

Mark had the misfortune of being seated next to Alix at the lunch with Mallory Darlington, current owner and president of the university. Her introductory speech to the gathered students sounded like it included some important information — but Mark had been so busy staring at Alix's tits, he couldn't remember a single word of it.

Even worse, Alix *knew* he was staring. But how could he not? There they were, right next to him, those huge mounds of fat piling out of her tight tank top. Right below her amused smirk.

"You like 'em?" she whispered at last, shifting her shoulders subtly to get them to push together and squeeze upward. "You wanna know how many guys it took to get 'em this big?"

Mark bit his lip, trying to hold back his arousal but unable to tear his gaze away. Alix shifted back and forth in her seat, hypnotizing him with the sway of her chest. His mind got lost in the milky flesh, tinged pink with a mild sunburn from the preceding week of orientation events.

"H-how many?" he asked hoarsely.

"Maybe I'll tell you when you become the next one," she purred, reaching below the tablecloth to feel around for his cock.

It wasn't hard to find. The poor thing had been straining painfully at Mark's pants for nearly twenty minutes now. At this point he was hoping he wouldn't still be this hard when he had to stand up, but that seemed unlikely as Alix's fingers began to dance along its length.

He tried to distract himself by looking up at Mallory and listening to the rest of her speech, but it didn't help. The woman's perfectly tailored dress hugged and accentuated her impressive curves. A lifetime as an apex predator had given her a sexy hourglass shape with a massive bust, a tight waist with just a bit of belly pudge, and enormous bulging hips with a fat ass to match. As hot as all the girls his age were, most had only just begun to hit their stride as predators, and couldn't yet compare to Mallory's perfection.

"Can you believe she's in her fifties?" Alix had followed his gaze. "She looks incredible, doesn't she?"

She really did. Looking at her, Mark wouldn't have guessed that Mallory had reached forty, let alone fifty. He wondered if it had something to do with all of those live meals she'd certainly had since she was old enough to swallow a man whole. He stared helplessly at her tall, curvy frame. The middle-aged predator must have been just over six feet tall, nearing seven in her heels, but her assets still bulged out spectacularly from her chest and rear even in comparison to her considerable height. Mark wondered if he'd be getting this hard even without Alix dancing her fingernails along the length of his erection.

"Wow, you really like her," Alix chuckled, feeling Mark's cock twitching and straining against his pants. "And you're pretty gifted down there! You'd be fun to take for a ride before I gulp ya..." She tapped the tip of his dick playfully before continuing her lazy over-the-pants handjob.

"Wh-who says you'll be the one to get me?" Mark retorted, voice shaking.

"Aww, honey. I haven't had a meal turn me down yet!" Alix replied. He turned to look at her, but only got a glimpse of her haughty smirk before his gaze was once again lured downward by her insane cleavage. That low-cut tank top... it was just unfair!

And with that, he soaked his pants with cum. Mouth hanging open, his dick spasmed and came, shooting rope after rope straight into his pants — it was so long, the first few inches had popped out of his boxers.

Mark gripped the sides of his chair, trying not to be obvious, but the other guys at the table noticed and shook their heads. *They think I'm a goner*, he realized, blushing. *Then again... maybe I am.*

Alix clicked her tongue disappointedly and withdrew her hand, letting him cum into his pants without the warmth of her touch. "Guess a cock that big is wasted if it can't last, huh? Maybe it's not worth a ride after all. Maybe I'll gobble you up right here..."

"But it's against the rules..." Mark grunted weakly, still riding out the end of his orgasm. Beads of sweat collected on his forehead in the August heat.

She giggled in response. "I think Madame Darlington would understand once she heard you shot a load in your pants at lunch... why don't we tell her? Do you think the fact that you were looking at her will make her more forgiving, or less?"

"Please..." he replied hoarsely.

Alix giggled again. "You're gonna taste so good," she teased, and returned her attention to Mallory.

Mark exhaled. He was safe for now, but he couldn't take his eyes off Mallory Darlington. His roommate Ethan had heard from his older brother that the matriarch ate three people per meal. Mark didn't doubt it. Ass cheeks like hers required a constant diet of live human prey.

Ethan and Ryan, two of Mark's roommates, had attended an orientation event with Mallory Darlington's niece, Lauren. If what they'd said was true, she had already eaten one of her fellow freshmen — and gotten away with it, naturally. And as if one powerful young pred from the family wasn't enough, Mark had heard that Lauren's older sister Brooke was starting her junior year. Both were less experienced than their aunt, but just as ravenous, uncaring, and cruel. Any guy looking to survive the next few months would have to steer clear.

To that end, Ryan had brought up Lauren's Instagram account to show them what she looked like. "If you see her coming your way," he had warned them,

"try your best to get out of her way. If you can't, don't run. Just pray." Mark didn't need to be told twice. The photo Ryan had showed them featured Lauren showing off her flat tummy, her skin flawlessly tanned from summer vacation, a haughty, bratty look in her eye. Just looking her, Mark knew she wasn't the type to be kind to her prey, or even to remember their names once she'd turned them into a heaping shitpile.

"Damn, she's hot," their roommate Joey remarked when he saw the pic.

The freshman dorms at MDU were purposefully overloaded with male students, since many of them didn't make it past the first semester — and those who did had to make sure to get laid before the spring semester ended, or they'd be "expelled" by whichever girls managed to sleep around the most. It was competitive, but once you got past that and had your reformer, you became much less likely to get randomly gurgled.

That, and the dorms tended to get less crowded each weekend as guys got gurgled at parties. Mark remembered being thankful for that as Joey fawned over the next picture on Lauren's feed, of her on some private beach, a soft round belly of former prey wobbling underneath the top half of her tiny designer bikini. He declared that he'd find her as soon as he could.

"To try to fuck her, or feed her?" Ethan asked.

"To fuck her, of course," Joey replied with a cocky grin. "Or both, I guess. At least that way I'll go out with my dick wet and a smile on my face."

With that, he climbed up to his bunk, pulled out his phone, and began to jerk off to Lauren's old photos. Ethan rolled his eyes and went to bed. The others tried to pretend they couldn't hear him moaning. Mark just hoped that, if Joey did manage to hook up with Lauren, he wouldn't bring her back to their room — he'd heard stories of guys bringing girls home, only for her to binge on the entire dorm, and leave them all steaming in their former beds. There was even a prize in it for the girl, if she kept all their student ID cards.

"Are you watching the end of the tournament?" Alix asked, snapping Mark out of his reminiscing.

"What?" His eyes were immediately drawn back down to her chest.

"I was gonna go, wanna go with me?"

"Sure," he replied hastily.

He'd been meaning to go, and not just because Joey was going to be the male contestant this year. Mark, along with all the other freshman boys, had a very personal stake in the outcome. Each year during orientation, the boys and girls would compete in separate brackets to send a finalist to the Boys-vs-Girls round on the last night of orientation. If the male finalist won, the rule against eating freshman guys would be extended for another four weeks. If the girl won, though, she could eat the boy right there on stage, and what was colloquially known at MDU as "Open Season" would begin immediately.

The game changed every year. This year it was trivia, one of the rare occasions on which the boys actually had a chance. Joey was the male finalist, but Mark hadn't heard yet who the girl would be.

Alix insisted on walking to the auditorium with Mark, her arm hooked around his as they climbed the stairs from Darlington Mansion to the student center. Luckily the cum spot on his pants had mostly dried up by now, and he didn't get too many sideways looks.

He started to get the feeling he was being claimed, just in case it was a female victory — as it usually was. This year, though, he felt like they had better chances. It wasn't a physical event that would give the advantage to a pred with a few meals under her belt, like a sprint or a lifting competition.

On the way, they ran into Ethan. "Hey!" his roommate greeted them. "You two going to trivia?"

"Yup! Who do you think will win?" Alix replied.

"Probably the girl," Mark mumbled.

Alix giggled.

"Don't be too sure," Ethan pointed out. "My brother's freshman year, the guys won. He said it really helped a lot of guys last 'til they got reformers."

"See?" Alix said. "Cheer up!"

"Of course, the year before him, it was an eating contest," Ethan admitted.

"How is that supposed to be fair?" Mark moaned.

"It's not," Ethan grimaced. "Guess we'll see what happens soon enough, though." He looked pointedly at Alix, glancing at her chest. "Good luck, man."

"Your friend's cute!" Alix told Mark as they parted ways. "Maybe I'll have him for dessert..." She gave him a peck on the cheek as they walked in.

The auditorium was already packed, and not just with incoming freshmen. Sophomores and upperclassmen had come to watch the show, and maybe grab a snack before the yummy ones were gone. Some of the girls had made t-shirts for the occasion which read "3 Years!" with the 3 made to look like a pred's fattened up boobs. If the girls won this year, it would be the third year in a row, bringing the current juniors close to a full four-year cycle of the women winning the tournament.

"For the boys this year we have Joey Evans! Come on out..." A smattering of applause rose up, along with hollers and jeers from the girls. The girl on the microphone sounded familiar. Mark looked up and saw it was Sarah, his RA, her curves busting out of her clothes as usual. She'd chosen a vibrant purple lipstick for her on-stage appearance.

"And for the girls," Sarah continued as Joey took his place on stage, "someone we're *very* excited to have with us this year. We wish her all the best in what I'm sure will be four wonderful years... Put your hands together for Lauren Darlington!"

The girls erupted in cheers as the skinny platinum-blond girl walked out, waving at the crowd. Mark's jaw dropped. He'd seen the pictures, of course, and he'd heard Ryan's story about being in an orientation event with her. But it was so different in person.

In some ways she didn't look like such a powerful pred. Sure, her boobs made her look the part, busting disproportionately out of her chest, but her stomach was flat and toned. She'd even worn a crop top to show off her abs. Mark gulped nervously, imagining how painful it would be to die in a stomach that tight. Lauren puckered her pouty, glossed-up lips and blew kisses at the audience to thank them for the applause as she took her place on stage.

As the crowd calmed down, Sarah addressed them again. "And now, the topic..." she pulled out a sealed envelope and opened it on stage, taking her time to stretch out the drama. The crowd waited, hushed, as she read it out: "Darlington family trivia!"

More cheers. Sarah was smirking, and so was Lauren, covering her mouth delicately with a perfectly-manicured hand. They must have planned this ahead of time. The competition was never supposed to be fair.

Joey bit his lip and shuffled back and forth before looking down at his plastic lectern. He blushed as he realized everyone could see him from head to toe. Mark knew why. Joey was already getting turned on, just by staring the stage with an alpha pred like Lauren. *That's what happens when you spend a week jerking off to her pics every night*, he thought ruefully.

Sarah cleared her throat and asked the first question. "In what year did Myriam Darlington, our school's founder, famously eat twenty-one prey in a single sitting?"

"Eighteen fifty-one!" Lauren replied instantly. Joey bit his lip. He'd known that one, but he'd been distracted, staring at Lauren, remembering all the fantasies he'd had about fucking her, and feeding her.

"Excellent! Next question: how many boys were expelled from the university following Olympia's reforms in the 1920s?"

Joey stared blankly. Lauren hit her buzzer. "Three hundred twenty-nine!"

"Correct!" Sarah replied to applause. "I hope you can catch up, Joey. First one to five correct answers wins! Next question..." She flipped to the next card. "What was decided in the 1983 court case *Prey Rights Council v. Darlington Vore Solutions, Incorporated*?"

Joey hit his buzzer too quickly. "Uhh, that MDU had to let male students attend?" he guessed.

"Wrong!" Sarah informed him, trying not to laugh. "You're thinking of the 1944 Prey Rights Act. Lauren, your answer?"

The young socialite smiled. "That reformer technology could be controlled entirely by my— I mean, by the Darlington family."

"Correct again! I'd be worried, boys... Now might be a good time to locate your nearest fire exit."

Mark saw Joey blushing with shame, and also managed to spot what some of the girls had already noticed and begun giggling about: Joey's pants were beginning to stretch and tent up with an obvious boner. Lauren was only two correct answers away from eating him in front of everybody. If he lost...

"Question four: how much did the female-only reformer cost when it first debuted in 1966?"

"One hundred fifty dollars," Lauren answered easily. Just one more correct answer, and Joey would be a meal. She took the opportunity to hold her microphone down to her flat tummy, which gurgled hungrily.

Joey shifted uncomfortably behind his podium as the sound of Lauren's hungry gut echoed around the auditorium. Soon, everyone saw why. A dark spot was growing on his pants, his erect cock dripping precum. He looked like he was just barely keeping composure, struggling to not let his tongue hang out and pant lustily over his sexy rival.

"All right, next question. Might be the last!" Sarah warned. Looking over at Joey, still shuffling back and forth trying to avoid stroking his cock on stage, she rolled her eyes. "How about we throw him a bone?" Sarah asked, ignoring the cards in her hand.

Lauren nodded graciously.

Sarah turned to Joey and enunciated clearly and slowly, "Okay. Next question. What is... today's date?"

Lauren looked expectantly over at her opponent, who was still trying to hide his boner and flushing a deep red. "Umm," he stammered. "Uhh..."

Girlish giggles spread infectiously through the crowd. Joey was so deliriously horny over Lauren that he couldn't even remember the date. A couple dozen boys in the audience got up out of their seats and made for the doors. Mark tried to do the same, but Alix grabbed his arm and pulled him back down — she was too strong for him. He had no choice but to wait it out, and submit to whatever she wanted to do to him.

*Dammit, Joey, he thought to himself. Couldn't you have gotten churned without taking me with you?*

"Nothing?" Sarah chided. "Not even a guess?"

Joey tried to open his mouth but no words came out.

"Fine. Lauren?" Sarah turned to her. Joey fell to his knees and stuffed his hands down his pants, clearly stroking his erection in a desperate attempt to get off before he became Lauren's dinner.

"The twenty-eighth!" the skinny pred laughed, and the girls cheered. Alix squeezed Mark's arm even harder. She had him. He was done for, and he hadn't even attended a single class yet.

"For the third year in a row," Sarah announced gleefully, "Open Season begins now, ladies! Lauren, if you'll do the honors and eat this loser..."

She motioned to Joey, who was moaning and stroking as he stared up at the two gorgeous predators towering over him. His cock began to spurt into his boxers, soaking them through with jizz. "No, no..." he panted in the throes of his orgasm, but his strength was spent. He couldn't run.

Mark watched in dumbstruck awe as Lauren grabbed Joey by the throat and slurped him down in one smooth, practiced motion. No smile on his face, no wet dick — well, except from his own jizz. But that's not what Joey had meant when he'd bragged in their dorm room a few nights ago. *On the bright side*, Mark thought, *I won't have to listen to him jerk off to pictures of her in his bunk anymore*. Then he remembered that Alix was itching to eat him, too. *Guess the other guys will have another free bunk, too*.

Ethan and Ryan hadn't exaggerated the power of Lauren's belly. Their former roommate only squirmed for a few seconds inside her tight round gut before it crushed and crunched him down into nutritious slop. Lauren held the microphone down to her belly again to amplify the cracks and gurgles over the speakers. They could even hear Joey protesting and screaming for help.

Everyone still in the audience watched and listened in hushed silence as her tummy visibly churned Joey's body. Hands and elbows and knees pushed out at her taut belly before being crushed back in, and at last his face pressed against her gut in a final scream before his neck bent at an impossible angle with a loud *crack!* He stopped thrashing, but her stomach still moved and writhed on its own, compacting his body down into nutritious slop for her intestines.

Mark felt himself getting hard just watching it. The other guys in the audience started to shift uncomfortably in their seats too, their own cocks no doubt straining at their pants as well.

*Ur-r-r-rrrrp!* Lauren belched loudly, signaling the end of her gut's brutal display. In less than two minutes, Joey's form had reduced to a thick sludge which drained down and began to fill out her hips and tits ever so slightly. *Brrraaapp!* she belched again. "That should do it," she proclaimed, and walked over to Joey's podium.

"I wonder if she can teach me how to gurgle that quickly," Alix whispered into Mark's ear. "You're gonna take a little longer though."

He gritted his teeth nervously.

"This is it, everyone," Sarah told the crowd. "Once he slides outta Lauren's ass, every freshman boy on campus is fair game! Ready? Three... two... one..."

The crowd chanted the countdown along with her as Lauren turned away from the crowd, lifted up the hem of her short tennis skirt and pushed. From between her tight round buttocks she let out a big, thick log flecked with bits of Joey's shirt and pants.

Mark's mouth fell open, his dick trembling helplessly in his pants. Somehow he hadn't fully believed it until he saw what she'd turned his roommate into. He couldn't even think about running anymore. With his throbbing erection, he probably wouldn't get very far. All he could do was sit there and watch Lauren dispose of his former roommate in one smooth log that coiled up higher and higher on the stage.

At last the torrent stopped momentarily before her pucker spread wide and squeezed out a shit-smearing skull. It caved under the pressure and fell into the shitpile between her feet as a stream of loose stool splattered onto the rest of the mess. Once she was done, Lauren smacked her ass lewdly.

"Dig in!" Sarah invited the crowd, producing a roll of toilet paper from her bag and handing it to Lauren.

Mark turned to Alix to say something, but she pulled him toward her immediately, shoving their mouths together. She groped and squeezed at his body hungrily as her tongue locked with his in a deep French kiss. His eyes were closed, but he could hear slurping and gulping from all around him.

He knew what was coming next. He knew that he couldn't stop it. So he at least reached down to get a few handfuls of Alix's tits before he met his end. They popped effortlessly out of her tank top as he worked his fingers under her bra. They were so soft, and warm, and huge... And his future resting place, no doubt. He started to buck his hips, arousal overriding his better judgment.

Alix's lips curled into a grin and separated from his as she plunged a hand into his pants and began to jerk him off.

"You never... told me... how many..." he panted.

"Cum for me and I'll tell you," she murmured cutely before going in for another kiss.

Mark humped his raging hard-on into her hand for a just few seconds before he did just that, shooting sticky cum all over her fingers. He gasped and clutched at her massive breasts, desperate to feel them as much as he could before she gulped him down to add to them. *Greedy*, he thought to himself absently. *They're already so big.*

He opened his eyes to see Alix wiping her hands on his pants. The cups of her bra had been pushed upward, leaving her massive tits hanging bare right in front of him. He stared and drooled, wishing he could cum again in her cleavage. And again in her mouth. And again in her pussy.

Once her hands were clean, she unclasped her bra. She wasn't holding him in place anymore, but she didn't have to. All of Mark's energy had gone out of him with his orgasm. The glimmer in her eye told him that she knew.

Mark cast one final glance around the auditorium. Alix must have been the only pred there who liked to play with her food this much. He was the only boy who hadn't escaped or been gulped, except for a pair of legs still dangling out of



a pred's mouth on the other side of the room. She was holding him in her throat and jerking him off mid-swallow while her friends laughed and rubbed their own full bellies.

Lauren had found her friends and was laughing and joking with them. One of them mimed the way Joey had masturbated right before she'd eaten him and they all cackled. Lauren smushed her boobs together lewdly. Her belly had already snapped back to the perfect tight abs she'd had before her meal.

*Incredible*, he marveled. He'd never seen a pred of her power before. He wondered if, after enough time and meals, she'd have the same hourglass figure as her aunt.

Finally he looked back at Alix. She was already leaning forward and licking her plump, pouty lips. She grinned when he made eye contact.

"Fourteen," she finally told him, then looked him up and down and smiled to herself. "Guess it's fifteen now... think I'll lose count by the time I graduate?"

With that, her plump lips parted to swallow Mark's head. His world went dark as he felt her fingers hook into the waist of his pants. Another swallow, and he felt them slide off in one smooth motion. Before he knew it, he was curled up in her gut.

*Urr-r-r-p!* Alix belched happily, leaning back in the chair to relax while he began to digest. "Just as I thought. Delicious!"

*End of part 2*