

Immovable Object of Affection

Tales from DVU

(Full Story Content Warnings: Oral/Anal/Vaginal Vore, Size Difference, Hyper/Macro Proportions, Foodplay, Digestion w/ Implied Permanence, Sexual Situations, Smoking, Drug Use, Bullying)

Prologue

There are always moments in life that will catch you by surprise. It doesn't matter just how hard you prepare, how many possibilities you map, there will always be something in the shadows, waiting to catch you unawares.

Nothing could have prepared me for Lorelai.

I guess my first day at the U was where this all began? I was transferring in from another college, a worn little campus that was all my small town had to call further education. It wasn't as bad as other universities I had heard about, but the sight of those dusty halls & peeling paint were more than enough encouragement for my search elsewhere.

What's odd about all of this was, in a way, DVU found me. I wasn't exactly poor per se, but scholarships were going to be the make or break for where I ended up studying next, and despite a fairly decent GPA and a few extracurriculars, I was working on a much tighter budget than I would have liked.

The fliers came about a few weeks before the school year began, when the summer heat was still strong enough to leave those of us with thicker pelts panting in the sun. I was trying to keep cool in my small apartment, the heat from my aging PC doing little to help the temperature situation. Scrolling through my email, I couldn't help but feel my spirits start to sink. Rejection, rejection, spam mail, rejection - an uncomfortable rhythm was starting to develop, and soon I just had to stop. Scrolling over and over wouldn't change their choices.

I leaned back in my chair, my mind somehow operating at a million miles an hour, all the while staying still. I considered options, calculated cost of living, tried to rationalize why I should just wait another year...but none of that quelled the dread that was starting to settle in the pit of my chest: I was out of luck, out of time, and out of direction.

Then, a rustle of paper, and a soft thud. The mail had arrived.

I needed to get out of this funk. Doing my best to shove the simmering worry under my mental floorboards, I stood and shambled over to the door. The pile was small, and filled with

brightly-colored, glossy ads & menacingly clean white envelopes. Bills and junk, I thought, rolling my eyes. My absolute favorite.

Flipping through the various bits of paper and ink, I half scanned the addresses while I walked into the kitchen. Bad moods tended to make me hungry, and I figured I could use up some of my leftovers before I did another big run this weekend. Most of the mail was what you'd expect - grocery ads, utility bills, and calls to "get a new lease on life" by, ironically, charging a new credit card.

What I didn't expect, however, was a dusk red envelope at the bottom of the pile.

I took it for some piece of marketing, and almost tossed it without another glance. The texture, though, was far finer than I expected. It almost felt as if it were...embossed? That thought snapped me out of my haze, and my focus turned on this new mystery.

The envelope wasn't much bigger than one would expect, and colored a tasteful dusk red. My name, Dante Robinson, was emblazoned in the address section, with proper postage stamped in the top right corner. Near the bottom left corner was an embossed insignia, a stylized version of the letters DVU pressed into the paper.

Letters I recognized, an acronym that made my eyes go wide. Sure enough, the address showed it was written from DeVour University, over in Treatsburg.

My head was starting to spin. In all of my searching, I hadn't really seen DVU listed as a viable option among major academic websites. The only places I had ever seen mention of the U was in the darker, more private spaces of the internet...the ones I was, honestly, a little ashamed of visiting.

Vore had always been an interest of mine, ever since I could remember, though I couldn't really call it a kink until I was old enough to really know what that meant. By the time I was old enough to really appreciate this odd desire, I realized that I had to keep it to myself. Predators and prey were around in everyday society, certainly, but it was a strong enough unspoken taboo that no one ever really spoke of their voracious desires outside of private forums.

Forums that spoke of a place a little further north, secluded in a more mountainous region, where vore wasn't just accepted - it was expected. One would need to denote their preferences and desired spot on the food chain before entering Treatsburg, with many of the hungriest preds & meekest prey migrating to enjoy their deepest desires.

Apparently the small town had grown up around the University, with smaller businesses & housing paving the way for a community that let their stomachs do the talking. A place where you could eat and be eaten, safe and sound.

A dream for a voracious dalmatian like me, but that's all it had been - a dream. I didn't dare seek out the University myself, especially not when I was still living with my parents. They had already snooped on my search history when I was younger, with a sound verbal thrashing & subsequent grounding making sure they never saw my browsing habits again.

This time, though...

I tore open the letter and scanned over the contents, trying my hardest to stop my paws from shaking. Inside were a few fliers, each emblazoned with the same seal & subtle shade of red. Photos of smiling furs of all species and sizes covered the pages, along with happy fonts telling of the gourmet cafeteria, macro-sized dormitories & advanced reformation technology the U had on campus.

Another, more plainly adorned piece of paper caught my eye - a price list. I took a breath, lowered my expectations, and skimmed the estimates...before blinking a few times to make sure I wasn't reading the numbers incorrectly. The price for a full year, along with lodging and meals, was less than half of the cost of the next cheapest university on my list! My scholarships would cover everything, and then some.

By this point, my heart was racing. I tried to steady my breathing, my paws clutching the information close to my chest, while I slowly sat on the dusty kitchen floor. My mind was racing! My problems were solved!

At least, for now. As exciting as the possibility seemed, I had to remind myself of the risks that came with such a kink-friendly space - especially one that carried with it the possibility of death. The red flags were there, certainly, and my higher understanding recognized the danger...

The rest of me wanted nothing more. The final slip of paper inside the bundle was a registration invitation, with a hyperlink typed at the bottom of the page. My paws weren't shaking any less as I keyed in my information, uploading images of my ID and filling out the paperwork.

It was all such a blur. I found myself staring at the ceiling of my bedroom, stripped down to my boxers and lying prone on my bed only a few moments later. As the light faded outside, my eyelids drooped, sleep beginning to overtake me.

My final conscious thought was noticing my phone screen light up next to me, an email pinging into my inbox.

An email that would confirm my spot at the U, and a crazy new trajectory for my life.