

Hollow Appetite
By Angelus

The cold winter air made Shiki Ryougi's breath fog as she exhaled. The ghostly vapors curled around her black rabbit ears and clung to her fur for a moment before dispersing into the night as she walked down the busy evening streets. Buzzing halogen lights bathed the sidewalks in a dirty yellow light that muddied the colors of her blue kimono and the red leather jacket she wore over the top for a bit of extra warmth. Her hands were shoved into the jacket pockets to keep them warm, and her fingers toyed with the house keys sleeping in her pocket.

Most of the shops were closing at this hour, and crowds of people were dispersing to their homes, walking in the opposite direction of Shiki. She didn't look at any of them. Her gaze was fixed ahead. One might have mistaken this for focus, but in truth, she was lost in her thoughts, mulling over a recent case she was working on with the detective agency, Garan no Dou.

She lifted her head and took in a deep breath, then let it out in a cloud of fog while willing her nerves to calm. The case had her on edge. The gruesome and bloody murder scenes had no logical explanation, and she and her boss both suspected there was a supernatural element to the case, as there often was when Garan no Dou was involved.

It wasn't that the strangeness of the murders or sight of the gore made her anxious, or sick. Quite the opposite. She could feel the knife she kept in the holster on her ankle itch to be drawn. She avoided looking anyone in the face, on the slight chance that a flash of recognition might make her blood boil over. Shiki knew what she was, and that's why she needed a long, slow walk through a cold night to chill the heat in her blood.

Another deep breath. In through the nose, out through the mouth. This time the cold air was cut by a warm and comfortable scent. Hot broth, fresh noodles, warm sake. She tuned in to her surroundings and saw she was approaching an udon kiosk, the kind with a curtain over the front that would afford a customer or two a tiny semblance of privacy from the crowds on the streets.

Feeling suddenly peckish from the smell of food, Shiki pushed the curtain up with one arm and ducked underneath it before letting it fall behind her. Someone was already sitting down and enjoying a late dinner; a curiously blue bunny woman in what would have been a goth outfit, were it not for the subdued colors exchanged for straight black, and the extra layers necessitated by the chilly weather. The steam from the udon she was eating fogged her glasses, and she was much too wide for the small seat the kiosk afforded its customers, so she had taken the second seat for herself as well. Shiki resigned herself to eating while standing.

"Kitsune udon, for one." Shiki stood at the counter and waited for her order. She could feel the other customer stealing glances at her as she waited for her food. She suppressed a smirk. It could be fun to tease the blue bunny while she waited for her udon.

"So," Shiki began without looking at the other woman. "Is it good?"

Her booth mate sputtered and hurriedly gulped the noodles that she was slurping up, then let out a small gasp as she caught her breath. "Y-yeah, it's good!"

"Then don't you think you should focus on your meal instead of glancing at me?" Shiki's tone was dismissive, almost bored, in contrast with her words.

The blue bunny gulped and felt her cheeks flush. “U-uh, sorry, I’m just not used to anyone else being here at this hour, so I-”

Shiki cut her off. “Or if you’re going to stare, you should at least have the grace to introduce yourself. We’re going to be eating together, after all.” She finally turned her head to look at the seated bunny and brushed her ink-black hair out of her eyes. “Shiki. Ryougi.” She spoke her name clearly.

“J-jeanne de Hayes.”

“Mmh?” Shiki looked the hefty bunny up and down. “That’s a very western name.” Shiki commented as her kitsune udon arrived. She grabbed a pair of wooden chopsticks and broke them cleanly in half. The broth steamed as she stirred the noodles with the chopsticks, letting it cool. “Are you here for work?”

Jeanne nodded, making her curly blur hair bounce over her chubby cheeks. “Yes ma’am, international business stuff, nothin’ particularly interesting to talk about when one is fixin’ to eat.” She spun some of the thick noodles onto her chopsticks and popped them into her mouth.

Shiki’s tall ears stood up straight as Jeanne spoke. Her voice carried a southerly American accent that Shiki recognized from some American films she had seen in the past. “Is that so? Well, I won’t ask about your work then.” She used her chopsticks to cut up the tofu blocks in her udon into smaller pieces, slicing them perfectly in half despite the bluntness of her utensils. “May I ask where you’re from? I’m under the impression you’re not from Japan.” She plucked some udon from the broth and slurped them up. The noodles were thick and springy, and had absorbed a good flavor from the light broth.

Jeanne grew flustered at Shiki’s comment about her accent. “Just from the States, in the South or thereabouts.” She grabbed a side of gyoza she had ordered and shoveled them into her mouth as an excuse to stop talking.

“Oohh, you’re a long ways from home. Have you been here long?” Shiki watched as Jeanne’s chubby cheeks bulged from all the gyoza she had stuffed in, and waited patiently for a reply.

Jeanne swallowed and gasped to catch her breath, and the chairs beneath her groaned as she shifted her weight around.. “Y-Yeah, a few weeks, phew. Though this isn’t my first time here. I’m in Mifune once or twice a year for a few weeks at a time. I actually got this position because I was fluent in Japanese, but my accent his hard to hide, especially when I’m nervous.” She picked up her udon bowl and drank some of the broth that was drowning the remaining noodles. As she set it down, she knocked the empty gyoza platter off the counter with her elbow. “Shit!” She reached to catch it, but it grazed her fingertips and flipped out of reach.

Shiki’s body moved without thinking. Her arm whipped out and she snatched the plate midair with her chopsticks. That tense moment of reflexes firing made her eyes focus intensely. They glowed with a blue and purple luminance, and everything in her line of sight was covered with familiar, glowing red scars. She closed her eyes, and her vision returned to normal as she lifted the gyoza plate and set it back down on the countertop. “Got it. There you are.”

“Th-that was something else! I never seen one move with such, such precision!” Jeanne stammered in excitement. “Ah! But also, I’m sorry!” Her blue cheeks glowed with blush. “I’ll be more careful!”

“It’s fine it’s fine~” Shiki waved away her concerns and gave her a small smile. “It was a lucky catch, that’s all.” Shiki turned back to her food to try and focus on it, but she had lost her

appetite. Her Mystic Eyes had seen something unusual in Jeanne. Something interesting. Something wrong. She suppressed the urge to frown, and disguised it by lifting the udon bowl to her mouth and slurping up broth and noodles alike.

Jeanne caught herself watching Shiki eat, but she couldn't look away. Shiki's black paws held the bowl like a delicate flower, balancing it against her muzzle without gripping it tightly. Shiki gulped down the udon, finishing it in just a few mouthfuls without even a drop of it spilling down her muzzle. It was good, but it couldn't satisfy her, not with her thoughts drifting to what she'd seen in Jeanne. She set the empty bowl down and dabbed at the corners of her short muzzle with a napkin. "Ah, that was good. Are you finished as well?"

Jeanne nodded. She had polished off her udon and gyoza, as well as what Shiki guessed had been a small bowl of edamame for an appetizer. "Yeah, all done. Why do you ask?"

Shiki gave Jeanne a coy smile. "You're interesting. I was hoping to keep talking with you before the night grows long. Care to come back to my place for a bit? It's only a few blocks from here." She tugged her jacket to pull it tight over her shoulders as she prepared to leave the relative warmth of the udon stand behind.

"Oh, well, sure! I don't have much local company to spend my time with anyway. I can spare an hour or two." Jeanne stood up, making both of her seats groan with relief as her feet touched the ground. She straightened her skirt and pushed the chairs back into place. "Ready!"

"Great! I'll lead the way."

They each paid for their meals and thanked the cook before rejoining the crowds on the streets. People were sparse now, and the night no longer buzzed with conversation and passing traffic. Shiki grabbed Jeanne's hand to lead her down the street. Her paw fit neatly in Jeanne's larger, chubbier blue paw, so Jeanne kept a good grip as she was pulled along.

Shiki's jogging pace felt like running to Jeanne. The streetlights seemed to whizz by as though they were passing them in a vehicle. Her stomach and breasts bounced from the hurried steps, making her wish she'd worn a sports bra even though she hadn't planned for any jogging this night. By the time Shiki slowed to a walk, Jeanne was panting for air, while Shiki was barely breathing faster at all.

"Phew, you're... wow, you are..." Jeanne leaned on her knees as she caught her breath. "You're really fit!"

"I know. Not bad yourself though, you kept up." Shiki gave her a smile and let her catch her breath before leading Jeanne up a set of concrete steps that led to her apartment. Jeanne followed her in and closed the door behind them.

It was a small studio, which was fine in itself, but Jeanne wondered if Shiki had accidentally let them into a vacant room. There was almost no furniture to speak of, and the walls were utterly bare of decoration. A land line phone was plugged into the wall and sitting on the floor near the outlet, and a plain, queen size bed dressed in white sheets was pushed against the opposite wall.

"Oh. This is your place?" Jeanne asked.

Shiki nodded and hung her keys on a hook by the door. "Of course. Why do you ask?" She moved toward the bed and sat on the edge of it and motioned for Jeanne to join.

The blue bunny obliged and took a seat. The mattress and frame sank under her weight, tipping Shiki towards her. "S-so..! Uh, what did'ja want to talk about?"

Shiki stared at her, and her eyes glowed with that same light from earlier. "Let's put it this way." She put a hand on Jeanne's thigh. "I can see things that others can't. And I can see something in you. Something inhuman. What is it?" She leaned in close so that her face was an inch away from Jeanne's.

The larger bunny leaned away and stammered. "I dunno what you mean!"

"Don't lie. I can see it squirming inside of you." Shiki's Mystic Eyes could see the concept of death as glowing red scars over people, objects, just about everything. She'd grown used to this over the years, but it also meant that Jeanne's irregular, shifting, and off-color death lines stood out to her. "There's two of you in there. Something is possessing you. I have to wonder if I've been speaking to Jeanne this whole time, or to the thing that took over her body?" There was glint of steel, and a kitchen knife was pressed against Jeanne's throat. "So talk, or whatever you are, I *will* kill you. Don't think I can't."

Jeanne swallowed hard. She was pinned back by the knife. She couldn't get up from the bed without pressing into the blade. Her sides were flanked by a wall and Shiki respectively, and to her rear was yet another wall. No escape. "I ain't possessed! At least, I'm the one in control, not *it*, okay? Put that damn knife down!"

Shiki narrowed her gaze and pulled the knife back an inch, keeping it dangerously close, but not in contact with Jeanne's skin. "Go on."

Jeanne let out a relieved gasp in spite of the danger still present. "It's... a lot to explain, but I'm basically playing host to an alien symbiote that saved my life in exchange for getting to live inside my body." She grit her teeth and grimaced, realizing how absurd the truth sounded. Her heartbeat quickened, expecting Shiki's knife to slice her neck open any second now. She searched Shiki's face for a reaction, but the black bunny holding the knife had pressed her lips together into a pouting scowl.

"Alien, huh?"

Jeanne gave a hurried nod that made her blue curls bounce. "Yup! It's the reason all my fur and hair turned blue. It's not a dye job, it's natural. Er, well it is now."

"Hmmm..." Shiki stared into Jeanne's eyes as the blue bunny explained herself, never breaking eye contact, or even blinking. She gave a low hum as she thought over what Jeanne said, and then lowered the knife. "What else can you tell me about it? What does it want? Surely it's not content to just be carried around inside of you." Shiki tugged her dull blue kimono up to her knees and slid her knife into the sheath that was strapped to her ankle.

So that's where she pulled it from. Jeanne decided against commenting on the fact that Shiki had a hidden knife with her all night. "Ehhrm, I don't really know that. It can't, or at least doesn't, communicate with me. If its ever tried, I can't understand or hear it. All I know is that it wanted to hitch a ride, and that it makes me really, *really* hungry. I was actually going to order more at the udon stand, but I didn't want to turn down your offer."

"So you're still hungry then?" Shiki tilted her head, and her tall ears straightened.

Jeanne hesitated to answer. "...Yes, I am."

"Well if that's all, it's no problem. I'm a little peckish myself, so don't be embarrassed." Shiki stood up and walked across the studio and into the kitchen. Jeanne peeked through the open wall into kitchen and saw Shiki open the freezer and load up her arms with small pints of ice cream. "I need to get rid of these anyway, my coworkers keep bringing them over, as if I like them." She circled back to the living space and threw them onto the bed, letting the cartons

scatter over the sheets. Most of them rolled and settled against Jeanne's thighs since the bed sagged where she was sitting.

Shiki swept some of the ice cream cartons aside and took her seat beside Jeanne once more. She grabbed two pints of ice cream and handed a chocolate one to Jeanne, and kept a strawberry one for herself. With a quick twist, she popped off the lid and retrieved the disposable wooden spoon that was stuck to the lid.

Jeanne watched Shiki and then followed suit, pulling her carton open and grabbing the included spoon. Shiki pecked away at hers as though she was obligated to eat it.

"I thought you said you didn't like these?"

Shiki shrugged. "It would be awkward if I just watched you eat."

"Ah, that would be a little strange. Well, thanks for joining me." Jeanne worked through her ice cream carton as well. Her appetite encouraged her to eat it as fast as she could without giving herself brainfreeze.

Shiki ate hers at a leisurely pace, but was never far behind. Empty cartons piled up at their feet, and each carton disappeared faster than the last as the ice cream grew warm and melty. By the time they were a quarter of the way through the supply, Shiki had to untie the cloth band around the waist of her kimono to relieve some of the pressure on her stomach. The front of her kimono slid open, showing off the plain undershirt she was wearing underneath, and more prominently, the curve of her udon and ice cream filled stomach.

Jeanne's eyes went wide at the sight. She knew she was staring, but she couldn't look away as Shiki took in a deep breath and sighed, causing her stomach to push out. "Wow, you... you can really eat."

"Mmh?" Shiki peeked at Jeanne from the corner of her eyes without turning her head towards her guest. "I'm pretty active, so it can work up an appetite. I don't usually binge, of course, but I'll consider this a special exception." Her eyes flicked down to Jeanne's middle. Her crop top put it on display when they met at the udon stall, but it was now filling more of her lap than before. Shiki could nearly count the inches of skirt that were now tucked under the blue bunny's bulging belly. "Phew. I can't claim to keep up with you and your guest though. If we keep going I might actually empty my freezer for once. In fact... Let's make sure I do."

Shiki snatched up a pair of pints in her black paws and squeezed them, causing the tops to pop off and clatter to the ground. She got up on her knees on the mattress to match Jeanne's height and leaned in toward the bunny, causing Jeanne to lean away to try and maintain personal space.

"U-uh, what do you mean?" Jeanne looked between the two ice cream pints and Shiki's insistent stare.

"Open up. You're eating these." She pushed one of them into Jeanne's face.

Jeanne squeaked, but obliged. "Yes ma'am!" She opened her mouth, and Shiki poured the melting strawberry ice cream into her mouth. It was more like a milkshake now that it had thawed, but that made it easy to gulp down. As Shiki leaned in, Jeanne was pushed back against the kitchen divider. Shiki slid herself forward over Jeanne's leg until she was straddling the larger woman's thigh. She placed a hand on the blue-furred belly under her and gave it a squeeze, then let her hand sink in as she used that bulging belly to prop herself up.

Carton after carton of ice cream was poured into Jeanne's mouth, and she drank all of them without slowing down. She lost count of how many. She was focused on the feeling of her

stomach growing taut, filling with a creamy, sugary slurry of various ice cream flavors. Her skin was cool to the touch as Shiki's hand pressed into her stomach and rubbed over the surface.

Shiki dug her fingers into the thick roll of Jeanne's overhang and kneaded around, enjoying just how little resistance there was as she pushed in each digit until nearly her whole hand was swallowed. She dragged her hand upwards around the blue-furred rim of the stuffed bunny's navel, before pressing into that stuffed gut's upper curve. Beneath the thinner layer of fat she could feel the swollen ball of Jeanne's stomach, stuffed and churning with countless gallons of melted ice cream.

"You're feeling quite full now." Shiki looked over Jeanne, eyes drawing over her body, up from her stomach and over her breasts until their gazes met. She smirked, and Jeanne returned the smirk with a stifled burp.

"Hurp... Pretty damn full for now, yeah." Jeanne groaned. Her stomach was so packed she was forced to take shallow breaths to prevent a stabbing pain from lancing through her abdomen. She was left nearly gasping for breath, and her face was radiant with blush as Shiki remained nearly on top of her. She wasn't sure she could sit up without putting painful pressure on her insides.

"In that case, should we trade places? I believe I can handle the cartons that remain. I know I was trying to avoid eating them, but..." Shiki scrunched up her short muzzle. "Well, you're having too much fun, being fed. I want a turn." She leaned back, taking both the pressure of her hands and presence off of Jeanne.

The blue bunny felt some relief as Shiki backed away, but she was still extraordinarily overfull. She had to catch her breath before replying. "You sure you want the rest? Phew... I could probably squeeze it in after a short break..." Her voice wavered between short breaths, and her stomach groaned in protest of her claims.

"Is that so? Well, I'm sure you could, but don't be greedy now. Come on. Catch your breath, then feed me." Shiki leaned back on her arms and let her red jacket fall open and slide off her shoulders, leaving it hanging low around her arms. With a shake of her hips, she let her kimono fall open against the sheets as well. Her undershirt was tight around her chest and stomach and was riding up, letting her black furred belly peek out.

Jeanne let her stomach settle before she sat up. She winced from the effort required, but managed to sit upright on the bed, facing the expectant Shiki. "Alright, I hope you're ready!" She picked up a pair of cartons in her chubby hands and got up on her knees before leaning over Shiki. Her stomach blanketed the smaller rabbit's legs and pinned her down. Shiki let out a small sigh as all of that weight settled on top of her.

"Oohf... I doubt I could lift you at this point." Shiki grabbed Jeanne's sides and lifted them, feeling the weight. "Whoa..." Her face warmed and her eyes widened. "It feels so much heavier when it's like this."

"To be fair, I feel a hundred pounds heavier." She paused. "Probably a lot more, actually," she muttered more to herself than to Shiki. "But, nevermind that, I hope you've got the appetite for what's left!"

"Ulp-!" Shiki couldn't get a word in before Jeanne pushed a carton of ice cream to her muzzle. It was warm and completely melted by now, making it barely thicker than a glass of chocolate milk. It went down easy, but sat heavy in the stomach. Shiki's black-furred belly swelled with every gulp. Her shirt tightened around her middle as her love handles wobbled out

wider and wider. The shorts she wore under her kimono grew tight around her butt and thighs, and the hems dug into her flesh. She closed her eyes and let Jeanne take the lead. She simply drank as each new carton was lifted to her lips. She didn't bother counting how many were left nor did she bother to glance at the stack that remained. It would be over when it was over, and until that moment she would chug down each and every carton that Jeanne offered.

Jeanne couldn't resist pressing her hand to Shiki's expanding middle. She rubbed over the thickening curve of that void-colored sphere and slipped a hand under her shirt, pushing it up so she could rub over the whole surface. Her thick fingers pressed and kneaded, feeling over the skin as it stretched and grew heavier, fatter. Shiki's face developed slight round cheeks, softening the blade-like sharpness of her features. Shiki pulled her arms free of her jacket one at a time so she could still hold herself up as her arms thickened and filled out the sleeves of her kimono.

Her body bulked up and softened under Jeanne's attentions. Black fur overflowed the outline of her open kimono, and her stomach rose up until it pushed against Jeanne's own stomach. Shiki was panting from fullness and her body was warm from the weight she had gained and from the way Jeanne squeezed over all of her new bulk. When the ice cream finally stopped pouring into her mouth, she breathed a sigh of relief, and let herself collapse on top of the bed. "That's all of it, I take it?"

Jeanne nodded. "That was the last one. How do you feel?"

"Huge. I feel like I'll be anchored to this bed for a week. Or at least through tomorrow. I swear, I must be as big as you were when we started." Shiki lifted her head to look over herself. She'd need an entirely new set of kimonos after this, and a new jacket too. "Oohf. It was worth it, though."

"Agreed~" Jeanne laid against the bed beside Shiki, pressing her back against the wall to free up as much space on the double bed as possible. Shiki scooted close to avoid being pushed off the edge of the mattress, pushing their widened bodies together. "About it being worth it and not moving for a week. Do y'mind if I-"

"Go ahead." Shiki cut her off. There was no need for Jeanne to finish; Shiki already knew what Jeanne was going to ask. "Get comfortable. I'll be waking you up when I do so you can show me the place you're staying at."

"Ah. You know it's just a hotel I'm renting, right?"

"Of course, but it's only fair to let me stay a night there anyway, isn't it?" Shiki's voice was serious, lacking any teasing or playfulness.

Jeanne looked stunned, but recovered quickly. "Oh, b-but of course Miss Ryougi! I'd love to have you over." Jeanne couldn't help herself. She reached over and jostled Shiki's belly, making the dark-furred rabbit groan and blush.

"Good. Now keep doing that until I feel like I'm not as full." Shiki draped an arm over her face to cover her eyes and cover her blush.

"Gladly~" Jeanne leaned in just a little to press more of her huge body against Shiki's own. She kneaded and squeezed over Shiki's fresh soft curves and let herself daydream about what tomorrow night would bring. Her heart fluttered. She could hardly wait.