlessness. The same heartless way she had tried to consume Kleo.

 Kleo’s eyes went wide as Steph was lifted up and shoved towards her. Fingers opened her mouth, and before she realized what was going on, the larger girl was being shoved into her mouth! The slimey, powdery flavour of her make up passed quickly, as more and more of her was forced into Kleo’s unwilling gullet. She only realized what was going on when the squishy tits of her soon to be meal were passing over her tongue. When had she been stripped of her clothing? It was lucky Kleo herself was bereft of coverings, because anything she would have worn would have torn or burst from the additional woman being forced down her throat.

 Kleo’s eyes darted to the people around her, all of them either cheering or forcing Steph into her. Steph did her best to struggle, as did Kleo actually, but they were both helpless against a drunken crowd of people. Countless hands confined both of them to mere victims. Kleo gasped and chocked, but more female flesh into her own by the second. Breasts were shoved inside, then the next obstacle was her waist, and then the flailing legs, and finally the feet were forced all the way inside. Hands even squeezed her throat to force those last vestiges of Steph all the way into her stomach, which now bloated larger than her own body. She felt so horribly full, it was like she was going to explode.

 The crowd laughed and hands roved over Kleo’s stomach, exploring the weighty woman’s body, ever so tightly packed within her own and squirming feverishly. Kleo groaned at the struggles, her virgin stomach not used such a massive prey, larger than herself even, much less one that struggled with as much power as she could. Huddled in such a tight ball, sloshing amongst the beer from the game she herself had proposed. Every splash of the foamy substance was an increasingly stinging reminder that Stephanie herself had put herself into this predicament.

 “Let me out! You’ve all had your fun, ok?! Let me go! Fresh meat, you can’t digest me! Come on!” She shouted, barely audible to anyone who pressed their ears to Kleo’s massive, squirming, taut stomach.

 Kleo was in some pain, terrible discomfort, and just generally embarrassed by all the attention her stomach was getting. Still, the alcohol sloshing around Steph was easing all those things, and her eyes were flutter closed, her body increasingly leaning its entire weight onto her stomach. She looked up, Maxi smiling at the sleepy girl from her makeshift throne. That was all the reassurance Kleo needed.

 Kleo awoke in much the same position she’d passed out in, lying on her stomach in the middle of the back yard. It was still dark when she awoke, and there were still people loitering around, talking, chatting, and drinking even. Oddly enough, she didn’t have a headache, like she’d always imagined after her first major drinking event. Instead she just felt…more tired. She tried to straighten, and her stomach protested mightily, groaning and growling like an animal protecting a meal. That wasn’t far off of course. Kleo only vaguely realized what happened, and the outline of the woman inside her stomach was still clearly visible.

 “Oh god…” The repercussions of eating another person suddenly rushed into her mind. She would be expelled! Maybe even arrested! Shitshitshit…but wait…there were no cameras at the party. It must be near morning…there were so few people around.

 Kleo was suddenly fuelled by adrenaline she never knew she had. She pulled and heaved, managing to lift her stomach, and Steph, and stumble a few feet at a time. She made her way for the side of the house. Maybe she could still spit Steph out? Then there wouldn’t be any problems. Yeah. The first time she swallowed she realized what an awful idea that was. It felt like someone had sanded the inside of her throat, every swallow was agonizingly painful. The copious amounts of drinking, as well as the forcing ingestion of an entire person, her first entire person, were most definitely to blame. Ugh, she had to try though…right?

 “Steph? Stephanie?” She poked her stomach, trying to illicit a reaction from it. She’d need help from the person inside her if she was going to do this. She’d never eaten anyone, and certainly didn’t know how to bring them back up, unharmed.

 At first, only her stomachs loud, gurgling and sloshing replied, but as she pressed her ear to her own stomach flesh, she heard the faint voice.

 “Help…help…help…”

 “Stephanie! I can hear you! I need you to push up my throat!”

 “elp…p…” ‘Gro~~~an’.

 “Steph!” Oh no, the larger girl was probably losing consciousness! There was no way she’d be any help…Still Kleo did her best to throw up the senior college student. She pressed her fingers into her throat, she coughed and gagged, but her stomach remained stubbornly sealed, no matter what she tried.

After what felt like an hour, she gave up. Steph wasn’t responding so she must be…Kleo didn’t want to think about it. She looked around, having lugged her stomach to a relatively hidden spot. No one who was left was paying her any mind. She sighed in relief, and tried to formulate a plan. She needed to get home, back to her dorm room, without anyone seeing her. No, without anyone recognizing her. Luckily she hadn’t brought her cell phone, her ID, or anything else, she’d been warned about that much, so she didn’t have anything to recover from inside the house, except maybe her clothing. She could leave it though, as long as she got…there! She dragged her stomach across the grass and grabbed a quilt that people had been lounging on the lawn with during the party. It wasn’t nearly large enough to encompass both her and her stomach, but it would do.

Swaddling herself, she got into a rhythm of lift, stagger a few tentative steps, and the drop her stomach hard. Ouch…it felt like she was scraping off the skin of her stomach whenever she did it on the sidewalk or street. She had to though; she couldn’t make it all the way across a road in even two cycles of lift and drop.

An eternity later, and just as the sky began to brighten with daylight, she made it back to her room. She didn’t even get to the bed, just closing the door and collapsing onto her stomach in an exhausted huff.

Her alarm woke her up this time. Alarm? She didn’t set alarms on Saturday? She rubbed her eyes and looked around. Her entire body was stiff, and her stomach was sore beyond belief. She looked down at the huge, round stomach her body was currently resting on, squished out to either side of her like a bean chair. Her alarm continued to honk, and she scrambled to get to it, but her very liquid and very heavy stomach just wouldn’t cooperate. Eventually, she did manage to get to her phone, and she checked the time.

0730 Monday 05 Sept 2018.

“What?” she said out loud. It was…Monday? But she’d only slept…two fucking days?! Now that she thought about it…the first time she woke up might have been a full day! And then she…oh no…

She pressed her hands uselessly into her sloshing stomach, simply liquid now. Steph was gone, simply liquid nutrients for her body to absorb now. She couldn’t go to school like this! She panicked for a few minutes, her not quite person sized stomach keeping her mostly in place.

She vaguely remembered what had happened, Steph herself probably diluting the alcohol Kleo had drunk enough to prevent the smaller girl from getting black out drunk. She felt only vaguely guilty about eating Stephanie, since the woman had been intent on eating her. It actually sent a chill down her spine how casual she’d been about playing that last game for her life. She’d been too drunk to realize that at the time, but in hindsight…No! She needed to think of what to do now! She had class in a little over an hour!

The first challenge was just moving around. Her stomach wasn’t as big as it had been initially, so some of Stephanie was ‘gone’. Still, the larger, voluptuous woman had been bigger than Kleo herself initially! A little smaller only made the expansive stomach as large as she was!

She eventually managed to figure out how to grab the huge, bloated stomach, squishing and dragging the sloshing gut around, and also how to work around the damned thing.

 Second challenge began as she tried to get dressed. Nothing fit! Apparently what little of Steph wasn’t filling out her stomach was starting to fill out her normally several sizes smaller hips, thighs, chest, and ass! She didn’t have a full length mirror, but it definitely felt like she was meatier than the mousey girl who’d gone to the party Friday night. Clearly this was how all the Gamma Gamma Beta girls maintained their figures! The thought of them eating other people to be pretty and sexy made Kleo’s face heat, but she couldn’t think about that now! She needed to figure out what to wear!

 She had one thing that fit! A Christmas sweatshirt! Why was this even in her drawer?! Her parents must have packed it without her noticing…thank god! As she did, she noticed she was still wearing those dirty mouse ears! She tossed them onto the bed, shivering at the memory of being naked for most of the party. She also had a pair of sweat pants, though her underwear and bras were way too painfully tight, so she went without. She squeezed into the sweater first, then pulled up the baggy sweatpants.

 Finally, Kleo began the battle to make her enormous gut look like it…didn’t contain the digested remains of a person. She pushed and pulled, stretching her only expansive clothing to their limits! Eventually, with some held from the draw string of her sweat pants, she compressed some of the angrily gurgling stomach into her pants and the rest into her sweater, only a thin strip of pale flesh visible along the bottom that she couldn’t worry about. Like this, she only looked like she was overweight, sort of like she had a fat suit on.

 Now for class! She donned a baseball cap to try and hide her features, held her notebook in front of the stitched and stretched snowman on her chest, and lumbered to class laboriously. By some miracle, she wasn’t late, and no one stopped her on the way. The looks and whispering were unmistakable though. Other students recognized her from the party, and they knew exactly why she was dressed in such a strange, unkempt fashion. Even as she managed to wedge her liquid stomach into one of the small desks of the lecture hall, near the back of course. It was convenient the desks weren’t open concept, and her large stomach was hidden from the front of the room.

 Only a moment after she’d managed to hide most of her bulk, the professor stepped through the door, her raptor gaze sweeping the room on students. Kleo’s first period Monday was taught by a lethal looking woman in her fifties named Prof. Gillian, but was more appropriately known to students as ‘The Eagle Gillian.’ She was the kind of professor that threw students out for sleeping in her class, and failed anyone mercilessly. She would no doubt hesitate to report Kleo for eating another student, so it was imperative that Kleo not catch the sharp featured and eyes old woman’s attention.

 “Welcome to only the second week of class. I see I’ve already lost nearly twenty students. Tch, typical.”

 She wasn’t wrong. Kleo looked around and the room had been packed to absolute capacity the first week. Now there was a smattering of empty seats. From her perspective at the back, she also noticed that she wasn’t the only one sporting baggy clothing.

 Prof Gillian called out names for attendance quickly, then set the clip board down and everyone quieted as she looked seriously around.

 “Before I begin the lesson for today, I would like to say something to you all, as an educator. I know this time in many of your lives that you’re away from home and able to make your own decisions in life. This may *seem* like it’s your first few moments of real freedom, but I implore you all to control yourselves. Try not to act like savage animals as you stumble your way through this university in your first steps of adulthood. I have no doubts that the absences today will be permanent moving forwards, and more of you will make the completely idiotic decision to let others devour you so early in life, practically before you’ve managed to start it. I implore you all to refrain from eating or being eaten by your fellow students, if not only because it is against the letter of Campus Law, but also to allow yourselves and your classmates to learn and develop into proper members of society. If you graduate and decide to throw your education away to gurgle in gut, that’s up to you, but by then I hope you’ll have developed a less impulsive, teenage mentality about life and death. The immature fun of College ‘Parties’ are not worth ending your lives. You all have so much more to learn and experience, maybe even to actually contribute to society.”

 Kleo tried not to meet the gaze of the ranting teacher, but she did, eventually. She felt the hairs on her neck stand on end at that eye contact, knowing absolutely that Prof Gillian knew what she’d done, down to the very person she’d eaten.

 As the Eagle continued to look straight at her, the woman continued, “For those of you in here who ended another’s life, for fun or just because you happened to be too lazy to prepare yourself a proper meal, I would admonish you, but I’ll simply deliver a warning. Arrive to my class again with another student stewing within your stomachs and I will personally see to it that you are expelled within the day.”

 More than a few noticed the laser focused eye contact with Kleo and snickered. Nearly everyone in the room knew what happened on Friday night, the Prof probably did too.

 Kleo was finally released from the burning glare as the older woman sighed heavily and began to teach the lesson. “So where we left off…”

 In just about every class she attended that day, she and her fellow students got a similar talking to by every single educator. None of the others singled her out the way Prof Gillian had, but they all spoke about the promise and sanctity of life, how important each person was, and on and on. It got a little repetitive by the end of the day, despite how heartfelt most of the teachers were. The only one that really stuck with her was Gillian razor sharp glare though.

 A delighted squeal made her spin around, nearly losing her balance as she did, the extra weight she wasn’t used to almost pulling her down after the spin.

 Joe-Ann leapt into a hug with the shorter girl, pressing herself into the soft, malleable stomach. “Ooo, I’m so proud of you! You were sleeping so I never got a chance to thank you for being such a good sport!” The sort of bimbo sorority girl pecked her on the cheek with her pink lipstick clad lips, then pressed a hand into Kleo’s still actively churning gut, “Is this all that’s left of Steph?”

 The freshman looked around, concerned someone would overhear them, and in fact a few students were watching the display of feminine affection from a short distance, stupid smiles on their faces.

 “Y-yes…” She managed to whisper. “I…couldn’t figure out how to let her out…”

 Joe-Ann cocked her head to the side, her heavily styled hair barely bouncing at all, “Let her out? Why would you do that?! She’d probably have eaten you if you did! She was such a fat piggy! But now she’d just gonna be fat on your hips! Teehee!” With one more squeeze of Kleo’s stomach, she stood, her large heels raising her even higher over the freshman she’d chosen as the ‘First Prey Girl’.

 “Sooo the pres asked me to find a replacement for fatty here. Interested in being a full time Gamma Gamma Beta girl? It come with some great perks.” Joe-Ann raised her eyebrows suggestively, hefting her own tits for emphasis in case Kleo missed her meaning. She hadn’t but the visual aide made her gulp reflexively.

 “M-m-m-me? Join….”

 “Yup! I saw how the pres was eying you. I know she meant you when she told me to find someone to fill our vacant spot. You did so good as a Prey Girl, maybe she wants you to repeat the performance?”

 Kleo shook her head quickly, so hard her stomach sloshed from side to side, making Joe-Ann laugh, “I’m kidding! You can’t be a Prey Girl more than once, it wouldn’t make any sense! Anyway, come on down to the house once Steph is more on your tits than in your gut and we’ll present you to the pres! Tootles!”

 Kleo watched the scandalously dressed woman practically skip away, most nearby eyes following her many bouncing and jiggling assets. Kleo’s stomach gurgled appreciatively, and she couldn’t help but agree. Joe-Ann did look delicious. Maybe being a member of Gamma Gamma Beta wouldn’t be so bad?