

Leo was exhausted. He was usually exhausted these days, he was a first year medical resident, after all. He had worked hard to get to this point. And while he was now technically a doctor—even though he didn't really feel like one yet—there was still a lot of work to go before he was licensed to practice medicine on his own. Though normal classroom lessons were over for him, he still had extra, private tutoring with Dr. Olesen. As a jotun going into the medical field, he had to learn to properly provide medical care for his own species as well as humans. And that was something he could only learn from a more experienced jotun doctor, considering humans didn't know—couldn't know—his kind existed, lest jotnar be hunted to extinction.

Back in med school, he'd had to force himself to eat for a couple of weeks after the first time he'd participated in a dissection. Seeing what his food looked like on the inside had been rather intense to say the least. But he'd gotten through it. Now that he was working with actual patients, he was faced with the opposite problem, an excess of appetite. Working with sick and injured humans all day was a constant temptation to his instincts, which screamed that an especially weak human was easy prey, and thus extra tasty. He had to learn to suppress those instincts if he wanted to have a successful career as a doctor. After seeking advice from Dr. Olesen, he'd taken to wearing a rubber band around his wrist and snapping himself with it every time he had a 'bad thought' about a sick or injured human, in addition to hunting every five or six days instead of once a week to try to quell his cravings with an excess of nutrients. It was hard work, learning to suppress his instincts, but he wanted to do this. Wanted to give back for all the lives he had taken and would take over the years.

After a bit over three weeks of that, he looked like he had a rash on his left wrist and he could no longer entirely hide his weight gain now that he never fully went back down to his lean and hungry state.

"Stress eating," he told one of the older residents when asked, which wasn't really a lie.

However, that wasn't the worst of his problems. Slowly but surely, he was starting to have fewer cravings around patients. The worst of his problems, or at least the most annoying was...

"Hey, Six-Seven!" That. Ever since Todd, a fellow first year resident had caught a glimpse of Leo's driver's license last week and seen how tall Leo was, it had been nothing but that stupid meme from him.

Leo sighed. "Todd, I told you not to call me that! My height is not my name. I don't care if you call me by my first name or my last, but if you call me that one more time, I'm gonna lose it, especially if you do the hand gestures."

Todd trotted up to him, grinning. "Aw, come on, it's funny! I can't be the only person who does the meme with you!"

"Well, yes, but most people who do it do it once then stop," Leo said. "You've been referring to me by my height for four or five days. Even if it had been funny to begin with—which it wasn't, by the way—the joke would have worn thin by now."

"Okay, okay, sorry, bud," Todd said, speeding up to keep pace with Leo's longer stride.

The meme stopped for the rest of the day. But sure enough, come the next day, when Todd saw Leo, those hated words rang out. "Six-Seven!"

This time, rather than complaining, Leo held his tongue. Jotun culture frowned upon hunting one's own co-workers, it was borrowing trouble to eat someone who could be tied to you. But surely he could be afforded this one indulgence for someone so infuriating that refused to quit prodding him? So, not wanting Todd to get suspicious, Leo gritted his teeth and played nice.

Later that day, Leo laid his trap. "Hey, Todd?"

"Yeah, Six-Seven?"

Leo forced himself to keep smiling. "I know it's sort of last minute, but I'm having some friends over to watch the game tonight after work. Do you want to join us?"

"Sure, sounds fun! Y'know, it's funny, I didn't think you liked me that much," Todd said.

Leo couldn't help but smirk. "Well, I've been thinking we should get closer."

"I'd like that," Todd said. "Where do you live?"

Perfect, he had the idiot on the hook. "We get off work the same time, don't we? Why don't you just ride with me?"

"I guess that would be okay," Todd said.

And so, Todd ended up coming home with Leo. Leo forced himself to make pleasant small talk on the drive home, but as soon as he got Todd in the door of his apartment, his mannerisms changed completely. He reached out and wrapped his hands around Todd's throat, a fierce grin on his face. As Todd tried pathetically to pry himself free, Leo said, "I gave you more than enough chances to play nice. But you just. Kept. Doing. The. Stupid. Meme. Most of my meals are just unlucky, but you? You were asking for this."

Once his prey went limp in his grip, Leo deposited him on the couch and undressed the other man, stripping off his shoes, scrubs and underwear without ever letting go of Todd's throat for more than a few seconds. He then removed his own shirt, setting it aside much more carefully and lifted Todd's head to his mouth, easily wrapping his jaws around it.

With a well-practiced combination of swallows and shoves, Leo worked first Todd's shoulders, then more of his body into his maw and down his gullet. Around when he reached Todd's waist, the unfortunate man woke up and started kicking and squirming, but it was far too late for his prey to escape. Leo tilted his head back so gravity was working for him. Soon, he was gulping his way past his meal's hips, and then his thighs.

While Leo had eaten far tastier humans, this meal was personal. So, he made sure to enjoy himself as he slurped down Todd's calves. Once his prey's feet were in his mouth, it was just one last big gulp, and then Todd was right where he belonged—sealed in the stomach of the

jotun he had been tormenting!

Leo could hear his meal's muffled complaints as he resettled his jaw into place and got comfortable on the couch. He belched into his hand. "You deserve every bit of this agony, Todd," he said to the contents of his stomach. "I gave you so many chances to stop calling me Six-Seven, I made it clear I hated it, but you just wouldn't quit. You've earned a gurgly digestive death, and I'm gonna enjoy giving it to you."

Leo leaned back and started playing an audiobook to relax with his full belly, the contents of which were now squirming even harder.

